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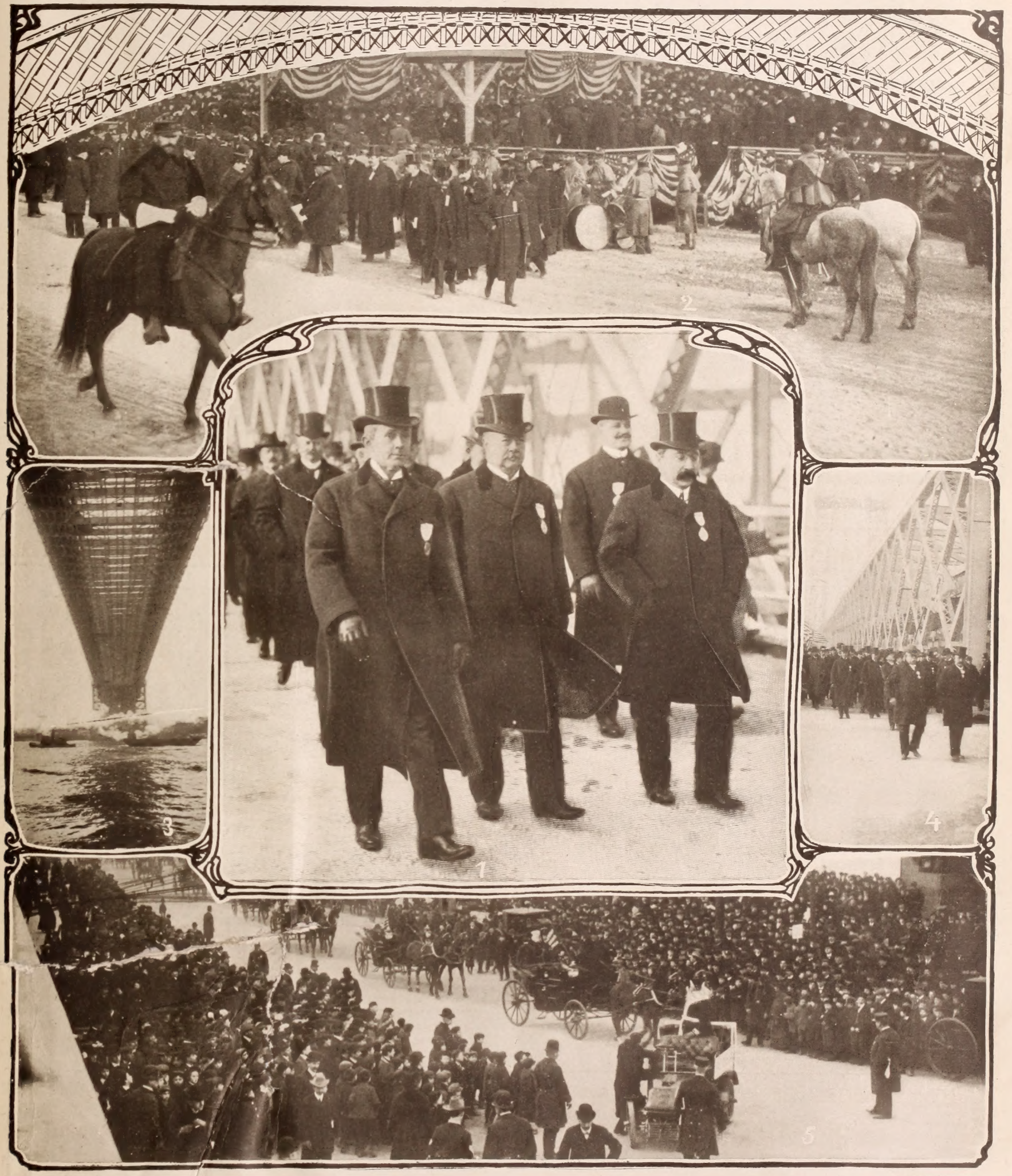

SEE PAGE 20

Scenes at the Opening of the New East River Bridge, New York

1.—Mayor Low, President Cator and Secretary Moran Leading the Procession. 2.—At the Reviewing Stand, Williamsburg, Brooklyn. 3.—Under the Big Bridge Span. 4.—A Delegation Crossing. 5.—The Crowds Watching the Procession.

An Instrument that Can Be Played by any Child. No Break Between Verses

Our Great Concert Roller Organ

A REVOLUTION IN HOME MUSIC!

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WITH EVERY ORGAN PURCHASED FOR SPOT CASH BEFORE **JAN. 15,** WE WILL SEND FREE TEN ADDITIONAL TUNES OF YOUR OWN SELECTION (15 IN ALL), CONSTITUTING A FREE GIFT OF **$3** WORTH OF MUSIC. ☞ **GOOD ONLY TO JAN. 15, 1904.**

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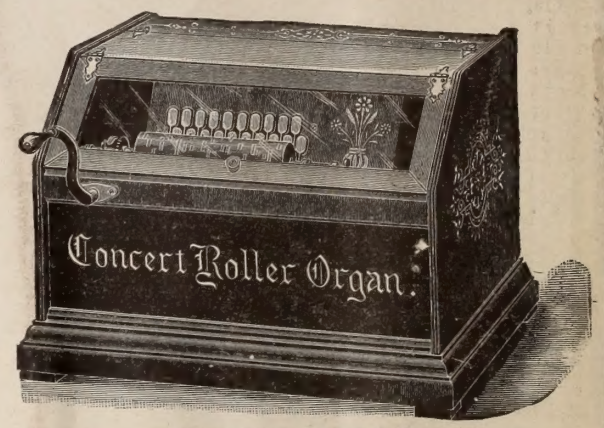
Rollers for the following Sacred Tunes can now be supplied at 30 cents each, delivered:

1 The Sweet Bye-and-Bye
2 Nearer, my God, to Thee
3 I need Thee every hour
4 From Greenland's Icy Mountains
5 Duke Street
6 Onward, Christian Soldiers
7 Ariel
8 Sweeping through the Gates
9 I'll stand by until the morning
10 The Shining Shore—Nelson
11 Sicilian Hymn
12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
17 What hast Thou done for me
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Plevel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
53 Brownell
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come



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NEW ROLLERS--NOW READY

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726 More About Jesus
728 Wonderful Story of Love
730 Everlasting Arms
731 Blessed Rock
732 Hark, 'Tis the Song of Angels
733 Will There be Light for Me
734 Lead, Kindly Light
735 Jerusalem the Golden
736 It is God's Way
(President McKinley's last words)

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The Christian Herald Book Department, Bible House, New York City

THE ... AN

ENTRANCE TO A CUBAN FARMHOUSE

...BY...
Wylie H. Forsythe, M.D.

Winning C...

PROTESTANT mission work in Cuba is said to have been first regularly organized in Havana, in 1881, by two Cuban women returning from the United States. This work was under the direction of the Baptists and grew rapidly. In 1890 the Southern Presbyterians established a mission in Santa Clara. Other denominations began work at different points on the island, but the unsettled political conditions and the subsequent wars prevented the extension of the work, and much of it was suspended in 1898. In 1899, however, with the return of peace, the interrupted work was renewed with greater zeal than ever, and many new agencies entered the field.

The Cuban people were ready for Protestant missionaries. During the war the Catholic Church had been the strong ally of Spain. Much of the oppression was attributed by the people to the Church. Superstitious rites and various other practices of Catholicism had driven many of the more thoughtful into unbelief, while still more were indifferent to all religion, so that the evangelists from the United States were warmly welcomed by the Cubans wherever they went, and quick results followed. The Cubans destroyed their shrines and images, began to study the Bible, and showed an eager desire to know more of the Way of Life. One woman at Cardenas brought her little gold and silver *promesas* to the missionaries, and asked that they be sold for curios and the money given for the spread of the Gospel. Great was their joy at having the pure Gospel and an open Bible.

of Key West, and in January ... can occupation, they establish... At that time some 5,000 or 6,000 ... ed in Matanzas and Mr. Baker, w... Methodist mission, did good wor... The work at Matanzas grew rapidly. ... was organized, and they soon built ... church at a cost of about $10,000. Th... Protestant Church built in Cuba. The M... rapidly spread to Havana, Cienfuegas,

YOUNG CUBAN FARMERS DIGGING "BONIATOS" (SWEET POTATOES)

Among the first denominations to enter Cuba after the war was the Southern Methodists. For several years they had maintained a mission among the Cubans and other points. Schools were established at these various points. Their work has grown rapidly. The latest available statistics show fourteen missionaries, including their wives; two native preachers; seven hundred and fifty-one members; nine Sunday Schools; five hundred and twenty-two Sunday School scholars; three Epworth Leagues; eight organized churches; three day schools, with two-hundred and eighty-eight pupils, and the total collection for 1902 was $2,884.57; the total value of mission property is $40,000.

The Southern Presbyterians began work at Santa Clara in 1890. This work was interrupted by the war, and reorganized at Cardenas in 1899, by Rev. Jno. G. Hall and wife, and Miss Janet Houston, of the Presbyterian mission in Mexico. The work grew rapidly; larger quarters were secured, and a strong church is now growing up at that place. An excellent school work is being carried on, in which the Bible is faithfully taught. Eleven workers have been sent to labor in the field. Stations have been opened at Caibarien and Remedios, two flourishing towns east of Cardenas. One of the elders of the Cardenas church works for The American Bible Society as colporteur. In 1902, he circulated more than three thousand four hundred copies and portions of the Word of God, thus preparing the

of t... nucle... mission... the seed tha... abundant har... available statist... *sionary Review* o... June), show the nun... nominations and the ... the work in the island in g...

Societies, 12; churches and p... ing stations, 92; pastors and teachers, 137; church buildings, 8; church membership, 2,400; candidates for membership, 551; candidates for ministry, 17; Sunday Schools, 72; Sunday School pupils, 3,450; church schools, 51; church school pupils, 1880.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

A COUNTRY FAMILY (FARMERS OR PLANTERS)

A CUBAN "CASITA" OR PALM HUT

An Instrument that ... to be Played by any Child

Our Great Concert Roll ...

A REVOLUTION IN HOME ...

$12 ON INSTALMENTS ...

Or, TEN DOLLARS ...

Five Indestructible Tunes Go with Each Instrument and ... be had, Express Charges ...

..Special Offer..

WITH EVERY ORGAN PURCHASED ...
FOR SPOT CASH BEFORE JAN. 15, ...
WE WILL ...
TIONAL ...
LECTION ...

Make Your ...

No Other ...

LIST OF SACRED ...

NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITIES

TEXT—MATT. 20: 7:
"Go ye also into the vineyard"

...er
...t the
...believe
...ork as
...d heart.
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... the chil-
...ist and for
...y educated
... Icebergs
...ily when re-
...ergs are cold
...lding hearth-
... Many intel-
...ebergs. They
...ten, rather than
...r needs a warm,
...eds an intellectual
... teacher, you will,
...asses, glowing with
... will with that Christian
...our Bible, and your "Sun-
... there will be no need of
...will say. You will not only
...rist, but, in teaching them, you
...rer and nearer to your Saviour.

...to the World's Salvation

... work is of the most vital importance. ...elds open for Gospel labor, I have put it first, because I believe it to be the ...ant of all. No one can fully estimate ...influence of the children who are now playing about our doors. Themistocles, the great statesman, once placed his hand upon his son's head, and said: "This child is greater than any one in Greece; for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother." We, in Christ's name, can place our hands upon the children. In Sunday School work we can say: "the children will be greater than all, because the children of to-day will be the men and the women of to-morrow." If you can save the cradles and the nurseries for Christ, you can save the world for Christ. I plead, and beg of you, Christian disciples, to expend a great part of your Gospel energies in working among the children.

Another gate stands wide open for practical Gospel usefulness. This gate leads into a field aglow with ripened human grain, ready to be garnered. It is crowded with young people. But though crowded with the young men and maidens, yet each passenger train coming into our large cities is emptying part of its load into this field, as the freight trains daily disgorge their cattle and horses and sheep, into the Chicago stock-yards, and yet there is always room for more. Young men and maidens, like children, seem to be everywhere; we crowd against them in the electric cars; we bump up against them on street corners; we see them through the swinging doors of saloon and billiard halls. Who will help save them? Church member, is not Christ calling you to go and labor among the stalwart pines of youth, as well as to use the Gospel axe among the gnarled and worm-eaten branches of sinful old age?

Speak to Young Men

How is the Christian to go after the young people? Simply enough. He is to go after them with the same vigor as the agents of evil go after their prey. Here, for instance, is a young man who comes into a large city; he has no friends; through an old acquaintance of his father's he gets a position in your store; he has a small bedroom in a city boarding-house. How is the Christian disciple to greet him? Is he to merely pass a "good morning"? Or, is he to go to that young man and open a conversation something like this: "Good morning! Are you a stranger in the city? Are you from a Christian home? Of course you have no church connections as yet. Will you not come down to our church next Sunday morning? We have our Christian Endeavor social next Thursday night. I wish that I could introduce you to some of our young people. It is very easy to drift among bad associates in a large town like this. I want you to get among the good people. We have some fine young folks up at our church. I know that you will get a warm welcome. Perhaps you do not know the city well enough to find your way? Come with me to supper, and we will go together; or, I will call at your room for you." How many young men, strangers in a large city, are there, who would refuse an invitation to come among Christian people, if thus accosted? How many rooms, dedicated by the church for the services of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, or Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, would be empty, or practically empty, if the Christian members of the church would go out in a plain, practical way, and give such a warm-hearted, loving salutation to the young folks, as I have indicated? The reason the young people do not come into church fellowship, is because they are not personally invited to come. This invitation duty rests with the new convert, as well as with the old.

Work for Aged Converts

"But," some aged church member says, "this invitation duty to the young folks may apply to others, but not to me. I am not fitted for work among the young. My hair is gray. My nerves are not steady. I have postponed coming to Christ until I have passed my two score and ten. It needs a young person to work for Christ among the young." No, my aged gray-haired friend, you are wrong. There is only one person more fitted to work among the young than a Christian young man or a young woman; that person is a Christian gray-haired man or woman, who is still blessed with a young heart. Though I may live to be sixty, seventy, or even eighty years of age, I never expect to live long enough to outgrow my rights to be an active member of a Young People's Christian Association. As a pastor, I always expect to be in such close touch with the young folks of my church, that I can sing such a song as did the sweet poet of old:

> And when, with envy, Time transported
> Shall think to rob us of our joys,
> You'll in your girls again be courted,
> And I'll go wooing with my boys.

Yes, the young people always ought to be "our boys" and "our girls" in Christ. Aged Christian friend, great opportunities of Gospel usefulness are open to you among the young folks, if you will only go to them in the spirit of loving consecration. They are open, if you will only go to the young folks in a plain, practical way.

Another glorious field of Christian usefulness is to be found in missionary work. What do I mean by that? Christian labor among the cannibals of the South Seas? Among the fur-robed Eskimos, in their igloos of the icy North? Among the tattooed Maoris of New Zealand, and the half-civilized natives of the Orient? Oh, yes. They are all included in that term, "missionary work." The Divine command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost" has a world-wide significance. One of the first duties of a Christian is to work for the Foreign Missionary Society of his church. By money-donations, by needle-work and by pledges, you should reinforce our Christian missionaries

Laboring in Foreign Fields

You cannot have a world's Saviour, unless you feel that the black man of Borneo, and the yellow man of China, and the Bengali of India are your brothers—brothers in Christ.

But in reference to missionary work, I had in mind also another interpretation. I mean Christian labor among those who are living in your back alleys; Christian labor among the poor and the social outcasts; Christian labor, as a lady sometime ago expressed it to me in a beautiful letter. She wrote, asking me if I knew of any crippled child who had no friends—she wanted to adopt that child. She well knew that the able-bodied children might ultimately be able to take care of themselves, but the crippled child, never. Therefore, she wanted to adopt a crippled child, and care for the boy while she lived, and leave money enough in her will to care for the child after she was dead. Ah, that is the true missionary spirit. To care for the cripples and the helpless—the moral and physical cripples. You can find them in the slums. You can hear them knocking at your door. You can see them pushing past you in the twilight.

How can the Christian work in the slums? By giving at least one evening of each week, if possible, to work in one of the city's rescue missions. You have a good voice. Go to those meetings and sing. They need you. You know, or should know, how to pray. Go there and lead in prayer. If you can do no more, you can at least give out a hymn-book and smile a welcome. Go there and do that. How can you do missionary work in the back alley? Go and visit the poor homes that are only a stone's throw from your door. You will find there people who are silently yet nobly struggling for life. It was well said by a great Christian leader,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE EDUCATION OF DWIGHT L. MOODY

By W. R. MOODY

WE often speak of a man finishing his education on leaving a certain school or college. If an academic training would have "finished" Mr. Moody's education, it is a matter of thankfulness that these advantages were deprived him. As it was, his education was ever progressing, and never was finished while his earthly career lasted. In the generally accepted term of the word, he had few educational advantages, all that he received being in the little neighboring red schoolhouse by the roadside, with the exception of one term in a free academy in the village. There was need in his home of every available assistance to support the family, and at fifteen he left school for the last time, with only a very meagre and superficial fund of information.

It was not, therefore, from schools that he was to acquire an education, but from men, and he fully realized this. From the time of leaving home, at seventeen years of age, he was ever studying men and learning from them. For such an education, a business career afforded the best possible opportunities of meeting all kinds and conditions of men. That he realized this, is clearly indicated by his rapid progress in business, rising rapidly to a position of trust and importance, and commanding, at the age of twenty-four, an unusually large salary for the times.

The demands of business did not allow much time for study, but afforded other opportunities for a man who was not afraid of being thought ignorant for asking questions. This was no fault of Mr. Moody's, for he was too honest to try to appear to know more than he did. He was the greatest questioner I ever knew. In his travels, he met men of affairs and learning, and it was always his delight to learn all he could from them. The general information thus acquired upon all sides was wonderfully retained, and mentally catalogued for further use. His mind was not a mere scrap-basket for everything, but a well-ordered encyclopedia of useful information.

Like most men who have had to fight their own way in life, he had also acquired the inestimable habit of learning from experience. Many men keep on making the same mistake, time after time, under the same conditions. This Mr. Moody never did. His mistakes were always inventoried as so many assets, and where a blunder was made in the past, it saved often from much more serious ones later.

This is equal to saying that Mr. Moody was never afraid to acknowledge a mistake. No one who knew him intimately, ever questioned his perseverance, or his indomitable will; but, once convinced that he was mistaken, no one more readily adjusted himself to new conditions when recognized. A good illustration of this was afforded in the founding of Mount Hermon Boy's School. Originally, the school was intended for boys under fifteen years of age. For the first four years, various expedients were adopted to make the school efficient in its mission; but at the end of that time, Mr. Moody became convinced from experience, that the work was not accomplishing the best results. At this time he received several applications from young men who had been deprived of early educational advantages and were now anxious to redeem the opportunities which they lost. After careful consideration the entire character of the school was changed, and for nearly twenty years it has developed in its work for young men, instead of for little boys.

THE OLD MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD

Valuable as Mr. Moody's experiences were as factors in his education, and remarkable as his peculiar gifts of collecting and using the knowledge he acquired, he never relied upon these alone. In 1875, after his first mission in Great Britain, he bought a little farm in his native town of Northfield, which became his permanent home. Here he would spend several months each year in nominal rest, but in reality in conscientious, systematic study. He collected a good library, specially suited to his needs, and during the months of June, July and August, he would devote many hours a day to the revision of old sermons and the preparation of new material. To these years of persistent study, which were followed later by seasons of more activity in the establishment of the schools and conferences which curtailed the hours of study, are to be traced the continued growth of the man as a preacher.

There were two factors in Mr. Moody's education which we have mentioned last, because most important. First of these was Mrs. Moody. How much he owed to her gentle sympathy and wise counsel can never be known. As he himself said, she "was the light of my earthly pilgrimage." Next to God's grace in his heart, Mrs. Moody was the greatest factor in his life.

The second and last factor was the Bible. Mr. Moody read widely, specially in biography and history, but nevertheless he was pre-eminently a man of one book. Whatever other reading he did was always in relation, directly or indirectly, to the Bible, or to enable him to better illustrate its teachings. He found in the Bible a liberal education in itself, and its influence even upon his method of expression is most marked. Comparing his letters, written within the first decade of his Christian life, with those written later, there is to be found a marked change and improvement in his style of expression. He found it true, as many others have since, that "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

Mr. Moody always felt keenly the loss of educational advantages, and the Northfield Schools are an expression of that deep sense of personal deprivation. What he himself had missed in life's experience, he coveted for other young men in similar circumstances. But the loss of school and college had been amply made up by his own earnest endeavor, and even in his disadvantages he acquired the best that any institution can give—the art of continuing to learn, everywhere and from every source.

New Year Opportunities

Sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Continued

"the deserving poor are those whom you have to seek, and not those who seek you." Go in Christ's name, and hunt the deserving poor, the halt, the lame, the blind. There is something wrong about that Christian who, when Thanksgiving Day rolls around, does not know at least one family to which he can in Christ's name send a dinner. There is something wrong about that Christian who has never yet been able to hold a cottage prayer-meeting in a poor man's house.

Visit the Sick

Another glorious field for Christian activity is found in hospital work. It is found where Christ spent most of his earthly ministry, namely—among the sick. It is found in going through the wards filled with white cots and leaving here a flower, and there a word of encouragement, and yonder a prayer. It is found in the children's wards, where many little ones are cursed with a futile struggle for physical existence, cursed from the moment that they were born. It is found in the Old People's Homes, where the aged and the physically infirm, sometimes petulantly, sometimes lovingly and longingly, are waiting for the last summons to join the silent majority beyond. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Yes! But I believe it is better to go to the bedside of the sick than to stand by the caskets of the dead. By the white couch of physical pain, the opportunities for doing good are even greater than by the white shrouds of the departed.

But though the hospitals are filled to overflowing, how few of us ever think of going there to carry a Christ's message of good cheer? When we think of genuine Christian work, we are apt to look for that work far beyond the seas. We do not appreciate the opportunities that are at our very doors. We are like the hundreds and thousands of Philadelphians who at home never appreciate the value of Independence Hall on Chestnut street. Some of them had to travel a thousand miles to see "Old Liberty Bell" after it had been dragged from their own depot to the World's Fair at Chicago. Oh Christian man and woman never let a month of your life pass unless you try to carry God's love into some hospital or sick room. You can find there one of the most blessed of all works. As you approach the "shut-ins," the invalids who are compelled to lie upon a bed of sickness, week in and week out, you will see the eye brighten, and the lip smile, and will hear the blessed words of endless gratitude. You will not only hear human commendations, but you will also hear the Divine Saviour say, "I was sick, and ye visited me. Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But there is still one more field of Christian activity to which I would direct your attention. That is, to the side rooms where the after-meetings should be held in every Christian church immediately following the benediction of the Sunday night services. That is the place where the Gospel net is drawn. That is the room in which, after a week of prayer, the sinners are given a direct invitation to join the church. There they are brought face to face with Jesus Christ, and are urged to make a decision in reference to their soul's eternal destiny. That is the one place above all others where the Christian should expect to see the direct results of his spiritual labors. It is the one place toward which all his work among the Sunday School scholars and young people should converge, and concentre, and find its Gospel climax.

Help the Seeker

The busiest and most intense Christian worker should be found in the Sunday night after-meeting. No sinner should be there to whom a church member would be unwilling to extend a Gospel invitation, and with whom he would feel a diffidence in talking about his Saviour, Jesus Christ. But the great stumbling-block in the way of most new church members is this: they think as new members that they should take a back seat. They feel that older Christians, and not the new converts, should move up and down among the people. They feel that a church ought to be run like the United States Senate; that in it no new member has a right to be conspicuously seen or heard, until he has served a silent apprenticeship of at least six or ten years. The inevitable result is, when a Christian is willing to remain silent in the beginning of his religious life, he is very apt to remain dumb all through his earthly Christian career.

Oh, that our new converts in our sacred Sunday night after-meetings would immediately begin to testify for Jesus! Testify, as Paul testified on the day after his conversion. No sooner did the good Ananias open his blinded eyes, than he immediately began to talk about Jesus, and him crucified. He immediately began to work for the conversion of souls, until he was at last driven over the Damascus wall, and he had to flee the town by night. Oh, that our new converts in the sacred after-meetings on Sunday night would

Testify for Christ

as did James Tissot with his brush, immediately after his conversion. This noted French artist was once the idol of Parisian society. He made his first fame as a portrait painter of society women. But one day, while studying the French society woman in an attitude of prayer in a Parisian cathedral, he gave his heart to Christ. Immediately, to his old friends, Tissot became a changed man. He not only turned his back upon his old life, but that he might the more ably portray the scenes in the life of Christ, he lived for many years in the far East. The famous series of Christ's life in Art is the result of Tissot's testimony. Church member, plead at once for Jesus; plead at once wherever you go. Especially plead for him and work for him in the sacred after-meeting.

Thus the call to the Christian life is a bugle blast for work. The church pew is not meant for a bed of roses, where indolence and sloth can lie down for perpetual slumber. Consecrated church membership is a sacred affinity for intense missionary activity as well as for "Gospel rest." A famous musician once said, "If I stop practicing upon the piano one day, I will feel my deterioration; if two days, the musical critics will feel it; if three, the world at large in my promiscuous audiences will feel it." If the consecrated church member stops working for Christ one day, he himself will feel his own spiritual deterioration; if two days, his Christian friends will realize it; if three days, the world at large will be the sufferer because of it. Faith's wings are movable. They must be kept working all the time. Now comes the practical determination for the Christian to settle: where are you specially fitted to go to work for Christ? Choose your spiritual occupations. From among the many fields of Gospel opportunities, choose them now.

HEARTS TOUCHED BY MACEDONIA'S CRY

MISS ELLEN M. STONE'S eloquent appeal, made through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf of the Macedonian refugees, has touched many hearts; and, during the past week, letters have poured in upon us from all parts of the Union, with contributions for that unfortunate and persecuted people. These letters come from people in all conditions of life, and all breathe the same spirit of warm Christian sympathy, which is characteristic of the readers of this journal, wherever human suffering is concerned:

MACEDONIAN PEASANT AND WIFE

One of the most touching gifts yet received, reached THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices a few days ago from Wyoming. It was a little pasteboard box, which contained fourteen silver twenty-five-cent pieces. They were all of the coinage of half a century ago; but it was evident, from their perfect condition, that they had been circulated very little, if at all. Indeed, some of them still bore the shine of the mint, as though they had been put into the little box when brand-new and never disturbed. With the box came this letter:

Dear Christian Herald:—Forty-seven years ago to-night, a little life of twelve short summers went out on earth, and a blessed eternity was begun in the home over there. I do not remember that parting as I was only a baby boy. I have been told that he sang with a voice angelic just before his little spirit winged its flight to the heavenly home, that hymn which ends—

Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

Among his boyish treasures he left me all his little savings—fourteen bright silver quarters in his little purse, and there they have lain all these long years. I felt they were almost sacred, as his little hands placed them there. I could never spend or bank them.

I have often thought I would give them to some good cause, but until now I have given other money instead; but last night, as I sat at my home fireside and read Miss Stone's letter in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—"Macedonia's Black Christmas"—the thought came to me, if Brother Willie could speak to me, he would say, "Frank, send my little treasure which you have kept so long, to help the poor little children in that far-off land. I am glad you have kept it for them." I will keep the little purse, but the fourteen silver quarters which have lain side by side for nearly fifty years, I will send in Willie's name, for in truth, "There is a cry from Macedonia." Sincerely, FRANK EASTMAN.

Long years have passed since the childish hand that first gave over this little treasure, crumbled to dust, but the influence of that sweet young Christian boy still lives. Willie Eastman's coins will go, with other gifts, to Macedonia, and may be the means of saving some of the poor little children of that unfortunate land from death by cold and starvation. The treasure could not have been consecrated to a nobler purpose.

Many of the letters send gifts "with love and prayers.' We give below extracts from a few of the latest received:

"A Friend" writes: "I enclose twenty-five cents for the poor Macedonian refugees, hoping it will be some little help. May our dear Lord bless it, for his name's sake."

S. S. L., New York City (24c.), writes: "I wish it were more, but I am an invalid."

Andrew, Cardwell, Idaho ($10), writes: "Enclosed is my gift for Macedonia's relief—In His Name."

E. E. M., South Orange, N. J. ($1), writes: "One of the mites . . . Trusting many mites may come in soon."

Mrs. A. S. H., Portland, Me. ($6), writes: "May the Master take this and multiply it, as the loaves and fishes, and use it to save souls as well as bodies. I feel sure that you will be abundantly blessed for presenting these noble causes, and being the medium whereby your readers can minister to the Master's needy ones. (Matt. 25: 40)."

Mrs. M. M. L., Oak Park, Ill. ($2). "I would that Christian nations might acquire some important influence and power over Turkey. How long—oh, how long! must there be such cruel treatment and suffering?"

Mrs. A. R. L., Westphalia, Ind. ($1). "May it be blessed of God to the preservation of the life of one of Christ's little ones."

Mrs. C. L. C., Cornia, Me. ($1), "It is but little, but I send it with love and a prayer."

J. B. and Rose McM., St. Clairsville, O. ($10), "Have just read in your excellent paper Miss Stone's letter, and we are glad to send you the enclosed draft for those so needy."

M. A. B., Honeybrook, Pa. ($5), "It is a pitiful story you tell about the Macedonian refugees. Find enclosed $2 for their relief."

"In Christ's Name," Temple, Tex., sends $25.

Mrs. S. M. S., Leland, Ill. ($1.50), "I hope this small sum will help some poor sufferer a little."

Mrs. A. D., Coshocton ($1). "I want to send a widow's mite for the starving Macedonians."

M. B., Wellston, Mo. ($1). "God bless Miss Stone! It may be she will yet do a more mighty work for God."

Mrs. Isaac S., Endeaver, Wis. ($1). "I pray God will bless it to some poor sufferer. I think all who can should respond to the urgent needs of those poor Christians—our brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus."

. . .

Mrs. Ella K., Orangeville, Ill. ($1). "God grant it may save some body and soul from death. All I regret is that it is not thousands, instead of one dollar."

From McGregor, Ia., comes $15, "A little offering from Hattie, Mezera and Abby A."

"May speedy relief come to them," writes Mr. and Mrs. David G., San Jose, Calif. ($5).

"It may help a little," is the sympathetic hope of "A Friend," Durham, Conn. ($2).

"I pray that every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may do likewise," writes C. E. C., Verbena, Ala. ($1.)

"I only wish it were five times as much," writes Mrs. Geo. H. P., East Orange, N. J. ($5).

F. T., Radersburg, Mont. ($1) writes: "When Miss Stone can plead for them, after her experience, it would melt a strong heart."

"How I wish I could relieve every one of them, but mine is only the widow's mite," writes Mrs. P. M., Newport, N. H. ($1).

"Friend," Conn., writes: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. B. A. M., New Alexandria, Pa., for self and from other friends, sends $9 "to help a little."

Mrs. C. B., Rome, N. Y. ($2) writes: "My funds are small, but I prefer to deny myself little comforts, and send something to help swell the fund for those afflicted people."

"I could not refuse sending my mite," writes E. L. M., Shelbyville, Ind. ($5). "It's the Lord's money, and I intended using it in another direction for his service, but thought this much more important. My pravers go with it."

. . .

A reader in Zanesville, O., who simply signs "For Jesus' Sake," sends 50c. "It is only a little, but I send it with love and sympathy."

"My mite ($1), with the prayer that God may cause many to give aid and succor," writes Elizabeth S. B.

"I wish I had great wealth," writes Mrs. W. W. G., Goshen, Ind. ($5), "that I might send what would seem real relief. I send this mite with my prayer."

"May every heart be touched, and a generous spirit be given, so that a large amount may be quickly sent. Then will the glad Christmas-time be more heartily enjoyed," writes Mrs. C., Dover, N. J. ($1).

"May the blessing of God rest on the Macedonians in their efforts to free themselves from Turkish rule," is the prayer of A. C. G., Newark, N. J. ($5).

Mrs. Sarah R., Patchogue, N. Y., sends $3 from a friend and herself, and invokes the Divine blessing upon every dollar that is sent for relief, and also upon the senders themselves.

"May the Lord's blessing go with this ($2). I wish it were a hundredfold larger," writes Mrs. A. S., Little Falls, N. J.

. . .

M. M. C., Philadelphia (a dear old Christian of eighty) sends $8 for the sufferers, and adds, "I wish it were hundreds."

"May God add his blessing and permit it to help some poor soul," is the sincere prayer of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. W., Cortland, N. Y. ($5).

"I would give more if I were able; but inasmuch as it is in my heart to do so, I know and feel that the loving Saviour can and will multiply it for me," writes S. M. C. (an incurable invalid).

. . .

"I'm a cripple and poor," writes J. R. E., New York ($1), "but I have plenty to eat and coal enough to keep me warm, so I am sending this to the Macedonians with good wishes."

Miss R. H. H., Chalmers, Ind., for the Meadow-Lake Missionary Society, forwards $10.50 for the refugees.

. . .

A reader in Afton, Tenn. ($1.50), writes: "May God's blessing rest upon the motherless girl who brought me the fifty cents, just as I had set down the dollar for myself and husband. She said: 'Put this on for me, but don't give my name, please.'"

Rev. L. D. Ewing, Pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Bunceton, Md., writes, inclosing check for $14.70, for the relief work, and adds: "May God bless you in all you do for these poor people." The Ministerial Alliance of Bunceton, is working energetically in behalf of the Macedonian sufferers, and has sent out earnest appeals, with good results."

MACEDONIANS IN NATIVE DRESS

All the gifts will be duly forwarded to the American missionaries and native pastors in Macedonia proper, and on the Bulgarian border. Last week's remittance of $10,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund was apportioned as follows:

Dr. J. F. Clarke, Samokov, for relief work among the refugees on the border,	$1,000
Rev. Lewis Bond, Monastir, the centre of greatest distress,	5,000
Rev. Dr. Geo. D. Marsh, Philippopolis, Bulgaria,	2,000
Rev. Dr. H. C. Haskell, Salonica, Macedonia,	2,000

In a letter from Mrs. Z. D. Furnajieff, wife of the native pastor at Kustendil, Bulgaria, just received, the writer says that in Bourgas and 36 nearby villages there are 7,948 refugees, of whom only 2,900 can now be assisted, owing to the insufficiency of means. Mrs. Allen (a relief worker from England) has received quantities of cloth (for underwear for the women), burlap (for mattresses), skin shoes, caps and handkerchiefs (for the women). The food supply is lamentably insufficient. In one district 2,206 refugees have no food, 539 have a week's supply, 840 a two weeks' supply and only a few are better provided. Two thousand and seventy-nine blankets are urgently needed, as winter has already set in. In Banya, stoves, beds and quilts are called for by the workers, to supply 400 persons. These are average instances of the needs at this time throughout Macedonia, but more especially among the refugees, who have lost all their worldy possessions.

. . .

A letter from Sofia, dated Dec. 7, 1903, states that many refugees from the village of Banya have arrived in that city. They are quartered about a mile out of the city in the camp that was occupied by the Bulgarian army during the summer. The Sofia Y.M.C.A. helped them as far as possible. Mrs. Popava collected cloth from merchants, and Christian ladies sewed it into garments, which now protect some of these poor unfortunates.

Prof. Bertel Tuglsang, of Copenhagen, went personally to Macedonia, where he visited about one hundred of the villages that have suffered, and distributed $2.000 in relief work. On his return he visited the Sofia Y. M. C. A., and left with that Association $800 for futher distribution among the sufferers.

Every gift to Macedonia, however small will be welcome, and will be deeply and gratefully appreciated by the workers. If the refugees can be sheltered from the wintry blasts and helped to keep body and soul together meanwhile, a grand work for humanity will have been accomplished.

All contributions should be be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to the missionaries in the field.

A Distinguished Canadian's Idea

Dr. Louis Klopsch: My Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowlege receipt of the *Red Letter Bible.* It was so entirely unexpected that the pleasure of receiving it was much enhanced, and it surpassed my highest conceptions of its quality and make-up. It is indeed a marvelously fine production. I value very highly, too, your autograph inscription therein, with its reference to the Hebrew benediction contained in Numbers 6: 24, 25 and 26. This is one of my favorite passages, and I often quote it to my friends as one of the most beautiful things in literature. I thank you sincerely for this handsome gift, which I shall cherish as one of my most valued possessions.

Brighton, Ont. J. W. GORDON.

CALLED TO NEW FIELDS OF SERVICE

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage Becomes Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles

READERS of this journal, who for the last two years have enjoyed, from week to week, the eloquent sermons of the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, will be interested to learn that Pastor Talmage has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, Calif. This is one of the leading pulpits on the Pacific Coast, and its occupancy will open up to the well-known preacher a larger and wider spiritual field than he has ever before occupied. In that section of the Union there are peculiar climatic advantages, which attract hundreds and thousands of strangers from different States. There he will preach the Gospel to the New Englander, the Southerner, the native of New York, Pennsylvania, the middle West and the colder North, as well as to the native Californians. In accepting the call, therefore, he has entered upon a ministry which will be in a large sense Continental.

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage

At a recent meeting in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, of which Mr. Talmage has been pastor for six years, he tendered his resignation in these touching words:

My Beloved People:—Some time ago I was notified by telegram that I had been extended a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, Cal. For some days it was a question whether I should accept this invitation or not. After careful and prayerful consideration upon my part, I have decided to sever my connection with this church next Sunday, and preach my first sermon in the Los Angeles pulpit Jan. 3, 1904. I make this important move for two reasons. First, because I consider the First Church pulpit of Los Angeles the greatest opportunity for usefulness west of the Mississippi, and equaled in opportunities for usefulness by but few pulpits in the land. The second reason for my going: I feel that a change to a warmer climate, for some time at least, will be beneficial to the physical health of my wife and all four of my children.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOS ANGELES

The snapping of the heartstrings which bind this pulpit to you, my dear people, is not done without great sorrow upon my part. For nearly six long years we have been together in joy and sorrow. We have buried the bodies of some which once were the tenements of the loveliest spirits God ever let live. We have had our emigrations from the church, like other west side churches situated below Ashland boulevard. Some of our members have gone north, east, south and west. I believe we have absent church members living in almost every State in the Union. But though many have moved, we have also had the Christian joy of welcoming new converts by the hundreds to Christ's altar.

During the pastorate of my six years we have paid off a mortgage of $9,000 and remodeled the church at an additional expense of about $15,000. This church to-day is practically out of debt. That, of course, is a blessing. It is absolutely a unit in reference to the harmony existing between pastor and people; we have a harmonious pew. I beg and plead with you at this crisis in the church's history to stand together, for geographically Jefferson Park is a most difficult field. Call, if possible, another pastor right away. Then in God's name go ahead and do the work he has given you to do.

I shall preach my farewell sermon next Sunday night, Dec. 27. There will be a congregational meeting next Wednesday night to send commissioners to the Chicago presbytery to ask for the dissolution of the pastoral relations now existing between myself and the church.

May God bless us all, is the prayer of one who will never cease to pray for you on account of the kindness you have shown me and mine.

Los Angeles is already recognized as a great religious centre, with many brilliant pulpiteers, including the Rev. R. R. Meredith (Congregationalist), Rev. Robert McIntyre (Methodist), Rev. Robert Burdette (Baptist), and many others whose names are widely known.

Dr. Talmage's new church has a seating capacity of about 1,300. There is a commodious Sunday School building, entirely separate from the main edifice. The entire structure is in a style of architecture that is both impressive and beautiful. It is complete, with the exception of two towers, which are still in process of construction.

WILL MEN SUCCEED IN AERIAL FLIGHT?

WILL the problem of aerial navigation ever be satisfactorily solved? Will man become "master of the air" as of the sea and land? Recent experiments would seem to indicate that we are treading close upon the border of ultimate success. One flying machine, at least, tried lately on the coast of North Carolina, has demonstrated that such apparatus can be constructed for practical use. The machine in question actually moved through the air a distance of over two miles before landing. Prior to this time, the longest distance, which any invention has covered (except where a balloon attachment was used), has been less than four hundred feet. The successful attempt was made against a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, as recorded by instruments.

Messrs. Wilbur and Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, have been experimenting on the Atlantic coast, near Kitty Hawk, N. C., for the last three years. They selected this location because the wind blows there more steadily than inland. On the beach are sand hills, some of them sixty feet in height, and the tops of these hills were used as starting points. The flight began from an inclined platform, built upon the slope of one of these hills. The canvas wings, or sails, were of such size, and placed at such an angle, that, as it was propelled down the incline by the force of gravity, it finally left the surface and was launched into the air. The navigator then started an engine operating two propellers; one revolving horizontally, assisted in keeping the little air-ship suspended, while the other, revolving vertically, propelled it forward. The flight was made at a speed which covered two miles in fifteen minutes. At some places. the machine attained a height of from sixty to seventy-five feet above the beach. The machine was thirty-three feet in length from end to end, with a width of about five feet, and was steered by a rudder made of canvas, shaped somewhat like the tail of a fish. In addition to the weight of the machine, it sustained the man operating it and a gasoline engine.

The Wright apparatus consisted of a simple framework made of light material covered with canvas, not unlike the box kites used by children. It has been called a "glider," from the fact that the first experiments were made without the use of engine or propellers, the operators endeavoring to see how far they could glide from an elevation. During one trial three hundred and sixty feet were covered before the machine touched the ground. The recent two-mile flight with the aid of machinery was a surprise to all students of aerial navigation. Our photographs show the air-ship in full flight, and show the culminating point of the experiment. D. A. W

THREE INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WRIGHT FLYING MACHINE, TAKEN WHILE IT WAS IN ACTUAL FLIGHT

These remarkable pictures show the manner in which the machine is sustained, controlled and guided, while in the air

"No Such Premiums in England"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your premium to hand to-day, none the worse for its long journey. I am agreeably surprised with it. I think it is about the most useful present I could have had. We never have any such beautiful premiums as the *Crown Encyclopedia* offered to us in England. Allow me to thank you again for these beautiful volumes, for I am proud of them. L. R. R. ROSE.

London, England.

"Full of Good Things"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of my *Red Letter Bible*. Am delighted with the clear print and many helps to a better understanding of the "Blessed Word." You have done a great work for us poor people. I also thank you for the beautiful *Calendar*, which came last evening. Many thanks for all the good things in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. C. A. THATCHER.

Rensselaer, N. Y.

A Judge of Butterflies

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The *Butterfly Calendar* reached me in due time and good condition. Please accept my thanks for it. It is a very bright and attractive ornament for the wall. I had the pleasure of seeing quite a variety of the tropical and semi-tropical butterflies preserved by a naturalist, who had collected them, and could easily recognize these artistic reproductions in the *Calendar*.

Madisonville, O. M. W. CADWELL.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Should the Bars be Lowered?

MANY Christian people outside the Methodist Episcopal Church, must be as deeply interested, as those within its pale, in the debate that has arisen on the question of removing the existing restrictions against dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, etc. While some people belonging to other communions, have congratulated themselves on the greater liberality of their own churches, there are others who have wished that there were similar penalties in their denomination against those amusements. It is therefore natural, that there should be a wide interest in the result of the proposal now under consideration in the Methodist Episcopal Church, to bring it into line with other churches in the matter.

The question, of course, is not one of extreme indulgence in the amusements named. That there are degrees of conduct in this regard, none will deny. There are many degrees in the habit of drinking intoxicants. It is not a question whether it is fitting for membership in a church to be accorded to a man who staggers about the streets, who is found frequently dancing in promiscuous company all night, or who spends most of his time at the gaming table. The question is whether one who does not go to any of these extremes, but who indulges moderately in these amusements, is fit. The difficulty in all these cases is to fix the line of moderation. It is difficult for the man himself, who, while habitually moderate, is liable occasionally to overstep the line; still more difficult is it for the Church, and therefore its organizers, like the leaders of Temperance, drew the line, where it seems hard, but is clearly safe, at total abstinence. No other place for the line was possible, because in any other place, it would be elastic according to the constitution of the member, and it would give rise to endless debate as to whether he had overstepped the line which represented moderation in his case.

A clearer understanding of the question may be reached by examining the nature of the punishment incurred by a member of the Church, who, in spite of warning, persists in dancing, playing at cards, attending the theatre, etc. He is not fined nor imprisoned, nor does he incur any worldly loss. He is simply informed, in effect, that he no longer belongs to the class of persons for whom the Church was organized. Practically, this is not a condemnation of the man. A club, or any social or political organization might have a rule which will freeze out of its membership an uncongenial member, and yet would not condemn him. The Church, like the club, is composed of persons having certain tastes and principles in common; if, therefore, any one in membership develops tastes and principles which are not in harmony with those of the other members, and which have been the notable characteristics of the association, he is out of place in it, and it is better for him and the other members that he should resign. That is logical; but there may be an exception. The number of the members who may be called variants, may have gradually increased until they have become a majority. In this case, there is the alternative of so changing the rules as to change the character of the association. It has yet to be tested whether this latter possibility has occurred in the Methodist Church.

There is another view of the subject, which is based on the Apostolic conception of the Christian life. It regards the Christian, as one whose affections are set on things above; whose supreme object in life is to attain to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; who is running a race, and is, therefore, laying aside every weight; who is climbing to the highest plane of spiritual life, and casts off everything that is liable to hinder him. Many good and worthy people do not take their religion so strenuously. Believing themselves safe for eternity, they are content to live very much as does the worldling, while avoiding the grosser forms of evil. But the other kind, who are earnestly seeking spiritual attainment, are prepared to sacrifice anything that is of the nature of an obstacle. They are so much in earnest, that they have neither time nor inclination for frivolous pursuits. Now it cannot be denied that dancing, card-playing and theatre-going are diversions. The only merit that can be claimed for them is that they are relaxations, and there is much to be said for the contention that even as relaxations they are detrimental, and are of the nature of the weights which the earnest Christian is advised to lay aside. They cannot help him in the supreme purpose of his life, and they may hinder him. If he finds pleasure in them, it is evident that he is not one of those whose one desire it is to "know Christ and be found in him." He is, therefore, out of place among people who are filled with that desire. Just as a dilettante in music or art would be uncomfortable in a society of musicians or artists who were absorbed in their profession, a Christian of the unstrenuous kind would be a discordant element in a society of earnest Christians To admit him, or retain him in membership after his character is discovered, is to acknowledge that the society itself is no longer so strenuous as of yore, no longer so devoted to the apostolic ideal which would abandon even things that were lawful, if they were not expedient.

A Colombian on Panama

IN another part of this issue there is printed a contribution from a native of the Republic of Colombia, the brother of one of its military leaders, which is of the greatest interest and importance at the present time. It is a plain and straightforward statement of the condition of affairs in that republic, and it is the more significant, from the fact that the writer sharply criticizes the treatment to which the people of the Isthmus of Panama have been subjected by Colombia, for many years past. In view of the extraordinary conditions, the writer concludes that it was not surprising that the Panamanians should have continued in a state of chronic revolt.

Mr. Perdomo's article comes with the authority of personal and familiar knowledge of the situation. Whether he is right in justifying Panama's course, under all the circumstances, the reader himself must judge. At all events, his article is an enlightening and valuable contribution to current history.

The Thraldom of Evil Habit

THIS is the season of noble resolutions—when vow and promise and pledge fill the atmosphere, and impart to it a tone of high determination and immovable purpose which it possesses at no other time of the year. Within "one little month," lo! the greater part of these fine resolutions—deemed inflexible and inexorable at the moment—will be shattered into fragments. It was always so. Society is not made moral by legislative enactment, and the individual, by the mere effort of his own will, cannot raise himself from the ground by pulling at his boot-straps. We each have our faults, more or less grievous, which we would give a good deal to be rid of. But our meannesses, our unworthy ways, our besetting sins, have, in most cases, been so long indulged, that they have taken firm root and cannot be shaken off by a sudden determination on our part to be rid of them. We may say to them, "Begone, I'll none of thee!" but they stick, and we are shortly aware of the fact that they are just as strong as ever.

Such is the familiar experience of ninety-nine out of every hundred human beings who indulge in New Year's resolutions. It usually ends in the pitiful confession that our fine resolves, uttered in a moment of enthusiasm, are a waste of breath. Habit is stronger than we are, and bad habits are the strongest of all.

> Thus ever, while the world revolves,
> I plan the right, I do the wrong:
> I make each morning wise resolves
> And act but follies all day long.

There is only one sovereign way to remedy our own weakness and to overcome those moral defects against which we make annual proclamation of hostile intention. If we yield ourselves to Christ and accept him as our Saviour, committing our whole life to him, he will "make all things new." The tyranny of evil habit, in whatsoever way it has its hold upon us, will be loosened. Our hearts will be purified, our bodies freed from evil desires, our minds clothed with nobler thoughts, and all our feelings and affections ennobled by the spiritual power of Divine love. The Christian who, by praying and working, keeps in close and constant touch with Christ, finds himself, step by step, emancipated from the domination of his old-time enemy. He becomes a free man in Christ Jesus.

"THE OLD CHURCH OF SINNERS!"

Owen Kildare's Splendid Tribute to the BOWERY MISSION and its Work

IN the current number of *Success*, is a remarkable article from the pen of Owen Kildare, on the Rescue Missions of New York City, in the course of which he has this to say of the Bowery Mission:

"Scattered throughout the city of Greater New York are many so-called rescue missions. You can find them in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, uptown, crosstown, downtown, and, also, ONE on the Bowery. From time immemorial the Bowery has been, and is still, known as the seat of all wickedness; and yet, from the Brooklyn Bridge, along Park Row, to Cooper Union, a distance of several miles, we only find one rescue mission to counteract all this wickedness. Across the street from Cooper Union are the headquarters of the Volunteers and a meeting place of the Salvation Army, but there the neighborhood is given up to legitimate business and free from flagrant vice. In my time—and it embraces almost thirty years,—I have seen many missions begin work on the Bowery, but they were all shortlived. Perhaps the Boweryites were too far gone, or, perhaps, they were not wicked enough; but, whatever the cause, the old Bowery Mission is the only one which has lasted for years. The reason for this is not hard to find. The Bowery Mission, from its very start, offered nothing else to the men flocking there but the Word of God, and opportunity to hear it intelligently interpreted, and has never claimed to be anything else than the Church of Sinners. That is a great institution, however, in the highest humanitarian sense. . . . . .

. . "The dear old Bowery Mission, the stanch old Church of Sinners. There they offer you the Word—nothing else—but very intelligently and cheerfully, amid suitable surroundings, with splendid music. (I am not a stickler for ritualism, but only for fitness.) Constantly it is proved there that true righteousness brings its own reward. When the invitation is given there, they come forward and find good, loving friends to pray with them, put their arms around them, and bid them good night when they leave, some for their lodging-house cots, some for the long, nocturnal journeys in the streets. It is different when Mrs. Bird is there. Long ago she was named the 'Mother of the Bowery,' and, as she says, 'I can't let my sons be in want, when I have plenty.' But—bless you!—she gives to all, Christian and sinner alike, and to be in want is the only plea necessary with her.

"I know a man who was saved in the Bowery Mission, and who 'carried the banner'—walked the streets at night—without a murmur, for ten days after his salvation.

"'I wanted Christ, not a bed-ticket,' was his answer when I asked him about it. Truly he was a Spartan Christian.

"Brother John G. Hallimond, the Bowery Mission can't spare you, but it would be a good thing for the other rescue missions if you could show them how the Word can make converts, irrespective of bed-tickets.

"Good, square, sincere men have been reclaimed in the Bowery Mission through the test of honest work at honest pay, and God does not want the man who will not work."

Among the Workers

—DR. FRANCIS SMILEY and his musical assistant, have just closed with the united churches of Holly, Mich., a most successful evangelistic meeting.

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD and wife, of Kansas City, have just closed union meetings at Louisburg, Kansas, which are said to have been most successful.

—THE BILL asking Congress to give United States lifesavers, lighthouse keepers and shipwrecked mariners, a system of chaplaincies, framed by R. Ashley Cake, and introduced by Hon. J. J. Gardner, of New Jersey, is now with the Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce, and favorable action is hoped for.

—THE FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY will pitch an encampment, with a large auditorium, convenient to St. Louis, in May, and keep it open until the close of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Religious, fraternal and other organizations, may arrange to use the auditorium for their conventions and meetings, and camp out with the farming population.

The Beautiful Butterfly Calendar

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—I have just received the beautiful *Butterfly Calendar*, and I think it a perfect beauty. We thought last year's could not be improved upon, but each succeeding year seems, if possible, to outdo the former. It is much admired by all who have seen it.

Brooklyn, N. Y. E. C. WALTON.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Lions by a Railroad Track

AMONG the novel sights to be witnessed from the window of a railroad car as it speeds along the track, probably there is none so strange as that which greets the traveler on the newly opened line from the eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza to Mombasa, in Southern Africa. It is not at all uncommon, says Commander Whitehouse, of the British Navy, in an article in the London *Graphic*, to see a family of lions devouring a hartbeest or zebra within a short distance of the line, while circling above, or perched on the nearest trees are the vultures waiting their turn to feast on the fragments left by the lions. It is a curious experience, too, for a railroad engineer to be cautioned of a disarrangement of traffic that lions have caused. It happened recently that an engineer was told to proceed slowly at a certain part of the line where there were switches, as four lions had entered the yard where the switch-box stood, and the man whose duty it was to set the switch was afraid to enter. Though there have been instances of lions attacking sportsmen, those lions who prowl along the line are seldom man-eaters. They usually take no notice of the passing train, or else, looking at it with wonder for a minute, take refuge in flight. During the construction of the railroad the natives were in constant dread of being seized by lions. It was necessary to build a high thorn hedge around the section where they were at work and at night they slept in huts of corrugated iron. It is expected that the new railroad will help materially in the development of Uganda. A letter mailed now at Entebbe, in Uganda, reaches the coast in four days. The first part of the journey is across the lake. Two new steamers have been constructed for this service. They cross the lake to Port Florence in thirty hours. Twelve hours later the mail train starts on its journey of about five hundred miles, which it accomplishes in about fifty hours. The passengers on the steamers often have glimpses of animated nature as startling as those on the train. A hippopotamus, rising and falling in the shallow water, and a crocodile sunning himself on the bank, are common objects in view. It seems strange for the traveler by rail and steamboat to see these monsters, that we naturally associate with the wilds of uncivilized lands. Civilization disturbs them, but it cannot change their nature. That will be changed only when civilization reaches its zenith, under the glorious rule of the Prince of Peace, when the whole world shall share in the transformation of the lives of men.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fat'ing together . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain (Isa. 11: 6, 9).

PASSENGERS ON THE NEW UGANDA RAILROAD WATCHING A LION FEAST

Marriage No Defence

In passing sentence last week, in New York, on a man convicted of picking a pocket, Judge Cowing took occasion to condemn the morbid sympathy with criminals manifested by some women of social standing. After this criminal's arrest, a woman came to New York from Toledo, O., and visited him in prison. She pleaded with Chaplain Monroe to marry her to the man. Knowing the opposition of the authorities to such marriages he declined, but the woman succeeded in getting a civil marriage. When her husband was awaiting sentence, she pleaded with the judge for mercy for him. Inquiry, however, elicited the fact that he had already served three terms in prison for picking pockets, and that the woman who had married him was fully aware that he was a professional thief when she first became enamored with him. The judge expressed the opinion that there was little hope of the reform of a man who had been convicted and punished three times, and he refused to regard the marriage as any reason for clemency. He therefore sentenced him to the full term of five years, and intimated that no prisoner brought before him in future need expect to gain anything by contracting a marriage before being sentenced. We can easily understand a judge being incensed, if he thought a trick had been played, to work on his sympathy. If, however, he believed that a marriage had taken place which indicated a sincere resolve on the part of the husband to reform, he would gladly facilitate it by clemency. How thankful many a sinner has been to know that God will do so. Where there is true union with Christ, forgiveness of the sinner for his sake is assured.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus (Rom. 8: 1).

A Foundling Heiress

A remarkable suit was on trial in the Supreme Court, of New York, last week. A claim was made by relatives of a wealthy man, who died recently, for his property. It was, however, contested by the friends of a little girl now in a charitable institution in the city. The property had been bequeathed to the child, now eight years old, by the deceased citizen, but he had described her in his will as his daughter. His relatives had discovered that she was not his daughter, but was a foundling whom he and his wife had procured from the foundling home seven years ago, to take the place of their own child, who had died in infancy. He had adopted the little waif, had given her the name of his dead child, and had loved her and cared for her as his daughter. Still, she was not a blood relation, and his relatives disputed her right to inherit. The judge, however, pronounced judgment in her favor, on the ground that she was evidently the child whom the testator indicated in his will, and whom he intended to be his heiress. She was his child, the judge said, by love and sentiment, and those ties must be recognized as effectively as the tie of natural birth. How thankful Christians have reason to be that God recognizes this fact! Their adoption into God's family carries with it all the privileges of sonship, and can never be disturbed.

To the end that the promise might be sure to all the seed; not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith (Rom. 4: 16).

Making Radium

A radium industry has begun to develop both in France and Germany. Large orders have been received from all parts of the world for specimens of the wonderful substance. Tons of ore are required to produce a single gram of radium, and as the orders call for hundreds of grams, the work of supplying the demand is quite extensive. The quantity required by hospitals and physicians is alone far beyond the supply. The advantage of having an agent as effective as the Roentgen Rays always at hand, without the use of an apparatus, is obvious. A minute quantity in a tube not larger than a goose-quill answers ordinary purposes. The price now quoted is $2,000 a gram, but it is believed that the demand being so extensive some means will be found of producing it at a lower price. There is hope, too, that other uses will be found for it, especially in the production of light. Several substances, notably zinc pyrites, give forth a strong light when exposed to radium, and there is therefore the possibility of the long-sought permanent light becoming a fact may be realized. It is a wonderful power that radium has of making dull substances luminous. It is so that the world gets spiritual light. Men who are themselves dark, become lights to others, when the Holy Spirit operates upon them.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord Prov. 20: 27).

Descended from King David

Among the deaths registered recently in Philadelphia, Pa., was that of a lady, who claimed to be a descendant of the great Hebrew poet-king. She bore the name of Lipschuetz, but her grandfather was Rudolph Hirsch Abrabanel, a descendant of the famous Isaac Abrabanel, a rabbi, who, in the fifteenth century, suffered persecution. He was, in early life, a favorite of the Portuguese king; but was compelled to transfer his residence to Castile. Thence, too, with other Jews, he fled to Naples, and ultimately to Venice, where he died. He was highly esteemed there, and the government honored him with a grand public funeral. He was the author of many learned works, in which, having suffered all his life from representatives of Christianity, he bitterly assailed the Christian faith. One of his sons, however, embraced Christianity after his father's death. The erudite rabbi always insisted that he could trace his pedigree to King David, and the honor was warmly cherished by his descendant who died lately in Philadelphia. It is not surprising that a person whose pedigree ran back to so glorious a personage as King David, should be very proud of the fact. Nevertheless, character is a better credential than blood. It would, for example, be a great drawback to the honor, if the line ran through David's ingrate son, Absalom. The true descendants of a great and good man are those that resemble him in character. In that way, as Christ said, the honor of the highest relationship of all, is open to every one.

Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother (Matt. 12: 50)

BRIEF NOTES

There are now 6,838 preaching stations in Africa, and the number of foreign missionaries laboring on the continent is 3,051.

A memorial hospital to Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, has been erected by his daughter, at Zomba in Central Africa.

The recent Mexican Christian Endeavor Convention at the City of Mexico was attended by about 500 delegates from all parts of the Republic. One hundred and thirty-one societies were reported, with 3,403 members.

The British and Foreign Bible Society will complete the century of its existence on March 7 next. It has published the Word of God "without note or comment" in 370 distinct forms of speech, eight of which have been added to its list during the past year, six of the eight being African dialects and two Esquimaux. Last year it sold nearly two million copies.

From a report just issued by the American Board, it appears that the number of Christian communicants in India has nearly doubled during the past ten years. The number now is 358,000 as against 183,000 in 1893.

An effort is being made in Australia to effect a union between Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The outlook is reported favorable. Plans are being made by representatives of all three denominations.

A Berlin journal which has been collecting Jewish statistics reports that the number of Jews who have been converted, and are at present occupying pulpits of Protestant churches, is 125. The same journal states that the records of Jewish baptisms during the last century aggregate 204,540.

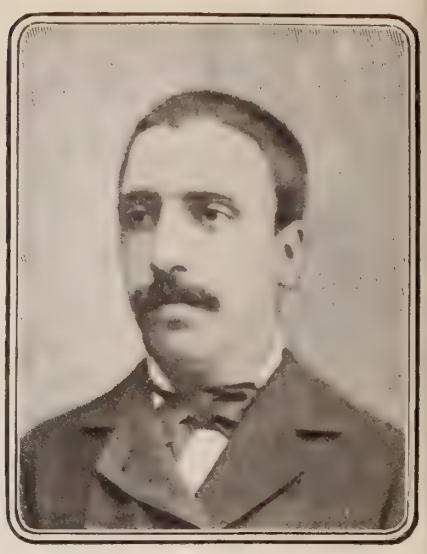
A conference of missionaries is to be held in Korea, Sept. 18–25, 1904 in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into that land. Missionaries from China, India and Japan have promised to participate. Visitors are expected also from Europe and America. The committee in charge is composed of representatives of all denominations.

The American Sunday School Union in its latest report, announces that during the year 2,493 Sunday Schools were organized in destitute communities in forty-two States. The enrollment of teachers and pupils at the opening of these schools aggregated 96,500. Through the work of the Union more than 25,000 Bibles and Testaments were put in circulation. The recent conference of the Union at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, was a representative and stimulating experience.

The Turkish Board of Censors which exercises a supervision over all books published in the Empire, has ordered the excision of the following passages from the Bible: "Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Rob not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate; for the Lord will plead his cause, and spoil the soul of those who spoil them." Apparently the Board of Censors thinks that they reflect on Turkish government, and they do seem to apply to it.

GENERAL REYES
Colombia's Military Leader, now on a special mission to the U. S.

THE COLOMBIAN NATIONAL CAPITOL, BOGOTA



GENERAL PERDOMO
Reported to have been appointed commander of Colombian forces

The Republic of Colombia and its Present Crisis

By J. J. PERDOMO

THE name, "Republic of Colombia," is comparatively new, proceeding as a natural consequence of the ill-fated civil war in 1884-85, when the old-established government was overthrown and superseded by the unprogressive element of the country, the previous name being, "The United States of Colombia." This latter name was adopted at the time of the final organization of the nation, as a Republic, in 1863. At this time a constitution was adopted, patterned after that of the United States of America. It divided the country into nine States, equal in power and privileges as those of the United States of America. The names of the nine States were: Antioquia, Bolivar, Boyaca, Cauca, Cundinamarca, Magdalena, Panama, Santander and Tolima. The government was administrative and executive, with a Congress composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, elected for two years, and a President of the Union, elected also for two years; each State having its own executive and administrative bodies and officers.

The reason for the changing of affairs in 1884, was the ambition and cupidity of what is called the Conservative party, being the party of the priests, monks and friars, together with all their subjects. Following the exact principles of the ancient Spanish Inquisition, everything was undertaken in the name of religion and under the image of a crucifix. The overthrown party was that of the Liberals. It is interesting to note the distinction and principles of the two parties.

The Conservatives are a faithful prototype of their ancestors, the Spaniards; with the same ideas and notions. Their conception of a government is that of an absolute monarchy, controlled by the Church; their religion is an extreme form of Ultramontane Roman Catholicism; according to their conception of things, what was good for their forefathers is good enough for them, and ought to be for their succeeding generations. Inventions of any kind are considered the traps of the Evil One, to allure away the world. They believe in a universal language, feeling sure that "languages" are the invention of the Satanic powers; of course they know not, and seldom care for knowing any languages beyond their own. A Colombian woman, faithful type of the Conservative party, once told the writer that, "even the Lord Jesus Christ spoke the Spanish language, since all other languages were those of the heretics." As the name "Conservative" implies, the party bearing it wishes nothing new; this extreme abhorrence of the new, would cause them to oppose and persecute foreigners within their jurisdiction, were it not for the predominant characteristic of the Latin race, well described by the words "courtesy," and "hospitality"; observing this principle, the Conservative party tolerates foreign subjects, though keeping aloof from them. The Conservatives' idea of education is, being well versed in the catechism of their Church, as approved by the Roman Pontiff.

During the administration of the Liberals, previous to the overthrowing of 1884, they had founded a very fine university for public instruction, patterned after the best European institutions, and known as the Colombian University. As soon as the Conservative party assumed the control of the government, the university was turned into a semi-religious institution, under the jurisdiction of the Jesuits. The Liberal party is composed of the most progressive Roman Catholics as well as members of the Protestant Churches, Free Thinkers, etc. Their main idea is "Progress," hence the introduction of all modern ideas. Absolute freedom is one of their important tenets; also freedom of speech, press, thought, religion, etc.; this freedom being under the supervision of the law, with a view to proper regulation.

Previous to the existence of the United States of Colombia, the country was an incipient republic known as the "Republic of New Granada," the period of its existence being from the year of its independence from Spain, in 1819, to its merging into the United States of Colombia in 1863. Originally, the Republic of New Granada was composed of the territory occupied to-day by the three distinct countries known as Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia; the separation having taken place in the year 1829. That portion of the New World known as New Granada was a colony of Spain, from ancient times. The name proceeded from the feudal States of Granada in Spain. The name "Granada" is the Spanish for pomegranate, and this is the reason why the coat-of-arms of Colombia has the picture of a pomegranate. Over the pomegranate the eagle stretches its wings, as emblem of liberty; below, in the coat-of-arms, is also the cap of liberty, horns of plenty and ship of commerce. The flag of the nation is red, blue and yellow, in longitudinal stripes, the yellow being twice the width of the other two. In the war of overthrow (1884-85), the nine States of the Union were changed to departments, under more limited powers; a new constitution was adopted, by which the term of service for President, Vice-President and members of Congress was extended to six years, instead of two, as before.

"MARKET DAY" IN A COLOMBIAN COUNTRY TOWN

What we know to-day as Colombia was a colony of Spain from 1718 to 1819; then a portion of the Republic of New Granada, from 1819 to 1830; a separate government from 1830 to 1863; the United States of Colombia from 1863 to 1885, and the Republic of Colombia from 1885 to the present time.

It may well be said that Colombia, as well as most, though not all, of the South American republics, is over a century behind the times. The language is pure Spanish, using what is known as the American orthography; however, a good many idiomatic expressions and corruptions have been introduced into the language, chiefly among the lower classes of society, which are composed mostly of the aboriginal Indians. Society is divided into two main classes: Aristocracy and Democracy; the two being distinguished by the dress. The former adhere strictly to the Parisian fashions, while the latter has a peculiar and uniform attire, that of the men being home-spun trousers, sometimes a vest, the "alpargate"—a low shoe made of native hemp, or else sandals—and always the "roana." This is a square piece of cloth, hemmed all around, with an opening or slit at the centre, through which the head is put through, the whole garment thus remaining suspended by the shoulders and hanging loose about the body, below the waist. The hat accompanying the *roana* is the invariable Panama, or Indian woven straw. A good

ENTRANCE TO PRESIDENT'S PALACE, BOGOTA

A BUSINESS STREET IN BOGOTA

FLORIAN STREET, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE IN BOGOTA

A COLOMBIAN TOWN IN THE "HOT LANDS," NEAR THE ISTHMUS

Panama hat can be bought for half a dollar, guaranteed to last for many years. The women of the lower classes dress in calico and blue flannel, with highly embroidered shirts, without sleeves, over which, for street wear is placed the *mantilla*, made of inferior blue flannel. The *mantilla* is the characteristic and renowned Spanish veil, worn by ladies in all ranks of society, differing in the costliness of material, according to the social standing of the wearer. The veil known as *mantilla* is black, and worn over the head, partly concealing the face, and shawl-like fashion, hanging and enveloping the body below the waist. Only the women of the lower classes are supposed to wear a hat in the streets or public places, except on special occasions, when the ladies of the aristocracy wear Parisian hats fully up to date, for dress purposes. The hat of the women of the lower classes is plain straw, generally of Indian weave, very inferior, and without any trimmings.

Colombia has, for generations, copied after a French civilization; everything French predominates, except in architecture.

Carriages are scarce and little used, the chief means of travel and transportation being by horse, mule, ox and donkey's back; everybody, whether man, woman or child, is supposed to know how to ride on horseback. The streets of the towns and cities are not all well adapted for the traffic of wagons. The *peon*, a useful individual, generally of Indian origin, and always a member of the lower classes, stands on the corners of the streets with a stout rope, awaiting orders, as the expressman does in the United States. The *peon* and his rope accomplish great things; they carry merchandise, move household goods, transport trunks, pianos, etc., etc. Through the mountain roads—rather trails—all conveyance is done by *peon* and mule-back; in this way, hundreds of heavy pianos and organs have been carried to the interior of the country, from the headwaters of the Magdalena River. Along the beautiful roads in the interior, the heavy transportation is accomplished by means of the two-wheeled cart and team of oxen.

FEDERAL BUILDING OR CITY HALL, FRONTING BOLIVAR SQUARE, BOGOTA.

Bogota, the capital of Colombia, has been called "the city of pianos," because of the great number of them—nearly every household of the aristocracy having one or more. The people are very fond of music. The word "Bogota," is of Indian origin; the accent being marked in the writing, and pronounced over the last syllable. On account of the prevalence of earthquakes, coupled with the rudimentary ideas of the country, nearly all buildings, whether public or private, are built of only one story. On this account, the area of cities and towns is always extensive. The street car system is inferior and also rudimentary. There are no frame buildings in Colombia; everything is brick, stone, clay or concrete; roofs are invariably of either of two kinds, tile or thatch (straw). The cemetery system is after the old Roman plan of vaults; no ground burying is done, except by foreign residents. There are no grocery stores, as in the United States; all such commodities are sold at "The Market." The market of each town is held once a week at the principal square; except at Bogota, where there is a fine market-place—a public property kept by the city. It is in running order every day of the week, but chiefly on Fridays. At such markets, the eye is delighted by the great profusion of every conceivable product of the country, and by the variety of fruits and vegetables at all times of the year. Fruits of many varieties grow in great profusion, mostly wild; five cents will buy a bushel of choice oranges or a good-sized bunch of bananas; pineapples and cocoanuts can be had for the asking, except at the city's market-place; but, even there, prices are very low.

There is no snow in Colombia; in fact it is not known. The temperature of Bogota averages sixty degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year. A peculiar freak of the country is that within the slow traveling of one day by mule-back, every possible climate or degree of heat, from forty degrees upward, can be obtained; the country is thus divided for convenience into "cold lands" and "hot lands." The vegetation changes accordingly, this peculiar susceptibility of change being due to the mountainous nature of the country, together with the proximity to the ocean.

Within the last few years, public parks have been laid out in the capital of Colombia, but previous to that the only thing in existence, answering the purpose, was the well known public or town square, peculiar to all Latin countries.

In most of these public squares is found the public fountain, which is the water supply for the town or city. In the case of Bogota, there are several of such squares with their respective fountains, and to these fountains the women go with large water jugs over their heads, for the daily family supply; all such service of course being rendered by "the servants." Each family, however poor, is supposed to have servants in abundance, for all purposes, it being considered below the dignity of the members of the higher classes to perform any manual tasks. Owing to this perverted idea of dignity, the commonwealth at large bears the stamp of shiftlessness and poverty. Corresponding to the primitive water system of the water-carrier at the public fountain, is the sewerage system. It consists, on a surface drainage, of constantly running water in every street. These miniature canals are by no means sanitary, and often obnoxious in their contents, nevertheless, on the whole, they give the city a picturesque appearance, with the constant sound of rippling brooks.

On his deathbed, Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America from Spanish oppression, prophesied that the nations of South America, and chiefly New Granada, would so degenerate and become so contemptible, that even Europe would not deign to conquer them. The prophecy has become true, and is being verified in this dawning of the twentieth century. But the true facts are not well-known, and on the contrary, much speculation and confusion has arisen. Therefore, during the last few years, a great deal has been said by the press of the world about the frequent "insurrections of the insurgents." This sweeping statement has been decidedly unjust, since the facts of the case are that the Liberal party, upholders of the former nation known as The United States of Colombia, and overthrown by treachery in 1885, has been since then, endeavoring to restore the government. The reported insurrections should have been designated by an inverse expression; that is, "The people against the usurping Insurgents." The movement, properly, should have had the support and sympathy of the civilized world.

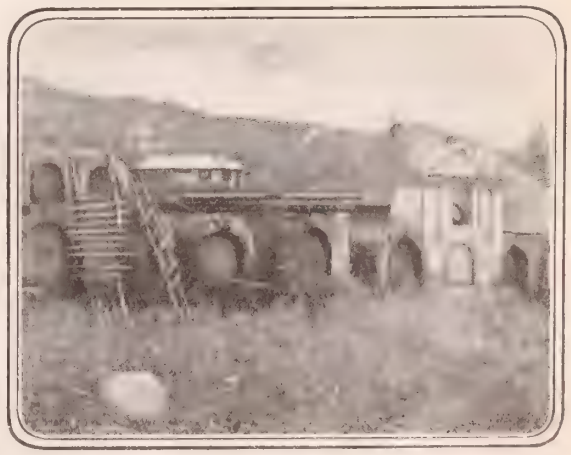
The overthrow of the government in 1885 was caused, not by bravery or strength of arms, but by the cunning deceit of ambitious and unscrupulous politicians. The movement and its outcome had been feared and clearly foretold by the people. In a letter, still extant, written twenty years ago by a member of the Liberal party, he pictured, as if by prophetic insight, the actual condition of affairs to-day. Among other things, this curious document reads as follows:

The country grows worse and worse, and a monetary crisis is about to overtake us, on account of a growing misgovernment of the nation. There appears to be grave danger that the ill-fated Nunez may come into power, which event would be not only the ruin of the country and of the Liberal party, but even the loss of our existence as a nation; to a certainty he will sell us, like unto a flock of sheep, to which they compare us. We will be sold beginning with Panama, because the selling of slaves seems to be the proper movement in this Christian era. Nethertheless, there are persons of weight and good understanding, who believe the nation will never allow such an ignominy, but that war, that blackest of human calamities, worse than the Asiatic cholera, will restore the fortunes of the country. The nation finds itself in an abnormal and unbearable condition, in which it is impossible long to remain.

These predictions have been literally fulfilled in the accession of Nunez to power; the coming of war, and the dismembering of the Union. As soon as Rafael Nunez gained control of the government of the United States of Colombia, in 1884, he sold himself to the Conservative party, as the highest bidder; subsequently he bought the standing army, and declared himself dictator, ruling under the pseudonym of a republic. This state of affairs continued until his death. Had it not been because of this incident, Panama would never have seceded from the Union; the Canal Treaty would have been ratified long ago; the national debt would not have been the discredit that it is to-day, and the most cordial relations would have existed between Colombia and the United States of America.

The present brave and progressive attitude assumed by Panama, and its eagerness to reconcile the United States, are a true index of the real sentiments of the people of Colombia.

THE CATHEDRAL, BOLIVAR SQUARE, BOGOTA



A TYPICAL COLOMBIAN CEMETERY

TWO HANDS AND GRANNY

A New Year's Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time a little boy lived in the Thuringer Wald, alone with his grandmother, and she was very old and very poor. They had a little hut, very brown from the weather, and plenty of wood for the fire in a huge stone chimney. This fire was not to warm them only, though Ulrich, the little boy, used to like to lie on a bear-skin before it and thrust his brown, bare feet so near it that they tingled with the heat. The fire was to keep the pot boiling that swung by a hook above the flame. It was a very jolly pot, round and black and shiny, and it did its best to please all the senses of the boy. It always looked kindly at him when he came in cold from gathering fuel in the forest; it tried to sing to him, and succeeded in humming and sputtering and bubbling quite a tune. Sometimes the cover bobbed up and down, and kept time to the tune, which seemed to say:

"She points to the door of the hut"

"Heigh ho! got a good supper! Sup, sup—got a good supper!" And when its song was true, it pleased Ulrich's sense of taste as well as that of sight and smell, and many a savory stew it gave him made of wild rabbit's flesh; and always it bubbled and sputtered and sang:

"Porridge, porridge! there's a little more porridge," even when they had no meat.

But there came a day, it was the last day of the year, when the pot bubbled, and scolded, and fussed, and Ulrich thought as he came in wet and hungry, that it was trying to say:

"Something very good, something very good," when in truth it was sighing, "Nothing very good, nothing very good," all the while. Then Ulrich peeped in, and lo! there was nothing at all in the pot but water.

"Is there no meal in the chest, Granny?"

"Not a handful, Ulrich."

"And is there no money in the bag, Granny?"

"Not a groat, Ulrich. The carpet-weaver did not pay me for the last rug I made."

"I will go down the mountain and ask him," said Ulrich, putting on his sheep-skin coat.

"Not to-night, Ulrich," said Granny. "The storm is too wild; the stream will be a torrent. I should be too anxious about you, and you must wait till the morning."

"But you have no supper, Granny."

"There is left half a loaf, and there is milk from the goat. It is enough, and if the storm continues the fairies will bring us enough to last till it goes by."

Ulrich laughed as he took off his coat and threw himself before the fire. "I should like to see the fairies once, Granny. You have always been telling me about them, but I think the only fairies that ever helped us are three, and I know their names."

"What are they?" asked Granny, pleased to divert him from his hunger.

"Right Hand, left Hand, and Granny. The third fairy is the best of all," and he smiled up into the kind old face, as he went to and fro, laying the cloth as neatly as if they had a feast instead of a bit of bread.

"But the Granny would have been a poor enough fairy if it had not been for your own two young, strong hands. Never mind, boy, some day those two fairies will take care of the old one."

"That they shall," said Ulrich, sipping his goat's milk and leaving most of the bread.

"Eat, boy, eat!" said the old woman, pushing the loaf toward him.

"Not I, Granny. Do I need bread to sleep on? To-morrow I go down the mountain, and I shall need it then for strength," and he put more logs upon the fire, and lay down on the hearth to watch the flames and the shadow, as he liked to do before he went to bed.

As he lay there Granny went to sleep and began to snore; the fire began to fade, and the room to grow dark, when suddenly Ulrich's attention was drawn to the pot, which gently swung above the dying coals. As he gazed he saw the lid gently lifted, and two shining eyes peered at him from within. Too frightened to speak, he stared while the eyes twinkled kindly, and the pot-lid lifted itself and rose till it rested an inch or two above the rim. When it suddenly looked no longer like a rim, but like a hat, which made a sort of background for a woman's lovely head—the head to which the shining eyes belonged, and which rose higher and higher, bearing the cover with it into the air. After this head came smooth, white arms, not yellow and wrinkled, and scrawny and begrimed with work like Granny's, but beautiful arms and white hands, that took the poker from the corner, and he saw it change under her touch into a silvery wand, with which she pointed to the door of the hut.

So bewildered and delighted was the little mountaineer with the delightful vision that he would not turn his head to see to what she pointed with the wand, but he held his breath and bent his attention to hear what she seemed to be saying, for her rosy lips kept smiling and moving, as if in speech.

At last he drew nearer. The round, black pot was now all hidden by the gray, mist-like drapery that wrapped the lovely figure, while golden slippers shone through the gray ashes on the hearth. As he crept near, he distinctly heard a sweet voice say:

"I am the queen of good fairies, and I like the two fairies that you use to keep you on in life. Right Hand and Left Hand are strong, good fairies, and, both together, they can do wonderful work for me; for all my fairies work to help themselves, and then to help all others who are in trouble or pain. Will you let your two hands work for me?" and Ulrich, who had never dreamed of anything so lovely in his life as this beautiful figure and face, stretched out both his hands as if to offer them to the service of his Queen.

"Remember, then, that the best way to serve me and yourself is never to lose a chance to serve others," and, suddenly lifting her wand and pointing to the door of the hut, she said:

"Open! Open the door!"

Springing forward suddenly to obey her, Ulrich awoke

"'I am a rich merchant, Ulrich,' he said"

with his hand upon the latch. He had been dreaming, but again through his head rang that cry:

"Open, for pity's sake, open the door."

He threw it back, and there staggered, fainting, across the threshold, the snow-covered figure of a man. Ulrich helped him to the fire, took off his cloak, brushed the snow from his hair, and hurried to bring him the cup of milk and the last morsel of bread. Soon the traveler was sufficiently recovered to explain that pressing business had taken him over the mountain, but that the bridge was destroyed over the swollen torrent, and he had lost himself in the snow. "In trying to find another place to cross, I saw the light through your window," he said, "and I made my way to your step, where I should have frozen to death if you had not heard me beg you to open the door. I called a great many times."

"The snow-covered figure of a man"

"I was dreaming," said Ulrich, "and I heard your voice in my dreams."

"And what were you dreaming?" asked the man who was now seated, warmed and comfortable, before the fire.

"Of the fairies," answered Ulrich, blushing, and then, with a little coaxing he told the stranger of his little talk with Granny, and his dream of the Fairy Queen who hid in the empty pot, and before Ulrich finished, the man had guessed the story that he did not tell how often the pot was empty, and how often granny and Ulrich went supperless to bed. The next morning, Ulrich guided the stranger to the ford, and went with him down the snowy mountain path, often supporting the weary man by his two strong young hands. Not a word had either said of breakfast, but Granny had slipped in Ulrich's pocket the last little crust left the night before, and when he found it there he blushed, and offered it to the man.

"No, no, my son!" said the stranger, kindly, "when we get to the village, we will go to the inn and see what the fairies have provided in the way of a smoking breakfast. I should not wonder if they had left a basket of something there for you to take back to your grandmother."

Thus satisfied about Granny, Ulrich went on, his mouth watering at the prospect of something savory and smoking hot.

And while they sat at breakfast, at which the landlord himself waited upon them, as if his guest was a very great man, the stranger said:

"I am a rich merchant, Ulrich, and since my wife and my only boy died, I have lived in the city alone. I should like to have a good boy about me, and I want the attention and care of two kind fairies, Right and Left Hands. Tell Granny that if she will come and keep the house for me, you shall come and help me in my business, and I will teach you how to do all parts of it, as I was going to teach my son. Take these pieces of gold to her for your journey. I know the Queen of the Fairies, too," he added, laughing; as Ulrich gazed at him, and then at the round gold pieces, in wide-eyed wonder; "and she wants your two hands to be used for me."

. . .

I have no space to tell you more of Ulrich's life, only you may be pretty sure he went climbing up to his mountain home as glad and happy as ever a boy could be. Of course, they gave the goat to a poor woman in the village, and locked the cabin door, and went to the great town; only there was one thing that Granny would not leave behind, and that was the old porridge pot that had always fed her boy. And Ulrich was very glad to have it go, too, and when he grew up to be a prosperous and happy young man, and had a share in his master's business, he used sometimes to coax his aged grandmother to make him a savory stew in the pot that he always called the pot of the Fairy Queen.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

BEAR IN MIND

THE following are the Premium propositions in connection with annual subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for this season.

1. The Red Letter Bible, Authorized Version, in large, clear print, with all the words spoken by our Lord and every reference made by Him to the Old Testament, printed in Red, and every Messianic Prophecy emphasized by a Red Star, with Helps and Maps, bound in American Levant, Overlapping Edges, Lined to Edge, Red under Gold, and patented Movable Book-Mark, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.**

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Monumental Benevolences of 1903

By GEORGE J. HAGAR

THE benefactions of citizens of the United States, by gift and bequest, during the past year reached the extraordinary aggregate of $90,200,000. These were purely individual gifts, and do not include public appropriations, denominational or missionary contributions, items of less than $5,000 in money or value, or a number of costly buildings of unreported value. Incomplete gifts, bequests not yet available, and pledges payable during 1904, would swell the aggregate to more than $90,000,000; and if denominational, missionary, and other collective benefactions were included, there would be the enormous total of about $95,000,000.

More than $65,660,000 of the aggregate reported was from nineteen persons; more than $87,200,000 represented gifts and bequests of $25,000 each and upward; and more than $1,900,000 was made in sums ranging from $5,000 to $25,000.

Gifts of $25,000 and Upward

The following are the principal gifts and bequests having a value of more than $25,000 each.

Ageley, H. C., Minneapolis, gift to the town of Stowe, Vt., a Soldiers' Memorial Building, cost $50,000.

Aiken, Albert J., New York, bequest for endowment of library at Pawling, N. Y., $100,000.

Ames, Rebecca C., Taunton, Mass., to Harvard University, $50,000; Unity Church, North Easton, $10,000; the Massachusetts General Hospital and Boston Home for Incurables, each $5,000.

Anderson, Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank, New York, to Barnard College for additional land, $1,000,000; supplementing previous gifts of more than $3,000,000.

Appleby, Mrs. Cornelia Day Wilder, St. Paul, Minn., to the city, for the poor, the bulk of her estate of $3,000,000.

Armour, J. Ogden, Chicago, to Armour Institute of Technology, $150,000, and St. Joseph's Hospital, Omaha, for Chair of Orthopedic Surgery, $100,000.

Ayer, Frederic Fanning, New York, to the Lowell (Mass.) Textile College, $100,000; Lowell General Hospital endowment, $105,000.

Ballantyne, Mrs. Hettie F., Pittsburg, to Allegheny College, for scholarships, $30,000.

Banker, Mrs. Ellen Josephine, Tarrytown, N. Y., to Bloomingdale Asylum, $25,000, and Columbia University, $10,000.

Baylis, Charles S., New York, to educational and benevolent institutions in Brooklyn Borough, $48,500.

Beardsley, Rev. Bronson, Bridgeport, Conn., for a Home for Aged and Indigent Couples, $50,000; other benevolences, $40,000.

Beiger, Martin V., South Bend, Ind., to De Pauw University, $120,000, and Chautauqua Assembly, $50,000.

Bennett, Philo S., New Haven, bequests to William J. Bryan and wife, to be divided by them among educational institutions and deserving students wishing a college education, $30,000; to various local institutions, $24,000; and to his widow in trust, $50,000. The widow was directed by a sealed letter to pay the amount to Mr. Bryan, but the letter was excluded from probate, whereupon Mr. Bryan, executor of the will, appealed to the Superior Court.

Berden, Jacob C., Paterson, N. J., to the Hackensack (N. J.) Hospital, the bulk of his estate of from $50,000 to $100,000; contested.

Bevier, Susan, New York, to the Rochester (N.Y.) Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute, $50,000; other institutions, $10,000.

Billings, Robert Charles, Boston, paid by estate to the Boston Public Library, $100,000.

Blair, Dewitt Clinton, Blairstown, N. J., gift to Blair Hall, $40,000.

Boston University, gift from friend (name withheld) for purchase of additional ground, $100,000.

Boyd, George W., Portland, Me., to institutions in Boston, Portland, Dorchester, and New York, including $70,000 to All Saints' Church, Dorchester, a total of $250,000.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Rapid Transit Company, gift to its employees, a thoroughly equipped club-house and technical school, cost $40,000.

Brown, George H., Brooklyn, N. Y., to the Methodist Episcopal Church Home for the Aged and Infirm, Brooklyn Eastern District Hospital and Dispensary, and Eastern District Industrial School, each $25,000.

Bruce, Robert M., Greenwich, Conn., to the town, a town hall, cost $200,000.

Campbell, Mrs. Helen T., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home in Buffalo, N.Y., and to Church Charity Foundation of Buffalo, for a memorial to her father, each $50,000.

Carnegie, Andrew, New York, gifts to the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, $3,250,000; Philadelphia, for branch libraries, $1,500,000; Washington, D. C., for libraries, $700,000; Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, $600,000; Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, the De Beyet fossils, cost $250,000; various educational institutions, an aggregate of $775,000; and to eighty other cities and towns, for libraries, ranging from $10,000 to $250,00 each, $1,588,500. He gave, $4,000,000 as a perpetual fund in aid of workmen injured in the Carnegie plants. For purposes outside of the United States he gave $5,000,000 for a system of scientific research in Scotland; $1,750,000 for a "Temple of Peace," and an international law library for the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague; $350,000 for a library in Toronto, Canada, and $115,000 for libraries elsewhere. The total of the gifts enumerated is $19,878,500.

Chase, Chas., Manchester, N.H., to the Elliot Hospital, Children's Home, and Woman's Aid Home, each $10,000; other charitable, purposes $9,000.

Chittenden, Charles M., New York, to the Presbyterian Hospital and the Home for Incurables, each $35,000.

Clapp, Edwin, East Weymouth, Mass., gift to the local Y. M. C. A., the Davis Clapp Memorial Building, cost $125,000.

Clark, Jonas G., Worcester, Mass. (died in 1900). to Clark University, which he founded, his residuary estate inventoried in 1903 at about $2,000,000.

Clinch, Mrs. Elizabeth L. W., Savannah, to six educational and benevolent institutions in Georgia, the reversion of $50,000 each.

Colgate, James B., New York, gift to Colgate University for its endowment fund, $100,000.

Columbia University, gift from a friend (name withheld), for a university chapel, from $100,000 to $200,000 as needed.

Conant, Hezekiah, Central Falls, R. I., to Nichols Academy, Dudley, Mass., $50,000; the Pawtucket Congregational Church, $5,000.

Corbett, Henry W., Portland, Ore., to local art, charitable, and religious organizations, an aggregate of $205,000.

Corbin, Chester C., Webster, Mass., to Methodist institutions, $38,000.

Davis, Alexander H., New York, gift to the city of Louisville, Ky., to aid it to purchase Central Park there for a public resort, $110,000.

Davis, Henry G., Elkins, W.Va., gift to the city, the Elkins Memorial Hospital, cost $80,000.

Dodge, Marcellus Hartley, New York, gift to Columbia University, a dormitory, Hartley Hall, cost $300,000

Drake, Francis Marion, Des Moines, Ia., gift to Drake University, $25,000, and bequest to the same, $50,000.

Dusey, Mrs. Elizabeth, Washington, D. C., bequest to Union Theological Seminary, $30,000.

Dwight, Edmund Parsons, Philadelphia, bequests to Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and two non-sectarian institutions, an aggregate of $200,000.

Eddy, Mrs. Mary Baker Glover, Concord, N. H., gift to the Christian Scientists of that city, a church edifice, cost $100,000.

Elkin, Lewis, Philadelphia, bequest to his executors for an annuity fund for disabled women teachers from the public schools, an amount proved in the Orphans' Court at $1,808,402.

Elkins, William L., Philadelphia, bequest for a home for orphaned daughters of Freemasons, ground and $250,000; bequest declared invalid, but will be carried out by his heirs.

Foster, Lafayette Sabine, Norwich, Conn. (died in 1880), bequest made available by the death of his widow, to Yale University, $60,000.

Foster, Richard W., Clinton, Mass., bequests to Harvard University, $25,000; to missionary, hospital, and other institutions, $40,000; and, conditionally, to the town of Clinton for the erection and support of a club-house for the employees of the mills and factories and the other citizens of the town, the residue of his large estate.

Fuller, Robert O., Cambridge, Mass., bequests to the American Baptist Missionary Union and the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, each $10,000; other Baptist institutions, $12,500.

Gerry, Elbridge T., New York, gift to the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, an altar, reredos, and other furnishings, cost $35,000.

Gracie, James King, Mineola, N. Y., bequest to the Orthopedic Dispensary and Hospital of New York, $30,000.

Grennell, George G., New York, bequest to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, $200,000.

Griffith, Silas L., Danby, Vt., bequest for a public library, $50,000.

Guggenheim, S. R., New York, gift to the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, $50,000.

Guiteau, Frederick W., Irvington, N. Y., bequests to Cornell University, $100,000 and his residuary estate, believed to be more than $1,000,000.

Hackley, Mrs. Frances, New York, gift to the Settlement Home of the Friendly Aid Society, for a kindergarten department, $35,000.

Halls, Mrs. William, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., gift to the Seney Hospital, $125,000.

Halstead, John, New York, bequest to Cooper Union, $175,000.

Hammond, John Hays, New York, gift to the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, for a mining laboratory, $50,000,

Hanna, H. Melville, Cleveland, gift to the Western Reserve University, for a Chair of Anatomy in the Medical School, $100,000.

Harrison, Sarah B., Brattleboro, Vt., bequests to Yale University, $100,000 and the New Haven Hospital, $30,000.

Harvard University, gifts, from Class of 1879, for superstructure of the Stadium, $100,000; Athletic Committee, for foundation and ground work of the same, $75,000; Class of '01, for an Infants' Hospital, in connection with the Medical School, $136,000; and from friends (names withheld), for the Emerson Hall of Philosophy, $150,000; for a University Club-House, $200,000; for an Architectural Building, $200,000, and for a new Lecture Hall, $75,000.

Hecht, Jacob H., Boston, bequests to public and Jewish charitable institutions, $146,200.

Holder, Frank T., Yonkers, N. Y., gift to the Clinton (Mass.) Historical Society, a memorial building, cost $50,000.

Howland, Edward, Little Compton, R. I., bequest to the Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends at Dartmouth, $250,000.

Howe, Jubal, Shrewsbury, Mass. (died in 1872), bequest, made available by the death of his daughter, for a public library, $30,000, and endowment, $25,000.

Hoyt, Ezra P., New York, bequests to religious organizations, $125,000, and for a memorial hospital in British India, $100,000.

Hubbell, Frederick M. and wife, Des Moines, joint gift to trustees and their successors, for the establishment and support of a college in that city, property valued at $5,000,000, which must be left to accumulate for eighty years.

Iselin, Adrian, New York, gift to the Italian Catholics of New Rochelle, N. Y., a church building and furnished rectory, cost $30,000.

Jacob, Elias, Visalia, Cal., bequest to aid graduates of universities and technical schools in the State who settle on his property in Tulare County, $915,000.

James, Dr. Bushrod W., Philadelphia, bequests to the city for a free eye and ear institute, real estate and $55,000, and for a free public library of books for children, the aged and the blind, real estate, books, and $40,000; to Oakland, Cal., land for a public park; to Coronado, Cal., land for erection and support of an institute for young people; and to the American Temperance University, Harriman, Tenn., land and $5,000 for a school of domestic science.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

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Any Good Cause

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Geo E Gamble. 10 00
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C E Myrick . . . 5 00

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L Macklin, Jr. 10
A Friend, Ariel, Pa. . 5 00

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The Senate's New Chaplain

THE United States Senate has elected a new chaplain. There were nearly a score of candidates in the field, and a spirited contest was in prospect, when Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, suggested the name of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. All other candidates were immediately withdrawn, and in compliment to his distinguished career, Dr. Hale's nomination was made unanimous. Dr. Hale's election will take effect January 1, 1904. Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, of Washington, who was elected chaplain of the extraordinary session, was not a candidate for the permanent appointment, at his request.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822. He is the son of Nathan Hale and a great-nephew of Captain Nathan Hale, the patriot of the Revolution. Dr. Hale is named after his uncle, Edward Everett, and followed in his mother's steps in the direction of literature and education even in his very early years. His career as a Christian minister began with his licensure in 1842. In 1846, he went to Worcester, and in 1856 he returned to his native city, Boston; and not until 1900 did he give up the pastorate of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church or cease preaching weekly. Of this church he is still pastor emeritus. He is, however, better known as a writer and orator than as a preacher. In 1863, his masterpiece, *A Man Without a Country*, appeared, and proved that America had a short story writer of the first rank. Whether as lecturer before lyceums, historical societies, Chautauqua assemblies, or bodies of college students and school pupils, or as formal orator on State occasions, or as after-dinner speaker, Dr. Hale has always been popular. As an antiquarian, versed in the beginnings of history on the American continent, in the settlement and development of Boston and New England, Dr. Hale has had a notable career as investigator and popularizer of historical information.

A Much-Prized Premium

Dear "Christian Herald":—The new Red Letter Bible arrived, and I am well pleased with it. I prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD next to my Bible. It is looked for every week like a friend to visit. Wishing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and all its workers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Moore, O. T. MRS. MARY J. APPLEGATE.

How Christ's Kingdom Began ❋ Baptism and Temptation of Jesus

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 17
MATT. 3 : 13; 4 : 11

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--MATT. 3: 17 : AND LO A VOICE FROM HEAVEN SAYING: "THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED"

THE devil hands in his business card:

> Going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. SATAN.

"Upon what errand have you come here?" He replies: "The Son of God, Jesus Christ, is the shining mark, that I would bring low." Satan has carefully chosen his time. Not on that day when Jesus came to the Jordan to be baptized of John." "No," he says, "but I was there. I saw the Son of God come to John. Certainly no less a devil than myself would ever have thought of making any headway with one whose very face was so benign and true. I had come to where John was baptizing as the especial guard of the Pharisees and Sadducess, for I had some fear that John, by his eloquence, might win them from me. I had been near enough to John to hear him call my special favorites a 'generation of vipers.' I was still at hand, when Jesus came to John and asked to be baptized. I heard John reply, 'I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?' I heard Jesus answer, 'Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.' 'Clearly this is not my time, for the eyes of the multitude are upon him,' I said to myself. After he had been baptized, I saw the Spirit of God resting upon him. 'Neither is this my time,' said I, 'for the Spirit would give him power to resist me.' I saw him turn and leave the multitude and go away alone. 'I will follow on, for my time is approaching,' I said. He sought the wilderness of Judea, far from the habitations of men. I felt sure the exaltation which he had received at his baptism would be followed by depression of spirit when he should be alone."

Illustration and Application

The baptism and temptation of Jesus seem as unlike as noon and midnight, as sunlit mountain top and shadowed valley; but one great truth underlies both, namely, that by spiritual power, not by empty religious forms or military force, the Kingdom of Christ must be inaugurated. It must begin in individual convictions, though it will at last emerge in Christian institutions. "My Kingdom is not of this world," must be the watchword of its inauguration; although the watchword of its consummation, already developing, will be "The Kingdom of this world is becoming the Kingdom of our Lord" (Rev. 11 : 15).

* * *

Baptism is Enlistment

Baptism is the oath of loyalty by which new citizens of Christ's Kingdom enter into it, as the very word sacrament should always remind us—for it comes from the Roman soldier's *sacramentum*, his oath of loyalty to a world-conquering empire.

The act of baptism is at once a promise and a prayer: a prayer that God will wash from the heart all the sin-marks of our previous allegiance to the devil's kingdom; a promise, on our part, that so far as our power goes, we will put away the devilish, and put on the Christly life. But, most of all, this first Christian baptism emphasizes the fact that baptism must be spiritual. Usually, in baptism, only the water is visible to man, while God alone sees the dove of the spiritual baptism, which the recipient may indeed feel. But, at the Jordan, the spiritual baptism of heavenly light and fire is made visible, that we may all see that a genuine Christian baptism must not be an empty form, but must cleanse the soul as well as the body. There are Protestants, who by their frantic haste to get a dying babe or man baptized, reveal that, to them, the act of baptism is no less a superstitious charm, than those who seek "holy water" from a priest. Let every child be taught that, on our part, baptism is an oath of allegiance to Christ, our King. This conception was in the mind of Emperor William, of Germany, when he thus addressed two of his boys recently, after they had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church:

"To-day, you have, so to speak, come of age in your beliefs. I speak intentionally, in the military sense, because, I assume that you also know the beautiful allegory in which the Christian is to be compared to the warrior. You will, of course, carry out what you have to-day so beautifully promised in your vows to your spiritual Master. With justice, you have emphasized the fact that you intend to be personages, which, in my opinion, is the point which most concerns the Christian in his daily life, for undoubtedly, we can say with comfort of the Saviour, that he was the most personal Personage who ever walked the earth among men." [He uses the word in the sense of manly men]. To be baptized, is to enlist in the army of Christ, with a view to being not only loyal to him, but like him.

On God's side, baptism is a sign of his bestowment of "the Sword of the Spirit," as our weapon for world conquest.

* * *

The temptation of Jesus teaches that same thing. It is a "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," that Satan should have tempted Christ just after his spiritual exaltation in baptism. Christian experience shows that the very hours of greatest darkness are in the reaction that follows great spiritual ecstacies.

"Tempted, like as we are"

The three temptations, like fiery darts, were warded off by Christ with a single page of Deuteronomy. The very book of all the Old Testament that sceptics have most attacked, Christ used as a shield of Damascus steel. These words Christ had stored in his memory. Many have so escaped, by turning the point of temptation with a fitting text or a Bible truth turned into sacred song. A boy, whose Christian mother had reluctantly allowed him to go to sea, had been taught by her never to drink; but one of the sailors made a bet he would soon make him break his pledge. A few days later, he was asked if he had succeeded. "No," he replied, "he is so chokefull of Bible, I can do nothing with him. Last night was rough, you know, and as we went on watch together, I said: 'This is a hard night, and we will need to hearten up a bit with the grog;' but he answered, finally: 'My mother taught me never to touch it; and the Bible says: Honor thy father and thy mother.' And whatever I said, he had a text to answer me, and so I gave it up."

* * *

Christ's three temptations: one to get bread, not by God's way, but by the devil's way; the second, to get popularity by the devil's way; the third, to get worldly goods by the same way, cover about the whole range of temptations, and show us how they may all be conquered. The story suggests that the very purest may be tempted, and that to feel the force of temptation, is not in itself sinful. That the shadow of the raven is thrown over us is not a sin, if we refuse him a rest in our hearts.

One day, after a Moody meeting for young men, one of them came to Mr. Moody, and said: "It's all right what you say, Mr. Moody, about impure thoughts, that they poison the mind. But one cannot keep them out, they come unbidden." "Yes," said Mr. Moody, "the crows come into the corn-field unbidden, but that's no reason why you should fat them and let them breed."

Browning writes of the why of temptation:

> Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
> And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
> And so be pedestalled in triumph?

THE PROFFERED CROWN REJECTED

executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man, and to carry out his orders. There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked: "Did you see any one whilst you were walking through the streets?" "No," said the man, "I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else." ["I was thinking only of my head," he should have said.] "Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God, as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not, then, be tempted to sin."

The illustration is not a good one. God is not an unreasonable King, but one who is near, not to terrorize but to sympathize, and we need not be so anxious about duty as to miss the wholesome joys about us.

As to temptations to do wrong for money, to which so many eminent and trusted men have yielded of late, the following story is a good one on the saying, "Every man has his price:"

There is a story, well known in naval circles, of an honest old commodore—a man of frank and witty speech—who commanded a blockade squadron in Southern waters during the Civil War. A fine looking, well-mannered man came to him one day, at a time when no vessels had been able to pass the blockade for weeks, and introduced himself as the representative of certain firms abroad, whose commercial need for cotton was desperate. After explaining this point fully, he made an open offer to the commodore of $50,000 if he would manage to let one single ship, laden with cotton, pass the blockade. He even opened his wallet, and spread the crisp bills out upon the table to emphasize the amount.

The commodore listened with an indifferent air, and said nothing until the man was through with his offer. Then he answered, still indifferently: "This thing is absolutely impossible, sir. Good morning," and bowed him out. So little indignation did he show, indeed, that a week later the persevering agent came back with a new offer. "Commodore," he said, "I am authorized to offer you even more than I did. If you will do as I ask, here are $100,000 which I will leave upon the table," and he began to take a roll of bills out of his wallet, as before. This time, however, the old sailor was not indifferent. Taking the briber by the neck, he kicked him out of the cabin without ceremony, saying as he did so: "Get out of here, you scoundrel! You're coming too near my price!"

But the chief underlying lesson of the temptations of Jesus, is that the weapons by which his Kingdom is to be set up must be spiritual. The whole story must be interpreted in the light of the fact that the Jewish people expected a Messiah who would conquer the Romans, not convert them. The one temptation of Christ, in three forms, was a temptation to use his miraculous power for immediate material ends, to create rations, rally followers by startling wonders, and capture the world quickly by conquest, rather than win it slowly by the Cross and by conviction.

Later, Christian law enforcement would have its place, but at the start, Christ would use only love and reason. The kingdoms founded on force, have all died within a thousand years. The Kingdom of Christ is the only one that ever reached its twentieth century. Even to-day, when Christendom, which means Christ's Kingdom, is embodied in governments, love is mightier than law and war for the conquest of the world.

But let us come back again to the personal view. These opening lessons of the life of Christ about his coming from heaven to Palestine, should remind us he comes daily to us in the shop, in the home, or on the street, in baptism, to strengthen us in the hour of temptation.

THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE BAPTISM OF JESUS

But as Jesus taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," it is clearly our duty to avoid it so far as possible, and to remove needless temptation from the path of others, knowing that all will have more than enough temptation when all preventable moral perils are removed.

Christ's victory, at the same time, assures us that he is "able to succor them that are tempted," and we ought not to walk with anxious, trembling feet, but with the tread of assured conquest.

* * *

A man once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation. The king told the man to take a jug brimful of oil, and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop. "If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered two

Here, in my workshop, where I toil
Till heads and hands are well night spent;
Out on the road where dust and soil
Fall thick on garments worn and rent;
He comes, his hand of strength I take,
And every homely task grows sweet.

The tempter dares an evil spell
To weave around my wayward mood;
His baleful minions fain would dwell
With me in desert solitude;
But, ere their craft can drag me down,
One strong to save defeats their end.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Questions and Answers

Joseph B., Amherst, Mass. Is it right for ministers to exchange pulpits upon the Sabbath, when there is no necessity for it, and when by so doing, the electric car is patronized in the exchange?

It is right, if for no other reason than to show the fraternal Christian feeling existing between the churches. It need not involve extra Sunday travel. It is neither good taste nor common sense for a congregation to flock after their pastor whenever he fills a strange pulpit. They should stay by their own church, and give welcome and encouragement to whoever preaches there in their pastor's absence.

E. A. C., Mowersville, Pa. 1. Can you give the number of periodicals published in the United States? 2. I noticed an article referring to the "Pan-Germanic doctrine." What does it mean?

1. There are now over 20,000 publications, daily, weekly and monthly, in the United States. 2. It means the unification of Germanic interests throughout the world, especially the commercial interests of the German-speaking peoples.

Emma M. Rogers, 624 Clay street, Sharpsburg, Pa., would be glad to have some reader send her a copy of the poem beginning:

O Christ, thy love is wonderful,
What minds its breadth can measure.
A gem of rich and peerless worth,
A rare and priceless treasure.

Editor "Christian Herald": I became a life subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thirteen years ago, and since that time have received a good many valuable premiums, but none of them could be classed with the Crown Encyclopedia, which I have just received. It is simply immense. I would advise everybody to get this premium before it is too late.
Walker, Ia. VICTOR G. SPENCER.

R. L. C. Harmony Creek, N. C. Why does Paul describe himself as a wretched man in Rom. 7?

He had been describing the struggle which goes on in the nature of a man who tries to reform in his own strength. The man resolves to be good and to live right and yet commits sin and does the things he had resolved not to do. It was a miserable life of constant disappointment and humiliation. He exclaims, evidently out of his own past experience, "O wretched man that I am." In the following verse there is an outburst of joy and thanks, for he has found out that in Christ there is the power to overcome.

Mrs. J. K., Ludgerwood, N. Dak. What would you do if a man with a threshing-rig was on your place on Sunday, and told you that the machine is for work, not to look at, and is bound to thresh on Sunday? Would you let him thresh?

We have read of occasions when it was necessary to take immediate steps to save a crop from a storm. But assuming that no such emergency existed, labor on Sunday, in field or barn, could in no sense be justified. The thresher, if he will not observe the Lord's day and insists upon working, ought to be told to go about his business and take his machine with him.

G. C. P., Bearcreek, N. C. What constitutes a call to the Christian ministry?

One of the best evidences of the call is the usefulness of the Christian. If, under his addresses in Sunday School, or at prayer-meetings, or at mission churches, souls have been led to Christ, there is strong reason to believe that it may be his duty to devote all his time to preaching and pastoral work. A man's own strong desire to preach, the opinion of experienced Christians that his work would be useful in the pulpit, a providential opening of the way after submitting the desire to God in prayer, are all indications, but the best test is that first mentioned, of actual conversions occurring under early efforts.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I received the beautiful *Butterfly Calendar*, also the *Crown Encyclopedia*, which is so concise and up to date, I value it very highly. With THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the year 1904, and all these three for $3, the value received is far more than three dollars' worth, for which I heartily thank you. MRS. E. H. H.
Elgin, Ill.

Reader, ——. Was not Judas a true disciple up to the time of the betrayal? Why was he chosen to be the traitor?

We should judge from such passages as John 12: 6, in which the cupidity of Judas is hinted, that his life for some time before the betrayal was not right. His culpability cannot be relieved by the theory that he was chosen to be a traitor. He went to the priests of his own free will and made the bargain. God undoubtedly foresaw what he would do, but the unrestrained evil in the heart of Judas was the stimulating cause. His committing suicide afterwards appears to indicate that he did not expect that Christ would be executed. He probably thought that in the last crisis, Jesus would save himself by a miracle.

D. B. R., Tenneytown, Pa. Some among us contend that only those persons are saved who were chosen before the foundation of the world, and that all others are lost, no matter how earnestly they seek salvation. Can that be true?

The controversy is very old, and has been debated without result in many churches since the days of Calvin and Arminius. In spite of the arguments brought in support of the view you mention, we cannot believe that it has a practical bearing on duty. No man could know, even if the statement could be proved, that he was or was not so chosen. Every man is invited and urged to seek salvation, and is assured that if he believes on Christ he will be saved. We cannot believe that God is insincere in making the offer, or that he invites men to come to him, who he knows cannot come. It would destroy human responsibility.

Dear Dr. Klopsch: We received the book *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and are very much pleased with it. My father is reading it and is delighted with it, there is so much information in it. We are always pleased with the beautiful premiums which we receive from year to year.
Frankford, Pa. H. M. FOULDS.

Searcher, Brooklyn, N. Y. Where in the Bible is the phrase, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"? My concordance does not give it.

It is not in the Bible. Its first appearance, so far as has been ascertained, was in the Jewish Mishna or oral law. It is attributed to Phineas ben Yair. He is reported to have said that "abstemiousness is next to cleanliness, and cleanliness is next to godliness." It is also credited to the *Beraitha*, a Hindoo book.

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AND OSIRIS
On the sacred island of Philæ, on the Nile

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, dated at Assouan, Egypt, Nov. 16, Miss Elizabeth Taylor (a lady whose letters of travel have on several occasions appeared in these pages), gives this interesting description of her visit to "The Holy House of our Lady of Isis," as the Egyptians call the temple:

Starting from Assouan by train or camel-back, one passes through ten miles of the most sandy and rocky desert imaginable. Not a blade of grass is visible. No life, but here and there a settlement of Bedrayshins—wild, curly-headed, unkempt creatures, whose black and shiny bodies are ill-concealed by their ragged and fluttering drapery. They come from Nubia, the ancient land of Ethiopia, the "Cush" of the Bible. At last we arrive at Philæ, situated at the head of the first cataract, about six miles south of Assouan. Here are piles of fallen pillars, toppled one above another, all marked with inscriptions and parts of sculptured forms. We enter the massive gateway leading to the Court of Isis, four rows of handsome Hathor-headed pillars remain almost intact, side passages lead into mysterious little chambers or sanctuaries, where the sacred rites were performed; every inch of wall space is covered with decorations and mural bas-reliefs, all in a marvelous state of preservation. Here, on the high pylon or side wall above the gateway, we see warlike and haughty kings of long past dynasties offering oblations to the gods. Passing through another court, we pause before a colossal figure of a Pharoah, wearing an immense crown. In his clenched hand he holds a long cord of hair attached to the heads of Jewish captives whom he was scourging. Thus is history transmitted to us in these eloquent stones, speaking of a past that long antedated the coming of Christ, for it is assumed that the first temple of any importance was erected on this island in the eighteenth dynasty, 1700 B.C. The worship of Isis and Osiris began to decline in the year 22 B.C., When Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, seized Philæ and the surrounding country. In 380, A.D., Theodosius the Great issued an edict prohibiting the worship of Isis on this lovely spot; some of the temples were turned into Christian churches, and others were destroyed, but enough remains to tell the traveler of the days when all the gods of Egypt were adored by a great and powerful people, who knew not the true God and turned aside to worship the fruit of their own imaginations. The words of Holy Writ, as we gaze on these ruins, come back to us, "I will dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel."

J. G. O., Port Byron, Ill. 1. Suppose Peary, or some other explorer, should reach the North Pole, how would we know just when he got there? In other words, the Pole being a point on the earth's surface whose latitude is 90 degrees, and longitude 0, what methods of determining latitude and longitude can be there employed? 2. If a compass be placed directly at the Pole, in what direction will the needle point? It cannot point north, for there is no north.

1. The so-called North, or Polar, Star revolves once in twenty-four hours in a small circle, about a degree and a quarter in radius, around an imaginary point, which is situated exactly over the northern termination of the earth's axis. On drawing near the Pole, the explorer would find the North Star getting directly over his head, and when his observations indicated that the point around which the star revolves was accurately in the zenith, his latitude would be 90 degrees, and he would be standing on the Pole. All the stars would then appear to travel in horizontal circles instead of rising and setting, and the dome of the heavens would resemble the inside of an open umbrella standing upright on its handle, and spinning around it. Since all the meridians of longitude come together in a mathematical point at the Pole, the explorer's body might be said to occupy all longitudes at once, the whole 360 degrees centering in him. Every direction in which he looked over the earth's surface would be south. But, from a knowledge of the position of the stars at particular times of the year and at particular hours of the day, he could determine the direction in which the recognized meridians of longitude ran away from his feet. Thus he would be able to say: "This way lies Greenwich; this way lies New York; this way lies Chicago," etc. As he turned from a position facing New York to a position facing Chicago, he would know that his body was revolving toward the West, although there would be no west and no east for him in the sense in which we are accustomed to apply those terms with reference to places on the earth. 2. The magnetic poles do not coincide in position with the geographic poles, or the terminations of the earth's axis. The northern magnetic pole is situated in Boothia Felix, near the middle of the upper end of North America, and more than a thousand miles south of the North Pole, so that the so-called north end of a compass needle placed at the North Pole would point south, along a meridian nearly corresponding with that of the northwestern corner of the State of Iowa.
GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Editor Christian Herald: Last Christmas, my wife gave me one of your *Red Letter Bibles* for a Christmas present, and I can truly say it is the best Bible I ever possessed, although I have had Bibles that cost three or four times more. If any one is about to purchase a Bible, I would say get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Red Letter Bible*, for it is the greatest Bible bargain on the market to-day.
Ottawa, Ill. JOHN H. STEPHENS.

Mrs. M. P., Newark, O. 1. Where can I get a good Bible history? 2. Why were the people of Nazareth regarded as inferior to other people, and why were its people despised?

1. Write to Whittaker, publisher, New York, for Turner's *Hand-book of the Bible*. 2. It is not definitely known why Nazareth fell into disrepute. All the inhabitants of Galilee were regarded with contempt by the people of Judea because "they spoke a ruder dialect, were less cultivated and more exposed to contact with the heathen. The supposition is that Nazareth had a bad name on account of either irreligion or some laxity of morals."

Reader, Minnith, Mo. There is a dispute about the boundary-line between two farms. The deed says, "the creek between the farms" is the boundary-line: but since the deed was made, the channel of the creek has changed. Which is the line according to law—the old creek bed or the new?

If the starting-point of measurement is from a standard or fixed boundary-line or landmark, then the change in the bed of the creek should make no difference. The matter would probably be decided in accordance with the terms of the deed, specifying so many feet in any given direction from the fixed boundary. The bed of a creek, which is subject to change any year, could not be regarded as a fixed boundary. Better consult a good lawyer.

Mrs. L., New York City. Supposing I were to send by a neighbor to make a purchase for me, giving more than enough money to cover the expense, and he neglect to return the change, would I be doing wrong to mention it to him?

We think not. You might mention the matter casually, in such a way that no offence could be taken.

Subscriber, Conquerall Bank, N. S. 1. Is it right for an elder to leave his own church to attend funerals, which occur in other denominations? 2. Should any man be appointed on the officiary or governing board of a church who is not an out-and-out Christian?

1. There is nothing wrong in such an act. One should pay the last tribute of respect to a friend, no matter to what denomination he belongs. 2. Preferably, a pronounced Christian should be chosen.

Inquirer, N. Y. The verse is from a beautiful poem by the late Bishop Brooks. It is:

"The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod;
This, then is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God."

Miscellaneous Questions

Hannah, C. R., Kittery, Me. Thanks for the verses, which are appreciated.

Any readers who are interested in coins or stamps, should address George E. Marx, Canaan, Four Corners, N. Y., for any information desired.

Mrs. Jessie F., Peoria, Ill. Your sentiments regarding the sins of Turkey are creditable and correct. Our Government, however, cannot interfere with the quarrels of Europe.

Reader, Frensburg, N. Y. We think you did well to consider the comfort of the sick one. It might have been well to hold the reception at the home of some member of the church; but this may not have been practicable. Under all the circumstances, you seem to have taken the right course.

THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Frank Douglas, having finished his student career, has an inspiration to be of some service in the world. With the aid of President Gray, of Lincoln College, the young graduate secures control of the *Beacon*, a small weekly paper at Colby, a place "with fifteen churches and ten saloons." At the very outset of his editorial career he encounters the bitter opposition of Mayor Bartlett of Colby, who is in league with the saloon interest. The young editor finds some good friends, among them being Mr. Edwards, a merchant, and his wife, Rev. Mr. Vernon, a local pastor, and others. Mayor Bartlett and his followers attempt to frighten and bulldoze Douglas into selling the *Beacon*, but he firmly declines. The Mayor thereupon starts a rival paper, the *Sentinel*. A local campaign is opening, in which the liquor interest resolves to make a bold effort for complete supremacy in the county. Douglas puts the *Beacon* squarely on record as opposed to the whisky element. His bold policy alienates many readers and advertisers; but he perseveres. His vigorous attacks on the saloons, supplemented by the cordial co-operation of the small but enthusiastic temperance element in Colby arouse attention throughout the county. The saloon party becomes alarmed and resolves to quiet this "disturber." Through the machinations of Mayor Bartlett, Douglas' foreman is persuaded to leave him in the lurch at a critical moment; his office is attacked, and his supply of white paper stopped at the mills. Somehow, he surmounts these difficulties, although the *Beacon* is driven to the temporary expedient of printing on wrapping paper.

Amid all his troubles, Douglas is greatly cheered by the sympathy of Miss Esther Harris, a pretty local school-teacher, who was his former college classmate. "Quits," a poor, homeless, drunken tramp, whom Douglas befriends and rescues, turns out a valuable aid, being a capable compositor and pressman. "Quits" and George, the ubiquitous office-boy, more than once save the edition. "Quits," however, has frequent relapses, and these are a sore trial to the young editor, who, through repeatedly searching for him in the saloons, comes in contact with many sad phases of the infamous drink traffic.

One evening, while he was looking for "Quits" in the saloons, Douglas witnesses a tragedy. Two young men, who have just emerged from a saloon, quarrel near the door of Mr. Vernon's church, and one shoots the other dead. The crime stirs all Colby, but the sensation is short-lived. So potent is the influence of the liquor element that when the case comes to trial, the slayer is acquitted, on the plea of self-defence. When election day comes, the license ticket wins, and the friends of temperance reform are defeated all over the country. They are not discouraged, however, but decide to carry on the campaign with greater vigor than before, and to trust results to a higher Power. A great temperance picnic of 4,000 people, including seven Union Sunday Schools in Payson township, is arranged, and for the purpose of disseminating prohibition ideas, Esther Harris agrees to read the first chapter of a story entitled "His Mother's Prayers," the second and concluding chapter to be read by Douglas. It is a really local experience, with the names only slightly veiled, and the facts easily recognizable. The great audience sits spellbound, as the story of a ruined family and a broken-hearted mother is graphically told. Over three thousand persons sign the pledge, as the result of the story. An explosion wrecks the *Beacon* office and press, and injures George. Douglas pluckily continues publication, with the aid of friends. Hopes brighten, and the outlook for the revived *Beacon*, and the cause it represents, gradually improves. The little temperance group at Colby hears of the approaching wedding of Esther and Douglas, which is shortly afterward celebrated very quietly. The women of Colby begin a vigorous temperance crusade. They encounter much discouragement, but their efforts and those of the friends of temperance in Colby and the surrounding districts, gradually effect a great change in public opinion, and they once more are cheered by hopes of ultimate victory.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

AT the earnest solicitation of friends, Douglas had consented to run for the Legislature on the temperance ticket as representative from Anderson county. On the county ticket was also a Colby man for county attorney, who was heartily with Douglas and the cause of law and order against the saloon.

Those were days all lived at "concert pitch and the limit of boiler pressure, with no one on the safety valve," to quote George. The final result was by no means sure. The two years intervening between the first victory for the amendment might give opportunity for vital changes in the sentiment of the people. Money poured into the State from brewers and distillers all over the country. The prospect of losing a whole State to legalized liquor business made the whisky forces bitter and determined. A hundred thousand dollars now might mean ten times that amount if the State could only be saved from these temperance fanatics. The saloon-keepers in Clinton were defiant, and made loud boasts of staying on, even if the amendment was carried, and among them all no one was more positive and outspoken than Jake Lawson.

"I'd like to see old man Sage or any one else arrest me," he would say to his admiring row of patrons, as they lined up at the bar. "The amendment won't carry nohow, but if it does, boys, I'm at the same old stand with the same old stock."

Mr. Sage was running for sheriff against a whisky man supported by the *Sentinel*. When Jake's remarks was reported to him Mr. Sage said nothing, but he took off his old felt hat and looked contemplatively at a bullet hole in it, his little reminder of that day when he chased Lawson out of his grove during the picnic.

When the polls closed on that eventful day in the history of the State no one could prophesy the result. Esther, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and a group of friends came down to the *Beacon* office to hear the returns. The ladies made some coffee on the office stove, and served a lunch to the men. Before midnight, the pressroom was crowded with anxious, excited inquirers. Between one and two the returns began to warrant Douglas in turning to George and saying, "Better be dusting off those roosters, George; I think we shall need them." Before dawn the result was no longer in doubt, and the press was turning off an extra edition, to go out over the county that day, proclaiming the news that the State, through its people, had declared for constitutional amendment, forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and classing such acts as criminal offenses on the statute books. Douglas, Sage, and the candidate for county attorney were all elected by good majorities.

Douglas was too busy with the paper to join in the impromptu procession of the jubilant prohibitionists who that forenoon marched down the main street of Colby, singing temperance songs and cheering the newly elected representative, sheriff, and county attorney. Mr. Edwards headed the procession beating time with a small flag, his jolly face beaming, his hat in the air half the time. Behind him marched a number of Colby's best known Christian women, wives and mothers, who had prayed and longed for this day during years of agonizing experience. Is it any wonder that to these who had been through the crucible of sorrows caused by the saloon and its accompanying vices that this day seems the very jubilee of reform, the very dawning of the millennium of peace and righteousness on earth?

The procession increased at every step as it swung down the street and filed by the rows of saloons People inside rushed out to the front to see what was the cause of all the commotion. Every saloon-keeper in Colby came out, and for the most part looked at the procession in silence. The women started "John Brown's Body." Mr. Edwards waved his flag in triumph, and the chorus had a great swing to it as the crowd was marching past Jake's place. "His truth goes marching on!" The song swept up the street triumphantly from men's and women's voices, and Jake Lawson heard it with a scowl on his dark face, and a sneer and an oath on his cruel lips.

"It may, but I don't. I stay right here, law or no law," he muttered, as the procession went by.

For the next few days Douglas was nearly overwhelmed with messages and letters of congratulation. The *Beacon* was given credit in Anderson county for a large share in winning the victory. His election to the legislature was also regarded as just cause for rejoicing. In the *Beacon* office, especially, the pressmen and entire force felt elated that the "old man" (Douglas was now thirty-one) had

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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There is a right way and a wrong way to wash flannel outing garments. Try this—the right way:

Cut some Ivory Soap into shavings and dissolve; add this to the water and wash quickly by repeatedly immersing in the suds and drawing through the hands. The water for both washing and rinsing should be warm, never hot or cold.

Wring, stretch into shape and hang to dry in a place where there is no exposure to wind, sun, too hot or too cold air. Iron before they are entirely dry.

Shrinking is caused by the interlacing of the wool fibers, that have small, sawlike teeth which catch on each other. In washing, therefore, it is desirable to keep the material well stretched out to prevent the fiber from becoming matted. A washboard should not be used, nor should the soap be rubbed on. Pure soap and an even temperature are essential.

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"got there." Quits was deputed to buy a floral horseshoe and put it on Douglas' desk, which he did, making a brief, but hearty little speech to Douglas, which Douglas received with more emotion than he had felt at the letter from the newly elected Governor, thanking him for his share in the campaign.

Esther felt proud of her husband's new honor, but expressed some regret that his duties in the legislature would call him away from home that winter.

"Clinton is not far, I'll be home for Sundays. But I'm not sorry of this opportunity to get better acquainted with the men out over the State. I don't expect to be able to do much as a member, but I can learn something that will help along the cause. It is a great victory, this amendment. The effect of it on other States will, no doubt, be very great."

Esther was thoughtfully silent. When she spoke, it was to her husband's surprise. Years later he recalled her words, and admired her foresight and remarkable self-poise, even on the crest of all that present victory.

"Do you ever think, Frank, that it will not do for the temperance people to fall back on this law and expect it to do all the work? It will not do to expect that the law will enforce itself. And if education and agitation stop, now we have the law, don't you fear that in a few years we may have this fight to make all over again."

"Why, Esther, we've got what we have been after all this time! What more could we ask? The public sentiment will demand the enforcement of the law, and there will be no trouble about it."

Douglas honestly voiced the convictions of the vast majority of voters over the State. And it was only natural that the great overshadowing feeling should be one of exultation at the enactment of the statute.

The law went into effect three months after election. Before noon of the date fixed, two-thirds of the saloons in Colby closed up and reported that they had shipped out their goods. Jake Lawson continued to run as open as ever. That very same night he made his boast to a room full of men that no one could run him out and no one had better try.

Next morning, passers-by paused in front of Jake's place to read a placard posted up in his front window. By the side of the placard was a bag of silver dollars, with the mouth of it open, so that the money was visible. The placard read:

"$500. This money will be given to the widow of the man who arrests me.

"JAKE LAWSON."

One hour later Sheriff Sage suddenly walked into Jake's place, and pointing his revolver at the saloon-keeper before Jake could reach for his gun, he said quietly, "You will need that five hundred to pay your fines, Jake. There won't be enough left for no widows. You are arrested, and I would advise you to come along without no fuss."

Jake Lawson not only did not attempt to make any fuss, but amid the jeers of his patrons he meekly went along with Sheriff Sage, and in the police court was bound over for trial. He secured bond from the brewers in Clinton. At his trial the following week, he was found guilty on five counts and sentenced to $500 and five months in jail. His lawyer appealed the case to the District Court, and a jury found him guilty, and he had to pay his fine and go to jail for the full time. The whisky forces in Colby felt that the day was lost, and as soon as Jake's case was decided they closed up and moved out. For the first time in its history there was not a drop of intoxicating liquor sold in Colby. The week after it was positively known that the last saloon in Colby had closed up, the temperance people held a praise service in the Methodist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon were present by invitation. There were prayers and songs and many speeches. Women sobbed for joy. Quits told his life story, new to most of his hearers. Mother Vernon sat on the platform, the tears raining over her face. In her prayer that night she remembered Jake Lawson in the county jail close by, and asked God to convert him even there. When the meeting broke up, and the people went home, it seemed to many and many a weary waiting heart as if the dawning of a new Jerusalem on earth were close at hand.

The next five years of Douglas' history were years of happy home life, of prosperous growth for the paper, and rapidly increasing influence as an editor. His home was blessed with two more children, another boy and a girl. The eldest boy, James Edwards, was now twelve years of age, with his mother's sunny, buoyant character, and his father's resolute, earnest eyes. Douglas had won a good reputation in the Legislature as a speaker and committeeman, and had been sent back to the Senate two years after. During the campaign that followed that session he had declined a renomination, choosing to devote his whole time to the enlargement and influence of the *Beacon*. George had steadily improved as a journalist and a Christian. He no longer roomed with Douglas, but had moved into quarters with Quits, who still continued with the *Beacon* as foreman, and whose chief pleasure in life was to spend an evening at Douglas' home cutting out marvelous shadowgraphs for the children, or teaching James Edwards, who had a faculty for inventions, how to put together a toy press the boy was learning to construct.

In this happy passage of time, surrounded by his home loves, with a promising circle of friends over the State, with a prosperous journal that made possible for him an ambition not only to do something for his home and the church, but for the town he had come to love, it came as a shock, like a bomb thrown into all this happiness, to learn through Mr. Edwards that Jake Lawson was back in Colby, and was running a joint in the back end of an old warehouse building belonging to Major Bartlett.

The whirligig of politics is a thing that even politicians never fully reckon with. In the course of five years after the passage of the prohibitory law a new county attorney had been elected who was not so vigilant in prosecutions as his predecessor. Another sheriff had also succeeded Mr. Sage, who had been a vigorous terror to evil-doers, and a new judge sat on the bench in the district court, who in one or two test cases had seemed to lean in sympathy toward the law-breakers. Still, in spite of these changes the sweeping out of saloons from Colby had been so decided and the public feeling was still so strong, that Douglas had not considered it possible that the whisky men could get a foothold in the town again. He had yet to learn that there is no force on the earth so persistent, so tireless, so sleepless, so lawless, so heartless in its complete disregard of human happiness as the liquor business. He had yet to learn, through bitter and painful experience, that while good people have a score of necessary public duties to perform in the republic, the whisky man has only one thing to do, so that he is not distracted as the good citizen often is, by a sense of responsibility, and divided with his means and strength over a multiplicity of philanthropic, religious, educational, and civic affairs. The whisky man has only one thing to do—to sell his poison early and late, by law or in defiance of it, to as many people as will buy, regardless of any results to them.

"Jake is doing a good business, I understand," Mr. Edwards said. "He has been going now for a week. One of my clerks, who belongs to the committee of fifty, gave me the information yesterday."

The committee of fifty was composed of the leading temperance men of Colby, who had organized during the first year the law went into effect.

"How about Mayor Bartlett and his building? He is guilty under the law."

Mr. Edwards shrugged his shoulders.

"The new county attorney is Bartlett's particular friend. I doubt if he will take any action."

"Do you mean to say," Douglas started up, as the whole new situation flashed upon him, "that the law cannot be enforced and brought to bear on the owner of the building?"

"It can, if the county attorney will bring it to bear. It remains to be seen whether he will or not."

TO BE CONTINUED

*This placard was posted up by one of the saloon-keepers in a western town in Kansas for a week after the Prohibitory law went into effect.

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THE WESTERN EMPIRE, 84 Times Block, Los Angeles

Monumental Benevolences of 1903

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Jeanes, Anna T., Philadelphia, gift to the Hicksite Friends, a home for their aged members, costing $200,000, and an endowment of $300,000.

Johnston, Mrs. Harriet Lane, Washington, D. C., bequests to trustees for a school for boys, $300,000; to Johns Hopkins University, for scholarships for poor boys, $60,000; and for a monument to President James Buchanan, her uncle, $100,000.

Laverack, William D., Paterson, N. J., bequests to the Paterson Orphan Asylum, Paterson General Hospital, Catholic Orphan Asylum, and St. Joseph's Hospital, each $25,000.

Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., gifts from friends in the North, an endowment of $200,000.

Lindsay, William, London, Eng., formerly of Fall River, Mass., gift to the latter city, a textile school and equipment, cost $100,000.

Loubet, Duc de, New York, gift to Columbia University, for a Chair of American Archæology, $100,000.

McCutcheon, James, New York, gift to Christ Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Conn., ground for a new edifice, appraised at $40,000.

McDermott, Mgr. James, Glens Falls, N. Y., bequests to the Bishop of Albany for the education of young men for the priesthood, $40,000, and to Roman Catholic institutions, $19,500.

McKay, Gordon, Boston, bequest to Harvard University for a School of Applied Sciences, property valued at $4,000,000 and a large reversion from his estate.

Martin, Mrs. Winefriede, Baltimore, bequests for a home for old women of the Roman Catholic faith, $50,000, and for other religious and charitable purposes, $95,000.

Maxwell, J. Rogers, Brooklyn, N. Y., gift to the Long Island College Hospital, for the erection and equipment of the two central sections of the new hospital, an estimate of $500,000.

Mead, Solomon, Greenwich, Conn., bequest for the endowment funds of Fargo (N. D) and Fairmount (Kan.) colleges, $58,160.

Milbank, Joseph, New York, gift to the First Congregational Church, Jersey City, to promote its institutional work, $100,000.

Mooney, John A., New York, bequests, to St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, for a Chair of Sacred Scriptures, $25,000, and for a Scholarship, $6,000; and to other Roman Catholic churches and institutions, $30,000.

Muldoon, Cecilia, New York, bequests to Roman Catholic institutions and societies, $31,000.

Oberlin, (O.) College, gifts from an anonymous friend for the new building and endowment fund, $50,000.

Openhym, Adolphe, New York, bequests to Hebrew charities, $27,000.

Peabody, Henry O., Norwood, Mass., bequest for an industrial school for girls in that town, land and about $350,000; unsuccessfully contested.

Pearsons, Dr. Daniel Kimball, Chicago, gifts to Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla; Pomona College, Claremont, Cal.; Illinois College, Jacksonville; Fargo (N. D.) College; and the West Virginia Conference Seminary, Buchanan, each $50,000; and Kingfisher (Okl.) College, and Fairmount College, Wichita, Kan., each $25,000.

Phipps, Henry, New York, gifts for an institute in Philadelphia for the study, treatment, and prevention of tuberculosis, $1,300,000; for other purposes, $60,000.

Pizzati, Salvatore, New Orleans, gift to St. Joseph's (R. C.) Church for a parochial school building, $70,000.

Pulitzer, Joseph, New York, gift to Columbia University for a School of Journalism, $1,000,000, and a conditional pledge of $1,000,000 more.

Reid, Daniel G., New York, gifts to the city of Richmond, Ind., for a public hospital, $50,000, and to the United Presbyterian Church there, for a new edifice, $75,000.

Reid, Peter, Passaic, N. J., gift to the city, a free public library, cost over $150,000.

Reinhard, Moses, Philadelphia, bequest to Jewish charities, chiefly the Jewish Hospital, his estate of $46,000.

Riis, Jacob A., New York, gift from friend (name withheld), for purchase of property for the King's Daughters' Settlement, $50,000.

Rockefeller, John D., New York, gifts for a post-graduate medical college and hospital in Chicago, $7,000,000; for an institute for medical and pathological research in New York, $1,200,000, with a pledge of whatever amount may be needed for its support; to the General Education Board to promote free education in the South, $1,000,000; the University of Chicago, for general and special purposes, $2,693,000; and to other institutions, a total of $1,047,667; aggregate of the foregoing, $13,840,667.

Rogers, Henry H., New York, gift, as a memorial to his mother in Fair Haven, Conn., a church building, a parish house, and a parsonage, total cost about $1,000,000; making his aggregate gifts to his birthplace more than $3,000,000.

Rogers, Jacob S., Paterson, N. J. (died in 1901), bequest to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, real estate valued at $500,000, ordered by the Court in 1903 to be transferred to the Museum. This was in addition to the bequest of his residuary estate, proved at about $5,500,000, also to the Museum.

Ropes, Mary P., Salem, Mass., bequests to public institutions and charities in Massachusetts, Ohio, Washington, D. C., and elsewhere, the reversion of her estate of $1,000,000.

Ryan, Archbishop Patrick John, Philadelphia, gift to St. Vincent's Orphanage, $200,000, the amount of gifts to him on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

Ryan, Thomas F., New York, gift to the Roman Catholic Diocese of Richmond, Va., funds for the new cathedral; contract cost, $500,000.

Ryan, Mrs. Thomas F., New York, gift to the Archdiocese of New York, the Church of the Sacred Heart at Suffern, N. Y., cost $50,000.

Ryle, Mrs. Mary E., Paterson, N. J., gift to the city, the Danforth Free Public Library, cost, $200,000.

Schiff, Jacob H., New York, gift to Harvard University, the first purely Semitic Museum ever established; cost of building and collections, $100,000.

Schuetter, Dr. Joseph, New York, bequests to the German Hospital, $35,000; Mount Sinai Hospital, $15,000; and the German Hospital the reversion of his estate.

Schwab, Charles M., New York, gift to Weatherly, Pa., in honor of his wife, a public school building, cost, $100,000.

Scott, Charles, Sr. and Jr., Philadelphia, joint gift to Wesleyan University, for a Scott Laboratory of Physics, $100,000.

Sears, Emily E., Boston, bequests to the Boston Art Museum, $25,000, and to four local institutions, each $5,000.

Severance, L. H., Cleveland, gift to endowment fund of Wooster University, $100,000.

Sherrill, Marcia, New York, bequests to Protestant Episcopal institutions, chiefly St. Luke's Home, the bulk of her estate of $100,000.

Smith, William, Geneva, N. Y., gift for a college for women in that city, land and $150,000 for main building, with a pledge of liberal endowment.

Smith, Warren B., Yonkers, N. Y., bequests to St. John's hospital there, $50,000.

Speyer, James, New York, gift to Columbia University for the South Field Fund, $25,000, and with his wife to the same, the Speyer Experimental School, cost withheld.

Stanford, Mrs. Leland, San Francisco, gift to Leland Stanford University, for a new library building, $1,000,000, and Thomas Webster Stanford, Melbourne (brother of the late Senator Stanford), for its endowment, $1,000,000.

Starr, Theodore B. and sons, New York, joint gift as a memorial to Dr. T. G. White, of Columbia University, Gordon House, cost $100,000.

Stetson, Francis Lynde, New York, gifts to Williams College for increase of professors' salaries, $50,000, and for improvement of Griffin Hall, $25,000.

Stillman, James, New York, gift to the Stillman Infirmary of Harvard University (founded by him at a cost of $150,000), for a contagious ward, $50,000.

Studebaker Manufacturing Company, South Bend, Ind., gift to the local Y.M.C.A., for a building in memory of the Studebaker brothers, $200,000.

Swift, Gustavus F., Chicago, bequests to charities a total of $250,000.

Taylor, Mrs. Emma Flower, Watertown, N. Y., gift to the public, the Flower Memorial Library, cost $200,000, and for books $21,000.

Thomas, Mrs. Anna A. and children, New York, joint gift to the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital for a Samuel Thomas Memorial Ward, $50,000.

Thompson, Mrs. Frederick F., New York, gifts to the Teachers College for a School of Physical Education and Hygiene, $350,000; and to Williams College, funds for a memorial chapel to cost $300,000.

Thomson, Mrs. J. Edgar, Philadelphia, bequest, funds necessary to erect and endow an institution for the orphan daughters of Pennsylvania Railroad employees, capable of accommodating 300 girls.

Todd, William C., Atkinson, N. H., bequests to the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, $20,000; New Hampshire Historical Society, $15,000; Colorado College, $1,000; and Mount Holyoke College, his residuary estate.

Tome, Jacob, Port Deposit, Md. (died in 1898), bequest for endowment of the Jacob Tome Institute founded by him in that town, and dedicated in 1903, $3,500,000.

Tuttle, Bronson B., Naugatuck, Conn., bequests to the Congregational Society for a new Church, $50,000; Waterbury Hospital and American Missionary Association, each $10,000; and for the local poor, $5,000.

University, of Wisconsin, gift from friend for a new building, land and $75,000.

Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cornelius, Sr., New York, gifts to the Newport (R. I.) Hospital, the Cornelius Vanderbilt Pavilion, furnished and equipped with surgical appliances, cost about $250,000, and a sufficient endowment.

Vanderbilt, Frederick W., New York, gift to Yale University, a dormitory in memory of his brother Cornelius; cost $1,000,000.

Van Schaick, Alida, New York, bequests to Reformed Church institutions, outright $54,000: in reversion, $15,000; for domestic operations of the church, her residuary estate.

Voorhees, Ralph, Clinton, N. J., gift to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., a library building, cost $60,000.

Wallace, John H., New York, bequest to Washington and Jefferson College, for a Chair of Rhetoric and Oratory, $65,000.

Wentworth, Arioch, Boston, bequests to charitable and educational institutions, $610,000, and for an industrial school for boys, nearly all of the residue of his estate of $7,000,000; will contested.

Wharton, Joseph, Philadelphia, gift for a building for the School of Science, University of Pennsylvania, founded by him, $200,000.

Willing, Henry J., Chicago, bequests for religious and educational purposes, a total of $92,000.

Winch, George F., Brookline, Mass., bequests for a scholarship in any institution and for any charity of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, both selections to be made by his executors, each $75,000.

Winthrop, Mrs. Mary J., New York (died in 1902), bequest to the Princeton, N. J., Theological Seminary, her residuary estate, appraised in 1903 at $2,130,391.

Wyman, William, Baltimore, bequest to Johns Hopkins University, the reversion of $500,000.

Young, Kendall, Webster City, Ia., bequest, made available by the death of his widow, for endowment of Kendall Young Library, $200,000.

Young Men's Christian Association, Springfield, Mass., gift from friend for endowment of its Training School, $50,000.

Aid for Jamaica Sufferers

In answer to the appeal published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, these contributions have been received and credited to the Rev. D. A. McKillop, treasurer Mandeville Convention, Jamaica, W. I., to be used in relief work among the sufferers by the late hurricane;

Mrs. Ida M. Knolt, 50 cents; Mrs. Maria Elliott, $5; H. M. Graves, $1; W. F. Wight, $5; Mr. J. M. E., for CHRISTIAN HERALD Instruction Department, thanksgiving offering for the Dunker branch and friends, Rocky Ford, Colo., $8; Mrs. J. M. Williams, $1; Mrs. M. E. Williams, $3; Wm. H. Burke, $1; W. M. Zimmer, $1; Jas. A. H.-Burgess, $1; Mrs. J. Dawson, $5; C. A. Hagaman, $2; J. Y. Bettys, $5; S. F. Melville, $2; Dr. A. B. Estock, $2; A. S. Peet, $1; Mr. and Mrs. John Atha, $1; W. R. Gilson, $5; Mrs. Clara Harmon, $1. Total, $50.50.

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M. E. Munson, Pub., 77 Bible House, New York.

Winning Cuba for Christ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

There is much cause for rejoicing in this progress, but the call is for more workers to occupy new fields. The Church must send a greatly increased force to meet the need. The whole island

PATRIOTIC ARCH AT MATANZAS

is open to the Gospel, and the people are wonderfully accessible, as instanced in the following case, cited by Bishop Candler of the Southern Methodist Church: Mr. Sewell, a Methodist missionary, while preaching at Santa Clara one day, observed two strangers in the congregation. At the close of the service he sought an interview with them, and they proved to be the mayor and the principal of the school at Fomento, a town of about 2,500 people, forty miles from Santa Clara. They urged him to come at once to preach for them. He told them that he was engaged at the time, but would come as soon as he could, and in the meantime gave them some Bibles and tracts to take back to Fomento. They did this, and the result is that more than a score of people have been converted, and the town is calling for a preacher and a church. Bible in hand, the school-teacher has gone from house to house, teaching the people, not only in Fomento but also in the beautiful Fomento Valley. He heard of the Methodist Conference at Santa Clara, rose at midnight, and mounting a mule, rode away to make an appeal for a church and a preacher. In the Conference, with deep emotion, he spoke as follows:

When the public school was established I was put in charge; as the people began to have quiet after the war, they began to reflect on religious things. They had no one to guide them, however, no priest or preacher. They came to me as teacher with their questions. They asked me if there was a God. What was the soul? And what of the future life? I told them that I could not tell them about these things, because I was too ignorant. But they said I was the teacher and ought to know. I replied that I could not know, never having been taught. I told them I hoped, if there was a God, he would send us some light, and that we must wait for the light. A short time afterwards, the mayor and I were walking together in Santa Clara, whither he had come on business. We heard the singing in the chapel, and entered. Then Brother Sewell preached, and when I heard him I said, "God has sent the light we have been longing for!" Brother Sewell gave us the books, and we went back and did the best we could. Then he came and preached to us. Now a number have been converted, and many others are deeply interested. Give us more of the light! Give us a preacher! Give us a church!

Although a poor school-teacher, on a salary of sixty dollars ($60.00) a month, and having a family to support, this same man promised to give $10.00 a month for the support of a church.

JANET AND EDITH HOUSTON
Two American Missionaries

This is the call that is coming to the Church from Cuba: The Church has plenty of money, plenty of men to meet the need. What is she going to do about it? It cost the United States the lives of many good men and millions of dollars to give Cuba political freedom, and yet we know that the worst of all bondages is the bondage of sin. How much more important, then, that the Church send the men and the money to give Cuba the Gospel of Christ, which shall make her free indeed.

WYLIE H. FORSYTHE.

Lexington, Ky.

The Martin Luther Statue

The beautiful new Cathedral at Speyer will be formally dedicated and the Luther statue unveiled, on Sunday, August 14, 1904. Emperor William and the royal family are expected to be present. The Emperor has expressed the hope that many Americans would come to Speyer to participate in the ceremony. Lutherans from all over the civilized world are expected to attend the celebration, which will be a great event in the history of the Lutheran Church. Interested parties can address Hon. C. A. Schieren, at 47 Ferry street, New York, for all particulars. Applications will be received until Feb. 1.

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My Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I have just received your beautiful drop *Calendar*, and truly it is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever"—at least for two years. I wish you a merry Christmas. HUBERT P. MAIN.

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[The foregoing is from the well-known composer of many popular hymns and other sacred songs.]

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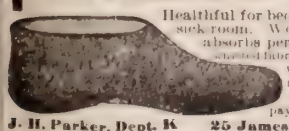

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Personal Duty in Temperance*

The Guilt of Inaction in the Struggle Against the Enemy of Our Race

THAT was a significant curse uttered by Deborah and Barak after their victory. They had fought hard; the victory might at the beginning have seemed doubtful and they were very jubilant over winning it. Their song of praise is interrupted to utter a curse, not on their enemy; not on an ally of their enemy, but on a city which ought to have sent a contingent to help them in their struggle, but did not. Perhaps the city did not feel in danger, perhaps it did not recognize a duty in the matter; in any case, it was not represented in the victorious army on the field of battle. "Curse ye Meroz," said the conquerors, "Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Their sin was the sin of indifference and inaction. They were safe and comfortable, while their brethren were waging a fierce conflict against the national enemy. The enemies of the Lord are still mighty. Does he find among the cohorts under his banner every man who ought to be there?

There is no enemy more firmly entrenched, or doing more effective mischief to mankind at this day than the drink traffic. Is it assailed by every man who ought to be found among its active foes? How many there are who are conscious of the evil, who deplore its power and influence, but are guilty of the sin of Meroz! It is a common sin. If it were not so prevalent, this enemy of God and man would have been crippled if not destroyed ere now. The temperance army is waging a struggle which often appears hopeless, and yet there are Christian people who are doing nothing to aid in the charge. To come near home, has each one done all that is in his power to do, by example, by appeal and by influence to diminish the number of the supporters of the foe? It is not killing that is required, it is the saving of life, property and reputation. To win away the supporters of the traffic, to turn drinking into sober men; to induce the moderate drinker to abstain; to enlist the child and the youth into the ranks of the army opposed to the traffic—that is the surest of all ways of exterminating it, because in that way it may be starved to death.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Jan. 17. Isa. 24:9-11; Heb. 2:15; 1 Thes. 5:6-8.

OUR GREATEST BRIDGE

(See photographs on first page)

AN event long to be remembered was the opening of the new bridge spanning the East River, between Brooklyn and New York, on Dec. 19. This beautiful bridge was fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD three weeks ago. Some of the scenes at the opening are shown in the photographs on the cover of this issue. In the evening there was a brilliant pyrotechnic display. Two days after the formal opening the public were admitted to the use of the roadway, but several weeks must elapse before the rails are completed, and all the facilities for transportation are in full operation.

As a whole, the new bridge is a beautiful and noble structure, the first in America. It is the second of a series of bridges to be built across the rivers on either side of the Metropolis. Two others are now in contemplation, although the work of construction may not be entered upon for many months to come.

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Bellaire, O MARTHA E. JACKSON.

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A reader in Findlay, O., has sent to the Bowery Mission a generous package of underclothing—"The Lord's Tenth for the Poor" at the Bowery Mission. The gift has doubtless brought happiness and comfort to many a hapless one on Christmas Day.

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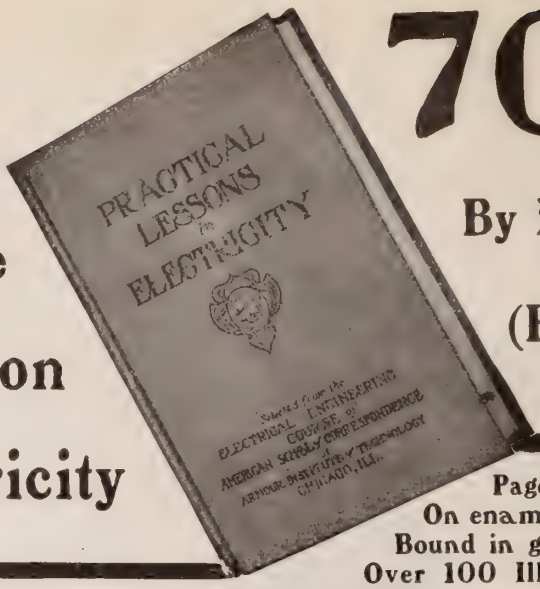

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THE TEMPERANCE FIELD
... In 1904 ...

WHEN the million of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall have carefully considered the following serious facts, the writer thinks they will agree that a call to arms is imperatively necessary. Never in the history of temperance reform have the enemies of God and of man been so aggressive as at the end of the year 1903. The evidence of this aggressiveness is seen in the following:

Fact Number One.—At the eleventh annual meeting of the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, held in the city of Pittsburg, October 13, 14 and 15, it was voted unanimously to raise a fund of $5,000,000 "for defensive purposes," $750,000 to be raised in the State of New York, the rest in the other States.

Fact Number Two.—Ten picked men are to be sent to Washington as lobbyists and workers for the trade, together with the ablest legal counsellors. They are to defeat all restrictive legislation, and to secure the repeal of all laws that are obnoxious to liquor dealers, brewers and saloon-keepers. They are also to defend any liquor dealer who may be arrested for the violation of liquor laws, and to find loopholes in said laws, through which the saloon-keeper may escape punishment. A like committee is to be sent to every State in the Union, and be located at the capital of each State, for the same purpose as that in Washington, watching Congress.

Fact Number Three.—Two bills have already been introduced in Congress to repeal the Anti-Canteen law of 1900, and for months past a subsidized bureau in Washington has been sending out unfounded reports about the increase of drunkenness in the army since the banishing of liquor from the post exchanges, which reports, if true, are a reflection on every officer in the army for being unable to control his men, besides being a libel on the men themselves.

Fact Number Four.—The National Temperance Society, the moment these reports began to appear, appointed committees to investigate, and found in every case that the reports were absolutely unfounded, and gotten up by some rascal in the interest of the brewers. The reports of the committees of investigation have been published in pamphlet form by the National Society, and sent to every Congressman and Senator, and to the President and Cabinet.

Fact Number Five.—Tons of literature are being scattered broadcast by the National Liquor Dealers and Brewers Associations; showing, as they claim, the utter failure of Prohibition to prohibit, and that the passing of the Anti-Canteen Bill in 1900, was an egregious blunder. All this is being done to prepare the way for the restoration of the sale of liquor in the army post exchanges, and the repeal of all restrictive and prohibitory laws.

Fact Number Six.—Bills have been prepared, and are ready to be introduced in Albany, to legalize Sunday opening of the saloons in the city of New York, between 1 P.M. and 11 P.M.

Fact Number Seven.—At least five of the largest department stores have gone into the liquor business, in the Borough of Manhattan, and, in said stores, women buy and drink liquor, and have liquor sent home as "dry goods."

Fact Number Eight.—In addition to the 12,546 saloons and hotels in Greater New York, we have 1,106 licenses under Sec. 11, Sub. 2, and 558 under Sec. 11, Sub. 3. Making a total of 14,210 places where liquor or intoxicants are sold, and in the United States, some 240,000 places, drug stores, groceries, and now Department Stores, have gone into the business. Now, let me state briefly what is being done to counteract and offset the evil.

1. To meet the attempt to repeal the Anti-Canteen bill, the National Temperance Society has been busy gathering evidence for use in Congress and throughout the country, showing the falsity of the reports of increased drunkenness. Said evidence is already in print, and can be obtained by sending to the Society's headquarters, 3 East 14 St., N. Y. City.

2. The National Temperance Society has now two bills before Congress, one known as the Senate bill No. 1526, introduced by Senator Gallinger, the other calling for a Commission of Inquiry as to the traffic in alcoholic liquors.

3. To meet the attempt to legalize Sunday opening, the Society has called a meeting of all the churches and temperance organizations, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Baptist Young People's Unions, and all kindred societies. Delegates are to be appointed to go to Albany and defeat the saloon opening on the Lord's Day, as has been done two years successively.

4. The Society will have its men on guard in Washington, and at every State capitol. Literature will be scattered for educational and aggressive purposes. The Society appeals to the friends of sobriety everywhere for aid and support. It has confidence in God and the American people, that the sinews of war for the campaign against intemperance will be forthcoming.

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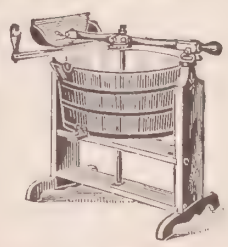

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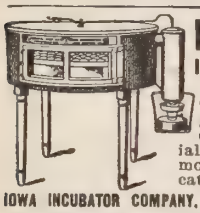

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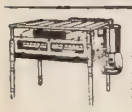

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TEMPTATION VANQUISHED

Christ an Example to his Followers

MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW often the devil has whispered to us, "If it is possible for you to be tempted as you are, it is proof that the Holy Spirit does not dwell in you." It is just because our Lord himself was filled with the Spirit, that his Father saw him, as man, in a position where he could be trusted with temptation. It was necessary also that the presence of the Holy Spirit in him as the second Adam, the head of a people who should walk in newness of life, should be proved by his conquest over temptation; being "tempted in all points like as we are" (Heb. 4: 15). It is to the everlasting honor of Abraham that God chose him to endure such special tests; it is to the glory of Job that God should have chosen him alone in his generation to go through such unparalleled afflictions, and still not deny God.

Temptation was no sham or semblance to the Lord Jesus. He "suffered, being tempted" (Heb. 2: 18). The temptation lasted forty days (Mark 1: 13; Luke 4: 1, 2). That which is recorded is only the climax. His only preparation for it was his being filled with the Spirit; his only power was weakness, physical weakness; for in those forty days he did eat nothing; spiritual weakness, for he said later on, "The Son can do nothing of himself" (John 5: 19). Moses, the giver of the law, must fast twice forty days and forty nights, but he was each time, although bearing the people on his heart, alone with and upheld by God, in such glory that the children of Israel could not look upon his face when he came down from the mountain. Elijah must fast forty days and forty nights on Mount Horeb (I. Kings 19: 3). He also had the burden of the people on his heart, but he went into his fast with the ministry of an angel, and he came out of it with a special revelation of the Lord. Our blessed Lord was tempted of Satan alone, with the wild beasts, but led of the Spirit; and even then he could say, "He that hath sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him" (John 8: 2).

The first of the three recorded temptations of the Lord Jesus touched his sonship. "If thou art the Son of God." The voice of God from heaven had declared, This is my beloved Son. But the enemy would come as he came to Eve, with a doubt as to the goodness of God. Could a Father allow his Son to suffer thus? Was it the leading of a loving Father to let his Son suffer all these forty days, alone with the tempter and the wild beasts? Could the Son of God be subjected to such an experience? Art thou indeed what thou dost claim to be? If thou art, put an end to thy sufferings, and command that these stones be made bread. Thou hast the power, use it. But the vocation of the Lord: "Lo, I come to do thy will," did not admit of doing or saying anything independently of his Father. "He answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Thus he has taught us how to meet such suggestions of the enemy with the Word alone.

Life by the Word of God is little understood in the Church of Christ. Man lives by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. What God says, and what he has caused to be written, has power to vanquish the enemy, and power to maintain the life, physical and spiritual, of the child of God. What he says, in contradistinction to what appears, to what we think, to what men say. There is life-power in every word of God.

"It is not a vain thing for you, for it is your life" (Deut. 32: 47). "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, they are life" (John 6: 63). When God says a thing we have never to count on possibilities and probabilities; it is enough that he who says it is the guarantee of what he asserts. It is his part to make it true to us, to watch over his Word to perform it (Jer. 1: 12). Our Lord knew the life-power which lay in the written Word, and without entering into the specious question raised by the tempter's insinuation against God, and against his own Sonship; instead of accepting his proffered sympathy in the trial he passed through, the Lord vanquished him with "It is written."

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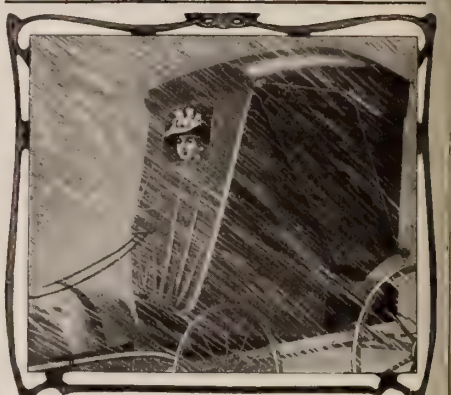

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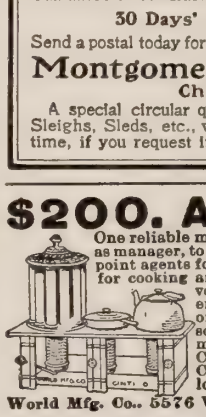

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HOW TO OVERCOME*

Victory Assured to the Tempted One who Relies on Divine Power

ONE of the most vital forms of knowledge that can come to any man is that of the way by which he may overcome in his conflict with the tempter. That conflict is inevitable. The best of men are tempted. Even our Lord himself did not escape. In four forms, peculiarly adapted to his unparalleled situation, temptation assailed him, but he resisted and conquered. That he should have had to pass through the ordeal, should be a consoling thought to many who are depressed by the idea that they must be very vile, otherwise temptation would not reach them. There is no disgrace, no implication of unusual depravity in being tempted. It is only in yielding that there is evil.

There is no need to yield. In thinking of temptation, that fact should be clearly realized. We are not under compulsion, and therefore if we fall, it is our own fault. Victory is sure to those who resist to the end. Hints are given in the passages associated with the Topic, and in others scattered through the Bible as to the best measures of defence. One of the first is vigilance. Every man should know what is his peculiar weakness. One who is not liable to fall through drink, having no liking for intoxicating liquor, may have reason to fear a temptation to dishonesty, or to the indulgence of lust. Some weak place in the citadel there is sure to be, and there the strongest guard should be placed. When that propensity is known, the approaches to it should be carefully watched. The places to which one man may go, without harm to himself, ought to be avoided by another.

When the temptation comes, the tempted one should have recourse to prayer. He who himself was tempted sympathizes with his follower and will give help. Very often he does not remove the temptation, but he gives the strength necessary to overcome it. Only, it must be remembered that the fight must be kept up. We must do our part. Christ gives the victory, not when we give up and leave the conflict to him, but when relying on his power we resist, and continue the struggle till it ends in victory.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, and Baptist Young People's Union for January 17. 1 Cor. 10: 12, 13; Heb. 4: 14-16.

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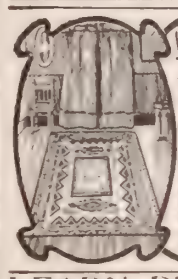

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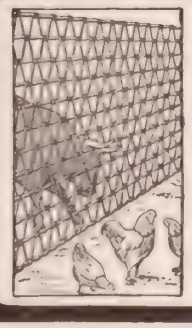

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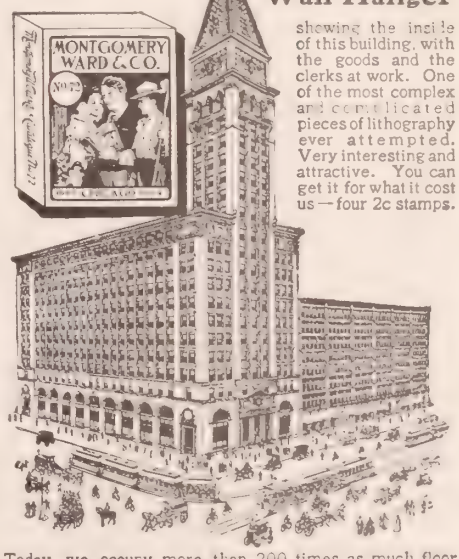

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Finding the Key-note of the Anthem

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Theodore S., Bay City, Wis. 1. How many soldiers took part in the Civil War on both sides, and how many were sacrificed or died, directly and indirectly, through wounds or sickness? 2. When was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first published?

1. According to the Provost Marshal's report (1866) the number of casualties among United States volunteers and regulars from 1861–65 was: Killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,727; of disease, 183,287. Confederate troops who died of wounds or disease (partial statement) 133,821; United States troops who died while prisoners, 29,725; Confederates who died while prisoners, 26,774. 2. It was published in 1852.

Reader, Oreg. What church did our Lord establish? How many denominations were organized by the apostles?

Christ established a kingdom. His reference to a church in his words to Peter (Matt. 16:18) relates to the general body of his followers who owe their allegiance to him. That they are found in different denominations indicates their being allied to one another in details, according to their ideas of doctrine, ritual, church-government, etc., while differing with other Christians on the same subjects. If they have been born again, and are loyally following Christ, they are in the church that Christ established, as are those who are in the same state, in some other denomination. Many regiments but one army. We are not told how many denominations the apostles established; but we may well believe from the Acts and the Epistles that in their time there were differences as radical, if not as numerous as now. The tendency to separation is clearly indicated in I. Cor. 1:12. Other passages imply that Paul's converts would not have been comfortable in a church organized by James.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. A lecturer recently declared of a certain lady that she was a Spartan mother. What were the characteristics of the Spartan mothers?

They trained their sons to endurance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. One of them, as she gave her son a shield on the day of his departure on a campaign, said to him, "Return with this shield or on it." That is to die rather than flee. She would prefer to see him carried home dead on his shield than see him return defeated and stripped of his arms. The story of Leonidas and his brave company at Thermopylæ is an indication of the result of the training of the Spartan mother.

Mr. Morrison's book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, which you sent me as a premium, is so completely fascinating, I was obliged to hide it for fear a pressure of work would be neglected. I have been a great reader for seventy years, but think this book as interesting and charming in style as any I ever read. A. B. PARMELIE.

Mrs. L. F. R., Deposit, N. Y. Is water standing in a room overnight healthy to drink?

No. Water aids in purifying the atmosphere of a room, but it is not considered fit to drink after standing in a close atmosphere for several hours. Though it may do no harm, pure, fresh water is safer and pleasanter.

A. T. L., Pittsburg, Pa. Is there such a thing as proper dancing? What attitude should a Christian take on the general subject? Should he be tolerant or positive?

In the great discussion which is now agitating our churches, as to "letting down the bars" on the question of amusements, dancing occupies a prominent place. There are, doubtless, many good, well-meaning people, who, never having fully considered the subject, are disposed to be tolerant regarding the dance, and do not sympathize with the strenuous opposition that is displayed toward it by many in and out of the pulpit. We think, however, that the attitude of the earnest Christian toward dancing should be the same as that toward cards—no compromise. A thing is either right, or it is wrong, and even in its least objectionable aspect, dancing is a physical dissipation, a waste of time, an invitation to doubtful promiscuous acquaintanceship, and an association which is difficult to describe as other than immodest. "Dancing," says an authority, "breaks down the bounds of modesty." Late hours, crowded rooms, unnatural excitement, and peril of colds from exposure, are among the other objections which any sensible person might urge. In the Christian, it is enough to know that the ball-room has been the first step to ruin for countless multitudes. It has never helped one soul, and has destroyed many. These considerations should make the earnest inquirer shun such follies and avoid even the appearance of evil. Though he himself might not fall, his example might be the means of leading weaker souls to destruction.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—We received the *Calendar*, and thank you very much indeed. We call them "our four lovely little girls," and are very proud of them, so much so that we have given each of them a name—Lillie, Rose, Grace and Holly.
Toronto, Can. HENRY GOODERHAM.

J. A. D., Beaver Falls, Pa., writes:

In regard to the word "obey," in the marriage ceremony, it makes no difference to the wife whether it is left in or omitted. The relationship of wife puts her in the same relation to her husband that the Church sustains to Christ, Eph. 5:22–24. What this means is explained in Col. 3:18, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as is fit in the Lord." This is her saving clause; it really makes the Christian, loving wife superior to her husband. She is to judge what is "fit in the Lord," and what is not. Then follows the oft-repeated command, 5:19, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

Reader, Chicago, Ill. What stand do the churches take about admitting members of the Masonic Order to communion?

We believe the Roman Catholic Church is the only one that excludes Freemasons. Dr. Dowie excludes them from Zion, but, so far as we have heard, they are not rejected by any other church.

Here is an interesting suggestion apropos of the "Sacred Song Reform" discussion:

Why not take the Psalms—God's words? What better can anyone ever expect to get? They are the same as all the rest of God's blessed Word. The more we sing them, the dearer they grow. I do not wonder that one gets tired of the greater part of the common hymns. I would suggest "Bible Songs," or "Songs of the Ages," selections from the Psalms. No true child of God can ever tire of them. BELLE W.
Southwick, Idaho.

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. Is it true that Carlyle was an infidel?

It is not; neither can it be said that he was a Christian. He was brought up in the strict faith of the Church of Scotland, but was never an orthodox believer. To the last, however, he contended that the difference between him and his pious mother was not in essentials. His belief in God, in a future judgment, in the reward of the righteous and the punishment of the wrongdoer, and his profound veneration for Jesus Christ were unfaltering. Many passages in his works indicate a conception of God existing in all forms of life, which show a tendency to Pantheism.

F. S. M., Rochester, N. Y. Are evangelists justified in inviting persons who have not repented of their sins to accept Christ and trust in him?

It is the natural order for repentance to precede faith, and it does so in many cases, because consciousness of sin and sorrow for it leads to, or prepares the way for the joyful realization of the Saviour's work. It is, however, quite possible for faith to come first, and it will surely lead to repentance. Paul's reply to the jailer (Acts 16:31) made faith the first duty. When the soul trusts in Christ for salvation, loves him and tries to be like him, sin becomes hateful, and there is genuine sorrow for having committed it. There is also a turning from it, which is an essential element of repentance.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Calendar* and *Red Letter Bible*, and am well pleased with them. Accept my thanks for so fine a premium. I can cheerfully recommend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as an up-to-date paper, always full of good things for its readers.
Salisbury, Pa. ELIZABETH MENTZER.

L. E. S., Los Angeles, Cal. Can you tell me something about "Macaulay's New Zealander" to whom I find frequent references in editorials and books?

The reference is to a passage in Macaulay's review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*. Macaulay referred to the vigor and permanence of the Roman Catholic Church. He said that it had been powerful long before the existing civilized governments came into being, and it would remain powerful when some visitor from New Zealand took his seat on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. That is, it will be powerful when Great Britain has fallen into decay.

W. M. C., Draketown, N. Y. Were the ten commandments inscribed on the tables of stone by God's own hand, as would appear from Ex. 24:12, or were they inscribed by Moses at God's command, as some people claim.

The tables referred to in the passage you quote were destroyed by Moses in his indignation when he witnessed the idolatry of the people (See Ex. 32:19). Two other tables were afterwards prepared, on which Moses inscribed, at God's command, the same ten commandments (See Ex. 34:27, 28).

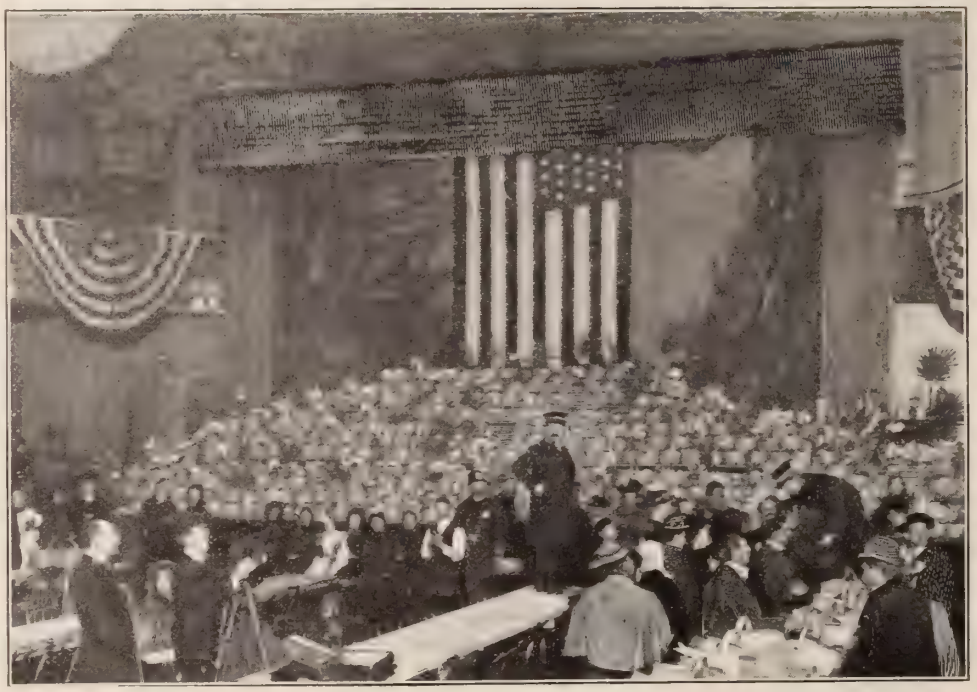
G. W. H., Globe, Ariz. 1. Capital punishment, as now practised, is unquestionably a relic of barbarism. The very worst use you can put a man to is to put him to death. We believe there will yet come a time when society will understand this. 2. Our present methods of dealing with criminals are not reformatory, but rather the reverse. They usually result in hardening the offender, and confirming him in evil courses.

A. E. H., Brainerd, Minn. Is there any knowledge of what became of the Ark of the Covenant? Where is the last mention of it? Can there be any truth in the statement that it was taken to Ireland and buried there?

There is no record of it after its being placed in Solomon's Temple (I. Kings 8:6–9, and II. Chron. 5:4). Jeremiah mentions it (3:16, 17), but does not say if it was in existence in his day. It is not in the list of treasures which Nebuzaradan carried to Babylon (II. Kings 25:13–17). If it had been among them, it would naturally have been the first on the list. It is probable that when the city was besieged, the Levites hid it, and the secret of its hiding-place was lost. There is not the slightest ground for the story that it was taken to Ireland.

U. R. Dennison, Minn. Was the choice of Solomon the best he could have made?

It was evidently approved of God as being better than others that he might have made (see I. Chron. 1:11, 12). His subsequent career, however, showed that wisdom alone was not enough. If he had asked and received the power and the will to do the things that his wisdom showed him to be right, he would have been saved from great sin and sorrow.



4,000 BASKETS READY FOR THE SALVATION ARMY'S GREAT CHRISTMAS DINNER

It is estimated that 250,000 poor, living in cities and towns in different parts of the United States, were the beneficiaries of the Salvation Army's generosity at Christmas time. In New York City, at the Grand Central Palace, on Christmas morning, 4,000 baskets, each containing a dinner for five persons, were distributed to the deserving poor. After this distribution, 180 tables were spread with a substantial meal, and over 5,000 persons were fed and made happy. At the close, a spiritual meeting was held, in charge of Commander Booth-Tucker. Another notable event of Christmas week was the dinner to thousands of homeless men and boys at the Bowery Mission, the expense of which was defrayed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

Miscellaneous Questions

Charles S., Red Oak, Ia. Penologists estimated that fully 70 per cent. of the criminals in our prisons are to be classed as "uneducated." Thirty per cent. cannot read or write.

M. E. R., Medaryville. 1. There is no essential difference between the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations on creed. 2. Ministers do not need to be guarded here or anywhere else in the United States in the way you mention. They have nothing to fear. 3. Mr. Merritt has denied in the public prints that he ever joined the Dowie church.

J. H. H., New Bedford. Your Calendar pleases me exceedingly.

These little souls look coy and shy,
With blooming cheek and sparkling eye,
Right up to date, within a shrine
Of dainty wings, that do entwine
And make them each a Butterfly.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN — ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF AND STAFF REVIEWING TROOPS AT PORT ARTHUR — THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

WAR OR PEACE IN THE FAR EAST?

Russia and Japan Preparing for Emergencies — A Conflict Which May Involve Both Europe and the United States

RUSSIA and Japan stripped for battle by land and sea; France, Germany and Great Britain in readiness for complications that may drag them into the conflict, should war actually come; the United States an interested and by no means passive observer of events which may affect our most material interests in the East—such is the situation, stated briefly, which is now giving rise to uneasiness in every civilized capital in the world.

For several months past, diplomatic exchanges have been going on between the Czar's Government and the Mikado's ministers on the two principal questions in dispute between these powers, viz: the Russian occupation of Manchuria (which was to have been terminated long ago), and the rival and sharply conflicting Russian and Japanese interests in Corea. After many futile efforts to reach an understanding with Japan concerning Manchuria, Russia, in her latest official communication to the Tokio government, practically gave notice that no interference with her imperial schemes in Manchuria would be tolerated or considered. Russia had built the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and had extended her military control over Chinese territory, notwithstanding the repeated protests of China and warnings from Japan and other nations. Chinese official resistance had been successfully dealt with, and Russia now hoped, by continuing to follow her policy of "holding on and doing nothing," to overcome the objections from all other quarters as well.

But Japan took a different view of the Manchurian question. If the integrity of China were threatened, and if that great but effete empire were allowed to come under Russian influence, it would be the beginning of its disintegration as a power in the East. Moreover, it would threaten the whole Asiatic fabric of empire; for it is an ancient characteristic of Russia, in accordance with the famous policy of Peter the Great, where once she obtains a foothold in new territory, never to withdraw. China Russianized, even to a limited extent, would mean an ultimate danger to Japan that might well be regarded as menacing her prestige among the powers of the world, and even her national existence.

As to Corea, the situation is even more acute. Ever since the Chino-Japanese war (which was fought out partly on Corean soil), Japan has regarded Corea as a land in which, by her rights as a victor, she had claims to consideration that took precedence of those of any other nation. Japan has steadily enlarged her interests in Corea, in anticipation of the time when Russia would come forward as a claimant in the same quarter. That time has now arrived. Russia has obtained valuable concessions in Corea, and she has endeavored by various diplomatic and other measures, to make these concessions of great strategic value. Japan has built important railroads there, and has a considerable number of her subjects scattered throughout the little empire. Step by step Russia has reached out in Corea, until the climax was reached when the two rival interests came into sharp conflict. Then came the demand from Japan for a free hand in Corea, coupled with the further demand that Russia should abandon further encroachments in that quarter.

The Russian Fleet — The Japanese Fleet

LEADING WARSHIPS OF THE TWO RIVAL FLEETS IN COREAN WATERS

There are, of course, many other considerations that enter into this dispute between the two nations, but they are chiefly matters of detail. The essentials are those already stated. Japan holds that her war with China in 1894, which was chiefly waged to settle disputes over Corea, fixed Japan's status and influence as paramount in Corean and in Chinese affairs. Further, she points to the fact that Russia has broken her repeated promises to all the powers interested, by her failure to evacuate Manchuria. On this latter ground, the Mikado's Government claims to be entitled to the sympathy of the other powers in the present crisis. It is not an exaggeration of the fact to say that she has the sympathy of both England and the United States, both on the ground of international comity and fair-dealing, and also because the two governments named have personal interests that are affected to some extent by Russia's course in Manchuria.

In anticipation of a conflict, both Russia and Japan have made preparations on a most extensive scale. Both governments have placed large orders for meats with the great American packing-houses. Both have hurried naval preparations, and there are powerful Russian and Japanese fleets of warships in readiness at available points, for emergent action. From Tokio, comes the news by cable that an emergency ordinance has been promulgated, which invests the Government with virtually unlimited credit for defence. The despatch says:

> Three other ordinances were issued at the same time. The first relates to the Seoul-Fusan railway, which is to be brought under closer official control. The second provides for a revision of the organization of imperial military headquarters in time of war. The third establishes a war council in time of war. These ordinances complete Japan's preparations for any emergency. The authorization thus granted empowers the Government to draw upon 50,000,000 yen of the Chinese war indemnity, and to raise temporary loans by the issue of exchequer bonds or otherwise. The Government will guarantee six per cent. dividends for the Seoul-Fusan railway, which will be transformed into a semi-official corporation, under Government supervision.
>
> The war council will comprise the Field Marshals, the Ministers of War and of Marine, the chiefs of the military and naval staffs, and certain Generals and Admirals.

In St. Petersburg, there is a strong war clamor, in which, according to the cable dispatches, "there is considerable feeling against the English and American peoples owing to their sympathies for Japan." There is no official justification for apprehension, as far as the United States is concerned, for whatever the sentiment of our people may be, our Government has maintained an attitude of absolute neutrality throughout the entire trouble. France, Germany and Austria are believed to be in strong sympathy with Russia, but unless some unforeseen incident arises, it is probable that these powers will remain neutral, as the active

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

The American Pulpit

NUMBERING THE STARS

A Sermon by the REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON

of Mimico, Canada

TEXT — PSALM 147: 3, 4: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names"

THE Christmas season has been with us again. Once more we have celebrated the birth of the world's Redeemer. We have been carried back in our thoughts to the little town of Bethlehem, and the lowly cot where the Infant lay. And I suppose until the world's end, devout and thankful hearts, especially at Christmas time, will always recall the miracle of the Incarnation.

REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON

Connected with the Saviour's birth there are on record three events of a supernatural character. Of course, the supreme miracle was the Incarnation itself; but outside of that, yet coincident with it, there were three other very strange events. There was the announcement to the shepherds of the Saviour's birth. This announcement was made by an angel who appeared in glorious form, and made known the glad tidings. Immediately following this, there was a burst of song in the air, by a multitude of the heavenly host. Then there was

A Peculiar Star

which guided certain wise men to the very house where the Infant Saviour lay. That peculiar star has given rise to a great deal of speculation throughout the whole Christian era, down to our time. You see, the difficulty arises from the peculiar functions which that star performed. No ordinary star could move on before these wise men to show them the way. Neither could it stop and go on again, as this star did. Still more, no ordinary star is near enough to designate any particular house, which in this case was done. It is no wonder, then, that there has been a good deal of speculation as to what kind of star this might be.

About two years ago there flashed on me a new idea about this star, which I think fully meets all the difficulties in the case. I wrote an article at the time, in which I set forth my views at some length.* I have not time now to give you the various arguments in the case, but I may state the conclusion. My idea was, and is, that this remarkable star was nothing else than an angel. These angels who sang about the Lord's birth, knew the place well, and could point it out. They would surely be glad to show it, as they were glad to sing about it. They could go on and stop as required, and they could come near enough to indicate the very house. Moreover, one of those bright beings, moving on before the men on a dark night, would certainly have the appearance of a star, and would naturally be so described. In fact, these men would never know, and never needed to know, that the angel was anything but a star. Moreover, it is probable that these men were Persian fire worshipers, yet truly seeking after God, if haply they might find him. In that case, they would "follow the gleam" of a star much more readily than they would follow an angel, if they had known him as such. Thus God, as he often does, met these poor men on their own low level, that he might lead them to the Christ. Perhaps he has done the same thing in principle with some of you. At any rate, if you heed the whole argument, I think you would agree that here we have the solution of the mystery of the star.

Contrasted Qualities

But I did not start out to talk about this very remarkable Christmas star. That star has led me to think of others. In these dark nights the stars seem brighter because of the darkness, and we see them longer, because the nights are long. Hence the starry sky is not an inappropriate theme at this season.

It is written here in our text: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." Now, I think, you must be struck with this—that here are two things brought closely together that would seem naturally to stand widely apart. It is said here that God numbers and names the stars. That is one thing, and certainly, in itself, it is not very surprising. For if the Omnipotent One has thought it worth while to create those myriads of stars that roll in space, it would not be surprising that he knows them all, and names them every one.

* The article appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

But then, look at the other thing that is joined with this. He who numbers and names the stars also "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Now is not that a marvelous combination? What power and pity are here blended! What might and mercy! What strength and gentleness! The hand that is mighty enough to make the worlds is tender enough to wipe away our tears. Such a contemplation of the character of God may well move us to wonder, and love, and praise.

These two qualities of

Strength and Gentleness

that balance and complete each other, are in many other Scriptures represented as qualities of the divine character; but they are usually presented separately. The leading idea of the Old Testament is God's power. All through the Prophets and the Psalms we are constantly reminded that God is the Creator. But that glorious truth is not treated as a mere abstraction. It is made a basis for faith. If God made the worlds, he is strong enough to do anything for his own; that is the argument. Take one example from David. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," he says, "from whence cometh my help. My safety cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." If the Lord made heaven and earth, he can take care of me; what a sure resting place is there. Or, take an example of the same thing from Isaiah. He waxes eloquent in describing the Lord as creating the starry host; as measuring the ocean in his hand; as weighing the mountains in scales; as taking up the islands as a very little thing. Could anything be more sublime? But it is all supremely practical, too. For what is the inference that Isaiah draws from all this magnificence of power? Here it is: "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." This strong God can strengthen the weak children of men. Surely, whoever builds on that rock shall never be confounded.

But then, there is gentleness, too; ay, and in the Old Testament. Some affect to think that the Old Testament is hard and stern only, fitted for bygone, savage ages, perhaps, but out of date now. Well, listen to this: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? Yea, she may forget; yet I will not forget thee." What do you think of that for tenderness? Is it not a balm for wounded and weary souls? And yet there is something even more tender than that—yes, and in the Old Testament. Listen: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Was anything more tender ever put into human speech? There we have nothing less than divine motherhood.

Tender Assurances

In this very Psalm where we find our text, we have an amazing instance of the tenderness of God. We read here, "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." Is not that wonderful? Think of the Lord God Almighty, who made the worlds, thinking of the young ravens being hungry! It is a marvelous insight into God's heart. When anybody tells you that the Old Testament has no spirit of kindness, just ask him what he thinks of this—"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

As I have said, these two ideas of divine strength and gentleness are scattered all through the Word. But I know of no place where they are combined with so much power and pathos as they are in our text. We find here that the Lord heals the broken hearted, and binds up their wounds; but along with that, he numbers and names the stars. We might think that the Almighty would be very much at home, so to speak, in making the worlds; but he is just as much at home in feeding the ravens, and comforting the poor children of men.

We might take David himself, the writer of this Psalm, as a symbol, in a small way, of this union of strength and gentleness. You remember that David was a great musician. He could play skilfully on the harp. He could bring out its tones with such weird, melting, spiritual tenderness that the evil spirit in Saul had to fly. Yes, but he could also slay a lion and a bear. Those fingers of his were so strong that he could tear a wild beast in pieces, but the same fingers were so sensitive that he could sweep the strings of a harp, and bring out its sweet, tender melodies. Strength and gentleness combined! It is no wonder that such a man could understand something of the Divine strength and gentleness. It was the same man who could say, "Thy right hand hath holden me up"—there was power; but then along with that, "thy gentleness hath made me great." It is the same sentiment that we have here, in another form, when he represents God as healing the broken-hearted, and at the same time numbering the stars.

Where did David get this sublime conception of the Most High? He got it one night as he looked up at the starry sky. Many a night he lay without, watching his flocks, just as those shepherds did, to whom the angel brought the news of the Saviour's birth. And David was a devout philosopher, as well as a sacred poet. But his philosophy did not obscure the sight of God, as some modern philosophers are blinded. On the contrary, he saw God in everything. If he looked at his own bodily frame, he saw God in that. He said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." He had no idea that he was formed by chance, or in obedience to some blind law of evolution. No, but he said he was made; he recognized a divine, intelligent Maker. Or, if he looked out on the fertility of the earth, he said, "The earth is full of thy riches." If he looked down into the solemn depths of the sea, he was reminded of God, and said, "Thy judgments are a great deep."

But it was the starry sky, especially, that lifted David to sublime, spiritual heights. So one night, as he surveyed the glory of the stars, he thought of God, and how great he must be, to make those myriads of orbs, and call each one of them by name. Yet the thought was not overpowering, but at once he associates with it the thought of God's gentleness. He conceived of God as thinking of each one of his children, just as he thought of the stars, only with more tenderness, because they so needed his sympathy and care. And so the Psalmist thought of the majesty of God in making the stars, and his mercy in thinking of the weak children of men. It was surely a happy combination.

Nights of Despondency

It must be confessed, however, that David was not always so happy in drawing lessons from the stars. No; there was another night, and I presume at an earlier period, when David surveyed the same starry sky, but got from it no such inspiration. What we bring to a thing determines largely what we get out of it. So, on this particular occasion, David may have been in somewhat of a despondent mood, as we all are at times. At any rate, this was his thought: "When I consider the heavens which thou hast ordained, the moon and the stars the work of thy fingers, then say I, What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

Well, now, that does not seem far-fetched. If God so interests himself in those mighty and myriad worlds of his creation, will he think of me? Will he at all care for a poor worm of earth, crawling over this dim clod? Will he not be absorbed in those immensities of his glorious creation? And I say, that to a discouraged and despondent soul that does not seem far-fetched? I suppose we all have had just such times; so we can understand David very well.

But it is unbelief, born of limited views, and perhaps special trials. And we have to get over our unbelief, just as David got over his. For he did get over it. He came to a place where he saw things in a different light altogether. In our text to-day, we find him on a higher spiritual altitude, breathing a purer and serener air. He sees farther and clearer now. He has no idea now of being overlooked or forgotten. The glory of the heavens is no discouragement to him. On the contrary, the fact that God numbers and names the stars gives him the assurance that he—a child of God—far superior to a mere mass of matter—will not be overlooked. For the soul of man is greater than all the stars. It is greater, because it can think, can love, can adore!

So David's unbelief is gone. You have seen the shadow of a cloud passing over a landscape on a sunny day. It passed quickly, and was soon gone. Just so, a shadow of unbelief passed over David's heart, as it has passed over yours and mine. May we keep in the sun light; or if the shadow comes, may it soon pass. If we only rise high enough, and get above the clouds, we shall not be troubled with the shadows.

A Stupendous Calculation

Combining these two things in our text, we shall have a great aid to our faith. We have to think of the majesty of God in numbering and naming the stars, and we have to combine with that, his healing of the broken hearted. Let us think, first, of God numbering and naming the stars.

Have you ever tried to number the stars? As for naming them, I presume you would consider that utterly beyond you. But even to count them might seem an impossible task. The whole dome of heaven is so full of them, that they might appear past all counting. So numerous are they, that they have often been taken as a symbol of a vast multitude. When Abraham was promised a numerous seed, he was told they would be as numerous as the stars of heaven. To a simple, Oriental mind, that would surely be a glorious symbol of an uncounted host.

And yet those stars can be counted. If you have keen sight, and a clear night, and a good stock of patience, you can count the stars. I suppose you do

not covet such a task. Then we shall have to take the estimate of others who have really performed the task. Some have counted three thousand stars in this hemisphere of the sky that is open to our view. Others, with perhaps keener sight, on a clearer night, have estimated the number at about four thousand. Let us, then, take that estimate of four thousand in this hemisphere that we see. In the hemisphere below that we don't see, of course there will be about four thousand more. Thus we may take eight thousand as the number of the stars in the entire circle of the sky, round and round the world. And those are the stars—or, I should say, some of the stars—that God hath numbered and named.

Yes, some of them—a very, very few of them. All the stars you see shining in the firmament are but the outposts of the glorious creation. These eyes of ours are very dim. We can see but a short way into the immensities of the universe. In fact we never saw the heavens till we saw them through the telescope. With the first and rudest telescope, myriads of stars unseen before burst on our astonished sight. And with every new improvement of the telescope new splendors of creation are revealed. Just let me give you a few facts that may help you to realize something of the bewildering number of the starry hosts.

Revelations of the Telescope

In the year 1792, Dr. Herschel was making an observation of the stars. You can imagine what a poor instrument was that of a hundred years ago! Yet that poor instrument opened the way into unimagined glories. Herschel calculated that in forty-one minutes, there passed over the field of view in his telescope no less than 258,000 stars! And these are a few more of the stars that God hath numbered and named.

Yes, only a few more. This is but the beginning. We have barely entered the gateway of the starry worlds. We have seen greater marvels than Herschel's telescope could reveal. Lord Rosse's telescope marked a new era of discovery; and later and far larger instruments have widened our field of vision almost, as we might say, to infinity. Thus new universes of stars are ever coming into view; and these are some more of the stars that God hath numbered and named!

Calculations have been made from time to time as to the number of stars that thus come within the range of the telescope. With the improved instruments of some years ago, the estimate was about eighty millions. Now just compare those eighty millions seen by the telescope with the eight thousand seen by the naked eye. Suppose the eighty millions seen by the telescope were brought near enough to be seen by the naked eye, then for each star you see now, you would see ten thousand. Just ponder that fact. Imagine that for each star you see in the sky to-night, there were ten thousand more. That gives you some idea of those universes of stars. And these are a few more of the stars that God hath numbered and named!

And we have of late gone much farther than that. You see at night that irregular band of whitish-looking cloud stretching across the sky. That is the Milky Way. For a long time it was believed to be a mass of vapor, very far away in space; and some thought it might be the nucleus of new stars continually forming. The more perfect instruments of our time have shown us that the Milky Way is actually composed of stars, stretching so far away into space that their form is almost lost in a dim haze of glory. Thus we have suggestions of other universes of stars stretching farther on into the infinity of space, which mortal man may never hope to explore. This dim haze of stars has been aptly described as being "like a candle shining through a house." We know now that the candle shining through the house, is really the shimmer of countless blazing suns. And thus the conviction grows, that beyond all the splendors of creation seen by man, incomparably greater glories remain behind. What we can see of those infinities of stars, with what we never see, are the stars that God hath numbered and named!

Registered by the Camera

I may notice here a splendid invention of late years, by which we have gained more knowledge of those far-off realms of creation than even the telescope could reveal. The photograph is now united with the telescope, and on a highly sensitive plate takes pictures of stars so lost in the dim infinity of space that the telescope can give no hint of them. Thus myriads of blazing suns appear as the faintest dots on the photographic plate. Anything more suggestive of infinity I suppose we shall never see on this side of time.

I think this is one of the happiest inspirations ever given to man. The photograph, which was but a plaything a few years ago, here attains its divine mission of discovering new worlds. Thus we are ever widening our view of the illimitable creation, and gaining new glimpses of the stars that God hath numbered and named.

One thing more I will add here that may help your comprehension of these amazing glories. I said a while ago that we can see eight thousand stars with the naked eye. I said also that the number of stars seen by the telescope, as estimated some years ago, was about eighty millions. But with the improved instruments of our time, the estimate now is about five hundred millions. Five hundred millions! Can you realize what that means? To gain some clearer idea of it, let us make a supposition such as we made before, when we took a lower estimate. Suppose, then, that all these five hundred millions of stars were brought so near that we could see them with the naked eye. The effect would be that for each star we see now we would see sixty thousand.

Layers of Gold

Try to realize what sixty thousand means. Then place that number of stars in the sky for each star you see now, making each star as large, say, as Venus. Can you imagine the effect? You certainly would not have room in the whole circle of the sky, round and round the world, for all these stars. The entire vault of heaven would be a solid dome of gold. Not only that, but you would have to pack the stars close together, in many solid layers, to find room for them in the sky. If you wanted to scatter them through space, you would find that you could take off a solid layer of stars, and yet have a golden dome behind. Then you might take off another solid layer of stars, and still you would have a golden dome behind. Then you might take off another solid layer of stars, and still you would have a golden dome behind. And thus you might take off five hundred solid layers of stars, and still you would have a golden dome behind! Oh, the immensity and glory of the starry hosts! And these are some of the stars that God hath numbered and named.

Yes, only some; perhaps we see after all but a very small part of the whole. It would be most unreasonable to suppose that God's work is limited just by what puny mortals can see. On the far confines of what we do see, beyond what appears as the gold dust of worlds, there is a faint shimmer of light, suggestive of universes of glory stretching farther on. So we may well ask:

> Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
> He summons us into being with like ease,
> A whole creation—or a single grain!
> Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
> A thousand worlds! There's room for millions more!

Now, dear friends, from those sublime and bewildering heights, do you think you can come down for a moment to the other thing in our text? He who numbers and names the stars, also heals the broken in heart, and binds up their wounds!

Infinite Love

Is it not astounding? Can he really do it? Or, can he be at all so inclined? Can he think of me? Can he have any care for a poor worm of the dust? Yes, he can do it; he does care; thousands have proved these words true. If you have no experience of this, let me just give you three facts that may set the matter, perhaps, in a more believable way. I can only stay to name these facts, but I ask you to ponder them well.

The first thing is, that God's mind is infinite. Let us not forget that. Now the infinite mind is unlike ours in this way, that it can give itself to an infinite number of concerns at the same time, and with the same solicitude, as though there were but one. Hence we hear the Lord saying, "I have called thee by name." Yes, and he calls you by name. He knows your name, and thinks about you, as though you were his only child. Again he says, "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me." And we have many expressions like that. So David could say, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Oh, yes, and he thinks of you just the same. Will you take that word to your heart, and believe it now?

The next thing is, that God's love is personal. Of course it is personal. Could it be love at all if it were not personal? It is the same kind of love as yours, only of infinite degree. Now you don't love your children in the bulk; you love them separately. Well, the Lord does the very same thing. So he can say, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Have you realized that that means you? It does mean you. I bring you to-day that joyful message. Will you believe it? Paul could say, "He loved me," and you can just as truly say the same. So I would say—Don't think of your own love just now, but think of God's love to you. Then by and by you may feel inclined to sing:

> O for this love let rocks and seas
> Their lasting silence break;
> And all harmonious human tongues,
> The Saviour's praises speak.

And that leads me to the last thing, which is this: God has given us his Son, as a proof of his love; and that divine gift was for you. Yes, you were in the mind and heart of God in this wonderful plan of redemption. Paul said: "He loved me, and gave himself for me." He gave himself for you, just as much as for Paul. Will you believe it? Oh, believe it now. Say to your soul just now: "He loved me, and gave himself for me." It will mean faith in an atoning Redeemer.

WAR OR PEACE IN THE FAR EAST?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

GEN. TERAUCHI
Japan's War Minister

ONE OF THE STRONGEST OF THE RUSSIAN FORTS AT PORT ARTHUR

ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO
Minister Japanese Navy

interference of any one of the three, in opposition to Japan, would in all probability be the signal for Great Britain's participation as Japan's maritime ally.

Japan's navy being already mobilized and her transports available, it is not improbable that her first move would be the occupation of Corea. Color is given to this belief by the fact that the Mikado, only a few days ago, authorized the use of the national Educational and Emergency Reserve Fund of 50,000,000 yen ($25,000,000) for the construction of railroads throughout Corea—a step which would eventually result in Japanizing the entire peninsula.

With respect to the comparative strength of the rival powers, it may be stated briefly, that on the sea, Japan, while numerically the inferior of Russia in the number of her warships, has the compensating advantage of initial position, her fleet being so disposed as to prevent any formidable junction of Russia's entire naval strength in Eastern waters. She has also the immense advantage of being nearer to her base of supplies. Lake Baikal is frozen over and Vladivostock is also closed by ice, so that these points will be unavailable to Russia for transportation purposes. China has already shown her sympathies with Japan, her late conqueror, by stopping the supply of cattle through Chili for the Russian troops.

As to the comparative efficiency of the two navies, all statements would be purely conjectural. On land, Russia, though vast in her resources and in the strength of her battalions, must face the same disadvantage of being a long way off from her base of supplies. Both armies are believed to be trained to the highest point of efficiency, and should war really come, it will be no child's play, but a terrible and sanguinary struggle, such a war as the East, even with all its frequent outbreaks, has not witnessed in a generation.

But the wise men of Europe assure us, by cable, that "the resources of diplomacy have not yet been exhausted." Let us hope, and pray, that war may even yet be averted, and that mutual concessions may result in dispersing the threatening cloud which now overhangs the far Eastern world.

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THE SKANDINAVIAN SEAMEN'S MISSION

ALTHOUGH there are many missions in New York devoted to the moral and spiritual welfare of seafaring folk, most of them are rarely heard of. They do their work in silence. In these missions, almost every maritime nation is represented. One of the most important — the Skandinavia Maritime Mission, of No. 94 Market street, Manhattan, is typical of the working of all.

Usually, the working head of a seamen's mission is one who has come from the ranks of seagoing life, and who is content to spend his remaining years in missionary work, looking to the welfare of his fellows, though the remuneration may be less than he might get afloat.

In charge of the Skandinavia Maritime Mission is Captain N. M. Tornqvist, formerly of the seaport town of Grimstad, Norway. For nearly forty years he waged the battle of life on the seas of the globe. He manages the affairs of the Mission practically unaided. There is no financial provision for help, and the casual visitor dropping in at the Mission in the forenoon, before opening begins, might find the erstwhile captain of transoceanic clippers, scrubbing out the Mission floor, like the veriest able-bodied seaman or deck-hand.

IN THE READING ROOM OF THE SKANDINAVIAN MISSION

The Market street Skandinavia Mission is an outgrowth of the pioneer mission at No. 111 William street, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Tiko Castberg is superintendent; yet this Manhattan work has, in some respects, become the more important of the two. The Mission Room and Library are open every day of the year. There are many callers afternoon and evening, and the Captain's family assist him in attending to the distribution of mail, the receiving of the seamen's savings for banking (so that they may not be tempted by the saloons and worse places), and the answering of all sorts of questions. Miss Sofia Tornqvist, the Captain's daughter, is chief among his aids in the work of the Mission. She is an educated young Skandinavian: and her labors for the toilers of the sea are given wholly without recompense, present or prospective. This "Daughter of the Mission," who works solely for the sake of the poor sailors, is greatly beloved and esteemed by all.

Naturally, a majority of the frequenters of the Mission are Skandinavian sailors, who make Manhattan their port of call, although there are many other "sea-folk" from most every country on earth, who come there when in port. Not a few of these Norsemen locate permanently on Manhattan Isle—or as near to it as practicable—being engaged in the coastwise shipping trade. They are a brawny, hardworking class of men, and their standard for sobriety is higher than that of the average tar.

The work of a seaman's mission consists in maintaining in shape a suitable reading-room and library for the sailors; the furnishing of newspapers and class periodicals free to outgoing ships; receiving, and, if need be, forwarding the sailors' mail-matter; visits to charitable institutions to leave bundles of papers; visits to investigate inquiry for missing friends and relatives; visits to hospitals; receiving and forwarding to destination the sailors' savings; and the thousand and one incidentals which can easily be imagined by every mission worker. Many sailors leave their "kits" and baggage in the Mission's safekeeping. These go into the cellar, and may never be claimed again—mute testimony that the owner has probably taken journey on a ship which has figured on the exchange blackboard as "missing" or "lost." But the property is kept for years, in expectation of a claimant.

Fifteen hundred dollars is annually appropriated for the support of the Market street Sailors' Mission. This comes from the homeland—Norway; and is entirely raised by a Skandinavian Board. A few well-to-do Norwegians contribute their share, and hundreds of poor, benevolent-hearted country people do their part also by smaller contributions. No outside assistance is ever solicited by the Market street Mission. True, there is a collection-box, but the revenue from this source is small, and no attempt is made to place the hardworking sailors under any feeling of obligation to give.

Those thrifty and poor Skandinavians at home, who contribute their mites to the support of the Manhattan Mission, have the satisfaction of knowing that much good has been accomplished in the last dozen years with their consecrated gifts. The Market street Mission receives some 25,000 visits from sailors in the course of a year. The expense of the Mission per capita for these visits is only six cents per year per visitor. Almost all visitors use the Missions' facilities many times in the course of a year, and many use them every day.

Two years ago, the Norwegian Sailors' Mission had no American books in its library, and no provision for purchasing any; but on a proper representation of its need to different American publishers, in a few months it was put in possession of a compact and entertaining library, comprising dictionaries and miscellaneous books. Many current publications, and numbers of class, trade and technical periodicals are now regularly received. A whole-souled American woman—Mrs. Tyndale, of Manhattan—donated a piano, on hearing that the place was without music. The sailors have free access to every book, magazine and paper in the library: the principle of trusting to the honesty of its members is the rule, and the result is that rarely anything is missing.

Though called a Skandinavian Seamen's Mission, its use is not barred to seamen of other nationalities. It is free to all to make a proper use of its privileges, and several nationalities do make use of it, although the Skandinavian element preponderates.

L. LODIAN.

THE MISSION DOORWAY

A SKANDINAVIAN TYPE A MISSION WORKER A MISSION VETERAN

TRYING TO SAVE THE MACEDONIANS

LETTERS from various points in Macedonia and the Bulgarian border, received during the past week, indicate no abatement of the widespread suffering among the hapless refugees. At Monastir, and in the districts around Salonica and Adrianople, our missionaries are wo ing hard with the scanty resources at their command, to relieve the most needy cases that can be reached; but these, as can readily be understood, constitute only a small fraction of the great multitude of 225,000 sufferers, scattered throughout Macedonia and huddled together helplessly on the Bulgarian frontier. What these great masses of homeless and destitute are to do during the winter, no one knows. Turkey has no sympathy for their sufferings. Local aid, though generously bestowed, is sufficient only to touch the outer fringe of the suffering; it cannot reach the centre, nor relieve one-tenth of the whole. Outside help from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other benevolent sources is just beginning to make itself felt. The workers hope and pray that these gifts may be multiplied quickly, in order that as many of the sufferers may be helped as can be reached, and precious lives saved from death by hunger and exposure.

These sufferers, it must not be forgotten, are Christians, professing the same faith and belief as ourselves. Their present woful plight, due to Turkish infidel persecution, should awaken the sympathies of every Christian in the world, and rally all true believers to their support.

From Dr. J. F. Clarke, at Samokov, Bulgaria, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week received this message by cable:

"*Klopsch, New York:* "SAMOKOV, Dec. 25.

"Refugees throughout Bulgaria greatly need warm clothing. (Signed) CLARKE."

Almost simultaneously with the dispatch of this message, the cable had placed in Dr. Clarke's hands a message from Dr. Klopsch in New York, announcing the sending of One thousand dollars to him at Samokov. Thus the appeal and the answer literally crossed each other—a providential provision anticipating and supplying the missionaries' most urgent needs. That the remittance comes just in time, is evident from a letter (written by Dr. Clarke at Bourgas, two weeks earlier) in which he says: "With Mrs. Allen, and the delegate of the Central Relief Committee of Sofia, I have to-day visited eight villages, where there are refugees in need of *all things* when the cold settles in. . . . Yesterday Mrs. Allen had a sewing-class of 120 refugee women. The meeting opened with prayer, and some of the sweet songs of Zion were sung and explained by one of our loving sisters here. Next week I go to Solevin and Yambol, then to Sofia and back to Samokov."

A MACEDONIAN FAMILY OF SMILEVO

Smilevo was sacked and burned early in the Macedonian troubles and its surviving inhabitants were forced to flee. The town, which was prosperous, is now a scene of desolation.

In a letter from Rev. Lewis Bond, American Missionary at Monastir, dated Dec. 11, he writes—acknowledging the receipt of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, and other monies, and adds: "Now we shall not hesitate to get blankets to cover the shivering peasants, and we can supply more villages with flour. . . . . This week we had the joy of dealing out nearly a month's supply of charcoal to some three hundred families. It was hard to say which contained the greater bulk of comfort—the white bags of rye flour, or the black sacks of coal which the men and women, largely the latter, lugged off on their backs."

Letters received by a Macedonian pastor now in this country from Sofia, contain accounts of fresh persecutions of Macedonian Christians by the Turks. In one case a man named Lazar Racheff was tortured to death in a most cruel and unheard-of fashion. A number of Macedonians and Bulgarians belonging to Dobrinishta have been cast into prison. Many families are crossing the border from Razlog, abandoning their homes. The country between Adrianople and the Black Sea, which was burned and ravaged (many of its people being massacred) is in great want, and thousands of sufferers left utterly destitute, will perish unless help comes quickly. In some villages there are only women and a few aged men left. The misery is said to be very great, the people being almost naked and starving.

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution to the Relief Fund will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to the missionaries in the field.

CHICAGO A CITY OF MOURNING

Nearly Six Hundred Perish by Fire and Panic at a Holiday Performance in the Iroquois Theatre—Terrible Scenes Described—The Saddest day in the City's History

ONE of the most appalling disasters ever known in this country, occurred in Chicago, on the afternoon of December 30 last. Nearly two thousand holiday-makers—a large proportion of them women and children—had assembled in the Iroquois Theatre, to witness a matinee performance. It was an audience that bubbled over with mirth, gayety and enthusiasm, and the sounds of lively chat and laughter, came from the light-hearted groups in boxes, galleries and auditorium. It was a brilliant gathering, and represented many of the best-known families in Chicago society, who had come to be entertained in the city's finest and newest playhouse, for the Iroquois—Chicago's pride, and one of the handsomest and costliest theatres in the West—had only been open a month. Beautifully decorated and luxuriously equipped with every modern artistic convenience, its crowded interior, on that December afternoon, presented a scene of picturesque beauty that could not be surpassed. The stage was framed in a mass of filmy draperies, and hundreds of electric lights, unprotected, made the place seem like a veritable fairyland.

As the play began—it was a laughter-provoking extravaganza—the eyes of the vast audience were turned toward the stage with fascinated interest. Laughter and chatter continued throughout the first part of the performance, for everybody was in holiday humor.

Suddenly, while a song was being sung by a double octette, and when the stage lights had been lowered, a fuse blew out and a single spark darted from one of the unprotected electric bulbs on the stage. It shot across to some of the loose, flimsy draperies that hung from the top of the stage near the proscenium boxes, and set them on fire. One of the singers on the stage screamed and the music stopped. An instant later the scenery burst into flames. As the audience rose in alarm, a calcium tank exploded, sending a broad, white, dazzling sheet of flame outward, above the heads of the people in the orchestra seats. Sparks fell in a blinding shower. The entire audience turned to flee.

At this juncture, a figure rushed from the back of the stage to the footlights. It was the comedian—a man who played a woman's part—and those who sat nearest could see that his face, which was coated with the usual stage make-up of paint and grease, was also streaked with blood. He waved his arms wildly and tried, with a choking voice, to reassure the terrified audience and avert a panic; but it was too late. Somebody shouted to "lower the fire curtain" on the stage, but the curtain man had already fled from his post. An attempt was made to pull it down, but the wide asbestos sheet "buckled" midway and stuck fast, making a draft-box of the entire stage, from which dense smoke and flame now began to pour straight out into the auditorium. The audience turned in terror and moved, a struggling, confused, panic-stricken mass, toward the doors. All the stage people had already fled to save themselves, and the fire swept on unchecked. There was only one fireman—an aged man—on guard in the theatre, and he was totally helpless in such an emergency.

Then began a scene which can never be adequately described. Screams, shouts, curses, unavailing cries for help, mingled with the weeping of children and the shrieking of terror-smitten women. Then death came to scores and hundreds. Soon the stairways leading from the balcony and galleries were a mass of struggling humanity, pushing, fighting, trampling each other under foot, many fainting in the crush, and falling never to rise again. Many prayed aloud in their agony of despair. Women held their little ones up in their arms and frantically appealed to others to save them; but even had those who were struggling beside them been willing, they were unable, on account of the frightful crush which pinioned their arms by their sides. Scores leaped from the balcony to the pit below, where their bodies were found afterward. Great sheets of flame continued to sweep inward from the stage, scorching and suffocating wherever they touched.

When the terrified audience surged toward the different exits, it is said they found, to their dismay, that the doors were locked. Frantic men tried to batter them

IN FRONT OF THE ILL-FATED IROQUOIS THEATRE

down, but they were stout, and mostly of iron. It seemed an age before the people began to pass freely out by the exits into the open air, although it could not have been more than a few minutes. When the firemen reached the scene, hundreds were already lying dead within the walls. On the balcony stairway was a great heap, which seemed inextricable, as it lay in that terrible death pose. These had been swept by the flame and suffocated by the smoke, which still hung thick around them.

Dead were found near almost all the exits, where they had been either suffocated by smoke or trampled in the mad crush. On the stairway platforms lay scores of bodies of women and children. Charred and disfigured bodies choked the aisles, a few still breathing and moaning pitifully; many were children, some little more than babies. In the balcony, a line of women were found sitting as though still gazing at the play; but there was no life in their terror-stricken gaze. They had perished without having an opportunity to escape. Three women were found hanging over the balcony rail, as though looking at the scene below—all dead.

All the exits were blocked by the mad, surging crowds that rushed down from the upper floors. In one place the dead were piled on each other ten deep. They had crowded and pushed madly but unavailingly—some women, it is said, fighting like tigresses to save their children. In a few instances, children were seized by strong arms and passed over the heads of the wedged-in mass to safety; but these were few indeed. There were places where the little ones lay in ghastly rows—all dead. One sweet little girl had been suffocated by the flame as it swept her face. Her beautiful hair was gone; but her muff, which lay on her lap, was not even singed. Nearby, a mother bent over her wee daughter, and with her back to the fire, had died while vainly trying to shield her child. Her clasped hands and her attitude showed that she had died praying.

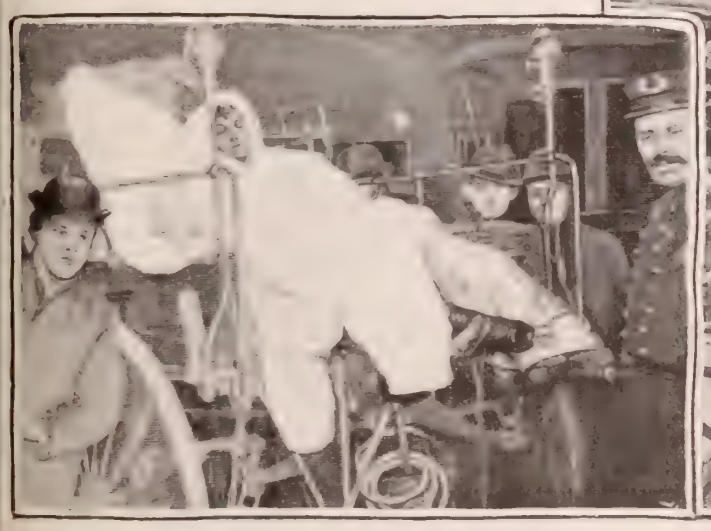
There were many brave rescues, where men periled themselves for the sake of others. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was in a nearby store when the call came for blankets for the injured. He went immediately to the theatre, and worked amid the smoke and hot embers, assisting in carrying out the victims, until the last of the living were safely removed. "God forbid that I ever again see such a heartrending sight," he said. "I have been in wars and upon the battlefield, but I have never seen anything half so grewsome as the sight that assailed my eyes when, with the aid of a tiny lantern, I was finally able to penetrate the inky blackness of that balcony." Another hero was Bishop Muldoon, of the Catholic Church, who was passing the theatre when the alarm of fire was given. With a prayer on his lips, he entered the building, climbed the gallery, and directed the work of rescue. Heedless of the firemen's warnings, he remained at his work until the smoke and flames were all around him. He was one of the last to leave the burning theatre.

In half an hour from the time of starting, the fire was out. When the firemen began to remove the dead and injured, a great multitude had gathered in front of the theatre. The dead were taken to the various morgues, and the injured to nearby hotels and restaurants, which were converted into temporary hospitals.

It is estimated that 582 perished in this dreadful calamity, by fire and suffocation and by being trampled and mangled in the panic. The list of injured and missing will probably reach 400 more. Unquestionably, the terror of the children, and the mad rush for the doors, was the cause of hundreds of deaths, which might have been averted had order prevailed, and if the proper precautions had been observed by the management. An official investigation has been ordered, with the view of fixing the responsibility for the disaster.

Chicago's visitation has directed public attention to the condition of theatres and other places of assemblage in other cities, and the result will probably be the passage of laws for the better protection of audiences. Eighteen Chicago theatres have been closed by the authorities, pending examination as to their safety. It is significant to note the admission made by leading architects and other authorities, that the Chicago horror might be duplicated any day in almost any theatre in New York or other cities of importance. All are radically defective in safeguards against fire.

The Iroquois theatre was a new building, having been opened as recently as November 23. It was regarded as fireproof, and cost $550,000. Its regular seating capacity was 1,600. Its lobbies were wide and spacious, and it was liberally supplied with exits. There were, however, fatal defects in interior arrangements, and these, together with carelessness on the part of the management, made the beautiful theatre a death-trap—an alluring resort, whose fascinations so charmed the frequenters that they were oblivious to the deadly dangers which constantly surrounded them, and which at last brought about a calamity not soon to be forgotten.



A HOSE-CART USED AS AN AMBULANCE

TAKING THE INJURED FROM THE RUINS

BODIES OUTSIDE, READY FOR THE MORGUE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Chicago Holocaust

SAD beyond expression, are the reports of the tragedy which occurred in Chicago, on Dec. 30. The scene is horrible, even in imagination. The new Iroquois Theatre, crowded to the doors; the spectators amused and delighted; suddenly the cry of fire; the going out of all the lights; darkness, save for the lurid flames consuming the woodwork and hangings; the wild struggle for the exits; the insurmountable wall of dead bodies, and wounded and crushed humanity; and the suffocating fumes of gas and chemicals, which one may hope mercifully produced unconsciousness in many of the victims. It is too ghastly for the mind to dwell upon. It is feared that more than six hundred perished, thus making the fire the most disastrous on record.

The sympathy of the whole world goes out to the mourners thus suddenly bereaved. It is hard to lose loved ones in any way, but to lose them without warning, without a word of farewell, and without being able to comfort them in their death agony—that is doubly hard. It is distressing, too, to know that so large a proportion of the number perished needlessly. Had the rear ranks been content to pass out quietly, the sacrifice of life would have been small; but in rushing and struggling to get ahead of those in front, they threw them down, and so raised a barrier to their own escape. Thus he that strove to save his life, as Jesus said, lost it and caused the loss of others. It is hard to blame people who lose their senses in so awful a panic; but one cannot avoid deploring the fierce anxiety for self-preservation which defeated itself, and proved the cause of so appalling a catastrophe.

It may be hoped, for the sake of the theatre-going public, that the lesson of this catastrophe may not be lost on the managers and architects of those places of amusement. The Iroquois theatre was new and was declared to be fireproof, yet it had its defects, as is now tragically proved. Those defects, doubtless existing in other theatres, ought to be remedied immediately. There are in the sad event lessons, too, for the people. In other public buildings, in churches, in the home, on the railroad and on the streets, there is liability to sudden death. We know not the day nor the hour when the last summons will come. Happy they who, whether it come suddenly by disaster, or by the slow steps of disease, have no reason to dread its approach, being confident that Christ is able to keep that which they have committed unto him.

The Real Man and the Real Home

THE average home is the expression of the average woman, the revelation of the ordinary man. We are apt to put the emphasis of our endeavor in the wrong place. "The trivial round, the common task," with variations, are the same in every condition and rank, circumstances only making a difference. Food and fuel and clothing and the outward appanage of life we must have, whether we dwell in a hut or a mansion, are encompassed with the pride of wealth, or limited by the iron bonds of poverty. Pomps and vanities for one, squalor and rags for another, thus the way of the world has been from the beginning. But, independent of externals, the heart of the home is unaffected by the transitory and accidental things that pass with the using.

Love is the heart of the home. A thousand little confidences, nay, ten thousand innumerable small bits of cheer, of inspiration, of hope, make up what the home does for those who belong to it. Here one leans for support on the brother or sister, whose intimate acquaintance with his want is not formulated in speech, but born of kindred blood. Much comes to us in the line of heredity that can never be translated into words. The strength of the family bond is welded of the strength of generations that have gone before, and history repeats itself in the successive experiences of the home people from father to son. The trick of certain gestures, the lifting of an eyebrow, the turn of a wrist, the peculiarity of a step, the sound of a laugh, are tokens of a clan, and all members have them in common. These little things are significant.

Homes have a fund of stories, anecdotes, happenings, allusions, incidents, jests, quips, that are individual, not public possessions. In the guise we wear before our fellows, on the road, in the train, at sea, we are not entirely what we are at home, where every garment that conceals the true self slips away, and we stand revealed as we are. The man and woman who are lovely and lovable at home, who stamp on the home circle a memory of goodness and truth and sweetness, are earth's real saints. What one is in the seclusion of the home, is his real self. If that be noble, sincere, and fine, above pettiness, above grudges, capable of large generosity, then the home wherein he dwells is blessed, and also a blessing.

The Eastern Crisis

SHOULD war break out between Russia and Japan, it may be productive of changes in the map of which the world now little dreams. When we began our campaign against Spain, we doubt if one American in a million had any foreshadowing of the probabilities which afterward became actualities. The territorial changes were vast, and we emerged from that war one of the great colonial powers of the globe.

What are the probabilities in the present case? Should the campaign result favorably to little Japan, it is not beyond the range of probabilities that Corea might become a vassal state or dependency of the island empire. Japan's leading statesmen have even larger views, and it is said that they look forward to a time, as not far distant, when the northern and eastern shores of the Yellow Sea will be under the dominion of the sun burst flag of Nippon. Their forecast of Japan's destiny is that it will become the dominant power under whose progressive leadership the Asiatic peoples will revive their ancient glories, and become a great and united confederation. China, rehabilitated under Japanese influence, would become a world-power in the most modern sense of the word.

On the other hand, what would be the outcome if Russia triumphs in the campaign? Should her powerful armies and immense resources enable her to overcome Japan, not only would Manchuria be added to the Czar's empire, but in all likelihood a large part of China's northern provinces would sooner or later come under the same control. It would be the beginning of the long-threatened disintegration of the Mongolian power. Province after province would be gradually assimilated, until there would remain but a fragment of the once vast Chinese empire—the shadow of its former self. Corea, too, would share the same fate. Russia's success would sound the knell of native Asiatic supremacy, probably forever, and the Muscovite would be the dominant power. Whether the Russianizing of the Eastern world would be an advantage to the rest of mankind is a question that will naturally arise; but it is one which can only be answered by pointing to the history of those independent Oriental States that have already been brought into subjection by that great and aggressive power during the past centuries. Even Japan herself, humbled by defeat, would probably be reduced to the condition of a petty state, through the loss of some of her most valued seaboard possessions.

Thus it will be seen that there are probabilities of great changes on the map, as a result of the war which now seems to be impending in the Far East. How it will affect the other powers, and especially France, Germany and England, can only be conjectured. The United States will be an interested spectator in this great drama of events. Our interests at present are purely commercial, though not small, and they will be protected. Let us hope that no eventuality may arise to involve us in the conflict. Reduced to its simplest construction, it is a great game in which the rival powers are now engaged, to be played on a vast scale, but with this difference: that Japan, besides being stimulated by love of conquest, is fighting for her existence. That she will fight until the last of her resources are exhausted, seems certain. Russia is battling for conquest alone—for a free seaboard and for Asiatic supremacy—consequently she has less at stake; but though she may enter the war reluctantly, she will carry it through vigorously, sparing neither blood nor treasure. There is no righteous principle involved in the impending struggle. Japan has the inspiration of patriotism, it is true; but, like her rival, she is burning for conquest. China is between the upper and nether millstones and is sure to be ground in any event, although, with Japan in the ascendant, she could still look forward to a future that holds promise to the Asiatic mind.

Let us hope that even at the last moment "the resources of diplomacy" may work for peace, and that the gloomy war-clouds that now overhang the troubled East may yet be dispersed.

For Famine Work in India

Cable dispatches from London, dated Dec. 31, make the following announcement:

"King Edward has conferred the Kaiser-Hind medal of the first class upon Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, in recognition of the work he has done in behalf of the famine sufferers in India."

Even You Would be Missed

IT is said that once a great musical conductor was rehearsing a piece in which there were many performers, and hundreds of voices in the chorus. As the mighty chorus rang out with the thunder of the organ, the roll of drums and ringing of horns and clash of cymbals, one man far away in some corner of the stage who played the piccolo said within himself, "In all this din, it matters not what I do," and ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still. Then he cried, "Where is the piccolo?" His quick ear had missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part.

Your place in God's great concert of praise may be a lowly one, but you must do your part. Jesus misses your hand, your voice, your presence—even yours—whenever they are withheld anywhere from his service.

He is God

WHO is? Why, Jesus is—"The Mighty God." That is what makes Him Saviour and Redeemer, as well as the "Prince of Peace."

Be not deceived into a belief that He is but man, the highest and best of all the race; you will limit his powers if you do, and the blackest sin of the Israelites was to "limit the Holy One." There is neither limit nor limitation to the central figure of all history. All the prophets, seers, poets, preachers, statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists, priests, and so called sacred men, would not make one Lord, who came up from the grave, and who made others come up too.

All power is his in heaven and earth, and there is nothing too hard for Him.

Littleness of faith has belittled Him. Do not put Him in the best room of your house; put Him over the whole house. Forget Him in the flesh for a while. Leave his clothes alone. He wore our garb that we might talk to Him and touch Him; but his clothes are not himself. Read of Him in the first chapter of Revelations, after you have seen Him in the first chapter of John. Put Him where He belongs in your life—as God, and He will manifest himself that way. Dethrone Him, and you may expect but little, for "according to your faith so be it unto you."

C. H. YATMAN.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST STROUSE has lately held a series of successful meetings at Frankfort, Ky.

—REV. B. M. HARRIS, evangelist, has conducted revival meetings at Memphis in various churches. Many confessed Christ, and a number were added to the churches.

—DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN and Dr. R. A. Walton, are on a tour of the Pacific coast. They are not holding evangelistic meetings, but going from church to church, solemnly urging on Christians the obligation of the religious life.

He Found it Up-to-date

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I received the *Crown Encyclopedia* yesterday, and I am very much pleased with it. I looked at Panama the first thing, and found that it was surprisingly up-to-date. It is a marvel to me how you can get up so good a book so cheaply. *Pilgrim's Progress* is a beautiful book, too. You are doing a good "work of faith and labor of love."

S. P. LEEDS.
Hanover, N. H.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Colombia's Tactics

NEWS from the Isthmus indicates that Colombia has not yet abandoned hope of recovering her lost State of Panama. While waiting for an answer from our Government to the note of protest presented to it by General Reyes, as the representative of President Marroquin, Colombia has effected a landing on the Isle of Pines, which, it may be presumed, it intends to use as a base for operations against Panama, should that course be chosen. There are indications also that an attempt is being made to stir up an Indian rebellion in Panama. Negotiations have been opened between the Colombian commander and Inanaquina, an Indian chief, who is said to have three thousand followers, and is known to be in sympathy with Colombia, with the object of resisting the new Government of Panama. The United States cruiser *Olympia* and two gunboats have therefore been sent to Carti, where the negotiations were begun, to suppress them. Our Government is embarrassed in its actions by the opposition in the Senate to the ratification of the new treaty with Panama. If that treaty were ratified, it would give us the right to protect the little republic from the machinations of Colombia, but while we have only the rights conferred by the old treaty, active steps cannot be taken.

The later information which has come to hand since the secession of Panama occurred, tends to show that Panama was fully justified in casting off the Colombian yoke, and that it is entitled to the cordial sympathy of the United States. The able article of Thomas S. Alexander, who probably knows more about Colombia than any other American, proves that President Marroquin reached the Presidential chair by an act of outrageous lawlessness, and that the Congress elected under his administration in no sense represents the people, but is the creation of a gang of priests. It is therefore a chivalrous act on our part to prevent such a mock government fastening its claws again on Panama. Besides this, is the advantage the whole world will gain by the construction of the canal, if Panama is protected—an advantage which would be indefinitely postponed if the tricksters at Bogota were once more in a position to haggle over the booty. Still another consideration has weight, affecting our relations with France. It has been clearly proved that the crafty and unscrupulous legislators at Bogota were scheming to delay their bargain with us until the date would be reached when they might avail themselves of a technical ground for declaring the French concession void, and could confiscate the property and work of the French company. They hoped that they would then be entitled to claim the forty million dollars which we have agreed to pay to the company. That the French Government would permit its citizens to be so swindled is not to be expected. It would naturally send an armed force to the Isthmus to protect their rights, and would, in so doing, come into collision with our government, as the act would violate the Monroe Doctrine. Colombia could then have remained passive, while the United States fought France and abetted a disgraceful swindle. Happily their crafty scheme has been defeated, and their greed has worked out their own loss. They had, perhaps, forgotten how righteous a God he is who rules the world.

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise (Job 5:12).

SOLDIERS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PANAMA AT DRILL

The Queen's Escape

The cable report of the fire in the bed-room occupied by the Queen of England, to which reference was made in a recent number of this journal, is now supplemented by the mail, which brings also a picture of the room, which we reproduce. Miss Charlotte Knollys, the lady who discovered the fire and aroused the Queen from her slumber, has been for many years the intimate friend of her beloved sovereign. She has shared all her Majesty's joys and sorrows, and helped to nurse the Duke of Clarence during his last illness. She always accompanies the Queen on her visits to Denmark. Her prompt action on this occasion probably saved the Queen's life, for not long after quitting the room, the ceiling collapsed. It is well even for a Queen to so live and act, that the people around her have a personal affection for her; then she will always have near her, friends devoted to her.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity (Prov. 17:17).

A Missile from the Sky

Two men in Oregon tell a thrilling story of their escape from an aerolite which fell near them one evening recently. One of them, the owner of a sheep range near Fossil, in Weaver County, had gone there on an inspection visit. He and his herder went to Muleshoe Mountain, and were busy about the homestead until night. As they stood on the hillside talking, they heard a strange, whizzing noise, and looking upward, saw a large brilliant mass just over their heads. Both men flung themselves backward out of its way, only just escaping it. As it struck the frozen ground, they heard the sizzling caused by its heat. It slowly turned from white to red, and then to a dark color, but remained too hot for them to touch it. On the next morning they examined it carefully and dug it up. It was an irregular mass, about eighteen inches in diameter, and weighing twenty-three pounds. It was porous, like pumice-stone, but much heavier in proportion to its size. They carried it to Fossil, and put it in the window of a store for the curious to see. If that stone could speak and tell us from what world it came, and what are the conditions there, how many there would be around it listening eagerly! Yet when God's own Son came from heaven to reveal that world to us, he was silenced, and even now few heed the words he uttered.

See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh . . . from heaven (Heb. 2:25).

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BED-ROOM AFTER THE FIRE

Girls Building a Church

A press dispatch from Greenwich, Conn., says that a church is being built there in a unique way. The girl students at Rosemary Hall have resolved that religious services shall no longer be held in the gymnasium, as they have hitherto, but in a building specially devoted to them. As the funds for the erection of the edifice were not available, they determined to do the work with their own hands. A landowner in the neighborhood hearing of their resolve, offered them all the stone free of cost that they would need. They hired a wagon and team and drove to the quarry, where they loaded the wagon and drove back to college. Fifty girls did the work. They were hatless, and wore sweaters, with the initials of the college worked on the front. They have made the architectural plans and have studied the building art under an expert. They will dig the trench, mix the mortar and lay the stones themselves, without male assistance, and are confident that they can build the walls and put on the roof as well as could be done by an experienced builder. Every one will wish them success in their toilsome work One may hope, too, that the labor may remind them of the advice of the Apostle which, if they will follow it, will help in the building of that real church which has been going on for centuries.

Ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ (I. Peter 2:5).

Treated with Radium

A man sixty-two years of age came from his country home six weeks ago to consult specialists in New York about a cancer, which was eating away one side of his face. He applied to several experts, but none gave him any hope. Each told him that the only resource was to cut away the cancer, and that its roots had spread so extensively that the operation would be fatal. As death either from the cancer or the operation was inevitable, one of the physicians, Dr. W. H. Van den Burg, proposed to the patient an experiment with radium. It did not commend itself strongly either to the physician or the patient; but as no other remedy would be of any avail, there was nothing to be lost by using the radium. A minute quantity smaller than a pin's head was procured, and enclosed in a glass tube. This the patient held in his mouth twelve minutes at a time, at the end of which period the burning sensation became intolerable. It was then removed until the patient could bear another application. After a few applications the swelling was perceptibly reduced. The treatment has been continued until the face has resumed an appearance almost normal, and the growth in the mouth has wholly disappeared. It has now been suspended for a time to ascertain if the malignant virus has been eradicated. What a boon it will be to the world if it should prove that, in radium, we have a cure for cancer! Every sufferer will eagerly seek it. They will not act as do those afflicted with sin, who know that there is a sure remedy, yet do not avail themselves of it:

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8:22).

BRIEF NOTE

Dr. Joseph Hamilton, whose deeply interesting and instructive sermon on "Numbering the Stars," appears on another page of this journal, is the author of a valuable astronomical work which has just been published. It is well illustrated and thoroughly up-to-date. Its title is *Our Own and Other Worlds*. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can obtain it for $1.25, by writing him, at his address, Mimico, Toronto, Canada.

ALASKAN LIFE IN WINTER TIME

AN ESKIMO MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN OF SETTLERS' CABINS UNDER THE SNOWS

IN THE COLD-DEFYING ALASKAN DRESS

BY leaps and bounds, our new territory of Alaska is coming to the front in importance among Uncle Sam's possessions. It is now more than merely an attractive field for the fortune-hunter; it is rapidly becoming known as a territory in which many pursuits common to other sections of the Union may be followed agreeably and successfully. The fact that a nugget of gold, weighing one hundred and eighty-two ounces, and valued at $3,276—the largest nugget ever found in the world—was mined in Alaska during the past summer, may explain, in part, why thousands of men and women annually face the dangers and hardships of that arctic region, in an endeavor to attain fortune. Yet all these people do not go to work as miners, for to-day, Alaska has representatives of many professions and trades, who find employment in their different callings.

Alaskan towns are no longer the wild, riotous communities they were a few years ago. In many of these flourishing settlements, there are now established resident physicians and clergymen to minister to the needs of the people, and the population consists of peaceful and law-abiding citizens.

* * *

On the journey to Alaska, there are many interesting sights to be witnessed. Among these, is the Russian Church at Unalaska, one of the Aleutian Islands. This church was founded over a hundred years ago by Russian priests. It contains many beautiful decorations, which the traveler would hardly expect to find in such an out-of-the-way place. There are practically only two seasons in Alaska—winter and summer. During the eight months of winter, whole towns are literally buried in the snow-drifts, which are frequently from sixty to seventy feet high. At such times, entrance to the cabins is only attained by digging deep tunnels through these huge drifts. As the winter advances, it is necessary to lengthen the chimneys, lest they become buried in the drifting snow.

The Eskimo live in huts, built of sod, which are called *igloos*. These huts are dark, ill-smelling homes, but keep out the bitter cold of winter remarkably well, when covered with the drifting snow. These people are very superstitious regarding death, and fear it so that they destroy the huts in which any members of their tribes pass away. The dead are given but scant attention, the body being placed above ground and simply covered with a few sticks, branches and stones. If a white man dies, the natives come in crowds to the funeral, and seem to enjoy immensely every detail of the sad rite.

* * *

In winter, men, women and children wear a comfortable outer garment which they call a *parkie*. These *parkies* are made of squirrel or reindeer skins and resemble a jumper, only they are longer and have a hood attached at the neck.

THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF NOME, ALASKA

A NATIVE CABIN OF LOGS AND TURF

The white people have adopted the *parkie* for winter use, as it is far more suitable than any garment of our own. Eskimo mothers carry their babies on their backs, in the same manner as all other Indian tribes. These mothers and children appear to be very affectionate and happy in their relations to each other, just like mothers and their little ones in our own more temperate latitudes.

Among the most valued possessions in Alaska are the dogs, and prices vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Malamutes, or native dogs, are faithful to a just master; but they lack affection, and seem to understand the whip better than a kind word. These native dogs are sly and wolfish, and no amount of punishment has ever been known to cure them of stealing everything which comes within their reach.

When preparing for the trail, the dogs are harnessed in tandem fashion, the traces being attached to their collars and to a leathern belt, which is fastened around their bodies below the forelegs. Without reins to guide them, but simply at a crack of the whip and a hearty shout of "mush on!" (which means "go!") they are off, and go they do, frequently making thirty or forty miles without a stop.

How these dogs can guide their masters over the snow-covered wastes, to shelter and safety, frequently in the face of a furious blizzard, seems beyond human comprehension.

In no part of the globe is the unerring instinct of the dog as a pathfinder, more strikingly illustrated than in winter journeys over the arctic wastes of Alaska. Many a traveler, both white and native, owes his life and the saving of all his possessions, to the courage, sagacity, endurance and fidelity of his dog team. In the illustrations on these pages, showing various points of interest in Alaska, never before photographed, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Fitz, of the Council City *News*, who is now in New York, having left Alaska a few weeks ago, before the annual winter "freeze-in" placed an insurmountable ice barrier between Alaska and the outer world—a barrier not to be overcome until June next, when the ice will melt, the rivers will open, and navigation will be resumed. EDITH M. BURTIS.

* * *

In the year 1892, through the efforts of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, LL.D., United States Agent of Education in Alaska, reindeer were imported from Siberia, Norway and Lapland, and introduced into Alaska for domestic purposes. The story of this experiment, which proved a remarkable success, has already been told in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and accounts published from time to time in these columns (to which Dr. Jackson has long been a valued contributor), showed that

LARGEST NUGGET IN THE WORLD ($3,270)

A DOG TEAM READY TO START ON A WINTER JOURNEY

A PROSPECTOR AT WORK

the herds were largely increasing, and giving much satisfaction. With the sudden influx of a new population in Alaska, which began during the great mining rush a few years ago, the reindeer question became an important one, in view of the difficulty of procuring supplies and provisions at the camps and the new settlements in the interior. While dog teams served a useful purpose, it was believed that the domesticated reindeer could be used to excellent advantage for freighting and transportation. A number of reindeer enterprises were started by private parties, but most of these failed for various reasons. Up to the present time, government reindeer herds have been established under Dr. Sheldon Jackson's direction, at Unalaklik, Teller, Cape Prince of Wales, Golooin Bay, Point Hope, Point Barrow, and Circle City. At these places the animals are in charge of Lapps, Finns and Eskimos.

Public opinion concerning Alaska is undergoing a great change. "In the future," writes Bushrod W. James, "there will be many who will prefer Alaska or Dakota to Florida. As far as my own experience led me to observe, it was lovely and healthful." The mines of silver, gold and coal, the mighty forests of cedar and pine, the beautiful furs of seal and otter, the great fisheries of whale, salmon and cod, will yet attract an immense population.

Among the photographs on this page, not the least interesting is that which shows the interior of a Greek chapel. The Greek church was the pioneer religion of Russian America. Under its influence, however, education and enlightenment made slow progress, and it was not until other religious bodies entered the field that any material effort took place in this direction. As a whole, the territory was in dense, indeed almost heathen ignorance. Yet, as early as 1792 there was a Greek Church Mission School at Kadiak, which was followed in 1799 by a Greek Mission, fully organized. In 1869, it was stated by the Russian authorities that the Greek Church had seven mission stations in Alaska, with 12,140 members. In 1877, Dr. Jackson established a Presbyterian Mission at Fort Wrangel. There are now over a dozen Presbyterian mission stations in Alaska, and the number is constantly growing. There are also Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Moravian, Quaker, Swedish Evangelical, and many others. One of the worst enemies to religious progress among the natives has been the liquor traffic. When a Government officer in 1881, undertook to investigate the workings of the rum traffic in Alaska, he made some strange discoveries. Bushrod W. James writes:

"He found rum one of the chief objects against education. Children were sent to school a while, and then removed, girls particularly being derelict. He soon discovered that the children were being sold, debauched or married for the sake of gain to obtain the liquor. With no delay he abolished the sale of molasses, with which the natives had soon learned to make fire-water—hoo-chinoo, a despicable intoxicant. He would not permit whisky to enter the port however labelled; and he introduced a system of marking, or labelling the houses, having the children of each designated by a corresponding tablet, made of tin, and fastened by a string around the child's neck. At the opening of school each child was registered, the delinquents looked after, and if no good reason for absence was given, there was a small fine collected. He also organized a native police force, marking them in bright letters on their caps and silver stars on their breasts. This discipline gave an impetus to the work so long ago begun by the missionaries, and education started in earnest in Sitka." This momentum was just what was needed.

INTERIOR OF THE OLD RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH, UNALASHKA

In recent years education has made gratifying progress. In nearly all the Alaskan schools there is industrial training for the girls and boys, and not a few of the school buildings were erected by the trained young handicraftsmen of the schools. The principal centres of education have been the Sitka Industrial School and the Haines' Training School at Chilkat, also the Government schools at Juneau, Kadiak, Unalashka, Jackson, St. Paul's and St. George, and the Indian Girls Training School at Wrangel, besides others that have been opened within a recent date.

A GROUP OF WALRUSES IN WINTER

A MAIL CARRIER ON THE FROZEN ALASKAN WASTES

Christ's Kingdom Full Grown ❋ Jesus Rejected at Nazareth

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 24
LUKE 4 : 16-30

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

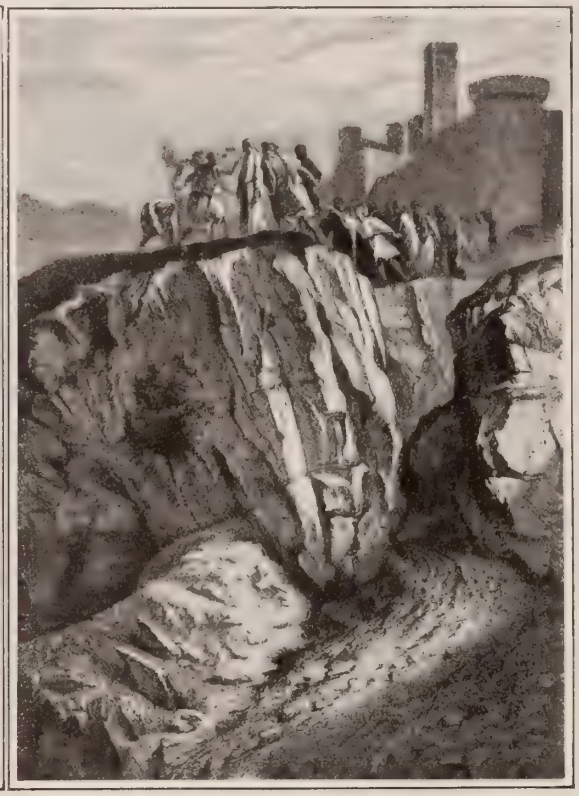
GOLDEN TEXT--JOHN 1 : 11 :
HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN, AND HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT

IT is the Sabbath day in Nazareth, and in the sweet springtime, when the surrounding hills are lighted up with the bright tints of flowers. It is a great occasion for Mary, the mother of Jesus, for her Son has returned after a long absence, of a year or more. Her mother-heart is exalted, because of what her Son has already done. She was present when he turned the water into wine at Cana. She has been told how he healed the nobleman's son in Capernaum, by the word of his power, even while he was in Cana. She was in Jerusalem at the Passover when he cleansed the Temple of the dishonest money changers and dealers. And word has reached her of the power of his preaching in Samaria. And now he has come "home" for a brief stay, as she has eagerly told all her neighbors.

The third hour of the Sabbath day, 9 A. M., finds her seated in the synagogue, behind the lattice in the women's gallery. Through the lattice she peers, and seeks out her Son seated among the men. Her eyes fill with tears of joy as he is invited to come to the reading desk in the centre of the synagogue, and the roll of Scripture, answering to our pulpit Bible, is handed to him, with the request that he will read and conduct the service. All of the congregation are interested in the now famous young man who has grown up among them, but they still think of him as "the carpenter's son." The mother has treasured up in her heart the incidents connected with his miraculous birth, and is specially reminded to-day of the scene in the Temple when the aged Simeon held her babe in his arms, and prophesied that he should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel." Jesus holds the roll of Isaiah in his hands, and Mary notes the directness with which he unrolls it to the very place where he wishes to read. In a clear, mellow voice he reads, standing, Isa, 61 : 1, 2. And then he sits down, still in the reading desk, as was the custom of those about to expound the Scripture just read. There is something unusual in his manner, for the eyes of all in the synagogue are fastened upon him. The very first sentences he utters increase the attention of the people. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." The heart of Mary quickened with expectation. She glances about to see the effect of his words upon others. She sees clouds gathering upon some faces as he proceeds to unfold his mission. He, too, observes the dark looks, and tells them that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and that they really would not believe in him if he should do his wonderful works in their sight. He recalls to mind the neglect and the opposition which Elijah and Elisha received in their day.

All in the synagogue are filled with wrath when they hear these things. They rush upon him, and endeavor to push him out of the synagogue. Mary's face is pressed close against the lattice. She is powerless to render assistance. She is looking for Joseph. She sees him making his way toward Jesus, and then she sees him rudely jostled by those who say they want none of his interference. Now the tumultuous crowd has passed out of the synagogue, but Mary seemed chained to the spot behind the lattice. She sinks upon her knees to pray to the Divine Father of her Son, that no evil may befall him. The angry cry, "To the hill, to the hill," reaches her ears, and she recognizes their intent to cast Jesus down over the precipice. She prays yet more earnestly for help from above. . . . There is a sudden stillness. What does it mean? Joseph comes seeking her, and tells her that Jesus has escaped his would-be murderers.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME"



THE HILL WHEREON THEIR CITY WAS BUILT

Illustration and Application

In this lesson, the spiritual and practical aspects of Christianity are set side by side, which recalls the story of a young housemaid, named Mary Ann, who became a genuine Christian in a revival meeting, under an address on "God's servants." She so caught the spirit of the address, that she would say afterwards, "I'm sweeping this room for my Heavenly King," or "I hate cleaning silver, but I'll make it shine for his sake." One day, six-year-old Percy, of the family she served, said to his mother: "I wish we could change Mary Ann's name to Mary Martha. Mary is just right, for she loves to read her Bible and let Jesus speak to her, as he did to the Mary, who sat at his feet. But she also works hard for Jesus' sake, as Martha used to do. I heard you say she was the best housemaid you ever had." So, in every life, to-day's lesson would teach us to combine the spiritual and the practical—first, a Pentecost; then, a Book of Acts.

. . .

I. INDIVIDUAL LIFE SPIRITUALIZED.—*The Spirit of the Lord was upon me.* That is the beginning of everything good—the Holy Spirit for sonship and the Holy Spirit for service. These words, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," are not for Jesus alone. Isaiah uttered them first, and they are words we should all be in condition to say. "To you, is the promise, and to your children, and to all that are afar off" (Acts 2 : 39). The command is also to all: "Be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5 : 18). This is one of "the commandments," of which there are far more ten. This command binds all, as much as the other command in the same sentence: "Be not drunk." One may be "filled with the Spirit" at conversion, as was Cornelius (Acts 10 : 44), or very soon after, as was Paul (Acts 9 : 17), or long after, as in the case of converts in Samaria (Acts 8 : 17), and Ephesus (Acts 19 : 1-7). The command to "be filled with the Spirit," is manifestly applicable to every one not consciously "filled," and when God is to pour his Spirit into an earthern vessel, it must manifestly be both cleansed and consecrated for that filling. To be cleansed is to put away all known sin. We shall still need to pray, "Forgive us," for there will remain unconscious sin. Consecration is coronation, making Christ truly Lord of our lives. When we have put sin out of our heart's throne, and set Christ there, we are ready for the command whose passive tense signifies, "Let yourself be filled." "Egypt always has the Nile, but waits every year for its overflow." We may be filled, as Peter was, again and again (Acts 2 : 4; 4 : 31). John McNeil, in "The Spirit-Filled Life," reminds us that in John III. we have the Indwelling; in John IV. the Infilling; and, in John VII. the Overflowing. The need of the baptism for service will come most strongly to us when we stand, as Jesus did, at the portals of some new, great field of work.

. . .

II. SOCIAL LIFE CHRISTIANIZED.—*Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor.* "Good tidings" is the same as "Gospel," and evangel, which last gives us evangelism and evangelical. What then is the Gospel? Surely the answer is here in Luke 4, which is at once the Gospel of Moses, of Isaiah, and of Christ.

"He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives.

"And recovering of sight to the blind.

"To set at liberty them that are bruised.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

What does that mean? Those who most condemn rationalism have rationalized these great words into a mere allegory of a sinner's conversion, because they have not faith to believe Christ can save a city. The first rule of Bible interpretation is that a passage is to be construed according to its plain meaning, unless that would be absurd. The Gospel goes back historically to the Jubilee Year, when the "poor," who lost land and liberty, had it restored. Isaiah proclaimed that when Christ should come and his spirit should be diffused among men every year would be a jubilee year of blind asylums, prison reform, emancipation and social justice, which together make an "acceptable" "year of our Lord." The seed of the Gospel is individual conversion. "The Spirit upon me"; but the full-grown tree, the fully developed Gospel, is Christianized business and politics and pleasure, Christianized society.

. . .

Good tidings to the poor.—What relief the coming of Christ as a poor man and the champion of the poor has brought to the poor and weak! More wonderful far was the condescension of the Son of God, who came to be a brother of the poor.

An old man used to sweep the street crossings for gratuitous pennies near the House of Parliament for many years, says one of our exchanges, in telling the anecdote. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry, he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool. "You are lonely here," said the missionary. "Has any one called on you?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "several persons have called. Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me." "Mr. Gladstone called? What did he read?" "He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

No distant Lord have I,
Loving afar to be;
Made flesh for me, he cannot rest
Until he rests in me.

Brother in joy and pain,
Bone of my bone was he,
Now—intimacy closer still,
He dwells himself in me.

—M. D. BABCOCK.

. . .

He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives.—Emancipation from slavery, which still exists in some heathen lands, but which was swept out of the whole Christian world in the middle third of the nineteenth century, is a direct fruit of Christ's great doctrine of the sacred individuality of every human soul, as a son or daughter of God, a brother or sister of Christ, for whom he died, and so a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed. President Booker T. Washington, in his *Heroes in Black*, tells of a very intelligent negro carpenter, who, in slavery days, made a contract with his master that he would gradually pay $1,500 for himself. He was so trusted that he was allowed to go to Ohio to erect a building, and while there the Emancipation Proclamation gave him a legal right to his freedom. But when the war was over he walked 300 miles over the mountains to pay what was lacking of the stipulated ransom. But the real ransom by which all slaves in Christendom were set free was paid by him who also "paid it all, all the debt we owe" for spiritual redemption, in the red coin of his own blood at Calvary. It is the Cross that has set free body as well as soul, and saves the whole man and the whole community.

. . .

And recovering of sight to the blind.— Somebody has resolved all virtue into the grace of pity, in which there is little in lands that have not learned of Jesus. Professor Henry Van Dyke beautifully pictures the ever-near and ever-sympathetic Christ, in a poem suggested by the discovery of a reputed saying of Christ, with which the poem closes:

Where the many toil together, there am I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone;
I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.
Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to men is done to me.
Thou hast learned the peaceful secret; thou hast come to me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labor, thou art, Felix, doubly blest.
Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and I am there.

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.—Every year is now called "the year of our Lord." That ought to mean that he is really Lord of our years, of our months, of our days, of our hours, of our moments. Is he? Has this new year so far been so used by you, by me, as to be an "acceptable year" to God? This lesson very distinctly teaches us that religious forms will not please him, unless they are combined with spiritual and practical religion. The chameleon looks up to heaven devoutly with one eye, and down to earth thoughtfully with the other, with such an expression that it was once thought to be half-contemplative in its nature, living on air. But closer observation shows that both eyes were patiently watching for insect prey. So, many in the very midst of devotional forms, are neglecting both the spiritual and practical side of religion; making long prayers, and at the same time plotting to devour widows' houses. They may be "acceptable members," as the church certificate runs, but this will not count in the judgment, if they are not "acceptable" to the Lord, through spiritual and practical faithfulness.

The dominant message of this lesson is, that Christians are to be so "anointed" with "the Spirit" individually, that they will unite to Christianize the social life of the whole community; putting justice, liberty, and brotherly-kindness, in place of the oppression the poor and weak have so long suffered from rulers and masters. We know a man may become Christlike. Why not also a thousand people in a village, or ten thousand in a city?

A Well-Regulated Household

A CORRESPONDENT has asked, "What constitutes a well-regulated household?" The question cannot be answered in a single sentence, and the theme admits of no arbitrary treatment. t opens a large field for thought, and admits of many hades of opinion, but is extremely interesting, and lways timely. An ill-regulated, ill-assorted household, s a place from which to flee. A well-regulated house- old is a refuge, a sanctuary, a true home.

To be ideal, a household should consist of congeial inmates. The simplest, and ordinarily the happiest family circle, consists of father, nother, and children. If grandpaents are added, the family may be appy and tranquil, and greatly benefited by the presence in it of serene ld age. On the other hand, old people who are querulous, hard to please, nd in the habit of interfering in the amily discipline, bring in an unfornate influence, a leaven of peevishess and complaint. Outsiders in the ome, whether kindred or acquaintnces, somewhat complicate the roblem.

It may be stated with reasonable ertainty, that in any well-regulated ousehold, there is an acknowledged ead; without somebody at the helm, ne ship veers about at the mercy of ind and weather. Indoors, this head s the wife and mother. She conols the housekeeping, governs the hildren, and is responsible for the uiet and comfort of the home. Outoors, the head is the father, who dicates the family attitude to the comunity; who pays the family bills, nd who stands for the family in its elation to the world. If father and nother are united in love and recipocal confidence, there will be no conict or clash, and each will complenent the other in the decorous and kilful home management, which alone s productive of good results.

In the well-regulated household, the hildren yield prompt and amiable bedience to the wishes of their elders, nd the young people, of an age to do s they deem best, defer from choice nd from affection to those around nem, not selfishly claiming their own ay. Understand that there may be arious ways of looking at most things, nd that in non-essentials there may e the greatest liberty, but when the ccasion calls for action, there must e unanimity in a well-regulated house- old.

Following out this line, an orderly ousehold must have times and seaons, punctuality as to the home enagements, and, as a rule, method about eals. That is not a well-regulated ome in which breakfast remains on ne table for hours, because one or wo members of the family are bent on prolonging their norning nap, irrespective of the household arrangeents and convenience. Nor, is it much better where ne man of the house, who might leave his office earlier f he would take the trouble, is habitually from thirty to orty-five minutes late to dinner at night. Punctuality s a corner-stone in a well-regulated household.

Then, too, there must be mutual forbearance. If here is an invalid in the family, who requires special are and consideration, different members of the home hould relieve one another in caring for her. Old people should have their privileges, should be considered, hould not be treated brusquely or with impatience. A ne courtesy prevails in a well-regulated household. ood manners tide people over a good many rough laces.

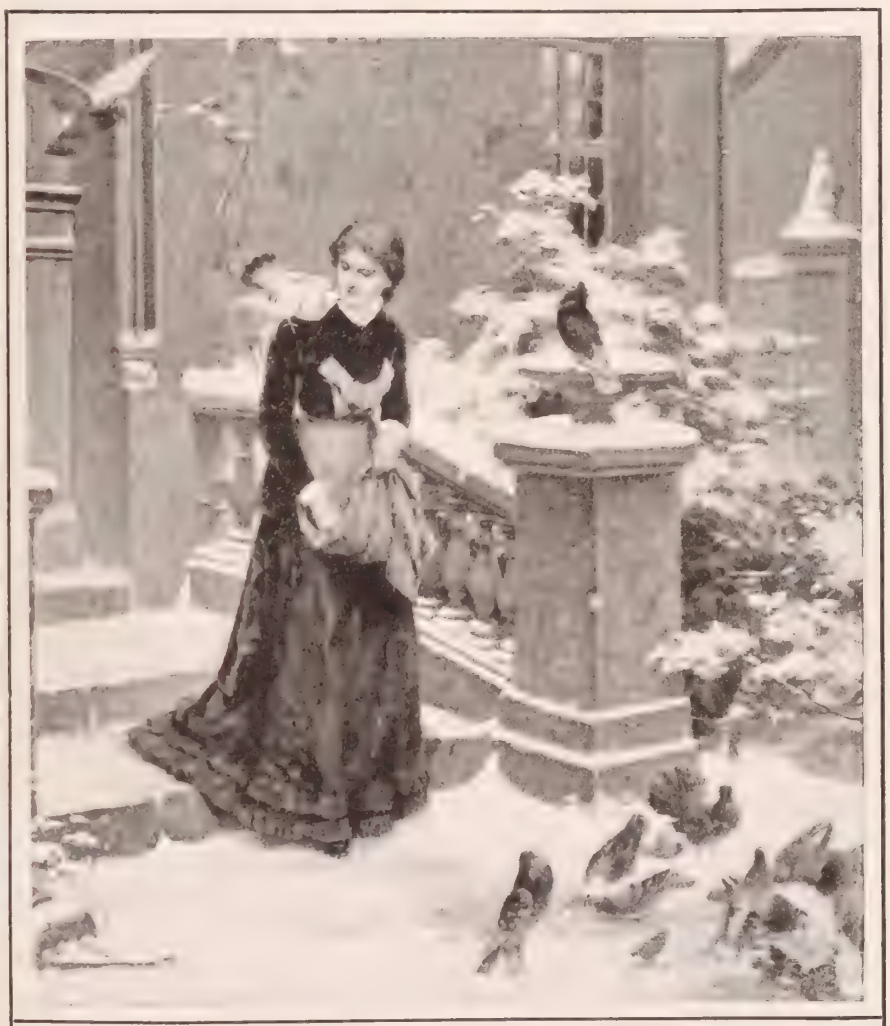
In the well-regulated home one does not hurt nother's feelings. One does not tell a story to the mortification of another. The spirit of the home is embodied in the beautiful text: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ."

Teachers' Troubles

That the children in our household, who are as a rule so easily amenable to home discipline, should be so naughty in the schoolroom, is a matter of constant wonder. Can it be that teachers are over-exacting in their requirement of perfect silence and military rigidity of bearing, from restless small folk who are thrilling to their finger-tips with vitality? Is it not at least possible that order has been exalted to a place too high in the schoolroom ideal, and that some other good things are sacrificed in order to obtain it? A very successful teacher said the other day, and said truly, "Without perfect order, good work in the class-room is simply not to be had." This young lady, gentle, low-voiced, serene, always at poise, has no difficulty in controlling large classes of boys, who, unruly with others, are obedient and respectful when with her. She expects goodness and sweetness from her pupils, and they do not disappoint her.

A teacher who "loathes her work and hates children"—one such wrote to a friend in those terms, deploring her inability to break from the bondage of a vocation she found irksome—cannot hope to win the love and confidence of her class. Without these she may indeed impose her will upon them and be a sort of slave-driver, enforcing her wishes by punishment and scolding, but she will never be a teacher in the true and high sense of the term.

Complaints brought home from the schoolroom should be heard and investigated, but in fairness to both child and teacher, the parent should hesitate to uphold the former and condemn the latter, until the case has been thoroughly searched. The home and the school must work in loving union, for the good of the child, who is the important person, because to-day will soon be gone, and to-morrow the child will be grown, and will have to face the tremendous issues that confront maturity.



LITTLE FRIENDS

Little trustful pensioners,
See the lady as she comes;
In her apron corn and crumbs
For she knows you're friends of hers.

Heaven—Our Home

HEAVEN is the capital of God's empire—the home of the redeemed of all ages. There is the throne of the eternal, where Christ, the Prince of Peace, reigns, and is the manifestation of the Father. There are the grandest displays of his infinite power and glory. There all the redeemed see the King in his beauty, and enjoy his fellowship, and commune with each other. No sin nor sorrow, no pain nor death is there. The pearly gates are near us and stand ajar, so that sometimes the saint on this side, like Ezekiel at Chebar, or Paul on the heights, or John on Patmos, can gaze right in. There on every side open up avenues for endless progress, for investigation, for development, with fullness of joy evermore. The fountains of truth and joy will never run dry. The capacities and the powers of the redeemed will increase through all the ages of eternity. Where the Archangel now stands, we will stand, then mount higher. New glories will ever be revealed, and new heights attained. The new spiritual eyes, with microscopic and telescopic power, will see clearly; and the new ears, attuned to the harmony of celestial speech and music, will gather in the songs of the angels and the entrancing melodies of heaven. It matters not how long you may have been there, nor to what heights you have attained, there is yet an eternity before you, and an infinity of empire yet to explore, with joy unending and an eternal weight of glory to be revealed. Man redeemed is a coworker with Christ, his elder brother, and stands in the position and relation for which he was created, a little lower than God. His attitude will be that of adoration, service and progress. Love will be supreme, service will be unwearied and perfect, and progress will be illimitable. The play of the atoms in a molecule of matter, and the mighty sweep of Orion and the Seven Stars in their orbits, will then be clearly comprehended. Universal gravitation and the electric force will come under our dominion and do our bidding—yes, all created things will be under our feet. How we may identify those we have known on earth, or may meet in heaven, we know not, as we do not now know the powers of spiritual vision; but one thing is sure, we shall know each other there better than we know each other here, and this knowledge will include the saints of all time and all other intelligences of heaven with whom we will commune. The story of Creation and the wonderful story of Redemption will be unfolded, and the mysteries of time will be made clear. But it doth not yet appear what we shall be, for there hath not yet entered into the human heart a conception of the things prepared and in store for them that love God and keep his commandments.

Newark, Ohio. WRAY BEATTIE, Ph.D.

Consistent Christians

It is a singular fact that wordly people demand great consistency from Christians; that they are quick to see a flaw in the practice of the professed believer in Christ, and that they often excuse their own derelictions by saying, "Although I make no profession, I am sure I live quite as righteously as my neighbor, who does." The thought that the eyes of others are upon the disciple, should make him very careful always to live consistently, so that no discredit may be brought upon the Lord whom he serves, and would honor.

The Christian is not perfect. He or she is still a fallible human being, and will be sure to go astray and do wrong things. The difference between one who is a Christian and one who makes no attempt to follow the Lord is, that when the disciple recognizes his own lapse, he repents and confesses, and with humility, and in faith, tries to begin again.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—VERA. An invitation to an ordinary "At Home" needs nothing beyond your card, by way of regret, if you cannot attend. Mail it on the day of the reception. If other ladies receive with the hostess, send a card for each.

—AUNT PRUDENCE is happy to answer letters, but would like in every case a self-addressed and stamped envelope sent for the reply. Please always give your real name, not for publication, but for the Editor's convenience.

—JOHN. Different colors in paper have no signification. Pure white or cream paper is the best choice. A gentleman asks a lady if he may correspond with her. The person leaving home is the one, as a rule, to write the first letter.

HER LIFE SPENT FOR PEACE

PRINCESS WISZNIEWSKA, one of the founders of the Universal Alliance of Women for Peace through Education, and a notable figure in European Peace Conference for several years past, died in Paris recently of heart disease. She was buried at Pere La Chaise Cemetery. There were many beautiful tributes of flowers, some of them from American friends in Paris, for the Princess was greatly beloved by all who knew her.

Gabrielle Wiszniewska was the descendant of an ancient French family, whose estates were in the Department of the Yvonne, and whose fortunes suffered greatly by the wars and disasters that befel France in 1870. Gabrielle, though intensely patriotic, was early impressed with the sad side of warfare, and the conception of a lasting continental peace, with all the blessings it would bring, became her inspiration, and gave character and direction to a noble and amiable career.

The Woman's Universal Peace Alliance, though it came into existence only a few years ago, now numbers, as the President recently announced, "over five million women in Europe and America, all working together." The immediate forerunner of the Alliance was the Woman's League for International Disarmament, which, under the Princess' leadership, took form in 1896. When in 1897 the celebrated pronunciamento of the Czar in favor of general disarmament was published, it is said that the first telegram thanking Nicholas II. was that which the Princess sent. Inspired by the action of the Czar, the League redoubled its activities, and the Princess was able to collect and send to the President of the Hague Peace Congress, an enrollment of some 700,000 signatures declaring in favor of peace and arbitration. In 1900, the League, greatly enlarged by addition of individuals and of various bodies of women in different countries, held its first International Congress under the name of the Woman's Universal Peace Alliance, at the Paris Exposition.

THE LATE PRINCESS WISZNIEWSKA

Guided by the Central Council at Paris, groups of women in France, Russia, Great Britain, Spain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Portugal, Bulgaria, Roumania, Egypt, Syria, Japan, North and South America, now exchange from country to country acts of friendship and treaties of peace. Thus the influence of the gentle-souled Princess will live after her to benefit humanity.

Many readers of this journal will doubtless remember this noble and sweet-souled woman, whose eloquent letters, in the interest of the world's peace, were published at different times in these pages during the last three years, and greatly appreciated.

SOME WITTY PREACHERS ✠

Anecdotes of Spurgeon, Parker, Wesley, Hall, Wilberforce and Rowland Hill:

THE fact that it is the business of the preacher to find a good deal of fault with his fellow-creatures probably explains why it is that a jest at the expense of "the cloth" is always sure of a welcome. But it must be admitted that the divines themselves have not been without their share of the saving grace of humor.

The example of such preachers as Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Parker (observes a writer in the Montreal *Star*) has in these days brought many to feel that even a sermon may, without unseemliness or irreverence, be lighted up with an occasional gleam of humor. This is, indeed, but a reversion to an older state of things.

. . .

Noticing one of his congregation nodding during the sermon, a Scottish pastor stopped and admonished the delinquent. "Jeems Robson," he said with becoming severity, "ye are sleepin'; I insist on yer wakin' when God's word is preached to ye." "Weel, sir, you may look at yer ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," replied the unabashed Jeems, pointing to the minister's wife. "Then, Jeems," said the minister, "when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand." Presently the hand shot up, and the preacher could not shut his eyes to the fact that his wife's were not open. So he called upon her to stand up, and when she had done so he proceeded to admonish her. "Mrs. B.," he gravely said, "a'body kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty; yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace I hae gotten a puir bargain indeed."

. . .

Nothing could have been finer than the grave humor with which John Wesley turned the tables on Beau Nash, when he went to Bath to preach. Mortified at being thrown into the shade by the great evangelist, the vain and pompous Master of the Ceremonies went up to him as soon as service had begun, and impudently told him that his preaching frightened people out of their wits.

"Sir," replied Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?" "No," was the reply. "How, then, can you judge of what you never heard?" "By common report." "Sir," rejoined Wesley, "is not your name Nash? I have heard what common report has to say of you. But I dare not judge of you by common report."

. . .

Much more sharply did Rowland Hill, the witty and eccentric pastor of Surrey Chapel, deal with an affront put upon him in the pulpit. It was his custom to read out any requests for prayer that were sent up to him. One day he commenced thus—"The prayers of the congregation are desired for"—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—"for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on Sundays." "If," he gravely continued, "the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is present and will go into the vestry after the service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage." Then he went on with the service. When, years afterwards, he was reminded of what he had said, he explained, "Well, you know, I couldn't call him a donkey in plain terms."

. . .

There was once a preacher who was notorious for his assimilation of the ideas of his predecessors. On one occasion he had scarcely begun to turn his eloquent periods when a grave old gentleman who had shown himself into a seat just under the pulpit was heard to mutter, "That's Sherlock!" The orator frowned, but passed on. Before long, disconcerted by another exclamation, "That's Tillotson!" he paused and bit his lips, but deemed it better to continue his discourse. But when, a few sentences further on, there came a third interruption, "That's Blair!" his vexation got the better of his prudence, and, leaning over the pulpit, he cried out, "Fellow, if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out!" "That's his own!" said the old gentleman, glancing around at his neighbors, with a shrug of his shoulders.

. . .

To the great Robert Hall, though he was never less than serious in the pulpit, the world is indebted for some flashes of mordant humor. Once he was asked whether it was true that he was going to marry Miss A. "Marry Miss A.!" he burst out; "I would sooner marry Beelzebub's daughter, and go and live with the old folk!" What a forked-lightning flash of humor!

The humor of the great Bishop Wilberforce was of a robust kind. When in his early days his tutor appeared, rod in hand, to execute vengeance for the disorderly pranks the students were playing, he seized a Hebrew schoolfellow and thrust him forward, remarking, "The Jew first and then the Gentile." The Bishop was the author of a most happy jest which has been accredited to other wits. When suddenly asked by a mechanic the way to heaven, he answered, "Turn to the right, my friend, and keep straight forward."

. . .

The humor of Dr. Parker leaned rather to the sardonic. It was often employed in covering objectors and interruptors with ridicule, as at the famous conference on preaching in which Mr. Gladstone took part, when a gentleman rose from the back of the church to complain of the doctor's exasperating trick of dropping his voice at the end of a sentence until he became inaudible. "I have often noticed," was the retort, "that when a man is deaf he takes a seat as far away from the preacher as possible!" At the meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel to support his candidature for the City of London, one of the audience refused to remove his hat in spite of the exhortations of those around him. At last Dr. Parker intervened. "Let him alone, gentlemen, and let his hat alone; believe me, there is nothing in it," he said, amid roars of laughter.

. . .

Mr. T. W. Medhurst, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, has placed on record a specimen of Mr. Spurgeon's pungent humor, which he was never backward in exercising when presumption or impertinence had to be rebuked. When Mr. Medhurst and "the Governor" were together in a vestry, a third person had the excellent taste to say to Mr. Spurgeon, "I think, sir, you should train your student not to imitate you when he is preaching." "Do you try to imitate me?" said the master, turning sharply to his disciple. "I do not try to do so," said the latter in his confusion. "More flat you!" was the quick reply. "You couldn't imitate a better man!" "That is the way," said Mr. Spurgeon to the rest of the company, as soon as the mortified objector had taken himself off, "that is the way to answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

SINFUL SUNDAY TRAFFIC

A Railroad Man's Views on the Question of Keeping the Lord's Day Holy

ONE of our most prominent evils at the present time is the needless Sunday traffic. It is amazing to think of the many thousands of laboring people who are deprived of their Sabbath day rest and worship. We have something over one hundred railroads in the United States, nearly all of which run Sunday trains. This demands conductors, engineers, firemen, brakemen, train dispatchers, telegraph operators, and various other employees as well as higher officials. Sum up the total of all these men and you will find it to be enormous.

If you could read the hearts of a great many of these men—yes, and I believe the majority—you would find that their desire and hope are for the Sabbath-day's rest. They cry out: "Give us Sabbath day, that we may observe it and keep it holy to the Lord, and to give him thanks for the many blessings he has bestowed upon us! Give us one day in the seven, when we may be at home with our loved ones!"

Is it any wonder that a certain class of railroad men is considered "tough," when even the world helps to make them so? Stop the Sunday trains, and give them the Sabbath day, and I will venture to say you will soon note a change, not only in the railroad men but in the whole world.

If Sunday trains could be suppressed, what a wonderful difference would result. The laboring class could then enjoy the day designed by God for all mankind throughout all generations. If Sunday trains could be stopped might that not have a tendency to stop all branches of Sunday employment? Certainly, works of necessity and mercy are allowable on the Sabbath-day; but is it a necessity that the laboring men should be deprived of the Sabbath day? The corporations say they must work on the Sabbath to "keep up with their work." Why not enlarge your factories and employ more men on the six days?

The public says, "we cannot get along without Sunday trains." Would to God people would think more seriously about this matter, as it is of great importance. If we should have a snow-blizzard, covering the whole United States, but affecting the railroads only, and this storm should last twenty-four hours, and during that time all railroads should be completely tied up, could we get along without these trains? Yes, we would have to. This is practically how it would be if the railroads shut down their Sunday trains. The people would have to get along without them, and pretty soon we would get accustomed to it and the world would be so much the better.

M. JORGENSON.

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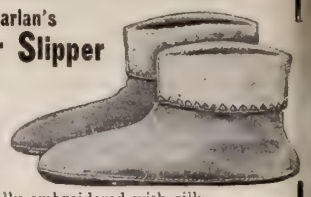

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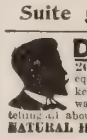

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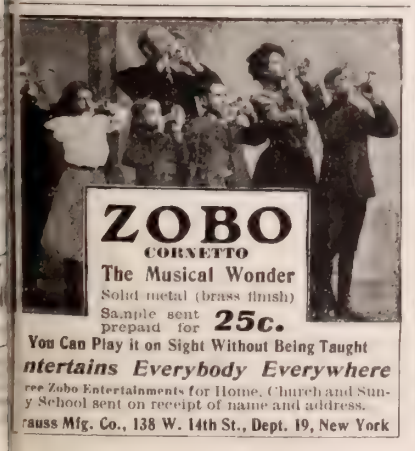

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CANADA'S FIGHT FOR THE SABBATH

By REV. J. P. GERRIE

THE decision of the Privy Council, London, England, that the Ontario Lord's Day Act is unconstitutional, turns renewed attention to the question of Sunday observance. For a long time this matter was pending, and the chief difference now is that the province goes back to the law before confederation.

This means that Sunday excursions and the running of electric cars are allowed, until further legislation may be secured, which will be more difficult now that the Dominion authorities must be dealt with. The more composite character of the House of Commons does not betoken the agreement on such a question, which might be expected from a provincial legislature.

REV. J. G. SHEARER, B.A

MR. J. C. COPP

Yet the Canadian Sunday is proverbial, and for good reasons. Agriculture, commerce, and almost every form of industry rest on that day. The Sunday newspaper is practically unknown, though in Toronto and Montreal, repeated attempts have been made to secure for it a foothold. It is true, in Toronto a Sunday edition of one of the dailies is issued; but this publication appears on Saturday, and is not on regular sale on Sunday. The street car companies have also had great difficulties in obtaining a Sunday franchise. In Toronto, the question was submitted three times before a vote was secured in favor of Sunday cars. In 1892, the opposing vote gave a majority of 3,936; in 1893, 1,063, and in 1897 a minority of 327. Since that date Sunday cars have been continuous in the city, though on a more limited scale. The result in Toronto has made no appreciable difference elsewhere, as there are yet many cities without a Sunday service. Nor have the evils generally feared from the innovation come upon Toronto, as the city, apart from the street cars, maintains its usually quiet and orderly appearance.

PRINCIPAL CAVEN, D.D.

REV. T. A. MOORE

Large sections of Canada have been chiefly settled by the Scotch, who brought with them their ancestral reverence for Sunday. A like attitude has also been maintained by English and Irish settlers, while the influx from other European countries has been too slow and meagre to make any noticeable difference on the land. Happily, too, among the earlier settlers there was no Puritanical observance of the day to cause any rebound on the part of succeeding generations. Credit must also be given to the churches, labor organizations, and other agencies, for their continued efforts for the preservation of Sunday for rest and privilege.

In this connection there may be specially noted the work of the Lord's Day Alliance. This organization is well manned, having as President, Principal Caven of Knox College; Mr. J. C. Copp, treasurer, and Revs. J. G. Shearer and T. Albert Moore, field secretaries. As a result of its efforts, every Province is regularly organized, with hundreds of branches scattered up and down the land. The Alliance is undoubtedly doing a great service in maintaining the present rest and quiet of the Sabbath. Their suits for the violation of the law, have, as a rule, been successful. A good work, too, is being done in circulating literature and in arousing public interest.

Will the present Sunday conditions continue? Many good people are apprehensive that they will not. They see encroachments on every side, and many of these must be acknowledged. The large incoming tide of non-English-speaking people adds to the complexity of the situation. Some of these, as the Doukhobors, are scrupulous in their observance of the day, but many are not. It is unlikely, however, that the latter will be able to introduce to any degree the "Continental Sunday." There is reason to believe that the sturdy morality of the children of the pioneers will prove equal to the need. Though the arguments for the maintenance of the day differ, being based chiefly on either the Divine command or humanitarian claims, yet the exponents of both views see the great need of a well-observed Sunday for this formative and growing land.

May Canada retain her Sunday as one of the great bulwarks in a young nation's growth and prosperity.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. C., Maryland. "I wish to acknowledge the answer to a special prayer not long ago. I do this that others may have faith in prayer."

Mrs. H. A. S., Carlton, N.Y. "I thank God who answered my prayers. I wish to acknowledge his loving kindness."

Mr. F.S., New Rochelle, N.Y. "In prayer I make all my wants and wishes known to God, who has answered my prayer. I will praise him as long as I live."

A.H.B., Springfield, N.Y. "God has many times answered my prayers. Very recently a dark cloud hung over me. God has lifted it in answer to prayer."

Subscriber, Huntsville, Canada. "I prayed for something I wanted, very earnestly, and received an answer which I now publicly acknowledge with gratitude."

Mrs. J. T. W., Perryville, R. I. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God to me in answering prayer and in sparing me to my family."

E. S. W., Brays, Wash. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. He has answered many prayers for me."

Reader, N. C. "I know our Father is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I have tried him and found he does answer. Though he may not answer just at the time we might wish, it surely comes. I have lived to learn that we often ask for things that are not best for us, and he gives it as he gave to the children of Israel a king. It is best to ask 'if it be Thy will and best for us.'"

Reader, Massachusetts. "God has answered my prayers very many times in the past. Recently I promised that if he would grant one request, I would acknowledge it to the world. He heard and is answering. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. C. A. W., Springfield, O. "I wish to acknowledge special answers to prayers many times."

Submission. "I wish to acknowledge answered prayer. The Lord has given me peace and comfort in trouble, and I want to do his will."

Reader, Indianapolis, Ind. "God heard and answered my prayers. Put your trust in God and he will surely answer."

Grateful, Warsaw, Ind. "I am constrained with a grateful heart to acknowledge the Father's love in answering a very special prayer."

L. P. P., Allegheny County, Pa. "My prayers have been answered many times."

L. H. P., Upper Sandusky, O. "I promised God in my heart if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. He is answering even now. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. E. H., Macon, Ga. "I asked the Lord to remove something from my mind that was a great trial to me. He answered my prayer, for which I wish to acknowledge my deep gratitude. Praise his holy name."

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Cocoa Tea Cakes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

A child's craving for sweets is a very natural one, and should be gratified, but in a rational manner. When a child is allowed free access to the cake box or doughnut jar he is often tempted to eat when he would be much better off without food, so it is well to restrict the use of sweets to a legitimate place, as a dessert to the regular meal. Much meat is not a suitable diet for children, but starch and fats are very needful.

The fat of cream and good butter is easily assimilated and more digestible than the fat of meats. To furnish starch we have many food products to choose from, and sugar in various forms plays an important part. For pure starch we have nothing to compare with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and it may be used in some dish daily without monotony. It is capable of infinite variety in preparation, and is both inexpensive and easy to use.

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COCOA TEA CAKES.

Beat singly three large eggs into a scant cup of sugar creamed with a third of a cup of butter. When smooth and light add half a cup of milk and half a cup each of flour and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth cup of cocoa. Beat well, add a little salt and half a teaspoon of vanilla. Place in muffin pans, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake in moderate oven.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

A WEEK after this, information was filed with the county attorney by the committee of fifty to compel him to take action in the case of Lawson's joint, and against Mayor Bartlett, as owner of the building where the joint was operated. Lawson got one of the brewers in Waldo, a city in an adjoining State, to go his bond, and immediately moved his joint into another building, this time in the basement.

When the case came up for trial, the county attorney made a very lame showing. The witnesses summoned could not remember what they had to drink. The very number of the building, by a technical error, not however planned by the committee or the attorney, was incorrect. The district judge, in his charge to the jury, made it clear that his sympathies were not with the law, and the jury, after half an hour's absence, brought back a verdict of not guilty.

Jake Lawson grinned, picked up his hat, and went straight from the court-room to his basement joint, which was crowded that night with boys and young men, among whom were three of the jury that acquitted him, and the temperance people of Colby waked up to the fact that the devil was with them once more, and that he had come back in the guise of perjured public officials, lying witnesses, and the brewers of Waldo.

Douglas and the *Beacon* awoke to the situation at once. So did every law and order element in the county. At the end of two years, by constant agitation from the *Beacon*, ably seconded by the churches, a new county attorney was elected, who had pledged himself to the temperance people to enforce the law. Once in office, however, to the disgust and indignation of Douglas, who had helped to elect him, this officer was found to be not much better than his predecessor. Jake Lawson moved his joint every month. Once he was convicted even with the handicap of a friendly court and a lukewarm attorney, but on his release from jail he opened up again and made money. For the next five years Colby waged an incessant war against Lawson and a-half dozen other joints, chasing them from basement to attic and from the rear of old warehouse buildings to shacks down by the river and around the railroad tracks. All through the conflict Douglas maintained in the *Beacon*, and rightly, that at its worst the joint could not be compared to the saloon, and in reply to the assertion of the brewers of Waldo that there was just as much liquor sold in Anderson county as ever, he quoted a statement that an exchange had made since the saloon had been declared outlaw by the State:

"*Just as Much as Ever Sold Under Prohibition*

"Think of a grocer dealer skulking in back alleys with a can of coffee in one boot leg, a pound of cheese in the other, and a herring down the back of his neck; or of a shoe-dealer with his door fastened with iron bars, his windows grated, and half a dozen men on the street corners watching for the officers, and at the least alarm destroying every sign of the business. What man would say that the grocery business was flourishing, or that there were more boots and shoes sold than ever before in the history of the city?" [Cumberland County Deputy in *Search Light*.] And in addition, Douglas also declared what was emphatically true.

"We have, as a State, put the liquor business where it belongs, in the criminal column. It is outlawed. It is not recognized by us as a legitimate business. We have declared it infamous, on account of its black history through all the ages, and we say it is infinitely better to be having this continual fight with it, than to sit down and be at peace with it through any system of license, or for the purpose of making revenue from it, any more than we would permit the law to allow a certain number of men to burn houses at so much a year, or rob so many people for so much a year, for the revenue."

But as the battle went on during the year that followed Jake Lawson's return to his old haunts, Douglas was more and more impressed by the great odds that the State faced in being surrounded on every side by the whisky license States. He pondered over this, and began to feel a certain degree of helplessness, as he realized throughout the Republic at large, there was a constant pressure to break down the law of his own State, by the neighboring States.

The President's annual message had come out, and Douglas was sitting in his office, reading it. He was one of a comparatively few of the many millions of readers in the Republic who always read the message through carefully. After finishing it, he threw the paper down, and for several minutes seemed absorbed in a new idea. At the end of that time he began to write a letter; he addressed it to "The President, Washington, D. C.

"Mr. President, I have just been reading your annual message, and I am struck by the fact that in it you mention a list of perils that threaten the life of this Republic. You mention anarchy, and the loss of our merchant marine, and the threatening attitude of the Commercial Trust, and the cutting down of our forests, and the wars between labor and capital. But there is nowhere in all your message to the Congress, any word calling attention to what seems to very many people in this country, to be the greatest peril to all, and that is the liquor business. Anarchy kills a President or a King, now and then; but rum kills its thousands every day. The loss of our forests and our merchant marine is serious, but what is that compared with the loss to the working men, and the nation of the round billion of dollars sunk in the saloon, every year? May I venture to say, Mr. President, that because I am living in a State that has a prohibitory law, I am not, on that account, a crank or a fanatic.

"But I am one of a few, but a fast increasing number of citizens, who believe that a peril as great as the liquor business is to this nation, ought to call for some mention, with other perils spoken of in the annual message. I do not of course, expect that a letter like this can receive any answer. I wish to express my appreciation of your ideals, and your efforts to impress, as the head of the Republic, the fact that there are other things besides the tariff and money that are of importance, and I trust that, in some succeeding message to the Congress, some account may be taken in the message of a danger, which, if it were a pestilence or a plague that killed as many citizens, would without doubt, be referred to as an evil, which the nation ought, in some way, to divert.

"One of the citizens out of many who love the Republic.

"FRANK DOUGLAS."

He signed the name of the town and State and sent the letter on its way, with a smile to think how little an individual the editor of the Colby *Beacon* was, compared with the President of the United States.

Opening his mail about ten days from the writing of this letter, he came to an envelope bearing the words, "White House" on the upper left-hand corner, and opening it, read from the President's Private Secretary that the President had read his letter with interest, and would be particularly glad to see him and talk over the matter suggested by his comment on the message.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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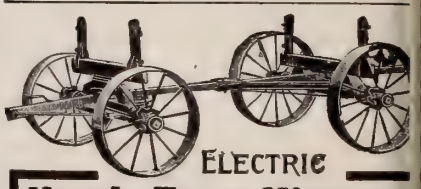

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

That was all, but the brief, courteous reply smote him into surprise.

He took the letter home and showed it to Esther. She simply said—

"It is an opportunity. Go to Washington by all means."

Two days later Douglas was on his way to the Capital. Three days later he found himself in the White House waiting-room waiting to see the President. The room was filled with a miscellaneous collection of politicians, foreigners, visitors and office-seekers.

A door at the end of the room opened suddenly, and a vigorous, alert, incisive figure almost bounded in.

"Mr. Douglas! I want to see him!" The President called out so that everybody heard.

Douglas rose with all the rest, and faced the President, as the latter took three rapid strides into the room.

CHAPTER XI.

DOUGLAS took one step forward to meet the President.

"I am Mr. Douglas, Mr. President."

The President in one stride was close to Douglas, and held out his hand.

"I am glad to see you Mr. Douglas," he said, as he grasped Douglas' hand firmly. "You came to see me about my message. What have you to suggest?"

Douglas was so astonished that at first he did not know what to say. The President spoke up as frankly and openly as if they were alone together in his private room, instead of in the presence and hearing of a dozen people who could not help sharing in the conversation. It was altogether contrary to his expectation of a possible interview with the head of the Republic.

But Douglas possessed a quick, ready mind, and he had sense enough on this occasion to say just what he felt, and say it in the same frank, outspoken way that the President invited by his own manner. So his hesitation was hardly noticeable, before he answered.

"I have nothing to suggest, Mr. President, more than I suggested in my letter to you, that in your next annual message to the Congress, you call attention to the peril that threatens the country on account of the liquor business."

"Do you know what that would mean, young man?" the President asked, looking at Douglas searchingly.

"Yes, Mr. President, I think I do," Douglas answered boldly. "It would mean that, for the first time in the history of this nation, the President of the United States had gone on record in his message, against a business which has the curse of the ages resting on it, and which ought to have no legalized standing in a Christian nation."

"That is not what I meant," the President replied, after a second's pause. He looked thoughtfully at Douglas, but before anything else was said, some one entered the room from the room where the President had been, and, coming up to him, said in a clear, rapid voice: "Pardon me, Mr. President, but Senator Rolfe is ready, and this is the hour you set to meet us."

"In a moment. Mr. Douglas, stay to lunch!" He darted towards the door through which he had come, but stopped on the way to shake hands with a man at that end of the room.

"Come in to lunch with me, Brandon. Glad to see you. We'll have over the old college days. You bring Mr. Douglas."

He was gone, and the man named Brandon smiled, and went up to Douglas and introduced himself. The rest of the people in the waiting-room stared at the two men and finally resumed their seats.

Douglas had heard of Brandon, who was a rising author and journalist. To his surprise, Brandon had also heard of him through some freemasonry of newspaperdom, and, in a few minutes, they found themselves rapidly on good terms. Brandon had been to the White House before, and knew the ways of the place as much as any one could who did not know the unexpected ways of its new master. During the time intervening between the hour for lunch and his meeting with the President, Brandon and Douglas, who had been shown by a doorkeeper to one of the parlors, discussed the President's probable action.

Brandon was exceedingly astonished by what he had heard.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Douglas, that you criticised the President's message, and that he sent for you to talk it over?"

"I don't know that I wrote in a spirit of criticism, but I certainly did express myself very plainly on the subject of the liquor business, and said what I most profoundly believe is true, that it is at least as great a peril as any that the President mentioned in his message. If a trust is a financial peril to the people, and calls for mention by the President, I cannot see why the liquor business is not as great a peril to the people's welfare, and it seems to me it is far greater in its yearly destructive results to the financial, moral and spiritual welfare of all the citizens."

"It may be," Brandon said thoughtfully. "But do you consider, Mr. Douglas, how deeply established in society and civilization generally the entire liquor business is? Do you realize what a tremendous departure it would be for the President to come out in an official document like the annual message, and denounce what is to-day a source of financial revenue to the country, and call upon Congress to recognize it as an evil to be legislated out of existence?"

"It is no more financially established than slavery was," replied Douglas, doggedly. "I think I realize quite fully what it would mean if the President should do as you say. It would no doubt rouse tremendous opposition. But consider, on the other hand, what inspiration it would mean to the increasing hosts of temperance people in this country, to find in the annual message a true statement concerning the nature and extent of the only large business of the whole nation which, deliberately and knowingly year after year, produces poverty, disease, crime, pauperism and vice. If any of the trusts that have sprung up lately had mapped out such a programme as the saloon has been giving us for centuries, I believe the people of the United States would not wait for legislation in the matter, but would simply rub it out of existence."

"It may be." Brandon shook his head doubtfully. "But I think you do not even realize what it would mean to the country at large to find in the President's annual message a distinct arraignment of the liquor business of the country. It is a thing no President has ever done, and I doubt—"

But Brandon was interrupted by a doorkeeper, summoning him and Douglas to lunch. They were met at the door of the dining-room by the President himself, who greeted them both with a hearty "Glad to see you!" and introduced them to three other guests, as they took their seats at the table.

The lunch had been enlivened with college stories told by the President and Brandon, an old classmate, and everything had been pleasantly informal, without any real lack of the dignity that is always worth having, whether it be in a White House or any other, when the President suddenly turned to Douglas, who was seated beside Brandon at the President's right hand, and said:

"Tell us what the prohibitory law has done for your State, Mr. Douglas."

Douglas seemed to understand at once what the President wanted, and gave a concise statement of facts that apparently pleased him.

He nodded his head, as if to say, "Well put. Not too much, not too little." Then:

"What, in your opinion, could Congress do with the liquor question from a national standpoint? Is it not a matter for each State to settle by itself?"

"No more than the States by themselves can settle the matter of trusts, each State by itself. The question is too complicated. If Congress can enact national legislation against a national peril like a trust, surely, Mr. President, it can do the same against a national peril like the saloon; and, of course, I do not need to repeat, that between the two perils, the saloon is by far the greater peril, in my opinion."

"How many people believe as you do?"

"Several million, Mr. President," Douglas repeated promptly.

TO BE CONTINUED

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I WISH I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, that you do not need to go on to the operating table, but that you can be a buoyant, cheerful, wholesome woman — full of strength, life, and vivacity—which is the crown of American womanhood.

If you want to Strengthen the Digestive System and the Nerves; to tone the Vital Organs so that your foods will Nourish you; if you want to strengthen the Liver, Kidneys and Intestines so that the impurities are Thrown Off from the System; if you want to correct a Sluggish Circulation and send the Blood Bounding through your Veins so that the Rheumatic twinges will disappear and you feel warm and comfortable; if you want to strengthen a Weak Heart and Lungs, to relieve yourself of weaknesses, Lame Backs and Headaches, I can do more for you than medicine can do. I can give you a Clear Brain, a Quick Perception and a Nerve Force Vibrant with Life. All you need to bring yourself to this condition is fifteen minutes every day upon definite, scientific exercises, which I will prescribe for you. With this definite work, your health once regained will be retained.

I thoroughly study your case, prescribe the diet and the bathing which your system requires and give you special exercises necessary to bring you out as an individual to perfect health and symmetry. It is to my 12 years' work with women in person before I began my instructions by mail that I attribute my marvelous success with my pupils. I have failed in but one instance to relieve the condition I set out to relieve. My work begins with causes with the vital organs, the nerve centers, the lungs and the heart, and, when I reduce a woman, I reduce her to **STAY** reduced. When I build her, I build her to stay built.

The following are some extracts from reports of my pupils on my desk:

"I will tell you what I have done so far: I have reduced weight 35 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 4 inches, hips 7 inches, arm 2 inches." (I will send you the name of this lady upon request.

"The quivering, fluttering sensation in my Heart is gone and the Neuralgia entirely decreased."

"My kidneys are much better."

"This week I have not been troubled with Biliousness. I am beginning to think that the age of miracles has not passed."

"My stomach does not trouble me at all. I can eat anything."

"Just think of it! to be relieved of constipation! Entirely free, after having it thirty years."

"My rheumatism has disappeared and I sleep such a restful sleep."

"I have grown from a **nervous wreck** into a state of good, quiet nerves."

"My mind is much clearer and my memory is much better."

"My eyes are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."

"The pain in the **top** and **back** of my head is entirely gone."

"My bust has increased 2 inches in the past three months."

"I am delighted with the effect of the exercises upon my catarrh."

"The improvement in my figure is very gratifying to me."

"I now feel cheerful, happy and so refreshed each morning."

I could duplicate these every day.

I can take but a limited number of pupils because I give each pupil my personal attention. Write to me. I shall be glad to tell you just what I can do for you. I do not work with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I know that I can reduce prominent abdomen and hips, build up thin neck, chest and bust, and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry, and give them relief from above diseases. I have done all of these hundreds and hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me. Write to me.

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The translator is Mr. Ferrar Fenton, who comes of a family distinguished in English history for four centuries. By a curious coincidence, one member of the family was among the learned scholars who prepared the Authorized Version. Another of his ancestors held high office under Cromwell, while a third was martyred under Queen Mary. Mr. Fenton tells us in one of his prefaces, the circumstances which convinced him in his early manhood, that the obsolete style of the Authorized Version operated, especially with young people, prejudicially against the Scriptures and made their study unnecessarily dull. The idea gained possession of him, that an entirely new translation into modern diction would make the book more attractive. He, therefore, made a thorough study of Greek, Hebrew and Chaldee, and so familiar did he become with these languages, during his forty years of preparation, that he actually thought in them. and their idioms were as familiar as those of the daily newspaper. Secular works in Bible languages were also read and studied, so as to obtain the background of the inspired writers, and thus comprehend the allusions to current thought and fact in their works. Eminent Hebrew and Chaldee scholars, sympathizing with his purpose, lent him valuable aid and helped him to trace the philology of the books to its source, and insured his gaining a clear idea of the exact meaning of their utterances. Having attained that comprehension, he set himself to the counterpart of his task of giving the accurate expression in modern English.

The translation is comprised in five volumes. The first consists of the Pentateuch; the second, from Joshua to the end of II. Kings; the third, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets; Vol. IV. consists of Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah and Chronicles; Vol. V. contains the New Testament, the order of the books being the same as in the Authorized Version, except that the Gospel of John and the first epistle of John precede all other books. The arrangement of the text is helped by numerous head-lines. For example, in the first chapter of John, over the first five verses, is the head-line: "The Word and Creation;" over the next eight verses, "The Word and the Light;" over the next five, "The Word and Mankind." All the other books are similarly divided, except the Psalms, each of which is simply separated into numbered stanzas.

The character of the translation will be best appreciated by the following rendering of familiar passages. The first Psalm begins:

Blest is the man who has not walked beneath the sinners' groves,
And not stood on the path of vice, nor sat where scoffers sit;
Who in Jehovah's law delights,
And seeks his rules by day and night.

The familiar fifty-third chapter of Isaiah begins thus:

Who will believe our report? Over whom is the Lord's arm revealed?
For he grew before them a weak shoot, like a plant from dry ground,
Unadorned, without honor, He was not respected—nor sought or desired.
Despised and neglected by men, a man in his sorrows acquainted with grief;
He was despised like one hiding his presence from us, and we thought not of him.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke 15: 32, begins:

He then said: "There was a man who had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, let me have the portion of the property to which I am entitled.' And he divided the estate between them. Not many days after, however, the younger son collected the whole, and went off to a distant country; and there he squandered his wealth in a life of debauchery. And when he had spent all, the country was visited by a fearful famine; and he began to starve. So, having wandered away, he hired himself to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him upon his farm as a swineherd. And he longed to fill his stomach with the carob-pods, upon which the swine were feeding; but no one gave him any."

The opening verses of eleventh chapter of Hebrews have a strange sound as thus rendered by Mr. Fenton:

Faith is the standing ground of the hopeful, the conviction of unseen facts; and our ancestors bore witness to this. By faith we comprehend that the periods were arranged by the continuous intention of God, so that from the unseen the visible appeared.

Here and there we notice mistakes in grammar; but these will doubtless be corrected in later editions. They are obvious oversights, which easily occur in so large a work done by one hand.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The published price of Owen Kildare's new book, *My Mamie Rose*, is $1.50. Baker & Taylor Co., New York, are the publishers.

The Manor School, by L. T. Mead. A capital story for young folks. Pp. 337, cloth covers. The Mershon Co., New York, publishers.

Strange Lands Near Home. A series of short articles on the West Indies, Mexico and many of the nations of South America. Pp. 144. Price, 25 cents. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Forest Hearth; a Romance of Indiana in the Thirties, by Charles Major, author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, etc. A truly beautiful story and one that will delight the reader. 354 pages, cloth covers; illustrated. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, London and New York publishers.

That Printer of Udell's; a Story of the Middle West, by Harold Bell Wright. One of the very best stories of its kind; strong for temperance, and for all the best manly and womanly qualities. An encouraging story, which should help many to new effort. Pp. 468, illustrated, cloth binding. Price $1.50. Book Supply Co., Chicago, publishers.

Monsanto and Lanquellier's Practical Course in Spanish, revised by Prof. Freeman M. Josselyn, 398 pages. Price $1.25; *Grimm's Kinder and Hausmarchers*, edited by Prof. B. J. Vos., 121 pages. Price 45 cents; and *McMahon's Elementary Plane Geometry*, by Prof. Jos. McMahon, of Cornell, 368 pages. Price 90 cents. These three timely and valuable educational works are issued by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The Wisdom of James the Just. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon. The Epistle of James has given rise to so many questions, and is so unique among the books of the New Testament, that we need all the light upon it that is available. Dr. Carpenter gives us in this book a study of the man and his work, which will help to a clearer idea of both than we have yet had. Pp. 253. Price $1.20. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Sabbath Transferred, by Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph.D., with an introduction by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. This work will be a welcome manual of evidence to people in many sections who have been called to argue with the Seventh Day observers, who, as is usual with persons taking up a novel idea, are better equipped for the discussion than orthodox believers. Pp. 242. Published by J. D. Parker & Company, East Orange, N. J.

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals. By W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. A valuable work on the Prophetic literature of the Hebrew people. Dr. Jordan takes up the books of the prophets in chronological order, beginning with Amos, and shows what was the essential message of each. It is an interesting and instructive guide to the development of Jewish thought, and incidentally to the history of the race. Pp. 363. Price $1.25. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Select Notes, a commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1904. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Illustrated. So well known by its marvelous record of thirty years' successive publication, this volume needs no introduction to our readers. It is sufficient to say that it is fully equal to, if it does not surpass, its predecessors in furnishing precisely the information that Sunday School teachers need for their work. No volume comes to our table so thoroughly fitted to aid in the preparation of the lesson. Its suggestions are stimulating and appropriate, and they are arranged with so much skill and good judgment, that the teacher can find at a glance the points that are available for his class. Pp. 353. Price $1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston and Chicago.

"The Book of the Season"

I received the premiums, and am delighted with them all. The *Crown Encyclopedia* is very handsome and valuable. The *Butterfly Calendar* is most tastefully got up, and is a beautiful study in colors. *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, I call the book of the season. I have read every word of it, and never was so delighted with reading any other book of its kind. From the first, my interest was awakened, and it increased to the end. GEORGE PENNYCOOK.

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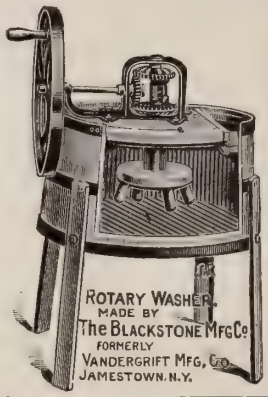

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CHRIST AT NAZARETH

The Service in the Synagogue

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

CONQUERED temptation leaves us stronger than it found us; less afraid of Satan, more sure in our God. There is nothing exhausting in a conflict in which God in us overcomes Satan, who is outside of us. It was so with our Lord. He returned, not in his own power into Galilee, but in that power of the Spirit by which he had conquered the enemy. Men saw and felt that power; "a fame went out concerning him through all the region round about." He began to be popular; "and he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all."

In the Gospel of Matthew, we find that this was at the time of the imprisonment of John the Baptist (Matt. 4: 12; 14: 1-4), and he tells us how our Lord "left Nazareth" as his dwelling-place, where he had been brought up with Joseph, and his mother Mary, "and came and dwelt in Capernaum." It was like our Lord to preach first to the despised Galileans, and that his longest recorded personal interview was with a despised and sinful Samaritan woman.

But his popularity was not to last; the enemy, whose temptation of Christ had proved powerless, was still "the prince of this world;" and where he could not conquer, he would harass, by stirring up the people against God's Christ. Our Lord came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. From this we learn that while engaged in the business of a carpenter, he ministered in the synagogue habitually as a reader of the Scriptures. Perhaps no man in Nazareth had so much used the rolls of the Scriptures, which were kept in the synagogue, as he had. There was delivered unto him the book (or roll) of the prophet Isaiah, probably by his request. "And he opened the book and found the place." In a long parchment roll, a great many yards in length, rolled up at both ends, and not divided into chapters and verses, perhaps not even into words, he must have well known the contents to find the place readily while the congregation was waiting.

He found the place where it was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me," etc. He had recognized himself in the Scripture, and he knew the time had come when he who had lived in such privacy and simplicity among the people of Nazareth, should at last tell them who he was. It was not an easy task. Satan's way of casting himself down from the temple, and being visibly sustained by angels, would have been much easier, but it would neither have fulfilled the Scripture nor carried out the great purpose of the salvation of a lost world.

"And he closed the book, and gave it again to the minister, and sat down." Nazareth was to have her offer of God's Messiah, and he was calm. He sat down. None of the nervous excitability of the flesh, at a moment of crisis, was to be found in him. And yet he knew, as no one other could know, all that hung on those critical moments when Nazareth had her day of visitation. "And the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him." He was their fellow-townsman; he had lived and walked and labored as an artisan amongst them, but since he had left his home, they had been hearing strange things of him, how he had been teaching in the synagogues throughout the country, and was everywhere the talk of the place. Why then, did he now sit down in silence, when he was amongst those who had known him. Why should he not exercise the same teaching power here as elsewhere in Galilee? They had had an opportunity to recognize him, which no other people had, but they had not seen below the surface, and they knew him not.

"And he began to say unto them, This day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears." (R.V.). There could be but one conclusion as to his meaning: it was he of whom the prophet spoke. Would they receive him or would they reject him? "All bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." Why did they wonder? If he were indeed the anointed one, the Messiah, it was prophesied of him (Ps. 45: 2): "Full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee for ever." A profound impression was made; a decision lay before them; they must either accept him as their Messiah, or they must reject him as an impostor.

IF CHRIST CAME*

What Would be the Effect on the World and the Church if he Appeared?

WHAT would be the effect on any town of any of our States of such an announcement as that the Samaritan woman carried to her neighbors? It would not fall on our ears unmeaningly, as it did on theirs. To them the woman's statement would convey no impression, but that there was a wonderful man there, who had, like the fortune-tellers of modern times, revealed a strange knowledge of her past life. She thought he might be the Messiah for whom the Jews were looking; but not much weight would probably be attached by the people who heard her, to her opinions. We know better, after so many centuries of Christ's influence on the world. To us, his coming in person to the world would have a profound meaning. To many it would be the most welcome news they could hear; to others, who believe without conforming their lives to their belief, it would bring terror, and a fearful foreboding of coming judgment.

How would he be received? Coming, as we expect he will come, he would be so unmistakable by reason of his glory and his escort of celestial beings, that he would be received by the adoration of his followers, and appeals for mercy by his enemies. But if he came, as he did before, in humble circumstances, how would he be treated? We can imagine that those who call themselves by his name, and, decked out in gaudy vestments, officiate at altars lighted by candles, and give absolution to penitents in the confessional, would refuse to believe in him or to welcome him. His scathing rebuke of such mummery, conducted in his name, would be met by hatred and hostility. How would the fashionable preachers, who utter pleasant things from their pulpits to richly dressed hearers, and proclaim a Gospel that is not his to sinners whose lives of selfishness they never condemn, receive him? An ordinary man in the garb of an artizan, calling them to account, would be summarily treated by such men.

But what would be the reception that we as individuals would accord him? How many of us would be willing to forsake business and home and friends to follow him? True, if we were sure that it was he, hundreds of thousands would count the world well lost, to be in his dear presence. But what a change it would make in our lives! How different would then be our relations to the poor, to our Christian brethren whose needs now have so small a recognition from us. What a cleaning up there would be! How the pleasures and amusements of the world, which now claim so much attention, would shrink into miserable triviality. How ashamed we would be of the long neglect of duties which he enjoined on his followers!

The thought of how we, as individuals, would feel if we knew that Christ was really here, should cause a searching of heart. That he is with us in spirit is a fact that we too often forget. "Lo, I am with you alway," was his assurance, and it is fulfilled as surely as if his visible bodily presence was on the earth. He sees and knows how we live as certainly as if he stood by our side in the home and abroad. To realize that fact, to govern our lives by that consciousness, would be the best preparation we could have for his coming. Come he will to vindicate his people, to right the world's wrongs, to rule and reign in righteousness. Blessed are they who can say from their hearts, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for January 24, John 4: 28-30; 39-42.

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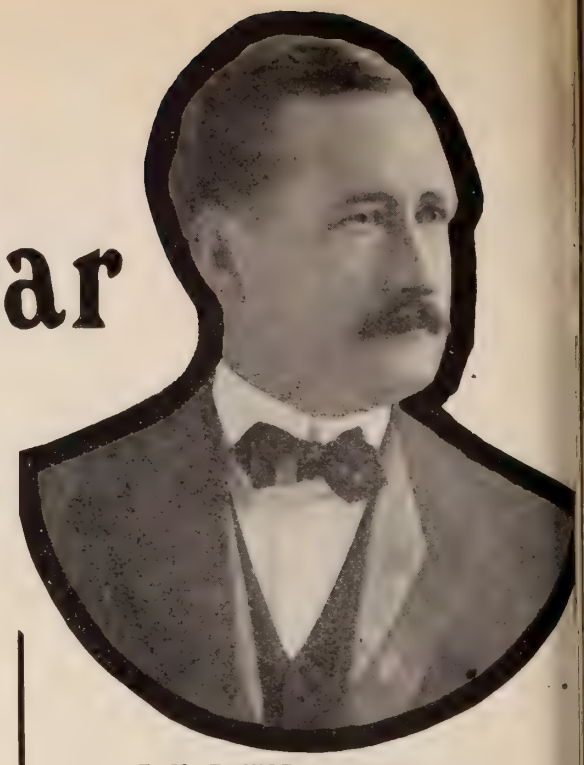

Z. M. P. INGE, Our Mobile Agent

MOBILE, ALA., September 1st, 1903.

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This is to certify that fourteen months ago I accepted a position as Mobile agent for Wood, Harmon & Company's New York properties in connection with an active law practice. I did so only after an investigation extending over six months, convincing myself of the absolute responsibility of the firm and the remarkable character of their properties. My commissions in the past year have amounted to **$16,561**, and this amount of money has been made without in the least neglecting a general law practice and other institutional work with which I am connected.

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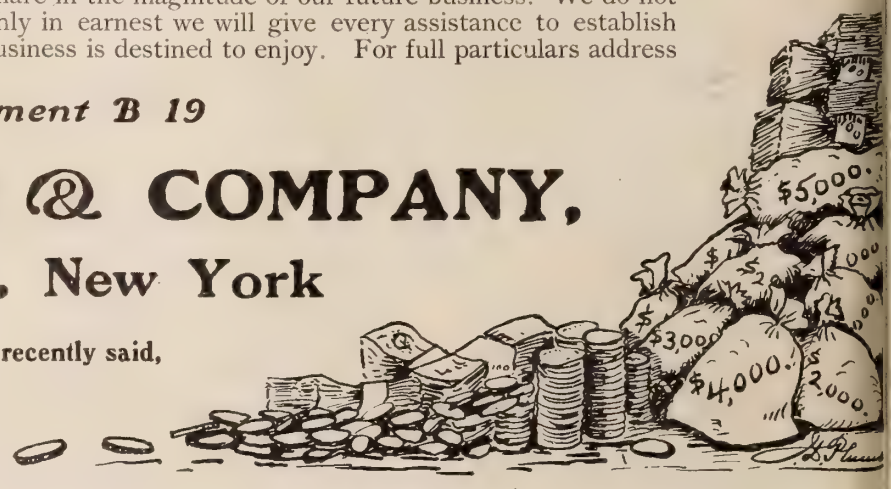

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SEE PAGE 49

Proclaiming the **New Republic** of **Panama** from the base of the **Columbus Statue, Colon**

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. O., Zion City, Ill. 1. Was it a real tree that Eve was tempted to eat fruit from, or was it only a symbol of some sin of another kind. 2. Is there no hope that people who die impenitent will have another opportunity of turning to God after death?

1. There can be no means of ascertaining the fact, apart from the Bible narrative. Evidently the sin was that of disobedience to an explicit command. It does not signify to us whether the tree was an actual tree or a symbol. The important fact is that Eve did what she was forbidden doing and the result was dire. 2. There is no ground given in the Bible for indulging the hope. It is not for man to limit the mercy of God; but it is the most egregious folly for any one to neglect the offer of salvation now, in the expectation for which there is no warrant, that another offer may be made to him.

Mrs. W. C., Yellville, Ark. Can you tell me the origin of black for mourning for the dead, and black hearses at a funeral?

Black was used for mourning in ancient Greece and Rome, and is used generally in Europe at present. It expresses the darkness of gloom and sorrow. Many nations, however, use different colors. The South Sea Islanders use black-and-white stripes; Ethiopians, gray; Persia, pale brown; Syria, Cappadocia and Armenia, blue; Bokhara, blue; China, white; Egypt and Burmah, yellow, etc.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—We received *The Crown Encyclopedia*, five volumes, and to say we are well pleased is speaking it tamely. We are (in our appreciation of them, as we go turning through and through them) lost in wonder, that we receive so great value at so small expense. May God abundantly bless you, and all your co-workers, for your grand, noble work for the good of mankind and for the many good causes you are engaged in.
Kingfisher, Okla. MRS. D. B.

P. M. L., Johnson, S. C. Why was the numbering of the people (I. Chron. 21: 1), regarded as so heinous a sin?

There must have been some motive in ordering the census, which is not recorded. In itself it could not have been sinful, as such a census was taken by Moses at God's command (See Numbers 1: 19). The fact of the duty being entrusted to Joab seems to imply that it was for military purposes. Another reason for the same suspicion is that the tribe of Levi, which comprised the priesthood, was omitted from the enumeration. Or it may have been designed as a basis for oppressive taxation, or for compulsory service. Whatsoever the motive may have been, it must have been in that, rather than in the census itself, that the sin consisted.

George Van D., West Carrollton, O. 1. Was the rejection of the Panama Canal treaty by Colombia due to the Romish or Jesuitical influence? 2. As to St. Paul being delivered out of the mouth of the lion, as in II. Timothy 4: 17, must he have been in the Coliseum, and must the lions have killed each other for possession of their prey?

1. There is no evidence of the kind. Colombia simply tried to make the stiffest bargain possible, and so overreached itself. 2. Paul's language, elsewhere, would seem to imply that he had had an experience of the kind you mention: but here he seems to refer to Satan as "a devouring lion," *i. e.*, deliverance from temptation.

H. L., Milford, Pa. In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I read your article headed "A Golden Barrier." Your correspondent inquires why all the religious effort in these days is aimed at the "lower classes." The reason is because they are the only ones who will listen to practical Christian teaching. We read in the Bible that Christ often rebuked the rich for their hypocrisy and for oppressing the poor. He could not persuade them to become Christians, as they would have to humble themselves, which they did not care to do, loving the praise of men. Your editorial would impress one with the idea that Christians are expected to become poor. Would not this tend to discourage some from becoming Christians? I think Christians ought to cast in their lot with the middle class.

Christ taught his followers to lay not up for themselves "treasures on earth." He repeatedly warned them against the allurements of wealth. He declared wealth to be a great barrier to many—a hindrance to their eternal welfare. He taught his followers to set their minds on things above, and to take no thought of amassing riches or goods for tomorrow. Usurers, brokers, exchangers, and mere money-getters, he specially denounced. Yet he never spoke, even by implication, a word against the reward of honest industry, but, on the contrary, commended it. Voluntary poverty was assumed by the earliest disciples and fathers in the Christian church. There is no duty of this character specifically enjoined, but we are told to "seek first the Kingdom," and all needful things will be added. "Neither riches nor poverty" is the ideal mean for a contented Christian life.

B. J. B., Chicago, Ill. Why are men spoken of as Christian and Orthodox? Is there any difference? Is not a Christian necessarily orthodox?

Broadly defined, we should say that the word Christian, relates to character and disposition, implying one whose faith is in Christ, and who is seeking to follow and obey him. Such an one may not be orthodox, because he may not believe in some doctrine held by the churches. On the other hand, a man perfectly orthodox may not be a Christian. His belief, though sound and correct according to the creed, may not influence his life. James says that the devils believe (2: 19).

THE FROZEN LAKE AT SANDRINGHAM PALACE, ENGLAND

Although Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, in London, are the official residences of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, they still regard Sandringham Hall, in Suffolk, as their home. It was purchased by the nation for them when they were Prince and Princess of Wales, and was their country home for more than thirty years. When in London, the royal couple occupied Marlborough House, which is but a short distance from their present palace. It was, however, always a delight to them to get down into the country and entertain their friends at Sandringham. It was a gay and merry party that assembled there, and the Prince, like a country squire, would take the men out shooting, while the ladies of the party amused themselves indoors or went skating on the lake. Even now, when homes so much statelier and more imposing are at his disposal, the King is fond of rushing down to Sandringham, and escaping the cares of state, with a few old friends for a week's relaxation.

The word Christian belongs to the realm of the spiritual and the moral; the word orthodox to that of the mental.

Church Member, St. Petersburg, Fla., writes:

I live in a tourist town, and I spend my summers at different places, and it is the same all over the country: Old gray-headed men and women who are too nervous to sit in prayer-meeting one hour, will sit three hours at the card tables. The pulpit and press should take up and try to overcome this great evil. Think of the influence over this rising generation.

M. S. B. M., Kingston, N. Y. Why is the Apocrypha left out a greater part of the Bibles that are printed at the present age?

Apocrypha originally meant "concealed," and has now come, later, to mean "doubtful," and "unauthentic." The reason why the apocryphal books were not included by the great councils of the church in the regular canon, was because of their supposed doubtful origin. Some were declared to be unquestionably spurious, others presumptively so. That reason still holds good. There can be no moral profit in the promulgation of such books, hence their continued rejection.

D. H., Gouverneur, N. Y. How does Dr. Klopsch pronounce his name?

All the letters are pronounced as written, except "c," which is silent.

W. S. R., Linwood, N. Y. We do wrong to judge and condemn others, and while we do not approve of theatre going, it would be an inexcusable piece of Pharisaism, to assert that the victims of the recent Chicago fire were visited by a divine judgment. See Christ's words regarding the disaster at Siloam (Luke 13: 4), which is a rebuke to those who judge others rashly.

Dear Mr. Klopsch: I want to thank you for the fine premium. It is worth more than the price of the paper for a year. The *Pilgrim's Progress* I received, express all paid. I thank you very much for it; also the pretty *Calendar*. MRS. C. F. FRENCH.

C. H. L., Byhalia, O. Why did Christ wish the raising of the ruler's daughter kept secret, as mentioned in Mark 5: 43?

It is probable that he feared that the notoriety it would bring might embarrass him in his work. The reports of the raising of Lazarus actually did so, and were the occasion of plots being made against his life (see John 11: 47, and 12: 10, 11.) Besides this, Jesus did not wish to be known as a mere wonder-worker. He wanted the people to regard his miracles as evidence of his Divine commission. They, on the other hand, were intent only on the extraordinary spectacle, as doubtless would be the case if they were performed now. Probably both reasons led to the command you mention.

Reader, Waretown, N. J. We are not aware that anything has come to light in recent scientific discoveries, that conflicts with the Bible. Indeed, on the other hand, much of our latest science is corroborative of the Bible. We might mention several archæological discoveries in the East, that are of this character. Radium, x-rays, the wonders of electricity, etc., are simply the unfolding to men of nature's secrets, and furnish further evidence of the wisdom and omnipotence of the Creator.

George B. Hadfield, Cimarron, Kan. I am trying in my way to preach the Gospel in the country schoolhouses. Sometimes I walk forty miles over these prairies, and how these people listen is an inspiration. I need a stereopticon. Now do you know of a church that has a lantern that I could get for my work? I am not able to buy one, as my resources are very limited.

Probably some reader of THE MAIL-BAG may feel disposed to help this frontier missionary. Any interested reader may write him at above address.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I am very much pleased with both the *Red Letter Testament* and the beautiful *Calendar*. You certainly give Gospel measure, heaped up and running over. Wishing you a Happy Christmas.
Eastover, S. C. MARY E. LEE.

Charles F., Hamilton, O. 1. It is well to have nothing whatsoever to do with the liquor traffic, even remotely. It is a curse to civilization. You can doubtless market your goods elsewhere. 2. Most employers nowadays decline to hire men who drink. They want sober men, who give due attention to business, and whose brains are not muddled by liquor.

J. A. T., Scenery Hill Pa. I have a milk route, and deliver milk now once a day, except Sundays. Milk keeps in cold weather, so there is no loss in keeping it over the Sabbath. Some of my patrons ask to have it delivered seven days in the week. If I do not deliver on Sunday, there will be loss of milk and patrons. I am in a quandary. Sometimes it appears to be a case of Sabbath labor, at other times a case of necessity against a double loss.

In weather when milk will keep over without spoiling, it does not seem to be absolutely necessary to deliver it Sundays, if you can give an extra supply on Saturdays. Of course patrons will urge you to do otherwise. You must make it a matter of conscience.

Lawyer, Crown Point, Ind. Have you any connection with a publishing concern in the Bible House, New York, which professes to give diamond rings and gold watches in return for the solution of very obvious riddles and puzzles?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no connection with any other periodical or with any other publication whatsoever.

J. R., Germantown, Pa. I have seen it stated somewhere that a very limited vocabulary—say only a few hundred words—is all that the average man or woman uses. What are the facts? How does the average vocabulary compare with that of the great writers?

It is estimated by language experts who have made a long study of the subject, that the average rural laborer uses about 300 words, to express all his wants, fears and emotions. Persons of good education use 4,000, while those of superior training, such as thinkers and writers, command from 4,000 to 7,500; a few of the greatest reaching 10,000. Shakespeare's vocabulary was 15,000, Milton's, 8,000, and the Bible (Old Testament), 5,642.

The most sensible, pleasing, and useful present one can give to a non-converted or converted friend, is a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, accompanied by its *Calendar*. MRS. LAVINIA GUILD HOWE.
Shingle House, Pa.

"THE LORD'S TENTH"

AS we go to press with this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the following letter comes to us from a reader in Oregon:

VALE, ORE., January 4, 1904.
Dr. Louis Klopsch, New York:
DEAR SIR—I enclose draft for $304.50, which please apply as follows: Send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Z. G. W., Vale, Ore.; R. W., Vale, Ore.; Mrs. F. G., Vale, Ore.; Mrs. B. C. R., Vale, Ore.; Mrs. B. M. S., Holliday avenue, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. C. G. C. Dallas, Ore.; A. H. H., Dallas, Ore.

And six months' subscriptions, or the amount of 75 cents each, to forty poor families, wherever you can find them; that is, people who will read the paper and are not able to pay for the same.

Total, first group	$ 10.50
Total, second group	30.00
To Sherman L. Swift, Bay Spring, Mich., to be used in his charity work	75.00
Mont-Lawn (CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home)	30.00
Bowery Mission, N. Y.	30.00
Foreign Missions	100.00
Volunteers of America	29.00

Please write each person you send paper to that it is sent by a friend, and all charges paid. You will please not publish my name.
Yours truly, J. S. S.

The donor's wishes will be carried out at once. The following will be apportioned among foreign missions.

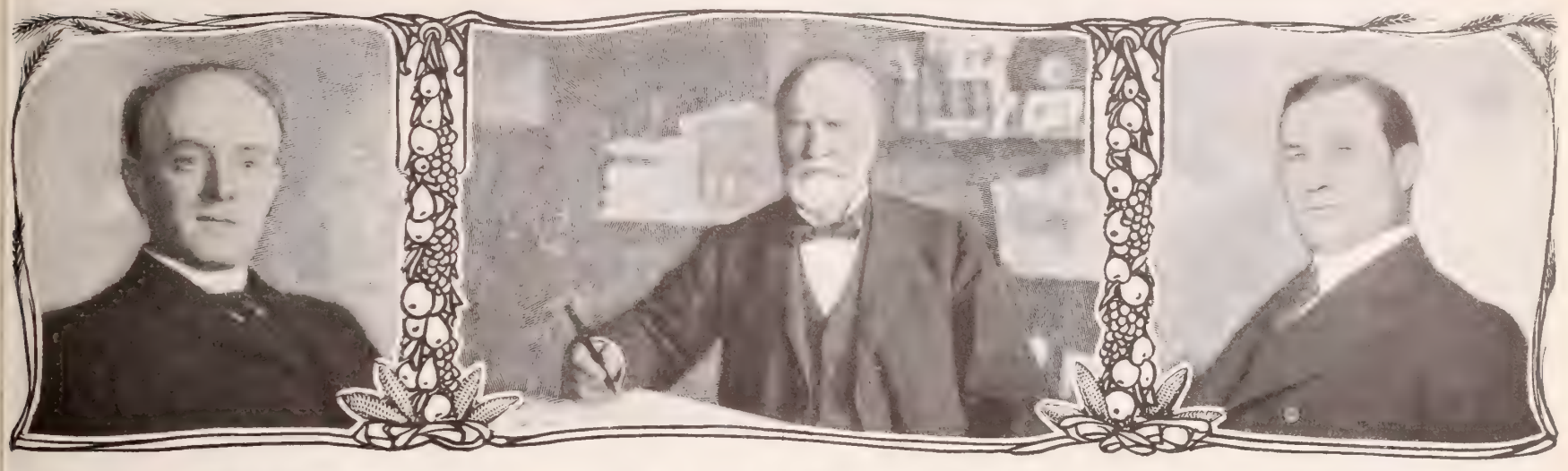
Missionary Fred Weiss, Tangier	$ 10.00
Missionary A. R. Stark, Callao, S. A.	10.00
Missionary Alice Condict, M.D., India	10.00
Missionary Sobey, Costa Rica	10.00
Missionary W. O. Johnson, M.D., Corea	10.00
Missionary R. J. Young, S. Paulo, Brazil	10.00
Missionary C. Z. Beals, Wuhu, China	10.00
Daniel C. Greene, D.D., Tokyo, Japan	10.00
Rev. Thos. Gray, Ponape, Caroline Islands	10.00
Dr. Wilter T. Currie, Chisamba, W. C. Africa	10.00

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MR HOLMES, STATISTICIAN — HON. JAMES WILSON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE — JASPER WILSON, PRIVATE SECRETARY



THE GREATEST OF AGRICULTURAL BUREAUS

It is Uncle Sam's Crop Reporting Branch, with its Staff of 250,000 Volunteer Helpers in all the States of the Union

FEW persons, outside of those immediately connected with the work, have any conception of the vast and far-reaching system of crop reporting which is carried on under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Hundreds of salaried government employees devote their whole time to the task, and the government also has the aid of more than a quarter of a million men and women in all sections of the country who are volunteer co-workers in the great enterprise. This governmental crop reporting service foretells the outcome of a year's planting and cultivating long before harvest-time.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson—a practical farmer—has, by his energy and progressiveness, brought his department well to the front, and the Crop Reporting Bureau is his especial pride. The government first made provision for the collection of agricultural statistics sixty-three years ago, or more than a score of years before the Department of Agriculture was established; but it has only been of late years that the institution has been brought to its present state of perfection. That the facilities now at the disposal of the government crop forecasters are excellent, is evidenced by the marvelous accuracy of every one of their predictions during recent years. In December, 1901, the Department of Agriculture estimated the cotton crop of 1901-2 at 9,674,000 bales, and late in June of the year following, the Census Office reported the exact figures to be 9,582,520 bales, a difference of less than one per cent. The season previous, the forecast was even more remarkable, the Department estimate of 10,100,000 bales being only two one-hundredths of one per cent. out of the way, as compared with actual statistics gathered by the census about ten months later.

Advance information as to the size and character of a maturing crop is found through the co-operation of nearly 250,000 farmers, bankers, merchants, cotton ginners, agents of transportation lines, mill and elevator proprietors and other persons. All are glad to help the government, for the reason that each is desirous of knowing at the earliest possible moment the extent of the crop in which he is interested. What might be termed the field marshals of the American crop reporting army, comprise thirty-eight State statistical agents, each employed by the government at a salary ranging from $300 to $800 per year. Each of these State officials maintains a corps of assistants or correspondents entirely independent of those reporting directly to Washington. All told, there are nearly ten thousand assistants of this class. Aside from the State corps, there is a double army of crop investigators covering the entire country and reporting direct to Washington. First, there is in every agricultural county a correspondent, who has from two to four assistant correspondents. These county correspondents and sub-correspondents, number in the entire country nearly eleven thousand. Then every township and voting precinct in which farming operations are carried on has a correspondent, this force numbering thirty thousand.

All of Uncle Sam's crop inspectors above enumerated report on conditions as they find them, eleven times a year; but even this large force constitutes but a portion of the legions of volunteer workers engaged in the novel work. In all parts of the country the Department of Agriculture has reliable sources of information, aside from its regular correspondents. For instance, in order to make the information in the cotton reports doubly authentic, the statistician at Washington corresponds, during the growing and picking season, with more than 60,000 public and private ginneries, and upward of 15,000 bankers, merchants, and other persons not actual cotton-growers. Likewise, in order to make sure of his figures on cereal production, he utilizes the services of nearly 25,000 millers, elevator men, and other non-farmers. Finally, at the end of the growing season, about 84,000 farmers and planters report on the results of their own farming operations during the year.

Secrecy must be enforced at the Department in Washington, on the part of all the government experts who have to do with footing up the figures received from all parts of the country, and ascertaining the grand totals of probable production. The information as to coming conditions, heralded by the government crop reports, often has a most important influence upon the prices of the necessities of life, and upon the wages of the world's toilers, and it is therefore essential that no man, or group of men, be allowed to have this information in advance of the general public, lest they use the knowledge to further their private ends.

MAKING UP THE CROP REPORTS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

At the Department of Agriculture in Washington, the work of tabulating "the returns" received from the field agents and voluntary correspondents is in the hands of a corps of seventy persons, who receive salaries ranging from $3,000 down to $480 a year. Nearly forty of these men and women are experts in their respective lines of work, and each receive $100 a month or more. During the year, this force of seventy workers handles more than 2,500,000 separate crop reports. For the most part, the monthly reports of the crop investigators are sent to Washington by mail, in sealed envelopes; but State statistical agents residing at distant points, report by telegraph, using cipher or a secret code.

In order to insure secrecy, the reports of the county, township, and other correspondents are tabulated by different groups of clerks, working in separate rooms, while the reports from the State statistical agents, whether received by telegraph or "special delivery" letter, go direct to the Statistician or Chief of the Division, and are locked up, with the seals unbroken, until the day on which the report is issued. Up to the very day on which an official crop report is given out for publication, the work is so divided among different clerks that no one can make an intelligent interpretation of his fragmentary portion. On the day when the returns are transformed from a seemingly confused jumble of figures into one comprehensive estimate, the clerks to whom are entrusted this work are locked in their offices, until the all-important forecast is completed and made public.

THE PROPOSED NEW DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WALDON FAWCETT.

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Gospel Fires

TEXT—I. THESS. 5: 19:

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT"

THE mighty phrase-maker, Paul, is a coiner of many superlatives. He is no stupid platitudinarian. Every-day, commonplace, insipid, tasteless comparisons, have for him no attraction. He never harnesses dull-eyed and spavined axioms to his verbal chariot. His forge is always red hot; his arms are cranes; his hammers pile-drivers; his doors flood-gates; his streams are fathomless, on-rushing rivers of molten iron; his sparks are stars, and his seconds millenniums.

We would, for our present lesson, use one of Paul's impressive, significant words. His "quench" has a superlative meaning. It is one of those sharp-pointed, verbal chisels which can open adamantine rock, and in cutting power, out-diamond the diamond. It is one of those intense, lurid words which pictures its thoughts in colors of blood. "To quench" means to smother, as a mother would extinguish the flames consuming the dress of her burning child, by wrapping about the flimsy garments a heavy, wet blanket, jerked from off the clothes-line. "To quench" means to deluge, to submerge, as the Johnstown fires were put out when the Conemaugh dam broke, and houses and stores and factories were floating about in the flood like chips tossed in an eddy. "To quench" means to stifle, to choke, to kill, as a farmer's wife with a snuffer might extinguish a candle flame, or as the tumbling waters of Niagara might drown out the subterranean fires of an erupting Vesuvius. In that word "quench," Paul startlingly warns all believing Christians against the sin of extinguishing the power of the Holy Spirit, which is now burning within them as a living flame. "Quench not the Spirit," is the command to the Thessalonians. Smother not the Divine flames.

Pernicious Influences

Now comes the practical question! How do many believing Christians open the floodgates of sin and drown out their spiritual fires? How do many of our new converts chill their holy enthusiasm and dry their cheeks, wet with penitent tears, and harden again their hearts in sin? First and foremost, by neglecting God's place of public worship. By turning their backs upon the Sunday church services. By claiming that they can pray to God just as well at home as in the week-night prayer-meetings. By asserting that the "Communion of the Saints," in a building which has been dedicated to God as a "House of Prayer," is not essential for true spiritual life. No true convert should ever be guilty of casting a slur upon the public altar of Jesus Christ. As Ponce de Leon, the explorer, crossed the seas, expecting to find a spring of "Perpetual Youth," which was different from all other springs, so when we come to a consecrated public service, filled with Christian people, we should expect to find there a rich blessing, different from all other blessings. It is hard work for a live coal to keep warm and to remain a live coal outside of the grate. It is hard work for a warm-hearted, loving Christian to remain a spiritual "live coal," unless he continually lives in close contact with other loving Christians. It is by the commingling of prayers that the best prayer is produced. It is by the commingling of testimonies that the best testimony springs from our lips. It is by "the foolishness" of preaching that sinners are saved? Yes! And also by the foolishness of preaching that they are brought nearer, week by week, to the personality of Jesus Christ.

Neglect of Church

If public worship is not essential for spiritual life, why did God decree that Moses should build a tabernacle, as soon as the hosts of Pharaoh had found a watery grave in the depths of the Red Sea? At that tabernacle, the Hebrews were compelled to worship. If not essential, why did Christ, during his earthly ministry, again and again go up to Jerusalem to attend the feasts, and again and again go into the synagogues to worship and to pray? If not essential, why did Christ command his disciples to assemble in one place in Jerusalem, and await the coming of the Holy Ghost? If not essential, why did the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers place such emphasis upon the attendance of their church members at the house of God? We can laugh at these stern-faced settlers of New England! We can poke fun at their "Blue Laws" and their plain ways! We can say that Cotton Mather, their natural outgrowth, was the instigator of the Salem witchcraft persecutions! But laugh at the New England Puritans as we will, we know they produced the highest type of spiritual men then known. We know that for spiritual truth they were ready to die. We know that in order to get that truth in the public meeting-house, they turned their backs upon the Old World and faced the New. It was in public worship that the Puritan Gospel thrived. It is in public worship that the new convert should catch the glow of the spiritual fires, which will make his heart warm toward God and his fellow-man.

A Captain's Advice

Public worship is absolutely essential for the spiritual life of the average man. Some years ago, a country boy was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia. In the seat sitting next to him was an old man. After a long conversation, in which the young man told his seat-mate that he was going to Philadelphia to find work, the aged man asked him for his letters. "Oh, yes," said the young fellow, "here is one from my old employer. Here is one from my school-teacher. Here is one from my physician." "Is that all? Have you not one from your minister?" asked his seat-mate. "Yes, I have that also." "Well, my young friend," said the old man, "I would advise you to present that letter to some church at once. I am an old sea captain, and I have found out by bitter experience, that it is safer when in harbor to tie my ship up to a wharf, than to anchor it out in midstream, to be floated around in the tides. By bitter experience, I have also found out that no young Christian is safe, unless he is bound up in Christian fellowship with other Christians in Sunday services and in the week-night prayer-meetings." The old sea captain's experience has been mine. I never saw in my life a church member go astray, unless you could first trace his spiritual degeneracy in growing absences from the prayer-meetings and Sunday services. If you want to keep close to God, you must keep close to his praying disciples. Never neglect, unless compelled, a church service. For your spiritual welfare especially, never neglect your week-night prayer-meeting.

How may the new convert, in another way, smother the divine flames burning within him? By throwing away the golden key which unlocks the closet-door of secret prayer? By neglecting to have a trysting-place, where, as a lover, he can meet with God, and talk over his plans and hopes? By thinking that there is any wakeful hour, day or night, when he can afford not to feel that

> Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air;
> His watchword at the Gate of Death—
> He enters heaven with prayer.

William T. Sherman, in his famous journey from Atlanta to the sea, broke loose from his military base of supplies and fed his army on the surrounding country through which he marched. But a course that may be safe for a military strategist is certainly and inevitably disastrous for a soldier of Jesus Christ. A Christian convert should never get out of prayer touch with the Heavenly City. It is

A Fatal Maneuvre

It will mean the Christian's falling a victim to spiritual ambuscade, entrapment and overthrow. You have no more reason to expect the flames of a candle to burn in a chemical retort emptied of all oxygen, than you have a right to expect your spiritual fires to burn in your bedroom, which is not charged and surcharged with the holy atmosphere of secret prayer.

It is necessary for true spiritual life to pray in public. Oh, yes! But it is just as necessary to pray in private. "The Lord thy God is a jealous God." That means, in one sense, that there are times when God wants us to be alone with him; alone, as Christ was alone with the Heavenly Father, when Jesus again and again went off alone to pray. He wants us to be alone with him in holy fellowship, as some of us have often been alone with our mothers. Blessed and tender were those hours of sweet communion with our mothers, who have now gone beyond. After the rest of the family were all in bed, we used to sit up towards midnight, telling her what we wanted to do, and asking her if she thought it was best for us to do it. So God, the Heavenly Father, wants us at times to come to him when we are alone. He wants us to tell him all our plans. George Whitefield would never accept any invitation or do anything of any import, unlesss he had first talked it over with his "Best Friend." In the darkness of the bedroom, and in the solitary walks through the streets, and in the quiet of the office, or in the kitchen, God wants us to frankly and freely and lovingly talk with him. He wants us to come to him, with the abiding faith of a little child. And the Heavenly Father "who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Christian convert, never feel that the hours are wasted which you spend on your knees, talking with Christ in secret prayer. You cannot find one man on earth who has ever attained to a life of eminent Christian usefulness, unless he climbed there by grasping firmly and gladly, rung by rung, the golden ladder of secret prayer. What said Charles H. Spurgeon, in reference to the power of secret prayer? When some one asked him the cause of his marvelous usefulness for Christ, Spurgeon pointed to the floor of his Tabernacle, saying: "In the room beneath, you will find three hundred praying Christians. Every time I preach here, they gather together and uphold my hands by continuous prayer and supplication. There you will find the secret of all the blessings." As Charles H. Spurgeon's "Gideon's Band," by secret prayer swept their pastor on to spiritual victories, so, by the power of secret prayer, we can lift ourselves up towards God and Christian usefulness. As Philip Doddridge, of blessed memory, once said: "The better I pray, the better I study." I say, "The better you pray, the better you will work." The better you pray, the better as a mother you can look after your children. The better you pray, the better you will live, and the better you will preach, and the wider will be your influence for Christ.

A Soldier's Prayer

Prayer in public necessary for spiritual development? Oh, yes! Prayer behind the locked door, prayer in secret, prayer where only God's ear can hear, and God's eye can see, just as important for the spiritual life and hope. During the Revolutionary War, a Highland soldier was caught creeping into camp during the darkness of the night. He was charged with being a spy, and taken before the Commanding General. Being asked why he had left the camp, the soldier replied, "I merely left in order to go out into the darkness of the woods and be alone with God, and have secret prayer." "Then down on your knees," thundered the officer. "Within twenty hours you shall be shot as a spy. You never needed to pray as much as you need to pray now." The soldier dropped on his knees, and offered such a simple, earnest prayer of faith and love, that the tears sprang from the Commander's eyes. He turned to the guard, and said: "Let that soldier go. He is telling the truth. He must have often been on his knees in prayer drill, or else he could not have prayed so well in public review." The great Heavenly Commander judges the sincerity of our public professions, by the earnestness and consecration of our private devotions.

Our public Christian usefulness to a great extent is dependent upon the intensity of our prayers uttered in secret. Christian brother, never allow your prayer-closet to become dust-covered and musty. Never let a time come when you will break the telegraphic communication with the Heavenly Headquarters for prayer. In God's great whispering gallery, may your lips learn to utter the Divine pleadings so softly, that they shall sometimes only be heard by his ear, and answered directly only by his loving voice.

The closed lids of God's Bible are often used to extinguish the Divine flame burning within the Christian's heart. They can become the barred and bolted doors of superstition, barred and bolted by gross ignorance, endungeoning the most monstrous of heresies in the darkest of cells. They may become red-hot irons putting out the calm, deep, blue eyes of faith and love. By an ancient Eastern law, no blind prince is allowed to sit upon the throne of Persia. By a divine law, no Christian can reach that stage of enlightenment fitting him to occupy one of God's spiritual thrones without earnest and prayerful study of the Bible. "*Tolle, lege! Tolle, lege!*" (Take and read! Take and read!) was the divine command given in vision to young Augustine in reference to the Holy Scriptures. "Take and read! Take and read!" is the divine command given to the young Christians of the present day.

Study the Chart

My friends, how are you going to find out what is the law of God and the will of God unless you read his Holy Word? In Isaiah, he distinctly says: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." Are you and I trying to find out, by studying the Scriptures, what are God's thoughts, and to harmonize our lives with his life? Are we trying to find out what is the deeper, richer meaning of the Saviour's name? Are we seeking to understand what is the mission of the Holy Spirit, and how God with the weak things of this world is going to confound the mighty? Or are we going around day after day singing a senseless, silly, siren song, "Jesus will save! Jesus will save! Oh I am so happy, Jesus will save!" when some of us merely look upon the name of Jesus as an amulet because we do not know or care who Jesus is, or take the trouble to read the words which he has spoken for us? Are we going to look upon the closed lids of the Bible in a superstitious way, as did the peasants of Europe during the Dark Ages, as though

OUR POLICY IN PANAMA

President Roosevelt's Message on the Course Adopted by the Government

DEMONSTRATION OF PANAMA CITIZENS AT THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

REVIEW OF COLOMBIAN TROOPS AT BOGOTA

IN the message sent to Congress on Jan. 4, President Roosevelt gives an exhaustive history of the Panama difficulty. While it does not satisfy the journals and statesmen in opposition to his olicy, it is a statement that is welcomed by his friends, nd it is a frank statement of the facts. The question etween the two, is as to the right of the government to ake the course it did, and as to the propriety of giving ecognition at so early a date, to the independence of ie new State. As to the latter objection, it must be dmitted that France, England and other governments, ave their recognition at a later date, so that had Presi- ent Roosevelt delayed, nothing would have been gained, s he could not reasonably have withheld it after Euro- ean nations had acted. It was right that a Power o closely and intimately associated with Panama hould lead the way in this recognition.

An important feature of the policy of our government as not generally known until the President's message as published. It is that, so far from actively support- g Panama, our forces resisted the appeals of the Pan- ma authorities in at least one instance. The Presi- ent says that when a body of Colombian troops landed t Colon and proposed to cross the isthmus, Command- r Hubbard prevented them, in spite of the urgent re- uest of the leaders of Panama to allow them to come n. The latter were prepared for a conflict, and de- lared themselves well able to conquer the Colombian orce and make all its members prisoners. Our gene- al conceived that his duty in policing the isthmus was o prevent an action and maintain order, and the oppos- ng forces were kept apart, thus, as the President says, preventing great waste of life, great suffering and great estruction of property." The effect of maintaining peace, of course, in the general view, operates to the advantage of Panama, which would be crushed in the end, by the superior might of Colombia, if we did not interfere; but in this particular instance the impartiality of our government was shown by restraining the forces of Panama.

Dispatches to the press state that Colombia continues concentrating troops at Cartagena, within easy reach of the shores of Panama. It is estimated that two thou- sand men are now there and that more are on the way. Several points on the coast are also reported to be swarming with Colombian troops, and reports are current that at all hazards President Marroquin will make an attack, and will not hesitate to fire on the United States forces if they attempt to prevent his landing on the shores of Panama.

It is little likely, however, that while our government maintains its present attitude, an attempt will be made to invade Panama. Nor is there at present any prospect of change. Mr. Hay has replied to Gen. Reyes, the representative of Colombia at Washington, who made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Bogota authorities. The text has not at the time of writing been disclosed, but its tenor is stated to be an emphatic refusal to recede from the position the United States has taken. Mr. Beaupre, who was our minister at Bogota, has now returned, and expresses his opinion that there is no probability of war, and he does not apprehend that any backward step will be taken which will delay or prevent the consummation of the taking over of the canal franchise and property and the successful prosecution of the work of construction by the United States. This of course is the main factor in the case. It was an unreasonable and almost intolerable outrage, that such a body as the Congress at Bo- gota should continue to prevent the construction of a work which would be a boon to the whole civilized world. It would have been more satisfactory if they had yielded, and Panama remained in the Union, but as they were obstinate as well as greedy, and were evidently plotting to entangle us in a dispute with France, as explained in this journal last week, it is right that we should avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the revolution.

Panama has her own grievances against Colombia, apart from the loss with which it was threatened by the failure of the canal negotiations. A distinguished citizen of the isthmus gives a resume of them, which fully explains the reasons for discontent. They are of no concern to us, save as they evoke sympathy with a misgoverned people; but they are worthy of recogni- tion, as proving that the secession has not taken place, and the new government has not been organized with- out reasonable cause. He says:

"Notwithstanding all that Colombia has drained us of in the way of revenues, she did not bridge for us a single river, nor make a single roadway, nor erect a single college where our children could be educated, nor do anything at all to advance our industries. . . . Well, when the new generals came we seized them, ar- rested them, and the town of Panama was in joy. Not a protest was made, except the shots fired from the Colombian gunboat *Bogota*, which killed one Chinese. We were willing to encounter the Colombian troops at Colon, and fight it out; but the Commander of the United States cruiser *Nashville* forbade Superinten- dent Shaler to allow the railroad to transport troops for either party. That is our story."

GOSPEL FIRES

Sermon by REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE D.D. Continued

hey were something they had no right to touch? Up o twenty years of age, the great Martin Luther was otally ignorant of God's word. Though studying to be priest, he had never been allowed to personally touch Bible, and was not aware that the Gospels and the Epistles comprised more than the few chapters read by he priests in public worship. Shall we continue to be s ignorant of God's word as that? Or are you going o look upon the Holy Scriptures as a divine letter written by the Heavenly Father to his children, which etter ought to be carefully studied, and its commands o be strictly followed out?

Supposing that your mother died of consumption when you were a child of four years. Supposing that, hen the hectic roses of that fatal disease were bloom- ng in the garden of her pale, sunken cheek, she one ay had you, her sleeping baby, placed by her side. hen while you slept, she wrote you a long letter. In his letter she gave her maternal advice and parting enediction. Then she folded that letter and gave it o your father, saying—"Husband, give this to my baby oy on the day he graduates from the public school; efore he decides upon life's work, I want to give him ny advice and tell him what I want him to do." Suppos- ng twelve years had now passed and you at sixteen were ow given that letter. What would you do? First you would kiss it. You would say, "Mother wrote it with ier dying hand! Mother wrote it with love." Then ou would reverently open the yellow leaves and care- ully read that letter, line by line. If you were a true on, if possible you would follow out the desires of that naternal letter, word by word. New convert in the Gospel life, and Christian of older standing, the Holy Scriptures are God's letter to us. If we are the Heav- nly Father's true children, we will take the letter and tudy it. We will translate the desires of that letter nto our own lives. We will make God's thoughts our houghts, and his ways our ways.

Paul said to young Timothy, "Preach the Word!" I say to you, "Study the Word." Study it in the church, and in the home. Study it on your knees, and at your desk, and in your bed. Study it as absorbingly and as intensely as John Locke studied it, who gave up his last fourteen years to an earnest search after divine truth, as revealed in the Scriptures. Study God's words as earnestly and as faithfully as Samuel Johnson commended his young friend to study it, when, upon his death-bed, he turned and said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who is about to appear before his Maker: Read the Bible every day of your life." Yes, new convert, read the Bible and continue to read it, because God commands you to read it. Read it, be- cause your deeper spiritual life depends upon your reading it, or in having it read to you. Study it, and continue to study it, because when you read the Bible, God is talking to you, as when you pray, you are talk- ing to God.

But there is still another way for the Christian to quench the spiritual flame which is now burning within him. That way is to neglect the family altar, which should be raised in every home. That way is for the husband and father to hurriedly arise in the morning and quickly dress, and then off to business, without gathering his children about him for family worship, and without having any blessing asked at the breakfast table. That way is for every father to think that all that he has to do is to say his own prayers and do his own Christian work, and then his children will say their own prayers and fulfil their own Christian tasks.

Every man's home to a certain extent is his own cas- tle. He can lift what standards he pleases over his own fireside. He can emphatically say, as did God's servant of old, "Let others do as they will, but as for me and my house, we shall serve the Lord." Or he can open his own home to shelter and entertain evil temptations of all sorts. But let no man think, if he surrenders his house to evil practices and yields himself and his home to the seductions of the world, that he can at the same time live a spiritual life, nor can he expect that those around him, who are bound to him by ties of blood and love, will lead spiritual lives. He must, if he would live right, not only consecrate his own life every morning to God, but in the presence of his children, he must pray to God for them to consecrate their lives to Christ also.

Thus, no matter which way we may look at the Pauline word "quench," the whole trend of the matter is this: As Christians, we cannot live a true spiritual life unless every moment of every day we are in touch with Christ. We cannot preach to others, unless, by searching God's Word, we hear Christ preaching to us. We cannot pray for others in public review, unless we have had much knee drill in secret prayer. We cannot give ourselves wholly to God's service, unless at the same time, at the family altar, we give our loved ones also to him. Are we ready to come into touch with all these spiritual sources of power? By coming in touch with Christ's life, shall we have the Spirit's flame leap, and glow, and resistlessly move on, and scatter, and consume our sins.

In welcoming the church members to Christ's altar, I have but one more question to ask and to answer. In what, oh struggling friend, does the chief definition of being a Christian consist? Ought you to say, "I want to be a Christian, to escape the evil effects of sin?" "I want to be a Christian, to be happy?" "I want to be a Christian, in order that I may reach heaven?" Oh, no. You should want to be a Christian, not for your own beatification, but in order that God may be glorified. In order to glorify God we should work for him. In order to glorify God we should give to him of our tem- poral substance. In order to glorify God we should pray to him. May our lives be filled with holy zeal for the glorification of the Saviour on earth.

IN THE OFFICE OF THE GORDON HOUSE

THE LATE DR. THEODORE G. WHITE

IN THE GYMNASIUM OF THE GORDON HOUSE

Gordon House, New York's New West Side Settlement

ON the West Side of New York City a new building has been erected, which is likely to prove a model for philanthropists in our own and other lands. In its design and in its adaptation to the object sought, it appears to be absolutely perfect. It is essentially a Settlement, but the Settlement idea has been adapted to the circumstances of the special class which throngs that section of the city. It is located on Seventeenth street, near Ninth avenue, and was named the Gordon House in honor of "Chinese Gordon," who was not only a great military hero, but distinguished for his love and service to the poor boys and young men of London.

That such an institution is needed in the section where it stands, there can be no doubt. Men and boys there are there in large numbers, who live in furnished rooms or in flats, in which they can enjoy but little comfort after their hours of toil. Relaxation and amusement they must have, to keep them from degenerating into the proverbial dulness which results from all work and no play. Many there are, too, who are ambitious, and are ardently desirous of working their way up by the acquisition of practical knowledge. The new Settlement holds out a friendly, helping hand to all these. In its spacious rooms and well-arranged departments, they can breathe freely; facilities for recreation or study are at hand, and the members are in contact with men of culture and refinement from our best universities, who are sincerely interested in their welfare. What a boon such an Institution will prove to the neighborhood, is realized by anyone who has had to do with youths who come to a great city from the country, to make their way in the world, as well as to those born and bred in the city, who, newly emancipated from school-life, are at the critical period of their lives, when the temptations of the saloon and of evil resorts are specially powerful. To have a good club to which they have a right to go; to come under the influence of men of education and character, is to have the way to good citizenship opened before them, and the means of mental, moral and material advancement.

An important feature of the new Settlement is its recognition of the spirit of independence, which is characteristic of the American workingman. The members are to pay dues, like the members of a rich man's club. This provision gives them a sense of ownership, and a partnership in the common task of elevating themselves and others. The stigma of charity is thus removed, and a man or youth received into membership feels that he is honored by the association, not that he is humiliated by the acceptance of a gift. He will also have a share in the development of the Institution, in the fact that his suggestions of new courses of study or of fresh departments of recreation are welcome. If there are enough members with like tastes sufficient to form a class, almost any subject that is desired will be taught. The aim of the workers is to encourage initiative among the members, and so to develop the interest of all in the efficiency of the house. There is also a distinct aim in the system of manual training adopted. It is made, as far as possible, play-work. It stimulates the instinct to make things, which is found in nearly every boy, and thus becomes an antidote to the lawless instinct induced by playing on the street.

THE GORDON HOUSE

The membership is divided into three classes, according to age. The annual dues for a boy under sixteen are two dollars; for a young man over sixteen and under twenty-one, three dollars, and for those over twenty-one, five dollars. The privileges are many, and of a kind that are thoroughly appreciated. The club is a home, where they can meet their friends and spend a social evening. Or if they are fond of athletics, they can find a gymnasium devoted to the purpose with modern apparatus. Other rooms for games are also at their service. There is a large library and reading-room. There are also six shops for handicraft-training, where clay-modeling, Venetian iron-work, all sorts of willow-weaving, cabinet-making, wood-carving, and many other crafts will be taught. There is also a music room and an art room. Even the roof is to be turned to account. It is covered with an iron cage eighteen feet high, and will be used for basket-ball and other outdoor games in the summer, and in winter, as a skating rink.

The building itself is an imposing structure. It is of gray brick faced with limestone. The interior is finished in old oak, and while plain and substantial, is very artistic. The house was planned and constructed under the personal supervision of Mr. William A. Clark, who will be the head-worker. His experience as Director of the Lincoln House, in Boston, Mass., gave him an opportunity to put to practical test the theories he had formulated in his eight years of service there. Gordon House, therefore, may be considered a model settlement of the most improved modern type. Mr. Clark will have the help, in the management of the Institution, of six volunteer college men as workers, and as there are already five hundred members, their office in directing the various departments will obviously be no sinecure.

The origin of the Institution is associated with a life of rare beauty and devotion. Among the instructors in Columbia University some few years ago, was Theodore G. White, Ph.D., a young man of boundless energy, and with an ardent love for boys. He belonged to St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and was an earnest Sunday School teacher. His work for his boys was not confined to the Lord's Day, but extended through the week. His home was always open to them for hospitality, or for advice, or help of any kind. No trouble was too great for him to take, if it promised a pleasure or a service to the boys. He would go with them on bicycle trips on their holidays, or take them down the bay or to the beach for a swim. No man was so popular among the boys of the West Side, or had so much influence over them as Dr. White. The need of some such institution as a Settlement House had long been on his mind. Finally, in 1901, a beginning was made. He secured a stable in Seventeenth street; worked with the boys in tearing up the old floor and laying a new one, and helped in putting in the plumbing and the baths. The benefits of the work were soon evident. Dr. White entered into it with enthusiasm. But the service he was doing was abruptly terminated. One Saturday afternoon, during an outing with his boys, he became unconscious, and in a very short time he died. He was only twenty-eight years old, but in that short lifetime he had done a noble work.

When Dr. White's will was opened, it was found that he had left a part of his property to the Gordon House, and the remainder to his cousin Theo. B. Starr, and his sons Louis M. and Howard W. Starr. These legatees determined to devote their share of the property to developing the work that their lamented kinsman had begun. They made a substantial addition to the fund, and have built and equipped Gordon House at a cost of more than a hundred thousand dollars, as a tribute to his memory. It is now nearly finished, and will be formally opened early this year.

A NEW IDEA IN CHURCH MUSIC

ONE of the Episcopal churches, St. Peters, of Philadelphia, has established a novel school for the training of choir boys, the contract being that the boys are to receive an education in music and other branches of study, in return for which they sing in the church without pay, so long as their voices retain their boyish sweetness. The educational course does not end when the voice breaks, but continues until the period of graduation, although the boy's services are of course lost to the church when he loses the soprano or contralto notes.

The school is under the direction of Mr. Ernest Felix Potter, who is assisted by two graduates of Bryn Mawr college. The course includes reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, United States history, ancient history, geography, civil government, physiology, zoology, botany, English composition, literature, rhetoric, Latin, German, French and drawing. The programme for each day in this school is as follows:

9 A.M. Morning prayer in church. 9:30-11 A.M. School session. Boys go singly to the choir master for voice lessons. 11:30-12 Luncheon and gymnasium. 12-1:30. School session—Boys go singly to choirmaster for voice lessons. 1:30-1:50 recess. 2-3:15 daily rehearsal. 3:15-4, gymnasium.

There are eighteen boys in this tiny school. The education they receive is described by the master as a public and high-school course in one, with the musical education added. Singing is thoroughly taught in the interest of the church, the only return the congregation receives for the money expended on the boys' education being the free singing at the services. It is considered a fair bargain on both sides. The experiment is one that may interest churches throughout the country, wherever good choral singing is appreciated.

THE SINGING CLASS AT AN OPEN-AIR MUSIC LESSON

TO SOLVE THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM

A Novel Experiment in Philadelphia

Science in the Kitchen Demonstrated

A CLASS AT WORK IN THE PHILADELPHIA COOKING SCHOOL

[N one of the busiest streets of Philadelphia, there stands a substantial stone building, where re-ntly a school or "college," -earing the somewhat impos-g title of the "Pennsylvania nstitute of Domestic Sci-nce," has been established. ccording to the plans of the resident of the Institute, Rev. L. Jordon, a brighter day is out to dawn for the over-orked housekeeper and memaker, who has vainly ought for a helper, and only und a hindrance in the every-ay routine of household ities.

If this college of train-g will really train young omen in the underlying prin-ples of good housekeeping, will indeed be a boon, not ly to the mistress, but to the aid, who, many times, is well-tentioned enough, but whose norance results in her hav-g troubles of her own, only cond to those her incapability inflict upon her mistress.

A number of young colored girls from various parts the country are enrolled as students, and the build-g, it is said, has already proven too small for the mber of women who wish to enrol in the classes. A ur over the different departments of the school dis-osed different classes in as many departments of ousehold work, clothing, laundry work, and general ousekeeping.

In one class-room, a colored expert in the culinary e was explaining to a class of earnest-looking girls e mysteries of cooking. The lecturer informed the udents that it was taken for granted that every girl uld scramble eggs or broil a steak to order. But this seems is only the A B C of the art of cooking, in the timation of the lecturers at this school. It was ex-ained that graduates from this novel institution would expected to cook any French dish required by an acting mistress; to know the names of the various shes in English and in French; to understand the art dressing a dish to suit the palate of the fastidious; d last, but by no means least, know how to keep her tchen domain in apple-pie order. Diplomas are to be ven by the college, but no diploma will be forthcom-g until the student has thoroughly mastered the ysteries of the culinary art, so that a future employer ill have only to give orders for the service of a banquet, and not be forced to superintend and assist in preparing the same. One cannot help thinking that a good, every-day all-around housekeeper, who can make good bread, and is perfectly sound on the despised scrambled eggs and broiled steak question, might be in greater demand by overworked housekeepers than one with the ability to serve a banquet in several foreign languages.

While the lecture was in progress in the cooking-class, another lecturer was teaching the art of laundering. On the floor above, classes were in session in millinery, dress-making, domestic economy and servant-girl etiquette. The last two are additions to the curriculum, which were found necessary because of the inexperience of some who presented themselves for admission to the classes. "Domestic economy" means that the girls are taught just how to shop, so that the employer may leave in the hands of the cook, if she prefers, the ordering of the innumerable things required for the kitchen. "Servant-girl etiquette" is the art of knowing how to behave in the position the girl hopes to fill. How to open a door for a caller, how to receive visiting cards, and what to do with them, how to approach a mistress, how to wait at table, and how to act in any duty that the girl might be called upon to perform.

President Jordon hopes to establish similar schools in other cities, and believes he has found the only solution of the servant-girl problem. "Our course in general housekeeping," he said, "is arranged with a utilitarian purpose in view. Every young woman should know how to take care of a house. But some come from homes where there can be no real housekeeping.

Our work looks to the accomplishment of every detail of the housekeepers' art—sanitation, ventilation, proper placing and arranging of the furniture—all that is needed in this course is included.

"The teaching of the art of nursing has received little attention, and yet hundreds of girls are entrusted with infants who have had no experience in the training of children. We shall not only teach them the care of children from infancy up, but will strive to teach them the importance of right conduct, chaste language and pure thinking."

H. D. JONES.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE INSTITUTE

REAL REFORM IN SACRED SONG

Why Not a Uniform Hymnal of the Best Tunes for General Use in all Christian Churches?

Editor of "The Christian Herald":—I have read with much interest the articles in reply to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's timely call for "Reform in Sacred Song," and with your consent, as Elihu said to Job: "I also will show mine opinion." For over half a century, it was my lot to have charge of some choir, and have been familiar with the compositions of Thomas Hastings, Lowell Mason, W. B. Bradbury, L. O. Emerson, and others, and also the music prevalent in Continental days. In all their works there was what is known as standard music of famous composers of the long ago, now almost eliminated, to give place to so-called classic music by modern writers.

The best way to create a reform in church music would be for Protestant churches to sacrifice their sectarian prejudices far enough to unite in publishing a Hymnal for universal use in all of the said churches, with no indication, on cover or title page, of its design for use in any particular sectarian church. All Christian worshipers would find the same hymnal wherever they attended service. This would be a first step towards a permanent "Reform in Sacred Song." The next one, and perhaps the most difficult, would be the appointing of a competent committee from all Protestant churches, composed of spiritual and devout Christians, to clean from all collections purely devotional music, such as the common people could appreciate, and delight to hear, and to unite in singing. Such a book should not be so large as to demand a price exceeding one dollar, and should not contain over five or six hundred hymns and tunes, which will provide for over three services every Sabbath in the year without repetition. Over half of the music and hymns now published are unused, and in large proportion are worthless as vehicles for song service. Devotional melody should, as far as consistent with correct harmony, enter into each part. It is an incompetent composer who so arranges his harmony as to confine melody to one part only, or to exclude entirely from either. Merely chromatic reveries of organists should not be tolerated in Hymnals as hymn tunes. Harmony alone, void of melody, excites no devotional aspirations; on the contrary, it causes a sigh for relief which the last note will bring.

When all Christian denominations insist that their Hymnal services shall be of a purely devotional character, and every other kind is eliminated from their worship, the charge of deterioration will become obsolete. Music may be devotional, and still be joyous, and not necessarily sedate or solemn. Can any one sing, "Dundee" to that marvelously devout hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," without being moved to tears, or "When all thy mercies, O, my God," to "Mear," without spiritual profit, or "Coronation" to "All hail the power of Jesus name," and not enter into the full ecstasy of ideal praise?

In closing, allow me to mention an instance of glaring non-adaptation of music to words, to which I listened, while attending Sunday morning service in a city of over 200,000 population, in one of its largest churches, a few years ago. The preacher gave out the hymn, "Broad is the road that leads to death," the precentor of the large choir selected "Duke Street" to sing it to. At the close of the service they sang Ken's Doxology to "Windham!" After all, similar idiosyncrasies can be found in nearly all our Hymnals.

Lyons, N. Y. JAMES B. SYKES.

. . .

[Our correspondent's suggestion for a uniform Hymnal for general use is a striking one, and we would be pleased to hear from all lovers of good church music on the subject. At present the number of Hymnals is legion, and the percentage of actually available tunes in each is usually small—not one-half and frequently not one-fourth of the whole. Let us hear what the music lovers and our readers generally think of Mr. Sykes' suggestion. We invite every reader to express an opinion on the suggestion for a Union Hymnal, and at the same time to send us the names of the twelve hymns which he or she thinks should certainly be included in such a Hymnal.]

Like Meeting an Old Friend

Dear Editor:—Many thanks for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which I duly received in perfect condition. It was like meeting an old friend in a new dress, which carried me back to the days of my youth, about seventy years ago. I have now grandchildren who will enjoy the reading of it. Its workmanship makes it a "thing of beauty, and a joy forever," enclosing, as it were, "a fountain sealed, and a spring shut up," which is opened by the key of experience in the lives of many Christian pilgrims. THOS. BOICE.

St. Catharines, Ont., Can.

Chicago Fire Victims Buried

ACCORDING to the burial permits issued by the Chicago Health Department, 556 victims of the fatal Iroquois Theatre fire have been buried. The Coroner's figures show that only nine remained unburied, while all but four were identified. There is a difference between the police and Coroner's records, however. An official count of the dead in the various morgues, made shortly after the fire, by the police, showed that 582 bodies had been found. Others who died from injuries received in the conflagration, were added to this number, bringing the total dead on the police list up to 591. When this last count was announced, there were still four bodies unclaimed. Two persons were missing, no trace whatsoever having been found of them in the ruins of the burned theatre.

Never in its history has Chicago had so sad a New Year's as when 1904 dawned upon the sorrowing city. It was the first day of the funerals, and it seemed as if the last sad offices for the dead were taking place on every block, so numerous were the undertakers' wagons and hearses. Sad processions moved through the snow-covered streets from homes and morgues to the cemeteries. At some of the morgues, the ghastly rows of dead were still being inspected by crowds of persons, who had come in the hope of being able to identify lost friends or relatives.

The funerals of the first few days of 1904 taxed the capacity of the undertakers and liverymen to its utmost, Sunday, January 3, being the heaviest of all.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Our Mission to Macedonia

FEW causes in recent years have taken a stronger hold upon the hearts of God's people throughout the civilized world than that of the suffering Macedonians. Oppressed by sword and torch, driven by scores of thousands from their peaceful homes to the mountains and forests, their dwellings laid in ashes, their farms and gardens ruined, and their cattle and goods plundered, those Macedonians have appealed to the sympathy of Christians everywhere, for assistance in their sad condition. It is estimated that in Macedonia proper there are at the present time over 150,000 destitute and helpless, facing wintry perils, while on the Bulgarian border a great mass of fugitives is huddled, in a similar desperate condition. Thousands have fallen in the recent massacres by the Turks, and now cold and hunger will claim their victims in still larger numbers, unless the humanity of the Christian world reaches out quickly to the rescue.

Our own circle of loyal CHRISTIAN HERALD workers, who in past years did such splendid service in the great famines in India, China and Armenia, and during the memorable periods of suffering in Cuba, Russia and Finland, are now reaching out hands of help to Macedonia. Devoted American missionaries and native Christian pastors in the field are even now using the gifts contributed through this journal, to save the lives of thousands of the fugitives. With a generous and united effort, we may be the means of accomplishing as grand a work for Christ and humanity in Macedonia as in any land where a similar work has been undertaken. Divine blessing always rests upon such an enterprise. It is the simplest, the most elementary, the most Christ-like form of service, and it is one of the richest in results. Such efforts bring a shower of blessing to all who have a share in them.

In order that our readers may be fully and authoritatively informed of the actual state of affairs in Macedonia, and of the use that is being made of their gifts to that afflicted people, the proprietor of this journal has commissioned the Rev. Marco N. Popoff, a native Evangelical pastor, now in the United States, to go to Macedonia and make the fullest investigation of conditions there, and especially as to the progress of the relief work. Mr. Popoff is a minister of leading position and influence in his own land, and is, besides, thoroughly familiar with all the centres of suffering, and personally acquainted with the missionaries and native Christian pastors and workers, from Monastir to the Bulgarian border. His letters from the field, supplemented by those of the band of workers—American, English and native—with whom he will be officially related, will appear from week to week in these pages, and we believe will be found of absorbing and universal interest.

We bespeak for our Commissioner the prayers of all who are in sympathy with this beautiful work of benevolence, that he may be shielded in peril and enabled to carry comfort and consolation and life-giving cheer and sustenance to multitudes of the suffering. We bespeak for him also, the most cordial and generous support in his task. It is an opportunity for signal service in which we wish all to have a part. Macedonia needs your gifts. Consecrate them with prayer and send them, now, that the harvest of blessing may be abundant.

You can save at least one precious life. If every reader of this journal were to undertake the feeding and sheltering of one Macedonian man, woman or child, and sent his gift quickly, the suffering would be ended in a single month!

That would indeed be a magnificent record of Christian service, and one wholly without a parallel.

Not Mercy Only, But Justice

IN one of the galleries of Paris there is a striking picture, the moral of which is irresistible The prominent figure is that of Justice; a female form seated on her throne, a radiant star upon her brow, a sword in one hand, and the other holding her symbolic scales, and resting on the head of a huge lion, that, with keenest vigilance, keeps watch at the side of his mistress. Over this portion of the picture is an air of severity and firmness, softened by celestial benignity. In the foreground is a husbandman, in the softest sleep of night; the unharnessed plough at his side. Upon his breast reposes the head of his wife, and in her arms lies their slumbering infant, while one hand of the mother, in unconscious security, rests upon the knee of enthroned Justice.

A great truth is admirably illustrated by the artist—security, peace and happiness, found beneath the protection of law administered with mingled firmness, might and benevolence.

We are prone to associate only stern and unlovely qualities with law and justice. We say, "If you would win men to God, talk of his mercy, not of his justice." But we are wrong. If we would only talk truth, and the whole truth of God's justice, that too, would be seen to be worthy of adoration and praise, and would fill every honest heart with joy. For then it would appear that when Jesus Christ comes to a sinful man, bringing the gift of life in that hand which bears the print of the nail, and proclaims all that is good and gracious with that voice whose death-sign convulsed the earth, his coming thus gives no more satisfaction to the mercy than it does to the justice of God. "If we confess our sins, he is" not only "faithful," but "just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The Servant Question Once More

A READER, writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is of the opinion that the names "servant," "hired girl" and "domestic" are alike and equally opprobrious epithets in the ears of women who do housework for wages. It is difficult to understand the pronounced aversion of sensible girls to this rating of their occupation, as if they agree to work anywhere at anything at a weekly stipend, they are hired. So is the pastor of a church; so are the salespeople in a store; so is the cashier of a bank, and the passenger agent of a railroad. There is surely no disgrace in being hired, or working for a salary. Employers, let it be said, do not strenuously insist on these names, and our Marys, Maggies and Annies, if they do our washing, ironing and cooking, are highly-prized members of the family, and may dictate their own terms.

The gist of the matter possibly is that in a free country and among unthinking persons, there is a demand for social equality. The hired girl wishes to eat with the family, and to sit with them when her work is done. In lonely places, where she has no friends near, and can have no company running in to enliven her evenings, this does not seem an altogether unreasonable demand. A mistress who can secure assistance on no other terms, generally concedes this point, and the maid has her place at the table, below the salt, just as in old feudal days all retainers ate at the master's board. A maid quietly seated in the family living-room on a cold night, when the kitchen would seem especially lonesome, would do nobody harm, might herself receive benefit, and would do her work no worse the next day. Town life implies different conditions, and most cooks and housemaids prefer their individual table and their evenings by themselves.

Until we learn to mingle human charity and loving kindness with our intercourse, this servant question will continue to crop up, a hard and vexatious problem. Love, that settles most things, can settle this too, if it be given a fair field.

Our Commissioner's Parting Words

The following letter speaks for itself:

NEW YORK, January 9, 1904.

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Before leaving this country after my brief stay in New York, I wish to thank you personally, as well as on behalf of the 275,000 Macedonian sufferers, for taking up the cause of these unfortunate people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has always been, more than any other agency, the means of aiding suffering humanity. I trust that by my going among these sufferers, I may be useful in sustaining the interest in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Macedonian relief work.

Very sincerely yours,

M. N. POPOFF,

"Christian Herald" Special Commissioner to Macedonia.

OUR PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE following are the Premium propositions in connection with annual subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for this season.

1. **The Red Letter Bible,** Authorized Version, in large clear print, with all the words spoken by our Lord, and every reference made by Him to the Old Testament, printed in Red, and every Messianic Prophecy emphasized by a Red Star, with Helps and Maps, bound in American Levant Overlapping Edges, Lined to Edge, Red under Gold, and patented Movable Book-mark, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.**

★ ★ ★ ★

2. **The International Teachers' Bible,** in Long Prime type, with Helps and Maps, **Leather Lined,** Red under Gold, Thumb Indexed, Revised or Authorized Version (when ordering **state which**), with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.**

★ ★ ★ ★

3. **The International Teachers' Bible,** same as No. 2 but **without** Leather Lining or Thumb Index, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$2.**

★ ★ ★ ★

4. **The Red Letter New Testament,** with all the words spoken by our Lord printed in Red, beautifully bound in Divinity Circuit, soft and flexible, Overlapping Edges, Red under Gold, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, for **$1.85.**

★ ★ ★ ★

5. **The Crown Encyclopedia,** five substantial volumes 3,008 pages, large type, 500 illustrations, 96 Colored Maps—everything up to November, 1903—bound in Vellum de Luxe cloth, with genuine Gold Stamp (will never tarnish) boxed and delivered, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$3.** For Half Leather Binding, send $1 extra.

★ ★ ★ ★

6. **How I Worked My Way Around the World,** by Harry Steele Morrison, 408 large pages, when open 9 x 15 inches, Beautifully Illustrated, richly Bound in Cloth with Emblematic Stamp, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year, at **$2.**

★ ★ ★ ★

7. **Pilgrim's Progress,** by John Bunyan, Red Line Edition, splendid for presentation, Profusely Illustrated, Superbly Bound and exquisitely printed in two colors, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at **$2.**

★ ★ ★ ★

8. **The Speaking Oak,** by Dr. F. C. Iglehart, containing 301 Tales of Life, Love and Achievement, same size as Nos. 6 and 7 (30,000 copies already sold), Elegantly Bound, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, **$2.**

★ ★ ★ ★

9. **Magazine** Combinations—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with any one of the following dollar magazines at $2; with any two at $2.50, and with any three at $3. Look over the list, and make your choice: **Harper's Bazar, Leslie's Popular Monthly, Pearson's, Success, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Little Folks, Watchword and Truth, Record of Christian Work, or Current Anecdotes,** for Pastors.

★ ★ ★ ★

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A subscriber may take **as many premiums,** whether **books** or **magazines, as he pleases.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be sent to one address, and **each premium** or magazine to a **different address, without extra charge.** THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and magazines, if sent to a foreign country require extra postage.

★ ★ ★ ★

All premiums are sent all charges prepaid. Our beautiful 15-color **Butterfly Calendar** for **1904** and **1905** goes free with every subscription. Address today THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Wintry Scenes

ARCTIC weather, of which the whole country has been having an experience, is, it appears, prevalent in other lands. In the ancient Russian city of Moscow, the cold has been so bitter and so long-continued, that wealthy nobles have had fires kindled in the squares of the city and at the corners of the streets, so that pedestrians who have no warm palaces for a refuge, may enjoy a little warmth as they go on their way. In Germany, also, the cold has been very severe. It is not, as our illustration shows, allowed to be any excuse for the relaxation of discipline. On Christmas eve, intense as was the freezing temperature, the usual prayers were offered at the assembling of the guard at the Emperor's palace, and the helmets were duly taken off, according to regulation. In New York, for the first time in nearly thirty years, the thermometer on January 5 registered four degrees below zero. The poor suffered terribly. Motormen, and the drivers of wagons had a painful experience. One man died on his wagon from exposure, and two others perished on the sidewalk. Many others had hands and ears frostbitten. In other parts of New York State there were records unprecedented in the memory of the citizens. At Lyons Falls the mercury fell to fifty-seven below zero, and at one of the lumber camps at Mount Marcy it fell to sixty below. Happily, the duration of the snap was short. After three days a slight relief came and continued. But for a time there were many who felt as did the Psalmist when he wrote:

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold? (Psalm 147: 17).

Four Inches of Land Sold

One of the most curious real estate transactions on record in New York City, was made last week. It was the sale of a strip of land, four inches in width, on the West side of Seventh Avenue, near Fiftieth street. The entire block, fifty years ago, formed part of a farm which had been for several generations the property of a well-known Dutch family. When the value of the Longacre district became valuable for building sites, the family cut up the farm into sections, and sold them to various purchasers. As the city grew, the centre moved further uptown, until the old farm occupied a position of vantage of fabulous value. Handsome business edifices and fine residences in the neighborhood rendered the land every year more desirable. In making the surveys for recent operations, it was discovered that a mistake had been made in the original deeds. A small strip of land, having a frontage of four inches on the avenue, and extending westward ninety feet, had not been sold to the purchasers of the lots north and south of it. It has now been sold, and though the price paid for it has not been disclosed, it is said to have realized a sum which would originally have sufficed to buy the entire farm a century ago. Little did the owner of it at that time, imagine what would be the value of that small strip now. Nor, is it likely that it concerns him, even if he knows. Of infinitely greater importance to him, is it if he has an inheritance in the heavenly kingdom, which now is by many so lightly esteemed, but which, too, will be appreciated in eternity.

An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1: 4).

Lost in the Woods

Two men had a painful experience recently in the North Woods, near Utica, N. Y. They had been employed in the Michigan Mills, and set out to walk to Redfield, twelve miles distant. As the trails were covered by heavy snowdrifts, they could not take the usual route, so they obtained snow-shoes to make their way through the woods. It was easier walking there, but the short winter's day closed upon them, while they were still among the trees. They then realized that they must have lost their bearings. They were very tired, but knowing the danger of sitting down to rest, they kept on their dreary tramp. All night long, they plodded on, without emerging from the woods. The sun rose the following morning, and still, no matter which way they looked, nothing was visible but the trees and the snow-covered ground. They tried, what they supposed to be a new path, but again night fell, and found them still in the woods. The weaker of them declared he could walk no longer, and flung himself down on the snow, but his companion aroused him, and by sheer violence, compelled him to trudge on. The morning light showed them curling smoke, and, making their way toward it, they came upon a habitation, where they were sheltered and fed, after being nearly fifty hours lost in the woods. The perseverance of the men is amazing; but they knew the danger of resting and sleeping in their circumstances. Their lives depended on continued exertion and watchfulness. How many professing Christians might be saved from falling if they were similarly vigilant in time of danger! All have need to offer the prayer of the Psalmist, lest deadly temptation come upon them unawares:

PEASANTS AROUND STREET BONFIRES IN MOSCOW

EVENING PRAYER OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD AT BERLIN, ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Lighten my eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death (Psalm 13: 3).

Identified by a Child

A lady in Germantown, Pa., was rescued from an embarrassing position recently by the fortunate presence of one of her children. Her husband, who is a traveling man, before leaving on a journey, gave her a check for household expenses during his absence. As he had before always given her currency, she had not had occasion to go to his bank. Accompanied by her little daughter, she went to the paying teller's window and presented the check. To her astonishment, the teller declined to pay it. He admitted that there were plenty of funds in the account on which it was drawn, but it was a rule of the bank never to cash a check for a stranger. She indignantly told him she was not a stranger but the wife of the drawer of the check. That might be, he said, but he did not know her, and therefore could not pay. She argued with him for some time, but without avail, and was leaving the bank very much crestfallen, when her child made some remark to her, addressing her as "Mamma." The teller looked closely at the child, and then said he would honor the check. Asked why he had changed his mind, he answered, "I have known the signer of the check for many years, and that little lady is so like him, that I am sure her mamma is his wife." So the check was duly honored. What a blessing it would be, if the Christian so clearly bore the likeness of his heavenly Father, that he would at once be recognized by his character and conduct. Such likeness is possible to all.

We all with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image (II. Cor. 3:18, R.V.).

Stopping a Runaway Engine

An engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad describes an exciting adventure he has had in West Virginia. He was waiting at Grafton to take the express to Wheeling as usual, when word came that his services were needed for another duty. A locomotive unattached, had been side-tracked at Newburg, ten miles below Grafton, to allow the express to pass, and the engineer and fireman had left it to get their dinner. It was an engine of the high-wheeled kind, and had a high pressure of steam on. In some way not explained, but probably due to some lover of mischief, the throttle was opened and the engine glided out on to the main track. There its speed increased. The superintendent telegraphed to Grafton, where he knew there were engines, to clear the track ahead and head off the runaway. The engineer was ordered to go on before it at high speed and allow it to run into his engine. The duty of slowing down and waiting for the impact of that flying locomotive with no one in control of it made him nervous. Twice the runaway came near, but its speed was so high that a collision would have been disastrous. The engineer shot ahead again until he had accommodated his speed to that of his pursuer. Then he made a slight reduction, and soon with a gentle bump, the runaway struck his tender. Then he shut off steam entirely, and allowed the runaway to push his engine along. The new weight reduced the speed of the runaway until it was safe for the fireman to crawl to the pilot and along the running board to the cab and shut off the steam. The distance covered in that wild flight was more than twenty miles. It was a dangerous task, well performed. Who can tell what mischief that locomotive, being without anyone in control, might have done had it not been stopped? Would that there were some such means of stopping the mischief that is being done in society by men, who do not intend to do harm, but not being under divine control, do mischief heedlessly.

The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Jer. 10: 23).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's services at Norwich, Conn., have been largely attended. There was preaching afternoon and evening, and a decided movement was begun which promises to lead to great results.

Mr. Fred Weiss, writing to this journal from Tangier, Morocco, in acknowledgment of contributions forwarded to him for our readers, says that there are manifest tokens of a shower of blessing falling on that Mohammedan land. He is much encouraged.

It is gratifying to learn that the Young Men's Christian Association of Denver, Colo., has received the gift of a cottage for its health farm. The giver, who desires to be anonymous, is a lady, who was moved to the beneficence by reading an article which appeared in a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The New York *American* on Christmas day, distributed presents among more than 100,000 poor and deserving in the Metropolis. It raised a Christmas Fund of over $11,000 by popular contributions. The distribution was made under the charge of a representative committee of citizens and through a number of societies and benevolent organizations, and every dollar brought joy and comfort to some poor tenement home.

CONGRESS HEARS MACEDONIA'S PLEA

A PROTEST AGAINST TURKISH CRUELTY — HOW THE RELIEF WORK GOES ON IN THE COLD WINTER

THAT the terrible suffering among the Christian people of Macedonia, as the result of Turkish oppression, is at last being understood by the people of this country, is evident from the fact that the case of Macedonia was lately a subject of discussion in a leading committee of the United States Senate. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations listened to an argument favoring the passage of resolutions, introduced by Senator Penrose, requesting the President "to use his good offices toward the reconvening of the representatives of the nations taking part in the Berlin Congress of 1878, in order to take measures to carry out the agreement then signed to protect the lives and property of Christians in the Ottoman Empire."

Though this does not touch the subject of the frightful suffering now prevailing in Macedonia and along the Bulgarian border, it strikes at the cause of that suffering, and puts the American people on record as the friend of the oppressed Macedonians. It is an implied rebuke to the powers of Europe, who have stood tamely by, while Turkey, cruel and arrogant, has violated all its pledges and even ruthlessly slaughtered its Christian subjects. Even if no action by this government should result from the Senate's proceedings, it will still be deserving of note that Macedonia has found powerful friends in this Western land, who sympathize with her misfortunes and will watch her future with intense interest.

Letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the week, record the progress of the relief work on the border and in the interior. Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, writes:

"Rev. Mr. Bond (American missionary at Monastir), states that at the lowest estimate, 50,000 people in the Monastir vilayet alone have been rendered homeless, and a large number are without any means of subsistence for the winter. He has written repeatedly of the condition of the refugees coming in from the stricken districts . . . . Of considerable numbers without sufficient clothing for the winter and entirely destitute of food. As near as I can estimate, there are probably 100,000 people in the Adrianople and Monastir provinces, who will need help to get through the winter and maintain life. Cattle have been destroyed to such an extent that, if crops are to be sown in the spring, money must be provided for the purchase of cattle with which to till the soil and of seed to plant . . . There is certainly need of a generous relief for these hundred thousand people, some of whom have fled over into Bulgaria, but many of whom remain in the districts where their homes formerly were, and who will be dependent for some months almost entirely upon charity. If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could send $10,000 a month for the next four months, this, together with the help which will come from other sources, will fairly meet the needs."

Mrs. Z. D. Furnajieff, writing of the great needs of the refugees in and around the city of Samokov, says:

I am earnestly praying that God may bless your efforts, so that the hungry and suffering ones may bless God and thank him for the Christian sympathy in these hard and trying times for them. Many of the refugees can do nothing but simply wait for help in some way. They come for their portion of food that is given them daily. There are now not less than 900 refugees in Samokov alone, many having gone in the villages around. The other day I went to see the refugees, and found a young girl crying alone in a corner. I thought she might be sick, but those around told me that she had just heard of her brother's untimely end, and not having heard anything of her father since their flight from home last fall, she feels sure that he also must have been killed like her brother.

I must say that if those who sympathetically contribute for the relief of these people could see what I have seen they would feel highly rewarded. I noticed the happy expression on the faces of the refugees who have received quilts and mattresses, which they needed so much for this cold weather. There is need of more, for a good many families of five, six, seven or eight persons have only one bed cover for all.

With some money received from England, twenty skin coats were made, and are to be given to the oldest men among the refugees. Oh, what a joy it will bring to them at this season!

The refugees are beginning to realize how much they have lost and how hard their lot is. Often you will see an old woman sitting down on the bare ground, despondent and sad almost crying; and when you ask her about the reason, she answers, "Oh, what shall I tell you first, when I have lost all! We had barns of corn and wheat, loads of potatoes—but now nothing!"

And yet the condition of those in Macedonia, whose houses have been burnt, is far worse. Oh, that the Christian people of America could realize at least a hundredth part of the sufferings of the Macedonians then they will surely open their generous Christian hearts and give as unto the Lord, for these are God's children, his creatures, and whosoever gives to them in their dire distress, lendeth to the Lord.

Rev. Lewis Bond (American Missionary), writes from Monastir:

The records show that we have dealt out and sent off, 211,939 pounds of flour from our depot in Monastir, and 33,000 pounds of grain at Ochrida Florina, Klissura and Kichevo The blankets distributed number 2,316. We have given 39; thick padded jackets and 1,74 sets of underwear, and a modest amount of swaddling clothes These figures embody an immense amount of comfort to the grateful recipients.

I am bound to say that the authorities treat all the relief agents remarkably well. Twice recently, Hilmi Pasha has sent a mounted gendarme for us at night to Ochrida, to carry medicines and money to Mrs. Brailsford.

From a photograph specially procured by Rev. Marco N. Popoff, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES CAMPING IN THE OPEN AIR NEAR DUBNITZA

All contributions in aid of the Macedonian refugees should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

All contributions will be acknowledged in these columns and forwarded to the missionary workers in the field.

MANY WRITE OF ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. W. W., Broome County, N. Y. "God has answered so many of my prayers in the past that I will ever put my trust in him."

M. M. Kans. "I was in great trouble. The Lord heard and answered my prayer. Praise his holy name."

Reader, Butte, Mont. "I must praise God for answering many of my prayers in my past life. I have been praying for one object for six years, and my prayers have now been answered."

L. M., New York. "Two things I have been very anxious to overcome, but felt it was impossible to overcome them without God's help. I prayed that he would help me, and he has, and I am so thankful."

Reader, Lexington, Neb. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God. I prayed to him in times of trouble, and he has heard."

Mrs. C. E. P., Howard City, Mich. "I want to acknowledge an answer to prayer, when it seemed that nothing short of the miraculous could bring an answer. I cannot understand it. I only know that all things are possible with God. All glory to his name."

C. M. V., New York. "I want to acknowledge that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer. He has blessed me many times, for which I want to thank him."

Reader, Alexandria, Minn. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me, and his mercy, which has been exceeding great. In my long Christian experience he has answered my prayers times innumerable."

Believer, Belleville, Ill. "I have seen many who have had their prayers answered. I thank God for answering me when I called to him in my agony. He gives me strength to bear many troubles. He truly hears and answers prayer."

Reader, ——, N. Y. "I prayed to God to save the life of a dear one, and she was spared. Glory be unto his name."

Reader, Michigantown, Ind. "I have recently received answers to prayer, and I wish to acknowledge it before the world."

M. B. O., Galt, Ontario, Can. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayers, especially lately, when in business difficulty. I thank him for his goodness and mercy."

Reader, Westfield, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge the kindness of God to me. He has often answered my prayers."

A Mother, York, Neb. "I know it to be true, that God hears and answers prayers. During my late illness, I offered many prayers for myself and a dear one. These were answered, and many more before and since that time."

Reader, Montgomery, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge the great kindness of God in answering prayers many times and in many ways."

Reader, Ohio. "I want to thank the Lord for marvelously answering prayer."

H. L. S., Jamestown, N. Y. "I wish to publicly acknowledge God's wonderful answer to prayer. I was in deep trouble and God has blessed and answered my humble petition."

Mrs. W. A. Y., Illinois. "I thank God for answered prayers. What a heavy load prayer lifts off our shoulders. Bless the Lord, oh my soul."

F. G., Athol, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge how the Lord has answered my prayer. If you are in trouble take it to the Lord in prayer."

W. F. R., Mobile, Ala. "The 'Answered Prayer' column I have great faith in. Reading it has brought me a great deal of help when in trouble. It has changed my views very much."

P. B., Salem, Oreg. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. He has answered many prayers for me, and I feel that I can never doubt him again."

Reader, ——, N. Y. "My prayer has been answered. Many other prayers of mine have been answered by our loving Father."

Friend, Missouri. "I promised that if a special prayer was answered I would make public acknowledgment. Several times I have had direct answer to prayer, and I can say, 'The Lord is an ever present help in time of need.'"

M. K. H., Mich. "I was in deep trouble, and was helped and strengthened to pray through reading Answered Prayers. God has answered my prayers beyond my expectation. I am praising his holy name."

H. "When I prayed for a certain very dear one in Jesus' name, God heard and answered. He has answered many prayers of mine. I give him all the glory."

Subscriber, Princeton, Ill. "I praise God that he many times has answered my prayers when I have been in trouble. He is a faithful friend, and will always help us if we only trust him. Praise his name."

L. E. C., Hartford. "I want to praise the Lord, for many, many answers to prayers."

Reader, Wampaca, Wis. "I was in trouble and took it to the Lord. He heard and answered."

Jessie L. B., N. Y. "I feel constrained to publicly acknowledge that 'I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.' He has given wonderful answers to requests made during the year just closed."

Mrs. H. H. D., East Coventry, Vt. "I would acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer when I was in trouble."

Believer, N. C. "I have offered prayers that were answered almost before I uttered the words. Now I am asking for an opportunity to train my children for God."

Z. H. C., Iola, Kans. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. He has done so. Praise his name!"

A. B. U., Staten Island. "I want to praise God publicly for all he has done for us. He answers our prayers continually."

Philip L., Lebanon, Mo. "I desire to express my gratitude to God for answering my prayers. He does not always answer in our way, but always in his way."

C. K. G., Cataula, N. Y. "I have been helped very much by the Prayer Column. I know that God answers every sincere prayer. He has answered mine many times; and often, when sorely oppressed, I have had the assurance before the answer came. Within a few weeks, God has heard and blessed us in every way."

Mrs. L. R. M. "It fills my soul with delight to read the Answered Prayers. God has answered many prayers for me, and made me better reconciled to his will."

Mother, Salem, N. C. "I wish to express my thankfulness to God for answering my prayer."

Constant Reader, Huntersville. N. C, "I want to acknowledge a special answer to prayer. We were in great trouble and I took it to God. He heard and answered in a way little thought of. May we ever take our troubles to the Lord in prayer."

Reader, Illinois. "I have had many answers to prayers, and now I feel my Heavenly Father has again especially blessed me, and I want to praise Him for it."

Subscriber, Mich. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering many prayers. He will answer if we ask in faith."

More Entertaining than any Novel

How I Worked My Way Around the World came to me by express to-day. It is a delightful book, and I thank you for it. Nothing could suit me better, and it is more entertaining than any novel. I am reading it through, and all are pleased. ELLA E. PARKER.
Santa Cruz, Calif.

The Old Homestead

HOW the memories gather round it, as the years go slipping by;
How we linger in the gloaming, as the shadows fall apace;
Thinking of the cloudless morning and of life's untroubled sky,
When the world's whole wealth was ours, in our childhood's dwelling-place.

There was mother, stepping briskly, with her face so full of cheer,
And her laugh, like bells of silver, and her look that shone with love;
There was father, strong and stalwart, gone from us this many a year;
Both those dear ones, waiting for us, in the house of God above.

Standing on a windy upland, how its lamplight glimmered far,
When the home-returning children, sought it in their holidays;
Ever in their thought, that home-light, beckoned like a steadfast star,
Guiding them, amid the pitfalls, of the great earth's devious ways.

Clustering around the mother, when the home was childhood's nest,
Were the golden heads of seven. Pattering feet ran o'er the floor;
Love and wisdom to the children freely gave, and they were blest
Who went forth to manhood's struggle, through the homestead's lowly door.

Scattered now, the band who, trooping, stormed the little district school;
East and West, and wide seas over, from the pine land to the palm,
Homes they've reared, that are repeating day by day the old home's rule;
Lifting by each family altar, clear and sweet, the homestead's psalm.

Therefore, praise we God the Father, God the Son, the Holy Ghost;
Three in One, with reverence humble, as befits us, lowly bent.
For the dear old homestead, beacon brave on life's tempestuous coast,
Where we learned life's truest lessons, and were sphered in life's content.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Safety-Valve

"Why do you find fault so vehemently and take such a fuss about trifles?" said Nelly Murray, as she lifted amused eyes to her friend, Rose Vincent. Rose had found a spot on the clean tablecloth, and had arraigned the children as severely as if the one who had dropped a tiny little bit of cranberry juice had broken the moral law.

"Why, oh! I don't know. I'm emotional, and scolding is my safety-valve. I should be frantic, if I hid my feelings under a crust of reserve as you do, Nelly."

"Reserve!"

"Well, then, restraint; I never learned it. I am a child of nature."

"I grew up among Friends, Rose, and was taught to think before I spoke; to be very gentle in manner, and keep my tones low. On the whole, I think it was good training. Isn't it better not to need a safety-valve? Your little Dorothy looked so frightened, when you said that she was driving you to your grave; that you never put on a clean tablecloth that somebody did not ruin it on purpose, and that you envied women who had no children to plague them."

"Did I say that?"

"Indeed, you did; and Dorothy and Helen were so sad-looking when they went to school. Such indiscriminate complaint of children, and such crossness; forgive me, dear, over trifles, disturbs their sense of values, and confuses them about right and wrong."

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," said Rose. "I'll try not to need the escape-valve again, Nelly."

Finger Signals

Nature is not unkind. She faithfully hangs out her danger signals, but we do not always heed them, as we ought to do.

When you find sleepless nights becoming habitual, and awaken constantly unrefreshed in the morning, you are probably overtired, and should call a halt, or you are worried and must find a way out.

When you feel a dull pain in the small of the back or at the base of the brain, when you take cold easily, when you cannot digest your food, when a trifle fatigues you, note the danger signals. Slow up. Very many things that are wrong may be cured by

Timely Rest

We shall rest in our graves bye and bye. Why not stay here a while longer, and rest in our homes among our friends.

Don't Say You Have Not Time

You have all the time there is, and you simply do not know how to use it, what to leave out, what to postpone, what to let somebody else do. Heed nature's warning signals and you will live long in the land.

LEARNING TO KNIT

Some day yet, when little Mabel
Has grown old, and is not able
Any more to read or write;
She will sit in placid age,
Thinking of her life's long page,
Knitting in the candle-light.

This day, by her dear young mother,
Close by her own little brother,
Mabel learns this quiet art.
Days to come, this happy hour
Will be perfumed like a flower,
In sweet Mabel's loving heart.

Company Coming

COMPANY coming! so we put the house into the most immaculate order. It will never do to let a bit of dust linger in a corner, or a cobweb hang from the dimmest nook, and as for the table, we must have clean table-cloth and napkins, the nicest food, the most inviting desert, and, of course, the very best glass and china we possess. The children, too, must be washed and scrubbed, especially the boys. Robbie's hands, that he insists are brown-colored by nature, must be inspected by his fastidious sister, and Nelly's curls must be freshly turned around sister's finger.

Company coming! The family squabbles must be hushed. It would never do to let the Browns, and the Jenkins imagine that we have "scraps" in this household; that Alicia is perverse, and Davie unreasonable, and Emily sometimes so depressed that her mood wraps a wet blanket over the whole forlorn group. However people may happen to feel, they must behave with decency when company is in the house.

Blessings on expected guests! They tone up the family; they oblige one to put the best foot forward—always a wholesome thing to do—they not only bring joy with them, but they compel us to take out of cold storage, and put in warm, commonplace use, the joy we are far too apt to forget we ever had. Into the sleepy current of our stream, flowing sluggishly onward, plunges the keel of company, and instantly the ripples wake and break and sparkle, the happy influence of fun darts an electric spark into our chill, and drives away our gloom. Forebodings fly, moping is a thing of the past. The very house knows there is company, and winks with cheery gladness.

Company is coming to-day! Dear people—grandparents who must be made very comfortable; Uncle Tom, whom the children adore; Aunt Sally, who is the pride of the clan; Dr. Wentworth, a former pastor, for whom nothing can be too good; Miss Elentree, a teacher of our youth, whose look will be a benediction. Company is coming! Perhaps, a bride and groom, alighting for a day on their wedding journey, like birds on a bough. Company! Theodore's chum at college; Inez, Mary's dearest girl friend. Whoever the guest may be, welcome him! welcome her! She does not arrive at an inopportune moment. He cannot but make the house gayer

Only—and this is important—when the company comes, it should sound a trumpet before it! Surprise-parties, even in open houses, may appear at an inconvenient hour.

Making a Man

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him soon as he is able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jumping them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god, and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

The above bit of verse (from the New Orleans *Picayune*), has in its irony a touch of truth. We are in a terrible hurry to have our children grow up; to rush them into the thick of the world's hard fight; and here, in America, we do often make gold the child's god. Before the boy's eyes we hold the dollar as the sign of success. The one who makes dollars fastest and soonest accumulates a glittering pile, is the one he is taught to admire.

Let us turn back to *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, and see how he depicts the man with the muck-rake, diligently gathering straws and rubbish, and with downcast eyes fixed on the dirt, indifferent to a heavenly crown. Some of us are bringing up our children for this.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

GRACE A. You must write more fully and trust me with your full name and address. Your letter is very vague. I will help you if I can.

—Q. S. On the death of her elder sister, Miss Julia Brown becomes, socially, Miss Brown, and may thus have her visiting cards engraved.

—HENRI. A good deal may be done to improve one's education by reading, and sometimes by associating with bright people. Do not avoid society because you feel unfit for it. Gradually you will become fit.

—DOLLY. Young men like to be on a friendly footing in a pleasant home, but it is foolish to construe ordinary civilities into intimations of love. A man is not always ready for marriage, and if he has his way to make, it is hard for him to be shut out from girls' society on that account.

Well Pleased with the Premiums

Dear "Christian Herald":—Your premium, *Pilgrim's Progress*, was received; also the *Calendar*, in good shape; and I am well pleased with them. MRS. W. MCLEAN.
Drakestown, N. J.

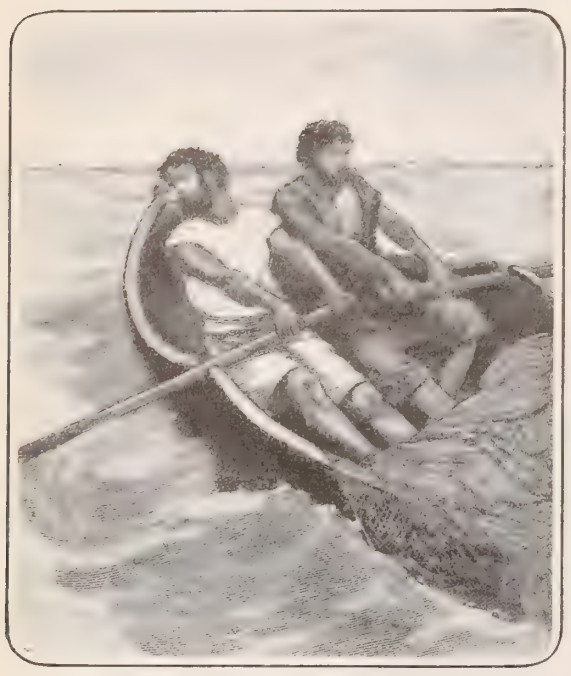
Christ a Helper in All Callings ❋ Jesus Calls Four Disciples

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 31
LUKE 5 : 1-11

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--JOHN 8 : 31 :
IF YE CONTINUE IN MY WORD, THEN ARE YE MY DISCIPLES INDEED

THE Sea of Galilee is shaped somewhat like a harp, and so, in the picture language of the Hebrews, was called Chinnereth, a harp. Moses so spoke of it, as did Joshua also (Num. 34 : 11 ; Joshua 11 : 2, 12 : 3). The music of its waves against the sands of the shore, with their constant "chin, chin," is also beautifully embodied in the name. In the gentle wash, one may hear the *andante*



"WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT AND TAKEN NOTHING."

movement ; in the quickened action of the rising wind, the *allegro;* and, when the sea is lashed by the tempest, *allegro con fuoco*, followed by *largo*, the quiet after the storm. Ages long are those sonatas. And there have been symphonies as well, when the tones of human voices have blended with the liquid music. These were most sublime when the voice of Jesus Christ was heard across the waves of Chinnereth.

Such a symphony we discover in the happenings of that May day when he appeared upon the shores of Chinnereth, shortly after he had been rejected in Nazareth. There was a chorus of many voices, all in sweet accord, in the crowd of people who gathered there, that they might hear him preach and see his miracles. Jesus entered Peter's and Andrew's small fishing boat, and asked Peter to push out from the land. We seem to see the face of Jesus, as we sometimes see a human face carved upon a harp,

As he sat within the boat,
On the silver wave afloat,
While he taught the waiting people on the land.

The harp-like sea had never before such a frame as the eager multitude made upon the shore. In tender and persuasive tones, Jesus seeks to convince the people that their "Redeemer liveth." And from them in heart throbs, comes back the response, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

And now the second part of the symphony proceeds : "Launch out into the deep," Jesus has said to Peter. The dash of waves against the moving boat is heard. "Let down your nets for a draught," is spoken in the silver tones of Jesus. The answer comes, in minor tones : "Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing ; nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net." Immediately the nets are filled with fish. "Come and help us, for we have caught more fish than we can care for," is the call sent across the waves by Peter and Andrew to James and John, who are on shore washing their nets. "Aye, aye," comes the answer. Again the sound of waves, for James and John are rowing to the assistance of Peter and Andrew. All together they haul in the great draught of fishes, and both boats are filled almost to sinking. The voice of praise is upon the sea harp. It is Peter praising Jesus for his wonderful power in bringing to the nets the fish which they had sought all night in vain. The voice of Jesus responds in assuring, earnest tones : "Fear not ; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." "And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him."

The symphony is finished, but the echoes will never die away. They resound to us from the heavenly shore, for multitudes have been gathered there through the fishing of men, to which Jesus began to call disciples on that day.

Illustration and Application

The help of Christ is essential to true success alike in our daily toil and in our religious work—that is the one great message of this lesson. Two other important teachings are : the simplicity of a Christian life's beginning, as shown by the words, "Follow Me" ; and the value of consecrated tact in soul-winnings, as suggested by the words, "fishers of men."

Even in their daily toil in catching fish, Peter and Andrew and James and John were more successful when they had the presence and guidance of Christ than before. The miracle is also a parable of what happens daily in the history of business. Gamblers sometimes win large sums, but seldom keep them. Burglars make great hauls, but sooner or later lose both money and liberty. The big houses in our cities are mostly those of honest, and largely of Christian men. Again and again, the first hundred men in wealth have been polled in such cities as Springfield, Mass. ; Columbus, Ohio ; Cleveland, Chicago, and the like, and seventy per cent. or more have been found to be members of the churches. It is well known that the total abstainer has now the preference when there are several applicants for a job, whether in mechanics or in management. A suspicion of gambling or immorality mars a business man's credit. Membership in the church is not often cited in the commercial agency reports, but the habits that go with a real Christian life are those most desired by employers and creditors alike. The paupers who have toiled a lifetime and have "nothing" to show for it are seldom, if ever, those who have cast their nets under the direction of Christ ; but the full nets are given to the obedient as often as it is safe to do it. If goodness were any more generally prosperous, it would be in danger of transformation into selfishness.

There is an important suggestion for the rich and honored, in the fact that the full net did not make Peter the more proud but the more humble. "Depart from me," he exclaimed, "for I am a sinful man." He recognized that his abundance was God's gift and undeserved. But many a soul has been tangled in a full net and lost. Three Chinamen returning from America, each with a small fortune, had gotten as far as the harbor of Yokohama in their homebound voyage. Of course they carried their money, as they always persist in doing, in silver dollars. Now, the rule of the company is that all money and valuables should be put in care of the captain. But these men were so suspicious that they preferred to carry and hide it themselves. A whole heap of silver must have been in their quarters. In Yokohama harbor their ship caught on fire, and they returned to their cabins, or wherever they were sleeping, to try and save their fortune. It took so long to tie up their money-bags and dispose them safely in their big sleeves and about their waists, that their boat was burned before they could get into it. They flung themselves overboard, and had every chance of escape. But—the silver in their sleeves weighed them down too much. It literally drowned them, for each poor fellow was carrying on his body several pounds' weight in silver coin !

It is a darker tragedy when the love of money sinks the soul, drowns affection and honor, and all that is best and noblest in character, making a wreck for both worlds.

"HE WAS ASTONISHED AT THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES WHICH THEY HAD TAKEN"

But, on the other hand, what success for both worlds has come to those who have received their full nets as from the Lord, and used them in fulfilling the supreme commands that bid us love and serve God and our fellow-men !

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day ?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day ?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth ;
But whom have we fed to-day ?

NIXON WATERMAN.

Strange that it should be necessary to urge also that Christ's help is essential to success in religious work. The emphas is on the first three words, "I will make you fishers of men A full net is not ground for pride, but only for gratitude. is those who have most of the Spirit of Christ who turn t him for guidance in casting the net, who obey him eve against hope, that are the most successful soul-winners. An we must add to piety such tact as the first disciples learne at their fishing. As one author writes :

"The Sea of Tiberias was no mean college for those wh should afterwards become well entitled to the degree, Fishe of Men. Peter and John and others of the apostles learne much while engaged with their boats and nets, and may we be called graduates of Galilee College. Patience is inwrough into the nature of the successful fisher ; great perseveranc and adroit skill must be his. Much self-denial has also to b practised, and he must endure hardships. Are these qualifi cations any less essential to-day than in the apostolic age, we would fill the gospel net ? Assuredly not ! No wonde so many ministers like fishing. Fishing is akin to the mi ister's calling. The taking of fish is a type of his great lif work. He might as truthfully say, 'I go a fishing,' when h enters the pulpit or makes a pastoral call, as when, on pa time bent, he throws a fly and watches the float. A story often told of an amateur who fished from the banks of Scottish river. With the finest of paraphernalia he caugh no fish. His guide, meanwhile, with an old rod that ha neither style nor ornament, and with string and bent pi caught plenty of fish. The secret of the difference beir asked, the guide said he always hid behind a tree and kep himself out of sight."

If Christians are "fishers of men," what is the sea ? Th world. And what is their boat ? The Church. And wh are the fish ? Our fellow-men. On the coast of England th fisherfolks have a phrase for their best fishermen, of who they say they are "keen for the nets." They watch th buoys, by whose motion the coming of a school of fish proclaimed, and seize the moment to pull in a full net.

Keen for the nets let us ever be,
For they that are wise shall win.

For those not already disciples of Christ, the most impor ant words in this lesson are : "Follow me." That is a cree in two letters to start with. To be a Christian, is to b Christlike, in spirit, in word, in deed. The Golden Te means : "Ye are my disciples indeed," when you are di ciples in deed. First of all, must come the definite decisio of the will, the forsaking all that Christ bids us give up, ar the first firm step in following him as our Lord and Maste

The Rev. F. W. Murray tells us that Ole Bull, the gre violinist, was one day seen standing at the end of a point rocks that ran far out into the sea, playing upon his violi When he was asked what he was doing, his answer was th he was listening to the music of the breaking waves, that I might reproduce it on his violin. To catch the grand ba of the waves, it was necessary for him to listen as they brok upon the rocks. He was then able, through his violin, make his audience he the surf beating on th shore, and see throug the inner eye the whit capped waters.

So let us stand on th shores of Chinneret and catch the music the life that Christ live upon its waves a shores, that we may ou selves repeat its harm nies, its notes of syr pathy and of triumph, our own lives. One the bright stories of Ma garet Gatty, tells of schoolboy who had high reputation as mimic. It seemed though he could be ju like anyone whom pleased to imitate. B a wiser friend asked hi to show how the han somest boy in the scho looked, and how the be speaker declaime Then, as the you mimic found himse quite incompetent this, he realized that a his power of imitatio lay in the direction lowering his own sta dard, and of mimickin defects which had n yet become his ow With the aid of the Ho Spirit we may imitate th best, even the Christ, wh calls us to this ideal the words that commar us, no less than the fishe men of old, "Follow me

"Continue in my Word," says the Golden Text. Th persistency is harder than decision. A small boy sat quiet in a seat of the day coach on a train running between tw western cities. It was a hot, dusty, day, very uncomfortab for traveling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most u interesting day's journey in the whole land. But the litt fellow sat patiently, watching the fields and fences hurryin by, until an old lady, leaning forward, asked sympatheticall "Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust, and th heat ?" The lad looked up brightly, and replied with a smi [the application to the Christian's journey is manifest], "Ye ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my fath er is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

Thousands Fed at the Bowery Mission

AN ARMY OF NEEDY ONES MADE HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS TIME

THERE never was such a Christmas at the Bowery Mission as that which has just past. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers responded generously to Dr. Klopsch's appeal, and thousands of homeless men, and thousands of cheerless children of the East Side have been made to feel something of the warmth and glow of this happy and festive time.

The principal difficulty realized was the inadequacy of even the large Mission hall to accommodate the huge crowds that eagerly sought admission. Guided by previous experience, and with a view to distributing the good things provided by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers as widely as possible, it was decided to extend the festival over the whole of the Christmas week, beginning with Christmas eve and ending with the Watch night service on December 31. By this arrangement, it was possible to give over ten thousand meals to destitute men.

The celebrations commenced even sooner than has just been indicated, by the preaching of a sermon by the Superintendent, Mr. Hammond, on the Sunday morning previous. In the course of that sermon Mr. Hammond sought to impress upon the large congregation of men, the fact that in the coming Christmas festivities, CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, all over the country, would actively participate. Some of his words will no doubt interest those who subscribed so generously to the Christmas Dinner Funds: "Surely," he said, "there is not a place on the face of the earth where we are more appropriately fitted and qualified for celebrating Christmas than is the Bowery Mission. The Mission is an undenominational institution. Christmas time seems to me to be the time when all denominational jangles should cease. There is nothing that causes me greater personal delight than to feel that as I get more and more interested in the work down here, I am coming more and more to forget the denomination to which I belong. Indeed, I am coming more and more to believe that the upholding of these denominational lines of demarcation is sin against God and treachery to Jesus Christ. I am so glad, that because our hands are so full of the work of snatching men as brands from the everlasting burning, we have no time to stop to emphasize any such non-essential things as canonicals, or rubrics, or vestments, or baptisteries. Thank God, at Christmas time we all seem to be willing to forget these irritating lines of demarcation, and the Methodist trumpet, and the Baptist flute, and the Episcopalian trombone, and the Salvation Army drum, are all tuned to one key, and are gathered into one great united orchestra, breaking out in one crashing chorus, 'Glory to God in the highest.' In connection with the Bowery Mission, I want to point out to you men the association of this institution with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I want you to observe the significance of that fact. I suppose it is the most widely read undenominational newspaper in the world. The editor and proprietor of that paper is one of our fellow workers. He is President of the Bowery Mission, he is personally responsible for its finances. Dr. Klopsch is universally recognized as the exponent of the Christian humanitarianism which is included in this Christmas message, 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men.' He has personally initiated and superintended some of the greatest international charities the world has ever seen. In the United States, in times of great distress and calamity, like the Galveston flood; in Russia, Armenia, India, Cuba, Porto Rico, Norway, Sweden, Finland, China, and in other regions, he has fed millions of starving human creatures. 'Good-will toward men.' At the present time he is supporting and educating on his own personal responsibility, between five and six thousand orphans in India. Because of his philanthropic work he was personally honored with an official appointment by President McKinley in 1898; and he was received in personal audience by the present Emperor and Empress of Russia; by Queen Alexandra of England; by the King of Denmark; by the King and Queen of Sweden; and this same man, Louis Klopsch, is one of our fellow-workers of the Rescue League of the Bowery Mission. A man who will come down into our midst here this Christmas, and sing with us, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men.'"

The annual Christmas dinner was given to one thousand men on Christmas eve, and in the course of the evening a splendid sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Elliot, D.D. Immediately after the service, willing hands were busily employed decorating the tree for the following day's entertainment. The thirty happy men engaged in this undertaking, had no sooner finished their work than it was time to open the doors for the early Christmas morning breakfast at 3 A.M. It was a terrible night to spend in the streets. A drenching downpour of rain, and a cold, cutting wind, lashed those poor shivering forms. But there they were in a long line, stretching a quarter of a mile away from the Mission doors. How eagerly they stream into the light and warmth of the Mission! How delicious the smell and the taste of hot coffee seemed to them! How some of them tore at the rolls! Between 3 and 8 A. M., 5,000 breakfasts were given.

At nine o'clock came the distribution of baskets of uncooked dinners to poor families. Then, despite the wet and cold, hundreds, then thousands of children began to gather for the Christmas tree entertainment. The crowd became at last so great that a brigade of several police officers, and about twenty mission workers, with the utmost difficulty averted panic and loss of life. When as many children were gathered inside as crowded the hall to suffocation, there were thousands of disappointed little ones left, with tearful eyes, "outside the gate." The fortunate ones had had a long wait, some of them were very tired and hungry, they were all uncomfortably squeezed, but they enjoyed themselves, and each one at the end, received from the capacious tree a bag of candy, an orange, and, according to age, a toy, book, or game—so they went away very grateful and very happy.

Then, as had been arranged, every evening during Christmas week luncheon was given to the men, the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity on each occasion. A short and interesting service preceded the luncheon.

The Watch-night service was one which will be long remembered. It was under the leadership of Mrs. Bird. Just before the old year passed away, the Mission Quartette sang most impressively, "Where will you spend eternity?" In response to the invitation, fifty-two men declared their intention, by God's help, to start out upon the New Year as Christian disciples.

The Dance—the Church's Enemy

Editor of "The Christian Herald":—In the HERALD of Dec. 23, I saw a letter published from Rev. L. D. Ewing, of Bunceton, Mo., referring to your article, called "Warfare on the Dance," I should like to submit to you the result of dancing as it has come under my observation. In 1890, a number of young people met at our church parsonage and organized a Y. P. S. C. E. That society was the means of uplifting the religious sentiment of the whole community. In 1898, nearly all of the older members had been replaced by younger ones, but still the influential power was as great as ever. Our church membership was being rapidly advanced; but Satan found a weak point. A Quadrille Club was formed in our community, and gradually the church society members were drawn into the vortex. The society declined and died. The younger ones of the church followed the example set before them. Our church officers are becoming discouraged, and our Sunday School is dying for want of efficient teachers. Many of the society members have sincerely repented, but the broad way of sin is still open, and the rush downward still continues. One of the charter members of the society says that since she has danced, she has never enjoyed the spiritual life which she had when she was wholly devoted to His service. The dance has been the means in our community of immorality, backsliding and indifference to all things Christlike. Must all our young people be sacrificed? What shall our harvest be? A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER.

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"OF course, I do not need to tell you, Mr. Douglas," the President spoke with dignity, "that I understand, perhaps as well as you do, the agregate loss to the people, due to the drink habit. When you, and others like you, propose, however, that the annual message contain what would practically amount to an indictment of a business sanctioned by the majority of the States, and recognized as one of the large sources of international revenue for the government itself, you propose a step which is not as simple and easy as it appears."

"Mr. President," Douglas said after a pause, during which there was the most undisguised expression of astonishment on every face at the table, over the course this conversation had taken, "May I ask a question?"

"As many as you like. That is what I wanted to see you about."

"Does the annual message reflect the President's own opinion as to what ought to be done by the Congress, or, is it the expression of his feeling for the opinions of the people, and the Republic's needs, as he believes the people represent those needs?"

"Both," answered the President, promptly.

"Then you, Mr. President, in your capacity as head of this Republic, would be acting fully within your privilege, if you should suggest in your message to the Congress, measures, which in your opinion, will remove evils that threaten the State, even if those evils are established in the social and financial life of the State."

"Undoubtedly, there are no restrictions on the President's utterances in the message. He is perfectly free to express, what, in his opinion, is good for the Republic."

"Then I do not need to say, Mr. President, that no one better than yourself, could possibly appreciate the unmeasured help it would give to what is called the Temperance Cause, not only here but all over Christendom, if, in a document like your annual message, you voiced the sentiments of millions of Christian people in a Christian land, and declared, even in a few sentences, the necessity of the Congress taking some action, looking toward the extinction of a business, which, after centuries of trial, has proved itself by the consensus of civilization, to be a financial, physical and moral curse to the world. Even if you did not suggest any measures that the Congress might take, the mere fact of your calling attention to this world-evil, would be enough in itself to put enthusiasm and inspiration and good cheer, into the hearts of millions who have been fighting this wrong for ages, and who are waiting now for just such an utterance as you, of all men, are pre-eminently fitted to make."

"I think you exaggerate the effect of such an utterance," the President said, briefly.

"Pardon me, Mr. President," replied Douglas, firmly; "I cannot think I overestimate the effect such a statement in the message will make on the people at large. And you must know, Mr. President, that the people at large are with you. May I, as one of the people, venture to say it?"

The President smiled. Douglas' enthusiastic and at the same time self-contained rugged frankness evidently pleased him.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Douglas. I am not one of those men who affect to despise the good will of the people. If you are a sample of the people generally, all the better for them and for me."

He turned as suddenly from Douglas as he had turned towards him, and in a few minutes the talk was going in another direction. When the President rose at the conclusion of lunch, the guests all stood waiting for him to pass out. He nodded pleasantly to them, and said simply "Good day, gentlemen. I have enjoyed the hour with you." He paused by Douglas a moment, and said in his clear, frank manner, entirely removed from any air of secrecy or confidence, "I shall give this matter careful thought, Mr. Douglas."

Douglas hesitated a moment, then said quickly:

"Mr. President, how much of what has been said on the subject am I at liberty to make public?"

"As much as you please," replied the President, briefly, and with a peculiar smile on his face he went out of the room.

Douglas turned to the other guests, and saw reflected in their faces something of the feeling of astonishment in his own. It was significant of the character of the men who had that day tasted the frank hospitality of the Chief Executive that not one of them ever spoke a word in public concerning the conversation at the table. When Douglas reached home he told his wife in detail all his experience. But he did not mention in the *Beacon* even his hopes of future action by the President. The Washington papers reported what was heard in the waiting-room when the President bounded in and asked to see Douglas, but the reports failed to give more than a burlesque of the facts. One New York paper actually headed its account with the caption, "Prohibition crank among the visitors to the White House. The President flatters him by asking him to lunch. Wholesale brewers need not worry."

Douglas read this as he looked over his exchanges, and smiled grimly as he thought the time might come when the wholesale brewers might worry if the man who sat in the White House ever did that which Douglas now prayed every day of his life he would do, for the sake of the people, for the sake of the Republic.

Coming back to his work after that memorable Washington experience, Douglas faced a new situation in Anderson county. The county-attorney, who was a great lover of outdoor sports, had been suddenly killed while on a hunting trip, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a companion. The Governor had, according to the State law, appointed an officer to fill out the unexpired term. This newly-appointed attorney was a notorious lawyer, who had been attorney in several liquor cases for the jointists and gamblers. His appointment to the position of county-attorney was an outrage on the people and the amendment, and Douglas vigorously said so in the *Beacon*. The *Sentinel* stood up for the Governor's appointment, and rejoiced at the sensible method that the new county-attorney proposed of letting the joints alone, provided they paid a regular fine every month. The jointists themselves perfectly understood their man, and opened up without any pretense at concealment, and Jake Lawson put in a three-hundred dollar bar, with plate-glass mirrors and all the trimmings to match. In less than a month Colby was running with six wide-open joints and an avowed policy, so far as the officers were concerned, of monthly fines, which the jointists cheerfully paid out of a revenue from the drinkers in the town and county, who walked in and out of the joints with the same absence of secrecy they had once practised in their patronage of the licensed saloon.

All this filled Douglas and Mr. Edwards, and every temperance man and woman in Anderson county, with deep indignation.

Douglas held a consultation with the Committee of Fifty. The week following, with three of the best known men in Colby, he visited every joint in town and procured evidence. Under a

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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THE STILLWELL LIGHT CO., Inc.,

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

...w legislative enactment it was not re-...ired to purchase any liquor to secure ...idence to convict. The fact of liquor ...ing drank on the premises, of saloon ...paratus, beer pumps, and so forth, was ...fficient.

When Douglas and his three compan-...ns entered Jake's place it was full of ...en. At first Lawson did not notice ...em. In a few moments, however, he ...w Douglas, who was standing near one ...d of the bar, and he came over and ...oke to him.

"What'll you have, gents?" he said, in-...dding Douglas' friends.

Douglas looked at Lawson, but did not ...y a word. The three other men were ...o silent, and all four men continued to ...te notes, using pencils and note-books ...ely.

"It's the first time you've been into my ...ce since the good old days." Jake ...d, speaking directly to Douglas. "It's ...unexpected pleasure, won't you and ...ur friends take something?"

Still neither Douglas nor the others ...ered a word. Jake Lawson grew fur-...s. He changed his sneer to a threat.

"Clear out, unless you want something! ...t out of my premises!"

Douglas and his friends slowly went ...ay in silence. Jake was uneasy, but ...boasted that night that no one could ...r him out. "Precious lot of good their ...dence will do. We're solid with the ...nty-attorney. He'll see that we're ...disturbed."

But neither Jake Lawson nor any of the ...er jointists, who were all visited by ...uglas and his delegation, were prepared ...the next move of the Colby temperance ...ple. The delegation, after securing all ...evidence necessary to convict, brought ...n overwhelming quantity to the county-...orney. He received the committee ...h promises to act, but did nothing. At ...end of a week, Douglas went to see ...n again. This time he flew into a pas-...n, and called Douglas names for inter-...ng with his business.

"But we have simply brought you the ...lence in these cases, as the law dis-...tly allows. If you refuse to act on the ...rmation, Mr. county-attorney, you ...liable to impeachment for not keeping ...r oath of office."

The attorney started up, and with an ...n ordered Douglas out of his office. ...uglas, who was accompanied by the ...e men who had secured the evidence, ...d the infuriated officer calmly.

"I give you warning," he said, "if you ...not take action on the information ...ll with your office against the joints in ...oby, we shall take steps to have you ...peached."

The attorney retorted with another ..., telling Douglas again to mind his ... business. Douglas at once reported ...the Committee of Fifty, and proceed-...s were begun in the Supreme Court ...oust the county-attorney of Anderson ...nty for cause.

That officer waked up when it was too ...t and used every influence he pos-...ssed to escape conviction. But the ...preme Court happened to be made up ...f majority of temperance men, and the ...e against the attorney was formidable. ... witnesses were unimpeachable, the ...vence was plain, and could not be ...ted. All the guilty officer could ...e to do was to delay the decision in-...nitely or else escape on some technical ...rr.

Meanwhile, pending a hearing before ...h court, the whirligig of politics was ...gn bringing new factors into the play ...forces around Colby. Another State ...ction made possible the nomination of ... new county-attorney. This time all the ...perance forces had united on a man ...d, without any question, was heart and ...l for the enforcement of the law. And ... is with a great degree of satisfaction, ...n in the same issue of the *Beacon* which ...nounced the opening of the case in the ...preme Court against the officer who had ...en arraigned, Douglas also penned his ...torial endorsing the new candidate for ...unty-attorney "who, if elected, as every ...e in Anderson county knows, will do ...is duty to the fullest degree, so far as the ...nforcement of this law is concerned."

Two months later, after all the delays ...th an ingenious criminal lawyer could ...ocure, the Supreme Court found the county-attorney guilty, and he was ousted from the office and compelled to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. The decision created a sensation all over the State. According to the law, the deposed officer was debarred from holding office in the State thereafter. Temperance people in other counties where the law was being defied, took courage, and in several instances took steps to bring their faithless, perjured officials to justice.

Two months after this important decision, the election gave to Anderson county a county-attorney who enforced the law from the first day of his entrance into office. Most of the Colby jointists packed up their bars and moved out. Jake Lawson defiantly stayed on. He was arrested, and his fine bar destroyed. When he had served out his jail sentence, he opened up a joint again in one of Mayor Bartlett's buildings. The Committee of Fifty brought action against the Mayor, and, after an exciting trial, the Mayor was found guilty, and obliged to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. He escaped a jail sentence through the leniency of the district judge.

Douglas had been very active in this case. It was not a matter where he could keep still, and he had spoken out in the *Beacon* very plainly, urging that the law take its course with the Mayor, in spite of his social standing, his wealth, and so forth. There was no petty feeling of revenge or malice in all this. Douglas knew he was not acting from any such motive, and knew he would have done exactly the same, no matter who the offender might have been. Everybody else in Anderson county also gave the editor of the *Beacon* credit for absolutely sincere and patriotic motives.

The day after the Mayor had been convicted, Douglas was in the office going over some advertising contracts. He had been consulting with Quits about some details, and Quits had just stepped into the pressroom to get an old advertising card that Douglas wanted. Douglas had turned around in his office chair to get a paper from a file holder near the desk, when he heard a hasty step come into the office. He wheeled around in his chair to face Mayor Bartlett, who confronted him with a look of fury.

"I'll teach you to interfere with my business, you miserable sneak!" yelled the Mayor. "I'll give you the whipping of your life."

He had a short, heavy, black-snape whip in his hand, and as Douglas made no movement to get out of his chair, the Mayor yelled at him, "Get up, you coward, and take your punishment!" He stepped back and threw up the whip. But before Douglas could make any movement and before the whip descended, the Mayor was dragged backwards by Quits, who the next moment stepped around between him and the editor of the *Beacon*.

TO BE CONTINUED

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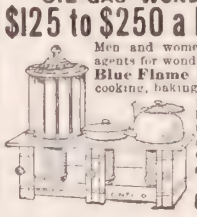

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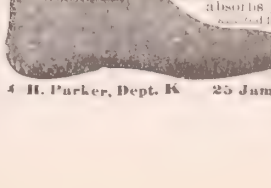

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TRAINING AN APOSTLE

How Peter Learned the Lesson of Christ

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT was after he had commenced his ministry of preaching the nearness of the expected Kingdom that, walking by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus saw the two brethren, whom he had previously known, "Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left the nets and followed him" (Matt. 4: 18-20). Peter and Andrew were engaged washing their nets, but they had received the call to follow Jesus, and boats and nets and fishermen were at his disposal.

God was going to use Peter as a very special instrument. Apparently there were three renewals in his call. First by Andrew, who was soon outstripped by his zealous brother; then personally by the Lord Jesus (Matt. 4), when he and Andrew left their nets, and followed him; and a third time on this occasion, when he left all and followed Jesus. Has it not been so with many of us? Without any heart backsliding, has there not been a stopping where we were, a lack of going forward continually into a fuller death to self and a fuller life of God in us?

The Lord used Simon's boat before he used Simon himself; "He sat down and taught the people," and taught Simon too, and it was a joy to Simon that his boat might be used by such a person as he, whom he knew and acknowledged as the Messiah. But when he had finished speaking, the Lord turned round to Simon and said, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your net for a draught. And Simon, answering said, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing." Peter was a very energetic man. He was no doubt a good fisherman, and it must have been a matter of no small surprise when he found that, under the same conditions as previously, using the same means as before he became acquainted with Jesus of Nazareth, the energy and knowledge, the practice and experience, which had so long answered and so long distinguished him, now brought forth nothing but failure. Peter was despondent, humbled, and troubled. "We have toiled all night and taken nothing." O how many who have found the Messiah, who know his pardoning love, and are sure that their sins are pardoned, go through a similar experience! In their own hearts, in their family life, in their business, since they have known the Lord, all seems to go wrong. Have they, after all, made a mistake?

Peter continued: "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." Not so much with the hope of success, but because it was due from a disciple to his Master, and therefore the right thing. "When they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." What could no longer be done by any power or wisdom of Peter's, was done by him under the power of the word of the Master. Far from toiling uselessly now, the net itself could not hold the multitude of fishes, and broke with the weight. Unable to cope with the unexpected haul, they beckoned to their partners which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. The nets could not hold the fish, the boats could not carry it; and all was due to the word spoken by the Lord Jesus, and obeyed by his disciples!

A new light dawned on Peter. When I fail, my Lord succeeds. I am nothing; He is all. Peter did not always live in the light of this new revelation, but it was the foundation of his after confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. 16: 16). Have we learned this lesson? Have we found out that all we are, and very specially our strong points, our talents, and the natural advantages we have, are nothing but failure excepting they are under the control, and completely at the disposal of God, the Holy Spirit dwelling in us?

This lesson is not learned all at once; and Peter never fully learned it until he was filled with the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

Christian Stewardship*

The Duty of Giving, as a Test of Character, to Which a Reward is Assured

WHEN a man is converted, the change that has taken place ought to reach his pocket. It is not so much the fact that money is needed for the Lord's work, although that is an important consideration, but that gifts, under ordinary circumstances, are an indication of the disposition. If the conversion is genuine, the convert will have an impulse to give. It is a way of showing his gratitude for the blessing he has received. It is all the better test, because it is made voluntary, under the Christian dispensation. The Jew was required to give one-tenth of his substance or of his income, and he must not give less. The Christian has far more reason for consecration than the Jew, and therefore he might well be expected to give more. It is not, however, by the amount given, that God estimates the gift. The millionaire's check for a thousand dollars may be of less value in God's sight, than one dollar given by a man who has to economize in order to give it. In all our conduct, motive counts. Christ's praise of the poor widow, who cast her two mites into the treasury, is an indication of the way in which all our gifts are regarded. No gift has value in God's sight when it is made to gain applause, or from any unworthy motive. Even when the gift is made, the spirit of the act is observed. "God loveth a cheerful giver." When it is made grudgingly, or as a painful or disagreeable duty, its value is impaired. It is character and character only that is considered.

It is remarkable how the promises to the liberal giver are fulfilled. He that distributes, increases. But he who distributes in order that he may increase, does not increase. Here, again, character enters into the question. God is not to be bribed to give prosperity. It is the giver who has no expectation of being rewarded, who gives out of the fulness of his heart, who is approved. Such a man proves that he is fit to be trusted with wealth, and God gives it to him. When riches increase, there is no fear of his setting his heart upon them. He regards himself as a steward, intrusted with money for the purpose of advancing Christ's Kingdom and relieving the needs of Christ's brethren and is blessed when he performs the duties of his stewardship.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Jan. 31. Mal. 3: 10; 1 Cor. 16: 2.

Called Higher

Mrs. R. A. Strouse, of Upton, Wyo., passed away recently, in her seventy-third year. She was a consistent Christian since early girlhood, and has been a reader of this journal for many years.

Mrs. E. G. Shields, who passed away on June 16th last at Oakland, Cal., was born in Hamilton, Ohio, 1826, of godly parents. She was a mature Christian, and exemplified her Christianity by her daily walk and conversation. The beautiful Christian life which she lived is the richest inheritance a parent can leave her children. She loved to read her Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Gottlieb Wiedler, a leading German citizen of Chillicothe, O., and for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed away recently. He was born in Thuringa, Switzerland, in 1833, and came to this country in 1852. After a time he embarked in business under the firm name of Wiedler & Klaus, in Chillicothe. He was a merchant of the "old school," and had a host of friends. In 1855 he was married to Katharine Neuffer, who survives him. Three children also survive. The deceased was an earnest church worker in the cause, and allied himself early with the German M. E. Church of Chillicothe, being superintendent of the Sunday School there for many years

Aiding the Guiana Lepers

In a letter from Dutch Guiana, South America, Dr. H. T. Weiss writes, acknowledging receipt from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a check of $57.60, contributed by its readers for the benefit of the lepers at Dutch Guiana. He adds: "Every cent given for these poorest ones will bring a blessing back to you and to your readers."

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We have relieved thousands that have failed elsewhe The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, O

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Double track lines between Chicago and Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha. The clean and solid roadway is laid with heavy steel and guarded by automatic electric block signals and other safety devices.

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Send 2-cent stamp for booklet descriptive of "The Overland Limited," the famous three-day train between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, which stands today a type of the highest development in modern long-distance railway travel.

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40 BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FREE

SEND US 25c. to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "SUNSHINE" collection of Beautiful Flowers, our new catalogue, containing the most liberal offers ever made, and a CASH CHECK for 25c., giving you your money back.

20 PACKETS SEED

1 pkt. Baby Rose (Japanese)	1 pkt. Floral Butterfly Plant
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1 pkt. Flowering Sage	1 pkt. Double Daisy
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20 Bulbs 1 Scarlet Freesia, 1 Wind Flower, 1 Spotted Calla, 2 Gladiolus, 1 Ranunculus, 2 Hyacinths, 1 Madeira Vine, 1 Shamrock Flower, 10 assorted bulbs for house or garden.

All the above flowers, seed stock and bulbs are the best varieties in the United States for the cost of packing and postage, 25 cents.

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EVERY THING YOU SEE IN FLOWERS
EVERY THING YOU EAT IN VEGETABLES

All shown in picture and story, arranged and classified for easy selection in

DREER'S 1904 Garden Book

Send 10c. (for postage) and with the book we will send free three packages of Dreer's select Asters, Pinks, Poppies.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WANTED Energetic men and women everywhere, to sell the "Harrington" Tea and Coffee Percolator to housewives. Makes coffee clear as amber. No bother from tea grounds. Cleaned in a moment. No scouring of tea or coffee pots necessary. Agents making big profits. Write for illustrated description, price list and liberal inducements. O. W. Burritt & Bro., Weedsport, N.Y.

Like Pastor Sheldon's Hero

How Editor Rohrer Suffered for Temperance and Finally Triumphed

FOR over a year past the citizens of the little town of Berne, Ind., have been endeavoring to free the place from the saloon evil. They formed the Christian Temperance Union, which became so popular that in a few months no less than two hundred were on its rolls. Among those who assisted in organizing the society, and who have

EDITOR FRED ROHRER

since taken an active part in the crusade for betterment, is Mr. Frederick Rohrer, editor of the *Witness*, one of the newspapers of the town.

Mr. Rohrer's experience has been remarkably like that of the young temperance editor in Pastor Sheldon's story, *The Narrow Gate*, now running in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was opposed by the disorderly element, and especially by the saloon-keepers. A year ago, threats were made to do him bodily harm, also to destroy his printing office; but these did not terrify him. He was appointed one of a committee to wait on the saloon-keepers and endeavor to persuade them to give up the business. This failing, it was decided to prosecute them according to the laws of Indiana, with the view of forcing them to give up their licenses, and Mr. Rohrer took an active part in the prosecution. The liquor dealers decided to have revenge, and took it in a manner which nearly resulted fatally for not only the editor, but his family. One night the people in the vicinity of the Rohrer home were aroused by a heavy report, quickly followed by another. Some of the residents hurried to the business part of the town, thinking burglars had attacked the bank. One of the neighbors, however, received a telephone message from Mr. Rohrer, stating that some one had dynamited his house. One of the porches was completely blown to pieces, several doors and windows were blown out, and the interior of the parlor was a wreck—mirrors, pictures and furniture being totally ruined. The force of the second explosion was so great, that Mrs. Rohrer was thrown from the bed to the floor.

The family, which includes three small children, were sheltered by a neighbor until their home could be repaired. An investigation was made by the town authorities, but apparently no one could be connected with the outrage. The threats which had been made against the editor, however, were remembered, and as a result of the affair, public feeling ran so high that the saloon-keepers have agreed to give up their licenses and their business. This agreement was made after being told by the members of the temperance society, that they would not be tolerated longer.

The persecution of Mr. Rohrer, however, did not stop with the attempt to destroy his house and family. Shortly afterward, he was assaulted in the town post-office and knocked down by one of the saloon advocates, but finally rescued by some persons who happened to be in the vicinity. On the same night, one of the principal politicians of Berne, with several saloon-keepers and their friends, visited Rohrer's office and mobbed him. The town marshal was summoned, and with drawn revolver, interfered in his behalf, probably saving his life.

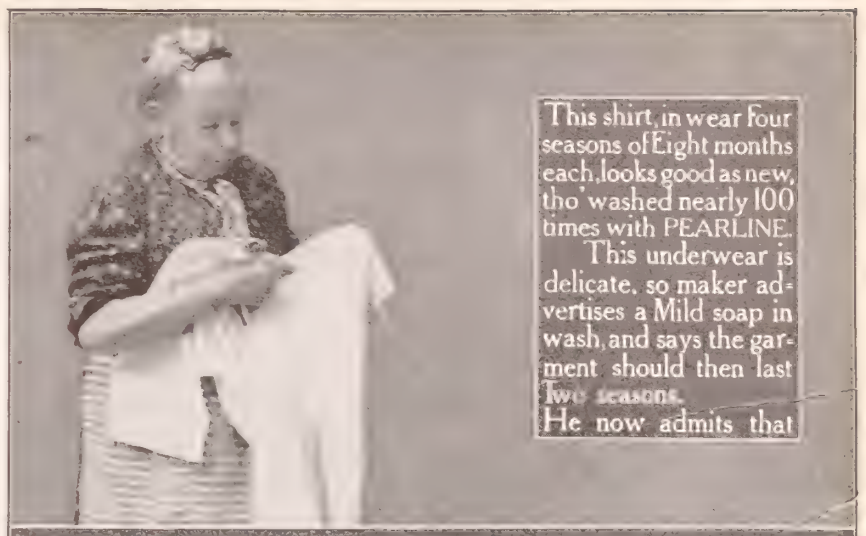
In spite of these attacks, however, the paper of which Mr. Rohrer is editor, continued its campaign for good order and morality, and Mr. Rohrer has not abated in his enthusiasm, being largely responsible for the victory which the temperance people have finally won.

D. A. W.

Pleased with Book and Calendar

I have received the premium *How I Worked my Way Around the World*, and the *Butterfly Calendar*, and am greatly pleased with them. The book alone is worth the price of both.

Glen Campbell, Pa. MRS. S. L. BARBOUR.



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saving all dealers' and middlemen's profits? We save you from 25% to 40% on every purchase and you run no risk for we give you **360 Days Approval Test** and a guarantee under a $20,000 bank bond. If a Kalamazoo does not satisfy you in every way, send it back and we return every cent you paid. **We pay the freight.** Can we make a fairer offer? We are selling thousands of both steel and cast iron stoves and ranges in all parts of the country, and can refer you to pleased customers in your own neighborhood. New patterns, large square ovens and guaranteed fire backs. All blacked and polished ready to set up. Send postal for **Approval Offer** and Catalog No. 103

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We are manufacturers, **not** "mail order" dealers.
We make everything we sell and sell to the user exclusively.
We make a complete line of stoves, ranges, heaters and **make them right**
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We guarantee satisfaction, or your money back.

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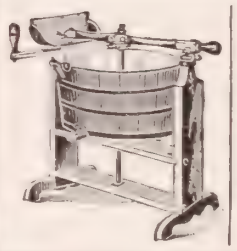
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We fit all our ranges and cook stoves with our patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.



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We prepay all freight charges and deliver this direct to your door, absolutely free of charge. You try it thirty days, if you don't find it all and more than we claim, ship it back; we will pay return charges. This is different from any other washing machine ever made. Takes dirt out of wristbands, neckbands, collars, etc., thoroughly as it cleans blankets, sheets or pillow cases. Washday is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Don't delay but write at once and we will ship you a washer **FREE** by the next freight.

Don't Send Us a Cent, but drop a postal card to

WIARD MFG. CO., 75 West Ave., East Avon, N. Y.

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cost more—yield more—save all experimenting—save disappointments. 48 years the Standard Seeds. Sold by all dealers. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free, to all applicants.

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200 Egg Incubator For $12.80

The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous

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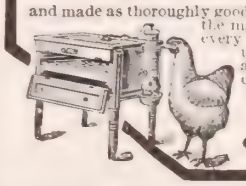
and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly.



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are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants sent to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. 50 years experience. Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty. A premium with every order. Write for

Guide to Rose Culture

for 1904—the leading rose catalogue of America. 148 pages. Many free. Over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY

and ALMANAC for 1904, contains 218 pages with fine colored plates true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about INCUBATORS and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It is really an encyclopædia of chickendom, and no one can afford to be without it. Price only 15c.

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Squabs Pay Best Hens

Easier, need attention only part of time, bring big prices. Raised in one month. Mated now for poultrymen's farmers, women's. Send for FREE BOOKLET and learn this [illegible]

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO. 8 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

CORNS A-CORN SALVE

takes them out by the roots, and is safe and quick and sure. No pain, no poison. 15c. at your druggist's or by mail.

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"East, West, Home is Best," if kept clean with SAPOLIO

Lamp-chimneys that break are not MACBETH'S.

If you use a wrong chimney, you lose a good deal of both light and comfort, and waste a dollar or two a year a lamp on chimneys.

Do you want the Index? Write me.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

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We are the only general merchandise house which owns, controls and directly manages a vehicle factory. We build our vehicles from the ground up and know what's under the paint. We add but one small profit to the cost of material and labor, hence our customers are getting a better made job in a finer finish and at a lower price than can possibly be secured elsewhere.

$19.80

"LEADER" Road Wagon — Imitation leather trimmed; carpet, wrench and shafts: just as illustrated. Write for further description.

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"CHALLENGE" Buggy—24 in. body, cloth trimmed; top, back and side curtains, storm apron, carpet and shafts. Write for details.

We also have better grades up to the very best and most stylish that can possibly be put together.

VEHICLE CATALOGUE FREE. Send for it today. It will give particulars about the above work. It also illustrates and describes the newest and best line of Runabouts, Stanhopes, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Carriages, Carts, Spring Wagons, etc., ever quoted direct to the buyer. It explains the difference between good and unreliable work—between the hand-painted and the dipped buggy—and also explains our Guarantee of Satisfaction and

30 Days' Trial Offer.

Send a postal today for our Vehicle Cat. No. E1.

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A special circular quoting our entire line of Sleighs, Sleds, etc., will be sent at the same time, if you request it. 40

SPLIT HICKORY SPECIAL BUGGY

Built to your order and shipped right away on 30 Days' Free Trial with a two years' guarantee.

FOR ONLY **$50.00**

Good as others ask $75.00 for.

Send for our FREE 136-page catalog of Split Hickory Vehicles and Harness. NOTE—We carry a full line of high grade Harness, sold direct to the user at wholesale prices.

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO., H. C. Phelps, President. 1646 Sixth Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Tricycles for Cripples

Chairs for Invalids

Enable those helpless in lower limbs to go about with absolute ease and comfort. PROTECTED ENTIRELY BY HAND. Noiseless, light running. Strong, simple, safe. Our

Illustrated Catalogue Free,

Shows many tricycles and invalid chairs specially designed for the comfort of cripples and invalids however afflicted. Address

THE WORTHINGTON MFG. CO., Dept A Elyria, O.
[Successors to Fay Tricycle and Invalid Chair Co.]

An X-Ray Machine for India

MISS ALICE BYRAM CONDICT, M.D., a medical missionary in India, has sent to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following letter:

JUBBULPORE, INDIA, M. E. MISSION, Dec. 4.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

We greatly need an X-ray machine for our medical mission work here. There is only one in all India, and it is in the hands of private parties in Calcutta. Our Medical School in Ludhiana, under the care of Dr. Edith Brown, has wanted to try what can be done for the sad cases of the lepers in India, by using the X-rays for that dread disease. My thought would be to use the machine one-half the year in the centre of India, and the other half in the north, at Ludhiana. Dr. William Morton, the greatest electrician in New York, I am sure will be most happy to tell you all about the machine he uses, which is the best. The cost he said to me was about $500.

Will not some of your readers see in this a wonderful opportunity to reach all the classes who stand in such dire need? The cases of cancer, of course, would come in for cure as well. The English surgeon here at Jubbulpore—who has charge of the English troops, as well as the population—recently told me that he would be glad to send me all cases that require the X-rays, and would work with me in the treatment.

A prime reason for having such a machine will be to call attention to the Gospel, and to reach many who have never heard of Christ. Hoping you will find it possible to add this to the many good works you are doing for this great land, I close. Americans are now supposed to be able to do for the world what no other people do, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made this impression more widely than any other society or humane company of workers in the Lord's great world.

Yours most truly for the Master,
ALICE B. CONDICT.

Such a machine is unquestionably much needed in India, and, under divine blessing, might be made instrumental of great good in many cases of sickness, and of relieving much suffering. We commend Miss Condict's suggestion to our benevolent readers, and invite them to co-operate with us in procuring an X-Ray machine. Here is a work of humanity and love, by which, without any great effort or sacrifice, much good may be accomplished. If there is no machine in all India available for the use of our American medical missionaries, let us unite for the purpose of sending them a machine forthwith.

Dr. Condict's appeal should not go unanswered. She adds:

There is no X-Ray here as yet, and I believe it will cure leprosy, and Dr. Brown also thinks so, and if we had a machine we could use it for part of the year. It would be a most wonderful boom to our work, and bring the heathen to us in crowds.

Contributions will be received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the India X-Ray machine and duly acknowledged. Let us make haste and place this new means of usefulness in the missionaries' hands as quickly as possible.

The Octogenarian

Written on the eightieth birthday of Rev. Robert Collyer

I AM eighty years to-day—
So do men and tablets say—
But my soul cries in its strength,
Years are counted not by length,
But are numbered by the deeds
I've translated from my creeds;
By the thoughts I've tried to grasp
And give life to, in my clasp;
By the dreams I've realized,
By my words that men have prized;
By the visions I have seen,
Of the Holy and Unseen;
By the truths I preached of God,
To lift men above the sod;
By the hopes my heart have held,
So their fears would be dispelled;
By the light that I did shed.
So that they were comforted;
By the lips I've made to smile,
So the eyes were dried awhile;
By assurance I have given,
That on earth men may see heaven;
By my vows, that highest good
Lies in human brotherhood!
In these things alone I say
Lies the measure of my day.

New York. ANNETTE KOHN.

Delighted With It

I am delighted with the *Butterfly Calendar* and the book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World.* How can you afford such beautiful premiums? The book alone is worth double the amount paid.

MRS. M. F. WILLIAMS.

10 cents *lets you in to the* "Cravenette" RAIN COAT CLUB.

Banking references will be sent with pattern.

The Coat will cost you only $7.50. Made of genuine Cravenette goods with the Cravenette stamp on every yard.

We have organized a Cravenette Rain Coat Club, the sole purpose of which is to enable women all over the United States to secure for $7.50 the material for such a rain coat as the reliable stores sell ready made for $20.

By the Club plan we cut out all the middlemen and their profits. You deal direct with the manufacturers and get the cloth at the mill price.

The ten cents (in stamps) which you will send us is your initiation fee and something more, for, on its receipt, we will send you samples of this high-grade Cravenette (rainproof) cloth in different shades and a pattern for making the garment.

This pattern is designed by one of the most skilful garment designers in New York, with reference to its style and finish, as well as to its simplicity, so that any woman of ordinary intelligence in sewing will have no difficulty in making her coat at home. Such a pattern would cost from fifty cents to $1 if bought elsewhere.

When this pattern and the samples reach you and you have selected the shade you desire, remit to us $7.40 (the ten cents is a part of the final purchase price of $7.50). We will then forward to you 4¼ yards of the shade selected, sufficient to make the garment shown above, with the necessary buttons. Be sure and send your bust measure when writing.

This offer must be accepted within thirty days of the date of this paper, so that the output of the mill may be regulated to the demand for the goods. Write at once, enclosing ten cents and giving your bust measure. *We pay Expressage.*

The **CRAVENETTE Rain Coat Club, 335 Broadway, New York.**

FREE TRIPS

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WORLD'S FAIR!

All Nations will be Represented

Better than a Trip Around the World

Our Plan is Unique:

We Will Pay Expenses of 3 People—7 Days

$100 in Cash Prizes also to be Divided among 3 People

You can win one of these Free Trips or a Cash Prize by selling OATINE, the wonderful new complexion beautifier. Our agents are earning $10 to $25 per week besides valuable premiums, and we are now going to give them IN ADDITION these unusual prize offers. WE TRUST YOU with an ample stock of Oatine and other toilet preparations. No money sent us till you sell the goods.

DON'T MISS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—Write today, enclosing 2c stamp to pay postage on Samples, Catalog of Premiums and Beauty Book.

THE OATINE CO., 2448 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Try a Royal

30 Days Free.

FREE TRIAL Prices Right.

FINE POULTRY

We believe and claim that it's the best incubator ever made. Try it 30 days, if you don't like it you needn't keep it. Absolutely self regulating. Send for trial order blank. Incubator and Poultry Catalog free, with poultry paper one year ten cents.

Royal Incb. Co.,
Dept. 71, Des Moines, Ia.

NO GAS TO KILL

Very little lamp gas in an incubator egg chamber often kills every germ. No gas can possibly creep into the

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR

because it's heated by our rustless, heavy copper, hot water circulator. Don't waste money and lose good eggs experimenting with poor incubators. Send for free catalogue B 14 and learn why the Sure Hatch hatches *sure*. **Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Neb. and Indianapolis, Ind.**

VIGOROUS CHICKS

are the results of **Petaluma Incubators.** They maintain Nature's conditions. They have no accidents, make no failures. Catalogue free.

We pay freight in the U. S.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR COMPANY,
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DON'T SET HENS

the same old way while a 200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $3, other sizes equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. Indispensable to anyone who keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringements. Agents wanted everywhere, either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue tells all about and 25c Lice Formula FREE if you write today

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THE ORMAS

has become famous by its hatching qualities. Send for our new catalog and learn more reasons why. It's free. **Barber & Bro., Southern Agents,** 216 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

L. A. BANTA, Maker, Ligonier, Indiana

FREE We will consign goods **free** to be sold at Church Fairs, Charities, etc. Address: **RUCKSTUHL MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

RHEUMATISM

Relieved Through the Feet

The success of Magic Foot Drafts has been so great that the makers have decided to send them

FREE—On Approval

We want everyone who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the wonderful external relief which has brought more comfort into the United States than any internal remedy ever made. If they give relief, send us One Dollar; if not, send nothing.

Magic Foot Drafts are worn on the soles of the feet and relieve by absorbing all the poisonous acids in the blood through the large pores. They relieve rheumatism in every part of the body. It must be evident to you that we couldn't afford to send the drafts on approval if they didn't relieve. Write to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., R.A. 23 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich., for a trial pair of drafts on approval. We send also a valuable **illustrated book on Rheumatism.**

Christians as Missionaries*

The Duty of Every Saved Soul to Bear Testimony to Christ's Power

EARLY Christians were called to be witnesses. In parting with his followers, Jesus told them that his sufferings, and death, and resurrection were not accidents, but were events that had been foreseen and predicted long before, and that he had undergone them for a definite purpose. It was that remission of sins on repentance should be preached among all nations. It proceeded with them to see that the purpose was not defeated. If they remained silent, as he had done would be vain. They were to make the proclamation, so that everywhere men might avail themselves of the boon won at so stupendous a cost. Some, necessarily, could not preach. In that land and time, no woman could do so, and many of the company were women. Perhaps Christ had that fact in mind when he characterized the kind of service to be rendered. He wanted witnesses to the truth of the facts. All could be witnesses and give testimony.

Probably among the first converts won by the company who heard the commission, and witnessed the ascension, there were many who were convinced by this testimony. These witnesses could declare that they had seen Jesus, had witnessed his miracles and heard his teaching, and that they personally knew that the facts were as the preachers stated. Most useful testimony that must have been. No one can give such testimony in these days, but the days of witnessing have not passed. It is possible now, for men and women to declare that they have personally experienced the saving power of Christ. If all who have felt it would do so, how many might be won.

This is true missionary work. There are heathen all around us; and there are a still larger number who know the facts, but do not know the value of them. It is said to Christ, that every one whom he has saved should give testimony to the joy and peace they have gained. They may be witnesses, howsoever obscure and inferate they may be. The simple, unlearned evidence given on the witness-stand often has more weight with a jury than the speech of an eloquent counsel.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union, for Jan. 31. Luke 24:44-49

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of Our New Catalogue for 1904—the most superb and instructive horticultural publication of the day—190 pages—700 engravings—8 superb colored plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope
Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send free of charge, our famous 50-Cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, containing one packet each of *Sweet Peas, Large Mixed Hybrids; Pansies, Giant Fancy Mixed; Asters, Giant Victoria Mixed; Big Boston Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato and Cardinal Radish* in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & Co 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY.

10,000 Plants for 16c

More gardens and farms are planted to Salzer's Seeds than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our warranted seeds. In order to induce you to try them, we make you the following unprecedented offer:

For 16 Cents Postpaid

1000 Early, Medium and Late Cabbages,
2000 Delicious, Carrots,
2000 Blanching Celery,
2000 Rich Nutty Lettuce,
1000 Splendid Onions,
1000 Rare Luscious Radishes,
1000 Gloriously Brilliant Flowers.

Above seven packages contain sufficient seed to grow 10,000 plants, furnishing bushels of brilliant flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalog, telling all about Flowers, Roses, Small Fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps and this notice. Mammoth 140-page catalog alone, 4c.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., R. La Crosse, Wis.

I SELL REAL ESTATE
NO MATTER WHERE IT IS

Do you want to sell your real estate? Do you want to sell it quickly and with the least possible expense? Do you want to sell it at a reasonable price instead of sacrificing a good portion of its value? Do you want it sold without publicity? If these are your wants, I can fill them. For eight years I have been filling these wants for people in every section of the country. The result is the largest real estate brokerage business in the world. Isn't that proof that I have been fulfilling my claims and isn't it sufficient evidence that I can sell your property? Sit down right now, and send me a description of your property, including your lowest cash price. I will then tell you frankly just what I can do for you and how and why I can do it. It doesn't matter what kind of a property you have, where it is located, or what it is worth. Just send me a description, to-day. If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly and save you some money at the same time.

W. M. OSTRANDER, SUITE 161, NORTH AMERICAN BLDG., PHILADELPHIA.

OUR SEEDS

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Etc., have been the standard of excellence for half a century. We mail postpaid, Seeds, Plants, Roses, Bulbs, Vines, Small Trees, Etc., and guarantee safe arrival and satisfaction, larger by express or freight. Direct deal insures you the best and saves you money. Try us. Your address on a postal will bring you our elegant 168 page catalogue free. Correspondence solicited. 50 years, 44 greenhouses, 1000 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 193. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

The Strongest Fence Made

To sell direct to the farmer the strongest fence in the world, we must not only use the best *HIGH CARBON SPRING STEEL WIRE,* heavily galvanized, but we must build so that the greatest textile strength of material is maintained. Sixteen years, spent in perfecting *Coiled Spring Fence,* each year showing an added degree of perfection, has brought us to a point where we can proclaim with a confidence born of attainment that

OUR FENCE IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

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From a photo furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Dr. W. O. Johnson, Korea

SEE PAGE 74

A Korean Lady of Rank making Calls in Seoul, the Capital

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

The Pyrotechnics of Mrs. Cooke

By OWEN KILDARE, Author of "My Mamie Rose," etc.

PRESENT-DAY heroes consider the spectacular effects of lime-light and red fire one of their prerogatives. This would almost tempt me to put Mrs. Cooke into the class of heroes. However, I feel that she would not have approved of it. Besides, the entire Fourth Ward—although she left them in a blaze of fireworks—would not care to have its feeling of love for her changed to one of unsympathetic admiration.

Another drawback is that Mrs Cooke was not of heroic mold. Instead of being of Amazon shape and having the daring that goes with it, she was a little bit of a woman, weighing between ninety and a hundred pounds; and as to queenly beauty—I hate to tell it, but must, this being a true story—it was conspicuous by its absence.

Many, many years ago, a short time after she had landed, a big, husky fellow by the name of Peter Cooke, had taken this self-same Cordelia Ryan unto himself for better and for worse. Everybody thought it was for worse, for it was known what manner of man Peter Cooke had been. He was a longshoreman, and in those days—before strikes and overcrowding of their ranks had lowered the scale of wages—the men along the docks had by no means trifling incomes. Yet this great and bulky six-footer had always put his prosperity to the worst uses, and was known throughout the ward as "Pete, the lush," on account of his liking for the stuff." The first year of married life brought no change in Peter, and many of the neighbors, who had predicted all sorts of misfortunes, could not deny themselves the pleasure of whispering to Mrs. Cooke, "I told you so." Then, an addition—a little Miss Cooke—came, and the matrimonial venture seemed to be turning for the better. Whatever happened between man and wife in the sanctity of their home is not known, but Pete, without any public swearing-off, "quit the stuff." This hidden reformation was not left unnoticed, and much blunt comment and heavy banter was the consequence. Pete did not mind it. Once, when pressed and teased beyond the limit of endurance, he stated his case plump and plain.

"I ain't touching nothing no more because Delia don't like it, and I think more of that little woman than I do o' the whole lot o' ye put together."

He was not laughed at for saying it, because two big fists and plenty of muscle were behind his statement. After that he was left alone.

Mrs. Cooke's faith in her husband never wavered and her days were happy, from their early breakfast until evening, when Pete's hobnailed brogans, clattering up the stairs, sounded like sweet music to her.

Then the baby died, without having satisfied Mrs. Cooke's dearest longing.

"Sure, the little darlint had never no chance to call me 'mother,'" she grieved to Mrs. Shandley. The death of the little one drew husband and wife still closer, and Delia's life thereafter was centered in Pete. No other little stranger ever came in the after years; but the couple did not regrade their sorrow.

Perhaps in only one thing was a change noticeable. Mrs. Cooke had always liked the young brood in and of the streets. Now her love for the children increased, and she never passed one of the youngsters without a kind pat on the head, or an apple for the "good lad." Of course the "good lads" returned her good with evil, and before she would have reached her own doorway, they would shout: "Wart face, wart face," which was true and cruel. Mrs. Cooke only smiled, and would not get discouraged. The "kid" who had thrown the core of an apple at her yesterday, would be petted to-morrow, and admonished to be a "good boy."

Among the four householders on the "floor above" was a family of foreigners. Their name, Da Bucci, classed them among the "dagoes." This did not stop their son from mingling with the other boys, and Beppo, by promiscuous "scrapping," made his nick-name, "the greaser," feared, and himself the leader of the gang.

With his leadership came many changes in the block. Most of the tramp dogs, the playmates of the smaller children, disappeared mysteriously, and the cats, possessing greater occult powers, voluntarily deserted the street.

The animal kingdom was soon routed, and the now properly organized gang of young desperadoes turned their minds to other deeds. A reign of terror ensued. Baby carriages, with or without contents, were upset; the "ice-cream parlor" was boldly invaded and ransacked; little girls on their way to the grocery-store were waylaid and robbed of their pennies, and many other depredations were engineered.

"PETE STEPPED OUT EAGERLY . . . HE COULD SEE THE WINDOWS"

"Well, why you no hit da kid?" was the only rejoinder of the senior Da Bucci, when asked to stop the strenuousness of his son. Beppo was enthusiastically and energetically cuffed and mauled by offended victims, but it did not affect his course of conduct.

Children do not cry for the pleasure of it, but to solicit the sympathy of witnesses. At Beppo's painful moments of physical culture the sympathy of the bystanders was wofully meagre, and he determined to provide himself with a permanent comforter. As a matter of course, he elected Mrs. Cooke to this honorary office of port in the storm. It was no empty honor. At the end of the consolation always came the usual lecture and admonition to be a "good boy," but Beppo accepted it resignedly as the drop of bitterness that comes with most of the sweet things in life.

Mrs. Cooke only judged by facts. Beppo was constantly at her knees seeking solace—and a few pennies for candy—and the good-souled little woman thought him a very much abused boy. She became his partisan and guardian, and, ere long, Beppo spent more time in the Cooke apartment than in his own home. Had not the "Annual Excursion of the Thomas Hawley Association" happened at this time, this arrangement would have lasted for a long time.

The excursion was the district leader's "treat" to the families of his constituents. The only thing necessary to have the sail up the river, and to partake of the refreshments, was to have a full-fledged voter in your family.

Peter Cooke, a full-fledged voter, had almost determined to stay at home this year, because has wife refused to accompany him.

"Don't you remember last year's?" she asked.

"Ah, cushla, don't you mind that," he cajoled in return. "It was only them drunken loafers and they—why, they don't count."

But Delia Cooke did mind, and had not forgotten how those fellows had taken up the refrain of "wart-face," started by a few young hoodlums. Sure, her Pete had sailed into them with might and main, but her pleasure had been spoiled, because she felt mortified for both herself and Pete.

"No, Pete, man, I won't go and be a shame and disgrace to you. God knows you need that bit o' fun bad enough without me making a laughing stock o' you."

No persuasion could move her, and she would not permit her husband to stay at home. Pete was far from being in a holiday mood, when he at last joined the excursionists.

Even before the barges, with their jolly cargo, pulled out from their moorings, the big tenement in Catharine street was deserted. Only Delia Cooke and the Da Bucci family, which had no voter among them, were left. Mrs. Cooke watched the gay craft from the window, and then stepped to her looking-glass.

"Ah, sure, wouldn't I look fine gallivanting about beside my Pete, the finest-looking man among the whole o' them!"

Her finger-tip went slowly to her cheeks, and—no, delusion was impossible, and, though it hurt and made the eyelids quiver—she whispered to herself: "Sure it was best. And I'm getting plenty o' fresh air up on the roof and in the street, and my Pete, he needs it more than me."

If a faint sigh escaped her as she went to her housework, who could blame her?

Her duties done, Mrs. Cooke meant to enjoy a siesta; putting the rocking chair on the threshold of her apartments, to catch the breeze from the hall—it was a stifling day—she slumbered into dreams of her Pete. Good little woman, God's blessing to you! (I knew her.)

The Da Bucci having received no invitation to the excursion, Beppo smarted under the insult. He was driven to madness by the taunts of his followers, and took to bragging. "You fellows wait and see if I don't go on it."

This was a bluff, and having made it Beppo was compelled to "make good." That was easy. Like a cat he crept behind the mountain of ice-cream pails and soda-water boxes, and would have been safe had not his henchmen gloried too loudly in his smartness. One of the fathers chanced to overhear, and complained to the excursion committee. Beppo had reached that point in wickedness where his very presence portended immediate complications, and this was emphasized in the complaint.

"If that kid goes along with us no child will be safe. Some o' them will be shoved overboard and maybe drowned. He ought to be put ashore." The suggestion was enthusiastically received, and just as the barges were put in motion, a swarthy bundle came through

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The American Pulpit

THE STRUGGLE FOR A BLESSING

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

of Topeka, Kans.

TEXT—Genesis 32: 24, 26, 29: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day . . . And Jacob said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me," "And he blessed him there"

IN the entire realm of literature there is perhaps no more strange, exciting, dramatic picture than the one given in this chapter of Genesis. Jacob had just left his father-in-law, Laban. He had been with him twenty years. In that time, by his industry and shrewdness, he had become a rich man in the wealth of those days, which was counted by flocks and herds, more than by cash money. There had grown up a feeling of jealousy on the part of Laban at the sight of Jacob's success. When Jacob noticed it, he made his plans to leave the country of Padan Aram, where Laban lived, and go back to his old home in Canaan. He was afraid to let Laban know of his plan, and went away by stealth. On the third day, Laban found out his departure, and in anger because Rachel, Jacob's wife, had stolen the idols out of her father's tent, he pursued after Jacob, and finally overtook him. Then followed a scene between these two rugged herdsmen, a scene which at one time almost promised to be a conflict of blows as well as of words. Finally Laban agreed to a treaty or a covenant of peace, which was signed, after the manner of those days, by the erection of a heap of stones and the swearing of the oath, "The Lord watch between thee and me, while we are absent one from another." After this had been done, Jacob offered a sacrifice, and there was a feast of reconciliation. Early next morning Laban and his people took peaceful leave of Jacob and went back home. So far, all had gone well with Jacob, in spite of the fact that he had been not always the man of high and noble principle. The age in which he lived accounts for some of the transactions of those times, transactions which now, in the light of Christian teaching, would be characterized as decidedly tricky and shrewd to the average of business dishonesty; and no doubt there are plenty of shrewd, cunning Jacobs to-day. However, the now wealthy herdsman had escaped from his father-in-law, who had certainly made Jacob work for his wages, and Jacob had avoided battle with him. But

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON

A Great Danger

lay before him. Years before, Jacob had wronged his brother Esau. In plain English, he had, by a trick in which his mother had assisted him, cheated Esau out of his rights as the first-born son. When Esau realized what had been done, he had made his plans to kill his brother. So Jacob was obliged to run away from home in fear of his life. For twenty years he had been an exile in Syria. During all that time he had not dared go home for fear of Esau. Now, then, as he turned his face southward and drew nearer the scenes of his boyhood, and the recollection of the great wrong he had done Esau came upon him with greater vividness, he was terribly afraid. He remembered Esau's wild, lawless character. He thought what a revenge Esau would have in capturing, after the fashion of those times, all the hard-earned cattle and the property so painfully acquired during those twenty years of labor, and even Jacob's wives and children, after killing him and his followers. With this fear in his heart, he sent messengers on ahead to meet Esau, who, Jacob had ascertained, was only a few miles distant. The messengers returned with the alarming news that Esau was coming on to meet Jacob with four hundred men with him.

"Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed." What could he expect from this wild Arab Bedouin of the desert, with his company of four hundred lawless followers, except an onslaught that would result in certain death for him and his small body of servants? But he was not so terrified that he did not do what he believed would pacify his brother. Like a prudent general, he divided his little company. Then he prayed to Jehovah for protection. Then he picked out a large number of cattle and camels, bunched them in droves and sent them on ahead as a present to Esau. After that, he took his wives and his servants and sons and sent them across the ford or the ravine, which probably had a stream of water running through it at the time. But Jacob himself remained on the bank of the ravine. The night was already partly spent. The narrator of this romance of the early life of the human family gives us no glimpse of the outward features of that remarkable scene. Whether it was starlight or cloudy, whether it was a night of profound stillness, or hoarse with chilling winds that swept through the ravine, the writer does not stop to tell us. The narrative goes on simply to say, "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

Around this verse and the account which follows learned men have written much to explain what the story means. Some think Jacob fell asleep, and dreamed that he wrestled with a man. Others think that his fear of Esau caused him to imagine that one of Esau's men stole upon him in the night and attacked him, and hence the story. Still others, while accepting the spiritual teaching of the narrative, deny that Jacob actually wrestled with a real being. Others again stick to the literal statements, and believe that in some way not explained Jacob actually had a struggle that night with a real person, and that this person was the Divine Being, called in our text, "a man," in verses 28 and 30, "God," and in Hosea 12: 34, "The Angel." My own opinion is as follows:

Who was the Wrestler?

First of all we must remember this was a great crisis in the life of Jacob. It makes little difference that he had been a bad man in some ways, at present he was in sore distress and fear, and he had repented him of the evil done his brother, and asked the Divine Being for help. In the second place, we must remember it was the age of the childhood of the race, when God was still teaching men certain great truths through outward physical object lessons.

In the third place, we need to remember that the divine power may adapt itself to any form of expression to make an impression on the heart and mind of a man, and that because it is unusual is no evidence that it could not occur.

In the fourth place, we must remember the end which God had in view in subjecting Jacob to this test. The means employed are not the subject of discussion so much as the end attained. As long as we are finite we shall always wonder at God's use of means. The end in view in this case, it seems to me, is so plain, so necessary, so far reaching, that the mind which stops to criticise the means, loses the very kernel of the entire truth, misses the whole teaching of this remarkable story of the wrestling Jacob.

So then, it is my opinion, that on that night, by the ford Jabbok, back in the early annals of human history, the man Jacob really did wrestle with a real Being, who was in a real sense the Divine Person, known in the Old Testament language as a man, or the Angel of the Lord, and even God himself. It was, I believe, the Divine Being, who afterwards was manifested to the world as Jesus Christ, the incarnate God, who wrestled with the man Jacob that night. And the whole object of that struggle which went on until day began to break over the hills of Moab, was to teach not only Jacob, but the entire human race for all time, that divine blessing always comes out of persistent, long continued, faithful, courageous struggle with the divine power. And Jacob said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he blessed him there."

In passing on therefore to an application of this great truth of "blessing the result of wrestling with God," let us bow our hearts in thanksgiving to him who thus early in the history of mankind left us so great a witness to the fact of the power which man has to prevail with the Almighty.

The Test of Endurance

First of all let us notice the fact that God tests men to find if they are worthy to endure and struggle. He lets them get into trouble and perplexity, and when the crisis comes he sometimes seems to fight against the man instead of for him. The Christian is not miraculously delivered out of sorrow and trouble and anxiety. The test comes to him when, at the crisis of his life, he seizes on the Divine and wrestles with him for victory, just as in Jacob's case. He was alone on the bank of the rugged ravine. The great night was about him. The whole of his past career was vivid to him. His deception to gain the birthright, his flight from home to escape the wrath of Esau, his vision of God's angels at Bethel, his long stay at Laban's, where he had been in such severe service that he himself said to Laban once, "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes; thus have I been twenty years in thy house. I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters and six years for thy cattle. And thou has changed my wages ten times" (Gen. 31: 40). His recent peaceful separation from Laban, who had it in his power to do him harm, and now the expectation of a danger near at hand in the probable revenge of his wronged brother—all this was, no doubt, like a vision of his life, and he cried out to God for help, and in the very moment of despair and fear he felt suddenly a presence; he was in the embrace of one who wrestled with him, and as the two struggled together there in the dark, there came to Jacob after a while a feeling that the Being with whom he was contending was not altogether a human being, and with that knowledge also grew, as the struggle went on and the faint morning light appeared, the knowledge that this power with whom he had been maintaining this surprising contest was able to grant him deliver[a]nce from Esau and bless him mightily. And as the Be[ing] in his condescension cried to be let go (again, no do[ubt] to test the faith and persistence of Jacob), he cried [out] "I will not let thee go until thou bless me!" and be[fore] the sun rose, the mysterious wrestler had blessed [him] there, and Jacob knew that his meeting with E[sau] would be peaceful.

So, often, men have come up to difficulties, or t[rials] have faced doubts, and the dark waters have seeme[d to] go over their souls. When in the dark, they are aw[are] of one who is testing their strength and courage [and] persistence. Will they hold on until the bless[ing] comes? Ah! That is the test supreme! The div[ine] power has seized on them. Will they grapple with i[t], prevail, to claim the bless[ing], to demand it and so [win] the struggle? I say it is the man who has come ou[t of] this wrestling with the divine, where just they two h[ave] been alone, who goes to meet the enemy of his s[oul] when day springs, with peace and courage in his he[art]. As a prince such a man has power with God and m[an] and will prevail. The test, the test of a man that G[od] sometimes uses! He knows best. Purest gold com[es] out of the fire. Strongest hearts come out of struggl[e] for blessing, not content until the blessing is bestow[ed].

Victory for the Persistent

There is a lesson here also for men who are fighti[ng] for victory, over tremendous sins and evils in their liv[es]. If they will only keep at it they will prevail. Men g[ive] up too easily. They do not claim the blessing lo[ng] enough and hard enough. They do not wrestle till t[he] break of day. They give up in despair and go down [in] defeat in the darkness. If there is any one who is in t[he] clutches of some great fear or trouble or evil, let h[im] remember that the divine power is mightier than a[ny] trouble. Do not let him go until the blessing is give[n]. O how easily men give up! How lazily they fight th[eir] besetting sins! How quickly excuses are made f[or] wrong doing! How shamefully men fall back on t[he] sins of their grandparents, and even go back as far [as] Adam, and blame him for their own weakness and erro[r]. Shame on us that we do not use the power we have wi[th] God! Is it not true that no matter what our wea[k]nesses and imperfections, we can overcome with the he[lp] of the Almighty?

How far have we a right to blame our tendencies a[nd] our sins on our ancestors or on our surroundings? [It] is a question whether too much of that has not be[en] done. Take our criminal population. It has been t[he] teaching and training of men for years, that the hered[i]tary impulse to crime and sin was so great th[at] very little if any blame could be attached to the la[w] breaker. And so he was in many cases almost entirel[y] let out of responsibility for his actions. There is, [at] the present time, I am happy to believe, a swing of th[e] pendulum away from this teaching. A recent notabl[e] contribution to medical and criminal science by D[r.] Wines, who has made a life-long study of criminal[s], flatly contradicts much of the sentimental weakly teach[ing] ing along the line of transmitted tendency. He say[s] that by far the larger proportion of all criminals hav[e] a definite fixed purpose and method in their crime, an[d] could, by the exercise of the will, which has been their [to] to use, rise above their environment and become useft[ul] and honest citizens. That is, in other words, as Bisho[p] Vincent says in his lecture on "Tom and His Teachers," [the] the human being can seize on a divine power outsid[e] of himself and outside of his environment, and by din [of] of struggle compel for himself a blessing from th[e] divine in the world. How much better it is for us t[o] teach this doctrine to the world, than the old depressing [and] hopeless doctrine of survival of the fittest, that left me[n] largely at the mercy of their ancestors and their loca[l] surroundings, and coolly and heartlessly left God all ou[t] of the account.

Divine Power Available

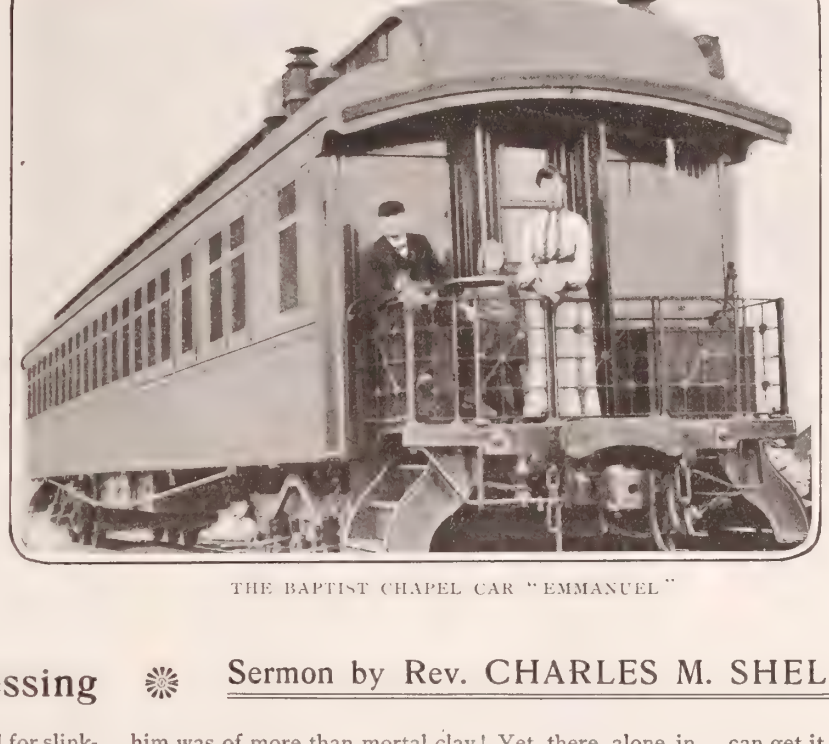
Here is a young man just beginning to drink, or smoke [or] cigarettes, and indulge in some small vice that will ruin [his] his health. Don't say to him, "Poor fellow, you can't [help] help it! You must sow these wild oats and get over it [in] in time, perhaps." Appeal to the power that lies all out[side] side his weakness, the divine power, that will test the [wrestling] wrestling powers of the young man's manhood, but will [also] also give the blessing of victory. If a boy is thrown [into] into bad company he can be better than his bad com[pany]. If he is exposed to great temptations, he must [be] be taught that there is a way of escape provided. If [his] his surroundings are peculiar, he must remember that [so] so are his advantages. If the night is dark, he must [feel] feel the presence of the strength of God, and wrestle [until] until the break of day. O, friends, we don't claim the [blessing] blessing that might be ours. With all heaven on our [side], we let hell march in and spike our guns, and take [our] our fortress, and make us prisoners, and we never call

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A REVIVAL BEGUN IN A CHAPEL CAR

AMONG the agencies adopted for reaching outlying spheres with the Gospel, the chapel car has proved ighly successful. One illustration of the act is furnished by a revival which has aken place at Lemoore, a town in the an Joaquin Valley of California. We arn from a letter recently received from ev. E. R. Hermiston, the missionary in harge of the chapel car "Emmanuel," hat the whole neighborhood has been eeply stirred by the services commenced this rolling church.

The car, which is operated under the spices of the Baptist Publication Soci-y, was run out on a siding as usual, and e people of Lemoore were invited to tend a service. The response was very atifying. The attendance far exceeded e capacity of the car, which was built accommodate 120 persons. It was nec-ssary to obtain more commodious quar-rs, and eventually the largest building the town was hired for the meetings. any persons came who were formerly church connection in the East, but had their new surroundings became cold id indifferent. The Gospel call stirred e old memories, and Mr. Hermiston on found anxious hearers. Drs. Black and Cowan, and Prof. Long, came gladly from local churches to his help. A number of ladies formed a praying-circle, and a choir of fifty voices was organized. The change resulting from the meetings was very marked. Not only were there many persons publicly confessing their backsliding, and many more earnestly inquiring the way of Salvation, but the character of the town has improved. It was formerly notorious for its desecration of the Lord's Day, but now large numbers may be seen wending their way to the Gospel services; and there is everywhere an earnest spirit of devotion, which is spreading to surrounding districts. "The outlook," says Mr. Hermiston, "is now bright for a revival coming through the State." It will be long before the arrival of the Chapel Car is forgotten in that section.



THE BAPTIST CHAPEL CAR "EMMANUEL"

Superior to all Others

Dear Sir:—I received the beautiful *Red Letter Testament and Butterfly Calendar*, for which accept my warmest thanks. The *Calendar* is superior to anything I have seen for the new year, and deserves a conspicuous place in every Christian household.

Jersey City, N. J. WM. WALLMANN.

The Struggle for a Blessing

Sermon by Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D. Continued

on the reserve troops. Shame on the world for slinking behind its weakness, and its inherited vices, and its sily besetting sins, when, if it had wrestled mightily th God, it had before this have prevailed and gone ging over the ravine as the sun rose.

There is a lesson here for the Christian disciple. It a lesson of hope. God wants us to keep at it. There e certain things which nothing but time can accomish, nothing but persistency can bring about. Society a fickle thing, and indulges in what are called "fads." metimes it is the tenement-house fad. Sometimes it the charity-ball fad, when more money is spent for esses and flowers and programmes than is raised for e poor (and this is "charity" forsooth)! Sometimes is the patronizing of this or that popular movement r the bettering of mankind. All these fads have their y. They very rapidly pass on to give place for someing else. It is like a boy's potato popgun, small tato, some wind and a little noise; but no one hurt, or deed anything in the way of result. Society cannot anything in the way of a fad long enough to amount anything. And, truly, if anything is going to be ated as a plaything of a day or a year, it will pass ay for the next new thing. God does not bless fads. e blesses wrestlings that keep at it all through the ght and will not have no for an answer.

Patience Demanded

It is always so in all Christian work. It takes time see results. It takes time to grow. "We must not ow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall ap, if we faint not." There is not a single promise in e Bible for the lazy Christian, or the Christian who kes a Sunday School class for two or three months, d then gets discouraged and gives it up, or the church mber who has spasms of good resolutions about the st of the year, and then loses his temper the first time is asked to do something hard for some one in need, the Christian disciple who is all the time finding lt because everything is not all right at present. But re are plenty of promises for the patient, the longffering, the persistent, the faithful, the every-day in e year Christians. God has always blessed effort at had a definite end and aim. Your nervous, irritable, angeable, fickle, never-do-anything-long-at-a-time ristian, always misses the blessing. He has not rned to say: "I will not let thee go unless thou wilt ss me."

There is also another phase of this same truth which eds a word of emphasis right here. Our demands on e Almighty are not strong enough as well as long ough. We do not wrestle with all our might as if we d the Almighty for our antagonist and had to put forth our strength. There is something very fascinating the thought in the picture of that wrestling in the rk. Jacob's life of exposure and hardship on the ains of Syria those twenty years had given him, no ubt, a splendid physique. He was in the prime of his wers. Muscular, firm, well proportioned, perhaps with ittle of the desperate feeling to temper his sometimes ld and almost timid disposition, when roused he must ve been capable of powerful effort. And even when discovered dawning upon him in awe and astonishnt that he was wrestling with a superhuman being, n then he did not cease his efforts. What a thrill st have passed through him when first he became scious that the person whose arms were flung about him was of more than mortal clay! Yet there alone in the darkness he wrestled on mightily.

Oh the lesson it taught the Church of Christ! Are we in earnest? Do we want to prevail? Are we putting out our greatest strength? No. The Church is not in earnest yet. Christianity has not yet braced itself with persistent not-to-be-denied struggle with the Divine for the blessing. We do not claim the full stretch of the promises. We do not ask God for great enough things. We do not mean it when we pray. How many members of the churches have been as eager this past week to save some lost soul or relieve some despairing creature as they have been to make money, or avoid the loss of it? What is it that most of us are eager for? What is it that we will give most time to? Where are we willing to sacrifice the most in order to accomplish the most? Do we want the blessing? Do we want it enough to fling our whole strength into it? And can we expect God to bless us until we do?

In this struggle with the Infinite we get what we ask for if we are in earnest, and we don't get it unless we are. Oh for the Church of Christ to rise to her opportunity of privilege! There never was so great a need of prevailing with God. I believe he never stood so ready to grant great desires as now. The little, insignificant, trivial remedies which we are proposing for the relief of the world's want, and trouble, and despair, and unrest would be laughable if the whole situation was not so terrible. We prescribe remedies for indigestion when what ails us is heart disease. The trouble with this old world is its awful selfishness. The remedy for it does not lie in a few legislative enactments, but in the regeneration of human nature, the complete union of the human with the divine in sympathy and purpose to build up the Kingdom of God on earth. And this regeneration cannot be brought about except through the Spirit of God, as men are willing to have him work in them. And the Spirit is

Given to those who Ask

"Ask, and it shall be given you." But we don't ask. It is not yet supreme with us. What do you think could resist the pressure we could bring to bear if, as churches, we united to say to God, "We will not be content until our son, our daughter, our neighbor, our friend, our companion is saved. We will not cease our importunity until our desire is granted. We will not let thee go except thou bless us!" Yes, there is the test. Do we want the blessing enough to wrestle for it with all our might? Are we ready to endure? Do we care to sacrifice ease and physical pleasure and indulgence in order that souls may be saved? If we do, the blessing is ours. If we don't, it will be contrary to all God's dealings with men since the beginning of the world if we get any blessing. In the kingdom of God men get what they go after. The laws of the spiritual kingdom are just as exact as those of the physical. "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." There is only one thing to do; to ask. And in order to ask, we have got to want to ask. For if we don't want the Spirit of God, we will not ask for him. If we do want him, we will ask, and if we ask we will get.

The prevailing power of man with God is the most hopeful fact in the world to-day. The church that wants a blessing can get it. The man who wants a blessing can get it. The world is waiting again, as it waited in the times of the Reformation, for the holy arm of the Most High to be made bare in the sight of the nations. Still now, as then, he works through men to save men. He is testing and sifting, and in the process of his wonderful designs he is longing to have the church fling itself with eager fury of desire into the wrestling that prevails like a prince. Is she ready to do that? Are the churches prepared to wrestle with the Angel of Jehovah and prevail?

The Enemies of the Church

Across the ravine, for every man and every church there is an Esau. He is coming up with his wild followers, threatening to destroy everything we hold sacred and dear. The Esau of the church is the love of money, which threatens to swamp the love of souls. Look at the annual bills of this country paid for the things that destroy, or the things that simply represent physical adornment and gratification, compared with the bills paid for supporting both home and foreign Christian institutions. Last year the United States paid over $1,000,000,000 for intoxicating drink, $600,000,000 for tobacco, $25,000,000 for kid gloves, $5,000,000 for ostrich feathers, and only $12,000,000, all told, for foreign missions. Yet we call ourselves a Christian nation. This is the Esau of the church.

And here are some of his followers: Denominational rivalry, sectarianism, class distinctions, indifference and hostility to spiritual life, gambling, and lotteries, and spoils in politics, and race prejudice, and foreign lawlessness, and Sabbath desecration, and contempt of the marriage relation. All these are coming up fast. Who shall defend us against their brutal revenge and malice? We have reared against the coming evils of the next century the church, the home, the school, the religious press. There is nothing we can do now except to wrestle with the angel until we are assured that these institutions will bring us the needed blessings, and destroy the evil intents of our enemies. We cannot prevail by our own strength. We must have the divine blessing. It will be in vain that this nation seeks the peace, and prosperity, and happiness it needs through revision of tariff laws, or monetary laws, or changes in the system of government unless in all things it cries out for wisdom and blessing from the Lord Jesus Christ, and will not let him go until the blessing comes. The nations that forget God shall perish. The church that does not do its work in his might will fail.

Again, I would place the picture of the wrestling Jacob before you. Do we want the blessing? Do we feel the awful need of it? Are we willing to wrestle all night for it? Do we really mean it when we pray for the salvation of men? Will we sacrifice time and money and pleasure to get it? Are we ready to struggle through the darkness alone? Then, if we are, the time will come when the East shall begin to pale with the coming sun, and the Angel, who has tested our strength with infinite condescension for our weakness but with mysterious reverence for our humanity, will say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Then he will reply with him who cried out, far back in the early years of history, even after feeling the greater power of God, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And, as then, for he is the same forever, the Lord will bless us there, and as we pass over to meet our enemy the sun shall rise upon us and we shall go our way in peace.

Are We Doing Our Best for the Indians?

BY E. R. JOHNSTONE

INDIAN GIRL

THE North American Indian in his tribal state is an anachronism. The uncivilized hostile would not understand the word any more than he would agree to the statement. It is a truth, nevertheless, and its verity for nearly a generation has been acknowledged by all civilized men and women who are not interested in a personal way in the perpetuation of the present status of things. It is good to know that within the last decade decided advancement has been made in doing away with tribal relations as such, that there are at least fifty thousand Indians in the United States to-day who can read and write the English language; that, owing to the extension of railways, the disappearance of the bison, and the increase of the white population, the danger of long, bloody and expensive wars with the aborigines has disappeared.

That we have improved the condition of the Indians generally, and this especially within the last twenty years, no one can rightfully dispute. That the improvement in morals has kept pace with that in manners is open to question. More and more men and women who know the Indians by contact, rather than by conception growing out of reading and tradition, are convinced that the younger element of the Reds should be educated and then assimilated—absorbed as it were in the great mass of civilized whites, both North and South.

Within a very few years the idea was universally prevalent, in fact, it obtains in many otherwise well-informed quarters to-day, that the Indians as a race are disappearing. This is not true, and while figures are dry reading, a few in this place may be illuminating. The census of 1890 gave the total number of Indians at 273,607. The census of 1900 enumerated only 266,760, an apparent falling off of nearly 7,000. It is well known, however, that each census is far more accurate than its predecessor, and that in many cases prior to the last census, totals were much exaggerated. It is to the interest of the reservation Indian to deceive enumerators, because the more there are of them the greater amount of rations and annuities are issued. Deception is also to the advantage of contractors and such Indian employees as benefit directly from the government gifts to our red pensioners.

More interesting figures are those which show that while in 1890 there were 145,282 on reservations, in 1900 that number had been decreased to 125,048. This meant the breaking up of more than 20,000 into individual or family allotments, and the decrease by that much of the patriarchal or tribal relation, which made and still makes for hostility, laziness, and savagery.

In 1890 the Indians not taxed numbered 189,447, and those who paid something to the support of the State numbered 84,160. In 1900 there was a gratifying increase, so that those taxed amounted to 137,242, and the untaxed to about 129,518. Of course, the erection of Oklahoma into a territory had much to do with this.

At a recent congress of ethnologists in New York, several members from the United States contended that there are now more Indians in the United States (exclusive of Alaska) than there were in the same territory when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth rock, or when the town of Jamestown was finally established in Virginia. This may or may not be true, and the data brought forward in support of the contention were not fully convincing. It goes to show, however, that the United States has not been as cruel a parent to the aborigines as writers of a generation ago were wont to insist.

More than forty years ago Roman Catholic missionaries, priests and sisters, commenced in a small way the practice of educating Indian children, taken from such households as would permit any intimacy with the whites. The plainly expressed purpose was to make of these little ones evangels or missionaries for the spread of the Roman Catholic propaganda in primal place, and for the inculcation of civilized manners and trends of thought as well. Protestant denominations adopted or followed the same practice, although not to so great a degree, in the earlier days when we had a frontier, and theoretically the plan is not open to severe criticism.

The fundamental difficulty lies in a fact not recognized by the whites generally. The plains Indian believes himself to be a better man than the white. He accepts the food, the garments, and particularly the weapons of the conquering race because of his appetites, which are of the greedy variety; but he does not ascribe the possession of the good things he likes to a higher order of intelligence. If he thinks about it at all, he is apt to believe the whites are granted their knowledge and the fruits thereof as much for the benefit of the superior Red as for anything else. In other words, the Indian very much doubts whether his present state is in any way better than it was in the days of his forefathers, when game was plentiful and his most formidable weapon was the bow and arrow or the spear. He had, at least, plentiful quarry for his hunting.

However, the idea of educating young Indians that they in turn might educate or influence their forbears has taken deep root, and according to the last report at hand of the Indian Commissioner, there are nearly 10,000 reservation Indians enrolled in the schools established by the government in the Eastern as well as in the Western States. The school at Carlisle, Pa., is the largest, having 1,040 pupils. The Haskell School at Lawrence, Kan., has 746, and the one at Phœnix, Ariz., 743. Such, at least, was the enrolment given for 1901, and it has been increased, although not materially, since. At these schools, particularly at Carlisle, boys and girls of comparatively tender years are given many terms of admirable instruction. The curriculum is varied and intelligent, and embraces very largely practical instruction in the manual arts. When graduated, the pupils are returned to their homes, having been told it is their duty, and should be their pleasure, to instruct their fellows, including their elders and (from the Indian viewpoint), their betters. That is, a few school terms and a few years in civilization are to provide by study, example and environment that which shall convince aboriginal nomads of the error of their ways; shall subjugate race hatred; ameliorate, if not eliminate, barbaric instincts; shall make of thistles fig-trees, and of sage brush, sturdy oaks.

INDIANS AT A TRIBAL FESTIVAL

Have the results been satisfactory? It is very much to be doubted. The young man or maiden educated at Carlisle, goes back to his home or tepee, to be received how? As a superior being, one to be looked up to, listened to, admired? Hard facts prove the contrary. He or she returns to meet contempt, if not abuse, and, worse than all, that isolation by kind and kin, that tells most sorely upon the youthful mind. The Indian girl finds that one who has spent a life in learning the savage arts, is preferred to her by the buck whose teachings have been those of his fathers. The educated Indian youth, who played football mayhap with splendid gallantry, can fashion iron or forge steel, has the arts of the husbandman at his finger ends, and is capable of becoming a valuable citizen in any community, east or west, discovers that the Indian girl whom he would love, will have none of him, preferring the lordly young savage, whose idea of marital happiness includes the subjugation of the wife as absolute.

It is little more than a decade since the religious craze, following the teachings of one Porcupine of the coming of a White Christ, who should redeem the Reds from bondage and restore their primitive supremacy, was followed by hostilities in which hundreds of lives among United States troops and the Indians, were sacrificed. It is not open to dispute that some of the most bloodthirsty warriors among the Indians (At Wounded Knee), had received due meed of instruction in the Indian schools. The last state of these men was worse than the first, and while we may condemn them in our ethics, let us not contemn them in our hearts, for we know not the full measure of their temptation. They had been taunted as apostates by those whose good opinion was all the world to them—they must prove the contrary.

In 1877, Nellie, the eldest daughter of Matoh-Nopah (Two-Bears), hereditary chief of the powerful tribe of Lower Yanktonais (Sioux), was returned from the conventual school at St. Joseph, Mo., to her father's camp, near Standing Rock, Dakota. She was then eighteen years old, and for eleven years had been under the tutelage of the good sisters. She spoke English correctly and fluently, and French as well. She was versed in all good housewifely duties and had more than one graceful accomplishment, including embroidery, painting, and some skill in music. When sent to her father's camp, she pleaded with tears to be allowed to remain with some half-breed relatives who had adopted, in large measure, the customs of the whites. Abbot, afterwards Bishop Marty, as good a man as ever blessed a congregation, told her frankly that he could not comply with her request, because she had been educated by the Church that she might carry the teachings of that church to her people, and be an example to them of the blessings of civilization.

One would think that, taken at the tender age of seven, and reared to womanhood among the whites, Princess Nellie, no matter what the temptation, would have retained at least a semblance of civ ization. Yet in less than six weeks after the return to h father's tepee, she was seen in the middle of a beef cor after the fortnightly slaughter, squabbling with sister squa over unapportioned entrails of the animals, smeared wi blood and paint, dressed as a squaw, witho a vestige of civilization apparent, and abs lutely unwilling to use any language but th of the Lacotahs. A week or two later s married a half-breed of unsavory reputatic and until lost sight of a few years ago w apparently as much the Indian squaw as she had never seen a book, heard of a need or listened to a white teacher.

A YOUNG CHIEF

The story proves nothing absolutely, but could be paralleled by hundreds upon hu dreds of cases, not equally prominent pe haps, but equally indicative of results.

What is the duty of the whites if educatir the children does not bring good results wi the elders, and if sending back the finishe product of the schools is more likely to spc the product than leaven the barbaric lum Assimilation among the whites of the ed cated children is beyond question our dut The Indian pupils know what is in store f them, or many of them do, and it is a matte of regret that some of the best and brighte of the lot when called upon to leave Carlisl plead with all the earnestness of their nature to be allowed to settle in Pennsylvania. Th good farmers of the Cumberland Valley an east and west of there would be only too we pleased to have them. These things are tru of other schools. What right or reason i there in the retention of identity by the Indians as a race There are 76,000,000 of whites; there are less than 300,000 o Reds. Why should not the aboriginals be absorbed in th mass, and this not only to the benefit of the smaller fraction but to the advantage of the larger?

It is interesting to know that in the States of Iowa, North and South Dakota and Minnesota, many of the white resi dents are seeking servants among the Indian women, pre ferring, of course, those who have been taught a the agency schools. They are found to be faithful conscientious, apt, and in a measure, diligent. They resemble Japanese in their power of imitation. Had all the graduates of Carlisle or Hampden been absorbed in the middle or upper northern States, the number of reservation Indians would have been smaller than it is now, the tribal relation would have been weakened, the measure of individual allotment of land would have been increased.

A BUCK IN WAR DRESS

The subject is an interesting one and opens many fascinating lines of thought. It may be strange, but it is none the less true, that against the Indian there is none of the prejudice felt by the whites that is so patent against negroes. Marriages between Indians and whites are well known on the frontier, and the progeny of such marriages find no stigma against their names, other than that which attaches through individual character or personal attributes.

Sincere Thanks!

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The *Butterfly Calendar* received. It exceeds all other premiums you have given in the past. The colors are beautiful, and the design of the bright, sweet little faces set in the butterflies is indeed charming. Please accept my thanks for the gift.

Springfield, Mass. ARIANA P. JOSLYN.

Instructive and Entertaining

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the premiums: *Crown Encyclopedia*, with *Pilgrim's Progress* and *How I Worked My Way Around the World*. They are all beautifully gotten up, and both instructive and entertaining; the *Calendar*, too, is beautiful. J. M. W.

Phelps, N. Y.

An Inspiring Book

I thank you for the book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*. It shows what boys may become who are brought up by a Christian mother to trust in God, and who, by integrity and perseverance, will overcome all difficulties. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has come to stay in my home. JAMES SCOTT.

The Jamaica Storm Sufferers

Additional contributions received by the Bank of Nova Scotia, Boston, for Rev. D. A. McKillop, treasurer of the Mandeville Convention, Jamaica, W. I., in behalf of the sufferers by the recent hurricane: G. M. Walker, $2; Margaret J. Peebles, $10; Mary E. Peebles, $10; J. D. McGregor, $3; Daisy M. Lee, $1; Harriet R. Hungerford, $10; Friend, per J. M. Elliott, $1.

OUR COMMISSIONER EN ROUTE TO MACEDONIA

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Despatches Rev. Marco N. Popoff to Organize Relief Work There

Rev. Lewis Bond, American Missionary, Appeals for the Macedonians:

[BY CABLE]

MONASTIR, TURKEY, Jan. 16.

DR. KLOPSCH, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

We need Five Thousand Dollars immediately for helpless children. Cold weather and much sickness prevail. (Signed) BOND.

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the Rev. Marco Nicholas Popoff, one of the leading native evangelical pastors of Macedonia, who sailed from New York on the ocean liner *St. Paul* on January 9th, will already have arrived on the frontier of Macedonia. Pastor Popoff, who has been in the United States for some time past, in the interest of the relief movement, returns as the Special Commissioner of this journal, for the express purpose of organizing the relief work in the field. He will associate with himself the American missionaries in Macedonia and on the frontiers of Servia and Bulgaria, as well as the native Christian pastors, the Young Men's Christian Associations, and a number of active workers of both sexes, English, American and native. An Interdenominational Committee, of an influential and representative character, will be formed, to which all the practical details of the work will be entrusted, including in its membership our missionaries in Monastir, Adrianople, Salonika, Samokov and elsewhere. Pastor Popoff's letters will appear regularly in these pages, and will give the fullest and most accurate information concerning the widespread suffering.

In the latter part of September, 1903, Macedonian refugees began to pour across the border, into free Bulgaria, by the hundreds. They were mostly from Razlog district, just across the Rilo Mountain. Many hundreds came also from the Adrianople vilayet. These frontier fugitives now number about 25,000. The cause of their flight was the attacks of the Turks upon many villages, which they destroyed by fire, killing many of their inhabitants. In some towns — as in Krushovo and Smilevo—entire Christian families were exterminated.

These refugees presented a pitiful procession as they came down the mountains on the Bulgarian side. Those who had had more time to prepare for their flight, had taken with them some clothing and food, or some of the cooking kettles. Others escaped merely with what they had on their backs. The spirit of benevolence toward the sufferers was stirred, and aid began to come from many quarters. Especially this seemed necessary when the refugees related the awful story that there were not less than 250,000 others in Macedonia, who, like themselves, had lost everything.

Pastor Popoff's Appeal

"It was this condition of 275,000 fellow Macedonians," writes Pastor Popoff, "that moved my heart at this season of the year to leave my church and come to this country to plead for aid in behalf of suffering humanity. I felt that it was an imperative duty to leave my work and even to become a beggar on behalf of my unfortunate countrymen. It is with deep gratitude that I return, after spending two months in New York. I owe gratitude to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for consenting, the very next day after my arrival, to take up the cause of the afflicted Macedonians.

"It is with pleasure that I accept the invitation of Dr. Klopsch, in the interest of the effort to aid the sufferers, to return immediately to the field of suffering. It is proposed that I organize this relief work on the other side, so that the needs in different points will be thoroughly ascertained and fully set forth before your benevolent readers I go to act as a medium for your readers, through which they can see the actual situation.

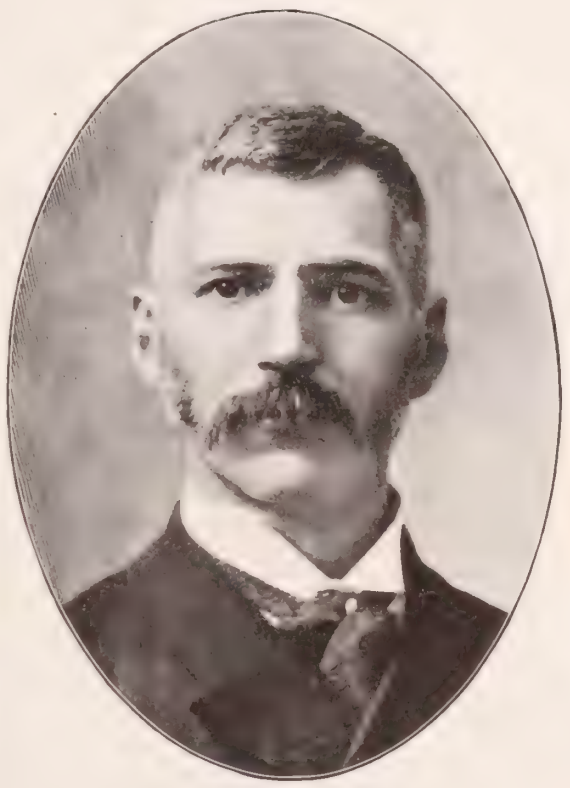
"Will not all those who remain home and enjoy the many home comforts with which God has blessed them, be ready to send their mite to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate 275,000 Macedonians, who, shelterless, naked and hungry, are praying for help. These unfortunate people need to be cared for during the winter and helped in the spring to begin life anew. If given only a loaf of bread each day, $10,000 would be needed daily. One dollar will supply a family of five with bread for a week, and keep them from starving. Seven dollars will buy shoes for thirty-five persons to keep their feet from the ice and snow. Ten dollars will buy enough wool to clothe a whole family in homespun, and fifty dollars will put up a comfortable shelter for a large family. Will not the Christian people of America, who enjoy so many of the blessings of a Christian civilization, respond? Prayers and tears will not avail, unless material assistance be rendered as well, and that at once. 'The King's business requireth haste,' and swift kindnesses are the best.

"And so, fellow Christians of America, sharing your own, be it much or little, with those others who are perishing for need of the absolute necessities of life, you too will be blessed, having done what you could. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' "

A Notable Career

The Rev. Mario Nicholas Popoff was born, June 10, 1862, at Banseo, Macedonia, in the immediate vicinity of the recent massacres. He is the second of a family of eight children—five boys and three girls.

At the age of seventeen, together with other boys of the town, he began to attend the Protestant place of worship. The Gospel truth caught his ear, and he became an attentive listener and doer of the Word of God. As a Christian worker he has began first at his own home, by explaining, each Sunday afternoon, the sermon heard at the Protestant place of worship. As a result, at first the oldest brother and afterwards the father, the mother, and the rest of the brothers and sisters, were brought into the fold of Christ. The father, now at the age of seventy-two, has ever since been one of the most saintly men of the large and prosperous Protestant



THE REV. MARCO N. POPOFF
Our Special Commissioner to Macedonia

church at Banseo, which has given to the Protestant cause in Bulgaria and Macedonia six pastors now in the work, and a number of consecrated Bible women.

After his conversion, Mr. Popoff devoted himself to Christian work among his people.

Soon afterward, disturbances similar to the present, occurred in Razlog, and he, with thousands of others, became a refugee in the city of Dubnitza, which had just been liberated from the Turks. It was as a refugee from Macedonia, the same winter that the Missionaries admitted him into their school at Samokov.

He left the Mission School in 1882, penniless, and worked eight months as a proof-reader. Thus he secured means to cross the ocean twenty-two years ago, landing in New York with only sixteen dollars, and a very scanty knowledge of the language. The following autumn he had saved about eighty dollars through hard work, and through the kindness of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Ripley, N. Y., he was enabled to attend the State Normal School, graduating in 1886, as the valedictorian of his class. From Fredonia, he went to Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., where he was offered a scholarship by Mr. T. S. Hubbard, of Fredonia, N. Y. He graduated from Hamilton College in the class of 1890, with high honors. Along with his college course he studied as extras, Hebrew and Church History, preparing himself so that in two years more he completed the regular course of study in Auburn Theological Seminary, graduating from that institution in 1892. He was then called to take up the pastorate of the Sofia Congregational Church, which he has held ever since, and still holds it.

Mr. Popoff has been very active in Sofia in many other ways. He has written and translated a number of pamphlets and books, and has been a constant contributor to the Protestant weeklies and monthlies, on religious themes. He is at present a representative at Sofia, of all the Bulgarian Protestant communities, having had much to do with the government in the way of settling troubles between Protestants and the Orthodox native churches. He is also president of the Bulgarian Temperance Union, and secretary of the Bulgarian Evangelical Society. His wife is also a native of Banseo, and was educated in this country. She has been, in the full sense of the word, a helpmate to Mr. Popoff in, all his pastoral work.

Latest Letters from the Field

Writing from Monastir, under date of Dec. 29 last, Missionary Lewis Bond says:

A $1,000 check from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arrived, with a characteristically sympathetic letter from Dr. Klopsch. The letter is worth all of another $1,000.

The other day, one of the most pitiable families we have yet seen, came to my house—a widow and five small children —all scantily arrayed in tatters, and barefoot. Mrs. Bond gave them bread and warmed them up with coffee. Subsequently, they received some relief clothing and footgear. It appears that a week ago, two men were out among the villages on a begging mission, and on a mountain path both men were shot by a soldier and two bashi-bazouks. One man, the father of the above-mentioned family, was instantly killed, and the other man was left for dead. The second man revived, however, and was brought to Monastir, and there is a bare chance that he may be restored to his wife and two children.

Mr. Bond also writes that in his district (Monastir vilayet)—

Nine relief centres are cared for by six English, four French and two American people, and, assisted by a score of natives, are engaged in active relief work; 52,542 persons are destitute. One-third of an English pound would provide food for an adult person for a month. Perhaps one-tenth of the number can support themselves, or will be supported by their friends during the winter. This will leave 45,000 thrown upon the relief fund. It has been decided to put these people upon half-rations of cheap flour. The main use for relief money now is for food.

From Samokov, Dr. J. F. Clarke, American Missionary, writes:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your telegram, informing me of $1,000 sent for my order to Mr. Peet, reached me about 9.30 A. M. to-day. In two hours I had told our Evangelical Relief Committee, that $400 (about 100 Napoleons), were available for what work they thought best, and had telegraphed to Dubuitsen—a most needy place—that 50 Napoleons ($200) were to be sent by post to-day; and to Luzhen, near Turkish boundary, that $80 were going to them. The prompt telegraphing will save very much suffering. Work will be at once commenced here for twenty-three places outside of this city.

Since the sending of the remittance of $10,000 by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the field, the relief workers have been filled with courage and hope in dealing with the difficult situation. They had been praying that America's great heart would be touched with compassion, and that our people would respond to the cry of Macedonia's perishing people. Every reader of this journal, and especially those who love to serve the Master, and to follow his example in succoring the helpless, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, should have a share in this work of rescue in Macedonia.

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A MACEDONIAN FAMILY OF RUINED SMILEVO

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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To Tone Up Social Morality

AN attempt is being made in Roman Catholic circles, to stem the tide of divorce and immorality by social influence. Finding that not even the ban of the church, unequivocal as it is, suffices to prevent divorces and the subsequent marriage of divorced persons, a society of ladies, styling themselves "Daughters of the Faith," has been organized, to apply social ostracism to the offenders. They pledge themselves not to recognize the guilty partner in a divorce case, and not to accept invitations from, nor extend hospitality to, such persons. There are other rules of the society, relating to dress and conduct, which pledge the members to abjure certain customs prevalent among women of wealth and station, which, in the opinion of these ladies, tend to immorality. It will be interesting to watch the result of this new movement. It will show whether the social wrong-doers belong to the class who do not fear God, neither regard man.

There can be no doubt that to many people the penalty will be one of the most severe that could be inflicted. It will affix a stigma to them as persons unfit for decent society. Many of them could survive the exclusion from the ordinances of the church; but to deprive them of the pleasures of social intercourse, will be to shut them out from their chief enjoyment. It does not, however, appear to be too severe a punishment. The disclosures that have been made recently in the Courts, show a moral laxity which is a menace to the home, and a disgrace to us as a people. If by any means the decadence can be stayed, it will be well for the nation.

There is no reason why Protestant Ladies should not adopt a similar course. Although, in Protestant churches, the stringency of the ban on divorce is not so conspicuous as in the Roman Catholic Church, there is the same interest in maintaining the permanence of the marriage relation and the purity of society. Any course that will tend to these conditions will be welcome. There will, doubtless, be some who will pronounce the movement Pharisaical; but it is time that epithets should be disregarded in this matter. It is an outrage that persons who have openly set the law of God at defiance and show no contrition for their wrongdoing, should be received in society as cordially as if their offense was trivial. For the penitent there should always be forgiveness and restoration, but for those who glory in their shame, there ought to be reprobation and ostracism.

A New Indian Problem

IN another part of this issue there is printed a contribution which presents a new and somewhat startling aspect of the "Indian question." Mr. E. R. Johnstone, the writer, is one who speaks with the authority derived from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with the subject. He avers, substantially, that our present methods of "civilizing" the red man, by educating the Indian youth of both sexes, and then, at the close of their school or college career, returning them to their tribes and their old associates, is a failure; that the majority of those so returned, instead of exerting an uplifting and civilizing influence upon their fellows, sink back to the old level of savage life, and soon become as though they had never entered the white man's school or sat at the feet of competent instructors.

If Mr. Johnstone's contention be substantially sound, it will naturally cause thoughtful people to ask: "What then, is to be done with the Indians, if we are wrong in sending back the educated young men and women to their tribes?" The same hand which has pointed out the evil, now indicates the remedy. "There are 76,000,000 whites," he writes, "and less than 300,000 reds. Why should not the aboriginals be absorbed in the mass?" If the graduates from Carlisle and the other Indian schools, were assigned to various suitable occupations in the Northern or Middle States, within a few generations the "Indian question" would disappear.

Our Indian wards are not less in number than they were a decade ago, notwithstanding oft-repeated assertions to the contrary. Our "Indian Problem" pursued on wrong lines, threatens to be an interminable on. If the absorption plan is the true remedy, it should be inaugurated by the proper authorities without delay. We commend to our readers generally, a thoughtful consideration of Mr. Johnstone's suggestions; after which we should be pleased to hear from any who may be able to shed further light on this important question.

A Land of Antiquity

KOREA is a very ancient country, whose history reaches away back almost to the "beginnings of things." Although it was not known to Europe until the sixteenth century, it has a vaguely-defined chronology, covering a period of over three thousand years. Previous to 1122 B.C., when Ki-Tsze, a famous scholar, author and statesman, migrated thither with five thousand followers from China, to escape the rule of a tyrannical monarch, Korea's history is mainly of a legendary character. Ki-Tsze found the aborigines ignorant but docile, and he introduced among them many of the arts, including laws, letters, medicine, and a feudal political system.

This great civilizer—whom the Koreans universally revere—gave to the new domain the picturesque title of *Cho-sen*, or, "The Land of the Morning Calm." His descendants ruled the country, then much more extensive than now, for nearly eleven hundred years—a long line of forty-one illustrious generations, all before the Christian era, whose deeds are long since forgotten, and whose very names are now undiscoverable to the world.

In his remarkable work on Korea, Prof. William Elliot Griffis, of the Imperial Tokio University, points out that, assuming the early history of the discovery and civilizing of that country by Ki-Tsze to be true, its history is almost as old as that of China, and it must have been, at the climax of its greatness, contemporaneous with Egypt and Chaldea, when these nations were leaders in the world's affairs. To-day, the educated native Korean is proud of his antiquity. As he traces his long descent, he feels that he who can look down from "the lofty height of thirty centuries" upon the rest of the world, save China alone, and has the right to regard the later and younger nations as "barbarians." When John Rodgers, the American admiral, sailed up the Han River, forty-four years ago, to propose a treaty, he was greeted with the dignified assurance by high officials that "Korea is satisfied with its civilization of 4,000 years, and wants no other."

Modern Korea still clings tenaciously to ancient custom and lives upon its traditions. But this land, which dawned so long ago, "in the morning of the ages," is apparently destined soon to undergo great changes, which will transform its people, and make no longer appropriate its title of the "Hermit Kingdom." In the oncoming rush of our latter-day civilization, it will quickly be forgotten that the ancestors of the grave-faced, high-hatted men of Seoul were ruling a kingdom while Joseph was Pharaoh's premier in Egypt, and long ere Moses led Israel through the Wilderness. What wars, what successions of triumphs and reverses, what religions and what philosophies, what heroes and what tyrants marked the long centuries of the Hermit Nation's existence; what dark heathenism enveloped the land even after the light of Christianity had begun to shine in many parts of Asia—may never now be told. Well has the nation kept its secret. But the future is not without hope. Christianity is lighting up the dark places of Korea, and that "silent land" may yet become one of the most zealous Gospel agencies in the Far East. Events will "open the doors" in the little kingdom, and, in God's own good time, the nation which has lain so long in darkness, will be brought into the light.

The Power of Little Things

A CURIOUS experiment was witnessed in a gun factory. A great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Nearby was also suspended a common bottle-cork by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half-an-hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock.

No man is mighty enough in his own energy of will to feel secure, if he is exposed to a constantly repeated influence for evil. The constant beating of a raindrop has often worn a hole in a stone; and the constant hearing of low views of honesty, of virtue, of spirituality, though at first offensive and opposed, has in the end taken away many a man's vigor and sapped the strength of many a Christian.

The Will Accepted for the Deed

JAPAN is at the present moment a centre of world-wide interest. Some forty years ago, the *Edwin Forrest* sailed from New York with four missionaries aboard, two of them appointed to China, and two to Japan. It is related of one of them, Mr. Rohrer, who with his wife was going to Japan, that when objection was made to his going so far away while many of his own kindred were still unsaved, he answered sadly, "The Japanese have no Moses, no prophets, no Jesus, whom they may hear." His whole being was consecrated to the work. And his heroic wife, on the eve of departure, said to her weeping mother standing by her side on the deck of the ship, "Mother, but for the parting with you, this is the happiest day of my life. If we are lost at sea, death will find us in the path of duty."

They sailed away with their fellow-servants in Christ, and the vessel has never been heard of to this day. Whether she was burnt at sea, or foundered and went slowly down into the depths, while those young servants of the Lord, locked in each other's arms, looked up and saw heaven open, and Jesus standing to receive them, man will never know. But here is the blessed truth—if they had toiled and labored till this day among the heathen in the complete fulfilment of the purpose of their hearts, their service would have been no greater, no richer in the eyes of the Lord.

It is not what you give, but what you would give if you had it; not what you do, but what you would do if you could (not, perhaps, what you think you would, but what you really would) that constitutes the basis of God's judgment, and the measure of the award, whether of joy or sorrow, that will meet us when the Master comes.

Rembrandt said, "A picture is finished when the painter has expressed his intention." So an act is done when the will has done all it can; and when the whole intention of the life has been expressed, God says of that life, "It is finished." Then nothing remains but the judgment.

A Sunny Outlook

HAPPY and enviable is the temperament that maintains ever a sunny outlook, anticipating something better farther on. There are fortunate men and women who are always sure just around the next corner, some very pleasant surprise awaits them; sure that to-morrow will repair the wastes of to-day, and that next year will be immensely prosperous, even though this one has had its share of adversity. On the whole, these sunny-tempered people are right.

> Never yet was a springtime,
> When the buds forgot to blow.

There is always blue sky somewhere. A man, giving his bride a watch as a wedding gift, had engraved within the case the familiar couplet:

> Taking the year together, my dear
> There isn't more night than day.

And there is not! We may reckon as confidently on good times as on the rising of another sun. We may look forward and not back, and forebode no ill, and anticipate all good, and we shall not be disappointed.

Among the Workers

—REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN has just concluded a series of evangelistic meetings in the Presbyterian churches of New York City, during the Week of Prayer.

—DR. W. A. MCKAY, of Canada (an account of whose work recently appeared in these columns), is quite ill. During thirty-four years of active work in the ministry, he had taken no rest whatever. He is now away for a month at a sanitarium.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Russia's Attitude

IN spite of the Czar's personal assurance that he is anxious for peace, the sky in the far East grows daily more lurid. The concessions to Japan are of a nature that would be humiliating to that Power, and which she declares she cannot accept. They reduce her influence in Corea to an infinitesimal degree, and require the delimitation of a neutral zone. It is little enough that Japan gained by her war with China, and it is not likely that she would consent to abandon any portion of that gain. As Russia has raised the trouble by her greed in Corea, Japan has revived her objections to the Russian occupation of Manchuria, which is still maintained, in spite of the solemn promises Russia made to the great Powers. New reinforcements are being hurried from Russia into that Province, thus dispelling all hope of evacuation. Russia has attempted to alienate sympathy from Japan, by assuring foreign Governments, including our own, that all treaty rights with China, relating to Manchuria, will be respected. She has, however, so persistently broken the most solemn promises in the past, that very little reliance is now placed on her word in any capital. That both Powers expect war, seems clear. Japan is purchasing ships and military supplies. Russia has demanded permission from Turkey for the whole of her Black Sea fleet to pass through the Dardanelles, presumably on the way to Japanese waters. Such use of the Strait is strictly forbidden by treaty, but Turkey is too weak to enforce treaty rights, if Russia insists. There is a rumor that Great Britain has lodged a protest with the Sultan against such infringement of the treaty, but a protest will not avail unless it is backed by force, and that step is considered improbable. While the military and naval forces on both sides are thus concentrating, the diplomats are exchanging notes, ostensibly to avoid a conflict, but evidently with little hope of success. The one hope for peace is that Russia is notoriously poor, and that she finds it difficult to raise a loan, as she has alienated the Jewish financiers throughout Europe, who could have helped her. In persecuting the Jews within her own borders, she has thus deprived herself of aid which would now be invaluable to her. Nations, like individuals, frequently learn in a time of difficulty that the Psalmist's warning applies to them.

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate (Psalm 7:16).

Liquid Sunshine

An extraordinary discovery, that promises to be of inestimable value in the cure of diseases, was announced last week at the Technology Club of New York, by Dr. William J. Morton, Professor of Electro-Therapeutics in the Post-Graduate Medical School. He said that one of the most important properties of radium was that of imparting part of its own radio-activity to other substances. Possessing that clue, physicians had experimented with various chemicals. It had been found that a solution of quinine, when exposed to radio-activity, gives off the ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum and thus becomes liquid sunshine. If it be taken internally and absorbed into the blood, so that all the blood vessels are saturated with it, the interior of the patient's body is bathed in sunshine. If any organ is diseased, as the lungs in consumption, or the liver by a cancer, the Roentgen rays are directed to that organ, an actinic stimulus is given which is fatal to bacteria. Further experiments are being made to determine the size of the dose and other details. Dr. Morton said that already he had cured three well-defined cases of cancer and two others were in process of cure. They were perfectly authentic, and had been examined by a number of medical men. It would appear from the Professor's explanation, that the curative operation of "liquid sunshine" is twofold. In the first stage it is taken and illuminates the system, and then it is quickened by radic influence from without. It is so in the spiritual world, with the influence that regenerates and sanctifies. The Spirit that begins life is needed to quicken it.

All these things worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will (1 Cor. 12:11).

Three Heroic Sailors

A story of wonderful heroism is related by the passengers and crew of the steamer *Walkerman*, which foundered off Cape Hatteras on December 25. The boats were lowered when it was found that the vessel was going down. The women among the passengers were put on board first, and the men followed. It was quite dark, and there was a high sea. All the boats were filled, and one of them was loaded far beyond the limit of safety. It was in charge of First Mate Bruner, who seeing the probability of its being swamped and all on board perishing, appealed to the men for self-sacrifice. Three men must get out, he said, and he called for volunteers. Charles Schmidt and two Swedes offered themselves. The mate strapped life-preservers on them, and they leaped overboard. For a time they swam in the wake of the boats, but the intense cold of the water and the collision with cakes of ice retarded them, and they lost sight of the boats. All night they managed to keep afloat, but were numb with the cold, and hurt by the blows of the ice. When morning dawned, they saw the land not far away, and coming out from it, in search of them, their own boat, which had safely landed its cargo of human lives, and was returning to rescue the brave men who had risked themselves that the others might be saved. They were taken on board more dead than alive, and after being fed, were sent to the hospital. The courage and devotion of those three men were beyond praise. Everyone must admire their act, yet how few there are who are moved, when they hear of Him, who, to save them from eternal death, laid down his own life.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends (John 15:13).

Money No Inducement

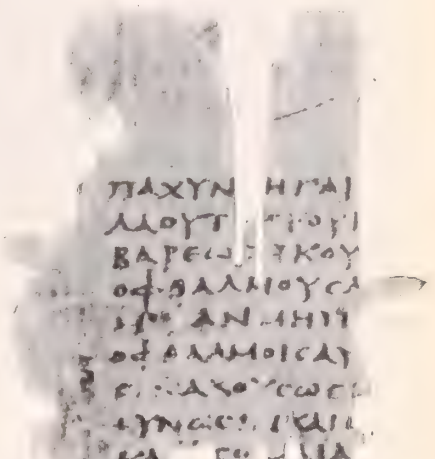
The contractors who are building the new bridge between New York and Brooklyn, are experiencing some difficulty in obtaining the services of competent masonry inspectors for work in the caissons. They have offered ten dollars a day, and very short hours, but though eight men were advertised for, only one man applied. The reason is, that already five men have succumbed to what is known as the caisson disease. In building the other bridges, there was no such mortality from this cause; but with this bridge, it has been found necessary already to sink the caissons ninety-two feet. The pressure of the air in the caissons is forty-five pounds to the square inch, and few men can bear it. One of the men who succumbed, was examined by a physician before he descended, and was pronounced fit. When he was brought up, after being only thirty minutes in the caisson, he was suffering severe pains in the stomach and the joints of his limbs. The others who died suffered in the same way. He, like them, was sent promptly to the hospital, where skilful treatment was given, but he soon died. The contractors have therefore made better offers, but though many men are unemployed, no one seeks that engagement in spite of the large remuneration offered. Life is too precious to be thrown away for money. Would that people understood that eternal life is infinitely more precious. Multitudes are throwing that aside to get money.

What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Mark 8:36).

A RUSSIAN NATIONAL SONG AND DANCE IN A MANCHURIAN TOWN

The Ancient Papyri

An interesting photograph reproduced on this page, shows one of the fragments of papyri recently discovered at Oxyrhynchus, by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. As stated in a previous number of this journal, at the time the cable report of the discovery arrived, the fragments are somewhat dilapidated and defaced by time. It has therefore proved a difficult task to decipher them. The fragment in the photograph, however, was easily understood by Greek scholars. It is a quotation of Isa. 6:10, "Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes," etc. It was quoted by our Lord (Matt. 13:15), and by the Apostle Paul in his address to the Jews who called upon him in Rome (Acts. 28:27). The



A PAPYRUS FRAGMENT (ISA. 6:10)

manuscript seems, from the shape of the letters, to have been written before the year 300 A.D. It was probably written by some early Christian. Among the large quantity of manuscripts that have been found and are waiting to be deciphered, there may be others of great value. It is remarkable that at this time, when scholars are so keenly interested in the origin and date of the sacred books, these long-buried manuscripts, the existence of which was never suspected, should have been unearthed. Thus has the promise been fulfilled:

Truth shall spring out of the earth (Ps. 85:11)

BRIEF NOTES

The Empress Dowager of China has taken a vow that if Russia gives back Manchuria to China, she will spend $300,000 in erecting new temples to Buddha. She is not likely to be called upon to fulfil it.

Dr. S. A. Knopf, a specialist on consumption, said at a meeting of the Twentieth Century Club recently, that alcoholism is responsible for more cases of tuberculosis than any other one thing. And consumption is by no means the worst of the evils traced to alcohol.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's meetings at North Adams, Mass., are stirring the whole community. *The Herald*, of that city, says that at the meeting following that for young people on January 10, nearly 250 persons, many of them young men, made public profession of faith. It adds: "It was a most impressive demonstration, and leads to the belief that the work will be lasting in its effects."

Dr. F. B. Meyer, whose addresses at Northfield and whose works have made him well known on this side the Atlantic, has taken a bold stand on the Temperance question. A rule has been adopted in his church in London against the use of fermented wine at the communion and against any person holding office who is engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor. The latter clause, Dr. Meyer says, cost him the loss of the richest member of his church.

Gainesville, Fla., has issued invitations for a winter conference, similar to the summer conferences at Northfield, Mass., from July 31 to Feb. 15. An auditorium capable of accommodating three thousand persons has been erected. The following speakers have promised to take part: Dr. W. E. Blackstone, of Chicago; Dr. D. V. Gwilym, of New York; Dr. E. J. Pepper, of Philadelphia; Prof. J. R. C. Brown, of Virginia; Dr. Clarence B. Strouse, of Philadelphia; and Mrs. Margaret Bottome. Particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mr. Wm. Pepper, Gainesville, Fla.

IN THE "LAND OF THE MORNING CALM"

By W. O. JOHNSON, M.D., Korea

A YOUNG GIRL OF KOREA

YAMEN OFFICIALS AND SCHOLAR (IN CENTRE)

A KOREAN SUN HAT

A YOUNG NOBLE AND DANCING GIRL

A "PALACE GUARD"

THERE are two mistakes which seem very prevalent in the United States concerning Korea and the Koreans. One is that that country is uninteresting, very hot and unhealthy. The other, that its people are without much individuality; something between Japanese and Chinese. As to the first, Chosen, the "Land of the Morning Calm"—as its people term it—might well be termed the Switzerland of Asia. Its peaks are not as high, nor always snow-clad; but its succession of hills and mountains with narrow valleys, little rivers, and occasional plains, make it a land of rugged grandeur and beautiful views. Trees are scarce and forests extremely rare; but spring covers the hills with a mass of pink-and-white azaleas and rhododendrons. For nine months of every year, Korea has the finest and healthiest weather to be found in any land; from the middle of September to the middle of June, sunshine nearly every day, and rain enough only to bring on the spring crops; few high winds, little dust; cool, bracing falls; sharp, dry winters, and fresh, mild springs. The three summer months, however, are unhealthy, and trying to all foreigners. There is rain and sunshine alternately for weeks. The thermometer is not often above 85°, but the great humidity makes it extremely exhausting. Fevers and germs of every description flourish in the heat and moisture

A CORNER OF THE REVIEWING GROUND

A REVIEW OF THE KOREAN ARMY AT SEOUL

EMPEROR VISITING ANCESTRAL GRAVES

The Koreans are quite distinct from either the Japanese or Chinese. In size, they are larger than the Japanese. Their wide, flowing robes are always of white, and their tall, horse-hair hats, make them appear still taller. They are exceedingly dignified and polite. Appearances count for more than in America, and many a Korean would rather lose his fortune, even his life, than "lose face"—his dignity or the respect of others. But a Korean's politeness is more than skin deep. It is an inbred thoughtfulness, a care not to wound other's feelings.

Mentally, the Koreans are quick and bright in acquiring Western learning, especially language, which they speak more fluently and with less accent than either the Japanese or Chinese. A young man of good birth is often able to speak and write English fairly well in eight or ten months. They do not, however, possess the Anglo-Saxon perseverance. Few peoples delight to talk more than do the Koreans. "*Yeage chom hapsita*" ("Let us have a little talk") is an expression heard on all sides, at all times. So the two light their long bamboo pipes, sit down cross-legged and discuss the matter at length. Time is not money in Korea.

Women in Korea smoke about as much as do men. The middle and higher class women are secluded within their yards and houses, and only appear in public with their faces and heads covered with a thin muslin apron, or in a closed sedan chair. The wife, however, has considerable weight in the family councils, and after fifty she is privileged to go about with face uncovered. She now lives with her son and daughter-in-law, both of whom she is apt to rule with a rod of iron. Travelers in Korea sometimes say that seclusion of women is not very strict, because they see so many young girls on the streets. These are, however, really boys, who wear the hair down the back in a long braid, and have flowing white garments, similar to those of the girls.

Marriages are arranged by the parents, and generally without the young man or woman ever having seen each other. Consequently, unhappy marriages are very common in Korea, and there is no word in their language that means what our word "home" does. "House" comes the nearest to it. It is considered quite impolite for one man to speak of another man's wife to him, so when friend meets friend, the salutations are, "Have you been at peace since we last met?" "Has your

A KOREAN STRING BAND AND TWO DANCING GIRLS

THE MEMBERS OF A NATIVE KOREAN HOUSEHOLD

SOUTH GATE OF SEOUL, KOREA'S CAPITAL

THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

VIEW OF THE PORT OF CHEMULPO

use been at peace?" If very well acquainted, he may k, "Is your son at peace?" But there is never any ention of the wife or girls. Koreans have few holi-ys. The two weeks' holiday at their New Year, which mes in February, is the most important. Everybody en pays all debts, stops all work, and ys calls and entertains visitors.

Buddha's birthday is another celebration, nen hundreds of country women—for w men believe in Buddhism—come into e cities to visit friends and see the ghts. Every house has a tall bamboo anted in the front yard, from the top of ich floats a gay-colored flag or streamer day, while a lighted lantern takes its ace at night. In summer the tug-of-war one-half the city against the other—fords much amusement. The rope is an rmous cable, with a dozen or more tails each end, so that sometimes there may five hundred men on a side, pulling ay for dear life. It may last for forty-ght hours, night and day, there being many pulling, that when one tires he es off for food and sleep, and gives ce to another. Koreans are chiefly irit worshipers and Confucianists. Every rge tree, big rock, and peculiar shaped l, has its special spirit, generally an evil e, which must be propitiated by semi nual offerings of rice and meat. These, ter being exposed before the spirit's sup-sed dwelling, are eaten by the worshiper. d Buddhist temples abound in the untains: but for several hundreds of ars Buddhism has steadily declined. ne of these beliefs have as strong a ld upon the people as in India and China, d Christianity has progressed steadily in rea ever since its introduction, but es-cially since the opening of the country foreigners, in 1884. There are now out thirty thousand Protestant Chris-ns in the country, and a large number Roman Catholics. In northern Korea, ere, eight years ago, there were but half lozen little groups of Christians, there e now two hundred and thirty-five meet-g places. These are steadily increasing, r last year 1,232 new converts were bap-ed in that section of the country, alone. A man bought a tract from a Korean ristian at the weekly market, where he s selling them. He carried it to his stant mountain village. He read and died it. Six months later, three men appeared at e missionary's house, and told him there were eight en in that village who, although never having met a issionary, wanted to believe and learn more of the "Yasu Kwo" ("Jesus doctrine"). A merchant traveling through the country was told by his companion that he knew "the best doctrine ever heard in Korea, something just suited to Korean merchants," and before the journey's end, he became convinced that it was so. A sick man, carried forty miles on his brother's back, reached the foreign missionary doctor's hospital, was cured, and believed the Gospel had cared for his body as well as his soul. And so, by example, word and printed page the Gospel spread. The progress of Christianity in Korea is one of the miracles of missions.

Americans should be deeply interested in that land and its people. American merchants and American missionaries were among the first foreigners who entered the then "Hermit Kingdom." An American company built the first railroad, thirty-five miles in length, from the Port of Chemulpo to Seoul, the capital. An American company built the electric street railway of Seoul, and still successfully operate it and the extensive electric light plant there, while the gold mines in North Korea—said to be the best paying in the world—were developed and are controlled exclusively by American citizens.

Japan's interest in Korea is vital, for her own foodstuffs are often insufficient, and from Korea she must get great quantities of rice when her rice crop is short. Her surplus population also must have an outlet, and where can the products of her rapidly increasing manufactories be disposed of as naturally and easily, as in exchange for Korean rice, beans and barley? It must be remembered that Japan is over populated, and her cheap labor, and the skill her people have already shown in the arts and manufactures, indicate her future prosperity to be along those lines that have made the other island empire of the West the greatest in Europe. Korea lies but ten hours from her shores. If she is to expand—and grow she must—it can be but in the one direction. Already she has large populations and great commercial interests in all the open ports, the capital, and the interior. She has bought the American railroad from Chemulpo to Seoul, and is rapidly pushing the completion of another to unite with it.

Russia, on the other hand, is already practically master of Northern and Eastern Asia. Only the little Korean peninsula remains; but, unfortunately, it juts out into the open ocean's highway and separates Vladivostock, one terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, from Port Arthur, the other terminus. Korea, geographically, belongs to the northern Power; and Russia probably looks upon its control by Japan, much as an American would regard Cape Cod or Delaware being held by a European Power. Korea herself, with no navy or coast defenses, and with an army of less than ten thousand—drilled, it is true, by foreign instructors, but as yet untried—can do but little for herself. Russia she dreads, Japan she dislikes; and she looks to the intervention of the Powers to preserve her unity and independence.

A MISSIONARY PREACHING THE GOSPEL AT BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

BEASTS OF BURDEN

MISSIONARY AND LANGUAGE TEACHER IN MISSION HOUSE

TYPE OF MISSION HOUSE

The Sabbath for Doing Good ❋ A SABBATH AT CAPERNAUM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB. 7
MARK 1: 21-34

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--LUKE 4: 40:
HE LAID HIS HANDS ON EVERY ONE OF THEM AND HEALED THEM

WE may imagine the mother of Peter's wife thus describing the events of that memorable day:

In the home of my son-in-law, Peter, we were strict Sabbatarians, according to the Pharisaic law. I say this as a background for the story of how I was healed by Jesus on the Sabbath day. We accepted the interpretation which the rabbis put upon the law of God, that the taking of physic on the Sabbath, or the gargling of the throat, or an application for toothache, was unlawful. Only when there was imminent peril of death could any effort to heal the sick be made on the Sabbath.

Now imagine, if you can, how contrary to all of this seemed the healing wrought in me on the Sabbath. I was sick of a fever, and, I doubt not, delirious, as I have no memory of seeing Jesus when he was first brought to my bedside. I can only marvel that Peter should have brought him in, for I have since learned that he had that very morning healed a man in the synagogue, not in danger of his life, but only one of those cases of demoniacal possession, where one may live out a miserable existence for an ordinary lifetime. There had been a great outcry of the Jews against this healing act of Jesus. As for bringing Jesus to me, Peter says that he did think my life in danger, for I had a great fever. Peter says that he did not ask Jesus to cure me, that of his own accord he moved toward where I lay, when he was told of my illness. When I awoke to consciousness he was raising me up by the strong grasp of his hand. First he raised me to a sitting posture, and then to standing upon my feet. I felt the thrill of health from head to foot. The fever had left me. I had no desire to lie down again upon my couch, but I was more than happy to be able to set about the preparation of the evening meal for all who were in the house.

Do you think I had any words of reproach for Him who had healed me on the Sabbath? Oh, no, for I was too deeply thankful for the marvelous kindness that had been done me. I could speak only words of gratitude and praise. I did not even have a thought that the Sabbath law had been broken when He had grasped my hand to convey the healing. And now I know it was not God's law, but only a foolish rule of the Pharisees that he broke.

Never can I forget the sight which followed our evening meal. From every direction people were seen coming towards our house. As they came nearer, we discovered that many of them were lame, and others blind, while others were brought on beds by their friends. Old people and children were among these afflicted ones. At first we wondered at so strange a sight, and then it dawned upon us that they had heard how I had been cured of the fever, and how the demoniac had been cured, and that they had been told they would find Jesus in Peter's house. The streets about our house were soon filled with these sick folk. And Jesus went down among them. We of Peter's household were gathered on the roof, looking down upon the scene. We saw the Christ touch blind eyes, and straightway they could see. We saw him put his fingers in the ears of the deaf, and then withdraw them, and they could hear. We saw lame men leap at his command to walk. We saw people with withered limbs grow suddenly strong. That great company which had come sick and sad, went away strong and rejoicing. There need not have been one sick person in all Capernaum that night if all had been brought to him.

Darkness and quiet settled down upon our home. And when the night was passed, and we gathered at the morning meal, our wonderful guest was missing. Peter said he knew that it was his habit to go aside by himself to pray after such exercise of his power. And so Peter sought him out, and told him of the people he had seen waiting to be healed, crowds of them. And Peter says that Jesus was ready and eager to go and help them.

"JESUS REBUKED HIM, SAYING HOLD THY PEACE"

"HE HEALED MANY THAT WERE SICK"

Illustration and Application

Christ's example teaches us to keep the Sabbath not by doing nothing, but by doing good. That lesson is needed hardly less by Christians of to-day than by the Pharisees. It is needed by all who think that to do nothing except going to meeting is to fulfil the Sabbath law. To all such the Sabbaths of Jesus, crowded with miracles, declare, "It is lawful (that is, it is the law) to do good on the Sabbath-day." It is by no means Christlike for a physician or his patients to crowd healing labors into the Sabbath that could just as well have been put into Saturday or Monday. It was a good suggestion that Henry Ward Beecher made, that physicians should, like workingmen, charge double for Sunday work, and so safeguard their rights to rest and their right to religious fellowship. One may even break the Sabbath by such an excess of public meetings that he has no time left to meet God alone. This is not available as an excuse for the "oncers," who reluctantly spare only one hour of the twenty-four for "divine service," which is not really "service," but only a preparation for real "service" such as filled the Sabbaths of Jesus. Ministry to the sick is not the only way to "do good on the Sabbath-day" — indeed there is danger of harming the sick by too many Sunday calls—but it was the most convenient way in which Christ could correct the error of the Pharisees, who forbade on the Sabbath all activities except those of the Synagogue and temple, and made it an "empty day." Jesus taught that divine work, unselfish work, was to go on through all days—work for gain being suspended one day in the week to give work for God full swing. "My Father has worked unceasingly up to now, and I, the Christ, work unceasingly," was Christ's profound rebuke to those who would stop all work on the Sabbath, even works of necessity and mercy. One day in the week work for gain is to stop, but unselfish work never, and other work stops only to give it for one day more adequate opportunity. And by making one day pre-eminently a day of unselfish activity, we are to learn how to make all days unselfish, even those in which we work for gain.

That man has kept the Sabbath most truly, after the fashion of Christ, that has gone about doing good that day in manifold ways; visiting homes of sickness and sorrow to brighten them, as Jesus did the home of Peter; casting out devils by Christian reform work, after the fashion of Jesus in his Synagogue miracle; helping in some way all he has met — by a word, a handgrasp, a gift if need be, after the fashion of Jesus healing all who came to him in the city street. In the Sabbath everyone should feed his own soul by a sermon read or heard, but he should also minister to the souls of others, by teaching or preaching or conversation; and he should also minister in some way to other needs of men, to the need of friendship, of sympathy, of counsel, of courage. It is not enough to say, "Here's my check; send a city missionary or a church visitor to the unfortunate." Say, rather, "Here am I, send me." I am thinking of one of the wealthiest and most generous men in New York City. "He is seldom at church," said his pastor to me, "for he goes almost every Sunday to some of the Missions to which he contributes." He had learned that "the gift without the giver is bare," and that the supreme gift is to give oneself to those whose chief need is strong, uplifting fellowship. I am surprised to find so few church trustees, so few elders and deacons, teaching in the Sunday School. They think that to give money, and conduct church business is their share, but they miss their best opportunity to do good in neglecting to apply their strong influence to shaping the characters of the youth of the church. Sunday visiting, now mostly Sabbath-breaking, might be made the highest form of Sabbath keeping if we sought out not alone the sick in body, but church neglecters, Sunday School truants and others, who might be healed by our coming to them tactfully in Christ's name.

. . .

Having emphasized the positive side of Sabbath-keeping, to which all Christ's miracles on the Sabbath chiefly point, let us now review in this critical time, when the sanctity of the Lord's Day is more attacked and less defended than ever before, the complete teaching of the Bible as to the Sabbath.

Bible Sabbaths Reviewed

I. "The Sabbath was made for man"—not for the Jews alone. So says Moses in Genesis. So says Christ in the Gospels. So says reason. Hath not a Gentile muscles that need rest, and a mind that needs a day for culture, and a heart that needs a day for fellowship, and a soul that nee a day for worship, as well as a Jew? Are Gentiles to l sentenced to fifty-two days at "hard labor" every year f not being born Jews? The most ancient records also pro the Sabbath to be older than the Jews. One may see t word "Sabatu" as the name of a weekly rest on tablets those who knew Noah, who knew Methuselah, who kne Adam. "Was Adam a Jew?" I was once asked by deacon, whose grown-up family had battled many an eve ing over the problem. If Adam was a Jew, then the Sabba is a Jewish institution. But if we are all sons and daughte of Adam, then we all inherit through him the two survivi institutions of Eden, the family and the Sabbath, the hon and the home day, the Jachin and Boaz pillars of streng and beauty before man's Edenic temple, which, thoug scarred by the fall, still stand, and behind those pillars in t Christian Sabbath at home, we still find, nearer than an where else on earth, our "Paradise Regained." We are n to put aside lightly this institution of the Sabbath, as old marriage, and, like it, founded in hygienic as well as high spiritual laws. For six thousand years, the Sabbath, whi began in Eden, has marched at man's side as the messeng and monitor of God, its left hand laden with blessings for t body, its right hand laden with blessings for the soul, ar surely in our age of strenuous daily struggles, when a day f rest and religion is more needed to save the individual ar to save society than ever before, we shall not allow tho who act as if the Sabbath was made for greed to destroy t Sabbath that was made for man.

II. The Sabbath is the ve heart of the world's Constit tion, the Ten Comman ments. The three great cod of modern civilization, Justi ian's, Charlemagne's, Alfred all began with the Decalog —convincing proof that it not a law for one people one age, but for all and f ever. Now the very heart this universal code, whic God wrote with his ow finger in the rock, one-thi of this only autograph of Go is devoted to the Sabbat "the keeping of which," sa Cardinal Gibbons to me pr foundly, "leads to the kee ing of all the other comman ments; the breaking of whic leads to the breaking of a the others." It is absurd t claim that the other nin shorter commandments a of universal and perpetu obligation—the laws of wo ship, of reverence, of obed ence to parents, of honest of purity—but that the law labor and rest is only a Jewis by-law, placed like a link tow in the middle of a chain steel. Dr. Haegler, of Basl and Professor Hodge, Worcester, both find the la of the Sabbath written in re and white in our blood ar nerves. To disregard the Sa bath is suicide for the indiv dual and for the nation. On by Sabbath keeping can w insure for ourselves and f our country the longest an strongest life. Lord Salisbu spoke of "living and dyi nations." The "living n tions," the strongest and mo prosperous, are those in which the Sabbath is best observe

Much confusion of logic has gathered about the claim th the first table of the law, being devoted to duties to Go should not be enacted into civil law, but only our duties t man in the second table. This may all be true, but th trouble has been in assuming, without information, that th first table included just four or just five of the comman ments. The middle period is in fact after the word "holy in the Sabbath commandment, where commands relatin chiefly to our duties to God really end, with the command t observe the Sabbath religiously: "Remember the Sabbat day to keep it holy." Then we come to our duties to ma first of which is the law of labor and rest: "Six days sha thou labor"—a law against vagrancy, for rich and poor alik —which is followed by the law of rest, which is a commo subject of civil law. No civil law should enforce worship o any day, and a Sunday law no more attempts to do th than a Thanksgiving proclamation; but as law may forbi men to work more than ten hours a day, it may forbid the to work more than six days in seven. Christians should ev be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them, espec ally in the case of the imperilled Sabbath.

III. Jesus kept the Jewish Sabbath during his life, and i his resurrection turned its heritage over to the "Lord's Day.

IV. The references in the Acts and Epistles, and especiall Rev. 1: 10, show that the Lord's Day came then to be th chief of days. The surest way to keep it aright is to be "i the spirit of the Lord's Day." That led John not to idlenes but to "write."

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?—NIXON WATERMA

ASTRONOMY ✭ OF ✭ THE ✭ BIBLE

By PROF. LEWIS SWIFT, F. R. A. S.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness." GEN. 1: 3, 4.

Number I. — LIGHT

IN assuming the task of writing a series of papers on "Bible Astronomy" for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I do so with some misgivings, well knowing how difficult it is to write well on astronomy to make it interesting nd instructive. I shall endeavor through the entire series f articles to avoid as much as possible the use of technical erms, and shall adapt my phraseology to the capacities of ıy readers, bearing in mind that probably many are young, nd unlearned in both the teachings of the Bible and As- ronomy.

The Bible is not a work on Astronomy, though it contains ıany passages and inferences which I design to reconcile ith the discoveries and deductions of modern Astronomy. or the opening paper of the series I have chosen Light, hich God saw and said it was good. Light is not a sub- ance any more than is sound. Sound is the effect of air aves impinging on the drum of the ear, while light results om the vibration of something we know nothing about, im- inging on the retina of the eye. This something fills all pace, but is not visible to any human sense, and is called ther.

The sun is the great reservoir of heat and light to the arth, and yet, strictly speaking, neither comes from there; othing, in fact, but cold dark waves of the all-pervading ther. How can heat reach us from the sun, passing as it ıust through 93,000,000 miles of space probably a hundred egrees below zero? These waves pass through space with- ut heating or lighting it, and plunge into our atmosphere ithout heating or lighting that, except slightly; but when ıey strike the earth and are reflected, quicker, if possible, ıan a flash of lightning, they are transformed into both heat nd light.

Light is the most rapid moving principle in nature, equal) 186,300 miles a second, or, while a person would say the ords "CHRISTIAN HERALD," it would revolve seven and half times around the earth.

I advise the reader to stop a moment, and reflect on what involved in the mighty idea of a circuit of seven times and half in one second.

Light reaches us from the moon in one and three-fourth econds, from the sun in eight minutes, from the nearest star four years, from the Pole star in forty-eight years, and om the most distant stars that our great telescopes can e—like atoms of diamond-dust floating in the sunbeams— e light must have been many thousand years on its journey

There are other waves which are a blessing to the human ce, waves of sensation, which move very slowly, only about o feet in a second, producing pain, and taste, and smell, d pleasure, and hatred, and love, etc., but no taste or pain felt till the waves reach the brain. If a babe, in its cradle, ıd an arm 93,000,000 miles long, and should insert its finger the sun, it would not know that its finger was burned until ter the lapse of 140 years.

Light is the source of all color. Objects have no color of eir own. There is not a green leaf, or a red rose in the orld. A leaf appears green because it reflects the green y and absorbs the others, a violet is blue because it reflects ue light and absorbs the others, and a calla lily is white, ecause it reflects all colors of the spectrum.

The marvels and mysteries wrapped up in a bundle of light waves surpass everything known in Astronomy, and the attempt to fathom them awakens emotions too deep for utterance, showing, in a striking manner, the wisdom of the great Creator, in which chance had nothing to do, for "God saw the light, that it was good."

The marvelous analyzing powers of the spectroscope have solved many of these mysteries, but the unsolved ones are legion. A beam of light, say from a lighted candle, in the spectroscope resembles a piece of a rainbow, except that the light, not being pure, it is crossed with lines, thus indicating of what the impurity consists. If the three-millionth of a grain of sodium (common salt) be put in the candle blaze, instantly two lines near together appear in the yellow of the spectrum, whether in the chemist's laboratory, or the sun, or in the Dog star. Potassium gives three red lines, lithium one yellow and one red, silver two green lines, hydrogen five lines, and iron nearly 1,000.

PROF. LEWIS SWIFT
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

The following experiment will show, in a striking manner, the delicacy of spectrum analysis: If I should brush some dust from my coat into the candle blaze, an observer would see no sodium lines; but on my return from Syracuse, where the air is impregnated with salt, should I try the same experiment with the coat-dust, the observer at the spectroscope would see the two sodium lines. When the light from the stars is analyzed, and the lines appear just as they do on earth, we know that the same substances exist there. There are three or four unknown substances in the Dog star.

What a thrilling interest do the realities of spectroscopic revelation excite, analyzing substances in worlds that would take a locomotive 500 million years to reach, bringing down to us, woven in their beautiful light, events transpiring in other worlds than our own.

These ideas fascinate the astronomer to an ecstasy of admiration, that God has given man the power to revel in scenes so grand. No lovelier picture is presented to human contemplation than this.

If the lines from the light of a star are all displaced slightly toward the red end of the spectrum, that star is moving away from the earth, but if toward the violet, it is approaching us. The amount of displacement indicates the velocity. In this way it has been computed that:

Alpha Lyra	is approaching at	40	miles	a second.
" Cygni	"	50	"	"
" Bootes (Arcturus)	"	55	"	"
" Ursæ Majoris	"	60	"	"

By the same process, other stars have been found moving from us, by their spectral lines being moved toward the red. On the other hand, if there be no displacement of the lines, the star may be moving laterally, of which the spectroscope tells us nothing; but if moving toward or from us, the telescope tells us nothing.

In this way is the light from the sun, stars, comets and nebulæ made to tell us the story of their birth, and what a marvel of human progress it is. We are doubtless only on the threshold of heaven's wide-open doors, through which posterity will gain a glorious view.

But for refraction of light, there would be no colors, no microscopes, no telescopes, no photographic cameras, and no spectroscopes, and, in fact no vision. A convex lens in each eye refracts the rays of light, and forms an image on its retina of objects to which it is directed. How vast is the field which the science of optics by refraction has opened to us, by the microscope in one direction and the telescope and camera in the other! With the little microscope we behold in a drop of stagnant water an amazing scene, often millions of perfectly formed animals so small that 10,000 can swim in the eye of a needle. We see the spider's silken thread composed of many hundred strands, spun from as many holes in its body. We see the butterfly provided with 25,000 eyes, all six-sided, with a beautifully polished lens in each, and, with uplifted hands, we exclaim, "God is great, even in littleness!"

On the other hand, with the telescope, we climb the celestial stairway, which, like Jacob's ladder, reaches up to where the angels dwell, where suns beyond estimation are seen shining all over the sky,

"Forever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is divine."

Marathon, N. Y.

FROM COLORADO TO A CHERRY STREET TENEMENT

THERE came from distant Colorado not long ago, a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, containing a sum of money, to be given, so ran the letter, to "the most eedy and deserving case." Among so much need and suf- ring among the poor of New York City, it was hard to dis- iminate, but attention having been called to a family ing in Cherry street, a representative of this journal visited at wretched locality. As she picked her way along the iserable street, several childish figures ran before her, and horus of shrill voices piped:

"Who yer lookin' fur, Missis?"

"I am looking for No. —," was the reply.

"Here it is, Missis," they screamed in unison; "right here."

It was a rear tenement. The whole troop dashed into a gy and forbidding alleyway.

A little girl darted into a hallway, old, black and broken. e ran up the rickety stairs as nimbly as a goat scaling a cky hillside, while the visitor felt her way more cautiously.

Finally the little pilot stopped in front of a door and threw open, shouting "Missus S——, dere's a lady to see yez."

'Mrs. S——" came forward, with two little tots clinging to r skirts—a boy and a girl—and placed a broken chair for e stranger, while the visitor explained to her the object of e call. The mother was a sweet-faced woman, and her ildren were both pretty, though they wore rags.

'I heard that you had a little baby," began the new-comer, and that you were out scrubbing when it was only a week old." She showed the baby—a wee morsel, lying upon a bed, guiltless of sheet or pillow-case; the little thing was asleep upon dirty, ragged remnants of what had once been a comforter. An old coat was its only covering, except some sort of a nondescript rag, which was wound about it.

This is the story she told, after a little questioning.

"My man Jim—he is in the little room beyond—is ashamed to see anyone, for fear they will not know what keeps him here, and me going out to work; but poor Jim is almost blind. He has but the one eye with which he can see a little, and the sight of the other is entirely gone; but it does not show the blindness. He is a big strong man, and he's trying to find something he can do. He earned good pay before, and we had a nice home; but now all he can do is to mind the children while I work. Yes, I did go to scrub the offices when the baby was less than two weeks old; what else could I do? I worked up to a week of when he was born, climbing up twelve flights of stairs in some of the buildings, and I was glad to have the work to do. It's all we have. The rent must be paid—six dollars a month—or we'll be dispossessed; but the landlord is good; he'll take a dollar or two at a time."

There was nothing to eat in the house except, perhaps, enough stale bread for one meal, and a little tea. A kettle upon the stove held a few bones, which were being boiled to make what the poor mother called soup.

When the poor little mother found that there was nothing alarming in the visit, she called to Jim. He came out of a dark room, and bowing, stood with cap in hand. The caller said he ought to be thankful he had such a smart wife.

"She's all right," he replied; "but it's awful for a strong fellow like me to be sitting here, loafing, when I want to work; and could work if I could see."

After paying the rent, the mother had just twenty-five cents with which to buy food for herself, husband, and two children for a whole week. Out of this she must buy condensed milk for the baby, as hard work and poor fare had rendered it impossible for her to nurse the little one.

If the far-off donor of the money sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could have followed the little woman and the writer for the next half hour, she would have praised the Lord for putting it into her heart to relieve such destitution. At a grocery store a small supply of the necessities—flour, potatoes, beans, etc. were purchased. Next, the mother's heart was delighted with a bundle of warm flannels, which she could make into dresses and petticoats for the baby.

As the writer left, the mother, with a choking voice, thanked her, holding the bundle close, while tears of gratitude rolled down her cheeks. She may never meet her kind Colorado benefactor, but never, while she lives, will she forget the help that came to her that day, like a miracle from heaven, bringing joy and blessing into the dingy home.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. M. McKeesport, Pa. Is it right to have boxing-gloves and punching bags in the basement of churches and to use them there? Is it right to have a club and play games in a church?

The church is an edifice consecrated to the worship of God. It is his temple, and nothing that would defile should enter it. While athletics and amusements are all right in themselves and in their own places, their proper place is not in the church, but somewhere else. Illustrated lectures, readings, and even concerts (of an approved character) might be tolerated, where there is no other public meeting-place available; but to transform God's temple or its approaches into boxing and gaming rooms is almost as though it were turned into a vaudeville hall or a saloon. See Matt. 21: 12; Mark 11: 16, etc.

E. M.W., Bradford county, Pa. What is the difference between Unitarians and Universalists?

The Unitarians reject the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. They regard him as a man divinely commissioned, the greatest of teachers, living a beautiful life and dying the death of a martyr. Like the Jews, they insist that there is only one God, and that Jesus was his Son, only in the same sense, though in a higher degree, by virtue of his purity and God-likeness, as other men may be his sons. The distinguishing doctrine of the Universalists does not relate to the Deity of Christ, which we think they believe, but to the universality of salvation. They believe that the punishment of those who die impenitent is remedial and that it will in the end bring them to repentance, and that when they are fit for heaven, they will be admitted there, and that eventually all will become fit, and will be allowed to enter.

Mrs. E. L., Windham, Pa., writes concerning the statements in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in regard to the age and marriage of old people:

My father was born January 9, 1816, and mother, April 9, 1817. They were married July 31, 1836. They united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in early life. Came to this country from England in 1858, and since have been Methodists here. They are still living, and care for themselves.

L. A. V., Culbertson, Neb. 1. Did the wise men travel by night when they journeyed to see the infant Saviour? 2. Where were the Child and his mother when the wise men visited them? 3. About what age was the Child?

1. The presumption is that they traveled by night. Tradition says that the journey took two years, and that the Star was visible nightly. 2. In Bethlehem. 3. Probably only a few weeks old; certainly not a year.

H. S., Roca, Neb., and Subscriber, Kirby, W. Va. (1) A friend being challenged to produce evidence of the Bible contradicting itself, cites Gen. 22:2, in which Isaac is described as the only son of Abraham; whereas Ishmael was his son. How do you account for this? (2) Is there any evidence in the Bible that Solomon was a negro? (3) Is it right for a Christian to join a lodge?

(1) Isaac was the only legitimate son of Abraham at that time. Ishmael was the son of the servant of Abraham's wife, and was therefore regarded as illegitimate. His anxiety that Sarah should have a son (see Gen. 15:2, and other passages), shows that only such a child would be regarded as indeed a son. (2) The expression, "I am black but comely" (Solomon's Song 1:5), is often quoted in proof, but those are the words of the Shulamite woman. Solomon's words do not begin till the eighth verse. This so called proof is therefore worthless. There is nothing else, so far as we know, to imply that he was a negro. (3) It depends on whether any of the obligations may call upon him to do things inconsistent with his Christian character. If they do, it would not be right for him to join. He should make careful inquiry before offering himself as a candidate.

Apropos of the recent discussion of reform in sacred song, the following is interesting:

I believe in raising the standard of church music as high as possible, always bearing in mind its true object. This object is twofold—edification and conversion; and corresponding to this twofold purpose there are two classes of church music, differing somewhat from each other and equally legitimate. Evangelists are practically unanimous that the same music will not suffice equally well in both branches of church work. It is a mistake to use the lighter evangelistic music in those services where the main object is edification. The constant and ill-timed use of this kind of music tends to pervert our hymnology. Also, many critics fail to distinguish between these two classes of music. Some of them would go so far as to do entirely away with the Moody and Sankey style of music, even in the Gospel meeting, and replace it with the staid old hymns of the church. This would be a mistake; experience is against it. If we will keep these two classes of music and their uses distinct, the discussion concerning music reform will go on more intelligently, and the desired goal will the sooner be reached. L. J. LUETHI.
Jefferson, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—I received the premiums and handsome *Calendar*. My wife had never read *Pilgrim's Progress*. She is completely absorbed in it. I read it at ten years of age—am sixty now. The *Crown Encyclopedia* is a gem. I have kept track of events and people for the past forty-five years, and in looking over the books I find them a grand refresher of memory. J. A. CONNOLLY.
New London, Conn.

A. C. T., Muscogee, Ind. Terr. The best badge a Christian can have is his conduct and example. If he should happen to be in the company of men who are profane or blasphemous, he can signify his disapprobation of their behavior either by open verbal rebuke or by leaving them.

S. D. J., Sheridan, Oreg. Has Lot's wife ever been found?

Professor Palmer writes that there is a singular pillar of solid salt, called by the Arabs *Bint Sheik Lot* or "Lot's wife," and that one Arab legend says that this pillar of rock salt marks the scene of the transformation. Such a pillar was also found by an American party under Lieutenant Lynch. We make no comment on the tradition. The Biblical passage concerning Lot's wife, is all that remains to us of the incident. Josephus, however, in his *Antiquities* (Book I, chapter 11), says of the pillar: "I have seen it, and it remains at this day." Clement, of Rome, also testified to its existence.

E. E. U., Keene, N. H. 1. Are not the two passages in the first Epistle of John 1:8 and 3:9 contradictory? In the former every one is represented as sinning, and in the latter it is said that whosoever is born of God cannot sin. 2. Would it be wrong for a person who cannot forgive a wrong, in reciting the Lord's Prayer to change the phrase about forgiving trespasses to "enable us to forgive," etc?

1. The statement in I. John 3:9 has been variously interpreted. To suppose that none who sin are begotten of God would exclude every one, as John himself admits in the first passage you quote. One explanation is that the writer is speaking of the Divine nature implanted in the believer. It never commits or condones sin, but always protests against it. A second explanation is that the man who is begotten of God does not continue in sin. If betrayed by his fleshly nature into sin, he repents, seeks pardon, and watches against a repetition of it. 2. Better than changing the phrase would be to change the disposition. Christ said most emphatically that the person who would not forgive must not expect forgiveness. See the Parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18: 23-35).

Mrs. John J. J., Venedocia, O. I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a sermon on "Friendship," by Rev. Frank Talmage. He remarked in it that "Cæsar's wife was above suspicion." What was her name, and where can I get her history?

Her name was Pompeia. She was involved in a charge against Clodius, and Cæsar divorced her; but he explained that he did not do so because he believed her guilty, but because "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected of crime." The saying has passed into a proverb.

Reader, Norden, Neb. If nothing was made in vain, what is the use to what practical use can the mastodon and other large animals, whose skeletons have been found, could have been put?

Science tells us that in remote ages (probably long before antediluvian times) the natural conditions that prevailing as to climate, moisture, etc., were such as to conduce to vast growth in the animal world. It was a stage in development concerning which geological records are still very imperfect, and the animal types of which were afterward modified into many of the leading types now existing. Thus we find the elephant as the descendant of the mammoth, and the bear, walrus, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and others, evolutions of their various gigantic forerunners.

Pablo V. The basis of the agreement or understanding between the Panama Junta and the United States, is that it is a duty to commerce and civilization to facilitate the building of the Isthmian Canal, and that the $10,000,000 to be received from the United States, be invested in behalf of future generations in the new republic. It now seems probable that there will be no further hostile movement by Colombia, and that an arrangement will be reached for allowing a fixed sum by way of compensation to that republic, for losses sustained through Panama's secession.

Mrs. J. Y. M., Bowling Green, Va. Where can I find the words in the Bible, "The wicked shall not live out half their days," or is there such a passage?

The passage is to be found in Psalm 55: 23.

A STRANGE RELIGIOUS RITE IN ABYSSINIA

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HAYWOOD, an English traveler in King Menelik's dominions, relates this interesting experience: "I was fortunate enough to be in Harrar during the stay of the Abyssinian Abuna or high priest, the head of their church, and was present at the priests' dance before him in the 'place' at Harrar, on the occasion of Feast of Epiphany. The high priest is a Copt, has a rich dark complexion, a peaked beard turning gray, and a handsome Eastern face, sleepy in repose. He was attired in a white striped purple silk jacket and tight white understandings; an enormous purple velvet gold-embroidered cloak enveloped his entire body and neck, and must have been most suffocating, especially in the broiling sun which scorched us on the first day I saw him. He came up on a white mule surrounded by retainers; one held a huge umbrella over him, and others held the pommel and crupper of his saddle as he rode. The Abuna ranks next after Menelik, and is, therefore, a man of vast importance in Abyssinia. He seated himself in a chair under the shelter of a huge state umbrella and watched the ceremony with an unmoved eye. Near him, but on the ground, was seated Ras Makonnen, the governor of the province. The priests, dressed in white, and with high white turbans, played a monotonous sort of tomtom accompaniment to their dance, which consisted of backward and forward steps, a sort of *chasse*, all in unison. The drums on which the priests played were of different sizes and much the shape of the Indian tomtom. The crowd watched the performance with breathless interest, but the sameness of it all modified our regret when the Abuna rose from his chair and put a stop to the proceedings, and after an affectionate leave-taking of Ras Makonnen, mounted his mule and wended his way back to the white upper-storied building lent to him by the Ras during his stay at Harrar."

Miscellaneous Questions

M. S., Morris Heights. Question too indefinite.

Reader, New London, Mo. Consult a physician.

H. D. G., Washington, D. C. We don't know the verses.

N. W. G., Forkland, Va. Turkey is our national bird for the table at all feasts, Thanksgiving included.

Student, Lenexa, Kan. *Morley's Life of Gladstone*, published by Macmillans, N. Y., is the latest and best.

W. S. P., Peoria, Kan. The necessities of the case, which you may not quite understand, compel the changes you speak of.

Mary S. Allen, missionary in Monrovia, Liberia, desires to thank through this journal, all who have kindly responded to her appeal for aid.

E. A. Stone, Dolgeville, N. Y., asks some reader to send him the name of the author of the saying, "Happy is the country that has no history."

Reader, Spencer, Ia. 1. Columbus. 2. Doubtful. 3. Sometimes faint, sometimes brilliant. 4. It is impossible to state which general was the most popular at that time.

J. W. Cushion, Hennessy, O. T. 1. For answer to questions regarding Philippine Treaty, write to Department of State, Washington, D. C., for copy of treaty. 2. The District of Columbia is governed by Congress. Citizens do not vote. They own their property.

OLD LETTERS

GAZE upon you once again,
Fond records of the past!
d o'er the dim and faded lines
My tears are falling fast.

lid not think there yet was power
In these few simple words,
stir within my quiet heart
Such old, familiar chords.

e loved, the lost, the changed, the dead!
All these you conjure up;
d mingle in the draught that lies
n memory's cherished cup.

d letters! fond mementoes ye
Of friendship's shattered chain;
! that the hands these lines have penned,
Mine own might clasp again! ANON.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. B., Mapleville, N. C. "I wish to express ith in God, and to acknowledge the many di- nswers he has given to special prayers. Surely ars the faintest cry."

M. C., Cloverdale, Cal. "I know God hears nswers prayer, if we only trust and believe. is answered many of my prayers."

A. A., Rock, Mass. "I want to acknowledge know God hears and answers prayer. Trust n at all times."

S. L. C. Y., Wilmington, Del. "The Lord has ered my prayers so many times, I cannot re- from acknowledging the blessings I enjoy. ever I am in danger, I go to God in prayer, e always helps me out of all difficulties, and me that sweet peace and consolation that God can give."

F. H., North Lubec, N. H. "I know that ears our prayers. I have had several prayers ered, plainly and unmistakably, when I could o way out, and my heart is full of gratitude."

E. N., Denver, Colo. "I gladly testify to wonderful goodness in answering prayer, ving ways are truly past our finding out."

M. H., Warren, Wyo. "I wish to express my ude to God for many prayers answered. al weeks ago I prayed to the Lord for help er was not immediate, but I kept on praying it came."

M. H., Delta, Colo. "I have been in great e many times in my past life, and suffered I went to Jesus in prayer, pleading for deliver- guidance, and help, and it came soon."

der, ——, Kansas. "I wish to acknowledge ly God's goodness in answering prayers. I trouble, and prayed for help. He heard me, always does."

Subscriber, Carthage, Mo. "I was sorely dis- d, and I cried earnestly to the Lord for help. me to my rescue, just as he has done often ."

D. B., Elmira, N. Y. "The 'answered prayer' n has always been a help to me, and I always for it, the first thing I do after I open the It always contains something which gives ecial help and strength, and I want to add my ony, that the Lord always answers my rs, and gives me help to do every duty he me to do."

der, Hallettsville, Tex. "I promised, if the would hear me and grant me certain bless- hat I would acknowledge it to the world. I edeem that promise, as he answered it in

L. R., Greeneville, E. Tenn. "I find that God nswered my prayers many times, and I shall cease to trust him."

Subscriber, Cleveland, O. "Ever since a I have had faith in prayer, and for nearly years God has answered my prayers, some- in wonderful ways. Pray on, he will always ou."

T., Oklahoma. "The Lord heard me and an- l, as he has done before, in a wonderful way. nk him and will praise and bless his most ame."

stant Reader, Hartford, Conn. "I wish to wledge an answer to prayer. My heart is with thankfulness, and I praise God for his ess."

E. J., Detroit, Kan. "I wish to acknowledge God has many, many times answered my s."

der, Coon Rapids, Ia. "God in his mercy ted a very dark cloud from our home. 'Praise rom whom all blessings flow.'"

knowledgments of answers to prayer also been received from the following:

K. Green, Corinth, Mass.; Mrs. N. Everett, ; Mrs. A. E. M., Pittsfield, Ill.; Mrs. S. J. , Zanes Mills; Mrs. E. H. Elliott, Pontiac, ; Mrs. Emma Gorham, Athol, Mass.; A l, Allegheny City, Pa.; W. G. C., N. Y. City; da Starnes, Waco, Tex.; A. L. Merrill, Phil- la.; Mrs. E. L., Sayre, Pa.; Mrs. J. D. S., d, Neb.; Thomas Alldredge, Michigan City, Constant Reader, New York; W. E. King, , N. J.; Wife and Mother, Plymouth, Ill.

"Four Little Maids"

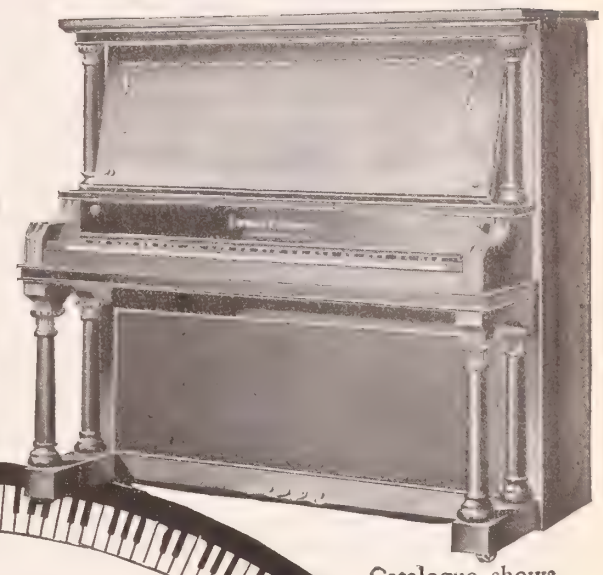
Ms. R. N. P., of Cumnor, Va., sends the lving pretty verses on our *Calendar* Pre- :

Four little maids with gauzy wings,
With rosy cheeks and love-lit eyes,—
Did e'er before from chrysalis
Come forth such beauteous butterflies?

Whose was the thought, dear Dr. Klopsch,
This lovely *Calendar* to make?
Greetings to him, and every one,
Who of this Christmas gift partake.

And may THE CHRISTIAN HERALD live
As long as Time shall last, and send
Kind words and deeds to every land,
And teach each man, man to befriend.

THE CORNISH PIANO



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THE CORNISH COMPANY, 27 Main Street, Washington, New Jersey

Washington Remembers "God's Poor"

In the Midst of the Season's Gaieties, T are Not Forgotten—Merry Children's Pa at the White House—The Annual Recept

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MRS. CHAFFEE

Wife of the Chief of Staff, U. S. A.

THE winter season at Washington thus far has been one of the gayest that the National Capital has seen in a generation. The appearance of the city proclaimed the holiday season, and in the windows of the homes, from the palatial residences out in the fashionable west-end to the tenements of the by-ways and alleys, the decorations gave evidence of social enjoyment. There was also a very general and concerted effort to remember "God's poor," those who, in many cases would not otherwise have had a comfortable, much less a merry, Christmas. The churches, the Associated Charities, and the Central Union Mission, (the two latter are the largest philanthropic organizations of the District), made a systematic canvass of the poorer sections of the city, and several churches and a large number of individual citizens, contributed generously to a fund which was to be used in sending substantial gifts to the deserving needy. The Sunday School of the Calvary Baptist Church, which has a membership of over sixteen hundred, had two entertainments, at which many gifts were distributed to the poor. Barrels of flour, potatoes, apples, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables, were contributed, beside bedding and clothing of every description, and the members of the school were supremely happy in learning how much more blessed it was to give than to receive.

But that which made the season pre-eminently pleasant and enjoyable in official life was the doings at the White House. There the happiness of the little folks is never overlooked, no matter what the pressure of other cares and duties. There was no happier family party in the land than that at the White House, and it radiated its happiness to others. The family reunion was complete. Miss Alice, who had been making a round of visits all the fall, returned home; the two older boys, Theodore and Kermit, came home from Groton on their vacation; little Ethel came in from the Cathedral College, in the suburbs, and the two youngest boys, Archie and Quentin were, as they always are, the life of the house. The five Misses Roosevelt, of New York, nieces and cousins of the President—the Misses Helen, Christine, Eleanor, Dorothy and Pansy—arrived also, and were entertained continuously both at the White House and by their friends in the city.

Mrs. Roosevelt had the historic mansion decorated with holly and other festive decorations from ground floor to garret, and the holiday season was entirely given over to the pleasure of the younger members of the family. Something new was planned for every day, but the culmination was reached in a Children's Party. Mrs. Roosevelt invited four hundred boys and girls, between the ages of six and sixteen—the majority of them from the official families—to come to the White House from four to half-past six o'clock. It was the first large party for children which has been given there since President Johnson gave a Christmas party for his grandchildren; but it was a wonderful success. The whole lower floor was thrown open to the young people, who, during the first hour, were seated in the East Room to listen to a short, comic pantomime musical programme. Then there were pleasant games, and a jolly time generally. Finally there was a delightful buffet supper, and when the fortunate little guests left, each was presented with a souvenir of the happy afternoon, which no doubt in future years will be treasured by their grandchildren.

The New Year's Reception at the White House—always the grand opening event of the winter in Washington—was more successful than any in recent years. The Mansion is now in an immaculate condition and perfect in its decorations and appointments. It was the first reception of its kind at which Colonel Symons, the new Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, has had charge, and he introduced several innovations that added to the comfort and pleasure of the occasion.

The reception began at eleven o'clock. The Marine and Fort Meyer bands were stationed in the front hall, and alternated in furnishing the music during the receiving hours. All the Diplomatic Corps were present in the gorgeousness of court dress, with their wives and daughters; also the Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices, members of Congress, heads of Army and Navy, and of the various diplomats. The Cabinet ladies held afternoon receptions. Mrs. Root was the representative hostess of the Army, and Mrs. Dewey of the Navy. It was Mrs. Root's final public reception, as the Secretary's resignation takes

LADY DURAND

Wife of the New British Minister

effect this month, and Judge Taft is no *route* from Manila to take his place. Chaffee, whose husband now becomes of Staff of the Army, assisted at Mrs. R reception. Mrs. Chaffee, as wife of the of Staff, will be the social leader of the circle. Mrs. Dewey's reception was a very brilliant affair. With a half dozen trons, she had a group of the most p society girls assisting her, and the house crowded the entire afternoon. The Ad stood in the drawing-room doorway and Mrs. Dewey welcomed their guests, who bered almost three thousand callers.

ABBY G. BAK

THE PYROTECHNICS OF MRS. COOKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

the air, landed on the dock, and ran up the street, pursued by the jeers of those who had vowed eternal allegiance and obedience. Such is the fate of leaders.

Beppo's thoughts spelled: REVENGE. He had to think it out, and to do this he seated himself in a doorway to perfect his plans for "getting hunk." But even that was denied him. Barely seated, a gruff "Get out o' here," tore him from his revengeful reverie.

According to time-honored custom, the streets through which the returning excursionists would have to pass were being decorated with bunting and strings of lanterns. The men who had roused Beppo from his seat to place a stepladder there, had with them a pushcart holding several large, red boxes.

Beppo's scheming was superseded by his curiosity. What was in those boxes? When one of the men took a large armful of fireworks from one of the boxes and entered the store—a bakery—to leave the pyrotechnics with the proprietor to have them discharged at the return of the excursion, Beppo understood.

Their task finished, the men went on, and the baker, a sleepy German, returned to the rear of the shop to finish his nap.

Beppo saw an opportunity. Like a snake, he crawled into the store, and reappeared soon with his pilfered treasure.

There still were hours until nightfall, and the fireworks were too precious to be set off without an audience. They must be hidden somewhere, and there was no better hiding-place than Mrs. Cooke's. To-night, ah, then he would show the "fellows" that he was still incomparable, and would strengthen his position with a blaze of glory.

To reach the tenement did not take long. Mrs. Cooke was still slumbering in the rocking-chair. To enter her apartments, Beppo had to wake her. Whispered the imp of mischief: "As long as you have to wake her, why not wake her effectively. Have your fun, and test the quality of your fireworks at the same time."

The "greaser" grinned with appreciation. Spreading his fireworks on the floor before him, he selected the most dangerous-looking specimen. It was a tube-like thing of the torpedo or giant-cracker kind, which rivals a cannon in noise. With great care he placed the miniature infernal machine under the chair of his benefactress. A match was quickly found, and he lit the short fuse of the torpedo, dried almost to a cinder by the heat of the day. The tiny spark ate its way so quickly that Beppo had no time to gather his scattered fireworks. He fled to the stairs leading to the upper floor to watch there the spectacle so ingeniously prepared.

Mrs. Cooke's smiles told of pleasant dreams. Pete was the central figure, and the mighty ones of the ward were doing homage to him. The women were looking at him with undisguised admiration and nudging each other: "That's Delia Cooke's husband! Ain't he grand? The children —"

"Boom!"

The thing exploded. With a pitiful wail Mrs. Cooke was thrown to the floor. Still on her knees, an inferno broke loose about her. The rest of Beppo's stock had become ignited, and crackers, sky-rockets and torpedoes, engulfed her in swishing, thundering, crackling cascades of blinding flashes. But before reason left her, she had one glimpse of a swarthy little face whitened into the paleness of horror.

The fearful din galvanized Da Bucci the father into action. He came bounding downstairs, kicking his crouching son out of the way. A pail and faucet were luckily at hand, and the water changed the fiery red of the squirming, writhing mass into murky, charred black. Showing excellent judgment for a "dago," Da Bucci wrapped Mrs. Cooke into blankets and placed her on the lounge. This done, he ran into the street for the usual panacea for all troubles—the policeman. Before the neighbors had learned of the occurrence, the ambulance had hurried away with that little handful of scorched and blackened humanity.

The day wore on and, at last, evening came, and the blare of the trumpets announced the arrival of the returning hosts. The tugboats gave their salute with screaming whistles, and the streets became a sea of light and noise. Not a house along the line of march was without some illumination.

It was great. But the greatest of all was the banner of the "Tom Hawley Association" carried, in strong and steady hands, by Peter Cooke. More than once the cry went up: "Hurrah for Peter Cooke, our standard bearer."

Pete was not insensible to the honor, and stepped out eagerly to get to the big tenement in Catharine, from where the face of his "little woman" would shine with joy at seeing him entrusted with the silken emblem in the midst of the great men of the ward.

At last he could see the windows, but they were closed and dark. He stared and stared until he encountered the eye of Da Bucci, senior. What he read there, made the proud banner of the Tom Hawley Association sink into the dust.

Da Bucci met him at the curb.

"You no go up. She no there. She in hospital."

"Hospital? What's happened, man?"

"We hurry up, and me tell everything," said Da Bucci, pulling Cooke along. "She sleep in da chair and catch fire from da crack. You know what is crack? Like dat, pish—bum, da fire-crack?"

That was all he would tell. All other questions were answered by the stereotyped "Me no know."

At the hospital, the surgeon would not permit them to see Mrs. Cooke.

"It is useless for you to insist," he said. "Your wife is now resting under the influence of opiates, and I am not going to have her chances impaired. We'll take good care of her, and perhaps in the morning you may be allowed to see her."

Pete did not go home. He spent the night in waiting in front of the hospital. In the meantime, the law had taken notice of the case. The policeman who had been called in by Da Bucci was an experienced man. After Mrs. Cooke had been removed, he investigated. The ashes in the hall told of their origin. Strange and mysterious are the ways of sleuths, and by what miraculous route they arrived at the result I do not know, but, finally, suspicion pointed to Beppo, and he became their quarry.

Pete, wearied by his long vigil, was dozing on the steps of the hospital. A tap on the shoulder woke him.

"Hello, Cooke," said the precinct detective. "Come on; I guess they'll let us in now."

They entered, and were permitted to step to the bedside of Delia Cooke, swathed in bandages, only her eyes and nose being visible. Pete stood speechless, while the tears welled from his eyes.

"Pete, man," she whispered, "sure it's nothing. Only a day or two, and I'll be cooking your supper as always."

"Mrs. Cooke," spoke the detective, "we got the little villain who caused this terrible calamity, and we'll hold him until you can appear against him."

She looked from officer to husband.

"Did you understand me?" he asked again.

"Sure, I don't know what you mean. It was an accident, that's all it was."

The detective, nonplussed, whispered to Pete, and then left the room.

"Now, Delia, darlint, you know it's 'greaser' kid that put you on this be pain," said Pete.

"Whist, man, be quiet. I know not at all about it, nor do you. And— Pete, even if I did know, would you me to have the buck arrested? he's only a boy and just as old as little girl—you know, Pete, the on heaven—would be now, and may b don't know no better. It's not his anyway, it ain't. It's his bringing and the bad boys on the block. A mind now—I ain't saying he done it."

Presently the detective returned, b ing Beppo with him.

"Now Mrs. Cooke," began the off "ain't this the boy that caused all thi

She looked long, and not unkindl "poor, abused" Beppo, whose knees failing under him.

"Sure the boy wouldn't do that," whispered at last.

The policeman turned angrily to Be

"Come, now, tell the truth, or I'll you up for life. Didn't you do this?"

"Honest, I didn't do nothing," he how and was led away by the disgusted off

Pete stared at his wife. "Why don't tell on the blackguard, Delia?" he as

She turned her head a little, sought hand, and whispered:

"May be it would be right to tel him, and may be it wouldn't. I have the mind, Pete, and the reason fo figure it out, but I think I'm right. T was One who loved them all, the chi and He said nothing about the good bad, and it's not his fault, Pete, indee ain't, and if our young one was alive— oh, Pete, man, let's forgive him. It the children that's to blame."

This pleading for Beppo, in whom saw just a fellow of the one she had brought a glow to the features of Cooke, which obliterated all her bl ishes, and her smile told of a newer, n perfect quiet. She did not move, but still and smiling, and the silence remai unbroken, Pete just sitting there. H in hand sat the partners until the n led him away, not yet knowing that peaceful life had been woven into fabric of eternity.

. . . . . .

Delia Cooke knew naught about law circumstantial evidence, and had harbo the comforting illusion that she had sa Beppo from a terrible fate. Of co this she had been unable to do, and e before she had been led away, Beppo on his way to the reform school.

GOOD LIVING

BY

Mrs. Helen Armstrong.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrong as slyly as any slave.—E. SONVESTRE.

THE theory that plain living induces "high thinking" may be entirely correct, but little of it is seen in actual practice. Of all organs of the body, there is none so abused and mistreated as the stomach. Man's confidence in his individual constitution is such that even when posted regarding food values and digestibility, he fancies himself an exception to all rules, and able to eat and drink anything, at any hour, with perfect impunity. Here are a few fortunate mortals so perfectly constituted that they are not conscious of any digestive apparatus at all, so well does it perform its duties; but these people are painfully in the minority.

The worker in the field may consume large amounts of hearty foods, and thrive on such diet; but the large proportion of wage-earners to-day work less with the hands and more with the brains, and often under conditions which put fresh air at a premium. To such people a wise choice of diet is very needful. The food for the brain worker should be easy of digestion as well as of nutritive value and among such foods sugar plays an important part. Starchy foods are desirable, but sugar takes precedence over them, as it is more readily assimilated and less of a tax on the digestive system. A pure form of sugar is Karo Corn Syrup, a perfect product of the golden grain.

Irritability, general discomfort and ill temper are often the result of poorly chosen food, and to begin the day in such a way is a poor indication of what may follow. A hearty meat breakfast for any but hard workers (in the physical sense) is a great mistake, and will simply intensify conditions of mental dissatisfaction. As cold weather approaches, we look forward to the frosty morning when hot breakfast-cakes of various sorts grace the early board. The best accompaniment for these has hitherto been somewhat of a problem, real maple-syrup being hard to procure and also expensive, honey never really cheap, and the home-made syrups too variable in consistency and flavor.

"For griddle-cakes of all makes" Karo Corn Syrup has come to stay. It is pure, which means much to its consumers; it is of a novel and delicate flavor; it is more perfectly digested than a syrup from cane sugar, and is within the reach of the most modest purse. Is it any wonder, then, that its friends have enthusiastically christened it a "Jug of Joy?"

The child requires a heating food, and sugar, in suitable amounts, is especially adapted to the young, who will utilize it in their great activity. By the same reasoning, sugar is a desirable food for the child, who do not have enough exercise to keep up the bodily heat, and so can secure warmth and vigor in acceptable form.

Karo Corn Syrup is indeed a fine food for "feeble folks," and many cases of malnutrition have been promptly cured by its free use.

According to the most approved dietaries, four or five ounces of sugar is a good proportion for the average daily allowance. We would do well to lessen the quantity of sugar on our cereals—which often is one source of fermentation on the stomach—and use syrup with bread and cakes of different kinds. In this way children may often be induced to eat the proper amount of bread, which by itself may not appeal to their tastes.

The coloring matter in cheap candies is often an injurious adulterant, and it is a wise economy to prepare pure confections occasionally at home, which may be easily done with Karo Corn Syrup as a basis.

The manufacture of this corn product is certainly a typical American industry, and when we consider that the "open-kettle molasses" is rapidly disappearing, and that there is not enough cane syrup to meet the demand; it is indeed well that corn syrup answers this so perfectly.

When we realize that fruits and vegetables will keep indefinitely in a rich syrup, we then appreciate that sugar is a fine preservative.

In earlier times, when sugar was neither cheap nor plentiful honey was more highly prized than it is to-day. Honey is wholesome in moderate amounts, but it is being hard pushed for popularity to-day by this new corn product. The adaptability of Karo Corn Syrup is remarkable, and the inventive housewife will find in these receipts only an indication of what may be done with this new product of America's grains of gold.

Mince Meat.

Three pounds of beef, boiled until tender and cooled in the liquor in which it was cooked, one and one-half pounds of suet, one peck Baldwin apples, one-half pound citron, one-half pound candied orange and lemon peel mixed. These ingredients are all to be chopped, and with the exception of the apples, may be prepared with the meat grinder, using the coarse cutter. When all are prepared and mixed, the other ingredients may be added in the following portions: Two pounds currants, three pounds raisins, one pound light brown sugar, one pint Karo Corn Syrup, one-third cup salt, one-fourth cup cinnamon, two tablespoons each cloves, allspice and mace, and a half tablespoon of pepper, three grated nutmegs, juice and grated rind of two lemons, half a gallon cider, one quart of meat liquor. Let all boil gently for half an hour, or longer, if too thin, and then add one-fourth cup each of vanilla and orange and two tablespoons of almond extract. Mix very thoroughly, put away in a cool place, and add a tablespoon of butter to each pie when placed in the crust.

Fruit Loaf.

Sift together three scant cups of pastry flour, a teaspoon each of soda and cinnamon and half a teaspoon each of mace, nutmeg and salt. Line a large loaf pan with buttered paper, dredge well with flour, shaking out all that does not adhere to the pan. Cream two-thirds of a cup of butter, and add the same quantity each of Karo Corn Syrup and light brown sugar. Mix in thoroughly half a cup each of currants, raisins and citron; also two well-beaten eggs. Then add the flour, with one cup of strong coffee. Bake in a moderate oven, with a pan of water placed below it for the first half hour or more to prevent the crust from forming too soon.

Colonial Pudding.

Measure one cup of oyster crackers after running them through the meat chopper, and pour over them a pint of hot milk. Add to this a quarter of a cup of cream and half a cup each of sugar and Karo Corn Syrup; also a scant cup of seeded raisins. When partly cooled add four beaten eggs, a little salt, and spice as preferred, and pour into a buttered baking dish. Have a slow oven and bake an hour and a quarter, stirring occasionally to prevent raisins from sinking to the bottom. Let a delicate crust form at the last and serve hot with sugar and cream.

Soft Gingerbread.
(without eggs)

Warm together half a cup each of brown sugar and Karo Corn Syrup, with a third of a cup of shortening. Remove from stove, add three-quarters of a cup of sour milk, and pour gradually into a bowl containing two cups of flour sifted with a tablespoon of ginger, a scant teaspoon of soda and a little salt. Beat thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven. Other spices may be added as preferred, cinnamon and cloves giving color as well as flavor.

Orange Tart.

Select a fine flavored, juicy orange, grate a little of the rind and add to the juice and pulp, which has been freed from all the inner skin. Heat one cup of water to the boiling point and thicken this with four tablespoons of Kingsford's Corn Starch mixed with a little cold water. Allow this to cook slowly for at least five minutes, then add two-thirds of a cup of Karo Corn Syrup, one tablespoon of lemon juice and the prepared orange. When heated through add three beaten yolks of eggs and remove from the fire, beating well until the mixture is smooth, light and partly cooled. Pour this into a crust of pastry baked to a delicate brown, and cover with a meringue of the three whites beaten stiff, sweetened with eight tablespoons of powdered sugar and flavored with lemon juice. Brown lightly and serve very cold.

Squash Pie.

To make a good squash pie much depends upon the consistency of the squash, and unless this is satisfactory one's efforts are often wasted. Sometimes the pulp proves so watery after being thoroughly steamed that a good pie is out of the question and, when the time for preparation is taken into consideration, it is often worth while to substitute canned squash. This may seem like heresy to the old fashioned housewife, but when a good brand is obtainable (and there are several such) is it not a justifiable saving of time as well as expense? If squash is dry and smooth after sifting, the following proportions will give good results: a firm, delicate pie with the real squash flavor. It should be baked in deep pie tins and have a glossy, inviting appearance when done.

Heat three cups of milk with a scant cup of Karo Corn Syrup, add two tablespoons of butter and mix with a pint of the prepared squash. Let this cool slightly, and add three well beaten eggs, one teaspoon of cinnamon and a half a teaspoon each of salt and nutmeg. Mix well, pour into two crusts and bake in a moderate oven until set.

Quick Graham Bread.

Place in the flour sifter one cup of white flour, two of graham (measured after sifting out the bran), five teaspoons of baking powder and one of salt. When sifted make into a rather stiff batter, with about two cups of milk and half a cup of Karo Corn Syrup. Beat well and pour into a loaf pan which has been greased and floured. Bake in a slow oven for forty minutes, covered during the first half of the time. This is an easy bread to make, and is wholesome even when eaten fresh.

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THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

THE Mayor swore a terrible oath, and lashed out at Quits savagely. The whip fell on Quits' cheek and laid it open. The now maddened Mayor struck again and again. Quits standing in front of Douglas, who had leaped to his feet, received the blow on his face, the thong of the heavy whip cutting a gash over one eye. The third time the Mayor lashed out, but Quits caught the whip in his hand, pulled it away from the Mayor and threw it under the office desk. The next instant, before either Douglas or any of the pressmen, who came running in, could do anything, Quits had thrown his long arms around the Mayor and forced him down into a chair.

One of the pressmen picked the whip up from under the desk and handed it to Quits, as he let go of the Mayor and stood up, wiping the blood out of his eyes.

"Here, Quits! Give him—" the pressman said.

Quits mechanically took the whip as the man thrust it into his hand. The Mayor cowered down in his chair, a look of fear succeeding his look of hate.

Quits raised the whip and threw it out of the window, which was conveniently open just behind the Mayor. Everybody stared in a moment of the most intense stillness. Then the pressman who had handed the whip to Quits said, "Well, if that don't beat me, I'm Slug 50!' "Slug 50" was the pet name of the latest galley boy, who could make more blunders than any boy the *Beacon* office ever boasted.

The Mayor slowly rose, and said with a feeble sneer to Douglas, "The next time you won't get off so easy." The pressmen looked threateningly at him as he moved towards the door, but Quits elbowed them back and the Mayor sheepishly went away. Perhaps he divined in his poor contracted little thought that this act would cost him very dear. As a matter-of-fact, there was not a paper in the State that did not comment on the affair to the discredit of the Mayor. He never succeeded in living down the disgrace of it.

But the minute he was out of the office Douglas caught hold of Quits' hand. "Quits!" he said, "Old man, you ought not—Oh—why didn't you give him the lashing he deserved! And that blow—it will disfigure you for life! Oh, Quits—it was too much!"

Quits smiled as he let Douglas put him into a chair and wash off the blood:

"It's my fortune, Mr. Douglas, that I haven't any good looks to disfigure. You have, and so has your wife. I ought to have got the whip away from him before he struck. But when I saw him first he stood back of the angle of the doorway and I knew I couldn't reach his arm in time. It was the best I could do. Don't worry. It's all in the day's work, with all the rest that whisky has caused. I'm mighty glad he didn't hit you."

"I wish he had!" Douglas replied. There were tears in his voice. Quits understood. He said softly, while Douglas sponged away the blood:

"It's nothing, Mr. Douglas. Do you suppose I ever forget all you've done for me? If it wasn't for you I never would have found the Lord Jesus Christ. Do you think I mind these little cuts? What are they by the side of the joy of being a companion in His sufferings?"

"But don't you think you ought to have given the man a good whipping, when you had him in your power?"

"'Vengeance is mine! I will repay, saith the Lord,'" quoted Quits. "Best leave him in the hands of God."

When Douglas told Esther the story of this affair, she broke down and cried over it.

"It seems to me, Frank, that we are always living in the midst of trouble over this law. Are we never to know anything but stress and fight and reform and all the rest?"

"It's the good fight of the faith, Esther," Douglas answered, with a sigh. "One of the hardest things about it all, of course, is taking sides in a cause where one must of necessity make enemies of fellow-townsmen. That is one of the bitterest cups I ever had to drink. I do not hate the Mayor. But he thinks I do. I hate his attitude as a nullifier of the law. He is an enemy of the home and of civilization. For him personally I have no feeling except that of good-will. But as long as the saloon continues to break down our Christian institutions I shall fight the Mayor in the *Beacon*, because he represents lawlessness, crime, disorder, and barbarism, as against Christianity. I cannot do otherwise, even if it cost us far more than it already has to enter this narrow gate of life."

"I know, I know, Frank," Esther spoke, smiling feebly through her tears. "I understand fully. But after all these years, I have been hoping so that there might be some end to all this trouble. Dear old Quits! To think of all the suffering his life contains, due to the drink and all its dreadful curses. Do you see any hope of any end to it all, Frank?"

"There is always hope, dear little woman, farther on. We're in good shape in Anderson county, just now. This decision against the Mayor will make property owners shy about renting anything to the jointists. There was a report about this morning that Jake Lawson had moved down into the Willows, because he couldn't find any place in town. The jointists are like rats hiding in holes. The power of the saloon is broken here if we can elect the right kind of officers."

"Do you think Jake Lawson will ever leave Colby? I'm afraid of that man. I'm afraid he will shoot you, or burn our house sometime."

Douglas smiled at his wife.

"Don't worry, dear. I don't think there's much danger. He's a good deal more likely to get shot himself in one of the rows in his joint."

"But the Mayor—he's another enemy. Maybe he will do something to you," Esther astonished her husband by the first expression of timidity he had ever known her to utter. But when he thought it over he could not wonder at it. For nearly fifteen years they had lived at the very centre of exciting events, compelled to take sides in moral issues, making enemies of dangerous people, and living keyed up to a concert pitch in defence of a cause which was life itself to them. It was no wonder if Esther, feeling the strain of it all, especially as it began to assume physical violence to her husband, should cry out against it.

Douglas, however, laughed at the thought of the Mayor making another attempt. "He'll never get over his attack on Quits. Don't worry about that, little woman. And there's good cheer for the present. The county is well cared for. We can take time for a while to enjoy life in other directions. It's not fair to make it reform all the time. And if the President, in his next message declares himself, we will get such an impetus from that, that we won't get discouraged for twelve months. The rum business is on its last legs anyhow, and that is one reason it is getting so desperate."

Esther was comforted somewhat by this talk; but next morning Douglas smiled at her solicitude, as he started down to the office.

"Don't you think you ought to carry a

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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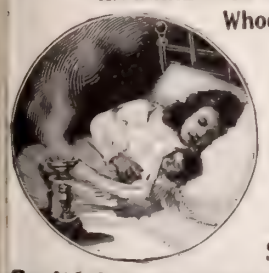

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

horsewhip under your coat?" she said, half in earnest.

"Perhaps. Lend me yours! There's no danger. If any thing happens, I'll send George up to tell you."

"Do, that's a good boy."

"All right; there's no danger," Douglas replied cheerfully, as he kissed her goodby.

He had been at work an hour in the office, when George came in. Douglas said something in answer to a question about the forms, and George started to go out. He came back again and seemed to want to say something to Douglas, but lacked courage for it. He acted so queer that finally Douglas asked, "What is it, George? Are you in trouble?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Douglas," said George with a grin. "I—I am thinking of getting married, and thought maybe you could let me have a day off next week."

"What! Get married! You, George!" Douglas pushed back his chair and looked at him in amazement. He had not realized that George was out of his boyhood.

"I'm twenty-six, Mr. Douglas, and she's twenty-four."

"Who's she?" asked Douglas with a twinkle.

"It's Miss Lewis, of Clinton."

"What! You don't mean the daughter of Colonel Lewis, editor of the *Clinton Mail?*"

"That's her," said George, who never wrote ungrammatically, but sometimes spoke regardless of rules. "I've got her picture. Want to see it?"

He drew it carefully from an inside vest pocket. It was wrapped in tissue paper, and Douglas' eyes twinkled as George unfolded about a yard of the paper, and finally disclosed the picture of a good-looking young woman.

"Rhoda, that is, Miss Lewis, is all alone in the world. She hasn't anybody except me and her father," said George, growing suddenly confidential. "I got acquainted with her last winter, during the legislature." George had been in Clinton as correspondent for several papers. "Her father has been appointed as consul to Honduras, wherever that is, and has to start in two weeks. You know he's transferred the *Mail* to Judge Roberts. He's going out to Honduras for his health. They've been living in a hotel in Clinton."

"Who have?"

"Rhoda and her father. He is queer, you know. Some folks call him eccentric. He didn't just know what to do with Rhoda, and she didn't want to go to Honduras, so, when I told him I thought I knew a way out of the trouble, he seemed pleased. We can begin housekeeping here, and I have saved up enough to build something next spring."

"I congratulate you, George," said Douglas, heartily. "Why, it seems only yesterday that you were stumbling around the *Beacon* office, breaking your neck over the paper-trimmer and wasting the ink on your features! Remember that time you pied the forms, that day Coleman quit so suddenly?"

"Don't I!" George said with a grin, that brought back to Douglas the memory of the office-boy. "And the lunches Mrs. Edwards sent in? My! But that apple-pie tasted good! I wonder if Rhoda can make apple-pie?" he added, contemplatively.

"Probably not," said Douglas, falling back into his old teasing habit that was common when George was a boy. "She has been living in a hotel all these years, and probably doesn't know any more about cooking than the author of a cook book."

George looked thoughtfully at Douglas.

"That doesn't scare me any," he said. "I would take Rhoda if she didn't know an apple-pie from a straw hat. Besides, we can buy most everything canned nowadays, Rhoda says."

"Canned apple-pie must be delicious," said Douglas.

"And there are more than twenty-seven different varieties of breakfast food," George continued. "Most of them are already predigested. All you have to do to them is to add boiling water and salt to taste."

"Breakfast food and kisses won't be bad for a month, George. Then you will sigh for ham and eggs, and coffee and doughnuts, and beefsteak and potatoes."

"Maybe Mrs. Edwards will send Rhoda in something once in a while, if we run short," George said with a smile.

He started to go out, but Douglas called him back.

"You haven't told me when the wedding is to take place, George."

"Sometime next week before the Colonel leaves."

"Where is it to be?"

George seemed embarrassed. "We've talked it over, and it didn't seem to us as if the hotel was just the place. So we were thinking of a church."

"What church?"

"The Methodist. The minister has a study in it, and we were going to ask him to marry us there. The Colonel is willing. He seems willing for most anything. I believe he thinks a good deal more of his consulship than he does of Rhoda. He seems kind of glad to get rid of her." George spoke with some indignation, as he started to go out again.

Douglas had been thinking, and called George back.

"I want you to go up to Mrs. Douglas with a message pretty soon, George."

"All right," George answered. "If we decide on Wednesday next week, Mr. Douglas, I suppose you can give me the day?"

"Have to, I suppose," Douglas said, smiling. And George went back into the pressroom whistling gaily, as if relieved of a secret that he had kept too long.

Douglas wrote to Esther:

"George is going to be married next week to Colonel Lewis' daughter, of Clinton. The Colonel is one of the queerest old men that ever lived, and has lately been appointed Consul to Honduras, where he is going for his health. Rhoda, the girl, is, from all I have ever heard, a sensible, good young woman, who will make George an admirable wife. They are planning to be married by the Methodist minister at Clinton, in his church study. The Colonel I know very well, and he is one of the most absorbed men in whatever is latest with himself. He will agree to anything his daughter wishes. Now, dear, we must have these young people married in our house. You talk it over with George, and persuade him that it is the only thing to do. I will write to Mr. Vernon. He is back in Leander, and is out of the active ministry, but is in good health for an old man, and I know he will be glad to come on for the ceremony.

"We'll have the Edwards, of course, and Quits, and the office force, and make George's wedding an event."

When, half an hour later, Esther answered the door-bell and saw George standing there, her heart leaped up in fear. Douglas, absent-mindedly, had forgotten all about his promise to send George up in case of an accident to himself.

"O, is he very badly hurt?" gasped Esther, clutching the door.

"What? Who?" George exclaimed, in bewilderment.

"Frank, Mr. Douglas! Tell me, George! Tell me the worst at once. Don't keep anything back!"

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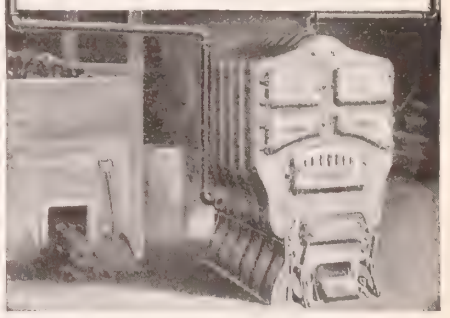

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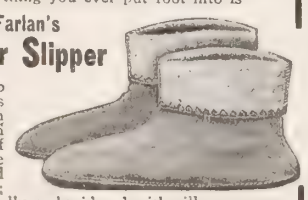

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN*

Mr. John Morley's Biography of the Late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

HOW difficult it is to write the biography of a man so reverenced by his friends and so heartily hated by his opponents as was Gladstone, Mr. Morley evidently discovered, if he did not foresee. Many of the men who worked with Mr. Gladstone and those who opposed him, are still alive, and neither have lost since his death, any of the feelings which they had toward him while he was in power. That the book has been generally accepted as fair in the presentation of the man, and just and reasonable, is a splendid proof of the honesty and independence of the author. That it should be without bias, was not to be expected. In his later years Mr. Gladstone found in Mr. Morley a loyal supporter, when the number of such supporters had greatly diminished, and also a warm admirer and personal friend. "I should be heartily sorry," says the biographer, "if there were no signs of partiality and no evidence of prepossession." He writes in a spirit of respectful and affectionate remembrance, and may be pardoned for omitting, or passing lightly over, some matters, that an enemy would have made conspicuous in the portrait, and even a sincere friend would have found it difficult to defend.

It may be said, however, in justice to the hero, that the task was made easier for the biographer, by the courageous frankness with which Mr. Gladstone admitted his mistakes, and openly and publicly declared that he was ashamed of the course he had taken. In more than one instance, he deplored his own previous attitude, and acknowledged that he had been wrong. From a man who had been in Parliament for more than sixty years, and during the greater part of that time in the position of a recognized leader, first on one side and later on the other, such errors must be expected; but in few public men has been found the nobility of so unqualified an admission. Mr. Morley was consequently relieved of the task of justifying some public acts, and of explaining how it was that at one period of his life Mr. Gladstone took a course diametrically contrary to principles to which he had pledged himself at an earlier period. Doubtless his work will be annotated by Mr. Gladstone's friends, as it certainly will be by his enemies; but by an impartial reader, it will be pronounced a great and difficult task right ably performed.

In no feature does Mr. Morley's portraiture display more tact than in dealing with Mr. Gladstone's religious principles. It is well known that Mr. Morley is widely separated from his hero in these matters. It would not, however, have been possible to write Mr. Gladstone's life without recognizing how potent was the influence religion exerted over his character and conduct. Mr. Morley clearly perceived this fact, and though he could not sympathize with Mr. Gladstone's position, he has given the religious side its full weight. He says, "Mr. Gladstone cared as much for the church as he cared for the state; he thought of the church as the soul of the state; and he was sure that the strength of a state corresponds to the religious strength and soundness of the community, of which the state is the civil organ . . . Not for two centuries had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree . . . Lord Salisbury called him 'a great Christian,' and nothing could be more true or better worth saying. He not only accepted the doctrines of the Christian faith, as he believed them to be held by his own communion; he sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities of it to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations."

How sincerely and how earnestly Mr. Gladstone made religion a prime factor in his life, appears from the following entry in his diary, written when he was twenty-one years of age: "In practice, the great end is, that the love of God may become the habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: The spirit of love; of self-sacrifice; of purity; of energy." These volumes give what is probably to many persons the first knowledge that Mr. Gladstone's early desire was to become a clergyman. In his twenty-second year, in a letter to his father, he declared his conviction "that his duty, alike to man, as a social being, and as a rational and reasonable being to God, summoned him with a voice too imperative to be resisted, to forsake the ordinary callings of the world, and to take upon himself the clerical office." That desire, as we know, was overruled, and there were clear providential indications that his call was to a public career. It is plain, however, even to those who differed with him diametrically, that Mr. Gladstone obeyed his conscience in every act of his public life, and, did in all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

things, the thing that at the time he believed to be right. One significant entry in his diary, shows the intensity of his religious life. He writes:

"One conclusion has been much on my mind—it is the importance and necessity of prayer—of the life of obedience and self-sacrifice. May God use me as a vessel for his own purposes, of whatever character and results in relation to myself. May the God who loves us all, still vouchsafe me a testimony of his abiding presence in the protracted, though well nigh dormant life of a desire, which, at times, has risen high in my soul, a fervent and a buoyant hope that I might work an energetic work in this world, and by that work (whereof the worker is only God), I might grow into the image of the Redeemer. It matters not whether the sphere of duty be large or small, but may it be duly filled."

To the American reader, these personal traits, and the reminiscences of his youth, which Mr. Gladstone wrote for his biographer's use, will be of more interest than the story of the vicissitudes of English Parliamentary life which have become matters of history. It was, however, inevitable that the greater part of the biography of a man so prominent in national affairs and for so long a time practically the ruler of his country, must be taken up by his official acts. Especially was this so with Mr. Gladstone, because he threw himself so unreservedly into politics and less than most politicians allowed himself the recreations of society. He was thoroughly in earnest, indeed his critics said, so desperately in earnest that his party could not bear the pace he set, and were secretly glad when his defeat compelled him now and again to retire from office for a time and give them a rest. He was an indefatigable worker to whom fatigue seemed to be unknown, and even after long and exhausting labors would rise to his feet in the House of Commons and make a long speech with as much force and freshness as if he had been enjoying a vacation. Prof. Goldwin Smith relates one of his own experiences with him, in which Gladstone, having sat up very late over a bill, worked with him from ten in the morning until six in the evening, when he went to the House, sat through a seven hours' debate, and made an exhaustive speech of considerable length beginning at one the next morning.

His entrance into public life was the result of a speech against reform, which he made while a student at Oxford. It was delivered at the University debating society, and was so vigorous and impassioned a defence of existing institutions, including the representation in Parliament of little boroughs, which were notoriously owned by the great landowners, that the Duke of Newcastle, one of these proprietors, at the suggestion of his son, who heard the speech, offered Mr. Gladstone a nomination for Newark, which was equivalent to an election. Mr. Gladstone accepted, and was duly made a member of Parliament. It is extraordinary that a man, who in his old age was regarded as the most dangerous and advanced of Radicals, should, at the age of twenty-three, have entered Parliament as an inveterate Tory. Not more strange was it that the most valiant champion of the Established Church, as he was in his early manhood, should have lived to incur the hatred of churchmen by disestablishing the Irish Church.

Sir Robert Peel, who was then Premier, recognized the ability of the new recruit, and gave him the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. No office, one would have thought, would have been more uncongenial to the profound classical scholar, but Mr. Gladstone settled down to the study of commercial affairs with such intensity that he soon became master of his subject, and proved the most successful finance minister of his time. When he rose to the chief office of the Department, his annual financial statements were listened to even by his opponents with admiration and delight. By that time Mr. Gladstone had definitely separated from the Tories, and after refusing to take office under Lord Derby, joined a Whig Cabinet. The popularity of his financial policy increased under successive Premiers, and when Lord Palmerston died, he became the leader of his party in the House. Three years later, at the age of fifty-nine, he rose to the highest office, and was the head of the Government. Four times, during the next quarter of a century, he was Premier, the last time in 1892, when he was eighty-three years of age. Even then, his vigor, and eloquence, and energy, had in no degree abated. His proposal to grant Home Rule to Ireland, however, had alienated the leaders of his party; even from his colleagues, with the solitary exception of Mr. Morley, he received but half-hearted support, and, weary of the disaffection, and conscious of his inability to carry out his measures, afflicted too, with deafness and failing eyesight, he, in 1894, laid down his office, and after sixty-one years of service in the House of Commons, retired to private life. Four years later, he died at the age of eighty-nine, a statesman whose work had done more than any other Premier in the century to mould the life of the nation.

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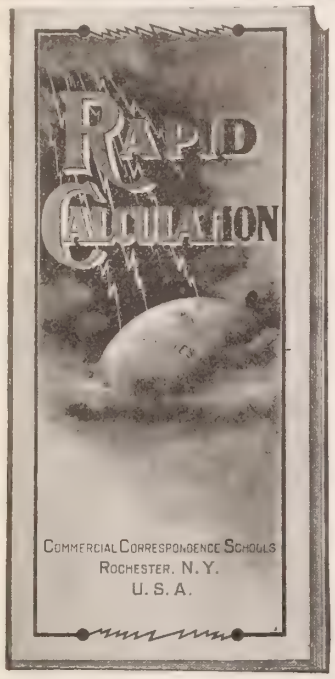

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The Judgment-Seat

The Order in the Series of Judgments

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THERE are people who ask how there can be a judgment-seat of Christ, when we are explicitly assured that God's children will not be brought into judgment. But Paul says (II. Cor. 5: 10, R.V.): "We must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad." And it is very striking how the previous verse speaks of our being "well-pleasing unto him." There is no mention here of great, open sins, such as murder, stealing, drunkenness, swearing and such like; it is a question of being well-pleasing to him. I have met with people who, falling back on the Word in John 5: 24, have believed there is no judgment at all for God's children: they think because they are converted they are to go scot-free; that they will not be brought into any kind of judgment. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." "Now," they say, "how can there be a judgment-seat of Christ, and one before which the Apostle Paul is to stand, if Christ himself says 'that he that heareth his Word and believes it, shall not come into judgment?'—it looks so contradictory." What is this judgment in John 5: 24? Surely it must be the judgment where the wicked shall be judged. We read in Rev. 20: 11, about the Great White Throne. Who are they that stand before the Great White Throne? Mr. Lowe points out to us that only the dead stand there; the judgment of the quick, or living, is previous to, and the judgment of the dead is after, the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth. Rev. 20: 10, 11: "When the thousand years are finished, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison . . . And I saw a Great White Throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them." Only the dead, no others, stand before that judgment-seat.

The judgment of the living on earth is "when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (Matt. 25: 31-44). I once thought that meant heaven, but it does not; it means the kingdom Christ is coming to set up on earth.

But you may say, "What is to become of those who were righteous, and lived before the time of the thousand years?" Turn to I. Thess. 4: 16, 17. Speaking of Christ coming again, we read: "And the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." The righteous dead will be raised again, when the righteous living are taken away to meet the Lord in the air; those who are left pass through the tribulation. The righteous will enter into the kingdom, and the wicked dead will not rise until after the thousand years, and then they will be judged all by themselves at the judgment of the wicked, where the question will be whether their name is in the Lamb's Book of Life.

In II. Cor. 5: 10, we come to the judgment-seat of Christ; it is only mentioned twice in the Scriptures, once here and once in Romans 14: 10. What is this judgment-seat of Christ? Isn't it just like a Father not to judge his children before the servants or strangers? The Father takes his children into a private room, and speaks to them there. The loving husband will not reprove his bride before servants or strangers. And the Father's judgment takes place only where the family are present; but he does judge us. "We must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Whatever has been misrepresented here will all come to light; whatever is not right must be put right then, and we shall be rewarded according to our works.

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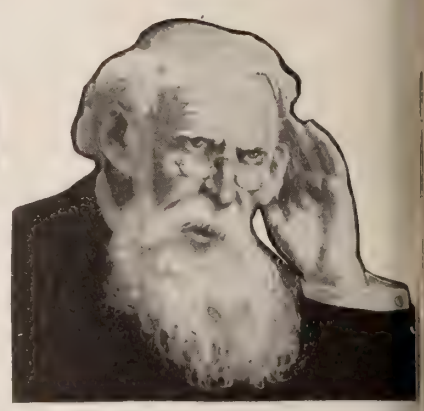

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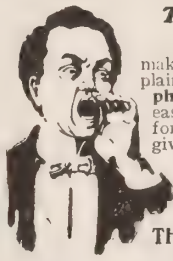

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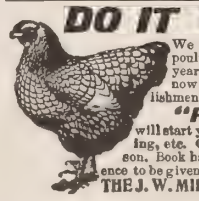

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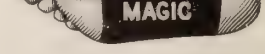

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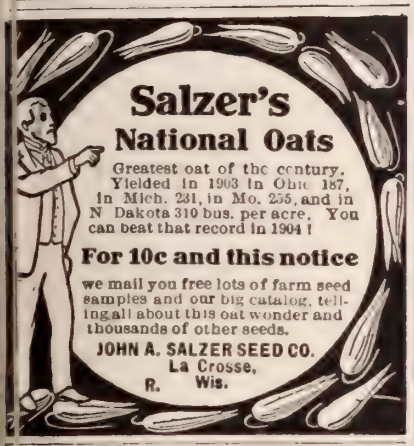

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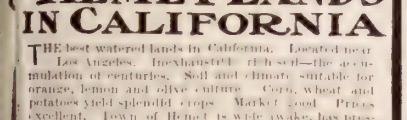

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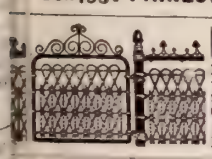

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Thus the salvation offered through Christ becomes a personal matter. Men are not saved in nations, or classes, or crowds, but are saved as individuals. The question comes home to a man in his own soul. In him there are impulses to a godly life, desires after holiness, righteousness, purity. There are also proclivities to evil, very strong, very insistent. He may yield to either. If he chooses the evil, his fleshly nature is gratified. His higher nature protests at first, but is generally silenced, and soon ceases to resist. If, on the other hand, he chooses the good, there is a struggle. His lower nature demands indulgence, and is restive under the restraints put upon it. It keeps up the battle, watching for some moment of relaxed vigilance. Quick to take advantage of any opportunity, ready to grasp the control whenever it is possible, it would surely succeed in most cases if the man fought alone, and in his own strength. But God sympathizes with the man who is fighting such a battle. It is his desire, shown in many ways, that his creatures should rise out of the animal into the spiritual. So he extends a helping hand to all who make the effort, or even show the same desire. To make it quite clear and more impressive, Christ came in human form, that he might approach men on their own level, and show them what human nature, imbued with the divine, might become. He was authorized to offer pardon for past offences and to promise help for the future. To all who would make the struggle he promised divine strength, and assured them that he would actually live in them, and thus reinforce the spiritual nature, enabling it to gain the victory.

That is the offer. Is it worth accepting? Every man has to answer for himself. It is his own soul, and he is at liberty to cast it away if he chooses. Christ does not conceal the fact, that the life to which he invites men is hard. The upward path always is hard. But it is the way to better things. The prize really is worth the struggle. Of that he assures us. And there are compensations. The road is not all rough. The man gains self-respect; his conscience approves his course; he is in line with the divine intention; and he has joys by the way that the world knows nothing of. As he goes farther on, too, there is less of opposition; the lower nature, steadily held in check, acquires the habit of subjection and its rebellious struggles are fewer and feebler. All the way Christ is with him cheering and comforting. In the end, the man is so developed on the spiritual side, that he is fit for a spiritual life. Then Christ assures him that death will have no power over him, and he will pass into another life that shall be endless and happy.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 7. John 3: 14-21.

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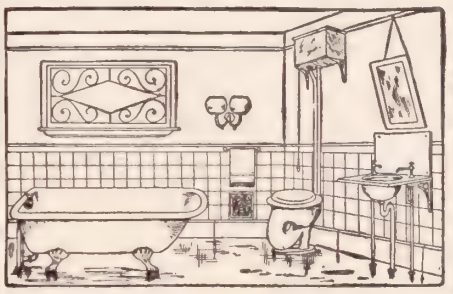

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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DRAWN BY FRANK ADAMS

SEE PAGE 96

Winter Perils at Sea — An Ice-Coated Liner Entering New York Harbor

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. S., Hamilton, Ont. 1. Why did Paul prohibit women speaking in church? 2. Why did he require them to have their heads covered?

1. It would have caused a great scandal in a city so licentious as Corinth, where the church was to which Paul was writing, if women had spoken in public at the services. You can see by the two letters to that church, that the liberty which Paul had preached had been misunderstood. There were people there whose lives were not clean, and it was necessary to make it clear that Christianity, while not bringing Gentile converts under Jewish law, required decency and purity of life. Reproach had come already, and Paul was probably anxious that there should be no further cause for it. It was a concession to the public opinion of the time and place, which Paul was in the habit of making. As he said: "All things are not expedient" (I. Cor. 10: 23). We do not imagine for a moment that he intended the prohibition to be permanent. 2. For the same reason. For a woman to appear in public in Corinth without a veil, would have been regarded as an act of immodesty.

W. P. K., Chicago, Ia. Do you consider it justifiable in a Young Men's Christian Association, to include in its equipment billiard tables, also to open its auditorium for the rendition of theatricals and negro (burnt cork) minstrelsy, and including the same in its entertainment course?

Some of the things you mention are certainly out of place in a Y. M. C. A. There is no reasonable objection to suitable games or a gymnasium, but the "show" element is distinctly antagonistic to the spirit and principles of such institutions, as they are now understood.

The recent suggestion, by Mr. James B. Sykes (printed in this journal), for a Union Hymnal, finds wide approval.

I most heartily approve of the suggestion of James B. Sykes, in your issue of January 20, for a uniform hymnal, and, in answer to your request, send you a list of twelve hymns and tunes, which I think ought not to be omitted. JOSIAH NEELY.
Philadelphia, Pa.

	AUTHOR	TUNE
All people that on earth do dwell		OldHundred
Blest be the tie that binds	Fawcett	Dennis
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me	Palmer	Phenice
From Greenland's icy mountains	Heber	Miss. hymn
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	Heber	Nicaea
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	Toplady	DeFleury
In heavenly love abiding	Waring	Ewing
Jesus, lover of my soul	Wesley	Martin
Mighty God, while angels bless thee	Robinson	Autumn
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth	Medley	Ariel
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	Wesley	Evan
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	Rous	Balerma

Mr. E. Jennings, Baltimore, Md., sends this list:

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.
Blest be the tie that binds.
Rock of Ages.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.
Just as I Am, Without One Plea.
More Love to Thee, O Christ.
Nearer, My God, to Thee.
Abide With Me.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Inquirer, Thompson, O. 1. Is it right to have shows, or such things as they call pantomines, in the church? 2. Is it right to have a Farmers' Institute in the church? 3. Which would be the better way, to have a social or an entertainment to raise money for church purposes, or for the members to give the money? 4. Do you think it any worse to go to dances than to go to these kissing bees or "snap-up" parties?

1 and 2. The modern tendency to introduce secular amusements in the church is greatly to be regretted, and we do not believe that a church which is given over to such things need hope for spiritual growth. We advise you to procure a little book entitled *Ecclesiastical Amusements*, by A.W. Hull, Syracuse, N. Y., which will give you a very clear idea of the right way in dealing with such questions. 3. As to raising money for church work of any kind, the best way of all is for the members to contribute voluntarily, without turning the church into a vaudeville show. 4. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has repeatedly stated its attitude on the dance. If the question be simply one of "bad or worse," why not settle it by leaving these things alone altogether?

Freemasonry. — E. J. Brown, of Lisbon, N. Y., writes that at least four Protestant denominations, like the Roman Catholic Church, forbid their members joining the Masonic Order. They are: The Wesleyan Methodists; the United Presbyterian; the Reformed Presbyterian; and the Free Methodists. Another subscriber writes that the Mennonites, the German Baptists, and the River Brethren, have the same rule.

A. S. K., Mt. Desert, Mo. 1. Who was the leader of the mob that burned the Temple at its final destruction? 2. Was the ark destroyed? If not, what became of it?

1. The Temple was burned, not by a mob, but by Roman soldiers. Titus, their commander, was resting at the time, but word was sent to him that it was burning, and he immediately rushed to the place and tried to restrain his men and to extinguish the fire, but it was too late. 2. There is no record of the ark being in that temple. No mention of it is made after the destruction of Solomon's Temple by the Babylonians. As it is not included in the list of spoil carried to Babylon, it is thought probable that it was hidden by the Levites when the city was surrounded, and its hiding-place was lost. In the Apocrypha (II. Mac. 2: 1-8), there is a detailed account of its being hidden by Jeremiah, but the passage is believed to be untrustworthy. Some readers have reminded us that John saw it in heaven (Rev. 11: 19), but that could not have been the material ark, as the whole passage is symbolical.

I think that Mr. Morrison's book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, is the best premium I have yet received with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I have had several.
MRS. C. E. HENRY.

Adam S., Garner, Ia. 1. Does theatre-going lead to good morality or Christianity in general? 2. What was the nature of the play at the late fire in the theatre in Chicago, called "Bluebeard"?

1. In general—no. While there are, doubtless, many plays that convey excellent moral lessons—plays in which virtue is rewarded and vice punished, the general tendency is to false conceptions of life, false standards of character, and a toleration of qualities which all right-thinking people must condemn. The same criticism may be applied to promiscuous novel-reading, with this difference—that a bad play, being presented with all the specious attractions of the stage, makes vice even more alluring and dangerous than a bad novel, and consequently makes a deeper and more lasting impression for evil. 2. It was an extravaganza of the spectacular sort, tuneful and frivolous, such as is usually offered to holiday audiences.

Rev. E. O. Guerrant, of the Soul-Winners' Society, writes from Wilmore, Ky.:

I am glad to say God continues to bless our work among the poor Highlanders of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains. Our roll this year numbers over eighty faithful men and women, who are preaching and teaching the "old, old story" to thousands of our countrymen beyond churches and preachers. God's liberal children have sent us the means, many of your readers among the number.

A FIRE-WALKING CEREMONIAL IN THE FIJI ISLANDS

This savage rite is performed by a certain tribe in one of the Fiji Islands. There is a legend that the power of walking over red-hot stones without being burned was given to one Tui Qualita, as a reward for having saved the life of a man he had dug out of the ground. The Fijians dig a hole in the earth and fill it with layers of wood and stone. In this hole a fire is kindled twelve hours before the ceremony, and at the appointed time the charcoal is brushed away, leaving the hot stones exposed. The chosen tribesmen then walk over these, bare-footed and apparently unhurt, although the heat sometimes rises to 280 degrees Fahrenheit. It is said that the explanation lies in the fact that their feet are already greatly calloused by exposure and walking on the hot sands under a burning sun, and that the leather-like, tanned skin of the foot, passing swiftly over the hot stones, is not even blistered by the contact.

Mrs. R. S., Cape Island, N. S. "Santa Klaus" is the old Dutch appellation of St. Nicholas. The Santa Claus entertainment, which is now so well known here, may be classed with the "Miracle plays" that were common in the early days of the Christian church, and which have come down to us with little change. Long ago, in parts of Holland and Germany, the children put out their shoes or stockings for "Santa Klaus" or "Knecht Clobes," to put a gift therein for good conduct. The idea probably had its origin in the gifts brought by the Magi to the Holy Child in Bethlehem. The origin and meaning of the observance should be explained to the children, of course.

Reader, Jersey City, N. J. What is the meaning of Paul's reference to the angels in (I. Cor. 11: 10)?

The verse is rendered more intelligible in the Revised Version. There it reads: "A sign of authority on her head, because of the angels." This, you see, is the very opposite of having "power on her head." The veil to which Paul referred was a sign of the subjection of the woman to her father or husband. It intimated that she did not belong to a clas numerous in Corinth, the members of whic disregarded the social relations. The veil wa a sign of modesty. It was an oriental idea that the angels turned away from a woma whose head was uncovered, as one whos mind was impure.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I am more than pleased with *Pilgrim's Progress*. I thank you very much for such a premium. The calendar i the prettiest one I ever way. MARY E. J.

Reader, No. Adams, Mass. Why is doubt thrown in the Revised Version on John 8: 1-11, containing the incident of the woman taken in adultery?

The reason is stated in the margin. It i not found in the most ancient manuscripts Another reason not given, is that the style o writing and several of the words differ fron the other parts of the Gospel. For instance John does not refer to the scribes anywhere else. It is probable, however, that the in cident did occur, that a memorandum wa made of it, and that some early Christian, seeing that all the evangelists had omitted it, put i into the Gospel of John at this place. Both Jerome and Augustine believed the narrative to be genuine.

J. E. E., Wis. The Santa Claus myth seems to sit heavily on the consciences of many very good people. Your suggestion is a good one. Why not put it into practice?

Reader, Corinth, N. Y. Is it right for a Christian to own shares and receive a revenue therefrom in a manufacturing industry where some of the employees are required to work on Sunday under the plea of necessity, when the owner o said shares would prevent Sunday work if h could?

If anyone so act, that another person i compelled to work on Sunday, when such labor is neither a work of necessity or mercy the first person is guilty of Sabbath desecration by proxy. If he does this for the mere sake of adding to his wealth, he is all the more culpable. The whole question would hinge upon the point whether or not such Sunday labor is a real necessity? Not knowing all the circumstances of the case you mention, we cannot, of course, speak otherwise than on general principles.

Milton, V. B., Iowa. He was the priest king of Salem (see Genesis 14: 18). It is explained that "without father, without mother without descent," was possibly intended to convey that he was of obscure parentage and could point to no illustrious ancestry, such as kings are wont to boast of.

Inquirer, Richmond, Va. Did Paul, in any of his epistles, or in his recorded sermons, forbid second marriage to the clergy?

We know of no such prohibition. The direction (I. Timothy 3: 2), that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, is obviously against polygamy. There seems no ground for supposing that Paul meant that a widowed bishop should not take a second wife. It would be a strained and unnatural inference, to draw from his words.

A. M. R., Van Wert, O. 1. How can we regard God as acting justly in visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children (Ex. 20: 5)? 2. Was John the Baptist the son of God in the same sense as Christ was?

1. It does not mean that God will punish a man for the wrong-doing of his parents. No one will be punished for any sin but his own; but it is inevitable that we should be affected by what our parents have done. We enjoy the privileges of our free country, because they were won by our forefathers; we have freedom of worship, because our forefathers fought and suffered and died to secure it; we have a glorious literature as an inheritance from them; having received good, do we not inherit evil in the same way? The children of a spendthrift must lack the good start in life that they might have had; the son of a father who has disgraced his name, is under reproach. The children who were born in Babylon, suffered in exile because their fathers had deserted God. It is a law of life that the consequences of a parent's wrong-doing are entailed on his children, but the children are not held accountable for the sins of their parents. 2. No, you will see from Luke 1: 13, that Zacharias was the father of John.

[Owing to the unusual number of letters received by THE MAIL-BAG, and not previously answered, additional space is devoted to them on page 105 of this issue.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE FAMOUS "BELL TOWER," MOUKDEN

THE LOFTY WALLS OF MOUKDEN

MOUKDEN, AS SEEN FROM THE CITY WALL

From Copyright Stereographs by Underwood & Underwood

Scenes in Quaint, World-Old Moukden

IANCHURIA'S ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE CAPITAL, NOW AN "OPEN PORT" UNDER OUR NEW TREATY WITH CHINA

WHILE the changeful kaleidoscope of events in the Far East gives us now a glimpse of peace, and again, a menace of war, the interest of Americans, for the time being at ast, is diverted from contemplating the attitudes of ussia and Japan to a more attractive subject. Under e new treaty which we have lately concluded with hina, the important cities of Moukden and Autung e made "open ports," thus affording most valuable portunities to American commerce in Manchuria. nd not to trade alone, but to missionary enterprise so; for though there are now in Moukden—the grand d provincial capital of Shing-King, Manchuria, and in seat of government with Peking—a mere handful mission stations—it may reasonably e expected that these will grow, and that ospel influences will multiply as Ameri- n interests extend in that distant region. Moukden, or, as it is frequently called the Chinese, Shingyang, the ancient pital of Manchuria, is finely situated the Shin River, in the southern prov- ce of Leaou-tung. The Shin flows into a rger river, the Leaou. Moukden's native pulation is considerably over 200,000, d this is now augmented by numbers of oreans, Tartars, Japanese, Russians, and her foreigners, including a few Ameri- ns. It is a port of considerable impor- nce, with a good deal of shipping, and th shops and bazaars that are filled with tive and foreign goods. Its streets are oad and well laid out, and many of its ildings, especially those in the western d southern quarters of the city and the burbs, are quite pretentious. There are ght city gates, and many fine monuments. has witnessed many wars and undergone ny changes. In the war with Japan, it s threatened with destruction by 40,000 panese troops, who landed on the Man- urian coast. China's army at that time ounted, on paper, to over 1,000,000 sol- ers, and Moukden, with its force of 0,000 "Green Flag" defenders, armed th antiquated rifles, was considered im- egnable.

Following the announcement of the aty with China, under which Moukden d Autung are made open ports, comes e news from Washington of the ap- intment of Fleming D. Cheshire, of New rk, as United States Consul-General at oukden; Edwin V. Morgan, of New rk, as Consul at Dalny; and James W. vidson, of Minnesota, as Consul at Au- ng, all three being chosen largely with erence to their wide knowledge of Chi- se affairs and their familiarity with the culiar conditions in Manchuria. Consul- neral Cheshire has spent nearly thirty ars in China, and was attache of our Le- gion in Peking during the Boxer rebellion. e speaks the language fluently. Consul Morgan is an acknowledged authority on Chinese manners and customs, and Consul Davidson speaks both Japanese and Chinese, and is a wide-awake American of experience in the consular service. Thus it will be seen that all three are trained men, well equipped for the important posts they are to fill. It is not improbable that at the outset, they may find themselves confronted with unusul conditions; for the treaty opening these ports to American trade, though now concluded in fulfilment of a long-standing promise, is not favorably regarded by Russian officials generally. But while Russia has continued to occupy Manchuria and to ignore China's sovereignty over that territory, the Czar's government has agreed to offer no obstruction to the exercise of the treaty rights granted by China to the United States, at Moukden and Autung, the new "open ports." How this concession may affect the status of the general question of Manchuria's occupation, or of its ultimate sovereignty, remains to be seen. Our acceptance of the treaty privileges now, cannot reasonably be interpreted as an unfriendly act toward Russia, as the general terms of the treaty, and especially the "open port" concessions, were in contemplation long ago. In this connection, a significant and hopeful fact is the consent granted by Russia to China's proposal to send 15,000 Chinese troops to the Manchurian frontier, for the purpose of preserving order and of suppressing the lawless bands that have lately been committing serious depredations there.

LOOKING UP THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MOUKDEN

The ancient Bell-Tower, famous throughout Manchuria, in the distance

Diplomatic exchanges between Russia and Japan were still in progress late in January, and not without hopes of an ultimate peaceful settlement. It was reported that the Czar and the "peace party" in St. Petersburg had triumphed over the aggressive "war party," and that the leader of the latter—M. Bezabrazof—had gone to Cannes. Correspondents attribute to the Czar personally the emphatic declaration that "there would not be war, if he could prevent it." But while the general trend was toward peace, there still remained the serious possibility of a conflict being precipitated by some unforeseen act or circumstance, arising from the strained conditions at Tokio and Seoul. In the Japanese capital, the war feeling was still running high, and preparations were being urged hurriedly in both army and navy circles. In proportion as the tone of the Russian press grew pacific, that of Japan became belligerent. Moreover, Japanese warships continued to land small bodies of troops on Korean soil, and Seoul, the capital, was reported to be in a tumult and on the verge of a native attack on foreigners generally. Several European Powers have landed marines to protect life and property, and two hundred American bluejackets are guarding the United States Consulate. Russia is reported to have a large army in readiness to march into Korean territory northward, in the direction of the Yalu River, the scene of the historic battle during the Chino-Japanese War. This movement, it is explained, would not be for the purpose of conquest, but to secure Russia's rights on and near the Yalu River, which she claims under concessions granted by Korea.

Russia has done more than any of her rivals to develop trade in Manchuria. At the present time, the principal business in both Siberia and Manchuria is controlled by Russian and German houses, which have retail branches at all the important points. Efforts on a large scale are being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Conquering Few

TEXT — Judges 7: 6: "And the number of them that lapped, putting their hands to their mouth, was three hundred men."

NO sinecurist is the army's recruiting officer. In most cases, whether in peace or war, the problem which must be solved by the war department is not "How can we reject our volunteers?" but "How can we persuade or even compel men to enlist in the ranks?" During America's great Civil War, all healthy men in the South between the ages of eighteen and sixty were forced to shoulder a musket, if unwilling to go as volunteers, while in the North, after the volunteers had ceased to respond to Lincoln's repeated calls for troops, the "draft" officers went everywhere.

The story of Gideon's campaign is unique in history. Here was a general about to march against a powerful invader, well armed and equipped, whom he must meet with a raw and undisciplined force, actually reducing by a capricious test the number of his followers. Under God's command, he dispensed with nine-tenths of his men. When General Gideon raised his standard to repel the invasion of the Midianites and Amalekites, 32,000 volunteers answered the call to arms. But God said to Gideon, better quality than quantity. Better a few loyal and devoted men to repel the invasion than a great host made up of disgruntled and fault-finding, indifferent recruits. Gideon, as directed by God, cut down the numbers of that Israelitish army. He cut them down, and down, and down, and down, until there were left only three hundred men,—only three small companies to follow their intrepid leader. But they won the victory. So it may be in the great conflict between good and evil in this world. Consecrated, loyal, earnest men are needed in the struggle for righteousness. The falling away of the half-hearted, the quarrelsome, need occasion no alarm. The fight is the Lord's, and he can accomplish more with a few brave souls, inspired with the Holy Spirit and devoted to him, than with a host of nominal Christians disloyal to him and antagonistic to one another.

Brotherly Love

The church should be a harmoniously organized army. The loyalty with which one soldier holds to another in the national army, decides to a great extent the aggregate strength of that army. When going into battle, it is just as important for a soldier to know that he is standing shoulder to shoulder with friends, as to realize that he is standing face to face with attacking foes. Civil War veterans have told me that the affection which bound the men of each company together, was like bands of unbreakable steel. If a soldier out foraging found food hidden away in a barn, or if he found a deserted pile of blankets, or an extra pile of dry wood to be cut into kindling, the first persons he thought of were those of his company. There the members shared each other's joys. They sympathized with each other in their sorrows. If one of their number did wrong or got into trouble, the different members of his company would always come to his assistance. So, my friends, the members of each separate Christian Church ought to be linked together by Gospel love. They should try to shield each other, and pray for each other, and care for each other, and help each other. They should never before the world expose each other's weaknesses, any more than a wife should be willing to publish before a cynical neighborhood the weaknesses and shortcomings of her husband. Church members, in other words, should "be kindly affectioned to one another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."

"The Church a harmonious Gospel company? Oh, no," says one, "that ideal is not always a possibility. I know it is not possible for me to live in sympathy and love with all the members of my church. Some of them have been too mean, and have done me too many injustices. I can truly say I do not want to harm them; but I certainly desire that they should leave me entirely alone. I certainly intend to leave them entirely alone. I do not wish to keep them out of heaven, but I do not wish some of them to sit beside me in a celestial mansion, or by any common earthly fireside made of brick and stone." My friend, by such an answer, you are proving the Holy Spirit's power inefficacious. You are demonstrating that you are unwilling to became one of Gideon's band and live in faithful harmony with the chosen three hundred. God is willing to give you grace enough to love all your fellow church members, if you will only ask for that grace. Has not the sure testimony been given: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me"? What an illustration of that fact we had in the closing months of the life of General Grant! In the darkest hours of that eventful life, when cancer, that most horrible of all diseases, was slowly but surely eating its way to the vital organs, how bravely, how calmly, how unselfishly the great soldier bore his suffering, and, sustained by God's grace, went unfalteringly to the grave. "The world may know him as a great general, as a successful politician, but I know him," wrote his family physician, Dr. Douglass, "as a patient, gentle, quiet, uncomplaining sufferer, looking death calmly in the face and counting almost the hours he had to live; and those hours were studied by him, that he might contribute something of benefit to some other fellow-sufferer. If he was great in his life, he was even greater in his death!"

The Test of Discipleship

If the Lord God could give sufficient grace to Ulysses S. Grant to serve him amid such harrowing surroundings, will not God give you enough grace, in the darkest hours of your Christian life, to be a good Christian soldier, so that you shall love your fellow church members as yourself? I say "in the darkest hours of your life," because I firmly believe that some so-called Christians are passing through a religious crisis. You are now about to decide your whole eternal destiny. You are to decide it, not by how you profess to love God, but by how you are willing to love your fellow church members. Are you ready, here and now, as Christian soldiers, to "be kindly affectioned to one another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another?" Do not tell me that it is impossible for you to live in Christian sympathy with those who belong to your same church family. By the grace of God, it is possible. And if you are not willing to let that Divine love have full control of your life, then instead of staying in a church and disputing and finding fault continually with the other members, it is far better for you to leave that church, and go back to the world, and thereby play the Gospel coward, as did the 22,000 men who deserted Gideon's standard at the first opportunity the Hebrew commander gave them to skulk home.

The church should be a harmoniously organized army. It is not only possible thereby to hurl a solid front against the Satanic foe, but also by preponderance of numbers concentered in one move, to make, as the Bible says, a little one "become a thousand and a small one a strong nation." Concentration in military parlance means not only conquest, but generally the complete mystification and disorganization of an opposing foe. If by a sure mathematical calculation, the military chieftain can drive as a battering ram ten offensive men against one man on the defensive, the successful outcome of the conflict becomes an assured fact.

Concentration of Forces

It was by the successful concentration of forces against his enemies, and by the lightning rapidity of his movements, that Napoleon Bonaparte won his great victories. During all the military career of the "Little Corsican," his armies were outnumbered by those of his opponents. But one day we find the brilliant military genius attacking one wing of the Austrian army. The next day we find him attacking another wing of the Austrian army. One day he is falling upon the defenseless Italian fields by boldly scaling the Alps. Another day we see him concentrating his artillery fires upon a separated part of the German army. Napoleon with his forces would have been wiped off the face of the earth ten years before he met his fate at Waterloo had he attempted to battle his enemies in bulk. He beat Austria and Italy and Germany and Spain by defeating his foes by detail—piecemeal. He did it by the power of military concentration. This was the way Frederick the Great carried on his wars of many years. This was the way Washington and Nathaniel Green won their victories, and it was in this way that "Stonewall" Jackson, with a small force at his back, became the terror of every Northern commander campaigning upon Virginia soil. So, my friends, as Gideon marshalled his three hundred, the church soldiers should be a united band. They must be able to hurl all their spiritual strength against the Satanic foe in one place and at one time.

How can this great forward movement of a single church against sin be concentrated and conserved? First, by all the church members every seven days answering church-roll at the midweek prayer-meeting. Wednesday night prayer meeting is even more important than the Lord's day worship. It is by the commingling of prayers that the spiritual forces of a church become inflamed with the holy zeal and all-conquering Gospel enthusiasm. It is to that roll-call that the members of the church must give diligent heed. Concentrated church membership at the midweek prayer-meeting is of overwhelming importance. I know of what I speak. During my life, I have observed the ways of two kinds of churches. In the one, I ha seen a mighty Gospel conquest going on, month and month out. Why? The people attended the mi week prayer-meeting. In the other kind of churc spiritual results were never assured. Why? T people, no matter how the pastor begged and pleade failed to attend the midweek prayer-meeting. A chur with a full prayer-meeting means a spiritually conqu ing church. A church with an empty prayer-meeti means a spiritually dead church. Hear it, ye pew Hear it! The spiritual success of every church is be decided by whether its members will regularly semble, as did the first church in the upper chamber Jerusalem, to pray together earnestly, week by week, f the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost.

The concerted forward movement of a church, the next place, must be manifested in the united voic of its members lifted in songs of praise, and in Gospel energy. Oh yes, the very best voices trained our musical colleges are never too good to be allow to sing in the church choir. But the church membe have no more right, in this Gospel movement, to let t choir do all the singing, than the pew has to expect t pulpit to do all the praying. Methodist pews have su as many immortal souls into glory as Methodist pulp have won by preaching. "Let everything that breath praise the Lord!" In every service let the old-fashion hymns be given out, and let all the people sing. Y shout forth your Gospel battle songs like the sound many waters! Concentration of the church forces prayer-meeting means spiritual conquest for Chri Concentration of the songs of praise, in one great c gregational chorus, means also spiritual conquest Christ.

The Lamp of the Church

The concerted strength of the church, in the ne place, should make that church a unit in its belief the authority of God's revealed Word, and also in protest against sin, wherever found. When the th hundred Gideonites went forth to battle, their m effective weapons were a lighted lamp concealed witl a pitcher, and a trumpet in the right hand. The la lighted, can be used as the symbol of Gospel faith, revealed in God's Word. The trumpet can be used the symbol of the voice of a Christian church protesti against a world steeped in sin. Plenty of room in eve Christian church for all repentant sinners saved Christ's blood, but no room for any man who will accept the sacrificial blood of Jesus Christ, and who w not protest against sin, wherever found. The Christi church must be a unit in its Calvary belief, and it m be a unit in its protest against sin.

As in every other army, the Christian army must ha a countersign. When I belonged to the United Sta Army, during the Spanish-American War, there we certain times I could not pass in or out of the ca without giving the countersign. So we find that all t Christian churches have a countersign. That count sign is one word of five letters, and that one word Jesus; Jesus; Jesus; Jesus! Jesus, who is our Savio Jesus, who lived, and died, and rose again, to rede the world and to save his people from their sins.

The church army must be a harmonious army, a show a brave front. There is sure to be to a more or le extent, cowardice lurking in the hearts of us all. If o Christian soldier is allowed—using a common phrase to show the "white feather," he will be very apt to moralize all the ranks. "What!" you say, "every m to a more or less extent a coward?" Yes, my frie We all have a cowardly streak within us. We mu therefore, be very careful how we let a faint-heart Christian soldier influence us to turn and run.

Mischievous Cowardice

If you do not believe that all men may become o ward cowards, read the memoirs of one of our great generals, than whom no braver man ever lived. Yet, tells us that when he went into battle the first time, trembled like an aspen leaf shaken in the wind. He w so scared that he would have turned and fled, but for t fact that he was afraid his regiment would run aw with him. Then, much to his surprise, when he ca to where the enemy had been encamped, he found th they had been even more frightened than himself. D ing the previous night, without striking a blow, t enemy had turned and fled. Yes, there is a coward streak in all of us. Therefore, Christian soldiers, not go publishing around your fears; do not critici your minister in public, because you may start othe criticizing him. Do not talk about your anxieties le the church audiences should not keep up. Do n exaggerate the results of your foolish imaginations. I

n, in other words, give free rein to your Gospel cowice. If you do, you may unkennel and unleash the cowardly disposition in us all. If you ever wish to be allessing as a church member, only sound forth the instring words of hope. God knows, there are enough, all too many, who are always ready to sit around in the dk church corners and croak the miserable, whining, gting words of despair!

Lastly, I remark that a church membership should ba united and harmonious and compact army. One traitor in the camp can do infinitely more damage than fe hundred enemies without. Benedict Arnold, after had fled into the British ranks, was not to be feared. Et had Major Andre, his messenger, gone safely tough to New York City, and had he, Arnold, been owed to command West Point one week longer, all hoes of American liberty would have been destroyed. Jlius Cæsar could conquer nations; but Julius Cæsar uld not defend himself against a traitor's dagger. "hat! Thou too, Brutus?" tells the whole story of t infinite mischief a traitor may be able to do.

t is of vast importance that the preservation of the sred honor of the Christian Church be intrusted to tse who are truly her friends. Therefore, my fellow urch-members, never try to placate a church enemy electing any man to a position of trust, unless he be prayerful man, and unless deep down in his Christlike hart, he fully realizes the solemnity of his trust. Never ect any man to a position in a church unless that man first ready to put all bitterness out of his heart, and t get down on his knees and earnestly and tenderly say, h, Lord, my God, teach me to love my fellow churchmbers. Teach me to be an under shepherd to them, Thou art ready to guide me. Teach me, oh Master, to say, 'I forgive,' as I would have Thee say unto me, 'I forgive thee also, my child.'" No man in church life is fitted to be a leader of men until he himself is first ready to be cleansed of sin. Better a smaller church; better three hundred loyal Gideonites, than thirty-two thousand men who are not ready to let Christ lead them as he would.

But I cannot close my study of this mighty theme of the church as a conquering army, without telling you, my people, the object I have in view. First, I want to kindle to holy zeal the scores, and hundreds, and thousands of churches all over the land, which have been for years torn and rent asunder with internal strife. Pastors are discouraged; people are discouraged; Christian communities are discouraged about them. "Oh," these people say, "we are only a little handful. We have dwindled down and down, until there is hardly any membership left. What are we to do?" Why, ye discouraged churches, by the grace of God, ye can do everything. God has been sifting your membership until the best are left. You are now a Gideon's band. United and welded together by trouble, you can accomplish wonders. It was not by great numbers that Gideon won, but by the loyalty of a few.

My second purpose in this sermon is to show you that these conquerors over the Midianitish hosts were ordinary men. Who were they? We don't know. They were selected at random. Some came, perhaps, from wealthy homes; some came from the homes of poverty. They were all selected simply by the way they lapped up the water when they drank of the famous brook. So God is going to judge our availability to be among his chosen followers by the way we are ready to do, in his name, the little things of life. He will judge whether we are fitted for membership in the Gideonite band by the way we smile a good morning; by the way we help upon the car a poor woman with her basket; by our willingness to sit by an humble sick-bed; by the way we lead in prayer in the house of trouble, and by the way we forgive.

The third purpose: I would show that these three hundred immortal Gideonite conquerors were all volunteers. Christ's disciples must be volunteers, not conscripts. One of the most horrible pictures ever painted was that by M. Clairin, called the "Conscripts." It shows an African scene, where hundreds of young men are manacled in chains, and are being forcibly compelled to enter the Sultan's army. As convicts they are being driven away to almost certain death. But Christ's army, like that of Gideon, has in it no conscripts. The Christian soldier of the church must be a volunteer. Will you enlist under Christ's banner? Will you go forth in the name of this church, a united band, to march against the Satanic hosts? Will you go forth a harmonious company of Christians, ready to battle in Christ's name? Will you not realize that all your past trials, whether in church or out of it, have been only a means used to fit you for ultimate Gospel triumph? Will you become a member of Gideon's band?

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping your heart to be happy and wise,
With faith ever-precious, and love ever new.
So stand in the van,
Strive like a man,
This is the bravest, the cleverest plan:
Trusting in Christ, will you do what you can?

SAILORS LOVE THE LIFE-LINE LEAGUE ✳

Philadelphia's Unique Gospel Organization and its Work Among the Jack Tars

AWAY down on the southern outskirts of Philadelphia, not far from the mouth of the Schuylkill, is Point Breeze, an important shipping ntre. Here ships from all over the rld come to get cargoes of oil. This es an opportunity to carry forward a r-reaching Gospel work, which a noble nd of Christian people has been quick take advantage of. This organization iknown as the "Life Line League," and is well and favorably known in many nds; for, through its ministrations, the arts of many friendless seamen have en cheered and turned to Christ. For re than five years, this noble company s labored with zeal and faithfulness to ve spiritual and material help to sailors, d much blessing has followed the effort. e work of the League has already been entioned in this journal.

On a recent Sunday, the members of e League had a gratifying experience: e steamship *Nithsdale*, lying at the harf, after a three years' cruise around e world, and waiting for her cargo of o,ooo cases of oil for Japan, was the ene of action. She had a crew of forty ohammedans, and these swarthy East dian sailors—Lascars they are called—re invited to attend the service of the eague. The invitation was accepted, d these hardy Asiatics heard the Gosl story. Only two days before, on a riday, these men had devoutly bowed their prayer-mats, and chanted their ayers and praises to Allah and to Moammed; but now they became deeply interested and listened reverently. As many uld speak English, it was not difficult to ake all understand. To the surprise of ose conducting the service, some thirty-

A LIFE LINE LEAGUE SERVICE AT POINT BREEZE OIL WHARVES

Some of the Mohammedan sailors are shown in the background

five of the strangers signified their willingness to be prayed for, and some even expressed their willingness to become Christians. The Orientals were given books and leaflets in Arabic, setting forth the doctrines of Christianity, and also portions of the Old and New Testament, all in their own language. They were also given "comfort bags," containing needles, thread, tape, safety-pins, shoestrings and various other articles that would prove useful to them in a long voyage. These gifts touched them deeply.

Mr. John W. Hastings, the Superintendent of the League, is a quiet, kindly man, who works faithfully and well and gives God the glory. From many ports come letters full of appreciation for his helpfulness. Some come from Japan, Egypt, Florida, China, South Wales, etc. And what interesting letters some of these are! They tell of a ship lost; of a captain washed overboard; of a burial at sea; of a tumultuous storm; of continued faith in Christ; of the joys of a homecoming; of the heart-break of a parting; but, above all, they reveal that this quiet, big-hearted man, to whom they were written, has been winning the love and confidence of those brave followers of the deep, while he has been striving to win their souls for the Master.

A letter written at sea on the ship *Dunstraffnage*, by a young Christian Endeavor sailor, gives these extracts from his diary:

Dec. 15th. I read one of Dr. Talmage's sermons from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to the men, and let them know that I would hold meetings on Thursdays and Sundays.

Dec. 19th. Opened my Bible Class on the sin of drunkenness, and as I have a concordance in my Bible, I was able to direct the attention of the men to many excellent passages condemning it.

Dec. 21st. Had a good meeting. Read a sermon from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and gave the boys some tracts as they were leaving.

Dec. 28th. Had a very good meeting, and induced one of the men to join the Christian Endeavor. He is a fine singer, and will be a great help to me.

Jan. 1st. We had a good meeting, and renewed our vows to be true to God. We prayed that more would take a stand for Christ. Read one of Dr. Talmage's sermons from Rev. 22: 11.

May 24th. (In port). Some of the men have gone on shore to-day to have a look around, and I know what they will be like when they return. There are so many temptations awaiting them, and they are so weak. Oh, if they would only take Jesus to help them, they would be able to stand firm. I pray that the Lord will open their eyes, that they may see that they are lost for time and eternity, unless they turn to him.

SUPERSTITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

OM-PONG came over the border into this Province (Capiz) accompanied by two followers. Making their way to the sequestered pueblo of Narva, situated at the foot of the mountains, the two reiners deliberately put to death nine young women, four rls and one aged woman. The outlaw chief held the male opulation at bay with his rifle, while the men accomplished e act with their bolos. The motive of the wholesale mascre appears to have been to provide the daughter of the ief, who had recently died, with a suitable retinue to the irit world.

Among the non-Christian Filipino tribes, superstition preils to a great extent. In fact their religion seems made of superstitious ideas, belief in witchcraft, ghosts, and eliefs probably prevailing among different tribes. On one casion, a boy about ten years old struck and killed his ounger brother. When arraigned before the court for the micide, he said that he thought his brother was a ghost. His mother, who was present in court, seemed satisfied with e story. The so-called non-Christian tribes are semi-wild en, dwelling in the mountains. There are two classes, one alled the *negritos*, or little negroes, who resemble the negro, nd have kinky hair and flat noses; the other class have raight hair and regular features, and are supposed to elong to the original race occupying the islands.

The case of an atrocious murder arising from a belief in hich, illustrates another phase of the popular superstitions. A woman was suspected of causing the illness of the mother of the accused, by casting over her the spell of witchcraft. The son repaired to the house of the reputed witch and begged her to remove the spell. According to his story she consented; but on his return he found his mother still suffering "from the incantation;" whereupon, accompanied by the son-in-law of the victim, he returned to the dwelling-place of the witch. The two men dragged her to a stream, wherein they repeatedly submerged her; they cut off both her ears. Finally the woman died, either from her protracted torture, or from her head striking a rock. The Supreme Court of the Islands, in passing on the case, considered that the belief in witchcraft constituted a mitigating circumstance, it being honestly entertained by the murderers.

In striking contrast with the believer in witchcraft, and the ignorant dupe of the religious impostor, are groups of men and women, found here and there throughout the islands, earnestly engaged in Bible study and the organization of evangelical churches.

In some places it almost seems as though history, in repeating itself, had returned to the days of Luther. The situation in this Province is peculiarly interesting. There is a Protestant movement, originating back in the Spanish days, and culminating in these later days of the American occupation. There is a Baptist medical missionary here, doing excellent work in the double capacity of physician and preacher. Some years ago, a certain individual obtained and began the study of a Bible. He became interested, and tried to interest a relative who was an individual of importance. This person at first strongly opposed him, but finally became the most strenuous advocate of Bible study and is now the chief reliance of the American missionary.

After the Americans came, the Bible students were eager for an evangelical minister to be sent to them. After long delay, this Baptist missionary was sent—a man well fitted for the place. The society have commenced the building of a church, in which they have manifested great interest and a most unusual energy, contributing liberally, considering their means, and pushing on the work with unflagging zeal. These people must be sincere, as in business, social relations and all phases of life, their attachment to the new cause they have espoused would work rather to their disadvantage than their profit.

W. F. NORRIS.

Capiz, P. I.

Can't See How it Can be Done

I received, the other day, your premium, offered with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *The Red Letter Bible*. Am well pleased with it, and cannot see how you can put out such a book for the price. As John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ, so are the red letter passages the forerunner and light, shining through the entire Word.

Manhattan, Kan. KARL W. HORF.

SOUL-WINNING IN THE "BIG SMOKIES" ❋

By J. D. BURTON, Evangeli

AROUND Old Smoky's head, which towers 5,000 feet above sea level, and marks the State line between Tennessee and North Carolina, nestle hundreds of cabin homes of the mountain people. A little stream of smoke rising from a chimney, and the tinkling of a cow-bell upon the side-hills, are characteristic of this region in the early morning and late afternoon. In these homes are hundreds of bright children, without the privilege of a Sabbath School or Christian training; hence, our missionary efforts to reach them interest those who are striving to advance Christ's kingdom in the world.

I visited Walnut Bottoms, a settlement in Heywood county, Western North Carolina, a few days ago. The way was up a narrow defile, along the clear and rapid waters of Big Creek. At many places the trail was very narrow and dangerous, as it led around high cliffs and great, overhanging rocks. Here and there it was necessary to hold on to trees and limbs, as we climbed around and down dangerous places. The beautiful hemlock and balsam trees, with an undergrowth of laurel and ivy, made the trail dark and lonesome. This is a part of the region embraced in the Appalachian Park Bill, now before Congress. For five miles, we followed this trail, and did not find a single house on the way to the Bottoms.

Here I found a settlement of mountaineers, isolated from the outside world, even from the neighboring mountain settlements, and raising children. I called at a Mr. Gunter's, and found his children at home. The cabin was one-story high, with a single room, which was used for sleeping, eating and cooking purposes. There were four home-made bedsteads, a stove, a table, and the powder-horn and rifle, in the room. The floor was hewn out of logs, and fitted down on the sleepers of the cabin. About half of the "overhead" was minus a loft.

Little Annie, whom I judged to be about twelve years old, hid behind the stove. I drew her out to talk to me. At first she refused, but finally came out. The snow was two or three inches deep out-of-doors, yet this little girl was barefooted. She could not read, but said her father could read "a leetle grain." I had written little Annie's name in a booklet (The Gospel of Matthew), and presented it to her, with the request that her father read it aloud to her. I did not see a Bible, a newspaper, nor even an almanac, in this home. There was never a day school or Sabbath School in this settlement, and there are no doctors or nurses to help them in their sickness. They "grow up" and die there, and are laid away on the hill without much ceremony. Of course, this is not the condition in all of the settlements; yet each is a "spiritual waste," more or less.

EVANGELIST J. D. BURTON

MISSION HOUSE IN THE "GREAT SMOKIES," TAMPA, TENN.

One thing of singular import to Walnut Bottoms was a sewing machine. The natives carried this machine on their backs, over the trail I have just described. It is a wonder to me how they ever did it.

At Raven's Branch, over in Tennessee, I found a widow and her five children—three little girls and two boys—in destitute circumstances. The mother was laboring hard to get her corn planted on the steep mountain-sides. She had to use the "sprouting axe" herself to clear off the ground. She had only a hoe to prepare the land for corn-planting. More than once had the tax-collector found her without a penny to pay her taxes. I was thankful for the little bundle of clothing that a band of generous ladies had sent me by direction of the Soul-Winners' Society, and for which I was enabled to give this poor mother some garments for her little children. Before leaving I read a chapter and offered prayer in this little home, the loft being so low that I could not stand upright. The children and mother seemed encouraged at my visit, and I gave them an invitation to prayer meeting and Sabbath School. Over in the Cataloochee number camps, I invited the young folks to my place of stay, one afternoon. After a song service and a short talk, an opportunity was given them to take a start for Christ. Over half-a-dozen rose and said they would like to live for the Master, and were willing to

In many of the homes of these children, the parents are totally unconcerned about spiritual things. One little girl went home, and hearing her father use an oath, told him that she had learned in the Sabbath School that God would surely punish him for his wickedness. The child's tender voice touched the father's heart, and he told her that he would do better. The people, as a whole, are ready to receive the Gospel. I have never found a more kind and hospitable class. The dwellers on the Smoky Mountains need a Christian school, where the children can be reared and taught. We are trying to bring this to pass by building the Smoky Mountain Seminary, at Tampa, Tennessee, under the auspices of the Society of Soul-Winners. There are hundreds of bright mountain youths who could be brought into this school for instruction. The work of the Society of Soul-Winners is too well known to your readers to need any explanation here. We cordially invite them to aid us in our efforts to give the Gospel to the poor.

When comes the King in royal might
To crush the wrong and crown the right,
When thrones are set and crowns are given
And all the rich rewards of Heaven.
Oh, in that glorious by-and-by,
What's done for God can never die.

NEW YORK'S LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

THE New York Free Circulating Library for the blind owes its existence to Richard Randall Ferry. Having lost his eyesight, he learned to read the New York Print System, but found the only way to obtain books in New York, printed for the blind, was to buy them; and as each volume cost between three and four dollars and a-half, reading was a luxury in which few of the blind could afford to indulge.

Mr. Ferry's letters, published in 1894, brought the need of a Free Library for the Blind before the public. He formed the plan for its establishment and financial encouragement, and subscribing ten dollars himself, called upon the public for additional subscriptions toward a fund to start the project. His plan was received favorably, and many responded with liberal subscriptions of money and donations of books.

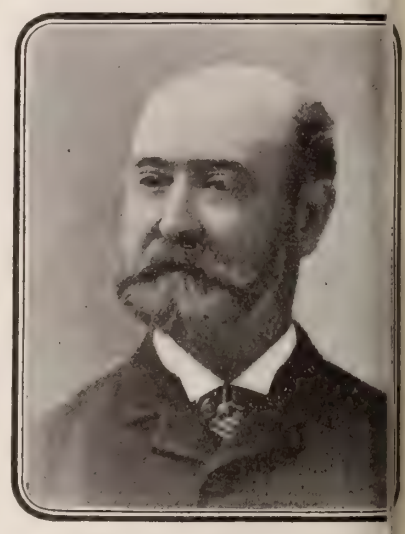
The people interested met, and organized a society called "The Ferry Free Circulating Library for the Blind," and afterwards the association was legally incorporated under the name of "New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind." Its first home, through the generosity of a friend, was at 121 West 91st street, New York. The Library began with sixty volumes, which, the first year, increased to between four and five hundred volumes, besides music for the organ, piano, guitar and violin, arranged for the use of the blind. The Library was formally opened Nov. 9, 1896. At the end of the eighth year, the number of books had increased to one thousand six hundred and forty-nine, music to four hundred and ninety-two volumes, and the circulation of books and music to eight thousand five hundred and forty-three, while the number of blind readers increased from eighteen to two hundred and ninety-three.

A NOOK IN THE NEW YORK LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

This encouraging growth speaks for the success of the cause, as well as for the appreciation of those whom it benefits. The success of the enterprise is largely due to the efforts of the president, Richard Randall Ferry, and the disinterested, untiring energy of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Clara A. Williams.

In order to provide permanently for the Library, it was decided, at a recent conference of trustees, that the association should become a part of the New York Public Library—Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations—so hereafter, the Library will have a permanent home in the new Public Library building on Forty-second street, when it is completed, and permanent support.

This Library has been helpful to the blind in many ways. Books are sent to the blind throughout the State, and even to adjacent States, and when applicants are too poor to bear the expense of sending them back and forth, the association provides the necessary money. A teacher is employed to take books around the city to those who are not able to reach them, and she teaches the system of reading to those who have not learned it. She also makes regular visits to the almshouse at Blackwell's Island. Through



RICHARD RANDALL FERRY
Founder, New York Library for the Blin

the reports made from these visits to the poor, and through the liberality of those interested in the work, many of the physical wants of the blind are alleviated. Medicine is provided for the sick, and other comforts often supplied to those in need.

The untiring efforts of the managers of the New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind, to lighten the way for those in darkness, are worthy of the highest commendation.

Like a Glow of Warmth

Dear "Christian Herald":—My much-thought-of *Calendar* is on the wall. I sit by my window, looking at the cold, dark waves rolling into the banks, and the snow-flakes falling fast to the ground, where there are two feet and a-half already. I then look on the wall, see the warm colors surrounding the wee darling baby faces, and the glow of warmth comes to the heart. MRS. FLORA B.
Jacobswell, Mich.

A Pleasant Surprise

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—We received a most pleasant surprise this week, in the shape of a *Red Letter Bible*, and a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I wish, through the pages of your paper, to thank the donor of the gift. The Bible is very beautiful and helpful, and the paper is like an old friend. ETHEL CARR.
Gaffney, S. C.

Up-To-Date

The Crown Encyclopedia was received, also the *Calen*. I am very much pleased with the *Encyclopedia*. The volumes are of convenient size; the print is good; the articles, though condensed, are full enough for all ordinary purposes, and the claim made that they are up-to-date is fully justified. I am teaching in a High School of nearly six hundred pupils, and I wish each student had a copy for daily reference.
San Francisco. CAROLINE L. HUN

EARLY BREAKFAST AT THE BOWERY MISSION

One Thousand Homeless Men and Boys, All-night Wanderers of the Streets, Fed with Rolls and Hot Coffee Daily—A Unique Benevolence

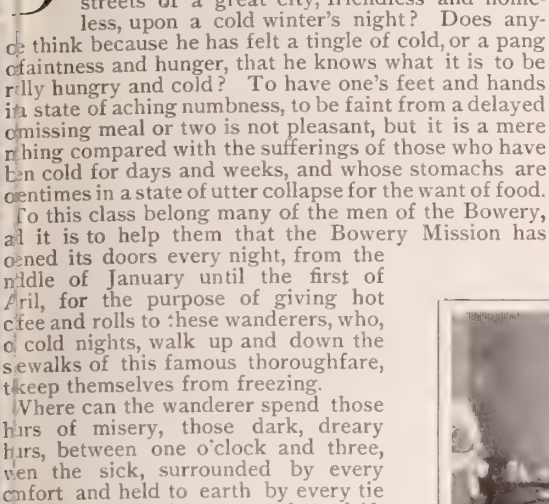
O you, who have never experienced it, realize what it means to wander up and down the streets of a great city, friendless and homeless, upon a cold winter's night? Does anyone think because he has felt a tingle of cold, or a pang of faintness and hunger, that he knows what it is to be really hungry and cold? To have one's feet and hands in a state of aching numbness, to be faint from a delayed missing meal or two is not pleasant, but it is a mere thing compared with the sufferings of those who have been cold for days and weeks, and whose stomachs are sometimes in a state of utter collapse for the want of food.

To this class belong many of the men of the Bowery, and it is to help them that the Bowery Mission has opened its doors every night, from the middle of January until the first of April, for the purpose of giving hot coffee and rolls to these wanderers, who, on cold nights, walk up and down the sidewalks of this famous thoroughfare, to keep themselves from freezing.

Where can the wanderer spend those hours of misery, those dark, dreary hours, between one o'clock and three, when the sick, surrounded by every comfort and held to earth by every tie of love and happiness, so often drift out upon the sea of eternity? At this hour, when the cold grows more biting, when the lights burn dim, and the dawn seems a long way off—it is then, if ever, that the friendless, the homeless, the killless, need a helping hand; it is then that the Bowery Mission sends out its cheery invitation to these forsaken ones, to come in and refresh themselves with a cup of hot coffee and a good big roll, and slice of bread.

Every man has his story, some so sick and awful, that even the most soddened and hardened nature would shrink from the telling. Stories which would be beyond the comprehension of any unacquainted with the underworld, where men lose all remembrance of everything pure and good.

But there is a vulnerable spot in the hearts of even such men, and when forsaken by their old companions, cold, hungry and utterly wretched, they wander forth penniless—sometimes even kicked out into the street—with curses ringing in their ears, their own hearts filled with the blackness of despair; then, if the kind word, with a bit to eat and drink, be given, it may find that little spark of feeling not wholly dead, which, if fanned up, may be fanned into a steady flame. Many of these men were born in degradation; they have the added load of heredity and environment to carry along with all the accumulations of their own years of wrong thinking and living; and yet even they may be saved,



"A Bit to Eat and Drink"

perchance they can believe that any one cares for them; though they fall again and again, even to the "seventy times seven" limit.

No one can say how many of these friendless men of the Bowery have mothers, fathers and families, who, having lost sight of them for years, are still hoping and praying for their return. There are men with grizzled hair and hard-lined faces, who, years ago, came to the great city full of hope. Literally "falling among thieves," they were robbed of health, decency, and of everything which makes life worth living, their lives have trailed along the downward path, until even the memory of all the good has become dim or entirely fled.

* * *

There are young men, scarcely more than boys in years, who have not yet forgotten their mother's tearful goodbye, when home was left behind; young men who have sold their birthright and have not even received a poor mess of pottage in exchange.

There are men in this crowd who nightly haunt the Bowery. Men who have little children at home, who do not know why their father never comes home any more, and why their mother has to work so hard that she never has any time to love and care for them as she used, when papa came home from work every night. There are other men who have fallen from their high estate of good family; men of refinement and education, who would have shrunk in horror from the vagrant's life they are now leading, had the future been unfolded to them before their own weakness and vice had brought them legitimate consequences.

"A Proud Man is the Cook"

"Great Mounds of the Biggest and Brownest of Rolls"

All kinds and types of men are represented in this crowd who fall into line at the dreary early morning hour for the comfort and help extended to them by the Mission breakfast. God alone knows how much good this coffee and bread may be the means of doing, or what courage may be infused by its warmth and comfort, in some poor hardened, calloused heart.

* * *

Supposing only a small percentage of these men are "worthy;" supposing nine-tenths of those who profess a desire for reformation, slip back into the old life, is not the remaining tenth worth saving? And who shall say that the seed of kindness, scattered from the sower's

"Barrels of Hot Coffee Have Been Prepared"

generous hand, on some cold winter's morning, on the hard pavements of the Bowery, may not, later on, spring up in the hearts of some of these men and bear good fruit of repentance.

* * *

Then, too, there are many young men—and these are more deserving of sympathy and help than any other class—who are as hungry and shivering as the rest, who have not, as yet, a smirch of disgrace upon them. Young fellows, who have left their homes in country towns, holding mental pictures of the city's possibilities and opportunities, that have proved to be very different from the hard reality. Their little store of money gone, and no employment found, the poor fellows have been obliged to leave their lodgings or boarding-places. There are no friends to whom they can apply for help; so, discouraged and hopeless, they drift to the Bowery. There, at least, they will not be alone in their misery; there, at least, there are others as wretched as themselves. There is light and bustle and noise—something going on to divert their attention from the heart-break, as they think of the dear ones at home, waiting so eagerly to hear of the success they were so sure of winning, if only they could get to the city. Too proud to let their families know to what straits they are reduced, many of these young lads, innocent and without a taint of wrong-doing, find themselves stranded. They are willing to do anything to earn an honest dollar, but find that the dishonest coin comes their way more easily; and it is not to be wondered at that they sometimes respond to temptation, in whatever way it may come, after struggling as long as possible with hunger, cold, and loneliness. There is no loneliness like that of a great city; but there is always company of some kind to be found on the Bowery. And surely the young men who gravitate thither, because, in their ignorance, they feel that there is no other place to go, are worthy of more than a passing thought from the modern good Samaritan.

Many of these young men who have been helped by the Bowery Mission, are now occupying honorable places in the business world, where they are in a position to help others, never forgetting what a little assistance meant to them when they were so wretched and helpless.

* * *

"Out of a job" and "sickness" are the primary causes of a good share of the destitution which overtakes these men. A few weeks', or even days' illness, results in their being thrown out of work. There is nothing to fall back upon; for, while the poor are notoriously improvident, they have very little to be improvident with. The landlord takes the bulk of the earnings, and, more's the pity, the saloon, too, often gets a large share of the remainder.

* * *

And so the procession files along, from one o'clock until three, on these bitter zero winter mornings. While every one with a roof over his head is comfortable in bed, this army, more than a thousand strong, wend their way to the Bowery Mission, where in the kitchen, during the early evening, under the direction of Superintendent Hallimond and Assistant Long, barrels of hot coffee have been prepared, many pounds of coffee and sugar and gallons of milk going to make up the inspiring beverage. Great mounds of the

"More Rolls Wanted"

brownest and biggest of rolls await the pitifully eager hands that are stretched forth for them a few hours later. A proud man is the cook as he reviews the results of his labors.

If anyone should think this charity not worth while, and the unfortunates not worth the help thus extended, their hearts would be softened were they to stand for one hour and watch this ragged, shivering throng, as they wait in line ready for this door of mercy to be opened to them.

Reader, if you feel any pity in your heart for these poor "wanderers of the night"—the unemployed, the homeless, the unfortunate—you can help them by aiding the Bowery Mission in this simple charity. Any contribution toward the Bowery Mission Breakfasts, sent to this journal, will be duly applied and acknowledged.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Wickedness of War

IN his recent speech before the Holland Society in New York, Mr. Bryan took occasion to pay a fitting compliment to the Dutch nation, upon whose "thorny stalk of war, there had at last appeared the fragrant flower of peace." This was spoken with reference to the proposed Temple of Peace, to be reared in Holland, whose government has been the generous host of the Peace Congress, since its organization.

In that address, which was a singular departure from the hackneyed themes of party politics, the speaker sounded the keynote of the desire of all nations—the hope of universal peace. He said:

A prophet in olden times foretold the coming of an era of peace so universal and profound that to emphasize it he pictured it as extending even to the beasts. The wolf and the lamb, he said, shall dwell together; the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf, the lion and the fatling shall keep company together, and a little child shall lead them. Are our eyes to witness the fulfilment of this prophecy?

We must not expect all armies to be disbanded at once, nor look for the immediate settlement of all questions by arbitration. Progress is slow—

> Heaven is not gained by a single bound;
> We build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
> And mount to its summit round by round.

So with the advancement of the race. We press forward, often impatient of delay, but experience teaches us that as trees that are strong enough to withstand the storms do not mature quickly, so great reforms come by degrees. There is, however, reason, to believe that the light of a better day is already breaking.

The peace conference, which by invitation of the Emperor of Russia, convened at the Hague—the peace conference to which our own country has given such effective support—did not announce a new discovery; it simply gave expression to a desire that was felt, to a greater or less extent, among the more enlightened of every nation. It revealed the fact that society is at last approaching the point where conscience will assert its supremacy over the brute instinct.

There have been times when bravery upon the battlefield was considered the highest form of virtue, and there have been times when intellectual force and independence of thought have been considered all sufficient, but now, heart characteristics are beginning to be recognized as the dominant ones.

Instead of civilization being measured, as Buckle declares, "by the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature," we are beginning to define it as the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally and morally. We are finding that neither the perfectly developed body nor the splendidly trained mind fills the measure of the man or of the nation. Moral development is indispensable; the perfect man is a threefold man, and the spiritual part of his being cannot be ignored,

There is an awakening at hand. In the United States, in England, in France, in Russia, everywhere, there is an increasing group of those who are looking up to a higher ideal, who insist that a physical combat between men is as powerless as a fight between wild animals to determine the right or wrong of any proposition. They fear that even intellect, unless warmed and vitalized by a belief in the brotherhood of man, may go far astray. They contend that love alone—an all-comprehending, an all-powerful love—can discern the truth, and, discerning it, both define the rights of man and prescribe his duties toward his fellows.

It is a cheering sign of the growth of Christian sentiment to find such utterances falling from the lips of our public men, to whatsoever party they may belong. Indeed, there are many in all parties who will echo them with sincere approval. Intelligent and thoughtful people in every land are awakening to a realization of the unutterable wickedness of war, and the inexcusable folly of resorting to violence for the settlement of national and international disputes. We thank God that our own land is taking a leading part in the movement for universal arbitration.

Four years ago, before the Hague Conference had been held, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in its issue of January 4, 1899, voiced the feeling of the world's peace lovers in the demand for "a truce of God, embracing as signatories all the great nations, with an international patrol on the seas in the interest of peace, and for the protection of commerce, and with a permanent international tribunal, before which all causes of quarrel should be brought for adjudication, so that the brutal clash of arms, the useless shedding of blood, and the wanton destruction of human life, might be wholly averted. If all Christians in civilized lands unite, the governments cannot resist their influence, and will fall into line for 'peace on earth and good-will to men.'"

When we look back to this foreshadowing, in the light of what has since taken place, it seems almost prophetic! It was then a dream of a time, apparently still far off, when all men might live, like brothers, in security and happiness. Now, it seems so much nearer. There have been grievous wars since then, it is true; and the whole earth is, even to-day, a vast armed camp. Yet, it cannot be denied, that the world is tired of war, and that militarism has assumed the aspect of a barbaric spectacle, which the few may love, but the many detest.

Let us hope and pray, that our own people and all the nations of earth, may soon come to the same conclusion—that war, in any form, is an evil and one which can be permanently averted, if the enlightened governments will unite on a basis whereby their differences may be brought to the bar of arbitration, and adjusted in accordance with the reason and intelligence with which an All-wise Creator has endowed men, who are not brutes, but "a little lower than the angels."

An Era of Disaster

UNUSUAL in number and character are the calamities which have occurred during the past few weeks. Coming one after another, in startling succession, following the terrible theatre fire in Chicago, there have been several appalling railroad disasters in various parts of the country. More recently there came the news of the destructive cyclone in Alabama, in which a whole town was destroyed and many lives sacrificed. Like the other disasters, it had the element of bewildering suddenness. No time for escape or preparation! The people, sleeping peacefully in their beds, were all unconscious of approaching danger, and were overwhelmed in a moment. Nor can we hope that the close of the distressing sequence is reached. The condition of our rivers, west and south, choked as they are by ice, gives serious cause for anxiety. Who can tell where the next catastrophe may occur? Who can tell who may be the next victims?

The sad succession may, in nervous people, produce a feeling of apprehension akin to panic. But that is not the way in which sensible persons should act in the circumstances. The wise and prudent course is to rise above physical perturbation, and take hold of the spiritual resources. People who are living wholly for this world, whose treasure is in worldly wealth, and who have no joys but those of the body, are they who have most reason for apprehension. The cessation of life, means for them the destruction of all their hopes and happiness. In a moment, the whole structure on which they have labored and all that existence means for them, may be swept away. Everything is precarious and evanescent. Common prudence demands that if there be any security, anything permanent, anything to be had which can survive any calamity and cannot be disturbed by any disaster, even by death itself, it should be sought, as men seek for hidden treasure. In the religion of Christ such a possession is found. Those who have it in their hearts need have no distressing fear.

How calming, how tranquillizing, the feeling that whatsoever calamity befalls, the chief treasure of life is safe! How glorious the conviction, that let death come in whatsoever form it may, the real life, the life of the soul, will go on under better and more blissful conditions! The disposition of our time is to be incredulous of the detailed descriptions of the heavenly life, which our fathers accepted; but such incredulity ought never to reach the foundations. There is a life beyond the grave. Every sense of our nature convinces us of that. Conscience and reason assure us also that its conditions are determined by our conduct in this life. The lesson is obvious. In the darkness and danger and doubt of our times, let us stretch out the hand of faith and grasp the hand which our Heavenly Father holds out to us, and then, come what will, He who is living and was dead, and who holds the key of the grave, will conduct us into that presence where there is fulness of joy forevermore. So may we rise superior to all fear and apprehension, strong in the faith that makes men free.

The Cup of Hot Coffee

THIS winter has been one of extreme severity, has caused an unusual amount of suffering am the destitute and homeless in New York. Public private charities have been taxed to the utmost. Th are thousands of poor wretches walking the street the metropolis, on these bitter zero nights, who liter have not where to lay their heads, and who have not a good meal for days. They have no money and place to go, and are as utterly forlorn and helpless a is possible for human beings to be.

To reach this class, the Bowery Mission, which always been a refuge for the destitute, recently dec to open its hospitable doors between the hour 1 and 3 A.M., and to give to every homeless and she less man, young or old, who came there at these ho a cup of steaming hot coffee and a roll of bread. E night, at the same hours, until the first of April, simple, practical charity will be dispensed to at l one thousand men nightly.

To feed the hungry, cheer the desponding ones, give shelter and comfort to those who are reac perish of cold and exposure, is the most elemen form of Christian work; but it was Christ's way. preached, and in his ministry he practically illustr his gospel of kindness to the poor. In a humble the Bowery Mission workers try to follow the Di example. A cup of coffee and a roll given to the hu ones on a freezing winter night, may carry with food and drink a blessing that the selfish and indi ent, who give little thought to the welfare of the u tunate ones, cannot understand. Yet the conditio the homeless and workless poor of our great ci never appealed more strongly to the charitable kind-hearted than during this dreadful winter. It is surprising then that the thousand shivering men lads who, in the bitterly cold hours that precede dawn, when all the rest of the world is snug in should gather in front of the Bowery Mission. them, the steaming, fragrant coffee and the rolls a veritable feast—a substantial reality, that will w the body and allay the gnawings of hunger for a hours at least. To this feast the Bowery Mission the same helpless class of which our Saviour sp with such tender compassion.

We would cordially welcome the co-operation of readers in helping to "furnish forth" this simple me the Bowery Mission during the next two mon Will you help us? If you can do no more than the means to procure a single cup of coffee and a of bread to one of these poor creatures, even that be welcome, and will not be without its reward.

Winter Perils at Sea

(See illustration on first page)

Winter has brought many perils and discomforts i train this year. On land, people are wading through s drifts, or slipping about the icy streets, with frost-b fingers and toes; while at sea, storm-tossed and battered sels are fighting the wintry gales, and ploughing their through storms of snow and sleet that cover sides, deck rigging with an icy coat of mail. Seldom have the c liners encountered rougher weather, or had fiercer b with the elements. Many of them have been delaye days, while anxious friends have waited for the arriv dear ones whose names were upon the passenger lists. a wonderful sight to see one of these great steamers co up New York harbor, clad in its icy covering, like a cr coat of mail, the saucy little pilot boat puffing in its im ance, escorting the giant to its resting-place at the pier. aggregate weight of the icy mail of a big ocean steam many hundreds of tons—quite enough to sink a smaller sel; but these modern leviathans of the deep are stanch strong, and able to bear their unique armor, and also to stand the mighty warring of the elements, with which fight almost from start to finish of their Atlantic voyage

The Kuang-Si Famine

CANTON, CHINA, December 5, 19

Editor Christian Herald:—I regret to note that in reports of the Kuang-Si famine relief, the work of the H Kong Committee and of the Canton benevolent societ almost wholly ignored. It is just to say, that in all pr ability the citizens of Hong Kong, headed by his Excell the Governor, did more for the relief of the famine than other agency. Respectfully. H. N. SHUMAK

American Mission of United Brethren in C

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

To Fight Fire

ANY new device or invention, which will be of service in extinguishing fires, is of prime importance to us in the United States, where fires, incendiary and accidental, have been of te so numerous and so destructive. The news, there- re, that comes from Germany, of the introduction and st of what is known as the "Swift system," is of special terest. It has been tried at Charlottenburg, and is ported by German journals, just received, to have en eminently successful, both in extinguishing fires d in protecting the lives of the firemen. It has many vel technicalities, which are best understood by ientists, but its main feature is in the adjustment to e hose of a perforated ring. The water forced through e hose, thus does not strike the fire in a straight eam, but is distributed by the ring in a circular eet, which is more effective in putting out a conflagra- n, and also prevents the smoke obscuring the vision the firemen. The same principle is applied to the rsons of the fire-fighters themselves. A man enter- g a blazing interior, carries on his helmet a per- rated ring which is attached to a small hose. At y moment the water may be turned on, and will scend in a shower from the ring, covering the eman completely, putting out a fire that may be con- ming his clothes, and interposing a watery barrier ainst the flames by which he may be surrounded. he results of the experiments at Charlottenburg, it is clared, convinced everyone who witnessed them that e device is perfectly practicable and amply fulfils the aims of its inventor. If that statement proves true, e device will be sure to have a world-wide applica- n, for in every land, fire, which is so useful a servant d so bad a master, is dreaded when it seizes its prey. ne can but wish that the destructive forces of which e is an emblem, could be combated with similar de- rmination, and like readiness to seize the best means equipment. Unhappily, those which God has pro- ded are too often neglected, in spite of his promise:

When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; ither shall the flame kindle upon thee (Isa. 43: 2).

A Belated Discovery

A well-known citizen of Iola, Kan., made a discovery e other day, says the *Register* of that city, that he re- ets he did not make earlier. He went Iola to obtain work as a poor boy any years ago. His pious mother ve him a Bible when he left home, d made him promise to read it every y. But he found it hard to secure nployment, and when he did get it, he d to work very hard early and late. e suffered many hardships and was ten hard-pressed for money. He as, however, patient and frugal, and radually, after long and persistent fort, made his way. He never kept is promise to his mother. The Bible he had given him remained in his unk and he had never taken off its rappings. One day lately some ause led him to open the volume hat had lain neglected for so many ears. To his amazement, he found etween its pages a twenty-dollar bill, hich his mother must have taken om her small savings and put there r his use. When he remembered ose hard times of penury when he ad longed for a much smaller sum, e bitterly repented that he had not ept the promise that would have been o well rewarded. There are many ho have similarly had cause to de- lore their neglect of the Bible. They ight not, as this man would, have ound money in it, but they might have ound that which would have saved hem from sorrow and shame.

When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when ou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee; for the commandment is a lamp; nd the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of fe (Prov. 6: 22, 23).

Priority of the Cities

For some years past a controversy has been carried on between Santa Fe, N. M., and St. Augustine, Fla., on the question of their respective priority of settlement. Santa Fe had pretty clearly established its claim to a history running back to 1605. St. Augustine, however, made discoveries of documents showing that in 1562 Admiral Coligni obtained from Charles IX., of France, the right to found a French Protestant colony

GERMAN FIREMEN UNDER WATER-SHIELD

in America, and chose the region in which St. Augustine is now situated. But a citizen of Arizona now publishes a statement which relegates St. Augustine to a second place. He claims the priority for Tucson, Ariz., and bases the claim on authentic documents, including a parchment discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1552, when the settlement was ordered to be established, and attached to which is an account of the founding of Tucson, written in the hand of Marcos de Niza, who explored Arizona in 1539. The settlement of the question is a matter of mere sentimental interest. A better glory

THE "SWIFT SYSTEM" OF FIGHTING FIRE AT CHARLOTTENBURG, GERMANY

for a city to have than that of being the oldest city on the Continent, would be that of being the city most like that which John saw in his vision, that was full of righteousness.

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life (Rev. 21: 27).

Life Saved By a Picture

A press despatch from Cleveland, O., describes a shooting affray, in which a man's life was saved in a peculiar manner. The trouble occurred in a restaurant where there was a rush at the supper hour. One of the customers made himself disagreeable by his rudeness, and his insistence on being served before the others. His language was so violent and abusive, that the waiters reprimanded him and the other guests protested. The disturbance ended in blows, and one of the men drew a pistol and began shooting. Instantly there was a rush for the street. One man, however, did not move. He held his hand over his left breast, and cried out that he was shot. An ambulance was summoned, and the injured man was carried to a lounge. On examining him, the hospital surgeon found that he had had a narrow escape. The bullet had struck right over the heart, but the man had a button picture of the girl to whom he was engaged, attached to his vest, which had deflected the bullet. It had glanced off, and made a flesh wound over the ribs. But for the fact of his wearing that picture, he must have been killed. Little did he think how much he would owe to the presence of that picture! He put it there simply as a mark of affection, but it proved a defensive armor. In the troubles and dangers he may have to encounter in the future, he may need other protection. The best and surest he can have is not in any outward symbol, but by having in his heart the love of Christ.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble (Pro. 3: 23).

A Fortune Squandered

A visitor to a poor-house at Evanston, Ill., describes a remarkable inmate with whom he talked. The man had once been a millionaire. Tottering with age, almost blind, his clothes thin and ragged, he presented himself one cold night at the poor-house door and begged for food and shelter. He was admitted, as he had formerly been well known in the neighborhood, and his poverty was obvious. He was seventy-three years of age, and had no relatives in the world that he knew. The man's life has been a strange one. He was born in Ireland in 1827, and came to this country when he was twenty years old. He soon afterward sailed for California as a common seaman. There he obtained employment, and saved enough money to buy a claim. Scarcely had he begun working it when gold was discovered on the adjoining claim, and he had many offers for his land. As the excitement spread, the offers rose in amount, and at last he sold out for an enormous price. He continued speculating until he had made over a million. Then he retired to enjoy his wealth. He soon became recklessly extravagant and dissipated. His friends succeeded, in spite of him, in getting the remnant of his fortune invested where he could not squander it for a term of years. Eventually he obtained control of it, and spent every cent. Then, too old to work, and utterly worn out, he found a refuge in the poor-house, having fully realized the truth of the warning:

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt, but those riches perish by evil travail (Eccles. 5: 13).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Edmund Dowse, of Sherburne, Mass., who has just resigned the office of Chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate, is ninety years of age.

The religious census of Germany reports almost two-thirds of the people Protestant, and slightly over one-third Roman Catholic, with less than six thousand people registered as not Christians.

The Women's Temperance League of Vienna, Austria, now sends out little handcarts with hot non-alcoholic beverages to markets, factories, and building works, with the object of keeping workmen away from the saloons.

A medical missionary in the Foreign field believes that he could advance his Gospel work materially, if he had an oil-light stereopticon, to enable him to illustrate his sermons and attract people to his services. Any person having one that he could spare, or being willing to contribute toward the purchase of one, may send to Mr. Wm. T. Blackeley, 59 East 122d street, New York.

A unique district is that of Orsa, in Dalecarlia, Sweden. Its municipality, by judicious control of public land and investments of its rentals, is able to defray all expenses, so that the inhabitants pay no taxes, though every child receives a first-rate education and the streets are well paved and lighted.

The annual universal day of prayer for students is fixed for Feb. 14 this year. This will not interfere with the day of prayer for colleges, which is set for Jan. 28. The call for the former says that the number of students and professors who have become members of the Christian Students' movement throughout the world is now 89,000.

Miracles as Teachers of Prayer ❋ :JESUS FORGIVES SIN:

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB. 14
MARK 2 : 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--MARK 2 : 10 :
THE SON OF MAN HATH POWER ON EARTH TO FORGIVE SINS

PETER'S house in Capernaum is again the scene of healing. Only a few weeks have elapsed since that Sabbath day when Jesus cured Peter's wife's mother, and healed all who were brought to the door. Let us imagine how Peter would tell the story of this second healing in his house:

"The guest chamber in my house was at the disposal of Jesus, whenever he wished to stay in Capernaum. For considerable over one year he had made Capernaum the centre of his operations, so that it came to be called 'His own city.' During all this time he made his home with us. He came and went by the outer stair, and the chamber on the roof became a consecrated place, for it was to him a place of prayer, as well as of refreshment. It often occurred that companies of people gathered in the inner court of my house to hear Jesus talk, because this was the roomiest part of our house. Usually, the people who came were eager listeners, who wanted to know about the truths which Jesus had to teach. The common people heard him gladly. But on the day of our story, some Pharisees and Doctors of the Law had come with the rest for the express purpose of controverting him. This made the crowd greater than usual, for the people wanted to see these distinguished persons, and hear what they would say. The crowd completely filled the court, and even our living rooms which were around it, besides which they filled the door out to the very street.

"I went up to the guest chamber to get the roll of Isaiah, which Jesus desired to read. While on the roof, I saw four men trying hard to get up the outer stairway. It was a tug for them, because they were bearing a sick man on his bed. I noted that he was a paralytic, and utterly helpless. Their earnestness and persistence and their faith were so great I could not stop them, even though I knew they would need to break up a part of my roof to accomplish it. They lost no time in carrying out their plan, for almost as soon as I reached the side of Jesus with the roll, they were letting the man down."

Illustration and Application

The key to the significance and purpose of Bible miracles is in that profound saying of Jesus: "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house." Thus Christ taught that the healing of the body was not the chief end of miracles, but the teaching and healing of the soul. That men might believe he could save the invisible man, he healed the visible. That men might believe he could pardon, he cured the palsy. That men might believe he could answer prayers for pardon, he answered the prayer of those who sought healing for palsy.

What specific lessons for us are in this story. 1. It is contrary to Christ's teaching to put physical healing in the foremost place in religion, as several preachers are doing to-day. 2. Every miracle is also a parable of prayer. 3. This miracle, as such a parable, teaches us that in our prayers for ourselves and for others, forgiveness should come first, and material blessings should be secondary. It also teaches us to overcome obstacles with gracious persistence in bringing others to Christ. And it teaches that doubt produces distress, while to come to Christ, enables us to go on our way rejoicing, benefited in body and soul. The story also reminds us that Christ reads our very thoughts, condemning those that are sceptical and censorious, while answering those that are unspoken prayers, with forgiveness and healing. Come to Jesus, to be forgiven, to be healed, and then go rejoicing all the way to the heavenly home.

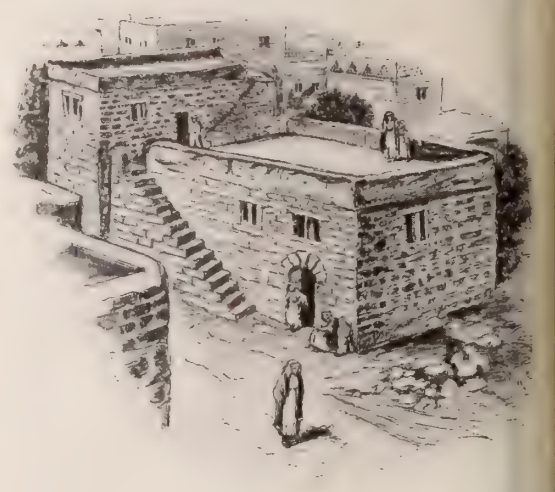
I. This story is the very one with which we should test the alleged miracles of those modern religions that are better known for reputed healings of men's bodies than for work in their souls. The newest instance of the power of the imagination upon the body, by which many of these modern faith healings may be explained, is the case of a colored woman in Chicago, who, on December 21st, was given by a neighbor a bottle containing a brownish liquid, and advised to drink it as a medicine, which she did. But instead of feeling better she began to feel sick, and so jumped to the conclusion that she had been poisoned, and in a short time she died. "Not poisoned, but dead because she thought she had been poisoned," was the verdict of the coroners' jury. Her fear affected her heart and killed her. As fear may kill, hope may cure. "If hope can cure, much more faith," it will be said, and we do not deny that the prayer of faith may still save the sick. But any person or church that turns the minds of worshipers to-day chiefly to physical rather than spiritual healing, is working against the whole trend of the New Testament, which sweeps on from miracles of the body to miracles of the soul. After Pentecost, it was conversions rather than cures by which the power of God was chiefly manifested.

II. This miracle is also the one with which to study miracles in general. In connection with this one, Jesus declares that miracles are not for the body's sake chiefly, but for the soul—in other words, they are teachers of prayer. "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power to forgive sin (then saith he to the sick of palsy), Arise." Does it seem hard to fix the mind on an infinite, invisible God and come to him with a finite cry for help? Then let us think how God in Christ once walked the earth, and how real men, and women, and children, no better than ourselves, came to him daily praying, that is, asking for bread, for healing, for light, for life; and in the varied ways he answered those requests, let us learn what answers to expect to-day, as again we come to him, whom having not seen, we love. It will help us, who pray to an unseen Christ, to remember that so prayed the blind of Christ's day. Bartimeus, as Jesus passed by at Jericho, heard that Jesus was near, and cried out to the Saviour he could not see, for light, and so should we. The miracles illustrate the need of asking. Jesus was wont to say to those who came to be healed, "What wilt thou?" "What shall be done unto thee?" He knew that it was important for the suppliant to express his want, even as appetite is needed to prepare for food. Prayer is requisite, not because God needs information, but because we need to hunger and thirst after righteousness. "Ask and receive" is God's law for the spiritual realm, just as "sow and reap" is his law for seedtime and harvest. God might give us what we need physically without work, and what we need spiritually without prayer, but it is not hard to see that in both cases it is better there should be effort on our part.

Some miracles teach that this effort should be earnest, even to a struggle, as when the Syro-Phœnician woman, apparently rebuffed by Christ in her prayer for her sick daughter, humbly persisted and got what she desired. "O, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt," was Christ's approving answer to that Gentile woman, worthy, for her wrestling prayer, of the name Israel. God seems to leave us unanswered sometimes that we may grasp him the more earnestly, crying, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Daily dew is not enough. Sometimes the soul must be outpoured in mighty showers of prayers and tears if our souls are to have the full harvest.

The miracles also teach the need of definiteness in prayer. When the sick woman's finger touched the sacred blue fringe of Christ's tallith, and was healed, many others touched him in the passing throng without benefit. It was her definite, though unspoken prayer, that he answered. The miracles also teach that faith is the vital breath of prayer. How often Jesus said, "Thy faith hath saved thee." But let us not forget those many miracles where not "great faith" but "little faith" was successful. "If thou canst do anything," said the father of the demoniac boy, "have compassion on us." Even that bruised seed of little faith Jesus did not break. When the storm came on the disciples in their boat, and they cried out in their terror, Jesus said, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" But he stilled the storm. Even such smoking flax he would not quench.

In this lesson, the four friends that brought the palsied man manifestly had great faith in Christ's power to heal, but probably neither they nor he had much faith in Christ's power to forgive; but to that need, which may not yet have become even little faith, Christ made gracious answer, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." This miracle, in the fact just mentioned,



AN ORIENTAL HOUSE, SHOWING OUTER STAIRWAY

"THEY UNCOVERED THE ROOF AND LET DOWN THE BED"

and other miracles in other ways, teach also that God ofte gives us not what we ask but what we need. And the miracle teach also that we must work as we pray. Jesus ever mad those he would heal do whatever they could for themselve as when the blind man was told to anoint his eyes with cla and wash in the pool of Siloam. "Go, show yourselves to th priests," said Jesus to the lepers. "And a they went they were cleansed." It was whil they were in the act of obedience that Chris answered their cry for healing. So, in multitude of ways, miracles are parables c prayer.

III. But let us give final and chief emphasi to the spiritual teaching of this particular mi acle, namely, that sin is worse than sickness and often the cause of it, and that pardon i the thing every unforgiven sinner needs t pray for more than any earthly good. Afte a revival meeting, as the crowd were passin out, a watchful Christian woman handed to man whose troubled face showed that he de sired to be saved from his sins but was not, printed text: "I have blotted out as a thic cloud thy transgressions and as a cloud th sins" (Isa. 44 : 22). Then she disappeared The inquirer carried the text to his home hardly able to believe that it could be promise for him, for his sins rose up against him occasionally, especially the ingratitud of rejecting Christ so long. After talking i over with his Christian wife, and getting en couragement from her, he said, "I will sig my name to that as true, and true for me. And so he did, and in that act found pardo and peace.

A boy went to the old country schoolhouse He was careless and thoughtless. In hi writing book one could see the boy reflecte in whole pages of scribblings and blottings The master's copy at the head of the pag was always disregarded, and for weeks th boy's record was a disgrace to him and a annoyance to his teacher. One day, the boy looking over the blotted pages, recalled th fact of a coming examination day, when hi copy-book would be open to the inspectio of the school committee and of his parents He also thought seriously of the folly of hi behavior, and he resolved that from tha day forward there should be an improvement

He began in good earnest. His first pag was a decided improvement. As the school master looked over the new endeavor of hi pupil, did he upbraid him for the past fail ures? No. Keeping his thumb down firmly on the leaves that contained the records o his pupil's carelessness, he commended warm ly the new departure, and encouraged him t persevere. And the boy did persevere. Every day's record was an advance upon the former All the while, however, the boy remembered that the last day of school would expose hi whole book to the public eye, and it was with no little dread that, on examination day, he walked with his father to the table where the copy-books lay.

"If my father should happen," he said t himself, "to open my book among the old pages, what shall I say? And if he should turn back from my better work to the beginning, what will he say?"

So it was with much fear the boy approached the table with his father. But judge of his surprise when he found that his teacher, pleased with his advancement, had cut out of the copy-book all the soiled and blotted pages, leaving only the evidence of care and thoughtfulness to be examined.

Is our God less kind than the old country schoolmaster? Do you forget his own words, "Abundantly pardon?" "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgression."

O God, my sins are manifold; against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone up to thy temple fly.
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven."
—BISHOP HEBER.

OUR MISSION OF MERCY IN MACEDONIA

Active Life-Saving Work in Progress Among the Refugees — Pastor Popoff Appeals by Cable for Aid

AFTER a remarkably quick journey, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Special Commissioner to Macedonia, Rev. Marco N. Popoff, arrived at Sofia, Bulgaria, on January 20. Pastor Popoff's letters from the field of relief operations may shortly be expected to appear in these columns.

Excellent work is being accomplished by our missionaries in the field with the funds already forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Rev. W. W. Peet, Treasurer of American Missions in Turkey, sends the following:

"CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 4, 1904.

"LOUIS KLOPSCH, Esq., Bible House, N. Y. City.

"DEAR SIR: I acknowledge the receipt of your cablegram dated New York City, December 31st, cabling $80,000.00 through Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son. I have already received from Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son a draft for Frs. 51,350.00 as the countervalue of this sum, and as requested, I am sending the value of

$5,000.00 to Rev. L. Bond, Monastir.
2,000.00 to Rev. E. B. Haskell, Salonica.
2,000.00 to Rev. G. D. Marsh, Philippopolis.
1,000.00 to Rev. J. F. Clarke, D.D., Samokov.

for Macedonian relief.

"We are so nearly connected with the several stations as to make it possible, immediately on receipt of notice here of a remittance, to make the value of same immediately available at the stations named.

"On Saturday last I cabled you in behalf of a new locality known as the Adrianople Vilayet, in which the suffering is now probably greater than in any other place in Macedonia. It was only recently that the distress in this part of Macedonia was brought to my notice, and I immediately made arrangements for undertaking work in that locality, though the means at my disposal are quite inadequate to meet the demands. I am going forward, however, as rapidly as possible with the work, and shall be glad of any assistance that can be given in the way of providing the people with shelter, bedding, etc. Yours faithfully,

"W. W. PEET."

Smallpox has broken out among the refugees in the Kastona district. In one village eighty have died of the disease. The villages of Aposkep, Chernovishta, Dymbeni, Krenoveni, Kostenets, Kozdivishta, Labanitza, and Smyrdesh are contaminated, and the disease is spreading rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Brailsford are now busily engaged in relief work in the Ochrida district. They found the distress in the districts visited even greater than anticipated, and the need for additional funds very urgent.

"Very little autumn ploughing and sowing has been done, for want of cattle and seed; and there is danger of the distress being prolonged and increased, by the consequent failure of next year's harvest.

In a letter just received from Dr. J. F. Clarke, American missionary at Samokov, the writer says:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The statistics of suffering which I sent you in my letter of November 24, and which were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 23, have been corroborated by subsequent examinations. The numbers should rather be increased, some representing needs now more than doubled. The official record of refugees on the border, over a month ago, was more than 23,000, and those best able to know then put it at 30,000. Since that time, companies from various villages, some of whom I have well known, have continued to cross the pathless mountains, braving the cold and the deep snow. Of such a party of twenty-eight, a woman and two children perished about a month ago. In some localities there are small funds of the Committee or others, hovering about to aid such refugees.

"With the English ladies, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Lewis, and with a delegate from the Central Relief Committee, I have personally visited twenty-one of the places toward the Black Sea, where refugees had been placed. The destitution was great, fearfully so, in some places near the Turkish border, where hastily-made huts of wicker work, half-plastered on the outside with mud, made a degree of shelter for those lying on the cold, damp ground. The vision of those needy ones haunts me day and night. I have also spent four days with another delegate in Dubnitsa, the place of most suffering and need in this vicinity. Here are many who fled from their homes a year ago and only found work enough to get their food, so that they have even more need of clothing than those who have now escaped from their homes.

The Central Government is supplying bread or flour to those in need, especially in the villages. In the larger towns and where the numbers are few, the refugees are supplied by the people

Dr. Clarke further states that American missionaries in Samokov, have received aid from England and America, which has been spent in that city, Banya, Kostenets, Ichteman, Dubnitsa and Ludjen, in Bulgaria, besides help sent to Mehomia over the mountains in Macedonia. Everywhere there has been great destitution. "The last donation of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, came Dec. 31," he writes. "In two hours, arrangements had been made by telegraph for the supply of the most needed garments in Dubnitsa, up to the value of $300, in Ludgen, and with all the rest, and plans were at once arranged in Samokov, to prepare chiefly warm outside clothing, including sheepskin coats for the aged, and clothing for children. The aim has been to give work to the refugees. Many sad and suffering hearts are very grateful for what sympathizing friends in England and America have sent them. The amount of material good done, and the sympathy shown by the donors, and those directly in the work, have been of great value, but the immediate needs are still great. The severe cold which has come will last for weeks. $4,000 more are now needed in the region toward the Black Sea; at least $2,000 more for Samokov, and places supplied from this city. In addition to these amounts, another $2,000 is needed for scattered places about Philippopolis and west of Samokov, where refugees have received but little help, and are barely existing, in much need. Such aid continued will save much suffering.

Our Relief Committee Organized

Special by Cable to "The Christian Herald"

SOFIA, January 25.

KLOPSCH, New York.

Committee organized. Twenty-three members. The Rev. Edward Haskell, Chairman. **80,000** persons reported suffering. Adrianople district not yet reported. Urgent need of money for clothing. Bulgarian government unable to make more grants for refugees. (Signed) POPOFF.

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES AFTER BEING CLOTHED BY MRS. KING-LEWIS, AT BOURGAS

In the background stand (1) Mr. Obreshkoff; (2) Mrs. King Lewis; (3) Mrs. C. Tonjoroff; (4) Mrs. Obreshkoff

What afterwards? Many of the refugees now in Bulgaria will settle there, and will need seed, oxen, tools and homes. So also will those who will return from Bulgaria to their desolated villages in Macedonia.

Recent letters report that funds for the refugees in Macedonia and Bulgaria are being contributed slowly in America, because of Miss Stone's capture, and because the action of insurgent bands has partly caused the present sufferings. The women, children and babes, the old and decrepit, whose homes have been destroyed and they cruelly beaten, violated and massacred, have not been the ones to blame. They have not risen against their rulers. The insurgent bands were not persistently and relentlessly pursued and exterminated, because the soldiers found it easier to fall upon those who could not resist them—to make targets of babes and children, instead of men with weapons. Miss Stone would shield no guilty one from just punishment, but she knows that the sufferers are not the guilty ones, and she pleads that they may be succored. God's blessing will rest on those who shall give aid, and especially for that most needed. J. F. CLARKE.

Samokov, Bulgaria.

Mrs. Z. D. Furnajieff writes of the sufferings and helplessness of the refugees on the Bulgarian border: "Yesterday morning an old man, a Macedonian, came to us (a refugee from Belitza), and I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes, as he told his story of sufferings. He arrived here about three weeks ago, having fled with his wife over the cold snow-covered mountains. At the time their town was burnt, they had hid themselves in the woods; but, being discovered by the Turks, they were taken to Mehomia, imprisoned for six weeks, and beaten so much, that every bone is still aching. At last a Pomak became their guarantee, and they were freed. But they were so poorly clad that they would have succumbed to the cold, had not an old woman given them some old clothes to put on their backs. A priest brought them to our door just as I was coming home. As I talked with the priest he said: 'Please see if a skin-coat can be given to this unfortunate man.' Dr. Clarke had ordered over twenty skin-coats for the most needy sick people among the refugees. A number of these coats were sent to Dubnitsa, for distribution, but, fortunately, there were two left, and the man was given one. Oh! the joy in his eyes as he repeated several times: 'Ah! that will warm my aching bones!" He greatly needed a pair of trousers, too, but there were none to give him.

"This cold weather is very hard on them. Deaths are frequent, either from diseases contracted during their flight over the rough and cold mountains, or from their sufferings and anxiety over their dark prospects for the future. So they pass on to eternity, being unable to endure their heavy misfortunes. Their very crowding together is a source of disease; but what can we do more for them? It is only when one says to himself: 'If I were in their place, how would I feel?' that one can begin to realize how unfortunate they are, and what a strong claim they have upon those whom our Heavenly Father has differently situated.

"Thro' midnight gloom, from Macedon,
The cry of thousands as of one;
The voiceless silence of despair
Is eloquent in awful prayer;
The soul's despairing bitter cry:
'Come o'er and help us, or we die!'"

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions prior to Jan. 11, are acknowledged on the next page.

The Christian Herald Macedonia Relief Fund

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——, Gt Barrington 2 00
——, Lynn 2 00
——, Northampton. 3 00
——, Waltham 1 00
——, Westport Pt . 5 00
Anon, Essex, T... 5 00
Friend, Blackinton 1 00
Friend, Medway . 2 00
Friend, N Attleboro 1 00
Friend, Williamsburg 1 00
A Friend, Boston. 1 00
A Friend, Hartsville 1 00
A Friend, Haverhill 2 00
A Friend, Lawrence 2 00
A Friend, Newburyport 5 00
Friends of the needy, Dighton 5 00
Two Friends, North Grafton 1 50
Two Friends, Pittsfield 1 00
Friends, Ashby ... 2 00
Friends, New Braintree 10 00
Friends, Winthrop. 1 00
Inasmuch, Three Rivers 3 00
I H N, Beverly ... 4 00
I H N, Boxford ... 5 00
I H N, Lynn 1 00
Reader, Westboro.. 1 00
C H Reader, Winchester 1 00
A Subr, Enfield.. 1 00
Subr, Beverly 3 00
Subr, N Andover.. 5 00
Subr, Salem 1 00
An old Subr, Edgartown 1 00
Old Subr, Webster. 1 00
Sympathizer, Beverly 1 00
Sympathizer, Dorchester 1 00
Two Sympathizers, Worcester 2 00
Child of Jesus, Westfield 2 00

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Ainsworth, A A... 2 00
Allen, Mr & Mrs E F 3 00
Allen, Harry 50
Allen, I H..... 50
Allen, Mrs I H.... 1 00
Allport, A H..... 1 00
Alton, Anne 1 00
Alton, Annie 1 00
Anderson, Anna L. 1 00
Anderson, Mrs E M 5 00
Anderson, Mrs O E 1 00
Arnold, Amy H.. 2 00
Arnold, Mrs Helen. 2 00
Arnold, Mrs S W 1 00
Avain, Clara A....10 00
Ayers, Ada L..... 5 25
Bachman, C 31 00
Bacon, Mrs H..... 1 00
Bacon, Miss Lottie 1 00
Bagley, A 2 00
Bailie, Mrs H..... 1 00
Baker, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Baldwin, Mrs L M 2 00
Baldwin, Vinnie .. 2 00
Barker, P A..... 1 00
Barklely, R 10 00
Barrus, Mrs L.... 2 00
Bartholomay, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Barton, Bianca ... 1 00
Bauer, Emma ... 1 00
Becker, T H..... 1 00
Belden, Mary W.. 1 00
Bell, Mrs N E... 1 00
Bennett, Mr & Mrs H 2 00
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Benz, Mrs & dau's 5 00
Bettys, J Y..... 5 00
Betz, John 50
Bigelow, Mrs M... 8 50
Billings, Mrs F... 5 00
Blakeslee, Miss EA 1 00
Blinn, S E..... 1 00
Blodgett, Miles ... 3 00
Blodgett, Mrs M.. 2 00
Boggs, Mrs W F.. 1 00
Borden, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Bower, Adaline M 1 00
Braby, Miss Lulu.. 1 00
Bredmeier, Kath.. 1 00
Brendle, Nora V.... 1 00
Brewster, S W.... 1 00
Bridge, Mrs C F.. 1 00
Brierley, Mrs J.... 1 00
Brock, Mrs O C.. 3 00
Brodock, Mrs C... 2 00
Brown, A L..... 2 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs Amos 2 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs J 3 00
Brush, Mrs Ida.... 1 00
Bulmer, Anita 2 00
Burdick, Mrs A J. 1 00
Burlingame, Mr SM 2 00
Burnet, Eliz 2 00
Burrows, Miss E..10 00
Bush, Mrs H A.. 1 00
Bushnell, J N..... 2 50
Butler, Ella M.... 2 00
Button, Mrs 1 00
Byles, Miss E..... 1 00
Carpenter, Miss FC10 00
Carpenter, O A... 1 00
Chamberlain, Mrs J F 2 00
Chapman, Mrs E.. 1 00
Chapman, H D....10 00
Chase, Mrs E..... 1 00
Christian Eliz 3 00
Clark, Mrs A M. 1 00
Clark, Mrs E B..10 00
Clark, F A..... 5 00
Clark, Miss S M 1 00
Clark, Mrs S M.. 1 00
Clemonts, Mrs M. 1 00
de Clerq, Helen .. 5 00
Coates, Mrs L E.. 1 50
Conklin, Dorothy.. 40
Cook, Mrs Lottie. 5 00
Crocker, A S..... 1 00
Cronk, Mrs N C.. 3 00
Cunningham, I & M A 2 00
Cuyler, Mrs M L.. 2 00
Daily, Julia E.... 1 00
Dale, Mrs J F....10 00
Davis, Arthur 1 00
Davis, Miss E S... 3 00
Dean, Mrs M S... 2 00
Delong, Miss Cora. 2 00
Dessau, F W..... 1 00
DeVoe, Mrs M... 1 00
Dexter, E M..... 2 00
Dickinson, Mrs L. 1 00
Distin, Geo H.... 1 00
Downs, J T..... 5 00
Dwyer, Mrs S D..10 00
Earsley, Theresa . 1 00
Echert, Michael .. 2 00
Eddy, Mrs S E... 1 00
Edwards, Mrs S B 5 00
Erwin, Miss M... 1 00
Evans, Harriet ... 2 00
Evans, J R..... 1 00
Failing, Mrs A R. 2 00
Fairchild, Mrs EW10 00
Fish, Chas A..... 2 00
Foster, Maud & sisters 2 00
Foster, Philana A. 1 00
Fournier, Mrs J F 5 00
Fournier John F..10 00
Frink, Mrs L..... 3 00
Frisbee, E P..... 2 00
Garrison, Morgan.. 2 00
Gatchell, Mrs M E 50
Gerrard, Mrs T W 2 00
Gibson, Geo G..... 5 00
Gill, E C..... 50
Gillette, John E.. 5 00
Godfrey, Annie 5 00
Godfrey, Mrs A & Mrs Reid 1 50
Goodridge, L B.... 5 00
Grant, Lizzie E... 5 00
Gray, Mrs Z E... 5 00
Greegan, Emily D 3 00
Green, Miss M S. 1 00
Grennell, Mrs R A 1 00
Grunedold, Mrs .. 1 00
Hagaman, A 2 00
Hagaman, C A.... 2 02
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Hallanbeck, Mrs W 1 00
Hallenbeck, A ...10 00
Halsey, C H..... 1 00
Hammond, Mrs C.. 1 00
Hammond, Wm ..10 00
Hanking, Mrs E... 1 00
Harnier, Henry .. 3 00
Harrington, Mrs H 1 00
Harris, Mrs M E. 1 00
Harris, Mary E... 1 00
Harvey, Mr & Mrs J E 2 00
Haskins, L N..... 1 00
Hawes, H R..... 1 15
Hawks, Mrs J Z.. 5 00
Henderson, Mrs I W 1 00
Henderson, Mrs M E 5 00
Hendrick, Mrs Wm 1 00
Hermon, Mrs R... 2 00
Herron, Mrs N E. 25
Hess, N L..... 1 00
Hinman, Mrs W A 2 00
Hitchcock, Mrs ... 1 00
Hitchcock, Wm .. 1 00
Hoag, Geo 1 50
Hogan, Addie M... 2 00
Holbert E 1 00
Holland, Mrs J S. 1 00
Horn, Mrs R W P 2 00
Horton, Mrs W E 1 00
House, Mrs L D. 1 00
Howard, J E..... 2 50
Howell, Wm L... 1 00
Hubbard, Mrs Enos 1 00
Humphrey, J R... 1 00
Hunter, Chas S... 1 00
Hunter, Louisa ... 1 00
Hunter, Thomas J. 1 00
Hurst, Mrs E H... 1 00
Jabbe, Clarence .. 1 00
Jarvis, Miss J M.. 1 00
Jax, A 5 00
Jayne, Mrs S A... 1 00
Jeffery, Mrs 1 00
Johnson, Mrs D S. 5 00
Johnson, Mrs E D. 2 00
Johnson, Miss S.. 1 00
Jones, W T..... 1 00
Kamerer, Edw ... 1 50
Keith, M A..... 2 00
Koberdein, Mrs .. 1 00
Kiefner, Emma 1 00
Kimble, Mary M.. 5 00
King, John 3 00
Kling, Mrs N..... 50
Knapp, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Knock, Mrs H.... 20
Knowles, Mrs Lucy 1 00
Koyner, Christina. 1 00
Kraber, Miss L G. 1 00
Kritley, Mrs 35
Kyle, Miss E T.. 2 00
Langtree, Susie .. 2 00
Lawrence, L I.... 1 00
Lee, F W..... 1 00
Leek, E B..... 5 00
Lewellyn, Mrs D C 2 00
Linder, Geo A.... 1 00
Lisson, Mrs L E.. 2 50
Loope, Mrs C M.. 1 00
Lorenz, Annia 1 25
McConnell, Mrs W 1 00
McDonald, Fannie. 1 00
McEachern, John . 2 00
Mack, Thos D....10 00
Macomber, A W & wf 5 00
Manning, David .. 2 00
Manning, David .. 2 00
Martin, Mrs A D.. 1 50
Matthews, E G...10 00
Matthews, E M... 1 00
Mawle, Geo 2 00
Maxwell, M & M 5 00
Mead, Linda V... 5 00
Mellhorn, Carrie.. 1 00
Miller, Mrs Ed... 1 00
Mills, Anna E.... 1 00
Mills, Helen S.... 1 00
Minor, Mrs C K.. 1 00
Moore, Mrs A K.. 1 00
Morehouse, H L... 1 00
Morris, Sophia P. 1 00
Morrison, Mrs S.. 1 00
Morse, Miss L A.. 5 00
Myers, C F..... 2 00
Nesbitt, Mrs J W. 1 00
Nichols, Miss B P. 2 50
Nichols, M M..... 1 00
Niles, E S..... 1 00
Niles, J O..... 1 50
Nora, Robt W..... 5 00
Noxon, A M..... 2 00
Nutson, Rebecca . 1 00
Orr, Margaret ... 2 00
Orr, Miss Marg't. 1 00
Osborne, Francis . 5 00
Ostrander, Mrs GW 1 00
Palmer, Jos 5 00
Patton, James 2 00
Peebles, V F.....15 00
Peet, A S..... 1 00
Peirson, Mary B.. 2 00
Pettit, Mr & Mrs A S 5 00
Philips, Mrs Luke. 1 00
Pierce, Miss M C. 1 00
Pierson, Rev L A & Y P S C E.... 5 00
Pike, Mrs E M... 2 00
Poole, Mrs Jane...10 00
Pratt, Belden E.. 1 00
Pratt, J L..... 5 00
Prior, E J..... 5 00
Pulman, J H..... 1 00
Putnam, Mrs R A 2 00
Putnam, Mrs S.... 1 00
Qua, Clara E..... 5 00
Randall, Mrs F V 1 00
Randall, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Randolph, Mrs EK 1 00
Rayner, Mrs S & Friend 3 00
Read, Miss E..... 1 00
Reilly, Mrs P R & Miss Corwith ...10 00
Ribbans, R & Mrs O 1 00
Richards, Mrs Eber 50
Richardson, L A.. 1 00
Richardson, Mrs M G 1 00
Richardson, Thos.. 1 00
Richmond, Mrs MS 2 00
Richtmyre, Mrs A. 1 00
Robinson, Fred J. 2 00
Rodger, Mary 5 00
Rogers, S 1 00
Rood, Emma M... 1 00
Rosa, J A..... 1 00
Rowley, L A..... 1 00
Roy, Linn 1 00
Russell, Diana 1 50
Russell, Miss M... 1 00
Salmson, Miss Eda 1 00
Sands, Mrs C..... 5 00
Sargent, L A..... 1 00
Saunders, Mrs V E 2 00
Sayre, Mrs J L... 1 00
Scarff, Mr & Mrs Wm 10 00
Scharff, Mrs Wm.. 5 00
Scherreman, E R.. 2 00
Schneider, Babette 25
Schrader, Mrs A C 2 00
Schultes, W S..... 1 00
Senn, S G..... 2 00
Sergent, Mrs E.... 1 00
Shafer, C 1 00
Shafer, Mrs E D. 50
Shaljian, Stephen.. 3 00
Sharp, Ed G..... 1 00
Shaw, Theron 5 00
Sheldon, Misses & Cole 2 00
Sherwood, Mrs HM 1 00
Sigmund, Mrs 50
Skinner, Mrs P A. 5 00
Smith, Emily O...20 00
Smith, Mrs Helen 2 00
Smith, Jennie P... 5 00
Smith, Martha A.. 2 00
Smith, N 2 00
Smith, Mrs W W. 1 00
Soper, F Marsh... 1 00
Spicer, Mrs M O. 5 00
Squires, Leander . 1 00
Starkweather, A M 1 00
Statesir, Mrs B T 1 00
Stone, Mrs E S.. 1 00
Stones, N J..... 1 00
Stoothoff, Mrs J.. 5 00
Stover, Mrs E R. 1 00
Strang, Mrs T S. 3 00
Strong, Harriet ..15 00
Sweetman, J T...10 00
Terry, Mrs H M. 1 00
Thomas, D & M.. 5 00
Thomas, Mrs J.... 2 00
Thomas, Mary 1 00
Thompson, L W... 1 00
Thracher, Mrs O.. 2 00
Tibbitts, Mrs M G 5 00
Ticknor, J M..... 1 00
Ticknor, Mary ... 1 00
Tillson, Chas E... 50
Toor, Mrs John... 1 00
Torney, Mrs M J. 2 00
True, Wm M..... 2 00
Tubbs, D C & E M 2 00
Turver, Florence.. 2 50
Tuttle, Mrs L R.. 5 00
Ullman, Miss C... 1 00
Underwood, Mrs F M 1 00
Upham, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Van Alstine, S M. 1 00
VanBrunt, Mary C. 2 00
Van Sickle, Mrs F L 1 00
Vosburgh, Mrs H. 1 00
Wager, Mrs M A. 1 00
Walker, Mrs M H 1 00
Ward, Mrs R A... 5 00
Warren, Mrs M A. 1 00
Washburn, H C...10 00
Waterbury, Mr & Mrs A M 5 00
Watson, Wm J.... 1 00
Webb, Geo 5 00
Webster, J M..... 5 00
Webster, Miss J M 1 00
Weel, Wm 1 00
Wells, Miss D M. 1 00
Wescott, Mrs D P. 1 00
Wheaton, E H.... 5 00
Wheeler, M A..... 5 00
Whitney, M R.... 1 00
Wilkens, H A.... 2 00
Willard, Mrs A M 2 00
Williams, Mrs 3 00
Williams, Chauncey 3 50
Williams, Mrs J B & Miss C E....10 00
Williamson, Mrs E 1 00
Willis, John W... 1 00
Willis, M P..... 3 00
Wilson, Edwin F.. 1 00
Wixson, F M..... 2 00
Wood, Mrs M..... 1 00
Wood, R W..... 1 00
Woolever, May F. 2 00
Work, Jas 1 00
Work, W 1 00
Wyatt, Jas T..... 2 00
Youngman, C D... 1 00
Zimmerman, Anna. 1 00
Zinert, Mrs B..... 1 00
Anna, Treadwell.. 1 00
Annigene, Pomona 2 00
Mrs A B W, Utica 1 00
A S P, Barnard.. 2 00
B E H, Plattsburg 1 00
C C S, Parishville 1 00
C L, Catskill..... 1 00
W C T U, Canistee 5 00
Mrs C W B, Bklyn 1 00
D & A S, Caledonia 1 00
D C, Amawalk.... 5 00
E C Y, Rock St'm 2 00
E H, Buffalo..... 1 00
E J L T, Moravia. 4 00
Mrs E K B, N Y C 2 00
E L M, W Winfield 1 00
Mrs E M W..... 2 00
F E F, Elmsford. 1 00
F L H, Elmira.. 5 00
Mrs H T B, Riverhead 50
H L R, Wadsworth 2 00
J, Thompson Ridge 5 00
J K, Flatlands, Bklyn 1 00
J R R, N Y C... 5 00
K B S, Rochester. 2 00
L K, Bklyn..... 2 00
L S M, Olive..... 2 00
M A E & L E B, Mechanicsville .. 2 00
M E E, White Plains 2 00
M E K, Oswego... 1 00
M & H, Hudson.. 7 00
M W S, St Johnsville 2 00
W D F, E Williamson 5 00
Mrs P E G, Middlesex 10 00
P W M, Bklyn.... 1 00
Miss P S P, Worcester 25
S D H..... 2 00
S P A, N Y C...100 00
S R W, N Y C... 2 00
U D C, Cortland.. 1 50
W, Scotchtown ... 2 00
——, Albany 2 00
——, Auburn 1 00
——, Batavia 1 00
——, Carthage 2 00
——, Glens Falls .. 1 00
——, Jamaica 50
——, Lisbon 1 00
——, New Brighton 1 00
——, N Y C..... 1 00
——, N Y C..... 4 00
——, Oneida 5 00
——, Walden 1 00
——, Yonkers 5 00
——, ... 20
Friend, —— 5 00
Friends, Batavia..25 00
Friend, Birchton.. 50
Friend, Johnsonville 5 00
Friend, Knowlesville 1 00
Friend, Ghent 2 00
Friend, Mt Vernon 1 00
Friend, Oneida ... 5 00
Friend, Patchogue. 5 00
Friend, Penn Yan. 50
Friend, Rochester. 2 00
Friend, W Chazy.. 20
A Friend, Bklyn... 1 00
A Friend, Canajoharie 10 00
A Friend, Canadaigua 2 00
A Friend, Gilbertsville 1 00
A Friend, Kingston 1 00
A Friend, Mexico. 1 00
A Friend, Middletown 1 00
A Friend, Randolph 1 00
A Friend, Sharon Spgs 1 00
A Friend, Spencerport 1 00
A Friend, Syracuse 1 00
Friend C M, Dolgeville 1 00
A Friend, Troy.... 6 00
Friend E W E, Avon 1 00
Friend of the poor, N Y C..... 2 00
Friends, Eden 10 00
Friends, Selkirk .. 4 00
I H N, Albany 1 00
I H N, Bergen 3 00
I H N, Cambridge. 2 00
I H N, Lawrenceville 1 00
I H N, Lyons 1 00
I H N, Moores Mill. 5 00
I H N, Olean 5 00
I H N, Mrs W A P, Caywood 1 00
Mrs R—I H N, Nineveh 1 00
Memory of Harry Y, Canaan 1 00
Reader 1 00
A Reader, Moravia 2 00
Reader, Brownville 1 00
Reader of C H, Pratts Hollow .. 5 00
Subr, Elmhurst ... 5 00
Symp., Marcellus.. 2 00
Sympathizer, Medina 5 00
Sympathizer, Richfield Spgs 3 00
Two Sympathizers, Middle Island.... 1 00
Lefthand, N Y C..10 00
Mr & Mrs Left Hand, N Y C..... 4 00
One who loves the Lord, Oneida.... 1 00
Young Christian .. 1 00
Bapt Ch, Canisteo. 4 35
Belleville Ave Cong Ch, Newark 10 00
Presby Ch, Castile.13 35
Inf Cl of H Budd, Albion 5
Peoples Bapt S S, N Y C.....15 00
Pres S S, Corning.14 85
Queen Esther Cl, Bapt S S, Canisteo 2 00
Y M C A, Corning.12 25

Kentucky

Baringer, E E.... 2 00
Bates, J Warren.. 5 00
Bigger, J M..... 2 00
Eifort, Mr J B... 2 00
Franck, Mrs Val.. 1 00
Gay, Mrs B B... 5 00
George, Mrs D H. 5 00
Gover, M L..... 1 00
Graham, Mrs J A. 1 00
Jessee, Bettie 4 00
Jessie, Bettie P.. 2 00
Moss, Mrs S W... 1 00
Owens, Mrs S R... 1 00
Robinson, Mrs G A 1 00
Schrann, Emma .. 1 00
Shaopshire, Mrs A H 5 00
Shearer, Mrs J H. 1 00
Smith, Miss Lucy.10 00
Surface, N 2 00
Turner, Ida & S.. 2 00
VanArsdell, Etha . 2 00
Warren, Mrs

Midwinter Occupations

SHOULD you happen to visit New York in January, leaving behind you the snowy fields and wintry peace that befit and enfold the country landscape, you would rub your eyes and wonder at had happened. There might, indeed, be snow, aped in side streets, profaned and blackened with y winds, smoke and rubbish, and people would be aring heavy clothing, furs and overcoats. But the op windows! They would be redolent of summer om and perfume. The instant the new year steps er the world-threshold, presto! comrce anticipates springtide and blosns. Merchants display cotton goods, nts, lawns, filmy tissues, parasols, l the whole gay paraphernalia of aer season, when wraps will be disded, furs packed away in camphor, l screens guard the house from flies l mosquitoes.

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he annual springtime show in freezin January, conveys to the thrifty woma hint about her midwinter sewing. hy not make the shirt-waists and the th frocks now; rig out the children f summer now; remodel last year's gns and jackets now? Nothing is re cozily pleasant than a family gup, mother and the girls sewing in a sny kitchen, with something bubbling a fizzing and sending forth a savory or from the stove, with the small boy fsing at a table near by over the bnt wood set that Santa Claus bught him at Christmas, with grandmther knitting placidly beside the windy, and the cat purring on the hearth. Tfinish substantially the family sewing fthe next three or four months, during th cold weather, when most people enjo being indoors, is good economy bth of time, strength and money.

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nother wholesome midwinter occupaon is reading. Many women get vy little opportunity for uninterrupted reding during warm weather. Housecl ning confronts them in the early sp ng. Then visitors begin to arrive, relatives and friends who pay their arres as guests before "boarding seasc" Farmer's wives who open their hes to city boarders, have little leisu during the summer solstice. One sun lady, known to me for her sympathi with and intelligent interest in evry form of Christian and missionary activity, saves her summer literature fstudy and perusal during the winter. Tre can be no wiser occupation of the quet time which comes when the drifts arpiled high, and the house is comfortabl, and no extraordinary pressure exhsts the energies of the housekeeper.

Te Art of Conversation

hen I was a child, I remember we had a rtain garrulous neighbor who was the dr d of every one because of her constant strm of talk. It went on, and on, and on, in placid monotone, with the effect on ons ears of a purling brook. I really do not imagine that the lac had very much to say, or communicated anything worth wle, for her family hardly took pains to listen to her, and her fri ds lost no chance of getting away, though they sometimes ma to interrupt her in the very middle of her endless tales. Shwas not malicious or unkind, and not a gossip, but she was a fent, verbose talker, who became wearisome and a bore pe use she took the floor and held it, because she gave noboor on the other side half a chance to be heard. Conversatn is a sort of game; it implies reciprocity; it cannot be sucessfully carried on by one alone. Two, or three, or four pe ons may join in a conversation, and the more general :hcalk the pleasanter and more genial will be the occasion. Th possession of a talent for quick repartee, of a swift and glancing wit, of a story-telling gift, so that one always has happy anecdote ready at the right moment, is a thing forongratulation; but though we may lack this, we need not despair. A good listener, sympathetic, intelligent, attentive, speaking, though in a monosyllable, at the appropriate juncture, is as indispensable in a perfectly balanced conversation as a helm to a ship.

Of two wonderful men, Thomas Carlyle and Alfred Tennyson, it is recorded that once they sat in absolute silence a whole evening, their meditative pipes sending clouds of smoke up the chimney. They declared they had had a very edifying period of discourse. It is a proof of extreme intimacy, of that telepathy which requires no response in speech, when friends can sit together dumbly, and yet feel that they have had satisfactory intercourse.

Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, who, at a dinner table was in the habit of grasping the conversation and carrying it on alone in brilliant monologue, that once there was an improvement; Macaulay had "flashes of silence." An eloquent talker is in danger of giving the others in the room no opportunity to speak, and so, instead of conversation, there is a lecture, or a homily, or some other form of exhortation, which none fully enjoy, and one or two, waiting their turn, resent.

OLD CAPTAIN JEAMES AND LITTLE JOHN

Old Captain Jeames has sailed the seas, full many a gallant year,
But now he spends his days ashore amid grandchildren dear.
And when he builds for little John, a boat with spar and sail,
Be sure that boat is staunch enough to weather any gale.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—DON. Don't ask me about Latin pronunciations. Go to your minister, or your cousin who is studyiug at Harvard. Your Aunt Prudence is not an authority on these questions of scholarship.

—ELLEN. A girl living under her mother's roof should obey her mother. You seem unreasonable. Your mother's wish that your friends should leave as a rule at ten o'clock in the evening is perfectly sensible and right.

—LOIS. Do not leave home for a strange city where you hope to find work, unless you have money enough to keep you for some weeks. Arrange for a boarding-place before you start. You may do this through the Young Women's Christian Association.

A Cry from Macedonia

DEAR women who read this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week, can you hear and not heed the moving cry of urgent distress from Macedonia? Driven from their homes by the rapacity and cruelty of the infamous Turk, victims of unutterable wickedness, the refugees who have left murdered kinsmen and burnt villages behind them, who have literally nothing left except the rags they wear, challenge the compassion and awaken the sympathy of the civilized world.

We have had a bitter spell of weather here; but our houses are warm, our tables are abundantly spread, and our children are clothed. What matters to us the inclemency of chill wintry days? Why should we be disturbed when the frosts are deep, when we have every possible comfort and luxury at our hand? But, suppose for one instant, that the case were different. Fancy yourself, dear mother, with a famished babe in your arms, and a group of half-naked, hungry children huddled 'round you, without the means to find relief, without a penny, without a friend near or far. You cannot put yourself in the place of these far-away refugees, and enjoy your next meal, unless you do something to lift the intolerable load of suffering from the Christian women of Macedonia.

. . .

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing all it can to assist these poor people, and will gladly and promptly transmit your offerings. Send something at once. A day's delay at this time means illness and death in many cases. As you look at your own precious little ones, let pity stir in your heart for those children whose portion has already been unspeakable misery and desperate hardship. Their want is their appeal. A little self-denial, a little sacrifice, on the part of Christian mothers here, will save Christian mothers in old Macedonia. M. E. S.

A Provoking Habit

The habit in question is not vicious in itself, nor shocking, nor specially blameworthy, though it is provoking. It is the habit of taking leave by instalments. "Well," observes the caller, tentatively, "I must be going; I have staid longer than I meant to, but you are always so entertaining." She does not rise, and her hostess, of course, remains seated. After one or two further futile endeavors, the lady gets on her feet, but does not move an inch beyond her chair. Presently she makes a heroic effort and advances, not directly, but in a zigzag fashion, half-way to the door. Here she takes breath and a fresh start, recollects something she meant to say, and practically makes another call. At the outer door, to which, if her hostess is one of the old-school order, she has accompanied her, the guest again lingers. She has wraps on, furs, or at least a cloak or jacket, and her head is covered. The hostess has only her indoor dress as a protection, and falls an easy prey to grippe, or pneumonia, or rheumatism, as she stands there in the draught without extra clothing.

. . .

The law of the road is, go at once, when you have signified your intention to go. All needless lingering is a sin against good form.

Husbands now and then, when not urged by the inevitable relentlessness of a timetable, have this provoking habit of loitering before leaving home in the morning. A wife may worship her lord, but she wants him out of the house after eight or nine o'clock, so that she may pursue her own affairs without delay and interruption. When a man says good morning three times instead of one, rushes down to the cellar for a parting glance at the furnace, though it was arranged for the day a half hour ago, stands on the sidewalk and gazes at the house as if he suspected it of an intention to move across lots in his absence, his wife is excusable for some irritation. Nothing is more trying in a small way than staying about when one is sure that the stayer has business elsewhere.

Beyond His Expectations

How I Worked My Way Around the World, by Harry Steele Morrison, has been received, and I must say it is beyond my expectations. The book alone is worth the two dollars paid. A. W. QUINN.

THE NARROW GATE

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

GEORGE grinned. "If he's hurt very bad, I don't know it. He sent me up with this note, and told me to wait for an answer."

Esther clutched the note eagerly, and tore it open. As she read, a beautiful smile blossomed over her face.

"Come in, George, and sit down. You are the one that's hurt, according to this letter. Shot through the ear with a love song. Stabbed with a girl's black eye. Now, George, tell me all about her."

She showed him Douglas' letter, and before George went back to the office, Esther had arranged everything delightfully. George's cup promised to run over.

"It's awful good of you, Mrs. Douglas, Rhoda and I won't forget it."

When the happy event came off the next week, George had reason again to thank Mr. Douglas for an occasion that was long remembered by every one present. Mr. Vernon came on, as Douglas anticipated, and Mother Vernon with him, both very old and gray, but still quite vigorous, and rejoiced to live over the old times with the Colby friends. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were there, as a matter of course, and Mr. Edwards joked George all the evening about his fondness for apple pie, and promised to send the bride a wagon load of canned goods as soon as the groom began to tire of angel food. Quits and the entire *Beacon* force were present, and added to George's happiness by their real expressions of regard and good wishes. Rhoda pleased everybody by her modest, sensible manner, and Esther had not seen her two minutes before she whispered to Frank that George was to be congratulated. The Colonel proved to be human, after all, and quite surprised everybody by his gift to the bride, which consisted of a $500 check, to go into the furnishing of the young couple's new home.

So the evening passed off perfectly. When it was all over, Douglas and Esther and Quits went along with George and his wife to their little home, which was in the lower end of the town near the river. They left the young people standing proudly in their little front room, surrounded with kind remembrances of their many friends, and the night was so pleasant that Douglas proposed to Esther and Quits that they walk around home by way of the north bridge, as it was called.

They had passed slowly over the bridge and had come out on the river road, still talking about the wedding and predicting all manner of delightful future for George and Rhoda, when they were startled by a sudden shot that broke the peaceful silence with a crack that seemed to come almost from the road in front of them. Next instant, out from a little clump of willows down by the water's edge, three men burst, coming on a dead run through the bushes. The minute they saw the group in front of them, they all turned precipitately and tore like mad down the road away from the town, and before Douglas and Quits had recovered from their surprise, the men had disappeared.

"That's Jake Lawson's joint!" cried Quits. "See! There's a light down there!" He pointed down the river bank, and Douglas and Esther could see a glimmer from the old shack in the willows.

For a moment they were all three still, not knowing what might appear next. Then Quits said, "What do you think, Mr. Douglas? Had we better go do down there? Somebody may be hurt."

"I don't know," replied Douglas, cautiously. "Think we'd better risk it?"

"Yes, let's go!" Esther said unexpectedly. "There can't be any danger, and some one may need our help."

They went down the bank slowly. Pausing occasionally to hear any noises from the hut, but all was still. That one shot was all that had disturbed that night's perfect peace.

When they reached the place they found the door open, but not a sign of any one about.

"You stay here until I investigate," said Quits, laying a hand on Douglas' arm. Esther was beginning to quiver with excitement.

Quits went in, and in a second or two they heard him exclaim in a muffled voice.

He appeared at the door a moment after, and his face was pale and stern.

"It's Jake. God's judgment has found him," he said.

Douglas and Esther went in with him. They stopped in front of the figure of the saloon-keeper, which was lying across a board, which rested on two empty beer kegs. He had been shot through the head, and apparently had been killed instantly. He lay on his back with his face turned upwards, and the light from a dirty kerosene lamp distorted his features into a ghastly grin. Quits laid the body out on the board and covered the face with a handkerchief, and the three went out from that presence awed at the event, to hurry back to the town and inform the officers. But on the way they met a detail coming to the scene. The shot had alarmed the police, and their investigation led later on to the apprehension of two of the guilty parties who were present. They protested that the shot had been fired in self-defense, and it probably was. But Jake Lawson's soul had gone to God, and it was along the track of violence that the liquor he had sold so often sent others. Verily it is true that in the history of men, it has come to pass very often that in ways we do not anticipate, He calls men to account. Yea, verily, the soul that sinneth it shall die; whether early or late, the summons is inevitable.

The death of Jake Lawson practically extinguished the last illegal liquor place in Colby. The facts brought out in the trial of the men who were present when he was killed strengthened the popular sentiment against the jointist. Douglas noted with increasing satisfaction, as the year came to a close, that all over the county it could truly be said that the saloon was extinguished.

* * *

Probably no one in the United States awaited the President's annual message that new year with more anticipation than Douglas. When he received the regular press edition for publication, he went at once into the office to glance it over.

It was divided with convenient subtitles, showing the different subjects treated. He looked down the columns, seeing familiar words like "Army and Navy," "The Conditions in the Philippines," "Trusts," "Reciprocity," "The Venezuela Matter," "The Isthmian Canal," "Labor Unions," "Report of Coal Arbitration Commission," etc. Then suddenly his eye paused at a new word:

"*The Liquor Business*"

"I wish to call the attention of the Congress to a peril which has for ages threatened civilization, and is to-day a source of more financial loss to the people, of more pauperism, crime, wretchedness and trouble than any other one thing in the Republic. The liquor business has been declared outlaw in several States of the Union. It is being declared, by legal option laws in nearly every State, to be, owing to its character and results, outlaw as a business. Last year this business took over $1,000,000,000 out of the pockets of rich and poor, and made both immeasurably poorer. I have no recommendation to make to the Congress by way of suggestion for the checking of this constant wrong to the country. But I call attention to the fact that in considering

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 103

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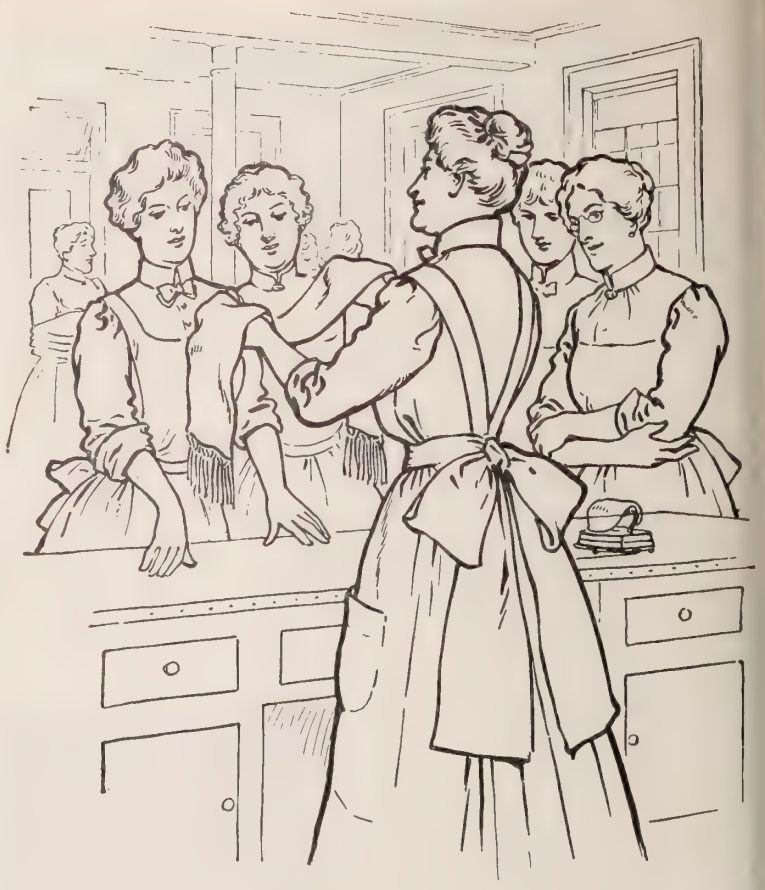

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THE NARROW GATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

...er matters of great commercial and ...ternational moment to us as a people, we ...ght not to ignore a matter so fraught ...th danger to our homes, to our legiti...te business success, and to our civili...zion as a whole."

...Douglas read it through and rushed out ...show the copy to Quits. Quits read it ...th a look of bewilderment on his honest ...e. The tears came.

"Mr. Douglas, this will do more to wipe ... the saloon than anything that has ...n done in this country by any one ...n."

"I believe it will, Quits. It's something ...ardly expected to live to see. I feel ...e getting down to pray right here."

...Quits turned and walked into the office. ...Douglas followed, and the two knelt ...wn. Their prayers were like songs of ...aise. When they rose, and looked into ...ch other's faces, there was the hope in ...em which men show when they see at ...e end of the straitened way, on the ...er side of the narrow gate, the rising of ...e sun of righteousness which floods the ...ls and valleys of the Kingdom of God.

...The President's message was the sen...sation of the year. Whatever else was ...erlooked, that one paragraph on the ...uor business was commented upon by ...ery paper, big and little, on both sides ...the water. The liquor men were furi...us. The politicians were dazed. The ...mperance people were overwhelmed ...th joy. The whole country rose up as ...e man under the excitement of that ...mple declaration, and realized that the ...eginning of the end had come for the ...ost iniquitous traffic, aside from that in ...esh and blood, that ever humanity en...dured.

* * *

...Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Sage, Quits, ...Jorge and his young wife, Douglas and ...Esher, are still living, and still working ...and praying for the good time coming ...when the saloon shall be no more. All ...of them have passed many times through ...the Narrow Gate of life. God grant to ...all of them a happy entrance into the ...Holy City. "For there shall be no night ...there."

THE END

The New York Mission Yacht

...At a recent meeting of the New York Mis...sion Yacht Association, the following ...Board of Directors was elected: President, C. ...B. Parsons, President of the Maritime Ex...change, New York; Treasurer, Howard Max...well, President Borough Bank of Brooklyn; ...Vice-president, Rev. M. E. Harlan, LL.D., First ...Church of Christ, Brooklyn, N. Y. Capt. ...George Benn was elected Corresponding Secre...tary. The Association's new yacht is equipped ...with twin screw engines, as well as sail power. ...She is much larger than the former yacht, the ...*Ilex*. The *Messenger* is plying among the ...shipping in New York Bay, and seamen are ...being led to Christ by workers on the Mis...sion Yacht.

...There came to this port last year 3,900 ...foreign ships, the crews of which aggregated ...15,000 men. Among these crews, many tons ...of literature were distributed. The Mission ...Yacht Association is planning to procure a ...large auto-car, with which to collect parcels ...of literature from private families in New ...York and Brooklyn and convey them to the ...Mission Yacht for the use of the sailors. ...The auto-car will also be used to circulate ...literature among seamen at sailors' boarding-...houses, and on ships at certain piers not easily ...reached with the Mission Yacht. Good liter...ature, and especially monthly magazines, are ...needed to stock up the Mission Yacht. A ...note to Capt. Benn, Box 157, Brooklyn, N. Y., ...will be promptly answered.

A Great Offer Repeated

...Last January we offered to our readers a ...limited number of copies of *Conversations ...with Christ*, the last and greatest book of ...Bishop John P. Newman. Within a few days, ...our stock was entirely exhausted, and we ...were obliged to refund a considerable sum of ...money to subscribers whose orders had ar...rived too late. We have recently been for...tunate in obtaining a small additional quantity ...of this inspiring book, and are thus enabled ...to repeat this exceptional offer.

"CONVERSATIONS WITH CHRIST,"

...by Bishop John P. Newman, 268 pages, bound ...in cloth, regular price $1, postage ten cents ...extra; our price, postage prepaid by us, only ...fifty cents. As there are only a limited num...ber of copies, act quickly if you expect to be ...fortunate enough to secure one. Address, ...THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPARTMENT, Bible House, New York City.

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You need not take our word for the truth of this statement (although we never knowingly exaggerate), but can read below the entirely unsolicited opinions of two leading experts. They know whereof they speak and do not hesitate to tell freely the plain truth,—as learned from their own inspection.

From the Atlantic

Professor Johnson, of *The American Agriculturist*, performed a similar office on behalf of the members of the agricultural and horticultural press present. Mr. Johnson said that the day had been one rare treat. . . . In speaking of the immensity of the Trial Grounds at FORDHOOK, Professor Johnson stated that those present would take home a lesson which would be remembered for many years. **There was not an experiment station in the United States, supported by State or national legislation, that had anything like the variety of tests that were conducted on the Fordhook Farms.** He said this in all fairness to the splendid work of the Experiment Stations. . . .

—*Extract from an Editorial account of* "A FIELD DAY AT FORDHOOK," *which appeared in* THE FLORISTS' EXCHANGE, *New York, July 4, 1903.*

From the Pacific

A careful seedsman's experiment grounds, like yours, it seems to me, are far more useful than any of the colleges or public experiment stations, as it is all practical work. **Your Fordhook Trial Grounds were the best of all my Eastern object-lessons, and I had many of them. I had no idea of their extent and value, not only to yourself, but to every one of your customers, and eventually to every one who cultivates the soil.**—*Thus wrote* LUTHER BURBANK, "*The Wizard of Horticulture*," *from Santa Rosa, California, October 20, 1900, upon his return from an extended eastern trip.*

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As heretofore, we do not attempt to compete *merely in price*. Our aim is to **excel in quality**, and the fact that in spite of fierce competition we still maintain the largest mail-order seed trade in the world is indisputable evidence that **BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW and are the BEST THAT GROW!** ☞Should you forget our full address, please remember that letters reach us safely if addressed simply **BURPEE, Philadelphia.**

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25 Cts. buys all the above Eight Elegant New Tall Sweet Peas, and in each collection we enclose our NEW LEAFLET ON CULTURE FOR 1904.

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we mail one full-size packet each of **all seven distinct types:** The beautiful **Dwarf Liliput** in best mixture,—the unequaled mixture, **Burpee's "Gorgeous" New Tom Thumb,**—the interesting small-leaved **Tom Pouce,**—the brightly colored **Lobb's Finest Mixed,**—the superbly brilliant new and unequaled mixture of **Burpee's Hotspur Harlequin,**—the gracefully artistic **Ivy-Leaved,** and the finest **Burpee's New Superb Giant-flowered Nasturtiums.** In the large bag enclosing each collection is included our NEW LEAFLET on culture.

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For 25 Cts. we mail one packet each of all the following: **Little Gem SWEET ALYSSUM,** carpets the ground with a mass of white,—**Fordhook Favorites among ASTERS,** embracing many of the choicest types,—**Burpee's Defiance BALSAMS,** in unequaled mixture, including the new *Exquisite*,—**Dwarf Marguerite CARNATIONS,** in finest colors,—**Burpee's New Giant-flowered NASTURTIUMS,** in unequaled mixture,—**Royal Prize PANSIES,** both free-flowering and giant varieties,—**Largest-flowering PHLOX DRUMMONDII,** as grown by ourselves,—**Fordhook Fairy POPPIES,** most graceful double flowers, in many colors,—a large packet of **Burpee's New Grand Tall SWEET PEAS,** as specially prepared for 1904, and a small packet of **the most beautiful New PLUMED CELOSIAS.** *This novelty is likely to give such rare delight to all flower lovers as to be alone worth the quarter paid for all ten packets!*

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Above Five are all shown, painted from nature, on the cover or plates in our Catalogue. ☞Perhaps there are named above one or two vegetables that you do not care for. Therefore you *may omit* any of the above, and instead **select a packet of either** the New DANISH ROUNDHEAD CABBAGE,—the unequaled CHINESE GIANT PEPPER,—the earliest HAILSTONE RADISH,—the delicious FORDHOOK BUSH SQUASH, or the New QUARTER-CENTURY STRAIN OF BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA BEAN.

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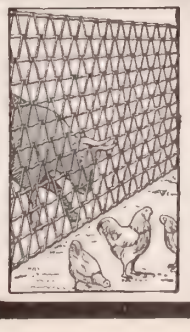

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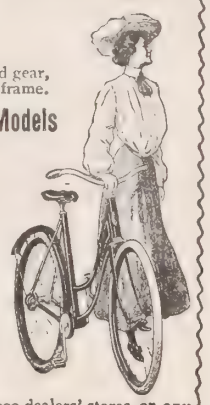

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Scenes in Quaint World-old Moukden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

made to provide abundant and cheap transportation. Russia has spent millions of dollars in building and developing Dalny alone, besides her tremendous expenditures in railroads, and it is reported that she now contemplates putting at least one million European farmers, all Russian, in the Far Eastern section. These facts clearly indicate that the whole of the territory in dispute will shortly become one of the greatest importance, and a sharp struggle between the commercial nations is inevitable. In this struggle American manufacturers have already begun to take an active part. Even if peace comes to the present disturbed condition of Far Eastern affairs, there is little doubt that the world will shortly witness one of the greatest battles for commercial supremacy that has ever been known.

From Copyright Stereographs by Underwood & Underwood

RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD

Manchuria, like Thibet, was long regarded as a "forbidden land." With the Russian invasion, however, its exclusiveness disappeared. When the great trans-Siberian railway was built, there were at one time not less than 150,000 Cossacks in Manchurian territory. There are probably as many to-day. It is said that Russia has over 100,000 soldiers guarding the line of the railroad alone, so that uninterrupted transportation may be assured if it should become necessary to hasten fresh Russian legions to Port Arthur.

Aboriginally, the Manchus were Tartars, as were the early natives of Mongolia and Turkestan. They belong to the same stock from which has sprung the Chinese, Tungusians, Japanese, Koreans and Thibetans. But the Manchus are rather the descendants of a number of nomad clans than a nation by themselves.

Physically, they are short, with pleasant features, oblique eyes, high cheek-bones and dark, ruddy complexions. As a rule, they are bright and intelligent. This general description applies to southern and central Manchuria; the tribes living in the extreme north are still semi-barbarous. The civilized Manchurian of the present day differs very little from the Chinese of the south.

Moukden, the new "open port"—which is said to have been founded in 1625—is really a fine city of the first class, with strong walls, a mile long on each side. There is also an inner wall, which encloses an ancient yellow-tiled palace, which no "barbarians" are permitted to enter. There is, besides, a "Temple of Heaven," smaller than the famous one at Pekin, and a "Temple of Earth." In the suburbs is the Fuling, or "Happy Tomb," where lies buried Nurhachu, founder of the Manchu dynasty. Parks, fountains, shrubberies, pagodas and flowering trees are abundant and beautiful.

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

SITTING at the feet of Jesus,
Hid away with him alone,
Looking, loving, list'ning, learning,
Bethany for us his own.
There our hearts are filled with longings,
Jesus and his love to know,
Deeply yearning, truly praying,
More and more like him to grow.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Looking up with eyes so dim,
Lifting hearts oft heavy laden,
Sweetly smiling back to him.
E'en when all seems dark and dreary,
Peace and strength for us await,
Just believing they are seeing—
His eyes, all compassionate.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Learning lessons—how to give
All for him, our blessed teacher,
How to love and how to live.
Never wearied with our coming,
Sinful, careworn—thrilled with song,
Sitting at his feet, our Jesus
Wants and draws us oft and long.

Orange, N. J. NELLIE L. YATMAN.

They Love "The Christian Herald"

A friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in South Bend, Ind., writes:

"My mother has been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. My children are all using the *Red Letter Bible* put out by you, and all the members of the family are enthusiastic subscribers and admirers of the dignity, the gracefulness and distinguished worth of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. With greetings and best wishes believe me," etc.

Helping the Sailors

The Seamen's Christian Association, No. 399 West street, New York, is doing an excellent work among seafaring men, as the following statistics for the month of November, 1903, show: Aggregate attendance, 5,577; Gospel services held, 27; average attendance, 72. Meals and temporary lodgings are supplied to deserving cases. Ships and hospitals are visited regularly and relief administered. This Association is deserving of support by those who have the interest of the sailors at heart.

Without MACBETH on it what can you expect of a lamp-chimney!

You need to know how to manage your lamps to have comfort with them at small cost. Better read my Index; I send it free.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Clergymen

and others having money to invest safely and profitably, whether in large or small amounts, should write the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings of Pittsburgh, Pa., for a copy of their new booklet, No. 18. It gives full particulars about the bank, its new plan of money saving, safe investments, Banking by Mail, etc.

This bank is one of the strongest, most capable and conservatively managed financial institutions in the country. It was founded in 1862 and its Assets are in excess of $14,000,000.00. It receives on deposit any sum from $1.00 up and pays Four per cent. interest, compounded twice yearly.

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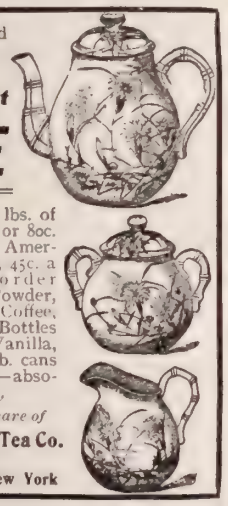

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

C. R. T., Easton, Pa. When was the first revival of religion? Can you give a satisfactory answer?

In Gen. 4: 26, in the days of Enos, it is recorded for the first time that men "began to call upon the name of the Lord." The race had sinned and fallen away from God and this was the first revival.

Reader, Turlock, Calif. Is it right for an active Christian to raise and plant such product as wine-grapes, and sell to be reproduced into wine?

We believe the drink evil to be such a blight upon our age and civilization, and the cause of so much sin and misery, that we consider it the duty of every Christian to fight it at all points and make no compromise. Therefore to Reader's question, we say unconditionally—No.

C. S., Alliance, O. Some time ago I saw it stated that the Forum at Rome, the ruins of which are yet seen, was built by the Emperor Trajan. Is this correct? Gibbon, in the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 1, chap. 19, A.D. 357, in speaking of the Emperor Constantius' visit to Rome, says that "he harangued the people from the tribunal which Cicero had so often ascended," and that he "admired the stately structure of the Forum" and "Trajan's column."

There were two kinds of forum, one being the *fora venalia*, or market-places, the other *fora civilia*, or law courts. Until Julius Cæsar's time, there was but one of the latter kind, which was termed the *Forum Romanorum*, or simply forum. In the early part of Rome's history, only one place was so-called. It was a level space between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. During the republic there was only one forum, but under the empire there were several. Those of Julius, Augustus, and Nerva belong to the *fora civilia*. The forums of Trajan, Sallust, Diocletian and Aurelian were merely public lounges.

J. S. G., Clarion, Ia. 1. Is it right for a Christian to have his photograph (or likeness) taken? 2. Can a Christian be justified to have his life insured?

We see no harm in either. The first may be desired by friends as a souvenir of the giver and as a memento; the second may be necessary for business reasons, or as a provision for wife and children.

Inquirer, Passaic, N. J. Are we bound to help Korea, in the event of that country appealing to us? This question came up in a discussion here, a few days ago.

We are bound by the treaty, negotiated in 1882, under which we acquired certain commercial privileges in Korea, to give our friendly offices and support to that country, in certain contingencies, should the Korean government appeal. This does not mean war, but merely friendly counsel and moral support. It is quite distinct from a treaty involving an alliance, offensive and defensive. We have no such alliance with any country on earth.

Miss D. W., Aptakisic, Ill. Who were the parents of the first colored people and where can we find about them?

See Genesis 9: 25, 26, 27, which indicates the origin of the negro race. In the tenth chapter (verses 6 to 20 inclusive), the descendants of Ham are mentioned. Josephus, in Book I, chapter 6, of the *Antiquities*, gives a further explanation gleaned from ancient traditions.

Reader. How and where was the name of Dives applied in the parable of Lazarus and the rich man?

Dives is a name applied to one who is rich and lives daintily or sumptuously. It is not, of course, a real name, but rather a descriptive adjective, which is used as a name, as though we should say "Mr. Well-to-do," "Mr. Million," etc. One ancient writer gives Nimeusis as the real name of the rich man, but nothing is really known of it.

Constant Reader, Bridgeport, W. Va. How is it that Paul calls himself (Rom. 1: 1) a "servant" of Jesus Christ, and yet in Galatians 4: 7 he says that Christians are no longer servants but sons?

In the epistle to the Galatians Paul is warning his readers against coming under the bondage of the law. They were Gentiles, and in Paul's absence some Jewish Christians had told them they must obey the ceremonial and dietary laws. He tells them to pay no heed to such teachers. They are not under the rudimentary discipline of servants, but have received adoption as sons. But even sons may and should serve their Heavenly Father. Paul was proud to be in that service, and his words might have been misunderstood had he begun his letter with, "Paul, a son of God." He was conscious of sonship, but consecrated his life to Christ as a servant.

Rev. G. S. P., Harmony, Pa. I see by your *Crown Encyclopedia*, that the new substance, radium, is quoted as worth $1,000,000 per pound; while in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of issue of Dec. 30. (in Dr. S. G. Tracy's article), it is quoted as worth $4,000,000 per pound, or $6,000 per gram. In your issue of Jan. 6, it is quoted at $2,000 per gram. Are there different qualities of radium, or are these different estimates of the same quality of the substance?

These are different estimates of the value of the same substance. So little is yet known about radium, and the substance itself is so rare, that it is impossible to get even scientists to agree concerning its value. It is practically priceless.

A. C. A., Chadron, Neb. Is there any hope of forgiveness for a certain sin mentioned in Leviticus, if the sinner is truly penitent?

That sin is clearly included in the general assurance of I. John 1: 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." You may be quite sure that any person who has been guilty of it and has repented, and finally and fully abjured it and has sought pardon through Christ, will be forgiven.

S. H. Y., Lecoma, Mo. Why should not Christians throughout the world subscribe to purchase Palestine, and present it to the Jews? We are indebted to them, and a very small contribution from each Christian would probably suffice.

The difficulty is not one of money. The Jews could easily provide the money themselves, if the Turkish Government would sell. They have offered to lease the land through the Zionist movement, but even that appears to have been rejected, or at least not definitely accepted, though Dr. Herzl hopes yet to negotiate such an arrangement.

Allen C., Stahl, Mo. What is the size of a cubit, in inches?

The length of a cubit has varied at different times. It is supposed to have been equal to six palms or hand-breadths, or about twenty-one inches.

Mrs. S. P. T., San Anselmo, Calif. If, as Paul contends (I. Cor, 15: 22), the effects of Christ's atonement are as universal and as potent as those of Adam's transgression, how is it that restoration has not been effected?

It is much easier to fall than to rise again. It is, of course, conceivable, that God by one supreme act might have restored all mankind, but, in his wisdom, he chose a different course. He desired that men should seek restoration voluntarily, and not by compulsion. It is a much surer and nobler way, but a more protracted one. When a child is guilty of a fault, an impatient parent may punish him and there let the matter end, but a wiser parent would try to get the child to realize that his wrongdoing is foolish as well as wicked, and might allow him to suffer the consequences, while providing him with the means of atonement, and promising him restoration on evidence of contrition. That child would be less likely to fall again, and would have a greater horror of wrongdoing. Christ's atonement is, as Paul says, as potent, for all who will avail themselves of it.

C. F. H., New Tripoli, Pa. If an employer wishes to correct an employee, and does not tell the employee to the face, but hints at an innocent person instead, is that fair dealing?

It is indirect. There may be circumstances in which it would not be wise to administer a direct rebuke, but there is no excuse for implicating or reflecting upon an innocent person.

L. N. D., Oyster Bay, N. Y. I am sending you my "tenth" and a little more, for suffering Macedonia, for I feel after reading of the privations of those poor, homeless people in the winter season, that I must do something or stand self-convicted of neglecting a great duty and privilege. Let me suggest that you ask the churches, Sunday Schools and societies to take steps to help the cause. I feel sure you would get such an answer as would help to save many lives.

We thank you for the suggestion, and hope that it may find an echo in many other generous hearts among the readers of THE MAIL-BAG.

A Reader, Hermet, Calif. Is it true that neither D. L. Moody nor C. H. Spurgeon were ever ordained to the ministry? To what denomination did they belong?

Neither of them was ordained, nor did either pass through a theological college. Mr. Moody, in his preaching and work, was undenominational, but we believe he considered himself a Congregationalist. Mr. Spurgeon was a Baptist, but not of the close communion type. No one could become a member of his church without being baptized by immersion; but all believers, whether baptized by immersion or sprinkling, were welcome to sit down with his church at the Lord's table.

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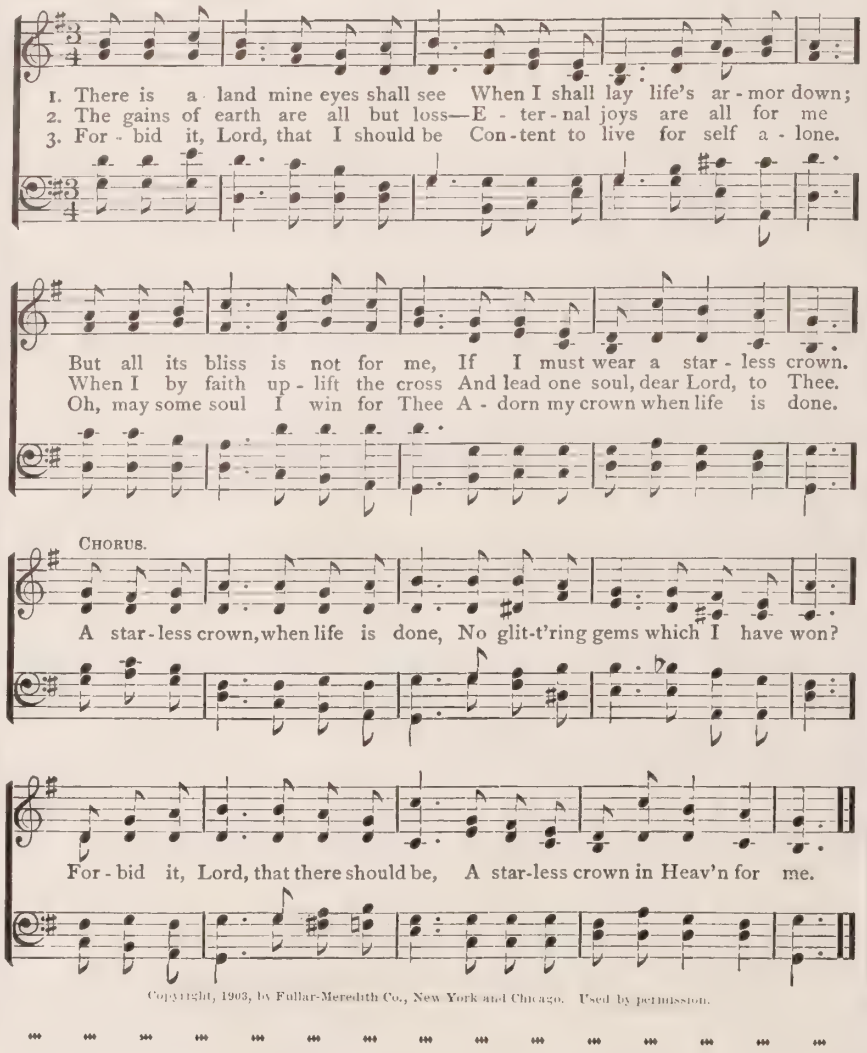

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Eaton, O. "God has heard and answered my prayer many times. While yet speaking to him he answers. I was led by a sainted mother to take everything to God in prayer. I will ever trust in my Heavenly Father."

An Old Subscriber, Onawa. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answer to prayer. I was in great trouble, and I asked him to help me and he answered. I have received many answers to prayer. Bless his name."

D. H., Alexander, Minn. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering special prayers."

Mrs. H. R. C., Marengo, Ill. "God has answered many of my prayers, and an especial one he answered; and I am so thankful to him, I wish to acknowledge his goodness to the world."

L. M. DeW., Delhi, N. Y "If we pray in faith, God will hear our prayers. I have been praying and God heard and answered. Oh that we might have more faith in prayer."

Mrs. C. S., Northville, Mich. "I have had many prayers answered. I am a strong believer in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Praise his holy name forever."

B. M., Camden, N. Y. "God has heard and answered my prayer, and I thank him more than words can express. I believe if we come to him in the right spirit he will always hear and answer our prayers."

L. E. M., Siena City, Calif. "I have many times had answers to prayer, and I thank God for his kindness to me."

M. H. H., Mamna, N. Y. "I have had two direct answers to prayer, and I praise God for them."

M. A. E. M., Waxahachie, Tex. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would proclaim it to the world. I was in great trouble. I prayed much and God has answered. Blessed be his name."

Mrs. M. L. H., Weatherford, Tex. "I wish to testify with so many others, that God does answer prayer. I have prayed for help in my hour of need and the help has come."

M. A. L. K., Fowler, Md. "I know God answers prayer. I have asked him to help me. He gives me a trusting faith. I have had my prayers answered in different ways, yet always for my good."

Reader, McLouth, Kans. "I promised if the Lord would hear my prayer and restore a dear one back to health, I would acknowledge it to the world. My prayers have been answered many times."

Reader, Wrightsville, Pa. "I prayed long for a dear one. Thank God, I believe the change of heart has taken place."

Mrs. J. W. T., Polaski, Va. "I wish to acknowledge the answer to a special prayer a year ago. I have had direct answer to prayer, and now publicly acknowledge it with gratitude."

M. J. G., Castleton, Ill. "I find that whatever I earnestly ask God for and trust to receive, he never fails to give. I wish all who are in trouble would cast their burdens upon him."

E. M. C., Bradford, Pa. "I want to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to me in answering prayers. I know he is a prayer-answering God."

C. H. B., Yarmouth, N. S. "I have had so many answered prayers during the past few years, and realized the fact so clearly, that I wish to add my testimony, believing that it may increase the faith of some who are looking to God for all things, but in much weakness. I wish to give God the glory for all he has done for me."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a mine of wealth to me in many ways. If I want information about almost any place on the globe, with illustrations, I find it in my file of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I have had since 1898. For missionary programmes or W. C. T. U., and now in the "Bible Study of the Life of Christ," which a company of young (and old) people are pursuing in our church, the Bible pictures are eagerly welcomed, as I present them each week according to theme—Palestine, Africa, Syria, Morocco, Thibet, South America, Lapland, India, China, Japan, Corea, Egypt, Temperance news. I cannot begin to tell you how much and how valuable has been the information obtained for the various topics always coming up, and how satisfactory to all. Normal students also apply to me, if they want a complete history of, say, Thanksgiving—there it is all ready in compact form—a programme to give out to their children—so satisfactory because so reliable. I am glad of the opportunity to tell you how grateful I am for this "abundant in good works" paper. MRS. L. A. CLARK.

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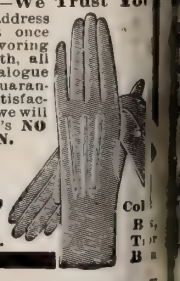

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A MISSIONARY'S HAPPY VISIT

MISS BREWER, FROM GUNTUR, INDIA, TELLS OF HER EXPERIENCES IN NEW YORK CITY

IT was my privilege to enjoy, recently, a very pleasant visit to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I am glad for the opportunity to share with the readers of that worthy paper some of the thoughts and reminiscences the visit brought forth. When one has been a sojourner as a missionary for more than seven years in a foreign country, such a person is always glad to come in contact with anything pertaining to that land; thus I was specially glad to be conducted directly to the India room, or the room where all matters pertaining to India are managed and looked after.

The hearty greeting from the ladies in charge was much appreciated, as also from the editors, who came in for a Christian handclasp—Dr. Klopsch came from the eager crowd, demanding his attention.

MISS JESSIE BREWER

It is singular how hungry one's eyes become for a sight of the common things in the land of adoption, and, in that India room, I could "feast my eyes" on turbans, anklets, bangles and such like things, for you will find a cabinet there containing a splendid representative collection of India curios. Best of all was to see the large ledger, containing the names of the thousands of India orphans, and a corresponding number of names of those having the great joy and privilege of living in America, and who are nobly supporting the orphans. Let me tell you who are supporting orphans, that you will never be able to realize in this world what an immense amount of good you are doing, by making it possible for some poor skeleton of a heathen child to become strong in body and strong in the One True God. Have you ever thought that when your body is beyond work, and resting in the grave, the one whom you helped to physical and spiritual strength will be winning souls from heathen darkness, which, had you not sent the money to educate an orphan or two, would be left to believe that their spirits would enter some animal at death, instead of going to dwell in the mansions prepared by our Saviour, in whom they have learned to trust? And to you who do not support orphans, or wish to discontinue such support—you lose the joy that comes by "doing unto one of the least of these?"

As I looked over the list of almost one hundred and fifty who are cared for in our General Synod Lutheran Mission, at Guntur, India, they came trooping before my mind's eye; especially the girls, whom I "mothered" for eighteen months, and little Sajana, who was too much of a baby boy to leave his three sisters and go over with the boys. Here they come! in their rags and bones from the adjoining camp, and later from farther north, where we helped to relieve an overcrowded camp; some of the later ones too reduced and sick to raise their heads. The life flickered away from some of them, although the noble women doctors and trained nurses in our hospital did all in their power to save them. But look at those of whom it was said, "they cannot get well," see the strength and activity now! and that one of whom we were told, before we brought her to the hospital, "She will likely always be lame," and now see her walk off happily to church in line with the others, and with scarcely a limp! Then that one of whom I heard last week, "Ruby is getting on so well." Oh, I shall always remember her little bones, as I held her on my lap, coming to Guntur, and her pitiful wail for food, of which we had to be sparing lest we would quench the last spark of life. Does all the trouble and worry we have with them pay? Indeed it pays!

You, who are supporting orphans in the General Synod Lutheran Mission, will be glad to know that the orphanage buildings are nearing completion, and that Rev. and Mrs. A. O. Becker will soon be settled in the midst of the orphans, to whom they will act in the capacity of father and mother, for which position they are both well adapted. There will be a bungalow (house) for the missionaries, one for the girls, and one for the boys—in all three buildings. They are now in crowded quarters, and it will be much better for them when they are moved to the larger buildings.

I feel, for the sake of you who support orphans in our Mission, that I should tell you of the satisfaction I received by a visit to the India room of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In comparison, our work is as systematic and thorough as in any of the other missions, and I was more happy than ever for the privilege that God gave me in having a little personal share in the work of helping those destitute little ones to be strong physically and spiritually in the Lord. All who have a share in the work by helping financially, may feel proud of what you are doing, and, on that last great day, may expect to hear those welcome words addressed to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant." JESSIE BREWER,
Williamsport, Pa. Missionary on furlough.

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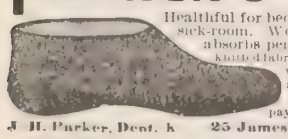

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An Ex-Policeman's Testimony

A Career of Dissipation and Infamy Changed to Christian Service

VARIED are the methods employed by the Holy Spirit, in the transformation of character. It may encourage some of your readers, who have relatives disgracing them, and who are well nigh hopeless of their redemption, to have the story of one who seemed beyond hope, yet who, by the power of God's grace, has been redeemed, and is now a living testimony to the might of the Gospel. It is the story of ex-policeman John E. Brown.

Mr. Brown was born in New York City, nearly thirty-five years ago. His first work was that of a painter, but he abandoned that trade to become a policemen, when he was twenty-one years of age. He joined the Brooklyn force, and was attached to the twelfth precinct for over three years. During that time, the habit of drinking intoxicants, which he had already formed, increased. Officer Brown could get as many free drinks as he wished, and though he was seldom intoxicated, it was just as seldom that he was quite sober. He had an ambition to become a saloon-keeper, and finally resigned from the

EX-POLICEMAN BROWN AND HIS DAUGHTER

force to embark in that business. Providentially his plan was thwarted. There is little doubt that, had he opened a saloon, he would by this time be filling a drunkard's grave.

He succeeded in obtaining employment as a private detective in the Pinkerton Agency, and worked for two or three years in that capacity; but he had imbibed such a love for rum that nobody wanted him.

On March 24, 1900, Brown's drinking habits had reached a climax. He had not been sober in several weeks and was on the verge of *delirium tremens*. His misery was extreme, and he hurried out to a saloon, where he thought he might meet some one who would treat him, that he might forget his troubles.

He remembers sitting down and getting liquor at the expense of some one, but after an hour or two he lost the capacity of remembering anything. When he recovered consciousness, he was staggering on the sidewalk at midnight, bleeding profusely from cuts about the head and face; an ambulance was summoned, but he staggered home before it arrived. He believed that he was going to die, and he wished to die at home. When he reached home, his wife and children fled for their lives. They were afraid of him. He fell in a heap on the floor.

In speaking of this night, Brown says: "I tried to pray, but words failed me. I felt I was dying, and I must ask God to give me one more chance. He had indeed given me thousands, but I wanted one more, so I cried, 'O God, I am a poor drunkard, but please give me one more chance, and I will never touch the drink again.' God heard my prayer and gave me the chance that I had asked for. I slept during the night, and in the morning was somewhat sobered. I knew what I had promised God the night before, but where to turn I knew not. Wandering through the rooms of my home, half crazed with misery, my eyes lighted on an old Bible, so tattered and worn that no one would buy it, otherwise it would have been sold long before. It crossed my mind that in my agonizing prayer, the previous night, I was in touch with God, and as this was his Word, I had better look into it. I opened it, and by chance—no chance it seemed to me, but a direct message from God—I read Matthew 6:33, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.' I fell on my knees, then and there, and prayed as I had never prayed before. I rose at last, feeling that God had heard."

In a few days Brown was on his feet again, sobered and in his right mind. Old things had passed away, all things had become new. He has become a zealous worker for Christ. His motto is, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." (CHAPLAIN) J. J. MUNRO.

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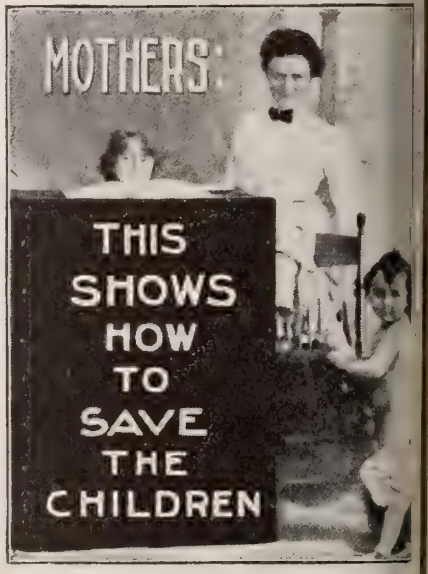

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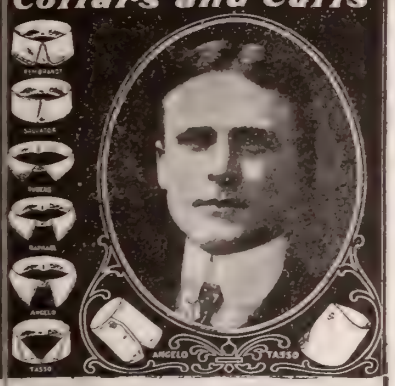

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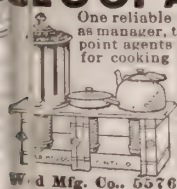

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MODERN DELUSIONS

Mistaken Ideas of Creed and Worship Prevalent in These Days

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

STRONG delusion is in the air—the atmosphere of "this present evil world" is full of it. Men will believe a lie, and delude themselves and others, because "they receive not the love of the truth that they may be saved." How could a more possible condition have been imposed on men than to repent and believe? And yet, so obstinate is man's belief in himself, in his own goodness, and in his own resources, that only a very small minority, even of those who have Bibles and hear the Gospel, really repent and believe to the saving of their souls?

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man," said our God, one hundred and twenty years before the flood. And men went on sinning and rejecting God, with the testimony in their midst of such a man as Noah, who continually preached righteousness and lived it; and God gave them up to the destruction of the flood. Is God giving men up now to the strong delusion which we see springing up in so many forms and in many lands? We read of a church being organized, which claims to show its members how to connect themselves with higher forces through the power of mental concentration. In this way it is said that persons may choose the form and conditions of their reincarnation, which may take place nine days after the spirit leaves the body, but not sooner.

Can it be credited that men will go to such lengths in that sin which made the inhabitants of Canaan intolerable to God, so that he commanded their extermination?

The total disregard of God, defiance, and wilful ignorance of God, by such among so-called Christians as give themselves up to this essence of heathenism, is appalling. We can only think that they have sinned against light, and God has given them up to strong delusion. God bears long with man before he comes to such a point as this. But there are those who do know the Bible sufficiently to recognize and to avoid such damning sin as this, who yet are most unwilling to make the Bible their rule of life. They go with the multitude; they must be in the fashion; they must do as other people do; they will not be peculiar. "Everybody does it," say those who are members of churches, but who, encouraged by the church concerts, church dances, and church bazaars, argue that what is the right thing when presided over by the vicar or the minister, is a right thing anywhere. So more and more they give rein to the flesh; the taste for God's Word grows less and less; they cannot attend the prayer-meeting; they do their best to influence their ministers to make the church services more musical; good voices are obtained, irrespective of the spiritual condition of the choir; the flesh is pleased, the service is enjoyed by the people, and they pride themselves that they are neither narrow nor peculiar. Strong delusion!

Yes, strong delusion. In the church councils, does the question arise, Is God pleased with our church services? Does he find in them that which he is seeking for? "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him" (John 4: 24). Is it a worship in spirit and in truth when paid singers, in the intervals between the singing of most holy words, talk one to the other about all manner of things? If they were singing in the spirit, could they so easily turn to their own spirit? Is it worshiping in truth to sing the chant, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation," when they have no assurance that they are saved at all? Is it truth when they sing in a continually-lengthening drawl, "And take not thy Holy Spirit from us," when they have never yet known anything of the Spirit's power? Is it not then a "strong delusion," that God is served by that which does not please him? No amount of externalism can be a substitute for the broken, contrite, conquered, surrendered heart, which worships "in spirit and in truth." Without this, all supposed worship has in it the element of strong delusion, that God is pleased when he is not.

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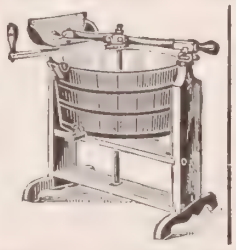

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WHO is there that has not at some time felt the need of a true friend? Times come to us all, when the sky lowers and there is trouble weighing upon us. Whatever the cause may be, the burden is very heavy, and for a time, the sufferer feels that a death that would deliver him, would be welcome. In such circumstances, how the whole situation appears to change, if some real friend comes and utters words of sympathy and encouragement. The burden is just as heavy, but one feels better able to bear it. The story Gough loved to tell was of an experience of that kind. It was a day or two after he had signed the pledge. He was cold and miserable, and was shaking from head to foot. He knew that a glass of whisky would brace him up. He knew that any doctor who examined him would say he ought to have it, but he had abjured it. Could he bear the misery? He thought not. In the crisis, a gentleman met him, and said how glad he was to hear he had signed the pledge. "You are having a bad time, I suppose," said his friend, "but I hope you will stick to it. I am sorry for you; but I hope you will be able to bear the trouble, without going back to your enemy." He grasped Gough's hand, and the poor, trembling creature's eyes filled with tears, as he said, "Thank you, sir, I think I can bear it now." Those few words decided the conflict, and Gough was saved. How many such opportunities of helping another we suffer to pass away, unused.

David's plight was a sad one. He had delivered his people from the giant; he had charmed away the king's melancholia with his music; but Saul's insane jealousy possessed him. David was liable at any moment to fall a victim to the king's ungovernable rage, and he was innocent of wrong-doing. It must have seemed strange to him, that God did not interfere to protect and vindicate him. To the man so worried and harassed, how precious must have been the sympathy and fidelity of Jonathan! The very man, apparently, who would suffer most by David's advancement; the man who must give up in David's favor his hope of succeeding to the throne, remained faithful to him in his trial, and saved his life at the risk of his own. Few men in his circumstances would have been so magnanimous. David's burden was heavy; but it must have been easier to bear after Jonathan had spoken to him.

Real friendship, however, cannot be one-sided. The opportunities of proving it may fall to the one or the other, but the love must be in both. David's kindness, in after years, to Jonathan's son, simply and solely because he was the son of his old friend, shows that David fully reciprocated Jonathan's love. So, we naturally suspect a man who has no friends, of being an unfriendly man. The suspicion is not always just, because true friendship is rare, and adversity winnows away all other kinds. But it is often true that the man who has no friends is himself responsible for the condition. If he is mean, or deceitful, or treacherous, he is not likely to have friends. Those qualities alienate and repel men. On the other hand, he who is kind at heart, who is eager to help another, whose unselfishness and sympathy are evident, attracts others and, as the dramatist says, "Grapples them to him with hooks of steel." A man must have been very unfortunate in his relations, rare as real friendship is, if he has had an experience such as Cowper describes, who, when his servant asked for leave of absence that he might go and see a friend, said:

> Get me my hat and coat, John, though the night be raw,
> I'll see him, too,—the first I ever saw.

Real friendship does exist. Human nature would be poor, indeed, if it did not. Those who move much among the very poor, tell us of instances so noble and pathetic as to be startling. For it does not need that a man have money in order to prove himself a friend. Personal sympathy and personal service prove it much more surely. The one essential quality is unselfishness, that quality which, if it were more prevalent, would transform the world.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 14. 1 Samuel 20. 1-23.

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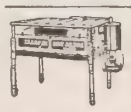

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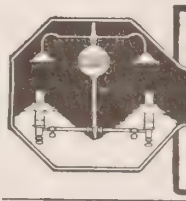

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The seizes, that follows; both droop with the day.
Eternity's ebb ever swelleth and floweth.
To whom Time's vastness who knoweth? Who knoweth?

Who seeth the sights which lie open to view
In ice-fettered arctics, where dwarfed spirits dwell?
In snow-shrouded forests, where brawn woodmen hew?
In sun-gladdened tropics, where fragrant fruits swell?
The second, faithful father whom sleep early fleeth,
The meek mother, mending, who seeth? Who seeth?

Who careth for all who have ease, or must toil
In damp mine, or dark mill, in mart or off shore?
Who bids where the swain sows, or rives the rough soil?
Who mug volumes where genius contributes to lore?
Or each who the lot of his fellow-man shareth,
Or hardened beast, bruised bird, or sad child, who careth?

Who feeleth the throes that o'erburden the soul
When death drapes the door, or when birth brings her joy?
The poverty pines under greed's grim control
While luxury tosses her wealth like a toy?
The pendency's dross which the self-slain concealeth,
Man's pain, or man's pleasure who feeleth? Who feeleth?

Who, 'neath the blue vault; the wide main; the proud hills.
Reveals there the mute message that Nature has penned.
Who measure of wisdom he stints or he fills.
Who wit boots it to beg or beginning, or end?
The finite bounds or Jehovah's great plan
Forever, will never be, mortal's to scan.

Who the mad comets rush, or where lone asters fall;
Where spheres are in harmony rolling through space;
Who the land teems with verdure, or peaks tower tall;
Where waves mount, mid-ocean, or spurn earth's embrace;
Who the wild torrents tumble, where still water floweth,
And welleth. He seeth. He feeleth. He knoweth.

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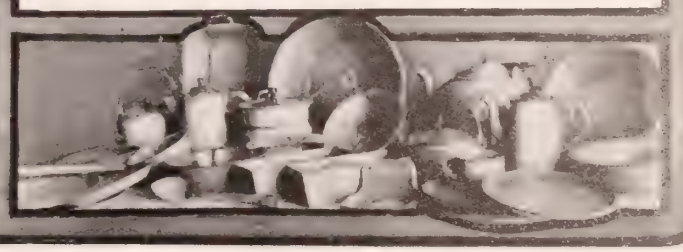

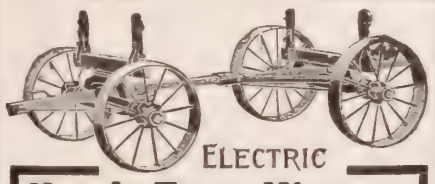

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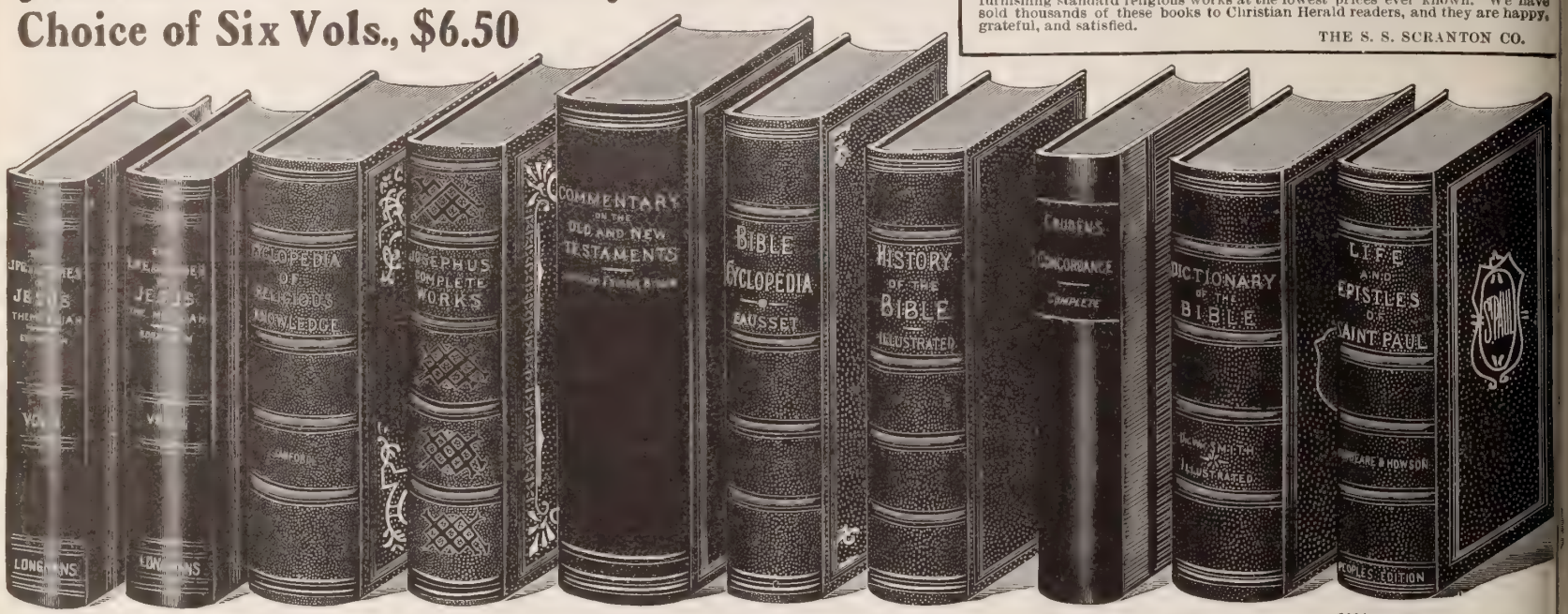

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SEE PAGE 122

Daily Breakfast at One A. M. for Homeless Men and Boys at the Bowery Mission

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

W E. M., Geyserville, Calif. Did Christ or his apostles ever use fiction in teaching or preaching?

They used parables, choosing for that purpose, by way of illustration, many of the familiar incidents of every-day life—in nature, in the home, in the marts of business, in the professions and in the various handicrafts of the Orient. It was not necessary to invent, or to draw upon the fancy, when the most pertinent and striking subjects for the purpose of giving point to their teachings were ready at hand. Even when the lesson to be conveyed was purely spiritual, it had its illustrative basis in conditions that were not imaginary, but must have been familiar to hearers generally.

Subscriber, Oswego, Kan. Is it morally wrong for a Christian to loan money at a rate above the rate prescribed by law in the State, when a thorough understanding and agreement is entered into between the parties?

It is usury for a lender, under any circumstances, to exact more than the legal rate of interest, whether he does so with the full knowledge and consent of the borrower, or takes advantage of the necessities of the latter and compels him to pay the exorbitant figure. Such an act is wrong, both morally and legally.

J. U. B., Van Leer, Tenn. Was Christ ever a carpenter by trade?

He appears, according to the custom of the times, to have learned the trade of Joseph. This view is adopted by Justin Martyr, Theodorus, Sozomen, Neander and other early Christian writers. See Mark 6: 3, where the people are represented as asking: "Is not this the carpenter?"

H. S. B., Bedford, N. H., writes:

I wish we could have a CHRISTIAN HERALD Band, and that all of the readers would join and pray for the temperance cause. When I think of so many young men ruined by intemperance, and so many dear children suffering, I feel like crying to God that those who make our laws might see the need of laws that would put a stop to the drink traffic.

Emeline D., Newark, N. J. Is it a physiological fact that a man's or woman's vocation has an influence on the expression of his face?

His vocation may not, but his leading traits of character will and do find expression in his face. A cruel man cannot have a kind face. Then there are the money-getting face, with its hard, set lines, and all the soft curves and graces gone; the philosophic face, that reflects noble qualities of mind; the artistic face; the dogmatic face; the belligerent, brutal face; the stony, agnostic face; the emotional face, that betokens a warm, loving, impulsive heart, etc.

W. R. M., Paris, Ill. 1. Are musical instruments an innovation in worship of God? 2. What does Amos. 5: 23; 6: 5, and Isa. 5: 12; 14: 11 mean?

1. By no means. You will find in the Bible that even in the most ancient times, harps, cymbals, lutes, and a great variety of other instruments, were employed in temple worship, not only by the Jews but by other natives. 2. These passages mean that the Lord took no pleasure in offerings, or praise, or temple service, when the heart was enmity toward God and the life one of sin and hypocrisy.

Mr. Benjamin Wheelock, Baltimore, Md., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for July 22, 1903, there was a notice of a letter of mine in our primitive Methodist journal relating to John King, as the first pledged total abstainer in England. But in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD it is stated, "John King did not keep himself sober when he had signed the moderation pledge."

What I stated was, when J. King went from house to house with tracts advocating the moderation pledge, which some of the people had signed, had got drunk on beer or ale. I did not state J. King got drunk.

In THE HERALD it is stated, "Rev. Mr. Wheelock says John King was chosen by Prince Albert to lead a great demonstration of abstainers at the International Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park." In the year 1851 there was an International Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park. The Temperance members of London and the provincial towns resolved on having a gathering of abstainers to make a large procession on a certain day, to go as a body into the Crystal Palace. The Palace Commissioners, of which Prince Albert was one, agreed that the doors should be opened one hour sooner on that occasion, so that the thousands of that procession might enter unmolested. The Temperance Managing Committee sent for John King to lead that rally of some fifteen thousand abstainers. My letter as printed, further runs thus: "His admirers in London presented him a gold medal suitably inscribed in reference as to his signing the first total abstinence pledge from all intoxicating drinks. He also received three medals—one from India, one from Manchester, and one from Ireland; these three were silver. I have seen the medals. I knew him a number of years, but I never knew him to be a Primitive Methodist. I was acquainted with two of his wives. One was a Primitive Methodist in two of my stations; the other a Wesleyan Methodist."

Old Reader, Berlin, Pa. 1. How do you define "expansion" according to the U. S. Government? 2. Can the United States uphold the Monroe Doctrine to-day?

1. "Expansion" is that policy under which we have recently acquired Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, and under which, in former years, we acquired Alaska, Florida, Louisiana, and the Southwest, with this difference, however, that the latter may be defined as natural or contiguous expansion, and the former the expansion of conquest, held by many to be abnormal and dangerous. 2. It does uphold the doctrine, in theory at least, and would no doubt assert it strongly if put to the test.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Of all the *Calendars* that have helped to start the New Year happily, yours is the most gladsome. It will help to keep us older people young, and that Ruskin and George MacDonald independently declare to be the common trait of the world's great leaders—to retain the freshness and feeling of childhood in the years of maturity, looking into each new subject with the big-eyed wonder of a child, and undertaking each new task with a child's unclouded enthusiasm. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.
Washington, D. C.

A young reader in Danville, P. Q., Canada, writes:

The dance has been the church's worst enemy here. Only a short time ago, a young girl told me the only thing that kept her from joining the church was dancing. One of our brightest girls was ruined last year through this curse—only one instance among many. Why is there not a greater warfare on this evil, which comes in the disguise of pleasure? Some people stand up for dancing, saying that it is mentioned so many times in the Bible. But in the Bible they danced in praise of God. Do people dance now in praise of God? It seems to me rather like praise of the devil. One instance of dancing for pleasure in the Bible dancers never mention. It was the time the daughter of Herodias danced for the head of John the Baptist.

Mrs. J. B. M., Covington, Ky. I am greatly interested in Dr. Alice Condict's appeal for an X-ray machine for the lepers of India. I earnestly hope you will succeed in your endeavor to send her what she desires for her Christian medical work among those poor, miserable creatures, who are apparently neglected by the world. Surely it is God's will that his children should give heed to such cases.

We are glad to see our friends interesting themselves in Dr. Condict's appeal. It would be a graceful thing if the machine could be subscribed for by, and go to India as the gift of Christian American women. Dr. Condict writes:

I want it for Central India, as well as Ludhiana Medical School. Dr. Edith Brown and I are praying for it. It could be used six months in one place, and six months in the other. What a blessing it would be! There are many cases of cancer waiting for treatment if we had the machine. Do try to send us an X-ray, that we may reach thousands of poor victims, and help mission work as never before.

Mrs. A. B. S., Oxford, Mass. What is the origin of knitting? Who knit the first garment and what was it? Eve sewing fig leaves is the first sewing I have read of. Were there earlier seamstresses?

There are many things that cannot be traced back to their original source. It is probable that the first clothing was of leaves and twigs woven or matted (*i. e.* sewed) together, and that, subsequently, when the skins of animals came to be worn, they were literally sewed, though, of course, with the rudest sort of materials, probably horsehair or sinews. Then came the introduction of cloth made of woven or plaited hair, but even this was long before the discovery of making cloth from the fibres of plants. The art of spinning and weaving is very ancient, but it is believed that knitting, plaiting and matting are far older. The Hebrew word in the original (Gen. 3: 7) means "to plait," or "to connect," and "girdles" is the more accurate translation of the word that follows, which our translators have rendered "aprons." In the East, baskets, dishes, and even umbrellas are frequently made of leaves fastened together by plaiting or pinning with the stems.

GOOD WISHES FROM DISTANT FRIENDS

Rev. Christos Papadopoulos of Ordou, Turkey, a native Christian pastor, sends us this pleasant note of greeting, which may interest the young readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

DEAR FRIEND: FATSA, TURKEY, Dec. 7, 1903.

Our little ones wanted to give you a Christmas present, so they send to you their photographs to express their gratitude for the nice pictures and good stories in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which pleased them very much. We do just the same with mamma. I renew my subscription for the year 1904.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with rich blessings from heaven.

With kind regards, CHRISTO PAPADOPOULOS.

G. F. B., Montague, Me., writes, stating that he presented the cause of Macedonia to the school in that town, and the pupils generously gave $2.69. The first grade pupils gave one cent apiece; second grade, two cents; and third grade, three cents. The little folks did nobly for the suffering children of Macedonia.

Mrs. E. A. (a subscriber in Wadsworth, Nev.), sends a very pretty poetic tribute to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, one verse of which runs:

Crowned with charity; light to the poor;
Helping the needy from shore to shore;
Reaching the masses to help and to save;
In trouble, a comfort; loyal and brave.
Sweet as a balm, with pages all bright;
Truth, the eternal God's living light—
Infinite wisdom, given for all—
A teacher, a guide to great and small;
Near to the heart, a protection and wall.

T. G. L., Ireland. 1. How did the custom of erecting spires on church edifices originate? 2. If a person connected with the spirit trade be converted, should he continue in his calling, or give it up?

1. Spires were made long before the Christian era, both on turrets, and towers, in castles and fortresses and similar buildings. They are supposed to have been first used in connection with churches in the eleventh century. Their origin is obscure, though they are believed to have originated with the Norman period. 2. If he realizes what a tremendous agent the liquor trade is for spreading sin, degradation and suffering throughout the world, and what multitudes it is annually dragging down to destruction, he will not remain in such a business for a single moment.

Mrs. Judson W. B., Traer, Ia., writes of an unusual occurrence there. During a recent snowstorm, with a gentle N. E. wind, snow fell in streaks or flakes one and one-half inches long, and some even much longer. The fall continued for about twenty minutes.

Apropos of the present severe winter, A. C., Prospect, Pa., writes:

I have seen a statement, that in the year 17 there were twenty feet of snowfall that winter. Is there any record that would show if this record was true?

No regular record (except such as private individuals may have made) was kept of the weather (snowfall or rainfall or wind velocity) until the Weather Bureau was established about thirty years ago.

The book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, has been received, and we are more than pleased with it. It is the most interesting book I have read for many a day.
Asbury Park, N. J. MRS. SARAH J. HALL

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. Osborn P. He is a Methodist.

John, Abha, Tex. Thanks for good wishes.

Peter E., Turlock, Calif. Already answered.

S. S., Mc. C., Rittman, O. Consult a physician.

Mrs. G. Shepherd, Nebraska. We have no trace of such a hymn.

Reader, Caldwell, N. J. Write to Civil Service Board, Washington, D. C.

S. M. L. Don't know. Better write to the principal of the Order for information.

Old Subscriber, Canada. Write to the Baker Taylor Publishing Co., New York

Country Reader. Consult a lawyer. The laws on the subject vary in different States.

Reader, West Newton, Pa. Not yet; but will be as it is now ended in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Jane P., Brome, Can. We believe it is open to women. For all information write to the superintendent.

W. N. McNn., Stoneham, Mass. 1. It is not usual to double up the "s" in the possessive. 2. About 49 cents.

Miss Sarah A. R., Farmingdale, Ill. The origin of Santa Claus has been repeatedly explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

Reader, Watertown, N.Y. 1. Pronounced "Rees." 2. All the letters are pronounced as written, except "c," which is silent.

Mrs. J. R. de G., Philadelphia. Baker & Taylor Co., New York, are the publishers of Owen Kildare's book. Price, $1.50.

Mrs. E. B., Toronto, Can. "Charity begins at home" is not in the Bible. She probably refers to the passage in I. Tim. 5: 8.

Helen M. M., Dalton, Kan. "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is a quotation from Laurence Sterne, and is not to be found in the Bible.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

ESIDENT MARY MILLS PATRICK, PH. D. BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, CONSTANTINOPLE DEAN FLORENCE A. FENDHAM, B.D.

Our Woman's College in the Sultan's Capital

HE STORY OF AN EXPERIMENT IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE ORIENT, AND ITS FAR-REACHING RESULTS

EW American women abroad can point to an experience as varied and unique as that of Miss Mary Mills Patrick, who, after a long stay in the Sultan's dominions, is now here on a "home visit"—her first furlough in many years. Miss Patrick is the President of the American College for Women in Constantinople. She is a bright-eyed, vivacious woman, whose career as a Christian educator abroad has been one of pronounced success, notwithstanding many difficulties.

Standing on a hill on the Asiatic shore of the Bosporus, overlooking the Sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn, the minarets and mosques of old Stamboul, and the winding waters of the Bosphorus, extending off to the north, the American College for Women commands a picturesque and beautiful outlook. The brilliant coloring of sea and sky lend an air of romance to education only to be found in the Orient. "Yet," said Miss Patrick with a smile, "the education given at the American College is not oppressive, like the romances of the East, but is very real in its character. Our professors," she continued, "are from the best American colleges, and are assisted by instructors from America, England, and other lands.

"The number of students varies. At one time," she explained, "there were one hundred and sixty, the highest number we have had. Seven Eastern nationalities are represented in the alumnæ, numbering one hundred and fifty, besides many hundreds of women who have studied in the college for a longer or shorter period. Our graduates are leading women, both intellectually and morally. Two graduates write for the Turkish press, and one of them is the only Mohammedan woman in the Turkish Empire who has received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. She is married to a professor in the Imperial University in Constantinople."

The influence of American education is strong in Bulgaria. Three members of the Bulgarian Parliament and one member of the Cabinet were married to girls from this college, last year.

It is an interesting sight to see these Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew, and Bulgarian girls at their task, which is essentially modern, and totally different from any training enjoyed by their ancestors. It includes music, biology, archæology, psychology, philosophy, languages, chemistry, and many other studies.

BULGARIANS AND ARMENIANS IN THE COLLEGE CLASS OF 1904

Walking about the picturesque grounds surrounding the college, one might almost think they belonged to some home college, as they are so pleasantly laid out in courts for tennis and basket-ball players. The home-like feeling is increased by the familiar sight of the "Stars and Stripes" floating from one of the buildings, which strengthens the illusion of being in a small America. This illusion is, however, quickly dissipated by the sight of the high wall which surrounds the college grounds, and by the spectacle of the Mohammedan students covering their faces before going out into the streets.

Side by side in the class-rooms are the daughters of the rich and poor, of the ruling and subject nations, and of races at enmity with each other. The daughter of the Minister of War of Bulgaria; the daughters of Turkish Pashas, and perhaps a slave girl, may be seen in a group in the grounds, using the common English language. The Greek graduates show something of the grace and beauty of their ancestors of ancient times, and are, perhaps, more practical. One of them studied nursing in Boston, and is now at the head of the Princess' Hospital for Children, in Athens. An Albanian graduate is in charge of the only school for girls in Albania, in which the vernacular language is Albanian. A Hungarian graduate entered the medical department of the University of Berne. A Danish graduate is official interpreter in Copenhagen. Of the Armenian graduates, one studied nursing in the London Hospital and in Vienna, and became the best trained nurse ever known in Constantinople, and received an Order from the Sultan for her skill. Another Armenian has returned to practice medicine among her own people. The Alumnæ Association has a central association in Constantinople, and branch associations in Sophia, Philippopolis, Smyrna, and the United States.

The American college was founded by the Woman's Board of Missions, in Boston, and a third of its support is supplied annually by this organization. Fees for board and tuition of students make up the other two-thirds of the income. The religious influence is strong and direct, although the college is strictly non-sectarian in its teachings. Nearly all prominent religious denominations in America have been, at different times, represented in its faculty. It is the highest aim of this college, to teach a practical religion of life and character

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

The PATIENT LINCOLN · A MEMORIAL SERMON

... By ...

Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT:
JAMES 5: 8:
"Be ye also patient"

"WHAT was the most powerful address you ever heard?" I once asked my father in one of our conversations when journeying around the world. "Well," he replied, "I have listened to nearly all the great American orators of my time. I have been personally acquainted with most of them, and have spoken from the same platform with many of them. But without any doubt, the greatest address I ever heard—if it is to be judged by its electric and overwhelming, instantaneous effect—was that delivered by Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, in 1886, at the annual banquet of the New England Society. I had just finished a speech on 'The Coming American,' when Mr. Grady arose. After a few introductory remarks, he said: 'My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has got to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes, and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came the man who stands as the first typical American; the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.'" These words were quoted almost verbatim from memory.

The tremendous impression produced by Henry Grady's speech was not due to the fact that he was saying something that no other man had said before; but to the fact that, for the first time since the Civil War, the great leaders of the North realized that Lincoln was appreciated and honored as much south of Mason and Dixon's line as he was among the Michigan pines and upon the Illinois prairie.

Since that time, I have read almost every biography written about the personality of that man who stands second to only one, if he does not stand side by side with George Washington, in the affections of the American people. I find that Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, has as deep a reverence for Lincoln as had Charles W. Dana, or Nickolay, or Joseph Medill, or William Herndon, or David Davis, or Swett, or Speed, who knew him by personal contact. Therefore, I am sure that on this Sunday preceding the celebration of Lincoln's birthday, I shall have with me the cordial approbation of the South, as well as of the North, as I draw from his character lessons of inspiration, and pay tribute to his memory. At heart he was a true friend of the South, and I believe that his untimely death retarded the consummation of reconstruction at least a quarter of a century.

Key-note of Character

Most Lincolnian eulogists start, as Henry Watterson beautifully expressed it, by looking into a "crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and they see therein a little heartbroken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother." But this I do not intend to do. You are already familiar with the facts of that eventful life. In speaking of him to-day I would try to get the key-note of his character, and show the predominant quality which made him so great and so useful to the nation. That quality I conceive to be his patience, and I shall recall to your minds the times and the circumstances in which, by the exercise of that quality, he proved the grandeur of his nature. At the base of the gigantic statue of Faith, overlooking the Pilgrims' graves at Plymouth and the harbor where the *Mayflower* cast anchor, are figures symbolizing Freedom, Education, Law and Morality. But here, to-day, standing by the grave of this great man, we see the figure of sanctified Patience. We find this figure, not cut from stone or cast in iron, but made out of dust which was once living; breathing, throbbing, moving flesh and blood. As the paramount desire of Lincoln's last four years on earth, and those tumultuous years which led up to them, was to save the Union, I shall try in this brief eulogy to show how, by glorious patience, that great purpose of his life was accomplished.

In the first place, we must start with the well accepted and universally acknowledged fact that Abraham Lincoln was a man of positive characteristics. William Herndon, just after Lincoln's nomination, wrote to Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, that when Lincoln made up his mind to anything, he had "a will of iron." After the assassination in Ford's Theatre, Senator Wilson wrote a letter to Lincoln's old law partner, that he had truly analyzed Lincoln's character in reference to this one characteristic. But though Lincoln was a positive man, and had well settled convictions, he never believed that "two wrongs make one right." In order to accomplish his patriotic purposes, he was unwilling to defile the majesty of the law. He was always ready to try to change the law, but never to break it. In his methods and principles, he was neither violent nor revolutionary. He was not, as many people supposed in 1860, a wild-eyed visionary or a crazed enthusiast, who would, to reach a beneficent end, trample on vested rights and interests, regardless of justice and equity. He himself was obedient to the laws as well as a faithful executive of the law. He was a respecter of the law in private life, as well as a conservative law-maker in public life.

Respect for Law

What was Lincoln's stand, when a great Abolitionist meeting was held in Springfield, some years before the war? There, the opponents of slavery proposed by force of arms to defy the public authorities, and drive out the slave-holders from the then Territory of Kansas. When called upon for a speech, Lincoln shocked some of his very best friends, and as some thought, then and there signed his own political death-warrant. "Let there be peace!" he emphatically said. "Revolutionize through the ballot box. Your attempt, if there be such, to resist the laws of Kansas by force, is criminal and wicked; and all your feeble attempts will be follies, and end by bringing sorrow on your own heads, and ruin on the cause you would freely die to preserve." What said he in his famous speech, delivered on July 17, 1858, in answer to one of the charges made against him by Douglas? "Now, as to the Dredd Scott decision: for upon that, Senator Douglas makes his last point against me. I am opposed to that decision in a certain sense, but not in the sense in which he puts it. I say that, in so far as it decided in favor of Dredd Scott's master, and against Dredd Scott and his family, I do not propose to disturb or resist the decision. I never have proposed to do any such thing. I think that in respect for judicial authority, my humble history would not suffer in comparison with that of Judge Douglas." When some enthusiastic admirers asked him this question: "Has the Territory of Kansas a right to come into the Union, a slave State, if the people wish?" Lincoln said: "Yes. By the national law it has a right which you cannot take away, unless, by national legislation you change that law." In all the fifty-six years of Lincoln's life, both as a public office-holder and as a private citizen, you cannot put your finger upon one act where he was an advocate of violation of the law. He was patient in his belief that moral right would ultimately become legal right.

On the approaching anniversary of this great American's birth, let us learn one of the greatest lessons of his life. Even amid the injustices and the weaknesses of the law, let us bow before and recognize the majesty of the law. Because in some municipalities the citizens may be terrorized every winter by "hold-up" men, who walk around at night shooting down innocent pedestrians in cold blood, that is no reason why, in order to extirpate them, we ourselves should become criminals. Because Alexander of Servia was a bad man, that does not place the stamp of respectability upon those who, by regicide, proved they were as lawless as their detested king. Always obey the law. If it be wrong, then make the law right, but never defile the majesty of the law.

Although Abraham Lincoln was a man of positive characteristics, yet he was patient, in the fact that he was ready to keep step with the march of the common people. He never for one moment left the path of rectitude and honor. He was not a foolish color-bearer, leaving the ranks of his fellow-soldiers, and plunging far ahead of the lines, thereby courting death and annihilation. As the national standard-bearer, he was ready, if necessary, to "mark time," so that the common people could catch up with him, that all might advance in line.

Trying to Avoid War

All things may be lawful, but all things are not expedient. What did he do after he had delivered his first inaugural address? Did he do anything to antagonize the Southern leaders and people, as some rash statesmen would have had him do? No, that was not his way. He had "malice towards none, and charity for all." He bided his time, though in every town, village and city he was called a coward. If possible, he wanted to win the Southern leaders back by love and kin
He knew that hate and Billingsgate anc
never won a willing subject. He was p
very patient. His patience was expresse
erfully in the words he once spoke to Alex
H. Stephens, at the memorable conferenc
at Hampton Roads, with the Southern
missioners. "Stephens," he said, "let me write 'U
at the top of that page, and you may write bel
whatever else you please."

To placate the Southern leaders was one reaso
delay. But there was still another reason why h
patient. There were scores and hundreds and
sands of men at the North, as well as the South
believed that as the original Southern States cam
the Union of their own accord, they had, therefor
right to leave of their own accord. As Lincoln,
quaint language, put the "popular sovereignty i
"They believed that the big kettle of the United S
Government could be squeezed into the little ket
State Rights." Horace Greeley believed this; We
Phillips believed this; other mighty Northern le
believed this. Had Abraham Lincoln, on the nig
March 4, 1861, started the invasion of the Sout
might have had two wars on his hands. War
have been in the front of him; war in the rear of
When he entered the White House he had two
poses: First, to do anything and everything tha
honorable to save the Union. Secondly, if there w
be a war, then let others take the responsibili
striking the first blow.

But if Lincoln was willing to be patient with
Northern enemies and with the South, how much
was he willing to be patient with his so-called fri
upon whose arm he had a right to lean, and from w
influence he had a right to expect succor and help
the armies of Lee were attacking him in the fron
rancorous tongues of some who were his closes
visers were broadcasting their evil murmurs everyw

Forbearance to Critics

"Well," says some hearer, "why did he allow
men who were nearest to him to criticize him?
did he not do as one of his Springfield friends
gested,—'Kick them out of office?'" That que
can not be answered in a better way than by qu
the words Lincoln spoke when he said, quietly, th
was easy enough to kick a man out, but not alwa
easy to get another man to fill his place and do as
as he did. In those few words, we realize the re
of Lincoln's patience with those so-called friends,
kept publicly criticizing their chief. He once sa
Leonard Swett: "I may not have made as great a P
dent as some other men, but I believe I have kep
discordant elements together as well as anyone co
Like Abraham Lincoln, are we as Christians read
let men criticize us, and find fault with us, if onl
can use them for the cause of Christ, as Lincoln
able to use Stanton and Seward, and Simon Came
and Hooker, and McClellan, and Thaddeus Steph
and Greeley, and Bennett to help save the Union?

As the twilight is the most beautiful part of the
so we find that the mellowing sunset of Lincoln's
was even more glorious in its golden reflections
when he was accomplishing the great purpose of
life—the preservation of the Union. Like Mose
old, he was able to lead his people through the
wanderings in the wilderness; but, also, like Moses
was not to be allowed to plant his foot in the Prom
Land. The Jordan which separated him from
Southern people in the reconstructive period, was t
a great river, whose waters came from the falling t
that millions of eyes shed over his bier and by
coffin-lid. In those few days that led up to Appomat
and thereafter, we may know what fruit the patienc
Lincoln would have borne. His purpose was to binc
the nation's bleeding wounds and make the "Boy
Gray" and the "Boy in Blue" clasp hands as brothe

Magnanimous to Foes

How, then, did he want to reach out the hand of
conciliation? On February 5, 1865, after the outco
of the war was practically decided, he drafted a bill
which, if Congress consented, $400,000,000 was to
paid on account of the liberation of the slaves.
presented this proposed bill to his Cabinet, and w
they unanimously rejected it, the President, as Norr
Hapgood tells us, "sadly folded it up and laid it awa
As soon as Richmond had been evacuated, he got
the cars and started South. He went not as a c
queror, but as a messenger of peace. In his pl
simple way, he practically said to the old Virginians.
am your brother. I am your friend. Come, be
brother and my friend." When that other messen
of peace, Ulysses S. Grant, practically said to
officers and men of the disbanding Southern arm
alike, "Go home. Take your horses and plow y

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

...ds. Go home and be our friends and comrades, in-...d of our foes," what was Lincoln's comment? "Good, ...od, all right. Exactly the thing." Admiral Porter ...es these as Lincoln's words, which he heard him ...eat a dozen times. In the glorious hopes Lincoln ...d of future reconciliation, do you wonder that Henry ...dy, the eloquent Georgian, was impelled to say, ...hat the first who comprehended within himself ...d the strength and gentleness, all the majesty, and ...ce of this republic, was Abraham Lincoln." He ... as true, and pure, and noble, and patient, and God-...ired an American as ever lived.

...o-day, if I had it in my power, I would start a pil-...rimage to the Springfield tomb. I would have the ...utherner as well as the Northerner, Easterner, and the ...esterner go there, and learn the lesson of gentle and ...rious love. "What," some cynic cries, "would you ...e the Southerner go there as to a shrine?" Yes, my ...ther, I would have the Southerner go to Lincoln's ...mb and kneel, the same as I would have the North-...er go to the sacred tomb of Lexington, Virginia, and ... reverently before the dust of honored, gentle ...obert E. Lee. Both of these men were conquerors. Both have subdued, and by their example will yet subdue great hosts, whose numbers, in the dim future, will be counted by the millions. Both have won, and will win their greatest victories, not by the sword, but by love. When the Civil War was closing, these two great leaders were able to say to each other, "Thou art my brother." Both are enshrined in their nation's love and admiration.

Therefore, fellow-countrymen, with the universal affections of the American people, cannot the North come with her sacred dust of Springfield, Illinois, and the South come with her sacred dust of Lexington, Virginia; then, after the North and the South with their precious burdens, have both met at the National Capitol at Washington, cannot the two different sections which once stood face to face in battle, now stand side by side and bury their two sacred dead in one grave? Then over this one grave entombing the commingling dust of the two sacred dead, cannot and will not the reconciled North and South chisel one single God-given epitaph, such as Old Kentucky placed upon her memorial shaft, erected upon the once blood-soaked field of Chickamauga to her "Boys in Gray," and to her "Boys in Blue": "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free, and retained every star upon the nation's flag."

Abraham Lincoln's parting words to his fellow-townsmen, when for the last time he left the Springfield depot for the National Capitol, were these: "To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail. I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke, his wisdom and guidance for me." This was the keynote of his whole gentle, loving, patient, forgiving, life: Trust in God and patient dependence upon the Divine will. To Abraham Lincoln's God I commend you; May that God forever guide us all!

THE PENNSYLVANIA MINE HORROR

TREMENDOUS ... detonation, a sheet ... of blinding flame ...rting from the open ...ft, and a rumbling and ...ivering of the earth, as ...ugh an active volcano ...d suddenly open,ed, ...ve the phenomena that ...artled the workers ...ove ground, at the Har...k mine near Pittsburg, ... January 24, at 8.30 A.M. ...was felt at once that ...e terrible disaster had ...urred in the mine.

...mmediately, the little ...ning village of Harwick ...s thrown into a state of ...ic. All the people ran ...ard the mine, above ...ich hung a pall of ...oke. There were nearly ...o hundred men in the ...ne. The officials sent ...ephone messages to ...eswick and Springdale ...physicians, and soon ...rking parties were on ... way from various ...nts to the rescue.

When the attempt was ...de to communicate ...h the imprisoned miners, it met with no response. All ...s silence in the depths of the mine. Speaking tubes ...d hoists were wrecked, and it was impossible, owing ...the choking "after-damp," whose suffocating fumes ...d filled the shaft, to begin the work of rescue until ... air was somewhat purified. In the afternoon, a ...ner named McCann was lowered with a rope. At a ...pth of 190 feet he found the air shaft blocked, and ...s drawn up again. He believed all below had per...ed. Accompanied by Henry Baker, another miner, ...d Selwyn Taylor, a mining engineer, he again de...nded. They crawled over debris and penetrated into ...ngways and passages, stumbling over many dead bodies, and fighting the deadly "after-damp" inch by inch. Many times they were driven back to the shaft for fresh air. After hours of heroic effort two miners were rescued alive.

THE CROWD AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARWICK MINE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION

Engineer Taylor, who had come from a distance to give aid to the rescuers, lost his life in this humane effort to save others. He had been down several times, and his lungs had been filled with the choking gas. After some four trips, he fell unconscious and died, a victim of the "after-damp."

When the rescue parties had settled it beyond doubt that all in the mine were dead, there was great mourning in the little village, and many painful scenes took place near the mouth of the mine, where women and children were gathered, hoping and praying for the return of the fathers, husbands and brothers whom they will never more greet in life. Nearly every family in the place had sustained the loss of one or more of its members.

F. W. Cunningham, inspector of mines, made this statement as he came from the shaft:

"I explored the mine for a quarter of a mile. I am positive that of all those who entered for work not one will be taken out alive. Scattered about are dead bodies of the miners, dead mules, wrecked cars, and tons of fallen coal and slate. It is a terrible scene. The force of the explosion was terrific. It will take days to clear away the wreckage. Until this is accomplished we will not know how many met death. There is no chance of any of the entombed men being saved."

Within twenty-four hours after the explosion, seventy-five dead bodies were recovered from the mine, all more or less mangled and some merely fragments of bodies. Heads of boys and men were literally blown off by the force of the explosion. At the bottom of the shaft lay a pile of limbs that sickened those who looked upon them. These poor victims were swept into eternity without a moment's warning.

The Allegheny Coal Company, which owns the mine, will establish a cemetery, in which to inter the bodies of the men who were killed.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE FOURTEENTH YEAR of the Chicago Tract Society, ...t closed, has been the most important in the Society's ...tory. During 1903, literature has been used in twenty-...e distinct languages. The twenty missionaries employed ...e been able to speak thirteen of these languages. Among t... Sclavic people, the work has extended into five States, ...l reaches from Detroit on the east to Cedar Rapids on the ...st. The Society has no endowments, and is deserving of ...erous support.

—MR. JOHN JACKSON, F.R.G.S., of London, is now visit...i... America in the interest of the lepers of India and the ...st. Mr. Jackson has recently returned from a tour of ...00 miles among the leper colonies and institutions through...t India. In the course of his unique experience, he studied t... condition and needs of these distressed people under ...ery possible aspect.

—THE MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH of the city ...Baltimore, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary ...the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. J. Wynne Jones. Under ... spiritual charge, it has grown from a small flock to be a ...ge and influential congregation, potential and zealous in ...good works.

—REV. ASHLEY W. CAKE, the Life-saving Station evan...gist, is delivering addresses along the Atlantic Coast sta...ns illustrative of God's work among the lighthouse and ...e-saving men.

—EVANGELIST D. H. FITZPATRICK, of Springfield, Mo., ...s lately been working in South Central Missouri, with ...tifying results. Ten meetings were held.

—REV. F. J. SAUBER, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Emporia, Kan., writes: "We are in the midst of the greatest revival that Emporia has ever known. Our largest auditoriums are packed and people turned away by hundreds. Men in middle life and far advanced in years are turning to God. The work is under evangelist W. E. Biederwolf and his singer, Harry Maxwell. There are six pastors in the movement."

—SEVENTY-SIX NEW members were received into the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D., pastor, on a recent Sabbath morning, making over 1,500 new members during the present pastorate of six years, about eighty-five per cent. of these being on profession of faith.

—A REVIVAL has lately been in progress in Carthage, Ill. After the meetings proper were closed, three weeks of daily prayer-meetings and meetings of the session were held by the Presbyterian Church. On the following Sabbath the Lord's Supper was observed, and 209 new members were publicly received, 193 being on confession of faith.

—THE TELEPHONE was utilized to enable a number of sick persons confined to bed, to hear the revival services at the Warrensburg, Mo., Christian Church recently. Mr. Allen Wilson was the evangelist.

—EVANGELIST R. L. LAYFIELD, writes from Parsons, Kan.: "We closed successful meetings here Jan. 17. One hundred came forward and confessed their sins and acknowledged Christ as their Saviour. We have begun union meetings at Pleasanton, Kan."

—REV. TILMAN HOBSON, evangelist, and Professor and Mrs. George E. Slawson, singers from the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, are associated with the Presbyterians of Oakland, Calif., in their special effort in Evangelism. Their recent effort in the Centennial Presbyterian Church, Oakland, was crowned with success. Many were persuaded to forsake sin and confess Christ.

—PRESIDENT BEERS, of Seattle Seminary, Seattle Wash., which has trained and sent many efficient workers to the home and foreign mission fields, is now busied with plans for a new administration building, to cost $30,000 for erection and furnishing. This extension is rendered necessary by the growth of the seminary.

—SINCE Dr. M. A. Matthews took charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, two years ago, he has received 1,000 new members; two-thirds of these on profession. The church has built two mission churches and established a Chinese Mission in the city. Every department of the work is growing, and each service witnesses conversions.

—REV. E. P. HAMMOND has been holding a week's meeting in Marietta, O. It was stated by an old resident at one of the services, that when Mr. Hammond was here twenty-six years ago, nearly a thousand professed conversion. Some of the best workers in the meetings now, were converted then. About two hundred have signed the covenant cards.

—REV. MARCO N. POPOFF, our Special Commissioner to Macedonia, will send regular weekly letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing full accounts of the progress of the relief work.

Our Woman's College in the Sultan's Capital

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

A CORNER IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

is a question whether she will ever return to the college.

"There was the case of Zulika K. She was a very bright girl," said Miss Patrick, "and a very pretty girl. When she went home for the long vacation, we had a feeling that perhaps she would be persuaded into matrimony before she could return, and sure enough, within a few weeks, we heard of her engagement. We were sorry, of course, but could do nothing in the matter. We were very much surprised, when school opened, to find that the bride-to-be had come to the conclusion that she would rather finish her college course than get married.

"What arguments she brought to bear upon her family, we do not know. The fact that the would-be bridegroom was old, and that he was not at all pleasing, may have had something to do with her own decision in the matter."

Some of the girls help in the household duties—sweeping, dusting, clearing, setting tables, and serving at meals, and this partly pays for their tuition; but others are constantly begging for a chance to work for their education. "We are obliged," said President Patrick, "to turn them away, much as we regret to do so, and it is then that we wish we had an endowment fund."

"Do the Mohammedan students go about the streets veiled from choice?"

"Oh, no. They are very anxious to wear hats, but their religion forbids them to go upon the streets without the veil, and no matter what their personal choice or belief might be, they would not dare to disregard this law."

TYPES OF THE STUDENTS IN THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

The Turkish government does not appear to be averse to this institution of learning, as the college has been exempt from taxes.

"This may be accounted for, possibly," said Miss Patrick, "by the fact that we try not to be aggressive in our methods, and thus do not offend the Turkish authorities."

President Patrick explains that the building now used for the preparatory department is an old Turkish house, which does not even protect the students from the rain and snow. A new one is greatly needed, and she hopes to find friends in America who are sufficiently interested in the work to assist in erecting a new building. Miss Patrick, who is stopping at No. 23 West Forty-fourth street, New York City, will be glad to answer any inquiries from interested readers, and to give such further information concerning the Women's College in Constantinople as may be desired.

There is an active department of Bible study, and religious services are held every Sunday. There is, besides, a flourishing Young Women's Christian Association, whose members are zealous in the efforts to do good.

Pere Hyacinthe, on visiting Constantinople, said that while he was dreaming of a union of the nations of the East, this college on the Bosphorus was accomplishing his dream. The college is the direct outcome of one woman's thought and effort, to have established in the Far East a school where the Oriental woman would at least have an opportunity to gain an education.

Mrs. Bowker, who was at that time president of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions in Boston, was so thoroughly in earnest in the matter, that a school was established under the auspices of this board. This was in 1871, and the school was begun as a high school, and remained so till 1890, when the institution became a college.

* * *

The young women are very zealous in their studies, and some of them make great sacrifices in order to obtain an education. As soon as these Eastern girls arrive at a marriageable age, their parents are much more anxious that they should make sure of husbands than that they should finish their education, so that when a girl goes home for the long summer vacation, it

A SONG PRAYER-MEETING ON A MAN-OF-WAR

ON board of United States war vessels, it is not easy to make any kind of public religious meeting successful. No worker who has ever tried to hold meetings on board—in the afternoon, for instance—will fail to appreciate this fact. If the evening be set apart for any kind of meeting, the chaplain may have to omit dinner in order to finish before "hammocks" (when the men are supposed to turn in for the night). He must get permission, in time to have the benches (for pews) spread; he must find a volunteer to play, and, often, an instrument to play upon, and books or leaflets for the congregation; and, as there are no newspapers published aboard to advertise in, the community must needs be apprised of the service by word of mouth or written notices, and induced to come, by whatever means he can devise.

READY TO SOUND CHURCH CALL ON BATTLESHIP

Claptrap methods will not attract the men long. The man-'o-war's-man likes his coffee and his religion strong. Yet I find there are many legitimate ways of making the services attractive to him, even the prayer-meetings. Now, an ordinary prayer-meeting would not take with the men at all; because not one in two hundred of them have ever prayed in public. Few have made profession of faith. The only way in which any number of them can be led to take part in any service, is to have it one in which all can act together. I find a large number aboard who like to sing; but not one of them could be induced to sing a sacred solo, however well he might know the music.

But, after all, it is not to be regretted that these things are so, as they point the way to some manner of service in which all can participate, which appears better than being led entirly by a few, who alone take any part in the exercises. So I have always encouraged song services, both religious and secular, and on many occasions aboard ship I have held successful prayer-meetings by using hymns for the prayers. Many hymns suitable to such a purpose readily suggested themselves to me. In fact, I found many of them model prayers, often eloquent and touching; and, as a rule, the music was appropriate. Having selected a dozen suitable hymns, the next question was that of the proper attitude. After several trials, the usual method was to open standing; sing the next prayer seated (bowing), and the next kneeling; then two prayers seated, one standing, and again kneeling, and so on throughout. Occasionally, while standing, we smote our breasts, extended the right hand upward, or folded the hands under the book, all looking upward. I must say, this made an impressive and very solemn service. And one important thing about it was that, aside from the fact of their taking part in the service, they kept coming in increasing numbers—sometimes as many as two hundred at a meeting, which is a remarkable proportion, out of a possible three hundred. There is always a third of the crew occupied.

At the opening there would be a few remarks, as attractive as possible, before the first prayer was sung, which might be such a hymn as, "Now, from the altar of our hearts." Then would follow such devotional selections as,

> When storms around me sweeping,
> When lone my watch I'm keeping,
> 'Mid fires of evil falling,
> 'Mid tempters' voices calling,
> Remember me, O Mighty One!
> Remember me, O Mighty One!

"Softly now, the light of day"; "My Faith Looks up to Thee"; "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me"; "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; "Lead, Kindly Light"; "Abide With Me"; "Sun of My Soul"; "More Love to Thee, O Christ"; "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," etc.

Once I used as a benediction, "God be with you, till we meet again." It is desirable to intersperse a few anecdotes or remarks suitable to the occasion; and, usually, I have prepared a ten-minute talk for these meetings.

Of course, there must not be the slighest attempt on these occasions to teach singing, else the singers will be timid or listless, and will soon desert the meeting. All must appear free and unconstrained and no notice should be taken of mis-

BOW OF BATTLESHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" DURING A STORM

takes, except to discourage dragging behind. I do not know whether this plan is original, nor how it would take ashore but this is how we have often sung prayer-meeting successfully on board man-of-war afloat.

C. Q. WRIGHT,
Chaplain U. S. Navy.

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The *Butterfly Calendar* is an artistic gem, and is much admired and praised by every member of the family. It is in every way worthy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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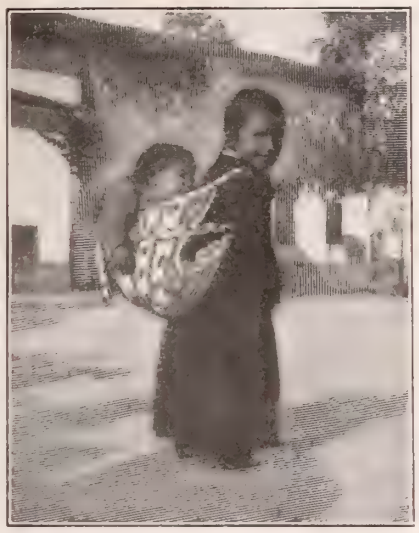
MRS. C. A. ACKERSON.

ALL EAGER TO HELP MACEDONIA

Christian America's Gifts Aid the Missionaries in Feeding and Clothing the Ragged Refugees

A GLEAM of hope and cheer has lighted up the darkness of the bleak Macedonian midwinter. In a hundred different localities between Monastir and the Bulgarian border, devoted missionaries and native pastors are now energetically at work relieving the distress of the refugees, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and giving shelter and comfort to the women and the tender little children. This Christlike work of benevolence—which has been made possible by the generous gifts of God's people in different lands, our own among the number, is apparently destined to save many thousands of precious lives.

During the week, letters have been received from several of the American missionaries in Macedonia, who are distributing the relief supplied by the fund, contributed by readers of this journal. These letters now take a more cheerful tone, and show the confidence of the writers that the American people, with their characteristic generosity, will carry through the life-saving work they have so well begun. From Samokov, under date of Jan. 15, Missionary L. F. Ostrander writes as follows:

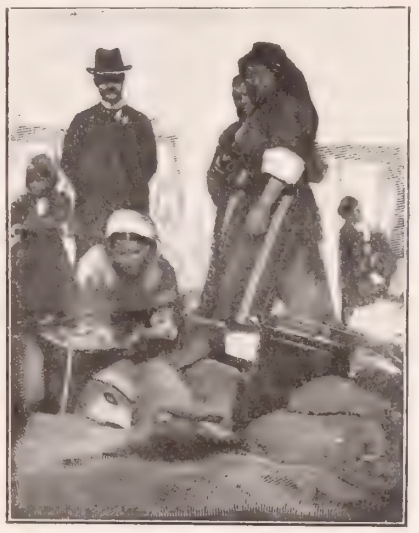


REFUGEE CHILDREN

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your letter of Dec. 29, reached me day before yesterday. I wanted to answer it the same day, but was kept busy until ten o'clock at night helping to distribute clothing to the refugees.

The refugees in and around this city, come almost exclusively from the district known as the Razlog, a part of northern Macedonia, just across the boundary, twenty-five miles south of us. They have been here since the first of October. While the number in this city has varied somewhat, it has never gone below 800, and at present is between 900 and 1,000. Of these, about 300 are children, and there are probably twice as many women as men. As soon as the first unfortunate fugitives arrived, a representative local committee was organized, and measures were set in motion to provide for the needs of the sufferers. From the very beginning, food has been furnished them every day, bread and soup and sometimes meat. The secretary of the local committee, Mr. Zaharieff, tells me that they have an allowance from the Central Committee of Sofia, of about $600 a month for the food of those here in Samokov, and that they will thus be able to give a satisfactory amount of food right through the winter. Second-hand clothing was at once collected and given out, and as soon as possible material bought and garments made, so that many padded jackets, shirts, underwear, stockings and skin sandals have been distributed. As to the matter of living quarters, those in Samokov are well provided for. Up to a year ago, the Bulgarian Orthodox Theological Seminary was located here, but then it was removed to Sofia, and its large buildings stood vacant. These are now full of refugees, and those who cannot find quarters there, are distributed about in vacant houses or among the people of the city. The forests near Samokov furnish fuel, and, as stoves are provided, the problem of warmth is not as great as it might easily be, and doubtless is, in other places. Before the arrival of any of the refugees, but in anticipation of their coming, a committee from the Protestant community was appointed to devise means and methods for relief work. All funds that have come through missionary channels for Samokov have been used under the supervision and management of this committee, assisted by the very valuable services of Mrs. R. Georgieva in connection with work for women. It has tried as far as possible to work in co-operation with the other local committee and to supplement its work. This is facilitated by the method of distribution employed. Every family is furnished with a card giving the name and the number of men, women and children. On one side the daily rations of food are checked off, and on the other is written whatever is given in the way of clothing, bedding, etc. Our committee gives nothing to those who have no cards, thus avoiding the danger of overlapping, and always writes on the cards the articles it gives, making a separate record for the Central Committee and for the information of donors.

Thanks to the generous and efficient provision of the Bulgarian authorities, the committee has not found it necessary to furnish food. It has, therefore, turned its attention to bedding and clothing. Among the nine hundred in Samokov and the six hundred in Banya, Kostenets and Ichteman, towns to the east of Samokov, it has distributed one hundred and ten burlap ticks for straw beds. It has prepared thick, warm quilts and given them out to the number of two hundred and thirty-five in the same places. These quilts are seven by six feet, are made of unbleached muslin and each contains about seven pounds of carded wool. Following our example, the other local committee also made up a large number of these quilts, so that the need of covering is pretty well supplied. For the old, the sick, and those suffering from Turkish beatings, thirty sheepskin coats, worn with the fleece inside, have been provided, and more are now being made. Twenty-seven stoves have gone to Banya and Kostenets, and in addition to these things numerous articles in the way of socks, stockings, shoes made of heavy woolen cloth, shirts and children's clothing have found their way to those most needing them. The last sum of money available for the use of the committee, and including part of the $1,000 sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been invested entirely in the preparation of outer garments. One hundred and twenty-six suits of men's clothes are already finished, one hundred complete dresses for women are being made, fifty suits for boys and fifty dresses for girls.



AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN

REFUGEE WOMEN AT SAMOKOV

These clothes are not only useful, but handsome as well. From the local factory we are able to secure at very reasonable figures heavy, serviceable woolen cloth such as is much used for clothing here, and from this men's suits, consisting of native trousers and a jacket, have been made, at a cost in no case exceeding $3 a suit. These suits are made in three sizes. The women's skirts and the girls' clothes are being made from products of the Samokov home looms, while the jackets of the women are of factory material. The average cost of these suits, all finished, is about $2.50 and $1.75, respectively. In some cases the cut garments are given out to the women to sew for themselves, thus serving the double purpose of giving them something useful to do and saving us the cost of sewing.

We are very grateful, indeed, that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and other kind-hearted friends have so generously given us the opportunity to help these poor people, and we wish they could see for themselves how much good their money is doing. Last December, when we were distributing the quilts, during some very cold weather, one poor woman came trembling from head to foot, from the cold. As she presented her card she said, "Oh, oh! How shall we ever survive this winter? Where we live, we don't have such cold." We spoke to her, reassuringly, and gladly gave her something that would help her to answer her question. The blessings that have been called down upon our heads have been numerous and fervent. The delight of many of the men in their new clothes was touching to see. It was New Year's eve when we distributed about fifty suits. Many of the men were in rags and they could hardly restrain themselves, as they tried on the jackets and measured the pantaloons. The New Year's holiday was to have a different meaning for them, and the next day I met many of them on the streets wearing their new clothes with bright and smiling faces. And every time I see one of our sheepskin coats, I cannot but be grateful for the solid comfort that I know it is giving to its wearer.

As to the present needs, the thing that seems to be most necessary is outer garments. These people fled with only what they wore, and have been unable to procure other clothing. Practically every one of these people needs new clothing, and if we had $1,200 more, we could invest that amount very profitably in that line.

I shall not say anything just now in regard to the needs in the spring, if anything is to be done to enable these people to resume life, either in Bulgaria or in Macedonia, on a self-supporting basis. You may be sure that any money sent us will be gratefully, carefully and prayerfully used.

Once more thanking you on behalf of these unfortunate people here in Bulgaria and in Macedonia, whose distress you are doing so much to relieve, I remain very sincerely yours, LEROY F. OSTRANDER.

From Monastir (Jan. 18), Dr. Lewis Bond writes that relief work is proceeding with regularity. "In addition to the $1,000 previously reported, I now take delight in recording that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has forwarded $5,000 to my credit and $2,000 to credit of Mr. Haskell, at Salonica." (Here the writer refers to "the cultivation of real Christian benevolence," as illustrated by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD).

"Cold weather has set in, and the calls for relief are increasing. My dooryard gets fairly choked up with applicants. A man is here now pleading for flour. Was an innkeeper. The khan was burned, but he escaped from the flames through a shower of Turkish bullets. He has four bad bullet scars on his body. Expectant women come to ask for baby gear. These I refer promptly to my good wife, who usually warms them up with hot coffee before bringing out the diminutive swaddling suits, the materials of which are provided by Miss Muriel White's fund. Mrs. Bond spends one whole day a week in cutting out these garments, and her sewing circle meet for half a day at the chapel, while a few women do sewing at their homes, all without pay, of course. And here is a Jewess, whose husband, a village storekeeper, was carried off by an insurgent band and killed, after the store had been destroyed."

Letters have been received from Missionary Lewis Bond at Monastir, and Missionary G. D. Marsh of Philippopolis, concerning the remittances recently forwarded to them by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and expressing profound gratitude for the opportunity of relieving much suffering.

Mr. Marsh writes: "Bourgas, on the Black Sea, is the centre to which thousands of refugees came last fall, and they are now placed in many villages throughout this region. I expect to use some of the $2,000 sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the Adrianople region. It will be used carefully, efficiently and effectively."

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Better Way

DURING the long drawn-out negotiations between Russia and Japan, we have heard often of Russian interests, and Japanese interests, and incidentally of British and American rights and interests. If any of those interests are menaced by the action of another Power, it seems to be considered a matter of course that the nation affected should prepare for war. Statesmen appear to think that the only way to make their several governments respected, is to fight, or to threaten to fight, for their rights. Therefore, the army and the navy and the fighting apparatus must be kept ready for use.

Another view of a nation's interests, is that brought to the front by the statements, published last week, of the comparative figures of exports and imports. It appears that last year our exports were over forty million dollars more than those of Great Britain, and more than two hundred millions larger than those of Germany. In the same period, our imports were nearly a thousand millions, and the balance of exports over imports was nearly five hundred millions. Thus, what are called our material interests, were in a most gratifying condition.

Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since Christ went about preaching and proclaiming the heavenly message of peace and good-will and showing what were the real interests of men. Yet still our boast is in our wealth and prosperity, and our confidence, like that of other nations, is in our power to hold our own in the world. If the inhabitants of some other world, in which Christ's principles are applied, can see what is going on in the earth, what must they think of us? Our conduct must seem to them much like that at which we smile when we witness it in dog-kennels. Every dog struggling for the bone he wants, and snarling and biting his neighbor if he cannot get it. What would happen if our prayer, "Thy kingdom come," was to be answered? What a change there would be in our national systems, our ideas of national interests! The measure of national greatness then, would not be the wealth or prosperity of a nation, or its fighting capacity, but in the righteousness of its people and in the beneficence of their influence on the world. What a glorious thing it would be, if some Government were to set itself to apply Christ's principles to its national policy! That would be something unique in history. It would cease its preparations for war; it would not selfishly struggle for the commerce of the world; its concern would be for the welfare of its people; it would strive to eliminate vice and misery from its borders; it would grapple with the ills of poverty, and take care that wherever there was sickness or want, there were ready means of relief. The man across the border would no longer be a foe or a rival because he happened to be an Englishman or a Russian or a German, but a brother, whose welfare would be sought as solicitously as our own. The spectacle of a Government so employed and a nation so inspired might become infectious. Others might follow its example, until at last God's "will might be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A Good Old Custom

SOME of the older readers of this paper, remember that when they were children, a certain family custom obtained in the old home. In those days, as a matter of course, the children went to church. Equally as a matter of course, when the children came home, they had to repeat the text, and sometimes they were asked for the heads of the sermon. At present, a good many grown people know no more about the sermon to which they have listened than they do about the boundary lines of Kamschatka. As for the text, it makes no impression on their minds at all, and they look vaguely about in amazement when asked to repeat it. What they are thinking about during the sermon is a mystery; but certainly the habit of trained attention, which is a priceless mental discipline, has gone from the majority of those who attend church to-day. Let a man go to a political meeting, and he comes home full of the address to which he has listened. He recounts its main points with joy, and dwells upon all the telling parts, especially where they have coincided with his views, with pride. It is the same with a lecture. Those who attend a literary lecture seldom fail to get the gist of it fixed in their minds.

Why should it be otherwise in church? Sermons are worth hearing, and the preacher has a right to the same attention that any other speaker expects and receives. Perhaps the children of to-day would not thank any one for compelling them to bring home the text and as much as they can remember of the sermon, yet in days to come they will be grateful enough for this excellent training.

A Hero of the Mine

AMID the gloom and sorrow of the awful mining disaster at Harwick, Pa., by which nearly two hundred workmen lost their lives, there was one incident that will long be remembered throughout the coal region with a thrill of admiration. Selwyn Taylor, a mining expert, who had plotted the Harwick mine, and knew its subterranean passages, when informed of the explosion and the peril of the men, came at once from a distance to direct the work of rescue. With a few brave companions—for volunteers were scarce in the face of such deadly peril—he worked at the shaft all night long, making trips up and down in a rudely rigged bucket, for the regular hoisting apparatus was destroyed. They searched the blockaded passages, hoping to find some miners still alive, but were again and again forced through exhaustion to return. At last, two poor fellows were found still breathing. They were quickly taken up to the surface, and Selwyn Taylor with others, returned to the choking atmosphere of the mine and searched on. Then there came a moment when he could no longer resist the nauseating, suffocating fumes, and he fell unconscious. On being drawn up in the bucket, he opened his eyes a moment, gasped and expired.

This heroic soul, who gave his life for others, and who is now regarded by the miners as a martyr, was one of the leading men in his profession. His skill as an expert had brought him wealth and honor. He had a beautiful home and a loving wife. Life held much for him that was precious. Yet, when the call came, though knowing the danger probably better than any one else, he did not hesitate, but went down into that pit of death without a tremor. Although only two lives were saved as the result of his sacrifice, his deed of great-hearted heroism was as noble as though he had saved all.

"The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man," and the example of Selwyn Taylor's splendid courage and devotion to duty, was the Christlike crown of a noble career. All honor to his name, and may the memory of his brave self-sacrifice long be cherished by the miners of Pennsylvania!

Two Men

LIKE opportunity came to two men. Both were servants to prophets. The one turned out like his master, only more so, and wrought double the number of his miracles. The other turned out a leper.

Elisha and Gehazi.

The first grew hungry for God, and got him; the second grew hungry for gold, and lost it.

Water on a tree will make it grow; but on a post, will help to rot it.

Two men will read this—one will go to the pit, the other to the pulpit. Two men hear a sermon—one grows bigger by it, the other grows less. For truth will do one of two things when poured out—it will expand or contract. The sun pulls an oak out of an acorn, but it dries up a pool.

I lately visited a church, where one of its members had been elected to a high post of honor; trust and esteem were his in abundance. Another, who sat in the pew ahead of him, is in jail. They both heard the same sermons, read the same ritual, and said the Lord's Prayer together.

I saw two bulbs in a florist's window: both looked like onions. Plant one, and it will grow a lily, beautiful and fragrant; plant the other, and it will grow—an onion, for that is what it is.

We are what we are. Put Christ in a heart and he will grow out a Christian. Put sin in a heart and it will grow out like Satan.

C. H. YATMAN.

Exceeds Expectations

Crown Encyclopedia premium bears examination, and fully equals your announcement. It exceeds my expectations.

Minneapolis, Minn. L. B. FIFIELD.

A PRODIGAL'S RETURN

IN dealing with the multitude of wandering prodig who enter the Bowery Mission, the workers find t the next best thing, after getting a man to make peace with God, is to get him to reopen communicat with his friends at home. It is a very sad and pathetic f that, with many of these poor men, there are no dear ones write to. Scores of them are absolutely alone in the wo but the majority are not only themselves suffering the c sequences of their sins and failures, but they are caus inexpressible anxiety to those who love them, by neglecti to inform them where they are.

A placard hangs upon the wall of the Mission, in a pl where it is likely to catch the eye of every man that ente which reads:

> HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU WROTE HOME TO YOUR FOLKS?
>
> If you want to write, you can have pen, ink, paper and postage stamps on application.

This reminder is often sufficient. In the after-meetings the Mission, the workers are dealing personally with t men, and after the subject of the soul's needs has been go into, such questions as these are addressed to the seekers

"Are your folks living?"
"Do they know where you are?"
"How long is it since you have written to them?"
"Don't you think you ought to write at once?"

Very often the suggestion is acted upon immediately.

A few days ago, a young man entered the Mission, holdi a letter in his hand. He asked that it might be mailed f him. This letter was to his parents. He had been aw from home seven years, and been a soldier in the Philippin Cuba and other places, and he was in destitute circumsta ces. Since his discharge from the army, he had been unsu cessful in obtaining employment; his clothes had becor shabby, and he had grown discouraged; yet he bore hims with a considerable amount of pride and manliness. He c clared that this letter was to tell his folks he was still aliv but that he had made up his mind not to return home, un he could do so with as respectable an appearance as he h when he left.

The letter was despatched, and caused a wonderful flutt of excitement and interest in the family, at New Have Conn. The boy had asked that he might have the reply a dressed to the care of the Bowery Mission. But the ne that he was alive and in need, made the loved ones at hon feel that they could not wait to reply by mail. The fath was busy at work and could not be spared; but a young brother was despatched immediately, and within an hour two he was at the Mission, seeking his brother. The you man had scarcely expected such a prompt response to h letter, and did not call for the answer during that day; s after waiting in the Mission for several hours, the young brother returned to his home in New Haven.

During his tarrying in the Mission that day, however, h had learned a great deal about its work, and became esp cially interested in Dr. Klopsch's plan of giving an ear breakfast to destitute men during the cold weather. On h return home, the story of the wonderful place was eager related, and the father at once said, "Why, my boy is in destitute condition, and he is very likely to be one of tho breakfast guests." So, denying himself of his night's res he started off to the city. It was not long before he four his way down to the Mission, and saw one of the most p thetic sights his eyes had ever looked upon—that long li of shivering men, waiting for the Mission doors to open one o'clock in the morning. He explained his mission t the police officer, who suggested that he take his stand an scan each face as the men entered the breakfast-room.

The policeman's heart was touched by the father's stor and he, calling Mr. Long, the assistant superintendent, o one side, introduced the father to him.

Just at that moment Dr. Klopsch appeared. He ha come to personally supervise the distribution of the earl breakfast. He was interested in the father's story, an waited until the breakfast was disposed of, in the hope finding the boy. They were all disappointed. He was not ther

But the Bowery Mission is in close touch with all th lodging-houses in this notorious thoroughfare, and D Klopsch gave instructions that immediate search be mad for the boy. Within an hour or two the search was succes ful. The lost was found. The father's heart was gladdenec and an early Sunday morning train took father and so safely to the home in New Haven. There is little dou that, on that day, it was one of the happiest homes in th United States.

Like the father in the parable, we can well imagine thi bluff, hearty sailor father saying, as he entered the home arm and arm with his boy, "It is meet that we should mak merry, and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is aliv again; he was lost and is found."

J. G. HALLIMOND, Superintendent.

A Highly Pleased Subscriber

I received my premium, *How I Worked My Way Around th World*, and the *Calender* also; I am more than pleased with bot of them. I have been taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for severa years. I enjoy reading it very much indeed.

Winchester, Va., FANNIE RANDALL.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Norwegians in Peril

FIRE has devastated the beautiful and thriving town of Aalesund, in Norway. The flames broke out soon ter midnight on January 23, when nearly

HON. W. W. THOMAS, JR.
United States Minister to Norway and Sweden.

the inhabitants were locked in slumr. A high wind was blowing at e time, and the conflagration quickly read from one building to anher, until the whole town was stroyed. Churches, schoolluses and stores alike were nsumed, and even three eamers which were in the lrbor were burned. Several her vessels escaped by being nk to save them from the vastating element. The people first heroically fought the fire, t finding that useless, attempted to save some of their effects. nally, however, that effort had be abandoned, and every one d for safety. So far as is own at present, only two perns perished in the flames. The fugees congregated in the den fields, in a driving storm wind and rain. They were orly clad in garments hastily atched up in the emergency, d they were wholly without od or shelter. It was a terble plight, and most of them d lost everything they posssed. Fully eight thousand rsons were in danger of death starvation and exposure. ews of the emergency came om our Minister at Stockolm, the Hon. W. W. Thomas, , who, besides being a gentlean of remarkable ability, urteous and genial to travelg Americans, and exceedingly pular with Court and people in Norway d Sweden, is a man of quick sympathy th people in trouble. His report of the gent need received prompt response from e proprietor of this journal. Dr. Klopsch mediately cabled ten thousand kroner out $2,700) to him to relieve the sufferg people. Mr. Thomas was deeply ached by the gift, which was doubly luable by its timeliness, and gladly unrtook to forward it to the poor, shiverg, destitute people. We are glad to arn that a public subscription has been ened for their benefit with the names of ng Oscar and Queen Sophia at the head, th substantial contributions. At the ggestion of Emperor William, of Gerany, the Hamburg-American Line has spatched one of its steamers, laden with othing, bedding, blankets and medicine, to the scene of suffering. On board are also three doctors and twelve nurses. We may, therefore, hope that all danger from hunger and cold is by this time averted. As, however, the loss by the fire is estimated by the most conservative authorities, at five million dollars, scarcely any of it covered by insurance, the calamity must mean ruin to many, who will now have to begin life over again. We may hope that among a people so proverbially religious as the Norwegians, there may be many of the sufferers whose real treasure is untouched by the fire.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt (Matt 6:20).

AALESUND, NORWAY, RECENTLY DEVASTATED BY FIRE

Pain Made Pleasant

In an interview with a leading physician of New Orleans, published in the *Times Democrat*, the doctor averred his belief that certain patients, while under anæsthetics, actually feel pain though they do not suffer from it. "Ether and some other anæsthetics," he said, "when administered to certain patients, prevent suffering, without destroying the consciousness of pain. That sounds like a paradox, and is somewhat difficult to explain without becoming more paradoxical still. The effect of the anæsthetic, in the cases to which I refer, is to render pain pleasant. While apparently insensible, the patient is fully conscious of everything that is going on, and the nerves respond as readily as ever, but instead of producing physical discomfort, the effect is exactly the reverse. I have encountered several anomalies of that kind." The doctor could not explain the phenomenon, but when it occurs in the spiritual experience there is no difficulty in understanding it.

We glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts (Rom. 5:3).

Trinity Spire Menaced

The Rapid Transit Commission in New York City, at a recent meeting, received a warning from the Trustees of the famous church of Old Trinity, which stands at the head of Wall Street. The work on the subway with its connection with the tunnel under the East River, which is to connect Manhattan with Brooklyn, has now reached Broadway, in front of Trinity Church. The excavation is necessarily very deep, and as it is in sandy soil, there is grave danger to the grand old sanctuary. The foundation of the tower, on which the spire rests, is only nine and a half feet below the surface; if, therefore, a shifting of the soil should be caused by the excavation for the subway, the beautiful spire, now a noted landmark, might fall, and with it the eastern wall of the church. The Chief Engineer of the subway, on learning the facts, ordered all work on that part of the tunnel stopped, until measures could be taken to prevent any movement of the soil. Every citizen, and many in other sections who know and admire the famous edifice, will be glad to learn that safeguards, perfectly adequate, will be taken before the work on the subway is resumed. With its many associations with our national history, the church could not be injured without a sense of public loss. Happily for us, the real church of Christ, of which the church edifices are only the symbols, can never be endangered by any work of man, for we have Christ's own assurance of its stability.

Upon this rock, I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it (Matt. 16:18).

To Fight a Trust

Reports were in circulation recently, that an attempt was being made to form a trust to raise the price of the antitoxin, which has proved a successful remedy for some forms of diphtheria. Only two or three of the largest medicine houses in the country have a formula and plant for its manufacture in commercial quantities, and up to the present time, they have practically supplied the entire country with the exception of New York City, where the Health Department, a couple of years ago, established a plant of its own, principally for the purpose of supplying antitoxin free to the poor, and placing it within reach of people with moderate means. The city's Health Commissioner set on foot an investigation, and in a statement he has given out, announced that he was prepared to fight the combination to a finish in the interest of the poor, by doubling, trebling, or quadrupling the output of the Health Department plant, and supplying the product to cities from New York to San Francisco, if needs be. This will be welcome news. Of all the schemes set on foot to raise the prices of things the people need, this is one of the most despicable. When the child of a poor man is smitten with this dread disease, it would be an outrage if the price of the remedy for it was more than he could pay. So conscienceless are some people where there is a chance to make money, that the very remedy for sin might have been reserved for the rich only, if the message that it is free had not come from heaven itself.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely (Rev. 22: 17.)

A Stunted Skyscraper

A building in New York City recently erected, is a specimen of high ambitions which have been diminished by the fears of loss. A wealthy insurance company purchased, some time ago, at a great price, a site in one of the busiest streets of the city. It proposed to erect upon it a building twenty-five stories high, to be let out in offices. Soon afterwards plans for the edifice were filed, and work of putting down the caissons to carry the tall structure was begun. Immense steel girders and columns went up rapidly, the exterior walls were started, and everything proceeded in regular order until two weeks ago, when passers-by were somewhat mystified to see a cornice put in place above the sixth floor to mark the building's completion. The trouble was caused by the lessees of offices in the next building, whose windows overlook the site of the proposed structure. They claimed that they had been led to take the offices largely owing to their fine supply of natural light, and that their leases entitled them to this privilege. As the insurance company owned that building, too, it was in a dilemma. If some other corporation had owned it, there would probably have been a long fight in the Courts as to the right of people to light; but the company could not afford to lose their own tenants, so the new building stopped at the sixth storey. They have learned by experience the truth of the wise king's warning:

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house (Prov. 15: 27).

BRIEF NOTES

The Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union, being the same as the Sunday School Lesson for the week, the article on the Topic is omitted. Members of those societies will find suggestions for their use on pages 98 and 131 of this issue.

Japan has a college for women. It is only two years since it was founded, but its students now number more than eight hundred, drawn from all parts of the empire.

The American College for girls at Erzeroum, Turkey, has been burned. It is believed that it was done by Turkish incendiaries. The building was completed only last year.

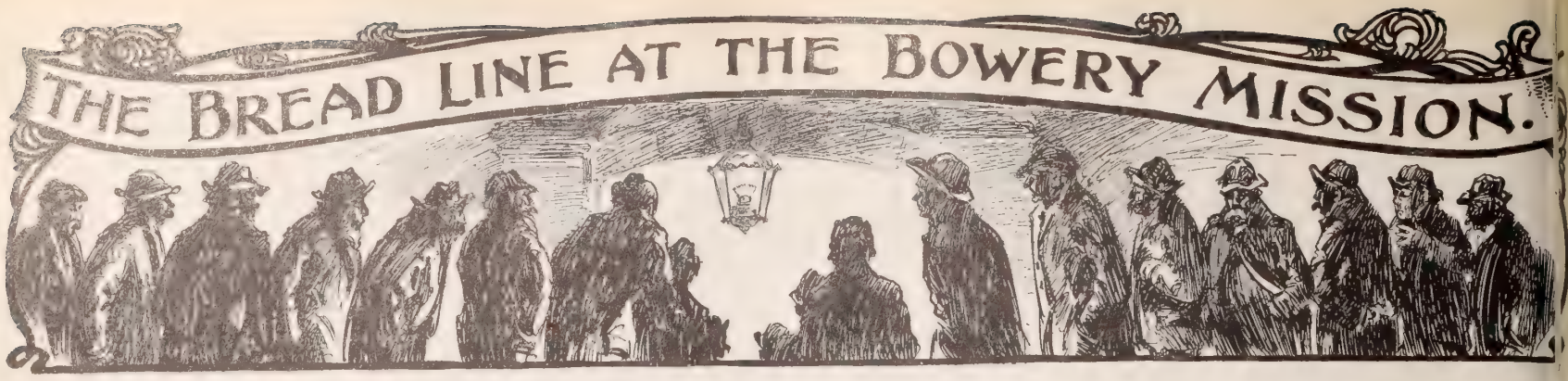
Dr. A. T. Pierson has undertaken to deliver a series of Bible lectures, under the auspices of the London Young Men's Christian Association.

The oldest Temperance pledge known to be in existence, since the old Testament Order of Rechabites, is one dated 1637. It is in the possession of a minister at Kettering, England. The signer left himself a loophole by writing under it, "except that necessity doe require it."

A London fog brings profit to the gas companies. The extra gas consumed in the stores and offices on a single foggy day, costs $40,000.

An "Industrial Missions Association" has been formed in New York, with the idea of inaugurating and developing self-supporting industrial missions all over the world. The secretary of the association is Mr. Henry W. Fry, 105 East Twenty second street, and its advisory council includes the Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, the Rev. Dr. J. L. Barton, Mr. John W. Wood, and Mr. Robert E. Speer.

THE BREAD LINE AT THE BOWERY MISSION.



A THOUSAND, HUNGRY AND IN PATCHED AND RAGGED COATS IN THIS LONG LINE

A THOUSAND men in line! A regiment and more, homeless and hungry, are standing, waiting, for the doors of the Bowery Mission to open at one o'clock in the morning.

Long before this hour the army begins to assemble, gathering around the Mission doors, patiently waiting for the signal, when every man may find the comfort of a good, hot cup of coffee and a roll.

Where do they come from at this hour of morning? at this gray, cold, unsympathetic hour? Have they waited all this time in the storm and cold just for that bit to eat and drink? Why are they not in their beds? and why, if the good people of the Mission want to help their less fortunate brothers, do they serve breakfast at such an unreasonable hour?

Well might anyone ask these questions who is unacquainted with conditions on the Bowery in New York City in the dead of winter. In no other city, in this country at least, is such a crowd of men to be found; so cosmopolitan, and with histories, personalities and circumstances so varied. A polyglot of dialect gives one a confused idea of nationalities, while years, hard times, and dissipation, have left their varied but unmistakable seal upon many faces. There are men in this long line in patched coats, men in ragged coats, and men wearing such a nondescript garment as to scarcely deserve the name of coat. There are men whose buttonless outer garments are pinned tightly around thin bodies and throats, to hide the absence of vest and shirt; men with their hats pulled down over their eyes; whose shifty glances betray inherent weakness—a pitiful heritage—men with their hats cocked at a rakish angle, which seems to say, "Yes, I'm down on my luck just now, but watch me, I shan't always be gittin' a breakfast here, see!"

Others look hard and resentful, as if they would like to give their opinion of a world where a fellow hasn't a bite to eat or a bed to sleep in. They would like to fix the blame on everybody, or anybody but themselves, for their hard fate.

There are a few young faces, and O, the pity of it! Some "mothers' boys," wandering in the streets of a great city, penniless, and hungry; tired, and with no place to lay their heads. God grant they may be spared the fate of many of those about them.

But the majority of this army of the tempted, of the wandering and the lost, are just weary, wretched men, who feel that their case is hopeless. And the worst of it is that they do not care. They slouch along, their only ambition to keep in the line and not lose their places, as they near this temporary haven of warmth, where the hot coffee cups await their trembling, eager fingers.

Here comes one with a Herr Most cast of countenance, all hair and defiance. He grabs his cup and roll, as if it were his right.

Next, a very respectable-appearing middle-aged man nears the table where the hospitalities are being dispensed. He looks neither to the right nor left, but takes his cup and roll, drinking and munching as he walks. He does not pause, as most of the others do before they reach the exit, but keeps steadily on until he disappears up the stairs which lead to the sidewalk. His clothing, while not new, was evidently made for him, or at least for a man of his size; his collar is clean, his hair neatly brushed, his beard trimmed, and he wears a pair of new woolen gloves. The attention of one of the mission workers was called to this man, as being somewhat superior to the majority of the throng that was now surging through the basement.

"O, yes," said the worker, "just watch him. He'll be back again, as soon as he can get here from the end of the line. He came in seven times last night." And, sure enough, back he came again and again, until one could not help wishing he might sell his appetite for a consideration to some dyspeptic multi-millionaire.

As the pile of rolls grew smaller, and "Pop," the *chef*, sounded the bottom of the last barrel of coffee, it seemed as if the crowd grew more dense; but this was because the clock pointed to nearly closing time. The men made every excuse to linger—it was so warm and comfortable there, and so desolate and cold in the snowy street. And they had nowhere to go.

Three o'clock a. m.—And the wind viciously blows the icy flakes into the faces of those who are forced to be out in the storm. The streets are comparatively deserted—comparatively only—for New York, as a city, never sleeps. An army of night workers is toiling in the great daily newspaper buildings and in other places where daily supplies must be created at night. Physicians are returning from the bedsides of critical cases. The street cars are comfortably filled with people who are intent on getting somewhere, going from one part of the city to the other, each with their own particular reason for not being at home at this hour.

Outside the uptown hotels patient horses stand before their waiting cabs, while "cabby" himself walks up and down the sidewalk, threshing his arms to keep his fingers from freezing, wondering if the sun will rise before his "fare" comes out, and wants to go home. Balls and other social gaieties have about reached their height at this hour, while the great mass of the common people—or rather the people with common sense—are quietly sleeping in their comfortable beds, refreshing themselves for the morrow's toil.

But where are the thousand and more men we saw vanish down at the Bowery Mission? What has become of that long "bread line"? Where did they go when they had eaten their rolls and drank their coffee?

They have vanished, but what has become of them? They have not gone home, because they have no homes. They have not gone to a cheap lodging-house, because they had not the price of even a hard ten-cent bed, and no one has given them a bed-ticket, or upon such a night it would have been used long hours ago.

This is what many of them do: they walk to Harlem—a seven-mile trudge—and back again; they walk up and down the Bowery and the avenues, solitary and in twos and threes. They curl up in doorways and the hallways of tenement houses, while some find a friendly grating in the sidewalk, where the superheated air escapes from some great steam plant. They will all be ready to come back to-morrow night, and travel the same round.

No! not at all. A few will drop out, health gone, strength gone, life gone, no matter how, gone forever. And Potter's Field grows apace, while the vacant places in the army of the homeless are filled by recruits as weary, miserable and hopeless as those who trampled their last tramp, up and down the snowy streets, the night before.

All honor to the charities which make it possible to shorten these dreary nights, and to infuse a little cheer and courage into these well-nigh hopeless lives.

There is hope for many of these men, but hope does not grow and thrive on an empty stomach and sleepless nights.

The Following Contributions Have Been Received in Aid of the Work of the Bowery Mission, Including Food and Shelter Fur

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Errington, J T....
Graham, Mrs Saml
Handley, F C R..
Harper, Mrs Z J..
Keillor, Jas .....
Kinnear, Miss E..
Kinnear, Miss I..
Krupp, Rev S....1
McKinnon, A O...
Milgaw, M .....
Miller, Mrs John.
Miller, Mr & Mrs J
Pearce, Jas .....
Pegg, Jos .....
Taylor, Miss Jean
Taylor, Mrs Jennie
Webster, Mrs W C
——, Alexandria, Oak Lake 1
Alexandria, Oak Lake 1
Mrs G M.....
A McK, Valley River .....
Friend, Ninga ....
C H Reader, Strathroy .....

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Lemmon, N E.....
Morton, E R.....
Friend, Athens ....
A Pilgrim and Stranger .....

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Plain, Mrs H M..2
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Kirkham Miss S S 1

Fanny's Private Purse

FANNY LIVINGSTON was engaged in the pleasant occupation of the king who sat in the parlor, counting out his money. Fanny was counting hers. She was dividing it, as she counted it, o three little piles, one for gold, one for silver, and e for copper.

The gold pile was, of course, a tiny one. Nevertheless, it was not insignificant, for Fanny had in the year at had passed since her last birthday, received four lden gifts. A five dollar gold piece from Uncle ck; the same from her father, and two ight little gold dollars, from Aunt Susy d Aunt Mary. The latter bore dates irty years back, though the coins were bright still. They had lain in the jewel xes of the aunties, and had been treased on account of some youthful assoation.

In the silver pile or piles, there were lf-dollars, quarters, and dimes. They ounted to ten dollars in all. The pens brought up the sum to twenty-five llars. This was the agreeably lavish ount which Fanny kept in what she lled her private purse. It was replenhed in various ways, this little purse, and cherished hoard grew by accretion. metimes from savings that Fanny made her monthly allowance; sometimes, ough rarely, by earnings, when she sold entrepiece or a bit of lace, the work of r clever fingers, and sometimes, often ileed, by presents from her relatives.

Fanny had usually expended the money her private purse for something she y much wanted: for a picture, or a wn, or an additional luxury for her om; she had never felt any compunction in using it thus, and this year, when r twenty-first birthday had come, was e first to arouse in her a new thought d a new struggle. She was in the habit devoting a tenth portion of her allowce to the Lord's treasury, and so, oughtfully, took two dollars and fifty nts out of her private purse, and said, "here! now that's settled! I'll put that the contribution box on Sunday."

And the rest? Well, there was a sale of s, at greatly reduced prices, announced the morning newspaper. Fanny deded that she was in desperate want of a w boa, and she straightway determined buy one without an hour's delay.

'I am writing to Cousin Helen, Fanny," lled her mother from the foot of the irs. "Have you a message?"

'My love, of course," she called back.

Then a shadow fell on her bright face.

She began to think of Cousin Helen's tter that her mother was answering. ch a cheery letter, so brave, so uncomplaining, but with an undernote of pathos, meaning that was felt between the es, though unexpressed. Clearly before nny's eyes rose the picture of the South Dakota rsonage, little and chill and bare and bleak, the wild nds battering against it, the nakedness of want creepg across its threshold. Cousin Helen had a Fanny, , just Fanny's age, and she had mentioned casually t she wanted to take lessons at or with a correspondence school, but they had not been able to manage e expense. "Poor girlie," Helen had said, "a home rssionary's daughter has to learn to do without so ch that we used to fancy indispensable."

'Mother," cried our Fanny, suddenly bursting into e room where Mrs. Livingston was just closing her tter. "I've decided on a new variety of birthday fun. I going to send my 'private purse' to Fanny Leigh. re it is, twenty-five dollars. Change it into a check, ease, and put it in before you seal your letter."

'You are sure you won't be sorry, daughter?"

'Perfectly sure. And now I'm going to pack a barr for those dear South Dakota people. If the Lord hors me by letting me have home missionaries for kisfolk, he expects me to pay him something back in rurn, and I'm trying my best to do it. I've been selfish, but I'm trying to be less so. I really am, though, to tell the truth, mother, dear, it's a sudden conversion. I was going down town, and all in an instant I had a vision, and I felt a tug at my very heart. Where do you suppose it came from?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Livingston, "that an angel opened your eyes, and spoke to your heart, Fanny."

The Marking of Household Linen

The bride's part in furnishing the new home is to provide the household linen. This includes towels, napkins, tablecloths, sheets and pillow-cases. The quantity she will need depends largely on the style of her establishment, on the kind of home she plans, and the simple or elaborate furnishings it will require. A linen-shower, which is a party composed of the bride's girl friends and acquaintances, each of whom brings some piece of linen as a gift, is a very graceful attention to an expectant bride. The marking of the linen may be with the bride's monogram or maiden initials, or with the monogram and initials of her married name. This is entirely a matter of individual preference and personal taste. Embroidery is more beautiful than other marking.

PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT

My love is on the sea, O Lord; the storm, I fear, is on the sea,
But thou can'st still the waves, and I can trust my love, O Lord, to thee.

The Golden Milestone

Whenever any of our circle reach the golden milestone of fifty years of wedlock, we are glad to hear of it, and we ask to be included among those who offer congratulations on the auspicious event. In this world of change and incertitude, it is no slight thing for two to walk together on life's road in good comradeship, honor and perfect adjustment of principle, aims, and service to God and man. Mr. Charles Rollin Post and Mrs. Caroline Lathrop Post, of Fort Worth, Texas, had been married fifty happy years on October 10, 1903. They are the couple of whom we have last heard through their pastor; and it is a pleasure to know that their golden wedding was an occasion of rare dignity and enjoyment. May they live together many more years, and have a diamond wedding.

"Sir," and "Ma'am"

FORMERLY, well-bred children were carefully taught to say "Sir," and "Ma'am," to their elders, and polite grown people were apt to use the same forms when addressing one another. A person brought up in the "mannerly" ways of a previous generation, finds it hard to accustom herself to the bald "Yes," and rough "No," which seem permissible at present, and when a young girl who did not catch what she said, sharply turns on her with, "What?" this old-fashioned gentlewoman, feels as if she had received a blow in the face. In her life's traditions, girls were deferential to their parents, and surrounded all older people with little courtesies and attentions; the sort of attentions and small cares which accompany "Sir" and "Ma'am."

In our Southern States, where polish still appertains to good breeding, young people are taught to bear themselves with a certain reverence toward all who have gray hairs. A young woman does not think it beneath her to assist an old gentleman on or off with his coat, and she relieves him of his hat, and finds a chair for him as a matter of course. That sort of good manners goes with "Sir" and "Ma'am." A young fellow from Georgia, married a Northern bride several years ago. Her people demurred a little at his custom of saying "Ma'am" to women, young and old, and one tactless spinster took him roundly to task. "Yes, ma'am, I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, with due humility; "but my mother would turn me out of her house if I spoke in any other way."

There is little probability that our growing boys and girls will have too much politeness of manner; and, as the first years influences the entire future, they are wise who early train the little tongue in speech, fragrant and decorous. If we restore the "Yes, ma'am" of the past, we shall not raise our children in servility, but in sweet and gracious courtesy, a thing at which to rejoice.

Naughty Children

A London doctor is exploiting the theory that naughtiness in children shows them to be moral degenerates and imbeciles, and he mournfully declares that punishment will not cure their malady. Before child culture became a fad, and common sense lost her bearings on the subject, there was a fact called original sin, which sufficiently accounted for the perversities and waywardness of our little folk. With daring disregard of consequences, parents used to bring up large families; loving them tenderly; obliging them to obey at once when spoken to; correcting them when they did w r o n g; feeding, clothing, educating them, and treating them with a good deal of wholesome neglect. The children thus brought up, turned out as well as do modern children, who are analyzed as if they were botanical specimens, treated with a degree of respect that is at least confusing, and generally set in the front and centre of the stage.

While the earth endures, there will be naughty children as well as good ones. To be naughty now and then is to be normal. Our Heavenly Father, surveying us with our greater burden of iniquity, impartially sends his rain and sun on the evil and on the good. We need not explain the baby's tempers on any subtle ground of moral imbecility. They are, no doubt, inherited from papa and mamma, and may easily be cured by a kiss, or the maternal rod, as may seem best.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—R. C. C. Would it be sinful to marry one man while in love with another? Certainly, very sinful and extremely foolish. Marry the man you love, or remain single.

—Dorcas. "I beg pardon," and "Excuse me," are said when there is some natural occasion to use those terms. Thanks are expressed when one has received a courtesy. A hostess says "Thank you," when a guest remarks that she has had a pleasant evening. Allow your friend to precede you in entering your own house. At her door be guided by her action. Common sense regulates these little matters.

—Liph. Your wife cannot be blamed if she asks to be consulted about the sale of your joint home. I doubt whether you have a legal right to dispose of it without her consent. You have no moral right to do so.

—Laura. I cannot think it right that a husband, in perfect health and strength, should depend on his wife's earnings simply because he cannot get the work he prefers. He ought to take any work that comes along.

THE IMPERILLED SABBATH

Jesus and the Sabbath

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB 21
MATT 12. 1-13

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -MATT. 12: 12:
IT IS LAWFUL TO DO WELL ON THE SABBATH DAY

RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM

WE see gathered together a group of people whom Jesus has healed on the Sabbath, chief among them the man whose withered hand has been restored. He is telling the others how it all happened: "My home is in Capernaum. My infirmity of the withered hand did not prevent my regular attendance at the beautiful synagogue, built for our people by the Roman centurion. As Jesus Christ resided in Capernaum, he was often seen and heard in this synagogue. On the day of my healing, he had come in, followed by Pharisees whose faces were dark with envy and hatred. They were muttering among themselves, casting glances at Jesus. I stood near enough to them to learn that they had had a controversy with Jesus about the Sabbath. The disciples of Jesus, walking with him toward the synagogue, had gathered and eaten some heads of wheat by the way in the fields through which they passed. To this act the Pharisees had taken exception, 'because,' said they, 'this act has broken our law against Sabbath harvesting.' They desired Jesus to censure his disciples, but instead, he upheld them, by referring to David eating the shew bread of the Tabernacle when necessity drove him to satisfy his hunger."

Illustration and Application

Two successive lessons on the Sabbath question are not too many, for the Sabbath is more attacked and less defended than ever before; and its observance is the most intricate of all moral questions. The writer, after twenty years of special study of this subject, is inclined to think a single lesson or address is likely to leave the minds of class or congregation in an unsettled condition, by raising more problems than can be conclusively discussed at one sitting. Let these two consecutive lessons on Christ's way of keeping the Sabbath serve as the frame, for a week of thorough study of Sabbath doctrine and duty, at this most favorable season, before the summer flood of temptations to Sabbath breaking. We suggest this comprehensive outline:

1. THE DOCTRINE OF THE SABBATH. 1. "The Sabbath was made for man" (Mark 2: 27) at Creation, not for the Jews only. See references to "Sabbath," "seventh day" and "week" before the Decalogue: Gen. 2: 3; 7: 4; 8: 10-12; 29: 27; Ex. 12: 15; 16: 1, 5, 22-30. This revelation of the Sabbath as a primeval and universal institution is confirmed by reason —Hath not a Gentile as much need of rest and worship as a Jew?—and by the oldest records of the oldest nations in which the sacred "seventh" and "seventh day" constantly appear, and especially by the Accadian tablets, now in the British Museum, on which we read the very word *Sabbatu*, as the name of an imperfect weekly rest-day. Modern science also concurs with the Bible, that the Sabbath law is a universal law of human nature. This is shown in the accompanying chart of Dr. Haegler, of Basle, confirmed by Dr. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The downward strokes, each represent a workday's loss of oxygen, say one ounce; the shorter upward strokes, the only partial recovery in the night's rest, which leaves a debt to nature, of, say, one-sixth of an ounce each morning, so that on Sunday morning, after steady work for a week, one is six-sixths a whole ounce short, and needs a whole day for recovery.

The Sabbath not Hebrew, but Human and Humane

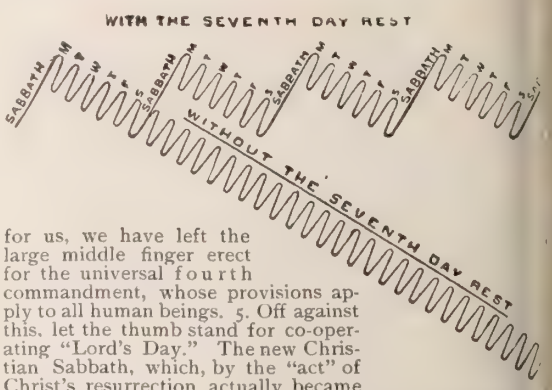
It is worth while to devote a whole address or lesson to laying this granite pedestal, "The Sabbath was made for man," that the conviction may be fixed for life that the Sabbath is not merely a Jewish by-law or a church rule, but is rather something copied out of the nature of things, to violate which is to collide with the universe.

2. The Sabbath is a part of the world's divine constitution, the Ten Commandments, whose universality is proclaimed in their adoption by Justinian, Charlemagne, and Alfred, as the corner-stones of their great codes, which are the basis of our Christian civilization. In the face of these three historic facts it is a waste of time to argue that the Decalogue was only for the Jew. The important thing is that we must not treat as least what God wrote longest. The Fourth Commandment is the key-stone of the Decalogue arch, with which the whole of it in theory and practice stands or falls. This Sabbath commandment is our standard guide to Sabbath observance, and requires, first, Sabbath worship (a part of the Divine law which civil government does not and should not enforce), and, second, six days of regular and strenuous effort from all, regardless of whether they need salary, since we are all created for service; third, a weekly day of rest, *not the seventh day of the week, but the seventh day after six of work*, and this rest is not to be left to each individual, but taken together by the whole community, parents and children, natives and aliens, and their working animals, for which, as for all humane and hygienic arrangements of general labor and common rest, civil government must legislate. In the words of Horace Greeley, "The liberty of rest for each demands a law of rest for all."*

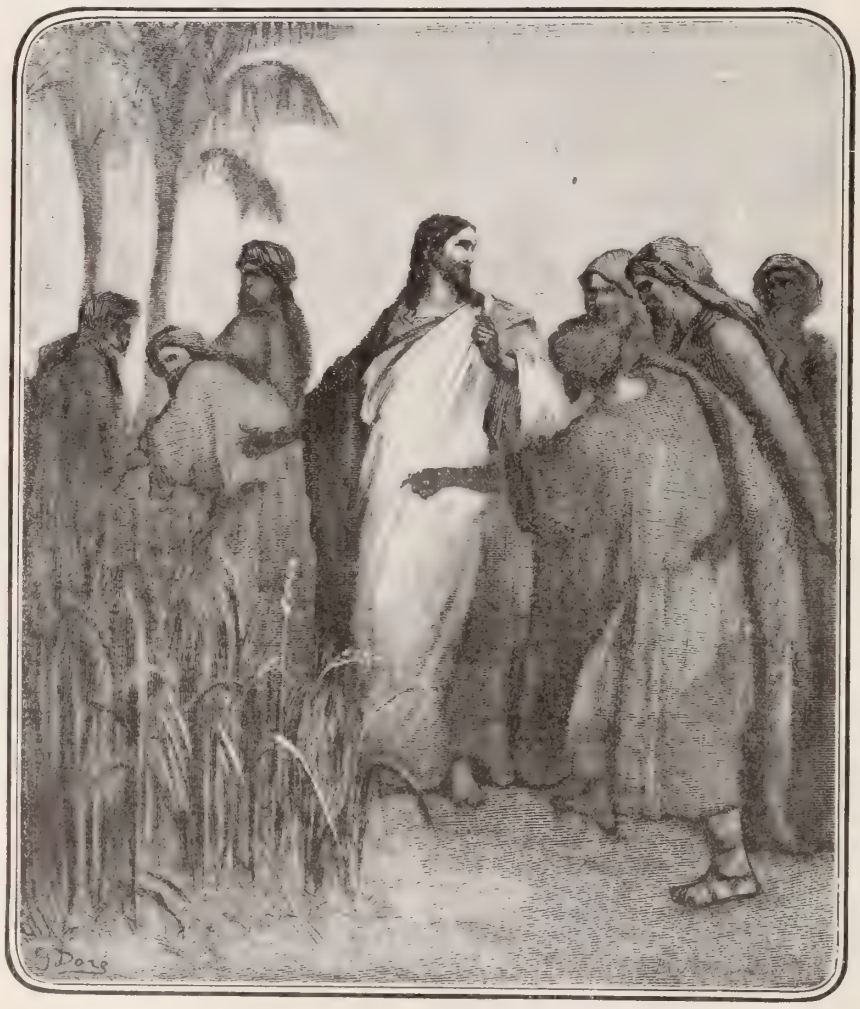
3. Christ interpreted the Decalogue as requiring a pause only in works of gain, not in works of mercy and necessity, that is, the exercises of religion and philanthropy, and the household work necessary for providing food and the like. Those who make "necessity" cover a multitude of sins and selfishness find no precedent in the Sabbaths of Christ.

Five Sabbaths in Christ's Day

There were really five Sabbaths lying alongside in the days of Christ. Let us distinguish them on the five fingers, to save ourselves from many a sophistry that comes from confusing them. 1. The little finger Sabbath of the list was the Pharisaic Sabbath. Let it never be called the "Jewish Sabbath," for it had no authority but that of a sect whose pettiness and bitterness made its members seem to belong to the sect known as "insect," indeed, one of its hundreds of vexing rules was that one could not kill a flea on the Sabbath, however pestilent, for that would be hunting. Let us say right here, and illustrate it later as the practical duty taught by contrast in the lesson of to-day, that as Christ showed his courage in condemning and breaking away from the too strict observance of the Sabbath in the church of his day, a like courage will lead us to condemn and avoid the other extreme of general laxity in the Sabbath observance of church members to-day. 2. This next finger shall represent the Jewish Sabbath, with its sacrifices, double those of other days, binding on us only in the principles of increased worship and "doubled sacrifice." 3. The forefinger shall stand for the Jewish civil Sabbath, beginning at evening with a fireless hearth, where fire was only needed for excessive fea ing, and capital punishment for Sabbath-breakers, none these binding any but Jews under Jewish civil governme except in their underlying instructive principles. 4. T three fingers named having been turned down, as not la



for us, we have left the large middle finger erect for the universal fourth commandment, whose provisions apply to all human beings. 5. Off against this, let the thumb stand for co-operating "Lord's Day." The new Christian Sabbath, which, by the "act" of Christ's resurrection actually became thereafter the chief day of the week, the inheritor of t old Sabbath's worship and rest, and the sign and ensign Christ's Lordship over time and eternity (Acts 20: 7; I. C 1, 2; Rev. 1: 10). Christian churches differ on many poin but there are few doctrines where the agreement is so nea universal as in the acceptance of the "Lord's Day." I us not, therefore, be turned aside to discussion about "change of the day," which has become a fixed fact, but gi our attention rather to the practical question how we c best defend the day against its chief desecrators. Most all do we need to quicken the courage really good people who are driven to t wrong side by fears and sneers.



"THE SON OF MAN IS LORD EVEN OF THE SABBATH DAY"

Sabbath Heroes

When George III. was repairing his pa ace at Kew, one of the workmen was pa ticularly noticed by his Majest One Monday morning the Ki went as usual to watch the pr gress of the work, and not seei the man in his usual place, inquired t reason of his absence. He was at first a swered evasively by the workmen, but last they said that not, being able to co plete a particular job on the Saturday nig they had returned to finish it on the Sund morning, and that as this man had refus to work on Sunday, he had been dismiss from the employment. "Send him ba immediately," said the King. "The m who refuses to do his ordinary work on t Lord's Day is the man for me."

Early in the nineteenth century, a b went to New York City to carve out h own fortune. He had learned the printi trade in the country town in which he w brought up, and that knowledge was h only aid to fame and fortune, except thorough training in a simple Christi home. He found work in one of the large printing offices in the city. One Saturd afternon he was given a long "take" of co which he could not possibly "set" witho working on Sunday. He gave it a glan and then said: "I will work on this t twelve o'clock to-night, and finish what can; but I can not work to-morrow." "Th you'll lose your place," said the forema The boy took the copy to his employe told him that he had been taught to rev ence the Sabbath, and that he would resi his situation rather than violate his co science. His employer could not but r spect such a spirit, and he never aga required him to work on Sunday. Th boy was John Harper, the principal found of the publishing house of Harper Brothe

We might give scores of such inciden of men and boys who refused to work Sunday, and were not financially ruine as many, who have failed in such tes have feared they would be, if true to G and themselves. Better far to fail fina cially than morally, but we have searche the world and found but one case of mode martyrdom to Sabbath keeping. And wh is it not as glorious to die for conviction if need be, in keeping the Sabbath, as testing a yellow-fever cure, or hunting th north pole, or fighting a foreign foe?

"Is this a good book to read to-day?" The young gi who asked the question was away from home, and at hon she was accustomed to make a distinction between Sunda and week-day books. Her hostess looked up smilingly at th book presented, gave a cursory glance, and said: "Wh yes, my dear little Puritan! anything on this table may b read on Sunday. There is nothing really bad in this house Agnes went away with the bright-looking volume in h hand. The story was entertaining, but presently she ros quietly, replaced the book on the shelf whence it came, an went to her room. Her hostess observed the action, and touched a chord in her memory, for she, too, had bee trained to keep Sunday sacred. Her husband laid aside h newspaper. He, too, felt uncomfortable. And a lad, Agne cousin, said very decidedly: "Well, she don't play at being Christian. She makes a business of it."

*Readers who desire a fuller discussion of the Sabbath question will receive a statement if they will write, enclosing two cent stamp, to Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

AS TOM SAW IT

HE wind whistled sharply around the corner and Tom's audience drew closer together. The ragged coats and frayed trousers flapped isrlly against the shivering little figres and the newspapers in half a dozen ennbed hands rustled noisily. The peaer's voice grew more insistent.

"ell ye what, fellers, it was jest great. 'us thar was the singin' that made ye eel creepy way down ter yer toes an' enf ittle shivers a-runnin' up yer backon Then thar was a big stillness so's e cld most hear yerself think, an' in a inte the old chap on the platform, he ot o an' said, 'I wanter tell ye a story.' 'he's jest his words, an' he hadn't said iorn that 'fore I felt 's if he had walked that explained, perhaps, his ease as a "public speaker."

"Oh—if I only could!" and he gave a delighted little skip. The impulsive movement brought a shadow to his face, and he looked down at the twisted, misshapen foot that was not meant for skips and leaps. "Thar ain't no use in thinkin' of it, though—not fur me, with that thing," he added, dolefully. "I jest got ter give it up, that's all. But there's Teddy an' Dot—thar ain't nothin' ails their legs—bless 'em!" Tom's face was visibly brightening—"thar ain't nothin' ter hinder them bein' somebody." And he limped hurriedly around the corner and began to climb the long flights that led to his garret home.

Tom was nine when his father died, and

"Come—come quick!" cried Tom, grasping Dot and dragging Teddy along the floor

ghdown an' picked me out o' the hol gang an' patted me on the shoulder i' s talkin' ter me—jest me, ye know. "Ad—well," continued Tom, drawing lo breath, "I can't half tell ye what he id I wish't I could; but he told about ch that was like us once—sellin' pa-ers an' blackin' shoes an' all that, ye no—an' how he got ter be an engineer th pres'dent of the United States—I rg which, but 'twas somethin' that was g. He said thar wa'n't no reason why e cldn't be somebody, too; that all we'd t r do was ter keep straight ahead an' s share ev'ry time an' stick it out an' e'q it thar."

"A, Tom, what ye givin' us?" called a ri e voice.

T turned, with fierce nods of his head. "y think it sounds fishy, Bill— an' it es when I tell it, an' we're out here in e reet an' down on our luck; but ye'd st ghter heard him said it, Bill. Why, he he talked, I felt 's if I could black l t shoes in the city with jest a flip of y ush, an' that 'twouldn't be no time ill ore I was drivin' a team or runnin' h l!"

C ld Dr. Cyrus Heminway have heard on "speech," he would have felt well pa for the evening's talk he had given t Newsboys' Mission the week bere but could he, in addition to that, ve followed Tom's forlorn little figure n g down the street, his heart would ve warmed indeed. Tom was talking ou to himself—a habit of his—and one he was not ten when his mother so quickly followed—that white-faced, tired mother, who yet always had a loving word and a smile for him, and for Teddy and Dot. These two were so little then; they were hardly larger now, though two years older. "Skimpy soups and scraps don't make folks very big," Tom would say apologetically.

But Tom blacked shoes, sold papers, ran of errands, held horses—all in a frenzy of haste, from early morning until the last "extra" had been sold at midnight. The old cracked sugar-bowl in the cupboard was Tom's bank, and his precious store of dimes and pennies was steadily growing larger.

One snowy December day, Tom was hurrying homeward, when a clanging engine almost ran him down. Shouting men and boys pushed roughly by. The crowd increased, and became almost impenetrable as he reached his own street.

Tom was thoroughly frightened. The fire must be very near—and there was Teddy, Dot, and the sugar-bowl! He pushed and struggled, and beat his tiny self against the surging human wall.

A moment later he dashed into an alley not so crowded, and, by a detour, came out close by his own door. Policemen were forcing the crowds back and roping off an open space, firemen were shouting, engines were hissing and throbbing, and over all was the red glare of the flames.

For a second Tom stood motionless;

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 126

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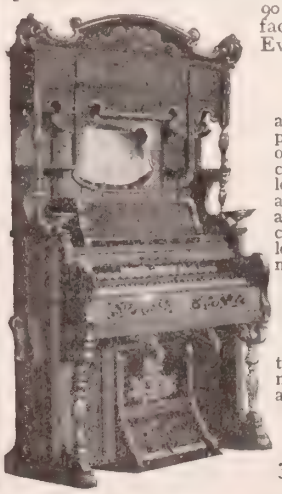

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By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

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(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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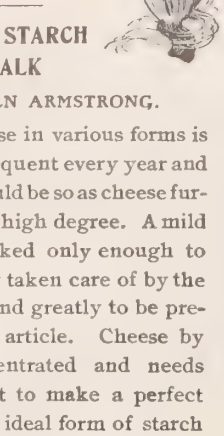

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AS TOM SAW IT

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

then, deaf to warning shouts and heedless of outstretched hands, he rushed through the door and up the stairs. Stumbling, crawling—one flight, two flights, three, he passed; then, choking and well-nigh breathless, he threw open the door of his room.

The children were asleep.

He shook them roughly.

"Come—come quick!" he gasped, catching up Dot with a sweep of his right arm, and dragging Teddy to the floor with his left.

The air was stifling now. Darting tongues of flame leaped from the cracks over the doors, across the hall, and licked the dust from the walls. A crackling roar filled the children's ears, and a suffocating smoke burned their eyes and throats. Crouching close to the floor, they gained the stairway and started, half sliding, half tumbling, down the long flights. They had almost reached the street when there was a crash, a blinding glare, a scorching something across their faces—then oblivion for Tom.

Tom did not sell papers the next morning. If he had sold them, he might have seen his own name at the top of the first page of most of them. In big, black letters, he was called a "hero," and his "daring rescue of sleeping children" was told, with many a laudatory adjective, beneath the picture of a boy carrying two children down a blazing stairway.

But all this Tom did not see. What he really did see was a long room, full of pretty, white beds, in one of which he was lying. He turned his head, and met the gaze of Dr. Cyrus Heminway—the man who had talked at the Mission.

A glad flash of recognition came into Tom's eyes. "It's you ain't it? Well, I wanted ter tell yer," he began, hurriedly; "I was goin' ter do what ye said, but I couldn't ye know, on 'count o' my leg. But I'm goin' ter make somethin' of Dot an'——" he stopped suddenly, his eyes widening in a frightened remembrance of the night before—"Whar is Dot an' Teddy?" he screamed, his voice shrill with anxiety, Then he fell back with tightened lips and a stifled cry of pain

"Steady, my lad, steady," soothed the big man gently; "the children are safe and well—thanks to you."

"Did I git 'em out all right? Somethin' happened, seems so, long at the last—I can't jest remember." The lips relaxed in a smile, then quivered pitifully. "I—I couldn't git the sugar-bowl, though, an' now I'll have ter begin all over." The voice ended in a sigh, then suddenly commenced again, with renewed vigor. "Say, whar am I, an' what am I here for?"

"You—well—you hurt yourself—a bit, my lad," explained the man, stammering confusedly. "So they brought you to the hospital for me to fix up."

The boy's face fell.

"Long job—is it?"

"Well, it will take a little while."

A big tear rolled down Tom's cheek.

"I know what that means, an' it's all up. I jest can't make nothin' of 'em now—'twill take furever ter catch up!"

"Make nothing of—"

"Dot an' Teddy, ye know," supplied Tom. "I was goin' ter make them like what you said I'd oughter be."

"What I said?" repeated the doctor, more mystified than before.

"Yes, down ter the Mission, ye know. You told how we'd all oughter do somethin' big an' fine an' be somebody. Well, I was goin' ter be somebody myself, but my legs ain't alike—one of 'em wa'n't finished up right, an' so I'm counted out the game—'tain't no use for me ter try. But Dot an' Teddy was diff'rent. They was all right, an' I'd got half a bowlful of chink saved up ter push them along an' make somebody of them, an'—an' now it's all burnt up!" finished Tom, choking back a sob and winking fast and hard.

Dr. Heminway did not speak. He walked over to the window and stood for a long time looking at a lone leaf fluttering in a tree branch just outside. When he came back his eyes were moist.

"We won't count you out just yet, my boy. I've had a look at that foot of yours, and—I fancy I can 'finish' it so it will be like the other one." The doctor's lips twitched a little. "And, meanwhile, we'll fix up those other breaks and bruises you managed to accumulate last night. Now just drink this and go off to sleep."

Tom's eyes were luminous. He drained the proffered glass, than handed it back.

"Doctor, yer don't mean yer can twist that foot o' mine straight–just like t'other?"

The man nodded.

"Jiminy!" murmured Tom, nestling happily among the pillows. "It don't sound's if it could be true," he added, after a long silence. "Then I'll be like other fellers an' stand some show. My! won't it be great!" We'll all be—pres'dents—an' things. Dot an' Teddy—an'—me. We'll all—be—" the voice trailed off into an inarticulate murmur.

A week later, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, a lady and two small children came up the broad steps of the hospital, and were conducted by a white-capped nurse to Tom's bedside.

Tom gazed blankly at the two well-dressed, happy-faced children.

"Why, it's Dot an' Teddy!" he gasped.

The children, mindful of urgent admonitions to be "quiet," choked back their almost unmanageable glee.

"We thought you wouldn't know us!" chuckled Teddy.

"An' this is Mis' Morton—where we live," explained Dot eagerly, "an' —"

"Yes, an' we eat three times a day—heaps o' things!" interrupted Teddy. "Meat, an' pertaters, an' oranges —"

"An' rasb'ry jam!" gurgled Dot, blinking her eyes ecstatically. "An' I've got stockings an' shoes—both alike, an'—"

"An' I've got a top an' a knife an'—say, Tom, you're better, ain't you?" Teddy broke off, suddenly mindful of the purpose of their visit.

"Yes, dear, he's better," said Mrs. Morton, laughing softly; "but he won't be if you two chatterboxes stay much longer!"

This was but the first of many visits, which came more and more frequently as Tom got stronger. Not the least of his joys was the fact that Teddy and Dot were so well cared for.

Mrs. Morton was a childless widow, and it was the newspaper picture of Tom carrying the children down the blazing stairway that had caught her eye and had caused her to open her doors and her arms to the little waifs. Long before Tom left the hospital, the most precious things in the house, to Mrs. Morton's eyes, were Teddy and Dot, and the determination to keep them always grew stronger daily.

Tom must have seen something of the sort in her face, for one day, after she had left the hospital, he turned toward the doctor with troubled eyes.

"She likes 'em awful well, don't she, doctor? I'm glad she likes 'em so much—I am, truly I am," he added hurriedly.

"Mrs. Morton has a very kind heart, Tom," returned the doctor, smiling.

"I—they—I shouldn't wonder— they'll be somebody now, I guess," Tom went on.

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed the other.

"I—I reckon they don't need me an' the sugar-bowl no more—do they?"

Dr. Heminway threw a sharp glance at the quivering chin and overflowing eyes.

"Need you," he sputtered, "need you; why, my boy, 'need' is no name for it. They simply just can't get along without you. Just you wait and see."

At last the day came when Tom, a little weak, but straight-limbed and jubilant, walked with even, unlimping steps down the long pavement leading from the hospital. Teddy and Dot, with skips and leaps of joy, danced along on either side.

"Oh, it *is* true!" murmured Tom ecstatically. "It truly is true. See, I don't limp the littlest bit!"

In Dr. Heminway's office now is a round-faced, strong-limbed boy, who answers the bell, runs of errands, and keeps the office fresh and neat—at least he does all this when not in school. He will tell you that he and Dot and Teddy "board" with Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Morton herself will tell you that she has been forced—through Dr. Heminway's unyielding insistence—to accept each week a small portion of Tom's "office-boy" wages in return for the home she gives the children. To be sure, these dimes and quarters paid in each week have never been spent. They are safely hoarded among Mrs. Morton's dearest treasures.

Tom is happy. Are not he and Dot and Teddy traveling the straight road that leads to being "somebody"?

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The SUCCESSFUL CHURCH CHOIR

BY PROF. TALI ESEN MORGAN

THE church that permits a quartette to do all its singing is a religious refrigerator, with all the outward show and signs of religion, but very little of the spirit of Christianity. On the other hand, wherever you find good congregational singing, you will find warmth, welcome and general good-fellowship.

Without a doubt, the perfection of church music is a volunteer chorus with salaried soloists and capable organist, all under the direction of a competent leader. But, at once, a host of objectors arise and say: "We have tried it and failed." "You can never keep a volunteer choir together." "Every volunteer chorus winds up with a fight." "Raw material can never learn enough of new music so as to sing it even partly well." To these objections, we will say that there are hundreds of volunteer choirs in this country, doing magnificent work, where social discords do not prevail, nor signs of decay are to be found. Perhaps the suggestions which follow may point the way to a better understanding of the problem.

PROF. TALI ESEN MORGAN

. . .

The successful choir leader must never lose his temper. He must command respect and attention. He must know every measure of the music in hand. He must have definite ideas of what he wants and work towards that end. He must be brave enough to dismiss from membership gossips and scandalmongers. He must have no favorites and be equally just to all. He must keep his word and be always on time. He must never speak ill of any one in chorus or church. In adjusting disputes or misunderstandings between members, he must temper justice with mercy, and keep his own counsels. He must not have too great an opinion of himself, nor dress in flippant style. He must be one of the choir.

Ninety-five people out of every hundred have good singing voices. Singing is just as natural and necessary to human life as food or sunshine, and the great majority of people love to sing. Therefore it is not a difficult matter to start a choir; the trouble is to keep it alive and useful. Great care must be taken in the formation of a chorus, otherwise the rocks ahead will surely wreck it. Most of the "chorus choirs" in the evangelical churches are organized with a flourish of trumpets, and "everybody" invited to join. The result is that the first few rehearsals are attended by a large number. One or two anthems are well mastered and sung in church. Very soon the attendance begins to fall off, because the choir will sing music that is not half mastered. After that the choir is simply tolerated, for the reason that it is made up very largely of the members of the church.

. . .

When the formation of a chorus has been agreed to, decide at once on the number wanted. Let it be understood that a small choir of sixteen or twenty inexperienced voices can never do even moderately good work, and there should never be less than forty. Sixty and over would be better. But let us suppose a chorus of fifty is wanted. First select five people who have fairly good singing voices, but, above all, people upon whom you can depend in sunshine or storm, and who have the respect of all people. Appoint each of the five a "captain" over ten, and let them select with great care nine persons who like music, and who possess fair singing voices. Select neither very young nor old people. Girls in short dresses, or boys whose voices have not yet fully changed should never be chosen. Pledge each person to a serious vow to attend every rehearsal and the Sunday services, regardless of weather conditions. You have then a real, solid, live organization. Number your captains 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50, and these are respectively, "sections one, two, three, four and five." The captains are the executive committee, and ordinary business should never be transacted before the choir. Select a live young man or woman, who is not a member of the singing forces, as secretary. Let him take the numbers of the singers as they enter, and during a five-minute intermission hand each captain a list of those present. It is the special business of the captains to either write or visit the absentees, and if they miss three consecutive rehearsals to replace them with new material.

Once each month finish the choir rehearsals at nine o'clock and spend the balance of the evening in social intercourse. Let each member pay ten cents a month, and secure five dollars a month from the church or from individuals to provide refreshments for the social night. If these socials are kept up, the life of the choir is assured.

If the organist is not the leader, he should bow to the will of the conductor in every case. As a matter of fact, the leader should be permitted to engage his own accompanist in order to secure the best results. Unless the organist is a good reader, and an experienced accompanist, good work will be simply impossible. With an inexperienced chorus it is very necessary that the leader shall stand before his choir and beat time. In the hymns he should face the congregation, and compel everybody to follow his time and not permit the organist and congregation to lead him. A leader must lead.

We will now suppose you have a choir of fifty, divided into fifteen sopranos, ten altos, ten tenors and fifteen bassos. Friday or Saturday nights are the best rehearsal nights. Begin on time, even if only a dozen are present. Take the music up in sections. First teach the bassos alone, then the altos, afterward the tenors, and finally the sopranos. Sing that section through until it is well mastered. Work rapidly. Do not let things drag.

It is all very well for high-class musicians to say, sing good music or none at all, but it is a safe rule never to attempt music that is beyond the ability of the choir to sing, and sing well. This does not mean that you should select the miserable jingle music that is published under the names of "anthems." You can get easy music that is good. If you have no soloists engaged, never hesitate to have all the voices of that part sing the solo in unison. A good anthem can be sung and ought to be, six or eight times a year, and a chorus never knows an anthem well until it is given in public at least four times. Anthems, like hymns, are for worship, and not for show. Do not fall into the foolish error of not singing Easter and Christmas music except on Easter Sunday and Christmas. When the minister agrees never to allude to the birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ except once a year, then it will be time enough for the choir never to sing of these two most important events in the Christian religion. Songs like the "Lost Chord," the "Palms," the "King of Love My Shepherd Is," can be given in unison with splendid effect. Learn a few hymns like "Abide With Me," "Lead Kindly Light," and sing them as an offertory with much delicacy and expression. Be sure that each person has a copy of the music. A director is never compelled to follow the time and expression marks of the copy, for he has full liberty to sing it, in order to get the best effect, according to his judgment.

If there are voices in the chorus capable of singing well the solo parts, select your singers well in advance. If you have a "soloist" who is disposed to make trouble for the conductor by act or word, never hesitate to dismiss that person, for many a good choir has been destroyed by such people. When it is once understood that the leader has to go out of his way to please and smooth down the ruffled feathers of any member of the choir, his usefulness as a "leader" is ended.

. . .

The choir should enter at the same time, and promptly on the minute. After the chronic late-comers have been barred out a few times, they will either correct their bad habits or quit. Under no circumstances whatever should women be permitted to wear hats in the choir. During the past five years, the number of hatless choirs have been rapidly growing. The hats absorb the sound, and obstruct the view, and are entirely out of place during the church service. All honor to the conductors, organists, and ministers who are bringing about this much needed reform. If the choir is not uniformly robed, the ladies should wear white waists and black skirts. At any rate, do something to abolish the varied-colored waists that are now an eyesore to any congregation. Adopt one uniform style of dress. The behavior of the choir during the service is a most important matter, and it should be thoroughly understood that whispering members shall be dismissed. To write notes, or carry on a whispered conversation during the sermon is an insult to the speaker, an annoyance to the congregation, and shows extreme lack of good sense and proper manners on the part of the offenders.

The inauguration of robed choirs, with processionals and recessionals, in the evangelical churches is highly commended. It adds dignity and tone to the entire service, and tends greatly to the spirit of true worship.

[In view of the very widespread interest at the present time in the subject of "Reform in Sacred Song," the ideas of Prof. Morgan, the conductor of the largest choir in America and President of the International School of Music, will be read with very general appreciation.]

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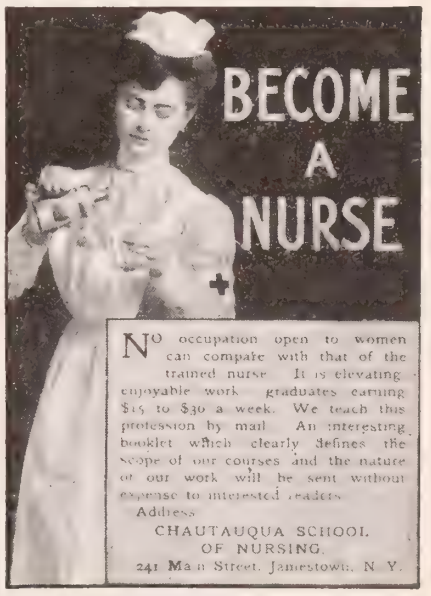

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Gospel Triumphs in the New Hebrides

THE VETERAN MISSIONARY, DR. JOHN G. PATON
THANKS THE READERS OF THIS JOURNAL . . .

Dear Mr. Klopsch:—Let me most cordially thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the remittance they, by you, so kindly sent me for our New Hebrides Mission. At present, such contributions we specially welcome, because our income last year did not cover our expenditure by $11,200. With the utmost economy and care, the expenses of supporting fourteen missionaries, three lay helpers and about two hundred native teachers, and the cost of maritime work in the islands, made a total of $22,150, while our income was only $10,950. This debt has perplexed us a good deal; but in prayer and faith, leaving all to our dear Lord Jesus Christ, we have resolved for another year to press on in his work with our full staff of missionaries, in the hope that by his stewards He will supply all we need to meet our debt and carry on the work, so that we may not have to reduce our staff and close some of our stations where the work is so much needed.

REV JOHN G. PATON

We began our work on the New Hebrides Islands when all the natives were nude, painted savage cannibals, who had no written language, and who murdered five of their first missionaries and feasted on two of them, and a sixth died soon after a savage effort with clubs to take his life and mine. Our lives were often attempted, and they plundered my station of all our food and of all I possessed, except my pocket Bible and the clothes I had on. What a treasure that Bible was to me. After, as by miracle, passing through many hairbreadth escapes, in what appeared to be our last extremity, a sandalwood trading ship called, by which another missionary, his wife and I, and two teachers and their wives, escaped to Amitzum, but soon after they all died, and of our party I only was left to tell the sad story.

Our contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the United States will be pleased to hear that I went to Australia, and God soon moved his people voluntarily to give me, by addresses at meetings, $25,000, with which we got our first *Dayspring* mission ship, and also many missionaries from Scotland and Canada, and with them I returned to the islands, nearly forty years ago. And by steady perseverance God has now given us to occupy twenty-four of our thirty islands on our group, by twenty-five ordained white missionaries and white lay helpers, and 330 native teachers and preachers of the Gospel. We have translated the Scriptures into twenty-four new languages, and have about 17,000 converts, yet it is believed that on the New Hebrides there are still from 40,000 to 60,000 cannibals or more, to whom we are doing all we can to give the teaching of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. We have an institution for training native teachers, under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Annand and their helpers, and a large hospital for white and colored people, under the management of Dr. Bowi and his assistants, and three smaller hospitals at a great distance from each other. The group is about four hundred miles in length.

Of late, we are having great success in the conversion of many of the natives. For instance, one missionary, after six years' work, has now six hundred avowed converts, who were once exceedingly savage cannibals. Another missionary, has a regular congregation of 1,300 persons, of whom 200 are communicants, and a Sunday School of 1,200. At a recent collection at that station, over $32 was given. Their contributions last year, in cash, arrowroot and work, aggregated $600. The churches have also paid the cost of printing the Bible in their own tongue.

At our station, the young chief and his wife are zealous evangelists among the people of this island. One day lately, they, accompanied by a young lad, walked five miles inland to preach at a heathen village. After the service, not far from the village, returning on the path, from savages concealed in the bush, a volley of rifle bullets were discharged at them. As none were wounded, they ran for their lives, praying to Jesus to take them home to heaven or protect them. Fifteen savages ran after them, discharging their rifles at them as fast as they could reload them. The chief's wife got exhausted, and they caught her, and when about to kill her one of them came up and forbade the murder, as they had not first got the chief. After they had taken from her all she had, they let her go. Their miraculous preservation, in the circumstances, made a great impression for good on all the party; but the chief's mind was a little affected after it, and he was sent for rest, and to be under a doctor's care for a time, away from his persecutors.

Four savages from the same village were one night on the mission premises, and attended a service in the church, intending to murder the missionary; but God again frustrated their plans, to the joy of the Christians and the strengthening of their faith. In a real sense, every convert on our islands, by their changed lives, and speaking to all of their new joys and hopes, become effective missionaries to others around them, in leading them to Jesus for salvation. If the Christians of civilized lands were as zealous as those converted heathen, and as earnest in the desire for the salvation of souls, the world would soon be transformed.

With feelings of deep gratitude to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and wishing you all every blessing in Jesus, I remain, yours faithfully, JOHN G. PATON.
74 Princess St., Kew, Victoria, Australia.

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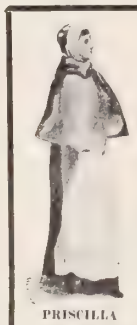

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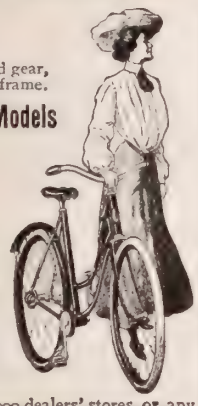

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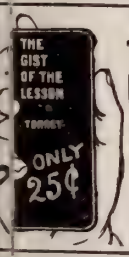

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The History of Hymns

History and Use of Hymn Tunes. By David R. Breed, D.D., Chicago and New York. Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 364. Price $1.50. This book treats in an entertaining and instructive manner in Part I. on Ancient Hymns, Greek and Latin Hymns, German Hymns, Psalmody, English Hymnology, The Best Hymns. In Part II., Tunes, History of Hymn Tunes, The Appearing of the Hymn Tune, The Perfecting of the American Hymn Tune, The Best Tunes. Thus far the author seems to have stated his case fairly and well, and has given a fund of information requiring great research and study. The chapter on Gospel Songs and Singers does not show such research as one would expect in a work of this kind. The Gospel Hymns cannot be compared with such standard Hymn and Tune collections as "In Excelsis," "The Presbyterian Hymnal," or any Hymnal for use in the regular church worship. The Gospel Songs, with their Gospel Hymns, are intended only for the social meetings of the church, where there is no choir nor quartette, and possibly no stated leader of the singing; therefore the music is more in the song style rather than the hymn tune. It is a lamentable fact that the music of the churches to-day is more classical and less inspiring and devotional than was the simpler hymn tune of forty years ago, when sung by the choir and congregation, and it is not to be expected that the social meetings of the church can use the more classical music of the present day unless they are willing to come together for rehearsal beforehand; besides, there is not one independent reader of music to-day in the United States, where there were hundreds in the days of the old-fashioned singing school, and when there were fewer pianos and organs. This also is greatly to be regretted. Still, this book by Dr. Breed is well worth reading and study.

Books Received

The Life, Treason and Death of James Blount of Breckenbere, by Beulah Marie Dix. A strange, stirring, weird, old-time story, dating back to the seventeenth century, and dealing with the Rowlestone family of Yorkshire, England. Pp. 345, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan Company, New York and London, publishers.

The Young Woman in Modern Life, by Beverly Warner, D.D. A little book (the author explains) which sets forth some of the problems with which the young woman is bound to concern herself. Thoughtful, entertaining and helpful. 218 pages, cloth. Price 85 cents. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers; a Story for Girls, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; illustrated. An excellent and thoroughly enjoyable story, rich in humor and clever in character delineation. Cloth ornamental covers, 162 pages. Price 75 cents. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Pomink, a Waif of Labrador, a brave boy's life for brave boys, by William Byron Forbush, illustrated. This is a true story of Pomink's life, and will be read with interest by young and old alike. Pp. 156, cloth covers. The Pilgrim Press, New York and Chicago, publishers.

"Sixty Jane," by John Luther Long. A little book of nine capital stories—"humorous, pathetic, thrilling, and all tenderly humane." Pp. 208, cloth binding. Price $1.25. Century Company, New York, publishers.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. E. W., Birmingham, Ala. "I wish to add my testimony to the answered prayers. For over forty years, I have learned to take all my cares to the Lord in prayer, and my prayers have been answered while I was yet on my knees."

Reader, Brooklyn. "God has answered my prayer. Recently, I promised that if he would grant me one request I would acknowledge it to the world. He heard and has answered it. Bless his holy name!"

Subscriber, Columbus, Kans. "I want to add my testimony to answered prayers. The Lord has answered my prayers many times. I take even my trivial troubles to him, for he is a Friend that 'sticketh closer than a brother.'"

Mrs. J. P., Brandy Station, Va. "The Lord has allowed me to be tried, that I might learn to know him as the 'Heaven of Prayer,' I have had, recently, a burden lifted, and a definite prayer answered."

E. M. H., Westfield, N. Y. "Three times within a year, God has answered my prayers almost directly, and I then promised to publicly acknowledge his goodness."

Believer, East Dorset, Vt. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to a special prayer. I believe God does answer prayer; and he will, if we only have faith and ask his help."

Reader, Canandaigua, N. Y. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness in hearing and answering prayer for a dear son. I was afraid he was lost, but he is now saved."

Mrs. R. B., Canadian, Tex. "I promised the dear Lord if he would answer my prayer for the conversion of my husband I would acknowledge it publicly, and now I rejoice that I have the promise from God that he has heard and will answer."

S., Millersburg, Pa. "I promised the Lord if he would answer or hear my prayer, I would make acknowledgment of the same. It looked dark and dismal, but the Lord has kept his promise. Anything in the name of Jesus he will grant, if we only believe."

E. E. S., Saegerstown, Pa. "I wish to praise the Lord for answered prayer."

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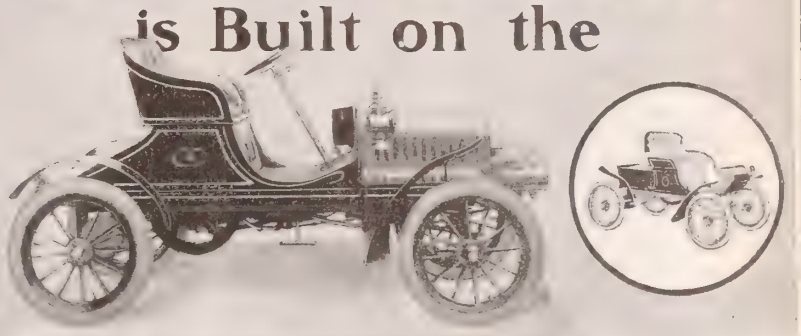

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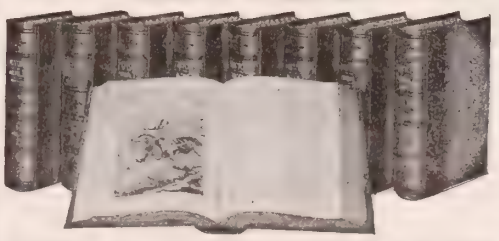

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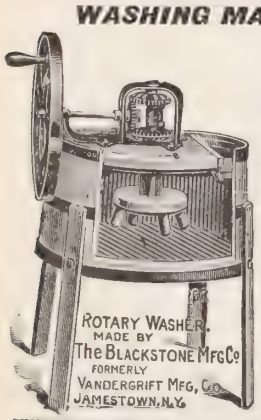

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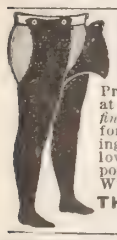

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LITTLE Princess Pilar, of Bavaria, is twelve years old. On her last birthday, she appealed to the Bavarian children of rich or well-to-do families to come to the help of their poorer brethren and sisters of "Seraphic Band," and she asked all the poor who could do so to devote an hour a day to working for them. She hoped that forms of employment might be devised by parents who wanted the assistance of youthful hands for members who, having no money to give, might offer their labor. This appeal met with a generous response, and there will be a unique entertainment to which only members of the Seraphic Band will contribute, one of these days, at the Nymphenberg Palace.

The young Princess furnishes to the children of the poor whose work she asks, wool and cotton for knitting, silks for embroidery, knitting and crochet needles, and models. Any poor child is free to write to her to ask what may be needful for the fulfilment of the task she has set. She answers by postcard, and sends the things wanted by a lady belonging to some charity organization society, who recommends perseverance, and says a few words on the sacredness of the engagement entered into. Sometimes dolls' clothes, or small stockings, or knitted caps, are undertaken. Hundreds of children as Christmas drew, near wrote to the Princess to say they were too poor to hope for toys or a Christmas tree, and that, if she found work for them, they would be glad to help.

A poor boy of eight wrote to the twelve-year-old Lady Bountiful, to say that the judge's wife assured him he might address the princess freely, and tell her that his body linen was worn out, and he had to lie in bed on Sunday while his mother washed and dried it. Would she be so good to think of him when she had body linen to distribute. Another child, wrote from a slum, that she and her sister had seen with gladness the portrait of the princess in a shop window, and hoped she would allow them to present her their affectionate salutations. A third, made a request on behalf of herself and her little brother. He could make little frames and toy beehives with eggshells and the pulp of rushes, and the writer herself could crochet or paint flowers. "Send me, dear princess, some paper and colors, and you will see that I can paint roses and forget-me-nots very nicely." The princess has always on hand a stock of postcards with her portrait, to send to children who ask for it, and who have shown her that they can keep engagements. In her archives, are delighted letters of thanks for such portraits, and prayers for other favors.

A Question and Its Answer

ARE there any good results from spiritual work among prisoners? Those who are in the world say No; those who have worked among them say Yes. Not long ago I received a letter from one who had spent some time in prison:

"I am putting my trust in Him (he wrote) who does all things well, and since my homecoming I have made a public declaration of my faith in my Heavenly Father, and am praying every day that He will so guide me that I may not go astray, and that He will give me strength to fight the battles I have before me, manfully."

At the close of the services one Sabbath, while I was talking to the men, one man, pointing to his suit, said, "I did nothing wrong, so as to wear these, but I had no home nor friends, and so I went to the judge, asking him to send me here, for I did not want to do anything bad to be sent here." To me it was most pathetic, that a man should be willing to sacrifice his freedom and every feeling of respect rather than commit some offense against our laws, and be sent to prison, and wear what, to so many, are the marks of wrong-doing. It was one of the most extraordinary of the many things I have heard and seen in my prison work.

REV. R. C. BOWEN,
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The Lord Gave Her Strength

Mrs. Mary Schnell was born in Germany, September 12, 1826. During the year of 1854 she came to America, and settled in Burnet County, Texas, near what is now the little town of Bertram, and was one of the pioneers of the State. She was reared a Catholic. During the summer of 1861, she attended a protracted meeting, was converted, and joined the Missionary Baptist Church, and for forty-two years she has been a faithful soldier. During all these years she has only missed one conference meeting, and she lives eleven miles from her church. For many years her husband was so afflicted that the entire care of supporting her children rested upon her. She says the Lord gave her wonderful strength and endurance for the work she had to do, and that his loving care protected her in many times of danger. "Sister Schnell," as she is familiarly known, is loved and respected for many miles around Bertram. She attends all the protracted meetings, when her health permits, not only of her own denomination, but others as well, and is never so happy as when testifying of the Lord's goodness to her. She gives gladly of her meagre means to the cause she loves so well. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is sent to her by a friend, is a treasure to her.

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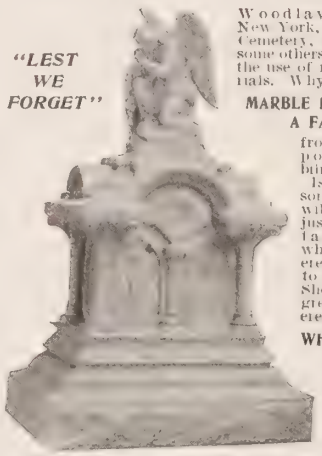

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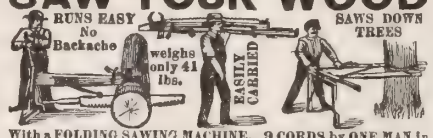

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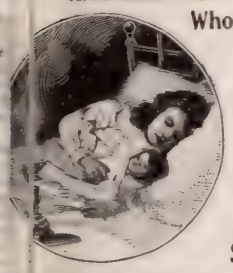

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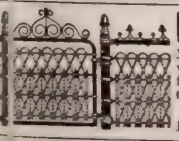

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THE HOLY DAY

Christ's Teaching About the Observance of the Sabbath

BY MRS M BAXTER

THE word "Sabbath," singular or plural, occurs no less than eighty-three times in the Word of God. God never wastes words, and we may be sure, that which he speaks of so often is of great importance in his sight. Our Lord says: "The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath day," but he has never given this lordship to another. In a day when there is increasing desecration of the Sabbath, it is well to search diligently the Word of God, that we may know his mind about the keeping of the Sabbath.

God would have us "call the Sabbath day a delight," not because we can indulge ourselves more on that day than on any other, but because it is "holy of the Lord, honorable." "Oh, what a dull Sunday you would have us lead!" say some. The Lord Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And how true it is! But our beloved Lord died that we might be forgiven, and saved from that love of self which seeks its own pleasure, does its own way, and speaks its own words, not only on the Sabbath day, but on every day. When he has drawn us to himself, and we have passed from death—in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2:1), and in the dead works of our own unregenerate nature—unto life in him, then our hearts are filled with him. Delighting ourselves in the Lord (Ps. 37:4), we call the Sabbath a delight; and it is our delight to "honor him" and to honor his day, because it is his day. No outward observance will honor him as will a heart that appreciates him and his gift of the Sabbath.

The Pharisees were proud of their external observance of the Sabbath, but Jesus saw down below this; he read their hearts, and weighed their lives in the balance of the sanctuary. He found them to be men who, "for a pretence made long prayer;" it was entirely an outside thing, for the eye of man; and their Sabbath observance was of the same order. They "devoured widows' houses," they committed perjury, yet they were as particular about tithing the herbs of their garden as they were in the outward observance of the Sabbath; but their hearts were unchanged; they "omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and truth"(Matt. 23:23), and the Lord described them as whited sepulchres, beautiful outward, but full of corruption within. Such men could not honor him; they did not, and could not, themselves call the Sabbath a delight; and for others, they made it an intolerable yoke (Matt 23:1-5).

It was on a Sabbath day: Jesus went through the newly-ripe corn. His disciples were hungry; eating and drinking did not take the first place in this little company; their mission came first. Therefore, as it was lawful for them to do, they plucked the ears of corn, and ate the grain. In Deut. 23:25 it was written: "When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor, then thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand; but thou shalt not move a sickle into thy neighbor's standing corn." On the first day of the Passover, the children of Israel were enjoined to have a holy convocation, and it was expressly stated that no work must be done, "save that which every man must eat, that only may be done of you." The law of the Sabbath could not have been stricter than this. But the Pharisees and scribes, eager to find some accusation against Jesus and his disciples, said unto him, "Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath day." As usual, the Lord Jesus does not meet them on their own ground, and argue with them. He takes them to the written Word. "Have ye not read what David did, when he was a hungered, and they that were with him, how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shew-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests? Or have ye not read in the law that on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the Sabbath,"—*i. e.*, by circumcising infants—"and are blameless?" David had seen God to be above his own law in that exceptional case.

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REV. CHR. SCHMITT, OF NAIN

A GIANT ICEBERG OFF THE COAST OF LABRADOR

BISHOP MARTIN, OF LABRADOR

THE LURE OF DESOLATE LABRADOR

oul-Winning in the Arctic Regions — Experiences of a Traveler who was Lost in the Wilderness for a Night

By DR. SAMUEL A. BINION

[Public attention has recently been directed to Labrador, consequence of the death of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., a oung American scientist, who is believed to have perished hile exploring the central portion of that practically unnown Arctic country. Dr. Samuel A. Binion, who recently turned from a visit of exploration to Labrador, has written r THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the rticle below, which is of special interest at the present time. Dr. Binion a recognized authority on Egyptology, a physician and naturalist, a oted linguist, traveler, author and anslator.]

THE fascination of the Lands of the Eskimos induced me join a few friends going to Labrador at the beginning of last July. acted as the physician and scienst of the party. The steamship *Bruce* carried us across the Cabot Straits from North Sidney to Port-ux-Basques, Newfoundland. Thence, we proceeded by railroad o St. Johns—a distance of four nundred miles. After two days' ourney we reached St. Johns, where we sojourned for a fortnight, waiting for the return of the steamer, the *Virginia Lake*, from Labrador, and getting the necessary equipment and provisions for our journey north. On the 7th of August we left the beautiful harbor of St. Johns, for Labrador.

We encountered no ice-floes. But we passed hundreds of icebergs. With the exception of the Straits of Belle Isle, we were always in sight of land. Between Battle Harbor, 52° north latitude, on the southeastern extremity of Labrador, and Nain (56 N. L.), we stopped at forty places, to deliver the mails, and to send the doctor ashore.

It is a very interesting sight when the numerous fishing-boats and canoes surround the steamer at every station. Their crews swarmed on deck as soon as we dropped anchor, clamoring for letters from their kin in Newfoundland, the United States and Europe; as also for the doctor's services to some fever-stricken patient in a fisherman's hovel on shore. There were neither wharves nor landing places, and as most of the harbors, called "ticks," abound in submerged rocks, the boats and canoes have to row out to the steamer. This causes delay—and again vexatious delays. On the 15th of August, we reached Rigolette on Hamilton Inlet. The coast on both sides of the inlet is magnificent. Volcanic peaks rise to the height of many hundred feet. Here you put your finger on the soft Fur-trade that roughened men's consciences. Here, the Indian, inebriate of freedom, was introduced to "fire-water." The history of the Hudson's Bay Company has been written in red—and rum.

On the 16th of August we arrived at Hopedale, where we went ashore.

Hopedale is a perfect oasis in the wilderness. In the midst of the barren wastes, the followers of Zinzendorf have worked for nearly two centuries. They began work with the sword and trowel—"with the word of God and manual labor." They are now earning the fruit of their toil. We were invited by the Brethren to their meeting-house. Within it was assembled the entire Eskimo population. The congregation consisted largely of young women and children. The able bodied men were absent, owing to the fishing-season, when there is an exodus to distant islands and places of encampment. In the meeting-house the women sat on one side of the sanctuary and the men on the other. The first hymn sung was Luther's immortal war-song of the Christian soldier, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott!* The congregation sang it with thrilling fervor. Then followed several of the Moody and Sankey hymns—all in the Eskimos language.

It shook my soul, and brought a mist across my eyes, to hear the old, old hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," given with a heartiness by these poor Eskimos, whose lives have been touched and changed and transfigured by the Story of the Cross. After these hymns, there followed one or two addresses. I had the happy opportunity of saying a few words to this congregation.

Hundreds of icebergs sailed majestically past us next day, as we ploughed on our way north, and still north. Icebergs of every shape, and tinted like the train of a peacock. I shall long remember the afternoon when our jolly captain ordered the ship's yawl lowered, and four sailors rowed off to a giant

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

THE SETTLEMENT OF NAIN IN MIDWINTER

AN IGLOO OR NATIVE SNOW-HUT

"KINGMEK" OR ESKIMO DOGS

The American Pulpit

HOW TO OVERCOME

A Sermon by REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.

Pastor of the North Reformed Church, Newark, N. J.

TEXT—I. Cor. 10 : 13 : "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man," etc.

A VERY peculiar sinner, a very peculiar Saviour, a very peculiar saint! There is a trio that should furnish a live point of contact to every human life.

First, a very peculiar sinner. Every sinner is disposed to regard his case as peculiar. By this he does not mean that he is worse than other sinners. He is not insisting that his heart is more corrupt, his will more enslaved, his appetite more vicious, his character more degraded. This is the very thing he does not mean. He is fully persuaded that he is every bit as good as anybody else, and a deal better than many. He may call himself names, and say naughty things of himself, but he will not allow you to do so. The average sinner surveys himself with some satisfaction.

Peculiar Circumstances

What he means is that his temptations are peculiar, his difficulties are extraordinary, hisaobstacles are insurmountable. It is harder for him to do right. No one was ever so tried as he. The devil has singled him out as a shining mark against which to hurl all the arrows from the satanic quiver.

Perhaps it is thus some of us view the matter. We are sinners, but there are mitigating circumstances. The conditions are exasperating. Some people can be good because they were born angels, and a seraphic temperament is something they cannot help; but we were born with the fire in our blood and the thunder in our tempers. Why should it be expected that our acts should be angelic?

You think of your home, and say: "No man ever had so much to try him at home as I. There is no sympathy there, and nobody understands me." I have a little friend who so continually insists that no one understands her, that her friends have dubbed her, "Miss Understood." Your case is peculiar, for you are a "Mr. Misunderstood." You think of your business and say, "No man ever had such business difficulties to contend with." When you want the markets to fall, they shoot up; and when you want them to rise, down they go. Providence is against you. The stars in their courses fight you. The fates conspire to destroy you.

Suppose it is all true, why should you yield? Is difficulty any reason for defeat? Because the enemy's flag shows itself on the horizon, it is no reason you should flee the field. Because a man has a shrew for a wife, it is no reason he should take to drink and play the fool. Because a woman has a vagabond husband, it is no reason she should commit suicide. I like the man who regards difficulties as incentives; like the old New England farmer, who said he did not care to live where his spade would not strike a rock when he drove it into the ground. Temptation is a call to battle, not the sound of retreat, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

But your case is not peculiar. The truth is you are no more tried than other people. You are living the common average life. You are not having a harder time than hundreds and thousands of your fellows all around you. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man." The devil has long since ceased to be original. We make original sin a part of our creed, and that satisfies orthodoxy; but if there is one thing sin has long since ceased to be, it is being original. Satan never did have but three lines of attack. The Bible characterizes them as "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." He tempts us through our flesh, our mind, or our surroundings. He tried all three on Eve, when he tempted her, and again on Christ when he tempted him. When he attacks you, it is along one of these ancient roads. You face the same foes as your kind have faced from the birth of the race.

Illustrious Victors

If others, who were tempted as you, have conquered, it is not necessary for you to go down in defeat. Joseph, Job, Daniel, Peter, might have regarded their temptations as peculiar, but they won the victory. Your case is far from hopeless. Do not magnify your difficulties nor become soured on life. From a thousand battlefields the shouts of victory rise, and from the throats of God's elect, who have won the hard fought fight, sound the notes of good cheer. "We are conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."

You are a very peculiar sinner, but you have a very peculiar Saviour. We have been studying sin scientifically, and think we have learned a lot. We have laid hands on two things which we say solve the problem. One is heredity and the other is environment. What we have been calling sin is heredity and environment. Heredity is what one gets from his ancestors, and environment is what he gets from his surroundings. These two make him what he is. If he sins, it is because he must. Yonder is a thief. Had you his heredity and environment you would steal too. There a murderer is going to his execution. If you had been born as he and had lived among the same surroundings, you would be the murderer. Such is the scientific treatment of sin. The sinner is not so much a criminal as a victim. He is to be pitied rather than punished.

Two Excuses

Heredity and environment are something, but they are not all. To say one is compelled by these to crime, is to say what is not true. It is to strike hope from the sky and clothe vice in the garments of virtue.

There is something in sin you cannot get at with science, nor cure with social reform. There is an element in blasphemy you cannot detect with the microscope; a quality in murder you cannot estimate with the apothecary's scales. It is a depraved nature. Heredity is something and environment is something, but personality is more than both. Personality is what one is of his own volition.

REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.

The supreme need of the sinner is not so much to change his ancestors and his surroundings as to change himself. The way to cure sin, is to cure the sinner. Christ is a very peculiar Saviour because he does this.

He knows the situation. He has been tempted in all points as we. Christ lived the common, average human life. When God sent the world a Saviour, he did not send an angel, but a man with a nature to feel all that tries any human life.

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.

Christ has felt and conquered all temptation. He was tempted as we, but without sin, and this enables him to succor those that are tempted. He meets and checks heredity with Christian ideals and the potent spell of "the powers of the world to come." He overcomes environment with his own blessed fellowship. He surrounds us with himself, and, before temptation can destroy us, it must break through Christ. Thus our very bodies become a fortress, and our flesh friendly instead of hostile to the soul. It is a mistake to suppose that our flesh is always to be regarded as something on which we are to make war. Christ's flesh was the friend of his Spirit; God means ours to be, and it when Christ dwells in our mortal bodies.

Let us not always say,
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole.
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps so

Then, in addition to all else, Christ gives the sinner new nature. Ye must be born again. He cures pe sonality.

He is greater than heredity, stronger than enviro ment, and he can give you the victory; until there the battlefield, where the soul is contending with t tempter, and all eternity is at stake, there may heard, instead of the shriek of despair, the shout triumph.

There are three notes in the song of victory. "G is faithful." That is the first. So long as God is fait ful, you need not be fearful.

"Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that are able." This is the second. God knows what y can withstand. Just as the engineer's keen eye watch the steam gauge, so God's eye is on you. He will n let the pressure be too hard. He does not exempt y from struggle. Why should he? Your soul was bu for battle, and its greatness can be shown only by co flict. The fine steel boiler, the best the shop can pr duce, would rather be tried by the pent-up steam ragi against its powerful casements than to be pitched usele on the slag-dump. Why should the soul sigh for the sla dump? God gives us the battle-hour, but he promis that we shall not be tempted above that we are able.

"But will with the temptation also make a way escape." That is the third note in

The Triumph Song

God's child is never so hedged in he cannot get ou The devil cannot blockade all points of the compas He may command the ground on which you camp; h may surround you fore and aft, on the right hand an on the left; but overhead is always free. He can neve get between you and the mercy seat. Prayer is alway possible; and when every other way has been close the tempted soul may escape by the highway of praye Man, God intends you never to surrender. He mean you always to be living the victorious life.

If the very peculiar sinner will claim the very peculia Saviour, there will be a very peculiar saint. Ever Christian should be peculiar. He should have enoug color to show what he is. I do not mean he should b an exaggerated saint. I am not pleading for a Chri tian who is abnormally good, and whose sanctity seek publicity; but for one who conquers. "That ye may b able to bear it!" That is victory! That is Christia singularity.

The life of the ordinary Christian is cursed by worry and worn by fret and friction. He is living in th wilderness, when he should be in the Land of Promis Many of us are not satisfied. We are saying tha Christ can save, somewhat, but not entirely. He ca deliver from some conditions, but not from others. H can redeem to a degree, but not altogether.

That slanders God. Christ can save unto the utte most. But you must trust him if he is to deliver yo You must trust God absolutely if he is to give you com plete deliverance. Israel remained in the wildernes not because they had to. God wanted them all th while in the Land of Promise, but they would not trus him; and doubt kept them out. Quit trying and go t trusting. Instead of joining an anti-worry club, and worry ing the more over not worrying, get into the calm, saf presence of the mighty God and have perfect peace.

Out there a tug-boat, left by a careless pilot, ha grounded in the sand, when the tide went out. He fires are lit afresh and the engine tries to lift her, bu the powerful screw only digs into the mud and mire and buries the keel deeper in the sand. By and by the tide comes in, and the boat is free. She has no changed her equipment, nor added an ounce to he motor-power. She has only found the level where sh was meant to live, and with victory she moves to th open sea. Christian, caught in the meshes of th world, mired in the mud of materialism, struggling hopelessly with your cares, and crippling yourself wit every struggle; get up into fellowship with Christ That is the level you were made for. That will set yo free. There you can live the life of victory. He i looking into your face and saying: "There hath n temptation taken you but such as is common to man but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempt ed above that ye are able; but will with the temptatio also make a way to escape, that ye may be able t bear it." Believe it is true, and go out a conqueror!

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EVERYONE is familiar with the George Washington who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" the man who was a brave soldier, a gallant officer, and he great statesman, and we all know the story of the atchet and cherry tree; but there are years in Washngton's life when neither strenuous army duties nor ares of state absorbed his attention.

There was a period of boyhood and young manhood, vhich was spent in such a healthy, wholesome way, as nade possible the heroic proportions of the man who vill never be forgotten.

Washington was a conqueror from his youth, always n a good cause, beginning when a mere schoolboy, earning to ride colt or horse, regardless of training, gait, r temper. He seldom went afoot, except to catch his nount in the pasture. A robust and spirited lad, he new where to find and how to take the roving game in he Virginia forests; nothing seemed to daunt the strong pirit within him—a legacy from both father and mother. After leaving school, which occurred when George was bout sixteen, he joined his brother Lawrence at the atter's home. Then came a period of comradeship, vhich must have colored all the boy's after life.

Lads could be the companions of men in Virginia. The outdoor life of sport and adventure put them upon erms of equality with their elders, where spirit, courage, esource, and manliness, told for comradeship.

Among other men, George was thrown into an asso- ation with Lord Fairfax, who had an eye for capacity, and who saw in this athletic boy, a fearless woodsman, with calm and steady judgment shining from his gray eyes. Lord Fairfax commissioned the youth to perform a work of surveying, in order that his lordship should know how his lands lay; how bounded and disposed through the glades and upon the streams of the untrodden forests. In one month from the time George Washington started out with his little band of assistants, riding through many miles of wild and mountainous country, he returned with maps and figures, which showed Lord Fairfax very clearly where his lands lay upon the Shenandoah and Potomac.

The young man was just out of school, and it was wild and perilous work; the rivers were swollen and dangerous with rains and melting snows from the mountains, and there was scarcely a lodging to be had in the miserable, stray cabins of the scattered settlers, so that the woodsmen spent many nights around their camp-fire in the open woods. Washington, however, seems to have had a strong relish for the experience, which is shown in a letter written to a comrade at the time, where he speaks of not having slept in a bed for three or four nights; but, after walking about all day, he lay down before the fire with the others, "like a parcel of dogs and cats—and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

This first success in surveying brought him frequent employment in the profession, which he followed for three years, when the death of his brother Lawrence changed everything for George, who felt that he must now stand as his brother's representative. Lawrence had, a short time previous to his death, obtained for George—though he was but nineteen years of age—a military commission as district adjutant, and Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie added still further to the young soldier's responsibilities by reducing the military districts of the colony to four, and assigning to Washington one of the four, under a renewed commission as Major and Adjutant-General. So we find this wholesome, brave-hearted, manly youth, at the age of twenty, looking after the discipline and accoutrement of the militia of eleven counties, aiding his mother in her business, administering his brother's estate, and assuming on all sides the duties and responsibilities of a man of affairs.

Those were busy and happy days in the life of the future leader in his country's independence. Who shall say that he did not, at times, look back with joyous recollection to those youthful years, before the cares of state pressed so heavily upon him, and the penalty of greatness had been exacted—to the time when he—the greatest man of his day—was a care-free, happy young surveyor.

THE LURE OF DESOLATE LABRADOR ✳ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

berg to fetch some ice for "afternoon tea." Through our marine-glasses we watched the sailors' athletics on that berg—sprawling, slipping, righting themselves—and at last rowing back to our steamer with the ice load.

And now Nain is looming up! We drop anchor, lower our boats and go ashore. Mountains to the right, mountains to the left, and mountains in front of us. And looking at the streamlets and miniature waterfalls rushing madly in cascades over the rocks of ages, your eye perceives rows of Eskimo huts on an elevation along the shore. In their midst are the stately but modest Mission buildings. Upon our steamer being sighted, the entire population came, pell-mell, down the declivities, shouting and waving. The Eskimo children danced and waved and screamed as they saw our steamer running up the Newfoundland colors and the Union Jack. The chatter that greeted my ears that day was unlike any language I have ever heard, though I have been a student of twenty living tongues, and have held much commerce with the dead ones. Here is an example of an Eskimo phrase: *Parngnanairsimavingmeningmik*. I tried to increase my vocabulary, which had only consisted of *Auksunai*. This may be variously translated by "Good morning," and "Good evening," "How do you do," "Glad to see you," etc. This word has such a charm about it that it turns the sternest-looking Eskimo face into a countenance warm and beaming. The other word of my vocabulary had been *Nakomik* (Thank you). That same afternoon I enriched my vocabulary with the word *kingmek* (dog). Now the *kingmek* is not a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is a wolf as far as his appearance and appetite are concerned.

During my sojourn at Nain, I made a study of the peculiarities of the Eskimo *kingmek*. One thing I believe I have discovered, namely, that the Eskimo dog is neither more nor less ferocious than many of our own pet varieties of the canine species. Deprive the bull-dog, or any other dog, of food, and it will be as bad, or even worse, than the Eskimo dog. Poor *kingmek!* in addition to his famished condition, he is mercilessly treated. The Eskimo urchin throws stones at him and kicks him. Is it then strange that the famished *kingmek* should devour hymnals, or even attack a stray child when a good opportunity presents itself?

Nain is the principal Eskimo village, and there Bishop Martin, Superintendent of the Moravian Brethren, lives. The Rev. Bishop is the embodiment of the primitive missionary. He is a scholar, and a man of great executive ability, yet gentle as a child. He preaches in the Eskimo language like a native; writes hymns, translates, composes, attends to the physical and spiritual ailments of his flock, works in the garden and does carpentering and blacksmithing. He is a man in middle life, and looks hale and strong. His helpmeet is a typical German matron, a model woman. The little family of children have learned the three supreme virtues of youth—obedience, method, order. With the Bishop are two other "Brethren": the Rev. Charles Schmitt and A. Asbo. And there is a business manager of the Mission—Mr. P. Arnstadt. The Rev. Mr. Asbo is the "Housefather," assisted by the Rev. Mr. Schmitt. The latter is a preacher, printer, and expert in photography.

During a residence of a month at Nain, and in the household of Bishop Martin, I had an opportunity of studying Eskimo agriculture. If the Moravian brethren had done nothing else but transform the barren ground into fruitful and productive land, they would have accomplished much. The kitchen-gardens at Hopedale, Nain, and Okkak might serve as models even to the truck-producing farmers of our country. There are six kitchen-gardens at Nain, and these cover an area of only four or five acres; but they are wonderful accomplishments of pure labor. The missionaries have neither horses, cows, nor ploughs; nevertheless, they manage to till the ground to perfection. They raise potatoes, four or five varieties of cabbage, including kohl-rabi, cauliflowers, savoy cabbage, also turnips, lettuce, rhubarb, carrots, beet-root, etc. Their tiny flower-gardens are cultivated by the missionaries' wives, and contain native and foreign plants. During the night, they shelter the vegetables from the cold by covering them with sackcloth or thick canvass. But the Eskimos, in spite of their conversion, have not yet taken to cultivate the land on their own account. They content themselves with fishing and hunting.

From the Moravian Brethren in Nain we procured a whaleboat, and a tent and its equipments, and on August 20 we started farther north. After hard rowing against wind and tide, we arrived at an Eskimo encampment upon the island called Kikkartaujak, where we sighted Dr. Greenfell's steamer *Strathcona*. The Doctor kindly picked us up, and towed our boat to Black Island. Thence we were taken on board the *Strathcona*, and our whaleboat taken in tow to Okkak.

During my stay at Okkak, I one day climbed the hill that rises some hundred feet behind the village. I gathered a few wild flowers for my herbarium, and before very long was joined by all the members of our party. We wandered on, climbing hill after hill in the environs of Okkak. On one of the declivities we chanced upon two Eskimo tombs. One of them was intact. It was constructed above ground, and built of rough and unhewn slabs of stone, and was open in the centre. It contained human bones and a skull. I wandered on ahead of my party, gathering flowers and specimens of iron pyrites.

Among the boulders and thickets, my absence was not noted by my fellow-pedestrians. The day being warm and balmy, I stretched myself out upon the caribou mosses and fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun had already passed the meridian. It must have been between two or three o'clock in the afternoon. I decided to try to find my way back to Okkak. I climbed the mountain, only to find another hill confronting me; and on reaching the top of the second hill, I was dumbfounded to see an immense bluff, hundreds of feet in height, still ahead. I made the summit after a wearisome struggle, and saw ranges of mountains, and far away a bay, but not the bay of Okkak. I was lost on the wild Labrador hills, and when I tried to retrace my steps, fatigue and hunger brought me to the verge of collapse. I rested, gazed once more on the splendid scene from the summit, and then began the descent through pitfalls and undergrowth, crawling from boulder to boulder. It was a veritable jungle—a wilderness.

Sunset came, and darkness. I lighted a fire of dry branches and sticks, piled up the fuel to keep off any wild animals that might be near, for I had no weapon, and wolves and bears were by no means improbable visitors. I fell asleep at last—and there, upon the caribou mosses, slept until awakened by a pouring rain. Dawn came, and I again took up my pilgrimage down the mountain, and at the very foot, as if by a miracle, I stumbled upon Okkak.

More dead than alive, I arrived at the house. I believe they carried me in, and made a great fuss over me. They had given me up to the wolf or the bear, they said. They had shouted and yelled, and been upon the summit, but the silence of Labrador engulfed their cries.

Among my world-wide experiences, I place the night spent in the primeval wilderness of Labrador at the head of the list. I had heard the heart of Solitude beat.

CAMPING WITH MACEDONIAN REFUGEES

A Correspondent's Pathetic Story of His Experiences on the Border, with Eight Thousand Destitute Fugitives

ONE of the saddest chapters that has yet been told of the suffering in Macedonia and on the Bulgarian border, is related in the letter, printed below, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received a few days ago. It is from Adrinopolis vilayet, and is written by one of the native Christian workers, who has been very active in the relief movement. He says:

"The villages of Malko-Tirnovo, Kirk Klisse (Lozengrad—city of vineyards), and Vasilico, Kazas districts, were attacked and burned by Turkish troops, who butchered the innocent population, assaulted the women, and pillaged everywhere. Everyone was obliged to flee for his life, through woods and mountains, to free Bulgaria, chased by the infuriated Turks. Many mothers in their flight left their children. Many bands of refugees were overtaken by the Turks, and found their grave in mountain ravines.

"Last August I wrote you from Yambol, under my impressions of what I saw on the Turkish borders, about forty-five kilometers south of Bourgas. My guide took me to the camp of the newly arrived refugees on the border, in the Bulgarian territory. The woods around were all alive. There were about 8,000 refugees there—ragged and sorrowful refugees. All were dispersed in the woods in small bands. Many families lamented the loss of one or two of their dear ones, who had been killed or lost in the mountains. Here and there some sick refugees lay groaning. Children were born during this flight, and mothers suffered without the tender care of a doctor or nurse, not having even dry bread to eat. I begged in the camp some bread for one of them. Hungry children were crying for food, but there was none. Flour was brought, and a handful given to each person in a family, to last for twenty-four hours. The women at once spread pieces of cloth on the ground, and began mixing bread. In every direction were built fires, and soon small cakes were covered with hot ashes and coal to cook for the children, who were impatient to satisfy their hunger. The scene was very touching. I could not keep back my tears in view of such misery.

"New bands of refugees arrived constantly. Women loaded with clothing or with some dear child, were breathing laboriously. I saw numbers of four or five-year-old children walking, exceedingly tired, led by the hand, because the mother or the father were obliged to carry the younger brother or sister. Old women, bent double, were cursing the day and hour in which they were born. Every band of refugees was escorted by several armed elderly men, because the younger ones were either fighting with the enemy, or clearing the way for the escape of the defenceless population. I saw an eighty-year old woman with two sticks, and barefooted, who had walked about fifty or sixty kilometers to the boundary, and had to walk forty-five kilometers more to Bourgas. A young woman, without relatives and friends, was weeping as she walked, carrying one of her children about three years' old on her back, another, about six months' old, on one arm, and a third, five years' old, led by the hand.

. . .

"During the night, all slept in the open air around their fires. Here, and in this way they passed several days, till rested, and then went on to Bourgas.

"All the refugees from the Adrianopolis vilayet, as far as my knowledge goes, number about ten thousand. I saw myself about eight thousand come to Bourgas, and from that city they were sent to the neighboring towns and villages of southern Bulgaria. In Yambol and the villages of our district, we have 128 families, with more than 600 souls. The local Benevolent Committee takes care for the food. By the term 'food' must be understood only bread, because till now the refugees have been provided only with bread. Almost all the refugees are poorly clad. They have no bedding. The weather is quite cold. Our nation, being very poor, can house and feed them, but we cannot supply them with clothes. The Bulgarian National Congress voted 500,000 francs for the refugees, besides the many thousands given previously by the government; but the need is so great, that this help is almost imperceptible. Benevolent people from foreign countries have done much to relieve a good deal of suffering, but there is yet to be done tenfold more in order to meet even the most urgent needs. Mrs. Marriage Allen, a benevolent English friend, has visited personally Bourgas, Sleven and Yambol. To the refugees in the town of Yambol, she gave with her own hand some woollen cloth, shirting, and wool for knitting stockings. As her agent in our district, I have given one quilt to every family, to larger families two, to some families beds, to every family one-half kilogram of wool for knitting stockings, several metres of woolen cloth, some metres of shirting, two to three pieces of soap, about 120 padded jackets, etc. But all this is thrown into such a vast sea of distress that it is lost in the great need. Shoes, padded jackets, quilts, beds, and warm food at least once a day, are needed now, and abundantly, to keep the thousands alive who have not yet been helped.

. . .

"The refugees in the other districts are not in any better condition. I believe that the Christian people in America, who have willingly helped India, Russia, Cuba, and the Armenians in their time of great suffering, will not turn away their faces from the Macedonians and the Adrianopolians, who stretch forth their feeble hands for help."

HOMELESS MACEDONIAN REFUGEES WAITING TO BE HOUSED AND FED

These are from the villages of Malko-Tirnovo, and the Lozengrad district, Adrianopolis vilayet. Photographed for this journal just before they were dispersed to different villages. There are several native pastors among the figures.

Our Commissioner Begins Work

SOFIA, Jan. 23, 1904.

Starting from New York, on the 9th inst., at 9.30 A.M., I landed in the Sofia railway station, at 10.30 A.M., on the 20th inst. Here a goodly company of friends welcomed me back. From Belgrade to Sofia the conversation on the train was almost wholly about Macedonia. At Nisch, Servia, where the Macedonian train connects with that from Europe, three women from Manastir joined the company. One wore peasant costume, and on inquiry I found that she was from Tzer, a village 400 homes. It was burned in August, all except thir houses. Some thirty to forty of its inhabitants we killed. The rest fled to the mountains, whence they terwards returned, to the remaining houses, in whi they are now packed, four or five families in a hou Others went to Manastir, a day's journey distant, a this woman was from among the latter. She told r with deep gratitude, of the good work the Americ Missionary, the Rev. Louis L. Bond, was doing in lieving the wants of the suffering refugees. This w the first report of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S rel work that greeted me on my arrival. That woman w on her way to Roumania, to join her only son, w escaped from Macedonia two years ago.

Immediately on my arrival, I began making arrang ments for the organizing and meeting of THE CHR TIAN HERALD Macedonian Relief Committee.* Y terday I spent the forenoon in visiting the refugees Sofia. They are provided with food, but are quarter in miserable dwellir places. One family three, I found living in small, narrow room a joining a stable, whe the atmosphere was ve disagreeable. In thr out of four places I v ited I found sick childre the result of bad s roundings and lack sufficient clothing. Y terday afternoon, I call on Prince Ferdinan private secretary, M Dobrovich. Havi learned that the prin was much interested my starting three mont ago for America, on mission to raise he for the Macedonia sufferers, I thought would be well to infor him what THE CHR TIAN HERALD and i readers are doing in th line. The secretary pro ised to communicate n report. M. N. POPOF

Pastor Stephanoff, Kustendil, Bulgari writes that the relief wo is hampered by lack material help. Such he as is now afforded is c lected chiefly from t people, who are poor, a they cannot help the ref gees long. In the Ku tendil district, there a now 4,000 refugees, t larger part women a children—widows and c phans—whose husban and fathers have be killed by the Turks.

In a letter dated Mo astir, Turkey, Jan. 21, t Rev. Lewis Bond writ to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"The relief list is constantly increasing, numberi now about 45,000, equally divided between the sexes He adds that Mr. Brailsford (his associate in the work estimates that up to the end of March, $50,000 woul be required; half of it in clothing for the refugee Even with this, only one warm garment could be give to each family in the more miserable villages. In man of these, thus far, only one blanket has been given t families of a dozen persons, who must pass the winte in shelters of straw.

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in th columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

*A cable dispatch published in our issue of two weeks ago, a nounced the organization of the Committee, with Rev. E Haske as Chairman.

Thinks Encyclopedia Magnificent

Sirs Your premium of *Calendar* and *Crown Encyclopedia* r ceived. I think encyclopedia magnificent. Yours with regards,
Villisca, Iowa. SAMUEL McG.

MOROCCO'S RULER HAS THE WORD

SULTAN MULEY AND THE BIBLE

HE MAY YET BECOME A CONVERT

SULTAN MULEY RIDES

WITH the passing of the acute stage of the rebellion in Morocco, there has come a better and more hopeful time for the Christian missionaries. From the Rev. Frederick Weiss, the well-known American missionary in Tangier, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received this cheering letter:

"TANGIER, Jan. 12, '04.

"We are glad to report from this field signs of awakening amongst the Mohammedans. In answer to the prayers that have been offered up for Morocco, blessings have come, souls are being saved in Tangier, and the missionaries are rejoicing over every Mohammedan who steps over the line, and takes Christ as his Saviour

"We hear from points in the interior, where others are also taking a bold stand for Christ. Those of your readers who know what it means for a Mohammedan to renounce the Prophet, will pray that those who have taken such a stand may continue steadfast in the faith; for it will mean much for them to live for Christ under this present government.

"At present all things seem quiet in the interior, with the exception of a few tribal troubles, which exist almost the year round in this disturbed land. The Sultan at present is in Fez. Bu Hamara is somewhere in the Atlas Mountains; we do not hear much concerning him.

"There is room in this country for many more consecrated workers; for this field, so near to the coast of Europe, has been greatly neglected by the church. Some of the older missionaries have labored here ten and twelve years, and at no time have they seen such workings of the Spirit of God on the hearts of the people as during the past month. This gives cause for rejoicing, for ofttimes we have heard it said that it was a waste of time to try to do anything in a Mohammedan country. But we praise the Lord and take courage! We know that there is nothing too hard for God to do.

"We earnestly ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to pray that the Kingdom of God may spread far and wide over these Mohammedan countries, and that many natives may rise up to carry the glad tidings of salvation even through the waste places of the Sahara desert, where many live on the oases, who have never heard the sound of Jesus' name.

"We are thankful for all the liberty the present Sultan gives to the foreigners, who are all known to the natives as Christians; but we regret that the example of many is still far from what it ought to be. The Sultan has a Bible in his palace, and we hope that he may become a convert to Christianity. It would no doubt cause a stir among the people; but hundreds, we believe, would follow him, if ever he became converted. We thank you for all the interest you have taken in our work here, and pray that you, with us, may yet see a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit all over North Africa, which I am sure is the only hope of bringing the Mohammedans to Jesus Christ. Amen. FRED WEISS."

IN THE PALACE GARDENS

THE YOUNG SULTAN OF MOROCCO AND HIS PHYSICIAN, DR. VERDON

From a photograph procured specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Missionary Weiss

It is good news to learn that the present Sultan, Muley Abdul Azziz, has given considerable liberty to foreigners. It will be remembered by readers of this journal, that the Sultan's progressive views and his introduction of Western ideas in Morocco were among the inspiring causes of the rebellion. It would seem, from Missionary Weiss' letter, that the new movement, of which the Sultan is leader, is gaining ground. The fact that the ruler of Morocco has a Bible in his palace, which he may read, is of itself calculated to cause a great stir among his people, and the prospect of his conversion to the new faith must be viewed with apprehension by the Mohammedan priesthood. Were he to become a follower of the Cross, many thousands would doubtless follow his example.

One illustration (from a photograph forwarded by Mr. Weiss) shows the Sultan and his doctor in anything but a warlike attitude, sitting comfortably under the shade of big trees in the palace grounds. Another shows the ruler on horseback, while a third presents some of the beauties of the royal gardens of the palace. These are the only photographs of the kind that have ever been taken, so far as known.

AMONG THE EAGLES' NESTS

A Christmas Day Among the Mountaineers of Macedonia

BY REV. E. B. HASKELL, AMERICAN MISSION, SALONICA, TURKEY

ONE of the wildest and most lawless districts in the world (not excepting Africa) is the district of Diber, to the northwest of Monastir. The dominant race there is the Albanian (Gheg division), whose scions proudly call themselves shkipetars, or "Eagle people." All the males are walking arsenals, and very commonly act on the motto, "a word and a blow—and the blow first." Not only do they plunder the Bulgarians of their own vicinity, but they keep the adjoining districts in constant terror, raiding them, "lifting" their live-stock, and generally disporting themselves as did the Doones of Blackmore's famous novel.

As agent of the Macedonian Relief Fund of London, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S and other funds from America, it was my lot this year to spend my Christmas among the great mountains on the borders of this robber domain.

My English companion, Mr. Graham, and I awoke in the city of Crutchevo, to the east of Diber, on Christmas morning. We wished each other a merry Christmas, and drank a cup of cacao, instead of coffee, to celebrate. Then we separated, he to the south and I to the west, to canvass the burned and looted villages, feeling that our Master would be better pleased at our spending his birthday thus than in idleness.

A few days previously some peasants of the Kopatch Valley (my allotted field), had sent word that the Diber brigands were in the forests above their villages, and that they feared for our safety, so the government gave me four guards, all Albanians themselves. Fortunately, the question who would have run and who would have stood was not brought to the test. After the first day, it was so misty that evil-doers could not have found us, unless we simply had chanced to meet on the trail.

What a great Christmas day that was! A Christmas among God's quiet, solemn mountains, soothing with their calm strength, the heart's soreness for "the tender grace of a day that is dead." After two hours of travel beside the swift Kopatch River, we began the steep climb to the village of Lahtchany. (In names "a" as in "far" and "h" aspirated.) In all my ten years scrambling over Macedonia, I never had seen such villages as this and Dooshagoobitza (literally "Soul-destructionville".) They are up, up, near the clouds and on such steep mountain sides, that they fairly seem to hang there like a hat on a nail. Looking over the intervening lower hills from Lahtchany, we see at an almost equal height across the valley, and several miles distant, the fair white walls of the great monastery of the Holy Mother of God, where Mr. Graham and his Bulgarian interpreter were royally entertained that night.

The village of Lahtchany was looted and burned last summer, although but one inhabitant was killed—the rest having fled. After the storm passed, they returned and built some huts, reclaimed part of their looted sheep and cattle, and began collecting cooking utensils, etc. But on Nov. 7, a band of the Diberites swooped down upon them and picked clean the bones of their substance, leaving them neither hide nor hoof of live-stock, nor anything else worth taking away. It was no new experience; but it came uncommonly hard this year.

In our relief work, it has been found wisest to have an agent visit each burned or looted village, that he may judge of its condition for himself. We call the villagers together, and make careful lists of families which have suffered, noting the number of souls in each; the number of children five years' old or under (as these receive half of an adult's food allowance); how long their own food will last them—if they have any. As it is the custom for the sons of a household to rear their families under the paternal roof, it often happens that there are fifteen or twenty people in a house. As regards bedding, it is necessary to note in how many groups they sleep; how many people to a group; and whether all are coverless, or whether they managed to save enough bedding to supply one or more of the groups. Doubtless we are deceived in some cases, just as people are who give aid to victims of fire or flood in America. But it is the best that can be done. Afterwards, tickets are issued, based upon these lists, and the people draw their supplies from a distributing depot in their nearest market town.

After thus enrolling the village of Lahtchany, we pushed along our wondrous trail. Turning a shoulder of the mountain, we found ourselves looking up to a mighty cliff, on the face of which yawned the black mouth of a great cave. A peasant who had overtaken us, said that it would accommodate thirty men. I asked him whether the Diberites hide there when they raid the district.

"No," said he, "they have no need to hide. They work openly. It is we who hide when they come."

In order to accomplish our canvass more quickly, so that the needed blankets might the more speedily reach these wintry heights, it was necessary sometimes to summon the people of certain villages to come to others, near at hand, to be enrolled. Thus, we told our peasant traveling companion to notify his fellow-villagers of Dooshagoobitza to come to Klenovetz that evening. The two are separated by a steep valley, Klenovetz standing on a cliff, at the foot of which is the spring of the Kopatch, which bubbles out of the rock and rushes away a full-grown mountain river.

That evening, after the Dooshagoobitza people had come and gone, and the Klenovetz people had been canvassed, as we sat on rush mats on the earthen floor of the hut, around the fire which blazed in the middle and sent a part of its smoke up through a hole in the thatched roof, I asked the children of the household whether they knew any Christmas hymns. As they did not, I sang the Bulgarian words of "Silent night, holy night," to the sweet German melody. Very silently they listened in the flickering firelight—little children, old men, and Mohammedan guards—all listened to the sweet song of "peace and good-will," which seems so far, far distant still from this distracted land.

Butterflies the Whole Year

The carrier brought to our office to-day a copy of your beautiful *Butterfly Calendar* for 1904, and a part of 1905. Surely the happy possessor of a copy of this calendar is sure of having butterflies the whole year. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD continues to fill a large place in our list of periodicals; is the best publication that comes to our home.

HENRY H. WEST.

For a Christmas Present

The *Red Letter Bible* reached me all right and in good condition. I chose this, as the most suitable on the list of your premiums, for my son's Christmas present. He had no Bible of his own; he is seventeen, and I am glad to tell you he appreciates it very highly. JENNIE A. B.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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A Fable for "World-Powers"

THAT great Russian writer, Ivan Tourgueneff, in one of his most beautiful prose-poems, recites a dialogue between two Alpine summits—the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. Those colossi, towering amid their everlasting snows, interrogate each other. The Jungtrau asks the higher peak what it sees, and the other, unwilling to have its long repose broken, thunders back the news that impenetrable clouds veil the earth below. Thousands of years pass by in silence; then the mountains reawaken, and the query is repeated. The Finsteraarhorn now replies that it can discern waters, woods, dwellings, and strange creatures—men, the latter running against each other in apparent confusion. Another repose of ages, and the great peak, again replying, tells its comrade that now the waters are narrower, the forests thinner, the creatures fewer. Again centuries upon centuries of repose, and again the question. This time the great mountain answers that all is snow and ice beneath—clear, shining snow, pure white; no forests, no waters, no life. All is peace. The petty turmoil below is over, and the everlasting hills resume their sleep until the next great development of the Creator's purpose shall arouse them to gaze upon the valleys again.

Herein is a lesson, not only to Tourgueneff's own people, for whom this wonderful fable was written, but to the whole world, and especially to would-be "world, powers." In those masses of tiny, scrambling, wrangling insect creatures at the foot of the twin giants, the nations that are swayed by the vanity of worldly ambition and the lust of conquest and dominion, may see themselves as in a mirror. They come, they swarm, they vanish, and the earth knows them no more. Thus came and went Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Persia, Rome, Greece — all the great African, Asian, and European races of old, most of which are now but as myths. Like the morning mist-wreaths or the motes that dance in the sunbeams, they were swept away at a breath, with all their pomp, their triumphs and their world-policies together. Whatsoever they did of good, that, and no more, is treasured up in the Divine chalices, because in that alone they glorified the Creator. All else was vanity. So it will be with all nations that are swayed by mere ambition, for it is an evil which carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Whether Saxon, Tartar, or Asiatic come to the surface now, matters but little. No world-power that is built upon force and slaughter, can endure.

In God's own way, and in his own good time, there will come the beneficent Power that is to redeem the world, and which, according as He hath promised, will set up "a kingdom that shall never be destroyed."

Providential Meetings

MARRIAGES, they say, are made in heaven. It is easy to believe it of conjugal unions that prove happy, and for the welfare of all concerned, that two persons, both being God's dear children, are so directed by an overruling Providence, that after each has passed over many windings, the two paths converge, and the two lives meet and melt into one. But, whether for joy or sorrow, it is true that all our meetings, of longer or shorter duration, and our partnerships less intimate than marriage, come under the same rule; that they are all under law to God.

And let us not doubt that the same might and the same wisdom have been at work to arrange a meeting wherever and whenever Christ is borne by one loving heart and received in faith by another thirsting for salvation.

It is said that in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, a certain rare tree grew for many years without fruit. It was a thriving, mature plant; year by year it was covered with blossoms, and year by year the blossoms were shed to the ground, leaving no fruit behind. After every promise it remained barren. At last, one season, though nothing extraordinary had been observed, after the flower came the fruit. They sought and found the cause. Another tree of the same species, but having flowers the counterpart and complement of this one, had that season, for the first time, blossomed in a garden at some distance. The small white dust from the flowers of that other tree, necessary to make the flowers of this tree fruitful, had been borne on the feet of bees, or wafted by the wind, into their bosom, and forthwith they bore fruit.

What the all-wise God so beautifully and wondrously does in the natural world, he is continually doing in the kingdom of his grace. We have all seen it in many instances of surprising conversion. Here or there for many years stood the plant, full of grace and beauty in all things, except that it bore no fruit unto God. Ready it was, prepared by the Spirit of all love, waiting for the special influence, the particular event, or form of words adapted to the case. That influence came at last, perhaps in some way wholly undesigned by human thought, and presently there was the putting forth, not of leaves and flowers only, but of precious fruit in repentance from sin, loving acceptance of Christ, and glad confession of his name before men.

"Than Honey and the Honeycomb"

SWEETER than honey and the honeycomb. The blessed words of the Scriptures, the testimonies of the Book of God, to those who search and love them. Is it so to us? Do we study, and memorize, and meditate, and pray, as the dear old chapters, the precious texts, come into our recollection? Do we read the Bible aloud for its melody and its music? Is it part of the family life, read at family worship, and repeated by the children, as they lay up golden texts for future use in the storehouse of their minds?

A pleasant Sunday morning exercise is for the household, fully gathered after breakfast, to read the Sunday School lesson of the day together. This may be accompanied by questions or comments, by the repetition in concert of the principal points, and by singing, the hymn or psalm selected of course being in accord with the central thought of the passage. As a preparation for the church services this is very helpful, as well as for the Sunday School hour, and those who are accustomed to this little study weekly, will find God's word sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

Trust Better than Suspicion

CHRIST trusted men. He trusted Zaccheus when he said to him, "I am going home with you today." That electric appeal to the publican's better self transformed him. Such trust even from man to man has often produced the most remarkable results. We have all heard of the famous saying of the Rugby boys in the days of their great head-master: "We must not tell Arnold a lie, for he would believe us." And we know how in our own country the "honor system" has been found the most effective method of control in schools and colleges, in many instances entirely displacing the old force and spy system.

In the relations of business life, we might often prove the truth, if we would put the matter to the test, that confidence is more likely to secure fair-dealing than suspicion and distrust. Is it not true that your smart, suspicious man of business often outwits himself? You have heard such a one say, "I treat every man as a rascal until he proves himself honest." And what is the result? Every one who has dealings with him suspects him also, does his best to get the better of him in trade, and as a rule justifies his suspicion. You may think a preacher is a poor adviser when it comes to business principles and methods; but a preacher, nevertheless, ventures the opinion that men and women would less frequently have cause to complain that they have been cheated, if they would stand at the salesman's counter with less of suspicion in their words and manner; if they would show the same respect and confidence with which they themselves wish to be treated.

A well-known clergyman tells how a friend of his, wishing to buy a horse, went to a horse-dealer and described the kind of animal he wanted. The horse-dealer said, "I can get you exactly the horse you want; it will cost $150." The gentleman at once took out his check-book and wrote a check for the amount. "Here is the money," he said, "send me the horse as soon as you can." The dealer positively gasped for breath he was bewildered—he began to perspire. At last gasped out, "But—but—you have never seen the hors "Oh," said the other, "what of that? I know nothi about horses. You know everything. I trust you—y will do the best you can for me."

The man was visibly affected. Tears rose to his ey It was the first time in his life he had been trusted that way. The appeal to his better self was irresistib He grasped the gentleman's hand: "Sir," he said, will take good care that you have not trusted me vain," and he sent an admirable horse, that more th satisfied the description he had given.

Now, such a fact does not show that in every case similar course on the part of a purchaser would be w and right. There are thieves and liars and swindlers the world, and the most generous and noble and trust are not always safe from loss and injury at their han But that deplorable fact must not, for those who wo be Christ-like, obscure the beauty or diminish the va of the great Christian policy of overcoming evil good, and trusting men rather than suspecting them.

The very first principle of Christ-likeness is the pr ciple of divine charity, the principle that believes men; believes that there is something good in worst of men; and whether in business, in social int course, in politics, or in the promotion of Christiani appeals first and always to the best in men. Browni has well said: "God be thanked, the meanest of creatures boasts two soul-sides."

The Divine Standard of Sacred So

Editor of "The Christian Herald":—I also am grea interested in your efforts for true reform in "Sacred Son and the having of a collection of songs chosen strictly keeping with God's standard (not men's) of the character the songs acceptable to him, having a consistent title, as s gested, whereby it can be universally used. Sacred songs it were, for the world.

In God's standard, it is written:

1. Sing forth the honor of his name. Make his praise glori (Psalm 66: 2).
2. Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength; so will we s and praise thy power (Psalm 21: 13).
3. Sing unto him a new song. Play skilfully with harp, with psaltery and an instrument of ten strings (Psalm 33: 3).
4. Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise t (Psalm 67: 5).
5. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy (Psalm 67: 4).
6. They shall sing for the majesty of the Lord (Isaiah 24: 14).
7. Seraphim were standing around him, and one called unto other and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the wh earth is full of his glory.

I now suggest the preservation of the following tun which are all especially fine for both harmony and melo Rathburn, to a "New Song." Mt. Blanc, Bera, Siloam, D nance, Belmont, Miriam, Von Weber, Bemerton, Henl Carol and Zerah. These twelve, by suggestion of numb also, Malvern, America, Alvan, Missionary Chant, Coro tion, Zundel Song, Gratitude, Williams, Ernan, Warwi Vigil, Braden, Nicæa, Moscow, Messiah.

Praying that this much-needed reform will be speed made a reality. ANNIE K. BAILEY, M.D

Danbury, Conn.

Absurd Stories Contradicted

WE take pleasure in giving space to the following let from Pastor C. H. Sheldon, concerning certain sta ments recently printed in some of the daily newspapers:

FEBRUARY 1, 1904

My Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The stories circulated about gymn tic performances in my pulpit are entirely false. I gave to young people, one night, in a room not used for preaching servi (on a week day, after a business session), a little exhibition of Indi club swinging, with a few harmless feats of sleight-of-hand to am the little children. I have had a class of boys in Indian club swi ing, and it has been one way of reaching them and keeping th interested in clean physical habits. I need hardly say to you t this club swinging was not done on Sunday, in the pulpit, to attr an audience, as the newspaper reports sent me have all reported doing.

The sacrilege of such an act is so impossible to my thoug that I have not attempted any reply to these falsehoods. Not o single newspaper publisher, except yourself and one other, h written me to ascertain the truth; but scores of them have publis ed these misrepresentations without any attempt, apparently, secure the simple facts. I have had so many lies told about me the papers, that I am not surprised at this. I have done noth that I regret, nor anything to bring shame on the church or t ministry. Very cordially yours,

CHARLES M. SHELDON

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

The Russo-Japanese Crisis

AFTER tedious interchange of notes between Russia and Japan, in which Russia has delayed her answers in order to gain time, the patience of Japan is exhausted, and she has apparently decided on war, if she has not, as some reports say, already commenced operations. The final demand which brought matters to a deadlock was that of Japan, that Russia should sign a treaty conceding the integrity of China and Japanese commercial rights in Manchuria, and her commercial rights and political preponderance in Korea. Russia, on her side, was willing to make verbal promises, which might have formed the basis of concessions, not absolutely satisfactory to Japan, but sufficiently so to avert the necessity of war, but she rejected to embodying them in the form of a treaty or to humiliate herself by giving guarantees. Japan distrusts Russia, and, therefore, insisted on a treaty. It is not surprising that she should do so. Having kept her own promise of evacuating Manchuria, when she was in possession after the war with China, she now sees Russia disregarding the principle of the integrity of China, on which she had insisted, and making preparations for indefinite occupancy herself of Manchuria. In Korea, too, Russia protests against Japan erecting fortifications, or taking any measures for her own protection, save in the extreme south of the peninsula. While these negotiations were in progress, both sides were making preparations for the struggle which appears inevitable. Russia has concentrated twenty thousand troops on the Yalu, which is the boundary between Manchuria and Korea, ready to cross the river and invade Korea. She also planned the junction of the war fleet she had at Vladivostok with that she has at Port Arthur. When, however, the ships at Port Arthur emerged from the harbor, they found a line of sixty Japanese vessels stretched across the Yellow Sea, from Wei-hai-Wei almost to the Korean coast, thus barring their passage to unite with the other fleet. The Russian vessels, finding themselves outmaneuvered, then returned to Port Arthur. It is evident that Japan has skilful commanders, both of her navy and army, and that her nearness to the scene of conflict will go far, in the event of war, to make up for her inferiority of power, relatively, with her gigantic antagonist. The distance which Russian soldiers and supplies must traverse to reach the theatre of war, even with the aid of the trans-Siberian Railroad, will seriously embarrass the great Power, while Japan, with vast resources of men and money, will have the advantage of fighting near her base of supplies. The conflict, therefore, will not be so unequal as the relative size of the two nations implies. It must, however, involve great loss and suffering and may drag in other Powers. Both contestants may yet have cause to regret if they do not take the advice of the wise king, whose words are as true in our day as when they were written:

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with (Prov. 17: 14).

Baltimore's Appalling Calamity

All sections of the country sympathize with the city of Baltimore, Md., in the shocking catastrophe which has fallen upon her. Not since the great fire of Chicago, in 1871, has any first-class American city been so stricken. An area a mile square in the heart of the business district was completely devastated by the fire, and property estimated at two hundred million dollars was destroyed. The fire started in the large store at the corner of Gorman Street and Hopkins Place, at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, Feb. 7. A series of explosions rapidly followed, due probably to the fire reaching combustible goods in storage. A high wind was blowing, which carried burning fragments to the roofs of other buildings, setting them on fire. In less than an hour, there were a score of edifices in various parts of the city burning fiercely and becoming the centre of other conflagrations. The fire was seen to spread from one square to another in thirty minutes. Though the fire department worked heroically, it was powerless to check the progress of the flames. Though great buildings in their path were soaked with water before the fire reached them, the intense heat quickly dried them and they were soon burning fiercely. From Howard street to Jones' Falls, and from Baltimore street to the river front, the area was one mass of flames. The National Exchange Bank, the Hopkins Place Savings Bank, the Custom House, the great wholesale dry goods houses and office buildings and newspaper offices were swept away. Efforts were made to check the progress of the fire by desolating a swath across its path by dynamite, but the wind carried the blazing fragments far over it. Appeals for help were made to other cities, and New York immediately sent ten engines, and nearer cities also responded. Not until ten o'clock on Monday morning was the fire under control, and even then it was burning in many places. The loss of life is not known at the time of writing, but there is reason to fear it is serious, as there are hundreds of injured persons in the hospitals, including Mr. Geo. W. Horton, the Chief of the Fire Brigade, who was injured early in the outbreak by a live electric wire. It is sad to think of so much valuable property being destroyed and of the multitudes who will be ruined by the calamity. We may be quite sure that the people will have the hearty sympathy of the whole country in their distress, and that measures will be taken to relieve, as far as possible, the suffering that must be entailed. It will be a pleasure and a duty to fulfil to them the Scripture promise that was given to God's ancient people.

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning (Isa. 61:3).

GUARDED GATE OF A FOREIGN LEGATION IN SEOUL, KOREA

The Custis Bible

It has become known that the old family Bible belonging to the Custis family, which Martha Washington used at her devotions, has been traced. It was formerly in the possession of Gen. Robert E. Lee, but in 1861 the old Book was mislaid. It was not seen afterwards by any of the Lee family, but during a visit of one of the members recently to New York, news reached her that the treasured relic was in the hands of a well-known collector, who set great store by it. She wrote to him to ascertain on what terms he would dispose of it. He declined to part with it, as he contended that it rightly belonged to him. It had been bought and sold several times before, reaching the collector's hands, and had apparently been in the possession of persons who did not know its value. It was published in London in 1702, and on the fly-leaf between the Old and New Testament there is a record of births and marriages in the Custis family. The birth of George W. P. Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, is among the records. It is reported that if the Lee family cannot effect a purchase of the volume, a suit will be commenced to regain it. A suit for the possession of a Bible will be a novelty in the courts, where the prize at stake is usually accounted of far greater value. There are in this case sentimental considerations which enhance the worth of this particular volume; but if the worth of a Bible were estimated by what men have derived from it, who could tell its value?

More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold (Ps. 19: 10).

Unclean Money

The Congressional Committee on Banking and Currency gave a hearing a few days ago to Dr. Darlington, President of the New York Board of Health, who has been making an examination of the bills in circulation. It has been noticed that it is a frequent practice of car conductors, newsdealers, and other small vendors to place coins in the mouth and hold them so while making change; or to wet their thumbs or fingers on the tongue or lips in order to facilitate the handling of paper currency. The germs of diphtheria, pneumonia and a number of other diseases may in this manner be conveyed to others. Scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, smallpox, consumption and a host of contagious diseases, may be spread in many instances by the transfer of infected money, which has been handled by persons suffering from these maladies. Dr. Darlington told the Committee that he was formulating a plan for daily or weekly sterilization of both coins and bills in New York. It is well that such plans should be carried out, but even if they are not, there will be few persons who will be prevented, by fear of infection, from getting all the currency they can. Unhappily, many have no fear, either, of moral contagion. Money has become so necessary to our lives that the desire to get it is often greater than the care that it shall be righteously gotten.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction (I. Tim. 6.9)

Dead in Law

A well known lawyer of the Georgia bar, relates a curious instance of a man, whose actual presence in court, at Atlanta, was ignored by the judge, who persisted in treating him as dead, though his identity was fully established. The suit before the court was brought by a man who claimed a share in the estate of his father, who died some years ago in Georgia. After his death the estate was divided among the heirs, on the presumption that this son, who had long been absent and for many years had held no communication with his family, was dead. The plaintiff testified that he was in Texas when his father died, and he did not know of the death until he returned to Georgia, some years later. The judge dismissed his claim. He said that a man who absents himself from his home and severs all communication with his family, should not complain if they regard him as dead, and proceed on that assumption. Besides, though according to his own admission, when he did hear of his father's death, he suffered three years to elapse before he sued. The court, therefore, refused to entertain his claim. The decision shows how a man of common sense regards one who is remiss in attending to his own interests. Yet how many men of common sense neglect to avail themselves of the greatest blessing that could be offered to men, and do so from year to year until they come to die!

Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip (Heb. 2:1).

BRIEF NOTES

In the German principality of Waldeck, a decree has been issued forbidding the granting of a license to marry to any person who is known to be of drunken habits.

The statement of the Baptist Missionary Union from April 1, to December 1. 1903, shows receipts of $181,890, an increase of $10,707 over the same period of the previous year.

The Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., president of the Society of Christian Endeavor, arrived at Honolulu, January 7, on his tour of the world. A reception was given him at the wharf.

"LUNG BLOCK," and WHAT I SAW THERE

By LUCY CLEVELAND

WAS it a stairway that went up to animals or to human beings? The stairway was absolutely black—not dark, but black. I was in "Lung Block," the greatest stronghold of consumption in New York. It is bounded by Cherry, Catharine, Hamilton and Market streets, and is not far from the East River. In stands in one of the most congested wards of the metropolis, and every year it is becoming more and more densely populated. Every tenement in the block is crowded with lodgers. Here are huddled together all nationalities—Irish, Italians, Jews, Turks, Danes, Swedes, Poles, Russians and Germans. "Lung Block" numbers four thousand people to the acre. Between 1890 and 1900 its population increased sixty-five per cent. In nine years this block has reported two hundred and sixty-five cases of phthisis, but many cases are not reported. The two hundred and sixty-five cases represent, it is believed, only half of the true number. If a family moves out, the new-comers take the "White Horror" from sleeping in the foul, germ-infected "closets." From these infected tenements, the worker goes out to handle fish in the market, to work in the sweat-shop, to handle, often, food for a city. The man goes back at night to his home on Lung Block. From Lung Block in the morning, he bears the deadly germ to his work.

Dr. Herman M. Biggs, of the Committee on Prevention of Tuberculosis, has estimated that the total loss to New York City from tuberculosis is twenty-three millions of dollars a year. It costs each patient several hundred dollars to die. The little family must be placed subsequently, on the charity list of the city.

The "White Horror," consumption, feeds on the foul rooms, the darkness, the absence of air. In Lung Block live families who never bathe. How can they? Where can they bathe? There are a thousand homes in Lung Block, and four hundred babies. The tenements are grimy. The air-shafts are sunless. The stairways are lined with dust and cobwebs. In these, tuberculosis germs fatten. Millions of germs, literally, are coughed up every day in Lung Block. Lying upon pavements, halls, in closet bed-rooms, in kitchens, these germs, drying, mingle with the very air—and the White Horror spreads. In these dark halls and on such stairways, the germs live two years. If you let in God's sunlight, they disappear.

I stood and waited on this stairway, and wondered. I was not afraid; but I was filled with awe—the stairway was so absolutely black. On such a stairway, a quick Italian stiletto-thrust, garroting—anything, could take place. I involuntarily repeated one of those eternal "shalt nots," the sixth verse of the ninety-first Psalm: "Thou shalt not be afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness." I went on, feeling the way on with my feet, for feet had to do the work of eyes.

Now there is a faint light ahead. It sifts from a narrow slit between two walls; the slit fully as wide as a coffin. It ran back to a window, which looked out upon filth. Directly to the left of the slit in the wall, that represented a passage-way for air and that only brought in foul smells, a reeking odor of garlic drenched what air there was. You heard the confused jabber of everybody talking all at once. These were Italian quarters, where the women were decked out a bit, and where a kind of a midday meal was progressing, amidst drink, tuberculosis and vice. I went on more quickly, along the half-light of this upper landing to which the black stairway led. I knocked at a door whose two windows gave on Cherry street. A feeble voice called, "Come in, please!"

Half-blinded by the steaming heat in the room, I perceived through its haze a stout woman sitting huddled up near the stove. The room was very small. A closet, called a bed-room, opened off it. Within this closet, consumption had fastened its white fangs upon a victim. The lodgers had made some feeble efforts towards tidiness in the outer room. The family consisted of a father and mother and two children. The mother was in the first stages of consumption. Her left lung was affected. She seemed to be sitting in a dazed kind of a way. Her patient eyes looked out at me as those of a hunted animal might look.

"We can't open the windows," the patient sufferer said, pointing to the small windows looking out on the street; "for the cold comes in, and that burns up all the coal we have. We darsn't open the windows never."

Never open the windows!

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"In there!" pointing to the wretched little closet.

In this aperture in the wall, a closet six feet by eight, the husband was dying of consumption. In this one bed, heaped with old "comfortables," themselves filled with tuberculosis germs, the family of four slept—the father dying of consumption; the mother, whose left lung the disease had successfully grappled; and two children, one a boy of fourteen. This sleeping-closet had no window. There was not an atom of oxygen in it. Only foul odors exuding from decaying lungs.

"What did your husband get for his work when he was up and doing?" I asked the patient mother.

"A cent and a half apiece," she answered.

By dint of the most blinding toil, from five o'clock in the morning until seven at night, you can figure up what the family of four lived on. They lived on four dollars a week. The father, who had taken the White Horror and was slowly dying, worked on as long and as bravely as he could; for there is a tremendous pathos of "Hold on!" and "Hold out to the last!" among the tenement-dwellers in Lung Block. These seem to be the two mottoes of the dwellers there. The "pieces" that went to the sweat-shop daily from this diseased room, carried the germs in seam and gusset and band. No, this family will not long live on four dollars a week. The mother is slowly succumbing to the inevitable disease. Two children died in 1903—one of tubercular-meningitis, the other of croup. The patient, hunted look in the mother's eyes haunt me, as she said, "You will help us?"

Yonder, living on Lung Block, is a young girl, the last of a family of seven, who have succumbed to the White Horror, and she is now coughing her way to the grave. Her father, disheartened and hopeless, with five little mouths to feed—that couldn't be fed—took to drink. And then he took consumption. Dissipation is the automobile-road to the White Horror. Will you see his home? A room reeking with smells, and bread and tea for supper; and cold, so cold the closet whose bed the seven must sleep. And out again fore the Morning Star fades; and the mother's dy eyes looking at him all day, as his hands stagger on work faster at "piece work." He can't work fast with those tired hands. And so the father took to dri He had a brave heart, till he saw the faces of his c dren grow more white and gaunt, and until the moth succumbed, for there is a royal courage in many of th filthy tenements. It lives on, and alongside of broth and unmentionable sin. But despair at last grapp the hungry head of the little family. And the bra daughter, who had flung off the insults of the evil m around the corner, opened the door of the family ro one evening, to see her father reeling, and to hear h singing a song of the gutter.

She struggled on. She had ambitions. She went night school. She kept herself from the streets and t fate of many poor girls. But when the coal fami came, and when she shivered all night under wretch bed-clothing, and rose at dawn to go to the facto where she must work that wearisome treadle all d till seven o'clock, her young spirit broke. The bod strength gave out, under the ration of bread and tea months. She, too, took consun tion, now she is slowly dyi Whose the fault that those you ambitions died? I met an o ragged, grizzled creature, as came down the foul stairway a tenement on Lung Block. could have infected a city. was Russian. He had on a dir verminous coat. He grinn hideously; and spat germs up wall and floor. He was a c sumptive, chewing and leeri his way to the grave. And t young women, who go out dai to work, while it is yet dark, m meet, on the black stairway, su people as this.

"She lives in the rear house the man across the way in t sausage-shop, said to me, as inquired for a certain number Lung Block. I went up son rickety stairs. The brawl th roared out from the top of t stairway warned me to go dow and very quickly. It was a on room tenement. At the foot the steps I saw an alley-way th ran into darkness. "She lives there," yelled the shopkeepe "You'll find the rear hou through there."

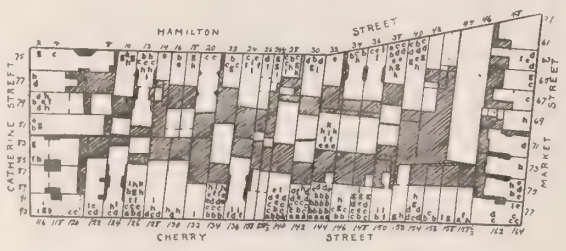
The snow had drifted into t narrow, dark, abominable alle I could dimly see patches of it I groped forward. The wal were loaded — not lined — wit filth. A sewer had burst, and t foul puddles had frozen. Abo forty feet ahead was the end the alley, and I thought I was near my goal, the rea house where she lived, the poor consumptive I w seeking. But no; the alley led to a court where fo outhouses had been planted directly under the bac windows of the rear-house, whose frontage looked o some of the worst dens of crime in New York Cit The only air that came into these windows where th poor consumptive lived, was a fetid stench. The cou in which these outhouses were planted was itself a dun heap. Piles of old decaying stuff, too, had been ca from the windows of rooms where the victims of th White Horror had died. The prospect that is dail before the faces of the sufferers from the White Ho ror, as they look from the rear windows of this rea house in Lung Block, is a line of outhouses. Th prospect from the front windows of this rear-hous is a court filled with noises and stenches.

Philanthropy has done something for Lung Block Civic agitation over this matter has bettered condition —somewhat only. For Lung Block still exists in thi Year of our Saviour, 1904. It is a burning shame t the city's purse. Better housing must be found; play grounds (as breathing spaces) must be made; publi baths must be built; and in this crowded "East Side, air, air must be given now to these emaciated emblem of the White Horror. Sunlight must stream into thes smelling rooms.

There are just four steps that lead into the Whit Horror on Lung Block. Darkness and Dirt; Despai and Drink. And the grewsome fattening of the tuber culosis-germ has begun.

You come back with a gasp into the light and laughte of decorous Broadway. You come back to civilization But—is it civilization, O! men and women, who ar known by Christ's dear name, when, only a stone's throw from you there goes up the groan to God fron your brothers and sisters dying for help?

ONE OF THE SIDES OF "LUNG BLOCK"



THE GROUND-PLAN OF "LUNG BLOCK"

The dark sections represent courts and air-shafts. Each letter represents one case of consumption reported to the Health Department since 1894. In some of the houses there have been numerous cases in the same year, thus, in No. 144 there were 4 cases (a) in 1894, 13 cases (b) in 1895, and 2 cases (c) in 1898.

The Revolution of Molly

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I TELL you, Molly, the house is well enough. It suits me. I have no money to throw away on fol-de-rols and foolishness; your mother never found fault with her home, and why should you? I won't hear another word."

"But, father," pleaded Molly, her dark eyes gathering a misty look, as if the tears were near, but her quivering mouth held firm by an effort of girlish will, "it is ten years since we lost dear mother, and nothing has been done to the house since she died. The paper is dingy and faded, the paint is worn off, the carpets are threadbare, the furniture is shabby. I am ashamed to have my friends to the house. The home is not attractive for the boys. It wouldn't take so much to fix it up; but it now looks like poverty flat. I can't stand it, and I won't for her."

"I guess you'll have to," answered John Petrie, with a determined set of his jaw. The bull-dog look came out on his massive Scotch-Irish face. "All you say, Molly Petrie," he went on, "is the merest stuff and nonsense. If you are so silly as to feel ashamed of a good home, don't ask your friends here. As for the boys, what's good enough for their father is good enough for them, or ought to be. If it isn't, they're an ungrateful pack, and I'll not have them indulged. What under the canopy you want, I can't see. There isn't a cellar in town as good as my cellar: dry, clean, well ventilated, cemented, and in first-class condition, and the roof is perfect."

"We don't live in the cellar nor on the roof, father."

"Don't be pert, Miss, I'll not stand it at. Go about your Saturday's work, and waste no more time; and, understand me, this subject is dismissed for this year. I'll not paint, nor paper, nor furnish new things, to pamper folly and vanity in my children. That's settled."

Mr. Petrie put on his overcoat, crammed his hat on his bald head, and tramped off to the machine-shop of which he was proprietor. He was angry with Molly, angry enough to shake her; but you couldn't shake a young woman of twenty-three. For two months Molly had tormented him, renewing her efforts on every possible occasion, her heart being as resolutely set on making the shabby house and bare home presentable, as his was in letting it severely alone. Now, he felt that he had arrived at the end of his patience. Was he, John Petrie, fifty-five years old, elder in the church, superintendent of the Sunday School, and leading citizen of H—, to be dictated to by his family; by a girl of Molly's age? Not he, forsooth, as he knew himself.

Mr. Petrie was prosperous. His bank account was satisfactory. His investments were shrewdly made and profitable. Furthermore, he was a good provider. His children were comfortably dressed and his table was generously spread. Only on two points was he miserly. He would not allow Molly to have hired help, not even with the washing and ironing, nor would he do anything towards furnishing and brightening a most ill-furnished and run-down-at-the-heels-to-paper-and-paint house.

As he entered his office, his pastor rose to meet him, extending a cordial hand.

"Brother Petrie," he said, "I ventured to call that I might suggest some steps about raising money to introduce electric lights into the church. I know you will approve of the change. Our present lamps are so dim."

"I approve," said Mr. Petrie, at once bland and smiling, "of whatever will make our sanctuary beautiful. Put me down for a subscription of twenty dollars. I am always ready to put my hand in my pocket for the house of God."

The minister departed, beaming. He observed to his wife that day, that John Petrie was a most consecrated man, a vessel of sanctification, a true helper in the parish.

"Well," said Mrs. Minister, who was an observing little woman, "that may be, but I believe he does good that he may be advertised. I hold that man to be a sheet angel, Dan. He's harsh with his boys, and horrid to Molly. He'd better spend money on his own home, and let the church go."

"Ruth," the husband expostulated, "Ruth, my darling, restrain that tongue. It may get us into trouble."

"It never has yet, Dan, but to you I say what I think," rejoined the small, bright-eyed woman, with proper spirit. They had no children, and there was nobody to hear or repeat their confidences.

After her father left, Molly Petrie threw herself into a chair and had a good cry.

"Her Saturday's work!" For some unaccountable reason, she was extremely irritated at the phrase as it had fallen from her father's lips. When her mother had died, leaving her, a girl of thirteen, to care for the household and bring up her three younger brothers, a very heavy load had fallen upon her slender shoulders. She had then definitely left school—just as she was prepared to enter the high school. For five years, till Molly was eighteen, "a girl" had officiated in the kitchen; but she had then been dismissed, and Molly, without wages, had kept house unassisted.

"Monday's and Tuesday's and Wednesday's work, who does it all, if not I?" she exclaimed, talking aloud, so that Puss on the hearth heard, wondered, and came purring to her side, presently jumping up on her lap, a soft, furry friend, whose sympathy was a comfort.

Molly Petrie had a Scotch-Irish vein of stubbornness as well as her father. She did her Saturday's work thoroughly, cleaned the dingy house till it shone, baked bread and pies, prepared the baked beans, and the roast beef for the Sunday's meals. John Petrie and his sons came home for noonday dinner, and Molly presided over it with composure. It was a good and abundant meal. Mr. Petrie's crossness of the morning was laid aside, and he was disposed to be affable.

In his own secret soul, he was pleased that he had managed his daughter so successfully.

"Nothing like firmness and a tight rein with a woman," he said, as he strode downtown again, half-chuckling to himself. "She'd have the bit between her teeth in no time, if I were not firm."

When he came home to supper, the house was shining, but no Molly greeted him. The boys, returning home from work—big fellows all, who earned and paid their way—shouted her name, but there was no reply.

"Where can she be?" growled the father. "I won't have her gadding about."

"She's not given to gadding, father," answered John Junior, "and she's not a slave. Here, what's this?"

Just under the edge of Mr. Petrie's plate at the table was tucked a note. He read it with a puzzled frown.

DEAR FATHER: I have gone to town to spend a fortnight with Aunty Helen. She has been ill and needs me. As my return after that is a little uncertain, I have telegraphed to your cousin Ellen to come on Monday, and look after you and the boys. There is plenty for you all to eat, 'till Monday. Your affectionate daughter, MARY PETRIE.

Consternation reigned for a moment.

"How dared Molly go on a visit without leave?" stormed her father.

"Molly is of age," quietly declared John Junior, motioning his brothers to be silent. "It's hard," he added, "if she can never leave home for a day."

The meal was taken in glum silence. But the boys were on Molly's side, and they rejoiced in their tyrannical father's discomfiture. One by one they stole out softly after supper, leaving him alone. Not a man of them thought of washing the supper dishes.

Monday morning arrived, and with it Miss Ellen Petrie, a cousin several times removed, and a woman not in the least in awe of John. She took hold with a will, straightened up the house, and declared her intention of remaining as long as Molly wished to stay away.

"Sammy," she said to the youngest boy, on Tuesday, "who does the laundry work here?"

"Sister," he replied.

"I want to know! Well, you stop and send Mrs. McConnel here, quick as a wink."

Molly Petrie, at her Aunt Helen's, was in no hurry to go home. She had swiftly packed her trunk when she had decided to leave her father for awhile, and she had plenty of clothes to last her for a long visit. Her Aunt Helen, a younger sister of her mother, was only too glad to have Molly under her wing, and when Molly unfolded a bold plan, she abetted her.

"It isn't a love affair, dear, is it?" she asked anxiously.

"It is not. I shall never, never be in love," averred Molly. "I intend to keep my independence."

"Till the right man appears," laughed cheery Aunt Helen. "My dear, my dear, I don't wonder at the way you feel. Your father has alienated you from any thought of love or marriage."

"Molly is young and pretty, and life is all before her," said Great-Aunt Matilda. "She'll be all right if she does not meet a 'masterful man.'"

Molly's thought was this: She had worked so long without payment, and her father so ignored her wishes, and thwarted her at every turn, that she had concluded to try living where she could be paid for her services. With her Aunt Helen's approval and aid, she secured a place as chambermaid and waitress in a summer hotel. Good wages were offered and accepted, and then Molly wrote frankly and fully to her father.

She explained that she could not submit to be treated as a dependent, or as an idiot; that in the home she claimed the right of a grown-up woman to freedom of movement as to her comings and goings, and that she also felt that she was within her rights in requesting either to be given an allowance, or paid a salary for her housekeeping services. She did not seek to return. The boys were now men; her father in his prime, and no one needed her. She needed herself—needed room to grow, to become an all-round woman. If she did come back, she must have an environment in which she could be contented.

John Petrie fumed and raged when he read this letter. He tossed it across the table to John Junior, who gravely commented on it, saying: "Good for Molly! She is very reasonable!"

Cousin Ellen, stepping briskly about the house, observed: "I'm thankful Mary has some Petrie grit. I was afraid, seeing how she let herself be imposed on, John, that she was all Kirkwood. But she's like us, and she'll get through!"

It ended, finally, in John Senior hauling down his colors and surrendering unconditionally. Six months later, Molly came home to a freshly papered and painted house—a house renovated and brightened and properly equipped, between the good roof and the dry cellar, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber. And the minister's wife, when she went to call, kissed Molly with tears in her eyes, though she never said a word; and when she reached home, flew to the study, and gave her wondering husband a good, big hug.

"John Petrie's had a change of heart," she said.

THE WOOD GATHERER

The path so bleak and frozen she treadeth all alone;
But she heedeth not the sighing of Winter's monotone.
For every step she's taking brings home and mother nigher,
As sweet Elsa gathers fagots, for the cottage hearthstone fire.

THE MOUNTAIN SERMON

Hearers and Doers of the Word

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB. 28
MATT 7: 21-29

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT--JAMES 1: 21:
BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY

THE Mount of Beatitudes is a pulpit from which was preached the greatest sermon the world has ever heard, by the greatest preacher, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. What he preached from that pulpit is called the Sermon on the Mount. The pulpit was decorated with growing plants, blue anemones, scarlet lilies, purple hyssops, orange crocuses, and many more. The grass on the hillside provided for the people abundant cushions of softest grass. The beautiful summer sky was the roof overhead. The beautiful horizon, of which the lake of Galilee was a part, formed the walls of the temple in which the audience was gathered. The worshipers had come from the villages round about, and, some of them, even from Capernaum, seven miles away. They had come in family groups—fathers, mothers, and children. The lame and the sick were also there to be healed. Some Roman soldiers came to preserve the peace, in case any disturbance should arise. Gathered closest to the Preacher were twelve men, who had been almost his constant companions for a year or more: Simon Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James, Thaddeus, Simon and Judas. These were soon to be appointed apostles, and sent out to preach the Gospel, and heal all manner of sickness, even as their Master. This mountain discourse may have been intended for them alone, but the loving and tender Christ would not turn away others who came to hear him.

The sermon began with the ten Beatitudes, which have been called "the New Testament counterpart to the Ten Commandments of the Old Testament." "The Kingdom of God" was the main theme of the sermon. It is analyzed thus by Edersheim, who was familiar with Jewish thought: "First, the Kingdom of God cannot be circumscribed (Matt. 7: 1-5). Secondly, it cannot be extended, as you would do it by external means (v. 6), but comes to us from God (vs. 7-12), and is entered by personal determination and separation (vs. 13, 14). Thirdly, it is not preached, as is too often attempted, when the thoughts of it are merely of the external. Lastly, it is not manifested in life in the empty forms too common among religionists, but is very real, and true, and good in its effects (vs. 17-20). And this Kingdom, as received by each of us, is like a solid house on a solid foundation, which nothing from without can shake or destroy" (vs. 24-27).

The sermon is not alone for those to whom it was first spoken, but for the whole world, and we must pass it on with our lips and our lives and by our missionary gifts.

Illustration and Application

This lesson being an extract from the Sermon on the Mount, it would be well for all, except classes of young children, to study the sermon as a whole. There are four great characteristics that run through it, like river and valley and highway and mountain range. First, note the sympathy of Christ for nature, as the oldest testament; second, note the familiarity of Christ with the Old Testament, which was the Saviour's Bible; third, mark the emphasis he puts upon heart life; fourth, note the importance he gives to humanitarianism as applied Christianity.

* * *

I. Let us consider how Christ brought into this sermon, as into many others, the sweet odors of the fields. More than a score of natural objects are cited as illustrations in this outdoor sermon—the lilies that grow larger and more abundantly on the Mount of Beatitudes, even to-day than anywhere else in Palestine; the sparrows and ravens flying about; the clouds and the reddening sky. These suggest, by contrast, that religion to-day is too much an indoor matter, confined to one place and one day. We need to get our religion out among the flowers and fields by outdoor meetings whenever possible, and, by bringing nature into the church, in decoration and illustration, connecting God's Word and God's world. Here it is fitting to quote the words of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis: "Christ's enthusiasm for nature was second only to his enthusiasm for man. He lived an outdoor life and loved the warm fields. His was the poet's vision, that exalts the commonplace and finds a tropic forest in every foot of turf. For the most part, his speech was drawn from the woods and fields. Not that he shunned the city or was blind to the wisdom of the street. Yet the genius of his life was far from the hot town, with its glare and fevered strife. The winds that blow through his pages carry the odors of the apple blossoms, the vineyards and the sedgy brook. While he speaks, the grass grows, the buds burst, the poppies redden against the ripened wheat; the air is full of birds and sweet with breath of vines; while for the ear, the 'musical, steaming, odorous south wind turns all the trees into wind harps.' Sitting on the grassy slope of the mountain side, Christ began his ministry and spake not of books, but of the world about him. Then the fluted blade of grass became a teacher of patience and humility; the sparrow in its flight and fall told of God's loving care; the wild lily proclaimed a providence more careful for man and his enrichment, than for the adornment of the flower stalk; the distant rain storm, sweeping slowly o'er the hills and bidding men seek some sheltering rock, urged them not to build upon the sand, but on foundations sure as the mountain on which their teacher sat. . . . What a thin pressed flower is to a bunch of dewy violets, a book is to his crisp, fresh speech. For him, each ordinary walk, was like a morning or an evening sacrifice. His thought had not far to climb from nature up to nature's God. . . . Nature is the genius of the infinite God rushing into visible sight for man's happiness and enrichment."

* * *

The Sermon on the Mount prompts us to find in nature a manifold revelation of God. A Christian living alone in a hard field got into doubt whether there was a God back of nature and history. While riding on horseback one day and struggling with these intruded doubts, his way lay along a thickly shaded path. It was the autumn time, and a beautiful leaf attracted his attention as it came tumbling down from its branch and alighted upon the pommel of his saddle. He picked it up, looked it over, and turned it round admiringly in the sun again and again, as the beams stole quietly through the trees. How delicate its veining, and what a marvelous lacework of beauty he saw in it; and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Yes, that little leaf tells me the Bible is true, tells me there is a God; for none but a wise, good, merciful, and powerful God could have made a leaf like that. I am sure it is all true." And he went on his way, having regained the old sweet joy of faith in the "Great Companion."

* * *

A gardener having caught a beautiful mole, sent in the dead body for Jack, his master's boy, to examine. "We can never catch 'em alive," said the old man, when Jack almost cried over the velvety black body, with its pink waistcoat and soft nose. "See his paddles, Master Jack. Isn't our Heavenly Father great and wonderful? He fits even the mole for his work. See, the forefeet are close to his shoulders, so that moley can get a wide sweep o' his hands. An' the fingers have such long, strong nails to 'em. The palms turned hindside forward, for moley has to get rid of the earth he scoops away, an' these back-handed paddles make it easy for him to burrow away. I tell ye, Master Jack, to understand the ways o' the Almighty, ye have to live as I do, seeing the worms, an' moles, and hedgehogs an' such things every day o' my life. Why, every one o' them little creatures is exactly fitted for his work. Paddles for moley, bristles for the hedgehog, scissors for a beetle, shells for snails." The homely words of the gardener mean the same as what a great man has said, "The laws of nature are the hands of God."

* * *

II. The Sermon on the Mount shows not only Christ's great sympathy for nature, but also his familiarity with the Old Testament from which he quoted the very things in this sermon which neglecters of the Old Testament often cite to prove the superiority of the New to the Old. The Beatitudes, for instance, are all of them Old Testament bells which Christ has brought together into a chime. The Golden Rule, Christ himself said, is the substance of the law and the prophets. The very command to love our enemy is an Old Testament precept that Christ had learned in the Scriptures in his childhood. He gave to the old Law a deeper and loftier meaning, but he shows us that the loftiest principles of the Gospel were rooted in the Law.

"WHEN HE WAS SET, HIS DISCIPLES CAME UNTO HIM"

III. A deeper characteristic of the sermon, however, t those thus far mentioned, is found in the key text of it "Blessed are the pure in heart."

* * *

To be right in one's innermost nature this sermon teacl is the great thing in life. Bishop J. H. Vincent recei sent to many friends in this country a New Year's message an impressive bo let entitled *My Church: the Church the True Life.* It tells how a farmer and his mother, living far from any church, came to feel t the Church is a life, a fellowship, not a method or a se forms, and there in their farmhouse they realized the Bi term, "The church in thy house." In quiet Christian lowship with God, they two and a few neighbors enjo the life of the Spirit, which is the heart of the true Chu and without which the stately temple of the Pharis and the heartless cathedrals, where form takes the pl of faith, are but elegantly laid-out corpses.

Superiority of Spirit to Forms

* * *

Spurgeon started up one night in great fright. He had j dreamed that his heart had stopped beating. His watch within reach, and, on looking at it, he discovered that it stopped running, apparently at the very moment when he had the ugly dream. His own explanation, which probably the correct one, was that the moment watch stopped, his ear had noted the change, brought on the dream. And the great preacher, that readiness which always characterized him using common things as illustrations of great tru seized upon this incident, and said: "How I w every Christian, whenever he feels the works piety are not carried on by him, would start up fright, and say: 'Has my heart stopped?'" An servant man may discover in his very tones that heart is out of order, through envy, or greed, or h

* * *

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

* * *

IV. The crowning characteristic of the sermon the outworking of faith in deeds, without which, lesson teaches, our creeds are houses built on sand.

* * *

"If I should die before I wake," sake Donny, kne ing at grandmother's knee. "If I should die bef I wake"—"I pray"—prompted the gentle voice. "on, Donny." "Wait a minute," interposed small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying aw downstairs. In a moment he was back again, a dropping down in his place, took up his petiti where he had left it. But when the little whi gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grar mother questioned with loving rebuke concerning t interruption. "But I did not think what I was sayi grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You s I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all his wood soldiers on their heads, just to see how he'd te around in the morning. But, 'If I should die befc I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find them th way, so I had to go down and fix 'em right. Ther lots of things that seem funny if you are going keep on living, but you don't want 'em that way you should die before you wake." "That was rigl dear, it was right," commended the grandmothe voice, with a tender quiver. "I imagine there are good many of our prayers that would not be hurt stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong

* * *

Christianity manifests love to man in manifo forms, like a fruit-laden tree. The seed the Gospel, as we have before said, is individu conversion—a heart right with God—but t full-grown Gospel is a Christianized social li And here, it is important to note, what is ve generally forgotten, that the humanitarianism the Sermon on the Mount was not proclaimed in the b ginning of Christ's ministry, as its place in the opening Matthew suggests. This sermon was preceded by the di course on worship at Jacob's well; and that was preceded the sermon to Nicodemus on regeneration; and that was pr ceded by the proclamation of atonement, in the words John: "Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the s of the world." Note God's order—atonement, regeneratio worship, humanitarianism. We should neither begin wi humanitarianism nor end with worship.

* * *

Recently there appeared a symposium of replies to t suggestive question: "What was the kindest deed you ev saw?" It is a good question to raise in a Sunday Scho class by way of revealing the sandy foundation on whic many a professedly Christian life rests. Such inciden brought to memory, will often, by contrast, show how litt of kindness that costs there is in our life story.

In Perfect Condition

I received the *Crown Encyclopedia* in perfect conditio also the beautiful *Calendar*. We are delighted with t books. I cannot understand how you can give such ni books for only three dollars. THE CHRISTIAN HERAL itself is a mine of information M. J. B.

QESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

I letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain thname and address of the writer, not for publicion, but so that an answer may be sent by m if necessary.

Sbscriber, Deposit, New York Why is Jesus sometimes called Son of Man and sometimes Son of God?

is supposed that Jesus, in applying to himse the title Son of Man, intended to emphasi his humanity and his representative cl acter. The Jews were looking for a Msiah who would raise Israel to the head othe nations; Jesus wished to impress the diples with the fact that he was representati of the whole human race and not of the Jes only. Then, too, to have spoken openly ofimself as the Son of God would have been atnce to exasperate the Jews and bring u n himself a charge of blasphemy, as in tend it did (See John 10:36). The title, S of Man, was not open to that danger, as it as expressive of lowliness, humility and identification with humanity. In using it, hever, Jesus did not withdraw his claim to be he Son of God. When the High Priest p him on his oath (See Matt. 26:63-65) he anowledged that he was the Son of God.

ere is a novel and pleasing suggestion frn J. B., a reader, in Washington, D. C.

nce recent illness, I wondered what I could do tower others. I thought I would place a muteliary in my room at the hospital, where I have sered so much. "Our tears should be amulets fcoming workers." Let us undertake such a lie work for the Master. Place one in some hotal near you, or further away, as you may like. Vuld not this be glorifying the Master and make sething out of trial?

M., Boston, Mass. Is not the Senator Burton, of Kansas, who has been indicted recently by a Federal jury at St. Louis, the same Senator to whom, a little over a year ago, the press attributed the extraordinary statement that our missionaries in Hawaii had persuaded the natives of that country to give them their lands, in return for certificates assuring them that "they would go to heaven when they died?"

They are one and the same individual; but i's only just to the Senator to state that he erward removed the imputation from the issionaries by a denial, in which he said: "I cnot remember ever to have said anything hat could be interpreted as a statement reting on the missionaries; I positively ow I have never said anything that reflected any way upon the Christian missionaries." e also added, in the same explanation, that e statement attributed to him "is sometimes d in Hawaii as a joke." As the Senator nt to Hawaii in an official capacity, his utances on his return were naturally accepted iously by the editors of his own State, who I not attribute jocosity to him then, any ore than they have done in connection with e events of his later career. The missionies have forgiven him, long ago.

Sadie E. H., Upper Musquodaboit, N. S. We never heard of chameleon-lizards being ed by American ladies as ornaments. 2. The st is the real name, the second a *nom de ume*. 3. Write to American Book Co., ew York.

H., Hickory, N. C. Can a person who wears jewels on the hand be a Christian?

We ought to abstain from judging others far as possible. Christ condemned the abit (see Matt. 7: 1-5). Paul, too, reminds s (Rom. 14: 4), that we ought not to assume he right to condemn. "To his own Master e standeth or falleth." Therefore, to tell a erson that he is not a Christian, if he has a ng on his finger, is to assume a position to hich we have no right. There may be a eason for his wearing it that we do not know, s that it is the gift of some relative or friend, r a memorial, or some other reason. To ien impressed with the urgent need that nere is in the world for money for charity and eligion, it would appear a duty to give all the noney available to those causes and not to pend any of it on personal adornment. Arriving at such a conclusion, let him act upon : himself, but not hastily denounce others vho have different ideas of their duty.

Mrs. Y., Mineral Wells, Tex., writes:

Our nation, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ent shiploads of corn to the famine sufferers of oreign lands. See how God pays us back. In the national crop report of 1903, there was over two billion bushels of corn alone produced, besides the vast treasures from other sources. God always pays back a hundredfold with interest.

J. F. B., Cologne, Va. 1. What laws governed the Antediluvians? How could they have known, if they had none, that they were sinning? 2. Do the Jews still practice the rite of circumcision?

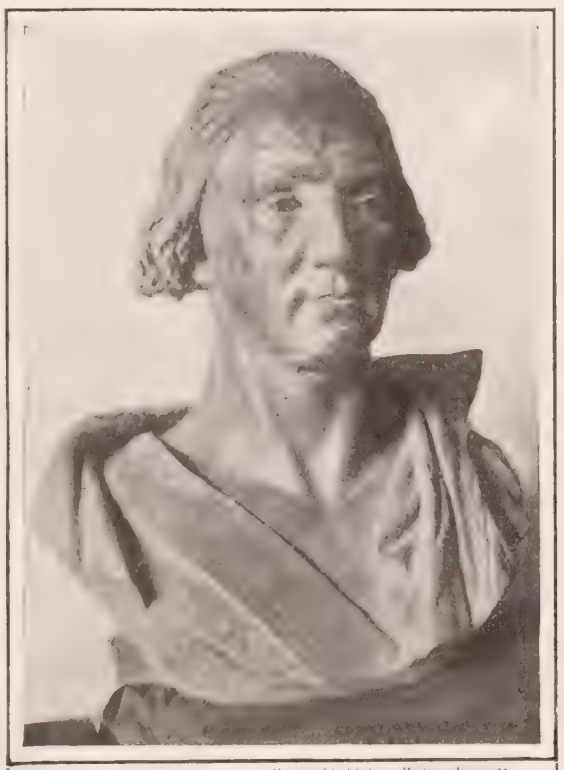
1. The Bible does not say what laws were given. Evidently in some way God communicated with them and reproved them. Jude says (14) that Enoch warned them of their sin, and declared that God would punish them. Peter says (II. Peter 3: 5) that Noah was "a preacher of righteousness," so that they must have known, by direct teaching as well as by their consciences, that what they were doing was wicked. 2. They do.

Reader, Des Moines, Ia. What was the cause of the recent "potato craze" in England, and what are the facts about it?

1903 was a disastrous potato year, crops having declined in quality and quantity, and the potatoes of that year were not considered fit to sow, to produce a crop this year. A few special types, however, did well, and the product of those special plantings brought almost fabulous figures. There was a corner in seed potatoes. Many sold at $50 for a single seed potato, and even higher. One man in Lincoln, England, is said to have paid $245 (or £49) for one magnificent tuber.

J. F. L., Augusta, Ga., writes:

In your issue of January 13, Theodore S., Bay City, Mich., asks, "How many soldiers took part in the Civil War on both sides, and how many were sacrificed, or died directly and indirectly through wounds or sickness?" Your reply furnished the information, except as to how many soldiers took part in the Civil War on both sides. May I supply that information? In the Union Army there were enlisted 494,000 foreigners and 186,017 negroes; from the seceded States, 317,714, and from the non-seceding States, about 2,000,000, making a total of 2,997,731. In the Confederate armies the enlistment was 600,000. Excess in enlistment in Union army, 2,397,731, or four times as many as in the Confederate army.



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THE WASHINGTON BUST PRESENTED BY FRANCE

This photograph shows the new and striking bust of Washington, in bronze, lately presented by the French nation to the United States, and to be unveiled at the National Capitol, on February 22.

Subscriber, New Orleans, La. Can a person be saved through the faith of another.

The faith of one person may lead to another being awakened or enlightened, but salvation can come only through the faith of the saved person. It is he who exercises faith who is saved, not some friend of the believer. "He that cometh to God must believe." God has often honored the believing prayer of a pious mother for her son. The faith that trusts God for another, may lead to his forsaking sin, and through the influence of the Holy Spirit seeking Christ. But not until he believes for himself is the seeker successful in attaining peace.

Inquirer, Newport, R. I. 1. Ministers who dance, play cards and go to theatres, are not likely to be of much value as spiritual leaders of the flock over which they have charge. There could be no real spiritual progress or uplift in a church where all the members—and especially the young—have such an example before them. 2. We are greatly overcrowded with MSS. at present.

Subscriber, Milford, Pa. 1. Is it true that Joseph the Patriarch had more than one wife? 2. Is there any fear of Smoot, the Mormon, getting office in the White House?

1. We are told of but one wife, whose name was Asenath. She was the daughter of the high-priest of Heliopolis, and she bare Joseph two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. 2. His office as Senator has nothing to do with the White House.

E. E., Amsterdam, N. Y. What influence can the Woman's Christian Temperance Union or any kindred association have on initiating or promoting legislation?

Such associations can exert a potent influence by petition, or by addressing Senators and Congressmen individually. An association is entitled to more respect than individuals, and receives it. The fact that so large an organization desires a certain law, or is opposed to the enactment of some other law, must weigh with men who know that they cannot be re-elected, if there is a strong sentiment against them in their constituencies. It is true, that the women cannot vote, but they influence their husbands and sons, who can.

A.S.P., Kinsman, Ohio. 1. There are many things which our human philosophy fails to explain, dreams and visions being among them. Undoubtedly, some spiritual natures live closer to the borderland than the majority. 2. Joseph, the husband of Mary, is represented in the early Christian traditions as being an old man. Eusebius, Theophylact, Nicephorus and others agree on this, while a few others differ.

C. L. N., Grant City, Mo. 1. What was the name of the Queen of Sheba, who visited King Solomon? 2. Is there any record of the hard questions with which she tested his wisdom?

1. Josephus says her name was Nikaule. From Herodotus it would appear that it was Nitokris. The Ethiopian tradition is that it was Makeda. The Arabs say it was Balkis. 2. There is no record, but there are traditions which cannot be verified at this late day. According to these traditions, the queen produced two bouquets, one of which was of natural flowers, and the other of artificial flowers, so excellent in imitation that an ordinary observer could not tell which was the natural. She challenged the king to distinguish without leaving his throne. He ordered his attendants to let bees into the room, and as they alighted on the natural flowers, he rightly indicated the bouquet. Another was the challenge to fill a cup with water that came neither from earth nor sky. This Solomon did by collecting the perspiration from a hard-driven horse. A third was to thread a jewel. This the king did by inducing a small worm to crawl through the minute perforation. Lastly, to decide which of two groups of children, dressed exactly alike, were boys, and which girls, Solomon ordered bowls of water to be placed before them that they might wash. He rightly decided by the way each group turned up their sleeves before washing. These are some of the questions tradition attributes to the queen.

Mrs. J. A.K., Pontiac, Ills., writes:

Let us appeal in prayer to the Power of powers in behalf of Macedonia. Go to the Fountain that never fails. No neutrality there. Oh, why do not the churches unite and spend a week in prayer for the Christians of Macedonia?

Mrs. L. S. (a homesteader's wife), Saline, N. Dak. I am very much interested in the discussion on dancing and card-playing among church members. I do not believe a Christian will want to do either, nor will he go to such places of amusement. The Bible says, "If meat will cause our brother to offend we should eat no meat," and we have only to look around us to see the influence of such things. But do those members do any more harm, or as much, as those that go to church and make long prayers for the uplifting of humanity and the coming of the Kingdom, and then vote for the licensing of saloons?

We quite agree with "Homesteader's wife" that the one is as bad as the other—the latter probably the worse. A live Christian church will not rest in quietness while such burning questions affect its own membership and spiritual life.

The words and music of "The Starless Crown," which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, should have been attributed to Grant Colfax Tullar, and I. H. Meredith.

E. C., Lenox Dale, Mass. 1. Is our Old Testament a correct translation of the one now in use among the Jews? 2. If so, why do they not perceive that the Messianic prophesies are fulfilled in Jesus Christ?

1. Yes, great care has been taken to make our English translation absolutely accurate. You will notice words in italics. These are not in the Hebrew Bible used by the Jews, but are inserted to make sense. The bulk of these the Jews accept. 2. They have several objections. One of these is that the records of the Gospels, of the events in the life of Jesus never took place, but were inserted later to make the life a fulfilment of prophecy. A second objection is that some of the passages do not refer to any man, but to the Jewish nation as a whole. A third is that some of the passages, especially those referring to "the Coming One" as a King, were not fulfilled by a plain villager, the son of a carpenter. Still another, held chiefly by the Reformed Jews, is that the prophecies are not inspired, and that such fulfilments, as we hold are furnished by the life of Christ, were mere coincidences. These objections have been repeatedly answered by Christian scholars, and some Jews have been convinced, but the number is relatively small.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. M. J. K., Kansas City, Mo. In the U. S. there is a false conception of the word "servant." Practically, all who serve are servants. Incompatibility in the nature of employer and employed is oftener at fault than anything else, for a domestic comes in closer contact with the employer than in any other sphere. Incompetency, poor health, or innate bad nature, sometimes are the cause of infelicity. The larger number, however, who undertake domestic service, have receptive natures, and will, with loyal appreciation (or its opposite), give returns in kind. Some employers are chronic fault-finders; they follow their maids, as it were, with an evil eye, pounce down upon them for faults of a trifling nature, uninterruptedly, and make their life a burden to them.

Mrs. E. P. D., Tex. 1. If you find money buried on your own land, unless some one else can prove a legal title to the same, it will be yours to use as you see fit. We are not aware whether the State would make any claim in the matter, yet such a thing is possible, of course. 2. You would do well to let clairvoyants and all such pretenders alone. They are mostly arrant humbugs. 3. We have no opinion to express. If a work is of God, it will stand; if not, it will surely fall.

W. J. H., Fairfield, Me. 1. The arrangement with the Sultan of Sulu is regulated by treaty. 2. Write State Department, Washington, for the information desired. 3. The cases of Smoot and Roberts are essentially different. In Smoot's case there was no polygamy proved. 4. and 5. Hypothetical. 6. and 7. You will find both questions answered in any good Encyclopedia.

A NEW PRESIDENT

THE SWISS CONFEDERATION'S NEWLY ELECTED EXECUTIVE

FAR less strenuous and exciting than our own Presidential elections are those of the Republic of Switzerland, one of which has recently taken place. The successful candidate is Mr.

ROBERT COMTESSE
President of Switzerland

Robert Comtesse, whose portrait we give. He is a man of fifty-seven years, highly educated and experienced in the affairs of State. He has held several important offices, both State and Federal. In 1877 he was chief of the Departments of the Interior and of Agriculture in his own Canton of Neuenberg, and six years later he was elected to the Federal Congress. So marked was the ability he displayed, that in 1894 he was elected President of that body. He has now received the highest honor in the gift of the Swiss people, by being elected President of the Republic. A proof of his popularity is found in the fact, that of the 178 votes cast he received 165. He is a native of Neuchatel, and received his education in the Universities of Heidelberg and Paris. The term of the President is only one year.

The system of government in Switzerland differs from our own, though resembling it in some respects. There are twenty-two States, which are called Cantons. The legislative functions are vested in two chambers, consisting of an Assembly of 147 members elected for three years, and a Council of States of 44 members, similar to our Senate. These two chambers, which united are called the Federal Assembly, elect a Federal Council of seven members, who serve for three years. Each member must come from a different Canton from his colleagues, so that no Canton shall have more than one of its sons in this high office. The President of the Republic presides over this Council, and together with it is the executive. He is elected by the Federal Assembly, and none are eligible but the seven members of the Council. Thus, before a man can attain the highest office of President of the Republic, he must already be familiar with executive duties by his services on the Council. His salary is $3,600.

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Panama as a Gospel Field ❋

BY MISSIONARY
A. R. STARK

THE independence of the Isthmus of Panama and the ratification of the Canal Treaty with the United States, not only points to the dawn of a new era of industrial and social progress, but will be the greatest Protestant enterprise ever carried out in Latin America. The cause of the revolt of the Isthmian people was the denial or delay of the canal by the Colombian Government of Bogota. The Isthmian people, although only a small part of the entire population of Colombia, felt that they had a right to be considered in this great enterprise. When the Government of Bogota refused to sign the Canal Treaty, they simply cut off the future hope of the Panamanians, whose commerce was already paralyzed.

Colombia, whose population is almost entirely found in the interior of the country, is justly considered one of the most hopeless and backward countries in South America. Panama, on the contrary, is in continual touch with broader civilization and twentieth century progress. Only a year ago, a bloody revolution of three years' duration was terminated. Unfortunately, the peace treaty was more favorable to the clerical party, whose mediæval character and spirit are everywhere known. It is the boast of Colombians from Bogota that Protestant missions have never been able to make progress in that country.

Panama looks out over the glorious Pacific, while Atlantic breezes blow over Colon. The whole scene on the Isthmus is a damp, tropical jungle, swarming with insects, snakes and alligators, and a hot-bed of malarial and yellow fever. Rain falls in cataracts; then, at night, begins that strange tropical chorus of frogs and insects. More terrible than the frog music is the mosquito invasion. Deadly as the Isthmus is by nature, the bad sanitary conditions of Panama make the climate still more disastrous for the traveler who chances to cross the railroad. But the vigor and energy of the United States are well able to devise and enforce curative and preventive sanitary regulations, not only in these two important cities, but on the whole line of the proposed canal.

The city of Panama, at the foot of a lovely hill, clothed with beautiful vegetation, its red-tile roofs and church towers overlooking the commodious bay, studded with lovely islands, forms a picturesque scene as the traveler sails up the Pacific. As we passed up, we could not but admire the fine fleet of American warships riding at anchor in the bay, along with one solitary British cruiser.

The railway which crosses the isthmus is 47 miles in length. On this short stretch, there are 22 stations. The train, which picks up passengers at all of them, takes three hours to make the journey. But the whole scene of luxuriant, tropical beauty—stately palms and plantains, oranges and bananas. For some distance, the road runs along the banks of the rapid Chagres River, which is to be deepened for the canal. Costly machinery sent out by the French Company for canal operations, now rusting and eroding, lies half-buried in jungle, forest and mud. Operations are now being pushed forward at the great Culebra cut—where the canal will sweep through the mountain range of the isthmus, before it bursts into the Pacific. At both Culebra and Paraiso, the Jamaican Baptists sustain preaching stations for the seven hundred workmen, and a school for children, under the capable management of Rev. Moss Loveridge, the pastor, who also dispenses medicines free, to hundreds of Jamaicans. Last year, he treated over 1,200 patients. This good work is hampered for the want of better premises and funds. During the canal operations, the moral atmosphere was more disastrous than the physical, and we cannot think things will be very different when the work begins again. Human vultures gathered from every continent of the world to divide the spoil—speculators, gamblers, card sharpers, and every form of moral degradation. The Christian church must have a strong and competent force to cope with the situation.

Jamaican Methodists and Anglicans are represented in both Colon and Panama, but their work is exclusively among the English-speaking folks. The two great Bible societies are circulating the Scriptures in both Spanish and English, and other languages. The Panamanians number about 280,000; but this population will be greatly increased. On every hand, the people are busy making preparations for the future. The Spanish-speaking element, which predominates, is entirely neglected by Protestant missionaries. It ought to be known that the leaders at Panama are determined to break away from the iron grasp of Romanism, by granting full religious liberty. The emancipation of Panama from the clerical government at Bogota was the first step. The fact that religious liberty will be granted makes the time opportune to press the claims of the Gospel of Christ on this strategic centre.

Send out the light. A. R. STARK.

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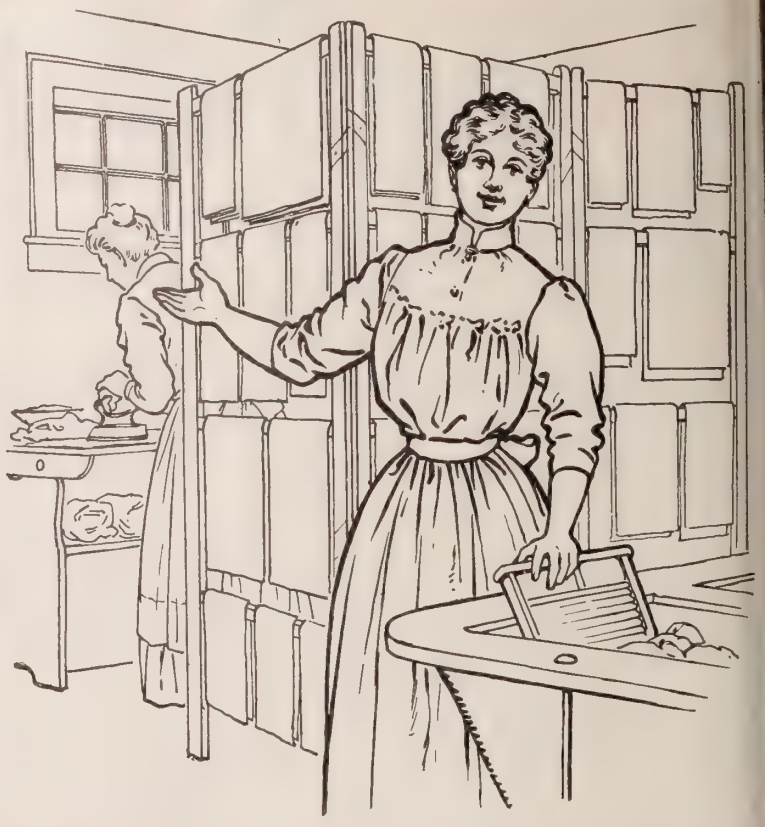

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TURKEY IN PROPHECY

EVENTS recorded in the daily press, as occurring in Europe, ought at this time to be carefully studied in connection with the prophecies of the Word of God, because the prophecies will surely come true, and it is instructive to notice how they are becoming history. A case in point is that of the disintegration of the Turkish Empire, province after province slipping from under the yoke of the Sultan and becoming independent, while Macedonia is now struggling to become free. In the short prophetic book of Obadiah, this very situation is described, although the prophet wrote above two thousand years ago. It will be useful in the present disturbed conditions in the Balkans to see what the prophet had to say of this once mighty Power, which has been stripped of its possessions, and is now rapidly approaching its doom.

In verse 1, the subject of the prophecy is "Edom." We find from Gen. 36: 8, 9, that "Esau is Edom." Esau is also referred to, as "the father of the Edomites," and in verse 11 of Obadiah, the government of Esau is mentioned, as one who with others, "cast lots upon Jerusalem;" for Jerusalem is the objective point of the prophecy, as will be seen in verse 21 at the end of the chapter, where it is said, "Saviours shall come upon Mount Zion to judge the Mount of Esau." Verse 2, shows the character of the nation, and will be readily recognized. "Behold, I have made thee small among the nations, thou art greatly despised," while verses 3 to 6, show how vain will be all endeavors to preserve the integrity of the empire.

. . . .

Verse 7, is a statement of the condition of Turkey at the present time—once prophecy, and now rapidly becoming history. It is as though the Balkan States were mentioned by name. "All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee on thy way even to the border." States that have thrown off authority, while others are in the very conflict for independence. In verses 8 and 9, the prophet says, "Shall I not in that day, saith the Lord, destroy the wise men out of Edom, and understanding out of the Mount of Esau? and thy mighty men, O, Teman, shall be dismayed, to the end that everyone may be cut off from the Mount of Esau, by slaughter." How remarkably this agrees with the statement of a daily newspaper, written only a few days since, concerning Turkey as an enemy of civilization, and which is as follows:—"Abdul Hamid has simply developed into a Frankenstein, a monster that cannot safely be assailed except by all civilization. He has removed to his capital most of his ablest and faithful servants. The position of those whom he permits to remain in Constantinople is no better. At an hour when he most needs competent and reliable ministers they are not forthcoming."

. . . .

The reason why the Turkish Empire is to be destroyed, is given in verse 10: "For the violence done to thy brother Jacob shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever." In Ezekiel 35: 12-14, are these remarkable statements: "Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and revenged himself upon them; therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will stretch out mine hand upon Edom and will cut off man and beast from it . . . and will lay my vengeance upon Edom by the hand of my people Israel . . . and they shall know my vengeance, saith the Lord God." Here not only the doom is pronounced, but the reason is again given—the spoliation of the Jews—and the very instrument of destruction, namely, by the hand of my people Israel."

. . . .

After various warnings in verses 11-14, the time is indicated in verse 15, when the prophecy is to be fulfilled, "for the day of the Lord is near upon all the nations," and the punishment to be administered, "as thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee; thy dealing shall return upon thine own head." In verse 17 we learn who shall be in possession of the land after the power of the house of Esau has come to an end, for there we have the specific statement that "the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions," which is none other than the house of Israel (the ten tribes), and the house of Judah (the Jews) reunited; for the name Jacob is a generic term, indicative of the whole house of Israel.

Verse 18 tells us who the people are that the Lord will use as a means of punishment, "and the house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall burn among them and devour them; and there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau; for the Lord hath spoken it." This is in harmony with the prophecy referred to above (Ezek. 25: 12-14), "and I will lay my vengeance upon Edom, by the hand of my people Israel."

It would be very interesting, if anything could be found in the prophecy concerning the present attitude of the Continental nations of Europe towards the Turkish Empire, but the trend of prophecy does not contemplate nations in their interrelated conditions, as to their ambitions or material interests, for it always will be concerning them, as we read in Deut. 32: 8, 9, "When the Most High gave to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the children of men, he set the bounds of the peoples according to the number of the children of Israel, for the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance."

. . . .

This principle of interpretation prevails throughout the whole of the prophecy of Obadiah (and likewise all the prophecies), for while it specifically concerns the Turkish Empire, in a general way, it is also connected with the nations, as stated in verse 15, "For the day of the Lord is near upon all the nations," and if any mention of the present and future attitude of the nations is alluded to, we find it in verse 16, where, in speaking of the Turkish Empire as to its treatment of the house of Jacob, it says, "For as ye have drunk upon my holy mountain, so shall all the nations drink continually; yea, they shall drink, and swallow down (or, as the margin reads, 'talk foolishly'), and shall be as though they had not been."

Parallel with these words of warning are other passages from the prophecies concerning Israel (the twelve tribes) and Edom (the Turkish empire). The prophet Ezekiel 35: 15, says: "As thou didst rejoice over the inheritance of the house of Israel, because it was desolate, so will I do unto thee: thou shalt be desolate, O mount Seir, and all Edom, even all of it; and they shall know that I am the Lord." And in Amos 9: 9-15, "for, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all the nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth . . . in that day I will raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, and close up the breaches thereof, . . . that they may possess the remnant of Edom, which are called by my name, saith the Lord that doeth this . . . and I will bring again the captiviiy of my people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; and they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them, and I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be plucked up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

. . . .

In all of the prophecies quoted, we see that they apply not to the Jews alone, but to the whole house of Jacob. The other ten tribes are to share with the house of Judah in the coming triumph. The world easily recognizes the Jews, for representatives of the race are in all nations; but how astonished men will be when the ten tribes also are identified and recognized as descendants of Israel!

A. WADHAMS.

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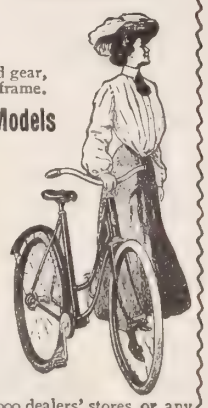

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THE SABBATH TRANSFERRED

HOW THE LORD'S DAY SUPERSEDED THE JEWISH SABBATH AS A DAY OF WORSHIP IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

MANY Christians in various sections of the country have been disturbed by the fear, that in observing Sunday as the Lord's Day instead of Saturday as the Sabbath, they are disobeying one of God's commands. Persons, doubtless very conscientious and sincere, have told them that there is a peculiar sanctity about Saturday that does not attach to Sunday, and that it is consequently their duty to observe the former day rather than the latter. The motives of such advocates deserve all honor, because they are founded in a desire to obey strictly the divine commands; but they savor more of a puerile and slavish obedience rather than of an intelligent loyalty to the divine Founder of our faith. We may be very sure that He, to whom one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day, is pleased that his people should show their devotion to his Son, by celebrating as their weekly day of Christian service the day on which he rose from the dead. It may be useful, therefore, to mention briefly here some of the reasons why the general custom of Christendom should continue to be observed by all who love Christ and call themselves by his name.

The charge is made by the advocates of the Saturday Sabbath that it is of divine appointment, and that the change to Sunday was made by the Pope of Rome. As a matter of fact, no such assertion can be substantiated. It is clear from Ex. 12, that the Jewish Sabbath might fall on other days of the week than Saturday in certain years, and that it was not a particular day of the week, but a period of one day's rest, after six days of work, that was appointed. The change, under the Christian dispensation, was made by the voluntary action of the early church, and was legalized, not by the Pope, but by the Emperor Constantine in A. D. 321, who simply sanctioned and made general a practice that had been observed for fully two hundred years by pious people. Justin Martyr mentioned that in his time (A. D. 140), Sunday was the day observed by the Christians. In the newly discovered "Teaching of the Apostles," also, there is a reference to "The Lord's Day," which indicates that it was observed by the early church.

The change was logical and significant. The institution of the Sabbath, at first commemorated the rest of God at the Creation (See Ex. 20: 11). Afterwards it was to commemorate the deliverance from Egypt (See Deut. 5: 15). In the Christian dispensation, it commemorated the resurrection of Christ, when the seal was set to the work of redemption.

People like the advocates of the Seventh Day observance, evidently troubled the early church, which the Apostle Paul had worked so hard to deliver from the yoke of the law. He tells the Colossians to let no man judge them in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of a new moon, *or the Sabbath.* In Romans 14: 5, he says, that while one man esteems one day above another, another esteems every day alike, and bids every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

It is remarkable that when the first great Council assembled in Jerusalem, to decide what parts of the Jewish law were binding on Gentile converts (see Acts 15: 5-29), no mention was made of the Sabbath. Neither are there directions anywhere else in the New Testament how the Sabbath is to be observed, except incidentally, when Christ was defending himself from the charge of breaking the day by his miracles of healing.

The early Christians, however, must have realized the need and the benefit of a seventh of their time being set apart for rest and worship. Accordingly we find (Acts 20: 7) these significant words implying that the custom of a weekly meeting had already been established: "Upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread," etc. There is another incidental reference to the day in I. Cor. 16: 2.

The advocates of the Seventh Day Sabbath must go back to the Old Testament for their authority. Even if they could prove that the Sabbath was always on a Saturday, which is impossible, they would have to admit that they do not observe the day according to the directions given. The kindling of a fire in the house was prohibited (See Ex. 35: 3). Traveling even on foot was unlawful (See Ex. 16: 29). All ordinary occupations were suspended, and in order to make the observance strictly binding, the Scribes and Pharisees drew up a list of forbidden acts, which, as they contended, were deduced from the Mosaic law. Thus the prohibition of kindling a fire included lighting a lamp, which is a species of fire; the killing of a flea, because it was practically hunting; the walking abroad, because a seed might be stepped upon, which would in effect be a kind of planting; the carrying of a handkerchief, because that would be bearing a burden. They even went so far as to forbid the setting of a broken bone on the Sabbath. It is no wonder that people spoke of the Sabbath as a burden. Yet if it is the old Sabbath that is to be observed, the authority requiring its observance is the authority regulating the manner of observance. From all such rigorous laws, Christ's coming set his people free. They no longer spend their holy day in idleness, but in service, working for the advancement of his kingdom.

CALLED HIGHER

Miss Franc A. Brooks, a lady devoted to Christian work, and long a reader of this paper, passed away lately in Chicago, at the age of seventy-one.

Mr. J. J. Mann, one of the oldest inhabitants of Oak Ridge, Va., and a most exemplary Christian, passed away Jan. 19th, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a reader of this journal for many years. Eight children mourn his loss, his wife and four children having "gone on before."

Mrs. W. W. Seeley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, recently passed to her heavenly home. The last conscious words she spoke was a prayer uttered, that God would guide and keep her. Her prayer was answered. A husband and two daughters survive her.

Mrs. Mary Holbrook Quirk, of Eureka Springs, Ark., who recently passed away, had been an invalid and a great sufferer, for a considerable time before her death. She was an exemplary Christian, and was greatly beloved and respected for her beautiful life. She had been a reader of this journal for many years.

Mrs. Amanda C. Howell, wife of Deacon Ephraim A. Howell, passed away at Fletcher, O., recently, at the age of sixty-five years. She became a member of the Baptist Church in Centreville when about sixteen years old, and lived a Christian life of very great usefulness. She leaves a husband and two sons. The funeral was one of the largest held in Fletcher for many years. "Aunt Amanda," was beloved by all, and the memory of her godly life is a precious legacy to all who knew her. For many years she had been a constant reader of this paper.

Through a sudden attack of heart disease, Calvin O. Diffenbacher, on Dec. 10, 1903, died at Mechanicsburg, Pa. He was the son of a minister, and was born in Woodstock, Va., in 1831. He entered the army at the opening of the Civil War, was taken prisoner, and spent one year in the prison at Andersonville. At the close of the war he took up his business of druggist, in Ogdensburg, N. Y. Having acquired a competence, he retired to Mechanicsburg, Pa., where he spent the remainder of his life. Always charitable and deeply interested in the extension of Christ's Kingdom, he left his property to be divided among half a dozen benevolent objects that had been dear to his heart for many years.

On January 14th, James Heffner, one of our country's Christian pioneers, passed away. He was born Dec. 16, 1823, in Hamilton County, Ohio; was married in Danville, Ky., and then removed to Shreveport, La., where he resided for thirty-five years. After the death of his wife, three years ago, he went to Montrose, Colorado, where he had a married daughter. He united with the Methodist Church at the early age of nine, and was a member of that church at the time of his death. He was always active in church work, and was at different times, choir leader, trustee, and class leader. There was always a family altar in his house. His favorite hymn, sang at his funeral, was, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and less than twenty-four hours before he died, he raised his voice and sang that hymn.

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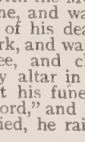

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A FAMOUS CHURCH BURNED

THE Luther Memorial Church, situated at the junction of Vermont avenue, Fourteenth and N streets, Washington, D. C., partially destroyed by fire recently, was for nearly thirty years one of the ornaments, as well as one of the most conspicuous church properties at the National Capital. It was a church known throughout the country. The corner-stone was laid in 1870. The three towers were completed in 1883. The city this heroic figure is ever attractive, occupying as it does a triangular park in front of the main entrance.

The names of Luther, Calvin and Wesley were inscribed on the windows in the large tower, while those of Grant, Lee, Sumner, and others memorialized many pews.

The present pastor is the Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler, who came to Washington in 1849 as pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church, of which the church just destroyed was an outgrowth. The membership has been nearly four hundred for several years. Its power for good was recognized on all sides, several churches and missions being among its energetic efforts.

LUTHER MEMORIAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The fire occurred while a reception to the pastor was being held. It originated from leaky gas pipes between the ceiling and the roof, so high up that the first attempts to extinguish the small blaze proved unsuccessful. By the time the engines arrived the blaze had spread to the main tower, where it burst from the windows, a brilliant sight from all parts of the city. Although the spire was destroyed and the roof considerably damaged, the building itself escaped with comparatively small loss. The large and valuable organ, however, was rendered practically worthless. The total loss is estimated to be about $25,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

C. H. C.

ostal statue of Martin Luther, which ti stands, uninjured, was projected in h latter year and unveiled the year following. Among the many statues of the

Princely Men*

Modern Martyrs who have Perished in Missionary Service

WHEN people talk as if Christianity sapped the convert of his manliness, and robbed him of his moral and physical courage, they show h they are ignorant of the records of Christian work. Some of the most magnificent examples of heroic conduct in history have been those of men inspired by love of Christ, and by devotion to his cause among men. Nor are they so far away in the past, that they cannot be verified. There are men now living who have faced deadly peril for Christ's sake, and there are others who have stood side by side with men who have actually perished in the cause. Dr. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, modestly records many such experiences, not boastingly, but as testimony to God's loving care in the crisis of his life. Time and again he has gone unarmed among fierce savages who were plotting to kill him, and feast on his body, and has been preserved, though he knows that in all probability he will eventually fall a victim to heathen ferocity. It is not more than the years ago that James Chalmers, who had encountered innumerable perils in the South Seas, perils of the ocean and of the climate, was clubbed to death by the men whom he went to save. In Africa, too, how many men have gone patiently and triumphantly to their death. Bishop Hannington was only one of many who have died there in recent years in the effort to win souls for Christ in the Dark Continent. The events in China are too recent to need reminder of the number of missionaries—men and women—who fell victims to the fanaticism of the people. Yet there is no lack of volunteers to take their places, men and women who know that, by disease or murder, they will probably come to the end of their earthly lives.

Why do men go so boldly so dauntlessly into perils so dire? They cannot look for gain, for the missionary's salary is but a bare living. Neither fame nor power can come to them from their work. There is no explanation other than that of sublime faith in the Saviour they go to preach, and ardent love, "the love that constraineth" for souls and for Him who died that men might live. Like their Master, they count not their lives dear unto them if only souls can be won.

*Topic of the Epworth League for February 28. Acts 13: 1-4.

Just Running In

THIS is the way we do in town,
When the snow lies deep in the narrow street,
When the wild northwester's bearing down,
And we fare in the teeth of the freezing sleet.
We send our visiting cards about:
"Mrs Smith will offer you tea
From four to six," 'twill be good, no doubt,
And a crowd of folk at her house you'll see.
Folk who come in carriage and sleigh,
And folk who travel on Shanks' mare.
They'll manage a call, though rough the way,
And their very best clothes, they will surely wear.

This is the way the country friends
Keep each other in happy thought.
Just as the bleak day fades and ends,
Enters a neighbor, with cheer unbought.
She has wrapped herself in a blanket shawl,
Or a cloak that defies the bitter cold.
Little she heeds though the snow may fall,
Old clothes and courage keep her bold.
"I thought you'd be lonesome. I just ran in,
I brought you a loaf of mother's cake;
And you needn't take it out of the tin—
Wait till your angel-cake you bake."

In homely phrases and merry chat,
The little woman beguiles the time.
By the fireside gently purrs the cat
And the kettle puffs to a singing rhyme,
The country neighbor is dear and kind,
And kind is somehow much like kin;
Somehow, I'm very much inclined,
To favor her habit of "running in."

KATHERINE BLAKE.

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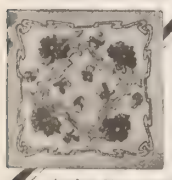

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AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

BY JEANETTE McMILLAN

MR. BEECHAM was seated in his private office. Before him lay the loose sheets of a trial balance, which his bookkeeper had just brought him.

"H'm! H'm!" he soliloquized, a complacent look creeping over his face: "not a bad showing for the year. Five hundred thousand dollars clear and the prospect of a few thousands more this week. H'm! and not a chick or a child to spend it on. But, after all, it is much better to be able to save it; makes one feel quite easy to know they have enough laid by to take care of them when they get too old to work. And I've earned it; I have a right to enjoy it all." And laying the sheets carefully in his desk, Mr. Beecham put on his overcoat and hat and started for home.

Jonathan Beecham was a bachelor of some sixty years, a fine-looking man, the striking feature of whose face was a pair of keen, piercing, gray eyes—eyes that his business associates said would look through an investment and tear it to tatters before ever a dollar went into it. His hair had turned gray early in life, prematurely he had always said, but really it was the result of hard thinking, as to what to do with his money.

He and his sister had lived alone for several years in the old Beecham mansion on the Park Slope, and after her death he had kept house by himself. He rarely entertained, and as his wants were not up to his income, the profits had accumulated and the business had grown, until now it was a source of worriment, sometimes, as to what to invest the surplus in, safely.

He was noted for his honesty and his shrewdness, and his ability to make good investments; but he was decidedly close-fisted, in spite of the thousands lying by every year, untouched. He had, too, the reputation of being a little hard on his clerks, hardly paying them comfortable wages, and having very little patience with them when ill, never being ill himself. But, on the whole, he was a pretty good type of a highly moral, highly respectable man, always a regular attendant at church, and, as he thought, a liberal contributor to the church collections.

After finishing his solitary dinner that night, he lighted a cigar and settled himself before a glowing fire in the grate, a satisfied look creeping over his face as he thought of his business, past and prospective.

"I shall begin the season owing no man anything," he said out loud. "How some men can always be in debt I don't understand. I have no patience with them. Let them pay their bills as they go along."

"Makes you feel comfortable to think you are not in debt, hey? Haven't any patience with those who are, hey?"

Jonathan Beecham started. By the fireside sat a little, old, shriveled-up man, careworn, harassed, looking as though he had found the battle of life sorely against him.

"Why, where did you come from?" ejaculated Mr. Beecham. "Who let you in? I didn't hear the bell ring."

"Oh, didn't you!" whined the little, old man. "Well, no one else did either, for I didn't ring it. But you and I used to be old friends, Jonathan Beecham. Old friends, do you hear? I've come to collect my debts, too," he added.

"Why, I don't owe you anything," stammered Mr. Beecham. "Who are you, and what business do you have here, anyway? I'll have you put out; such impudence I ——." But here he paused abruptly. His visitor fastened a pair of eyes, strangely like Mr. Beecham's own, on his face, and giving a hoarse little laugh, said, "Oh, no you won't, Jonathan Beecham. As I said before, you and I are old friends, and I have a little account to settle with you to-night, and that's why I am here. You will not have me put out till I finish. Do you hear that?"

"My hearing is quite good, thank you," returned Mr. Beecham, attempting to speak stiffly, but utterly failing, as those piercing eyes seemed to look him through and through.

"Good thing it is," said his uncanny visitor, as he crossed his attenuated limbs and stretched his claw-like hands out to the blaze. "Ugh! but it's cold," he continued. "I am not as well filled out as I was when you and I first met, and I feel the cold, and you, Jonathan Beecham, are to blame for it."

"Me to blame!" echoed the startled man.

"Yes, you. That is what you owe me, a well rounded out life, instead of a starved one."

"But I don't understand," protested Mr. Beecham, putting his hand out towards the bell-rope.

"Not so fast," said his visitor; "you will understand before I go. And so you think you owe nothing, Jonathan Beecham? Well, you are a poor, wretched man in spite of your thousands. But I must talk quick," he continued, gasping for breath, "for unless you pay your debt to me very quickly, I'll be dead." Mr. Beecham shivered nervously.

"Jonathan Beecham," continued the little old man, still fixing his eyes on his host's face, "how much regard have you shown for your employees this past year, have you done all you might when they were ill and in trouble? Quick, think it over and tell me."

Instantly, like a panorama came memory's pictures. "Well," he stammered, "I suppose I might have kept up my stenographer's salary a little longer when she was ill. I know they said she needed it, but you know it is one of my rules not to pay for sickness," in a half-way apologetic tone.

"Yes, yes," wheezed the old man hurridly, "and what next?"

"Well, my engineer died, and some people said I was stingy that I didn't pay all the expenses of the sickness and funeral; but that was my business," in a haughty tone.

"Yes, I know, and left his poor widow with two little ones, suffering for the want of a few dollars; few to you. Go on!"

And, impelled by some strange power which he could not explain, Jonathan Beecham did go on, and enumerated some score of cases where a few of his many dollars would have helped some one on their way. It had not been so much through real selfishness, that the dollars had not gone, as a misunderstanding of the situation, that he really owed something to some one else. Even now, as he finished, he looked bored and annoyed at the persistency of his caller, and yet he could not have done otherwise than tell him what he wanted to know.

"So you do owe something after all, Jonathan," said the strange figure. "I knew it—you do owe all these debts. Will you pay them? Quick, will you? My life depends on your answer."

Hastily, Jonathan Beecham answered: "Yes, I will." Immediately the figure at the fireside seemed to look more cheerful and pleasing. He appeared to breathe easier, and his tone lost the hoarse wheeze it had at first. Jonathan Beecham noted it all with a start. What did it all mean? What hideous nightmare was this? But before he could utter a word asking for an explanation, his visitor arose, and with all his strength said: "And now, Jonathan Beecham, how much do you owe to your Lord? How much?"

At this question Mr. Beecham summoned all his self-control, and rising in his seat, confronted his visitor with a scornful look. "Nothing," he attempted to say in a very positive tone, but before he had fully uttered the word, his strange guest seemed to visibly shrink before his eyes.

"Nothing," it gasped, "get your pen and paper, quick. Now then, how much did you give your Lord last year? Write."

And again impelled by the same strange power, Mr. Beecham did as he was told. Pew rent, $200; church collections, $52; special at Christmas and Easter, $200; Mission offerings (he was not much at this kind of giving), $10 each; and outside collections—oh, well, probably about $50. Total, about $600.

"Have you finished?" queried the strange figure. "How much is it?"

Mechanically, Jonathan Beecham told him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

At Meals and 'tween Meals

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

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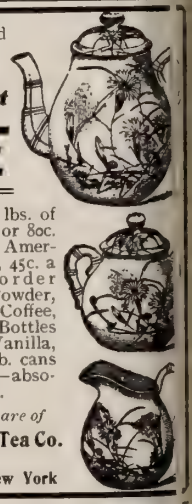

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An Unexpected Visitor ❋

Continued from preceding page

And how much would a tenth of your ome have been?"

The answer came in the same way $50,000."

And you call that owing nothing to r Lord? Oh, Jonathan Beecham, you poor and miserable in spite of your usands. Do you call that 'honoring Lord with your substance?' Do you that giving a 'tithe of all you pos-s?' Jonathan Beecham, you have bed your Lord, do you know it? And that you might be rich yourself. Get r Bible, quick."

He did as he was told.

Read," commanded the old man, "read lachi 3:8."

Mr. Beecham read in a tremulous tone, cold sweat standing out on his fore-ad—"Will a man rob God? Yet ye e robbed me. But ye say, Wherein e we robbed thee? In tithes and of-ings."

Go on, go on," gasped the figure at the side.

n a scarcely audible tone Jonathan Beecham did go on—"Bring ye all the thes into the storehouse, that there may meat in mine house, and prove me now ewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will n open you the windows of heaven, and r you out a blessing, that there shall n be room enough to receive it."

As he finished, his unwelcome visitor w himself up and said, this time in ading tones—"Won't you heed this ssage from your Lord? Won't you ge him what belongs to him? Jonathan Beecham, won't you give your tenth?"

Mr. Beecham looked at the speaker, n at the figures beside him. No, he ld not do that. Silently, he shook his d, and his visitor, with one of his piercing looks, said: "Then I shall never come to you again. Jonathan Beecham, your conscience is dead!"

Mr. Beecham's eyes seemed to start out of his head in horror, as he took in the meaning of his caller's words. He glanced at the fireside, but there was nothing there to remind him of his strange visitor. Silently, as he had come, he had stolen away; and the dead fire on the hearth reminded him of the last words, "Your conscience is dead." On the table, by his side, was the paper with the accusing figures. The $50,000 stood out boldly—the $600 looked pitifully small. Should he give his tenth, but why? At any rate it would do no harm to figure some and see what he could have used it for.

Jonathan Beecham did figure, saying as he did so—"I have always boasted that I have never owed any man anything; but if I really do owe this." The last words were in a dubious tone. As if in answer someone seemed to repeat to him, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me." He started. No, there was no one in the room. On he went with his work and his soliloquizing. Finally he pushed back his chair and impatiently paced the floor. Should he? "Prove me — prove me now, saith the Lord." This time the voice seemed right at his elbow, but still no one visible.

It was a hard battle; but as the daylight began to break, Jonathan Beecham won a victory, and decided to pay his debts. As he made the decision, he seemed to hear once more the same voice: "God hath shown thee, O man, what is good, and what he doth require of thee. Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High."

HEROISM IN CHINA*

ney and Life Itself Sacrificed by hinese Christians for Christ's Sake

CHINA has the distinction of having furnished more modern martyrs than any other land. In the recent Exer rising, the number of Chinamen o laid down their lives in defence of t missionaries, and those others who, en attacked as Christians, refused life the price of abjuring their faith, was ormous. It raised the estimate of Chinese character through the world, vile it proved, through the nature of the crages, how violent and how fanatical t Chinese nature could become. The lson was obvious. On the one side, the Chinaman in his natural state, brutal, rce, superstitious; on the other, the Chinaman after coming under Christian luence, tender, loyal, faithful even unto ath. So much can Christianity do with t Chinese character. We have to go k to the early persecutions to match a ly made by one of these martyrs to the er of life made to him just before his ecution. "I know," he said, "that no eat reform movement has ever been ried out without its martyrs, and I am ling to die for China. But be sure of ts: that for every head which falls to-y, a thousand will rise to take its place d carry on this great work of reform." man living in Shan Tung, China, not a ssionary nor a friend of the work, who nessed the Boxer rising, says: "I have en many of these converts, men and men, who have had the choice put be-re them, 'Will you deny Christ, or will u suffer and die?' and have deliberately osen suffering and death. I have seen ese people—some of them brought down the hospitals on the coast, mangled and oken, coming down simply wrecks to e. I have carefully verified at least enty-five cases brought down to the ace where I was living—and never again ll I speak of the Chinese converts as mbugs or shams."

Heroism is displayed in life as well as death. Rev. H. H. Lowry, the head of Methodist College in Peking, cited veral instances at the Ecumenical Con-ence in New York. Of twenty-eight students in that college who graduated with honor, and were offered positions in which they could earn from twenty to forty dollars a month, twenty chose to become Christian teachers and preachers, though in that way they could earn but two dollars a month. One of these men, to whom a position was offered at Shanghai with a salary of forty dollars, declined it, and accepted the missionary's offer of three dollars; but after preaching three years he accepted the business position, that he might support himself and family and preach for nothing, and he gave the greater part of his salary to the missionaries to support other preachers.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and aptist Young People's Union, for February 28. s 14: 19-23.

Thinks the Premiums Beautiful

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH: Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of my certificate for life subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I am glad to be one of the many to help raise the amount needed for the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn. I wish also to acknowledge the receipt of the several premiums. *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, is vastly entertaining and instructive, and *The Crown Encyclopedia*, five volumes of up-to-date, valuable information, beautifully bound in half leather. Each book is a valuable acquisition to one's library. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a long time, I think about fifteen years, and the books I have collected through its liberal offers make a valuable little library in themselves, at a remarkably small cost.

I thank you very much for the beautiful *Butterfly Calendar*. The bright baby faces shine out conspicuously from the gorgeousness of their wings, making quite an attractive panel, filling a space on the wall by my desk. Wishing success to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the Children's Temple, I am, very sincerely yours, ESTELLE VAN BUREN.

TRANSITION

WHO but that wonders how 'twill seem
The very moment after death;
The moment soul and body part,
And we yield up this mortal breath.

The soul may wake to find herself
Upon some fair and home-like shore,
May wake, as oft we wake at morn,
So glad that fitful dreams are o'er.

May wake to see life's shadows flee,
Its haunting mysteries melt away;
May wake 'mid old familiar friends,
To spend the day—the endless day.

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11,233. Awake, Thou That Sleepest . .16
MARZO, EDUARDO
11,224. Hark! Ten Thousand Voices Sounding 16
MONESTEL, A.
11,214. Angels, Roll the Rock Away . .16
OWST, W. G.
11,241. I am He that Liveth 16
REED, WILLIAM
11,221. Awake, Thou That Sleepest . .12
SCHNECKER, P. A.
11,230. Ye Choirs of New Jerusalem (Violin Obbligato) 12

CAROLS

CLOUGH-LEIGHTER, H.
11,227. Christ, the Lord Is Risen Again .10
11,226. Come, Ye Faithful. (Processional) 08
11,225. Day of Resurrection, The . .
GILCHRIST, W. W.
759. Day of Resurrection. (Voices in Unison) 08
MANNEY, CHARLES FONTEYN
11,228. Alleluia! Alleluia! 08
REED, WILLIAM
11,220. Bright Sunbeams Deck the Joyful Sky 10
SCHNECKER, P. A.
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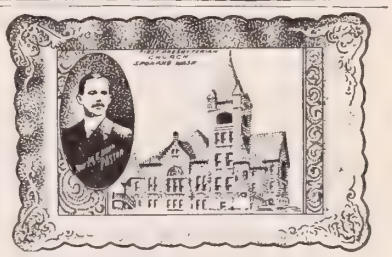

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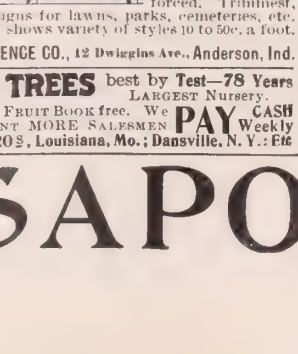

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I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and, as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and, hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful; I am a changed man.

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Books Received

Plutarch's Lives of Cæsar, Brutus and Antony. (Pocket edition of the classics), cloth, 279 pages. Price 25 cents. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Holt of Heathfield, by Caroline Atwater Mason. An exceptionally charming story. Pp. 226, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Hetty Wesley, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. A story of extraordinary interest, in which the members of the Wesley family are leading characters. Pp. 337, cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Soul-Winning Stories, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. A collection of pleasing stories of spiritual interest. A book that should prove helpful and inspiring. Pp. 223. Price $1.00. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

The Heart of Rome; a Tale of the "Lost Water," by Francis Marion Crawford. A delightfully romantic and fascinating story in the well-known author's best style. Pp. 396. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Victoria, Queen of Anglo-Israel, a prose epic, by Nellie Deans Taylor, illustrated. In this little volume the author has "adopted the style of old English used in the King James version of the Bible to mark the apparent unity of the history of Israel and Anglo-Israel." Pp. 48, cloth covers. Price $1. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, publishers.

A Life of St. Paul, for the young. By George Ludington Weed. From the Acts of the Apostles and the personal references in the Epistles, Mr. Weed has woven a continuous narrative of the life of the great Apostle. The lessons drawn from it are such as appeal to boys of ten or twelve years, whom Mr. Weed specially had in mind. Pp. 239, copiously illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Published by W. W. Jacobs, Philadelphia.

Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living. Designed for young men and women by Washington Gladden. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee that this book contains valuable advice, delicately and tactfully expressed. The promise is amply fulfilled. Among the chapters are the following: Work for Women; Dress; Manners; Conversation; Habits; Amusement, and Marriage. On these and other topics, Dr. Gladden gives sound practical advice. Pp. 236. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

That Betty, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. A little story full of quaint interest, showing how "a citadel of fashion was stormed by sympathy for the unfortunate, and conquered by genial love." Pp. 200, cloth. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Character, a Moral Text-Book, for the use of preachers, Sunday School teachers, parents and others, by Henry Varnum. This is "a systematic grouping" of the accumulated wisdom of all time concerning character and morals. Nothing is of greater importance than foundation principles, and Mr. Varnum, in this Text-book has very ably, tersely and attractively set forth, in well-classified order, the various topics which it is desirable should be presented to the youthful mind, and which are calculated to make an enduring impression. Pp. 410, cloth binding. Price $1.50. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

Our Own and Other Worlds, by Joseph Hamilton, author of *The Starry Hosts*, illustrated. A popular treatise on astronomy, in which the writer takes the ground that the planets are probably inhabited. Full of information and suggestion, and well suited to the popular need. Dr. Hamilton has invested the story of the stars with a new and beautiful interest and has, in the language of Prof. Potts of Victoria University, Toronto, "simplified the sublimities of astronomy to be most grateful and helpful." The book is one that will fascinate readers of every age and condition. 203 pages, cloth binding. Mailed for $1.25. Address Rev. J. Hamilton, Mimico, Canada.

Lomai of Lenakel: A Hero of the New Hebrides. By Frank H. L. Paton, B.D., for six years Resident Missionary on the West Coast of Tanna. A thrilling story of missionary work is this volume, from the pen of the son of the famous missionary, John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides. It tells of the beginning of Gospel effort among the naked savages, the discouragements and disappointments, the patient toil and eventual success of the missionaries. Seldom has a book appeared, giving in so bright and vivid a form the characteristics of missionary life. It shows how the Gospel, simply and fervently taught, can win its way even in the most degraded communities. The change wrought in those savages in a few short years is a wonderful testimony to the power of the truth. Pp. 336, illustrated. Price $1.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Missionary Principles and Practice. By Robert E. Speer. This volume might be appropriately styled a manifesto, for it not only states the attitude of the missionary societies, and vindicates them from the harsh and unsympathetic opinions of them, but it outlines the campaign of the future, and draws from the past encouragement for the workers. Mr. Speer devotes a whole division of his work to the situation in China, and the lessons of the sad martyrdoms which took place there recently. He is thoroughly familiar with the subject, and has presented it in a vigorous, lucid style. For persons who are accustomed to meet opponents or depreciators of foreign missions, Mr. Speer's volume is invaluable, as it shows how much has been already accomplished, and how bright is the hope of future success. Pp. 552. Price $1.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

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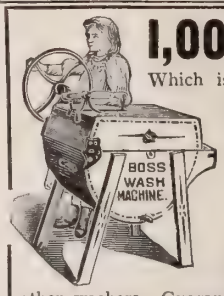

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A Hint to House-Builders

...The "ever-present peril" of fire will be large...l eliminated from buildings, both business a... residence, when once the people learn t... t buildings can be built with walls, floors, a... partitions of fire-proof material, as cheap a... hey are erected of wood. This will read... fiction to many architects and builders, ... that is only because they are not posted a... o the most economical methods of mixing, ...ulding and reinforcing concrete for build... purposes.

...ome two years ago, Thomas Edison, in an ...terview, said that in the near future con... crete would take the place of wood in building construction. Our houses would be poured into form. He did not tell how, but the methods are all simple. At present price of materials, bulk for bulk, concrete is cheaper than lumber. It is also stronger. All there is to prevent its immediate adoption is the people's lack of knowledge of these facts, and how to manipulate it at small cost. To those who know only the methods generally in use up to a year ago, Edison's prophecy is unfulfilled. To those who know the best and cheapest methods in concrete and concrete-and-wire construction, it is a wonder it is not in general use. This refers to no patent-controlled system. The patents of Robeling, Monier, and others have expired.

Tolono, Ill. CHARLES B. LYON.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

MY PRAYER

LORD, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent,
Make me aspire.
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fitting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace,
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find.
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shrivelled mind.

I do not ask for place among
Great thinkers, who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour.
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend. A. R. L.

Reader, Fairfax. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God to me in the past, in answering prayer."

Believer, N. Y. "God has lately wonderfully answered certain prayers of mine, especially two which had reference to two very dear ones. I give him the glory."

Mrs. R. G. M., Huntington, Ind. "I want to testify that during my whole life, the Lord has answered my prayers, times without number. I can never doubt him."

Alice B., Benkelman, Neb. "The Lord answered my prayer, and sent many more blessings with it that I had not prayed for."

Believer. "In the silent hours of the night, distressed by reason of affliction, I cried unto the Lord, and he heard and delivered me out of all my troubles. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

L. G. Forbes, Damascus, Ore. "I can testify to God's goodness in answering my prayer. He has lately answered my prayer when I was in trouble. Many times in years gone by has he answered my prayers."

Gratitude, Uniontown, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge answers to prayers, which I have received many times. He never fails to hear us."

K. S. H., Compton, Calif. "The Lord has wonderfully blessed me in answering my prayers. I can no longer doubt him, for he has proven to me that he desires us to ask and receive that our joy may be full."

Reader. "I was in great trouble, and I promised the Lord if he would help me, I would acknowledge it to the world. He answered, and now I redeem my promise. It is not the first time he has answered my prayers."

Reader, East Schodack. "I asked God two years ago to strive with our only son, that he might give his heart to the Saviour. Thank God, he has been converted and baptized. I am a firm believer in prayer."

H. B. R., Washington. "I wish to add my testimony to the many others in regard to answered prayers. I have had one answered recently, and belive all will be answered if we are sincere."

E. T., Washington, D. C. "I promised if God would send a wanderer home, I would acknowledge his goodness and mercy to all the world. He has heard and answered my prayer. Praise his name."

Mrs. J. L. R., Virginia Beach. "I promised that if my prayer was answered, I would make public acknowledgment. Several times I have had direct answers to prayers, and I can say, 'The Lord is an ever present help in time of need.'"

M. H., Pine Bank, Pa. "The dear Saviour has answered many prayers for me, and I promised if he answered this one, I would tell the world about it. Praise be to his holy name. He has heard."

Mrs. P. B. E., Georgia, "I recently bore a heavy burden that could not be removed, unless God came to my aid. He seemed far removed. I found myself at his feet, while his loving hand showered on me the blessings for which I cried, and my burden was rolled away."

Reader, Rahway, N. J. "I was in great trouble. I cried unto God to remove the great trial that menaced me. Blessed be his name, he heard and answered my prayer."

Mrs. F. R., LaCarne, O. "I want to testify that I know God answers prayer. I want to thank him for saving my children and for reviving his work in this place, and for other blessings."

I. M. N., Firnley. "I would like to add my testimony with others to answered prayers. I have had many answers to prayer and expect many more. 'Faithful is he who hath promised.'"

Letters acknowledging answers to prayers have also been received from a Reader, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. J. D. S., Seward, Neb.; Mrs. C. E. D., a wife and mother, Plymouth, Ill.; Reader, Clayton, N. Y.; A. A. Bullard, Bath, N. Y.; Mrs. S. P. M., Palestine, Tex.; H. G. Huthinson, Hopeful; L. E. M., a Reader, Kansas; W. E. K., Dover, N. J.; Reader, Pennsylvania; Constant Reader; A. L. M., Phillips Fla.; Mrs. J. C. E., St. Brides, Va.; J. E. K., Harrisburg, Va.; Mrs. H. L. F., Pennsylvania; E. M. M., Sea Breeze, Fla.

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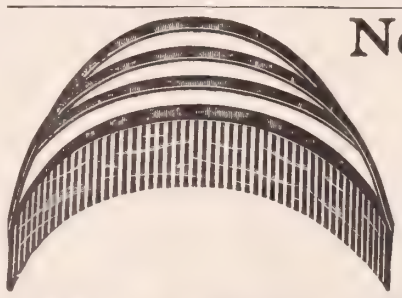

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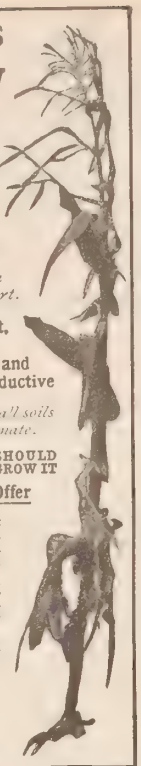

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Prohibition in the Bible

LAW is prohibition. "Sin is the transgression of law," or doing something that God has prohibited. The Bible is a code of laws. Were they enforced we would need no decisions of any court. There is not a duty to God, man or animals that is not adjusted by the precepts or laws of that Book of Divine Truth. It is not possible to perpetuate a license, a wrong, or error by law. You cannot prohibit sin by law and license it by the same principle. Law is right, and always so. We may have bad statutes, but not bad laws. "Law commands that which is right, and prohibits that which is wrong."

God's first law to the human family was given in Eden to Adam and Eve. That law of prohibition was broken, because the devil held out the inducement to gratify the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life," which things are prohibited to those who would please God. "If any man will be my disciple, he must deny (prohibit) himself daily and follow me."

God is a politician; so is the devil. God's politics prohibit sin and enforces law. The devil's politics license sin (anarchy) and prohibits law from being enforced. Now "unto whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servant ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death (anarchy or license), or of life unto righteousness" (law, prohibition). "Ye cannot serve God and mammon, else ye will love the one and hate the other, or cleave to the one and despise the other." Because of man's sinful state or fall, "the natural man is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can he." Therefore, "verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again."

The conclusion is, that law, or prohibition, is Divine. All the patriarchs and prophets, apostles and all Christians are prohibitionists. God said of Abraham, "I will give my blessing unto Abraham, for he will command his children after him to keep my law." Because Eli would not command his sons, he and his two sons were killed in one day. Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and at the court of that monarch said, "There shall not (prohibit) a hoof be left behind." Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Samson, Deborah, Joel, David, Daniel, the three Hebrew children, illustrated in their lives this prohibition principle. John the Baptist said, "It is not lawful for thee to love her." Of our Saviour it was written, "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from (prohibition) their sins."

Now I am a prohibitionist, because I am a Christian. I am for national prohibition, for a government that will prohibit the sin that hatches out all others—the greatest curse to any people. Prohibition is the hatchet that will break down saloons and build up homes. Hell is for those who take license to sin. Heaven is for those who prohibit sin. Heaven is a place of complete prohibition of sin. That is why it is heaven.

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A Greeting from Dutch Guiana

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Dear Christian Herald:—We wish you a very happy New Year. We received your check for $27. We thank you in the name of our lepers. May the Lord bless you. Also many thanks for the most beautiful *Calendar*. We are proud to be in possession of it. It adorns our little home in a most attractive way, and everyone who sees it exclaims, "What a magnificent *Calendar* you have!" Our English reading lepers enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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HEARERS AND DOERS

Knowledge Without Obedience a Fatal Course

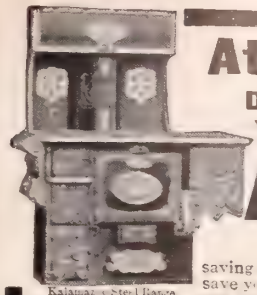
BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

OUR Lord said, "Whosoever willeth to do his will, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." (John 7:17, R. V.). It is a solemn declaration of our Lord: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. 7:21). How can men who read the Bible to criticise it instead of to obey it, or to know what is the will of God? There are many who seek in their own way to do good, and yet that which they do may not be the will of God for them, because they do not put the first things first. "Judgment, mercy, and truth," must first be done.

"Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock." After Moses, before his death, repeated on the wilderness side of the Jordan the ten commandments which God had given to his people, Israel, he said, "Now, these are the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments which the Lord your God commanded, to teach you that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it. . . . Hear, therefore, O Israel, and observe to do it, that it may be well with thee . . . And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Whatever lack there may be in the education of our children, we do them the greatest wrong if we do not give them a good knowledge of the Bible, and if our lives are not a doing of the Word. It is a terrible thing when there is a hearing, and even understanding of the Word of God, without the doing of it. There are many people who pin their faith to a man. They have their own creed, and if the clergyman or minister does up to that ideal, they do as he does, and risk the consequences. And in many instances it is a very awful and perilous thing. It is not by following any man, except the Man Christ Jesus, that we can do the will of God. Paul truly said, "Be ye followers of me," but he qualified it, "even as I also am of Christ" (I. Cor. 11:1). O that man would awake to the danger of practically giving up the keeping of his conscience to another. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14:12). It is an absolutely individual thing. It will be a terrible and hopeless disappointment for some who have run this risk of following man, if they find at last that they have made a fatal mistake; and that, after all, the one in whom they trusted was not himself doing the will of God; and that he can in no way answer for them. Like the foolish man who built his house upon the sand, he sees all his hopes perish; and great will be the fall of them.

The apostle James says, "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James 1:22). Every Word of God which we learn, and do not carry into practice, becomes a curse to us and a stumbling-block to others. Some may say, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not" (Rom. 7:18). Thank God, the Holy Spirit "worketh in us" when we really will, and at the same time really trust God, "to will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. 2:13). The power is never in us, but works in us as we really trust and obey. It is a very dangerous thing to study the Bible without much prayer and without recognizing in God's dealings with us in our daily life the opportunities to put in practice what we learn. People who do not find out by daily experience the faithfulness of God to his own Word, are peculiarly open to the attacks of Satan on their faith.

"If any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and forgetteth what manner of man he was."



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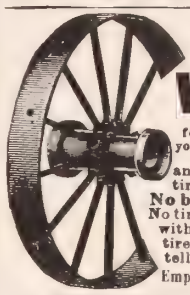

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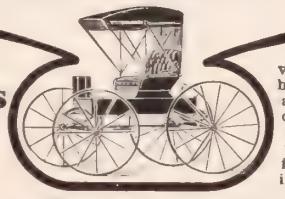

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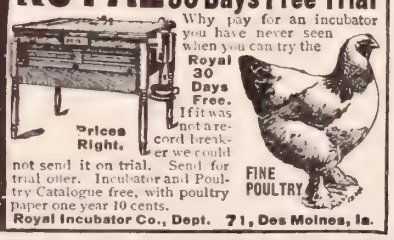

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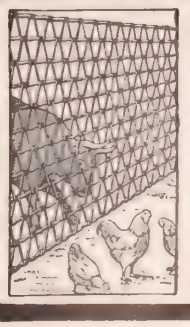

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

FIGHTING THE FLAMES IN A BUSINESS BLOCK | GEO. W. HORTON, BALTIMORE'S FIRE CHIEF | COFFEE FOR THE WORN-OUT FIREMEN

THE FIRE-SWEPT MONUMENTAL CITY

SINCERE sympathy is felt throughout the country with the people of the stricken city of Baltimore, Md., in the calamity which destroyed so much of her wealth and has crippled so many of h industries. Severe, however, as the loss is, there a features of the catastrophe which are ground for cgratulation. Chief among them, is th fact that in so extensive a fire, there sluld have been so small a loss of life. Tough the firemen heroically fought th fire, without any regard for their psonal safety, only one of them was ked. Had the fire broken out on any o er day than Sunday, the factories a office buildings would have been rcwded with people—and, so sudden a rapid was the progress of the con-fl ration, that many must have lost th r lives—either in the flames, or in th panic that would undoubtedly have tken place. It is also a matter for th kfulness, that the fire was checked b ore it reached the residential quarter o he city, otherwise the homes of the p r and the rich would have been de-t ished, many lives would have been p erilled, and thousands would have b n rendered homeless. The value of th property destroyed is enormous—c servative estimates fix it at over a h dred million dollars—but the suffer-in it will directly entail is not nearly s great as would have been caused by th destruction of the tenement-house d rict, where the workingmen live. E n the rich, who suffered most, lost k than they might have done, for it as been found that the vaults in which the currency a securities were stored, when business closed on the e ning before the fire, protected their contents, and w e uninjured by the conflagration which raged above a around them. The buildings destroyed, too, were in most cases insured, so that a large sum—it is reported about ninety million dollars—will be obtained to rebuild the section.

Very little more is known of the origin of the fire than was known when the article, describing the main facts, was published in this journal last week. It was about eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, February 7, that an automatic fire alarm in the establishment of Messrs. John E. Hearst & Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants, on the corner of German street and Hopkins place, gave notice of the beginning of the conflagration. In five minutes the fire company was on the scene, but the flames had already spread through the building and a high wind from the bay was carrying them menacingly toward adjoining warehouses. A few minutes later, a loud explosion rent the air, followed at short intervals by two others, which sent a rain of cinders and fragments of blazing wood to the roofs of other buildings.

From that time onward, for eight and twenty hours, the fire raged on, unchecked. The heat from the burning buildings was so intense that again and again the gallant firemen were driven back, but only to return, as soon as they were able to do their work. Bravely they held their ground, but the towering structures burned fiercely and the wind carried the sparks and burning debris from one to another. Dynamite operators were set to work to destroy buildings in the path of the fire, but the flames leaped scornfully over the vacant spaces, eager for new prey. Thirty big warehouses were seen blazing fiercely at one time, and the flames were spreading, as from a centre, east, west, north and south. It seemed as if no power could check the conflagration as long as anything in the whole city was left to burn. The Continental Trust Building, the Equitable Building, a dozen Banks, the Pennsylvania Railroad offices, the Western Union, and Postal Telegraph offices, the Fayette Street Episcopal Church and all the newspaper offices, excepting those of the *Baltimore World*, were consumed, and the fire was leaping on toward the Court House, the City Hall and the Post Office, three substantial edifices, which stood almost alone, towering above an area of blackened ruins, nearly a mile square.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

SOLDIERS GUARDING THE BALTIMORE FIRE DISTRICT

HE HEARST BUILDING, WHERE THE FIRE STARTED

SAVING AN IMPERILLED BUILDING

RUINS ON THE CORNER OF FAYETTE STREET

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Blessings of Lent

TEXT — JOEL 1: 14:

"Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assemblage"

THE Presbyterian Church has enrolled among its leaders many intellectual theologians. Entitled to a prominent place among them, by his learning, philosophic acumen, and sanctified common-sense, is Dr. Francis L. Patton, formerly President of Princeton University and now President of Princeton Theological Seminary. Many of his weighty utterances have impressed me, but none more than one he made on the value and usefulness of the Episcopalian Church.

His words in substance were: "I believe the Episcopalian Church is one of the most effective churches in existence to-day. I believe in its ritual; I believe in its teachings. If I were not a Presbyterian, I would certainly be an Episcopalian. But though I love and honor the Episcopalian Church, I also believe that the most absurd of monstrosities, is a Presbyterian in his form of worship trying to ape an Episcopalian. While we are Presbyterians, let us remain Presbyterians. When we want to become Episcopalians in our form of worship, in responsive readings, and in all that the Episcopalian service implies, let us become Episcopalians. But do not let us try to change the Presbyterian pulpit into a chancel, or the grand old simple service of the Presbyterian Church into a concert by a surpliced choir, and into the liturgy of the Episcopalian Church."

Amen, say I, to the sound advice of Dr. Patton. The simple doxology, the two or three congregational hymns, the chapter read from the Bible, the earnest prayers, and the doctrinal as well as practical sermon, can never be excelled as a service for the grand old church which the names of John Calvin, and John Knox, and Thomas Chalmers, and Thomas Guthrie, and Lowell Mason, and William Taylor, and John Hall, have made immortal. But, though I would not have the Presbyterian Church adopt a ritual, I still insist that the Episcopalian Church has not an exclusive title to all the good things she may hold dear. Especially do I affirm that she has not a sole right to her Spring Fast, which starts with Ash Wednesday and closes with Easter's dawn. 'Way back in Joel we read the command, "Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assemblage." If that divine command is still in force for us as for God's ancient people, is there a better time for its observance than the period preceding our commemoration of the passion and resurrection of our Lord? It was at this season of the year, too, that the Master withdrew to the desert before the beginning of his ministry, and there, fasting for forty days, prepared for the ordeal of his temptation. It will be well for Presbyterians, as for Episcopalians, to meditate on that experience of our Lord and draw near to him in our hearts.

We Must Have Self-Abnegation

for sin, before we can truly have closer union with God. Therefore, the purpose of this sermon is to show why the Episcopalian Lent should become a Presbyterian Lent, also why the "Spring Fast," which is the time of the "lengthening of days," should be observed all over the world, by all Christians, no matter to what individual churches they may belong.

The Episcopalian Lent, in the first place, calls a halt to the social dissipations now being practiced in all the large cities. It cries, "Peace, be still!" to the social whirlpool, which is gradually sucking down its many struggling victims, as Peter was once being drawn into the depths of the Galilean lake. It says to the women of the "Social abyss," "you have something higher to live for than a nightly round of receptions and parties, and a never-ending succession of afternoon teas." It says to the young men of the "Social abyss," who, under the power of stimulants, are trying to work in the store by day, and to dance almost every night until one or two o'clock in the morning, "Young man, you had better stop and consider to what purpose you are devoting the best energies of your life." It warns the social devotee of the spiritual danger of his course, as a noted New York capitalist warned him of the financial danger, when, sometime ago, he said, "The young men who will not succeed in business are those who, night after night, may be found in the ball-rooms, and the dance-halls, and at the city club-houses, drinking a little, playing cards a little, and eating expensive dinners. They are sometimes called the drones of society. This is a misnomer. Like some small insects that sport for a day in the summer sunshine, they are minute destructives. Their lives in the economy of social life make one of the petty agencies of degeneration."

Was not the capitalist right? Are not the ball-room, and the dance-hall and the club-house a continual menace to success in business? Can a young man go to a progressive euchre party and play cards until eleven o'clock, and sit down to a midnight banquet, and then be in the right physical and mental trim to sell goods in the store the next morning? Is not the social shrine also a very poor foundation upon which to build the altar of Jesus Christ? Is not most of its influence spiritually depleting? Some time ago I read a wonderful book, entitled, *The Call of the Wild*. The central figure of that story was a magnificent dog, a cross between a Saint Bernard and a Great Dane. He was stolen from his California home and sent far north, into the Klondyke regions, where he was compelled to drag the miners' sleds over the Alaskan snows. Jack London, the writer, with a master-hand traces him from a great, big, loving house-dog, down and down, until he is a dog-thief among dog-thieves. He traces his degeneracy down and down until at last the bayings of the wolves call him into the darkness of the northern forests, and "the call of the wild" is answered by "the response of the wild."

The Lenten Call

Is not society's call too often "the call of the wild?" In the social world, when you give a banquet, do you not, for the most part, ask only those in your own social set? Do you obey the divine command, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Is not society's call often "the call of the wild," because it is a call to selfishness, the call of only doing good to them who do good to you? Is it not often the call merely of wealth to associate with wealth, and social caste with social caste? Oh, ye worshipers at the social shrines, better heed to-day the Lenten call! Better snuff out the many lights of the ball-rooms and the banquet-halls! Know ye not that during the "Spring Fast" the lowly Nazarene is knocking at the door of your hearts, trying to get in.

'Tis true we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day,
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than no deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent,
Spoil the good use, lest by that argument
We forfeit all our creed.

The Episcopalian Lent, in the next place, is a protest against business absorption. It says to the merchant, the manufacturer, and the professional man: "You have a right to work. Indeed, you must work, and work hard, if you are to support your family, and meet the financial necessities which are yours. But, oh man, you have no right to make the acquisition of money the chief object of your life, any more than you have a right to live to eat. 'By the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread.' But that sweat should not make thee indifferent to God, or to the higher purposes of life, for which thou wert created."

Pause in Business

But the great danger of money making is that the acquisition of wealth may become a passion. The calls of the money market become so great and urgent, that an average business man does not feel that he has time to stop and think about his relations to God. Amid the whirl of business activities, he feels a great deal as did Oliver Wendell Holmes during his trip through England. He said he went so fast he had time "to talk with lots of people, but he had time to have a true conversation with none." By that the poet Holmes meant, that he had time to drop here a word and there a word, but he went through Europe so quickly, he had no time to exchange heart-to-heart thoughts with great thinkers, as he did with Max Muller, when he lay in his house sick for nearly a week. But though the business world would demand all of a man's energies, the Lenten season comes into a busy merchant's life and says: "Oh, man, you should never be too busy to take time to think of your responsibilities to God." So the Episcopalian Lent sends its best men straight into the very heart of Wall street. In old Trinity Church, in the busiest part of the day, during the Lenten season, we hear the Christian preacher's voice calling, as do the Mohammedan priests from the minarets of the eastern mosques: "Oh, business men, come to prayers! Come to prayers! Oh, ye business men, come to prayers, come to prayers, come to prayers!"

The Lenten season pleads with business men for the higher life, as I once heard Robert Speer plead with a great audience of men for the higher life. "Men," said he, "I have always been ambitious. By that, I mean, I have always wanted to make the most out of my life. If I had thought I could have made more out of my life by entering the United States army, I certain would have done so. Had I thought I would ha made more out of my life by entering business, should have consecrated my energies to money-makin But I did think I could make most out of my life being an evangelist of God. Therefore, men, I beg a plead with you, no matter who you are, to

Live for the Higher Life

If you are a banker or a merchant, be a Christi merchant. If a lawyer, be a Christian lawyer. If manufacturer, be a Christian maufacturer." Thus t Lenten season says, "Live for the higher life. Ma your counter, oh man, a Christian counter. Make yo mechanic's bench a Christian bench. Make your offi a Christian office. Be like Paul, a Christian te maker, at the same time he was a Christian preache Oh business men, wherever you may be and whatev you may be doing, "Sanctify ye a fast, call a soler assemblage." Come to the Lenten prayers!

The Episcopalian Lent, in the next place, is a ti for spiritual house-cleaning. As the "Spring Fast" i mediately succeeds the time when the business man tak an account of stock, we find the Spring Fast comes ju before the days when the housewives are turning t houses upside down in their semi-annual attacks up the dust and the moths. It is the time which we husban dread, but it is the house-cleaning time, which eve prudent wife declares is essential for the physical hea of her family. It is absolutely necessary to ke physical dirt out of a house; yet, in spite of all prec tions, it will keep creeping in everywhere. Althou the workmen in the Philadelphia mint are as careful they can be, the dirt and the fine particles of gold w sift through the floor cracks. So great are these si ings, that every year the floor is taken up and the d is separated from the gold, and thousands of doll worth of gold are thus collected for the United Sta Treasury. In spite of all our precautions the minu innumerable stains of sin will creep into the he Therefore, each year it is very desirable to obey t call to the Lenten Spring Fast.

Serious Self-Examination

Once a year is certainly not too often to take a spi ual accounting, and to conduct a serious self-exami tion. The call to a fast should reach the ear of ev Christian. What does that mean? Shall our wives a mothers and sisters go to the grocer, and the butch and the baker, and say, "We do not want any m meat, or vegetables, or bread for the next forty day Does it mean that all the members of a home shall without physical nutrition, as Dr. Tanner fasted forty days, and Leonard Thress fasted for fifty da and Milton Rathburn fasted for thirty-six days, Estella F. Kuenzel fasted for forty-one days? no. The habit of fasting, inspired by boastful f and the desire of seeing how long we can live with tasting food, is just as sinful as the opposite extrem gluttony, to see how much one can eat, without utte destroying the smooth workings of the digestive orga

Spiritual house-cleaning does not mean compl abstinence from physical food. It does mean, empl ically, the reconsecration and the rededication of the mestic fireside to Jesus Christ, through self-abnegati It means that we shall have prayers at the cradle. means that we shall have prayers in the bed-room prayers in the parlor, and prayers in the sitting-ro and prayers in the kitchen, and have the dining-ro spread with a Gospel banquet of the "Bread of Li If next week you were to entertain the King of E land, or the Emperor of Germany, you would turn y home upside down to make it attractive for the adv of his Majesty. Shall we not, in the same way, by s itual house-cleaning, prepare for the entertainment our Heavenly King, by casting out-of-doors all si thoughts and desires which find lodgment in our hea

Welcome the Divine Guest

The Lenten season in the home means simply spiritual preparation for Christ to visit the ho When Martin Farquhar Tupper, the famous Eng poet, came to visit us in Brooklyn, we gave to him very best room in the house. We gathered toget the most famous literary men of the city to meet At that party Horace Greeley came, and William len Bryant came and read his *Thanatopsis*, and Gec William Curtis came, and I think John G. Whit came. I well remember my mother giving to me T per's popular book, *Proverbial Philosophy*, and say "Read that book. You should know who Martin quhar Tupper is before he comes, and then you can ho him as he should be honored." In like manner, the Le

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

REV. W. C. DAVIDSON (U.P.) REV. E. P. ELCOCK (PRESBY.) REV. F. J. SAUBER (PRESBY.) REV. J. M. HUGHES (PRESBY.) REV. M. U. RAMSBURG (METH.) REV. J. H. PRICE, D.D. (METH.)

EMPORIA'S GREAT REVIVAL

Dancing, Card-playing and Worldly Indulgences Given up by Many who Now Begin the Christian Life—A Wonderful Work of Grace

THE most remarkable revival in the history of Emporia, Kan., has just been brought to a close. These meetings were under the ledership of Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, and h singer, Mr. Harry Maxwell. From th first day to the close, it was one contnual sweep of victory. A deep faith tht the time for such an awakening had c ne, had taken hold of one of Empo is ministers, and the Rev. Dr. Sauber, of th First Presbyterian Church, went up the fall Synod with the purpose of seeing, if possible, the help of Evangelist Biederwolf for the work in mind. Mr. Biederwolf was at this Synod, urging the church to what he believed was to be the greatest year of evangelistic effort in the history of the State.

The call to Mr. Biederwolf was extended by six of the city's most prominent pastors, *viz*: the Rev. John H. Price, D.D., First M. E. Church; the Rev. Frederick J. Sauber, D.D., First Presbyterian Church; the Rev. M. U. Ramsburg, Grace M. E. Church; the Rev. John M. Hughes, Second Presbyterian Church; the Rev. W. C. Davidson, United Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. E. P. Elcock, of the Arundel Avenue Presbyterian Church. The whole city was so moved, all the meetings grew to such proportions, that the other pastors, with their people, came into the movement, and for twenty-two days the whole community was given up to this marvelous work of grace. The initial service was held on Jan. 3, in the First Presbyterian Church, in which can be crowded 1,500 people, and in two or three days the building was filled to overflowing, and many were turned away who could not obtain entrance. On Sabbath evenings, both the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, holding in all over 3,000 people, were packed with eager listeners; Mr. Biederwolf preaching at both places, and Mr. Maxwell singing for each service. Three services for men only were held on the three successive Sabbaths, and at each more than 1,500 men attended, the last of these men's meetings being held in the Opera House, crowding it from pit to dome, while many were turned away.

At these meetings, men by the score came forward to confess Christ as their Saviour. The weekday afternoon meetings were just as remarkable for their attendance and interest. Nothing like it was ever seen in Emporia. At these meetings Mr. Biederwolf spoke to church members. The appeal was keen, thoughtful, and searching. Untold good was done: young people by the scores have banded themselves together in circles, solemnly promising to give up such questionable indulgences as have interfered with Christian life and church work. The same deep work was done in the evening meetings; hundreds began the new life in Christ, and God's children gave themselves with deeper consecration to the Master's service. All classes and ages were reached. Boys and girls in their teens confessed Christ; young men and women, with the fire of early life in their veins, renounced the dance and the card table, and took upon them the name of the Saviour; men and women in mature life, bearing the burdens of business and home, and aged men who had passed the three-score and ten limit, came forward and said they meant henceforth to live for God.

REV. W. E. BIEDERWOLF PROF. HARRY MAXWELL

One of the most remarkable meetings of the series was a service held twenty minutes before sunrise, at which early hour hundreds came out to the house of God, to wait upon him in prayer for unsaved dear ones. From time to time, homes were thrown open, and on different mornings at an early hour, very nearly a half-hundred cottage prayer-meetings were held.

All social conditions, too, came under the influence of God's forgiving love. The work was wonderful for its far-reaching character. A prominent business man, at the close of the meetings, remarked that another who did not even attend the meetings, though he tried several times to get in, had, through their influence, been led to acknowledge his Lord, and was waiting now an opportunity to unite with the church. Men who have been altogether worldly, and who are still in the world, have become serious as never before, and promise hereafter to live better lives. Indeed so remarkable has been the influence of these meetings upon all classes that, on Wednesday, January 20, designated as "Merchants' Day in the Union Gospel Meetings," the stores, wholesale and retail, were closed, in order to give all the employees an opportunity to attend the afternoon meeting of that day. Such a thing, so far as is known by those who have lived in Emporia for twenty years, never before occurred in the city. An old man said that he had not seen such a meeting for sixty years.

People thought and talked about the Revival everywhere. One of the daily papers remarked that the men on the street corners talked religion as they used to discuss politics. Wives have been restored to their husbands, children to parents, brothers to sisters; friends estranged have been reconciled, and dear ones have seen many for whom they have been praying for years, brought to Christ and saved. It was indeed a touching sight to see loved ones pleading with their relatives and friends to join them on the march to the Heavenly City. Close on to 1,000 people professed faith in Christ.

Evangelist Biederwolf's sermons are brief, seldom over twenty-five or thirty minutes. He combines great power with remarkable pathos and tenderness. He leads and wins men. He was ably supported in this work by his singer, Mr. Harry Maxwell. The men who led these meetings are certainly men of wisdom as well as power. The work was thoughtful, earnest, deep, and won respect even from the world and brought honor upon the cause of Christ.

'HE BLESSINGS OF LENT ✳ Sermon by REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. Continued

ason in the home is an appropriate time for the spiritual preparation for Christ's coming to the home. Home iends should be told all about him, so that they also y come in and honor the divine guest. As we, in the ooklyn home read and reread the writings of the glish poet, in order to know what his thoughts might l, so to prepare for the advent of Christ in the home, should read and reread the words which he spake to his disciples of old. We should prepare to greet rist not as a stranger, but as a long-loved and anxiously awaited friend.

The Lenten season is an annual plea for the spiritualation of the Church. After Jesus Christ drove the oney-changers out of the Temple, were the attempts secularize the House of God into a place for literary, d musical, and social, and financial enjoyment forever andoned? Do not some of us, consciously or unconously, fall into the error of coming to church merely account of the oratorical gifts of the preacher? Did t thousands upon thousands of worshipers sit at t of a Beecher, a Cumming, a Rowland Hill and John Wesley—not because they were worshiping God but rather because they were worshiping a brilliant an? Do not thousands upon thousands of people go the great cathedrals of Europe, in order to hear the sic—just as those same musical lovers would sit at feet of a Liszt, a Paderewski or a Damrosch? We ow that the finest living musical composer of Italy ds the Vatican choir, and the finest organist of all ndon is master of St. Paul's famous organ, and that Plymouth Church was not more noted for the fact that it had one of the greatest of preachers, than that it had one of the greatest of musicians, who was able to make its organ pipes weep and sob, as well as sound a mighty hosanna. Are not some of our churches, on account of their wealth, being more and more secularized into mere social clubs? Do not many professional men go to church—not for the spiritual good they may get out of those churches—but that they may be able to come in touch with those who worship in those congregations? Is it not becoming more and more the custom for the members of the church boards of trustees to judge of the success or the failure of the church by the criterion of money—by the way that church, in its collections, is able to take in as well as give out wealth?

Oh, yes, my friends, the church members should heed the Lenten summons. They should heed the spiritual call, which soars above the discordant ones of the busy marts, even as the clear note of the thrush may be heard above the bedlam of the woods, sounding the reveille of the morning. They should hear the Lenten call, which says to the clergyman, "Oh ordained undershepherd of the Christian pulpit, down on your knees and pray." Lent calls to the elders and deacons and Sunday School officers, "down on your knees and pray." It calls to the lay members, whether diamonded and in silks, or in humble homespun, "Down on your knees in prayer." Oh! that we might all heed the spiritual Lenten call, and make Christ's church a veritable "House of Prayer."

Thus, my friends, the Spring Fast calls to the men in the social world, and to the men in the business world, and to the men in the home, and to the men in the church, to come to prayers. It calls at this time because, on the coming Ash Wednesday, we shall celebrate the beginning of one of the most triumphant and yet saddest times of all Christ's earthly existence. The Jordanic baptism was just over. Christ was about to begin his divine mission. We know not how far the human nature he assumed, may have obscured for the time the divine attributes he possessed. It may be that in those forty days of solitary thought and prayer, he realized more clearly, than in his former years, the sublimity of his work and of his sacrifice. He saw what his work was to be. He saw how he must carry the burden of man's sins, and die for man, and be resurrected, before he could return to his Father's Throne.

May this coming Spring Fast of the Lenten season be to you also, a time of spiritual awakening. May it be a time when you will not only realize that God has a glorious earthly work for you to do, but a time when you can realize that, after work is done, you shall live on and on and with Christ, and never die! May you, during the next coming forty days, be much in prayer, much in earnest beseechment. May you also feel and know, that the way you are to be best fitted for that earthly work is by the depth of your repentance as well as by the height of your glorious and triumphant faith. May God bless this Lenten season to us all!

PANORAMA OF PORT ARTHUR, SHOWING THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR WHERE THE FIRST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE

JAPAN VICTOR ON THE SEA

The Russo-Japanese War Begun

A GREA BATTLI EXPECT

LIKE a bolt from a clear sky, the news flashed over the cables on Tuesday, February 9, that the long-threatened conflict between Russia and Japan had at last begun, was a surprise to the capitals of the world. There had been a lingering hope that, even though diplomatic relations between the two nations had been severed, some means might still be found to avert war. With the news of the sudden opening of hostilities off Port Arthur and Chemulpho, the last hopes of peace were shattered. It was universally recognized that a struggle of the most far-reaching consequence had commenced, in which other nations might possibly become involved, before it reached the decisive stage.

GEN. KOUROPATKIN
Russia's "Head of the Army"

GEN. PRINCE MIN-YUN HAN
Corea's Military Commander

GEN. TERAUCHI
Japan's Army Chief

Actual war was precipitated in advance of a formal declaration on either side. Russia's delay in answering Japan's final note in the prolonged series of diplomatic exchanges, was interpreted by Japan as a mere ruse to gain time for military and naval dispositions, and without the slightest intention of complying with Japan's demands. Accordingly, M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, was recalled, and diplomatic relations discontinued. Russia retaliated by the recall of Baron de Rosen, her ambassador at Tokio. Even at this critical stage, the Czar's government, true to its traditional slowness in diplomatic affairs, saw no reason for haste.

Japan took a totally different view of the situation. Regarding the withdrawal of her Minister as creating a state of war, she felt free to act without a moment's delay. A powerful Japanese fleet of some sixteen vessels, including five battleships, a number of cruisers, and a small flotilla of torpedo boats appeared off Port Arthur at midnight, Monday, February 8, and stole close in under cover of darkness. This fleet was commanded by Admiral Togo, and three of the imperial princes of Japan were with the squadron. The Russian fleet lay in the roadstead, unsuspicious of danger. Suddenly there was an explosion, the shock of which was felt by the fourteen Russian warships in Port Arthur harbor, which immediately began to play their searchlights and to fire seaward. The land forts also fired at the invisible enemy. The whole town was awake and panting with excitement, and the streets were soon crowded. Other explosions followed, caused by more Japanese torpedoes. At 2 A.M., on Tuesday, two Russian battleships, the *Retvizan* and the *Tsarevitch*, and a cruiser, the *Pallada*, were seen to be disabled and beached near the harbor entrance. The first two are among the finest vessels in Russia's navy. A number of men were killed and wounded on the Russian ships and in the forts.

This whole episode came and passed so quickly that it was not until daylight that the full force of the blow inflicted by Japan was realized. The surprise of the fleet and the fortress was complete. So far as known, the enemy escaped with the loss of four men killed, and some fifty injured, their ships being absolutely unharmed. The Japanese fleet reappeared off Port Arthur a few hours later, on Tuesday forenoon. The Russian ships immediately gave chase, and many shots were exchanged, the forts also firing. Some of the Japanese shells struck the Russ ships and inflicted slight dama The Russian shells fell short. In t second encounter the Russian bat ship *Poltava*, and the cruisers *Dia Askold*, and *Novik* were each damag below the water-line, and the *Seva pol* near her forward funnel. The fo were slightly damaged.

Correspondents unite in declar that the Russians were taken c pletely by surprise. "We did not pect the Japanese for three or f days yet" was the frank avowal of of Admiral Alexieff's officers at fort. They had taken practically precautions. Only one Russian w ship was on patrol, and using searchlight leisurely. Nearly all torpedo boats were snugly berth within the harbor basin. It wa rude awakening; and when it was over, the reminders of it lay in shape of three helpless hulks at the harbor entran which had once been the pride of the Port Art fleet. The *Retvizan* was struck forward by a t pedo; the *Tsarevitch* aft. The *Persiviet* was a found to be slightly damaged. It was noted, during second engagement especially, that the aim of the J anese gunners was excellent. Their guns threw hea shells, which emitted a yellow or a dense black smo when a ship was struck. They steadily maintained perfect battle line formation, even when retiring; wh the Russian sh constantly whee around, the cruis forming the ou fighting line.

On the same d and almost at same hour, anot sea-fight was tak place further sou where a Japan squadron, und Admiral Uriu, countered and sa two Russian w ships at Chemulp Perhaps the m succinct version the Chemulpho fair is that f nished to our St Department

RUSSIAN CAVALRY MARCHING THROUGH A CHINESE CITY

CAVALRY SCOUTS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

RUSSIA'S PORT ARTHUR SQUADRON, INCLUDING THE DAMAGED "TSAREVITCH," "RETVIZAN," "PALLADA" AND "PERSIVIET"

THE PORT OF CHEMULPHO, CORLA, WHERE THE JAPANESE FLEET SANK THE RUSSIAN WARSHIPS VARIAG AND KOREITZ

. S. Minister Allen, at Seoul. He cabled that on the ternoon of February 9, a fleet of twenty-one Japanese arships arrived off Chemulpho, which is the port of the orean capital. 2,500 Japanese troops were landed and roceeded to Seoul. Two Russian warships, the cruiser *ariag* and the gunboat *Korietz*, attempted to prevent e landing. Trouble was imminent, and vessels of her nationalities began to leave the harbor. The *ariag* and *Korietz* tried to escape, but in vain. Seve- l shots were fired on either side, and the *Variag* was maged. The Japanese commander then announced at an attack would be made at 4 p.m. At that hour e *Korietz* exploded, and sank. The Japanese ships pt up a fire upon the *Variag*, until she also sank. me of the crews were made prisoners, while others caped to British, Italian, and French warships in the rbor. Many Russians were killed or wounded, but e Japanese reported no casualties to men or ships. he *Variag* was American built, and was considered e of the finest and swiftest cruisers Russia pos- ssed. A Russian transport, the *Sungari*, was also nk in the fighting, but the troops were rescued from owning by the foreign warships.

Events now followed each other in rapid succession. pan's brilliant successes during the opening hours of e war were the talk of all the European capitals, and was generally conceded that she had practically won ntrol of the Corean channel. Soon came intelligence the capture, near Fusan, of three Russian transports th 2,000 troops aboard, who were made prisoners by e Japanese. On one of the transports—the *Ekater- oslav*, an auxiliary cruiser—were thirty rifled guns d a large number of recruits from Odessa. Several erchant vessels were also captured, including the *rgun*, *Shieka*, *Manchuria*, *Sleipne*, *Mukden*, and *ntis*. The *Sleipner* and *Sentis* were afterward re- ased, as it was discovered that they were Norwegian ssels. Japanese warships are reported to have fired on and sunk the Russian mail steamer *Mongolia*, ound for Dalny. Four Russian whalers were also ken as prizes. Japan's next step was to seize the Co- an port of Masampo, which she will occupy as a aval base. She also fully occupied Chemulpho, Seoul e capital), and several points along the coast, with a ew to future operations. The Corean Emperor took his quarters at the French legation in Seoul. Japan eanwhile kept actively pouring troops into Corea, ntil on February 13 it was estimated that she had not ss than 80,000 soldiers in readiness there to face the ussian force which was advancing in the Yalu district. When news of the Port Arthur and Chemulpho en- gements reached St. Petersburg, the situation can be tter imagined than described. An attempt was made conceal from the people the true state of affairs, and fabulous reports of great Russian victories were circulated in the capital and throughout the empire. Gradually the truth became known and jubilation gave way to anger, and a universal desire for revenge upon the Japanese. The government bestirred itself; the Czar

THE EMPEROR AND CROWN PRINCE OF COREA

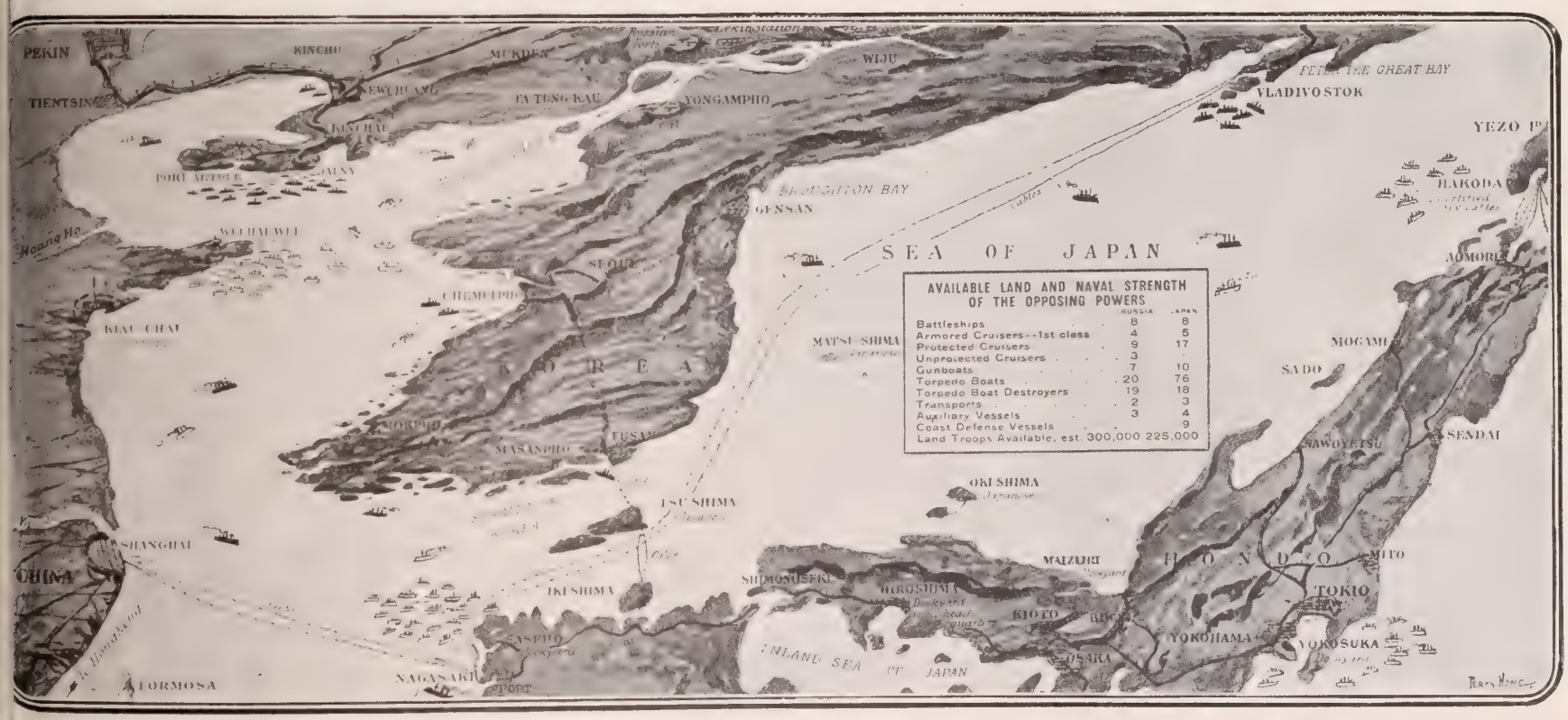
issued a "Supreme Manifest," denouncing Japan for beginning the war, and announcing the determination to answer "the Japanese challenge with armed force." Hurried preparations were made to send the Russian Baltic fleet of fifteen warships through the Kiel Canal to the Far East. Three hundred new locomotives were forwarded for use on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and sixty new field guns of the largest calibre and latest design were shipped to the East. Recruiting became exceedingly active, and patriotic demonstrations were held in the Russian cities. Bitter feeling was displayed against the United States and Great Britain, the Russian press denouncing the former especially for its open sympathy with Japan.

Russia's Vladivostok fleet which had to force its way out of an ice-bound harbor, was now heard from. It was supposed to have had orders to harry the coasts of Northern Japan, and there was an unfounded report that the port of Hakodate had been shelled and partially destroyed. The Japanese merchant ships *Zensho Maru* and *Nakonroura Maru* were fired upon, and the latter sunk off the coast of Yezzo, by warships supposed to be the armored cruisers *Rurik*, *Gromoboi*, *Bogatyr* and *Rossia* of the Vladivostok fleet. It is not considered probable that any attempt can now be successfully made to reinforce the Port Arthur fleet, either by the addition of the Vladivostok vessels, or from the Black Sea or Baltic fleets. All the indications point to the early storming of Port Arthur by the Japanese combined fleets.

The Japanese attempted on February 10, to land a force in several bays near the Russian fortress. Instantly the Russian guns opened with such fury that the invaders were compelled to retire to their ships. This movement by the Japanese, however, was probably a feint to draw the enemy's fire while a landing was effected elsewhere. That this seems to have been done successfully at some point north of the Talien-wan Isthmus, appears probable, from the fact that shortly afterward an important bridge on the Manchurian railway, between the head of Talien-wan Bay and New Chwang was blown up by Japanese, and thirty Russians were killed. It was thought to be the purpose of Japan to occupy the territory immediately north of Port Arthur, isolating that port, cutting off all communications and supplies, and then bombarding it at long range. Such a course would compel the Russian squadron to leave the harbor for the open sea, where they would encounter the main body of the Japanese fleet.

Russia's plan of land campaign develops slowly. Her military leaders all unite in the admission that Russia is not at her best as a naval power; but assert that in the field, she will assuredly hold her own against all comers. They look to the army to retrieve the naval losses. Prince Kouropatkin, who will have command of the military operations in the Far East, is regarded as a general of great skill and experience, and is one in whom the Russian soldiery have unbounded confidence. A great army has already been massed along the Yalu; over 90,000 troops having been sent thither from Mukden. In two days there were 60,000 arrivals. All the available Russian cavalry, 20,000 strong (largely Cossacks), is at Lin-Yen, on the Manchurian side of the Yalu. The opposing Japanese force of all arms is estimated at over 80,000. This army has poured in from Fusan, Gensan, Chemulpho, and Chinnampo, within a week, and is now concentrated north of Ping Yan, in the neighborhood of Wiju. News of a great battle is expected soon.

Should Russia be checked at the Yalu, her whole plan of campaign must be changed, for the great struggle for



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE THEATRE OF LAND AND NAVAL WAR OPERATIONS IN THE FAR EAST

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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A Step Towards Peace

IN Tolstoi's great book, "War and Peace," that distinguished author describes, in his own eloquent and realistic way, the condition of a country that is torn by war and saddened by the horror and suffering that follow an invasion by a foreign foe. Farms and dwellings ruined; fields, orchards and gardens despoiled; cattle, crops, and belongings wrecked or stolen; homes in ashes, and helpless widows and orphans filling the air with lamentations. It is a book which carries on every page a powerful argument for peace, by showing the unspeakable horrors of war, and the misery it entails upon the innocent ones.

Japan and Russia are now in the thick of a struggle which must mean, for one of the combatants, subjugation. To the common people of both of those countries, and to the unfortunate Coreans, whose territory is the battlefield, it will mean also untold suffering for long years to come; besides the cruel wrenching of the heart over the loss of loved ones, there will be the evils of high taxes, onerous burdens, and official oppression. Whichever side wins will find the victory dear. If Japan emerges victorious from the war, it will be at the cost of a national bereavement that will be long remembered with sighs and tears in many a home. If Russia triumphs, even the shower of laurels and honors that will fall upon her military leaders will not suffice to hide the graves of those she must leave in alien soil, and nothing will bring back the smile to the faces of the peasant mothers and wives whose dear ones will nevermore march under the eagles.

History repeats itself, and the same Powers who deprived Japan of the fruits of her triumph over China may be moved, by insisting upon the absolute integrity and permanent neutrality of Chinese territory, to make the present war a fruitless one for both combatants. Japan will bow to such a decision, but Russia only if she must. Secretary Hay's note to the European governments, advocating united action to guarantee China's integrity and neutrality for the future, is on the line of international honor and good faith. Five European governments have already indicated their approval of the proposition, which was originally suggested by Germany. It is a step in the right direction —towards peace. Let us hope and trust that it may be urged to a successful conclusion.

Biblical Authority

PROMINENT secular journals in New York, and Roman Catholic journals in this country and in Europe, are taunting the Protestant Churches with abandoning the principle of the authority of the Bible, as the supreme standard of faith. The charge is based on the wide acceptance of the results of Biblical criticism by the ministers and the churches. We believe that the acceptance referred to, is not so general as these journals assume, but if it were so, it does not furnish a basis for the charge.

The criticism is really an effort to more thoroughly understand the circumstances under which the Bible was written. That so much time and labor has been given to it, is an evidence of the esteem there is for the Book, and also a realization of the importance of the subject. If, as the enemies of Protestantism would have us believe, Protestantism was tending towards the abandonment of the Bible, it is not likely that so strenuous an effort would be made by its leading scholars to have it made free from mechanical errors, and to insure its absolute accuracy as a translation from the original.

As an article on another page of this journal shows, a most minute and exhaustive examination of Hebrew idiom has been made, with the object of elucidating obscure passages and correcting mistakes which were made by the translators, at a time when there was no means of access to manuscripts of ancient date. The results are giving us clearer and more intelligent understanding of the Book, and are enhancing its value.

That some critics have been led away into wild speculation, and to the elaboration of theories of construction which are not tenable, in no way detracts from the value of the work as a whole. All these vagaries will be set aside, and the real benefits will be accepted. All who love and reverence the Bible will be unanimous in gratefully accepting every effort which tends to purge it from human error, whether of translation or transmission, and giving us the pure revelation as it was received from the Holy Spirit. No one need be afraid of honest efforts of that kind.

A Jewish Tribute

IT is gratifying to learn that a remarkable tribute to Christianity, written by so distinguished a Jewish scholar as Rabbi Kaufmann Kohler, will appear in the forthcoming volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia. As President of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, Dr. Kohler holds a representative position, and his words will have weight with intelligent Jewish thinkers. The *Literary Digest*, in giving a synopsis of Dr. Kohler's article, points out the importance of his conception of the mission of Christianity, as giving "to the great Gentile world Jewish truth in a form adapted to its psychic and intellectual capacities." Christianity did more than this, but we are glad to see that a Hebrew recognizes this part of its work. If he would take another step and perceive that God, who gave Judaism its truth and vigor, gave Christianity as its crown and flower, we could have nothing more to wish for from him. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews expresses it: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son."

Dr. Kohler accounts for the spread of Christianity on rationalistic grounds, but the Christian may naturally ask him whether the human mind could have conceived of such an adaptation as he recognizes in Christianity. Blemished and distorted, as it has been by the ignorance and fanaticism of some of its advocates, it is a religion so sublime, so inspiring and purifying, that to regard it as having a merely human origin is to ignore the limitation of man's intellect. The very fact of its survival, in spite of the weakness of its adherents and the might of its enemies, is an evidence of its divine origin. Dr. Kohler says: "Christianity, following the matchless ideal of its Christ, redeemed the despised and the outcast, and ennobled suffering . . . and it proclaimed the value of each human soul as a treasure in the eyes of God." That is a remarkable tribute for a Jew to pay to our Lord and his mission. We are glad to have it, and hope that such words, widely read, as they are sure to be by his Jewish brethren, may lead many among them to see in Jesus of Nazareth the light of the world.

Heart and Soul-Hunger

IT was associating with the stern old prophet Elijah that made Elisha so hungry for power, that sacred history has no tale so beautiful as his closing walk with his Master, that he might not be "taken up" without his hunger being satisfied. It must have been a tremendous gnawing at his heart to make him want twice as much as the man of Mount Carmel had, but he got it. Hunger like that is from heaven. Blessed want!

Many are hungry for gold; more for fun and folly; thousands thirst for fame. Oh, for a heart-hunger to be like Jesus! He is as far above Elijah as sun above sod. His power can work miracles that will save priests, instead of slaying them; that will flood the land with righteousness instead of rain; that will bring help to a thousand thousand widows, instead of one who happened to be hospitable.

Let the preacher get hungry for Christ and so will his hearers. Hunger is the soul of prayer. Starved people do not seek food like over-fed folk. There is piercing power in the cry of the famishing.

Let the Sunday School teacher get hungry for the soul of the scholars and there will be rejoicing in heaven. A sweeping revival of genuine power amongst the young people of the church would do more than all the legislation of Synod or Conference combined.

It is what one is that counts far more than what one does. To move amongst men and create a hunger for Christ and his life is better than to be a bishop.

Have faith, so that others, too, may grow hungry for the same.

Have such character in honesty that an ordinary thirst for it will permeate the very atmosphere in which you move.

Love and live in such a way as will make Christ as plain in your life as perfume tells the presence of roses.

Hunger on these lines is the need of the hour.

C. H. YATMAN.

A SALVATION ARMY STREET SERVIC

(See illustration on cover page)

NO matter how cold or how stormy the night at this i clement season, the good soldiers of the Salvati Army are to be found at their posts in our gre cities, holding open-air services. No fair-weather Christia are they. All through the winter these meetings have be held in New York and elsewhere. At about eight o'clock the evening, the members of the local corps form in line a march to some corner, not being too far away from hea quarters, where they may return after a half-hour's out-dc service of song, prayer and exhortation.

Herald Square, at the junction of Sixth Avenue a Broadway, New York, is a favorite place of meeting. H there are many passers-by at this hour, and while t "madding crowd" hurry on upon their own business pleasure, there is always a crowd gathered around this gro of devoted workers for souls. Sometimes a brass band ac to the interest of the occasion; and although one's sense harmony may be a bit "jarred" when the leading cor strikes a note half a tone off, and the bass horn rumbles a grumbles in a sort of steady growl, the earnest endeavor the players and their evident enjoyment of the music, le the listener sufficient grace to almost enjoy the performan When the band ceases from troubling and takes a musi rest, then the voices of the men and women take up melody, and some of their voices are very sweet. They s with spirit, heartiness and vim, and the tamborines keep p fect time in the hands of enthusiastic lassies, who, a f minutes later, will take turns in mounting a pile of dis reputable city snow, around which is now grouped an terested crowd, and tell, in their own simple way, how g they are to know that Jesus is their friend, and that he be everybody's friend who wants him. Then there is m playing by the band, and singing.

Earnest prayers are offered up from the snow-pile, "te monies" are given, all with a sincerity and enthusiasm, wh are characteristic of this great Army of earnest men a women, who are enlisted under the great Commander in t campaign for souls.

One very small man, who clashed the cymbals, bringi them together with a precision as to time that was as perf as his belief that he was leader of the band, testified that blessed God that he had ever come in contact with th "good, noisy people."

A vast amount of good is being done by these open- meetings, and many a poor soul, pausing to find out what t crowd meant, has been struck to the heart by a chance wo which brought comfort and salvation in its wake.

When the wind is so sharp and cutting that women hu along, though wrapped in furs, and men rub their ears a linger not; when the snow is falling or sleet driving, the lit band of faithful ones is not afraid to venture forth in obe ence to the Master's command to "go out into the highwa and hedges, and constrain them to come in, that my ho may be filled."

After the open-air meeting is over, the little detachm of the Army marches back to headquarters, in a side stre where, though the surroundings and furnishings may be v humble, the spirit of comradeship and kindness prevai where hearts are as warm, and where the big stove is so gen ous of its heat that even the most benumbed have a cha to thaw out. Simple words, telling of the love of God a of free salvation, are sung to popular airs of the day. E "Hiawatha" becomes tolerable, when sung with a will such words as these:

I remember well the day, when I did stray, far away;
From my Father's home in sinfulness,
Wandering through this world of sin
And longing for release;
Then the Army came along, with a song
Showed my wrong,
And they told me Jesus died to save,
Pointing me to him to give me peace.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST R. E. JOHNSON, has just concluded a se of revival services at Manheim, Pa., with good results. is arranging for tent-meetings in the spring.

—MRS. B. A. LOVING, who conducts a mission work Persimmon, Okla., writes, acknowledging many gifts of g literature from our readers in several States.

—REV. J. J. RINGER, with his Gospel singer, J. O Long, and cornetist, Ira Long, has just concluded a serie successful evangelistic services in the Methodist Churc New Market, Va.

—EVANGELIST G. A. DE FLONE, of East St. Louis, has closed a very successful series of meetings at Libe Kan. Much good was accomplished.

—MRS. MARTHA J. ARMSTRONG, of Parkersburg, Pa., been a teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday School there fifty years. On her fiftieth anniversary of service, latel reception was held in her honor, and a valuable testimo presented.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Ancient Trial of the Dead

RECENT excavations in Egypt have brought to light evidence of a custom generally observed in ancient times. It is apparent, om the figures in the mural representa-on, that the body of a dead person, if of gh rank, was brought before a court mposed of forty-two judges, on whose cision the place of sepulture depended. ne court was held on the banks of a er or lake and the judges sat in a semi-cle. It was permitted for any person lay an accusation against the departed fore the court, and the judges at once oceeded to investigate the charge. If was sustained, the right to burial in the mb of his ancestors and to the elabo-te rites of the Egyptian religion, was nied. If the charge was disproved, the cuser was severely punished, and the dy of the man whose character had en vindicated was committed to the re of a boatman, whose barge was in aiting near the place of judgment, and conveyed it to the embalmer's, whose ity it was to render it oof against decay. he feeling which led em to embalm the ad, probably arose om their belief in the union of the soul with e body, and their con-ction that if the body cayed the soul would e always homeless. No nbalmers in the world ere so skilful as those Egypt. There are now our museums, and in ose of Europe and in gypt, bodies which ere embalmed more an three thousand ars ago. Among those hich have been found that of the Pharaoh ameses II., who op-essed the Israelites in gypt, the father of the haraoh Meneptah, who last let Moses and aron lead away the eople. There is little oubt that the bodies f Jacob and Joseph ight still be in exist-nce, if they had not een disturbed, as the ention of them in the ible implies that they ere embalmed with yal rites. It is evi-ent from the sculptures nd the ancient books, at the right to such ttention was dependent n the lives and conduct of the deceased. Thus, even in those early times, the people ad a glimmering of the truth enunciated y the apostle:

Who will render to every man according to his eeds: to them who by patient continuance in ell-doing seek for glory and honor and immortal-y, eternal life (Rom. 2:6).

An Arbitration Grievance

A peculiar case of loss by the recent ecision of the Alaska Boundary dispute, ame before the United States Senate few days ago. A certain company, whose offices are in New York, has been onducting the business of canning a spe-ies of salmon, and has erected canneries n Wales Island, over which the United States formerly exercised jurisdiction. Under the award of the Alaska Boundary Tribunal the island is transferred to Great Britain, and notice has been given that he land of the island will not be open to purchase by individuals, but will be re-erved for the Crown. The company, being unable to dispose of its plant and nable to move it, now asks the United States to grant such relief as may be deemed equitable. Perhaps this company will obtain compensation, but the time will come when all such claims will be useless. Property and business interests will lose their value when this world passes into the hands of God for judgment, and only those who have treasure laid up in heaven will then be accounted rich.

Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life (I. Tim. 6: 19).

Protected in Duty

One of the most difficult questions for a jury to determine, is whether a person who is suing for compensation for injuries, was himself responsible for those injuries by not exercising proper care. A judge of a Massachusetts court has added another consideration to cases of that kind. The plaintiff had entered a house where he had never been before, and walked into the hall without knocking or ringing a bell. He found himself in darkness, and instead of waiting where he was, and endeavoring to attract the attention of the family, or retreating, he chose to try to find his way, and while so doing, fell down the cellar stairs. As there had been other suits in which plaintiffs had recovered damages for injuries received under similar circumstances, the plaintiff in this case sued for damages. The judge, however, decided against him. He pointed out the difference in his case, from that of a policeman who was injured in the night, by falling down an unguarded elevator-well, on premises which the officer had entered in the discharge of his duty; and also that of a letter-carrier, who was similarly hurt in a building which he was compelled to visit in order to deliver letters. The voluntary visitor assumed the risk of pushing on through the darkness without inquiry, and was clearly chargeable with contributory negligence. When a man in doing his duty is called to go in danger, he is entitled to the protection that does not belong to a man who heedlessly or purposely exposes himself to danger. It is so with God's care in temptation. God protects the man who encounters it in doing his will, but not the man who wilfully rushes into it.

Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation (Rev. 3: 10).

CEREMONY OF THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD IN ANCIENT EGYPT

Almost Safe

A sad accident resulting in the loss of five lives, occurred recently at a colliery, near Mahanoy City, Pa. The miners were drilling a new shaft, and had worked hard all day driving holes and filling them with dynamite. Their work was finished, and they were ascending in the bucket to the mouth of the pit. Before they reached the surface, however, there was an explosion, and a cloud of flying debris was discharged from the shaft. The five men on the bucket were flung upward and then fell back to the foot of the shaft, three hundred feet below. It is conjectured that they must have had some surplus dynamite with them on the bucket, that they had taken down in the morning and had not used, and that this was exploded by the jarring of the bucket or by some accidental movement of the men's feet. All were killed, and the shaft was badly damaged. It is remarkable how familiarity with the use of dangerous explosives, seems to beget heedlessness rather than care. These men, having dynamite with them on the bucket, would naturally have been expected to be on their guard against an explosion. It is so with the sinner who escapes again and again from the consequences of his sin. He grows careless, expecting continued immunity.

Because sentence on an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil (Eccles. 8: 11).

Saved by a Dog

A physician in Brooklyn had a misadventure a few days ago that came near proving fatal to him. He was summoned, in the night, to a patient's house. Although it was not near, the doctor thought that he could reach it more quickly by walking than by waiting to call up his coachman. He accordingly set out at once, taking with him a remarkably faithful and intelligent dog. He walked quickly, and when he came to the entrance to an old cemetery, instead of following the path around it, he decided to make a short cut through it. The night was dark, but the doctor knew the old ground well, and had often crossed it on similar hurry calls. On this evening, however, he stumbled and fell headlong into an open grave. His forehead struck with such force that he was stunned, and lay senseless for some time. When he recovered consciousness his dog was lying upon him, as if trying to warm him. He was unable to climb out of the grave, and his cries for help seemed stifled; but the dog easily leaped out and ran around, barking loudly. The noise attracted some persons near the cemetery, who came and helped the doctor out of the grave. Probably he will never be in a grave again until the time comes when no help, human or canine, can avail to deliver him. We may hope that when that emergency arrives, his soul will be safe in the keeping of Him who, if the doctor serves him in this life, will endow it with life eternal.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day (II. Timothy 1: 12).

Overcome by Gas

A clergyman of Orange, N.J., gives a description of the sensations of asphyxiation, which, he says, will prevent his assuming without good evidence, that persons who are found dead by illuminating gas are necessarily suicides. It appears that some workmen had turned off the gas, and had then turned it on again. He did not notice that they had done so, but sat at his desk absorbed in thought, waiting until he could again have the light. He says: "I did not notice the gas until seized by a deathly stupor, which it seemed impossible to throw off. I was seated at my desk. My sight grew dim. Every limb in my body felt as though weighted with lead. I tried to rise and had no power. I had the faintest sense of my heart fluttering and fast losing its power of pulsation. I had no specific pain, and felt only the weight of a heavy stupor, over which my will seemed to have no power. I remember my mental state, and that I was sufficiently conscious to know and feel that the end was near, and that the cause was asphyxiation." With this came a desperate effort to rally. Happily it was successful. He still had no power to turn off the gas, which he knew was the right thing to do, but he staggered into the corridor, and lay there until he recovered in the fresh air. The most remarkable feature of this experience was the strange paralysis of the will. Though the clergyman knew what he ought to do, he could not do it at first. Perhaps he has had occasion to plead with men whom sin has similarly paralyzed; but happily he can tell them of a sure remedy in that case.

He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might he increaseth strength (Isa. 40: 29).

BRIEF NOTE

Rev. E. Payson Hammond's services at Marietta, O., and three other adjacent towns, have been signally blessed of God. Altogether fully five hundred persons, many of them young people, have made profession of faith. Mr. Hammond's most active helpers were some who were converted during a visit he paid to the city more than twenty years ago.

Another $10,000 for Macedonian Relief

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Work Welcomed by the Refugees, and its Readers' Generosity Widely Praised

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its readers, another remittance of **$10,000,** from the Fund raised by their generous contributions, will have been received by the missionaries in Macedonia, who are now engaged in the relief work among the refugees. That this will be welcome, goes without saying—for the urgent appeal cabled by Pastor Popoff, our Special Commissioner, supplemented by the letters received from missionaries Haskell, Bond, Clarke, Ostrander, Brailsford and others, all combine to show that a very widespread condition of suffering exists in Macedonia and along the Bulgarian border at the present time.

In an appeal issued by the Macedonian Ladies' Benevolent Society, imploring the pity of the world, it is stated, in conclusion, that "30,000 beings are to be clad and fed, and the winter has set in." That even this sad picture is only a partial statement of the whole truth, is quite certain. There are many remote points, away from the principal towns, where refugees have found their way, and are now subsisting precariously on the charity of the poor but good-hearted villagers. Pastor A. Hristoff, of Yambol, Bulgaria, estimates that from a single vilayet (Adrinopolis), not less than 10,000 Macedonian refugees have come, 8,000 of them now being in Bourgas and the neighboring towns and villages of Southern Bulgaria. Another correspondent writes that he has seen a list of **207 Christian villages** that were destroyed by the Turks. These, of course, were depopulated, the unfortunate Macedonian peasants being scattered like chaff before their brutal oppressors, and compelled to flee as far as possible from the scenes of their misery and suffering.

Since our Interdenominational Committee for Macedonian Relief was organized by Pastor Popoff last month, the relief campaign has been pushed with redoubled energy. This second remittance of $10,000 will greatly strengthen the hands of the missionaries and their associates, and will enable them to extend the work to points in Macedonia and on the border, where no relief has yet been afforded, owing to the lack of means. Thus our readers will become instrumental in saving precious lives, and in alleviating much suffering.

. . .

From the Rev. E. B. Haskell, of Salonica, Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee, we have received this most interesting letter, giving a general statement of the situation at the moment of writing:

SALONICA, TURKEY, Jan. 19, 1904.

Dear Christian Herald:—Early in October the Macedonian Relief Fund of London began sending money to Rev. Lewis Bond, American missionary at Monastir. As there had been no insurrection in the Salonica province, save at Razlog, near the Bulgarian border, and as most of the sufferers there had fled across the border, there was no urgent call for relief work in this region, and the writer found himself able (at some sacrifice) to respond to Mr. Bond's earnest request for help in the distribution in the Monastir vilayet, or province.

Quite a quantity of flour and blankets had already been purchased when I arrived. By Inspector General Hilmi Pasha's kind permission, and with a guard furnished by his orders, I went to Resna, eighteen miles west of Monastir, October 15, and opened the first distributing depot there. After getting the work somewhat organized and under way there, I left it in charge of Mr. Tsiko, a Protestant Albanian, and returned to Monastir, where I met the British representatives of the Fund, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Brailsford, who came to distribute relief, and Messrs. Nevenson and Harris, who came to look over the ground and report on the needs to the British public.

Because of my knowledge of language and people it seemed best that I induct the Brailsfords into their new work. Hence, after they had secured their permission from Hilmi Pasha, I accompanied them to Ochrida, which is a *kamaikamluk*, or seat of a governor. We found about 1,000 refugees from the neighboring villages in the city. The very efficient Bulgarian Archbishop, Metody (Methodius), had issued them bread for a time and had gathered a number of wounded into a temporary hospital; but his funds had run out before our arrival. The limited private resources of the citizens—it is a poor town—were about exhausted also, and gaunt famine was staring the hapless victims in the face. Getting exceilent reports of the Archbishop's integrity and character from sources outside the Bulgarian community, as well as inside it, we decided to turn over to him the care of the refugees in the city. Mrs. Brailsford laid her gentle but efficient hand upon the forlorn apology for a hospital, and soon transformed it into something worthy of the name. Mr. Brailsford and I went out respectively to the sub-divisions of the Ohrida ("h" aspirated) *kaza*, called Malesia and Deburtsa. My report on the condition of the latter district of seventeen or eighteen villages was given to the Associated Press, and published as "a canvass of the Monastir vilayet," of which it is really but a trifling part.

It was at Ohrida that I first received the welcome news that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD proposed opening a relief fund, and it brought great cheer to all our hearts.

Without continuing this narrative of the development of the relief work, it may be well to summarize its present condition. Mr. Bond acts as treasurer, at this end of the line, of the "Macedonian Relief Fund," Victoria street, London; of the "Macedonian Massacre Relief Fund," collected by the Bible Lands Missions Aid Society of England; of a private

REFUGEES ON THE WAY FROM BELITSA TO RAZLOG

fund raised by Miss Muriel White, of the American Legation at London (chiefly devoted to furnishing wardrobes for newly arrived infants); of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S subscriptions for Monastir vilayet; and of the sums forwarded by Kidder, Peabody and Co., of Boston. Mr. Bond also oversees the central depot at Monastir, where the bulk of wholesale purchasing is done. Next under him at Monastir, is Mr. George D. Kyrias, Macedonian agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Several colporteurs of the same society are doing yeoman service, as assistants in relief work in various capacities, the society generously paying their time. I may add that the American Board contributes the salaries of Mr. Bond and myself to the relief cause. I believe that all the workers from England give their time without cost to the Fund, while several of them also pay all their expenses from their own pockets. Nor should we forget the Roman Catholics working in the Florina district, nor their Sisters of Mercy, who nurse the sick and wounded in the Retreat at Castoria, all without remuneration from the relief funds. At present, Lady Thompson and Miss Kathleen Bruce, have charge of the general relief distribution at Castoria. Lady Thompson's late husband was Governor of St. Vincent, and she organized relief work there after the eruptions. Through her previous knowledge of Russian, she is getting hold of Bulgarian very rapidly. At Florina, the Monastir Roman Catholic Missionaries act as agents of the London Macedonian Relief Fund. At Resna, Miss Durham is in charge; at Krushevo, a Servian colporteur (an Englishman or American may be associated with him soon); at Crutchevo, Mr. Graham; at Ohrida, Mrs. Brailsford and the Bulgarian Archbishop. Mr. Brailsford acts as general overseer, traveling from point to point.

At present, the English and American funds are chiefly used in furnishing flour and blankets, and in maintaining the retreats for sick and wounded at Ohrida and Castoria (the authorities object to their being called "hospitals," as the government provides all the hospitals needed.

The Bulgarian Bishop at Monastir has been furnished some $30,000 from Bulgaria with which he supplies clothing, socks, etc. The Turkish Government gives fifteen piasters (about sixty cents) a month to all members of families whose houses were burned, excepting the able-bodied men between the ages of fifteen and sixty. This buys soap and salt for the family. We give a smaller ration to those wh receive it. The Government has also given a good deal o help towards making huts for the winter. Although th people complain that they cannot, with the five, ten, o fifteen dollars given by the Government, rebuild house which cost $200 or more, yet the Government's dole ha helped obtain nails and such materials, and has undoubtedl made it much easier for them to get through the winter. I is said that the allowance of fifteen piasters a month, men tioned above, will be stopped at the end of March.

Having with me the tabulated results for only two dis tricts, and being absent from the centre of distribution a Monastir, I cannot give absolutely accurate statistics of th amount of need. The following figures, however, will not b very wide of the mark. Total number of houses burned i Monastir Province (vilayet), 7,857, besides 600 thoroughl plundered. These represent 52,542 persons, of whom 45,00 are on the relief funds. On January 1, it was estimated tha about $3,000 more would need to be spent for blankets Then there will be needed regularly until next harvest (o for the next five months) about $17,500 a month simply fo flour and grain, which is the staple food of the country, an the only kind we give, except to the sick. The numbers o the food lists are increasing all the time, as their own store become exhausted. If things are quiet in the spring, ther will be great need of money to furnish seed to the farmer and also oxen for ploughing.

The writer's share in the canvassing of Resna, Ohrid Crutchevo and Demir Hissar, has turned his thought an effort chiefly to the orphan children, possibly the more s because of the four motherless children in his own home. I many cases young children were left without either paren I remember one case of a boy, four years old, with a bab sister a year old. Another little fellow, four or five yea old, who lost both parents, has no near relatives living. H sleeps a few nights at one of the six unburned houses of th village, and then a few nights at another, as they may b willing to take him in.

Of course the instances where children lost one parent ar far more numerous. A pretty, pink-cheeked girl, nine yea old, had her mother burned to death in the burning villag this summer, while her father is in foreign parts. In Resn Crutchevo and Demir Hissar, I found seventy-one orpha children, of whom twenty-eight are without either paren

The numbers in Castoria and Presb must be much greater, as far mo people were killed there. The Amer can Girls' Boarding School at Mo astir has already taken in ten c twelve orphan girls, from ten to fi teen years of age. But this is th limit of its capacity. A home adjoi ing it should be opened for the sma children of both sexes. The Salo ica Mission Station has a farm ju outside the city, where some twent of the larger boys can be place learning to till the soil and to b come useful citizens. It seems t me that as our British friends hav provided most of the bedding neede in Monastir vilayet, and are also d ing for the sick and wounded; an as the Bulgarians are devoting the energies to providing clothing, would be wise for the Americans t make a specialty of the care of o phans—although at the same tim giving something towards the mont ly $17,500 needed to feed the peopl and bearing in mind the demand fo ploughing-cattle which will arise i the spring. The home at Monast and the farm at Salonica will tak considerable money; but can it b better expended than in providin for the present needs of these ha less children and putting their fe in the pathway of future progress

EDWARD B. HASKELL.

MACEDONIAN REFUGEES WHO HAVE FLED FROM PRILTEPE

. . .

In an appeal by the Macedonia Ladies' Benevolent Society, jus received, the signers "implore th pity of all charitable persons, to help this nation, ex posed to the most horrible atrocities and unheard-o sufferings." They draw a touching picture of the pres ent conditions in Macedonia:

"Mothers, overcome by fatigue, abandoning thei half dead babes on the lonely roads and high ways, while they themselves escape cruel death b passing the Bulgarian boundary with utmost difficulty Bulgaria has given a home and shelter to these refu gees; but neither private benevolence, nor governmen donations will suffice any more. Our country is not rich There are **30,000 souls to be clad and fed, an the winter has set in.** Our eyes blinded with ho tears, we beg of you to help us."

. . .

All contributions should be addressed:

MACEDONIA RELIEF WORK,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in th columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and all will b forwarded to our missionaries in the field.

A Mother of the Tenements

By OWEN KILDARE

HELIOTROPE, carnation pink, new-mown hay, and other fragrances, telling of luxury, ease and worldliness, have many admirers, but the homelier smell, the fragrance of soap-suds also as its partisans, and if you, as I, are one of them, let tell others the story of the Madonna of the wash-tub.

Once in awhile a poet, whose soul tired from soaring Parnassian heights, gets closer to the ground, will ng an epic of the lowly, humbler folk, that finds an ho in the hearts of millions. But far too little has en sung and rhymed about the lady of the shawl and ron—our mother of the tenement. And these, our thers, strive their way along, the monotone of it ne a sacrifice, without a murmur or a sound of gruming, with no reward but in their work well done.

I shall never cease refuting those superficial men and men, who picture to you my own people, the lesser d the humble, as growling, grumbling malcontents.

"One of the ladies of the neighborhood calls"

ere they that, I, for one, would not always be ready fight for them with word of mouth or pen. One can- t fight an honest battle unless the cause is good.

Poverty often breeds greedy selfishness, but it also ngs out the very best that is in human nature, and ver seems more golden than when gilded by the iet, daily sacrifices of those first ladies of the land, e mothers of the tenements.

Ah, well do I know them!

When a lad of the streets I loved them; when a uth they were my sweethearts. But they would not it for me and went and got married; and even now, hough they treated me so shamefully, I still love m, and more, respect them.

To meet them you need not make a special appointnt. Their days are all alike and they are never ay from home. Scores of them do not get beyond boundaries of two or three blocks from their homes years, and know as little about the "uptown world" they know of the life therein.

So, if you would like to meet her, you may accompany to call on Mrs. Mac.

Arrived at her door, we hear the peculiar "tschuck, huck" produced by the piano of the tenement—the sh-board—while Mrs. Mac herself hums lustily:

w, Mrs. Farlane she weighed forty four;
she'd weighed forty-five, then she'd weighed a pound more

She does not hear us entering, and changes to her old orite, "Young Paddy's Colleen."

Muah-ha-ha-hah!
Said the Colleen to Paddy
Muah-ha-ha-hah!
Then said Paddy to ——

"I declare if it ain't—the top o' the mornin' to ye!" e had seen us at last, and what Paddy said to the lleen did not become known.

"Now you sit right down here, and I'll have a cup o' for you in a twinkling." There is no declining her spitality, and while she brews the cheering cup, quette demands that you inquire: "And how are the lder?"

"Ah, they're well, thank you kindly; and Jimmie's owing. Oh, my, but ain't he that! And I say"— s. Mac looks about for eavesdroppers, not for fear of m, but from habit—"my Maggie is keeping company h—ah, I'm sure you'll never guess?"

"Not with Tim Malone, the truck driver?"

"Tim Malone, indeed! No, my Maggie is too good the loikes o' him. It's Frank Noonan that's my ggie's fellow."

"Not Frank Noonan, the leader's son?"

"The very self-same, and I'll have you know my ggie is fit for the very best o' them."

That, of course, cannot be denied, and while Mrs. Mac — her name is McCarthy, but all who love her, which means all who know her, call her Mrs. Mac—is busy with the "tay," we look at her humble home.

The three rooms were permeated by the smell of soap-suds, coming from the tub standing beneath the one window in the front room, which was all-kitchen, living and dining-room, and even bed-room for Jimmie, the "young one." The two bed-rooms — the parental chamber and Maggie's boudoir—were dark, depending for their sole ventilation on the narrow slit in the masonry, called ironically "air shaft." But from the bed-clothes to the floor, a scrupulous cleanliness prevailed.

(Why are we always so ready to believe that poverty loves dirt?)

Facing the door from the hall was the cooking range, which also heated the apartment. In the corner to the right was the cupboard, which, on its gayly papered and fringed shelves, held all the household utensils and crockery of the family. In the corner to the left was the "old man's" rocker, the "bewraw," and a small table, which held a stack of colored newspaper supplements. Between the range and the lounge—Jimmie's couch—was the table, surrounded by four chairs, on which the meals were set, the son's lessons ground out and the women's sewing done.

True, it was all cheap; was tawdry from the green and red paper on the shelves to the "fashion plates" cut from different publications and gummed to the wall by Maggie, the "darter," but through it all there was the visible desire to give cheer and comfort to her family. The mother has to be all in all—housekeeper, friend, adviser, consoler, judge, executioner, tailor, dressmaker, chaperone, teacher, and everything else.

Tenement house existences have occasional variances, but unfortunately they are seldom of an agreeable nature. There are the deaths and the greedily expensive funerals, with their obligatory pomp; the only times when the poor ride in state—even if on credit to the undertaker. Illness, with the calls of the doctor, brings also a break in the monotony and gives the family temporary prominence in the neighborhood; but it is an expensive luxury. Then there are the dispossessions, and is there a street with a stone in its pavement, on which, not once upon a time, the dingy lares and penates of a huddled family group cried their own tale to heaven? Also—and this is the most wonderful of all—times come, when the daughter, but lately grown up from a child, dazed and turned by the cheap flatteries of loaferish dandies at the balls and picnics, is missing from the humble place, which was a home to her and hers so long. Neither lastly or leastly are the "celebrations" of the men—usually on their pay-days. when money neither morally or ethically all their own, is spent in carousing and paid for by deprivation. And in all these instances, it is the mother, ever-patient, ever-tried, who has to bear the brunt of it, and straighten matters with kind words or righteous anger.

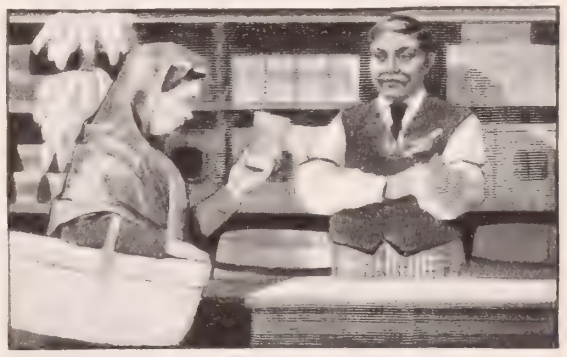
"She is constantly asked to tie a bow"

Mrs. McCarthy had had her share of it all, so, while at the wash-tub, or hanging the clothes on the line, or at her cooking fire, her thoughts ran in narrow compass to the past and the little incidents in the life of the block. As to her aspirations, they were not of the high-flown order. To see that the "old man" and the children had their meals and beds and clean clothes, were the ambitions of the mother. To hope that Maggie would marry a man who could give her a home at least as good as her own, and that Jimmie would grow up a smart young fellow, who could make a living more by his mental than his manual labor, were desires most natural. There was no future for her and the "old man," excepting a continuation of the present. She knew it could be nothing else, unless the health of herself or the "old man" should fail before Jimmie and the girl were provided, and then—but Mrs. McCarthy was too cheerful to let such thoughts stay with her long.

Mrs. Mac's alarm clock is the milkman, who comes, with his unearthly noise of tin cans and yells, at the break of day.

James McCarthy Sr., the "old man," is a driver, and has to be at the stable every morning at seven o'clock, to feed and clean his horses and harness. It takes him more than half an hour to get to the stable from his home. This entailed an early breakfast, and we find Mrs. McCarthy rising at five o'clock, to start the fire, cook the breakfast, and superintend the departure of her husband.

Maggie has reached the "young lady" age, which permits a certain independence; and still under the influence of her pleasant dreams, she eats her breakfast in



"She cannot resist the temptation of looking"

haughty silence—and a few minutes, giving more time to her toilet of hair coiffure and ribbon finery. It should not be supposed that the mother is permitted to remain idle during this period, and watch her daughter's proceedings with reverent wonder. She is constantly asked to fasten buttons and hooks, or to tie a bow here and there.

Then, when it is seemingly finished, a final inspection generally ends with: "Say, ma, ain't the pink ribbon a little too loud on this sea-green waist?"

And "ma" has to weigh the matter with intense reflection before pronouncing her ultimatum.

The parting kiss is never forgotten, and before Maggie has descended the three flights of stairs to the street, the mother—summer or winter, rain or shine—leans from the window to get a last glimpse of her daughter, before she mingles with the crowd of workers hastening to their daily toil

Shutting the window, "ma" looks towards the lounge, where her tousled and freckled boy is enjoying his last moments in slumberland. There is absolutely nothing angelic about the urchin, in fact, he is rather an ordinary kid; but to this plain woman, with her heart of gold, he is the only boy in this world, the centre point of her emotions, also the objective point of her maternal spankings.

Then it's "Jimmie, boy, don't you want no breakfast?"

And Jimmie? He rolls about lazily and growls, "Oh, leave me alone, ma; leave me alone."

But the mother caresses and tickles, until the boy, in high dudgeon, jumps from his couch and runs for his shoes.

In the meanwhile the mother heats the coffee and cuts more bread, and then puts that enormous tin affair, the wash-boiler, in commission. It's Monday—and wash day.

Jimmie, eyes only half open, is, nevertheless, sufficiently wide-awake to the main chance, which means to "beat washing his face." But in vain is all his diplomacy.

"Now, Jimmie, take your basin like a good boy, and give your face a good washing—heaven knows you need it."

The operation is not permitted to be performed out in the hall, "in under the sink," but must take place in the room, where "ma" watches with most unrelenting zeal that the neck and the ears are properly "lathered and scrubbed."

At last this torture is ended, and Jimmie, with shining nose, glowing cheeks and plastered hair, sits down to the table to eat his morning meal in company with his mother, who has deferred breaking her fast until now.

This meal is a very pleasant one to Mrs. McCarthy, and yet a tinge of regret is ever present.

"And what will you be learning to-day, Jimmie?" she will ask.

"Ah, language and joggraffy and all them things," come the answer, with the assurance of the scientist.

"Now, in joggraffy you learn all about the other countries, don't you, Jimmie?"

"Sure! All about Germany and France and Africa—but I ain't that far yet."

"Now, tell me, Jimmie, has the teacher been telling you anything about the auld country—about Ireland? Has he now?" and a wistful note whispers in her question.

"Naw! There ain't no such country, teacher says. They ain't got no king nor nothing, and they belong to England," answers Jimmie, without regard for his mother's feelings, she seeing in her mind's vision the picture of the long ago, when she sailed from the banks of the river Shannon, to land, a buxom lass, on these shores of the promised land.

Short is the day dream, for the hour is getting late, Jimmie has to be bundled off to school and there is much work to do.

But Mrs. McCarthy is a woman for all that, and while she rolls her sleeves back over the plump arms, she stands in front of the looking-glass and looks at herself. It's a pleasant reflection that greets her. The hair, the nose, and the eyes are unmistakably Irish; in other words, the hair is like gold when looked at in the shadow; the nose is ambitious and striving upwards, and the eyes—ah, the eyes, they are true and affectionate, and damp with a glorious dew. One more look does the plump little lady permit herself, and then it's "to work."

First, the bedding is pulled apart and shaken; then the floor is swept and dusted. This done, the dishes and cooking utensils are washed and dried, and after that the principal event of the day's programme—the washing—is begun in the proper spirit of energy. And for hours and hours there is no sound in the room excepting the "tschuck, tschuck" which we heard on our entrance, and perhaps, the snatch of a favorite song.

Little occurs during the day to interrupt Mrs. Mac, not even luncheon. Only when one of the ladies of the neighborhood calls is a somewhat ceremonial tea spread. At other times, a sip from her cup and a bite from a crust, taken while passing the range or the table, is all the food consumed. And this in spite of the fact that not one minute of the day is permitted to go to waste. Even during visits of neighbors the work is not stopped.

These visits are about the only recreation vouchsafed to these mothers of the tenements. Sure, it is nothing but gossip, but we should not forget how very small their world is, bounded by an almost immediate horizon. Also, it is not all praiseworthy that is discussed at these visits, and many reputations are dissected and sometimes condemned; but before condemning, let us remember the saying about people who live in glass houses. To offset the evil side of these chats it must be stated that they are the only channels through which the calamities of the district become known, and I know of occasions where two or three women, after discussing recent sicknesses or other ills which had befallen their neighbors, combined to alleviate the suffering or misery they had talked about. It is a small, a very small, world in which they live, yet in it you will find, as elsewhere, many shortcomings and failings, and also, all noble sentiments made doubly worthy by their humble environment.

After the washing had been "hung out on the line," Mrs. Mac had not much time left for the mending and patching of her family's wearing apparel. Even if she were careless about her own eating she could not neglect the others, and with the arrival of the last of the family, the supper was ready and placed on the table.

It is the only time during the day that the entire family meets. However, great hilarity is not the order, as the meal is more of a labor than a pleasure, and is finished in a very short time.

One of the sad things of tenement house life is that the home circle is so little cultivated. There are several reasons for this, one being that mental activity is exceedingly limited. Another reason is that the quarters are generally so small that a comfortable gathering around the hearth is well nigh impossible.

In the case of the McCarthys, Jimmie lacked sufficient room for his boyish pranks; the "old man" missed his important political controversies, and Maggie—well, Frank Noonan, her "steady," was waiting downstairs. And so we find Mrs. Mack, even before the last dish is removed from the table, again deserted and devoted to her work, while her charges were following the different directions of their inclinations. But there is not a word of protest, for she is a mother of the tenement, and as such, cannot expect to be an exception.

The room once more set in order, Mrs. Mac reaches a very pleasant task in her routine. Fixing the fire and turning low the light, she leaves for the store to do her marketing. Every shop window on the way has been often scrutinized before, still she cannot resist the temptation of looking at many of the things, in which, by having longed for them so long, she has an almost proprietary right. And then the pricing at the store is another pastime. True, the grocer does not carry very many delicacies—they would remain unsold on his shelves; but the few he has for decorative purposes, are handled and bargained for, as if the women really meant to buy them.

Her modest purchases made, Mrs. Mac returns home, noting that her own daughter, Maggie, has an intensely interesting rendezvous with Frank Noonan at the door of the tenement. A wealth of faith has Mrs. Mac in her daughter, still she is only a simple young girl, and the maternal care is forever watching over her.

Nodding kindly to the young man, who doffs his hat with a cheery "Good evening, Mrs. McCarthy," the old lady climbs the stairs to her top floor, resting many times on the way, for indeed, her limbs are tired.

But now the schedule of the day is drawing to its close. This is indicated by getting the couch ready for Jimmie. He is the first victim to be sent to sleep, and is summoned in clarion tones by his mother from the window. And the stubby-nosed kid is undressed and tucked under his blankets with a care, the very essence of tenderness. Soon he is asleep, and then the thoughts of Mrs. Mac turn to the "old man" and hope for his early home coming.

She is not disappointed, for, ere long, the heavy tramp on the stairs tells his return, which is quickly followed by his going to bed. He, too, is made comfortable and easy, before the mother looks at the old clock—winding it at the same time—and thinks of the pair downstairs. All things must come to an end, and so the mother appoints herself love's rude awakener.

She descends to the street, winds the apron around her arms, and stepping through the doorway, she cruelly interrupts the cooing pair.

"It's a lovely evening, Frank Noonan," she says with natural diplomacy, and walks to the curb, looking at the sky and roofs of houses.

Now, I am sure you know it—it is well nigh impossible to talk love's language in the presence of a third person, and Frank Noonan suddenly awakes to the fact that it is very late. His good-night to Maggie is soft and whispered. Then to the mother—"Almost time to be in bed, Mrs. McCarthy. I guess I'll be going home."

"Are you going, Frank? Well, good night to you, boy, and may you have pleasant dreams."

"Thank you, Mrs. McCarthy, and the same to you. Good night to you both."

Mother and daughter ascend together in silence.

"Good night, ma"; the daughter retires, and again the mother is left alone.

The finale has come!

The fire receives the needed attention, Jimmie is once more covered with his blankets and the lamp extinguished. Now the mother's work is done.

So, first to rise and last to retire, the mother of the tenement goes to her well earned rest, from which she will waken to find the new-come day the twin of t one just passed.

. . .

That is the story of the mother of t tenement, and now, after reading it y may feel a slight disappointment. It simply a chronicle of toil, the toil whi you know so well, and not a legend romance of great and heroic deeds.

You, if you are a woman, may have h days exceeding the day of the mother the tenement in severe labor. Still, know that after a moment's reflection y will see the hardship of her lot.

There are many stanch-hearted wom in the farmhouses of our country, wh year in and year out, know naught b work from the lark's awakening to t firmament's greatest starry glory, and th at first glance might say, "Do I not wo harder than that mother of the tenemen

I know but little, too little, of the l of the farm and field, and it is not for to decide that question. But I do kn this one thing, that your reward, whet appreciated or not, is greater. Have y not God's green about you, and the sm of the hay, the madrigals of feathe choirs,and, above all,the heaven-perfum dew-sprayed air of nature? Your life not spent in the radius of a few feet space, you have miles. And, if noth else, you at least can always see bef you the creation of the All One.

Have you ever had a peep into yards of the tenements? It seems a covered by a network—the lines of wa ing day running from house to hou Follow these lines, and you will find wom working and toiling, who have lost remembrance of flowers, to whom a l itself is as a mystery. You will women, homely, yet loyal, bend their task with dull and duller growi hearts, because the beautiful of life is even a thing they have heard of.

While writing the preceding paragrap I have had come to my mind the pict of the "Man with the Hoe." Do as I and draw the parallel. If he, the man coarser grain stands level with the ox there in nature's realm, how is it with woman of a texture in which each fil longs for love, affection and sympat who lives down here among my hum folk, and never can inhale the moist sm of earth or faint odor of even the bl of grass?

Make it a personal question.

You in the country, work, perhaps, or two hours longer than the woman the tenement, but would you exchan places with her? I hardly think so.

And even were I wrong, you will beli in my faith and respect for the women our land, and, because of that, you wo think less of me were I not loyal to h the only mother I have known—the mot of the tenements.

THE FIRE-SWEPT MONUMENTAL CITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159

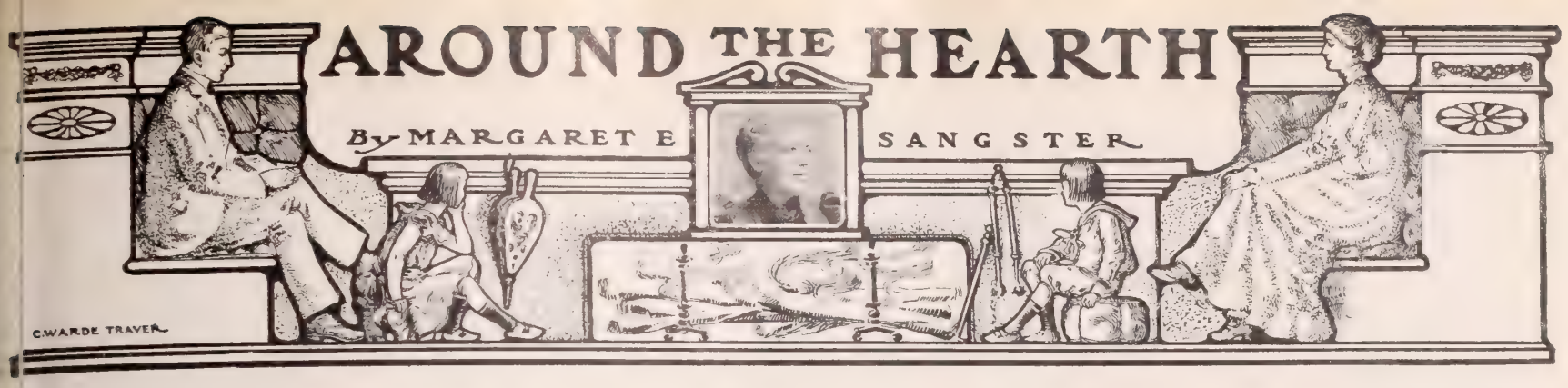
WHERE THE HOPKINS BLOCK STOOD

LOOKING DOWN CHARLES STREET

RUINS IN BALTIMORE STREET

About this time the direction of the wind changed, and diverted the course of the fire toward the stream of water which separates the city proper from East Baltimore. If the flames could cross that barrier, they would reach the lumber yards, the shipping houses and the homes of the poor. The danger was well understood, but the firemen were worn out with their long fight, the fresh water was nearly exhausted, and some of the engines could not use salt water. The timely arrival of nine engines and fire companies from New York at this juncture, having made the run of one hundred and eighty miles on special trains, turned the tide of the battle. They took up a position on the water front and on the bridges, and the chief seized a tug boat, and, with a hose from an engine on the bridge, passed up and down the stream, throwing a flood of water right upon the heart of the burning section, along the water front. There the enemy was defeated, and after a few hours the fire was pronounced under control. The rest of the city was saved.

From New York and other cities, telegrams w sent to the Mayor of Baltimore, expressing sympat and assuring him that if assistance was needed, eit of food or money, it would be promptly rendered. T Mayor, in reply, cordially thanked them for their offe but said there was no immediate need ,and he belie that none would arise that Baltimore herself could supply. If, however, when the full extent of the dis ter was known, such need should appear, he would av himself of the offers so generously made.



The Wooden Wedding

FIVE years hurry by on wings, on the flying path of a dream. Comes the day of the wooden wedding, and the lovers who started out so joyously, speeded by the good wishes of friends and kinsfo, accept the congratulations and gifts of their circle, athis gracious merrymaking, themselves visibly little altred. Any slight change in their looks and bearing habeen for the better. The young matron is prettier, me dignified, has more poise and serenity than were he as a girl. Her husband is manlier. He means me to himself as a married man than he did as a bchelor, and he is worth infinitely more to the commity. Probably the home has widened its doors, at thlight tap of baby fingers. One, two, perhaps three children in it, make the household rich, and fill the days an nights of the mother with new interests, new joys an cares.

When the wooden wedding-day dawns, she and her gd man have learned to know ch other well. There may have bn disillusion, but it has been sreeded by contentment. One enys the morning sunshine, thigh one misses the rose and pel of the dew-wet dawn. Just he to please, how to comfort, he to help (may I say it without offense), how to manage her hband, the wife has found out in ese happy years; and, on his pt, he has discovered, with a h -whimsical amusement, that it's not always plain sailing wh her; that he must reef and tn and 'ware shoals now and th, though he loves her as wife f more than he did as sweetheart. The night when he heard th faint cry of his first-born, and thked God from a full heart th the ordeal was over and his dling spared, was for him the dinct beginning of a new car—made him more devotedly h husband, that she was the m her of his child. People are a ays dwelling on the joy of m herhood. Fatherhood has its jo whereof the depth is too profnd to be measured by any pmmet but that of unselfish love. trangely, babies do not always, wcome as thy are, contribute to th every-day felicity of the everyd home.

. . .

For a while the mother is in sctuary. She must be in session. She must spend her time in egaining her strength, and in nistry to the fragile life that h floated into the harbor of her abs. The husband, lonely a bit in the first weeks, accepts the necsities of the situation; he may have a certain inward rbolt of which he is ashamed, and which he sternly spresses, and he is loveliness itself when allowed in H wife's domains, and servitude itself in the charmed kgdom of the child.

Later, when the baby becomes—so to speak—an old sry, when the mother is released from the continual hdage that was inevitable in the earlier weeks of the sall sovereign's rule, the husband grows a trifle weary ebeing a tolerated outsider.

Now is the wife's opportunity, which she does not a ays seize, to keep him as much her own as before. Se makes a deadly mistake, if she can think and sak only of her baby. A domestic woman is admirable; but if she be limited to domesticity, she grows fr fully dull. I have known women who, in the role of mther, were adorable, but who were nothing else. They ld no other role. They had lost the knack of dressi daintily, they gave up society, they forgot they had er read a newspaper or looked into a book. Absorbed i the care of the growing family that claimed every thought, they ceased to grow mentally or spiritually, and while their souls were dwarfed and their intellectual development was arrested, their husbands went on and left them far in the rear. A baby needs continual oversight and unremitting devotion, and, above all, an atmosphere of quiet and of the tenderest love. But it should be in the back of the mother's mind, not on the front doorstep; in the background of her home, not on the centre of the stage. A husband has not ceased to have rights because he has become a father. A mother is not less a wife because she has a child as well as a husband to fill her heart.

. . .

The wooden wedding should find a youthful married pair allied in friendly social intercourse with other young people, who have a similar standing in the world, and similar outward circumstances. In a suburban village, whither naturally men on salaries and with moderate incomes trend, there are usually groups of homes that may fitly have much in common. Whatever brings these people together on designated evenings during a season, whether it be a reading-club, or an occasional outing and supper, it is in the line of wholesome living, and none should hold coldly aloof. Much social pleasure centres about the church in every small village and town. As iron sharpeneth iron, so in the friction of agreeable society, men and women keep young and bright, are saved from being stupid and frumpy, and find a sort of daily salvation. Though a tired man gird at putting on evening clothes and going to a party, it is to him a means of grace, beyond a pipe and slippers; not every evening, but on stated evenings. Though a woman hates to tuck her baby in and kiss it good-night, and leave it for an hour or two to the care of another, it is often the best thing she can do for it, for its present and its future. Babies grown to girlhood and boyhood delight in clever, beautiful, alert, keen-witted mothers. A mother must not break her alabaster box too soon, nor pour all her life's fragrance over the cribs where her wee ones sleep.

. . .

This is the lesson of the wooden wedding. Gifts made of wood, not metal; of living, not dead things. Gifts for use, for service; homely gifts for life's common days and common places. And two, who have been one long enough, to realize that life's purest joys are found only where two divide and share and keep a feast.

AFTER THE CHRISTENING

The sacred Name has been above him said,
The sacred drops bedewed his baby head,
Henceforth, dear Christ, this little one shall be
Thy soldier and Thy servant, given to Thee.

When a Boy Wants to Run Away

A MIDDLE-AGED man told me one day, that when he was a boy, he was possessed by a passionate desire to run away. His home was comfortable, he was well-clothed and well-fed, and was sent to a good school. "Mother," he said, "was an angel. No one could have been kinder and more devoted. Father was severe, but so were the fathers of the other boys. I was treated exactly like the rest of the lads in town, and though I had a whipping now and then, I soon forgot it, and I had a pretty good time. But when I was seventeen I ran away, and never went home till I was twenty-two. The folks thought I was dead. When I came back, they could hardly believe their eyes."

"Did you never send a letter or a word to let that good mother know where her wandering boy was, in those five long years?"

"Indeed no. It was cruel, I knew how cruel, when I saw how bent were her shoulders, how faded her eyes with weeping, and how white her hair had grown. It aged my father, too, aged him fearfully. I look at my little son," pointing to a youngster beating a drum outside the door, "and wonder how I could stand it, if he ever treated me as I treated my parents. At the time, I thought nothing about it. There was a cry in my soul that would not be satisfied. I was wild to see other places, to toss about on the ocean, to step on strange shores and to have adventures. Something inside me drove me on. In my day children never confided in their parents. I never dreamed of telling any one how I felt, and I don't much think any one would have listened if I had. Not even mother! She would have dismissed it as nonsense."

There are still parents who fail to win and hold the entire confidence of their children. The former strictness is very much relaxed, and discipline is very gentle in most of our households. Nevertheless, I have known a boy to run away and stay away for months, from a home in which he and his father had been comrades, and in which his mother had tucked him in bed every night from babyhood.

A boy sometimes does this, because his reading has not been guarded. Hairbreadth tales of pirates and robbers, of red-handed Dick and dare-devil Jack, have turned his brain. A touch of real hardship, of hunger, privation, cold and home-sickness may cure such a boy and send him home, repentant and humiliated, glad to stay there. But such reading has sent boys to Joliet and Sing-Sing and Dannemora. There are young men of good families serving long terms in prison, because, as boys, they read bad literature, ran away from home restraints, and committed foolish and wicked acts.

If a boy is bent on some senseless and silly expedition and his parents know it, they may cure him in one or two ways. A good plan is to further his scheme with enthusiasm. Put no obstacles in the way. Ship him before the mast, or get him entered on a school-ship, or let him join some company of travelers, who are going out on an exploring trip and may run into some perils. Another method is to equip him for a journey, not necessarily a very hard one, but one that will require some pluck and nerve, and send him on it, with, if possible, a legitimate errand and responsibility attached.

The roving drop in the blood may be a legacy from generations back of you and the boy. It is trying, but it is not the worst thing a boy can develop.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MRS. A. I have never found it easy to make good gingerbread without sour cream. Try yours with it, instead of with sweet milk.

—MARY. It is very kind to accompany a friend to the front door, but very silly to stand chatting with her there. Finish your talk in the parlor.

—ELEANOR. Naphtha, gasoline, and all such volatile cleaning fluids must be used in the day-time only, and then, not near a stove. Have the garments cleansed in the open air and do not let them freeze.

—GRACE A. Your interesting letter is received. Please send me your girl friend's name. The man you mention is not worthy of confidence. He seems to be altogether to blame. A girl so young as you are should not have such complications.

WITH CHRIST AT SEA ❋ Jesus Calms the Storm

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 6
MARK 4 : 35-41

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM, SO THAT THE WAVES THEREOF ARE STILL PSALM 107 : 29 :

EVEN the wind and the sea obey him. Why do they? Because he made them (John 1 : 3). It is the evening hour. The afterglow of the sunset is reflected upon the sea of Galilee, and so smooth is it that it seems to be colored glass. Along this shore, toward Capernaum, a number of people are entering little boats. It is clearly their intention to follow a larger boat which has just started. And now the gloriously colored sea is dotted with white wings, the sails of the little ships. And why do they follow the larger ship? Because Jesus is crossing in it to the other side. And why do they follow him? Have they not been listening to his teaching all day? Oh, yes, they have heard the parable of the sower who went forth to sow; the parable of the enemy who sowed tares among the wheat; of the grain of mustard, the least of all seeds, that became a tree, in which the birds of the air came to lodge; of the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal; of the treasure hid in the field; of the pearl of great price, and of the net that was cast into the sea, and gathered fish of every kind. They had heard these things, and wanted to hear more, and so they followed on when they saw him embark, for they had heard him say to his twelve apostles: "Let us pass over unto the other side."

The way was rather long—from six to seven miles—and before they were half way over, darkness began to settle down. Jesus himself had lain down to sleep in the hinder part of the boat, his head upon the steersman's low seat for a pillow. A sudden tempest came on, and the waves rose like demons, which struck at the whole fleet. Fear took hold upon all save Jesus, who continued to sleep. "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" were the words with which his frightened apostles awoke him.

The storm had no terror for him, for he knew that he had power within himself to control it. But the eyes of all in the little ships were straining in the darkness to see if he were not going to do something for their deliverance. Jesus lifted his head from his hard pillow, and arose to his feet, and commanded: "Peace, be still." Both the wind and the sea knew their Master. The wind ceased, and the waves slunk down, and there was a great calm. The suddenness of their subsiding struck those in the little ships with astonishment, but they were not slow to recognize that it had been done through the power of Jesus. The apostles, who knew all of the circumstances, exclaimed: "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obeyed him!" The storm of fear which the apostles had in their hearts was checked likewise by the rebuke of Jesus: "Why are ye fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" The morning found them all safely landed at Gergesa, eager to hear the wonderful words of Jesus, and to witness his works of healing.

Illustration and Application

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of Jehovah, and
his wonders in the deep (Ps. 107 : 23).
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea.

No thoughtful superintendent or teacher can fail to prepare the way for this lesson by reading Psalm 107 : 23-31, the sea picture from which the Golden Text is taken; and the story should be framed at both ends, in such hymns as are quoted above and elsewhere. The natural theme is: The Voyage of Life. 1. Christlike sleeping. 2. Christlike awaking.

For centuries, men have spoken in prose and poetry of "The Voyage of Life." The analogies are so evident and so many that it is one of the oldest of similes, as it is one of the most impressive. At birth, life is launched by love on an unknown sea. The outfitting is the work of years. Parents, teachers and pastors prepare body, mind and heart for the voyage, of which the end of school is the "commencement." A ship, however well built, that goes forth upon the sea without a reliable pilot is destined to wreck, but not less so is the life that refuses to take the divine Pilot on board. He alone knows all dangerous hidden rocks, and the safe channel from youth out into manhood and beyond. For this world, as well as the other, they are safest who put the helm of life in his hand. That is what we call "consecration." Not alone religion, but good sense prompts us to take such a guide, since his way, not ours, is the safe, wise way. As once before, so now again, we commend to those starting out on the perilous voyage of life, the Breton boatman's prayer: "Keep me, my God, my boat is so small, and the ocean is so wide." Next to the necessity of a divine Pilot, to make life's voyage a success, is the necessity of keeping the water in its proper place, under the ship. As the ship must move in the water, so the Christian must live in the world; but if the ocean gets into the ship or the world fills the life, there is wreck and ruin. This is what it means to use the world as not abusing it, that is, not letting it abuse and corrupt us.

I. Christlike sleep and rest in the voyage of life, is one of the duties suggested by this lesson. One-third of life belongs to sleep; and yet, how little we have considered how and when and where a Christian should sleep. To sleep eight hours a day, is a duty as well as a privilege. To sleep more than that, when full-grown and in health, is hardly less than a sin. We may learn something from Christ on the benefit of sleeping out of doors, or at least where the out of doors oxygen can come abundantly to us. That Jesus was asleep amid the noise of the storm, assures us he had been hard at work the day before. That is one of the compensations of hard work, that it brings such deep, sweet sleep, such as loungers and loafers seldom know. Christ's

"HE SAID UNTO THE SEA, 'PEACE, BE STILL'"

sleep, speaks also of trust in God. He knew well how suddenly a storm leaps like a panther out of the gorges at the north of the Lake of Galilee, but he laid him down to sleep in the little sail-boat without a fear. A sailor, who had the same habit of trust, was calm amid a perilous storm at sea, and said to those who wondered that his soul was not tossed with tempest, like others about him: "If we should be wrecked, I should only sink into the hollow of my Father's hand, for he holds all of the waters there."

My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite:
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.
Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss. DEAN ALFORD.

While one should sleep but eight hours a day, he should rest in God twenty-four hours every day, whatever comes. When Christ was awaked in the story we are studying, he did not cease from rest though the spray was dashing in his face and the outcry of his affrighted disciples filled his ears. So by his life, even more than by his lips he taught that one may "rest" under the "yoke" and have peace in the very midst of battle (Matt. 11 : 29).

II. Christlike awaking at the cry of others in fear and distress. This lesson also suggests to us our duty. Christ did not disregard his disciples' fears because they were so foolish. It seems to us amazing that men who had seen Christ calm the tempests in the hearts of demoniacs and work so many other miracles that showed him the Master of nature's forces, could have feared anything while he was with them in the ship. But are our anxieties and worries any less foolish when we know he is as surely with us in the voyage of life? He hears our trembling prayers for comfort, despite their "little faith," and though they have even less of reason, and likewise we are bound to comfort others in their faithless fears and other needless sorrows. Very much of a true life's awaking efforts is given to helping men out of needless trouble—the doubts they should have cast aside, the poverty or sickness or failure they have brought on themselves. If Christ had helped only those whose troubles were not mostly their own fault, we ourselves should have been passed by.

We can not help others out of trouble as Jesus did, by a miracle, but we can all help in some way. Near a big lighthouse a visitor saw a small black iron pillar.

"It is a light bearer too," said Mr. Hanson, the lighthouse keeper, "and in that iron basket that you see at the top, a fire is kept burning when the fishing boats are expected home." "But surely," said Mr. May, the visitor, "it is not necessary to have a small, insignificant light like that, when you have the powerful lights in the lighthouse so near." "It may seem strange to you," said Mr. Hanson, "but that little light not only throws light over the dark waters, but it also helps to make even the lighthouse itself more useful. When the fishermen are coming in to shore, they look out for the little light, and when it is in a line with the bright light of the lighthouse, they know they are steering straight for home, and will soon reach it in safety. I have often thought it might encourage young Christians who think their light is so small that it hard matters whether they shine or not, to see h necessary the little light is, to enable t sailor to make full use of the lighthouse."

Even a child may help in the voyage life by being such a helpful "west wind" Charley was in the following story:

"See, mamma, I'm the wind," said Charle as he puffed out his cheeks and blew his lit boat across the great Sea of Dishpan. "Wel said busy mamma, "if you are going to b wind, I hope you will be the clear, bright w wind, blowing away the clouds and fo Never be a chilly, rainy, east wind." Charl liked the fancy, and now when the east wi is blowing out of doors, and people are d and a little cross, he tries to make sunshi indoors. He likes to hear mamma sa "What bright weather my dear West Wi is making here in the house."

JESUS CALMS THE { SEA / SOUL

There was a great calm. The Spani Bible translates this "a grand bonanza." some poetic analogy, this word that signif calm after storm, has come to be applied the miner's success after hard prospectin when a rich mine has at last been fou which gives him ease after toil. And the ca after storm that Christ puts into the so that cry to him is indeed a "grand bonanz the supreme discovery, the most abidi wealth. A mind at peace, ready to live die, what have the mines to compare to tha And if a man's own soul has not such a "b nanza" within, what comfort can any gold silver "bonanza" bring to him? If his "b nanza" is within, no outward storm can bre that inward calm.

Christ does not in these days calm t storms at sea by miracles, but he gives divi courage to meet them calmly, and to h others in the storm, as in these winter da we are often reminded by the stories of t brave life-savers of the coasts. Throu mighty waves these heroes row at great pe and almost miraculously rescue imperill crews. If the one-third of our populati who are church members, were all life save as they should all be, each would only ne to save two others to rescue all our unsav ones from the danger of soul shipwreck both worlds. Have you saved your two?

A Missionary Illustration

Not to single souls alone, but to wh tribes, whose hearts were tossed with sup stitious fears and oppressed with cruel c toms, Christ has come to bring his wonder peace. The miracle Christ has wrought our day in Fiji, is greater than the stilling the tempest on Galilee.

More than sixty years ago, there set fo from London a little band of missionari Many of their friends prophesied that th would never return, for their destination w the Fiji Islands. Not one of the Fijians h heard the name of Jesus. They were nak heathens and cannibals of the most degrad kind. In the midst of these poor benight savages, there landed this little company God's servants. "Sight sees giants; faith s God." Mark the results. Some ten ye ago a Fiji chief was talking to an Englishm who, I grieve to say, scoffed at the Gosp saying he didn't believe in it. After listeni to his arguments, the native said: "You co from the land of blessedness and light, t you speak like an idiot, sir. We know w what the religion of Jesus has done for and it has done something for you, to "What do you mean?" asked the Englishm "I will explain where you would have be now, if we had not been Christians. I sho say: 'Take out this white man here; kill h and cook him. And, when he is nicely do bring him in.' Look here," pointing to open mouth and throat, "you would going down there fast. If we did not se the Lord Jesus, I should be eating y now!"

Into that region of darkness and death, G indeed "commanded the light to shine." N every Sunday, in 1,300 villages in Fiji, t Bible is read and explained. Over 183,0 copies of God's Word have been eage bought by those one-time cannibals. A many of those converted Fijians have go forth to New Guinea, New Britain and islar two thousand miles from their homes, to t of the Saviour who has given them and th people such "light, gladness and joy."

The end of the voyage we shall reach safety if our life is hid with Christ in God.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last,
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God, all our days are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

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The Man who was Down and Out

A BOWERY MISSION AUTOBIOGRAPHY

NO, I have not the excuse so many men give for having wasted their years. I am not a product of the Bowery or its environs. I was born west of the Mississippi. I came of good stock, and was reared in a country town noted for its high moral tone and educational advantages.

At twenty, I began to feel that I had outgrown my environment, that the town was "pokey," and that if I stayed there much longer, I should be "pokey" also, so I bade home, mother and the old town good-bye, and started for Chicago.

There was rather more of the city than I had imagined, but I managed to conceal my surprise. I rented a room, bought a restaurant meal-ticket, and started on a hunt for employment, which I was fortunate in finding at the first place to which I applied. I was so pleased at the prospect that I did not stop to ask how much I was to receive for my work; but I hoped it would be enough to pay my living expenses. I can say, at this late day, that I was clever at the business, and I made a hit, resulting in my earning more money in a week than I had ever before received in a month. I wrote a jubilant and rather patronizing letter home to my mother, and enclosed so much of my week's pay that she wrote me, anxiously inquiring if I was sure that all this money had "come right," fearing some mistake.

I began to feel that I was of importance in the world. I was addressed as "Mr." at the office (I was now in charge of a department). My judgment was invited in certain lines of the business; not only asked, but acted upon. Of course my head swelled with pride and vanity, and now was the beginning of the end!

I had always attended church; but I now gave it up, and spent my Sundays in pleasuring. At first I was miserable, as I had been when I drank my first glass of wine. I felt guilty, and I didn't enjoy it. Ah! the beginning of the end, but I didn't know it. I wrote mother, and told her the text of the sermon I did not hear, and gave a brief summary of the sermon and service, copied from a newspaper. It was a lie of course—a mean, sneaking lie—but I argued that I did not want to worry her; she was a dear sweet mother, but a bit old-fashioned and a little narrow in some things. I did not wonder at this, living as she did in that little town.

And then I thought how much she was to be congratulated upon having such a smart son; I was getting on, and doing her and the old town credit. Oh yes! I was getting on, much faster than I realized; getting on in the path which leads to misery and degradation; but I did not know it, or would not acknowledge it.

I now began to live more in keeping with my improved circumstances, and it took a good deal of money to supply my needs. I had taken to cocktails and billiards, but I did not let my conviviality interfere with my business.

. . . . . .

Two years had passed since I left home, and how all was changed. I was wearing clothes made by the best tailor in Chicago, and as I was given a month's vacation, I concluded to spend it at home, with mother. And what a proud and happy mother she was! I was proud, too; but my pride was as a grain of mustard-seed to a mountain, compared with hers.

As I walked to church with her, she stepped as sprightly as a girl, in spite of her sixty years. And after the service I went to the communion table.

Wicked? Yes; wicked, unspeakably so. I knew I was totally unworthy, but my mother's clear, brown eyes were upon me. She loved and trusted me so; and I felt I must, though bread choke and wine strangle.

. . . . . .

It was five years after I had taken my first drink, before I became aroused to the fact that the habit had fastened itself upon me. Then began the losing fight, which so many men have made against rum.

For ten long years I struggled, resolved; did all in my power—and failed. I lost the fight so many other men are losing to-day; men on the road from "respectable drunkenness" to where they join the wretched throng, which, hopeless and utterly miserable, drags out its worthless existence. Well might my loved ones have said of me.

Dead while he liveth! God pity us all,
Who thus o'er the living must spread the pall,
And watch the slow ravage of sin's deep blight,
But never can bury our dead out of sight.

At last I have reached the Bowery, where so many other derelicts are drifting about. I was there, but not yet entirely hopeless. I thought I could "brace up." I was always going to "do better to-morrow"; but that to-morrow never came.

I was going down, down; surely "down and out," but I did not realize it. I became less careful of my appearance and dress, and I had ceased to care who saw me going into the pawn-shop.

Pride, ambition and hope had departed. I was no better than the crowd; still I made my associates of men who had once been gentlemen. I was not at home on the Bowery, any more than thousands of other homeless, penniless and helpless men who are now wandering up and down that sad thoroughfare of lost hopes.

One morning, I awoke and found myself in the upper berth of a "double-decker" in a miserable ten-cent Bowery lodging-house. Beneath me, in the lower berth, lay a savage dog. I was fearfully sick, and I knew if my head should drop down, that awful brute would surely rend it with his savage fangs.

I tried to get up—idle thought! I could not lift my head from the miserable pad under it. I thought that the plastering was about to fall, and the dreadful dog was watching now from the floor. The bed-maker came in and helped me up, and I staggered out. I don't know how the day passed. One of the gang on the street told me of an opening of a saloon, and we started to find it. That vicious dog was sneaking at my heels all the way, though no one could see him but me!

We came to a place where there was light and music, I know now that it was the Bowery Mission; but I was too sick then to know or care. We went in; a cold sweat of agony, known only to a drunkard bordering on delirium, covered me. I had not been in a place of worship for years. I thought I was in a church. They were singing, I knew not what; I was suffocating; I tried to get out, and rushed away with the melody of that song of salvation ringing in my ears and pleading with my heart.

. . . . . .

The next I remember, I was in Bellevue, in a cot, and that red-eyed remorseless dog was under it, ready to spring at my throat at the first chance. A man next me was tied down. Oh, if they should tie me down, that would be the dog's chance!—I must not sleep—I must not cry out, and I did not. I felt that I was going to die, and I was glad of it. I had played the game of life and lost. I was glad to quit.

But God had his workers there, and what they saw, lying on that cot, was not a miserable rum-soaked wretch, but a soul for whom Jesus died.

I was told of a better life—God knows I had almost forgotten it, so far away had I strayed. I found peace on that hospital cot—the peace that passeth understanding.

When I left the hospital I had not a cent, and my clothes a second-hand man would not have bought at any price. I had not a friend on earth. I did not deserve any. And in all that great city there was no one who cared whether I lived or died. I was far from well, but with the little intellect which alcohol had left me, I was looking to God.

I went to the Bowery Mission, where, in my degradation and misery, I had heard that song. In testimony meeting I told, as I had promised God I would, the story of my redemption. When the meeting was over, the leader took me by the arm, as I was on my way out, and asked:

"What can we do for you?"

"Pray for me," I replied, "I'll do the rest." But they knew best, and in Memorial House I found the environment, the help I so much needed.

For me God has raised up friends. I have found them in my extremity, and as I write these words to-day, I am no longer the hopeless outcast of a few months ago. I thank God for a regenerated spirit, strengthened body and clear mind. I thank him for the grace that saved a sinner like me, and that still keeps me.

What took me to the Bowery?

Rum? No! no! Sin wrecked my life, and made many years of it worse than a blank. Rum was a result; sin was the cause.

So it is with many men who become drunkards; they say "It's the drink that does it." I once thought so too. It is sin, sin, sin! If a young man starts out with the grace of God in his heart, he need not fear the drink evil, or any other evil. If he does not have that grace, he is in danger from them all. I am as sure of this as I am of salvation, that, had I begun by giving God my heart, and by yielding seasonable service, instead of wasting my years, I might have been of use in the world, instead of a parasite. It is useless to dwell on the past. I have much to do to right many wrongs I have done; but, between God and me all is clear. The curtain has fallen on that part of my life. I have lifted it a little way with reluctant hand, in the hope that it may warn some other boy. It has been a heart-breaking task, and I pray God he will not require me to repeat it. I have lived over the scenes that I have here touched so lightly, with an agony of remorse that I have not felt since my conversion.

If the words I have penned will induce one boy to think of results in the beginning, instead of at the end, as I must think of them, I will have an eternity in which to thank God for it.

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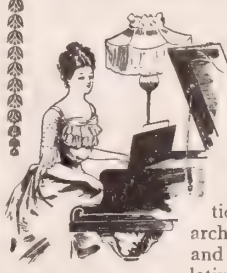

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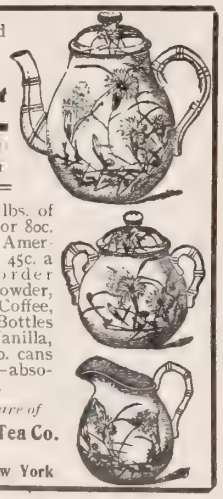

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W. H. P., Harrington, Me. Can a consistent Christian write romances for financial gain?

Romance is often truth in *mufti*. Some of the finest books the world has ever known have been romances, full of Christian spirit and inspiring to the reader. Imagination is a divine gift. To exclude it would be to deny to mankind some of the highest and purest pleasures. Put to a good use it ennobles; to a bad one, it degrades.

W. J. C., Philadelphia, Pa. What are in the briefest form the chief differences between Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists?

There are differences in church government. The Episcopal Church is under the control of Bishops; the Presbyterian has the Presbytery, the Synod and General Assembly, the decisions of which govern the church; the Methodist has Bishops, but is more directly under the control of the General Conference, and the churches have only a limited freedom in the selection of their ministers. The Baptists and Congregationalists are under no control from a central body. Each church is a little republic governing itself. There are also differences of creed and practice. The Episcopalian Church uses a liturgy, and its creed is comprised in thirty-nine articles. The Presbyterian Church is Calvinistic, emphasizing the doctrines of election, Divine sovereignty, etc., while the Methodist Church is Arminian, emphasizing the doctrine of Free Will. The distinguishing characteristic of the Baptist Church is that of Baptism by immersion, and that not of infants, but of believers on profession of faith. In doctrine, Baptists practically agree with Presbyterians.

Mrs. I. H. B., Goleta, Calif. 1. Can a charter member of a club or other organization withdraw? 2. Can a person who sends in his name when a society is being organized, be considered a charter member, if he is not present for several meetings after the society is organized?

The foregoing has been submitted to Lawyer G. H. Crawford, of New York, who replies as follows: 1. A "charter member" of a club or other similar organization, may resign at any time, subject to the discharge of any liability incurred by him as such member, prior to his resignation. 2. A "charter member," is one who signs his name as such in the certificate of incorporation. Attendance at meetings is immaterial.

Member, Scrotoville, O. An irreligious, card-playing, drinking, dancing and frivolous choir is a menace to the spiritual life of a church. We do not know the circumstances of the case, but even if they are as you state, they are subject to regulation by the board of officers, on the matter being properly presented.

S. O. F., Carbondale, Tenn. Does the language in Gen. 4: 23, imply that Lamech had actually committed murder?

It is impossible to determine whether Lamech was describing an actual occurrence, or merely stating what he would do in a certain contingency. In the Septuagint, Syriac and Vulgate versions of Genesis, it would appear from this passage that Lamech had avenged himself on some young descendant of Cain, who had injured him. Many commentators, however, regard Lamech's speech as a boast or menace, that he would inflict upon an enemy a severer punishment than God imposed upon Cain. Still another interpretation is based upon the legend that Lamech slew Cain and Tubal-Cain. He shot Cain with an arrow, accidentally mistaking him in the thicket for a wild beast, and he then slew his son for being privy to the deed. His wives refused to associate with him, and he excuses himself by saying that he slew the youth, avenging Cain sevenfold, and avenging his own wrong much more, as the slain was his own flesh and blood. Still another explanation is that Lamech was the introducer of human sacrifices for sins.

Referring to a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG from a reader in Scenery Hill, Pa., concerning the delivery of milk on Sunday, M. H. S., Montclair, N. J., writes:

There is very little milk delivered in this town on Sunday. About twenty years ago a man in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

MR. CARSON AND HIS COBDEN STREET BAPTIST MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

WE constantly receive many pleasant letters from all parts of the country, expressing the satisfaction and delight of the writers on receiving their CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums. The letter printed below, from a subscriber in Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of special interest, as the writer has been so fortunate as to give genuine pleasure to many others by his premium selections. He writes:

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch*:—In regard to the books, *The Art of Home Making*, which I received from you. I am very well pleased with them, as I could not have found a more suitable present, had I looked in all the book stores in Pittsburgh. You will, no doubt, recollect my sending for those books to be used as a Christmas gift for my Sunday School class, and presenting one to each of them, of which they speak very highly, and recommend them as a useful book. I send a picture of our Cobden St. Baptist Mission, and also of some of my scholars—all who could be present at that time. They are standing, holding the book in their hands. My own picture, as their Sunday School teacher, is included. This was taken on Christmas morning.

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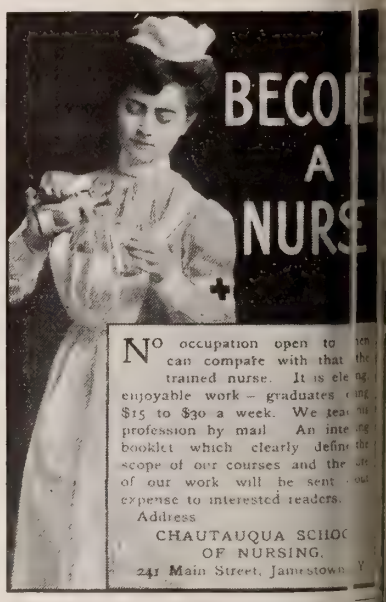

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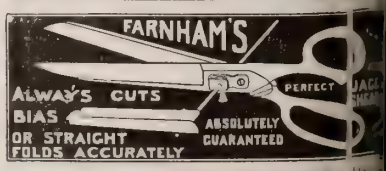

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

...business here decided he would not deliver milk on Sunday, and from that time until now he has not done it. He was then delivering sixty quarts a day and now he is delivering four thousand quarts. The milk for Sunday use is delivered in the afternoon and evening of Saturday. In this town all milk for the day's use is delivered between 4 and 8 A.M., and on Saturday afternoon the delivery of the morning milk begins at 4 P.M., and the afternoon milk is delivered after 8 o'clock. In the vicinity all milk is kept at a low temperature with ice, so that it is in no danger of changing. The Borden Company make a double delivery on Saturday morning, making only one delivery a day. Your correspondent can easily plan out a way to avoid Sunday deliveries if he handles his milk accordingly.

C. H. L., East Middlebury, Vt. To what extent did the unclean spirits, mentioned Mark 1:24, know Christ? Did they know of his love as well as of his power?

It is possible that they might have known of him. There are many human beings who know of both, yet never avail themselves of their knowledge. James says that the devils believe (James 2:19). The very consciousness of the goodness of Jesus, of his holiness, gentleness, and purity, would arouse hatred in bad nature. There have been instances of good women being hated with passionate intensity by men, who have lost some victim, through those good women's efforts. Their purity and beauty of character is fully recognized, but the bad men, like the unclean spirits mentioned in the Gospel, dislike them all the more for being so unlike themselves.

Subscriber and A. H. M., Luton, Ia. Send your old copies to the nearest mission, hospital, workhouse or prison. They will be gladly received.

F. S., San Francisco. Is the Vatican of Rome simply a building, the Pope's residence, or is it territory on the outskirts? How much ground does it cover? Is it absolutely under the temporal authority of the Pope?

The Vatican is the Papal palace in Rome, so called from its situation on the Mons Vaticanus, at the extreme northwestern part of the city. It is an immense pile of buildings constructed at different periods, with extensive gardens and courts, and many wings. There are within the Vatican a number famous chapels, libraries and museums. Within these grounds the authority of the Papal government is acknowledged. In speaking or writing of the Papal government, it is customary to refer to it as "The Vatican."

W. H., Western Neb. 1. What is meant by speaking in unknown tongues (I. Cor. 14:5)? Have the preachers who declare themselves followers of Joseph Smith, but repudiate Mormonism as practiced in Utah, any right to say that they are the only true church and that all others will be lost?

It was a kind of hysterical outbreak which has had its parallel in the Irvingism of modern times. You can see by Paul's remark, that while he would not directly condemn it, he saw very little utility in it. If there was some one who could interpret what was said, it might be useful, but otherwise he had far rather that they prophesied, than preached. 2. They have no such right. What is true in Mormonism is not new, but is the common property of all the churches of Christ; what is new in Mormonism is not true. It is amazing that such silly nonsense as Joseph Smith talked, should find believers among people of ordinary sense and education. The whole movement would probably have died out before this, if it had not provided a way for the gratification of the passions of men who had become tired of their wives and wanted to marry younger women.

A. S., Bethlehem, Pa. 1. Is a child born to American parents, in any foreign land, a natural-born American? 2. Is there any difference, as to its citizenship, where a child is born of American parents at the residence of the American Consul, or on the ocean, outside the three-mile limit? 3. If such persons are natural-born Americans, are they eligible to the office of President? 4. What is the proper definition of the following: (*a*) Native-born American citizen? (*b*) Natural-born American citizen?

1 and 2. The child born of American parents temporarily sojourning in a foreign country, is an American citizen. This would include, necessarily, the child born abroad of a U. S. Minister or Consul. Birth of the child in the Consular or Ambassadorial residence would not make the case any stronger. The rule would be the same in the case of a birth on the ocean. 3. Opinions differ as to whether a child born abroad of American parents temporarily sojourning there, is eligible to the office of President. The question has not arisen. The U. S. Courts would probably hold him to be a "natural-born citizen." The object of the constitutional qualification was to prevent a "foreigner" from becoming President, and the case supposes, is not the case of a "foreigner." Mr. White's child, born in London while he is Ambassador to England, could not be considered as foreign-born. 4. Citizens are either "born" in the United States or "naturalized" there. By judicial construction, the phrase "born" citizens, has been declared to include cases above referred to, except the case of a President, which has never arisen. The Constitution speaks of "born" citizens (fourteenth Amendment), and (in case of President), "natural-born" citizens. I should consider "native-born" and "natural-born" as equivalent phrases, describing persons born in the United States, or born abroad of parents temporarily sojourning there. What a man receives at his birth is received from his parents, and not from the spot of earth where first he happens to see the light. If his parents are Americans, he is "American born," "native-born" and "natural-born," so far as he can be influenced by pre-natal causes, no matter where his birth takes place. G. H. CRAWFORD.

L. A. V., Toledo, O. What was the "thorn in the flesh" mentioned by Paul in II. Cor. 12:7-9?

The question cannot be answered positively, because Paul, who alone could have told us, does not describe it more fully than in the passage you mention. Various conjectures have been made. The most probable is that it was a disease of the eyes, which caused him serious inconvenience in his studies and in his journeys. His incidental reference in Gal. 4:15 to the devotion of the people of that church, who, he said, would, if it had been possible, have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him, seems to imply that his own eyes were defective. Another remark (Gal. 6:11) about his writing the epistle with his own hand, as if that was an unusual thing with him, may be taken as agreeing with this suggestion. And this is more emphatic in the Revised Version, which shows that he spoke in the same passage of the size of the letters, which would be natural if he was almost blind. On the whole, the supposition that the "thorn" was defective eyesight, is the one most likely to be correct.

Mrs E. E., Rankin, Ill. Why did Marian Evans style herself "George Eliot?"

Mrs. J. W. Cross (*nee* Marian Evans) used "George Eliot" as a pen-name, for the reason that she believed men commanded more consideration in literature than women, in the days in which she wrote. Besides, her cast of thought and literary form were masculine rather than feminine, and the signature was therefore most suitable.

Miscellaneous Questions

Subscriber, Brownsville, Pa. The question of Sunday labor was discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently.

Forest P., Marietta, I. T. Certainly not, if you deal honestly and justly.

M. M. E., Chicago, Ill. This page is not intended for controversy, but to give information and advice. The answer already given, states our view of the subject. You are entitled to reject it, if in your opinion it is not sound; but to adequately defend it, would require more space than we can afford to devote to it.

F. E. F., Seaboard, N. C. We have no means of knowing. Address *Medical Record*, New York City.

H. McM., Detroit, Mich. Of course, there are two sides to every question. Very few differences arise between nations in which all the good is on one side exclusively. This view applies equally to the Boer war, the Filipino war, and the Panama trouble. War, under any condition, is barbarism, no matter what nation engages in it, and in the present condition of the world, nations that go to war are usually prepared, without much scruple, to do things that are wrong. We have always tried to set forth fairly both sides in such matters, and to give the facts as they arise.

S. R. A., Colfax, Wash. Doubtless there have been, and there are to-day, many good Christian people in the theatrical profession. It is, however, one that is full of peculiar temptations.

H. M. R., Woodmere, Mich. Horse-racing, turf gambling and theatre-going are among the things which Christians should avoid, both for the effect upon their own natures and the influence of their acts upon others.

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STRANGE THINGS IN THE BIBLE

Suggested Explanation of Some of the Difficulties of the Ordinary Reader : :

EFFORTS to solve Bible problems are more likely to be successful, when they are made by people who are convinced that no real contradiction or inconsistency exists, than when they are made by people who have little reverence for the sacred Book, and would be rather pleased than otherwise, to prove that it contains errors. In an article published in this journal recently, one fact was mentioned which sheds some light on the difficulties which have puzzled the honest student. This was the love of imagery and figurative expression which characterizes the Bible writers, in common with other Orientals. This fact should never be forgotten by the Bible reader, because it enables him to recognize the beauty and force of expressions which, when taken literally, excite the incredulity of the scoffer.

There is another fact, of a different character, which should also be borne in mind, because of the effect it has on our translation. This is, that the sacred books were, for many generations, copied by hand. Before the invention of printing there was no other method of preserving them. The utmost care was taken that it should be done with absolute accuracy, and only men were employed on the task who were specially trained for it; but there can be no reasonable doubt that in some unimportant instances the copyist did make an error, or rather, perhaps, that his writing was not so distinct as to prevent his readers misunderstanding what he wrote. A comparison of the most ancient manuscripts proves that there were such errors, and shows how they occurred. The most prolific cause is the similarity there is between certain pairs of Hebrew letters. There are five of these pairs. They are the letters representing Y and W, the only difference between which is that the tail of the one is a little longer than that of the other. The letter corresponding with our R resembles that corresponding with our D, with the sole difference that the upper angle is more rounded in the former than the latter. So, again, K closely resembles B; G is very like N; H differs but slightly from Ch.

As a rule, the context shows which letter it is, even when it is not distinct; but there are instances in which the resemblance has caused errors. Thus in one, cited by Dr. J. Paterson Smyth, in his valuable work on The Old Documents, David is represented (II. Sam. 8 : 13), as smiting Syria in the Valley of Salt. The sceptic points out that the Valley of Salt was far away from Syria, and it would be unlikely that any Syrians would be found there. He declares the Bible history false. But when we turn to the ancient manuscript we find that the word Syria and the word Edom are both represented in Hebrew by three letters, one of which is one of the pairs above mentioned. The copyist did not make that letter quite clear, and so the word Syria appears in our translation instead of Edom. If the manuscript had been read correctly, it would have appeared that David smote Edom in the Valley of Salt. Proof that this is the correct rendering, is found in the heading of Psalm 60, which mentions the battle, and places the Valley of Salt in Edom, where it belongs.

Another instance of the confusion caused by these mischievous literary twins is found in one ancient Bible, which misled Josephus, but was detected by our translators. It occurs in I. Samuel 19 : 13. In our version, David's wife, Michal, concealed her husband's flight, by putting goat's hair on his pillow, so that Saul's searchers, seeing the hair, thought he was in bed. But the Hebrew word for "hair" differs from the word for "liver," only by one of those peculiar letters. So in one manuscript, the one used by Josephus, it was misread, and Michal is represented as putting a goat's liver in the bed, and the historian ingeniously explains that the liver, still throbbing with life, gave the appearance of a man breathing.

One other illustration of the like error still confuses Bible readers. In II. Kings: 24 : 8, it is stated that Jehoiachin was eighteen years old when he began to reign. In II. Chron. 36 : 9, it is stated that he was eight years old. "A self-evident contradiction," says the critic. Not so; the Hebrews used letters to indicate numbers, and it so happened that the letter indicating eight, has a twin for which it was misread, thus the letter indicating eighteen was used.

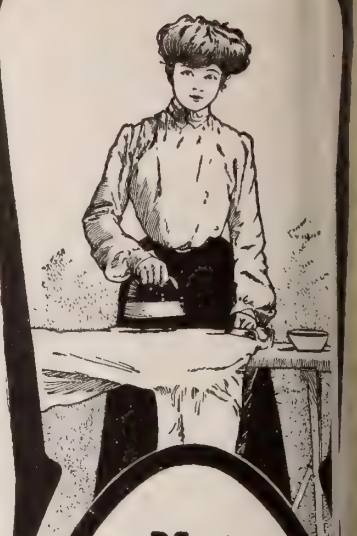
Elhanan . . . slew Goliath (II. Samuel 21 : 19). This passage is another illustration of the mistakes which have been caused by the peculiarities of the Hebrew language. We all know that it was David who slew Goliath, yet here the triumph is credited to Elhanan, the son of Jaare Oregim, a Bethlehemite. The difficulty disappears when the Hebrew manuscript is examined. There we find, that the man Elhanan slew, was named Lahmi. That name being in the objective case, its place in the sentence is indicated by the prefix "Eth;" and it would appear as "Eth-Lhmi;" and the omission of the smallest of Hebrew letters, would change the relation of it to Goliath. The copyist evidently thought Eth-Lhmi was a contraction of Bethlehemite, and overlooked the small letter before Goliath. But there is no Bethlehemite in the passage in the most ancient manuscript. Its proper rendering is that Elhanan, the son of Jaare-Oregim, slew Lahmi, the brother of Goliath, the Gittite. In this case, as in some others, it is clear that the history does not contradict itself; the apparent contradiction is due to a mistake, and a patient examination shows how the mistake occurred.

And not increased the joy (Isa. 9: 3). Bible readers are often puzzled by this passage, which does not seem in harmony with the other parts of the anthem. Dr. Smyth gives an ingenious explanation, which is doubtless correct. The Hebrew word for "not," in this case is "Lo." But if there is an apostrophe between the two letters, it does not mean, "not," but, "to it." Now the one word might easily be mistaken for the other, and if we adopt the alternative we obtain the more harmonious rendering, "Thou hast multiplied the nation; thou hast increased to it the joy."

Leah said a troop cometh (Gen. 30 : 11). This is a peculiar expression for a mother to use. The Revisers studied it, and they came to the conclusion that the rendering of our Authorized Version was wrong. Leah's exclamation was "Gad," so naming her new-born son. The word has more than one meaning, like many in our own language—the word "case," for example. It may mean a coming troop; but it also means good fortune, or fortunate, which is doubtless the meaning that Leah had in mind.

Among other passages affected by the peculiarities of Hebrew letters and modes of writing, which have been found by the modern examination of ancient manuscripts, are the following: Ex. 2 : 11, "He spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew . . . and he slew the Egyptian." The Hebrew word is not clear in this place as to what occurred, but it is the same in both cases. Moses, therefore, did to the Egyptian the same thing that the Egyptian did to the Hebrew, and as he hid the body in the sand there can be no doubt that he killed him, and that the Egyptian had previously killed the Hebrew. Ps. 90 : 9, "We spend our years as a tale that is told," should read, "We bring our years to an end as a sigh." Isa. 59 : 19, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," would be more correctly rendered, "He shall come as a rushing stream which the breath of Jehovah driveth." Job 9 : 33, "The daysman betwixt us," means "the umpire between us." Hosea 4 : 18, "Her rulers with shame do love, give ye," does not convey a distinct meaning, but it is clear when properly translated, "Her rulers are in love with shame."

These are a few specimens of what scholarship and painstaking research by learned men have done to shed light on obscure passages, and vindicate the Bible of the charges brought against it by its enemies.



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The Russo-Japanese War Begun

Continued from Page 163

the supremacy of the East must be fought out upon Manchurian soil. Japan, it is said, has provided for such an eventuality by organizing and arming the Mongolian who, 20,000 strong, are ready to attack the Russians north of the Yalu. Another force of 10,000 is reported to be ready to attack the Manchurian railway guards. Both forces are well drilled and armed, and have a sufficient "stiffening" of Japanese in their ranks to make them serviceable in an emergency. These, and similar stories now current, indicate the extent of Japan's forethought and planning. The essential point, however, is that the great land battle which seems almost inevitable between Pyong Yang and the Yalu, will to a very great extent, decide the future campaign plans of both combatants. A sweeping Russian triumph would put Japan on the defensive, and if, followed up vigorously, would go very far toward retrieving Russia's losses. On the other hand, a Japanese victory on the Yalu would carry the whole tide of war out of the Corean peninsula into a region where the Mikado's troops would quickly find a multitude of eager allies.

From the very first stage of the campaign, Japan has apparently proceeded in accordance with well-defined plans. The Mikado directs the war personally from his palace in Tokio, where he labors at his desk many hours daily and far into the night, holding frequent consultations with his ministers and being in touch with all commanders afloat and ashore. He has been calmly confident of the success of his fleet from the outset, and received the news of the victories quietly. Tokio, however, went wild with joy, and all the Japanese cities held carnival over the news. Everything seems to have been thought out by Japan in advance of the event, and all her preparations for contingencies have been most complete, even to the smallest detail.

Our own State Department has recently been sounding official opinion abroad on the proposition for a union of the powers, the United States included, for the purpose of inducing Japan and Russia to localize hostilities and also to secure guarantees of China's integrity and her permanent neutrality.

Russia and Japan Present their Case

BOTH Russia and Japan, in self-justification, have presented their cases to the world. Russia's statement recites that Japan, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing the balance of power and a settled order of things on the Pacific, proposed a revision of existing treaties with China. Russia agreed. At first the exchange of views was of a friendly character, but gradually the Japanese people undress, with the co-operation of the foreign press, attempted to create a popular ferment and to drive the Japanese government into conflict with Russia. The Tokio Cabinet, under this belligerent influence, increased its demands and began to prepare for war. Russia was thereby compelled to make similar preparations. To preserve peace in the Far East, however, Russia declared her readiness to recognize Japan's privileged commercial and economic position in Corea under right to protect it by military force, if necessary in consequence of disturbance in that country. Corea's independence and integrity were guaranteed by previous understandings with Japan and by treaties with other Powers, and Russia insisted (1) That this principle should be mutually guaranteed by Japan and Russia. (2) That both should agree to use no part of Corea for strategic purposes. (3) That the full freedom of the straits of Corea to navigation should be preserved. This was unsatisfactory to Japan, and the latter rejected to accept the conditions as to the guarantee of Corean independence, and simultaneously raised the question of Manchuria. The latter Russia could not admit, as Russia's position in Manchuria concerned, first, China, and next all the Powers having an interest in China. Russia, therefore, saw no reason to include in a treaty concerning Corea any provision concerning territory occupied by Russian troops. It did not refuse, so long as it respects Manchuria, to recognize Chinese sovereignty, and also the treaty rights of the Powers, and it had made a declaration to that effect to the foreign cabinets. In view of all these facts, Russia, when it handed to its representative at Tokio its last reply to Japan, felt justified in expecting the Japanese Cabinet to appreciate Russia's desire for a peaceful understanding; but Japan, without even awaiting the presentation of the reply, broke off negotiations and suspended diplomatic relations. Russia, therefore, lays upon Japan the responsibility for the war.

Japan's authoritative statement opens with the declaration that it is indispensable to the welfare and safety of Japan, that the independence and territorial integrity of Corea be maintained. On the other hand, Russia, notwithstanding the solemn treaty with China, and her assurances to the Powers, still continues the occupation of Manchuria, and has taken aggressive steps in Corea. Should Manchuria be annexed to Russia, the independence of Corea would naturally be impossible. Japan, desiring to secure permanent peace for Eastern Asia, and to obtain a friendly adjustment of mutual interests in Manchuria and Corea, where their interests meet, opened negotiations with Russia in July last. It proposed to Russia, as the basis of an agreement—(1) That both should respect the independence and territorial integrity of China and Corea. (2) They should mutually maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce of all nations with those countries—*i. e.*, the "open door." (3) Reciprocal recognition of Japan's preponderating interests in Corea, and Russia's special interests in Manchuria, and mutual recognition of Japan's right to protect her interests in Corea. (4) Recognition by Russia of Japan's exclusive right to give advice and assistance to Corea in governmental affairs. (5) Russia not to oppose the ultimate extension of the Corean railway to Manchuria, to connect with Chinese railway lines. Japan desired a conference at St. Petersburg on these matters, but the Czar's Government refused. Oct. 3, Russia presented counter-proposals, in which she declined to agree regarding China's sovereignty and territorial integrity, but consented to equal commercial opportunities for all nations. She also asked Japan to declare Manchuria and its littoral as outside of Japan's sphere and interest. She refused to concede Japan's right to use any part of Corea for strategical purposes. She also proposed the establishment of a neutral zone in Corea.

Japan could not understand why Russia, which professed no intention of absorbing Manchuria, should hesitate to admit the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China. For this reason, and because of Japan's commercial interests in Manchuria, and because of Manchuria's political relation to Corea, Japan rejected Russia's proposal in this particular regard. She submitted amendments to the counter-proposals with regard to the suggested neutral zone, favoring its location on either side of the Manchuria-Corean boundary line. Her note on these matters was submitted to Russia Oct. 30th. Russia's reply was delivered Dec. 11th. It suppressed all the clauses relating to Manchuria, and made the proposed treaty apply to Corea only, at the same time maintaining Russia's original demands in regard to the non-employment of Corean soil for strategical uses, and as to the neutral zone. Japan requested Russia to reconsider her reply, and suggested the entire elimination of the neutral zone portion of the proposals, and the removal of the restrictions against the strategical use of Corean soil. Russia replied Jan. 6, again proposing the insertion of a clause under which Japan admitted Manchuria to be outside of her sphere and interest, Russia, however, agreeing not to impede the exercise of treaty rights there. Russia also renewed her proposition for a neutral zone, and other essential points of her earlier notes. Japan concludes:

It must be self-evident to everybody that the engagement now proposed by Russia would be unpractical in value so long as it was unaccompanied by a definite stipulation regarding the territorial integrity of China in Manchuria, since treaty rights are only co-existing with sovereignty. Eventually, absorption of Manchuria by Russia would annul at once those rights and privileges.

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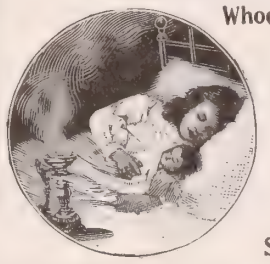

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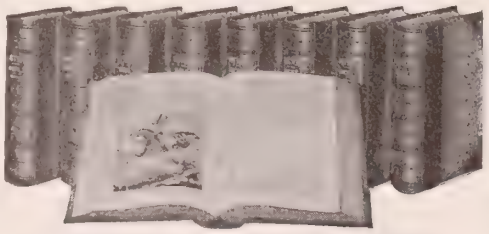

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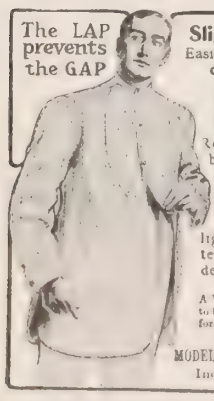

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How sweet its long note is to friend and to foe!
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Far o'er the torn heath lie the valiant and slain;
In the close solid ranks their places are filled;
Life, honor and pride, now alike are as vain
And coldly impassive as blood that is spilled.

And he who led foremost the charge in the morning,
In helmet and gauntlet, bright corselet and vest;—
No more with his beauty the proud field adorning,—
His crimson-tide mocks the red clouds in the West.

Art longing, oh! warrior, for battle once more,—
To revel again in the midst of thy foes?
See! victory is thine, and the fierce fight is o'er,
And levell'd those ranks that so solidly rose.

Soldier, thou diest!—'tis well! it is best!
Commended to God and thy Saviour thou'lt be.
Thy brothers shall seek thee, but find thee at rest,
When the morning drum loudly shall beat reveille.

Farewell! then farewell!—for the tears will be falling,
Proud hearts shall mourn ever and bright eyes will weep:—
Soon—soon will be heard the Trumpet recalling,
And the Archangel's shout shall awake thee from sleep.

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Books Received

Steps Christward: Counsels for Young Christians, by Howard Allen Bridgeman, cloth, pp. 178. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

The Spanish in the Southwest (Eclectic School Readings) by Rosa V. Winterburn, illustrated. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

Their Child, by Robert Herrick. This is a realistic "short story," of two lives that were nearly wrecked by a blunder. Mr. Herrick "paints life exactly as he sees it, in its joy, its beauty, its sombreness and its sorrow alike," and this little tale is an excellent illustration of his literary methods and power. 95 pp., cloth cover, illustrated. Price 50 cents. Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers

Elsieville, a Tale of Yesterday, by Charles B. Holmes. This is a capital rural story, full of narrative and dealing with country life in a small farming community. It has many quaint and original characters, and is full of humor and romance. It deals in a free and generous way with some of the leading religious questions of the day. Pp. 183, cloth covers. Price $1. Charles B. Holmes, 132 Nassau street, New York, publishers.

The Pope Manufacturing Company's Memoranda Calendar for 1904 is a unique and clever publication. Every day in the year is marked by some sentiment or expression of opinion regarding the value of the bicycle from college presidents, doctors, clergymen, statesmen and others, and in each case the sentiment appears on the birthday of the writer. Pope Manufacturing Company, New York City and Hartford, Ct., publishers.

Getting a Living; the Problem of Wealth and Poverty, of Profits, Wages and Trades Unionism, by George L. Bolen. This is a comprehensive and instructive work, covering the broad field of economic literature. It is the most complete yet compact presentation of the subject that has yet come to hand, and should prove a valuable manual of reference. Pp. 769, cloth binding. Price $2. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

The Church and its Social Mission, by John Marshall Lang, D.D. No more important subject could be discussed in the present day, than that examined by Dr. Lang in this volume. Essentially the same in our own land as in Great Britain, the problem of poverty, of labor, and the duty of the church therein must be taken up. Dr. Lang has studied the situation across the Atlantic, and the results embodied in this work are of the utmost value to thinking men here. They show the rocks in the channel that the ship of the church must enter sooner or later. Pp. 364. Price $1.60. Published by T. Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Heart of John Wesley's Journal, with an introduction by Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. Edited by Percy Livingstone Parker. The four volumes in which Wesley's journal has hitherto appeared, full as they are of interest, have in these busy days repelled many readers, who shrink from voluminous works. In this volume is the essence of that great book. The selections have been made with discrimination, and so as to give continuity to the narrative. It is John Wesley who speaks throughout, and it is thus a brief autobiography. The illustrations are excellent. Pp. 512. Price $1.50. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, etc.

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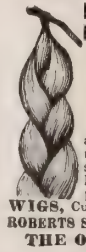

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Blooming continuously and profusely from July until frozen. Every garden may now be enriched with this stately Queen of Flowers. Grown as easily and flowering as quickly as any garden annual.

GRAND COMBINATION MIXTURE.

Doubles, Semi-doubles and Singles, in many colors. Packet, 25c.

Our 1904 Catalogue,

"EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN,"

the most superb publication of its kind ever issued—sent free to all purchasers of "Ever-blooming Hollyhock" seed who name this paper

PETER HENDERSON & Co.

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Largest seed potato growers in the world!

Elegant stock. Tremendous yields. From 400 to 1000 bushels per acre.

FOR 10 CENTS

and this notice we send you lots of farm seed samples and big catalogue, telling all about Teosinte, Speltz, Peaoat, Aerid and Barley, Macaroni Wheat, Bromus, Earliest Cane, etc. Send for same today.

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The Maule motto for more than 25 years. My new

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Cost over $50,000 to publish. If you have a garden you can have a copy for the asking. Send a postal for it to

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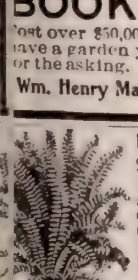

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THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., BOX 195. PAINESVILLE. OHIO.

OUR LORD, THE CREATOR, THE FATHER, THE SON

A Hymn by Gen. Oliver Otis Howard

WHO did reveal thee,
The Creator: "I Am"?
Jehovah Jireh; see
The first boon to man!
Who did present Him
To the regions below?
The Son—He translates Him,
And his image we know.
Who didst command me:
"Do thou—Do thou not"?
Jehovah Jireh, 'tis He
Who determined my lot;
For I broke from control.
A Redeemer, I hear,
With pardon my soul
And save me from fear.

That Redeemer who liveth—
That Son—He redeemeth!
By his wounding He cleanseth;
By his kindness He winneth;
By his Spirit he infuseth
Our veins with his love.
By his power He upraiseth
Our courage from above;
Where He dwelleth in light
Nigh the throne! He's the Master
Who hath banished all night,
Who preventeth disaster,
For aye and for aye!
So, we'll lift up our voices
And make them ascend,
With hosannas to our choicest
Redeemer and Friend!

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

Burlington, Vt., 1904.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

R. M. F., Curryville, Mo. "God has answered my prayers many times. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. E. L., Sayre, Pa. "I wish to add my testimony to say God has been so good to me. I know he will hear our prayers, if we will only have faith and believe in him."

A Friend, Winchester, Va. "God has heard and answered many prayers for me, has given more than I asked for. I know his children never ask in vain. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. N. R. S., W. Sidney, Me. "I have been praying several years for a burden to be removed. 'I waited patiently for the Lord I trust, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.' All praise to him."

A Reader. "I have had many direct answers to my prayers, and through my faith in answer to prayer I have learned to take the minutest thing to God in prayer. I find that to be the key that unlocks God's storehouse."

A Reader. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering many prayers for me. I have been a Christian fifty years, my prayers have often been answered, and I have been comforted by prayers many, many times."

D. J. F., Onancock, Va. "I have been a skeptical doubter, but in sickness and trouble called upon the Lord, and want to acknowledge to the glory of his name and the encouragement of others that he graciously heard and answered."

A Cat and Bird Incident

A lady living in Brooklyn, N. Y., had two pets—one a large cat, with a beautiful striped fur coat, gray eyes, white face, and elegant whiskers; the other, a small canary bird. Antagonistic by nature, yet being raised together, they became true friends. The cat enjoyed the singing, and watched the movements of Dick, as he jumped from perch to perch, with the greatest interest. One warm day, the lady raised the window to admit the balmy air of spring, when the cage had not been properly fastened. Birdie sought its freedom, and instantly flew, landing on the grass plot. Quick as thought the cat sprang for it, spreading her large paw so as not to hurt it; held it until her mistress (myself), who was lame, came down a flight of stairs to the relief of both. When Dick was in his cage, safe and sound, a happier trio could not be found than mistress, cat, and bird.

ALABAMA.

A Surprising Book

I was surprised at the size and finish of *How I Worked My Way Around the World*. It is truly a beautiful book; and, when I began reading, I was filled with surprise and admiration, and could hardly lay it down to do my work. I admire it much, for I am very fond of bold adventures, and certainly Mr. Morrison had plenty of pluck and perseverance. I am thankful to possess the book.

Tunkhannock, Pa. H. M. SIMKINS.

"A Thing of Beauty"

I received the lovely *Calendar* and am delighted with it. I thank you for it. It is an unparalleled premium. It is a thing of beauty, and will be a joy for more than two years. It is an attractive ornament, worthy of a place in any room. The brilliant colors of the butterflies, also the flowers above the childish faces, are wonderfully true to nature. For usefulness and value THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S premiums are better than those given by any other journal. Your paper is a favorite, as it has always been, in our home.

Burlingham, N.Y. C. H. VANKENREN.

BURPEE'S Farm Annual

"THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE," is now more "a leader" than ever before. Thoroughly revised and greatly improved, it tells not only THE PLAIN TRUTH about seeds, but has also **many new features for 1904.**

An elegant book of 178 pages, it contains hundreds of illustrations from nature and **six superb lithographic colored plates.** It shows in natural colors thirteen "true and tried" new Vegetables of sterling merit, three new Nasturtiums (of a distinct type), and seven Superb Sweet Peas,—all painted from nature, by New York's leading artist, at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS.

It presents also *twenty-one faithful photogravures* of America's Largest Mail-order Seed Trade,—views in both town and country. Altogether it is pronounced the

Best Seed Catalogue Ever Published

And it's Free! provided you will *ask for it now.* **It will cost YOU one cent** to mail your address on a postal card to us. It will cost us four cents postage—plus eight cents for the catalogue,—just **twelve cents** to respond to your request.

We are willing to bear this risk—**twelve for one!** If you will only read

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1904

we feel quite sure that you will favor us with **at least a trial order,** and this is all we ask, as BURPEE'S SEEDS will tell their own story in your garden and fields.

Better send for this catalogue **to-day!** One cent spent by you insures twelve cents spent by us, and this should be sufficient to convince you that we have *faith* in BURPEE'S SEEDS and also in our ability to persuade you **to try Burpee's Seeds,** if you will only read BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL.

Are you willing to spend that cent?

Shall we hear from you? If not, YOU will miss an opportunity to become acquainted with **the very BEST SEEDS that can be grown!**

REGISTERED WAB TRADE MARK

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Buy Miss White's Exceptional SEEDS

A WOMAN is content with small profits. A personally conducted business like mine cannot afford big expense for advertising. My prices are modest, and my patrons pleased and loyal. Send a postal to-day for my pretty Catalog, or, if you like, 6c and two names of others who grow flowers, and receive my Surprise Packet of 20 varieties of choice flowers (400 seeds) and complimentary entry to valuable prize contest. My catalog gives particulars.

Miss Emma V. White, Seedswoman, 818 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

DO IT YOURSELF.

We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year until our Hillhook Farm is now the largest pure bred poultry establishment in the country. Our new year book

"Poultry for Profit"

will start you right. All about breeding, feeding, etc. Cut out fowls with prices; eggs in season. Book has cost too much money and experience to be given away, but we mail it for 10 cents.

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 179, Freeport, Ill.

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. 50 years' experience. **Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty.** A premium with every order. Write for

New Guide to Rose Culture

for 1904—the leading rose catalogue of America. 148 pages. Mailed **free.** Over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

MISS LIPPINCOTT'S FLOWER SEEDS

Nasturtiums, 20 Varieties
Royal Show Pansy, 100 Colors
Sweet Peas, 40 Varieties
Asters, Mixed, all kinds

These **Four Packets** (25c value) for 8c and names of two flower loving friends. My 12th annual catalog and book, **"Floral Culture," FREE.**

8¢

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MILK and WINE LILY Flowers bell-shaped very large, showy and deliciously fragrant. A sparkling white, striped with carmine. Fine blooming-size bulbs, wrapped in long strands of lovely **Spanish Moss,** sent postpaid for only 20c each with a copy of our **Catalogue of Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits,** offering Palms, Ferns, Amaryllis, pot Oranges, etc., at lowest prices. **Catalogue FREE** to applicants.

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which, upon inquiry, you will find, will take you to all the great resorts of America.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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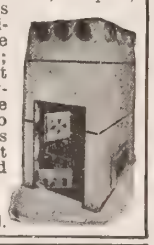

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of Standard bred poultry for 1904, printed in colors, fine chromo, suitable for framing, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**
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THE STORMS OF LIFE*

How Christ Tranquilizes and Protects His People in Time of Trial

VERY familiar is the phrase on the lips of people who do not think much of God's control of events, "a run of ill-luck." It has passed into a proverb that misfortunes rarely come alone. There are periods when sickness, financial loss, and bereavement, fall upon a man at the same time. Or it may be some other two or three of the ills that flesh is heir to, appear to have formed a combination, and the blows fall heavily and rapidly. The ship of life toils through a heaving sea, the rains descend and the winds blow, the sun is obscured and the steering gear is out of order. It may be that sins committed long ago and almost forgotten by the sinner, suddenly come to fruition, and the consequences come in a desolating blow. Few lives escape without some such tempests. The good and the wicked experience them, and for a time life seems scarcely worth living. The impatient man and the coward throw it off, and make an end of their earthly troubles by suicide; the brave man makes a fight and meets the storm with a valiant heart; the Christian appeals to his God, and receives strength to bear and to act and tries to learn the leason that God designs the storm to teach. Patient waiting, confident trust in Christ's love, unshaken faith in God's wisdom and care—these support the sufferer, and though the storm may rage long, and he may suffer heavily, he enjoys in his soul the peace that passes understanding.

These see the works of the Lord (Ps. 107: 24). "I could never bear such trouble as yours," said a prosperous Christian merchant, condoling with a friend whose misfortunes had driven him into bankruptcy. The reply was, "You might bear it if God gave you his grace sufficient for the trial." "No," said the prosperous man, "I know I should collapse." A few years later, having suffered by a fire, by the dishonesty of a trusted employe, and by the failure of a relative for whom he had made himself financially responsible, he discovered that he was insolvent and must become a bankrupt. Did he collapse as he had expected? No, instead of that, he became a stronger Christian. He learned in his trial to his amazement, that the grace of God was more potent than he had supposed. It was sufficient for him. He learned by experience that it could do for him that which, before, he had believed to be impossible.

He raiseth the stormy wind (Ps. 107: 25). It is an important thing for the Christian to know that it is God whose hand is trying him. The discipline is easier to bear when it comes from a loving hand. A man who was sorely tried, went to a Bishop in France for consolation. "God does not love me, I fear," said the poor man, "otherwise he would not let these difficulties beset me." The Bishop said: "The King of France wanted a commander for the castle of Montleberri, and another for the castle of La Rochelle. Now you know that Montleberri is a place of ease and safety; but La Rochelle is exposed to the attacks of the enemy. The commander of La Rochelle needs to be an able, alert, resourceful man. Does the officer appointed by the king to that post think that his master has no respect or love for him? Does it not rather show his confidence and appreciation? Go home, my man, and do your duty in your trial. God is honoring you."

He maketh the storm a calm (Ps. 107: 29). Sometimes God does this by hushing the winds; but more frequently by giving an inward peace that is unruffled by the storm outside. Sometimes he does it by removing his child after he has made a brave fight. When Bishop Ridley was condemned to be burned for being a Protestant, he was quite tranquil. A friend offered to sit up with him on the night before his execution, but Ridley said there was no need. He would go to bed as usual and expected to sleep as soundly as ever he did in his life, and so he did. At the stake, when the flames were kindled, he said to Latimer, who was to be burned with him: "Be of good cheer, Brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames or give us strength to endure them."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union, for March 6, Ps. 107: 23-31.

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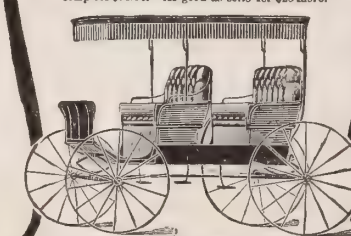

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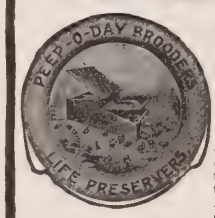

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Cornell Incubator Mfg. Company,
Box 83 Ithaca, N. Y.

Auburn, Me., June 24, 1903.
Cornell Incubator Mfg. Co.,
Ithaca, New York.

Gentlemen: The four Peep-O'-Day Brooders purchased from you this spring have given the best of satisfaction. Are easy to clean and operate. Have lost no chickens, and am confident it is the best brooder made. Yours sincerely,
B. A. WALKER.

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Guaranteed to equal the work of any. Fine, healthy chicks assured. New catalog contains convincing evidence It is free. Be fair to yourself and send for it today.
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190 Page Book Containing a History of Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials from All Parts of the World—SENT FREE.

The True Story of The Invention of W son's Common Sense Ear Drums T by George H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surg and ear specialists treated me at great expense an did me no good. I tried all the artificial appli that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to fit me in the least. I even went to the best specia in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the panionship of people because of the annoyance deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I b to experiment on myself, and after patient year study, labor and personal expense, I perfected s thing that I found took the place of the natura drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Drum, which I now wear day and night with pe comfort, and do not even have to remove them w washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatev scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I in the general conversation and hear everything g on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from part of a large church or hall. My general healt improved because of the great change my Ear Dr have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cl ful. I am a relieved, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer neces for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Com Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scien principles, contains no metal, wires, or string any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in respects. It is so small that no one can see it w in position, yet it collects all the sound waves focuses them against the drum head, causing to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this when the natural ear drums are partially or enti destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thicke It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male female, and aside from the fact that it does not sh it never causes the least irritation, and can be with comfort day and night without removal for cause.

With my device I can overcome deafness in person, no matter how acqu ed, whether from cata scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, wh ing cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artill or through accidents. My invention not only o comes, but at once stops the progress of deafness all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest a surgeons in the world recommend it, as wells as ph cians of all schools. It will do for you what no m cine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to place my 190-page book on deafness in hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gla send it free to anyone whose name and address I get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Comm Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters f numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mex England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, N Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest isla I have letters from people in every station of li ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, soc ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits t derived from my wonderful little device. You find the names of people in your own town and st many whose names you know, and I am sure that this will convince you that the remedy for deafness at last been solved by my invention.

Don't delay; write for the free book to-day address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1444 T Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Christ in the Ship

Safety and Blessing for Those Who Trust

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

In the life of every one of us storms come. The enemy has his part in it, and so arranges circumstances that everything seems at one and the same time to go wrong. But there are storms which God sends: as in the case of Jonah, to hinder his children from some line of action which is wrong and displeasing to him. But there are other occasions in which he lets the enemy do his worst, as in the case of Job, when he lost all: children, camels, asses, sheep, cattle, crops, servants—all swept away in a day; and afterwards himself smitten with a painful and loathsome sickness. God had a great purpose in this storm. Job knew God, but God would make it possible for him to know him, in a way he had never conceived; so that at the end of his trial he could say, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job. 42:5). God never wastes his discipline; he does not deal thus with one who is not a perfect man and an upright, one that fears God and eschews evil (Job 1:1). He educates such as prize his education.

It there are few—perhaps not one—who can learn to understand him without being put to the test in storms of untoward circumstances. How often, after a time of calm, some violent storm will be permitted to break out in a Christian family! It may be that sickness and death may come upon one member after another, and this can never again settle down as before. It may be that some yet greater calamity may come—dishonor, disgrace, through the wrongdoing of some member or, again, it may be the loss of property or difficult and unforeseen business complications. But where his children are here is he; "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the consummation of the age" (Matt. 28:20, R. V. margin). And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Rom. 8:28). If he is in the ship though he may seem to sleep, all is under his control and all is working together for our good. It cannot be otherwise.

Jesus was in the boat. This was a matter of the first importance, as we see from the result. Dear, tried child of God, is Jesus in the boat with you? In the midst of the storm, are you quite sure he is with you? You may not hear him, feel him, or see him for the darkness, but do you know he is there? If so, speak to him. He cannot, will not, refuse to answer. "But," you say, "things are getting worse and worse; all seems more and more hopeless." Then, all the sooner, make your definite appeal to him, but do it with an absolute certainty that he does hear and he does care about everything that touches you. You may say, "It is too far gone, nothing can be done now." But you have to do with Almightiness, and nothing is too hard for the Lord. The disciples cried, "Lord, save us, we perish"; they did not dictate as to how the deliverance should come. "Save us," was their one request: he knew how.

And he did it. Creation owned its Lord; the waves calmed and wind stilled under the word of him who had called them into being. He can do as much for you. But he taught them the lesson: "Why are ye fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" And the ignorant disciples transferred the fear of the elements to fear of him. "They feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of Man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" It is a good thing, in the midst of the storms which overtake us, to consider: Why has God permitted this? What has he to teach me? The lives of some of us, besides the great storms from time to time, have a perpetually "choppy" sea; there is seldom a day of real calm. But is not this a proof of the jealous will of Him who is educating us, day by day, that he may accomplish his work in us in conforming us to his image? A master who finds some of his pupils making great progress, will give them extra lessons, that they may more and more do him credit. Oh, to do credit to his workmanship! (Eph. 2:10).

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Cal., Lake Co., 320 A. and impts.
Cal., Orange Co., 21 A.; 7 A. bearing walnuts.
Cal., Los Angeles Co., 10 A. planted to prunes and almonds.
Cal., Oakland, store, flat and lot.
Cal., Shasta Co., 160 A. and impts.
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Can., Assa., 640 A. grain land.
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Colo., Kit Carson Co., 641 A. and impts.
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Colo., Larimer Co., fine 35 A. farm.
Denver, 2 bldg. lots, Highlands Place.
Colo., Otero Co., 640 A. leased land and impts.
Colo., Douglas Co., 120 A. and impts.
Colo., Boulder, 3 lots, 8th and Euclid Ave.
Colo., Cripple Creek, good house and lot.
Conn., Windham Co., 175 A. and impts.
Conn., on Sound between New London and Watch Hill, magnificent res. prop., 3[illegible] A., boats, carriages, wagons, etc.
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Fla., Orange Co., 10 A. orange grove.
Fla., Bartow, res. and ½ A. choice fruit.
Fla., Florahome, 7 A. impd. fruit and truck land.
Fla., Dade Co., 100 A. and impts. on Biscayne Bay. Fine winter hotel site.
Ill., Lodemia, 7-r. house and 1¼ A.
Chicago, 4 fine bldg. lots Drake ave.
Ill., Clark Co., good farm 187 A.
Chicago, West Highlands near Blue Island, 2 bldg. lots.
Chicago, Grossdale, good res. and lot.
Ill., Jasper Co., fine farm 210 A.
Chicago, Harvey, 2 lots Page Ave. btn. 154th and 155th Sts.
Ind., Fountain Co., finely improved farm, 226 A.
Ia. Allamakee Co., 120 A. and impts.
Ia., Marshall Co., 243 A. and impts.
Kans., Barber Co., 320 A. and impts.
Ky., Covington, good house and lot.
Ky., Meade Co., 140 A. fruit and impts.
Me., Saco, furnished seashore cottage and 1 A.
Md., Dorchester Co., fine farm 100 A; impts.
Md., Westminster, fine mod. res. and lot.
Mass., Fitchburg, 13-r. res. and lot.
Mass., Malden, 8-r. res. and grounds.
Boston, 3 fine lots Evelyn St., Bluehill Ave.
Mass., Cordaville, 16-r. house.
Mass., Chappaquiddac Island, opposite Edgartown, 52 bldg. lots, fine summer res. sites.
Mass., Hampshire Co., 40 A. dairy farm.
Mich., Allegan Co., 48 A. and impts. located in fruit belt.
Mich., Antrim Co., 80 A. and impts.
Detroit, good 12-room res. and lot. Grand River Ave.
Minn., Hubbard Co., 320 A. and impts.
Mo., Harrison Co., impd. fruit farm, 37 A.
Mo., near Licking, 320 A. mostly timber.
Mo., Crawford Co., 320 A. timberland.
Mont., Madison Co., finely eqpd. stock ranch 2,700 A. deeded; 3,000 A. leased; well watered.
Mont., Yellowstone Co., 260 A. and impts.; 130 A. alfalfa.
Nebr., Banner Co., 160 A. land.
Nebr., Cheyenne Co., hay and grazing ranch, 2,503 A. deeded; 640 A. school land.
Nebr., Garfield Co., 800 A. eqpd. farm; also 800 A. relinquishments; 5,000 A. free range.
N. J., near Pleasant Plains, 10½ A. and impts.
N. J., Lyndhurst, factory site 4¾ A. on Lackawanna R. R.
N. J., near Trenton, fine country estate 80 A. Colonial res. 16-r.; 2 baths; numerous outbldgs.
N. Y., 6 mi. from Ithica, 60 A. and impts.
N. Y., Seneca Co., 105 A. fruit farm and impts.; all thoroughly underdrained.
N. Y., Albion, 40 A. highly cultivated.
N. Y., Townsendville, 8-r. res. and 1 A.
N. Y., Kenmore, good lot, Hazeltine Ave.
N. Y., Ulster Co., 153 A. and impts.
N. Y., Warren Co., 142 A. and impts.
N. Y., Steuben Co., 134 A. and impts.
N. Y., Schenectady, Bellevue res. and lot.
N. Y., Albany Co., 128 A. and impts.
N. Y., 4 mi. from Catskill, 57 A. farm; excellent location for country res. or boarding house.
L. I., near Port Jefferson, 10 A. land.
N. Y., Columbia Co., fine farm 175 A.
N. Y., Mt. Vernon, fine mod. 20-r. res.
N. Y. City, Fordham Heights, 2 bldg. lots.
N. Y., Rochester, 7-r. cottage and lot.
N. D., Tower City, 160 A. land.
N. D., Burleigh Co., splendidly located townsite; at junction of 2 railroads; locality building up rapidly.
N. D., Cass Co., 160 A. good land.
Ohio, Kent, good 10-r. res. and lot.
Ohio, near Ashtabula, 42 A. fine 12-r. res.
Ohio, Martin's Ferry, 7-r. res. and lot.
Ohio, Erie Co., fine farm 140 A. and impts.
Ohio, Guernsey Co., 150 A. and impts.
Ohio, Georgetown, The Gen'l Grant Homestead.
Okla., Logan Co., 160 A. and impts.
Okla., Kingfisher, 8 A. orchard and res. site.
Pa., Reading, mod. 14-r. store and res. prop.; cigar factory in rear.
Pa., Johnstown, mod. cor. res. and lot.
Pa., Bradford Co., 132 A. and impts.
Pa., Bryn Mawr, 2 frame stores and dwellings, and 1 brick store and dwelling; lot 84 x 211 feet.
Pa., near Doylestown, country res., 40 A.
Pa., Wayne Co., 214 A. and impts.
Pa., Columbia Co., 11 A.; impts.; near Bloomsburg.
Pa., Venango Co., 100 A. and impts.
Pa., Potter Co., 70 A. and impts.
Pa., Easton, 10 A. suitable for bldg. lots.
R. I., Warwick, 8 mi. from Providence; 600 fine bldg. lots; valuable either for investment or market gardening.
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Tex., Grayson Co., 110 A. and impts.
Tex., San Antonio, 2 modern res.
Tex., Brazoria Co., 300 A. good rice land.
Vt., Randolph Centre, fine large res. and 4 A. suitable for club or sanitarium.
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Vt., Wallingford, 11-r. res. and grounds.
Wash., Douglas Co., 160 A. and impts.
Wash., Vashon Island, King Co., 40 A, 2nd growth timberland.
Wash., King Co., 160 A. and impts.
Wash., Clallam Co., 80 A. timberland.
Wis., Milwaukee, 9-r. res. and lot.
Wis., Waukesha Co., 203 A. and impts.
Wis., Clark Co., 40 A. timberland.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 185

New York's Underground Railway---One of the 49 Subway Stations

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Illustrated by PETER NEWELL

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

TWO SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

THE COLLEGE IN THE MOUNTAINS, SHAWANEE VILLAGE IN DISTANCE

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS

LINCOLN'S NOBLEST MEMORIAL

It is the College at Cumberland Gap, where the Mountain Youth are Now Educated and Trained—A Promising Outlook

By GEN. O. O. HOWARD

YOUR readers are so familiar with the industrial educational work at Tuskegee, Alabama, that I need give nothing but a simple reference to it, to illustrate a similar institution for Southern hite boys and girls. It provides instruction neces- ry to a common business life; also everything that ertains to the normal school, with a view to training e pupils for teaching; but mainly that institution sts upon an industrial basis.

Now, as Booker T. Washington and his friends are orking successfully in industrial lines of every descrip- on among the colored people of Alabama, and also rough them extending their efforts to other States; so my associates and yself, several years ago, began an edu- ational enterprise, named Lincoln Me- orial University, at the best centre we ould select in the mountain country, r the benefit of the youth of the moun- ins near the famous Cumberland Gap. here is not so much romance connect- d with these mountains, because their olk were white and have never been laves. Their ancestors came for the ost part from the highlands of Scot- nd, parts of England and Ireland.

I need not stop to tell you that they ave been left behind in every advan- ge that pertains to our present educa- onal and industrial development. As ine-tenths of them were always loyal o the flag and to the country, and specially so in the late Civil War, it as hitherto operated in a manner un- avorable to them. But the war feuds re now over. The sons and daughters f both sides are in absolute harmony t our Lincoln Memorial, as are the nembers of our board of teachers and nanagers. There are scarcely any col- red people in the mountains. Last ummer, in my long rides through three nountain counties of Kentucky, along he upper waters of the Kentucky River nd its branches, I did not see one negro ntil I returned to Jackson, which is a mall city of some two thousand inhab- tants, situated high up in the mountain country. There I found a small settle- ment of colored people.

Our Grant-Lee Hall is situated on the old "Four Seasons" estate. It was left there when the Four Sea- sons Hotel was demolished by wreckers, because of the failure of the hotel corporation. We bought in the hotel property, raising the money little by little. Mr. Andrew Carnegie helped me to pay off the last mortgage in the sum of thirty-three hundred dollars, saying to me as he did so:

"General, let me pay the mortgage now. Is it possible that there are descendants of Scotch people who can not read and write? I will consider your interests fur- ther by and by." Mr. Elisha S. Converse, of Boston, also aided us very much in running expenses, giving me besides a conditional promise of $10,000 if I would raise enough to make the endowment $200,000. I sent this proposition to Mr. Carnegie when he was in Skibo, Scotland. He wrote promptly that he would duplicate Mr. Converse's offer. We kept on, aided by one friend and another, till we had secured subscriptions to the amount required. As this endowment cannot be touched, we shall need money for running expenses during this year.

A GROUP OF THE GRANT-LEE COLLEGE WORKERS

One log house of ours, not far from Harrow Hall, was once a little church, from the front of which Henry Clay addressed thousands of mountain people, who came down by the horse trails from every side to hear him speak. It was when he was canvassing the State of Tennessee in political campaigns.

Avary Hall, our girls' dormitory, which is now completed, will hold over one hundred girls, and has an additional wing, which we call "The Domestic Science Department." Here the young women will be taught practical work, as in the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn. They will here learn what belongs to domestic economy, which they could not learn in their small, two-roomed houses in the mountains.

Our industrial enterprises include a saw-mill, a shingle mill, and a planing and grist mill. The students are divided into small detachments, for work a part of each day. Some put in the crops and take care of them (each year we have had over a hundred acres of grain crops); some attend to the ten acres of gardening; some have been making brick, doing carpenter work or other trade labor; some are at work in the printing office; and others, both young men and young women, are engaged in stenography, type-writing and photography. Grant-Lee Hall is a hive of industry.

I will say of the results of our enterprise thus far, that we have sent out forty-eight teachers, fairly well trained, into as many different districts of the mountains, and they have been thoroughly acceptable to the people. In some of the districts I have seen such wonderful changes in the manner of living, housekeeping, cooking, policing and other things that pertain to the preservation of health and comfort, that I have been surprised at the rapidity of the teachers' successful operations; and, what is to the purpose, these changes are welcome to the residents.

Our charter is broad enough to cover university privileges. Thus far we have had in our academic department merely the ordinary grades, from kindergarten to high school; adapting ourselves to the necessities of the young people, who come to us often with very little, if any, "book knowledge." In our normal department, we have planned a good normal course. The student teachers, getting what preparation they can after their winter or summer schools, will return to us to continue their studies. When a pupil finally graduates in the normal department, he or she will be thoroughly prepared for teaching. In the Industrial Department, we have had a supervisor of farming and gardening. We also have had a supervisor of building, who teaches brick-making, stone-cutting and carpentering; a supervisor of the mills—which are not only self-supporting but productive of income. The large farm itself—over six hundred acres—is partly wooded, but very much of it is capable of thorough cultivation.

Dr. J. H. Larry, our President, supervises all for a very small salary. He has about a dozen assistants.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

The American Pulpit

HUNGER SATISFIED

A Sermon by REV. D. C. EGGLESTON
Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Greenwich, Conn.

TEXT—LUKE 14: 17: "Come, for all things are now ready"

GREAT suppers imply great hungers. Man is measured by his hungers; they are the gauge of life. The degree of hunger indicates the extent of the vital processes going on between man and his environment. As a bricklayer's call for more materials is an indication that he is at work, so hunger is a sign of activity and the production of energy. It signifies upbuilding and enlargement. An unfed vital system, like an unfueled engine, is powerless. As the voltage is determined by the metre in connection with the dynamo, so the life power of a man is as the hungers that indicate the vitality being produced. Slight appetite indicates the production of little physical vitality; a little craving for the truth means a small result in mentality, and a meagre desire for affection means spiritual inactivity.

There are two ways of satisfying hungers. One is inactivity, the calling of a strike of vital processes. There's no demand for materials where there is nothing doing. Shiftlessness, apathy and indifference will take the keen edge out of all hungers. The other way is to provide supplies according to the demand, in order that all normal functions may go on. Humanity has the appearance of having tried the experiment of combining the two methods with unsatisfactory results. There is a lack of proportion and balance in life. Judged by any worthy ideal of manhood and womanhood the experiment is a failure, and ought to be abandoned as soon as possible.

Poor Feeding Causes Low Vitality

There are many conditions of deformity and lack of development that religious science says ought to be corrected. Children are born with weak germinal elements and forces, because the parents were ill-fed. There is weak-mindedness from lack of mental nourishment. The instincts, intuitions and aspirations are like sickly plants, while the moral attributes have either never been awakened or have been hushed to sleep by some anæsthetic. Eyes are dim of vision, and ears of hearing, while hands hang down in helplessness, because of a lack of vigorous application in the work of life. A great family of famine-stricken members of the "lean-kine" kind, in need of seven years of plenty, are on every side. Then, there are the sin-scourged, husk-fed, prodigal kind in need of the "father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare." Altogether, in a large sense, man is essentially ill-fed.

The parable of the great supper from which the text is taken, suggests that the trouble does not come from a lack at the base of supplies, but that it is a matter of indisposition. When one of them who sat at meat with Jesus heard the things of interest concerning the kingdom of God, he said unto him, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." Jesus immediately followed with the parable of the supper, setting forth the fact that notwithstanding the seeming desirability of so eating the bread of the kingdom, people were not clamoring for seats at the table, and that very pressing invitations were receiving very scant courtesy.

In considering the question of hungers and their satisfactions, we need to recognize that the providential preparation of supplies is equal to all demands. There is oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen enough for the needs of every living thing. Sunlight is lavishly poured out, and all basic elements entering into vital processes are fully adequate to all possible demands. In every stage of creation, the supplies were ready for that which was to follow.

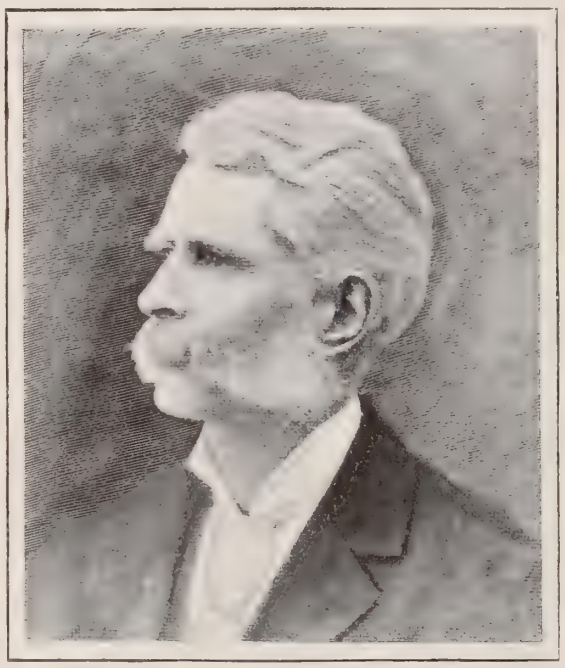
Supply for Every Need

As man appears and develops, every supply is ready in the fulness of the time of the demands. There are pastures and herds for primitive needs, and the soil and seeds are ready for the early harvests. Man finds fuel for fires, fibres for clothing, seas and winds for ships, streams for water-wheels, and metals for the arts. There is mathematics for Kepler, gravitation for Newton, steam for Watt, electricity for Morse, and systems of celestial objects for Copernicus. The hunger of the Hebrews for moral law; of the Greeks for lines of grace and beauty of form; and of the Romans for ideas of organization, are all provided for in the inherent nature of things. Nature can satisfy Titian's hunger for color, or Beethoven's cravings for harmonies. The spiritual message is ready for Isaiah, and man's everlasting hunger for oneness with the infinite Creator and Father is supplied in Jesus. For the satisfaction of the hunger for the consciousness of the ever-present God abiding in every secret place, the Holy Spirit is abundantly poured out. There is not a conceivable hunger in all the range of man's appetites, faculties, or attributes that is not provided for in the supplies of creation and revelation.

Preparation implies invitation. The invitation is as all-inclusive as the preparation. As the dew-drop is a miniature reflection of the sun, so the text, "Come, for all things are now ready," is an epitome of

The Universal Invitation

that is an essential and inherent fact of the preparation. Invitation is in the nature of God, and is repeated in everything he has done and said. It is the heart of the law of the higher order seeking the lower, that appears even in inanimate nature. There is an evolution of invitation. It is a developing, inherent element that is never absent. The law of crystallization invites chaotic matter to accept conditions of character and become distinguished by a definite and reliable order of existence. Just so, the acorn invites the inorganic elements to receive its laws and potencies, and enter into the structure and life of the oak. The bird invites the seed and berry to become plumage, song and flight, and God invites man to come into his image, to bear his nature and character, and to be one with himself; and so, Creation ends in Redemption. The universe and revelation are searching for every faculty and attribute of man, no matter how latent or obscure; inviting them to



REV. D. C. EGGLESTON

activity in research; to higher stages of development, and to nobler service.

Preparation and invitation of such scope anticipate a magnanimous acceptance. Hungers so varied, supplies so ample, and invitations so general and urgent, ought to issue in a united and complete responsiveness of man's nature. Alas for the results as indicated by the excuses which are made that indicate lack of hunger. Limited ranges of hunger show a narrow type of life. The invitation meant more than things for the senses; it meant hospitality of spirit and generosity of deed; it was a call away from isolation and sordid pursuits; there was offered an

Opportunity of Appreciation

and rich fellowships. It is said that Dickens in one of his stories tells of a woman who had withdrawn into a life of selfishness. In order to find her you had to enter a dark, winding passage, go through a subterranean way, and finally climb a narrow stairway, at the head of which was a small door on which was the word "woman." Here was one who had excused herself from the feast that nourishes all noble qualities, and had devoted her energies to a narrow, sensuous life, until she was shrunken and almost lost to all worthy purposes. It is a picture of the soul's retreat and failure. Indifference to, and neglect of, the higher ideals, rob us of beauty, tenderness and love.

The temptation to occupy the time in turning stones into bread comes to all men. The appetites seek to g the monopoly of life, and absorb the rights of the me tal faculties, and of the spiritual attributes; but th temptation is to be resisted, even as Christ resisted Those who excuse themselves from the finer issues life, often appear satisfied with their commonpla pursuits and pleasures, but they are missing their po sibilities, and are not at peace. They are hungry f happiness, and are seeking it with the swiftness of t wings of the morning; but they are seeking it on plane of life where it does not adequately develop.

A man recently said to a wealthy acquaintance: see you are enjoying automobiling." He replied: "O well, it is the latest diversion." Diversion is only te poral and superficial enjoyment at best.

The Law of Life

is that all the lower elements shall be taken up in the higher experiences or forms of life. Failure this means degradation. As food only distresses a poisons when the digestive system does not change into living tissue, so the material and superficial thin of life only bring dissatisfaction to those who have power of spiritual assimilation. To change the figu the soul is the die that characterizes the worth of t things of sense, even as the character of a governme determines the value of its currency. The inner int ligence and affection is the measure of all values, apa from these, the universe would be as nothing.

God only knows the real value of creation, becau he alone has the perfect mind. The way of values lands and oxen is like-mindedness with God. The a treasures of the world would be as clay, were it not f the soul that estimates enduring qualities, and appr ciates excellence and beauty. It is jokingly said th Boston is not a place, but a state of mind; but in seriousness, it may be said that Boston, and eve other place of interest, is what it is because of a state mind to know and appreciate it. Marion Crawfo says, "that the novel that simply discovers the surfa of things, the pageant, the armor, and the feasting, poor art; it must endeavor to paint the thoughts a feelings to be worthy." No limited or cramped natu can enter into great passions or experiences.

Men need relations with environment that are t conditions of spiritual development and force. F cause they have material supplies or have outwarc kept the law, they say what lack I yet? Jesus judg that such people lacked almost everything, and made his mission to awaken them to an inner consciousne of the deeper realities. A few supplies for the bo multiply exceedingly under the transforming power Christ, and a plain bill-of-fare for the appetites of t senses when the soul becomes a "treasury of knowled and an inner sanctuary of hope," is all sufficient. Wh Dore was asked why he did not build a chateau, he plied: "Let my patrons do that, why should I who ha no need of it; my chateau is here behind my forehea Dore, like the Divine Master, had "meat that they kn not of." He feasted with men of insight, in palac of beauty, among the noblest inspirations and idea What justice or honor is there in gratifying the low desires, and denying freedom and opportunity to t only faculties that are appointed to have control a guidance?

Spiritual Food

It is a form of suicide to decline to accept vi growth for that which is immortal. The great men history are not those who have made excuses and ha turned away from the storehouse of all good. They a the men who have felt the eloquence and tenderness the soul's needs, and the persuasions that have come it, and have responded with all of the passion of th natures.

The results of such responsiveness have been m satisfying. Moses accepted the invitation to come into the mount and be with God, and the law of l being was engraven in his nature. Paul was not d obedient to the heavenly vision, and he became t great and good apostle. Washington was not se seeking, but sought the ideal for man, and is reme bered as the "Father of his Country." Jesus surrender himself to become the Bread and Water of life, and l came the soul's everlasting strength and salvati Every possible yearning and outreach of man may fi its fulfilment in the nature of God. He gives hims his energy, his mind, his love, through the universe a revelation in order that we may become partakers of l nature and become one with him in purpose and lo Who dares to aspire to this fulness of life, let h "Come, for all things are now ready."

LINCOLN'S NOBLEST MEMORIAL

Continued from page 183

MOUNTAIN GIRLS FROM FOUR DIFFERENT STATES

THE SEWING CLASS AT LINCOLN UNIVERSITY

is good wife has thus far given her time most effectely, without compensation, to the care and guidance girls of the University. We have also an excellent oman immediately in charge of the girls' working deartment.

This institution is one hundred and ten miles south Berea College. My associates and I have worked it for the last five years, to make it a thorough obct-lesson, where people can see and realize what is ccomplished, and where the students receive practical ssistance toward their life-work.

Some say to me, "Why not let the folks of the mountins do this themselves?" They simply cannot do I am asked, "Why not influence them through pub meetings and through the press and through good ooks?" My answer is, they have almost no villages roughout vast regions of the mountain country. As a rule, they take no newspapers, and they have no books. They do respond, when good people take them by the hand and teach them the way. They are naturally as intelligent as any of our mountain people in Vermont, in New Hampshire and in Maine, and all they need is that we should give them a good start in the race of life.

There is a peculiar sensitiveness on the part of these people, and those who have homes no better than Abraham Lincoln had when a boy, are not pleased to have their poverty exposed to the public gaze. I do not wonder at this, and I would not give you samples of the rougher dwellings, which we find all through the mountain country, as a rule from a half-mile to a mile apart, and filled with growing children. I assume that there are as an average, seven children to each family throughout those counties of Kentucky and East Tennessee, which I have penetrated.

I do not think that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could find anywhere a project more meritorious or deserving of support than the Lincoln Memorial University.

I quote from a letter from President Larry, who writes:

> One of our girl students went out and taught in a distant district for twelve weeks, a school of eighty-three pupils. She has now returned to increase her knowledge. . . . The branch school started at Shawanee, now numbers about fifty pupils, and our effort there is being very kindly received. Their advanced students are now coming to Grant-Lee University.

Thus our undenominational institution in the very centre of the great mountains, from which you can see fifty miles in nearly every direction, is doing its part in raising up teachers of the right kind to occupy the districts where such teachers are needed, and where they go there is a wonderful uplifting in everything that pertains to the welfare of the people. All the old feuds will give way when enlightenment enters. Good roads and good schools will react upon family management and discipline, so that family disturbances and neighborhood quarrels will be replaced by something higher and better.

. . . .

The University is now on a solid basis, and if anyone gives to strengthen and develop it, he does a great deal better thing than to send out people to talk about it in the South. OLIVER O. HOWARD,

Major General U. S. Army (Retired), President Board of Directors L. M. U.

NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

A LINE of rapid transit, unequalled anywhere else in the world, will be completed in New York City, and opened to the public in the near future. Then ast multitudes of people who have been dangling from raps, been elbowed and pushed by crowds of seeming arbarians—who are quiet and inoffensive citizens anyhere else, except on crowded rface or elevated cars—will ow the blessedness of a trip om City Hall to Harlem in fifen minutes.

This journey will be made in estibuled cars, with sliding ors, and all sorts of devices r running the trains with safe , and for making accidents imssible, by automatic signals, d cut-offs of the deadly cur nt. The cars are built of sbestos and metal, and are fireroof, and as the power and uminating circuits are separted, an accident to one does t affect the other. There are rty-nine stations on the line, d as to convenience and style ey compare very favorably ith any in the world. Passenrs who are entering will not interfered with by those leav g, as the modes of access and gress are numerous.

Separate stairways for arriv g and departing passengers, revent discomfort and dangerus crowding during "rush" ours. The stairways are broad, d lead to platforms twenty to rty feet wide, and two hunred feet long. "Bull's-eyes," most as numerous as the stars the sky, are let into the ceilgs of the stations, through hich the daylight filters. But range to say of any place in New York City, the noise of the tumult overhead does t penetrate, and the subway is quiet, except for the unds made by its own traffic.

Each station has its own color, and its own figure or tter, with various other devices indicative and typical f the neighborhood; so that a passenger residing in ny particular district, will recognize his station by its olor. Thus, white and blue are the predominant colors f the Columbia University station, while the coat-ofrms of the college is seen at intervals upon the walls of the station. The general decorations are a feature, the stations being lined with glazed brick, white and olive green in tint, with terra cotta friezes along the roof.

The immensity of work involved in building this underground railroad can scarcely be estimated, the obstacles encountered were such as could be found only in a city like New York. Mr. John B. McDonald, the contractor, says, in speaking of the natural and artificial difficulties encountered by the workmen in the subway: "One part is sand and another part is rock, while the streets are bisected by a network of sewers, water and gas mains, with their house connections; the surface railways, with their yokes and vaults, the steam-heating pipes, pneumatic tubes, electric ducts, for power, light and telephone uses, man-holes, and catch-basins, and the elevated railway columns, make conditions not to be found in any other city. It cost over $3,000,000 to take care of these." The power house is the largest ever built for any single operation in the world, and is twice as large as the Madison Square Garden.

THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR IN NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

The road as now constructed, consists of a four-track line from Broadway and Park Row to 104th St. and Broadway. The ceremony of breaking ground was held on March 24, 1900, and it is very gratifying to Contractor McDonald, as well as to a long-suffering public, to know that the road is so near completion, and that the time is very near when it will be open for general travel. Not long ago, Mayor McClellan and a party of city officials made an experimental trip underground on hand-cars. There was not an unfavorable comment from anyone. Contractor McDonald, who was one of the party, was the recipient of many congratulations. The amount of money expended to date on the subway enterprise, is $30,000,000.

Our illustration shows the Mayor's exploring party, Contractor McDonald on the left, as the car faces one; Comptroller Grout next; then Mr. Alex. S. Orr, Chairman of the Rapid Transit Commission, and Mayor McClellan on the right. Dr. Darlington, the Health Commissioner, would have been one of the party, but arriving a little late, he exclaimed, "Well, I at least have the distinction of being the first man to miss catching my subway train."

The party had every chance to observe the temperature, noises, lights, and general atmosphere of the subway, and the travelers were a unit in expressing their satisfaction. There is nothing to remind one of the old-time gloomy and sulphurous railroad tunnels, dark, and full of foul gases, which nearly choke the half-suffocated passengers, as both motive and lighting power are electric.

When once the underground railroad is open to the New York public, the people will wonder how the city ever got along without it.

RELIEF WORK GOES BRAVELY ON

Our Macedonian Committee Energetically Urging it Forward at Every Available Point to Save the Refugee

Specially photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S INTERDENOMINATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MACEDONIAN RELIEF

1. Rev. Urdan Iconomoff
2. Mr. Demeter Angelieff
3. Mr. Lazar Dimitroff
4. Mr. Constantine T. Boyadjieff
5. Mr. Stoyan K. Vatralsky
6. Rev. Leroy F. Ostrander
7. Mr. Vassil P. Karaivanoff
8. Rev. Constantine J. Pachedjieff
9. Mr. Vulko J. Shopoff
10. Dr. Todor Gateff
11. Miss Elizabeth Clarke
12. Rev. Edward B. Haskell
13. Mrs. Mareeka M. Popova
14. Rev. Marco N. Popoff
15. Mr. Michael Monedjicoff

Other members of the Committee not included in this group are given below.

FROM our Commissioner in Macedonia, Pastor M. N. Popoff, comes the following interesting letter, which describes in detail the personnel and functions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Relief Committee. That Committee, as our readers will observe, is a most representative one. Its Chairman is an American missionary, known and loved throughout Turkey and Bulgaria, and there are four other American missionaries among his associates. Mr. Popoff's letter follows:

SOFIA, January 28.

On the 25th of January, as I have already informed you by cable, a goodly company of representative men and women met in Miss Clark's commodious headquarters in Sofia, and organized the Interdenominational CHRISTIAN HERALD Macedonian Relief Committee. Of the twenty-two missionaries and pastors invited, fifteen were present in person, and appear in the photograph. Four were represented by letter, being unable to be present. Three had not had time to communicate, on account of the slowness of the Turkish mails.

Rev. Edward B. Haskell, an honored American missionary, of Salonica, and a most efficient relief worker in Macedonia, was elected Chairman of the Committee. Of all the missionaries in Turkey, Mr. Haskell is the best acquainted with the condition of the sufferers in Macedonia.

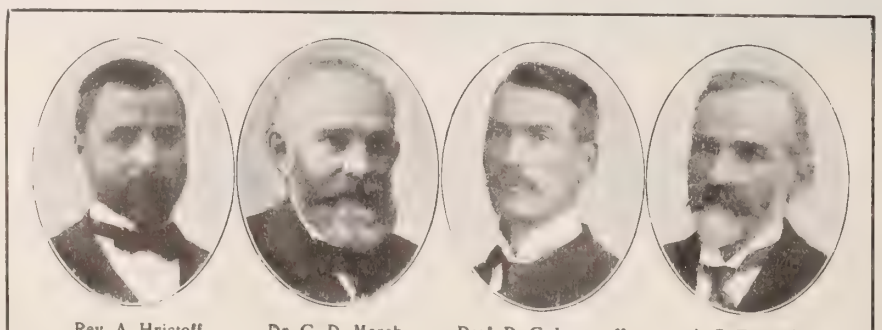
. . .

Judge Michael Monedjicoff, of Sofia, a devout Protestant, honored not only by the Protestants, but by all the citizens of Sofia, both as one of the best judges that Bulgaria has, and as a most upright man, was chosen Secretary of the Committee. By his counsels he will be one of the most useful members of the Committee. Messrs. Constantine T. Boyadjieff and Lazar Dimitroff represent the Y. M. C. A., the former being president of the Sofia Association, and an official in the Bulgarian National Bank, while the latter is a rising, energetic business man. They are both Macedonians.

Other members of the Committee, residents of Sofia, are the following: Miss Elizabeth Clarke, a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., who is at the head of the Mission kindergarten in Sofia, and Mrs. Mareeka M. Popova, your delegate's wife. These two ladies have done much in collecting and preparing clothing for the refugees. Mr. S. K. Vatralsky is a graduate of Harvard, and is an efficient helper in every good work. Representing the national Orthodox Church are the following four: Dr. Todor Gateff, a prominent lawyer and vice-president of the National Assembly (Sobranje); Mr. Demeter Angelieff, a prominent business man, and one of the most active members of the Sofia Local Macedonian Relief Committee; the Rev. Apostol Georgioff, the only priest of the National Church in Sofia who preaches regularly every Sunday; Madam Petroff-Chomacova is an honorary lady of the palace, and a great friend of the late Princess Maria Louisa. Mr. Vulko J. Shopoff, of Philippopolis, ex-Commissioner to the World's Fair of Chicago, and a deputy to the present National Assembly, is one of the prominent men in the industrial development of Bulgaria. He represents on the Committee the Stanimaca district, where the refugees seem to have been most neglected. Rev. Leroy F. Ostrander, already known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the youngest missionary in Samokov. He was delegated by the Samokov Mission Station to inquire into the particulars of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD plan, and if he found it a good one, to fall in line with it. I am glad to report that Mr. Ostrander consented to be a member of the Committee. He is a member of a Macedonian Relief Committee in Samokov, and has kept the accounts of the expenditure of the sums sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Samokov.

Another resident of Samokov on the Committee, is Prof. D. Gulumanoff, one of the most active relief workers in the villages of Samokov district. Mr. A. S. Tzanoff, the leading Bulgarian Protestant writer and editor of the *Zornitza*, represents the Philippopolis district. Rev. U. Iconomoff is of the Methodist Mission, north of the Balkan Mountains. In the field occupied by that Mission there are refugees in Varna, Shumla, and surrounding villages. Rev. Constantine J. Pachedjieff represents the Bourgas district, where there are over 12,000 refugees from the Adrianople district. Mr. Vassil P. Karaivanoff has much experience in relief work, and is now, as lay preacher in Dubnitza, actively engaged in such work in that city.

The following were elected members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD committee, but have not yet been heard from as to whether they consent to act: Dr. James L. Clarke, the oldest American Missionary in Bulgaria; Dr. George D. Marsh, of Philippopolis, who is now engaged in distributing $2,000 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund money in Kazul Agach district, and probably for this reason could not attend the meeting or communicate; and Rev. A. Hristoff, for a number of years pastor of the leading church in Macedonia, viz., in Banska, who represents the Yambol district. Last among the members of the committee is your representative.



Rev. A. Hristoff — Dr G D. Marsh — Prof. D. Gulumanoff — A. S. Tzanoff

There are no less than one hundred thousand Macedonians settled in Bulgaria. These have given a warm welcome to many of the refugees who escaped from Macedonia last fall, and have supported them thus far, not allowing them to depend on public charity. But now, as means have become exhausted, such refugees make their claim on public charity, so that the number of dependents is constantly swelled.

Wretched indeed are the refugees in Bourgas district. The greatest need now in Bulgaria is of upper clothing and bedding. Rev. L. F. Ostrander has sent a detailed description of the condition of relief work in Samokov.

Rev. Edward Haskell reports 50,000 sufferers in Monastir, Macedonia. English relief agencies have distributed there about £22,000. The Turkish Government is giving to all under twenty and above sixty years of age, fifteen piasters per month (about sixty cents). THE CHRISTIAN HERALD money has been given largely for clothing. An orphan asylum is badly needed to take care of children who have lost both parents. There are many such. Mr. Haskell is ready to start such an orphanage in Salonica if money could be provided for help and food. Will not some be willing to designate their gifts for such an orphanage?

Rev. K. Pachedjieff, of Bourgas, reports: In Kul Azach there are 709 refugees who receive only bread; in Yambol, 472; Slivna, 231; Karnobat, 770; Aitos, 1,7; Anehialo, 933; in villages, 6,706; Bourgas, 381.

These receive only bread from the Government appropriation. There are from two to three thousand who have received no aid. They are badly in need. Many have received cloth for a shirt and bed covering. None have received upper garments, of which they are in need. There is a great need of upper garments and bed coverings. Only about 1,500 urgans (quilts) have been distributed, while all are in need of them in this cold weather. An urgan can be obtained here for $1.50. Will not many of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers be willing to supply some of these people with urgans and save them from further exposure to the bitter cold?

M. N. POPOFF

WINTER HALTS THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

From copyright stereographs by Underwood & Underwood

RUSSIANS RESTING ON CHINESE SOIL

JAPANESE TROOPS AT DRILL

RUSSIAN CAVALRY AWAITING TRANSPORTATION

JAPAN has not entered this war without due preparation," said an American long resident in Tokio, to the writer, lately. "Foreseeing that a struggle with Russia must be the outcome of at nation's steady encroachments in Manchuria and the borders of Corea, Japan has been preparing, ese four years past, for the emergency that has now rived. Her army is as efficient as her navy, and r commissariat and medical departments are per-ct. Moreover, the Japanese themselves are confident at they will succeed. They are an unconquered tion, of indomitable courage and intensely patriotic. ey hold their own country to be impregnable. The inion of unbiased foreigners in Japan is that they ll win."

As a contrast to this view, is the opinion of an Amer-an who has traveled much in European and Asiatic ssia, from the White Sea coasts to Vladivostok. Russia," he says, "is unquestionably the greatest wer on earth to-day. The rest mankind does not understand appreciate the true character of ssia and its people. They are al and energetic. Russia has pended over $300,000,000 in Man-uria, and wherever she goes she vilizes and improves the country. pan may score the initial tri-phs of the present war, but nnot stand a protracted cam-ign; whereas Russia, with her ple resources, her vast popula-n, and her gigantic military tablishment, could carry on half a zen campaigns simultaneously."

Whichever way opinion may go, e fact remains that little Japan s steadily added to her list of nitial successes," in a way and th a persistency that seems to zzle many of the military critics. last week's issue of THE CHRIS-AN HERALD, it was stated that pan's operations near the Talien n Isthmus would probably result the isolation of Port Arthur. n February 16, General Pflug, e Russian Chief of Staff in Man-uria, announced in a despatch to the Government at . Petersburg, that the Japanese troops had already nded, or were preparing to land in force, at Thien-huang-Thai, twelve miles north of the Liao River in e Gulf of Liau-Tung. Mounted Japanese patrols were ported as having been seen at Sin-Min-Thun, north-st of Mukden. Almost simultaneously with this ws, came the intelligence that a strong fleet of Japanese arships had appeared in the Gulf of Liau-Tung, and ized an island there as a base of supplies, and that a panese army had already obtained a foothold on anchurian soil. Unofficial cablegrams reported several tempts by Japanese warships to land forces at differ-t points along the peninsula and in the vicinity of ort Arthur, but these were defeated by the Russians. one attempt, a force of 2,500 Japanese, already nded, were attacked by Cossacks, who sabred hun-eds of the invaders and compelled the survivors to turn to their ships. Port Arthur dispatches report veral similar attempts, all of which, the Russians aim, were discomfited.

Russia's forces in the Liau-Tung peninsula early in ebruary were estimated at 30,000 men. Troops began puring in from the north to reinforce the Port Arthur d Dalny garrisons, and to strengthen exposed points along the coast. Japan, however, seemed resolved to spare no effort to capture the peninsula, and a Japanese force, estimated at 100,000, was dispatched from Nagasaki, Kobe and Maji for a secret destination, supposed to be the Liau-Tung gulf, or some point near Port Arthur; the apparent intention being to force a landing on both sides of the peninsula. On Sunday, Feb. 14, another attack was made by Japanese torpedo boats on the Port Arthur fleet, during a blinding snowstorm, the result being that two more of the Czar's warships were torpedoed, viz., the cruiser *Boyarin*, which was sunk, with the loss of nearly 200 men, and the volunteer transport *Kherson*, the loss of life upon which was not ascertained.

Great secrecy surrounds the Russian operations. In addition to her large army in Corea along the Yalu, it is reported that she has probably 300,000 troops in Manchuria and the peninsula. In view of the possibility of Port Arthur being isolated, Viceroy Alexieff decided to remove his military headquarters to Harbin, 600 miles inland, and at the Port Arthur and Vladivostok junction of the Siberian Railroad. This important city, occupying a strong position and with an abundance of supplies, would be the natural base of operations in conducting a campaign in Manchuria. There is a general stampede of the population from the peninsula toward Harbin, the majority being eager to reach Western Russia, out of the region of conflict.

At Vladivostok (off which the Russian fleet of warships is still cruising, in the Sea of Japan), the military authorities, by order of Viceroy Alexieff, have removed the departmental headquarters to Nikolsko, and the Russian bank to Khabarovk, both inland. There were many rumors current concerning the Vladivostok fleet, some affirming that it had been sunk or captured; others that it was successfully destroying Japan's commerce on the sea and had sunk several ships. None of these reports could be substantiated.

Meanwhile the campaign on the Yalu River makes very slow progress. On Feb. 18, it was estimated that Japan had 120,000 men in Corea, and Russia probably a still larger force. There were flying rumors of fighting having already begun, but these were wholly sensational. From Chemulpho the intelligence came that the Japanese had placed their front along a line south of the Yalu and that their forces were so disposed as to be strategically available over a wide area, extending hundreds of miles. This line reached from Chongyu to Kilju, practically across Corea, and a second line, estimated at 20,000, is ranged north of Seoul, with that city as headquarters. Twenty thousand more garrison the Corean coast towns, principally Chemulpho, Masampho and Mokpho.

On the north of the Yalu the Russian troops, it was said, had made strong entrenchments, and were busy night and day constructing earthworks, in anticipation of an attack. Their advance column had occupied Wiju and fortified it, and had penetrated to Pyeng Yang, unopposed. The only contact between the opposing forces in Corea up to the 18th, was a trifling skirmish between outposts, in which the Russians were successful. As the movements of the armies, both in Corea and Manchuria, are kept secret, and as no dispatches are permitted to be sent by the correspondents, the news from the field is largely conjectural. Neither Russia nor Japan will allow their plans to be divulged by correspondents, and all letters and cablegrams from the front are subjected to a rigid censorship.

Russia is encountering the usual winter difficulties in the transportation of troops and supplies. While crossing lake Baikal on the ice, a large body of several thousand soldiers were caught in a blizzard, and 600 are said to have perished of cold. Later, there was an unconfirmed report that a train with three regiments had dropped through the ice to the lake's bottom. Many stations on the Siberian railroad are pyramided with supplies and war munitions, which cannot be forwarded except very slowly. There are ample indications that the commissariat and supply departments are in a bad state, chiefly owing to interruptions in the railway service. Winter storms of unusual severity, both in Manchuria and Northern Corea, appear to be the principal cause of the present delay in military operations by both armies.

ON THE YALU RIVER, COREA, NEAR THE RUSSIAN FRONT

Notes of the War

China has declared her neutrality in the Russo-Japanese war.

It is gratifying to know that the foreign missionaries in Seoul are safe and well. It is not believed that they will be in any serious danger, for the present at least. Those stationed at Fusan, Pyeng-Yang, Taiku, and Sven Chyun have also been heard from, and were well and unapprehensive of danger at last reports.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Express* cables the story, that after the Russian disaster at Port Arthur, "Viceroy Alexieff summoned the officers whose negligence was the main cause of the defeat, and after cross-examining them as to their conduct, Alexieff, convinced of the guilt of a lieutenant, is declared to have drawn a revolver and shot the young officer dead in front of his comrades. The lieutenant is stated to have taken a party of officers ashore in his torpedo boat, instead of remaining on guard."

A rumor comes from Hong-Kong by cable, that Dowager Empress Tsi-An-Hsi, of China, is dead. It is probably untrue, as a similar story has frequently been circulated in late years. She was born in 1834, and has been practically supreme ruler of the Middle Kingdom since 1861, when Emperor I-tchou died. Tsi-An is a woman of strong, masculine qualities, shrewd, cruel and ambitious. She has frequently proved more than a match for the foreign diplomats. She was largely responsible for the Boxer troubles. In the Chinese Embassy at Washington, the report of her death is discredited.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Lenten Observance

EVERY Christian must rejoice to see at this season of the year, the increasing numbers who are found in the churches, and are testifying by their social conduct, to their recognition of the purpose of the Lenten observance. It is a good thing, whatsoever the cause, that men should realize the spiritual in life, and perceive that the scramble for material wealth is not all that they should live for. The suspension of gaiety and pleasures for a time, and the effort to draw nearer to God and to fix the mind on divine things, is laudable, and may be of the highest spiritual benefit. It would be well if all life was a Lenten season, in that sense, and if the spirit which rightly observes Lent, pervaded all our days. Then we should not see, as too often happens, the season treated as a period of penance, preceded and followed by unusual indulgence. The carnival excesses are a poor result of Lenten abstinence, and show that the heart has not been in the Lenten observance.

Nor should the strict observance of Lent lead to Pharisaical pride. God is not honored by an observance which is regarded as an affliction. If the heart is really hankering for worldly pleasure, and the restraint is only in deference to public opinion, there is a tendency to feel that the seven weeks of abstinence gives a claim on God and establishes a certain degree of merit. Important as conduct is, God looks below it to the motive inspiring it, and will not accept a temporary period of good behavior as a compromise for heart purity. There ought never to be in any soul a trust in the observance as a means of salvation, or an idea that it can be an atonement for the indulgences of the remainder of the year.

The true benefit of the Lenten observance consists in the opportunity it affords to draw nearer to Christ by the withdrawal from worldly concerns, to meditate on his life and love and self sacrifice, and to consecrate anew the spirit and the deeds to his service, so that the world may know by the lives of his followers, the power and the joy of his salvation.

Winter and War

EVENTS now taking place in the Far East will furnish to students of history a striking reminder of similar events which occurred ninety years ago, when the Napoleonic star had reached its zenith and begun to decline. The great Emperor had resolved to force Russia to bow to his will, and he had invaded her territory with his Grand Army of upwards of 400,000 men. From the beginning of this climacteric campaign, everything went wrong with the invaders. Napoleon had expected that the enemy would melt before his host and would quickly sue for peace; but instead, defeat followed defeat; disaster trod upon the heels of disaster. Winter came on—the terrible Russian winter. His troops, poorly fed and illy equipped, were totally unprepared for such an experience. "Their sufferings," the historians tell us, "were intense. Thousands were frozen to death. The spot of each bivouac was marked by the circle of dead around the watch-fires. Sometimes in a single night hundreds perished." "General Winter," the soldiers grimly said, was their bitterest foe. They could face the enemy's guns, but not the marrow-freezing blasts. The whole world knows the result of that disastrous campaign, in which "the world-conqueror" lost upwards of 250,000 brave soldiers, sacrificed to his ambition and to the lust for conquest. It was followed by the "War of Liberation," in which all those nations whom the conqueror had oppressed, rose and made common cause against him, and ultimately destroyed him, and pulled down the fabric of power which he had built at the cost of countless human lives.

Though Russia has no Napoleon, its armies are led by the invisible spectre of Peter the Great, whose policy of conquest and expansion has animated it for over two centuries. It has reached out and grasped Mongolia and Manchuria, and planned the conquest of Corea and the territory which bounds the shores of the Yellow Sea. In its last and greatest campaign for the mastery of Asia, involving the disruption of both China and Corea, it has met with reverses that were as unexpected as those that halted the Napoleonic legions ninety years ago. Its huge armies, poorly prepared for a winter campaign in Manchuria, find in the arctic winds and heavy snows of that region, a foe more to be dreaded than the Japanese. "General Winter" is in the field again, with his unconquerable host. It will be a stroke of remarkable good fortune if the Russian troops do not suffer more heavily from a wretched commissariat, and from exposure to cold and the diseases it entails, than from the operations of the enemy. The recent disaster on Lake Baikal, where hundreds of poor fellows in the Czar's army were frozen to death, is probably but one of many instances of the terrible sufferings the soldiers of Russia are forced to endure. It is a frightful glimpse of the horrors of war.

Should Russia fail in the present campaign, her internal troubles may instantly become acute, like those of Napoleon after his disastrous invasion of the Northern empire. There are already ominous signs of coming trouble in such an event. Those races that have been subjugated, and whose nationality has been suppressed "by the strong hand," would naturally welcome any opportunity for successfully reconquering their independence. All the tributary races that had been conquered by Napoleon broke away from him when the great crisis of his career arrived. May history not repeat itself in the case of Russia?

Cheerful Workers

THE beauty of all helping, all serving for God or for man, is it not cheeriness, freshness, gladness in the doing? You know people, doubtless, whom you dislike to call on for their fair share of work about the house or store or shop, because they have always such a persecuted look when asked to bear a hand; and you would almost rather they should never do anything for you, because when they do it they are sure in some way to make you feel that it was done at a sacrifice.

A man met a boy in the road carrying a basket of blackberries and said to him, "Where did you get such nice berries, my boy?" "Over there, sir, in that brier patch." "Well, won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice fruit?" "Yes, sir," said the brave little fellow, "she always seems very glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

It is the people who hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers in their feet that we like to come up with on our journey through this world, and these are the ones we like to work with in the vineyard. Christ, be sure, has the same feeling about the matter. He does expect us to do things for him that cost us dear; to bring him baskets of fruit of loving service, even though they have to be gathered sometimes amidst briers of opposition or ridicule, or bodily discomfort, or disappointment, or heart-breaking sorrow, but even then to come with a smiling heart.

Seasonable Opportunities

WINTER is a season of joyous life and pleasant work, and we ought to make the most of it. There is the prayer-meeting! When the evening comes, that summons us to its friendly circle, let us go to it with light hearts and exultant faces. Far too often our piety is a sombre thing, shadowy, grave, over-accentuated with seriousness and gloom. Why should religion ever be associated in any mind with dullness or morbidness? The Bible as one reads it, is resonant with songs of praise, with the glory and the gladness of those who lift the shout of victory. We can think of basement-rooms, damp, dark, cryptic, where God's saints have met for prayer. Everything in the minor key. Everything plaintive, everything halting and shivering on the brink of some dread abyss! No wonder young people avoid prayer-meetings of that order, in those places. Verily, the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light, for every saloon has its glitter and its pomp of lamps aflame, and its promise to the wayfarer of genial warmth, while too often our chapels are dimly illumined, and our fires smoke disconsolately.

Some of us are learning that we must not try to present religion in its lower, but in its higher aspects! We are finding out that God has a right to our best, that we should not offer him second-best. In the Hebrew economy Jehovah demanded the firstling of the flock!

Let our prayer-services in winter be attuned to loftiest joy. Let us "praise God, from whom all blessings flow," in a cheery environment, with cheerful fa

Then our social gatherings, our book clubs, our parties, our lecture courses, our ponds like sheets of shining glass, our rinks like plates of burnished s our love-making, where the old husband and the old sit together in the sweet confidence of a long lif work and wages shared, or where the young man c the girl he longs to marry; all these scenes, em ments, hopes, and dreams belong to the joyous sid winter. Summer scatters us, winter draws us clos gether. Blessed are the bright opportunities of wintry days!

Lincoln's Mother

IN the course of a sermon preached in New Yo memory of President Lincoln, recently, the pre er made a disparaging reference to Nancy Hanks mother of President Lincoln. There can be no tion of the bad taste of such remarks, especially fr Christian pulpit, even if they were deserved; b it would appear from historical documents, that there no ground for the innuendo uttered by the prea er. There is still in existence, not only the certificate o marriage of Lincoln's parents, which took plac June 12, 1806, three years before the birth of Abra Lincoln, but the marriage bond between Thomas coln and Richard Berry, the uncle and guardia Nancy Hanks, duly recorded under the marriage of Kentucky.

Testimony has been given also from personal k edge as to the character of Lincoln's mother. Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, who knew her well, wrote: was a woman of deep religious feeling, of the mos emplary character, and most tenderly and affection devoted to her family." Lincoln, himself, who only nine years old when she died, carried into mat the deepest reverence for her and a profound sen obligation to her. "All that I am," he said, "or ho be, I owe to my angel mother." Such an impres produced on so young a boy, and retained throug many eventful years, could not have been made b but a pure-minded, high-souled woman.

The character of Lincoln needs no adventi grounds for eulogy, nor can its splendor be enha by reflecting on his origin. It was therefore unpa able, not to say cruel and unjust, that the pre should have so failed to remember his Lord's in tion, "Judge not that ye be not judged," as to unn sarily, and it would appear, unwarrantably, go o his way to asperse the character of a woman, to w according to her son's own testimony, the count deeply indebted. Good, however, may come o evil, if the facts as above stated serve, now tha umny has led to their publication, to set at rest a c which may have found lodgment in other minds.

"Had no use for Testaments!"

WHO can estimate the power, or set limits to the ence of God's Word upon the hearts of men? "mighty to save."

A worker in a press-room in New York City was without Christ. He was a profane man, totally irreli and given to dissipation. One day, on account of negl his work because of his dissipated habits, he was discha Some friend wishing to help him to a better life, hac suaded him to subscribe to a religious paper. He THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and with it there came as mium a Red Letter New Testament. He flung it impat on the table—he had no use for Testaments! He re paper; read a little more, and presently became interes the simple Gospel it set forth, and in the object less practical Christianity which he found on almost every "After a while," he said, "I found I had use for the ment after all." Within its pages he found the Way of and as if by a miracle, he saw the causes of his own and the Divine remedy. His own life became transfo He is now an exemplary Christian, a member of th Reformed Church, and the teacher of a Bible Class. H taken up in earnest, the gracious and blessed work of l others out of the darkness into the light.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Panama's First President

NEWS comes from Panama that the little republic has passed through its first Presidential election, and has unanimously chosen Dr. Manuel Amador for that office. As was to be expected, Dr. Amador was one of the leaders in the recent movement, which issued in the separation of Panama from Colombia. His administration, therefore, will be in full accord with the national spirit on this, the most important of all questions for the young nation. Three Vice Presidents, or *Designados*, as they are called, were chosen at the same time. They are Dr. Pablo Arosemena, Domingo Obaldia, and Dr. Carlos Mendoza. The day set for the inauguration, when the dispatch announcing the election was sent, was February 20, and preparations were then being made to make the ceremony as imposing as possible. It is gratifying to learn that all the European nations, with the two unimportant exceptions of Spain and Turkey, have fallen into line in respect to the new government, and have granted full recognition to the sovereignty of the republic. The United States Senate has also taken action to give effect to the purpose of the revolution. A bill has been introduced authorizing the payment to Panama of the ten million dollars agreed upon in the treaty, as the amount due for territorial rights. Another bill also is in preparation to regulate the legal status of the inhabitants of the ten-mile strip bordering the canal, and measures are being taken to insure, as far as is possible in that region, the health of the officers and men who will be employed in the construction of the canal. It would appear, therefore, that the pessimistic predictions of trouble on the Isthmus will not be fulfilled, as the main difficulties there, as well as in our own Capital, have been overcome. The material difficulties in the way of the canal have now to be encountered, but there is every reason to hope that the skill and ingenuity of American engineers will suffice to surmount them also. There is now, therefore, a good prospect that the work, which will be so clear an advantage to the marine traffic of the world, will soon be an accomplished fact.

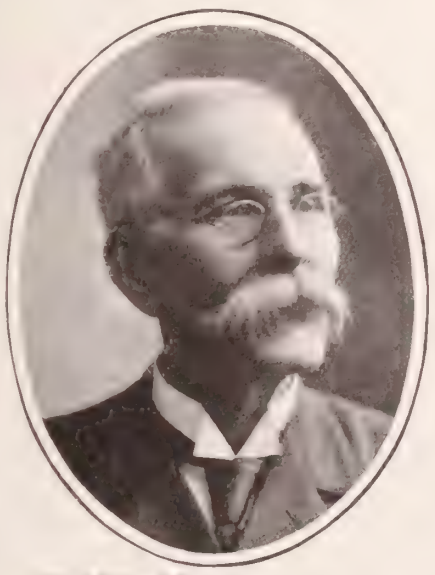

Photo by Schreiber, N. Y.

DR. MANUEL AMADOR
First President of Panama

Cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the path of my people (Isa. 57: 14).

The Pennsylvania's Tunnel

In the course of an address given in New York a few days ago, by the President of a railroad, the speaker incidentally described the method adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad to overcome the difficulties connected with the construction of the tunnel under the North River, by which its trains are to enter New York City. It is said that the most novel and interesting feature of the task was the system of screw piles, or piers, which, after a year's experimentation, had been adopted as the base on which the two great tunnel tubes are to rest. While a tube resting unsupported in the silt, might be built which would carry ordinary trolley traffic, it was another matter when it came to a traffic consisting of hundred-ton engines and eighty-ton Pullman sleepers. The problem before the engineer was to make a support for the tubes, when the bed rock of the river was from 100 to 150 feet below the water. He solved the matter with the screw piles. These piles will be driven by means of a steel hydraulic screw-driver of terrific power, which will seize the pile at the top and twist and grind and force it down through the silt until the bottom of it reaches bed rock. These piers are iron tubes seven feet eight inches in diameter, except at the screw end, which is of steel, and for a number of feet from the bottom has a diameter of four feet eight inches, with screw flanges nearly a foot in breadth. The piers will be about fifteen feet apart all the way across the silt bed in the river bed, and on them the tunnel will rest. The constructors of the tunnel are wisely determined to have it founded on bed rock. It would be easier and quicker, and less expensive not to go so deep, but in the end might be disastrous. In the building of character, as Christ warned us, the same plan must be adopted to insure safety.

The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock (Matt. 7: 25).

An Eviction in Zero Weather

The tenants on a whole block in New York City had a disagreeable experience two weeks ago, while the thermometer was registering only one degree above zero. Title to the block has been acquired for the purpose of erecting an armory, and early in January the occupiers of the houses fronting on both the avenues and the two streets to the north and south of it, were notified that they must quit within a month. Apparently they were in doubt whether the notice was genuine or, if it was, whether it would be promptly executed. Few among them sought new residences. There was an impression that owing to litigation, or to the proverbial slowness of public bodies to begin operations, a few weeks' delay might be expected. To the general surprise, however, they received notice on the day the earlier notice expired, to give up possession in twenty-four hours. A panic ensued. Some disposed of their effects by auction and others hurriedly sought new quarters. There were some even then, who made no move; but these were convinced of the necessity for prompt action, when contractors arrived to begin, in the bitter cold, to strip off the roofs and tear out the windows. The occupiers would have saved themselves from loss and the inconvenience of moving in severe weather, had they heeded the first notice; but the tendency to put off the evil day and the hope that it may never come, is common with others besides them. Unhappily, many yield to it in a matter so important as their eternal safety. To the warnings of the preacher they turn a deaf ear.

The vision that he seeth is for many days to come; he prophesieth of times that are far off (Ezek. 12: 27).

To Anchor Sand Dunes

An attempt has been made by the State of Massachusetts to anchor the sand dunes, which form a large part of the Province Lands on Cape Cod, as the dunes, useless in themselves, are a menace to adjacent cultivated land. It has been found that sand is readily bound together by grass roots, and that if sturdy varieties of grass, suitable for sandy soils, are planted, and cared for while obtaining a foothold and maturing, they will gradually cover large areas, transforming them from shifting, worthless lands, into veritable fertile, cultivable fields. Many years of forestry work in Europe have shown that after the grasses have made a start, trees can be successfully raised on these erstwhile sand piles. The State has, therefore, gone to considerable expense in the work, and the Bureau of Forestry has set aside a strip of land on the Columbia River, in Washington, to experiment on the lines adopted by Massachusetts. The same principle has sometimes effected a transformation when applied to character. The drifting, useless man, who is a menace to others, is changed when the love of some woman or child spreads its fibres through his nature. Better still, when the love of Christ takes possession of him and brings forth the fruits of the Spirit.

He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit (John 15: 5)

A Tree's Life Story

A Californian letter recently published, describes a strange record revealed by a tree of the Sequoias species, which has been felled after attaining the enormous size of fifteen feet diameter. The tree is believed, from the rings in it, to have been over two thousand years old. It bears evidence of having survived more than one great forest fire, from which it suffered centuries ago. This tree when felled had an enormous surface burn on one side, thirty feet in height and occupying eighteen feet of the circumference of the tree: this was found to have been due to a fire occurring in A. D. 1797. The tree had already occupied itself for 103 years in its efforts to repair this injury, its method being the ingrowing of the new tissue from each margin of the great black wound. When the tree was cut the records of three other fires were revealed. It is to be noted, that in each of the three older burns, there was a thin cavity occupied by the charcoal of burned surface, but the wounds were finally fully covered and the new tissue above was full, even continuous, and showed no sign of distortion or of the old wound. But when the tree was cut down the old wounds were discovered. The fire had left its marks, though the tree had covered them. It is so, frequently, with human lives. No one knows from a man's appearance what he has passed through. But at the last God, who knows all things, will see and take account.

Henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus (Gal. 6: 17).

Three Months Unburied

The body of a well-known citizen who died last November, has been lying in the receiving vault of a New York cemetery awaiting the decision of the courts as to its place of burial. The question came into litigation through a dispute between the widow and the eldest son of the deceased citizen. The son wishes to bury it in Greenwood Cemetery, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There the deceased's first wife, who was the son's mother, is buried, and the son says that his father often visited her grave, and expressed a wish that when he died he should be buried there. The widow, however, who was the deceased man's second wife, is a Roman Catholic, and she pleads that as her husband was received into the Catholic Church before his death, he ought to be buried in a Catholic cemetery. The court, after hearing the arguments on both sides, has ordered that the body shall remain in the receiving vault in which it has been temporarily deposited until a decision is given. Happily, it is of no concern to the dead man where they lay his body. The one momentous matter for him is whether his soul has the habitation assured those who have trusted in Christ.

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U. S. OFFICIALS AND LEADERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

1. Hon. F. V. de La Espriella. 2. Hon. Mr. Gudger, U. S. Consul General. 3. Hon. C. Shaler. 4. Hon. Frederico Boyd. 5. U. S. Minister Buchanan. 6. Hon. J. A. Arango. 7. Hon. Thos. Arias.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II. Cor. 5: 1).

A Great Evangelistic Campaign in England

DR. R. A. TORREY

Over 3,000 Declare for Christ—A Drunkard's Midnight Meeting in Birmingham

FROM A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR

THE evangelistic campaign which Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander, both of America, are now conducting in England, is being attended with extraordinary success. At the present time they are holding meetings in Birmingham, and in no city which they have yet visited has the enthusiasm been greater or the result more encouraging. The gatherings are held in the largest meeting-place in the city—Bingley Hall, a great square building, capable of accommodating between 8,000 and 10,000 people, and with a platform on which is seated a choir of 1,500 members. Night after night the great hall is packed with men and women, and on several occasions the rush has been so strong that several thousand persons were turned away. At the time of writing, the month's campaign in Birmingham is only half-way through, yet already the conversions number considerably over 3,000.

Perhaps the most remarkable gathering which the city ever witnessed took place at midnight on Saturday. The evangelists, anxious to reach all classes, and, if possible, to get at those in the deepest degradation and sin, arranged for a midnight meeting, when it was hoped to get in the outcast, the drunkard and the fallen, who usually frequent the streets at that hour. As early as 7:30 bands of Christian workers—seven companies in all—went out to scour the streets, visiting the saloons and pressing the people they found in there to come to the meeting.

In addition to this personal work, carried on so heartily by men and women alike, three brass bands went out to assist in gathering together the people.

The workers had evidently done their part well, and on entering the hall, close on eleven o'clock, the scene was a remarkabl. one. The bands were assembled on the platform with the choir, while in the hall below a motley throng streamed in. They were most of them men—poor, dirty, ragged, while here and there one noticed the refined features and thoughtful face of a man whose poor attire bespoke his altered circumstances. The women who came in—though they were not nearly so many as the men—were poor and wretched, most of them with shawls on their heads, and some with no head-covering at all, save their own tangled hair. As soon as Mr. Alexander mounted the dais, a half-drunken man in the front seat sprang forward, shouting hoarsely, "Sing us the Glory-Song." The service began with a hymn, which Mr. Alexander said he wanted them to sing, so that it might take them all back to their mother's knee—"What a Friend we Have in Jesus!" This hymn ended, the man in front again vigorously interposed, demanding "The Glory Song. Alexander, sing us it." Turning to the massed choir and the bands, Mr. Alexander gave the word, and the mighty chorus struck up:

> Oh! that will be glory for me, glory for me, glory for me,
> When by his grace I shall look on his face,
> That will be glory, be glory for me!

And it was sung, too! Mr. Alexander, with all the energy of his long arms and supple form, conducted them, using no baton, but waving his hands first to one side and then to the other, and flinging his arms out to command a pause; then swinging quickly round to the audience he led them through the chorus, only to turn round again and lead on the band, every nerve strained and his whole being seeming to be possessed for the time, with the spirit of the music.

The singing over, Dr. Torrey got up to speak.

"I can sympathize with you men," he said, "and I feel at home to-night. It looks like one of my Chicago audiences." Then, quiet in some measure being established, he said, "Before we talk, Mr. Alexander is going to do whatever he likes."

Instinctively, Mr. Alexander seemed to know just what to say and do, and—a thing which does not occur at the other meetings—loud clapping greeted both his appearance and Dr. Torrey's.

Having succeeded in quieting down his hearers, he said to them, "I'm going to sing you a song, entitled, 'Tell Mother I'll be There.'" This announcement was again greeted with applause and shouts from many in the audience.

"Now, men," he said, "I want to take you back to your mother's knee to-night, before you ever drank a drop of whisky, when she used to get you down on your knees right at her feet, and pray with you. The Lord bless you, men. We love you, or we would not be up this time of night trying to help you."

Dr. Torrey then began a talk, not a sermon. He talked straight to them as a man and a brother; he showed them that even the guiltiest might be saved from his sin. He was constantly interrupted. No sooner did he mention his Bible, "a wonderful Bible" he said it was, "the strangest Bible ever seen; and the strangest part consisted in the names in the front—many of the men whose names were written there, had been drinking men, but were now deacons in his church," than a man at the back of the Hall started up shouting, "Genesis, Exodus," in a loud, noisy voice. "You just keep still there," was the quick retort of Dr. Torrey, "and you'll be in Revelation in a minute."

Another man in particular would not remain quiet. At length, so much did he disturb the meeting that a worker went down to him, and then indeed a miracle was wrought; and returning to his seat some short time after, he said: "The Lord has sobered that poor man. I have been having prayer with him, and he is quite sober now, and listening quietly," and looking in the direction in which he pointed, I saw the man in question, sitting, his face turned toward Dr. Torrey, listening eagerly and intently to every word he had to say. The talk was a brief one, and at its close a startling announcement was made. "Every man in this building who was once a drunkard, and whom Jesus Christ has saved, stand up," said Dr. Torrey, and in a moment, men, young and old, all over the building, rose to their feet. "Praise God," said Dr. Torrey. "Now, every man that is a drunkard and who wants to be saved to-night, stand up." The words were scarcely uttered before the very man who had at the first caused so much disturbance, and was so strangely sobered, jumped up, and running to the front of the platform, immediately in front of Dr. Torrey, cried out: "I want to be saved to-night." "God bless you, brother," was the quick response.

"Now, men," said Dr. Torrey, "every one of you who wants to be saved to-night, come up here to the platform and take me by the hand," and passing quickly to the head of the steps he waited there, and at once there was a rush to the platform. The second to come forwar was the poor drunkard already mentioned, who eve then had to be helped up the steps, but Dr. Torre with a brotherly hand on his shoulder, passed him o to a worker to help him on his way. It was a wonde ful sight! For fifteen minutes men came up these step to the platform, and as they came they were passed o to a worker to be dealt with. All that time Dr. Torre stood there receiving them as they came forward, an quickly passing them on. They were of all ages, ol men, middle-aged, youths and boys, women in middl life, and girls on the threshold of womanhood.

PROF. ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander meanwhile started the chorus, "Wher is my wandering boy to-night?" It was sung, and sun again, and again, and yet again; and many times as h tried to change it for another hymn, was it taken u again. No sooner was there a pause than those in th audience down below took it up again; the voices wer broken and tuneless, but it was evident that was wha reached them most, and seeing it to be so, Mr. Ale ander gave up the attempt to introduce another hym and over and over again the refrain went up, "Where i my wandering boy to-night?" And while they sang i the converts, the anxious, the seekers still came pressin up the steps. It was a sight to break any heart. Surely if Christ wept over Jerusalem, how would he have wep over the multitudes in Bingley Hall that night?

All this time, the workers in different parts of th hall were doing their best to lead the undecided an the hesitating to surrender themselves to Jesus Christ.

At length, though the people were loth to go, havin satisfied another urgent demand for the "Glory Song from some men in the front, Mr. Alexander closed th meeting with prayer.

Long after the meeting was dispersed, and preache and singer had left, the people remained, and again an again they raised the chorus as well as they coul "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" And as w took our way home through the streets, on every sid the echoes of the "Glory Song" resounded through th midnight air. Truly Birmingham is awakening, an the hand of the Lord is laid upon the city!

* * *

A cablegram from Birmingham, received since th foregoing letter came, says that 7,000 persons (includin children), have professed conversion in Birminghan since the meetings started on January 17th.

REFORM IN SACRED SONG

READERS WRITE IN FAVOR OF A UNION HYMNAL FOR GENERAL USE IN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, SUITED TO ALL OCCASIONS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S publication of the suggestion for a uniform Hymnal for general use in Protestant Churches and religious gatherings, has elicited a very large number of responses. The writers of these letters are unanimous and enthusiastic in their approval of the plan. It is impracticable, for want of space, to print all of these letters, but those that are given below will furnis a fair idea of the tone and character of the whole. Among the writers are pastor musicians, choir and class leaders, and active Christian workers of all denomin tions.

An Important Step Towards Church Union

AS a lover of good church music and hymns, I am deeply interested in the discussion at present in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of the question of reform in this class of music. The suggestion by Mr. Sykes of a uniform hymnal is an excellent one, and commends itself to my judgment as a practical step towards church union. Music is the language of the soul, and consequently common to all people. Let us have more of it in our churches; more good hearty congregational singing, and a more abundant use of the old hymns. J. R. STRICKLAND.

Waterloo, Ont., Can.

Why Present Hymnals Fail to Satisfy.

THE suggestion of your correspondent for a "Uniform Hymnal" is a good one, I think, providing a committee can be selected capable of doing the work justice. Many of the tunes in the present-day hymnals and Gospel song books are useless, for various reasons, namely: devoid of melody; too wide a range for congregational singing; faulty in harmony; lacking in spiritual thought and fervor. Some have a "jing-a-ling catchy air and movement, which pleases the untrained ear for a while, but, failing to awaken religious feelings, soon die out and pass into disuse.

Outside of a few standard tunes, there is little in the books to educate the masses to an appreciation of a better and more devotional class of religious hymns. It is high time that the churches return to the old standard hymns and tunes. There is more religion in a half dozen of the good old hymns than in a whole present-day collection of devotional ditties. Much of the quartette and solo singing in our churches to-day is more of an exhibition of vocal frills and trills than soul singing.

Dixon, Ill. GEO. E. KRINBILL

Why Not a Uniform Hymnal?

IS it not a glorious thing that there exists an international system of uniform Sunday School lessons? And now, if the churches could but have a uniform hymnal, would it not be another step towards that oneness for which Christ prayed? It is interesting to note that already there is a movement on foot to secure a common hymnal for the Methodist Church, North, and the Methodist Church, South. Though the denominations may seem to believe somewhat differently, yet they pray alike and sing alike. Wesley and Toplady held heated controversy, each with the other; yet both could sing Toplady's immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Of course, to carry out the grand idea of uniformity in sacred song will be difficult, but surely not impracticable. A committee with skill amounting almost to genius will be needed, but doubtless can be found. If the common hymnal be at last attained, the singing by the church below will seem a prelude to that song above described by John in the Apocalypse, Rev. 5:11-14.

Bedford, N. Y. AMELIA HOYT.

A Class Teacher's View of It.

I HAVE been a music-class teacher and leader of church and prayer-meeting singing for two score years or more. Various notions as to what constitutes proper music for a church hymnal seem to prevail. Tunes familiar in certain localities only: new fledglings of tunes, by some ambitious young composer as yet untried; tunes of weird and chromatic harmonization by modern English writers; heavy German chorals; adaptations of popular and sentimental songs, as well as tried and true old specimens of church music known and loved throughout the country, all find their places in one or other of our hymnals. In some books we have an assortment of all these, in the effort to create a work of the widest demand and salability.

The question is not what the artistic musician, who is surfeited with music in its commoner forms, and who is impatient with that which the people at large can sing and enjoy, would be satisfied with, but what for the ma of the congregation would best answer th purposes of devotion in the singing of th church. It is probable that most congreg tions use no more than fifty or sixty tune while our hymnals contain often as many five or six hundred of all sorts.

Medfield, Mass. W. S. TILDEN.

Letters on the subject have also been receiv from — Rev. C. C. Hart, J. H. Tenney, S. Elliotte, J. F. Stout, S. Thrattice, W. H. Hawkin John Walter, Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer, A. M. Wate bury, H. C. Weaver, Annie M. Stuart, Frankl Frederico, H. P. Rising, M. A. Pritchard, M. Carey, Wayne V. Fuller, Ella J. Downing, A Co stant Reader, Geo. H. Kurtz, Thomas Freeman, W. Jones, James Gleason, B. Hale, T. Y. McClu Ena M. Reed, A. O. Nysewander, Mrs. M. Croach, Charles E. Hauxhurst, C. O. Morris, Flomerfelt, D. B. Stoup, Mrs. S. A. B., Mrs. N. Emery, H. S. Elliott, Mrs. Martha V. Sharp, W S. McGee, Jennie E. Hussey, Mrs. A. S. Coop James W. Wright, M. Stryker, Miss Emma Wei Myron H. Dean, Chas. A. Glover, L. W. Babylo A. M. Eldred, Reverence, Mrs. M. C. R., J. White, F. G. Shaw, Mrs. L. E. Dodd, Mrs. Augus Turner, James Littley, B. W. Broughton, All MacInnis, Wm. H. Puffer, L. C. Carpenter, Lou Hanes, Mrs. A. M. Warburton, Flora Hayner, M Jno. Stanley, N. Brisbin, Mrs. E. A. Palmer, M J. Hulbert, Monroe A. Weik, Abram Stull, Dav Magow, Helen Atkins, Mrs. Ann H. Bennett, Old Subscriber, W. J. Haine, Mrs. L. O. Stewa John H. Stanley, Sadie E. Squires, Elizabeth graham, and others.

THE WONDERS AND BEAUTIES OF THE SNOW

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?" JOB 38: 22 By WILSON A. BENTLEY

ONE of the purest and most satisfying of pleasures, is the study of the beautiful in Nature, the marvels wrought by the wonderful laws of the Creator. A peculiarly fascinating branch of this so-called nature study, is that of the snow crystals. Perhaps no natural phenomena occurring upon the earth, is more of an object lesson, portrays more fully both the power and majesty, and the gentleness of the Creator, than does a widespread snowstorm, or blizzard. The wind within such storms, blowing spirally inward toward the storm centre near the earth, and upward and outward above, exert a force compared to which that of the volcano is indeed puny. Yet, though the winds exert their power over vast areas, in bringing together the material, the water, vapors, etc., out of which the snow crystals are built, up aloft, in obedience to omnipotent laws, the irresistible forces of the blizzard unite, and, with infinite care and gentleness, assist in the building of those tiny, frail, snow crystals, that come to us when the skies are dark and winter reigns.

rail and delicate, it was born in the skies above

How many are there who fully realize how truly wonderful is the manner in which these are formed, and how different it is from that of other mineral crystals and gems of the earth. While the latter form upon or beneath the surface of the earth, and commonly upon and around some support, or in dense aqueous or other solution, and grow from the material in solution immediately surrounding them, and under conditions of

ht pressure, etc., practically identical throughout their vole development, the cloud crystals (snow) are born and come to us from the skies above. Their home is p among the dark cloud legions of the storm, where ence reigns supreme, where frost is king. There, far ove the turmoil of earth, in thinnest air, their only sport the uprushing winds, they live and have their ing, and the strange, mysterious forces of the earth d air hover over them, and mold them into those ndrous forms of beauty that we call snow.

How wonderful, how very complex, must be the proses going on up above at such times. Could we but at upward with those wonderful water molecules, and the snow crystals form, atom by atom, spangle by single, how absorbingly interesting would be the expence, and what wondrous secrets and hidden processes might witness.

. . .

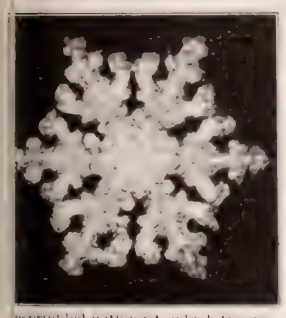
While at times the crystals doubtless fall directly tward earth immediately after birth, at other times, en uprushing winds are strong, they do not. Many them, indeed, must lead truly nomadic lives, one ll of unrest and ceaseless change. For so very light many of them, especially before completion, that by upward and outward flowing cloud-laden winds of mighty blizzard often waft them repeatedly upward frigid realms of frost and thinnest air, before they come heavy enough to fall down through the upring air. Doubtless the winds lead many of them ward, and far away from their place of birth before earth draws them to her bosom; and during these nderings in cloud and crystal land, the varying conions of air pressure, degree of cold, and humidity, ectric state of the air, etc., etc., that they encounter at erent points of their wanderings, each impress their ecial conditions upon them, and often while passing from cloud strata to cloud strata, violent choppy winds cause collisions of the crystals, one with another, so that many of them thus become scarred, and broken or deformed.

. . .

Often they enter and pass through relatively warm clouds, besprinkled with mist (tiny raindrops), and this freezes upon them in granular form, so that they become heavy and quickly fall to earth. But the true crystals, those clear and transparent like glass, do not grow continuously while in cloudland, but intermittently, whenever the ebb and flow of the air currents leave them and the air immediately surrounding them quiescent one with another.

. . .

From the foregoing, it will be seen that the crystals, or, at least, most of them, do not come to us with outlines such as they, at one time and another possessed within the clouds. Doubtless, many of them were far more beautiful in outline, while winging their way ough the cloud ocean above, than when they reach us, and *vice versa*. Through a wonrful provision of nature, as yet but imperfectly understood, each of these new outpwth as they form upon and around the nuclei, do so in such a manner that they bridge er and imprison a minute quantity of air. The wall spaces of these minute air tubes and mpartments, cause a refraction and dispersion of the rays of light that enter the crystals take place, thus causing them to appear as dark lines and shadings within the crystals.



esprinkled with mist, which freezes upon them

Thus, in this remarkable manner, the pre-existing outlines of the crystals while in cloudland are partly or wholly revealed to us. All that wealth of beauty within them, each line and dot and softest shading, means something—tells a story of its own, can we but interpret it. How wonderful and how fortunate, moreover, that each crystal should in this remarkable manner, through the mute and eloquent language of those strange and beautiful hieroglyphic characters; of those lines and dots and dashes and fairy-like tracery engraved within them, bring down with it its own autobiography—a record not only of its own life history, but also a record of the conditions existing wherein each transposition of form took place!

Truly was ever life history written in so unique a manner, or penned in characters more beautiful and fairy-like! Perhaps, partly, because it is rarely the case that any two of the crystals encounter the same conditions and pursue the same identical paths in cloudland, the diversity of form of the snow crystals is all but infinite. This feature, indeed, is the most marvelous thing about them, and gives to the study of them a peculiar fascination.

So all but infinite is the number of individual crystals produced by a single widespread rainstorm, and so limitless the variety of form and structure of these gems from Nature's laboratory, that doubtless for all time, so long as eyes shall see and kindle at the beautiful in Nature, new and choice snow designs will come from cloud and crystal land to delight the eye of those who seek for them.

A wealth of beauty in every glittering line

. . .

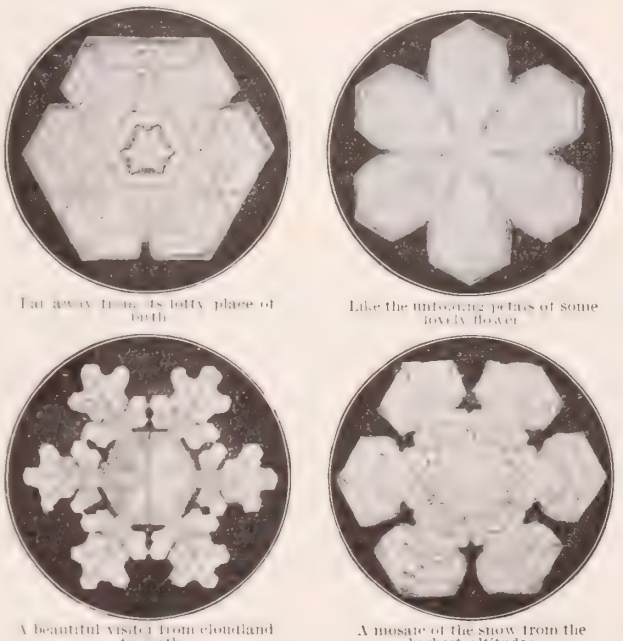
Think of it and marvel at it!

Over one thousand of the largest-sized snow crystals to a cubic inch of snow, and over ten thousand to the inch of those of medium size. How small the chance, indeed, that any one has as yet, or ever will have, to find and look upon the transcendent loveliness of the few pre-eminently beautiful and perfect snow crystals that we may be certain each storm fashions. But not only do the individual snow crystals of a given storm vary one with another, those of different storms vary also. Perhaps partly because the same identical segments of a great storm rarely pass over any one locality, the crystals of each succeeding storm in general, individually as collectively, differ one from another.

The crystals of one storm may be noted for remarkable symmetry, or for imperfections of form, or bold or delicate designs; of another for the thickness, thinness, or large or diminutive size of its crystals, and yet others by the plainness or paucity of details within them or the amazing complexity of these same details. The crystals of some storms are almost wholly granular, of others, all of one type, or exhibit a remarkable variety of distinct types.

. . .

Occasionally an unusual number of odd, rare, crystallic monstrosities, is the distinguishing feature of the crystals of a given storm. Usually there is a marked difference between the crystals of a local and a general storm. Commonly, the majority of the crystals of a given storm are imperfect in form, due to fractures and unfavorable conditions. The great majority of the more perfect and beautiful crystals, originate in the western, northwestern, or southwestern segments of great widespread storms and blizzards.



Far away from its lofty place of birth

Like the unfolding petals of some lovely flower

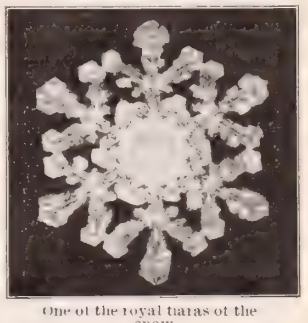
A beautiful vista from cloudland to earth

A mosaic of the snow from the highest altitudes

The wonders and beauties of snow are so manifold, that space forbids mention of but a few of them. Our knowledge regarding them is as yet fragmentary, in complete, and the charm of unsolved mysteries still shrouds them. Moreover, the life of a snow crystal is so brief; they evaporate or melt so quickly, even during intense cold, that the messages they bring down with them often fade before they are imparted to us. We can but wish in the words of the poet:

We wish we could but petrify
A few, as keepsakes from on high.

We can but wonder and marvel, as we look out upon the world after a snowstorm, and see the glittering host covering field, hillside and mountain, why so much beauty comes to us but to fade; to dissolve so quickly. But the mission of the snow crystals is a composite one, and perhaps they come to us not only to reveal the wondrous beauty of the minute in Nature, but to teach us that all earthly beauty is transient and must soon fade away. But though the beauty of the snow is evanescent, like the beauties of the autumn, as of the evening sky, it fades but to come again.



One of the royal tiaras of the snow

Mr. Bentley, who is a pioneer in these photographic studies, is the author of *Studies Among the Snow Crystals, Winter 1902*, containing 255 beautiful photographic reproductions of the crystals. This has been issued at cost as a bulletin of the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., Mr. Bentley reaping no benefit from the sale of it, as it is his contribution to the fund of universal knowledge. The crystals in the article on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were photographed by Mr. Bentley, chiefly during the great snowstorm of January 10, 1904.

MANY WRITE OF ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Reader, Gouverneur, N. Y. "God has wonfully answered my prayers. I was in great ntal distress and trouble, not long ago, and I yed earnestly that God would help me in removg the trouble, and my prayer was answered in ch a way that it has seemed wonderful to me."

A Subscriber in Va. "I have had many prayers swered, but one especially have I been praying for years, and at last he has had a bright conion. I want to ask all to pray for him that he y never turn back into the old way. God aners in his own good time."

George S. K. "I wish to acknowledge the goodss of God in hearing and answering prayer. It y not always be our way, but in his own good e and way he will surely answer the prayer of th. The Lord is an ever present help in time need."

Mrs. H. J., Portsmouth, Vt. "I thank God that I ve the blessed privilege of acknowledging his at kindness in answering many of my prayers, d especially recently he has answered so kindly."

Artesian, S. Dakota. "I have been praying for r twenty-five years. Oh, how many times God has answered my prayers in that time. I praise his holy name for it."

Constant Reader, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge the many prayers God has answered. I simply cast the burden upon Jesus and trust him, and he has helped us many times."

From an Old Subscriber. "After reading the answered prayers, I feel that I must add my testimony that the good Lord has lately answered one of my prayers. I was in deep trouble and took it to my Saviour in prayer; he has heard and answered my humble petition."

A Reader, St. Johnsville, N. Y. "Realizing as I do God's clearly manifested care over me in my life, and the many times he has saved me from great moral and spiritual dangers, I wish to acknowledge that merciful, fatherly care to the world; that others may be led to trust in him whose love is infinite, and which 'passeth understanding.'"

A Believer, Reedsville, Pa. "Having proved the efficacy of prayer, I wish to add my testimony to the many answers published in the HERALD. He has verified his promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

A Constant Reader, Newville, Pa. "I want to fulfil my promise to our dear Heavenly Father. I promised I would acknowledge in your paper of his ever willingness to answer prayer. He is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God."

A. L. V., Idaho Springs, Colo. "Answered prayers are full of interest to me, and my heart is burdened with desire which I hope I may yet declare as answered. The dear HERALD is a great comfort to me. God bless you."

Mrs. W. T. W., Walling, Ala. "I want to tell to al the world how good God has been to me. He has heard and answered my prayers since I was a little child."

A Constant Reader, Tiro, O. "May I publicly acknowledge a direct answer to prayer. Something I desired with all my heart and prayed for earnestly has come to me, and I am truly grateful."

Mrs. S, S., Stillwater, Okla. "I am sure God hears and answers prayer, if we pray in faith, believing. He is ever able and willing to hear us and help us. Hs has often answered my prayers, and I wish to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Mrs. M. S., Aurora, Ore. "I know God answers prayers and know he has helped and strengthened me."

Mrs. G. E. H. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am still in trouble, but I believe he will help me out. He has answered many prayers for me. I enjoy reading answered prayers."

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Mrs. M. E. S., Sunderland, Ill.; Miss M. O., Petersburg, Ind.; Mrs. Henry S., Kurville, Minn.; W. B., Rockford, Ill.; Reader, Ohio; Reader, New York; Friend, Allegheny City, Pa.; Mrs. S. J. S., Zanes Mills; Mrs. E. H. E., Pontiac, Mich.; Mrs. A. E. M., Pittsfield, Ill.; Constant Reader; Mrs. Ida S., Waco, Texas; Mrs. A. E. H., Linden, Ia.; Friend, Essex, N. Y.; S. E. R., Greenfield, Ia.; Mother, Eutaw, Ala.; Miss Lillie H. Fellowsville, W. Va.; Subscriber, Stockholm, Wis.; Mrs. M. R., 437 Chestnut street, Butler, Pa.; Reader, Glenn's Ferry, Idaho; W. W., Washington; Mrs. J. H., Wyoming, Ill.; Subscriber, Otsego, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah E. W., Dublin Shore, N. S.; "Happy Heart;" E. S. H., Penn's Grove, N. J.

COURAGE or REMORSE

Death of John the Baptist

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 13
MATT 14: 1-12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT -- BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE. REV. 2: 10:

THE execution of John the Baptist tells us the dreadful story. "You would hardly look for pity in the heart of a Roman soldier, rather you would expect to find us like the stiff, hard armor which we wear. But we are human, and sometimes almost rebellious against the cruel deeds we are called upon to do. Such a time came to me when I was ordered by Herod, the Tetrach, to behead John the Baptist.

"The command was given me as I stood on guard in the banqueting hall on the occasion of the king's birthday feast. My feet almost refused to take me to the prison where I should find John. My hand almost refused to take my sword from its sheath, as I looked upon his young head with its crown of dark hair. And when the earnest eyes looked into mine, I was almost paralyzed by the thought of what I was expected to do. He spoke no word of reproach to me, but he simply bade me do quickly what I had been sent to do. It was done, and I carried the gruesome head into the presence of Herod, who bade me give it to her who had asked it."

Illustration and Application

The events of the lesson, rearranged in their historic order, give us two practical themes: 1. John's Courage. 2. Herod's Remorse. John the Baptist was literally "faithful unto death" in preaching. The incident is worth repeating of the European prison, to which many martyrs to liberty and religion had been committed; where the writer saw, scratched deeply with a nail in the stone wall: "Be thou faithful unto the deathe, and I will give thee a crowne of life." In our times we need to ponder such heroism, for many of us are not faithful even up to the sneering point, or to the freezing point. So far from being faithful when it costs blood, we are not willing to face even water. Not alone preachers, but also teachers, need the story of John the Baptist facing the royal pair who could kill him at a word, and saying to Herod, of his new queen, Herodias, who had been divorced from his brother Philip to marry him, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."

Here it is appropriate to quote the words of Gladstone: "One thing I have against the clergy, both of the country and in town—they do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts, and bring up their whole lives and actions to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think is most needed is the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. He was seen coming from church one day in the country, in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: 'It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the church, and I have always upheld the clergy; but it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!' But that is also the kind of preaching I like best; the kind of preaching which men most need; but it is the kind of which they get the least."

How shall we make Christians as brave in the daily tests of faithfulness as soldiers usually are in battle, as firemen commonly are, as life-savers are, as even scientists are in their frequent risks of life for the promotion of knowledge? Lord Roberts gives as the bravest deed he ever saw the act of a native British soldier in India, who was charging a fort at the relief of Lucknow. The rebel defenders had just retreated inside, and were closing the great gates behind them. They were almost shut, when this native, Mukarrab Khan, sprang forward at the head of his troop, and thrust his arm through the narrow aperture, to prevent its being fastened, till his comrades could arrive and push it open. Of course he knew what would happen, and it did happen. His arm was hacked to pieces by the foiled garrison. He calmly stood and let them hack away. When that arm was so cut up it could no longer be relied on for preventing the fastening of the gates, he thrust the other between the two gates, knowing it would receive the same treatment. By that time his comrades had arrived, and the gates were opened, and hundreds of beleaguered Europeans were saved, the rebellion shortened, and India restored to order and to the British Queen. The man who did that brave act of self-sacrifice, judging by his name, was a heathen, and many acts, scarcely less brave, have been done by soldiers in all ages. Governor Geary of Pennsylvania once told this story of a battle in the Civil War, where he fought desperately, in the feeling that the life of the nation might turn on the result.

"I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of that fine, handsome boy. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened. Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together. It was awful. We quit firing, and took to the point of the bayonet. I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants. The battle was desperate, but after awhile we gained a little, and marched on. I turned round to the troops and shouted 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo, it was my son. I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I didn't dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle, so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'"

A recent representative case of courage in fires is that of the elevator men in the Masonic Temple of Chicago, who kept the elevators running through smoke and heat till every one in the burning building had been brought safely down. And here is a sample of many heroic deeds in behalf of science, in a telegram that once came from the Weather Bureau Station on Mount Washington, in bleak midwinter:

"9 P.M. Barometer falling fast. Thermometer twenty-two degrees below. Stevens seems to be dying." "12 P.M. Private Stevens is dead. I am alone on the mountain. Wind blowing a hurricane. House creaking fearfully. Instruments working all right."

Often we read in the papers, that even naturally timid women have stopped runaway horses, driven burglars from their homes, rescued drowning men. Such courage is found among Christians in supreme tests of martyrdom, as recently in China. But the problem we are considering is how to develop such courage in "the piping times of peace," in the common tasks of the common day; the courage to speak unwelcome truth in public and in private—the last the harder of the two—the courage to adhere to convictions among those who sneer at them; to do among the Romans as the Romans ought to do.

For one thing, preachers and teachers, by their very illustrations, should prove that they really believe that "peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war," for there can be no doubt that the expected reward of public approval stimulates the soldier and the fire-fighter to daring deeds. We should make the heroes of peace feel that their reward will be not only a "crown" in eternity, but also the grateful appreciation of good men here on earth. This earthly approval, however, should never be counted on by God's heroes, who are often blamed even by the good, whom they outstrip in daring. We need to get in the habit of living as in God's sight, supremely regardful of his approval. "How can we fear any thing with Him looking at us."

The other chief theme of this story, first in the text but last in the order of events, is Herod's remorse. The guilty king hears of Jesus going about teaching and healing, and cries out to his very servants: "It is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead." History tells us that the head of Cicero was brought to Fulvia, and that she pierced the tongue whose faithful words had often pierced her conscience.

"His head was given to the damsel, and she took it to her mother"

"John said, 'It is not lawful for thee to have her"

A woman had killed her husband by driving a nail into skull, and so successfully had she covered up the wound th he was buried without any suspicion being cast upon h After several years, the woman flattered herself that s would never be found out. One day, however, the gra digger was at work in the cemetery, and threw up this ma skull, and there he saw the nail. I do not know that suspected the woman, but he took it to her and said, "Lo there!" She threw up her hands and cried, "My Go Found out at last." Our sins will all be found out at last.

Stephen Holcombe, one of the most desperate gambl on the Mississippi River, one night was at the gaming tab and a man accused him of dishonesty at cards; Steph Holcombe drew his revolver and shot. The bullet went ir the man's neck. When he saw what he had done, Steph Holcombe sprang to the man's side, and tried to stanch t flow from the gaping wound; but the man bled to dea Stephen Holcombe was arrested for murder; he was tri and was acquitted, on the ground that he had shot the m in self defence. But, though acquitted by a human cou he was not acquitted before the bar of God, nor before t bar of his own conscience. He tried every way to find pea Two years after that awful night, he was in his room alo in misery, his face buried in his hands, and the memory that day haunting him, and as he knelt there he cried, ' God, can anything blot out the awful memory of what have done and give me peace?" And the strains of the c familiar hymn came singing through his heart

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

And then and there Stephen Holcombe saw Christ on t Cross for his sin. He saw all his sins, the murder and laid on Christ. Then and there Stephen Holcombe fou peace, and from that day he has preached Christ and t atoning blood that gave him peace.

The practical lesson is not alone that the guilty may saved, but also that in daily life, as has been often sa "Nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remembe

There is also another profound lesson of encouragem in the story of John, which Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock e bodied in a sermon to Endeavorers, on the text, "W slain with the sword," words that in Hebrews eleventh appe in a list of the victories of faith, reminding us of the victor of those who fail, the prisoners, the martyrs, who w vanquished and yet victors, like their Crucified Master. the last it is not Herodias, but John, that comes off victor.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.
Blessed are those who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light,
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.
—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Even if the cause for which John had died had not won last, his noble efforts would not have been in vain, for th effect upon his own character would have repaid all t labor and sacrifice.

Aspire, break bounds, I say;
Endeavor to be good, and better still, and best;
Success is naught, endeavor's all. —BROWNING.

When Love Grows Cold

THE young fancy that they, and they only, know anything about love. They scorn the notion that old people, their fathers, mothers, and grandparents may have as deep and yearning need, as anxious a desire to be loved, as ever had uth or maid in the radiant twenties. Of course they derstand that family affection is an enduring thing, d that their elders cherish it; but you can hardly con- nce them that a man or woman of middle age can re at all for love, in their meaning of the word.

Yet, no hearts ache as old hearts do when love grows d. Forty years ago, two persons stood together at od's altar and pledged one another life's long fealty. 'll death us do part, was the solemn refrain that made undertone, like the tolling of the bell in the midst of merry marriage peal. Following the wedding day t come the bright and buoyant years. The two had eir day of small things; they ared poverty together. After while they grew prosperous. The me was paid for. They ranked h in the community. Children d played about their door, and d been educated and trained for efulness. In due time the sons d daughters were grown up, and ne of them had married. It would em that so much in common of rifice, of enjoyment, of accom- shment, of development, might ve bound the husband and wife firmly that nothing could cause m to drift apart. But one or the er by degrees becomes cold and different. The wife is bored by esses that she once valued. The sband ceases to pay little grace- attentions. Both draw into a ell of reserve, that is not hostili- but is worse, for it is triply ckened by apathy, *ennui*, and lium. Life in that home has ased to be sweet and sacred, and s grown tawdry, meretricious, d unhallowed. The outward and ible sign of an inward and spirit- l grace is strangely lacking in at marriage.

Being self-respecting people, ese unhappy ones do not take the rld into their confidence. The sband does not pose as a victim, r the wife as a martyr. They pear side by side in the pew. ey entertain friends as formerly. t the intimates of the family, ose who have eyes to see, the ildren of the house who love both rents loyally, are aware of the eeping foe that has stealthily in ded the domicile. They know at there is deepest reason for regret when love has own cold.

One such grieving daughter wrote the other day, What can I do? My heart aches for them both. either is to blame, but my parents wound and misun- rstand one another every day of their lives." Another, son, said not long ago, "When life is so short, and ath may so suddenly end it, how can two people who gan as my father and mother did, be so repellent and loving? It decides me never to marry. I want no tter disillusionment years hence."

Thank God such homes are in the minority, homes here love has been frost-blighted. But there are some them, and those who are responsible for the disaster ould hasten to put self-esteem and vanity aside, and what they can to coax love back to his throne.

The First Medical College for Women in China

To those who remember the days when there was immense opposition to the entrance of women in the medical profession in this country, and who recall perfectly the attitude of conservative people to the first brave women practitioners, there is something beautiful and wonderful in the change that time has wrought. Women doctors are everywhere recognized and honored. They find their opportunity here in hospital work, especially among women and children; they are invaluable in schools and women's colleges, and in certain departments of family practice they compete successfully with men.

Indeed, the question of sex does not often now arise, except in difficult and delicate surgery. A doctor is a doctor, and this is all that is wanted. On the foreign mission field, the woman physician is everywhere wanted and longed for. She does unspeakable good, to body and mind, reaching the women as no others of her profession can. Oriental custom still effectually debars men physicians from treating women patients.

. . .

The Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., of which the venerable Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler is pastor emeritus, and which has for years past been served by the Rev. Dr. David Gregg, has the honor of starting the first medical college for Chinese women students. It is in the Lafayette Compound, Canton, China, and marks a forward step in the progress of that strange and vast empire, on which European Powers and America also, fix such interested eyes to-day.

All testimonies unite in speaking of the acute minds and bright receptivity of Chinese women students. "I have lost my heart to these beautiful Chinese girls," said a missionary lately, writing home her first vivid impressions of a group of schoolgirls who gathered about her. We are on the verge of a new era in China, and "the cross is in the field" and in the van.

TURKISH WOMEN WEAVING RUGS

This useful industry has roused Turkish women from the apathy of ages. As they see the beautiful rugs growing under their deft fingers, they feel themselves in the swift current of the Twentieth Century. The world moves and the Oriental woman has become a wage-earner.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—DORA. Precede your husband down the church aisle and enter the pew first Follow him out

—RUBY. Do right. Never mind the comments of outsiders It is never safe to tamper with one's conscience.

MARTIN. Keep your hat on in the house, while talking to your mother? No, it would be most improper and impolite.

—PUZZLED HELEN. It is a pity you did not send your letter sooner; but it is all right to do what you asked, and I hope you sent your friend a pretty valentine.

—EZRA. A diamond ring is often given as an engagement ring. But if you cannot afford one, give something else. A turquoise ring is very suitable.

—SUSAN. As the young man is not engaged to you, and has not asked you to marry him, his jealousy is misplaced, and you are free to accept other attentions.

—LOIS. Common sense is at the bottom of conventional rules; also kindness of heart. There is no other basis on which what you call arbitrary rules is built.

—E. D. M. Evil thoughts may come to us from a world of evil spirits, hovering near us. We are not always responsible for them. The best way to drive them away is by resolute right-doing.

The Worthy Poor

TRIPPINGLY it falls from the lips, this crisp phrase, the worthy poor. Who are they? How shall we discriminate between worthy and unworthy sufferers from poverty when, as recently in our great cities, the temperature has fallen below the zero mark? People who have had every comfort that money can buy; people whose homes are adequately warmed and whose tables are generously spread, have been heard to complain of the cold weather, and have undergone considerable hardship during the rigors of the present season. Their inconveniences and privations should awaken in them a deeper sympathy with the poor, and a swifter impulse of charity. When a fellow-being is starving, it is better, with the Apostle James, to do something for him at once, than to stop and lose time in investigating the case. What says the apostle? "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say to them, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and fed;' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" There is no solution except the practical one of sending or giving relief to distress at the earliest possible moment. Only the hard-hearted and the self-conceited, venture to deny the claim of brotherhood, which the poorest of the race, however low he may have fallen, may assert, in view of common descent from the great first parents in the garden of Eden.

Worthy or unworthy, the saloon in the background offering temptation and reaping the poor man's scanty savings; the lack of thrift eating up his earnings; the sorrow of his condition pressing him down like a heavy weight; worthy or unworthy, we are bound to help our brother when the wolf is at his door. We must do it in our own way and according to our ability; for unless we do it, we shall be responsible to Him who, when on earth, chose the poorest lot as his own, walked up and down the earth, as brother to the poor, and, in his continual acts of kindness, showed as much favor to the beggar by the wayside as to the centurion with soldiers under him. Our Heavenly Father, too, makes no discrimination in his bounty. He sends the rain on the just and on the unjust. What are we, that we should hesitate to help the wandering and erring, even if they are not worthy? Are we so worthy ourselves of God's great goodness?

The Uses of Etiquette

"All fol de rol," stormed old man Emerson, when his daughter sent to the city to buy a book of etiquette.

When the book came, Netta showed it to her mother.

"Keep that silly book out of your father's sight. He'll throw it into the fire," said Mrs. Emerson.

"But Mamma," pleaded Netta, "I'm going to visit Aunt Frances, and I won't know how to behave. I'll be like a sailor at sea without a chart. I'd rather stay at home than go to Aunty's and have her ashamed of me."

"Well, well, child," the mother answered, "say no more. I know our ways are plain. But I think a bright young woman who notices and keeps quiet, and is not too forward, will not go very far astray. Study your book, Netta, if it will console you for your ignorance. But don't talk about it when your Pa's by."

Mrs. Emerson was right. Etiquette seems formidable to the uninitiated, but it is, after everything is said against it, just the art of being agreeable. A code of rules, more or less arbitrary, has been formulated and is found in the books of social usage. These rules are all built on the conveniences of polite society. An ordinarily observant person, with quick perceptions, will commit very few social blunders. One fortnight spent in a household where the rules of good breeding are carefully practiced, will do more for a boy or girl than a library of books on etiquette, though they have their place.

One of the best things a really good school does for the pupils, is to teach good table manners, which are the truest test of good breeding. A person with rude manners at table, shows that his home has been wanting in refinement.

Enjoyed Every Page

I enjoyed every page of *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and will take pleasure in showing it to my friends. Your premiums are truly wonderful, and always more than come up to expectations. And THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is just splendid! MRS. G. W. DRAKE.

A Village Heroine

By FRANCES H. PECK

THE Dorcas Society of the Georgetown Methodist Church, an institution composed of about a dozen of the leading women of the church, met weekly at the home of some member, to sew for the worthy poor of the parish. These meetings were greatly enjoyed by all, for the ladies not only partook of delicious tea and delicate cake, but many a choice morsel of village gossip was here quietly aired, with that unfailing preliminary, "Just between us, you know," which always gives such an added zest to a revelation.

One afternoon the ladies were gathered at the home of Mrs. Judge Liston, the most important woman in the church in her own opinion, as well as in that of her friends. Something of unusual interest was being discussed, and the garments in the process of creation were receiving but scant attention.

"It's awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Walker, "and I, for one, don't believe he'd ever have done it if he hadn't been imposed upon. It's of the devil, that's plain."

Mrs. Judge Liston cleared her throat violently, and the ladies eyed her expectantly. It was very evident that Mrs. Judge Liston had something to say. "Ladies," she began impressively, "I feel, as I know you all do, that we, and the cause we represent, have received an insult. Our pastor, the chosen shepherd of our flock, has united himself for life to a lion tamer," this with withering emphasis, "a low-bred, impertinent hussy, no doubt, whose only thought in snaring Mr. Hensely was that, through him, she might gain a respectable social level. Beg pardon, Mrs. Amlin?" turning a stony gaze upon a quietly dressed little woman, who here ventured to raise her voice.

"I merely remarked, that even a lion tamer was not barred from grace; and I also think, Mrs. Liston, that we are doing wrong to condemn her without even having seen her," replied Mrs. Amlin bravely; "she may have become converted, who knows?"

"She converted!" snorted the judge's wife, "I'm astonished at you, Mrs. Amlin. In all my life I never heard of a circus person being converted, and I don't suppose that she will be an exception. Of course, we may hope for the best," added she, hedging against possibilities.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Hart, folding her work and preparing to enjoy the refreshments, "we'll see her Sunday." After this, the conversation gradually directed itself into other channels.

On the following Sunday the Methodist church was crowded. The people came, ostensibly, to welcome back their pastor; in reality, to take an inventory of the new Mrs. Hensely.

Finally, the minister and his wife walked down the side aisle, and he handed her to a seat in the parsonage pew. A feeling of disappointment settled over the congregation, especially the feminine portion of it, as a slender, girlish figure, neatly gowned in grey, quietly settled into the seat. Utterly unconscious seemed the minister's young wife, of the battery of stares directed at her. That she was beautiful was indisputable, and there was nothing about her to suggest the circus performer. The ladies in the house exchanged rather shamed glances. They had indulged in the absurd fancy that she would make her appearance in circus habiliments.

After the benediction had been pronounced, Mr. Hensely, instead of remaining behind the chancel, as was his wont, to shake hands with the people, took up his position by his wife, introducing her to his parishioners. He himself was welcomed warmly, she was greeted with the most frigid politeness; that is, by the older ones, who, feeling that the responsibility of maintaining the respectability of the church depended upon them, behaved accordingly. The younger members, however, were completely disarmed by her frank graciousness of manner, and her cordial hand-clasps.

Mamie Liston, a bright girl of sixteen, was no sooner at home with her mother, than she took up the cudgels in Mrs. Hensely's defence.

"She looks like she'd be a dear!" she said warmly, in response to some disparaging remark of her mother's, "and I'm going to like her, even if you do treat her badly. So there!"

Mrs. Liston gave her daughter a glance of cold surprise. "Did you ever know your mother to treat anyone badly, Mamie?" she asked. Now Mamie had, on several occasions, known this very thing to happen; but with knowledge born of experience, she discreetly held her tongue.

Mr. Hensely had expected that his bride would be held at arm's length for a season, but he was none the less indignant at the cold reception extended her. True, she had been an animal trainer, and a performer. But why was a lion worse than a dog? Many of the women of his congregation played with dogs. Anyhow, that was in the past. She had been truly converted, had consecrated her life to the Lord, and the minister could see no reason why she should be compelled to suffer persecution at the hands of those who were old professors of religion and advocates of Christian charity. The narrowness and hypocrisy of it all appealed to him forcibly, and he told his wife that night after the evening service, that if the attitude of the people of his church toward her did not change within a reasonable time, he would tender his resignation.

"An insult to you shall be a double one to me. In this case it is, 'love me, love my wife,'" he said, stroking her pretty hair fondly as she sat in a low chair by his side. Mrs. Hensely smiled up into his grave eyes. "No, James," she said, "you must not look at it in that light. Remember what my profession was, and how Methodists regard such things. Yes; I know you are a Methodist, too; but, you see, it is very different with you. You are in love; your parishioners are not. Let us bear with them; overlook their coldness, and I am sure that, in time, I shall be able to convince them that I am what I am. Not Leonie, the lion tamer, but a humble follower of the Christ whom they profess to love."

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Hensely became very popular with the young people. Her bright ways, and her sympathy with them in the various duties and pleasures which engrossed them, endeared her to their hearts. But their elders, particularly the ladies, still viewed her askance. True, they did accept her hospitality, and, in return, asked her to their gatherings; but it was merely from a sense of necessity, and the minister's wife knew it, and it cut her to the quick. She felt that nothing less than a miracle would enable her to win these sourly prejudiced minds.

In the face of all this, therefore, Mr. Hensely was struck with a sense as of utter calamity, when he discovered one morning, in the *Georgetown News*, the circus announcement, printed in glaring letters. He glanced furtively at his wife. She caught his look and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "I know. I am sorry that they should come here, for, of course, it will start up all the talk again. But I suppose it is for the best. Do not let it worry you, dear."

"But, child, I cannot bear to have you wounded by these unkind criticisms. Will you not go on a visit somewhere until the thing is gone? I wish you would."

Bessie Hensely squared her graceful shoulders proudly. "And play the coward?" she asked, somewhat reproachfully.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

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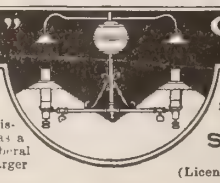

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A Village Heroine

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"No, James, you would never have me do that. These people cannot hurt me more than they have already done. I shall stay where I am, for I am—your wife."

Hensely caught her in his arms. "You are—an angel!" he said.

"I see that a show is advertised for Georgetown," remarked Mrs. Liston, acidly, to her husband that same morning. "I wonder if Mrs. Hensely will give a reception to the members of her craft. I confess, I should not be surprised to hear that she attended the performances. Dear! dear! what was Mr. Hensely thinking of?"

The judge, who was an Episcopalian, and, therefore, quite broad in his views, chewed a toothpick reflectively, but said nothing.

Among the younger non-Methodist residents of Georgetown, the advent of a circus was hailed with delight, and at the first performance a merry, gum-chewing, pop-corn-eating crowd, filled the tent on Barker's Green to overflowing. It was evident that the circus would have a successful stay in Georgetown.

Now, though Mamie Liston, at her mother's command, attended the Methodist church, she was, nevertheless, like her father in the liberality of her views, and had, for a long time, cherished a secret desire to see a circus. Here was the chance of a life time, and, taking advantage of the absence of Mrs. Liston on Saturday afternoon, she wheedled her indulgent father into taking her to the show.

As the performance progressed, it became evident that something was wrong. There was a nervousness apparent among the show people, which both the animals in the rings, and the audience on the seats unconsciously absorbed. The ring-master's face was flushed, and the clown's tongue was thick.

The principal, and most largely advertised feature of the show, was the drill which Senor Morillo was to give with six trained African lions. A heavy netting of steel wire and bars was erected for this purpose in one of the rings, inside of which the great brutes were unloaded from their cages. As they leaped into the enclosure, the judge observed their wild and blood-shot eyes, and heard their angry growlings.

In a moment the lion tamer entered. He was confident and daring. He put the animals through various tricks, striking right and left with a heavy, loaded raw-hide whip. The lions lashed their sides with their tails, the ominous snarls grew louder, and the eyes gleamed wickedly.

Though Mamie had never seen such a performance before, still she instinctively divined that something was wrong, and a vague feeling of discomfort possessed her.

"What's the matter with him, dad?" she asked, turning inquiring eyes from the Senor to her father.

"Drunk!" he replied briefly. "Come, Mamie, I do not care to have you see this." They left the tent. No sooner were they out, however, than wild confusion reigned within. The wretch had used his gad once too often. As the last huge brute was about to leave the enclosure, he brought the raw-hide down upon its flanks with awful and unexpected effect. Quivering with pain, and enraged beyond all endurance, the lion turned, and with one mighty blow felled the brutal Italian to the ground; then, springing over his dead body, rushed past the employees in the tent beyond, and, with snarling mouth and blood-shot eyes, bounded through an opening out onto the common. Shriek after shriek rent the air as the maddened beast was seen coming. A panic overtook the people, and their noise further excited the lion. Judge Liston and his daughter had turned at the first cry.

"Father, father, a lion's loose!" she screamed.

"Yes," answered the judge, his lips whitening. "Oh, God!" for the monster was heading toward them. A sudden, cruel death seemed imminent, but they could not move; they stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed with dread. Suddenly, a strange thing happened. From somewhere in the crowd came a long, shrill whistle, with peculiar vibrations. Ah, see! The lion stopped; looked; listened. Again the whistle. His huge frame trembled. The mob was fascinated; silent. Had God sent an angel to their aid? No, not an angel, but——

A slender, white-robed figure separated itself from the mass and walked toward the quivering beast. It was the minister's wife.

Within about four feet of him she paused, and held out her hand. "King," she called, and the lion, meek now as any lamb, recognized the voice of a loved mistress of former years, and obeying the call, came, and, crouching at her feet, licked her hand. Mrs. Hensely stroked his shaggy mane, then turning, walked to the tents, the lion following her like a dog.

She led him into the tent, inquired to what cage he belonged, and quietly ordered him in. Not a word was uttered until, as she was leaving the tent, a mighty cheer broke forth from the throats of the circus people. It was taken up by the crowds outside, and the air thrilled with her name; but the minister's wife, pale now as death, slipped away, and hurried home. The story of her brave deed had preceded her, however, and her husband met her at the door, his face drawn and white with anxiety. He drew her into the study and closed the door. Then she told him how, as she was passing Barker's Green, she had heard cries, and, upon looking, had seen a lion, which she had instantly recognized as a former pet, tearing across the field.

"It was not by my own power I conquered King," she added, at the close of her narrative, "for he was so enraged that I could never have succeeded alone. It seemed to me that I became suddenly endued with power from on high."

"I believe you were, my darling; but, oh, what if you had been taken from me?" said Hensely, brokenly, as he strained her to his heart.

"Do not let us think of that now," she answered, gravely. "It is evident that God has given me this chance of winning the hearts of the people. Plainly, it has needed something miraculous. Let us thank him," and together they knelt, to offer a prayer of thanksgiving.

When Mrs. Liston heard the story, she wept bitter tears of repentance. No word of reproof did she utter, and as she folded her child in her arms, she said, with a ring in her voice which Mamie had never heard before, "God bless the minister's wife!"

And Mamie said: "I told you so."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Life's Day

IN the beauty of life's morning,
We watch for noontide ray,
With youthful glances scorning,
The flower-buds 'long the way.

Reaching for golden fruition,
O'erlooking fair blossoms of life,
Ne'er counting costly tuition,
In schools of contest and strife.

At last comes the cool of the even,
When burden and heat of the day
Give place to starflowers of heaven,
That shine to the end of life's way.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

A Hindu Preacher's Appreciation

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—My wife and I are regular readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and are very fond of it too. We find the paper so interesting and instructive that we eagerly look out for it every week, and feel very disappointed if, in any way, it is delayed. My wife has been a "shut in" for some months, owing to her illness, which has prevented her from attending Sunday services; but her constant delight has been in the sermons you publish week by week in your paper, and she feels as if she is actually hearing some preacher. The *Picture Art Gallery* sent by you is simply charming. We are far away from you in India, and therefore we get it rather late. It is a wonder to us how you can afford to give us such a good paper, and along with it such liberal premiums, in lieu of the small annual subscription.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. S. K., Saginaw, Mich. Was Christ made higher than angels, as we read in Heb. 1:4; or was he lower than the angels, as we read in Heb. 2:9?

Christ's nature was higher than that of angels, as the writer shows; but he voluntarily humiliated himself by taking on human nature, which, as is proved by the quotation from Psalm 8:5, in Heb. 2:7, is lower than that of angels. He thus became temporarily, and for a definite purpose, lower than the angels, though they never forgot his divine nature, but ministered unto him. In the margin of the Revised Version you will find the rendering which solves your difficulty: "Made for a little while lower than the angels."

Apropos of the recent anniversary of Washington, Miss Mary Barton Cookman writes:

As the busy crowd pass up and down Broadway, how few stop to think of the historic interest which clusters about old St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway, Fulton and Vesey streets. This chapel is the oldest public building, and the only Colonial church building in New York City. For twelve years after the Revolution it was the parish church. Immediately after his inauguration as first President of the United States, on April 30, 1789, George Washington, with both Houses of Congress, came in procession to St. Paul's Chapel, where appropriate services were held by Bishop Provoost, chaplain of the Senate, and a solemn "Te Deum" was sung. In Washington's diary, from 1789 to 1791, as regularly as Sunday comes round, is the entry, "Went to St. Paul's Chapel, in the forenoon."

J. A. H. 1. What is the difference between Jewish and our months? 2. Why was February chosen for leap-year?

1. The Jewish calendar is dated from the creation, which is considered to have taken place 3,760 years and three months before the Christian era. The Hebrew months are called Nisan (which is the first month of the sacred year. It has thirty days, and answers generally to the moon of March and April). Iyar, corresponds to the moon of April or May; Sivan, moon of May or June; Tamuz, moon of June or July; Ab, moon of July or August; Elul, moon of August or September; Tishri, moon of September or October; Heshvan, moon of October or November; Kislev, moon of November or December; Tebeth, moon of December or January; Sebat, moon of January or February; and Adar, twelfth month, moon of February or March. 2. February is the shortest month in the year, and when there is an extra day every fourth year, it is added to the February of that year, so that in leap-year it has 29 days.

How I Worked My Way Around the World is certainly a charming narrative. One gets his money's worth of reading before half way through the book. It is a story that is interesting to old and young, and the writer deserves much credit, as does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for giving such a premium.

Auburn, Neb. ANNA DEMAREE.

Ellen M., Dayton, O. Were the Japanese ever conquered?

No; Japanese soil has never been held by an enemy. When the hordes of Genghis Khan and his successors overran Central Europe, Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, India and other countries, encountered the Japanese, they were beaten back. In all its campaigns, as far as history shows, Japan has proved its superior military prowess. In the Boxer troubles in China, a few years ago, when the troops of various nationalities marched to the relief of Pekin, the Japanese courage and endurance excited the admiration of the others in the expedition.

W. H. E., Mexico, N. Y., referring to a recent statement in THE MAIL BAG, estimating the number of words in the vocabulary of the average rural laborer, writes:

As a student of language and a teacher in a country school, I have given some attention to the language of illiterate country people and their children. I have written a list of more than a thousand nouns, not including proper nouns, which a farmer's boy of ten would use in conversation, even if he were without schooling. The list consists of names of domestic animals, poultry, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, parts of the body, etc.; farm crops, vegetables, fruits, trees, flowers, weeds and parts of the plant; buildings, parts of a building, materials, farm tools, parts of tools, furniture, kitchen utensils, clothing, food, etc.; natural phenomena, the simplest forms of land and water, the weather; time, weights, measures, etc.; social relations, relatives, trades, professions, officers, etc.; toys, games, sports and a few others. I also made a list of over 300 verbs in common use by children, also twenty-five prepositions. Adjectives, adverbs, etc., would bring the ordinary country child's speaking vocabulary up to at least 1,500 words not learned from books. The active questioning of the child, who is not satisfied till he knows the name of everything he sees, is paralleled in the savage child of nature who satisfies his craving for knowledge by naming all that comes under his observation. The scientist defines the facts of nature with an exact terminology. Each term embodies a theory or a series of observations. He may have a vocabulary of from twenty to fifty thousand words. As a matter of curiosity, I found, by a large number of averages, that I could define about twenty-five thousand of the words in Webster's International.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The *Crown Encyclopedia* arrived, free of charge, on time, and in good condition. I prize it highly. The maps alone are well worth the total cost. Your premiums are certainly the best yet.

Stratford, Canada. N. BRISBIN.

G. A. B., Wagoner, I. T., writes:

As to the priesthood of the King of Salem (Gen. 14: 18), "Without father, without mother," etc. (lately discussed in the MAIL-BAG), we have the same words on one of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets. Ebed-tob says he was not confirmed or appointed to the position as prince of Salem by Pharaoh, but by the oracle of "the great King," the God whose sanctuary stood on Mount Moriah. It was not from his father or his mother he inherited his dignity. He was king of Jerusalem because he was the priest of its God. So with Melchizedek; he was King of Salem and "priest of the most high God," because he was the servant of the God of peace, neither his father or his mother exalted him to the position he occupied, but his own piety and obedience to a higher power.

Student, Paterson, N. J. Who was Ossian, and what are his works?

He is supposed to have been a Scottish warrior-bard, who lived in the third century. His poems were discovered (?) by James Mc Pherson in 1760, and are said to have been translated from ancient manuscript. Though very beautiful, and of a high literary order, they were discredited by the critics of that day, and have always been regarded as of doubtful authenticity.

Frederic de B., Cincinnati, O. Is it true that the name of Jane (and its variants) has been the synonym of misfortune in history? On what ground can such a statement be made?

Probably because several women of the name, who were prominent in history, have ended their lives very sadly. Among them were Lady Jane Grey, beheaded for treason; Jane Seymour, Jane Beaufort, Jeanne de Valois, Jeanne d'Albret, Jane of Hainault, Jane, Queen of Navarre, Jeanne la Pucelle (Joan of Arc), Jane II. of Naples, and several others.

Inquirer, Scranton, Pa. In what sense did the Apostle mean us to understand that the love of money was the root of all evil?

The translation does not give the real meaning. There are some evils which do not spring from that root. The Apostle's phrase would be clearer if it had been rendered as the Revisers give it: "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." He meant, evidently, that it bore all kinds of evil fruit rather than that all the evil in the world sprang from it.

C. D. L., Wilkes Barre, Pa. How did the name of Dives come to be associated with the rich man in the Gospels?

It means rich, and is only another way of indicating the man. It is the same as saying "the rich man and Lazarus." In giving the Parable, Christ simply spoke of him as a certain rich man, this, not as you suggest, indicating assurance or decision, but indefinitely. It is as when quoting from an author whose name he probably did not remember at the moment, Paul said (Acts 17:28), "as certain also of your own poets have said."

Jenny M. A., Brooklyn, N. Y. What was the origin of kissing under the mistletoe?

According to the old Norse legend, Balder, the Scandinavian Apollo, was slain by the blind god, Hoder, with a mistletoe arrow, given by Loki, the spirit of evil. Balder was restored to life, but the mistletoe forever after was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil until it touched the earth. Hence it is always suspended from ceilings, and a kiss given and taken under it is the sign of peace and love, and not of mischief and hate.

A. P., Reading, Pa., writes: "Every true lover of peace and of the world's progress, on reading the news from the Far East, cannot fail to be impressed, as I have been, with the conviction that the Czar of Russia has lost the greatest opportunity of his life—such an opportunity as is seldom given to any man.

"Abraham Lincoln had the courage to sign the decree of Emancipation. Alexander II. did not hesitate to become the liberator of millions of Russian serfs. The present Emperor began well. He took the advice of Jean Bloch, the broad-minded, gentle-hearted, philosophic Jew, and he established the Peace Conference at The Hague as a tribunal for settling the quarrels of nations. Had he boldly asserted his royal prerogative and, in defiance of the 'war party,' sent the whole matter in dispute with Japan to The Hague, what would have been the result?

"He would have been hailed as the greatest monarch of his time, and honored by all men. The Russian "war party" would have sought

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

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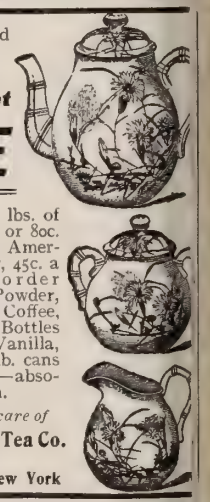

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196

their holes to hide in, and to shut out the acclamations that would have greeted Nicholas' ar. The Russian people would have idolized hi. There is no real quarrel between them at the people of Japan. The Mikado, who ems to have a sense of the true fitness of things, would have heartily concurred. Russian commercial interests in Manchuria uld have been taken care of, and The Hague Court unquestionably would have rended a judgment satisfactory to both nations.

J. R. W., Lebanon, O. It must be a matter for the individual conscience. We may say that a thing which is harmless in itself, may be objectionable to many for various reasons, and therefore should be avoided.

R. A. G. Vassar, Mich., writes:

Why is it that some of what consider themselves "leading dailies" in different parts of this country, appear to be trying to do with Russia and Japan what the ugly boys at school used to do with the little ones—place a chip on the shoulder of one and "dare" the other to knock it off? Is there any good and sufficient reason why the Hague Tribunal should not settle the differences between Russia and Japan? Is not that what it was organized for? We believe that Russia would be willing that it should be so decided, were it not for the officious intermeddling of mercenary wretches, who would like to see a war, if thereby they could coin the blood of their fellow-men into infamous dollars for their own consumption. In this the twentieth century, any public man or office-holder, who would advocate unnecessary war, should be seized and placed in the front ranks to do the fighting.

C. E. V. A., Coolbaugh, Pa. If the good people of the Bowery Mission want to help their less fortunate brothers, why do they serve breakfast at such an unseasonable hour as 1 A.M.?

Because those who are to be helped under this special arrangement are not people who have comfortable beds, but unfortunate men and lads who have no money, no home, no lodging, and who are compelled by poverty to walk the streets at night. They are helped purposely at the hours when they are naturally most in need of warm food. What they do receive gives them strength and encouragement to seek work when daylight comes. Another reason is that we wish to exclude the regulars, who have their own homes, and who might take advantage of the Mission's hospitality if the breakfast hour were any time after five o'clock.

W. D. Blanchard, Linwood, Mass., asks:

Can you help me to find the poem which runs something like this:

"What the scanty soil denies
The harvest of the mind supplies."

It pertains to New England.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give the information.

J. C. B., Monroe, Mich. Who is the prophet Mr. Bryan alludes to in his address before the Holland Society of New York, which you published Feb. 3, under the heading "The Wickedness of War"?

He referred to Isaiah, who described the millennial reign. See Isa. 11:6.

Miscellaneous Questions

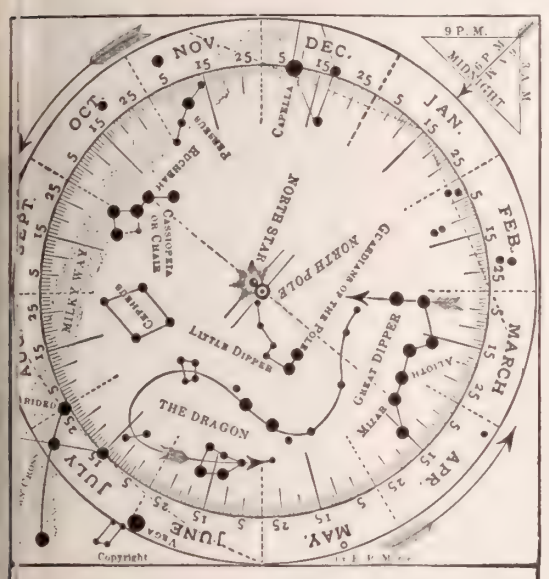
M. S. B., Leominster, Mass. We have repeatedly stated that any position, official or otherwise, which brings the incumbent into contact with the liquor traffic, must be repugnant to a Christian, or to any one who has the commonest consideration for the moral and physical welfare of the human race.

Reader, Eau Claire, Wis. If a publication, for which you have formerly subscribed, still continues to come by mail, and you wish to discontinue, you should notify the senders, and also the post-office, and decline to receive it. If you continue to receive it, you are legally presumed to consent to its coming, and therefore to be responsible.

Chaplain John T. Axton, Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, Tacloban, Leyte, P. I., writes that the men at his post will greatly appreciate magazines and papers which any of our readers may send to him. Any matter sent to the chaplain, will be used to the best possible advantage for the instruction and entertainment of the men.

J. M. V., Kizer's, Pa. The small dipper-shaped figure at the top is the well-known group of the Pleiades or Swan stars in the constellation Taurus. The next group below the V-shaped figure is the Hyades, also in Taurus. The other figure is the central part of the constellation Orion, the three upper stars in a row representing the "Belt."

G. P. SERVISS.



How to Tell the Time by the Stars

BY E. P. MORSE

EXPLANATION.—The Earth's motion, and daily advance in its course around the Sun, make the stars gain on the Sun about 4 minutes or 1° every day, as they seem to revolve together around the North Pole. This gain amounts to 1 hour (15°) every 15 days, and 24 hours (360°) or one revolution, in a year. The circle 45° from North Pole is divided into 360°, or day-spaces, by lines numbered on the outside as day-lines. On the inside these are counted as four minute spaces, divided by longer day lines into groups of 5, which count 20 minutes. The 24 long lines 15 days apart, are hour-lines. It is also an hour from either 20-minute line to the next of same length. A month space is 2 hours: and any star will rise, cross meridian and set, 2 hours earlier a month hence than to-night. The Zenith or overhead point is at the top, where the meridian or perpendicular line from the North Pole crosses the circle: and the north point in the horizon is at the bottom. When a day-line is perpendicular it is on the meridian; so is a star when directly above or below the Pole.

These day lines are so placed and numbered, that each on the day that it represents, will point across the card toward the position of the Sun on that day.

The triangle shows January 15, held in five positions as read in the lines when level. The North Star is found by the pointers in the Dipper (see arrow). It is exactly north only when above or below the North Pole (see dotted line), but it is so near it that it is used for North Pole. When this line is level the North Star is at an average height, and as many degrees above the horizon as the observer is north of the equator.

Turn any day line to its perpendicular or meridian position above the Pole, and the stars will be shown in their midnight positions for the day named as seen while looking north.

For any other hour of that night:—Roll this day point back to the right, or forward to the left, as many hour and minute spaces from the meridian as the time is before or after midnight.

To find the time of night by the stars:—Hold the card with the stars above or below the North Star as seen in the sky, and count the time spaces that the given day line is back of or beyond its perpendicular or midnight position.

inquirer. The lines are from Tennyson's *Morte d' Arthur*, and are as follows:

"Pray things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

W. C. F. Crandon, S. Dak. Should a Christian allow card playing and dancing in his house?

No. He should avoid even the appearance of evil, and for the sake of others whom his example might influence, he should draw the line firmly, and declare, "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." There are many amusements open to him that are not in the category of objectionable amusements.

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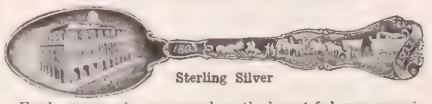

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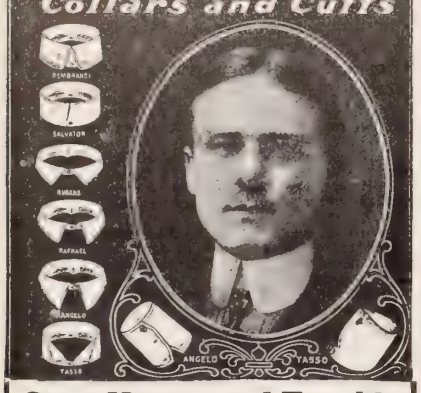

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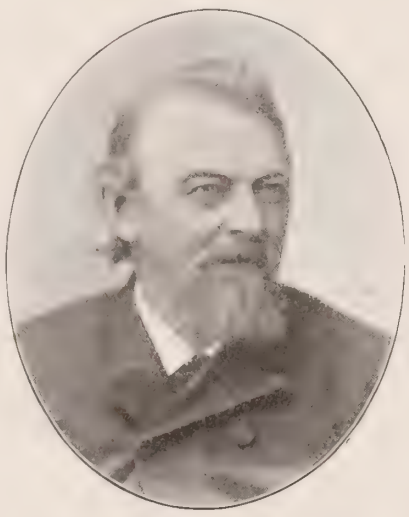
MANY a poor and afflicted family, and many a Christian church in and around New York, have sustained a severe loss by the death of Rev. David M. Heydrick, which occurred on Feb. 15. Of few men might it be said, to the same extent, that like the Master he served so faithfully and devotedly, "he went about doing good." Pity it is that men so useful, so unselfish, cannot be kept with us always. But nature has its way with them as with others, and though, as the great Apostle said, to remain in the flesh is more needful for us, it is better for them that they depart to be with Jesus.

For several months past Mr. Heydrick showed signs that the end was approaching. Though his eyes were still bright and his spirit cheerful as of yore, it was noticed in his frequent visits to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, that the elasticity of his step was gone, that his shoulders were bowed and his ruddy complexion had become sallow. He had passed his seventy-seventh birthday, and yet he would not spare himself, but, in all weathers, he went out seeking the means of alleviating some one's trouble and ministering to the sick. After he was confined to his bed, during the first week of February, and his mind became feeble and wandering, his restlessness would frequently cause his beloved wife and daughter, who tenderly watched over him, to inquire what was troubling him. From his muttered words, they learned that he imagined himself in New York City and unable to get back to Brooklyn, where a family was in trouble and must be visited. "They will be evicted," he cried piteously, "unless I can take them the money for their rent." He would plead for his hat and coat that he might go out and get work for some man who was in need, and his distress at not being able to rise was painful to witness. But all such service in which his days, during many years, had passed, was over. Never more will those whom he so lovingly served profit by his ministrations. He rests from his labors and his works follow him.



THE LATE REV. D. M. HEYDRICK

Mr. Heydrick was a native of Flourtown, Pa. He was converted in early life, and joined the Presbyterian Church. His first services were given to the Sunday School, in which he had a large class of boys, whom he visited in their homes, and whom he encouraged and helped in their material and spiritual interests. It was obviously impossible to keep him in business or in any professional calling. Religion was with him, the all-engrossing concern in life. He was accordingly entered as a student for the ministry at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and after his graduation, took a course at Princeton. He had little more than commenced his ministerial career, when the War broke out, and he was irresistibly drawn into service for the sick and wounded. At first as a volunteer worker, and later in connection with the Christian Commission, he was in the field, on the march, and in the hospitals, comforting the sick, ministering to the dying, and helping every one whom he saw in need of help. His cheery manner, his unfaltering faith, and his readiness to sacrifice his own ease and comfort in the interest of any sufferer, made him invaluable in that time of sorrow and mourning.

After the war, Mr. Heydrick settled in Brooklyn, and formed a congenial connection with the First Presbyterian Church, which gave him the opportunity of preaching, and of continuing the work that had become almost a passion with him, of personal service to the sick and troubled. Later, the Brooklyn City Mission was organized, and Mr. Heydrick was appointed on its staff. From that time until his death, he was a most active, devoted worker in its service, spending and being spent in labors for Christ. People naturally turned to him in any trouble, sure of finding sympathy and help. Heydrick was never to be met, at home or abroad, without some case on his hands of some one in affliction, whose burden he had made his own, and was trying to relieve. Now, it was a sick man whose rent was overdue, and Heydrick had told the landlord to let the man stay, and had become surety for the debt. The next day it would be some indigent aged Christian ladies for whom Heydrick had provided a home, and they had sent word to him that their larder was empty. Or, he had heard, that a young man was to be discharged from prison, and did not know how he could live honestly with the prison stain upon him. Heydrick wanted to provide him with a decent suit of clothes, and to find a place for him to work. Or, a family was in dire distress, because a son or a daughter had fallen into disgrace and had run away from home, and Heydrick was searching the dark places of the city to find and reclaim the missing one. Or, he had a number of sickly children, whom he was going to take to the country or the sea-beach for a day if he could find some one who would provide the funds. Every man's servant, no man led a busier life or had more to do.

The amount of money Mr. Heydrick spent every year in relieving the poor whom sickness and misfortune had placed in a crisis, is almost incredible. Where did he get it? It would have puzzled Mr. Heydrick himself to tell. He knew the highest source of the means; he held that God sent it all; but it reached him in the strangest ways, and through the most unlikely channels. The money, he used to say, will come as it is needed. Of that Mr. Heydrick was quite sure; but he had no more idea than a child of how or from whom it would come. Some morning he would be found starting away from his home without a cent in his pocket, having spent all he had in providing food or coal for some starving family, and with the obligation to pay by noon next day several accounts for rent, or funeral expenses, or some other necessity, aggregating one hundred or two hundred dollars, or some such seemingly unattainable sum. How did he expect to get it? he would be asked. He did not know, but he had committed it to the Lord. It would be all right. Two or three days later he would be seen hurrying along the street, his face bright and cheerful as usual, and, as usual, in need of money. Did he meet his obligations the other day? Oh, yes; there was a letter in his mail with fifty dollars in it from some man whom he had helped years ago, and who, thanks to his exertions, had become prosperous, and desired to show his gratitude to God and to Heydrick by a gift, to be used in helping someone else. And he had met a Christian merchant, who wanted to devote some money to the Lord's service, and did not know who needed it most, and was too busy to find out, so he had put a check or some bills in Heydrick's hand, asking him to spend it for him. Not infrequently men came to him saying, "I do not know how it is, but the impression came to me that you were in urgent need of money, so I have brought you this." One way or another the obligations would be met, and met on time, and Heydrick thanked God, knowing assuredly that it was to him that thanks were due.

So, day by day, he lived by faith, with a firm, unwavering belief that God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer and that none who trust in him will lack any good thing.

His belief in prayer was unwavering. No matter how urgent the crisis, no matter how apparently necessary it was to take immediate action, he would do nothing until he had committed the matter in prayer to God. He was sure that time would be saved, and mistakes avoided by taking counsel with the Lord, and many instances could be quoted in which that belief proved to be right.

During his last illness, the cloud that bewildered him, and kept him from realizing his surroundings, frequently lifted, and then his faith was triumphant. On one of those occasions, he showed what was supporting him by quoting the prophet's assurance: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On another occasion he asked his wife and daughter to sing his favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation" and then, "What a Friend we Have in Jesus," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The end was peaceful and almost joyous, for as the dying servant of God well knew, it was not the end, but the beginning of a better life than this. To him assuredly would the glad words be spoken; "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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THE ANGEL OF THE LEPERS

Mary Reed's Consecrated Life in India—The Mission to Lepers and its Beneficent Work

By MR. JOHN J. JACKSON, F.R.G.S.

"NOT to those who need you, but to those who need you the most," was the motto suggested by John Wesley for foreign mission: This may emphatically be applied to he ork of ministering to the bodily and pirit al needs of the outcast lepers of ndi and the East. It is not possible to onc ve a human being reduced to a nor errible depth of misery and hopeessss than the destitute lepers of Eastrn lds; stricken with an incurable and oathme disease, which destroys its ictis inch by inch; outcast by their wn indred; regarded by their creed as nde the special curse of their gods, it

MISS MARY REED

ay e safely claimed that they are of all ten most miserable, and, therefore, av g the strongest claim upon the symath and help of American people.

T homeless lepers of India alone are numbered by thousands. In the ajority of cases, they are without a roof s lter them, or a friend to show them ndness. But it is just here that Christ missions step in and meet the need of esstricken sufferers. While at present o man skill can give physical healing the leper, yet Christian missions are ble to do for him everything short of

The Mission to Lepers in India and the as the headquarters of which are at xter Hall, London, with an American dvisory Committee, of which Miss Lela Va of Guelph, Ontario, Canada, is Secretary, has, for nearly thirty years, been arrying on its Christlike work. Its operaon have rapidly extended of recent ear until to-day it is ministering to the ee of these poor sufferers in seventy tations in India, China and Japan. Of e thirty-three are institutions that aybeen built and are entirely supported y the Society. Fifteen of them are on exclusively for the rescue and duation of the untainted children of epers. The remaining stations are asylum to which the Society gives money ra's, or in which it prosecutes Christian wo The contrast between the lot of the outcast leper in his homeless and wandering existence and the provision ma for him in a mission asylum is as anness to light. Here he is welcomed ro his life of isolation and misery; he is clothed, fed, medically relieved, and, be all, treated with kindness and sympathy, and pointed to Him who can ense his soul from the leprosy of sin. The sympathy of American Christians wi this form of mission work has a pathetic tie in the services of that devoted wo er, Miss Mary Reed, who has long been Superintendent of the Asylum ected by the Mission to Lepers at Dadag Heights, on the borders of Dit and Napaul. Beginning with a few outcast lepers sheltered in temporary huts, the work has developed under Miss Reed's ca until there are now substantial asylums for men and for women, each having its own little church attached.

During the time it was my privilege to spend with her, we had touching services with her afflicted people. At the closing one, her women, who, with two or three exceptions, are all baptized Christians, testified their gratitude to God for having given them, as they expressed it, "so kind a mother." Another memorable service with the men resulted in five of them coming forward for instruction with a view to baptism and, quite recently, Miss Reed writes me that four out of these five are in her own class "standing well to their profession, and are living witnesses of the power of Christ in their lives."

When it is recalled that not a few of the lepers sheltered in the institution have escaped from the neighboring State of Napaul, where it is still the fate of the leper to be buried alive, it will be seen what a very real boon Miss Reed's work has proved to her fellow-sufferers. At the period of my visit, Miss Reed was about to set out for a period of rest. She has had twelve years of peculiarly painful and exhausting work, with only three brief furloughs, and she needs recuperation. The Mission has arranged for two other workers—Rev. C. W. De Souza and his wife—to take her place during her absence. Miss Reed has wonderful faith, and believes that it is in answer to the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other Christian friends, that health and strength have been given her thus far to perform her arduous duties. She asks for a continued interest in their prayers that she may be permitted to return to the work to which God has so manifestly called her.

It was my privilege to spend Christmas with the lepers of our largest asylums, at Purulia, in Bengal. Here, on Christmas morning, I was permitted to take part in a service at which no fewer than seventy-seven lepers, men and women, were admitted into the membership of the Christian Church by baptism.

The Mission to Lepers is not national, but international; not denominational, but interdenominational It exhibits Anglo-American union at its best, viz.: in active effort to relieve the suffering lepers and to rescue their helpless children. Need so extreme as theirs appeals alike to our Christian charity and to our common humanity. In our response we should recognize neither race nor creed. In this most Christlike form of missionary effort, America and Britain are working hand in hand.

There are few forms of Christian philanthropy in which a small outlay effects so much practical good as in this particular work. Thanks to the voluntary and unpaid services of the missionaries of many American and British societies who supervise the Society's work, the Mission to Lepers is able to provide the entire support of an adult leper for twenty-five dollars a year; while one of the rescued children can be supported and educated for twenty dollars. We believe that this aspect of the work will commend itself to American sympathizers.

We are glad to furnish names, information and, where possible, photographs of the sufferers, and it is my sincere hope that the kind-hearted readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will respond to the appeal that I here present in behalf of the most hopeless and helpless of our fellow-creatures.

Why He Loves The Christian Herald

The *Calendar* was received, and I am well pleased with it. I like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much; like the stand you take on temperance, as well as on the amusements, such as cards, dancing, etc., once considered as belonging to the world, but now indulged in by multitudes of professing Christians, and destroying (so it seems to me) the spirituality of the church. When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes and I read of all the good that is being done, I am greatly encouraged. I should be glad to have all my friends and neighbors read it, and will use my influence, so far as I can, to increase its circulation.

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MEN UNMADE*

Appetites that Unmake Men and Ruin Body and Soul

WHEN people speak of a self-made man—they usually mean a man who, without any of the advantages of education or family influence, has risen in the social scale and amassed a fortune. But there is another sense in which a man is made. It is when all the moral influences of birth and environment are at work to make him a self-indulgent brute; but by the grace of God, he learns to control his physical propensities, and becomes a strong and useful man. Alas, too, a man may be unmade. He may live for the passions he has in common with animals, and find his chief pleasure in eating and drinking and sexual pleasure. It is open to every man to cultivate his mind and seek spiritual development, or to care only for the enjoyments of his body. In a sense—he is his own master, and he may do what he will with himself—though he is warned that if he lives to the flesh he will reap corruption, and will have to give account of himself to God. Every young man and woman should recognize this fact and make a deliberate choice. The cost should be counted, for the upward path does cost. The downward path needs no effort. The weight of the flesh suffices for progress in that direction. But to rise—to become a man, in the best sense of the word—stern resolution and perpetual effort are necessary. The prize is worth the winning, but only those succeed who are in earnest and are prepared for self-denial.

The king made a great feast. It was not a wise thing to do, when a formidable army surrounded the city and was seeking to effect an entrance. The story goes that the besieging army had dug a trench half-way around the city, and only a few feet remained to be excavated to reach the river which flowed through it. When those few feet were removed, the river, instead of flowing through the city, would flow into the trench, and would leave its old bed dry. Then the soldiers, instead of having to batter down the walls, or force the gates, would march along the old bed of the river and under the great gates. The time chosen for the culmination of this strategy was the night of the feast, when the men whose duty it was to command the army of defence, would be feasting with their king. "In that night," says the record, "was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." How many a man has lost his kingdom by such indulgence! His control of himself and his fortunes, his place in society, and his hope of heaven, have been all sacrificed by some debauch. "This could not happen to me," says one, but it may happen when the insidious habit of yielding to the craving for strong drink has once been formed.

Thou art found wanting. One of the most thrilling of Tolstoi's stories, and one that has had many a living fulfilment, is that of a young Russian noble, who, staying at the house of a relative, became enamored with a servant girl. By long persuasion and by the influence of his high position, he induced her to yield to his passion. As he was leaving to go to his regiment, he made her a very handsome present, and went his way. After several years he came into his title and estate and returned to that district. He was summoned soon after his return to sit on a jury in a murder case. The accused was a woman, and when she was brought into court he at once recognized the servant whom he had led astray. Her story was told in court. She had been discharged from her place when her disgrace was known; she had vainly sought for other employment; her family cast her off; and she had been in danger of starvation. Then she had joined the great army of the depraved, and when a man had been found murdered in the vile house in which she was living, she was charged with having robbed and killed him. The nobleman's conscience rose in self-accusation. It reminded him that but for his evil deed, the woman might then be in honorable employment as a trusted servant, or perhaps the wife of a peasant. That she was standing in the dock a criminal, was due to his own self-indulgence.

They drank wine. There is no way to ruin of body and soul so sure and swift as this. Some years ago a young lawyer, who was living in Philadelphia, began to drink at public dinners, and occasionally had wine at his own table. People began to notice that he was at times under its influence. The late Dr. Talmage was his pastor, and he visited the lawyer and begged him to abstain altogether. "There is no need," was the reply. "I do not care for it, and I can stop drinking whenever I want to do so." Dr. Talmage pleaded with him, but without success. Later on he went to him again, and received the same answer, "I can stop whenever I decide to do so." Not many months afterwards, in response to another appeal, he exclaimed in horror, "I cannot stop. I must have it or I shall die." He did have it, for no power could prevent it, and he died of *delirium tremens.* No one deliberately sets out to be a drunkard. The drunkard at the beginning of his course is in command of himself, and does not realize that he is a captive until the chains around him are too strong to be broken.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union, for March 13. Daniel 5: 1-5; 25-28.

A Christian Indian's Appeal

About eighty years ago an Indian Prince was born in a hollow hemlock tree, somewhere in the Indian reservation of New York State. His name was Sunset. He was educated and accepted as an Indian preacher in the M. E. Church. Nearly thirty-five years have elapsed since I heard him deliver a temperance lecture. His lecture, if carried out by the white man, would solve the Indian problem. In substance, he said, "I preached to my people, and they accepted the Saviour and began a new life, when in came the white man with his evil habits, and destroyed my work. I saw no way of escape for them, but to convert the white man first, from his whiskey and his treachery to the red man." He was a powerful man and the vehemence of his address caused the blush of shame to cover the face of many who were guilty of dealing in the "mockery and raging" of wine and strong drink. His people are ruined now by strong drink. Away with it, or it will destroy the church. J. FLOMERFELT.
Gladstone, N. J.

Women are four:

SHE WHO KNOWS NOT, AND KNOWS NOT SHE KNOWS NOT - SHE IS A FOOL; SHUN HER. SHE WHO KNOWS NOT, AND KNOWS SHE KNOWS NOT - SHE IS SIMPLE; TEACH HER. SHE WHO KNOWS, AND KNOWS NOT SHE KNOWS - SHE IS ASLEEP; WAKE HER. SHE WHO KNOWS, AND KNOWS SHE KNOWS - SHE IS WISE; FOLLOW HER." ARAB PROVERB.

This Woman Knows that for any thing on which soap is needed the work can be done Best - Easiest - Safest with

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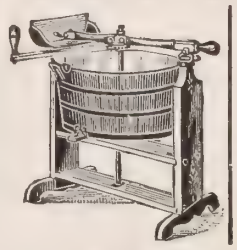

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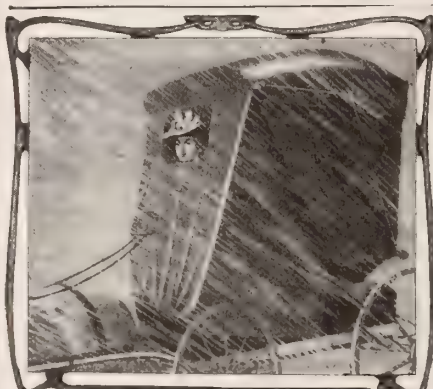

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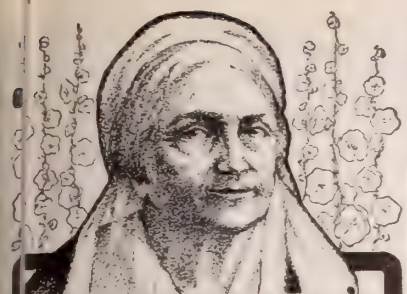

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Forget-me-nots, Canterbury Bells, Snapdragons, Four O'Clocks and Double Hollyhocks

Five Packages Free

To get you to write for our handsome new seed catalogue we will send with it, free, the five packages of flower seeds named above, if you will send 10 cents to pay for mailing.

The catalogue shows all the Flower and Vegetable novelties for 1904, and fully explains Where to Buy, What to Plant, and How to Successfully Grow Flower, Vegetable and Farm Seeds. Our business has been established over half a century. Our thousands of customers are located all over America. May we add you to the list?

WM. ELLIOTT & SONS, Seedsmen
61 Dey Street, New York

40 BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FREE

SEND US 25c. to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "ONE-SIE" collection of Beautiful Flowers, our new catalogue, containing the most liberal offers ever made, and a CASH CHECK for 25c., giving you your money back.

4 PACKETS SEED	
1 pt. Baby Rose (Japanese)	1 pkt. Floral Butterfly Plant
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20 Bulbs 1 Scarlet Freesia, 1 Wind Flower, 1 Spotted Calla, 2 Gladiolus, 1 Ranunculus, 2 Hyacinths, 1 Madeira Vine, 1 Shamrock Flower, 10 assorted bulbs for house or garden.

All the above flowers, cash check and the best catalogue to the United States for the cost of packing and postage, 25 cents.

ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N.Y.

3 FLOWERS 30¢

Worth $1.25
SPECIAL OFFER to introduce our goods. Money back if not pleased.

20 Pkts. Seeds

1 Pkt. Dragon Flower, " Semper Asters, double, " California Sweet Peas

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23 BULBS

New Begonia "Splendens," 1 Summer Flowering Canna, 1 Double Pearl Tuberose, 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus, 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis, 2 "Fair Maids of France," 2 Hardy Wind Flowers, 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines, 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 crimson, 1 "Novelty."

Return Check Good for 25c. on first $1.00 order for our **New Floral Guide,** telling all about Roses and 500 other choice flowers. All above postpaid, only 30c.

THE CONARD & JONES CO.
"Growers of the Best Roses in America."
Box Q, West Grove, Pa.

ROSES

108 Varieties.

Including all the choicest American and European sorts described in our large 136 page catalogue. We are the largest growers in the West. Our plants are strong and vigorous and our prices are right. As an introductory offer we will furnish

10 Choice Roses for 50c.

10 desirable sorts and all different, delivered to you, **charges prepaid.** We have also large two year old dormant roses, tree roses, choice house and bedding plants, floral novelties, etc. 24 large greenhouses—20 acres in flowers. Catalogue free if you mention this paper.

Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

HEALTHY TREES Free from disease. Honest in quality.

Budded Peaches, 5c; Budded Cherries, 20c; good varieties Concord Grapes, $3. per 100. 1000 Ash $1.20. B. and H. Locust, Rus. Mulberry, &c. Low price. We pay freight. Catalog free. Galbraith Nurseries, Box 82 Fairbury, Neb.

The Late Senator Hanna

IN the death of Marcus Alonzo Hanna, junior United States Senator from Ohio, who succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever, in Washington, February 15, the country loses one who has been prominently identified with public affairs for many years. During his long illness, the sympathy of the American people was expressed universally, quite regardless of political affiliations, and his death has called forth genuine sorrow everywhere. Mr. Hanna was a man widely esteemed for his sterling qualities, his fine abilities, his love of justice and fair-

THE LATE MARCUS A. HANNA

dealing for all classes, rich or poor. His geniality, his unfailing kindness and consideration for others, his many charitable deeds—for his heart and purse were ever open to the appeal of poverty—made him a favorite everywhere. Those who knew him most intimately, recognized in him a lover of mankind in the broadest sense, and one whose heart beat in sympathy with the common people.

He was born of humble parents in New Lisbon, O., in 1837, his father, Leonard Hanna, being a Quaker physician, who went into the grocery business when Mark was a boy of fifteen. From public school he went to Cleveland High School, and afterward to the Western Reserve College. At twenty he had begun his business career as a clerk in his father's employ. Next he was a traveling salesman, and in 1867, he became interested in the shipping firm of which, years afterward, he was the successful manager and principal stockholder. Step by step he progressed in prosperity, and his business interests multiplied. His first meeting with William McKinley was when the latter, then a young lawyer, was employed to defend a number of miners who were employed in Mr. Hanna's properties at Massillon. The friendship then begun, lasted throughout Mr. McKinley's life. Mark Hanna was his most trusted lieutenant in many campaigns and especially in the conduct of his Presidential canvass. He was a constant attendant at the bedside of the dying President in his last hours. From that time forward, it is said, Mr. Hanna never again took the same interest in politics he had done before. President McKinley's tragic fate and the splendid Christian fortitude he displayed to the end, made a deep impression on Mr. Hanna and influenced his whole subsequent life.

In recent years, Senator Hanna took an active interest in the affairs of the workingmen, and won their respect by his earnest efforts to harmonize their differences with the employers. He several times acted as arbitrator in strikes. He avowed publicly that he would rather be the instrument to unite capital and labor in friendly bonds than be President.

Mr. Hanna leaves a widow, one son and two daughters. His funeral was a public one, and the services in the Senate Chamber, were attended by the President, the Cabinet, Diplomatic Corps, Supreme Court Justices, Congressmen, and a great gathering of citizens. The interment took place at Cleveland, O.

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Direct from our own Factory.

Why pay your dealer from $5 to $40 more for a stove or range, when you can buy direct from our factory

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Stoves and Ranges

saving all dealers' and middlemen's profits? We save you from 25% to 40% on every purchase and you run no risk for we give you **360 Days Approval Test** and a guarantee under a $20,000 bank bond. If a Kalamazoo does not satisfy you in every way, send it back and we return every cent you paid. **We pay the freight.** Can we make a fairer offer? We are selling thousands of both steel and cast iron stoves and ranges in all parts of the country, and can refer you to pleased customers in your own neighborhood. New patterns, large square ovens and guaranteed fire backs. All blacked and polished ready to set up. Send postal for **Approval Offer** and Catalog No. 103

Kalamazoo Cast Iron Range For Coal and Wood.

We are manufacturers, **not** "mail order" dealers.
We make everything we sell and sell to the user exclusively.
We make a complete line of stoves, ranges, heaters and **make them right**
We ship all Kalamazoos freight prepaid, blacked and polished and any one can set them up.
We guarantee satisfaction, or your money back.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We fit all our ranges and cook stoves with our patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

Jack-and-the Beanstalk Vine

(Pueraria Thunbergiana)

WATCH IT GROW!

Like the magic Bean Vine of the fairy tale, this wondrous new vine, with ordinary treatment, will grow 70 feet in one season, turning everything it covers into leafy loveliness, and filling the air with the fragrance of its large clusters of wistaria-like blossoms.

In three months this wonderful Chinese Vine progresses as much as most vines do in five years. Adaptable to porches, arbors, fences, rockeries, old trees, etc. Perfectly hardy, lasts twenty-five years or more.

Packet of 15 seeds, 10c.

Strong Plants, 40c. each; 3 for $1
Good, Thrifty Plants, One Year old, 25c. each.

My catalogue, containing 500 varieties of Flower Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, New Plants and Rare Bulbs, at very low prices, sent with every order. You can't afford to be without it if you love flowers.

MISS MARY E. MARTIN
Floral Park, N. Y.

10,000 Plants for 16c

More gardens and farms are planted to Salzer's Seeds than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 5000 acres for the production of our warranted seeds. In order to induce you to try them, we make you the following unprecedented offer:

For 16 Cents Postpaid

1000 Early, Medium and Late Cabbages,
2000 Delicious, Carrots,
2000 Blanching Celery,
2000 Rich Nutty Lettuce,
1000 Splendid Onions,
1000 Rare Luscious Radishes,
1000 Gloriously Brilliant Flowers.

Above seven packages contain sufficient seed to grow 10,000 plants, furnishing **bushels of brilliant flowers** and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalog, telling all about Flowers, Roses, Small Fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps **and this notice.** Mammoth 140-page catalog alone, 4c.

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Roses, Bulbs, Vines Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Trees. The best by 50 years' test. 1000 acres, 40 in hardy roses. 44 Greenhouses of Plants and Everblooming Roses. Mail size postpaid, safe arrival guaranteed. Try us. Our goods will please you and direct deal will save you money. Valuable 168-page Catalogue Free.

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10 for 10c

Ten packets of choice Flower Seeds, **Hardy Pinks, Poppy, Mignonette, Pansy, Aster, Sweet William, Verbena, Alyssum, Petunia** and **Candy Tuft.** Cut out this advertisement and send with 10 cents. Illustrated colored cover catalogue Free.

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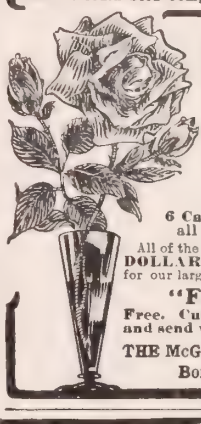

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6 Geraniums, new varieties, all named.....25 cents
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SPECIAL OFFER:

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Write to-day; Mention this Paper.

SEND 10 CENTS

to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of Seeds postpaid, together with my new Instructive, Beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about the Best varieties of Seeds, Plants, etc.

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Reliable Seeds, Plants and Bulbs

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Our Garden Book for 1904 with illustrations, colored plates, directions and reference tables mailed for 10c (postage) and free three packages select Asters, Pinks and Poppies.

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

FLOWERS Park's Floral Magazine, trial, Park's Floral Guide, 1904, and Park's Seed Pkg., 1000 sorts, for a big bed that will surprise you with new flowers every day all summer, all for stamp. Geo. W. Park, B52, La Park, Pa.

3 Japanese Chrysanthemums WITHOUT COST

We want every reader to see a sample of our plants and to have one of our finely illustrated 80-page FLORAL CATALOGUES for 1904, full of illustrations and descriptions of Plants, Bulbs, Seeds and Fruits, 65 pages elegantly lithographed in 7 colors. To every one who will send us ten cents for the Catalogue we will send THREE LARGE FLOWERING JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANTS (White, Pink, Yellow) and a Check Good for 10 Cents on first order, thus giving you the Catalogue and Plants absolutely Free. Send now and make selection for spring planting.

INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, Established 1877. The Geo. H. Mellen Co., Box Springfield, O.

A SINNER ENTRAPPED

Herod Held by His Sworn Promise

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AT the height of John the Baptist's popularity, Herod had "feared him, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him: and when he heard him he did many things, and heard him gladly" (Matt. 6: 20). He became deeply impressed. But deep convictions, if they do not lead to a full surrender, leave a sinner just where he was before. Herod was living in adultery with his brother Philip's wife, and John faithfully rebuked him for his sin. Herod approved of John's doctrine, but when it touched himself he would not yield. He was not ready to "break off his sins by righteousness" (Dan. 4: 27), and so he added to his former sin the great sin of stopping a prophet's mouth by shutting up John in prison. Unwilling to repent himself, he hindered other men from repenting by preventing the preaching of the apostle of repentance; and therefore became responsible for the consequent loss to many precious souls. It was then that the temptation to doubt the Lord Jesus presented itself to John. He knew the Scripture, how it was written that Christ should preach deliverance unto the captives (Isa. 61: 1). Here was he a captive, and among all the wondrous works which Jesus did, he never released his faithful forerunner from prison.

John had not had the opportunity of learning the lesson of the cross, which, later on, Paul learned so well that he desired fellowship with Christ's sufferings and conformity with his death, if that by any means he might attain to the resurrection from the dead (Phil. 3: 10). The Lord's reply to John was, "Judge ye me by the works I do; are they not those which were prophesied of me?" But John, I have a word for thee; I cannot explain; facts will explain; but "Blessed is he which shall not be offended in me." It was the preparation, on God's side, for the martyrdom of the faithful forerunner. John was being ripened in the prison for the vocation which he had so gratefully accepted, of being "the friend of the Bridegroom which standeth and heareth him, and rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice." He had been in danger of being offended in Christ; this temptation over, he was ready for his martyrdom, and far more ready than if he had continued to be a popular preacher. He had learned his own nothingness far deeper.

And now Herod, the man who had trifled with God's rebukes through John, must also ripen, but for destruction. O how solemn it is that every one of us is ripening, day by day, either for heavenly glory or for "shame and everlasting contempt." While John saw the end of all his earthly honor, and even freedom of movement, there in the State prison, suffering for obeying God, Herod was free, and used his freedom to continue in sin without the discomfort and uneasiness produced by the rebuke of the man of God. The King's birthday was kept, feasting and merriment, presents and flattery, were the order of the day. The enemy arrranged that when the King was just in the swing of the merriment, and under excitement, the pretty daughter of Herodias should perform a dance before the King.

This was just what suited Herod; he greatly admired it. The quick, graceful movements of the girl took his thoughts off troublesome subjects, and in his excitement he promised, with an oath, to give to her whatever she would ask. Herodias knew the man, and calculating on this result, she had schooled the girl beforehand. In her wicked anger that her sin had become a common talk since the rebuke of the stern prophet, she had set her heart on his death, and she had told her daughter to ask for the head of John the Baptist. The King was in a dilemma; he had feared the people and so had not taken away the prophet's life; the people "counted him as a prophet." And now Herodias demanded it, and he was bound by his oath. Either he must break with Herodias, and violate his oath; or he must brave the indignation of the people, and slay John. He was in a trap.

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We do not run a catalogue house. We manufacture buggies and sell them—all of them—direct from our factory to the user. No agent or retail dealer can get them unless he buys from us at the price you pay. For 1904 we are supplying the world of buggy users with a special bargain in both price and quality, a buggy that has **100 POINTS OF MERIT**

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Split Hickory Special Top Buggy For Only $50

The finest vehicle we ever turned out of our immense plant the equal of any for which others ask $75 and more. To prove all our claims for the 1904 Split Hickory Special, we propose to ship you one on

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Hitch up to it, examine it, note the 100 points of merit, then decide, after 30 days, whether you keep or return it.

Send for our FREE 136-Page Catalog of Split Hickory Vehicles and Harness.

A Two Years' Iron-Clad GUARANTEE goes with every Split Hickory Special for 1904, a guarantee that protects you absolutely. We cannot give full specifications here of the way this buggy is furnished regularly. It has over **100 Points of Merit** and many special, desirable features not found on any other buggy on the market. Below we give a few of them.

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RESTORES THE SIGHT

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SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.

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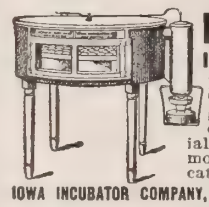

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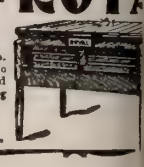

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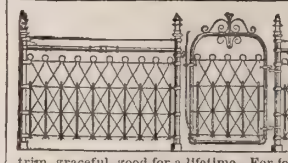

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From $6 up. Best reasonable priced hatchers on the market.

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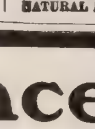
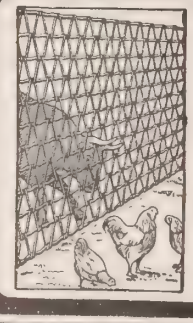
DON'T SET HENS the old way



200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $3, equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. Indispensable to keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringement wanted everywhere, either sex, no experience necessary. telling all about and 25c Lice Formula **FREE** if you wr

NATURAL HEN INCUBATOR CO., B 84, Columbus, Ne

The Strongest Fence Made



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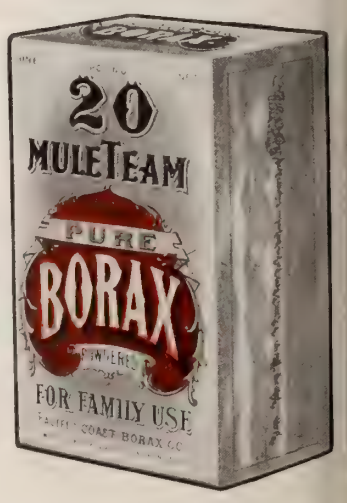

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

American Nurses for the Orient

DR. ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE AND HER EX-ARMY NURSES ACCEPT SERVICE WITH JAPAN

AMERICAN nurses are proceeding to the seat of war in the Far East, and will assist and cooperate with the army nurses of Japan in caring for sick and wounded members of the Mikado's tops. Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who is the origitor of this unique movement, is well known to perss interested in humanitarian work in the United tates. During the Spanish-American war, she organid and was in charge of the United States Army Nurse rps, holding the rank of Acting Assistant Surgeon of t United States Army—t only woman who ever d such a position. It was, reover, largely through efforts that Congress de the Nurse Corps of tined women a permanent t of the army.

Dr. McGee first took up t plan of having American rses go to Japan as long as October, 1903, when t first serious prospect of r appeared. She offered t services of herself and ow-workers to the Japant government at that time, d renewed the offer when r was actually declared. e officials at Tokio acoted gratefully, and have gested that she come at e, with a few picked rses of the highest degree surgical skill, arranging others to follow afterrd.

All of the nurses who will to the Flowery Kingdom l be women who have graduated from wellipped American training hools for nurses, and who ve had two or three years' ident work in a hospital. ey will be women who ve also had large experie since graduation, either the Philippine campaign in the Chinese campaign, at the time of the Boxer olt. Indeed, the opportunity to secure such experied nurses was the principal consideration that uced the Japanese Government to accept the offer m the United States, when other similar proffers were clined. Japan's Army has a large and well-equipped rse corps, but it is made up, for the most part, of men who have had little or no experience under r conditions; hence the desirability of the assistance of graduate surgical nurses, with a wide range of experience.

Each American nurse who goes to the Land of the Rising Sun is pledged to remain at least six months. All go equipped with nursing uniforms of pongee silk, which is better adapted to field conditions than the ordinary white nursing costume. Field and traveling suits will include a brown coat, skirt and hat. All expenses of the nurses in Japan are to be paid by the Japanese Government; but for the cost of transportation to the seat of war, equipment and incidentals, a fund is now being raised by popular subscription. Each American nurse who enlists is assured that all expenses will be paid, but no salary is guaranteed. However, any money received from the Japanese Government, or from other sources, and which is not required to meet expenses, will be divided among the women in lieu of salary.

DR. McGEE AND HER NURSES ON THE STEPS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Since American women will toil side by side with the nurses of Japan, it is interesting to note that the latter constitute an organization of 800,000 members. It is not an independent organization, but an integral part of the Japanese Army, the members being paid by the Government. The Japanese institution, which has the direct patronage of the Emperor and Empress, devotes its principal efforts to the collection of money and supplies for relief work; but it also gives instruction in first aid, etc., to men who serve in the army. At Tokio, there is maintained a hospital where women nurses are trained, and several hundred have graduated, including many Japanese ladies of high position.

Japan's acceptance of this offer of service is a graceful compliment and recognition of the fine professional training and high ability of American women. But it is not the only instance in which the Mikado's Government has paid tribute to the talent of the Western Republic. In many of our leading educational institutions, there are young Japanese who have come here to study under American teachers, and not a few of the leading women of Japan to-day, are ladies who have enjoyed the privilege of a certain amount of American training, either here or in their own land under American preceptors. In these and many other ways the leading nation of the Orient, which has surprised the whole world by its remarkable development of energy on material and intellectual lines, has benefited by contact with Americans.

The American nurses, on arriving in the Orient, will proceed direct to Osaka, on the Inland Sea, which is the military medical base of the Japanese Army, and to which disabled troops come when sent home from the battlefield. Inasmuch as Japanese women nurses have never been sent outside their own country, it is probable that the American women also will for a time confine their work to Japanese territory. It is the intention of the Americans to study the Japanese language. That they will find many interesting coworkers is practically certain, since in the Chino-Japanese war the Mikado's Government had as many as 500 female nurses. WALDON FAWCETT.

DR. ANITA MC GEE

NURSES AT WORK IN THE FIELD

MISS ANNIE ROBBINS

The American Pulpit

:: Sermon by ::

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Divine Telepathy

TEXT — ACTS 10: 11:

"And he saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending"

THEORY is often little more than the fine art of guessing. It is sometimes the way of concealing the fact that you do not know a thing, by using scientific language. It is the verbal means we have of dressing up speculation to make it look plausible. But there are certain causations impossible to analyze, and learned answers only make the phenomena the more mysterious.

What is specific gravity? "That is the physical law," you answer, "which Isaac Newton discovered. Sitting one day under an overarching tree branch, in his orchard, he felt a puff of wind upon his cheek. The overhanging branch swayed, and a fall pippin, like a lump of gold, dropped into his lap. Then the English sage began to wonder why that apple came down to earth, instead of flying away, as though it had the wings of a bird, toward the stars. As a result of these ponderings, Newton generalized all the causes of cohesion and gravitation which bind this earth into a compact mass, and called them specific gravity." But, my friend, with your learned answer you have not explained to me anything. In reference to the laws of physical cohesion you have only given to me two big words to express what I did not know before, and what I do not know now. "What is life?" I once asked a school professor. "What is the definition of life? Here is a body weighing 160 pounds. A bullet is fired out of an assassin's gun. One moment that body is alive; the next, it is dead. It weighed 160 pounds before the heart ceased to beat. It weighed 160 pounds after the breath had left the nostril. Give me a definition of life." "Why, life," answered the learned professor, "is nothing more nor less than the juxtaposition of the protoplasmatic molecules." His learned answer left the subject as great a mystery as ever.

Heavenly Influences

As in the material world, so in the mental and spiritual world, there are facts and phenomena which we know to be certainly true, though we cannot explain them. We must recognize rational results as such, although we cannot tell the "whys" and the "wherefores," nor the causes which produced these results. For instance: We are nearly all ready to grant the power of human telepathy, or the influence of one human mind upon another human mind, even at a distance. Sitting in public meeting some night, you exercise the power of will upon a person, and soon he will turn round and look at you, although that person could give no rational reason why he turned and looked. Indeed, so powerful sometimes is this influence of one human mind over another, that many students of criminology have come to the belief that some murderers who wield the dagger or aim the pistol may be merely the helpless and pliant instruments of unknown criminals, who have impelled them to commit their murderous deeds. Mesmerism, hypnotism, bewitchery, enchantment, are merely long names defining this mysterious power which, almost everywhere in the intellectual world, is beginning to be recognized, and men are asking whether it may not sometimes dethrone the supremacy of the individual will. George DuMaurier, in his famous book, deals with the hypnotic power one human mind may have over another mind. In that book, the English writer makes Svengali, a Polish Jew and a musical genius, by hypnotism transform a French laundress into a prima donna. He lays all Paris at her feet, although in her normal condition that young woman's voice was weak, and her ear could not recognize musical harmony from a discord.

As one human mind has an influence over another human mind, we also know that there is a spiritual telepathy. A subtle, mysterious influence which the other world exerts upon our own. Visional messages, as direct and unmistakable as that which came to Peter upon the housetop of Simon's house in Joppa, may also come to us. We may be unable to explain how the divine manifestations come to the human mind. God will speak to us now, if we will only let him, as surely as he spoke in many cases to his servants of old. If we look to God continually for guidance, to us, too, shall the promise be fulfilled: "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it." The purpose of this sermon is not to analyze the causes of divine telepathy, so much as to suggest ways in which God may be speaking to his children in these days.

Gospel telepathy, in the first place, comes to God's children as it did to Peter upon Simon's housetop, in broad daylight. By that I do not mean that they necessarily come to us as they did to Peter, at the sixth hour, or when the sun is highest in the meridian; but I do mean this: When God speaks to man, he speaks to him when he is rational, when he is wide awake, when his senses are on the alert, not when he is cooped up in some dark, deceitful retreat of a spiritualistic medium, or when he is tossing about on his couch at midnight in uneasy slumber, as the result of his digestive organs having been overloaded. There is a vision of the spirit and a vision of the flesh. There is a vision which comes from God, and one that is, like the nightmare, the product of our own brain under the disturbance of physical or mental conditions. There must be careful discrimination, lest we accept foolish fancies and mischievous impulses as the voice of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.

Need of Discrimination

I speak very emphatically on this subject. As Charles Dickens had his *Bleak House* with its "Ghost's Walk," and Nathaniel Hawthorne his *House of the Seven Gables*, peopled with the evil spirits of past generations, unless we beware, we may have the temples of our minds filled with the weirdest fantasies, created entirely by our own unregulated imagination, or by evil associations, and not by the vision of God. What right has any man to apply to himself the ninety-first Psalm of David, as did a man some time ago in one of our Eastern cities? He pondered over these verses day in and day out: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then, in order to demonstrate his belief in this saying, that man jumped from the top of a four-story building, and broke nearly every bone in his body. Do you suppose a vision like that came from God, or from the devil? What right has a man to imagine that he can get a vision from God, by using the Bible as a fetish or an amulet, opening it at random, and expecting the first verse his eye falls upon to be God's judgment in reference to some undecided matter, as I have known in my own experience of two or three people being in the habit of doing? What right has a man, when in doubt about any matter, to go to a fortune-teller, or to a sorcerer, or a professor of divination, and to regard the voice of a professional charlatan as the voice of God? Oh, no, my friends. God's voice is not heard in the dark-paneled rooms of sin. It is not heard from the lips of those who are leading dishonest lives. It is not heard amid fanatic vaporings. When God speaks to man, he speaks as he did to Peter in Joppa, on the housetop at midnoon, in broad daylight. He speaks to man in a rational way, and at a rational time.

There is a vision sent by God. There is also a Satanic telepathy. Christ, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, was tempted by the visions of sin as well as we. In the fourth chapter of Luke, we read that Satan took Jesus up to a high mountain, and in vision showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world, and said: "All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I will give it. If thou therefore will worship me, all shall be thine." Then Satan took Jesus to the pinnacle of the Temple, and asked him to cast himself down from thence, to prove that he was the Son of God. But Jesus, instead of obeying the Satanic vision, turned unto the devil and answered: "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." If a Being so pure and holy as our Lord was approached by temptation, and assailed by a tempter who based his wicked suggestions on passages of Scripture, how careful should we be, when a vision comes to us, as it came to Peter on the housetop, to make sure that the vision is heaven-sent for our guidance, and not a temptation from the enemy sent to our own destruction.

A Message at Sea

Divine telepathy, as with Peter, is often manifested with God's children after some great trial or sorrow, or earthly misfortune has come upon them. When the casket is placed in the home, it is apt to be felt, as Christ appeared unto Mary on the first Easter morn. It is very apt to be manifested vividly in times of bereavement, as it came to my companion with whom I journeyed through the Holy Land.

How to explain this manifestation I know not. I would give you the simple facts, and let you judge for yourself. We were *en route* from Beirut to Athens, by way of Smyrna. It was about three o'clock in the morning. I was awakened by my companion sobbing in his berth. "What is the matter, Troub?" I asked. "Oh," he answered, "something has happened at my sister's home. I had such a strange vision about it. I was not asleep, but this vision has come upon me as an overwhelming reality." "Nonsense, man!" I answered; "you are not a fanatic, are you? You were asleep, and had a bad dream; that is all." I did not believe in God's visions then as I do now. My friend said nothing; but that vision made such an impression upon him, t took note of the time and the latitude and the lon we were then in. From Athens we went directly So overpowering was his conviction of the rea that vision, that instead of going at once to his delphia home, he stopped first at a friend's resi not far from where he lived. "How are the folks, he? The friend answered, "What, did you not r any message lately? Why your sister lost bot twin boys in one day. They both died of diph within an hour of each other." My friend aske time. They died about the same time the won vision came to him in the middle of the Mediterr Sea. I ask you not to give a human interpretati that manifestation. You cannot. I cannot. F human standpoint, was not that vision very str Can you interpret it from any supernatural caus

But why be surprised at the incident I have rel You have heard of many similar occurrences. Yo a divine vision in your own life, when the unde rudely broke into your home. When the docto she was dead, at first you were almost broken-he You were like a mad man. You paced up and the room, saying, "Oh, God, how can I get along out her? Oh, my God! my God! what shall I Hardly had you uttered that agonizing prayer

A Strange Peace

like a benediction came into your soul. She seem come back to you. She seemed to put her arms your neck, and to say with her old terms of endear "Husband, papa, sweetheart, son, I am all right. has merely taken me away for a little while. I c come to you, but you shall come to me." Wa dream? Was that message merely a satanic moc Or was it a divine vision, coming to you as one ca Peter on Simon's housetop. When you saw he and happiness, was it not the same kind of a vision as that which came to Saint John, when he out, in Apocalypse, "Who are these which are ar in white robes, and whence came they? Thes they which came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the of the Lamb."

The divine telepathy often comes as a direct mand for practical Gospel work. As Peter, on Si housetop, by his vision knew that Christ was se him forth to carry the Gospel to all the world, wh Jew or Gentile, so by a divine vision we may know God wants us to go forth to save this or that ma do this or that work. We know it just the same know what our earthly employer wants us to do, he gives us a bundle of checks and tells us to g deposit them in the bank. By divine telepath know what God wants us to do in a spiritual wa same as Captain Yount, an old California trapper, God wanted him to do something in a physical Rev. Dr. Bushnell tells this incident in one of hi mons, as it once was told to him by the hardy Weste One night, Captain Yount had a vision. It was winter, and he saw a company of

Bestormed Emigrants

perishing in the mountains from cold and hunger. noted," said Bushnell, "the very cast of the sce marked by a long perpendicular front of white cliff. He saw the men cutting off what appeared tops, rising out of a deep gulf of snowdrift, an noted the very features of the persons and the lo their particular dress." Well, to shorten a long Captain Yount the following day told one of his fri about this dream, and he described the scenery o place where the emigrants were imprisoned in the s The friend said, "Yount, I know where that pla you describe. It is in the Carson Valley Pass, o Sierras. I have seen in that valley the scenery ju you have described it." What did Captain Yount He realized that this was a vision sent by God. It a summons to a rescue. Although his friends lau at his superstition, he collected a party of men and a long journey of one hundred and fifty miles in winter to Carson Valley Pass, and there they fou company of perishing emigrants, in exactly the pos the vision had pictured them. As he did with P and as he did with Captain Yount, God is bidding to go forth to spiritually save this man and that to do this Gospel work and that Gospel work. W you to-day, you may hear the call. With your wide eyes, in broad daylight, you may see the divine vi

This Gospel call for practical work is the more pressive and immanent because God's visions are n haphazard; they are never purposeless or meanin dreams. They always have a very practical interp

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN

THE STORY OF A WORKINGMAN WHO, HAVING BEEN RESCUED HIMSELF, IS NOW LABORING TO RESCUE OTHERS

BOUT five weeks ago, a certain organization in Providence, R. I., telephoned to an address on Chestnut street, that there was a young man in their rooms so intoxicated that he could not wa They wanted to know if anything could be done forim. He was under thirty years of age, came of a goo family, and was well educated. The answer returd was: "Bring him along, drunk or sober." He wa conducted to Chestnut street and left there, in chge of the man who had invited him. The place wa upholsterer's shop of very moderate proportions. A od deal of work was evidently done there by the hais of the proprietor, a busy man, but not too busy to llow the example of the Good Samaritan. He tocthe intoxicated man in hand, made him kneel down andsk God to save him; and then sent him to a clean lodng and put him to bed. Two days afterwards, sol ed and refreshed, he returned to the upholsterer's shc and begged to be put on the way to a new life. Sir then, he has made profession of conversion, and hasroved by his conduct, that he is striving, in the strgth of Christ, to fulfil his pledge.

re than four hundred such changes of character hatbegun in that shop. It is not surprising, therefore, thahe organization in question, being embarrassed by theresence of such a specimen of humanity, sent him to e moral hospital, in which the treatment of so ma others had proved successful. The proprietor of thehop is Albert E. Vining, an extremely modest man, whrankly confesses that he does not know how God carse a man like him, nearly fifty years of age, with scaely any education, and with no money but that he ear by his daily labor and the help given him by Chtian friends, who have seen what he is doing for theallen. The secret of his work is faith in Christ, fouled on his own experience. "If," he says, "Christ cou save such a man as I was, there is no one he cannotave."

Sne ten years ago, Mr. Vining was in need of just such help as he is now extending to others. Low dov and degraded, the victim of drunkenness and oth vices, utterly discouraged, and so hopeless of eveeing other than the wretched creature he was, thahe determined to commit suicide. He had son work to do in the house of a Christian woman in pringfield, Mass. It occupied him for two hou, and during that time, the woman got his sto from him. She found that he was practically an heist. She insisted, however, that Christ could andvould save him, if he was willing to be saved. Andinally extracted a reluctant promise from him thahe would offer a prayer for himself. To his ow surprise, he felt himself inclined to go to chuh the next Sunday. As he left the building aft the evening service, he resolved to visit the woan who had talked with him. He did so the folving morning, and asked her if she would pray forim. He says he can never forget the sweetnes of her voice when she said, "Yes," and invitg him to come right in and kneel down with her. Bu his heart was not in the prayer, and he was still

MR. VINING AND THREE OF HIS WORKERS

in the darkness. It was not until ten days later that he finally, alone in his own room, and on his knees, felt the peace of God in his heart.

Since that time, he has felt it his duty to tell people what Christ has done for him. He has to earn his own livelihood, but in the evening, when weather permits, he goes to Market Square, and there, to as many as he can get to listen to him, he proclaims Jesus as one who can save to the uttermost, all who come to God by him. He exhibits himself as a living witness, and invites all to commit themselves to Christ in faith, assuring them of pardon and strength. Since he has lived in Providence, R. I., thousands have listened to his story, and his little shop has been the birthplace of many souls. When a man comes to him, tools are laid down and a sympathetic hand is held out. The case is stated—the case so appallingly common, of drink and gambling, and the swift path downward. "Do you want to be saved?" is the first question. "Are you willing to trust Christ to save you?" is the next. If affirmative answers are given, the applicant is bidden kneel down then and there, and ask Christ for salvation. Mr. Vining prays too, and then he proceeds to render what practical help he can. He keeps on hand a supply of tickets, one of which secures the man a good meal, and another a bed for the night, and one of each is given, and in addition a New Testament, with the earnest advice to read it. That is the beginning of the work which Mr. Vining follows up, regardless of the backsliding of his protegees, and without any faltering of faith. But, if a man will not kneel down and pray, nothing is done. Mr. Vining has no confidence in any other beginning. That, in his opinion, is the one and only way, "neither is there salvation in any other." "I have," he says, "no new methods of reaching lost men. This is the only method that has any kind of hope in it."

"The time to point a man to God," he explains, "is when he is 'down and out,' when he has not a friend in the world and is thoroughly disheartened. Get hold of a man in that condition and you have him at a crucial moment, and he appreciates Christian sympathy and Christian fellowship. He is likely to yield, be his heart never so hard." He instances a case in point where he obtained work for a poor man, and had great hopes of him. But temptation was too strong; the man got drunk and went all to pieces. Mr. Vining started him again and again; had to help him over a period of sickness, but finally had him on the right path. Now the man has his wife and child with him, and has kept straight for several months, and has family prayer night and morning.

In another case, the man was in prison. No one had been to see him in six months. He felt himself deserted. Mr. Vining talked to him through the bars, told him his Sovereign Remedy, and bade him come to his shop as soon as he obtained his liberty. It proved a hard case, but it came out right. The released prisoner and his wife are attending church regularly; and he is leading a good, honest life.

"I am not running a mission," Mr. Vining says, "but just trying to help men who need it." All his spare money goes in that way, and some friends who have witnessed his labor have come to his help with contributions at the rate of about $500 a year, to help him. He could use much more to advantage, but is chiefly concerned to have Christian people do the same kind of work in their own cities than to get help for his own.

A GOSPEL TALK IN THE WORKSHOP

DIVINE TELEPATHY

Sermon by REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. Continued

tio When Peter looked off from Simon's housetop, he w a great sheet let down from the heavens, filled wit "all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth and wi beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." Th vision was a symbol of the fact that Jesus died to savthe Gentile as well as the Jew. Hardly had the vision end when Peter heard a loud rapping at the lower gat "Who is there? Who is there?" was asked. "I am messenger from Cornelius," is the answer. "I am no Jew, but a Gentile, sent by a holy angel to thee. W thou come and tell him about Jesus Christ?" Th it was that Peter knew his vision was divine, and thae was called to a duty which he might have shrunk fro, if he had not seen the preparatory vision No lonr was the offer of salvation to be made to the Jews on; no longer were the messengers of Christ to regard theGentiles as common or unclean. So much the vsn had taught him, and so Peter went with the men, anpreached Christ to the Gentile centurion, and he fou d that the Gospel was the power of God unto salvan to the Gentile as well as to the Jew.

God's visions are never haphazard incongruities. Wn the good Ananias one day, in the city of Damascushad the command in a vision that he should place thands of holy ordination upon the bitterest enemy of e Christian disciples, he at first doubted the divine au enticity of the vision. Ananias looked up at first intthe heavens, and in surprise, said: "Lord, I have he d by many of this man, how much evil he hath do to the saints at Jerusalem." But hardly had the go Ananias entered the house to which God had dire d him, when they brought to him a staggering, stumbli, blind man. It was Saul! Then Ananias knew thahis vision was divine. So, oh man, and woman, the dive vision comes to you for practical Gospel work. You fee t. You know it. Why? Because while I speak, thr arises before your mind, some one man, some one woman, some one child, you can save. You are like Peter standing upon the housetop. You are listening to the messenger of Cornelius calling you to carry the news of salvation to some waiting soul.

But there is still another fact about God's visions, which it would be well for us to dwell upon. The divine telepathy comes to the despised man's home as frequently as it does to the ruler's palace. Who was Peter's host at the house where he had this divine vision? He was Simon the tanner. He was in all probability the most despised man in all the coast capital at that time. Among the Jews, the dealer in cured hides of animals was looked upon as a social outcast. As men shrank from the leper, whose touch might communicate his loathsome disease to the healthy person, so the Jew shrank from contact with the tanner, whose presence in a home brought ceremonial contamination. The door of hospitality was always slammed shut in the face of the tanner.

By the old Jewish law, if a husband died without any children, his brother was compelled to marry the widow. But a widow was not compelled to marry that brother, if he was a tanner. Not even the Jewish law would compel a woman to suffer such an ignominy. If a man married a woman without telling her he was a tanner, she could have the matrimonial bonds instantly annulled, as soon as the deception was found out. Of course, there had to be tanners among the Jews; yet so bitterly were the tanners despised in ancient times, that by the Eastern law no tanner was allowed to build his tannnery nearer to the outskirts of a town than fifty cubits. It was to this despised home that the heavenly vision came, opening the gate of the Christian church to the Gentile nations. Your home, O man, O woman, may be humble; it may be located in what the aristocratic people call the slums; it may even have been associated with the vicious pollution of society; but even there the voice from the heavenly mansions may be heard. "I came not," said the compassionate Saviour, "to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." You may be a social outcast as much shunned as Simon, the tanner, but in your house, too, you may hear a voice saying, "Come, now, and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

One more thought is suggested by Peter's experience. This vision of the sheet came to Peter when he was, comparatively, a young man. It came to him, not only as a message of salvation, but also as a command, especially for young men and women, to go to work. The Apocalyptic visions of Saint John were entirely different. When John had his visions upon the Island of Patmos, he was a feeble patriarch of ninety. Most of his friends were in heaven. But the vision came to Peter while he was in the stalwart prime of manhood. He was then a young man in the thirties. My young friends, note the importance of this fact. It means that God is appealing to the young, and the physically stalwart, to consecrate our energy and vigor to his service. Something we may do for him before physical and mental decadence manifests itself; something we may do before we ourselves shall join the great "silent majority" beyond.

"I never hear my pastor preach," said a young girl, "but I am always filled with the desire to say 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'" So I never read an account of the Joppa vision, but I always feel this is a message especially for me and for the young people to whom I speak, to do something. Oh, young men and young women, will you not be roused, as Peter was aroused, with the thought that you may become Gospel messengers to a sinful world? Will you not catch an inspiration for glorious Christian work, by standing upon the housetop of Simon the tanner?

REDEEMING A CITY

...What the Christian League of Philadelphia has Accomplished in the Moral Cleansing of the Slums

By C. Q. WRIGHT, Chaplain U. S. N.

UNTIL recently, Philadelphia had its "Five Points" and "Hell's Corner," its grafter's and thug's paradise, field of shame, unspeakable misery and "Darkest Africa." Thanks to the Christian League, led by the late Rev. Doctor Baker, Mr. George Griffiths, Rev. Charles H. Bond, and Mr. John H. Converse (of the Baldwin Locomotive works), there are no more such slums to be found in all the wide area of the City of Brotherly Love. And, while there are still dark spots, and here and there vicious colonies will develop, and many evils and misfortunes common to large cities flourish and defy the laws and better sentiment, there can be no doubt that the moral condition has been vastly improved. And a matter of equal moment and gratification is the fact that this powerful league continues to follow up its work, and aims to make it permanent; so that the success of the past serves as a prophecy of the future.

It is little more than nine years since the League began its work. It originated in the Presbyterian Social Union, in 1894, after an address by one of the leaders of the Princeton House work in the city slums, when the Outlook Committee of the Union, headed by Mr. George Griffiths, was sent out to make thorough personal investigation as to what could be done to aid in the work. The report of this committee, made in November, "revealed a most appalling condition of affairs in morally, politically, and sanitarily-congested districts, wholly given over to iniquity." In making his report, Mr. Griffiths said, "Some persons have been aware of this condition of affairs, but have not known what to do nor where to go. And so the thought grew upon the committee, that as 'The Union League' during the Civil War did so much to aid and strengthen the Government, so a Christian League might furnish a rallying centre, where all could make known their desires for a bettering of conditions and the enforcement of law. The Christian League was organized with the following objects in view:

1. To organize, and carry forward with vigor and enlarged power, in the city of Philadelphia, the great work committed in common to all Christians, co-operating therein with other societies wherever practicable.

2. To confer and act in concert with the civil authorities in all matters which may promote the moral and physical welfare of the people, especially in the suppression of vice and immorality, in public and in private.

3. To provide increased facilities, and to secure Christian workers for carrying on the work of the League in those parts of the city where the need is the greatest, and laborers are few.

4. To provide proper homes, especially in the country, for children surrounded in the city by the most depraving influences.

5. To devise ways and means to assist in the preservation and observance of the Lord's Day; to discourage the liquor traffic; to prevent the publication and sale of impure literature, and the exhibition of demoralizing pictures, and generally to promote such measures as will make and keep Philadelphia a Christian City in name and in fact.

At the meeting at which the Christian League was organized, representatives from all the leading evangelical churches were present, and efficient committees were appointed, the late lamented Rev. George D. Baker, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was elected president; and Mr. George Griffiths, a prominent Philadelphia manufacturer, became chairman of the Executive Committee. Since that time the League has continued to steadily press its work, with signal success.

When work started in the slums, the attention of property owners was called to their responsibility, and to the law against the letting of property for immoral purposes, and it was soon found that this just and merciful method was proving successful, where prosecution and exposure would have failed. With respect to evil-doers themselves, the secretary's report says, "Let it be fully understood that the Christian League neither prosecutes nor persecutes. With the law in one hand and the Gospel in the other, it labors for the betterment of places and people, and the extends hand of rescue to those 'in the depths' who sincerely yearn for a better life. The 'Kind Word' circular is freely distributed among them, offering temporary and permanent homes, etc. The same kindly feeling is exercised towards any unfortunates who are in distress." Many cases of reformations have taken place.

Certainly, any such organization might be proud to be able to boast, at the end of its third year: "The slums of Philadelphia, as they were, have passed away, and if the Christian League is sustained and aided, will never be allowed to return."

REV. FREDERICK POOLE

INDEPENDENCE HALL

REV. CHAS. H. BOND

In November, 1896, a Chinese Mission School was established in Chinatown, by the Christian League, and a most excellent work is being accomplished.

The Chinese Mission is located at 929 Race St., in the midst of the large Chinese colony, under the charge of the Rev. Frederick Poole (Chinese Puh Tun Yin), the Rev. Mr. Lee and other helpers.

Many bright and trustworthy young Chinamen are being specially fitted for preaching the Gospel to their countrymen here and in China, where the Philadelphia converts are now supporting a missionary. The learned Mr. Lee, after training classes of converts among his countrymen in the United States, is about to return to Canton, to open a number of small missions where these can work.

An officer of the League says: "Against a high tide of vice and lawlessness that swept all before it, the Christian League directed its efforts with wisdom and determination, until that part of the old slum district known as 'The Coas transformed into a safe and decent as it is to-day. This was done by ing the co-operation of the civil au ties, and by firmly insisting that o of properties, unlawfully used, shoul conform to the provisions of the law, b possessing disorderly tenants. The methods were applied to similar con tions in other districts, with like re and so it has come to pass that th of Philadelphia has been purged of centres of vicious and demoralizing ences. This could not have been at through sporadic efforts nor sensa methods. As a direct result of th operative effort, many nuisances have been abated unlawful and immoral pra broken up; neighbor have been greatly cle and improved, and compla citizens relieved. The r also include the repavi streets, repairs to bad walks, and a better cla dwellings for the poor, a tion of cases between em and employed; improve in Chinatown, and many versions among those were without God and w hope. This work is no eral. From all parts of th come the appeals of thos seek relief from nuisanc sult or annoyance."

Mr. Griffith believes, although so much has be complished, the Leagu an extensive and bene work still to do. In a r interview, he said, that and foremost was the d constant watchfulness. Unless ther the utmost vigilance, the evils now i jection would assuredly reappear ar gin again their old work. He co acknowledged the hearty co-operati League had received from the cit thorities, who, recognizing that its o and members had no personal or po ends to serve, had availed themsel the information they supplied, and ha ferred with them on the best means o edying the evils pointed out. Public ment has also been valuable. The L has the respect of the best citizens who are glad to see the reforms it has eff and have confidence in its principles By reporting evils to the League, they it their agent in the suppression of tices and resorts which are a menace morals of the community.

Many letters have been received other cities in which a similar work to be done, inquiring about the org tion of the League.

THE BIGGEST FISHING NET IN THE WORLD

WHAT is probably the biggest fishing net in the world is used on the Delaware River. Ever since the middle of February, shad fishermen have been preparing for the opening of the season on the Delaware, getting the immense nets ready, caulking the boats, and preparing the houses in which the little army of fishermen are sheltered during the season. When the river is cleared of rubbish, so that the big net can be cast without being ripped to pieces during the process of hauling in, the fishermen are ready to begin work. The sight is so picturesque that hundreds go down to Gloucester to see the net cast. Captain Rice, the veteran shad fisherman, employs the services of seventy-five men, and these are assisted by eight horses during the hauling of the net. Two casts are made daily. It takes so long to cast the net and draw it in, that it is impossible to make more than two casts a day.

The huge net is two miles long. That is to say, the net itself is a mile long, and the ropes that support it are another mile in length, half a mile on either side of the net proper. After the net has been properly cast, it requires the united exertions of the men and the eight horses for one perspiring hour before the haul is brought near shore. Care has to be exercised in loading the great net on the boat, for if the strands are entangled, the cast will be a failure. When every foot is thrown from the boat, the signal is given to the h ers, and the work of dragging in is begun.

HAULING IN THE GREATEST SHAD NET EVER CAST

The haulers stand waist deep in the ter. In the centre of the two lines stands C ain Rice, directing the men. Inch by incl oot by foot, with the aid of the horses, th nen haul in the net. The captain encourage em with a monotonous sing-song that runs me thing like this:

"A little stronger pull on the left! ow. all together! Here she comes! Bring r in boys! A-l-l t-o-g-e-t-h-e-r, now boys."

After an almost interminable amou of pulling at an apparently endless rope, th net work begins to show itself from the s ace of the water. By and by the Delawa be gins to look like a river ruffled by a tr endous hailstorm. The surface is churne nto foam by the frantic efforts of thousa of fish to break through the net. The s ller fish are able to get away through the ide meshes. Some of the shad escape by up ing bodily over the top of net. Slowly t net nears the shore, with its struggling m s of silvery shad. A boat is propelled into th idle of the mass, now in comparatively sh low water, and the fish are caught and throw in to the boat. They are usually so num ous that they can be picked up by hand fro the meshes of the net. A good catch will t as many as three thousand shad at one aul, although the record haul is much greate

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

COREA TO ACT AS JAPAN'S ALLY — PORT ARTHUR STILL HOLDS OUT

GEN. PUSYREWSK
Chief Command of the Czar's Asiatic Land Forces

RUSSIAN ARTILLERY AND COSSACKS IN THE YALU REGION

ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF
Who will Command Russia's Asiatic Navy

CONFLICTING rumors of strategical movements on land, and daring, but apparently indecisive assaults by sea, have been the chief feature of the news from the seat of war in the Far East, during the week. Port Arthur, though repeatedly attacked by the Japanese fleet, has withstood its foe courageously. Admiral Togo, having made several futile attempts to sink or capture the Russian vessels in the harbor, finally decided to blockade the comparatively narrow channel at the entrance.

This he did more or less effectually, on the night of Feb. 23. Tactics similar to those employed by Hobson when he sunk the *Merrimac* in the channel of Santiago harbor, were adopted by the Japanese. By Admiral Togo's orders, four old steamers were loaded with stones, oil and explosives, and, under their own steam, escorted by four torpedo boats, they steered straight for the "fair-way" of the Port Arthur channel, which is some 250 yards wide. It was hoped, the night being dark and moonless, that the plan might be carried through successfully, undetected by the Russians, and the four hulks exploded and sunk in mid-channel, thus effectually "bottling up" the warships in the harbor. Watchful eyes on the stranded Russian battleship *Retvizan*, which lay fast on the rocks near the harbor entrance, noted the stealthy approach of the enemy, and the *Retvizan's* searchlights early picked out the advancing ships. Then, almost simultaneously, the guns of the stranded battleship and those of the forts opened a hot fire on the Japanese fleet. All four of the blockading hulks were sunk by the Russian shells, and when morning dawned, the enemy's torpedo boats could be seen hastening back to the fleet, which lay safe beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress.

There were several conflicting accounts of this bold adventure, the Russians confidently claiming it as a repulse, while the Japanese, with equal confidence, asserted that they had accomplished their purpose in blocking the harbor mouth. Several subsequent attacks were made by the Japanese fleet, but though there was considerable firing on both sides the result seems to have been unimportant. It is still claimed by the Russians that the fortress of Port Arthur is capable of withstanding assaults, either by land or sea, and that its garrison is provisioned for a year, at least.

More important, if less spectacular, have been the land operations of the rival armies. Russian scouts in Corea, on Feb. 22 were reported as far south as Wonsan, and Cossacks had cut the telegraph wires as they advanced. On account of the severe winter weather, the land operations are necessarily slow, and weeks may elapse before the expected battle in Corea actually takes place. Correspondents are not allowed to be at the front with the Mikado's troops at present, and the sources of information concerning Russian movements are unreliable and conflicting. It would seem, however, to be the plan of Japan to mass its forces in Corea south of Pyeng-Yang, where a stand will not improbably be made against the Russian advance. At the same time, there is a likelihood that an important engagement may be fought farther north, along or even beyond the Yalu.

In war, according to military experts, the improbable is the most likely thing to happen. Little thought seems to have been given to the probability of a Japanese invasion of Manchuria from any point north or south of Vladivostok; yet, if the latest reports cabled from London be reliable, this is just what has happened.

About Feb. 25, according to a dispatch from Yin-Kow, a large Japanese force, with light artillery, landed from transports at Possiet Bay, seventy miles south of Vladivostok, and took up its march inland. On the invaders reaching Hunchan, a large city in Manchuria, the Russian garrison is said to have retreated. Part of the Japanese force is marching on Kirin, 220 miles inland, and there is a panic among the population. Whether the purpose of the movement is to cut off Port Arthur and the peninsula by a land attack, or to advance upon Harbin, the Russian military headquarters, is at present unknown. Such a march in the depth of winter, over mountainous roads, might well have been regarded as impracticable. Yet the sturdy Japanese evidently considered it worth the effort. A large force in the rear of the Russian troops now in Corea might be able not only to cut off Vladivostok and Port Arthur, but to seriously imperil the Russians now operating near and south of the Yalu. As the report of this important movement is wholly uncorroborated, it must be received with reserve.

THE EMPEROR OF COREA, HENI YI

Who is reported to have been deposed. This picture, from a celebrated drawing, shows the ruler on his throne in the palace at Seoul, with the five sacred mountains (representing five religions), in the background.

More reliable, apparently, is the report that Japan has landed a strong force of troops in the vicinity of Talien-Wan. This vanguard of her army of invasion in the peninsula is believed to be intended for land operations against Port Arthur. Over forty transports sailed recently from Ujina and other points in Japan, and there was still, on February 26, a great mass of troops awaiting shipment. London hears that, in view of this invasion of the peninsula in force, the Russians have practically evacuated Dalny, and will retire, if pressed, upon Harbin. Port Arthur, however, will be defended to the last.

Very important if true, is the news that Corea has decided to abandon her attitude of neutrality, and cast in her lot in the field with Japan. This change has doubtless been brought about by the pressure of Japanese influence at Seoul, where the Corean Minister of Finance, who was favorable to Russia, was lately dismissed from office and placed under arrest in a summary manner, that suggested sudden political expediency. This was followed by a startling rumor that the Emperor of Corea had been deposed, which seems to have been unfounded. It is asserted positively, however, that Japan has now wholly won over Corea, and that the Corean army of 17,000 troops, will join the Mikado's forces in operations against Russia. Corea's army was trained by Russian officers. Whether the entrance of a third combatant will produce complications that may involve others, cannot now be determined. Meanwhile Corea will be to all intents and purposes, under a Japanese protectorate.

Russsia is now striving, with the utmost energy, to strengthen her position in Manchuria by large reinforcements. When the crucial struggle comes, she will have in the field, Russian experts believe, an army of sufficient proportions, under the skilled leadership of General Kouropatkin, to halt the Japanese advance and retrieve all the reverses of the last few weeks. On despatching Kouropatkin to the East, the Czar sent to him a message, in the form of a manifesto to the army, conferring upon the General a decoration in brilliants. It states that "the hour has come when I must summon you to lead my valiant army and to defend the honor and dignity of Russia and her sovereign rights in the Far East." One correspondent credits the new commander with the boast that "no Japanese invader would ever be permitted to return alive to his own country!"

In order that its cause in Corea may not be misapprehended, the Japanese Government has issued to the various Powers interested, through their diplomatic representatives, a note giving new assurances that Japan has no purpose of acquiring territory in China, and also, giving a voluntary pledge to respect the integrity of Corea. This step was doubtless taken as an answer to the notification lately issued by Russia, that in view of events in Corea (referring to the hostility of the Coreans against Russia), she could no longer regard that country as neutral. Following Russia's note came a declaration from Japan, which was equivalent to the establishment of a temporary protectorate in Corea.

Although up to the present time there has been no indication that our missionaries in Corea have been in serious danger, it is not improbable that, as the war progresses, perils may threaten these consecrated workers. They suffered much in the Chino-Japanese war. The denominations represented are these:

Methodist, with stations at Chemulpho, Pyeng-Yang, and Seoul.

Presbyterian, with stations at Seoul, Fusan, Pyeng-Yang, Taku, and Syen Chun.

United States Minister Allen has taken all necessary steps for the welfare of the missionaries, and they will doubtless be removed from exposed positions to safe quarters, when necessary.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Saloon and the Lord's Day

THERE is a bitter warfare being waged in New York and other cities of the country between the saloon and the Lord's Day. It is natural that there should be such a conflict, for they represent ideas diametrically opposed to each other. The saloon represents vice, crime, disease, suffering, failure, death; the Sabbath stands for health, happiness. virtue and life.

For eight or ten years, the liquor men of New York State have urged the passage of a law opening the saloons of New York City during certain hours on Sunday. Fortunately, thus far, this proposition has not met with legislative favor.

The liquor men are pushing their demand upon the present Legislature, and, strange to say, there are some good people—and even ministers of the Gospel—who are willing to accede to their demand. That there should be even a moment of debate on the subject speaks poorly for the low condition of the public conscience, which would so tolerate the saloon as to give it special privileges, and hold the Lord's Day so lightly as to be willing to give it over to its worst enemy.

The astounding part of this immoral proposition is that the Sunday opening is claimed in the interest of law and order, and even of good morals. It is called excise reform, home rule, or anything else that may sound well.

It is claimed that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities are cosmopolitan, and that there is a demand for open saloons on Sunday. It would be sad indeed if these were facts, but they are not. The real demand is by the liquor interest, which represents hundreds of millions of money, and which is fighting purely for the extra profit which would come from the privilege. The best people of all political parties not only do not want Sunday opening, but are positively opposed to it, and will resent with deep indignation and energy, any attempt to befriend the saloon at the expense of the Christian Sabbath.

The Protestant Churches have, almost all of them, put themselves on record as opposed to the proposition, and the Catholic Church, by its official councils, has taken positive ground against the Sunday saloon. Many who do not belong to any church, feel that it is the duty of society to restrict, rather than enlarge, the power of the saloon, and to hold sacred, rather than violate, the sanctity of the Lord's Day.

The eyes of the nation are on the conflict. Open saloons for New York City, would mean open saloons for cities all over this continent. It cannot be that the moral sense of our public men and our people will be so perverted as to allow so wicked a law to pass. The Christian Sabbath is not at stake. It is secure: it will stand till the end of time; but our free institutions are at stake. They can only exist by having underneath them the Sabbath and the principles that it represents. It would be bad policy and worse principle to exchange the Lord's Day for the saloon, the incarnation of every vice, the parent of every crime. Every true Christian should stand up and be counted in this warfare to maintain the right and overthrow the wrong.

A Hard Winter and the Poor

WE are now in the closing weeks of a phenomenally severe winter, which has brought much suffering in both city and country, especially among the poor. On every side one hears of unusual hardships endured by those who are least equipped to face the storms and blasts that have been experienced in many States these months past. Even in well-to-do homes, where there are many things to soften the rigors of the arctic season, there has been much discomfort. But in the countless homes of poverty, where the daily struggle for bread is at all times a precarious one, the winter has been most severely felt.

Have you "remembered the poor" during this hard winter? Have you sought out in your own vicinity some home of poverty, into which, by a little generous kindness, you might bring a gleam of comfort and cheer? Have you given a garment or two, a warm fire or a strengthening meal to the thinly-clad, the shivering, the hungry? Amid your various benefactions—and we know that all the readers of this journal are zealous in good works—have you remembered those needy ones near at hand? If you have done this, then you have the grateful consolation that, though it may have been in a humble and unostentatious way, you have helped to lessen the sum of the world's misery. The prayers of the "children of sorrow" will ascend in your behalf and the blessing will surely follow.

It is said that "the poor are the poor's best friends"—that those who have, themselves, felt the keen tooth of pinching hunger, are quickest to sympathize with others in want. To a great extent, this is true. There are few so utterly destitute of material comforts that they cannot extend a helping hand to some sister or brother still lower down on the scale of suffering. King Clovis gave the beggar his cloak when he had nothing else to give, and the humblest individual who shares his last coin or his frugal meal of dry bread with another, gives it with a heart and hand as royal and noble as those of a king.

Help your neighborhood poor. Search them out, and don't wait for societies and organizations to do it for you. Be your own almoner, and to those whom you help you will be as a Divine messenger. Your heart will be filled with unspeakable happiness, your sleep will be sweet, and your waking hours filled with the sunshine of heaven's approval, since you have done it "unto one of the least of these."

Manchuria's Value to the World

VERY little is known by the Western world concerning Manchuria, for the possession of which Russia is now contending, in the great war she has undertaken against Japan. In a recent communication to the State Department at Washington, United States Consul Miller, of New Chwang, China, gives much valuable information regarding this vast and practically unknown land. Harbin, the centre of Manchurian trade, is a city of 100,000 population, 60,000 being Russians, the remainder principally Chinese. The southeastern branch of the great Siberian Railway passes through one thousand miles of Manchurian territory—"a country as continuously rich in agricultural qualities as can be found anywhere in the world." In the Liao Valley, where crop failures and famines are unknown, $10,000,000 in food products are exported annually. Of the 62,500 square miles drained by the Liao and its tributaries, the greater proportion is susceptible of cultivation. Beans, millet, alfalfa, and wheat, hogs, cattle, sheep and goats take the lead in the products of this ideal farming region. Modern agricultural machinery is practically unknown. Another equally rich section is the Sungari Valley, which has a climate like the Dakotas, and where kiaoling or tall millet, wheat, beans, barley, oats, tobacco, hemp, corn and vegetables grow in abundance. This section has the finest possibilities for wheat production. Thirty bushels to the acre is an average crop. The natural market for all of these products is China, but reasonable development would lead to a gigantic export trade, which Russia doubtless has in view.

All indications point to the conclusion that the agricultural opening up of Manchuria, which must take place sooner or later, will be a revelation to the world. The enormous output in wheat and flour, of a territory so vast, is a problem which must affect the markets of Europe and America at no distant date. Harbin, which had not a single flouring mill three years ago, has now ten mills, with an estimated capacity of 4,600 barrels daily. Mills have been established at Moukden, Kirin, Port Arthur, and elsewhere. The price of wheat last season was 37 cents gold per bushel.

This great agricultural prize, for which Russia is striving, has only begun its record of development. What it will be ten years hence, when the questions of fuel, river and railroad transportation are satisfactorily adjusted, and when the enormous crop-bearing area is under the fullest cultivation, stimulated by the demand for foreign export, cannot even be estimated. It will become one of the greatest food-producing centres of the world.

Will the prize fall to Russia alone? Or will Manchuria be an "open door" for the world's trade, where all nations may share alike in the prospective benefits?

A Lesson of Life

WHEN, one by one, our friends and acquaintances drop out of our ken, and go to that bourne which no traveler returns, we should be worse than foolish, if we did not try to get some light on our own path, from the survey of their completed lives. We can see what they lived for, what had been their objective in life, and see, too, whether such success as they achieved proved satisfactory to them. Some there are, whose lives end, as it appears to our short vision, prematurely, and from them no lesson of this kind can be learned; but when death comes at three score or later, the harvest has ripened, and we can estimate its value. Such a life was that of Rev. D. M. Heydrick, whose death was announced in this journal last week. His was a remarkable life, singularly consistent with the principles of the man, and eloquent with practical teaching. What do such lives have to say to us?

The most impressive fact is that at seventy-seven years of age, after living the same kind of life for more than sixty years, Mr. Heydrick declared his complete satisfaction with it. Not that he was satisfied with what he had done—no conscientious man is that—but he was satisfied with the principles which had been embedded in it and the ideals which he had kept before him. Yet he had not made money, he had not won fame, or distinction, or power. His had been a life of self-sacrifice and of self-denial, for the benefit of others. He had toiled and suffered that other people might be a little happier and their burdens a little less heavy. He had comforted the sorrowing, had visited the sick, and had helped people who were poverty-stricken. Those were the chief occupations of his life, though he preached as he had opportunity, and neglected none of the Christian minister's duties. But his days, and often his nights, were spent in the service of people who were in need of help.

What reward did he receive? We doubt if he found much gratitude in the beneficiaries, and he certainly did not reap a harvest of riches. But at the close of his life, he was content; and if another half century could have been added to it, he would have spent it in the same way.

Christ told us that he who would lose his life in following him, should find it; and our friend's career was a fulfilment of the promise. He had found the good in life—the joy of service. Like the Apostle Paul he felt that he had "fought a good fight." This testimony of experience is very impressive. There are so many whose end is clouded by disappointment, dissatisfaction and chagrin, who, like Ecclesiastes, declare that all is vanity, that when we do find a man who, at four score, declares himself satisfied with the Master he has served, and the reward he has received, we may well take note of the fact. It is not uncommon, save that few live such lives; but whenever men have lived them, the same testimony has been given. Let us learn the lesson and, embodying it in our own lives, in making the world a little brighter and a little better by our effort, learn in our own souls the fulness of the benediction of entering into the joy of our Lord.

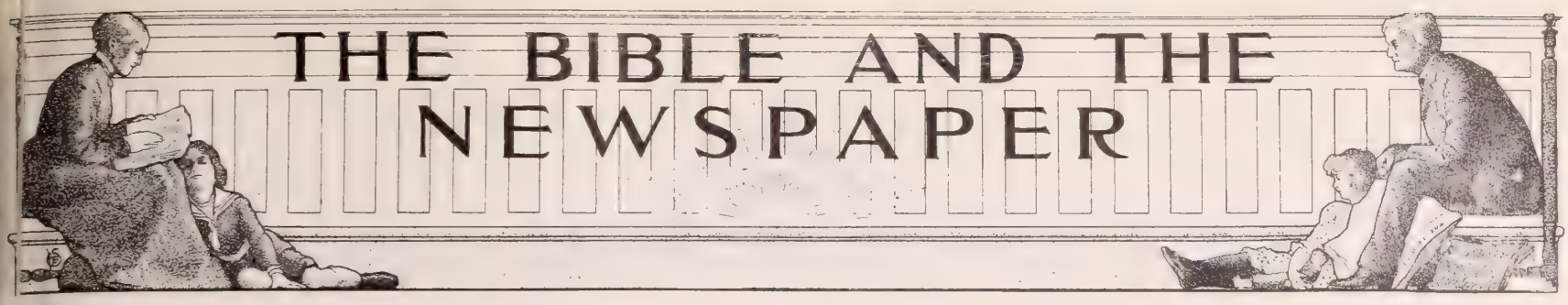
"Abide With Me"

(See picture on first page cover)

Few people there are, who have not at some time in their lives heard and been touched by the words of this beautiful poem. It was written more than half a century ago, but the pleading sweetness of the words will never grow old. Henry Francis Lyte, the author, was born in Ednam, Scotland, more than one hundred years ago. When he had passed middle life, after having had charge of one church for twenty-five years, his health so far failed that he was accordingly ished to give up his work and seek a milder climate, his charge being in Devonshire, England. After preaching his farewell sermon, and administering the sacrament to his weeping people, he was taken to his little cottage home, where, in the evening, he composed this matchlessly pathetic and beautiful hymn.

> Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
> The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide.

He felt that he was slowly dying; he had bidden his beloved people good-bye, had partaken of the sacred emblems with them for the last time, and now he was alone with his Father. He died at Nice, a few weeks after writing this hymn.



ochester's Disaster

IRE has again worked havoc to the extent of millions of dollars in a great city. Early on the morning of February 26, two large dry-goods stores in Rochester, N. Y., were burning fiercely, and were rapidly sending the blazing fragments to start fires in adjoining buildings. The fire department soon realized its inability to cope with a disaster so widespread, and appealed to Buffalo and Syracuse for assistance. Two companies, with their crews, were sent from each city, and arrived about five hours after the fire was discovered. Even with their help, the work of subduing the conflagration was slow and difficult. It was not until noon, after seven hours of hard fighting, that the fire was pronounced under control. Much hard work still remained to be done, and the whole fire department was engaged deluging the smoking ruins far into the night.

The first alarm was sent out by the watchman employed by the Rochester Dry Goods Company. When he went near the elevator shaft about five o'clock in the morning, he heard a noise as if a fuse had blown out, and immediately a sheet of flame rose in the shaft and soared to the upper floors. He had scarcely summoned the fire department when he learned that the adjoining store was on fire. The wires of the two buildings connected, and it is therefore a natural inference that the disaster had an electric origin. To the west was the marble block, consisting of older buildings, which were quickly ignited and destroyed. A new structure, supposed to be fireproof, called the Granite Building, was next in the grasp of the flames. The fire had possession of its ten floors almost simultaneously, and though the skeleton of the building did not burn, being of iron and concrete, all the goods and woodwork were completely destroyed. In the rear of these fine edifices were stables and some buildings, which were speedily licked up. Altogether, fully two acres, the site of the finest commercial buildings in Rochester, were devastated, and property, believed to be worth three million dollars, destroyed. In a calamity like this, it is quickly demonstrated whether a building which is imposing and ornamental is as strong as it appears. The world has often been surprised by the result of a similar test being applied to character. That, too, often has in it elements the presence of which are unsuspected until the fire of temptation or of judgment reveals them.

The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is (I. Cor. 3: 13.)

Killed at a Crossing

The Supreme Court of New York has just set aside a verdict for damages, given in the lower court, in the case of a woman who was killed at a railroad crossing at Schenectady, N. Y. It appeared that she lived near the crossing, and was familiar with the danger incurred from crossing the tracks in front of trains at that place. The Railroad Company contested the suit, on the ground that she walked in front of the train, and so near to it that the engineer could not stop the locomotive in time to save her. The suit turned on the question whether she looked up the track to see if a train was coming, before she crossed. Her daughter, who was near her when she was killed, testified that the deceased stood still when she was two feet from the tracks and looked both ways before she attempted to cross. The Supreme Court Justice who pronounced the decision vindicating the Railroad Company, based it on the evidence given in her favor by her daughter. He said that if she looked, as her daughter said, she must have seen the approaching train and, therefore, she voluntarily took the risk of being run down, and was as guilty of negligence as if she had not looked at all. The decision was logical. To have knowledge, and to be aware of approaching danger, and yet not to act upon the knowledge, is the height of folly. And yet how many there are who have listened to the Gospel from childhood and have no doubt of their eternal danger, who make no effort to secure the safety so freely offered to them!

Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets; but he shall say, I know ye not whence ye are; depart from me (Luke 13: 26).

A New Generator

A remarkable discovery, which promises to revolutionize the business of producing electricity, has been made by Mr. James H. Reid, of Newark, N. J. Hitherto the use of electricity has been curtailed by the cost of producing it. It has been necessary to have an engine to produce it, and many scientists have tried to solve the problem of divorcing steam from the process. Mr. Reid contends that he has solved the problem. He has discovered a carbon, which, when subjected to heat at a high degree, gives out electricity, which may be gathered on wires and carried to the place where it is needed. A test was made a few days ago, which appears to have established Mr. Reid's claims. The carbon, enclosed in an iron vessel or cell, was heated to the required degree, and immediately became active. A continuous stream of electricity was then produced, which was applied in various ways and fulfilled, apparently, all required conditions. The result astonished all the scientific observers, none of whom could detect any flaw in the test. It will, if it is genuine, reduce the expense of producing electricity by one-half. In these days when electricity is applied to so many purposes, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of the discovery, if it has really been made, of a material which gives it out freely, without the necessity for the use of costly and cumbrous machinery and exhausting labor. People will not be slow to take advantage of it, though in spiritual matters there are many who fail to see the wisdom of a similar course. They strive to win salvation by their works and their penances, and neglect the offer of it as a free gift.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. 4: 5).

A Mountain of Gold

A Queensland journal describes a mountain in the southeastern part of that country, which has had a pathetic history. Years ago, a poor herder had settled there, and had made a precarious livelihood by keeping a few cattle. He had fenced in the base of the mountain, and had fulfilled the conditions for making it his homestead. People who knew the man and the place thought him foolish, for the pasturage was poor, and the soil would not repay cultivation. The herder said that all his life he had failed through living on land where there was no water, and he had chosen the mountain because there was plenty of water there. He lived all alone, and was glad to show hospitality to any travelers who came his way. One evening, a party of prospectors who had missed their road, stayed at his hut, and the herder agreed willingly to let them remain till morning. As they sat and talked before retiring, he told them about the curious appearance of the rocks after rain, and of the barren character of the soil. The prospectors were interested, and in the morning they examined the rocks the herder had described, and took some specimens away with them. A few weeks later they returned, and proposed to buy the mountain. The herder asked them five dollars an acre, and they agreed to pay that sum. The price was paid, and the prospectors found some men willing to advance money for machinery in return for a share in the venture. The company is now known as the Mount Morgan Mining Company, and it has already taken gold out of the mountain worth ten million dollars. The poor herder who had originally owned it, died in poverty. His chagrin when he learned the value of the possession which he had sold for so small a sum must have been very bitter. A similar discovery infinitely more terrible, will be made by many who are bartering their eternal life for the wealth and pleasure of this world.

Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God . . . lest there be any profane person as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright (Heb. 12: 15, 16).

Trying to Save the Granite Building

The Buildings Where the Fire Started

The Course of the Fire, Down Main Street

SCENES AT THE GREAT FIRE IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., ON FEBRUARY 26

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has conducted a series of services at New Brunswick, N. J. They were largely attended, and many young people as well as adults gave testimony to their faith.

Rev. Otto Stockmayer, of the Evangelical Church of Switzerland, has been holding meetings in New York. On Sunday he preached at the Gospel Tabernacle, of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is pastor. On week days, morning and evening, at the house of Mrs. Cortlandt de Peyster Field, he addressed meetings on the near approach of the second coming of Christ.

Union revival meetings have been held during last month at Owensboro, Ky., by Dr. L. W. Munhall. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and the Christian Church were all represented on the committee of management. The last meeting of the series was very remarkable. Fully three thousand persons attended.

THE LAD WHO HELPED THE LORD

* Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 20
MATT. 14: 13-23

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT—JOHN 6: 35:
JESUS SAID UNTO THEM, I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE

LET the lad who helped the Lord tell the story: "I was on my way to Jerusalem to become a son of the Law at the Passover, and we stopped at Capernaum to see and hear Jesus, the Nazarene wonder-worker. I was close beside him that day when his twelve apostles came in tired from preaching and healing all over Galilee. He was tired, too, for the same reason, and so he said, 'Come apart into the countryside and rest awhile.' Some said he was mostly heart tired, because his friend John the Baptizer had been wickedly killed by Herod. He got into a boat, with his apostles, and sailed away for rest. But we all watched his boat, and by and by we saw him land near Bethsaida and climb up on the green hillside, and then we all hurried around by land to hear more of his words and see more of his miracles. He always cared more for others than himself, and so when we scrambled up the hill, I heard him say, as I got near, 'They are as sheep without a shepherd.' And so he rose to greet us and be our good Shepherd. He welcomed us with sweet words about his kingdom, and healed sick ones we had brought along. Near sunset, he saw the people were hungry, and knew they had followed him so eagerly that most of them had forgotten to bring any food with them. 'Whence shall we buy bread that we may eat?' he said. One of his apostles said, 'Two hundred days' wages would not buy enough to give every one so much as a bite.' Jesus said, 'Give ye them to eat.' One of his apostles, looking around in a helpless way, saw in my basket what I had brought along to eat in my journey to Jerusalem. He said in a faint voice, as if it was hardly worth while, 'There is lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?' But Jesus answered firmly, 'Bring them hither to me.' Oh, how glad I was to help the friend of children! To have him use my plain loaves and my little dried fishes, what joy, what honor! The Lord had need of me, and so I could not be lost in the crowd though I was least of all. While I stood before him he said, 'Make the people sit down in flower-beds of fifty people each.' It was Nisan, the month of flowers, and they did look like beautiful flower-beds around their kind Gardener as they sat down cross-legged in circles and rows, in their many-colored garments, on the soft green of the spring grass, their turbaned heads in their excitement tossing like flowers in the wind. When the apostles had arranged the crowd they came to get the bread and distribute it. Jesus laid his blessed hands on my poor bread and looked up and prayed, and then he broke the bread and divided the fish; but like the widow's cruise of oil in my Bible story, it grew no less for all he gave away. The apostles all had a way of their own.

A TYPICAL JEWISH BOY

"Everybody had all they wanted to eat. Jesus had made my basket like the fountain that grows to a river. When all had enough, Jesus would not allow anything to be wasted, and so he said: 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost,' and there was a big basketful for everyone of his twelve apostles, more for everyone of them than all I had at first. The people said on every side, 'This Jesus is surely the promised Messiah, the prophet like unto Moses, for like Moses, he has given us to-day bread from heaven.'"

Illustration and Application

Dr. Alexander McLaren writes of the contrast between this lesson and the preceding one:

"What a contrast between Herod's banquet and this table spread in the wilderness!' At the one, the heavy air reeked with the fumes of wine and blood; and lust, drunkenness, and murder were guests. At the other, the cool evening breeze from the lake played round the companies on the sweet, green grass. The fare was coarse and wholesome, the eaters awed into some dim recognition of the giver, and he himself revealed as lovingly careful of humblest needs, as divinely able to satisfy these, and as, in deepest truth, the Bread of the world."

This story suggests: 1. A wholesome sense of our own weakness—"What are they among so many." 2. Consecration—"Bring them hither to me." 3. Work for others—"Give ye—gather up."

1. *What are these?* We can make no headway in our own salvation, or the salvation of others, until we realize that our own efforts, and our own merits are as utterly inadequate as were the barley loaves in themselves for feeding the multitude. To erect a tall building securely, the first work is to dig out enough ground to lay a secure foundation. To develop high usefulness, we must first dig out pride and other selfish rubbish, and so make room for the Rock. Every successful Christian life has begun in a sense of self-distrust, that has made way for trust in God. "No confidence in the flesh"—that digging out is the best preparation for strong confidence in God. Thus Moses laid the foundation of his great life. When called to be Israel's deliverer, he who was to be the greatest of purely human characters, cried: "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh?" (Exodus 3: 11). Any one who had felt equal to such a work would have proved himself unworthy of it. Gideon's like distrust of himself is pictured in a figure peculiarly significant in connection with this lesson, the barley cake that in his dream rolled into the tent of Midian, and overthrew the camp of his mighty foes. Solomon at nineteen, when the pride of youth is apt to be overstrong, called to rule over the kingdom, exclaimed: "I am but a little child." King David, before him, had said: "My soul is even as a weaned child." Jeremiah, called to prophesy as one of the two greatest of prophets, exclaimed: "Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child." All these and more of the world's foremost men illustrate the saying, "When I am weak, then am I strong." The first step in every successful work for God is realization of the insufficiency of the barley loaves of human powers to accomplish the work that God requires. "What are these in the presence of the heart-hunger of the multitudes we are called to save?"

LOVE PRAYER SONG GIFTS WORDS

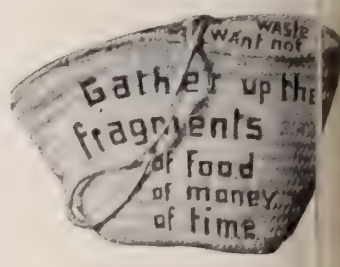
2. *Bring them hither to me.* Consecration shall make our barley loaves sufficient to feed the multitude. Consecration shall make Gideon, the barley cake, the conqueror of Midian. Not from some rich man's feast did Christ take the supply he would multiply to feed the five thousand, but from a poor boy's basket of barley bread and dried fish. "These," plus Christ, were enough. He who spoke despairingly of the few barley loaves forgot to add Christ. The boy brought his little all in full consecration. His weakness became completeness in another's greater strength. Whether it be five barley loaves, or five pebbles out of the brook, God's blessing makes them sufficient.

As our Bible story is of a lad that Jesus used, let our chief illustration be the story of a girl that helped the Lord in giving the bread of life to rough men. This Winny Morris was the child of a British workingman. Daily she brought to her father his dinner at his post in the chalk quarries. She passed other workmen who had only cold dinners, and who grieved her by their profanity and their drinking habits, for she was a Christian girl. At last she thought out a plan to do them good. She had a box of savings, and got her mother to allow her to spend a shilling in meat, out of which her mother was to make some meat patties, such as she often carried to her father. The next day she carried in her basket, in addition to her father's dinner, six of these plump, well-baked patties. Before starting, she had wrapped each of these carefully, and asked God to bless what she was going to do. The rough men were both surprised and pleased, when Winny stopped in passing, and handed each of the six a tiny bundle, saying it was something nice for dinner. They thanked her, and she passed on quickly, and later went home another way. Meantime the workmen ate their patties, and afterwards began to talk of these kind presents. "Look 'ere, mates, what mine was wrapped up in." It was a leaflet, entitled "The Swearer's Prayer." Then the others hunted about to find their wrappers. Each one was "bread of life." Winny wondered how the men would receive her message. On the next Sunday she found out, for two of the men came to the chapel her father attended, and others of the group came later, and let us hope learned to feed daily on the Bread that cometh down from heaven. Winny was not of the class to whom the title "lady" is commonly applied; but lady means loaf-giver, and she was that in truest sense, God's loaf-giver.

"HE SAID, BRING THEM HITHER TO ME"

Every one has some talent in greater or less degree, the power of song, the gift of conversation, strength of personal influence, power of public address, aptness to teach, a purse over young or old, that may be made the means of breaking the bread of life to men if first the posssesor of that talent hears and heeds Christ's call, "Bring them hither to me."

3. *Give ye—gather up.* Work for others with resulting gain and growth to ourselves is the third stage in the Christian's development, following the sense of unworthiness and the habit of consecration. "Give ye—gather up"—the epitome of every Christian worker's experience. Religion, it has been well said, is a commodity of which the more you export the more you have at home. The more you give the more you have. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." It is the seed that is sown that multiplies.



BASKET FOR FRAGMENTS

Years ago a young English artist painted a picture which he hoped would find a place in the Academy. It was a picture of a lonely woman struggling up a street on a stormy night, the sleet driven by the wind into her face, a little baby at her bosom. Doors and windows were shut in her face. The picture was called "Homeless." As the artist painted it, and the artist's imagination filled his soul, it seemed to come to him as a living reality, and he threw down his brush down and said, "God help me! why don't I go and help people themselves, instead of painting pictures of them?" Then and there he consecrated himself to God. He went to Oxford University, and in due course entered the ministry. He worked in the slums of one city for two years, then went to Durham for five years. "I am not going to stop with you very long," he said to a fellow-worker; "I want to go to the part of the world where men seem to be most lost. I have come to the conclusion that East Africa is the place where I am most wanted." One day there came a message from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, asking whether he would be willing to be the leader of a party going to Uganda. He consented, and was consecrated as Bishop Tucker of Uganda, in succession to Hannington and Parker. He is feeding hungry multitudes with the bread of life.

This miracle was after all only a text for Jesus to preach from himself as the bread of life. In his lowly incarnation he became not alone a "lad," but the very barley loaves that feed the multitude; he is also the fish, as so often pictured mystically in the catacombs, his full title Jesus, Son of God, Saviour, in its Latin initials, forming the word for fish, *ichthus*. On this we feed spiritually in that a supernatural influence and life from him comes into our souls. One sees of a human character that has perfectly moulded his character. "He came into my life like an influence." But of Christ we can say "He came into my life as new life."

There is a loaf of bread over four thousand five hundred years old which was found in the tomb of Mentuhotep, who died in Egypt 2500 B.C. It is now in the Museum of Berlin. This loaf of bread is dark brown in color. Inside are many large holes. Probably this part of the bread long since fell into dust; but much of the bread still remains in the shape of kernels and pieces of grain. Examination proves that the bread was made of barley, and the grains were only rudely crushed and not sifted. It was not baked in pans, but after being kneaded into dough by the addition of water was placed between two heated stones, or was put on a plate and laid upon the red-hot coals. This is perhaps the oldest loaf of bread in the world, but it is of no value except as a curiosity. Human characters for the most part cease to feed the life of men after a century or so has past. But Christ is living bread, ever new and nourishing to all who receive him.

Gather up the fragments.

"Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery:
They whom Christ apostles made
'Gathered fragments' when he bade."

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said.
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard,
And fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

The Church Sociable

THE function familiarly termed a church sociable, is an entertainment which combines the characteristics of a friendly gathering in a private house, and a reception given to strangers in a public ace. Where congregations are widely scattered, their mes separated by the magnificent distances a large city, almost the only method of bring them together in an informal and neighrly fashion, is found in the church sociable. may be extremely pleasant or extremely stiff. success or failure depend largely upon the t and cordial interest of the reception comttee, and, in a lesser degree, on the genial pport of the minister and consistory. Pririly, the object of such a gathering is to ake strangers welcome, introduce them to one rother and to older members of the church, d give them a feeling of being at home in the w environment. City life is nomadic. At s period of the year, hundreds of people who e in towns, and not a few who live in the burbs, are anxiously canvassing the question some change of abode. Tenant life does not pline people to strike their roots very deeply o the soil. Where landlords are grudging d reluctant in the matter of repairs; where e plumbing is as unstable as running water; here pipes freeze and burst at the most innvenient moments, and diphtheria is feared om imperfect drainage, tenants move without mpunction.

No city minister feels at all certain that he ll have the same congregation from one twelventh to another. Often he mournfully deores the fact that he preaches to a crowd of spectable tramps and transients, yet, neverless, he girds up his loins and goes on with s work. Aided valiantly by the consistory and the adies' Aid Society, and the Young People's Guild, d whatever organizations he may have at hand, he tempts the task of welding his people firmly together, nding the new to the old with cords of love, even the nds of a man. To this end, the church social is inked as a useful auxiliary in the fort.

There should always be arranged r such an affair, an interesting proramme of music or recitations, not o long and not too artistic, but opular, and likely to please the uneducated as well as the critical taste. members of the church who live ear by, will but lend rugs, lamps nd palms to give the church parlor n inviting look of hominess, it will e all the better. Refreshments, hough very simple, are indispensaie, as people thaw out over a cup of offee and a bit of cake much sooner han in any other way. From time nmemorial, hospitality and good ellowship have expressed themselves n something to eat and drink, and he modern luncheon is the equivaent for the bread and salt of the rimeval desert.

In the country, the conditions re very much more favorable to ociability. There people know not nly one another, but all the forears and kindred, near or remote. ess is going on. The sociable is nore of an event. People have a ommon stock of traditions and interests, and are apt to meet on a ommon ground of friendliness. Even so, the church sociable binds hem a little closer together, bringing s it does the element of diversion nd recreation into hard-working ives. The sociable should be something which should make people go o the prayer-meeting with greater est and add warmth to the hand-clasp when they meet luring the week or on the Sabbath. A patronizing atitude toward it, or a distinct dislike to joining in a unction which calls together all the people in the church, without regard to education, poverty or wealth, is wholly out of place. We have occasionally seen in the faces of certain church-goers, a look of aversion or of condescension, when asked whether they proposed to attend the next sociable. This is really wrong, and adds a fearful amount of discouragement to the uphill path of the conscientious pastor.

A Beautiful Life

"Yes, hers was a beautiful life," said an old man, speaking of one who had gone home. "It was beautiful in its opportunities. She was in a position where she could act as a leader, where many looked up to her, and where she could dispense benefits. Beautiful, too, in its ministry, first to aged parents, then to her own beloved family group. Very beautiful her life was in its cheerfulness. When I think of Eva, I remember her merry laugh, her way of singing about the house, and her knack of seeing the fun in everything."

The old man stopped, and I thought of the character he had depicted. Cheery, winsome, swift in service, and rich in opportunities.

Yes, it was a beautiful life, and a life like it is in the reach of every one who accepts the days and hours as they come, as gifts of a Divine Father.

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME

A piece of bread with sugar spread, a lunch a king might covet;
For Tom and Millicent and Fred eat simple food and love it.

MONARCHS THAT NEED NO CROWNS

Kings and queens in Toyland, free and brave in Joyland,
What heed they of aught beyond this small nursery's happy bound.
Merry they in wildest weather, little kings and queens together.

The Blooming Bulbs

A FEW weeks ago, the dark, unsightly bulbs gave slight promise of beauty, but to-day, as spring comes coyly forward, they are showing rare beauty and loveliness.

The hyacinths are peculiarly attractive, so rich in coloring, so fragrant and spicy in sweetness, and so perfect in their exquisite clusters. To have a window filled with hyacinths and jonquils is to have a vision of delight all day long.

Flowers grow more luxuriantly for some people than for others, but is it not because all do not give the same loving thought and care to them, that all cannot have the same results? A little study of soils, of atmosphere, of the individual likings of different plants, is necessary if one would have a window-garden of which she can be proud. Flower-culture is like every other culture, it cannot lead to success unless great pains are taken.

A Long Term of Service

In the morning newspapers of New York, the other day, there appeared a line giving the name and death of Ellen Fleming, aged seventy-eight. These words were added, "This notice is published in affectionate esteem by the fourth generation of the family she so loyally served for fifty-four years."

We live in a period of ferment and unrest in domestic conditions. The tenure by which women hold the maids who assist them in housewifery is slight as a cobweb. Yet, here and there are found shining exceptions, such as this of Ellen Fleming, and of the people whose rooftree was hers for fifty-four years. Think of the births and marriages and deaths she saw in that household, of the joy and sorrow she shared, of the fealty of a long life spent in a relation of entire mutual respect and friendliness. Such a testimony as that embodied in the brief notice epitomizes something most precious, and lifts before our eyes a high ideal, which some have reached, and others are reaching.

Fresh Air as a Cure

That we keep our houses too hot is undoubtedly true We enervate ourselves by the overheated atmosphere in which, what with steam and dry air furnaces and roaring fires in the big stove, we give battle to old winter.

A young woman, five years ago, was discovered by her family physician to have tuberculosis, and his opinion was confirmed by specialists with whom he consulted. Thirty years ago, her doom would have been sealed. A few months of dire suffering and swift decay, and the grave would have received her emaciated frame. It is different now. She was sent to the uplands and ordered to live outdoors. Presently she crossed the ocean and went to Switzerland. There, at a high altitude, she lived in the open air, drank milk, ate simple food, taking several meals a day, four at least, and battling against her malady by the aid of Nature's restoratives, fresh pure air, and plenty of rest. To-day she is well, and has before her a life of usefulness.

Most of us, who suffer from colds and similar disturbances, could be cured quickly if we lived more simply and avoided overheated houses.

A Cup of Tea

Considering how stimulating and helpful is a good cup of tea, it is a pity that we are so often put off with a poor one.

To begin with, good tea cannot be made with a poor brand. Buy a good quality of tea, of whatever variety you prefer. In the end, the expensive kinds outlast the cheaper, for they are stronger and require less for a brew.

Tea must be steeped, not boiled, and, as a rule, two minutes in freshly boiled water is quite enough to insure excellence. Do not use water that has simmered for hours on a stove. That will make your tea flat and flavorless. Have cold water to begin with. Set on the kettle and bring it to a rattling boiling point. Use an earthen teapot. Scald it to make it hot. Then drop in the tea, a teaspoonful for each cup and one for the pot is the time-honored rule; but in Ceylon and Formosa teas, one needs less than this. Pour on the boiling water. Serve with cream and sugar, or lemon and sugar, or clear, as taste may indicate. Such a cup of tea will be a cure for a headache and drive the blues away.

FIEGA, THE ANCIENT

By MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

SOLOMON ENGLEMAN stood in the front of his little shop, following reverently, with a not over-clean forefinger, the lines of his book of prayer.

The Talith, which was spread over his shoulders, and without which no self-respecting Jew would think of engaging in his Sabbath devotions—was old and shabby, but Solomon was arrayed in his best clothes, his shop was in order, the heavy sewing machine and other tools of his trade, were out of commission for the day.

Overhead hung different articles of male apparel, mended, sponged and pressed, the wrinkles of wear pressed out, and the wrinkles of fashion pressed in, for an East Side Hebrew "bushelman" has his ideas of style as pronounced as those of the fashionable haberdasher and tailor of Fifth avenue.

No work or trading of any kind went on in Mr. Engleman's establishment on Saturday, the holy Sabbath Day, and if his customers did not come for their renovated garments before sundown on Friday, they must wait until after the Sabbath, no matter what the exigency might be.

The fact that Solomon was poor, and that his wife and children would be on short rations, and that he himself was not overfed, during this interim, had no bearing upon the case with this pious son of a despised race.

But, with all his religious fervor, Solomon was a coward. While he would have given up his life for the faith that was in him, he had a constitutional dread of strangers, of people who were not of his own race, and who did not worship the God of Abraham.

So on this particular Sabbath morning, an apprehensive look passed over his countenance, becoming intensified as I entered the door, and asked the number of his store, and if he were Mr. Engleman. Solomon nodded his head, not very heartily, as he saw at once that his visitor was not of his kin or kind, and removing his Talith, he stood before me, mentally trying to reconcile the advent of my visit with some idea of benefit to himself or his family.

The latter, hearing a strange voice, came pouring out from behind a curtain, which separated the work-room and "store" from the living apartment.

"Are these all your children?" I asked, as they gathered about me, while the mother modestly stood in the background, but with a sort of "on guard" expression, for how did she know but that the caller had come to complain about some one or two, or perhaps three, of her flock?

"Moses was always in some troubles" she thought, for Moses did not always follow in the footsteps of his illustrious namesake, and was not renowned for the quantity or the quality of his meekness, and could "scrap" with as much vigor as any boy of his age, be he Jew or Christian.

"AS SHE STOOD BEFORE THE OPEN BOOK"

Then, there was "Jakey."

Was Ikey Cohn making more complaints that Jakey hooked apples from the pushcart, whenever he got the chance? O yes, Ikey was smart, and he got the chance very often. And then there was Becky; had she again been pulling the hair of her sworn enemy, Rachel Goldstein? If she had, Becky was not to blame, for had not Rachel refused to give her her doll, when Becky only wanted to play with it for a little while?

All this went through Mamma Engleman's mind as she looked me over—not in the plain English in which it is recorded above, because she could neither speak nor understand the language; but her thoughts in Yiddish were sufficient to form themselves into a resolve, that no one should lay hands on any one of her flock, if she could prevent it.

"Are these all your children, Mr. Engleman?" I again asked, as the man and his wife stood side by side.

Solomon having become partly reassured by my manner, that I intended no harm to him or his, acknowledged his paternal responsibility, and said, as he glanced at his wife, "She de mudder."

"Then you are not the man I am looking for," said I. I had volunteered to do a little missionary work for a friend, and hunt up a family who were in need of help, and inquire into the merits of the case.

The announcement that he was not the man, seemed to lift a load from Solomon's mind, while his sad and anxious expression of countenance became mingled with one of relief, and the instant improvement in understanding and ability to speak English, was quite wonderful, considering the difficulties he had encountered with the language only a few minutes before.

"The woman I am looking for has the same name as yours, and, according to the address given me, she lives in this locality," I explained; "but she is sick, and has only three children. I was trying to find her and give her some help."

The sad-faced representative of the chosen race, with a nod for each child, took mental note of the number of his brood, and shook his head, for there were nine, unmistakably nine, little Englemans in the group, and it was only too evident that his wife was not upon the sick list, and any hope that the help about to be extended might come in his direction, took its flight as he surveyed the group of nine children, with their plump little mother, all in the best of condition.

"You do not know of any other poor woman about here who needs help, do you?" I asked.

"O, yes," all the little Englemans shouted in chorus—"There's Mother Fiega!"

. . .

In a rear tenement, reached through a dark, damp hall-way, lived Fiega, the ancient, and in her little room dwelt the peace and quiet of the Sabbath. Peace reigned supreme, but the perfect quiet was somewhat marred by conditions over which the devout little Jewess had no control.

Out in the little yard, where the clothes-lines crossed and recrossed, hung, what a witty writer after a visit to a similar locality, called, "the short and simple flannels of the poor." Two little black-eyed, swarthy-skinned youngsters were industriously engaged in splitting up a barrel, and incidentally filling the air with flying staves and choice Yiddish dialect.

The parents of the boys had evidently fallen from their high estate of being "Orthodox Hebrews," or they would not have countenanced such a profanation of the Sabbath. This want of reverence for the holy day was counterbalanced by the pious devotion of Fiega, as she stood before the open book laid upon the table, between the two windows facing the yard.

A brave little woman was Fiega; she had been brave for a long time, for the record in the book which her grandfather had made on the occasion of her birth, gave the date 1795.

"There is no coal, except what is on the fire," murmured the old woman, and added, " 'He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. Who can stand before his cold?' But there is the promise, 'He sendeth out his word and melteth them.' Why should I fear, I who trust in my God? I shall never freeze nor starve, and I am always clean, clean," and Fiega moved over to her narrow, but exceedingly plump bed, which took up almost half the floor space in her tiny room, and passed her hand lovingly over the lace-trimmed pillow.

"He will give meat unto them that fear him," she murmured.

Here Fiega's devout thoughts were interrupted long enough to bestow a friendly word of warning to the young Sabbath-breakers in the yard, who were now disputing over the disintegrated barrel.

Fiega would have shivered all throu the day rather than have built a fire the morning of the holy day, and if t boys had not retreated rather hurrie when they heard her note of warni they might have found that shaking naughty little boys did not come unc the head of Sabbath desecration, Fiega was brisk of foot, and the streng had not yet departed from her right ha despite the fact that she had lived in th centuries.

From her vantage ground—the d which opened into the yard—the old w man gave her opinion of Sabbath break in general, and of noisy boys in particul Then, shutting the door, her face soften and her voice fell as she murmured:

" 'He shall judge the poor of the peop He shall save the children of the nee I will trust. My God will take care me."

As she spoke the last word, the do which had stood slightly ajar since F ga had made her verbal raid upon t boys, was pushed open, and I ent ed, preceded by Solomon Englem Solomon, having by this time acqui quite a command of English, introduc Fiega as Mrs. Schindel, a woman m than one hundred years old.

I don't know what Engleman said her, but both hands came out toward in greeting. She was so small that s could have walked under my outstretch arm, and as she came up close to m could not resist putting it about her. S could not speak one word of English, I a syllable of her native tongue; with my interpreter's help we got on mously, holding quite a long conversati which ran something like this: "Ask what she wants, most of all." A string consonants, with an occasional vo thrown in by way of good measure, exchanged between the parties of t second part, and I am told it is "co

DISPUTING OVER THE DISINTEGRATED BARREL

"Do you think she can be trusted to ta care of money, if I give her a bit." M exchange of consonants, and I am told pantomine by one, and assured by t other, that my gift, no matter how sma

CONTINUED ON PAGE 217

CHEESE PUFFS WITH Green Salads

Corn Starch Talk

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

In many receipts Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch may be substituted for flour, by using half the quantity, and a more delicate dish is the result. This Corn Starch may be relied upon for uniformity, and will always suit the most critical taste. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is a valuable and economical article of food, while the simplicity with which it may be prepared appeals alike to the unskilled cook and the experienced chef. With a little thought given to the subject quite a variety of salads may be served from day to day. Wafers are sometimes served with these salads, but a more acceptable accompaniment is suggested below. These puffs are easy to make, and are more delicate than most, owing to the substitution of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch for a part of the flour.

CHEESE PUFFS.

Place half a cup of water and one fourth cup of butter in a granite sauce pan over the fire and when this is boiling add two rounding tablespoons of flour and one of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which have been sifted together. Stir thoroughly while cooking for several minutes, remove from the fire and stir in half a cup of fresh grated cheese. Season with salt and paprika and beat in two eggs, singly. Press the mixture through pastry bag on a well greased baking sheet, making balls less than two inches across. Bake in very moderate oven about twenty-five minutes, until light and firm. These may be served warm or split open when cold and filled with whipped cream to which has been added salt, pepper and a little Parmesan cheese.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Fiega, the Ancient

Continued from Preceding Page

would be taken care of. I took a look around the room, taking in the detail of differences between it and the squalid surroundings, saw that the little fire was waning, and beginning to give up its small ghost of life; that the tiny coal-box was empty; looked at the gathering frost upon the window-panes, and handed the little old woman a trifling sum, which she understood was for coal, and another sum for rent, for which I was told she was in arears. Five dollars a month for that tiny room! No wonder tenement house property pays, and its owners can keep out the cold with sealskin and Russian sable, while their tenants are battling with their most relentless enemy — an arctic winter — which seems to have more terrors for them than either famine or sickness.

. . .

Here, amidst squalor and poverty lives this human century plant, exhaling the fragrance of faith in the God of her fathers, who has never failed of his promises. Here Fiega has lived for years, supported by her neighbors, many of whom are so poor themselves that even a penny counts, and when contributed to charity, means sacrifice for the giver.

"I was not always so poor," said Fiega, when she found that I was interested in her history. "I have a beautiful dress now; you may see it if you wish."

Solomon interpreted, as the little old woman opened a small trunk in a corner, disclosing some neatly folded garments. From its covering of clean white, Fiega drew forth a black velvet gown, quaint and old-fashioned. "When I was young, I was rich. I had beautiful dresses and I traveled much. I had nothing else to do, and money plenty; why should I not travel. Kossuth? Many a time I saw him. Many a time I went to grand balls at the palace in Vienna. Why not? I was young; I had fine clothes."

And the eternal feminine shone from her eyes, as she told how she was dressed upon one occasion.

"The golden girdle went three times around the waist, and hung down the sides like this," and she measured upon her clean print dress just where the ends of this beautiful ornament reached. "I saw the Emperor in his palace. No! It was not Franz Joseph; certainly not. Who was Emperor then? Yes, it was his uncle—I do forget his name, it was so long ago when I was young. But I was dressed beautifully, and I danced. I do not forget that.

"And I do not forget the famine in Gorlitz, seventy years ago, when the Christians ate sawdust and died, and the Jews ate sorrel. No, I do not forget. My grandfather's barn was burned; he was an aristocrat—a wealthy Jew. These rich people were beaten with clubs. I saw it in Austria and Hungary.

"I am poor now," continued Fiega; "but I always have enough. My God must provide. I shall never suffer," and she folded the remnants of her old-time finery with reverent fingers, and put them carefully away with the ancient book.

"The candlesticks? Yes! they are from my old home; and the lace on the pillow, that I made when I could see better. Yes, yes, always clean," she muttered, as she rearranged the white bed.

Referring again to the persecutions of the Jews, Fiega continued: "After I saw these things, the burnings of barns and the beatings, in later years I saw Jews murdered by the bauers or woodsmen, who wanted to be free from taxes, and they beat and murdered the higher class. All now are dead—my people!

"I have been married three times, and always in Europe. I prayed for a child, but never one came. My friend die in my arms, and her child I take to my breast; but a strange coat will not warm the body. I care for the girl; she come with me to this country; she marry. I live with her a time; then she say, 'You go live by yourself.'" This last remark was accompanied by a little kicking movement on Fiega's part, which would have been comical, but for the suggested ingratitude.

"Then I live as a servant for seven months, but now—I can make my own noodles, I can keep clean, the friends are good, I am happy. I am never sick, I never had a pain, my head never ached, I need no doctor; there is my doctor," pointing upward. "He will take care of me when I am well, and cure me if I am sick. I need but little, and I shall have that; my rent must be paid; the friends gather it up. Every Sabbath I go to the Synagogue," and the delicate little body straightened itself up at the thought that God was so good to let her live so long.

Fiega would still be a handsome old lady, but for the disfiguring wig which covers her soft white hair, and which must be worn according to Jewish custom. She seemed so happy and bright, and so confident that her good Father would care for her, that as I was leaving, I asked Fiega if she would say a prayer for me. The answer came, "I will pray every day that God will let you live as long as I have lived." When told that this might not be regarded as an unmixed blessing, Fiega shut her eyes, clasped her hands and prayed: "May God give you health and strength while you do live."

. . .

The short winter afternoon was waning fast, and shadows were gathering from the corners of the tiny room.

"There is no more coal," crooned the voice of Fiega. "I had eaten the last of the bread and drank the last drop of tea; but God saw I shall neither starve nor freeze. My God has kept me alive until I am so old that no one would believe me, were it not for the record on the parchment. He will never forsake me. I shall have food and warmth and a clean home as long as I live, and that will be ten more years. Has not the Rabbi said it?"

In the little shop on the street, a pious Jew read the evening prayers for the holy day, and when his devotions were ended, Talith and Book were folded and shut. The whirr of the sewing machine began, and Solomon Engleman was once more the man of business. As the nine noisy youngsters trooped out into the street, he thought,

"If there were but three, the help might have been mine. My Sarah though, she is pretty healthy, too. I am glad that the good Mother Fiega have the money. She have the faith, but she is old. Sarah!" (this to his wife) "when Izzy Myers come for his clothes, and I am not here, charge him fifty cents extras, for the tears in his coat was very big; and the trousers of David Geldowski was worth another fifty cents extras. And if they don't like it, tell them I have business enough."

Then as he turned to his work he murmured under his breath, "The number of the street was the same, the name was the same, but there were too many children, and the wife was too healthy."

. . .

In the rear tenement, Fiega, the Ancient, sweetly slept in her plump little bed, secure in faith and trust that the morrow would be like all her yesterdays, and that all her future would be provided for, until her allotted days were done, for had not her God so promised?

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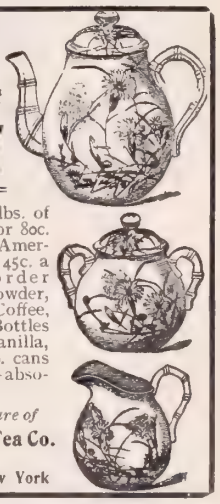

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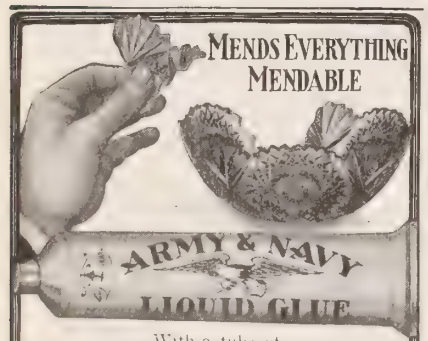

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AUNT JERUSHY MARIER'S WAY

Why she and her Friend Sary 'Lisbeth Gave up their Trip to Town

I THO'T I'd better write and tell you about a little sircumstance that came tu pass t'other day, in case it might encourage sum one else to go and du likewise. 'Twas in this manner, namely: I was a settin' and a readin' my CHRISTIAN HERALD one mornin' this week, when Sary 'Lisbeth, a neighbor of mine, cum a blusterin' in, and sez she:

"Good mornin', Aunt Jerushy. Be yu a-goin' tu town to-morrow on your holiday trip? There's goin' tu be half fare on the train fur a week, and 'twill give one a good chance tu git a little outin', and du a little shoppin' as well as to visit sum of our friends. I'm a-goin', and I 'spose yu be tu, haint you?"

"Well," sez I, "I waz a thinkin' tu go, in fact had my mind all made up tu go, and have a little holiday time fur myself, but I guess THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has put a stop tu it."

"Why, what upon airth has THE CHRISTIAN HERALD got tu du with yu a-goin tu town, and when yu can save half your fare, tu?"

"Well," sez I, "yu know THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a great paper fur helpin' the poor and sufferin' ones, of which there seems tu be a large quantity on airth at the present time. I guess it must be true that, 'The poor you have always with you,' sure enough. Well, just now they're a-tryin' tu git enough of the Lord's silver and gold that some people's got into their hands, to feed a lot of hungry men and boys at the Bowery Mission."

"Feed um, humph," sez she, "let um go tu work an' feed theirselves."

"Yes, but they can't git work tu du," sez I, "Many of um, and sum's not able tu work, and they air a-sufferin' with cold and hunger; and yu know the Bible says, 'Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'"

"Well," sez she, "'twont take sich a great lot tu feed a dozen or tu men and boys; let sum of the big-bugs in New York give em a bite tu eat."

"But, Sary 'Lisbeth," sez I, "yu don't understand. 'Taint one nor two dozen men and boys to be fed, but thousands. Jest yu listen," sez I, and I picked up my paper and read the follerin': "'The usual breakfast will be given tu the thousands of men and boys, for whom the doors of the Mission will open at three o'clock in the mornin'.' There," sez I, "now what's our duty, not tu say priviledge?"

"Why, Aunt Jerushy Marier," sez she, "yu don't mean me tu believe there's as many peeple as that in New York, that ain't got enough tu eat. Why, I didn't think there was many more than that there altogether. An' the Bowery Mission's a goin' tu open its doors before daylight tu sich a crowd as that! Why, I'd be frightend tu let 'em in. They must have a awful big house, tu; and jest think of the dishes there'll be tu wash after all them men and boys. Guess they'll want plenty dishwater. But ma'bee they had forethought enough to ketch a barrel of rain-water t'other day when it waz a pourin' so."

"Why," sez I, "as fur the house a-holdin' of 'em all, I don't expect they all go in together; and as fur washin' dishes, I guess they ain't so particular, so they git a good square meal. Now," sez I, "I've got a five-dollar gold piece that I'd made up my mind tu take an' go tu town to-morrow and spend about the whole on it; but here's all these here folks without enough tu eat. Jest think of gettin' up in the mornin' at three o'clock and goin' out in the cold for your breakfast. Must be purty hungry tu do it, I should think. But them folks, the paper sez, have no homes nor beds, but walk the streets. And as I waz a sayin', I can't take that five dollars and go gallivantin' off, a stuffin' with goodies, *et cetra*, till I have my dijester all out of kilter. I can't du it, I say, with a clear conscience. Why, if I should have nightmare from overeatin', I'm sartin sure I should think that whole crowd of hungry men and boys was after me and a settin' on my stomack. Anyhow, I know they'd be on my conscience, and I couldn't injoy myself a minit, so I'm jest a goin' tu send every cent of it."

"Why, Aunt Jerushy!" sez she, a-holdin' up both hands in great amazement, "yu don't mean tu say yu air a-goin' tu send that whole five dollars, all of it, to the Bowery Mission. Why, I thought yu said they only wanted one dollar from each one, anyhow. Yu must be crazy."

"No," sez I, "I'm not. I'd be crazier not tu, and it's jest bein' in my right mind that's a-causin' me tu send it. And as fur askin' fur only one dollar, that would work all right if everybody who could, would send his or her dollar right along, but sum of em won't; so the other four dollars will jest go tu pay fur some of the peeple who stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor. The paper is a-doin' a great and wonderful work for the needy and sufferin' ones, and Dr. Klopsch himself has signed his own name specially tu this request; so I'm a-goin tu help answer his prayer fur the Bowery Mission by sendin' this five dollars, and I jest believe 'tis what the Lord wants me tu du with it. Sary 'Lisbeth," sez I, "yu better take $1.50 of the money you're a-goin' to spend on your trip to town, and send fur the paper fur a year, and see if yu can't larn a little sumthin."

"Well," sez she, "I don't know but I will. And the other $1.50 (I waz a-goin' to spend $3.00; 'twas what I got fur them hens I sold t'other day), I'll jest put in with yours tu send tu the Bowery Mission."

"Very well," sez I, "and yu better go right home and git it, and I'll have the letter writ time you git back; and we'll send it right along before we change our minds, or forgit it, or somethin'. And remember, Sary 'Lisbeth," sez I, "that we're a-doin' this fur the Lord, and he sees and knows all about it, and yu know he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Yours truly,
AUNT JERUSHY MARIER.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. Emma C., Athol, Mass. "God mostly hears and answers our prayers."

G. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "I wish to add my testimony with those who have had prayers answered."

Mrs. N., Everett, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering many prayers for me. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. S. S. V., Tonganoxie, Kans. "I have great faith in the answered prayer column. I know that God answers prayers."

Mrs. J. J. H. "I want to say that God has always been very good to me, and I know that our dear Heavenly Father is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God."

S. J. D., Mills, Wis. "I promised the Lord that if would answer my prayer that I would make public acknowledgment of it. He has answered it and many more."

"O Lord, teach me to know my need of help from thee, and seek after it; to find my place and keep it; know my duty and do it. Amen." [The daily prayer of John Wallace].

A Wife, Lancaster, Pa. "I prayed to God if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it to the world. He answered it, praise his name. Will the readers of the Answered Prayer column join with me in the conversion of my husband."

K. L. G., Corinth, Miss. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me and mine in answering prayer. Bless his holy name."

Young Reader. "Here of late I have had several answers to prayer. I promised God if he would answer my prayers that I would tell it to the world. I now fulfil my promise. I have other burdens that I tell to God, believing that he will soon answer. I hope this may encourage others to keep praying. Keep trusting; God will answer prayer."

L. H., Evanston, Wyo. "In your column of Answered Prayers, I want to add my testimony. I promised God if he would answer my prayer, I would confess it before the public. He heard and answered my prayer according to his promise: 'he shall call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer him.'"

Mrs. A. C. G., Texas. "I know and believe God answers prayer. He has answered two special prayers for me lately. He answered one prayer while I was praying."

Football in the Arctic

Miss Isabel Rogers Edgar, who has lately returned to New York after her second visit to Labrador, relates the following amusing incident which took place last winter:

During the long, bitter winter on the Labrador coast, the natives have so little to interest them, that they grow dull and stupid. Dr. Greenfell organized a football team. The field was marked off on the rough sea ice with potassium permanganate, and the doctor, on skates, was to act as referee. Two rules were enough—"stop playing when the whistle blows," and "don't touch the ball with your hands." At the first blow of the whistle, part of the skin of the doctor's lips and tongue were taken off; so a bone one was tried, but it froze up, after a call or two. In the end, a big dinner-bell did the whistling and the game went on, until suddenly a long, low moan, followed by a creaking, grinding sound sent players and referee back to the rocks for safety. Hardly were they on shore, before a heavy sea swept in, crushing the football field into fragments and carrying it out of the bay.

Miss Edgar, who knows Labrador and its people better than any other woman in this continent, is now giving illustrated addresses before churches, colleges, women's clubs and various other societies, dealing in a most interesting and picturesque way with her Arctic experiences, and illustrated by photographs taken by herself. She may be addressed at No. 29 East Twenty-ninth street, New York.

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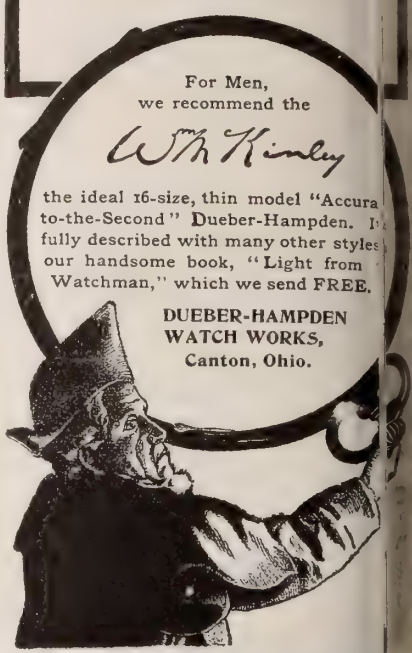

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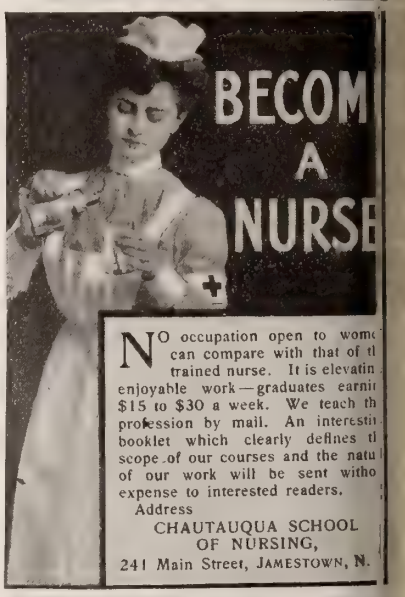

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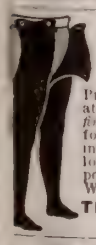

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Macedonia May be a Battlefield

BULGARIA AND TURKEY THREATEN HOSTILITIES WHICH WOULD EFFECTUALLY STOP RELIEF WORK

THERE are ominous signs of an outbreak of war in the Balkans, early in the coming spring. For several years past, Bulgaria has been preparing for such an event, and Turkey also has been watchful of her opportunity to punish Bulgaria for what the Porte regards as an offence against neutrality. Bulgaria has openly befriended the poor Macedonians, when the latter were driven like sheep before the marauding Turkish troopers, who desolated the beautiful valleys of that province. Thousands of the fugitives have found shelter in Bulgarian border towns and villages, where they have been kindly treated. Moreover, Turkey has accused Bulgaria of fomenting insurrection in Macedonia, and of permitting the revolutionists to concoct their plans of retaliation against the Turks in safe retreats on Bulgarian soil. Both nations are now fully armed and prepared for war, and it needs but a spark to light such a flame as has not been witnessed in the Balkans in many years.

REFUGEES FROM BELITZA

The husband and father was killed by the Turks

This condition of affairs is a peculiarly unfortunate one for the Macedonian refugees; not only for those in remote parts of Macedonia itself, but for all who have fled across the border. Should Bulgaria take up arms against her Moslem neighbor, the whole of Macedonia would be a battlefield. Relief work would cease immediately—as was the case in Cuba, when the breaking out of the war with Spain permanently interrupted relief work among the reconcentrados.

Up to the present time, however, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Relief Committee and other relief agencies are continuing their humane operations energetically. Pastor Popoff writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD endorsing letters from various members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee, which show the progress of the work. From Samokov, Mr. D. M. Gulumanoff writes:

The villages Dolna Banya and Kostenetz have received nearly six hundred refugees. Every week new refugees arrive. All are from Belitza, Mehomia, Draglishta and Kremen. Three-fifths are children, the rest men and women, the latter being in the majority. Three-fourths of them are in utter poverty. All are in need of upper garments. There are children and women barefooted. Every piece of clothing that has been given was received with great thankfulness. The following distribution has been made: Fifty suits upper garments for men, fifty for women, ten for boys, fifteen for girls, five sheepskin furs for women, five for men, and forty-four pairs of a sort of slippers made of thick cloth for keeping the feet warm. These clothes are from the money sent to Dr. Clarke by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Gerassim Popoff, of Dolna Banya, writes:

Fifteen families of refugees are in need of urgans (bed quilts.) There are needed badly for this place also, sixteen upper garments for women, eighteen trousers, ten sheepskin furs, ten pairs of navushta (wrappers for the feet), fifteen urgans, nine mattresses, ten suits for children.

Pastor Popoff writes from Ichtiman, Bulgaria, Feb. 4, reporting progress in relief work at various points along the border, among the refugees. They are being sheltered by the different municipalities, the Central Relief Committees supply the food, while other benevolent agencies (including THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee), furnish clothing, bedding, etc. There is some sickness among the refugees, and all are hoping for spring, when they can be more comfortable, and dwell in tents in the open air. He writes:

I saw in Dubnitza, in the Monastery Khan, fifty families quartered in ten rooms. There were from twenty to thirty persons in a room, without bedding or stove and with paneless windows. They were trembling from cold, amidst the groanings of sick and half-naked children, anxiously waiting to breathe their last, and be relieved from their misery. It was ten days before some quilts (urgans), could be prepared, and mattresses filled with straw. These were used for the sick until more could be provided for the others. The number of sick was constantly increasing.

Pastor Popoff lately visited three villages on the Rhodope mountains, where there were over 1,000 refugees. Many of these have been helped from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. At Tatar Pazardjik, he also met a number of refugees. His nine hours' ride, over steep mountain paths, in a springless carriage, was an arduous one, and was followed by a spell of sickness, from which he has now recovered.

Rev. Ivan D. Stephanoff, of Kustendil, writes that the need of the refugees in that district is very great, both as to food and clothing.

At Samokov, many of the refugee children are almost naked, while others wear clothes that are little better than rags. Fortunately, the weather is not severe. Samokov, Banya and Kostenetz together, need some $1,400 for clothing alone—clothes for children, for girls, for women; sheepskin cloaks and woolen shoes. A few days ago, Rev. Leroy F. Ostrander and Mr. Gulumanoff distributed about thirty suits of boys' clothing, some woolen shoes, and several skirts for little children; also the sheepskin coats to the most needy.

. . .

Rev. Geo. D. Marsh, American missionary at Philippopolis, writes:

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:

I was on a tour in my missionary work when your cablegram reached Philippopolis, informing me that there were funds at my disposal for relief work. The word from you seemed a providential voice that this was the duty of the hour. I at once gave orders for the manufacture of such garments, foot-gear and bedding as are most essential, and in a week, had all gathered from four cities at one point, and started with three carloads for the region of relief operations. The refugees were in twelve villages. The representative of the Central Committee, who had lately been all over the ground, accompanied me in my circuit of distribution. We decided on three villages as distributing centres. We did our work in six days, although our progress with buffalo carts was wearisomely slow.

As I am the medium of your gifts to these most needy ones, so I have the pleasure of being the medium of their thanks to the kind donors of the funds sent through me. I went into the present abode of as many as I could, to see their true condition. In many cases it is most pitable. Many had to flee in such haste to save their lives, that they could not save much else. Many have almost no clothing up to the present time, except that which they wore when they fled from their homes. Their bedding was the merest pretense, in most cases. The bare feet, the scant attire, the wan, sad faces, the emaciated forms, tell tales of much endurance and suffering.

. . .

All contributions in aid of the Macedonian refugees will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and duly forwarded to our missionary workers in the field.

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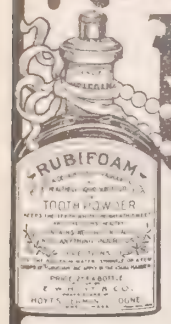

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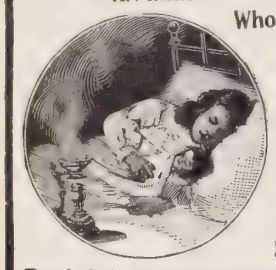

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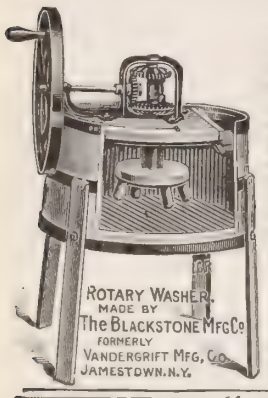

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

L. E. S., Hillsville, Wis. What period is represented by the words, "Time, times and the dividing of a time," in Daniel 7:25?

Students of prophecy usually interpret it as three years and a half. The word, "times," in the original indicates not many, but two. It is the division of the week, or seven years, which figures in Daniel's prophecy. The break is mentioned in Daniel 9:27, where the covenant that Antichrist makes is to be broken in the midst of the week. This, on the customary method of interpretation of a day for a year, would be the three and a half years of the passage you quote.

H. W. E., Wannakee, Wis. What is the per capita national debt of the United States, France, Germany and England?

United States, population (estimated), 80,000,000, debt, $969,457,241; France, population, 38,595,500, debt, $5,800,000,000; Germany, population, 56,367,168, debt, $2,562,000,000; Great Britain, population, 41,544,145, debt, $3,060,926,000.

J. M. The London paper is the older one, and is under different ownership and management, although similar in the features you mention.

Fairfax, Macon, Ga. Did the ancients recognize the existence of the soul, in express terms?

They did, in a variety of ways. Aristotle called it the "Entelechy," or "first form of an organized body with potential life;" the Epicureans considered it "a subtile air"; the Stoics, a heavenly light; Plato, "the instrument of rational cognition." The Greeks and Romans believed it escaped with the life or out of the death wound; the Moslems, that it took the form of a snow-white bird; Herodotus called it a stellar (or divine) essence; the Egyptians, in hieroglyphics, represented it as a basket of fire, a heron, a hawk, etc. This is altogether independent of their views on soul immortality.

Andrew D., Paterson, N. J. What is the present condition of the wage-earner in New York, and in the country generally, contrasted with that of ten years ago?

According to the statistics compiled by the New York State Department of Labor, wages in New York City have advanced ten per cent. since 1897, and in the entire country, there has been a decided rise since 1898.

J. B., Waterbury, Conn. Our newspapers frequently use the word "orgie." What is the precise definition?

It is often misapplied. It is derived from a Greek word *orge*, meaning violent emotion. An "orgie" is really an occasion when reason is cast to the winds, and wild, lawless, libertinous conduct is indulged to the point of exhaustion. It is properly applied to a drunken revel, and not to mere excitement and confusion.

W. O. G., Powell's Valley, Pa. 1. Who was the boy that brought the five loaves and two fishes? 2. Who are the poor that we are enjoined to remember? 3. What are we to understand by Matt. 5:29, 30? 4. Also Matt. 5:48?

1. His name is given in tradition as Ben Ezra, son of Mariamne, sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples. 2. They are those within our reach who suffer from hunger, cold or nakedness, possibly through no fault of their own. It is our duty, as followers of Christ, to share with them our abundance. 3. The right eye is the most precious of the two, so with the right hand. The lesson to us is to give up even that which is dearest and nearest and more precious, if it stand in the way of our eternal salvation. 4. It means that God himself, who is absolute perfection, is to be our Model.

M. C., Chicago, Ill. The writer was greatly stirred, recently, by the statements of a prominent member of an organization in the city of San Francisco, which has for its aim the rescue and care of unfortunate young women, irrespective of race, color, or creed. The speaker referred to has often been an eye-witness of the fearful orgies in the opium and gambling dens of Chinatown, which are frequented not only by the Chinese, but by a large number of white men and women, who have become addicted to the opium habit. These things are known to the public, but are apathetically regarded as "necessary evils."

By far the most terrible feature in connection with these gambling hells is the practice of buying and selling young Chinese girls. The Chinaman is conceded to be the worst gambler in the world; and when one of these mad gamesters has incurred a large debt, which he is unable to pay, it is the frequent practice of a father to sell his daughter into slavery, in order to liquidate his gambling debts. A girl baby of nine months sells for about $350, while a girl of twelve is worth as much as $3,000. Right in sound of the City Hall bell in San Francisco, this buying and selling of young and innocent girls—yes, even helpless babies—is going on; sold into slavery worse than death, and nothing is done by our Government to prevent it. If a negro girl were to be sold into slavery in these days, public indignation would be aroused at once; in fact such a thing would not be possible in the United States. Why, then, should these Chinese girls not be considered worth saving? We send our missionaries to China to give the benighted people there Christian liberty. This, no one will dispute, is noble work; but it seems inconsistent to allow such an evil as human slavery to exist in our free country without remedy. Is legislation to abolish this thing not possible?

If the facts are as our correspondent states, they constitute a frightful condition of affairs. Is there not in San Francisco a Society for the Suppression of Vice, or some such organization, to take cognizance of these crimes against morality, and bring them before the proper authorities?

A. A. H., Moodus, Conn. Is it right for people who lay no claim to being Christians, to sit in church and in the choir, and sing hymns like the following: "I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb"?

If you exclude them, you might be depriving them of the opportunity of becoming Christians. Better try to win them to the right way by kindness. The church's duty is to call sinners to repentance, and to win them to Christ, not to show them the door because they happen to be still unconverted.

J. M. S., Marquette, Mich. What is your opinion of the Revised Version? I have heard that an eminent minister declared it was a mischievous profanation, and that we did not need a new translation of the Bible.

We do not think that all the changes made by the Revisers are improvements, nor do we think they made all the changes that were needed; but we believe that, on the whole, their work was well done, and that they deserve our sincere thanks. We want the Bible to be as accurate as possible. If there was a single word in it that did not faithfully render the original, that word ought to have been corrected. We cannot afford to have any faults in a book so important as the Bible. It is certain that there were faults, because the men who made the translation were mistaken in the meaning of some Hebrew words, and they did not have the facilities that modern scholars have for seeing ancient authorities. They did their best, and made a much better translation than any previously existing; but their work was denounced by their contemporaries, as the Revised Version is denounced. There are sure to be people in every age who prefer a book with which they are familiar, even if it is faulty, to a new one, even though it be more accurate. The eminent minister you quote, was right in saying we did not need a new translation of the Bible. We did not have one. What we did get was a revision of the old, and it was well and carefully done.

B. F., Arkansas City, Kan. I desire to thank you most sincerely and heartily for your two excellent editorials in the two last CHRISTIAN HERALDS, respectively "The Wickedness of War" and "The Better Way." They will be productive of great good. Who that will reasonably and dispassionately contemplate war with all its horrors; its inception, actual fighting and the consequences, and then contemplate peace and its blessings, could hesitate for a moment which to choose? Arbitration is second best (as you suggest), but Christians must stand on higher ground, viz., Christ's method to settle matters without arbitration. I thank my blessed Heavenly Father that I live to see the blessed peace spirit predominating over the war spirit, as it is surely doing with very marked strides now.

B. F. 1. Was there any effort made to persuade Russia and Japan to settle their differences by arbitration or otherwise, by peace societies, or individuals, or both? 2. Which nation was most desirous of avoiding war, Russia or Japan? 3. Is there a real, true Christian nation on earth?

1. None that we know of. 2. Appearances would indicate that neither wished to avoid war. They were both eager to fight for what they conceived to be their "rights." 3. We know of none that can truthfully be called an absolutely Christian nation, although there are several that have come much nearer to that description than others.

Reader, Montclair, N. J. Is there any sense in the saying that when your ears tingle, some one is talking about you?

No; it is in line with many other nonsensical sayings; but it is quite old. Pliny, the historian, says: "When one's ears do glow and tingle, some do talk of us in our absence." Shakespeare makes one of his characters say: "What fire is in mine ears!" Sir Thomas Browne ascribes the notion to a superstition that one's guardian angel touches the right ear if people speak favorably of us, and when the left is touched, then the talk is unfavorable.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 221

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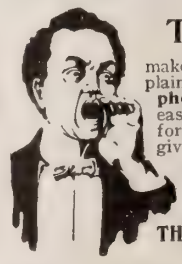

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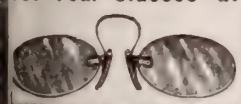

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

C. A. T., Hoxie, Kan. I often read the "Answered Prayer" column, but never learn what the answers are for. Will some one give us how, or in what tangible shape the Almighty has answered his or her prayer? Am inclined to be sceptical, for I have always found that whatever is to be obtained in this life, is altogether due to our own exertions.

This is the natural attitude of one in whom spiritual life has not yet been awakened. Prayer, like belief, is not an act that can easily be made clear to the unenlightened. If you go to God, as a child to its father, when you are in trouble, and ask him, in simple faith, to help you, for Jesus' sake, you will then be better able to understand why others believe in prayer and find it one of the principal mainstays of their lives. The letters received by this journal from a great number of readers who have tested the efficacy of believing prayer, are indisputable evidence of the efficacy of their appeals. These letters are sent doubtless because they feel it to be a duty to confess their faith, not merely in the privacy of their chambers, but before the whole world. We would advise any one who doubts, and who sincerely wishes to be helped, to drop all argument and apply the test to his own case, and then honor God by acknowledging the result.

A. B. H. What is the origin of the word "mascot," and what does it signify?

In a play by Audran, a French writer, there is mention made of a tradition of Provence, that there existed a beautiful maiden, who brought good fortune to those in whose house she dwelt. She was called *La Mascotte*. Since then, the name has been applied to anything human, animate or inanimate, and even to beasts, which may be supposed to bring good fortune to its possessor. The word is probably derived from two French words, *ma* and *escot* ("my share" or "lot," or "my piece of good fortune.")

Reader, New Milport, Pa. How should we answer a person who objects to the taking up of a collection in church, who claims it is unscriptural, and that a free-will offering box should be placed out in the vestibule? He is a member of the church, and when the collection is about to be taken up, he walks out.

Why not call upon him, and tell him that he is at liberty to make a free-will offering, if he prefers it in that way? Churches must be supported, and the wisest methods are those dictated by experience. A church cannot alter its methods at the whim of an individual. Both methods are scriptural.

B. F. H., Yaquina, Ore. Why is that verse in which Philip made it a condition of baptism that confession of faith be made (Acts 8: 37) omitted from the Revised Version?

The revisers found that the most ancient copies they had of the book of Acts did not contain the verse. It appeared, however, in some later copies, but there was nothing to show by whom it had been inserted. It may have been done by some one who had heard a fuller account than Luke had of what actually took place, or by some one who believed that Philip would surely make that condition before administering baptism. In any case, the revisers, following their rule of making the most ancient copies of the books their guide, omitted the verse, as they did about twenty other verses.

T. H. R., Erin, Tenn. Did Josephine, Napoleon's first wife, go into exile with him at St. Helena?

No. Josephine died May 29, 1814, more than a year before he was sent to St. Helena.

Thos. B., St. Johns, N. F. Is tobacco really a poison, as some assert? If so, how is it that so many can use it with impunity?

Unquestionably it is a poison, both to the soil and to the human body. No crop exhausts good land so completely. Its human devotees, however much they may love it, find it an enormous depleter of vital and intellectual energy and a disturber of every important function of the body. In *Materia Medica*, it is classed as an acro-narcotic, *i.e.*, a narcotic poison, which at once irritates and stupefies. It depresses the whole system, impairs vitality, vitiates the blood, ruins both appetite and digestion, disturbs and shortens sleep. It is a compound of several poisons. Two famous chemists, Eulenberg and Vohl, found in tobacco fumes these various poisons: Pyridine, picoline, lutadine, paroline, coridine, rubidine, viridine. In the tobacco itself are nicotine, prussic acid and ammonia. Nicotine belongs to the same family of poisons as belladonna, stramonium, henbane, etc. Thus not only does tobacco injure the immediate user, but it affects deleteriously all who inhale its fumes, even without themselves consuming the weed.

Miscellaneous Questions

H. G. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. No

Ben E. L. M., Herrin, Ill. No such passage in the Bible.

Subscriber, Dillon, S. C. Margaret Sangster's address is Glen Ridge, N. J.

Jacob K., Phillips, Wis. No. They have no rule on the matter, for or against.

Reader, Dickens, Ia. Your questions are not such as can be answered satisfactorily.

Mrs. J. D. L. Ord, Neb. We can not give the information desired. Why not address them direct?

H. L., Grand Rapids, Mich. We cannot undertake the discussion of questions affecting party politics.

L. G. B., Pennsylvania. You will find the names of the President's Cabinet in almost any current almanac. The uniform salary is $8,000.

Reader, Henderson, Ky. Bulgaria and Turkey will probably go to war. Better stay where you are. Americans have no need to interfere in these affairs.

How Mr. Hanna Won His Wife

In a recent issue, the Pittsburg *Dispatch* tells the interesting story of the courtship and marriage of the late Senator Hanna to Miss Gussie Rhodes, daughter of a rich Ohio coal owner. Miss Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He said "No," curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter he tried to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this man, Hanna." Gussie told her father that she would never marry without his consent, and she added: "But, papa, dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark." Then she promised not to see her lover or write to him for a year at least. She kept her promise, but in the course of a few weeks she grew pale and ill. The old father was at his wit's end. Some one proposed a foreign tour. For nearly a year this prescription was faithfully pursued, but the patient grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I shall always love Mark; I told you that, you know, a year ago."

Sending for the obscure young man, Mr. Rhodes said to him:

"Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you; that is my only reason for accepting you as her future husband. You are poor. I'll arrange it so Gussie can live as she has been accustomed to, and I suppose I must see you marry her."

"Mr. Rhodes," said young Hanna, "I most gratefully accept the gift of your daughter's love; but I cannot make her my wife unless she will be content to live as my means will enable us. I can neither accept aid nor permit my wife to accept it from any one."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie Rhodes were married, and the bride went from her father's big house to live in a tiny little cottage, where, with one maid-of-all-work, she was as happy as a queen.

A Timely Caution

Mr. James Whetstone, of Augusta, Ills., a CHRISTIAN HERALD subscriber, sends us this letter, which we print for the benefit of readers generally:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Yesterday a man was at our home, who, I think, is using an illustration and page of printed matter taken from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to help deceive the people. He has a package of linen goods, which he sells for $15, and this is his story: He is from Ireland, a former Member of Parliament, and President of the O'Brien Mfg. Co., of Dublin. He is showing his extract from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and telling the people that the $15 goes to support the famine children of India. He also states that £50,000 worth of these goods were donated by the manufacturers, and that by special act of Congress they were admitted free of duty. He is selling many packages, and to people who would not give 25 cts. to send to India when it was in most need.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no traveling agents, either in connection with its India Orphan work or any other branch of its business. It has no arrangement with any person or firm for the sale of Irish linens. Any one making such a claim is an impostor. Our advice to all who may have an experience similar to that of our correspondent, is to hand over to the police any one guilty of fraudulent representations of the character stated.

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A REVIVAL STIRS INDIANA

BLUFFTON, IND., has just witnessed the greatest revival ever known in that city. It has about five thousand inhabitants, and is a lovely little city, clean and prosperous. On January 24, Evangelist C. Fenwick Reed began to hold services in the M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Beeks pastor. On February 11, just eighteen days later, he left, having stirred the whole city and community for miles around. There were some 705 seekers at the altar of prayer.

REV. L. A. BEEKS

EVANGELIST C. H. REED

It was a marvelous series of meetings. Such manifestations of spiritual power are rarely witnessed. Men under deep conviction ran to the altar weeping; others fell in the aisle crying for mercy, and in a few minutes arose with shouts of victory. All classes have been reached, but the great majority of converts are among those usually not touched by revivals. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, and all kinds of professional men were among the converts, with leading society people. Scores have given up dancing, and over 2,000 cards were given to the evangelist by those who professed conversion and who gave up their worldliness and sin.

The evangelist had fifteen hundred cards printed with Gospel messages, and distributed among the converts. The gallery of the church had to be reserved for converts, and proved too small. Hundreds were turned away nightly. People brought their lunches to church and stayed from 2 P.M. until midnight. In the afternoon and at night, the altar was filled with earnest seekers, as many as one hundred being counted in one day. The closing meeting will never be forgotten by those who were there. All converts of the revival were asked to rise up. The audience in the gallery rose *en masse* and half of those on the main floor, and while the congregation sang, "When the Roll is Called," the converts waved their handkerchiefs and the church was a mass of white. Thus, with singing and rejoicing, the greatest revival known in Indiana for many years passed into history.

The entire community has been stirred and the revival fires have started elsewhere. People on the street and in stores are singing the songs of Zion. The dance has lost its charm and God is glorified.

MIGHT OF THE FEEBLE*

How Christ Makes Little Things Great by His Power

WHY did Jesus use the five loaves and the two fishes in feeding the multitude? The multiplying power that he exercised, was equivalent to a creative power. Why not then have created the necessary supply, without regard to the small provision that the boy had with him? That would not have been Christ's way of acting. He prefers to use something that we bring him, rather than to supply everything. To us, our resources may be utterly inadequate to the work to be done, but they must be placed at his disposal. He will not dispense with them. We must bring him something, and he will accept it, howsoever worthless it may seem, and will cause it to do the work that is needed.

The conversion of the world could never be accomplished by unaided human effort. Why does not God, by a supreme act, change the hearts of all men? He prefers to use human means. A man must preach and his preaching may seem weak and ineffective, but God takes the word spoken and applies it to the heart of the sinner and he is converted. The result often surprises the preacher himself. Neither he nor others can understand people being converted under a particular sermon. The explanation is that the preaching has been applied with divine power. Spurgeon used to say that the numbers of persons converted under his preaching were a mystery to him. He said, "For my own part, I would not cross the street to hear such preaching." Yet those who heard were moved and were brought to Christ. Conversion has come through a few personal words, or through a letter, or through a Sunday School teacher's simple talk, and the whole current of a life has been changed. It is the law that something must be done by human agency. The few loaves and fishes must be given and from that seed comes the amazing harvest. Therefore let no one be idle under the impression that what he can do is too little to be used.

God hath chosen the foolish things. "It was a foolish kind of sermon," said a hearer, reporting a visit he had paid to a certain church. "What did the preacher say?" he was asked. "He told about being caught in a shower and taking shelter under a tree, and of what he thought about while he stood there. He speculated about the age of the tree, and of what had taken place under its shadow. He thought that perhaps the early Indians might have rested there, and how the early settlers may have met and talked under it, and how the cattle might have been screened from the sun under it, and lovers might have made it their trysting place. They seemed to me foolish things to put in a sermon." "You seem to have remembered them pretty well." "Yes, it was all very interesting, foolish as it was, and when he applied it, I felt uncomfortable. I do not believe I shall ever see a big tree again without thinking of that sermon."

Not many noble. A Hindoo of low caste explained this expression very simply in a public address in Bombay. He said: "God wants us to understand his power. If one of you learned Brahmins were to preach and men were converted, people would say, 'how great those Brahmins are, how eloquent they can be, how powerful they are in swaying their hearers' minds.' But when they hear that some souls have been won under the preaching of a man so despised as I am, they say, 'What power the Gospel has, that when it is preached so clumsily by a miserable out-caste, it wins its way.' So the glory goes to God."

Weak things to confound the mighty. An evangelist tells the story of a bad man living in a Western town, who was a terror to the citizens. Time and again he had been tried for deeds of violence. After some years the evangelist visited the town again, and, to his amazement, found the man a reformed, peaceable citizen. He asked how the change had come about, and heard that the man had married and a little daughter had come to the couple. She was a poor, little, sickly child, but the father's heart had gone out to her with strange fascination. She was his idol, and love for her and the thought of what she would suffer if he got drunk, or did violence, had mastered him. He was trying to make a fortune for her. Love had tamed the heart that punishment could not touch.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for March 20. I. Cor. 1: 25-29.

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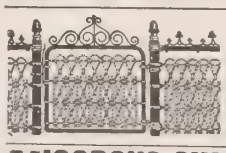

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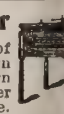

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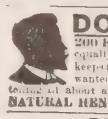

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THE DIVINE PROVIDER

Jesus Sufficient for Every Need

BY MRS M BAXTER

THE Lord Jesus, during the time of his ministry, abundantly proved, to such as had eyes to see, that he was a Provider, a Shepherd of his ship. He did not divide the sea or the Jordan, but he stilled the storm, and made the way across the lake of Gennesaret possible for his disciples, who feared to perish. He proved himself to be the Healer in numberless instances, and raised the dead on three occasions; he provided Peter with the tribute money. He provided in his own Person the Lamb foretold by Abraham, typified by the Passover lamb, and became "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." It was no wonder, then, when the multitude were in need, as sheep that have no shepherd (Mark 6:34), that, after having given them meat for their souls, he also satisfied their physical hunger.

It was after the death of John the Baptist. When Jesus heard of it, "He departed thence by ship into a desert place apart" (Matt. 14:13). The desire of our Lord for solitude was most marked all through his life: every special occurrence drove him to prayer. If this was so with him, was it an absolute necessity for us to be much in prayer, and to know what our Lord has to say to us, when anything out of the common happens! It is a trying thing, when we have decided to get alone for prayer in the midst of a very busy life if just then we are interrupted, and some new and unexpected call upon us, presents itself. "When the people heard of his departure, they followed him on foot out of all the cities." Here the question arises: How far we are to allow interruptions when we have been led to take a time apart for prayer? It is much more according to the flesh to do than to pray; It was far more according to the heart of Christ to pray than to do; but we find our Lord accepting the interruption from his Father. Are we not led to the conclusion that on each occasion we must seek and find direction? We can have no rule in such a matter.

Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and instead of being vexed that his plans were upset, he was at once ready to serve; at the disposal of his Father for the multitude; and his heart, at leisure from himself, "was touched with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick." This was not all. In the Gospel of Mark we read (6:34), "And he began to teach them many things." He was in no hurry to finish and get back to his prayer. His Father had permitted the interruption and he would please his Father better by taking it from his hand joyfully than to repulse the multitude in order to continue in prayer. It is not so much what we do, as the spirit in which we do it that pleases or grieves God. If we fully recognize God in everything, and believe indeed that "all things work together for our good," it will more and more become our instinct to seek God's mind about every step through the day.

When it was evening, his disciples came to him, saying "This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitudes away that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals. But Jesus said, they need not depart; give ye them to eat." Disciples, with the Lord in their midst, should be the last to dismiss anybody without giving some help for their need. "I can do nothing with these children," says a Sunday School teacher, "they are so inattentive; they are bent on nothing but play; it is useless to try and interest them." Is Jesus then with you, dear friend? If he is there and you count on him as the provider of all you need to arouse the interest of your children, he will not fail you. "I have been preaching to this people for years," says a minister, "and I make no headway; they come and listen, but no heart seems touched; it is really no use." Did you take the Lord Jesus with you into the pulpit, and did you rely on him to give you just the words they wanted? Did you look to him to unlock the people's hearts? With him all things are possible.

"We have here but five loaves and two fishes." It is very interesting to note the little differences in the four accounts of this miracle. Matthew, who describes Christ as the King, gives the facts only, without detail or embellishment.

Fifty Yellow Roses

A VERY pleasant and happy occasion was the recent celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Epenetus Smith, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Their home was beautifully decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, yellow ribbons, potted plants and yellow marriage bells. On the dining table stood a vase containing a bunch of yellow roses, fifty in number.

MR. AND MRS. EPENETUS SMITH

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have long been active workers in Trinity M. E. Church, of Poughkeepsie, and among the guests were many prominent members of the church and Sunday School. The teachers and officers of the latter presented Mr. and Mrs. Smith with a beautiful cut-glass fruit dish on a mirror centerpiece, set in silver. A number of friends from New York greeted the couple, and among many lovely gifts were gold coins, clocks, vases, and candlesticks, and two appropriate bouquets, containing fifty yellow roses each. The weather was delightful, much resembling, so said Mrs. Smith, the happy day, fifty years ago, when they were united at the home of the bride.

"PRAISE THE NAME"

PRAISE the name of Christ our Saviour,
For his everlasting love,
He is yet our Intercessor
In the glorious realms above.

Praise the name of Christ our Saviour,
As our Prophet, Priest, and King,
And in humble adoration
Let us his just praises sing.

Praise the name of Christ our Saviour,
As our Advocate on high,
Sitting on his throne of glory,
Still is to his people nigh.

Praise the name of Christ our Saviour,
For his all-sustaining grace,
Who in all our chequered journey
Shows his reconciling face.

Praise the name of Christ our Saviour,
For his promise clear and bright;
Who, when earthly scenes are ended,
Is our everlasting Light.

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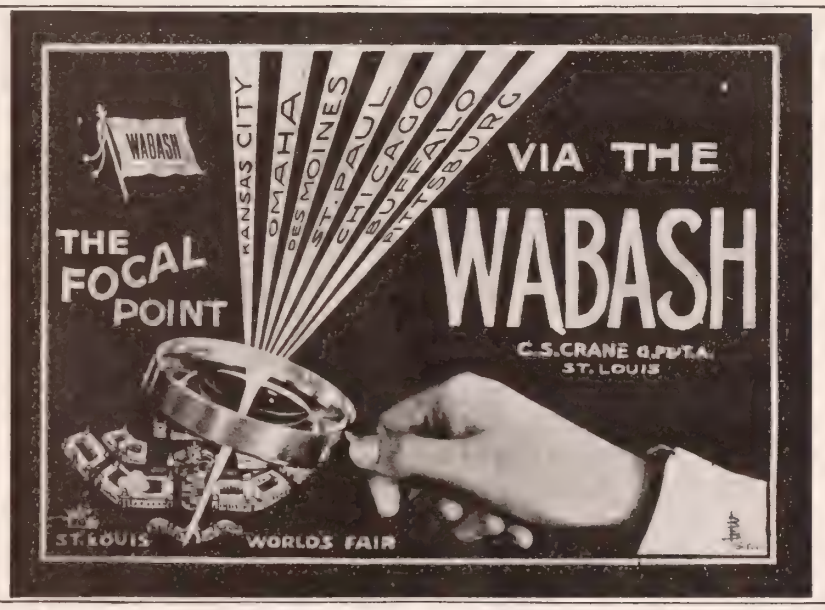

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1904

VOL. 27—NO. 11. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

SEE PAGES 234, 235

THE MEETING OF JOSEPH AND ASENATH

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A Church Afloat on the French Canals

HOW REMOTE VILLAGES IN FRANCE ARE REACHED WITH THE NEWS OF SALVATION

WELCOMING VISITORS TO THE MCALL BOAT

THE AUDITORIUM OF "LA BONNE NOUVELLE"

A SERVICE ON THE FLOATING CHURCH

WHEN the McAll Mission, which has done so much for the citizens of the French capital, sought to reach outlying districts, the problem of transportation was the first to solve. An xperiment was made in 1892, with a boat which would avigate the rivers, and on which services could be eld when moored near a town. A description of this oat, called the *Bon Messager* (Good Messenger), and picture of her, appeared in this journal at the time. welve years' experience with this missionary method as fully justified it, and now the system has been ex-ended by the building and equipment of a second boat, f smaller draught, which can navigate the smaller reams and canals. A member of the McAll Mission ends us the following story of a visit paid to the boat, hich is called *Bonne Nouvelle* (Good Tidings), while he was lying at Donnery, on the Orleans Canal:

The origin of *La Bonne Nouvelle* is interesting. ne day a letter was received by the Board of Direc-rs of the McAll Mission, from a woman who said she ad been brought to Christ at a service on board the *Bon Messager*. She went on to say that she wanted to show er gratitude for the great blessing that had come into er life. She said: "I am a poor woman earning my own velihood, but I will gladly give thousand francs [$200] out of y savings if you will send out second boat." The gift was garded as an indication of the Divine Will; an appeal was ade to friends, and now the retty little *Bonne Nouvelle* is arrying the Gospel message rough the country.

I had a strong desire to see r myself how the work was oing, so, with a friend, I travel-d one cold morning recently to Donnery. On reaching the vil-ge, we inquired of a sturdy ttle man with a handcart the ay to the inn, and asked him he knew anything of a boat alled *La Bonne Nouvelle*. Oh, es, he knew the boat well. very one in Donnery knew and went to it. There was no ne left in the village in the even-gs. He would take us to the n, and putting our packages n his cart he trundled off, and e were soon seated at the fire-ide of the mediæval resort. fter dinner we asked our ostess the way to the boat, and s the streets in the old-fash-oned village are not lighted in he evening, she suggested that e go with them, as the whole amily was going to the service, nd they might save us from alking into the canal. We had o wish to meet that fate, so ere glad to be personally conducted. The danger had een by no means exaggerated. It seems that more han one *orateur* has had a hairbreadth escape; the only onder is that they have not all found a watery grave, r the streets end in the canal, a sharp turn leading in o the narrow path along the edge.

Just as soon as we put foot on *La Bonne Nouvelle* we forget all little inconveniences. The hall was already packed, and with an audience that gladdened one's very soul to see. Even the material conditions were hopeful. Agur's prayer seemed answered in every individual before us. If there were no fine dresses denoting riches, neither was there sordid poverty, such as we are accustomed to in Paris. The women wore pretty white caps, or the younger ones had kerchiefs picturesquely tied over their heads. The men, too, were comfortably attired, many of them in clean blue blouses—and such wrapt attention one rarely sees. Every one sat upright in his chair, so as not to lose a word; they seemed fairly drinking in all they heard. It was curious to watch the different faces—eager, anxious, interested, not one indifferent. Contrary to the custom in the ordinary mission halls, the hymn-books were sold, not lent. This, like everything human, has two sides. It is most desirable that they should possess the book; but I did feel sorry for a young girl who had not one, and who ardently desired to sing. She tried to look over her next neighbor, who, however, offered her no facilities; then she craned her neck to the book in front, then back to the other. Her ideas as to those hymns must have been most disconnected. At the close of the meeting I invested in a *cantique*, and presented it to her. It is not often one can give such pleasure by the expenditure of eight cents. She could not believe in her good fortune. "It was not for her. I was lending it." I hoped I had convinced her; but the next evening, seeing me approaching, she evidently thought I had repented of my overwhelming generosity, and handing me the book, said, "You want it back, don't you?"

THE BOAT BY WHICH THE McALL MISSION IS EVANGELIZING RURAL FRANCE

At Fay and Loges, the station before Donnery, at the close of the third meeting, 150 of these hymn books had been sold. A large number of Bibles and New Testaments are also disposed of at every stopping place; they are sold at a greatly reduced price, and are far more valued than if given away. The benefit of thus sowing God's Word is incalculable; it is a furrow of light which the boat leaves behind it. During the two days we were at Donnery, two large Bibles were bought. One of the purchasers, a bright young girl, interested us greatly. She told us she had been converted at Fay and Loges, and that she came here every night, three kilometres [nearly two miles], because she wanted to learn more of Jesus. "I have already bought a New Testament," she said, "but I wanted the whole Bible, and now I have got it," and off she went triumphant. As the French peasant and his money are not soon parted, this constant sale of the Holy Scriptures is a very hopeful sign. The next day being Thursday, the school holiday in France, a children's meeting was held on board. There was a goodly gathering of boys and girls, many of them very intelligent, and some who sing in the church choir.

"You take a year to learn the simplest chant with me, and here you have caught up these hymns in a week," was the reproach addressed to his choristers by an incensed abbe. It is not to be wondered at; our hymns are bright and simple, and in French instead of Latin, so that they are at least comprehensible. This singing is a great offence. In spite of all that could be done, everybody that went to the boats went singing; the hymns were heard in all directions.

After the school we had the pleasure of having tea with the devoted evangelist in charge, M. Dautry and his wife, in the quaint dining-room they have improvised at the end of the hall. They gave us many interesting details of their voyage of evangelization. At one of their anchorages, seeing nothing but a few scattered houses,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 241

The American Pulpit

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE

A Sermon by REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D.

Pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York

TEXT—I. Cor. 7 : 20 : "Let each man abide in that calling wherein he was called"

RELIGION prior to the appearance of Christ formally expressed and fulfilled itself in sacred places, in sacred seasons and in sacred observances. It had a world of its own, and it had to be entered in a peculiar mood, and to be filled with thoughts, words and deeds suitable to its character.

Alongside of it lay another domain—the secular—separated from it by customs, pursuits and ambitions. They were contrary to each other and distinct. Not that their spirit and aims did not occasionally intermingle, or their representatives, at times, live the life of the one in the other. This overflowing and intermingling was always possible. But, in theory, and generally in practice, the two worlds were looked on as standing apart, and as having their own traditions, their own obligations, and their own organs of communication. The sacred, whether in emotion, adoration, or in the surrender of sacrifices, could not dispense with the sacred, and, apart from a consecrated spot, a temple or altar, could not worthily honor itself and discharge its lofty functions. Secular things lay entirely outside the charmed circle of the religious. It was Jesus who exalted humanity above the Temple and the Sabbath; it was Jesus who challenged the exclusivenes of both Gerizim and Jerusalem, and it was Jesus who communed with the Father on the highway or on the sea, and who found in human needs, human sins and sorrows, the truest avenues for the revelation and the exercise of the divinity that dwelt within and crowned him with its halo. The whole earth was his temple, humanity his altar, and gracious words and kindly deeds to men the perfection of the praise he offered to God.

This great conception has had a hard time in trying to domesticate itself in the world. Very few in our Lord's day attained to it, and later on in Corinth, as we may infer, it was far from being comprehended.

Do not let us misjudge the apostle. His thought in this Scripture is not that when a man becomes a Christian, he is bound to accept his position in life as final. He is not teaching that the convert is never to improve, if possible, his temporal lot, or to disentangle himself from an unfortunate or servile station. The followers of Christ are at liberty "to use the world as not abusing it," and to vary their occupations as their interests may demand. Of the Spirit there is usually begotten a new ambition, a new energy, that impels people to strive for the improvement of their social condition.

Possible in all Occupations

St. Paul, in the verse succeeding the text, writes: "Wast thou called being a bond-servant? care not for it; but if thou canst become free, use it rather." The slave, therefore, was under no compulsion to accept his chains, and remain content. If he could obtain his emancipation he was not forbidden to do so; only he was not to conclude that it was impossible to live his religious life in bondage. Freedom is undoubtedly better and to be preferred. "Use it rather"; but remember in whatever state grace may find you, it is not necessary that you should abandon that state for the sake of revealing the Christian spirit or fulfilling the Christian obligations. These may be manifest and operative in any condition, and the really spiritually-minded disciple will carry them into his secular environment and limitations, believing that in these they will find their natural and God-given domain.

It is not uncommon for us still to speak of things sacred and things secular; and within reasonable limits the distinction is allowable and useful. The message of God to mankind, the Book in which it is contained, the place where it is proclaimed and where his praises are celebrated; the convictions, sentiments, fellowships, prayers and endeavors for the spiritual elevation of the race, combined with the ordinances of his house and the sweet solemnities of his service, may be classed together as "sacred." And pretty much all outside—the physical universe, the employments and pursuits of men, their earthly ambitions, their governments, industries and commercial engagements—may be grouped and designated the "secular." Understand, this classification is not final, absolute, but rather relative and convenient. And such as it is we may accept it.

From the beginning of our faith, notwithstanding the example of Christ, the relation of these two has proved one of its most serious problems. In Corinth, there was a vague feeling that in some respect they were incompatible with each other, and that to be a saint a man must renounce his unconverted wife, and in other ways extricate himself from complicity with social contaminations. Later on this impression deepened and assumed strange and superstitious shapes, and in our day is involved in considerable haze and confusion. Much, as we are aware, is written in the New Testament about the world, about its lusts, its perils and its fascinations. We are warned not to be of it, and we are commanded to antagonize and overcome it. From these exhortations, vaguely apprehended and inadequately interpreted, several fantastic and irrational inferences have been drawn, which have tended to obscure the real character of religion, and have miseducated the conscience and darkened the way of the believer. The whole subject is worth re-examination and thoughtful study. I am sure the more we ponder the seed-thought of St. Paul given in text and context, the more fully will we be convinced that he furnishes the key to the problem, and that the secular is the sphere of the sacred.

The World to be Leavened

The sphere of anything is the domain for which it is fitted and designed, and in which it fulfils itself and achieves its mission. Thus, the atmosphere is the sphere of light and sound. Without it neither would be transmitted. Through this medium the one becomes visible and the other audible. The ocean is the sphere of the steamer. The vessel does not meet the ends of its being by remaining on the ways. Only on the seas, and when triumphing over them, do we see it vindicating its construction. Barracks are not the sphere of the soldier; the march, the battle, is his sphere. A bird fails entirely to meet the purpose of its creation in a cage, and a "fish out of water" is fatally out of his element. Thus the great world is the sphere in which religion is to live, move and have its being. Hence, Christ sent his disciples into its busy throngs as light to shine, as salt to preserve, as leaven to leaven, and in his great prayer he prayed, not for them to be taken out of the world, but for them to be kept from the evil.

This conception is antagonized by two special theories: the monastical, the ecclesiastical. The student of the Bible will recall several instances of holy men abiding for a season in solitude. Need I mention the names of Moses, Elijah, John, and of the great apostle to the Gentiles, who refers to his own patient sojourn in Arabia? Christ, also, at times courted retirement, and undoubtedly we are warranted in inferring that with profit their example might be followed in the modern world. Our Lord commanded that we go into the closet, and in secret commune with God. But this occasional withdrawal from the strident strife of public affairs was not to be adopted as a vocation. The retreat was not designed to be perpetual. The saintly men of the Bible who sought the desert, never made their home there — but having prepared themselves in seclusion they then addressed themselves to the activities of a real mission. What they mastered in secret they proclaimed from the housetops. Their conduct and their aims were not identical with those of the ancient hermits, or of the monks ancient or modern.

Ascetics like Anthony, Hilarion, Ephron and the rest, abandoned human society that they might escape from its pollutions and secure their own perfection. Their personal salvation was their exclusive aim. Moreover, they branded the secular as unholy, as though everything not technically sacred must necessarily be foul and unclean. They also discredited the most virtuous relations that exist, and degraded piety by proclaiming its inability to cope with the evil of the world. Instead of contending against actual foes, they wasted their strength in fighting imaginary enemies, fiends from the abyss, and phantom female tempters born of their own imagination. From the prevalence of monastic ideas religion came to have little influence on public life. The two were widely separated, and are to-day wherever monasticism and conventual sisterhoods exist.

Religion not a Matter of Rites

While professing Protestants reject this kind of separation, they sometimes withdraw their religion, if not their person, from the world. In the office they are sinners, in the church they are saints. They do not use their faith as Moses did the tree. It is not cast into the bitter waters that they may be sweetened. There is often, likewise, betrayed by young converts a notion that they can serve God in an exceptionally worthier sense if they will only give up their vocations for the purpose of doing evangelistic work.

If we would see more clearly what is meant by the secular being the sphere of the sacred, let us contemplate the ecclesiastical idea. In the monastical, the devotee, notwithstanding his eloquent disavowals, lives for himself; in the ecclesiastical he lives for the church. The multitude who observe from the outside are not slow to learn the lesson, though they may learn it in a way not desired by their teachers. Why should not all their religious efforts also end at the church? Thus, punctual attendance on mass, the payment of dues, with a few other observances, satisfy a vast number of people, and having met their religious obligation in the church and for the church, they go forth into the world with a clear conscience to live as the world. From the altar to the saloon is but a step, from the mass to crooked politics is but a pace or two, and in thousands of instances when worshipers turn their back on t sanctuary they likewise turn their back on the sacr glories which it represents. The danger is, that ha ing quite exhausted our fervor on church rites and c emonies, we shall have none left to expend on the gre task of incarnating the religious spirit in our daily ta and in the commonplace, every-day work of life.

Thus, then, the monastical and ecclesiastical ide run counter to what I believe is the aim of New Tes ment religion—to make for the sacred its true sphere the secular.

And what more reasonable? If the light permea the hard dark texture of the diamond; if it plays on t surface of the green and stagnant waters; if it seeks entrance through the smallest rift and crevice into t foul and gloomy chamber, brightening all, cheering; why should not religion, charged with infinitely m love and pity, do as much for the happiness and pe of the race?

I admit that it counts for little if we have embra the ancient heresy of the East, that matter is essentia evil and the source of sin. If the physical necessar pollutes and defiles, then we never can believe that G made or fashioned it, neither can we imagine that touches it or dwells therein. He pronounced the wo of his hands "very good," and I for one am not c vinced by the speculative babblers, old or new, w pronounce it bad. Neither can I subscribe to the pe cious notion that the body should be outlawed proscribed as a curse and degradation. Much that hear in our times of mortal mind, of the uselessn and sinfulness of material remedial agencies in sickn and of healings when there is nothing to heal, grounded in the morbid illusion that the body, wh Christ describes as the Temple of the Holy Ghost irremediably base and corrupt.

Why Reform Often Fails

When false premises such as these form the point departure, it is no wonder if thinking becomes m and more confused. The taint from the material w is easily imparted to amusements of the most innoc kind, to the domain of politics and to art, athletics, to almost anything that enters into secular life, and visionary ascetic feels called on to leave everyth that does not come within his category of the sacre rot and perish in its own corruption. Instead of p ing out the evils that may attach to any or all of things secular, and instead of purging them away by grace and power of the religious spirit, he washes h of them in toto. Thus what would be notable refo constantly fail for lack of reformers, and if the worl no better, it is largely due to the failure of profes Christians to realize that their religion is really abl transform society into its own image.

These reflections will, perhaps, assume a more convincing significance if we make plain the ends t served by the ensphering of the sacred in the sec

First. It is designed to restrain and check the s lar. We must remember that the church is related t great world as Holland is to the sea. As dykes necessary to shield the latter, so the utmost vigilan needed to protect the former. The ocean is always everywhere encroaching. Scientific men point out it has been gaining on the eastern seaboard of Ame and it is well known that the English coast line has invaded. Resistance to these inroads are impera and further, when waters subside we should try to on the sea. We ought not to be indifferent. So secular is continually intrenching on the sacred, see to undermine its authority and impair its value. was the peril perceived of ancient times. Christ were warned to have no fellowship with the world, to regard it—that is, its lusts, pleasures and idle a tions—as an enemy. This warning was not unnec sary, though, to a great extent, it has been in vain.

The Church Secularized

In our day, we, too, may err; the secular may in the sanctuary and obscure the character of the sac The church may be ruled by fashion, the pews ma desecrated by the parade of wealth, and its temp affairs be conducted in a sharp, haggling, sordid We are necessarily much with the world. We are into its whirlpool, and it is not easy for us to f what we have learned there. I have known congr tions where there was as much scheming as ever acterized politics, and as many despicable met employed as ever were adopted by tricky traders—n bers evading their obligations, scaling down the scriptions, driving hard and fast bargains with employees, and showing no more pity or compas than the most soulless of corporations.

Secondly. The sacred should interfuse the secular that the secular may be sanctified. Every fresh day nishes new evidence that worldly affairs need the t

the divine purifying spirit. It is not for the church, as such, to found business houses, establish daily papers and conduct theatres. The assumption that she ought to do so, is simply the revival of theocratic assumptions in modern form. But whether in business or politics, Christian men should carry the sacred principles of their faith. Many of us are humiliated as we contemplate the condition of society. We move along a well-dressed, well-fed procession of worshipers, to the sanctuary; but, as we move, we pass the hungry, the neglected, the beggared—and do not seem to realize that these wretched ones are our reproach.

Life Dignified by Faith

We can never Christianize commerce, statecraft, or society, by remaining apart and doubting whether Christianity has any mission to the secular. There must first be a settled conviction that she has, and then a determination to embody the faith, not by fervent protestations against wrong, but by the application of its genius and spirit to home, workshop, office and national and international affairs.

Thirdly. We should do this, that through the sacred we may dignify the secular. Perhaps an extreme illustration will make clearer my thought. I have been told that steamboats could be coaled at Naples and Yokohama with great facility by hand, hundreds of men and women carrying the loads on their heads. It is said that this wearisome procession continues through day and night until the job is finished. Can you imagine work less inspiring than this? With what dullness of soul, with what hoplessness must such tasks be undertaken! What is there on the morrow to cheer? What is there to thrill or lift up the heart of the laborer? But imagine that these people were Americans or Englishmen, and that word had been sent of a threatened invasion, and that the fleet must be coaled at every cost in order to be prepared to meet the foe. With what alacrity the most refined and cultured would undertake the task. They would strain every nerve for the glory of the flag and for the safety of the land, thinking that in ages to come, when telling the story of another armada, their children's children would proudly say that their grandfather and grandmother carried coal on that memorable day. It is the motive, the end to be served, that dignifies the toil.

Take another illustration in a more luxurious sphere. I knew an old gentleman who had accumulated a vast fortune and surrounded himself with the splendor of wealth, who spent his closing years in fretfulness and melancholy. He had no object in life. He had no special interests here and none hereafter. His sole delight consisted in trying to outwit and disappoint his heirs, and in insulting them whenever he had opportunity. He presented a picture of wretched and degraded affluence of the most pitiable kind. On the other side, think of John Pounds, a cobbler, gathering neglected children round him and striving to benefit them, and then it is made apparent that a cobbler's bench can become as grand as the bench of bishops—unless the bishops are usinig their episcopal functions for human betterment.

There is a story told of the famous Dr. Arnold that will bear repeating. He was sent for to comfort and pray with a dying man; after he had discharged that solemn duty he returned to the school, where the sixth form boys were waiting for him to hear their Greek recitation. It is reported that he felt for a moment the transition to be very sharp and radical—from a deathbed to the sixth form. He reflected, however, that in both he was honoring God, and that he was rendering in the one as much as in the other dignified service. Yes; if the humblest teacher in an elementary public school only uses her opportunity religiously she has transfigured her calling.

Patriotism in Politics

So with all other vocations. When we are conducting our business so as to increase the prosperity of others, to diminish the area of want and suffering, or when, in addition, we expect that our earnings shall be devoted to the humanizing and Christianizing of the world, the whole aspect of our pursuit is changed. We are not simply seeking gain. Our ambition is to use our talents for the glory of God and the progress of mankind. How different and how much grander politics are when we engage in them for the sake of our country, and not for our gain, that the rights of the poorest may be secured and that international justice and amity may be promoted. So of banking, laboring, manufacturing, and everything we undertake. It is the predominance of the sacred in the secular, that exalts and makes even a servant's work divine.

Believe me, it is now more than ever imperative that Christian people should act on the principles of this discussion. Society is asking the ugly question, "Why are not the social ills more quickly healed? What is the church for if not to rescue the world from its own passions and tragical follies?" Writers without end are enumerating in a bitter spirit the failures of religion, and some of them declare that the times, with all their refinement and luxury, are debasing beyond hope multitudes of our fellows.

The Spirit of Jesus in Life

The church will save both herself and society if she is only diligent to exalt the Christ. If he reigns, evil cannot; if he is crowned by humanity, all enemies are conquered. Do you ask how is this, how does this glorious sequence follow? The result is inevitable. Let the Spirit of Jesus prevail in the community and all will be well. That Spirit is an innate and holy love of humanity, and wherever it exists an apostolate of goodness and healing is felt. Before its sacred breath war perishes, the scaffold crumbles, animosity dies, selfishness expires, royalty disappears, and dogmas cease to be dead formulas and expand into living principles and benefactions. This spirit solves the social problem. With Victor Hugo, it says: "Look you; there is a people and there is a world; and yet the people have no inheritance; and the world is a desert. Give them to each other, and you make them happy at once. Astonish the universe by heroic deeds that are better than wars."

This is the earthly mission of Christianity. How is it to be accomplished? Why, by Christianity becoming Christian. Let the followers of Jesus have confidence in their own faith, let them believe what they profess, and practice what they believe, and they will very speedily rescue society from its foes. Are you blinded? Do you think you perceive a shorter method? Will you assassinate your Cæsar in the Capital? Will you rely on violence, repression, and even revolution? Cæsar indeed fell, and civil war ending in an Emperor was all the fruit—bitter fruit. The form of society was changed, not the heart of humanity. Are you disposed to experiment along the same lines? If you are, knowing, as you must, the inevitable failure, can you believe that you really love humanity or the Christ who died for its redemption?

I do entreat all Christians to put away the expectation that by socialism or by quack remedies of any kind, wrong, tyranny, moral pollution and industrial inequalities can be overcome. Christ Jesus is still the hope of the world. Let him be revealed in the daily ministry of his myriad followers and his saving spirit will soon come to rule where it ought to reign supreme, in the marts of trade, in the temples of pleasure, in the councils of state, and in the intercourse of nations—and all the earth shall then be beautiful with the radiance of justice, peace and human brotherhood.

A Simultaneous Evangelistic Movement in Pittsburg

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PITTSBURG is now the scene of one of the most profound and thorough evangelistic movements in modern times. A plan has been evolved which will mark a new epoch in revivals. It is believed by good authorities, that the "Pittsburg Plan" will be followed by hundreds of cities all over the world, in the attempt to reach the masses.

"Greater" Pittsburg has a population of over one million people, and the evangelical churches have been considering for a long time, how they might reach this multitude with the Gospel. The time seemed ripe for an extensive union effort. Two objective lessons in evangelism stirred the hearts of the ministers. One was the great success of the Presbyterians in their tent work last summer, when 128,000 people attended their meetings, and as a result, 3,714 people accepted Christ as a personal Saviour. The other fact was the remarkable revival under Dr. Torrey, in Melbourne. At the quarterly meeting of the Ministerial Union of Pittsburg and Allegheny, last October, after the reading of a paper on the wonderful revival in Melbourne, a motion was unanimously passed that a committee be appointed to wait upon each Ministerial Association, with view to securing the appointment of representatives of each denomination, to organize for a Simultaneous Evangelistic Movement. This was carried out, and the representatives organized themselves into a General Committee, representing seventeen denominations.

There has been wonderful Christian fellowship among the different denominations, and a remarkable spirit of love and unity. The sectarian spirit has been forgotten, and all have united to reach the unchurched masses. Over 500 churches have stood shoulder to shoulder in this magnificent campaign. At first, only three central meetings were planned, but as the work grew, other sections of Allegheny County called for central meetings, until there are now twenty central meetings, holding on an average two services every day, except Saturdays. As a preparation, many circles of prayer were organized, and a great number of cottage prayer-meetings were held. More than one thousand neighborhood prayer-meetings were reported to the General Committee.

The Central meetings began on Feb. 14. On Monday, Feb. 22, the Pittsburg *Daily Times* printed a table, stating that 40,000 people had attended the evangelistic meetings on Sunday, Feb. 21, and 3,200 signified their decision to begin a Christian life. Many of the halls, theatres and largest church edifices have been crowded every afternoon and night to their utmost capacity. Hundreds have stood in the aisles, and hundreds, in many cases, have been turned away. Rev. Joseph P. Calhoun, D.D., a Presbyterian pastor in Allegheny, was elected Chairman of the General Committee.

There have been hundreds of laymen who have given their time as ushers, personal workers and on the various committees. The financial side has been kept in the background in the meetings. The reason of the few collections, is that the Finance Committee have secured about one hundred men to stand behind the movement and to guarantee to make up any deficit in the expenses. The expenses will be about $15,000, or at the most $20,000. Much excellent religious literature has been distributed. One order for 20,000 hymn-books was insufficient. Each evangelist brought his own singer; great chorus choirs have been organized, and the singing has been a feature in this campaign. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was selected as the leading evangelist, and he has from the beginning consulted with the General Committee, and has given the benefit of his experience and great ability as an organizer. Other evangelists have been Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, Dr. R. A. Walton, Rev. F. E. Smiley, Rev. L. W. Munhall, D.D., Rev. John F. Robertson, D.D., of Scotland; Rev. E. F. Hallenbeck, D.D., Rev. Frederick Schiverea, Rev. Thomas Needham, Rev. Austin L. Prewett, Rev. David Winters, D.D., Rev. James B. Ely, Rev. J. C. Chapman, D.D., Rev. W. S. Miller, Rev. E. L. Eaton, Rev. Henry Ostrom, Rev. James M. Gray, D.D. Dr. S. F. Walker, and others. No city in this country ever before had so many able evangelists conducting meetings at one time.

There are many advantages in a Simultaneous Mission. It captures the public opinion of a whole city for a given period. The meetings absorb the attention of the greater part of the population. It requires such a movement to touch the population of a great city like Pittsburg. This wonderful city, with all its wealth and all its intense business energy, has been compelled to stop in its commercialism and consider spiritual matters. The pulpits and the press and the pew have demanded attention of the business men, the clerks, the laboring classes, society women, rich and poor, old and young.

Besides the Central meetings in Allegheny, in the Carnegie Music Hall, under Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the down-town central meetings in the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, under Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, and the noon meetings under Dr. Chapman and Dr. James M. Gray, in the Second Presbyterian Church, central meetings have been held in the following districts in Pittsburg and Allegheny, and the surrounding towns and cities: South Side, Shadyside, East Liberty, Lawrenceville, Oakland, Sharpsburg, Millvale, Lower Allegheny, Carnegie, McKeesport, Wilmerding, Knoxville, West End, Homewood, Coraoplis, Grafton, etc. In the down-town districts on Sunday afternoons, the large Alvin Theatre has been packed with men, and hundreds have been won for Christ. Several thousand persons have expressed their decision to take Christ as a personal Saviour. There have been, besides the general meetings, many special meetings for men, for women, for young people, for boys and for girls and smaller children. A careful count has been made of the attendance, and it is stated on good authority that an aggregate of over 300,000 people have attended the meetings so far.

Strategy in the Russo-Japanese War

RUSSIA CONCENTRATING AND REINFORCING -- JAPAN WIDELY EXTENDING HER LINES

FORTS AND LAND DEFENCES OF PORT ARTHUR, WHICH RUSSIA HAS MINED FOR DESTRUCTION, SHOULD JAPAN CAPTURE THE CITY

1. "Golden Hill" Fort. 2. 3. 4. 5. Forts and Fortified Hills. 6. Main Fort. 7. Dockyard. 8. Battery. 9. Merchants' Offices and Stores. 10. Waste Land. 11. Chinese Quarter. 12. Japanese Tea Houses. 13. Railway Terminus. 14. Military Headquarters. 15. Admiral Alexieff's House. 16. Naval Headquarters.

DISPATCHES from the Far East, though fragmentary and contradictory, seem to indicate that the crisis of the Russo-Japanese conflict is rapidly approaching. It is not improbable that before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its readers, the hostile armies in Corea may have met in a great battle north of Pyeng-Yang, and near the Yalu River. For weeks past, Russia has been steadily strengthening her forces along the Yalu, and she is now believed to have an army in that region upwards of 60,000 strong, including 20,000 Cossacks. Her patrols have penetrated far into Corea and have come in contact with the Japanese outposts at several places, driving them in and taking prisoners. The most important of these outpost affairs occurred near Pyeng-Yang, where a Cossack patrol, under Lieutenant Lonchakoff, pursued several Japanese cavalrymen, but retired on finding the walls manned by Japanese sharpshooters. The Russians reported that a Japanese force, estimated at 6.000 strong, was occupying and fortifying the Corean town, which is 100 miles south of the Yalu.

Simultaneously with the news that General Kouropatkin, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, lately appointed by the Czar, had started from St. Petersburg for the Far East, to assume personal control of the campaign, came the intelligence from Tokio, that the entire Japanese General Staff had set sail for Chemulpho, all plans for the land campaign having been completed, and the work of transporting the troops being satisfactorily finished. As the outposts of both armies were in sight of each other, a general movement was expected shortly. Japan has preserved the greatest secrecy concerning all her military movements, and no correspondent is to be allowed to join the General Staff at the front until a battle has already taken place. Confirmation has been received of the news of a Japanese force having landed south of Vladivostok. It is said that 25,000 infantry, with light artillery, debarked at Song-chin, and marched through mountain passes to a point near the Northern Corean frontier; but very little is really known of the movement. Shortly after the arrival of this invading force, news was received that a section of the Trans-Siberian Railway, a mile and a-half in length, had been destroyed between Harbin and Nikolisko. Another dispatch represented the Japanese who landed at Song-chin, as marching in the direction of Hunchun, in Manchuria.

Similar secrecy marks the Japanese operations in Central Corea and on the Liao-Tung Gulf. It is reported that 60,000 Japanese have been landed at Gensan, on the eastern coast of Corea, opposite Pyeng Yang, the design being to utilize this force in a flanking movement when active operations begin. Another force of unknown strength has been sent to Yinkow, the port of New-Chwang, the object being to seize the gulf section of the Manchurian railway and open a general campaign in Southern Manchuria.

All sorts of conjectures are indulged as to the outcome of Japan's bold and aggressive campaign, and it is significant that, in St. Petersburg, there is no little uneasiness, and a lively suspicion of Japanese traps for the Czar's troops in Corea. Kouropatkin has not yet reached the front, and meanwhile any day may bring forth stirring events in Corea. It is understood that the army on the Yalu has been instructed to follow defensive tactics, until the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief. It is quite probable, however, that the Japanese campaign will develop long before Kouropatkin reaches the Yalu.

On March 3, the main force of the Mikado's army began its march from Seoul northward, along the "Pekin road," with the intention, it is believed, of forcing the fighting in the mountainous country, where the Cossack troopers cannot act to the same advantage as on the open plain. On both sides of the Yalu River, forts and earthworks have been constructed by the Russians. Gen. Inouye, who had an important command in the Chino-Japanese War, is in chief command at Seoul, and has proclaimed martial law. He goes to the front with the army. His advance guard is at Pyeng-Yang, 150 miles from the capital. Forty miles further north is Anju, where there is a force of 5,000 Russians. Seventy-five miles north from Anju is the river. To this goal the Japanese are now pushing forward, through the hilly country. Beyond the river and continuing on the line of the broad and well-worn "Pekin road," is Liao-Yang, some 150 miles north of the Yalu, where the main force of the Russian army is concentrated. Moukden lies fifty miles still further north. If this movement should succeed, and should the Russians be driven beyond the Yalu, the Japanese forces from four different quarters would then effect a junction, and having Vladivostok, Port Arthur and the peninsula effectually isolated, would be free to prosecute the campaign vigorously on Manchurian soil.

Russia is resolved to retrieve her reverses and will throw an immense army into Manchuria as rapidly as possible. Before the end of March, it is expected that she will have a force of at least 325,000 men available to check the Japanese advance. An imperial order has been issued in St. Petersburg, summoning to duty the reserve subalterns, naval reserves and first-class reserve men of European Russia. This means practically the mobilization of the entire army for service in the war.

RUSSIAN TROOPS MARCHING ACROSS THE MANCHURIAN PLAIN

New-Chwang will be defended, should the Japa attempt to land there, and the women and children now leaving; but it is believed that the first great s by Russia, for the protection of the Manchurian way, will be made in the neighborhood of Liao-Y which is midway between Yin-Kow and Mouk Gen. Kouropatkin's headquarters will be at Mouk west of which lies the great plain through whic railway runs. To this point the Czar's army is prep to fall back, but it will resolutely contest every fo ground further westward. To retire further migh volve the complete surrender of the railway, and timately of Manchuria.

There is a strong likelihood that, with the first ge retrograde movement, Russia may have to cope w new, and by no means insignificant enemy—the n Chinese rough-riding troops of Manchuria. At the sign of a serious Russian reverse, these half-sa freebooters, who are numbered by the thousands, well mounted and armed, will doubtless be r to seize the opportunity to begin a guerrilla war They are said to be bold, strong, and quite equal t Cossacks as irregular cavalry. another danger lies in the possi of the Chinese regular troops— are some 30,000 strong, in tw tachments, under Generals Ma Ching, on the Manchurian bor taking the field, even against th perial order from Pekin.

At Port Arthur, General Sr off has replaced General Stoess commander of the fort. It is cu rumor that the defences of Por thur have all been mined, and r a t h e r than permit them to into Japanese hands, the spl and costly fortifications will b stroyed by the Russians. Vla stok and New-Chwang are also to be mined, so that the pressu an electric key would hurl thei fences skyward. It is assumed, ever, by the Russian officials, there will be at least several w delay in Japan's campaign, o count of the weather, and for reasons; and this will be an enor advantage to Russia and may terially change the aspect of af

WAR NOTES

Refugees from Port Arthur repo Russian troops as short of food. February 15 there were 30,000 so in the fortress.

The Corean Minister at St. Petersburg has been rec

American marines have been sent to protect the Ame mines at Unsan, Northern Corea.

It is now believed that the Japanese lost a cruiser, and sibly a torpedo boat, in the action at Chemulpho, in w the Russians lost the *Variag* and *Korietz*.

Jack London, the *Journal's* war correspondent, writes Peng-Yang concerning the military occupation of Core the Japanese: "No one of the civilian population is atra them. The women are safe, the money is safe, the g are safe. They are paying for whatever they take. I yet to see one drunken Japanese soldier."

As a measure of precaution against a possible ri against Russian rule in Finland, orders have been is from St. Petersburg for the immediate strengthening of fortress of Sveaborg and other Russian military post that country. A movement has also been made against litical suspects in Poland, and 300 arrests are reporte Lodz. Two Russian universities have been closed in co quence of demonstrations by the students against the with Japan.

REAL CHURCH FEDERATION IN JAMAICA

By REV. G. E. HENDERSON

REV. F. B. MEYER AND PASTORAL CO-WORKERS

IN this country and in England, mutual fellowship and co-operation are happily developing and diminishing, if not demolishing, the boundary fences, which each religious denomination has hitherto made it a primitive duty to construct and to keep in constant repair. In the mission fields, however, the movement is even more advanced, and from many of these we are learning by practical experience the possibility and the mutual advantage of closer contact and communion between the churches. In the Island of Jamaica, for which public sympathy has been so recently awakened, the denominations are coming together in a way that may serve as an example to the churches of other lands. Seven years ago, the desire for closer Christian fellowship took practical shape, in the formation of a Council representing nine different denominations, whose chief business is to promote Christian union, by seeking to develop and to realize a more vital Christian experience in the churches of this island.

The Bishop of the Episcopalian Church, the Rev. C. M. Douet, entered heartily into the movement, and ministers of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Moravian, Wesleyan, Congregational, Disciple, and Christian Alliance bodies, have, year by year, been working together, with increasing evidences of success, tending about the desired end. Each year a conference is held at Mandeville, a convenient centre of the island, and a week is spent in public services and in seeking to understand more fully the practical experiences of Christian living. All the churches of the town are at the disposal of the Council; but the meetings are chiefly held in the Episcopal Church, which is the largest and most convenient building that could be selected for the purpose. In this movement, which is now a power in the Christian life of Jamaica, two brothers, members of a prominent family on the island, John and William Clark—the one a planter, and the other a judge—have taken a conspicuous part. Both were members of the Episcopal Church, though ignorant of the spiritual side of the life they professed. By a strange coincidence, each was converted about the same time, by reading Newman Hall's tract "Come to Jesus." Their new-found experience led them to demand baptism again, as the voluntary sign of their surrender to Christ, and dedication to his service.

Each became active in evangelistic work, and frequently the brothers would go out together to conduct meetings. Thus they became known to the different churches of the island, and obtained a peculiar influence, which has been exerted in drawing together the Christians of the island.

The accompanying illustration shows the Mandeville Council with the officers seated in the front, and in their midst the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and H. B. Macartney, who visited Jamaica last year, at the invitation of the Council, to hold special services in the island. This is the council which disburses any funds sent in in response to appeals for aid for the recent cyclone sufferers, that have appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some money has already been received and forwarded to the Rev. D. A. McKellop, treasurer of the Council, yet the amount received is but little compared to the present need that arises from the terrible cyclone of four months ago. All the crops upon which the people depended for their support were destroyed, as well as the homes of 50 000 of the inhabitants. The distress that followed will be severely felt for many a day. There are few persons on the island who are now able to relieve the necessities of the many.

WEST INDIAN WOMEN PULPING CHOCOLATE

THE BEAUTIFUL VICTORIA REGIA IN CASTLETON GARDENS, JAMAICA

An American lady now visiting at the Baptist Mission Home in Brownstown, Jamaica, writes under date, Dec. 5, as follows.

"The day is done; a busy day indeed for Mrs. H——, who constantly lends herself to all the tiniest matters that are brought to the parsonage door, by the humblest seeker for advice, comfort, or pecuniary aid, often now so sorely needed. But, alas, minister's purses in this part of the world, are replenished only as the poverty of the people will allow, and to give, give, give, like a stream going out to refresh a parched and thirsty land, is an impossibility.

"But for the power of sustaining grace, and a living faith in a loving, heavenly Father, her heart would faint and fail; but she goes bravely on, cheering all. If you could only present a word picture, sufficiently near the truth, as I see it, so that they could realize the facts, then surely our Father's stewards would hasten to supply means adequate to the needs of the people."

Yet the Mission House at Brownstown is but a sample of many that lie within the area that has been swept by the storm.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will forward any funds intended for the relief of these sufferers, or money may be sent direct to the credit of Rev. D. A. McKellop, Treasurer of the Mandeville Conference, the Bank of Nova Scotia, Sear's Building, Boston, Mass., and they will forward it to him free of charge in Jamaica.

THE CUP

IT was a beautiful piece of wood, smooth and white, and when the man picked it up he turned it over and over, admiring its smooth, firm surface.

"I will carve a cup from this wood," said he, "and it shall be so beautiful that I will drink from no other."

So the man drew and carved beautiful designs, for in his right hand lay the cunning that fashioned lovely thoughts, that soon took shape on the outside of the cup.

And when he had finished, he was well pleased with his handiwork and with the smooth cleanliness of the inside.

Now from henceforth," said the man "I will drink from this cup only," and he straightway dipped the cup in the fountain of youthful love. The water was clear and sparkling, most beautifully pure, but ere long the draught grew bitter, as he dipped the cup again and again, for the man was very thirsty.

If this is love, I'll none of it," said he, and he turned his back upon the fountain, sweet and pure.

Farther along the way he sat him down to rest, and once more he dipped his cup in a pool most pelucid, and clear; its waters did not rush and sparkle like liquid sunlight as did the fountain of early love, but O so cool and inviting, as the noonday sun beat hot upon the highway. He heard a voice which said, "This is the water of conjugal love, drink, and satisfy thy longing soul"; and as he drank, the water grew bitter, until in his soul the man cried out, "There is no good thing for me, why am I not like other men. From my youth up I have kept God's commands, and why is there no sweetness for me?" And putting the cup away from his lips, he wandered on with downcast eye and troubled thoughts. A little further down the road, a tiny brook sang its way to the broad river beyond. The brook was fed by springs, which were so clear and cool that its waters were like crystal. "I will now tarry until my thirst is quenched, for the springs of paternal love must be pure and satisfying," said the man; but lo! even as he dipped the cup and held it to his parched lips the draught grew acrid, and he dashed the water to the earth.

"Ah! out where the river rolls, mayhap, this unhappy heart will find what it has vainly sought so many long years," and the man pressed on toward the river of fame and earthly honors.

He reached its brink, only to find its waters like those of the Dead Sea, and he drank no more, and his soul grew small within him.

The sweet young girl, his early love, came in his dreams and offered his thirsty soul relief. The wife of his bosom would fain ease his pain; his children, not understanding, were grieved but could not help, while the world cared not, neither were honor and fame anything to the man.

At last he faced the great ocean of eternity. Its waves were lapping his feet, as he gazed with eyes that saw not, far over the waves; he stretched out his hands, and in a voice grown strangely pathetic, he said, "O God of the ocean, into the deep I commend my body. I cannot retrace my way; the fountain of youthful love, the pool of conjugal joy, the springs of paternal affection, and the river of honor and fame, have only given me a bitter draught, and now before the ocean of eternity I stand with nothing but my beautiful cup, which I carved with such care, and drank from so faithfully all my life." And the man laid the cup carefully on the sands out of the reach of the incoming tide, which, when the time was come, took him as gently upon its waves as a mother gathers her child to her bosom, and he thirsted no more forever.

And the cup, the beautiful cup, was buried in the sand by the passing winds.

It was carved of quassia wood, from the Tree of Bitterness.

M. S. H.

Some Strange Things I Have Seen

A graduate of America's greatest University, near the top of his class, that did not have sense enough to give his seat in a street car to a woman with a baby in her arms.

A preacher, whose discourse on "Unselfishness," "melted the multitude" in the pews, and who at the dinner table, forty minutes after, got raving mad because the waiter did not leave everybody else and serve him.

Men who rob the poor with their right hand and deal out charity to them with their left. The first was a sixty per cent. deal, the second forty; a clean net gain of twenty cents on every dollar.

Oyster soup served at a church supper, so thin that you had to buy four plates to get six oysters. Price, 30 cents a plate.

Revival meetings—so called—where the people were made worse rather than better, by the man and the methods used.

A church that had "a seating capacity of eighteen hundred," when they wanted a noted visiting preacher to use their edifice for his sermon, and a fortnight later, when its use was desired by a hard-pressed Bible cause, it had shrunk to less than the holding of "the church over the way," that had exactly eleven hundred and ten sittings.

Three estimates of attendance at a meeting. The political estimate was 2,000; the religious estimate was 1,400; the pious fact was 962.

Men whose eyes, like a horse, are made to see double. Twenty converts at an evening's revival meeting, will be reported as forty in next day's morning paper.

Many—very many—sinners who live like saints; and saints—very many—who live and lie like sinners.

A heterodox head on a pair of fine, broad, orthodox shoulders.

A man who arose and said he had "nothing to say," and took forty-five minutes to say it.

Brantford, Ont. C. H. YATMAN.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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For several weeks past, during the cold and stormy weather, the Bowery Mission has fed every morning before daylight, not less than **one thousand hungry and homeless men and lads,** the majority of whom have walked the streets, unsheltered, all night. The crowds of famished still continue to come to the door of the Mission between 2 and 5 o'clock, A.M., and are grateful for a steaming cup of coffee and a generous roll—the only meal, as we suspect, they have eaten in many hours. A very considerable proportion of these wanderers come from other States. They have drifted to New York, and are making a brave struggle for existence. The Bowery Mission is helping them. We invite all our readers to send a contribution to the Bowery Mission Breakfast Fund, care of this paper. All such contributions will be acknowledged in our columns.

A National Disgrace

WHETHER or not the investigation now in progress before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections results in the conviction of Reed Smoot of polygamy, and in his expulsion from the United States Senate, it has already been productive of great good in publicly exposing the iniquitous Mormon system of Utah.

Joseph P. Smith, the Mormon President, who has been testifying before the Senate Committee, has proved the very best witness the opponents of Mormonism could have wished. In the course of his testimony, he admitted that he has, at the present time, five wives, who have borne him eleven children since the passage of the Anti-Polygamy Act in 1890. He admitted that practically all the leading officials of the Mormon Church are to-day living in polygamy; that "Apostles" Teasdale, M. F. Cowlett and John Henry Smith, have each two wives; that "Apostles" Taylor, Merrill and Grant, are reputed polygamists; that "Apostle" Lyman was a Mormon; that the Mormon hierarchy was supreme in the direction of political affairs in Utah, and that "Apostle" Reed Smoot, before becoming a candidate for Senator, asked and received the Church's consent.

The Mormon President's personal views on polygamy were given with a freedom of expression that amounted to a virtual confession. He admitted that he was a violator of the law in continuing his own polygamous relations, but added: "I took my chances of violating the law. The people of Utah are broad-minded, and I was there, always ready to pay the penalty of the law." At the same time, although he and the other leaders of the Church were flagrant violators of the law prohibiting plural marriage, he asserted that the "rule" of the Church was against it; that he knew of no plural marriages having taken place since 1890—or rather, he "had seen none."

It would not be profitable reading, were THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to print the details of this man's testimony, although it was given in public session, before a Congressional Committee.

"Plural marriage is a cardinal principle of our faith. I think plural marriage is the correct thing." "A celestial marriage is a marriage for time and eternity." "We believe men and women may be married after death." "God has shown to me that Mormonism is a divine institution." "All the Mormon Church Presidents down to myself have had plural wives." These are a few of the comparatively milder statements of this witness who, according to one of the counsel in the case, "believed plural marriage to be a divine order temporarily suspended, and who, along with the other leading Mormon church officials, was now living in actual polygamy," the whole constituting a present propaganda of this vile doctrine, while pretending to obey the law for its suppression.

There are many parts of the Mormon President's testimony that would make one blush with shame at the avowal that such immoral conditions should exist in our own land.

But several of President Smith's admissions are of the highest importance, as showing the true attitude of the Mormon Church toward the Federal Constitution, and these have a direct bearing upon the case of Senator Smoot. President Smith's admissions that the Church dictated the politics of its adherents, and that its claims upon them took precedence of all others; that, notwithstanding the Anti-Polygamy Act, plural marriage is still upheld privately by the Church as an essential doctrine, and polygamy practised by its leaders, and that "Divine revelations" through the Church may cause Mormons to disregard their oaths; all lead to the inevitable conclusion that a Mormon Congressman, whether Senator or Representative, will represent not his State, but his Church in the national legislature, and will act and vote as his Church directs.

Herein, it seems to us, is the very heart and essence of the case against Senator Smoot. If he represents the Mormon Church in Congress as its oath-bound apostle, instead of being the representative of the people of Utah, he has not the slightest color of a claim to a seat in the Senate. Wholly apart from the question whether he is a polygamist or not, this is the point for the Senate to decide.

Union in Christian Work

REPORTS published in the New York newspapers, of a speech delivered recently by a Philadelphia clergyman, present a pessimistic view of the situation of the churches. They are being submerged, he contended, and that, too, by organizations they have called into being. As an illustration, he quoted the Young Men's Christian Association, as doing a work that the churches ought to do. Hospitals, too, were losing their denominational character; and even a Baptist college was no more Baptist than its President could help, and, a Presbyterian college was hardly Presbyterian any longer.

If these facts were true, which is not quite certain, they do not afford ground for a gloomy view of the condition of the churches. The chief object is to have the work done; and if it is being done by an agency organized by the churches and not by the churches themselves, there is no reason for distress. The Young Men's Christian Association, for example, can do its work more efficiently, providing better accommodations and larger facilities than could any single denomination, which might undertake the same work. Better one central institution, efficient and well equipped, supported by all the churches, than a number of weak denominational organizations. The tendency of the times is toward combination, and that because it avoids competition and tends to concentration of effort. There can be no doubt that the interests of young men would be promoted better by an institution established for that one purpose than by a church which made it only one of many enterprises. It is true, perhaps, that denominationalism does suffer, in losing the credit of doing some particular work; but the church does not suffer, inasmuch as it is Christian work and is being done by Christian people.

Lamentation over the disappearance of denominational hospitals and colleges seems similarly unnecessary. If patients are cured in the hospital, it does not matter whether the physician or the surgeon was baptized by immersion or sprinkling. The essential question is whether he is skilful and attentive to his duties. The Baptist denomination has a right to be proud of supporting such an institution, and has reason to rejoice if the Methodists and Presbyterians, instead of establishing a rival hospital, join in making theirs more efficient and more useful. With the colleges, too, though in less degree, the same principle applies. The college that gives the most thorough education, that gives us the most learned and consecrated preachers, is more to be desired than the one that has emphasized its denominational peculiarity to the exclusion of sound scholarship. A young minister who graduates from a Presbyterian college is more likely to build up a church and win souls for Christ if he has been thoroughly grounded in Biblical knowledge, and taught how to make logical and effective sermons, than if most of his college training had been devoted to making him a valiant champion of Calvinism.

The enemies of the church in our day are astute and very much in earnest. Nothing could better suit their purpose than to have the church broken up into rival bands, each proclaiming its own peculiar tenets, and treating all other denominations as enemies or at least as competitors. That the denominations should recognize each other as comrades, not abandoning their distinctive features, but co-operating in any good work, intent only on having it well done, is a consummation to be heartily and devoutly welcomed.

The "Game of War" in the Far East

IT is a great game which is now being played with all its dramatic accompaniments, in the Orient. Thus far, the Japanese have displayed superior skill at almost every point, while Russia seems to have played at haphazard, trusting to her great strength and traditions of racial superiority. The Mikado's General Staff, before leaving Tokio, as the cable states, planned out the campaign complete to the last detail, providing for every contingency. As in a game of chess the leader directs his opponent, so the Japanese, by bold initiative, have forced Russia into the very position they desired her to take. They so disposed their forces that, at the proper moment, they might unite, seemingly drawing a net about the enemy.

Yet these plans, perfected with infinite care may amount to nothing in the end. Russia, by skilful strategy or superior strength, may be able, on the Manchurian plain, to retrieve earlier losses and roll back the advancing Japanese.

The world makes its boast of the advance of civilization; but the boast is ill-timed when hosts of men, armed with the deadliest weapons that can be made, confront one another on sea and land, intent on battle, and with murder in their hearts. Lust of territory and power still holds its throne in the breasts of potentates and statesmen, and produces its awful results in death and desolated homes. Not for such a condition did Christ come to teach men that God was their father and they were brethren. After nineteen centuries the lesson has not been learned, and we fear will not be learned until He comes, whose right it is to reign, who shall judge among the nations, and at whose word they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and not learn war any more.

Norway Returns Thanks

WHEN the people of Aalesund, Norway, after the recent destructive conflagration, which almost wiped out the entire city, appealed for help from abroad, the proprietor of this journal cabled, through Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., the American Minister at Stockholm, a contribution of ten thousand crowns (about $2,700), to be applied to the relief of the destitute. This was transferred by Minister Thomas to Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, the Norwegian Secretary of State (and son of the celebrated author, Henrik Ibsen), with an expression of the heartfelt sympathy of Christian America for the sufferers. Secretary Ibsen, in acknowledging the timely and welcome gift, wrote to Minister Thomas, as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN
CABINET, MINISTRY OF STATE,
STOCKHOLM.

Mr. Minister:—I have had the honor to receive the note, dated to-day, in which you, Mr. Minister, in view of a telegram from Dr. Louis Klopsch, publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, have the goodness to express the Government and people of Norway, the sympathy which in America is extended to us on account of the fire in Aalesund, at the same time assuring that the sum of ten thousand crowns will, as a contribution from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, be received by the victims of the catastrophe.

Permit me, Mr. Minister, on behalf of my countrymen and myself, to express a deep-felt gratitude for the sympathy which has been manifested in the United States, and for the magnanimous gift, which still further increases the debt of gratitude in which we remain to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose magnificent charity towards sufferers in Norway, of which proof was given on an earlier occasion, is still in fresh and grateful remembrance.

Accept, Mr. Minister, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

SIGURD IBSEN.

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

An Eccentric Railroad

ONE of the most extraordinary curves on a railroad, is that, a picture of which appears on this page. It is a double curve, almt circular, and the spectacle of the tra as it goes over it, is one of the stngest to be witnessed on any line on ean. It is on the road between Calcutta nd Darjeeling, near the top of the Halayas. The famous traveler, W. S. Cae, gives a vivid description of his joney over the road. It is 246 miles fra Calcutta to Darjeeling, but as the tra has to crawl 7,400ft. up the mountain, anmake innumerable zigzags, the length ofhe journey is greatly increased, and thime it consumes is twenty-four hours. Ahe start, the traveler is glad to clothe hiself in the thinnest clothes in his wdrobe, but after a few hours he wants hiovercoat, and before he arrives at his deination, he has on him all thugs and furs he can find. Fi five hours he is on the usl gauge, then there is a chge to a three foot gauge, a finally to a two foot gge, over which the locomtive makes its toilsome asnt at the rate of six miles anour. "The line winds in ar out along the mountain si, often by the edge of tremdous gorges and precipils. At one spot the track fows the lines of the figure 8 t another it rises in a ses of zigzags, the locomoti sometimes in front and scetimes pushing at the re." When it reaches the fous loop, it describes a cplete circle, only that the faner end passes over the ner, by a bridge, thus gainina higher level. It is a most eentric and fascinating jcney, and the construction ohe track is one of the most bliant triumphs of engineing skill. Of course the nerous loops and detours lethen the journey, and the treeler often realizes that his going backward instead oforward; but it is upward a the time and is an easierway than a straight course. Te reflecting tourist might wl compare it to his voyage though life, in which, though h has to deplore some backward steps, hmay be thankful if the trend is surely uward, and if, like the traveler to Darjeing, he can be sure that in the end h will reach the summit, where pure air a life giving breezes are to be found.

ho shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or w shall stand in his holy place? He that hath cn hands and a pure heart (Ps. 24:3).

THE FAMOUS DOUBLE LOOP ON THE DARJEELING RAILROAD IN INDIA

Cllapse of a Building

ourteen lives were lost in New York, on Arch 2, by the collapse of a building in pcess of construction. The iron skeleto of a new apartment house had been ected as high as the tenth story, when, wh an awful, grinding crash, the huge pars and girders fell in, crushing the wkmen engaged in the erection. One ohe girders, in falling, struck the rear ca hotel adjoining, and killed a guest wo was sitting there at lunch. Cries and gans were heard from the wreck for sne time after the collapse of the structe, and some of the men were taken out al sent to hospitals. Many others, howe, lay under the huge girders, and could n be reached. One man was found alive tenty-four hours after the collapse, but h was so badly crushed that he died on t way to the hospital. The cause of t disaster is under investigation, but t general belief is that it was due to filty construction. More than once the Building Department of the city had interfered, and had notified the contractors that the rules of the Department were being violated, and that the work must not proceed until the law had been complied with. Only on the morning of the collapse, legal proceedings were commenced to compel the builders to obey the law. On the other hand, the contractors believe that the collapse was due to a bed of quicksand lying, unknown to them, below the foundations of the building. An investigation will of course be made to determine the responsibility for the disaster. That must be done to prevent a recurrence of such calamities, but it can do nothing to help the families who have been bereaved. The sad fact for them, is, that whether the fault was in the construction or in the foundation, the collapse came and robbed them of their loved ones. The lesson for us is the moral one, that in character there is but one sure foundation, and on that the work must be well and carefully done.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation . . he shall receive a reward (1 Cor. 3: 11, 12, 14)

Unconscious Rank

The death of an English nobleman recently, has brought to light a remarkable circumstance in the history of the family of which he was the head. It is, that for the space of three centuries there was in every generation an earl who was unaware of his dignity, and of his right to a seat in the British House of Lords. The successive heads of the family accepted knighthood, baronetcies, and other honors, not knowing of their being legally entitled to an earldom. It appears that Queen Mary conferred the Earldom of Devon on Edward Courtenay in 1553. As he was childless when he died, it was supposed that the title had become extinct. It is usually so when the first holder of a title has no sons, though in the case of later holders, their heirs inherit it, if they can trace their pedigree to the original holder. A lawyer, who casually looked at the royal patent granted by Queen Mary, noticed that the usual words, *de corpore*, limiting the succession to sons, had been omitted, and the title descended with the estates to the heirs. A suit was at once instituted, and the title and privileges acknowledged. If the discovery had been made earlier, the head of the house of Courtenay in each generation would have exercised the privileges and worn the title of Earl of Devon. How many there are who might have the title of sons of God, but do not avail themselves of the offer made to them!

As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God (John 1: 12).

Won Back Her Inheritance

A romantic story lies behind a will presented last week in the New York court for probate. It was the will of a wealthy diamond-dealer, who died recently. He had three daughters, two of whom were married. Though he was nearly eighty years of age, he had given an intimation of his intention to marry again, his first wife being dead. His daughters were opposed to it, and one of them was so outspoken that she incurred her father's wrath. He sent for his will and destroyed it, and made a new one, disinheriting her, "on account of her unbecoming and unloving conduct." Soon after making this will, and before he could carry out his matrimonial project, he was seized with sudden and severe illness. He was away from home at the time and among strangers. Hearing of her father's plight, the disinherited daughter went to him, and for several weeks nursed him and waited on him with filial devotion. It was, however, impossible to save his life. When he learned that he must die, he sent again for his lawyer and instructed him to draw up a codicil, restoring to his daughter the inheritance of which the will was to deprive her, explaining that he did so "as a mark of my returned love to her for her late devotion." The old man will doubtless be charged with being capricious and inconsistent in changing his mind, but he had sufficient cause. The ancient prophet labored to convince his people that God was justified in acting so toward his undutiful children.

When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die (Ezek. 33: 14, 15.)

Determined to Wed

A New Jersey journal tells the story of a wedding which was celebrated last week, that shows the determination as well as the precocity of the principals. A clergyman at Mount Freedom, N. J., was out making a call on a sick member of his church, when he noticed a boy and girl whom he did not know, making their way through the village. The thermometer registered zero, and a fierce northwest hurricane drove the frozen snow in their faces, but the young couple plodded on, apparently oblivious of the blizzard. Half an hour later he reached his home and there found the young couple waiting for him. They had come in half frozen, but had been enjoying the warmth of his kitchen, and were looking tired but cheerful. They told him they wanted him to marry them. He asked their ages, and learned that the girl was only fourteen, and the boy sixteen. They had walked in the storm a distance of eight miles over the mountains, from the solitary farm where the girl lived, to have the ceremony performed. The clergyman said, he should not like to marry any couple so young as they, and urged them to wait three or four years. They begged and implored, but he would not consent to officiate, and they went away sorrowful. They made inquiries in the village, and learned that two miles farther on there was another minister. They immediately set out for his house, and this time succeeded in their object. They were overjoyed, and started on their ten-mile journey home, heedless of the storm and the darkness. Perhaps they will live to regret their success. Marriages made at so early an age often do prove to have been unwise. But the determination of the young people, their persistence in spite of obstacles, and their disregard of toil and hardship, are a lesson in other matters. If those who are seeking union with Christ were as much in earnest as these young people were for union with one another, none would fail or be discouraged, and none would ever be separated from him.

This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus (Phil. 3: 13).

BRIEF NOTES

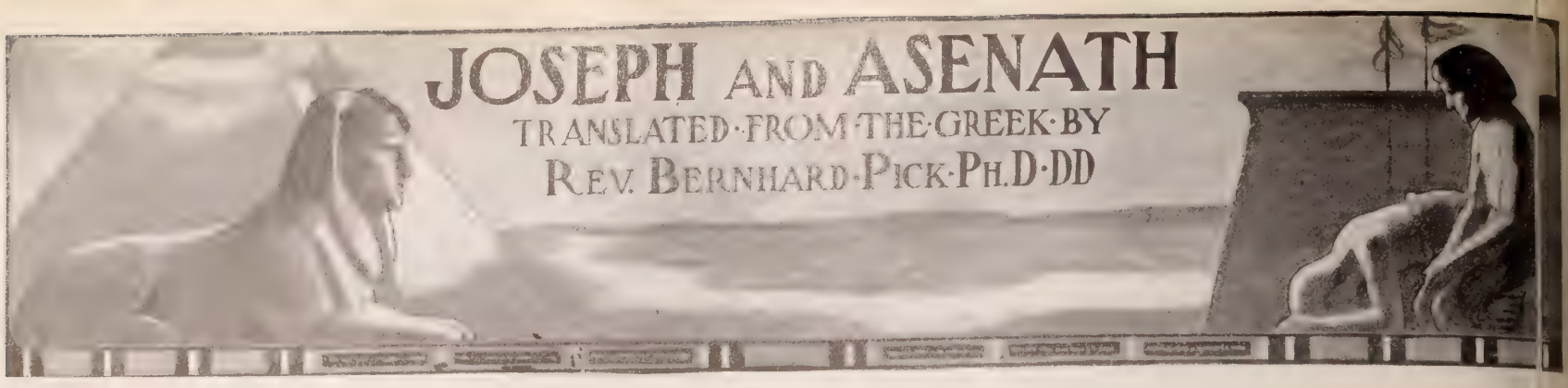
There is a prospect of Episcopalians having a fine Cathedral in Boston, Mass., through the bequest of the late Miss Mary Sofia Walker.

The numerous friends in this country of Gipsy Smith, will be interested in learning that he is setting out for an extensive evangelistic tour in South Africa.

Two gifts of $100 each have been sent to Rev. George H. Lea, of Jamaica, toward the fund for the rebuilding of churches in that island which were wrecked by the hurricane last year. They came, respectively, from the Old South Church, Boston, and the Tompkins avenue Church, Brooklyn.

Rev. H. B. Swafford writes us that there is a good field in Northern California, for consecrated Christian workers. Vast stretches of country in the rural districts are utterly destitute of the means of grace. Vounteers would work under the auspices of the Sacramento Valley Church Federation. Any person willing to undertake such work, should communicate with Rev. H. B. Swafford, Arbuckle, California.

The New York Bible Teachers Training School, of which Dr. Wilbert W. White is President, at its annual meeting elected the following new trustees: Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church; Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church; Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of Broadway Tabernacle; D. W. McWilliams and John D. Slayback, New York; Dr. Reese F. Alsop, Rector St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, and Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, Washington, D. C. The school has just closed its year, having had one hundred and ninety-five students enrolled, coming from fifteen different States, Canada, South America, South Africa and Japan.



INTRODUCTORY

[The story of Joseph and Asenath, which appears here for the first time in English, is founded upon the words of Genesis 41 : 45, "and he gave to him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On." It seems that this religious romance was once widely known in the East, since different versions of the same are extant in Syriac, Armenian, Arabic, Ethiopic, Greek and Latin. Part of the Greek version was published by Fabricius in 1721; but the complete story was first issued by the French scholar Batiffol, in his *Studia Patristica* (Paris, 1889, 1890), according to four manuscripts, and from this text the English translation is now made. The author of the story was no doubt a Christian, who made use of Jewish traditional matter.]

I.

Asenath the Beautiful

IN the first year of plenty, in the second month, on the fifth day of the month, Pharaoh sent Joseph forth to go through the whole land of Egypt. In the fourth month of the first year, on the eighteenth day of the month, Joseph came to the borders of Heliopolis, and he gathered together the corn of that land as the sand of the sea.

There was a certain man in that city named Pentephres, a priest of Heliopolis and a satrap of Pharaoh, and a ruler of all satraps and great chiefs of Pharaoh. This man was very rich and exceedingly wise and mild, being also a counsellor of Pharaoh, because he was wiser than all the great chiefs of Pharaoh.

He had a daughter named Asenath, eighteen years of age, tall and very beautiful. She was not like the daughters of the Egyptians, but in all respects was like the daughters of the Hebrews, being tall like Sarah, and comely like Rebecca, and beautiful as Rachel; and the fame of her beauty spread over all that land and unto the ends of the earth, so that on this account, not only the sons of the great chiefs and satraps, but also the sons of the kings, all the young and mighty men, wished to marry her. And on her account there was much strife among them.

The first born son of Pharaoh heard of her, and he entreated his father to give her to him for a wife, and said to him; "Give me, Oh father, Asenath, the daughter of Pentephres, the first man of Heliopolis, for a wife." And his father, Pharaoh, said to him: "Why seekest thou a wife who is inferior to thee, who art king of this whole land? Behold the daughter of Joakim, King of Moab, is nearer to thee, for she is a queen as well as very beautiful; take her, therefore, for a wife."

. . .

Now Asenath was high-minded and proud, and no man had ever seen her, because her father had nearby his house a great and very high tower, and, above the tower, there was an upper story having ten rooms. The first room was large and beautiful and strewn with bright stones; and its walls were covered with flat pieces of costly and variegated stones. The ceiling was of gold, and inside were many silver and golden gods of the Egyptians, fastened to the walls. And Asenath worshiped and reverenced them, and offered sacrifices to them daily.

The second room contained all the dresses and chests of Asenath. There was much gold and silver in it, and new apparel interwoven with gold, and many select gems and precious linen and all her ornaments.

And the third room was the treasury of Asenath, containing all the good things of the earth. The other seven rooms were occupied by the seven ministering maidens of Asenath, each one having one room, because they were of the same age and born in the same night with Asenath, and she loved them much. They were also very beautiful.

The great room of Asenath had three windows. One, which was very large, looked into the court toward the east; the second toward the south, and the third toward the street. And a golden bed stood in the room, looking toward the east; and it was covered with purple, interwoven with gold, prepared of hyacinth and linen. Round about the house was a large court, and round about the court a very high wall, built with square stones. In the court were also four gates overlaid with iron, and a guard of armed men watched them. Inside of the court, toward the wall, trees of great variety and all bearing fruit, were planted, their fruit being mellow, for it was the time of the harvest. To the right of the court was a spring of water, and underneath the spring a basin or fountain receiving the water from that spring; from thence it went like a river through the midst of the court, and watered all the trees.

Now, in the first of the seven years of plenty, in the fourth month, on the eighteenth day of the month, Joseph came into the borders of Heliopolis, to gather the corn of that country. And as he came near to that city, he sent before him twelve men to Pentephres, the priest of Heliopolis, saying, "I will lodge with thee to-day, because it is noon and time for dinner, and the heat of the sun is very great; and I will refresh myself under the cover of thy house." When Pentephres heard this, he greatly rejoiced, and said, "Blessed be the Lord God of Joseph, because my lord Joseph has thought me worthy."

And Pentephres called the steward of his house, and said to him, "Make haste and prepare my house, and make ready a great meal, for Joseph comes to us this day."

When Asenath heard that her father and mother had come from the field of their inheritance, she rejoiced greatly and said, "I will go and see my father and mother."

And Asenath ran into her room, where her dresses were, and put on a dress interwoven with gold, and girded herself with her golden girdle and put bracelets on her hands, and golden sandals on her feet; and round about her neck she put a costly ornament and expensive

ASENATH DESTROYING HER GODS

gems, having the names of the gods of the Egyptians inscribed on all sides, on the bracelets as well as on the stones; she put also a mitre upon her head, and a diadem she bound tightly around her temples, and covered her head with a veil.

And, hastening, she descended the steps from her upper room, and came to her father and mother and kissed them. And Pentephres and his wife rejoiced very much over their daughter Asenath, because they beheld her dressed and adorned like a bride; and they took all the good things which they had brought from the field of their inheritance, and gave them to their daughter. And Asenath rejoiced over all the good things, over the grapes and pomegranates and dates, and over the doves and fruits and figs, because everything was beautiful and good to the taste.

And Pentephres said to Asenath, his daughter: "My child," and she answered: "Here I am, lord." And he said to her: "Sit down between us, and I will speak to thee my words."

Having seated herself between her father and mother, Pentephres, her father, took in his right hand her right hand, and kissed her, and said: "Most beloved child." She said to him: "Here, I am, my lord father." And Pentephres said: "Behold, Joseph the mighty one, comes to us to-day; and he is the chief of all the land of Egypt, and King Pharaoh has made him the chief of a land, and he supplies all this land with corn, and it from the coming famine. The same Joseph is fearing man, and wise and unmarried, as thou art and a man mighty in wisdom and understanding. spirit of God is upon him, and the grace of Go him. Now then, most beloved child, I will give t him for a wife, and thou shalt be his bride, a shall be thy bridegroom forever."

When Asenath heard these words of her fath trembled, and said: "Why dost thou, my lord speak these words? Wilt thou give me for a sla stranger, and a fugitive, and a purchased person? not the shepherd's son from Canaan? Is he n one whom his master put him into the dark priso Pharaoh took him out of the prison, when he inter his dreams, in the same manner as also the old of the Egyptians interpret. Nay, but I will beco wife of the king's first-born son, because he is th of all the land."

When Pentephres heard this, he ceased from ing any more to Asenath, his daughter, about J because she had replied boldly and with ange

II.

The Coming of Joseph

And a youth of Pentephres' household lea and saith to him: "Behold, Joseph stands bef gates of our court."

When Asenath heard these words, she fled before her father and mother, and went up upper story, and to her room, and stood by the window looking toward the east, that she watch Joseph. Pentephres and his wife, and a family, and household went out to meet Josep as the gates of the court were opened, which toward the east, Joseph entered, sitting in the chariot of Pharaoh. Four horses, white as and with golden-studded bridles, were harnesse the whole chariot was made of pure gold. J was dressed in a white robe and his stole was made of linen interwoven with gold; a golden was upon his head, and round about the wreat twelve choice stones, and upon the twelve were golden rays, and in his right hand he royal rod, which had a divided olive branc much fruit on it.

After Joseph had entered into the court gates were shut, every stranger remained outs the court, and the gate-keepers closed and lock doors. Then Pentephres and his wife, and al family, with the exception of their daughter As came and fell before Joseph to the ground. Joseph, having descended from his chariot, them up.

And when Asenath saw Joseph she was stu to the heart, remembering her words. And sh much afraid, and she said in her heart: "Woe Whither shall I go now, or where shall I hide before his face? Or how shall Joseph see m cause I have spoken evil concerning him? is me, whither shall I go and hide myself, be he sees every hidden thing, and knows all t and no hidden thing is forgotten by him, on ac of the great light which is in him? And n gracious unto me, O God of Joseph, because I spoken evil words in ignorance concerning hi was foolish and bold, because I mocked at hin spoke evil things about him."

. . .

And Joseph came into the house of Pentephre sat upon the throne, and they washed his feet, a before him a separate table. And looking up, J saw Asenath, and he said to Pentephres: "Who i woman who stands in the upper story by the win Let her go away from this house."

And Pentephres said unto him: "My lord, she thou seest standing in the upper story is not a str but is our daughter; but if thou wilt, lord, she come and salute thee, for our daughter is as thy si

And Joseph was glad because Pentephres tol this. And Joseph said to Pentephres and to his "If she is your daughter, let her come, for she sister."

Then her mother went and brought Asenath to Jo and Pentephres said to her: "Welcome thy brothe

And Asenath said unto Joseph: "Hail, O lord, bl of the most high God."

And Joseph said to her: "The God who vivifi may he bless thee."

And Pentephres said to his daughter Asenath: Go and kiss thy brother."

As Asenath was approaching to kiss Joseph, J

ended his right hand, and he said: "It is not proper
a god-fearing man, who blesseth with his mouth the
ng God, to kiss a woman who blesses with her mouth
d and dumb idols, and eats from their table the
ad of strangling; but the man who fears God kisses
mother, and his own sister, and the sister of his tribe,
his wife, all such as bless with their mouth the
ng God."

When Asenath heard these words of Joseph, she
ame very sad, and her eyes were filled with tears.
d when Joseph saw her weeping he pitied her very
ch, because he was meek and merciful, and feared
Lord. He then laid his right hand on her head, and
d: "O, Lord God of my father Israel, thou most high
powerful God, who makest alive all things, and call-
from darkness to light, and from error to truth, and
m death to life, bless thou also this maid, and quicken
renew her with thy Holy Spirit, that she may eat
bread of life and drink the cup of thy blessing, and
mber her with thy people whom thou hast chosen
ore the world was, that she may enter into thy rest
vich thou hast prepared for thy elect, and live in thy
ernal life unto eternity."

And Asenath was very glad over this blessing of
seph. She hastened to her upper room. She was in
rch fear, and she remembered these words of Joseph
how he spoke to her in the name of the most high
d. She then cried bitterly, and withdrew from her
ls which she worshiped, and the idols which she
rounced, and she waited till evening.

Joseph ate and drank, and told his servants
bind their horses to their chariots and to go
nd all the country. And Pentephres said
Joseph: "Let my lord remain here to-day,
l go on your way to-morrow."

But Joseph said: "Nay; I will go to-day, for
s is the day on which God began to create
his creatures, and on the eighth day I will
rn to you and stay here."

When Joseph had gone away, Pentephres and
his family went about their business, and
senath was left alone with her maidens, being
and weeping. She ate neither bread, nor
nk any water; and while all were asleep, she
ne was awake and wept. After this Asenath
se and went silently down the steps from the
er story, and went to the gate, where she
nd the gate-keeper sleeping with her children.
d she hastened and took down from the door
covering of the curtain, and she filled it with
es and brought it to the upper story and
ced it upon the pavement. She then locked
door and put the bar from the side, sighing
l weeping heavily.

When the maiden whom Asenath loved more
n the others, heard her sighing, she hastened
l went to the door, awaking also from sleep
other maidens, and she found it locked. And
she heard the sighing and weeping of Asenath,
said to her, standing outside: "What aileth
e, my mistress? What maketh thee so sad,
l what giveth thee such trouble? Open unto
."

And Asenath answered from within, without
ening: "My head suffers a great and heavy
n. Go, therefore, every one of you to her
n room and rest, and let me alone."

III.
Asenath's Renunciation

And when each maiden had gone to her own
om, Asenath arose and opened the door of her
chamber silently, and went to her second
om, where her garments were, and she opened
coffer and took out a dark tunic, which she
re when her brother, the first-born, had died.
ving taken this tunic, she took it to her room,
l carefully locked the door again and threw
bar from the side. Asenath then took off
r royal robe and put on the mourning dress,
l loosened her golden girdle and girded herself with
rope, and put away the dress of her head, together
h the diadem, and the bracelets of her hands and her
t. She then took her chosen dress and the golden
dle and the head-dress and diadem, and flung them
t of the opening looking towards the north, to
edy. She also took all her gods which were in the
om, gods both of silver and gold, of which she had a
mber, and broke them into pieces, and flung them out
the window to the beggars and the needy. She also
k the royal meal, the fatlings as well as the fishes
d the meats of the heifer and all the offerings to her
ds, and the vessels of the wine of offering, and flung
m out of the window looking towards the north, to
e dogs for food.

Then she took the curtain with ashes and spread it
the ground; she took a sack and girded her loins;
e loosened the plaits of her hair and besprinkled
r head with ashes. She also strewed ashes on the
or, and fell upon the ashes, and with her hand she
note her breast, and cried the whole night bitterly till
rning.

* * *

When she arose in the morning she looked, and be-
ld the ashes on her were like clay, because of her
rs; and she fell again on her face upon the ashes, till
e sun went down. Thus she did seven days, without
sting food.

On the eighth day, as the morning dawned, and the birds already sang, and the dogs barked at the passers-by, Asenath rose a little from the floor on which she was lying, because she was weak and exhausted from much humiliation; for she was distressed and faint-hearted, and her strength failed, and further she turned against the wall sitting down below the window looking towards the east; she threw her head into her lap, twisting the fingers of her hand over her right knee, her mouth was closed, and she opened it not. In her heart she said, "What shall I do, or whither shall I go? to what place shall I flee, or to whom shall I speak? For all will hate me, and with them also my father and my mother, because I have renounced their gods and destroyed them and given them to the needy. For my father and my mother will say: Asenath is not our daughter; and my people will hate me, and all men, because I have given their gods to destruction. And I, too, have hated every man and all that sought me in marriage, and now in this my humiliation I am hated by all and they rejoice in my affliction. The Lord of Joseph hates all who worship idols, because he is a jealous God, and, as I have heard, fearful to all who worship strange gods. And he hates me also, because I worshiped dead and mute idols, and blessed them. But now, I have fled from their offering, and my mouth is estranged from their table, and I have not the courage to call upon the God of heaven, the Most High and powerful of the mighty Joseph, because my mouth is stained with the sacrifices of idols. But I have heard

"AND SHE CALLED THE STEWARD OF HER HOUSE"

many say that the God of the Hebrews is a truthful God, and a living God, and a gracious God, and long suffering, and very merciful and good; who considers not the sin of the humble and especially of one sinning in ignorance, and puts not to shame the lawless conduct in the time of the affliction of the distressed; further, I, too, the humbled, will turn and flee to him, and confess to him all my sins and pour out my petition before him, and he will have compassion on my suffering. For who knows that, when he sees this my humiliation and this desolation of my soul, he will have pity upon me? He will also see my suffering and protect me, since, as I hear, he is the defence of the afflicted and the help of the persecuted. Therefore I, the humble, will also undertake and cry unto him."

IV.
The Prayer of Asenath

Then Asenath stood up from the wall where she sat, and knelt upon her knees toward the east, and lifted up her eyes toward heaven, and opening her mouth she spoke to God.

"O Lord, the God of the righteous, who hast created and preserved all alive, giving the breath of life to all thy creatures; who has brought out the invisible to light and madest all things and madest visible the invisible; who hast made high the heaven and foundest the earth upon the waters; who madest fast the great stones upon the abyss of the water which shall not sink, but are forever doing thy will, since thou, O Lord, spokest and all became, and thy word, O Lord, is life to all thy creatures; to thee, O Lord God, I now flee; from now will I cry unto thee, O Lord, and to thee will I confess my sins; to thee I direct my prayer, O Lord, and to thee will I reveal my transgressions. Spare me, O Lord, because against thee I have sinned much. I acted lawlessly, I acted wickedly, I spoke unutterable and wicked things before thee; my mouth, O Lord, is defiled from the offerings of the Egyptian idols, and from the table of their gods; I sinned, O Lord, before thee I sinned, knowingly and unknowingly. I acted wickedly in adoring the dead and mute idols, and I am not worthy to open my mouth to thee, O Lord, I, the wretched Asenath, daughter of Pentephres, the priest, the virgin and queen, once pompous and proud and prospering in my ancestral riches above all women, now solitary and deserted of all. To thee, I flee, O Lord, and to thee I bring my petition, and to thee I cry. Deliver me, O Lord, from my persecutors, before I am left by them; for as a helpless child, which fears some one, flees to his father [and mother] and the father, stretching out his hands, presses it to his breast, thus thou also, my Lord, stretch out thy hand to me like a father loving his offspring, and snatch me away from the hand of the enemy having understanding. For, behold, the old and fierce and wild lion persecutes me, because he is the father (of the gods) of the Egyptians, and his children are the gods of those who are worshipers of idols, and I hated them and destroyed them because they are children of the lion, and have thrown away from me all the gods of the Egyptians and destroyed them.

"Behold, O Lord, my humiliation, and have mercy upon me and pity my distress. For behold, all the gods which I formerly worshiped ignorantly, I know now to be mute and dead idols, and I have utterly destroyed the twelve, to be trampled under foot by all men, and the thieves have plundered those which were of silver and gold. Pardon me, O Lord, for I have sinned much against thee in ignorance and have spoken blasphemous words against my lord Joseph, and I did not know it."

* * *

Thus and much more did Asenath pray to the Lord, and when she had ceased making a confession, behold the morning star of the heaven arose in the East. And when Asenath saw it, she rejoiced and said: "Has not the Lord God heard my prayer, because that this star is the angel and herald of the light of the great day?" And behold, near the morning star, the heaven was parted asunder, and a great and immense light appeared. And when Asenath saw it, she fell on her face on the ashes. And a voice spoke to her and said: "Asenath, arise!" She said: "Who calls me, since the door of my room is locked, and the tower is high, and how came he into my room?" And the voice called her again a second time, saying: "Asenath! Asenath!"

And she was much afraid and fell upon her face, not being able yet to stand on her feet. And the voice said to her: "Take courage, Asenath, and be not afraid, but arise and stand on thy feet. Go now without hindrance into thy second room, and take off the black dress which thou hast on; throw the sack from thy loins, shake off the ashes from thy head, and bathe thy face and hands in clean water, and put on a white new dress, and gird thy loins with thy shining double girdle, and come again, and I will tell thee the word sent to thee."

Asenath hastened and did as she was bid, and the voice said: "Take away the veil from thy head. Take courage, Asenath, for behold, the Lord has heard all the words of thy confession and thy prayer; he has also seen thy humiliation and distress during the seven days of fasting. Behold, thy name is written in the book of life, and shall not be blotted out forever. From this day thou art renewed and quickened, and thou shalt eat the blessed bread of life and drink the cup filled with incorruption. Take courage, Asenath; behold, the Lord has given thee to-day as a spouse to Joseph, and he shall be thy bridegroom, and thy name shall no more be called Asenath, but thy name shall be City of Refuge, for unto thee shall many nations flee, and rest under thy wings, and many nations shall be protected by thee, and upon thy walls shall those be defended who entreat the Most High God in repentance. And, behold, Joseph shall come to thee this day, and will see thee and shall rejoice over thee and love thee, and he will be thy bridegroom and thou shalt be his bride."

And after these things, behold, a young man of the household came, saying: "Joseph, the mighty of God, is coming to you this day."

And straightway Asenath called the steward of her house, and said to him: "Make haste, and prepare my house, and get ready a nice meal, for Joseph comes to us this day."

When the steward of the house saw her (her face having fallen away from her distress and weeping, and seven days' fasting), he cried sorrowfully, and taking her right hand, he kissed it, and said: "What aileth thee my mistress, for thy face has so fallen away?"

And she answered the steward truly, that sleep had left her eyes.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

JOURNEYING WITH JESUS ❋ QUARTERLY REVIEW

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 27 | *By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts* | GOLDEN TEXT--ACTS 10: 38: HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

"THY FATHER AND I HAVE SOUGHT THEE SORROWING"

LET us on this map travel with Jesus through the scenes of his life, so far as we have gone in the past quarter's lessons, all the while resolving that we will make our life journeys like his and with him, so far as we are able.

The journeys of Jesus. At about twelve years of age from

1. Nazareth to Jerusalem and return, that he might become a son of the law; his interview with the learned doctors. (Eighteen years retirement.)

FIRST YEAR'S MINISTRY

2. Nazareth to Bethlehem, to be baptized by John.
3. Bethabara to the wilderness, when he was tempted of the devil, but "did no sin."
4. Wilderness to Bethabara, where John testified of him as the Lamb of God.
5. Bethabara to Cana, where he turned water into wine at the wedding feast.
6. Cana to Capernaum.
7. Capernaum to Passover at Jerusalem, where he cleansed the Temple of dishonest money changers; visited by Nicodemus.
8. Jerusalem to Cana, by way of Samaria; interview with the woman at the well; preached two days in Samaria, and made many converts. While himself still in Cana, healed nobleman's son in Capernaum.

SECOND YEAR'S MINISTRY

9. Cana to Nazareth; his claim that he was the Son of God rejected, and his death attempted by a mob.
10. Nazareth to Capernaum, to dwell for a year or more; preaches to multitudes by the seaside; calls Peter, Andrew, James, and John to be "fishers of men"; on the Sabbath day heals the demoniac, and Peter's wife's mother, and all other sick persons who were brought to him.
11. A tour through Eastern Galilee; the first healing of a leper.
12. To retirement for several weeks, because of the clamor created by healing of the leper.
13. From retirement to Capernaum; healed the man let down through the roof; called Matthew from his office of tax-collector to be a disciple.
14. Capernaum to Jerusalem; attended the Passover; healed the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda.
15. Return to Capernaum, great multitudes followed him to hear and be healed.
16. Capernaum to Horns of Hattin, seven miles distant; there preached Sermon on the Mount; twelve apostles chosen.
17. Return to Capernaum; Centurion's servant healed.
18. Capernaum to Nain; widow's son raised to life.
19. Return to Capernaum; his feet washed by a woman who was a sinner; dumb demoniac healed; bitter words spoken by Pharisees relative to the healing; parables spoken by seaside.
20. Capernaum to Gergesa and return; tempest stilled (Mark 4: 35-41); two demoniacs healed; evil spirits sent into the herd of swine.
21. Return to Capernaum; raised to life the daughter of Jairus; healed the woman with issue of blood; restored sight to two blind men.
22. Capernaum to Nazareth; rejected a second time at Nazareth.
23. Return to Capernaum; sent his twelve apostles out to preach in the towns and cities, and gave them power to heal, continues his tour through Galilee; death of John.

THIRD YEAR'S MINISTRY, A.D. 29

24. Capernaum to Bethsaida; feeding of five thousand; apostles sail away at his word, while he goes to a mountain top; while there in prayer, saw his apostles tossed with tempest, and walked to their relief on the water; returned from lake to plain of Gennesareth, and wrought many miracles there, near Capernaum; sermon on the bread of life.

Illustration and Application

In this age, when almost everybody makes journeys away from home, in which there is a strong tendency to let down Christian standards, it will be profitable to make the central theme of the review, CHRISTLIKE JOURNEYS. Let all our journeys be like his and with him, our going about being always a going about doing good in His Name.

Let us learn something, first of all, from the journeys of the wise men and the shepherds to the cradle of Jesus, their Saviour and King. Life's journey will be a failure if it does not include coming to Jesus. It is true wisdom, in the words of Emerson, to "hitch your wagon to a star." We should start life with high ideals. And the best ideal is an aim to be as pure, as unselfish, as brave, as manly, as Jesus Christ. "The purest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the pure." The magi were far from home, but did not make that an excuse for sin. Wise and happy are they who never do abroad what they would not do at home, but among strangers bring their golden gifts, their incense of worship, their myrrh of sorrow to the Christ.

When Jesus journeyed to Jerusalem at twelve years of age, no doubt he enjoyed the journey, the scenery, the good fellowship, the feasting, but above it all he enjoyed talking of his Father's business, with teachers learned, religious, and patriotic.

School boys and college boys of to-day may well consider Jesus among the doctors, "both hearing them and asking them questions," as a manly example, a reminder that although recreation is a duty, excessive devotion to mere amusements is childish and sinful, and should not interfere with serious preparation for earnest living.

The next journey of Jesus of which we have any record was when he left his home and carpenter's bench to be baptized, with which let us consider also his next journey to the wilderness of temptation. Baptism is a sacrament, and *sacramentum*, from which we get the word, was the Roman soldier's oath of allegiance. Baptism has other meanings, but to us its pre-eminent meaning is "showing our colors" as soldiers of Christ. Why should any one to-day, when Christ is conquering the world, be ashamed to unfurl his colors? A young man who had just been converted got up in a meeting, and tried to give testimony for Jesus Christ. But he was inexperienced and could not talk very well. After he sat down, an old gentleman got up and said: "Young man, you cannot preach, and you ought not to try. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." The young man rose and said: "Well, I am ashamed of myself, but I am not ashamed of my Lord." It is of ourselves that all of us have many reasons to be ashamed, but never have we had any reason to be ashamed of Christ, who is conceded even by infidels to be the noblest character the world ever saw. Let open confession of loyalty to him be to us as honorable as devotion to our country's flag, and remembering Christ's victory in the temptation, let us also refuse to surrender our flag to the enemy.

Some years ago, there was war between Italy and Austria. During the struggle, a group of Italians, consisting of ten officers and twenty-five men, got separated from their regiment, and being hard pressed, entered a villa, and prepared for a desperate resistance.

They had with them the flag of the regiment. Finding it impossible to keep the villa, the Austrians set fire to it. Half suffocated by the smoke, and seeing that it would be impossible to defend themselves much longer, the Italians determined to save their flag, and this is what they did:

They stripped the bunting from the staff, and tore it into small pieces of which each officer had a portion under his clothes. The spear point was hidden under a fireplace in the house, and the staff was broken up into pieces and burnt. This done, the brave little troop surrendered.

The Italians, taken prisoners to Austria, managed to keep their precious relics secret, and one dying, his piece of bunting was buried with him.

When peace was proclaimed, and the prisoners came home, the officers of the 44th consigned to their General the several pieces of their flag.

The spear point had already been found, and restored to the Italian army. The pieces were then sewn together by three women in the presence of two officers.

Then on a certain day, the 44th was drawn up in the presence of a vast multitude, and the General restored to the assembled regiment the actual flag, stained with the blood of the handful of braves who had so valiantly preserved it from the enemy.

"One piece only," said the General, "is missing, and that lies in the heart of the brave man who carried it with him to the tomb."

Then while the men presented arms, and the crowd cheered, the General kissed the flag and gave it to the regiment.

Nothing ever justifies the Christian in hiding his colors, but this story picturesques the faithfulness with which we all refuse to surrender our principles. If Christians were as determined never to surrender Christian principles, never to dishonor Christ, our King, as were these soldiers, how soon we could conquer the world! Let us live and die with the flag of Christ the invitation of Christ, in our hearts.

All who trust in him, and live for him, enjoy peace in their hearts amid the storms of the world.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices,
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

MAP OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH CHRIST JOURNEYED

HOME AND OUR DEAR ONES

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNLY

AS OUR CHILDREN SEE US

S it not worth while for us now and then to pause and consider what sort of impression we are making on our children? They look up to us in confidence, imitating our tones and gestures, and sorbing our opinions, adopting our views, judg- of the world by what goes on within the four walls home.

We carefully teach our children that a lie is the ackest thing on earth, and tell them over and over at nothing is so wretched and vile as deceit. Then, me day, we see approaching an acquaintance whom do not like, or whose call is for some reason inop- rtune and inconvenient. And, thoughtlessly, we ex- im: "There comes Mrs. ——! Did ever any one oose such unfortunate times to visit people as she es? If she would only learn the wisdom of staying home, and not going where she is not wanted!"

I was present one day at a domestic scene like this, d a brown-eyed maid of six, playing with her dolls in e corner, was present too. The unwelcome guest as ushered in, and the lady who had frowned and pro- sted, met her blandly and graciously.

"Dear Mrs. ——, how very good of you to come is cold morning. I am delighted to see you! Sit here the fire, and let me take your wraps." The greeting as more than cordial, it was effusive. Little Jessie zed with dismayed astonishment; her whole flower- ce an interrogation point. Scarcely had the visitor taken leave, when the child burst out: "Why, mother, you do not like that lady! You said so. And yet you were nice to her, and you kissed her when you bade her good-bye!"

"Don't be impertinent, Jessie!" was the mother's reply.

* * *

But was Jessie impertinent? Her question and comment seemed to me extremely pertinent, and inevitably her ideas of right and wrong were confused by the behavior of her mother. How should she know that there are those who fancy a society-lie justifiable, and who compromise with their conscience when they act the hypocrite, by the declaration that one must, at all costs, be polite. Many children who have been reproved for deceitfulness, have had it stamped on their susceptible souls by the heedless conduct of their mothers and fathers, who have forgotten that example is more potential than precept. All the delinquents are not in the nursery and schoolroom. Some of them have had long training in life's various academies, and should have learned the lesson, that, everywhere and always, the simple, direct truth, spoken in love, and growing out of character, is the only right thing in the course of human intercourse.

Again: fathers and mothers preach gentleness of speech and manner; sweetness and forgiveness, to their children, and—lose their tempers with each other, speak harshly or unamiably, even descending to what the children fully understand to be squabbles about trifles, and show a most relentless spirit against those who offend them. In vain do they hold up the pure ideal in words. Their deeds educate the children in the very direction they deprecate, and which they honestly dislike and disown.

To bring children up as they should be brought, in the love and fear of God, so that they shall become good citizens, pure-hearted men and women, and agreeable companions to those nearest them in the household and community, is no slight responsibility, no light undertaking. The thought that, whether or not they mean to do so, our children cannot help judging us, should make us very watchful over our looks, words, and ways, lest haply we offend one of these little ones. We do offend them when we confuse their sense of right and wrong, and startle them from that belief in us, that is natural and instinctive in childish hearts.

For, we stand in God's place to the children. If we exact obedience from them, it is because we in turn must render it to our Heavenly Father. As we love and obey him, conscious of seeking to know and do his will, we have a right to ask from our children love and reverence. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect," so run our marching orders. Only as we daily imitate our Lord, may we hope to set a copy that our little ones may safely follow.

Living Up to a Table-Cloth

I SHALL give those MacAlisters a white table-cloth," announced Dorothy Brainerd, with a positive air. Dorothy was e young Sunday School teacher of the Mac- ister family, and she had tried in vain, and a dozen ways, to civilize them. Thus far ey had resisted her efforts successfully.

Dressed in her pretty gray, tailor-made suit, mmed with squirrel fur, she called at Num- r Three Hundred and Sixty-Four Avenue , the next day, at half-past five.

"I've brought you a present, Mrs. Mac- lister," she said, handing that good woman flat package. "But," went on Dorothy, "I all take it back, Indian giver style, if you n't promise me to use it."

Few women are without an instinctive love linen. When the white table-cloth, snow- op pattern, satiny lustre, fine weave, was nfolded in that dingy, dirty, ill-smelling me, Annie MacAlister threw her apron over r head and cried.

"Miss Dorothy," she said, "I've not seen e like of that table-cloth since I left the ld country, where I was in service, when I arried Tim."

"You will put it on the table, dear?" coaxed orothy.

"It's far too good, Miss; but I've given you y wor-rd, and I'll not go back on it."

The table was drawn into the middle of e floor. First the floor had to be swept. hen the hearth had to be scoured. Then, oken dishes might have to be used; but rs. MacAlister would put only clean dishes that white cloth. And the tribe of Mac- listers crowding in from the street and from ork, grimy, unwashed, higgledy-piggledy as manners and clothes, stood open-mouthed zing at the splendor. One and all they d to be washed, hands and faces, before rs. MacAlister allowed them so much as to t down at her table.

A good supper, hot stew, fragrant coffee, elonged to that table and that cloth.

It is the first step that costs. With the w endeavor, begun from so slight a cause, new era began for Dorothy's friends. You e you cannot get on with just one table- oth. You must have two. And you must place your disgracefully cracked crockery ith whole dishes. Indeed, there are lots of od things to do, if one is to live up to a ir white cloth on the table.

Dorothy is a practical girl, and she has the cret of helping people, by touching their ride as well as their hearts.

In the households of the poor, where the nditions are not the most favorable for diness, a feeling of discouragement often creeps over a woman who was originally neat. "What is the use," she says, knowing that no matter what she does, there will be little change for the better that any one can see.

But give her a thriving plant in a pot, or a beautiful rose from the florist's exquisite collection, a primrose or a lily, and her dormant love for beauty revives. She tries to make her poor room a shrine for the flower. And give her any precious thing, and let it be her starting-point, as was Dorothy's table-cloth. And lo! there may be no miracle, but a wonder will be wrought.

Winter's icy chain is broken, the brooklet's waters, running free,
Give a bubbling, tinkling token, of early spring and budding tree.

The Moccasin Evening

A YOUNG People's Society of a certain church, deciding to hold a sociable, a bright young woman proposed an Indian game as likely to be interesting. The affair was very successful, and the idea is passed on to other young people who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and who may like to utilize it. The young people were asked to come dressed as Indians, either men or maidens, or to wear something about them to indicate the name of some Indian, which most of them did—there being only two or three dressed in Indian costume.

The first part of the evening they spent trying to guess who each one represented. On the walls and draperies, in different parts of the rooms, were the names of cities, which were Indian in origin, printed a little obscurely, and much fun was enjoyed while deciphering and finding them out. A prize was given to the one who guessed them all first.

The names of Indian clothing, household, warfare, amusements and eatables, were given as jumbled words, and some time was spent in setting them straight. A prize was given to the one getting the most words right.

The library was arranged as an Indian reservation. In the centre of the room was a table filled with Indian curios and relics, and Indian pictures and baskets were hung all around the room. Navajo blankets served as draperies in the doors. The guests were then asked to form in line, and were marched through and given a chance to look all around them, and on leaving the room were handed pencil and paper, to write down all they observed in the room. An Indian wigwam was given to the one remembering the most, and a small drum to the one remembering the least number.

And now for the moccasins. They were two peanut-shells, cut in moccasin shape and stained inside with red ink, then tied on one corner of a plain calling card. On the cards were written quotations about moccasins and snow-shoes. (The quotations being found in "Hiawatha.") By matching quotations, partners were found for supper. During the supper, the musically inclined found their way to the piano and played Indian dance music, such as "Hiawatha," "Kick-a-poo," "Pow-wow," etc. The supper was of real Indian style, consisting of corn-bread, wienerwurst, cheese, pickles, ham sandwiches and coffee.

A few jumbled words as a suggestion:

Socsincam (moccasins), kabnetl (blanket), esabd (beads), gawmiw (wigwam), tesletk (kettles), kissn (skins), warsor (arrows), hotkamaw (tomahawk), tarshefe (feathers), situqo (quoits), labl (ball).

Among the Macedonian Refugees

PASTOR POPOFF'S TOUR OF THE BORDER VILLAGES AND ITS RESULTS—LETTERS FROM NATIVE PASTORS

OUR relief work progresses satisfactorily in Macedonia and along the Bulgarian border. Pastor Popoff, and his associates on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee, are laboring most energetically and systematically to reach the centres of greatest need, and the reports received by last week's mail show how they are succeeding. The greatest need at the moment is clothing and bed covering. Food is supplied through the generosity of local committees, chiefly in the Bulgarian towns and villages.

Our representative is now making an extended tour of the border districts among the refugees, and reports the most urgent need at Banya, Kostenetz, Lujene, Tatar, Pazardjik (and twenty two adjacent villages), Stanimaka (and adjacent villages), and Samokov. At least $7,000, he estimates, will be required to supply immediate needs in clothing and shoes. Many of the sufferers are almost literally in rags, and barefooted, and the condition of the women and children is truly pitiable. Some relief has been already afforded, over a very widely distributed area, with the money already sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund.

PASTOR POPOFF ADDRESSING THE REFUGEES AT TATAR PAZARDJIK

From Tatar Pazardjik, Pastor Popoff writes:

This is a city of about 14,000 population. Here and in twenty-two villages in the vicinity there are 1,500 refugees. Rev. L. Mireheff, a native pastor of Monastir, Macedonia, accompanied me in visiting the refugees. One of the most active members of the local relief committee, is Dr. Dimitri Kiñotis, a Greek by race, and military doctor in the Bulgarian army. The Bulgarian government here, as elsewhere, is providing food for the refugees. They are given bread and other provisions (35 centimes, or 7 cents worth per day). The committee spends $3,150 per month for the 1,500 refugees for food. The refugees come once a week to the bread depot, and get food for a week. On account of the appropriation being exhausted, the committee gives now only bread, having discontinued cooked food. Now and then they give the refugees a little beans or lentils. The committee has given no clothing at all, but Mrs. King Louis and other relief agencies have distributed some clothing, mostly in the city. The most urgent need here is clothing. Dr. Kiñotis estimates that to provide this need, about 45,000 francs ($9,000), would be needed.

I send you a picture taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These refugees all live in one building—about 150 in all. Of course the picture does not show all. The picture was taken, as you will observe, while I was telling them what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and other benevolent people were doing for them in relieving their distress. They seemed to be greatly surprised that people so far from them, and not knowing them, should show such sympathy toward them. I explained that it was love to Christ that prompted them to do so.

In a deserted coffee-shop, I found forty refugees—men, women, children, marriageable girls and young men—all crowded together. At night they spread whatever they have on the floor, and rest there. The women were spinning wool. I asked them who gave them wool. They said: "It is not ours; we get it from the city women to spin for them. We prefer to have something to do, rather than be idle, although they pay us but very little." For spinning an oke (three pounds) of wool, which keeps a woman busy nearly a week, they get six piasters (twenty-four cents). M. N. POPOFF.

From Yambol, Rev. Mr. Hristoff writes:

"The refugees have been supplied with bread only and fuel. All of them need shoes. We have about six hundred of them. To supply them with shoes and sandals, we need one thousand five hundred francs. Our refugees have had only bread. The committee can give us some money for beans and some other eatables. As for bedding, they have been partly supplied."

Mr. Vassil P. Karaivanoff, of Dubnitza, writes, under date of Feb. 8:

"The Turks have lately burned a house in Banseo, Macedonia, and killed the owner. This caused a great panic in the town, and fifty or sixty people having run away; I am told that they are now in Rilo Monastery. At the same time, people are running away from Mehomia. Last night, forty refugees from that town arrived in Dubnitza. I met them and questioned them. The Bulgarian quarter in Mehomia was burned last fall. They tell me that many more will run away as soon as the weather permits. Besides the many other ways of torturing the people, the Turks have imposed new taxes on things, which, thus far, had not been taxed, and the old taxes have been increased."

The Rev. Stephen Thomoff, pastor of the M. E. Church at Varna, writes:

"At the request of Mr. Popoff, I send the following information in regard to the refugees of Varna and vicinity. In the town of Varna, there are 222 families of refugees—728 persons—of whom 313 are men and 415 women. Of these, 441 are adults, and 287 children (under 15 years of age). In more than 40 villages of the Varna district, there are 489 families of 1,994 persons, of whom 939 are men and 1,056 women, or 1,250 adults and 744 children (under 15 years of age). Besides these, there are 269 single men, who often apply to the committee for help. Counting these, we have the grand total of 3,064 refugees in Varna and vicinity.

"The refugees in Varna are cared for by a Relief Committee, of which the chairman is the Mayor. This committee collects contributions and clothing from the people in the town and district. Benevolent persons from England sent some bales of clothing two months ago, consisting of blankets, which were distributed by the committee to the refugees. There were also a few women's dresses.

"Bread is distributed to the refugees every day. Most of them, both in the town and villages, are without shoes and stockings, and in spite of the efforts of the committee, this great need of the refugees has not yet been fully supplied. All the refugees stand in need of more food, clothing and shoes."

All contributions should be addressed:

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The Martyrs' Memorial for China

TO worthily commemorate the 212 adults and children of eighteen missionary societies, who died martyr deaths for Christ in China during the century, and also the thousands of natives who shared the same fate, the missionaries of over sixty societies now desire to erect a memorial in Shanghai. They have agreed that this should take the form of a hall, in which living witnesses may carry on the testimony of the martyrs. This will be a centenary thank-offering, an expression of the unity of the church, and a perpetual witness at the entrance to China that China has a martyr church. Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D., the greatest living authority on China, says: "It will embody and prove that unity which must be the note of the triumphant missionary movement of the twentieth century. It will accomplish a maximum of good with a moderate outlay."

RT. REV. BP. GRAVES
Chairman Memorial Committee

REV. D. MACGILLIVRAY, B.D.
Honorary Secretary

The movement to erect a Martyrs' Memorial began in the spring of 1903. The proposed Hall will be an Interdenominational Union Hall for Chinese meetings, with offices for Bible and Tract Societies, the rental of which will form an endowment for the maintenance of the Hall. The building is to be sacred to Christian uses only, and will be held by a Board of Trustees elected by the missionary body. The idea originated in the Shanghai Missionary Association, and the scheme elicited the hearty endorsation of leading missionaries of over fifty societies. The Memorial Committee consists of the original committee in Shanghai, with the addition of special representatives from the societies which had martyrs, and corresponding members from each of sixty-two societies.

Such a Hall has been needed for years, and this need increases with the growth of the native church and the expansion of the missionary enterprise. The new auditorium will hold from 2,000 to 3,000 people. At present there is not even a small hall in Shanghai open to the Chinese, and the churches and chapels hold but a few hundreds each. In the new Hall the native Christians will hold their monthly union meetings, special evangelistic efforts on a large scale to reach the Chinese masses would be possible under the auspices of the various missions, and national conferences could be accommodated. A reading room will form a valuable feature. The tablets of the martyrs will be a constant education in the duty of witness-bearing even unto death.

For this project $125,000 is asked from America. Remittances may be made payable to Alex. S. Webb, Honorary Treasurer, 44 Wall street, New York City, who will forward all donations to Shanghai, China, through the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, 50 Wall street, New York.

INDIA'S GREAT FAMINE*

Dr. J. E. Scott's Story of the Struggle he Witnessed with the Famine of 1900

READERS of this journal have a personal interest in the new book issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, in which Rev. J. E. Scott, tells the wonderful story of the fight with famine in India, the horrors of which were, as he shows, so nobly mitigated by the gifts made in response to the appeals of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and by the services rendered by its proprietor, Dr. Louis Klopsch, who visited India and personally investigated the condition of the sufferers. Dr. Scott says: "As Chairman of one Famine Relief Committee, and member of several others, I was jointly responsible for the distribution of several hundreds of thousands of dollars, mostly contributed by the people of America. These kind donors have a right to know what became of their contributions. I have therefore endeavored, in this book, to give an account of famine relief."

"The famine area of 1899-1900," says Dr. Scott, "covered more than 400,000 square miles and affected 60,000,000 persons. When the famine was at its worst, nearly 2,500,000 persons were on the relief works, and about 5,000,000 were receiving outside relief." The Government spent in relief over $32,000,000, besides lending money to the rulers of adjacent States which were similarly affected, whose rulers were thus encouraged to undertake relief measures. The Government also gave remission of taxes, which, combined with the money spent, made the aggregate loss to the Government by the famine more than fifty million dollars.

Dr. Scott, mentions with deep gratitude, the arrival of the *Quito*, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD steamer, which the readers of this journal had filled with corn for the famine-stricken people, with which, he says, "Our Committee kept thousands alive for months." He was much affected, too, by the record published in our columns at the time, of the self-denial of the contributors to the Fund. A number of these appear in his book, and it is very gratifying to know that in a work which will become historical, these instances of people, some of them mere children, giving up luxuries and pleasures that they might help to feed the destitute people of India, receive permanent recognition.

The scene at Ajmir, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD corn arrived, as Dr. Scott witnessed it, will rejoice the hearts of many whose gifts helped to fill that steamer. He says: "During the famine, Ajmir was one of the chief centres from which we carried our relief to the stricken people in the villages. Two thousand bags of corn, just unloaded from the steamship *Quito* and put down at the door, prepaid, found here ready hands, moved by grateful hearts, ready to distribute; and by bullock cart and by railroad train and on stately camel went into many a town and village to feed the hungry—this food, sanctified and blessed by the prayers of many donors. At all our shops we sold the corn in small quantities to all who were needy, but able to purchase, and gave to those who had no means of paying." Dr. Scott explains that in the cases in which the corn was sold, the purchasers were unable to pay the prices asked by the dealers, but were quite able to pay the normal rate asked by the missionaries, and the money they paid was speedily used in giving further relief to people who were utterly destitute. Thus the generous gift from America was economized so as to do more good to the most needy sufferers, than if it had all been given free even to those who could afford to pay something for it.

The work for the orphans, naturally forms an element in Dr. Scott's valuable history. He says: "The paramount duty now devolving on those who made it possible to rescue starving waifs from death, and often from worse than death, is the support and training of the ten thousand famine-stricken, mostly children, some of them widows, who are gathered into the orphanages. These institutions will become, in time, it is hoped, partly, if not altogether, self-supporting, but in the meantime these waifs, many of whom will develop into useful members of society, are dependent on the charity of the disciples of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

*In Famine Land, by Rev. J. E. Scott. A graphic portrayal of famine-stricken India, as seen by an American missionary living among the people during the awful distress of 1899-1900. Illustrated with photographs and map. Pp. 296. Price, $2.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

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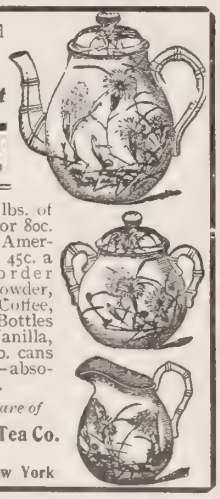

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

W. M. G., Macungie, Pa. I was talking with a farmer yesterday, in regard to farmers' help. All are complaining that they are unable to get anybody to work on the farm, nor a girl for doing housework. The thought struck me, could we not get some of these poor Macedonian people to come to the United States, where there is room for good young men and girls on the farm and in the kitchen, at good wages. What do you think about it?

We do not think favorably of the suggestion. The Macedonians will do very well in their own land, if the proposed scheme of reforms goes through, which seems probable. Besides, they would very likely be greatly out of place here, penniless, in a strange land, and unable to make themselves understood, except through intepreters. The present tendency is to restrict, rather than to encourage, that class of immigration.

J. E. M., North Robinson, O. Where a congregation has decided to erect a new church building and has selected a new location, would the trustees be justified in disposing of the old property to a person who intends to use it for a bottling works?

It is just possible that there might be a misunderstanding here. It might be for bottling milk or drugs or soda water, or it might be intoxicating liquors. To turn a church building to trade is always a sad transformation; but if the business be a clean and an unexceptionable one, there can be no moral objection.

Mr. J. F. Cantwell, Worthington, Ind., writes: My wife and I have been married over fifty years. We were married in 1850. Our ages are seventy-four and seventy-five. We united with the Presbyterian Church in 1852, and are trying to live consistent Christian lives.

An admirable record, and worthy of all respect.

Mrs. R. N. McC., Flushing, Mich. What is the population and area of Japan? Tell me something of the home life of the people. How is the Mikado's name "Mustohito" pronounced?

Population about 35,000,000. The Empire of Japan consists of a long chain of islands. It is difficult to give a correct estimate of area, owing to lack of reliable surveys. An estimate, founded upon maps, which are far from accurate, gives a total of 148,742 miles. The religion is Shinto or Buddhist. The former is the religious belief of the natives prior to the introduction of Buddhism and Confucian philosophy. Since foreigners have been admitted into the country, various Christian missious have been established, churches have been built and schools opened The native houses are constructed of wood, with tiled roofs, and the floors are covered with thick, large straw mats. The doors are formed of sliding screens, sometimes covered with embroidered silk. The front of the dwelling is generally left open or closed with ornamental grille work. There is a garden at the front, and another at the back, the people are very fond of flowers. The Japanese are a cleanly people, bathing very often. They are gentle in manner and very polite. The women are amiable, and devoted to their husbands and children. The Emperor's name is pronounced as if spelled "Mootsoohito."

J. C. F., Manawa, Wis. Is there a record kept at Washington of those that served in the Revolutionary War?

Address a letter of inquiry to War Department, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. V. C., Winston, N. C. Please explain how standard time is gotten from Washington, and how received throughout the country?

What is known as the "new standard time," was adopted by agreement by all the principal railroads of the United States at 12 o'clock noon, on November 18th, 1883. The system divides the continent into five longitudinal belts, and fixes a meridian of time for each belt. These meridians are fifteen degrees of longitude, corresponding to one hour of time apart. Eastern Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia use the sixtieth meridian. The Canadian, New England, and the Middle States, Virginia and the Carolinas, use the seventy-fifth meridian, which is that of Philadelphia. The States of the Mississippi Valley, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Westward, including Texas, Kansas, and the larger part of Nebraska and Dakota, use the ninetieth meridian, which is that of New Orleans. The Territories to the western border of Arizona and Montana go by the time of the 105th meridian, which is that of Denver, and the Pacific States employ the 120th meridian. The time divisions are known as intercolonial time, Eastern time, central time, mountain time, and Pacific time. A traveler passing from one time belt to another will find his watch an hour too fast or too slow, acccording to the direction in which he is going. All points in any time division using the time of the meridian must set their time-pieces faster or slower than the time indicated by the sun, according as their position is east or west of the line. This change of system reduced the time standards used by the railroads from fifty-three to five, a great convenience to the railroads and the traveling public. The suggestion leading to the adoption of this new system originated with Professor Abbe, of the Signal Bureau, at Washington.

Osborn. Should a Christian minister mention publicly and draw lessons from deaths caused by rum in his community?

If he avoids names and personal allusions, we see no good reason why he should allow the opportunity of pointing the lesson to pass unimproved. He could do no better service to society than to expose the demoralizing and deadly effects of the rum traffic. It is his duty to speak out, but not to become personal, or to indicate individuals by name or by unmistakable reference.

Subscriber, Kokomo, Ind. 1. What is that something which some people call "stock"? I have noticed that some of the fine English stock is intensely worldly and not infrequently dissolute. Are there two kinds of stock, one of them religious? 2. Is it the belief of Christian scholars that God does not bestow talents or genius except where there is excellent "stock" to receive?

1. "Come of good stock," *i.e.*, family, parentage, or lineage, is a phrase applied to those whose ancestry bore an irreproachable character, or were prominent and respected in the locality where they resided. It is a rather vague term nowadays. Applied in Europe, it means that the person comes of an old, well-established family, of which he is proud to be a descendant, even though he may be a degenerate one. Here, it means that the individual comes of good pioneer parentage, a descendant of some branch of the early settler families, of Puritan, or Cavalier, or Dutch descent; or it may mean simply that he is of good, respectable parentage, After all, it makes little difference, since the man must be judged by what he is and not by his ancestors' merits. Modern common sense "smiles at the claims of long descent," when these are unsupported by personal present worth. Many of our greatest Americans have sprung from obscure parentage. 2. We do not believe that talent or genius depend to any great extent upon "descent," although good qualities may certainly be transmitted.

Elias, Fairmount, Ind. What was the name of the priest that bought the Potter's Field, as described in Acts 1, verse 18?

In Acts 1: 18, 19, it is stated that the purchase was made by Judas himself. In Matt. 27: 7, the priests are said to have been the purchasers. The high priesthood that year was divided between Annas and Caiaphas. One of the priests next in authority may have been the actual purchaser. No name is disclosed.

A. K., Pleasant Hill, Md. Where did the Indians live prior to their nativity in America? Did they live in Asia? Does history tell how they got to this country? Did they ever serve as slaves to the Egyptians and work on the pyramids?

Some authorities hold that the North American Indian came to this country from Asia, crossing at Behrings Straits, for their implements and modes of life seem to connect them with the peoples of the Eastern Continent, whose relics are still found in the mounds and shell heaps along the base of the Rocky Mountains. History does not tell us whether or not the Indians were ever slaves, and it is a mere matter of speculation as to whether they may have helped in the building of the Pyramids, or were subject in any way to the Egyptians.

Mrs. J. E. N., Greenville, N. H. Please give me the meaning of "Parsifal."

"Parsifal" is the title of a sacred opera, written by Richard Wagner. It was the great composer's last work and by many people considered his best. The opera is based upon the story of the *Holy Grail.* The first performances of the opera took place in Bayreuth, in 1882, under the composer's own direction. It has recently been given in this country, against the will and in direct opposition to the wishes of Mme. Wagner.

Elwood K., Matawan, N. Y. Where can I get the facts for comparing the present winter temperatures with former winters?

From the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. The winter now closing has been the coldest ever known since the Bureau was established. The mean temperature has been 26 degrees. December's mean temperature was 30 degrees, 4 degrees below normal;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 241

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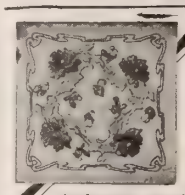

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

anuary's, 24 degrees, 6 degrees below normal, nd February's, 25 degrees, also 6 degrees be- ow normal. The next coldest winter was 374-75, with a mean temperature of 27 de- rees. The snowfall this winter was 28½ inches. t was the coldest December for twenty-three ears, the coldest January ever known, ex- epting January, 1893, and the coldest Febru- ry in nineteen years.

A. P., Jacksonville, Tex. A number of years ago, I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an account of the finding of an ancient writing in Thibet, which purported to be, or was thought to be, a history of the life of Jesus from the time of his boyhood until shortly before his re- appearance at his baptism. Can you tell me anything about it?

It was pronounced spurious, and the work f some foreigner, who claimed to have found there. The best authorities repudiated it as literary forgery.

. R. M., Ottawa, Kan. Why is it that New York puts up with such buildings as "Lung Block," and has such wretched places for people to live in?

"Lung Block" is a "left-over"—a relic of he old days of unimproved tenements. Such laces are now fast disappearing.

I. G. B., Rochester, N. Y. Where and when was Bishop Newman born?

Bishop J. P. Newman was born in New ork City, Sept. 1, 1826.

. O. W., Ouray, Colo. 1. What are the names of the Books in the Apocrypha? 2. Why were they omitted from our Bibles? 3. Are the character and disposition of a person affected by the planet that was dominant at the time of his birth?

1. Esdras; Tobit; Judith; chapters addi- onal to Esther; The Wisdom of Solomon; ccleslasticus; Baruch; The Song of the oly Children; The History of Susanna; Bel nd the Dragon; the Prayer of Manasses, and laccabees. 2. Because they lacked evidence f being of divine inspiration. They were ever regarded as being of equal authority ith those included in our Bibles, and as cholarship advanced, respect for them de- reased. 3. Astrology is based on that theory, at there is no evidence to support it.

Reader, Butler, Ill. If you read carefully nd thoughtfully in Acts 8:9 to 24, you will hen understand the attitude of earnest Chris- ians toward those that would use the religion f Christ as a means of making money. It is rely our duty to see to it that persons of the ype that would turn the most sacred things to common merchandise, are discouraged their efforts.

Mrs. S. L. R., Jacksonville, Fla. 1. Never heard of it. It was probably a novel. 2. Not in the Scriptures.

Mrs. M. J. P., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. The quotation has been attributed to Laurence Sterne, but its authorship is uncertain.

F. E. F., Seaboard, N. C. Alfred Tennyson was the author of the poem, two lines of which you quote. It is entitled, "Break, Break, Break."

H. L. H., Fergusonville, N. Y. Faber, the hymnologist, joined the Romish Church in 1845. He was doubtless induced by the example of Newman.

Any one knowing the present address of William A. Van Kirk, of West Newton. Pa., is requested to send the same to Mary H. Van Kirk, West Newton, Pa.

Old copies and back issues of this paper may be sent to Rev. C. W. Higgins, Westminister Mission, Salt Lake City, Utah, for distribution in Gospel work.

Charles H., Paradise, Pa. The music-teacher must be paid for his labor, and it is entirely right that the pupils should pay, if they are able. The rate seems remarkably reasonable.

Mary A. Rothschilds took their name and title of nobility from a red shield ("roth schild"), which swung from the Frankfort house of Mayer Arnschel, the founder of the family's fortunes.

F. K., Cincinnati, O. See *Cushing's Manual* or Reed's *Rules of Debate* in any library. An amendment to "strike out the enacting clause," or any particular phrase of the motion, would be in order.

Mrs. Anna C. W., Union Star, Mo. All card games and games of chance are better avoided. They do no good, and may do infinite harm, through example, if in no other way.

S. D. J., Wellman, Ia. Our remittances for the Macedonian Relief work are sent through the American Board at Constantinople, which conveys them safely to the missionaries at the desired points in the interior.

John F., West Berkeley, Calif. Read *Ancient Egypt*, by Rawlinson; *Troja*, by Prof. Schliemann; also the works of Profs. Hilprecht and Flinders Petrie. These are the best for your purpose. Any good bookseller will procure them.

C. L. A., Midvale, O. 1. In divorce cases, where the wife gets the decree, it is usually optional with her to resume her own name or to retain her married name. There would be a decided incongruity in calling a divorced woman "Miss."

Eva E. C., Kirtley, Wyo. 1. The Bowery Mission is supported by the proprietor of this paper, and by the voluntary contributions of readers everywhere, who are pleased to have a share in its work. 2. If all Christians were to unite in working and praying for real temperance reform, wonderful results would be accomplished.

Mrs. E. L., Anabel, Mo. There is no present likelihood of the Far Eastern conflict resulting in a universal war. We do not see how any one can connect it with Armageddon. That "last great war," when it does come, will probably be a result of the dismemberment of Turkey.

A Church Afloat on the French Canals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 227

hey feared they had made a mistake, and hat they would get no audience. To their mazement, long before the appointed our the place was thronged, the boat was lled to the verge of suffocation, and, in ddition, the landing stage and the shore ere crowded with attentive listeners. he people seemed to spring out of the round, many of them had come seven or n kilometres [four to six miles]; they alculated that there must have been 700 resent.

In the evening, our last, another delight- il meeting; the children ranged on the latform steps to make room. The *pas- ur*, who had arrived from Paris that day, as an old friend of ours, and after his wn address, he gave us the opportunity f adding our testimony and saying a few ords. Oh what a joy it was to "tell the ld, old story of Jesus and his love"—earer to us than life itself—to those to hom it was not the oft-told tale, but to hom it came in all the power of its first reshness.

We returned home next day, thanking od for these manifest proofs that he is orking in our midst. May we ask your eaders to be "fellow-helpers with us," oth in prayer for continued and deepened lessing, and also in doing their part in nswering their own prayers by contrib- ting of their substance in order that the ission, instead of being forced to curtail his work, may, on the contrary, be en- bled to extend it, till in every remote orner of France, the good news of a free alvation and an open Bible may be ounded forth, and that thus in the great "Harvest Home," sowers and reapers may rejoice together.

AGNES B. D. JOHNSTONE.

Intelligence of Animals

In Chicago, Mrs. McNeill was soundly sleeping alone in her cottage. Suddenly she was awakened by her cat, who jumped on her bed and clawed at her arm. She then found the room was full of smoke, and without stopping to dress, she barely escaped from the burning house.

A little black and white fox-terrier saved the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, of East Manchester, N. H. He forced open the door of their sleeping room, and barked so vigorously that he awakened them, when they found their room was bright with the reflection of a fire in the factory attached to their residence. They escaped in their night-clothes, walking through the snow to the nearest house; the dog, which was a great pet, having undoubtedly saved them from suffocation in the burning building.

A little dog ran up to a door in the rear of a cottage in Detroit, Mich., and whined pitifully. A neighbor thought the animal's action was peculiar, notified the police, who discovered Sarah Boody, almost asphyxiated from the fumes of a coal stove.

Charles A Mills, his wife and two children had a narrow escape from being suffocated by coal gas at Norristown Pa., and they probably owe their lives to the family watchdog. When Mills, a barber, awoke at three o'clock, and started to investigate the continued barking of a dog in the kitchen, he found the house filled with gas from the kitchen stove, and himself too weak to move about. He staggered through the house, opening the windows as he went, and with difficulty aroused and saved his wife and two children.

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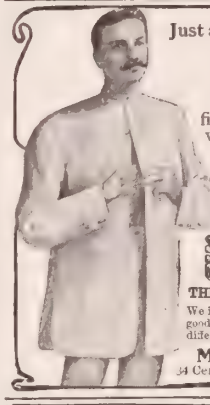

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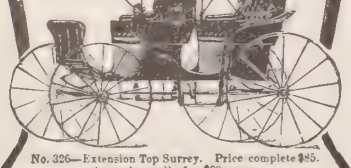

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CHESTER D. CLAPP, 620 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.
(PRACTICAL STOVE AND RANGE MAN)

MISSIONARY TESTIMONY*

Brief Extracts From the Reports of Missionaries on the Foreign Field

THE true rule of blessing on missionary work is thus stated by Dr. Goodrich: "The zeal for foreign missions of the nineteenth century as of the first century, has been twice blessed—blessing the heathen with Christian salvation and blessing the home church with a larger faith."

Rev. J. P. Jones, of the Madura Mission, in India, writes that in his largest congregation the average income per family is five rupees ($1.66) a month, which is thirty-three cents a month for each member of the family. Yet the members of that mission have contributed this year, seventy-five cents per member, as their church offering. What would be the gifts of some wealthy churches at home if each member gave the same proportion of his income?

There are in foreign mission lands 535 native churches under the care of native pastors, who report accessions of membership during the past year averaging 110 to each church. The reports of our own churches at home are not often so favorable as this; yet people often ask if it really pays to send missionaries to heathen lands.

The native heathen are beginning to recognize the vital power of Christianity. Dr. A. E. Richardson, of Hausaland, writes that a Hausa priest recently said to him: "We have those ten commandments which adorn your religion; but there is this difference: you Christians have some power which enables you to keep the commandents; we Moslems have no power to resist breaking them."

Mr. Kiichi Kaneko, of Japan, writes: "Japan needs to be evangelized. The religious development must come from its inner side, just as men cannot be forced to believe this or that creed unless his mental condition is ready to accept it. So with regard to a nation. Japan needs the new light, and the new life."

Rev. Hunter Corbett says: "I may have buried my life in China, but this I know, that at this moment there are at least two thousand converts there who are daily praying to God for me."

Dr. Judson Smith writes: "As plain as the signs that gathered about the advent of our Lord, are the signs that gather about us that God is giving to this generation a new summons, and a glorious opportunity to win the world to our Redeemer. We know the Divine purpose, we see the field. Our hosts are ready; the march has begun, and it is for us to determine what our share shall be in the struggle and in the victory."

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 27, Acts 16:9-16; Matt. 28:18-20.

The Best Yet

We are highly pleased with Mr. Morrison's book, *How I Worked My Way Around the World*, and I write to tell you that my husband, who is now in his eightieth year, read the book in a week, and says it is the best premium we have yet had.

MRS. W. H. BOOKER.

RATES TO ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

Tickets to be Sold at very Low Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., from April 30 to December 1, 1904, several forms of excursion tickets to St. Louis will be placed on sale by the Pennsylvania Railroad on April 25, as follows:—

Season tickets, good to return until December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $38.80 from New York.

Sixty-day excursion tickets, final limit not later than December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $32.35 from New York.

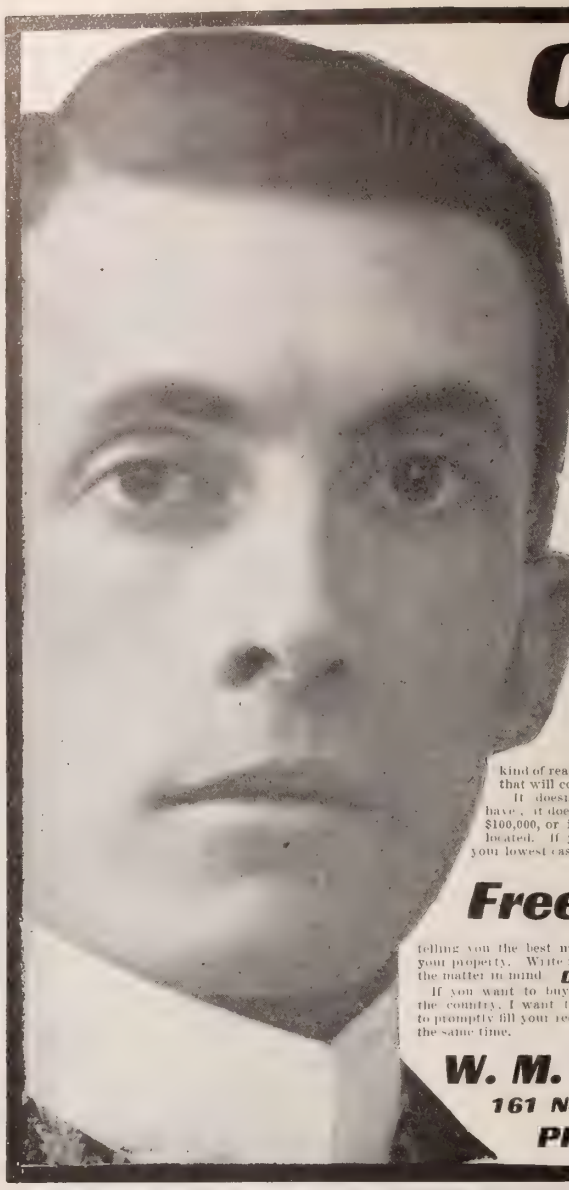
Fifteen-day excursion tickets to be sold at rate of $26.25 from New York.

Tickets of the forms named above will be sold from other stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad at proportionate rates.

Ten-day special coach excursion tickets will be sold on May 10, and on other dates to be announced later, good going only on special coach trains, or in coaches on designated trains, and good returning in coaches on regular trains, at rate of $20.00 from New York, $18.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates, approximating one cent per mile, from other points.

Excursion Tickets by Variable Routes. Season tickets and sixty-day excursion tickets will be sold via variable routes; that is, going by one direct route and returning via another direct route. Variable route tickets will be sold applying through Chicago in one direction at the same rates as apply for season and sixty-day excursion tickets to St. Louis, going and returning via the direct routes.

On all one-way and round-trip tickets, reading to points beyond St. Louis, a stop-over of ten days will be permitted at St. Louis on payment of a fee of $1.00 and deposit of ticket.



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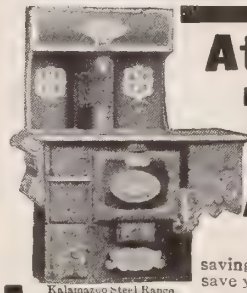

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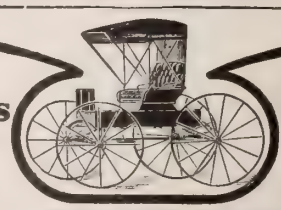

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CHRISTLIKE LIVES*

Christ's Life Among His People a Pattern for Christians in All Time

WHAT an opportunity Palestine had in the presence and ministry of Jesus! Think of what intensity of desire there would be among the nations of the civilized world to have him within their borders, if he were to come now, in his human form! He will come again as a King to reign, but that will be a very different thing from that humble, sweet, beneficent life that he lived in the little Jewish province. His work was so distinctly personal, that it is a marvel that it should have extended so soon over the world as it did, and that it did so is a striking proof of its supernatural power. The men and women who actually saw him and heard him were comparatively few, and as he wrote no books, it would have been natural to expect that when those people died, no more would have been heard of him. Yet out of that country went the force that is leavening the whole world. Every century since his day has added to the number of his followers. Never before have so many eyes been turned, as they are to-day, to the Holy Land, made sacred by his footsteps. His life made it the centre of the world. But for the people of his time, how small was the result! A poor group of one hundred and twenty was all the harvest of his life and teaching. Yet how earnestly he strove to win them, preaching and teaching and healing. If he had not had the prophetic vision, reaching down the centuries, his heart must surely have broken under the sense of failure.

How he is vindicated by our new-born convictions! Men see now as never before, that in his principles alone is there real hope for their country and the world. The way to reform, to peace and to happiness is to take the way he trod. The life of service and of self-sacrifice is the life that ennobles and blesses the world. There is no way of benefiting our country so sure as to live his life. His love of sincerity, of purity, of justice; his compassion for the poor and the afflicted, his mercy for the sinner—all these go to make up a character that would be a blessing to any community. When the church is composed of Christ-like men; when everyone who bears his name seeks earnestly to lead such a life as his, then the church will take a new lease of life and vigor, and will win victories undreamed of and unprecedented.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young People's Union for March 27 Matt 4 23; 25. 23 37

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Subscriber, Cambridge, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge publicly God's goodness in answering my prayer."

W. G. C., New York. "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me'—is as true to-day as when uttered over six, thousand years ago. Verily He does answer prayers."

J. S. B., New Mexico. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer, I would acknowledge it to the world. It was answered, as many others have been since I learned to carry my troubles to him."

Mrs. A., Nebraska. "The Lord has answered the prayers of one that was in deep trouble. I asked the Lord to deliver me from it, and promised him that if he would answer my prayer, I would give him all the praise. He heard and saved me. Praise his name."

L. F. S., Northeast Harbor, Me. "I wish to testify to the goodness and surety of God in answering the prayers of his children that call on him in faith, as he has answered mine in a great many ways. 'If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it' (John 14:14)."

Mrs. A. B., Wis. "I wish to testify with so many others, of answered prayers. Many times I have taken my burden to the dear Lord and he has answered."

Mrs. B. T. S., Zion City, Ill. "I thank God for immediate answers to prayers. 'All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive' (Mat. 21:22)."

M. J. P., Cody's, New Brunswick, Can. "Having read the answered prayers, and having been strengthened by them, I wish to acknowledge the answers to prayers in times of deep distress and sorrow, and have known from experience that it is good to trust in the name of God alone."

Reader, Kansas. "I want to acknowledge that God has answered my prayers many, many times. I wish to ask all Christians to pray earnestly for me that God may soon help me. I am in great trouble. I still trust and pray him to help, as no one else can."

Reader, Massachusetts. "I was in sore trouble and carried it to the Lord. He heard and answered, bless his holy name."

Reader. "I was in trouble and the Lord had compassion upon me. And I believe he will fully deliver me out of my distress."

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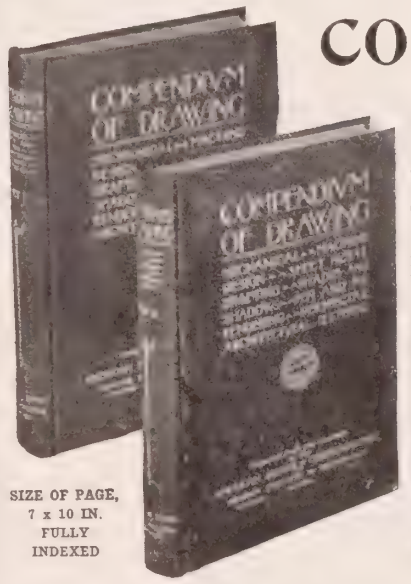

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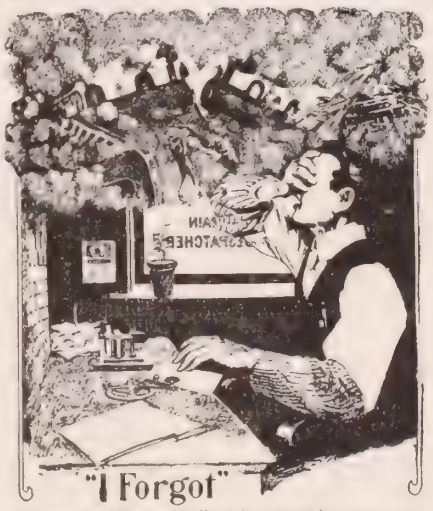

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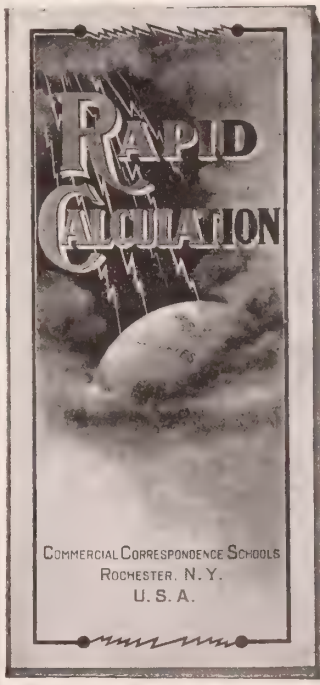

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My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful. I am a relieved, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

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Christ's Twofold Ministry

His Work for the Whole of Human Nature

BY MRS M BAXTER

OUR Lord's life had many aspects. Let us see him at Nazareth. He had been preaching and healing, and his fame had gone abroad. But instead of continuing where the crowds had hung upon his words, and glorified God for the miracles he wrought, he went at his Father's call to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. The people of Nazareth had had an exceptional opportunity to observe him. They must have seen in him something unusual. Reading his young life in the light of the glimpse we have of him in the Temple, we can gather two things: first, his complete obedience to Joseph and Mary, and that he took the place of a peasant child among those whom he would meet with in the school or in the usual intercourse with other children, asserting no superiority to them, doing as they did, learning as they, helping in the home life as they. There is no qualification of the expression in the Gospel of Luke, that he "was subject to them."

Secondly, in the incident at Jerusalem we may see something else. The things of his Father, the Scriptures, were his things. He knew already from the Scriptures many of the things concerning himself; and we may well believe that the roll of the Scripture which he opened in the synagogue (Luke 4: 17), where he "found the place," was a roll very well known to him. Probably his recreation was to go into the synagogue and read and reread the Holy Scripture. It could not have been anything else than the Scripture on which the scribes in the temple questioned him. It must have been his knowledge of Scripture which made them astonished at his understanding and answers. Surely the men of Nazareth must have marked his love for and his acquaintance with the Scriptures; they must have seen in him, as in no other, a life regulated by the Word of God, and a spirit, so under its influence, that it must have been noticeable. They may have heard the story of the wise men and of the shepherds, but they did not stir themselves up to inquire and to discover who this unusual Child was that had grown up among them. Thus, when he read the Scripture concerning himself, and said: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," they were offended that he whom they had known as the son of Joseph and Mary, should be, as they thought, so presumptuous in his claim to be the Subject of Isaiah 61, and he would not further harden their hearts by doing there the miracles he had done elsewhere—because of their unbelief.

But there were those who did believe—and He called the four disciples, Andrew and Peter, James and John, and they followed him to Capernaum, where he took up his abode in Peter's house. Here his work of power on soul and body was abundantly manifested, the preaching and healing went on together; and he could show how fully he was the Saviour of the whole man. He taught, he cast out devils, he raised Peter's mother-in-law from her sick-bed, and, at even, as the Sabbath was over, crowds came round him, and he healed all that were sick, to fulfil the word of Isaiah 53: 4. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses. We next find him again in Capernaum, where they brought him the paralytic, and, in this case, he showed very specially his ministry to the whole man, saying to him, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matt. 9: 2), and then, when the Pharisees began to murmur, he asked them, "Whether is it easier to say unto the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." It was his twofold ministry exercised on the same person.

Again, we see him meeting the accusations of the authorities, about his breaking the Sabbath. He came to bring the Sabbath into our lives. It was to be no longer merely a legal thing. When he cast out the unclean spirit on the Sabbath, what a Sabbath that must have been to the no-longer-tormented victim!

The Right Way to Paint Cheap

And Have it Look Better, Wear Longer and Cost Less Than the Best White Lead Paint.

Fifty Sample Colors and Illustrated Booklet Prepaid to Any Address Absolutely Free.

The cost of painting is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel or scale off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cosy cottage home or the elegant mansion.

CARRARA PAINT is increasing in popularity and use at an enormous rate. Last year over one million gallons were used in this country, and over fifty thousand houses were covered with it. The buildings and magnificent hotels of our largest cities, the palaces of our millionaires and cottages of our workmen, the farm houses, barns, store buildings, factories, mills, elevators, warehouses, machine shops, depots and roundhouses are being painted everyday throughout the length and breadth of the land with CARRARA PAINT because it has proven best. You can use CARRARA with a feeling of security that it has stood the test and has given satisfaction in all places where paint is used. Its universal popularity with all people and the satisfactory service it has given on all classes of buildings give you positive assurance that you are getting the best and cheapest when you buy CARRARA.

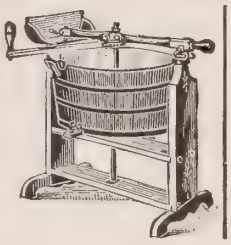
There is but one CARRARA. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, 58 Carrara Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Anyone having anything to paint should send for fifty free sample colors and our handsome, illustrated booklet, showing many buildings reproduced in all the colors just as they are painted with this great paint. Distributing depots in all principal cities. Write to-day telling us what you have to paint and we will show you how to beautify your property and save half your paint bills in the future.

Spinal Curvature Corrected in Your Own Home

We offer a certain relief to all who suffer from this terrible affliction. Throw away the cumbersome and expensive leather and plaster Paris jackets and try our Scientific Spinal Appliance.

It does not encase the body like a vise, but allows perfect freedom of movement. It weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. It is 80 per cent cheaper than the old methods and 100 per cent better. It conforms to the shape of the body so that no one would notice it. It can be worn by the smallest child or the oldest adult with perfect ease and comfort. It will give permanent relief in any case of spinal curvature. They are not made up in large quantities, but each one is made to measure, to meet the individual case, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. If you or any of your friends suffer from any form of *Spinal Trouble*, write us at once and we will give you full particulars as to how your curvature may be corrected, without inconvenience or discomfort, and *Without Leaving Your Own Home*. Address,

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 30 Third St., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



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We prepay all freight charges and deliver this **Standard Washer** direct to your door, absolutely free of charge. You try it thirty days, if you don't find it all and more than we claim, ship it back; we will pay return charges. This is different from any other washing machine ever made. Takes dirt out of wristbands, neckbands, collars, etc., thoroughly as it cleans blankets, sheets or pillow cases. Washday is a pleasure instead of a drudge. Don't delay but write at once and we will ship you a washer **FREE** by the next freight.

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WIARD MFG. CO., 75 West Ave., East Avon, N. Y.

SEED POTATOES
500,000 BUSHELS FOR SALE CHEAP

Largest seed potato growers in the world!

Elegant stock. Tremendous yields. From 400 to 1000 bushels per acre.

FOR 10 CENTS

and this notice we send you lots of farm seed samples and big catalogue, telling all about Teosinte, Speltz, Peaoat, Aerial Land Barley, Macaroni Wheat, Bromus, Earliest Cane, etc. Send for same today.

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JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

VARICOSE VEINS, WEAK JOINTS, VARICOSE ULCERS and LEG SWELLINGS Overcome by

OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

We make all goods **to measure** of new elastic made by us and send by mail to any part of the world, and **guarantee a fit.** Free Catalogue tells how to measure, gives prices, etc. Send for one. We are the largest weavers of special elastic work in the United States.

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ADDICTED TO THE DRUG HABIT?

If so, you can be relieved. Our Sanatorium was established in 1875, for the treatment of **Drug and Alcoholic Addictions. Relief Guaranteed.**

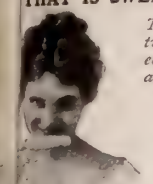
HOME TREATMENT IF DESIRED.

We have relieved thousands that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

WE CONTROL MOISTURE

Sure Hatch Incubator users don't worry about drying up eggs and suffocating chicks. Our ideal ventilating and heating system with sensitive regulator make eggs hatch. Free catalogue Blank answers questions. **Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Nebraska and Indianapolis, Indiana.**

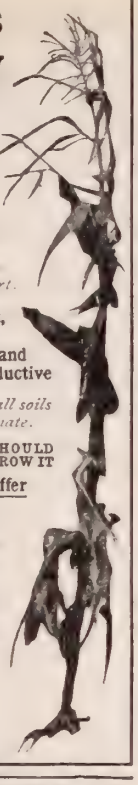
NORTHRUP, KING & CO'S
Peep o' Day
The Sensational, Early, New
Sweet Corn
THAT IS SWEET



Ten days to two weeks earlier than any other sort.

Tenderest, Juiciest, Sweetest and Most Productive

Suited to all soils and climate.



EVERY PRIVATE MARKET GARDEN SHOULD GROW IT
Our Catalogue for Cash Prize Offer
BOYS Get a half acre or vacant lot and have a Sweet Corn Farm. We will buy your corn eagerly at a good price because it is early and sweet.
SPECIAL OFFER Send 20 cts. silver or stamps with name of this magazine for 1 pkt. of N. K. & Co's "Peep o' Day" Sweet Corn (300 seeds; enough for 100 hills) and our pictured catalogue of Northern Grown Seeds.
Valuable Seed Premium FREE. Write Now.
NORTHRUP, KING & CO.
Seedsmen, Minneapolis, Minn.

40 BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FREE

SEND US 25c. to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "SURPRISE" collection of Beautiful Flowers, our new catalog containing the most liberal offers ever made, and CASH CHECK for 25c., giving you your money back.

20 PACKETS SEED

1 pkt Baby Rose (Japanese)	1 pkt Floral Butterfly Plant
1 pkt Sweet Pea Giant	1 pkt Fringed Petunia
1 pkt Verbena special mixed)	1 pkt Wild Flower Garden
1 pkt Cup and Saucer	1 pkt Double Carnation
1 pkt Orchid or Fringed Flo'r	1 pkt Double Crimson Stock
1 pkt Flowering Sage	1 pkt Giant Daisy
1 pkt Hardy Gar'n Heliotrope	1 pkt Oriental Poppy
1 pkt Blue Bells	1 pkt Excelsior Primrose
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	1 pkt Sun Plant Portulaca
	2 pkts Pansy Named

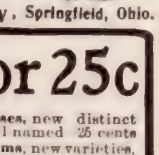
2 Bulbs 1 Scarlet Freesia, 1 Wind Flower, 1 Spotted Calla, 2 Gladiolus, 1 Ranunculus, 2 Hyacinths, 1 Madeira Vine, 1 Shamrock Flower, 10 assorted bulbs for house or garden.

All the above flowers, cash check and the best catalogue in the United States for the cost of packing and postage, 25 cents.

J. DOSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N.Y.

50 for 10c

Packets of choice Flower Seeds, Holly Hocks, Poppy, Mignonette, Pansy, Aster, Sweet William, Verbena, Alyssum, Petunia and Candy Tuft. Cut out this advertisement and send with 10 cents. Illustrated colored cover catalogue Free.



G. H. Brain Seed Company, Box Y, Springfield, Ohio.

6 for 25c

6 Tea Roses, new distinct colors, all named 25 cents
6 Geraniums, new varieties, all named ..... 25 cents
6 Chrysanthemums, prize kinds, all named 25 cents
6 Fuchsias, large flowered kinds, all named..25 cents
6 Carnations, the popular flower all named ..... 25 cents

All of the above five collections for ONE DOLLAR. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our large illustrated, colored cover book

"Floral Gems"

Free. Cut out this advertisement and send with amount of order to

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Box H. Springfield, Ohio.

STEEL WHEELS for your FARM WAGONS

any size wanted, any width of tire. Hubs to fit any axle. No blacksmith's bills to pay. No tires to reset. Fit your old wagon with low steel wheels with wide tires at low price. Our catalogue tells you how to do it. Address Empire Mfg. Co., Box 98 Quincy, Ill.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. Easy sweep Dust Pan. Handled with foot; dirt emptied without litter. Large Catalog sells latest household articles, rapid sellers. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 6, Bath, N.Y.

Field and Garden

New Seed and Floral Catalogues for the Season of 1904

Burpee's Farm Annual. Twenty-eighth year of this excellent publication. Burpee's Fordhook Farms, are the largest trial grounds in America. Here are grown all sorts of delicious vegetable products. Here is the home of the early jewel tomato, the new golden globe onion, the famous Fordhook cucumber, golden beauty corn and Vermont gold coin potato. Burpee's new creations in flower seeds, form an interesting chapter. There are three different varieties of the new ivy-leaved nasturtium shown. "Burpee's seeds that grow," are sold only under seal. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Phila., Pa.

If you wish to see gladioli in their glory, consult the back cover of John Lewis Childs' catalogue, *Rare Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits.* Scattered all through the book are descriptions of the most rare and beautiful flowers, vines and shrubs. The bulbous plants show many new and interesting varieties, the giant gloxinia taking first rank. The rosy nugget watermelon which adorns one page, shows an artistic bit of coloring and looks "good enough to eat." Very novel and beautiful is a group of giant rainbow-leaved coleus. The Childs' seeds and plants have stood the test of time and experience. John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N.Y.

J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., seedsmen and florists, Floral Park, N. Y., are out with their *Garden Annual for 1904.* The new peachblow and double crimson hibiscus head the list of floral beauties, while the cornflower asters are close second. As a border plant the latter is most satisfactory. The curled and crested zinnia shows a flower with its petals curled and twisted in a most fantastic manner. Some beautiful geraniums are shown, grown from seed; one called a pansy geranium, is of easy growth, and is literally covered with flowers all the time, requiring very little attention. It is especially recommended as a window plant. J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Floral Park, N. Y.

Everything for the Garden for 1904, published by Peter Henderson, is filled from cover to cover with beautiful engravings, and descriptions of vegetables and flowers. The colored plates are fairly gorgeous with their wealth of color, a collection of dahlias being especially attractive. A page filled with lovely hardy, everblooming roses are so well represented that one can almost litt them from the paper, so natural are they in their varicolored beauty. It is truly a "charming" collection. An automobile covered with sweet peas, shows what may be done in the way of decoration with this fragrant flower. One page devoted to onions, colored to life in delicate yellows and reds, shows that flowers are not alone in the possession of beautiful tints. The catalogue is most artistic and attractive from cover to cover. Peter Henderson, 35-37 Cortlandt street, New York City.

From the Wagner Park Conservatories, Sidney, Ohio, comes a dainty booklet, showing in many ways *How to Beautify Home Surroundings.* Landscape gardening comes in for its full share of attention, while ornamental trees and shrubs are shown in great variety. Beautiful half-tone engravings picture garden beds and walks, all rich in their appropriate garniture. Foundations of houses are banked with hardy flowers, and bay trees show to the best advantage cultivated in large tubs at the home entrance. A border bed of ornamental grasses produces a feather-like effect, while a giant clump of rudbeckia or "golden glow" out on the lawn would make the cloudiest day bright. Wagner Park Conservatories, Sidney, Ohio.

L. Templin & Sons, Calla, O., offer lovely combinations of hardy, ever-blooming roses, also the famous new "ostrich plume" Boston fern. Their catalogue for 1904 is richly ornamented with embossed reproductions of roses and ferns, which are really works of art. This firm deals also in seeds, plants, bulbs, etc. L. Templin & Sons, Calla, O.

The Dingee & Conrad Co., West Grove, Pa. This firm have issued a booklet devoted to floriculture and the home, which contains much of interest to flower lovers, especially rose growers Many lovely specimens of this queen among flowers are pictured in their varied tints in the catalogue. Dingee & Conrad Co., West Grove, Pa.

D. M. Ferry & Co., seedsmen, Detroit, Mich., are out with their lovely *Seed Annual*, and if the Semple branching asters with which the *Annual* is adorned are a fair sample of those grown from seed, every lover of this beautiful flower will do well to invest. The tall and trailing nasturtiums also show most vivid coloring and marking. D. M Ferry & Co., seedsmen, Detroit, Mich

Wm. Elliott & Sons, Seeds for 1904, shows many new varieties of flowers and vegetables, and choice hardy flowering shrubs. Small fruits or nursery stock are also grown in great variety and abundance at Elliott's. The "petunia superba," pictured on the back cover, is worthy its name, both in texture and coloring. Wm. Elliott & Sons, 54-56 Dey street, New York City.

Northrop, King & Co., seedsmen, Minneapolis, Minn., offer an exceptionally interesting list of seeds, vegetables and flowers. A feature is their sensationally early sweet corn, ten days earlier than any other variety. It is said to be sweeter than any other variety and the most productive. No private or market garden complete without it. Northrop, King & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

John A. Salzer Seed Company, La Crosse, Wis., issue for 1904 an attractive calendar. Salzer's giant blue cornflower is a special attraction. Flowers, vegetables and shrubs vie in beauty and excellence. The "Happy Thought" vegetable seed collection includes a fine variety. Oats are a specialty with Salzer. The United States Department of Agriculture at Washington says: "Mr. Salzer, regarding your oats, in our estimation, taken as a whole, for large yield, this is better than any other in the exhibit, out of a lot of 400 or 500 samples of all kinds of oats." John A. Salzer's Seed Company, La Crosse, Wis.

The Maule Seed Book for 1904 is at hand, with most attractive covers and contents. A novelty collection worth having is composed of one packet each of seeds from ten new vegetables—the shamrock cucumber, the ninety-day pepper, extra early lima bean, parsnip, onion, carrot, radish, cabbage and lettuce. The cuts, in colors, of these vegetables are most attractive. Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.

Women, What Will You Give to Be Well?

Perfectly, completely well with that glad, joyous freedom and happiness in life and sweet personal loveliness which health and a well developed graceful body alone can give?

WILL YOU GIVE FIFTEEN MINUTES a day? If you will, you can be free—you can be graceful—you can be lovable and wholesome; you can have bounding, buoyant, vibrant health which will make the world look sweeter to you and you will look sweeter to the world.

There is nothing in girlhood or womanhood so lovely as a healthy, vigorous, well-kept body, sound and sweet and wholesome, full of life and strength and fire. There is nothing which gives a woman such power to win love and to wield influence.

YOU CAN BE WELL WITHOUT DRUGS

You can make yourself

Full of Life and Strength.
A Better Wife.
A Rested Mother.

It is two years this month since I began to teach women the principles of perfect health through mail instructions and my success has been marvelous. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to realize that I have relieved over 7,000 women of all sorts of physical ailments by simply strengthening the vital organs, the nerves, heart and the lungs. I simply teach them the laws of nature. Their brains are clearer, their cheeks are rosy, their step is buoyant, they learn how to breathe and they express that buoyancy and vivacity of life which is the crown of American womanhood. Surely what I have done for others I can do for you. My work cultivates that distinguished carriage and bearing which bespeak culture and refinement.

True attractiveness is in perfect health, grace of movement, free and wholesome thoughts. These are your birthright and may be retained by simply putting yourself in harmony with Nature.

A Sweeter Sweetheart.
A More Cheerful, More Wholesome Companion.
A True, Well-Balanced Woman.

The following are extracts from three of my pupils' letters, on my desk as I write:

"I have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

"I have never felt so **perfectly well**. Just think, you have relieved me of **indigestion** and **constipation** which have bothered me for years and years. Since you have relieved me of these troubles I have **gained thirty pounds** in weight and have lost the throat trouble which refused to move with medicine."

"My bust has increased four inches."

A Corset Is Not Needed For a Good Figure.

I will strengthen the **Stomach** and **Nerves** so that your food will nourish you, strengthen the **Liver, Kidneys** and **Intestines** so that the impurities are thrown off from the system. Stimulate a **Sluggish Circulation** and send the blood bounding through your **Veins** so that the **Rheumatic Twinges** will disappear and you will feel warm and comfortable; **Strengthen** a **Weak Heart** or **Lungs**; **Reduce Superfluous Flesh** or **Round Out** your **Figure**; Relieve you of **Weakness, Lame Backs** and **Headaches**. I can do more for you than medicine can do. I can give you a **Clear Brain**, a Quick Perception and a New Lease of Life by simply strengthening the vital organs.

I can take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention. I do not work with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I **know** I can **reduce prominent abdomens** and **hips**, build up **thin necks, chest** and **bust** and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry. I have done all of these hundreds and hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me.

Write to me, telling me your particular difficulties, and I will send you letters from my pupils and give you the names of women who have been relieved of these difficulties. I will tell you just what I feel I can do for **you** and I will send you an instructive leaflet on how to **stand** correctly. Every woman should know this if she would be perfectly well. I charge you nothing for this leaflet as I gladly do for any information in regard to your case. Do not hesitate, write at once.

If you have not time to write me of your case to-day, and really desire information in regard to my work, cut out this advertisement, giving me your name and address on the line below, and I will send it to you.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 428, 57 Washington St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Ex-President of the Physical Culture Extension work in America, Miss Cocroft has had a wide experience in diagnosing cases and in prescribing individual work for women.

43 FLOWERS 30c

Worth $1.25

SPECIAL OFFER to introduce our goods. Money back if not pleased.

20 Pkts. Seeds

1 Pkt. Diamond Flower. 1 Pkt. Washington Weeping Palm.
" Simple Asters, Leeds. 1 Pkt. Heliotrope, mixed. 1 Pkt. Umbrella Plant.
" California Sweet Peas. 1 Pkt. Dble Chinese Pink " Japan Morning Glory.
" New Candytuft Empress. " Pkt. Phlox Drummondii.
1 Pkt. Bouquet Chrysanthemum " Carnation Marguerite.
" Poppy—"American Flag." " Petunia Hybrid, mxd.
" Forget-me-not Victoria. " Pansies, 10 colors mxd.
" Lovely Butterfly Flower. " Calif. Golden Bells.
" Alyssum Little Gem, mxd " Giant Verbena, mixed

23 BULBS

1 New Begonia "Splendens," 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth, 1 Double Pearl Tuberose, 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus, 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis, 2 "Fair Maids of France," 2 Hardy Wind Flowers, 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines, 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 crimson, 1 "Novelty."

A Return Check Good for 25c. on first $1.00 order; also our New Floral Guide, telling all about Roses and 400 other choice flowers. All above postpaid, only 30c.

THE CONARD & JONES CO.
"Growers of the Best Roses in America,"
Box O, West Grove, Pa.

WE PARALYZE COMPETITION

$15.90 for this latest 1904 Style Open Buggy, as described in our Big Free Buggy Catalog.

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Latest 1904 Styles

$37.50 for this latest 1904 style Canopy Top Surrey, without top, or $42.50 with top, as shown in our Big Free Buggy Catalog. Shipped on 30 days FREE TRIAL.

CO-OPERATION DOES IT

Send us a postal for our Big Free 1904 Vehicle Catalog and our great book explaining how co-operation reduces the prices on everything. Freight rates guaranteed; money refunded if goods are not satisfactory.

First National Co-Operative Society
(CASH BUYERS UNION)
18 B Cash Buyers Building, CHICAGO.

EVERY THING YOU SEE IN FLOWERS
EVERY THING YOU EAT IN VEGETABLES

All shown in picture and story, arranged and classified for easy selection in

DREER'S 1904 Garden Book

Send 10c. (for postage) and with the book we will send free three packages of Dreer's select Asters, Pinks, Poppies.

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia.

GREGORY'S SEEDS

Famous for nearly half a century for their freshness, purity and reliability—the safest, surest seeds to sow. Ask anyone who has ever planted them. Sold under three warrants.

Send to-day for free catalogue.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON,
Marblehead, Mass.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable.—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. Catalogue *free.*

KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.,
415 North St.,
Kokomo, Indiana.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY

and ALMANAC for 1904, contains 212 pages with fine colored plates true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about INCUBATORS and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It is really an encyclopædia of chickendom, and no one can afford to be without it. Price only 15c.

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 702, FREEPORT, ILL.

WHEN ROBINS BUILD

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE snow was white awhile ago,
The winter winds were chill,
And not a leaf in verdure waved
On yonder naked hill.
To-day the grass is springing green,
The tender flowers appear,
And robins build their nests again,
'Tis love-time in the year.

We see the tokens day by day
Of our dear Father's care;
There's beauty broadcast in the land
And gladness in the air.
We need not go afar for joy:
The birds are nesting here,
And robins sing, and build their nests,
'Tis love-time in the year.

So lift we now our hymn of praise
To One whose hand divine
Is over all our earthly ways,
In shadow and in shine.
The snow is gone, the south winds blow,
The orchard blooms appear,
And robins build their nests again,
'Tis love-time in the year.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home

—, Athens, Greeee. 45 66

Any Good Cause

Mrs L E Clark..... 50
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Soc.for the Sup.of Vice

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American Tract Society

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Dr.W. T. Grenfell, N. F.

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Called Higher

At the patriarchal age of ninety-two, Peter Auten, of Princeville, Ill., passed away lately. He was a man of wide Christian influence, and was one of the oldest settlers in Peoria county where he conducted a banking business for thirty years. He was always active in church work, was a warm friend of the temperance cause, and was universally beloved for his long life of good deeds.

Mrs. Clymena T. Whittier, widow of the late B. F Rowell, died at her home in So. Solon, Jan. 26, 1904, on the place where she was born, aged eighty-four years. She had been an invalid for five years. Very early in life she gave her heart to the Saviour, becoming a member of the Christian Church at Athens, Me., and she lived a pure, devoted, conscientious Christian life. She had been a subscriber to, and a reader of, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. Many were the rays of sunshine scattered by her that have brightened lonely hearts and homes.

William Henry Best passed away at Bay Centre, N. Dak., Feb. 16. He was an active Christian, and died trusting in the Lord. His neighbors loved him for his ideal Christian life and his bright, helpful nature. He was for many years a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The White House China

SOME of the historical china of the White House has been placed on exhibition in the hallway of the basement of the White House, and may be seen by visitors who pass through on their way to the East Room, the only room of the Executive Mansion that is open to the general public, says the Washington *Star*. One of the closets has been placed on the south side of the hallway in the basement and the other on the north side. The closets do not contain the full sets of the historical china of each Administration in the past, but merely specimens. The entire sets, in many cases, will be placed in glass closets in the future. The two cabinets now on exhibition contain china from the following Administrations:

The north cabinet: Upper shelf—Lincoln china, fish platter, two plates, large fruit dish, one small compote. Second shelf—Reserved for Roosevelt china. Third shelf—McKinley china, three plates, two cups and saucers, a small bonbon dish in shape national flag. Fourth shelf—Grant china, large open-work fruit dish, smaller compote, two plates, long fish platter, small butter plate.

South cabinet: Upper shelf—Hayes china (from the Theodore Davis decorated set), turkey platter, "bear and honey" salad dish, gravy boat, ice-cream plate, cup and saucer, dinner plate, plate with painting of house in which Mr. Davis made the designs for the dishes. Second shelf—Arthur china, six plates from the "gipsy set," two cups and saucers. Third shelf—Cleveland china, four plates, tea cups, gravy boat. Fourth shelf—Harrison china, cut glass, two plates, cup and saucer, ice-cream plate, goblet, finger bowl.

Mrs. Roosevelt has taken a deep interest in the exhibition of this china, and has extended her original ideas to a plan that will mean the accumulation of some of the china of each Presidential family since the government of the United States was formed. She has asked Mrs. Abby G. Baker, who has written a number of magazine articles in past years of White House china, to assist in arranging and collecting the china. All the china that has been used in the White House since the Administration of President Lincoln has been carefully preserved, but prior to that time the officials of the White House did not preserve it, and it passed into private hands.

Some of the china used by Washington when he was President, as well as a few pieces of some of the other first Presidents of the country, are on exhibition at the Smithsonian. It is probable that these will soon be transferred to the White House. There is in Massachusetts a considerable collection of the china used by the Adams family.

The government supplies each Administration with a new set of china, and when the Administration goes out it is left in the White House. Before Lincoln's time the china went to the Presidential family and did not remain in the White House.

A Strange Indian Tribe

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the well-known traveler and explorer, tells of his experiences among the Tarahumares, a primitive people whom he discovered in the heart of Mexico. They are partial cave dwellers, strong and healthy, simple in all their ways, great runners and hunters, strangely insensible to pain or fatigue. The style of beauty most esteemed among the Tarahumares would seem peculiar to some people. Eyes like those of a mouse are considered the handsomest. The women do all the courting. When the maiden wishes to "pop the question" she throws a pebble at her beloved, and if he throws it back, the match is made.

One of the traditions among this race is that they originally descended from heaven, with corn and potatoes in their ears. Dr. Lumholtz believes that they will ultimately become consolidated with the Mexicans, to the good of the latter, "because," he says "the Tarahumares are honest, and never cheat until they are taught better by civilization."

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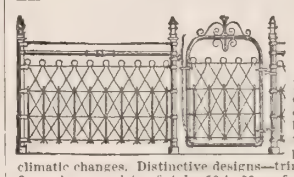

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Go slow on tea and coffee, and [no] liquors whatever.

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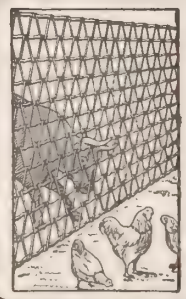

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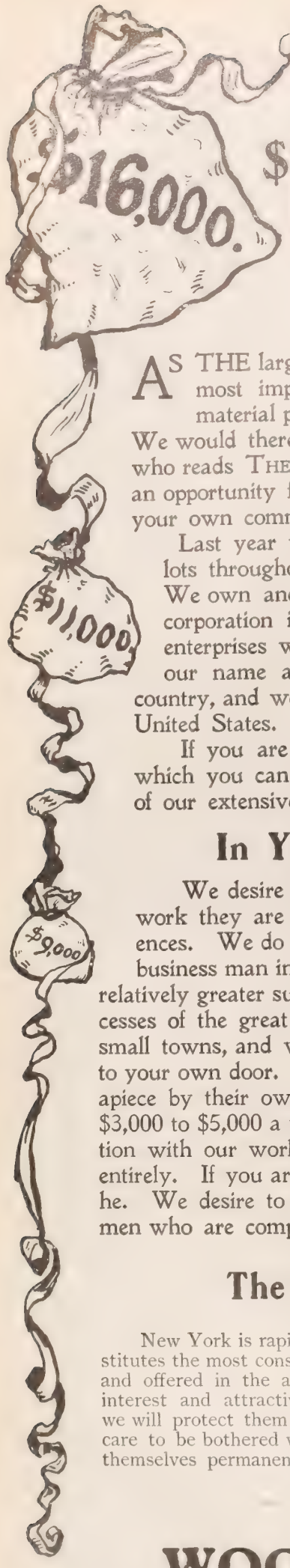

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Yours very truly, Z. M. P. IN

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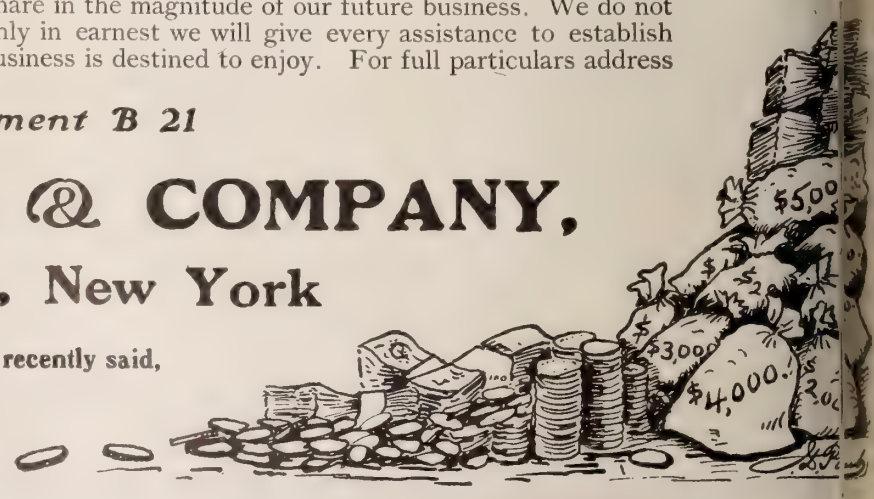

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SEE PAGE 255

THE WAR IN THE EAST—A Russian Camp Along the Trans-Siberian Railroad

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

Reader, Macon, Mo. I have prayed for ten years to overcome a besetting sin. God has just heard and answered my prayer because of "my importunity." I write this because I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a question to this effect, "Will it pay to persist in prayer to overcome a besetting sin, when, after repeated trials to overcome the sin, the sin overcame me?"

Thousands have had a similar experience. After a futile struggle to conquer the sin, in their own strength, they have importunately prayed for relief. When their own efforts have ceased, then the wonder has taken place, and the answer has come to their petitions.

Student, Baltimore, Md. 1 Assuming the partial solidity of the earth, what is its approximate weight? 2 What is the most reasonable conjecture as to the nature of the earth's interior?

1. Astronomers estimate the weight of the globe at 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. 2. Concerning the earth's interior, the *American Inventor* sums up the latest scientific conclusionsthus: "The earth's temperature varies greatly at different depths, the average increase being one degree for every sixty feet below the surface. If this increase is maintained, the excavator would soon reach the boiling point. The opinion that we were living upon a thincrust, over a molten mass, for which volcanoes are safety valves, has been disproved. An earthquake in Japan is able to register itself in England, on the opposite side of the globe. This actually happened in the case of the disaster in North Japan, four or five years ago, when 30,000 people lost their lives. A tremor of this kind could not pass unless the earth had a rigidity approaching that of steel, and observations of tides and the attractions exercised upon us by sun and moon have made it pretty certain that our world is just about as hard and solid as so much steel. This makes it fairly certain that the earth is solid all through, with perhaps occasional accumulations of fluid rock here and there in parts. It also destroys the old theory of volcanoes."

How I Worked My Way Around the World is a unique production. I do not know that I ever read a book that interested me so much as this, and I regretted when I reached the last page. The various places visited by the author are so elaborately described as to render the work extremely valuable.

JOHN SIDDONS.

P A., Harman, W. Va. Is it true that the Shakespearean audiences were composed of men only when the plays were first given?

The players were men, but there may have been and doubtless there were, women in the audiences.

E P M., Westville, Conn. 1 "I came not to call the righteous, but the sinners to repentance" Matt. 9: 13, and Luke 5: 32. Does that mean that there are some righteous? 2. "There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." Does that mean some need no repentance?

1. Not necessarily. It was as though he had said, "Ye deem yourselves whole; therefore my mission is not to you. Ye believe yourselves righteous; therefore you cannot feel a personal interest in this call." It was their own self-righteousness that was their stumbling-block. 2. No, it means that the repentance of the sinner who has been living in open and flagrant wickedness gives such occasion for rejoicing as can never be experienced in the case of those who have grown up from childhood in the fear of God and who are the "sheep of his pasture."

H. C. C., Darby, Conn. Can you tell me why the Powers allow Turkey to massacre the Armenians, or Macedonians? Two hundred and seven Christian villages destroyed by the Turks.

Turkey is a despotism, like Russia, and for centuries it has kept these people in cruel and tyrannical subjection. Whenever there is a sign of revolt, the Turks rise and massacre a number of their victims as a warning to others. It is the shame of Europe that such things should be tolerated, but Turkey's clever diplomacy and her position in European politics, have secured her the support of so-called "Christian" Powers, that should have driven the Moslems out of Europe long ago.

J B., Folsom, S Dak. What authority have we for celebrating the resurrection on Easter Sunday? Why is it not a fixed date?

The evangelists concur in assigning the Crucifixion to the week of the Passover, though there is some difficulty in harmonizing John's account with those of the other three. A careful study of the four accounts, leads to the belief that it took place on the day before the Jewish Sabbath. There is no doubt that all agree about the resurrection having taken place on the first day of the week, following the celebration of the Passover. The question to determine, therefore, was the date of the Passover. That was regulated by the moon. It was to be held at the first full moon which occurred after the equinox—March 21. This custom was followed with our Easter celebration, which accords with the ecclesiastical instead of the calendar year.

W N. M., Stoneham, Mass. 1. Who are the elect mentioned in Rom. 8: 33? 2. What does Rom. 9: 18-24, which speaks of the potter and the clay mean? 3. Did Luther reject the epistle of James?

1. The word means chosen. The Apostle's argument runs through the whole epistle, and not until we reach the close of the eleventh chapter do we discover his aim, which is to show that God would "have mercy upon all." (See Rom. 11: 32). He is not dealing with the doctrines which now agitate the church, but with the admission of the Gentiles, and is answering the questions prominent in the philosophy of his time. The Jew gloried in his election, and the Apostle is showing that God's power and mercy may be exercised toward the Gentiles, too. 2. The passage is part of the argument by which he would reprove men for criticizing God's government. Paul doubtless had no idea of the use to which this step in his argument would be put; for of all Bible writers, he is most emphatic in holding men responsible for their rejection of the offer of salvation. 3. Luther did not reject the epistle, though he disliked it. He spoke of it contemptuously as "a right strawy epistle." It so happened that in his day there was need to insist on salvation by faith, as it is in our day to insist that conduct shall be in harmony with, and an expression of, faith.

Edna C., Colebrook, Ont., Can. What is the Monroe Doctrine? I have often read about it, but do not know what it means.

It is a political policy first promulgated during the administration of the presidency of Monroe, in 1823. The message which embodies the vital spirit of the doctrine refers to the proposed intervention of the allied Powers (France, Russia, Prussia and Austria), for the purpose of reducing the revolting Spanish colonies in America, whose independence had already been recognized by the United States. President Monroe's message stated that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." It added, further, that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." This doctrine has been firmly maintained ever since.

Subscriber. Is it right for a professing Christian to drink moderately, say three or four drinks a day? Would you call it hypocrisy, to drink it at home, concealed from the world?

We should be disposed to call such a person a tippler, who is in a fair way to become a drunkard ere long. It is impossible to reconcile such habits with the profession of Christianity.

C. C. H., Webster Grove, Mo. When and under what circumstances will our Lord's promise be fulfilled (Matt. 5: 5) that the meek shall inherit the earth?

It belongs to the same class of sayings as that "He that loseth his life shall save it." Christ's meaning appears to be that it is not the ambitious, the contentious men, the men who are continually striving to gain everything and to acquire property which rightfu belongs to others, who really inherit the ear but the quiet, contented man, who ho worldly objects in small esteem. It was, we understand it, a reproof to the graspi restless, covetous spirit.

Miss Alice S. What is the origin of phon spelling?

Phonetic spelling is a system in wh words are spelled exactly as they are p nounced. The sounds are represented characters, each representing a single sou Phonetic printing was first suggested Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, and redu to a system by him, in 1843-1846. Since t time many schemes of phonetic spelling h been proposed, and several are now in da use by-stenographers in the United States

W B., St. Louis, Mo. What is the numbe native Christians in the Japanese Empire of the missionaries working there?

About ten years ago, there were over 25, native converts in Japan. There were schools with 22,000 pupils; since that ti various disturbances have arisen which in fered seriously with the work, but now it going on with renev vigor, and many tives are embrac Christianity. T number of conv has greatly increas Nearly every eva gelical church is r resented there.

Mrs. G. B., Reddick, 1. Can you tell where in the Bit can find the pass telling about the d being cast out heaven? 2. Wha the proper pronu ation of "Eunice" See Luke 10: Isaiah 14: 12, II. P 2: 4 and Jude 6. 2. I nounced "u-nees."

J. D., Pearl River, M Is coat-of-mail w anywhere in b nowadays, as it to be in olden tin

We doubt it. Th may be some few tions—Moors, Chin Tartars, Afghans, the like—who still c to the ancient ic though not extensively. It was stated la in a Vienna dispatch that all the Japan generals and admirals wear coat-of-mail tu under their uniform, and that it is absolu bullet-proof.

Mrs. A. B. H. Pronounce all the letters written except "c," which is silent.

Vesta, Dayton, O. There are at the pre time between 3,500 and 3,700 central electric tions in the United States, the construction equipment of which cost $504,740,352. Illinois the greatest number under private owners Ohio the largest number under municipal cont

J. K., Grove, Kan. The person who has b slandered should not show resentment. You m remember that the slanderer really does the gre injury to himself. He has injured his own rep tion by the lie; and on reflection, he will very lik feel this to be true.

Fred T., Baltic, Mich. 1. You can go before court in your own district and be naturali Your "second paper" will be granted five ye after the first. The court will explain all the quirements. 2. You can obtain the *Hall of F* on sending $1 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD off

"THE KINGDOM OF PEACE," FROM THE FAMOUS DESIGN BY GEORGE TINWORTH

This terra cotta panel, representing the chief work of George Tinworth, was made in England, and was originally intended for the St. Louis Exposition, but was withdrawn at the last moment, on account of the danger of injury in transit, owing to its great size and weight. Describing the panel, *Black and White* says: "The artist has taken for his principal text, the passage in Isaiah 11: 5-9, which describes Christ's Kingdom in the last days. Despite the multiplicity of figures in this huge panel, the design is nowhere confused, and the varied importance of the principal characters is admirably regulated; while the modeling is good and the whole panel highly finished."

Among the Workers

—IN THE remarkable series of revival ser ces at Moulton, Ia., lately, nearly 250 c fessed Christ. The evangelists were He W. Stough and L. P. Conner.

—E. A. VAIL, Superintendent of the Un Gospel Mission, 1,811 Magnolia street, N Orleans, reports that his mission work is str gling under severe burdens. Any help wo be appreciated.

—LOUP CITY, NEB., has just closed a table revival, the greatest in its history. M than fifty professed conversion The work been thorough. The pastor was ably assis by G. A. Jones, an evangelist of York, Neb

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A Great Pilgrimage to Palestine

"WE are going to be for a little while where Christ lived; we are going to stand where he stood, and in his own land be inspired anew to carry on his work at home, when we re-tn," said one of the pilgrims, Jerusalem bound, just fore the sailing of the big liner *Grosser Kurfuerst*, crying 800 delegates to attend the fourth World's nday School Convention.

Every State in the Union was represented among the grims, and there were a number of delegates from nada and Mexico. As the hour for sailing drew ar, on the afternoon of March 8, the big steamer was irly packed with happy humanity. There were mis-naries grown gray in the service, who were going ck to their work after a brief rest in the home-land; lt the greater part of the dele-tion were new to travel—ocean vel at least—and the joys of w sensations were to be theirs m the time the steamer left the oboken pier. There were white-ckered dominies, who tried to pear as if a journey of 12,000 les was a mere bagatelle to em; young ministers, some with eir wives, and some who looked hely without. There were Sun-y School teachers, and a large rcentage of scholars, who seemed think this was the finest picnic ad ever been their privilege to end. Everyone seemed happy, th few exceptions. One man nounced in sepulchral tones that ere were four in his stateroom, d it was not a very big one her.

Ohio sent the largest delega-n—eighty persons. These dele-tes all wore badges, with the me of the State on one bar, Je-salem on another, and a cross d crown in the centre. The ader of the Ohioans was Dr. seph Clark, of Columbus.

F. H. Jacobs, the "Singing Evan-list," will lead the musical ser-es during the tour. Mr. Jacobs as formerly with Evangelist D. Moody, and is now Superinten-nt of the Fulton Street Prayer eeting.

Among the many pleasant fea-res of the voyage which have en planned by the management, ll be the various meetings, re-gious and musical, on deck and loon. A practical plan to en-hten the pilgrims as to the aces to which they are going, is course of stereopticon lectures, scribing the different localities. daily paper is to be published ring the voyage, and various en-rtainment clubs have promised at time shall not hang heavily on the travelers' hands.

Madeira will be the first stop, here a day and a-half will be ent in sightseeing. Then at ibraltar, the fortifications and arks will be inspected, with the lp of guides. In Algiers, a car-age drive of half a day. Land-g at Malta, thirty miles of railway Citta Vecchia and return. Reach-g Piraeus, the party will go to Athens by rail. ervice will be held on Mars' Hill on Sunday morning. Three days will be spent in Constantinople, and on nding at Smyrna, guides will be furnished for sight-eeing and there will be a side-trip to Ephesus. From eyrout, which is the next landing, there will be side-ips to Damascus and Baalbec. Next, Khafa, landing f parties for side-trips or of those wishing to stay over or the return of the steamer. At last the pilgrims rrive in Jerusalem, where they will visit the pools of olomon, Rachel's Tomb, Bethlehem, and Bethlehem ills, Mount of Olives, Bethany and Gethsemane. here will be a half-day's ride around the Walls of erusalem, on donkeys. All the leading points of in-terest will be visited, including Calvary and the Tomb.

One of the most important features of the Convention will be the presence of foreign missionaries from Europe, Asia and Africa, who will join the tourists in the Mediterranean. These men and women, with an intimate knowledge of foreign conditions and sympathy with those in less enlightened lands, can present the uplifting power of the Gospel as applied to millions.

The Sunday School Convention will last three days—April 18, 19 and 20—and will be held in two large tents, pitched near Calvary, outside the city, near Damascus Gate. All the regular tours for exploration and sightseeing, have been planned in such a way as to take in every point of interest in and about Jerusalem.

At Alexandria, there will be a carriage drive, and another at Cairo, a visit to the Pyramids and Heliopolis. A little more than five days will be spent in Egypt. The visit to Naples comes next, where train will be taken to Pompeii. Then to Rome by rail and return, where four days will be spent sightseeing. Then a coaching trip to Nice. There are also numerous and interesting side trips to be taken, if one cares to incur the extra expense.

The centre of interest for the Convention will be the city of Jerusalem. Very little of the ancient city of the Jewish Empire is left; still, by investigation, one can readily picture in imagination much of the Jerusalem of old. Solomon's beautiful Temple was destroyed in 70 A.D. Fifty years later the Jews attempted to rebuild it, but Julius Severus captured the city, and now a Mohammedan mosque has been erected on its site. After many vicissitudes under Mohammedan-Turkish rule, Jerusalem is today the residence of the Pasha of Palestine. A fragment of a column near the Garden of Gethsemane indicates the place where tradition says Judas betrayed the Master with a kiss. There are several very ancient olive trees in the Garden; some are even said to date from Christ's time. This tour will mean much more to the delegates than any ordinary excursion: there will be an added interest in all Bible-reading after visiting these different localities, so closely associated with the Saviour's birth, life and death. It will all seem more real, after having stood where his feet once trod, and gazed upon the self-same scenes upon which he gazed with such sorrowful eyes, so many centuries ago.

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PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND ON BOARD THE "GROSSER KURFUERST"

One of the delegates was heard to say, just before the steamer sailed: "Perhaps we may carry something of Christianity back to where it had its origin. The Gospel came from Jerusalem. We will try and show Jerusalem what it has done for the rest of the world. The missionaries in the field will come to our gatherings in and about Jerusalem, and gain new strength from the evidence that we at home are working, too."

There is an increasing desire on the part of all students of the Bible to come into possession of a substantial historic basis for their faith.

"Back to Christ" has meant various things to various types of minds, but the most real and practical interpretation of this rallying cry is surely found in the impulse, stronger to-day than ever before, to realize the actual life and words of the Son of God, as he walked and talked with men.

To this end, nothing can be more conducive than a familiar knowledge of the scenes of his earthly labors. The material evidence for the truth of one's spiritual faith will certainly strengthen the hold of that faith. There will be many recreative and sightseeing features connected with this World's Sunday School Convention, but it will result in a most important evangelical work.

While visiting the scenes of Biblical history in Palestine and Egypt, and the old cities of Southern Europe, where the great cathedrals and art galleries bear witness to the indelible impress of the Christian faith upon the thought and action of men, cannot but vivify and increase the Christian's belief in his religion.

There are many guide-books which give minute descriptions of these localities, but the best of all is the Bible. One of the optional side-trips is especially worthy of mention, and that is the visit to the ancient city of Damascus. One can travel in comfort by the new French railway from Beyrout to Damascus. This line, in the short distance from Beyrout up the Lebanon, some 4,900 feet at its highest point, descending again on the eastern slopes, and after crossing the beautiful plain of the Bakaa, passes through the ante-Lebanon, by the valleys of the Yahfafeh and Abana, following the river from the watershed to Damascus, the oldest city in the world. On account of its beautiful and fertile surroundings, its lofty position, and its inexhaustible springs of fresh water, it has been called the "Pearl of the Orient." Here is pointed out the site where Naaman's house stood, and that of Ananias, on the street called "Straight," and the traditional spot where Paul was let down from the wall in a basket.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 253

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Good Soldier

TEXT — II. Tim. 2: 3:

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"

WHAT is war? "War is hell," once bluntly said William T. Sherman. War is a river of blood flowing into a river of blood. War means sickness and death, widowhood and orphanhood, mangled bodies, devastated harvest fields, and pauperism. War is a mortal grapple when nation says to nation, "My quarrel with you cannot be settled but by fighting, and now we will see which of us two has the power to crush the other," and then they put their armies in the field commissioned to kill one another. War is a grave trench, dug with bayonets. It is the heavens deluging countless tears. It is man with clenched fist and flaming eye—man with an artillery wagon for a carriage, and with the surgeon's operating table for a couch. War! It is the most brutal, the most fiendish, the most terrific, the most blasting curse of the ages. We have the right to hate it with an intense hatred, and to pray that the Prince of Peace may give us more antipathy to it, and a more intense horror of the awful misery, suffering and death that it entails.

A Soldier-Bishop

But though war is an awful international curse, there have been occasions when men have entered the army and have gone to the battlefield from conscientious motives. There have been cases, as every student of history knows, when it has become a sacred duty, for the redress of wrong, or for the defence of the home, for the patriotic citizen to take up arms. Christ himself recognized the fact, when he said, "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword." So it has come to pass that his followers have at times, with sore reluctance, but under a stern sense of duty, engaged in war. Unhappily, too, they have been found in hostile camps, as in our own Civil War, when good Christian men conscientiously followed the Confederate flag, as others equally conscientious followed the Union flag. A conspicuous illustration was that of Leonidas Polk, the Bishop of Louisiana, whose pure Christian character none could deny. He was so gentle and kind in his private life, that when one of his black slaves was dying, he was just as tender to him as if the black man had been his own flesh and blood. On the night on which the humble slave closed his eyes in death, the good Bishop said, "Tom, is there anything else I can do for you?" The answer was, "Yes, massa. If you will only lie down by me on the bed, and put your arm around my neck, and let me put my arm around your neck, as we used to do when boys lying under the green walnut trees, I think that I could die more easy." So the great Southern minister and leader lay down upon his slave's cot, and held his black servant in his white arms, until the white angel of death came down and took the soul from beneath the black skin. Surely such a man of God as Bishop Polk was not cruel or malevolent. Yet at the bugle blast of war, he donned the soldier's uniform. As a Lieutenant-General of the Confederate Army, he was shot at Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864. He was shot only a few hours after he had confirmed into the Episcopal Church some of his brother officers.

Christian Heroism

It is proper and right, at certain times and seasons, for good men to go to war, if they go with the right motive. The qualities which go to make up a good and a brave soldier are those which should characterize a good Christian. The courage and self-sacrifice and devotion to a righteous cause, which have been displayed in the field are needed in the Christian's daily life. Therefore, Paul aptly and powerfully uses the figure of my text for a gospel comparison. He is practically saying to young Timothy, "Look upon your Christ as a great leader and general. Enlist in his service. Implicitly obey his orders. Charge, in Christ's name, if the order is given you to charge. Do sentinel duty and trudge weary marches, if that is your order. Be ready to fight on battlefield, or starve in trench, or suffer in hospital, as duty may command." All young people are delighted with a military parade. Let me, in this sermon, recount for you how a Gospel soldier should obey Christ's bugle call.

What does it mean to be a Gospel soldier? First and foremost, to take the oath of enlistment. The difference between an army and a mob, the difference between a collection of men governed by one brain, ruled by one voice, directed by one order, and a lot of men running hither and thither like a flock of sheep, or frightened, stampeding cattle, doing as they will, is the difference between the oath of enlistment and no oath. Before a man takes the oath of enlistment, he is a free man. After he takes the oath of enlistment, he is no longer an independent individuality. The oath of enlistment practically says: "I will, if necessary, let others do my thinking. I will go where I am told to go, and do what I am told to do." The oath of enlistment is more binding than bands of steel. I well remember the time that I took the oath of enlistment in the United States army, and the transformation in my life, which immediately took place on account of that oath. The Spanish-American War had broken out. At that time, I was living in Chicago, and was chaplain of one of the largest regiments in Illinois. As soon as war was declared, the colonel telegraphed Governor Tanner, placing our whole regiment at the service of the State. What to do I knew not. My duty to my church and to my family required me to stay; my duty to my country called me to go.

Worried and fretted by these conflicting duties, I was harrowed by day, and could not sleep by night. But no sooner did I enter the Exposition Grounds at Springfield, Ill., where we encamped; no sooner did the mustering officer tell me to raise my right hand over the open Bible, and take the oath of enlistment, than all worry, and doubt, and trouble, faded from my mind. Why? One minute before I took that oath of enlistment I was free to do as I would. One minute after I took that oath of enlistment I was a United States soldier, subject to the orders of the President of the United States.

Waiting Christ's Orders

What is true in reference to the English soldier, or the French soldier, or the American soldier, is true of the Gospel soldier. You cannot do effective service as a soldier of Jesus Christ, unless you publicly give to him your oath of enlistment. And when you once do give that oath, then you are no longer your own master. Then you are in exactly the same position toward your Divine Commander as was Captain Clark towards his earthly commander. After he had brought the *Oregon* on her famous trip from the Pacific Ocean around South America's southernmost cape, up past the coast of Brazil, Captain Clark immediately went into the first United States port he could find, and telegraphed President McKinley: "The *Oregon* has arrived safe, and is awaiting orders." So, when you become a Christian soldier, or a Christian sailor, you must first take your oath of enlistment, and then always be "waiting orders." In the public church aisle, and by the table of the Holy Communion, you give open testimony of your purpose to surrender your will to the divine will. You must say, "I am ready, oh Christ, to do what thou wilt have me to do, and go where thou commandest me to go."

What does it mean to be a Gospel soldier? To be assigned to some distinct part of some distinct command in the great Christian army, following the standards of Christ Jesus. To have an individual place reserved for you in the Gospel ranks, where you are to fight for the Church militant, as each private American soldier during the Civil War had a place reserved for him in the ranks, whether he belonged to the cavalry, or the artillery, the infantry, or the engineering corps. As a military organization is a great aggregation of individuals, so the success of the army depends upon that military organization being divided, and subdivided, and divided again, by orderly arrangement. The individual, the private soldier, must have his distinct place, just as the general, or the colonel, or the major, or the captain, has his place.

Individual Responsibility

Let us study for a moment the construction of an American army. Take, for illustration, that which followed Sherman to the sea. There were in that host about one hundred thousand men. These one hundred thousand men were divided first into three parts, each commanded by a major-general. Generals Scofield, McPherson, and Slocum had respectively charge of the right wing, the centre, and the left wing of that army. Then each wing and centre were again divided into corps, under such leaders as Generals Logan, Howard, and Kirkpatrick. Then these corps were again subdivided into divisions, and these divisions again into brigades, and these brigades into regiments, and these regiments into companies, and each private soldier was assigned to a distinct company, the letter of which was marked on his hat, and the number of the regiment marked upon the lapel of his coat. Each American soldier always had a distinct place reserved for him in the ranks where he was supposed to fight. Sometimes in battle, an American soldier might get separated from his company. During the two days' fighting before Santiago, an American lieutenant saw a colored trooper of the Tenth Cavalry fighting by the side of his white men. When the lieutenant asked the black man why he was there, he replied, "I have lost my command, and so, sir, if you will, I would like to fight in y company." The permission was given. That ni when the colored soldier was about to hunt up his c mand, he asked the lieutenant to give him a note his captain, to prove that he had been in battle not been skulking in the rear. The next day, w going over the field hunting for his dead and wounc this same lieutenant found upon the bloody field same colored trooper, mortally wounded. The colo soldier beckoned to the lieutenant to lean over h Then the dying man whispered, "Take that note give it to the Captain of L Troop, Tenth Cava Lawton's division, and tell him that I tried to report my company, but could not find him. Give him t paper and say that Williams was not a coward." yes! 'tis true! A United States soldier always has individual place reserved for him in the ranks, where is expected to be and expected to fight.

Difficult Positions

The United States soldier must be able to ans roll-call in a certain company, of a certain regiment a certain brigade, of a certain division, of a cer corps. So the Gospel soldier should have a dist place in which he has his name upon the muster rol the church militant. There should be no "free lanc in the Gospel army—no guerrilla bands. Guerrilla ra are filled up for the most part with iconoclasts and archists and cutthroats. But the Gospel soldier m be a regularly enlisted man, detailed for work to sc one Bible class, to some one Sunday School, to sc one prayer-meeting, to some one church. A Gos soldier is a Christian who obeys orders. How can obey Christ's orders unless you have taken your i vidual place in the Gospel ranks of Christ's great ar called the Church?

The true Gospel soldier always considers the po of danger the posts of honor. He wants to hear singing of the shells, even though that martial s may have to be accompanied by his own death ra He wants to be as most of the soldiers were after t had enlisted for the Spanish-American War. Oh, h anxious the officers and privates alike longed for front! They wanted to have a glorious part in the eration of down-trodden Cuba. Some men had to for that liberation. Then the brave fellows of the ferent regiments, by telegram upon telegram, sent the governors and to the officials at Washington, pra cally said: "We are ready to go to the front; ay sacrifice our lives, if need be, in our country's vice." So eager were those soldiers for danger service, that when some of their colonels received telegrams that switched them from the transports Tampa, to Jacksonville, Florida, there was sorrow disappointment in many hearts.

Holding the Fort

Posts of danger and difficulty are always posts honor in the United States army. And yet, to h some Christian soldiers talk, you would suppose t the posts in Christ's army, where there are difficult are the posts to be avoided or deserted. Even som the ordained ministers of Jesus Christ feel that w "Oh," says a visiting clergyman, "I am so discourag Why there has been nothing but friction and troubl my church ever since I came to it. The people h fought and misrepresented every minister who e occupied this pulpit, and they have been finding f with and misrepresenting me. I am so discouraged I wish God would find me another place." Well, brother, I confess you are having a hard time of it. I confess that some churches have a bad record. I kn of one church that for forty years has made its chief fa in breaking down its different ministers. One pastor a another has been destroyed in regular order as he ca to its parsonage. One minister was so tantalized attacked that, under the persecution of the members, committed suicide. But tell me, you who have b having a hard time in that church, do you not think y are getting along there as well as anyone else cou "Oh, yes," you answer, "I know I am. In spite of th balking elders and two obstinate, fault-finding truste we are taking in new members all the time. Neve the church's history has it been doing so much goo Then, my brother, instead of complaining about y lot, you should be congratulated. Go ahead and your work. God has honored you above all others. has put you in a difficult position. Post of diffic always post of honor.

Sunday School teacher, that is a tough class of b you have. You came to me the other day, with te in your eyes. Some people may think I am talk about an imaginary case, but you know I am not. Th

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

bs at times pester you so much, that you have half me up your mind to give up the class. Do not do it. Tse boys may stick pins into each other. They may cde to class with dirty faces. They may seem to be ungrateful. But remember, oh, Christian soldier, if you dert your post now and leave those boys, they will not oly the voice of another teacher. They will not come tchurch at all. You must be to those boys what Dr. T. Barnardo is to the London newsboy, and Charles NCrittenton is to the Florence Crittenton Missions, a what Livingstone was to Africa, and Carey was to Ina. The Gospel heroes of the past have given up thr all to win their victories. They labored, they sl'ed, they sacrificed themselves among the outcasts. "Go thou and do likewise."

ut there is another great fact which the good soldier o Jesus Christ should realize. The duties of the camp rightly performed, are sometimes just as essential for Ch's work, as duties rightly performed at the front. The work which is done by the commissary and the surgeon have sometimes a greater part to play in winning martial victories, than the spectacular color-sergnt has in leading the charge before the enemy's bastworks. What defeated Napoleon Bonaparte in h famous Russian invasion? The bayonets of the hghty Czar? No! The conqueror of Germany and Astria and Italy could have brushed those guns aside ahe had done in former campaigns. It was the haversk empty of bread, which made the "Little Corsican" r like a frightened hare towards home. It was Mosc in flames, and his men with nothing to eat, that nde the French commander tremble before the stony gnce of death. And yet, to read some military biographrs, you might suppose the personal worth of a Grant, a herman, a Meade, a Hancock, were the cause of all t victories achieved by the Northern armies in the Cil War. And the mental powers of a Lee, a Longstet, a Jackson, a Gordon, a Johnson, were the cause call the victories of the Southern armies.

The unrecognized heroes of the Civil War have not h their due. The generals and the boys who fought ahe front have been honored as they deserved, but who has had a tribute of praise to give to the self-sacrificing men who made it possible for the fighting solders to live and die at the front. I would sing the praises of the muleteers. I would sing the praises of the army officers who bought the shoes and the stockings, and the trousers and the coats, and the hats, and the blankets, and forwarded them, and never let a dishonest dollar stick to their fingers. I would sing the praises of the ambulance corps, and of the soldiers who acted as nurses. Did you ever stop to think, that in all the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is not one, not even one monument, erected to an army surgeon? Many memorial stones for McPherson and Sherman. A magnificent remembrance to Grant, but not one monument for one surgeon. In all the United States, not one monument erected to a mustering officer who stayed at home to fill up the ranks. Not one.

Christian soldiers, who are the stay-at-homes! I have recounted these deeds of the unrecognized heroes of war for a purpose. I want to encourage you in your ordinary duties of life. It is not possible for every Christian to be a Chinese Gordon, or a Havelock, or a O. O. Howard, or a Stonewall Jackson? It is not possible for all Christian soldiers to stand in the conspicuous places and win the plaudits of the Christian world? But remember that the humble private in Christ's army—she who as a mother living in the home, as a sister working behind the counter, as a daughter teaching school to support an aged parent or to give an education to a young brother, is in God's sight one of the essentials for his great army. Paul is saying to the soldier in the rear as well as at the front, to the inconspicuous as well as the conspicuous soldier alike, "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

And why should we all endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? For two reasons. First, because it is possible for every private as well as Christian officer to receive the highest of all soldier's rewards. What is the highest? Yea, the very highest? We have read how the Duke of Marlborough was honored, not only was he created a Duke, but on account of the Blenheim victory, Parliament voted him the magnificent manor of Woodstock, and his Royal Mistress gave him $1,000,000. We have read how Arthur Wellesley was raised to be Duke of Wellington on account of his victory at Waterloo. Lord Roberts, recently the commander of the British forces, and Viscount Kitchener, were raised to the peerage for their services rendered to the British crown. But all these offerings and honors, these dignities and fame, given by a grateful country to faithful sons, will be as nothing compared to the greatest gift which is given to a Christian soldier. The gift which is the smile of approbation from a loving Divine Commander. The "Well done!" which goes to the Christian hero by the name of Adoniram Judson. The "Well done!" which is given to the humble servant girl, and to the humble clerk, and to the humble nurse, and to the humble missionary.

But why, again, should we all endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? Because in so doing we are following his blessed example. He who spared not himself but suffered freely for us, has the right to expect fortitude from us. From none of us does he ask such service as he himself rendered to us. When the army of Alexander the Great was scaling a noted mountain-pass, the strength of the soldiers became exhausted. Many threw themselves upon the ground to die. The great commander saw the condition. He did not curse or upbraid. He quietly dismounted from his war charger. He threw aside his heavy cloak. He lifted a private soldier's pick-axe, then vigorously went to work, digging away at the ice. His soldiers saw him. They knew he was as tired as they. Then they jumped to their feet. By the power of a brave example they arose and went again to work, and again won a new victory. Christian soldiers, wherever we go, we can find our Divine Leader ahead. Our backs may ache, but he is carrying our burden of sin. Our feet may grow tired, but from his feet and hands and head and heart are flowing streams of blood. So over Christ's body we may win Eternal life. And here and now upon the foundation stones of a Christ's mausoleum, may we build the great "White Temple of a Christian soldier's sacrifice."

THE MORMON SHAME

S THE scope of the Reed Smoot inquiry by Congress A widens, it discloses a problem that is far broader and more important than that of the granting or refusing a seat to a Senator-elect. It is no longer Smoot alone who is on trial, but the whole Mormon hierarchy; and the question has come squarely home to the American people, whether the time has not arrived for the enactment of new legislation, which shall forever stamp out not only the whole Mormon system, but its abominable sequel of polygamous cohabitation, which is now illegally tolerated in Utah. It has been demonstrated that existing laws are not adequate to deal with this evil, which flourishes in spite of statutes that were enacted for its suppression.

In the mass of evidence presented before the Senate Committee, there are two distinct things to be noted: first, that which bears directly on the case of Smoot, and second, that which relates to the admitted criminal violation of the laws by practically the entire body of the Mormon leadership, from the president down. As to the first, while it has not been proved that Senator Smoot is a polygamist, it is demonstrated to the satisfaction of the investigators, that he is the political representative of the Mormon Church in the Senate, and not of the people of Utah; that he was compelled to obtain the consent of President Smith and the Apostolate to his candidature; that he is in the most literal sense the candidate of the Mormon hierarchy, and bound so strongly to the church that it is inconceivable how he can be at liberty to act freely and independently on any measure involving the interests of the State. It has been shown that no person in the Mormon Church dares aspire to a political position, unless to be approved by the church and without binding himself to serve its interests. He is obligated, first and last, to obey the political wishes of the Apostolate. This being the case, no Mormon in Congress can be said to be, even in a remote sense, the free and untrammeled representative of Utah. He is simply the political tool of the church, to which he has sworn a life-and-death allegiance. Were Smoot a free man, his claim to a seat could not be successfully challenged. If the Senate Committee takes the view that he is not free, but is bound to the Mormon hierarchy, and was chosen and elected by its influence, it is difficult to see how it can avoid the conclusion that his seat should be declared vacant.

As to the second branch of the evidence—that which arraigns the president, the apostles and the Mormon leaders generally, of living in open violation "of the laws of God and man," as the Mormon president has admitted—the matter goes far deeper. It has been shown by the witnesses that the Mormon Church is a political tyranny which has bound the State hand and foot, and throttled the freedom of the ballot. It dominates business as well as politics, holds entire communities in subjection, and by its dictation, renders worthless the constitutional rights of American citizens. It is a gigantic franchise robber. It tells its credulous followers that "it is the will of the Lord that you vote for such and such a candidate." It devised, as a ruse to acquire statehood for Utah, the manifesto suspending polygamy and then proceeded to violate its promises deliberately. It deposed Moses Thatcher from the Apostolate because he dared to run for office in opposition to its wishes, and refused to recognize its right to dictate to the voters of the State. Its many-wived president, with his various domestic establishments and his forty-two children, is a typical Grand Turk, who rules his harem, and his civil, political and religious subjects as despotically as a Sultan, glorying in his defiant violation of statute law and public decency. And his example, as has been admitted, is closely followed by practically all the apostles and by leading Mormons generally. To review their shameless testimony on the witness stand, with all its revolting details, their talk of "plural" wives, of marriage after death, of "sealing wives for time and eternity," and of the nature and extent of their domestic relations, would nauseate the average reader. It brought the quick blush of shame to the cheeks of many who heard the testimony before the Senate Committee.

By their own witnesses, the Mormons have proved that their whole system is vile from top to bottom, and antagonistic to the spirit of American institutions. They have proved that Utah is not a sovereign State, but a Territory held in abject political slavery to the Mormon Church. They have shocked the nation, and filled it with a sense of shame that this evil should have been tolerated so long. They have convinced all who heard them that, if the National and State laws were enforced, the entire Mormon leadership would now be compelled to answer for their deeds at the bar of justice.

We are glad and grateful that the truth has come out squarely at last, and that the mask has been torn off, revealing the Mormon system in all its naked hideousness. If Congress will apply the remedy, by such legislation as is necessary, its course will meet with universal approval. It will then remain for the various States to legislate for their own protection, by passing laws to stamp out the polygamous propaganda, and to save us from the further disseminating of this immorality. Our cities, towns, and villages need to be defended against the inculcators of these indecent doctrines, just as they are now protected against the circulation of vile literature and the perpetration of public immoralities in other forms. Above all, our homes should be impregnably shielded by statute against invasion by the army of workers constantly in the field, seeking fresh victims among the credulous and innocent, who are lured into far-off Mormon homes, only to learn, all too late, that they have been deceived and ruined.

A GREAT PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251

THE "GROSSER KURFUERST"

The members of the Central Executive Committee in charge of the convention are E. K. Warren, of Michigan; W. N. Hartshorn, of Massachusetts; A. B. McCrillis, of Rhode Island, and Herbert E. Clark, United States Vice-Consul at Jerusalem. There are many prominent Sunday School workers in the party, among whom are the Rev. John Potts, of Toronto, chairman of the International Lesson Committee; C. G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times;* W. J. Semelroth, editor of the *World's Evangel;* Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, who goes as correspondent for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Marion Lawrance and Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, of Chicago, are among the prominent field workers; also the Rev. Dr. Wallace Nutting, of Providence. It is worthy of note that while the last World's Convention was held in London, England, in 1898, there were but 200 delegates who went from America, while now the *Grosser Kurfuerst* carries no less than 800 enthusiastic travelers to the historic Bible lands.

A PALESTINE GUIDE

Young Men Who Show Their Colors

THE YOUNG MEN'S PRESBYTERIAN UNION, OF CHICAGO, AND ITS REMARKABLE WORK

By JOHN WILLIS BAER

CHARLES ALTING, JR.

FRED P. VOSE

FRANK E. TAYLOR

LOUIS A. BOWMAN

ANDREW STEVENSON

FROM the day of its organization (May 20, 1902), the Young Men's Presbyterian Union of Chicago has had remarkable success and unusual growth. God is in the movement and directs its ever onward and irresistible progress. An outgrowth of systematic Bible class work conducted in a few Presbyterian churches, its object is to establish fraternal relations between the members of the Young Men's Bible classes and clubs and kindred organizations, in the various Presbyterian churches of Chicago and its vicinity; to broaden the knowledge and efforts of young men along the line of intelligent Christian citizenship; to enlarge and improve the existing work; to assist in the establishment of new organizations, and to do everything possible to strengthen fellowship and friendship among Presbyterian young men.

This work is accomplished through six distinct departments, viz., Devotion, Fealty, Education, Citizenship, Organization, and Fellowship. The heads of these departments are vice-presidents, and, together with others, constitute an executive committee. The movement has its own organ, issued monthly, entitled *Presbyterian Young Men.* The enrolment at the beginning was thirty-two organizations, with a membership of nearly two thousand. During the next year there was a net increase of nine hundred members and twenty-nine organizations.

President Andrew Stevenson tells me that from the first days, the idea of a distinctively young men's work for young men, by young men, in Presbyterian churches, has met with satisfaction. In 1897, so far as known, there were but two Presbyterian Bible classes organized in Chicago for systematic work aside from Bible study. To-day there is this loyal legion of more than three thousand young men, banded together with a common name for a common Master against a common enemy. In 1897 there was some hospital visitation done by the Bible class members, while to-day aggressive work is undertaken along the six lines suggested by the organized departments for service. At the same time, the movement has strengthened the bonds of loyalty of the young men to their own church, in every way possible. Primarily and individually, these young men are receiving the best Bible instruction from intelligent teachers, and also are becoming collectively a splendid missionary and evangelistic force.

* * *

There are no brighter young men on the continent than these virile Christian laymen of Chicago. They come from every walk of life. There are lawyers, doctors, teachers, merchants, financiers, heads of mercantile institutions, and the wage earner from almost every honest occupation. Many hold unusually responsible positions in traffic associations, railroad companies, banks and municipal affairs. They are, indeed, picked men in the best sense of the word. With such men and such leaders good work has been done. The Union's compaign for Christian citizenship is calculated to have a large part in morally cleansing the city. Its plans are always practical, never partisan. Through its citizenship department, the Union rapped upon the door of many a pastor's study, and church bulletins and pulpit notices gave wholesome warning, and, as a consequence, Christian voters were stimulated to the performance of their duty as good citizens.

Through conferences of leaders of classes and in other ways, up-to-date methods of teaching men the Bible and interesting them in missionary and evangelistic work have been devised and practiced. I question very much if any city but Chicago has, for many a year, found a hundred of its leading young business and professional men gathered from their business at "high noon," to listen to the presentation of the need of personal work by men for men, and to hear representatives of mission boards tell them how their work is organized and conducted. Yet such was the case at two different times recently. At the Union League Club, Mr. James H. Eckels, former Comptroller of the United States Treasury, now president of one of Chicago's banks, introduced at a luncheon of business men, Mr. John H. Converse, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., the leaders of the Presbyterian evangelistic movement. Both of these men made an appeal to the business men of Chicago to unite in a great soul-saving movement. Later, at a famous downtown restaurant, one hundred young men at noon left their desks and their business to listen to Mr. Robert E. Speer and another mission board representative, who told the story of the progress of missions at home and abroad. These meetings were held in the middle of a busy day, in the heart of the business swirl of Chicago, and it was the King's business only that was being reviewed. All honor to the Presbyterian young men of Chicago for this enterprise. At the time of the visit of these four Christian workers to Chicago. two men's mass meetings were held at night in a centrally located church, and one thousand men gathered, demonstrating beyond dispute that men can be interested in the deeper and mightier business of life when men believe in men.

There is always something unusually inspiring in an audience composed exclusively of men. The speakers accepted their opportunities as a trust from God, and did their best. Uplifting song services opened the meetings, led by Mr. E. O. Excell, and the unusual sound of a chorus of nearly a thousand of men's voices had a dignity and impressiveness which deeply stirred speakers as well as singers. "Men went out from the meetings speaking gladly of the inspiring success, and yet in their quiet faces showing that more than the success, they felt the meaning of the meeting and the burden of the duty it enforced. The results can be written by no human hand." President Stevenson of the Union hit the nail on the head when he said, afterward: "Beneath the feeling of gratification, one cannot help but feel chagrined that an occasion of this character is so rare and causes so much comment. Nevertheless, in a large measure, it is true that men are not naturally given to attending religious meetings. But conditions have changed, men will attend church, and not only the ordinary run of men, but men of high business standing and influence.

"Young men have awakened to the fact that the manliest men are those active in church work, and who associate with Christian men Older men have come to the point where it is necessary for them to take a stand one way or the other, and as a result, those heretofore church members in name only are taking a decided stand for Christ, and are unhesitatingly showing their colors in business, as well as everywhere else. All classes of men, young and old, in our churches have joined hands, realizing that the best results can be accomplished by union of purpose and activity. Not only are young men organizing themselves into Bible classes and clubs, but older men are forming leagues and classes. The result is, that in the Presbyterian churches of Chicago to-day, at practically a moment's notice, our men can be brought together, and willingly, too, on any question which concerns the advance of the Kingdom of God on earth."

* * *

The Union is also, among other things, doing a social work which, though entirely secondary, is yet exceedingly important. Young men are being drawn from their boarding-houses into the warm atmosphere of homes and churches, and carefully prepared indoor and outdoor, musical, literary and athletic programmes are giving recreation, profit and delight.

I am glad that other denominations in Chicago and other Presbyterian churches in cities outside of Chicago, having heard of the splendid success, are taking steps to adopt and adapt the principles and methods of the Presbyterian Young Men's Union of Chicago. I know of no work east, west, north or south that has more vital Christian life, and I commend it to the wideawake readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If more detailed and definite information is desired, I would suggest writing secretary Wilbur P. Blessing, Chicago Depository, Presbyterian Board of Publication, Chicago.

W. H. ROBERTSON

FRANK WHITE

WILBUR P. BLESSING

HUGH W. CROXTON

JAFFRAY R. SHORT

A MESSAGE FROM MADAGASCAR'S CHRISTIAN QUEEN

THE unifying influence of the Bible was strikingly illustrated at the Mission Conference held at Halle, in Prussia, from the 9th to the 11th of February. For the twenty-sixth time this annual gathering of friends and supporters of missions met under the leadership of the well-known Dr. Warneck, the Nestor among German authorities on missionary methods. With an attendance running into the thousands, this Conference is probably the most important annual religious convocation in Prussia. The chief address was that of Professor Dr. Kahler, on the theme, "The Bible, the Book of Humanity." One of the thoughts forcefully presented in the course of this was that the Bible is the Book of humanity, in that it enables the various nations of the earth to rightly understand one another. Of this the Halle Conference itself was a happy illustration. The missionary organizations participating actively in its proceedings were the various Berlin missionary societies, the Barmen Society and the Moravian Church—the last itself international alike in its membership and in the make-up of its board, Germany, Great Britain and the United States being represented.

The chief speaker at the Conference, however, was Director Dr. Boegnor, of the Paris Missionary Society, the Church of the Huguenots; and the collections were divided between the first of the Berlin Missionary Societies and the Paris Society. Director Boegnor, in describing especially the work of his society in Madagascar (where it has been instrumental in saving the work of British organizations from Jesuitical Romanization), in Basutoland and along the Zambesi, whilst stoutly proclaiming his devotion to his French fatherland, thanked God that the work of missions had taught him to understand and appreciate brethren of other nationalities in particular German and British. A pleasing incident of the Conference, not on the programme, was a message brought by a German professor, in the audience, who last November visited the last queen of Madagascar, now a prisoner of State in Algeria. She had bidden him take the first opportunity to thank the Missionary Society of Paris for its work in behalf of her people, whilst she testified to her own trust in the Gospel of Jesus, writing in his Bible as her farewell, Matt. 5: 8. Verily the Bible is the Book of humanity, and the great unifier of the nations.

Progress of the Far-Eastern Campaign

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND LABORERS REPAIRING A BREAK ON THE TRANS-BAIKAL RAILROAD

INTER is slowly relaxing its grasp in Northern Corea and Manchuria. Ice still holds the rivers, and the deep snows, melting in the ountains, makes the valleys impassable for troops. pan is pushing her forces steadily northward, in the rection of the Yalu. That er has been mined by the ssians at almost every int where the Japanese ght attempt to cross.

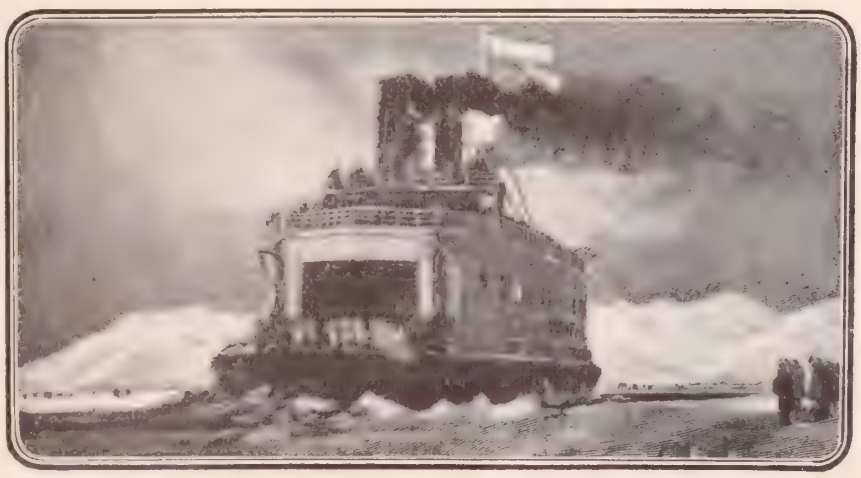
Japan has now in North- n Corea somewhat less an 150,000 troops. Wiju, the Corean side of the lu, where it was expected e first real stand of the mpaign would be made, s on March 12 fired by e Russians (who were ongly entrenched there), d then evacuated. After rning the town, the Rus- ns retreated across the lu, news having been re- ived of the near approach the main body of the panese army. Some the Japanese divisions, cluding infantry and artil- y, are now north of the lu, and apparently are be- held for a flanking move- nt against the Russians, o are now retreating rthward, when the Japan- e advance reaches the oper point.

In the neighborhood of oukden, there is now a great ssian army, which is stead- growing. At Liao-Yang, e concentration of troops s compelled the desertion their owners of hundreds private buildings, where e soldiers are now quartered. Supplies are coming er the railroad with greater regularity.

St. Petersburg dispatches claim that 2,500 Japanese, o landed at Plaskin Bay, Northern Corea, lately, tending to march upon Maccuorchon, have been cut f from the main Japanese force which nded at Port Lazareff later. The only ads by which these forces could effect junction are strongly held by Cos- cks. Owing to the many reports of e landing of Japanese at various aces, Admiral Alexieff has issued an der from military headquarters that e Russian Army Corps, which lately rived at Harbin, should be detained ere by the field staff. He adds: "There some difficulty in providing suitable commodations for this large force, ving to the severe frosts that have set ." It is doubtless true that many pri- tions are endured by both armies in nsequence of the severe weather. orrespondents with the Russian troops Manchuria, represent them as camp- g in zero weather, three men to a tent. irst the snow is cleared down to the il, then the tent set up in the excava- on, earth and straw strewn on top of e canvas and over all a thick layer of ow. Notwithstanding all precautions, ere is much suffering among the troops. A dispatch to the London *Standard* says:

"It is reported that starvation, cold and harsh treatment by their officers have broken the spirit of the troops, who are largely recruits. Many who have arrived at New Chwang from the country around are dying from frost-bite. The losses from cold and sickness along the Yalu River are reported to be 2,000. The Russians are now withdrawing all superfluous troops from Port Arthur to Harbin and Kirin, owing to the shortness of provisions at Port Arthur."

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN TENTS AND "DUG-OUTS" —ON THE MARCH IN SNOW-BOUND MANCHURIA



THE GREAT ICE-BREAKER CLEARING A PASSAGE ON LAKE BAIKAL

General Kouropatkin, the new Russian Commander of the Army, is quoted as saying of his plans and hopes in the Far Eastern campaign: "After crushing the Japanese in Corea and Manchuria, we will take their islands. If I have anything to say in the matter, the treaty of peace will be signed in Tokio, and nowhere else." This boast may be justified by events later. Kouropatkin is a determined fighter, and a man of quick resources.

There is a likelihood of considerable friction over the proposition by Russia to sink hulks at Yinkow, the port of New Chwang. Commander Sawyer, of the United States gunboat *Helena*, and the captain of a British gunboat protested against the blockade, New Chwang being a treaty port. It is understood that our State Department holds that the port should be kept open, and not included in the zone of war operations.

Admiral Makharoff's arrival at Port Arthur has effected a quick transformation, and put new life into Russia's naval campaign. He is an aggressive commander, and his first official act was to discard the defensive tactics of Admiral Stark, his predecessor, and to direct an attack on the enemy, at midnight, March 10, with torpedo boats only. The flotilla made a dash at the Japanese vessels, and each side lost a torpedo boat. The Russian boats then retired, as the big Japanese warships in the outer bay were coming up. From 9 A.M. until 1 P.M. hundreds of twelve-inch Japanese shells were fired at the fortress, whose batteries replied ineffectively. An effort was made by the Russian warships to rescue the crew of the torpedo boat *Stereguschtchi*, which was surrounded by five Japanese cruisers, but it proved unavailing. The riddled torpedo boat sank; part of her crew was drowned, and the survivors were taken prisoners.

The bombardment which followed this naval affair was the most terrific and destructive to which Port Arthur has yet been subjected. Sixty Russians were killed on the fleet, in the forts and the town, and over a hundred injured. Golden Hill fort was badly damaged. The warship *Retvizan* was again hit and twenty of her crew killed. The new bank building and the army headquarters were destroyed. It is reported that the port will soon be evacuated, the forts being unable to return the Japanese fire. In this last engagement, Admiral Togo reports several Japanese vessels were injured, but none put out of action. Eleven Japanese were killed and nine wounded in this engagement.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Bon Voyage!

TO the eight hundred Pilgrims who are now *en route* to the Holy Land, to attend the World's Sunday School Convention, some as delegates and others as interested spectators, we extend cordial wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage. We doubt not that it will be an extremely profitable and agreeable pilgrimage. May the whole Christian world benefit by the outcome of this great international gathering, whose deliberations are to be directed mainly toward the extension of Gospel truth among the rising generation.

In olden times, a pilgrimage to Palestine was a mighty undertaking, not to be entered upon without much preparation. Then, as now, the land which was the scene of Christ's earthly sojourn was in the hands of the unbeliever. In those days the pilgrim was a veritable soldier of the Cross, and went forth with sword and spear, with the purpose of wresting from the Paynim Calvary and the Tomb. Some of the world's greatest wars have surged around that little strip of seacoast, which the Turk has held with such grim determination through the centuries. His territorial grasp has not relaxed; but, thanks to the growing influence of Christian civilization, the sacred places are now open to worshipers from all parts of the earth. Believers of every denomination may now safely visit the places that were once hallowed by the Son of God. They can meditate on Olivet, and in Gethsemane; worship at the Bethlehem cradle, and kneel where once the Cross was lifted up, upon which the tragedy of the Atonement was consummated, and a lost world redeemed.

It is a great and blessed privilege that comes to the sincere soul on such a pilgrimage. To the pilgrims who make the journey, there is no longer any personal peril; but the spiritual blessing, the individual and collective uplift that is experienced, is unchanged. The uplifted Cross still has power to "draw all nations" unto Christ.

A Question of Fellowship

SERIOUS trouble has been caused in a Brooklyn church by a question which has disturbed many churches, and which, in the near future, will probably disturb many others. The question arose on the proposal to admit a wine merchant to membership. It was a clear case of principle—for there is not a word urged against the personal character of the candidate—who has attended the church for thirteen years, is a pewholder, a liberal giver, and of irreproachable private life. The pastor—who knows him well—declares him to be a sincere Christian, and all speak highly of his excellent character. Thus, the question was narrowed down to one of his business. The proposal to admit him was submitted to a vote of the church, and was carried by a majority, the pastor concurring; but the assistant pastor, who opposed it, handed in his resignation, and some of the officers and the members of the church have withdrawn. The division of the church, which may curtail its usefulness, is matter for regret; and it is due to the candidate, whose admission led to it, to say, that when he found that opposition to him was likely to arise, he showed his wisdom and delicacy by offering to withdraw his application for membership, but his offer was not accepted.

It may save similar trouble and avoid personal feeling, in other churches, if the question of fellowship were considered before such a proposal is made. If a rule were adopted, when there is no such candidate before the church, the question would stand a better chance of being decided on its merits. It is purely a question of consistency of life. No evangelical church would knowingly admit to membership a man whose life was inconsistent with the Christian charaeter. A burglar, or a gambler, or a drunkard would be rejected without hesitation if he wished to join. If he gave evidence of repentance and avowed his intention of reforming, that would be a different matter; but so long as he was living a vicious life, a church would be justified in rejecting him. The Apostolic rule which was laid down when the question of immorality in a church arose, was, that while it was no part of the church's duty to judge "those that were without," the church must purge itself of the member who was leading an inconsistent life. The question, then, is whether a person who derives his income from making and selling intoxicants is consistent. It should not be difficult to decide. The testimony of judges, of jailers, of physicians is all on one side, and no ordinary person can read the daily papers, or observe what is passing around him, without agreeing with that testimony that no agent is doing so much mischief, directly or indirectly to the community as intoxicating liquor. What, then, are we to say of the conduct of a man who, while in Christian fellowship, is supplying the market with that identical agent? The apostle said, "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." It is several degrees below the Apostolic level for a man to provide that which causes his brother to offend.

It is worthy of consideration whether a church may not consistently go a step further, and refuse to benefit indirectly by the sale of this mischievous agent. We are shocked when we read of the brigands of central Europe bringing to the church a percentage of the proceeds of their murders and robberies, and of the offering being accepted. The time may come when the conscience of our churches will be so stirred by the appalling spectacle of the results of the liquor traffic, that they will say of the liquor dealer's offering: "This is the price of blood; we cannot accept it for the work of the Lord."

To Save Our Girls

NEW YORK, March 12, 1904.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH.—DEAR SIR: It has come to my knowledge that a great peril menaces the young women of our country at the coming Exposition at St. Louis. Thousands of young girls, the daughters of modest homes in the villages and hamlets remote from the great towns, are turning longing eyes to St. Louis. Some of them wish to see the Exposition, with its multiform wonders; some desire the educational opportunity that will be afforded, while the vast majority are hoping that they may find employment in the city, or at the Exposition during the time that it is open. It is even stated, with a strong probability of truth, that an organized effort is being made to inveigle many of these innocent girls into doubtful places, where they may be the prey of unscrupulous and wicked people, and where some of them may be tempted into nameless dangers, and perhaps led into lives of shame. This evil is a menace to the peaceful homelife of America, and if allowed to go on would be a lasting blot upon our fair fame.

It has seemed to me that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its vast opportunities and great army of readers, might do something to help avert this impending peril. Many Christian women feel strongly on this subject at this time. I write merely to ask if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will not co-operate in some plan to save our girls?

Very truly yours, MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We have written to Mrs. Sangster, informing her that we will gladly respond to this call for service in a cause of such vital interest to American womanhood.

We purpose, next week, to lay the whole matter before our readers, and invite their confidence and their active co-operation in stemming an evil which threatens to wreck many innocent lives, and to bring sorrow and shame into a multitude of happy homes.

Rumored Death of Dr. B. Labaree

BRIEF cable despatches from Urumiah, in Persia, report that Dr. Labori. an American missionary, has been killed on the road to Khoi. Though up to the time of going to press no confirmation of the sad news had been received by the Presbyterian Board in New York, there is reason to fear that the dispatch refers to Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D.D., one of the most eminent and devoted missionaries in the foreign field. During his stay in this city a few years ago, while revising the Syriac edition of the Bible, he was a frequent visitor at the office of this journal. His learning, his courtesy and affability, rendered him a most delightful friend, and his tragic death, if unhappily it should prove true, will be mourned by all who knew him.

Why anyone should want to kill so good and kind a man is inconceivable, but as the tragedy is said to have occurred on the road to Khoi, which is a centre of Mohammedan fanaticism, it may have been inspired by religious hatred, or possibly it may have been the work of Kurdish brigands, whose ruthless ferocity is proverbial. The whole Christian world will be bereaved by the loss of so good and so able a servant of Christ, if, indeed, he has fallen.

AN UP-TO-DATE ENCYCLOPEDIA FRE

THE publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wi a view to greatly increasing the list of subscri s, makes the following extraordinarily liberal o- position.

To every subscriber now on our list who will, **ON R BEFORE EASTER MONDAY,** send two new subscri s not now on our books, or his own renewal and one new o- scriber, whether with or without premium or magazine c i- bination, we will present a set of the Crown Encyclope a, consisting of five volumes, containing 3,008 pages, with r 500 illustrations and ninety-six colored maps, all beautif y bound in cloth and gold, and **Delivered Free.** In order t our usual premium propositions may be readily brough o mind, we append herewith a correct list of the same.

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THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER

Niagara in Winter

NIAGARA has not in many years presented such beautiful ice scenery as it has this winter. The cold weather set in early, and continued steadily week after week, so that the frost effects kt building up day after day. It is in Prospect Park tlt the tree beauty attains its highest perfection, and th season the effects have been glorious in the extme. It is here that a southwest wind carries the sy cloud of the American Fall well back into the pk grove, and as it freezes the trees look as though tly were hewn from purest marble. Trees, bushes, bldings, everything within reach of the falling spray bomes ice-coated, and to stand down at Prospect Fnt and look back into the park is a veritable view of fryland. One amazing feature of the ice formation w a huge mound that developed on Prospect Point. Uually this view point is open to visitors the year aund, but so massive did the ice mound grow that n dug day after day to keep the Point clear and then ge up in despair, for each night the quantity of ice tlt formed was greater than that removed during the d. Then it was that the big new mound, with its fzen, glassy surface, became itself a point of view tlt surpassed even the delights of the Point proper. C this icy hill, for such it was, one stood thirty feet or nre above the water as it turned over the brink of the Aerican Fall. To look down upon the Fall from such a oint had never before been possible, and thousands a iled themselves of the new condition to see Niagara

THE MOUND AT PROSPECT POINT

in a new way. The rapids of the American channel ove the American Fall were so suppressed by the shered ice that it was through only three small and row channels that the flow of this portion of the eat river reached the brink of the precipice and tnbled into the gorge. The entire middle section of te Fall was frozen over, and Superintendent Perry and Guide John R. Barlow made their way over the ice to a oint at the brink of the Fall midway between Prospect int and Luna Island, a spot which, so far as known, s never before been reached by man. The scene of te frozen river was beautiful, and one could not help mpare its quietness with the tossing, tumbling, chaic waters that roll there in summer time. Our meteologists can give us scientific explanations of this markable phenomenon, but after all, they are obliged tgo back of the laws which they have discovered, to te Great First Cause, as did the Oriental philosopher:

By the breath of God frost is given, and the breadth of the ters is straitened (Job 37: 10.)

aved a Train

A switchman at Cleveland, O., gave up his life, a few ys ago, in a successful effort to save a train from eck. He was going from one part of the yard to other on a yard engine, when he saw a Lake Shore in approaching at a high rate of speed. It was aady two hours late, and advantage had been taken of e delay to switch some cars on to another set of cks. A switch had been opened for the purpose, and collection of the fact rushed on the switchman's mind as he saw the train, with its hundred passengers, coming in. Instantly he leaped from the locomotive and started for the switch. Panting and gasping for breath, he neared the switch lever between the main and the switch tracks. There was no time to pull the lever. He threw himself at the lever, and his body fell across it. His weight snapped the lever from the catch and the switch closed. The train, with its many passengers aboard, rushed past in safety, but the switchman was dead. In throwing himself across the lever his head projected upon the main track and he was killed by the train. The funeral was attended by many employees of the railroad. Over the grave will be erected a tombstone with the epitaph, "He gave his life to save others." Pity that a man capable of such an act should have had to die in doing it; but so it is that lives are saved. The grievous thing is that when a world was to be saved by the sublimest of all such acts of self-sacrifice, there should have been failure in any instance. How many men for whom Christ laid down his life perish in spite of it, by their own perversity!

THE LOST KING'S THRONE

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WINTER SCENES AT NIAGARA FALLS

Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life (John 5: 40)

Boy and Dog Recovered

A mystery only partially solved was brought to the notice of the police in New York last week. Early in the week they were informed that a valuable dog, of the Great Dane breed, had been lost by its owner, a well-known music-teacher. The animal had strayed away from a friend of its owner, who had taken it with her for a stroll through the park. Search was made for it, but it was not found. Two days afterward the police were called upon to search for a missing boy, about five years old, who had wandered away from his nurse in the park. Late that evening they received word that both the lost boy and the lost dog had been found. They learned that the mother of the boy, almost distracted by her loss, had gone through the park and the streets near it, searching for her darling. She had almost worn out her strength, when she saw a crowd of men and boys surrounding some object in the roadway. Hearing that it was a lost child she pressed through, and there on the ground was her boy crying bitterly, and over him stood a big dog, protecting him and snarling menacingly at any one who approached the child. She called to her boy, and with a cry of joy he rushed to her arms. She took him thankfully to her home, the dog following at her heels. When she arrived at home she looked at the dog and found that it had a collar on, with its owner's name and address. Thankful for the protection it had given her child, she sent word to the dog's owner, who lost no time in coming for it. Where the dog had been, and why it had taken the child under its protection, cannot be explained, but that it did so and was thereby restored to its home, are the facts. The animal reaped the reward of an act of kindness, and thus to him was fulfilled the promise made to men:

He that watereth shall be watered also himself (Prov 11 25)

A Wild Ride Down a Mountain

A railroad employee had a thrilling experience on a mountain in New Jersey, recently. He is a brakeman, and was standing on a car, piled with ore, near the Richard mine, waiting for a train, to which the car was to be attached for hauling down the incline. In some way, which the brakeman cannot explain, the car slowly moved, and its momentum increasing every moment, it started down the mountain-side. He at once applied the brakes, but they failed to work. The car was soon flying down the slope at a terrific rate of speed. It is about five miles from the top to the bottom of the slope, and there was no obstruction until the end of the third mile. There a passenger work car was standing. The ore car smashed into this, demolishing it and throwing it off the track. The car continued its wild flight unchecked, and passed the Lackawanna station, the brakeman clinging to the brake for his life. By some marvel, the car kept the track until it struck the next up-grade, and he was then able to set the brakes and bring the car to a standstill. After that he fainted. Although he had been badly bruised when the passenger car was smashed, he was not seriously injured. It was a marvelous escape. Not many have had such an experience and lived to tell the tale. How few there are, too, who travel the downward path in morals, where, as so often happens, the checks on which they rely, fail to work escape from eternal destruction.

As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more (Prov 10: 25)

BRIEF NOTES

There are now 6,838 preaching-stations in Africa, and the number of foreign missionaries laboring on that continent is 3,051

The membership of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, of which C. H. Spurgeon was pastor, and is now under the charge of his son, has a membership of 3,258, of which 121 were added last year.

News comes from California of the death of Rev. E. A. Holdridge, an evangelist of rare power and devotion His home church was at Modesto but his service was carried on in many other towns and was signally blessed of God. Mr. Holdridge was fifty-two years of age and had been in the ministry nearly thirty years, He was instrumental in bringing many souls to Christ. At one of his services in California, nearly two hundred persons were at the altar at one time.

Evangelist Sayford has been holding revival meetings at Concord, N. H. The *Monitor* of that city, recording the wonderful scene at the time the invitation to rise for prayer was given, says: "There were few arose at first, but as conviction was driven home in the silence of breathless interest, almost, a new light would come into the eyes and an inspiration seemed to take possession of one after another."

JOSEPH AND ASENATH

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY

REV. BERNHARD PICK PH.D DD

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK

V. The Wedding of Joseph and Asenath

THE steward then went away, and prepared the house and the meal, but Asenath remembered the words of the vision and the injunctions, and hastened to her second room, and took out her best dress, which was glittering like lightning, and put it on, she also put on her royal girdle of gold and precious stones, and on her hands she put golden bracelets, and on the feet golden sandals and a precious ornament around her neck, and a golden crown upon her head; in the crown, near by her forehead, was a large precious stone, and round the large stone, six very costly stones, and her head she covered with a very wonderful veil. As Asenath remembered the words of her house steward, for he had told her that her face had fallen away, she sighed very sorrowfully and said: "Woe is me, the distressed, because my face has fallen away; Joseph will see me, and I shall be despised."

And to her maiden she said: "Fetch me water from the pure spring." When it was brought, she poured it into a dish, and, stooping down to wash her face, she saw her own face bright as the sun. When she saw this, she was astonished at the sight, and she was greatly rejoiced, and washed not her face.

Again her steward came to tell her that everything was done according to her behest. And when he looked at her, he was greatly afraid and was trembling for a long time, and falling to her feet, he said: "What is this, my mistress? What is this beauty which is laid on thee, it being great and wonderful?"

And while they were yet speaking, a lad came to Asenath saying: "Behold, Joseph stands before the gates of our court." At this Asenath hastened and went down the steps from her upper room, with her seven maidens, to meet Joseph, and stood before her house. When Joseph had entered the court, the gates were closed, and the strangers were left outside.

And when Asenath came forward to meet Joseph, he was astonished at her beauty when he saw her, and said to her: "Who art thou, maiden? Tell me quickly." She said to him: "I am Asenath, thy handmaid. All idols I have cast away from me, and they are destroyed. A vision came to me this day from heaven and said to me: 'I have given thee for a bride to Joseph, and he shall be thy bridegroom forever; and thy name shall not be called Asenath, but it shall be called a City of Refuge, and the Lord God shall rule over many nations, and through thee shall they flee to the Most High God.' The vision also said: 'I will also go to Joseph that I may speak into his ears my words concerning thee,' and now thou knowest, my lord, whether that has come to thee which was spoken concerning me."

Then Joseph said to Asenath: "Blessed art thou, O woman, and blessed be thy name, because the Lord God has founded thy walls, and the children of the living God shall dwell in the city of thy refuge, and the Lord shall rule them forever. That vision came to me this day from heaven, and spoke to me these words concerning thee; and now come hither to me, why standest thou afar from me?"

Joseph then stretched forth his hands, and embraced Asenath.

And after they had greeted each other, and bound together the bands of their hands, Asenath said to Joseph: "Come hither, my lord, and go into the house, because I have prepared our house and a table."

And she took hold of his right hand, and led him into the house, and placed him on the throne of her father, Pentephres. She also brought water to wash his feet. And Joseph said: "Let one of the maidens come and wash my feet." And Asenath said to him: "Nay, lord, for from now thou art my lord, and I thy servant; and why doest thou ask thus that another servant should wash thy feet?"

Joseph then took her and he seated her upon his right hand. Her father and her mother, and her relatives came from the field of their inheritance, and saw her sitting with Joseph, and attired in her wedding-robe. And they were surprised at her beauty, and rejoiced and praised God. Then they ate and drank and rejoiced together.

And Pentephres said to Joseph: "To-morrow I will call all the chiefs and satraps of all the land of Egypt, and will make for you a wedding, and thou shalt take my daughter Asenath for a wife."

But Joseph replied: "I will go to-morrow to King Pharaoh, for he is my father, who made me a ruler of all this land, and will speak to him about Asenath, and he will give her to me for a wife." And Pentephres said to him: "Go in peace."

And Joseph went to Pharaoh and said to him: "Give me Asenath, the daughter of Pentephres, the priest of Heliopolis, for a wife."

Pharaoh rejoiced very much, and said to Joseph: "Behold, is she not promised to thee for a wife? Take her, therefore, for a wife now and for ever."

"AND JACOB SAID TO JOSEPH, 'IS THIS THY WIFE?'"

Pharaoh sent then for Pentephres, and Pentephres brought Asenath and put her before Pharaoh, who, when he saw her, was astonished at her beauty, and said: "The Lord God of Joseph bless thee, child, and may this thy beauty remain for ever, because the Lord God of Joseph has chosen thee for his bride."

After this, Pharaoh took Joseph and Asenath and put golden crowns upon their heads, such as were in his house from of old, and Pharaoh put Asenath to the right of Joseph. Putting his hands upon their heads, Pharaoh said: "The Lord God the Most High bless you, and multiply you and make you great and magnify you for ever."

Pharaoh then turned their faces to each other, and they kissed each other. And Pharaoh made a great banquet for Joseph for seven days, and called together all the rulers of Egypt and all the kings of the nations, making known throughout the land of Egypt: "That whoever works during the seven days of the wedding of Joseph and Asenath shall suffer death."

And Asenath bore to Joseph two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, in the house of Joseph.

VI. The Plot of Pharaoh's Son

When the seven years of plenty had passed, e
seven years of famine commenced. And when Ja b
heard of his son Joseph, he went into Egypt with ll
his family, in the second year of the famine, in e
second month, on the twenty-first day of the month, d
dwelt in the land of Goshen.

And Asenath said to Joseph: "I will go and see y
father, for thy father Israel is as my father."

And Joseph said to her: "Thou shalt go with me H
see my father."

So Joseph and Asenath went to Jacob in the land f
Goshen, and the brothers of Joseph went forth to m t
them and bowed before them, with their faces to e
ground.

After this, both went to Jacob. Jacob was sitt g
upon his bed, and was very old. When Asenath s
him, she was surprised at his venera e
beauty, for his age was like the youth o
man; his head was as white as snow, a
the hair of his head was very thick and v
full; his white beard reached to his bre
his eyes were bright as with lightning;
shoulders and arms, his limbs and feet, w
like those of a strong man.

When Asenath saw him thus, she was
tonished, and falling down she bowed
fore him, her face to the ground.

Jacob said to Joseph: "Is this thy wi
Blessed be she in the Most High God."

Jacob called her then to him, and bles
her and saluted her. Asenath stretch
forth her hands, and took hold of Jaco
neck and hung on it, and saluted him. Th
then ate and drank and afterwards Jose
and Asenath returned to their house; Si
eon and Levi, the sons of Leah accom
nied them, but the sons of Bilhah a
Zilpah, the handmaids of Leah and Rach
accompanied them not, because they envi
and hated them. And Levi was to the rig
of Asenath, and Simeon to the left. A
Asenath took hold of Levi's hand, becau
she loved him more than the other broth
of Joseph, for he was a wise man and
prophet of the Most High God. And
saw letters written in the heaven and u
derstood them, and revealed them secre
to Asenath; Levi also loved Asena
greatly.

And it came to pass, as Joseph a
Asenath, on their way from Jacob, pass
by, that Pharaoh's first-born son saw the
from the wall, and beholding Asenath,
marvelled on account of her great beau
Pharaoh's son then sent messengers, a
sent for Simeon and Levi. They cam
and when they stood before him, Pharaoh
first-born son said to them: "I know th
ye are mighty men, and that with the
your right hands the city of the Shechem
ites was destroyed, and that with your tw
swords, you put down their warriors. I, to
will take you this day for my comrade
and will give you much gold and silve
man-servants and maid-servants and hous
and large possessions, and ye shall aid m
for I have been treated very shamefully b
your brother Joseph, when he took Asenat
for his wife, she being promised to me first. And no
come to me, and I will fight against Joseph to kill hi
with my sword, and I will take Asenath for a wife, an
ye shall be to me as brothers and true friends. If yo
do not listen to my words, I will slay you."

And having spoken thus, he uncovered his sword an
showed it to them. Now Simeon was desperate an
bold, and desired to put his right hand on his swor
and to strike the son of Pharaoh, because he ha
spoken harsh words to them. When, therefore, Le
perceived the thought of his heart (for he was
prophet), he touched with his foot the right foot o
Simeon and pressed it, giving a signal to him to ceas
from his wrath.

Levi said to Simeon: "Why art thou angry at thi
man? We are God-fearing men, and it becomes u
not to repay evil for evil."

Then said Levi to Pharaoh's son with boldness
"Why does our Lord speak these words? We are God
fearing men, and our father is as a friend of the Mos
High God, and our brother is as his son. And how
shall we do this evil thing, and sin before our God, and

of father Israel, and before our brother Joseph? And now hear my words: It becometh us not to wrong any man in any wise. If one will wrong a God-fearing man, that man avenges him not, because he has no sword in his hand. And now take heed lest ye speak again to us such things about our brother Joseph. If thou abidest by thy evil counsel, behold, our swords are drawn before thee."

Then Simeon and Levi drew their swords from their sheaths, and said: "Seest thou now these swords? With these has the Lord avenged the pride of the Shechemites, with which they insulted the children of Israel in their sister Dinah."

When Pharaoh's son saw the drawn swords, he was much afraid, and trembled, because they glittered like flames of fire, and his eyes became dim, and he fell upon his face on the earth at their feet.

Levi then stretched forth the right hand and seized him, saying: "Arise and fear not, only take heed to speak no more anything evil against our brother Joseph." And Simeon as well as Levi went away from him.

The Son of Pharaoh remained therefore filled with fear and sadness, because he feared the brothers of Joseph. He became very angry again, and on account of the beauty of Asenath he mourned the more. His servants then said to him: "Behold, the sons of Bilhah, and the sons of Zilpah, the maids of Leah and Rachel, Jacob's wives, are much at enmity with Joseph and Asenath, and hate them. These shall be to thee in all things according to thy will."

The son of Pharaoh then sent messengers to them and called them, and they came to him in the first hour of the night. And when they stood before him, he said to them, "I have heard from many that you are mighty men."

And Dan and Gad, the older brothers, said to him, "Let our lord speak to his servants what he wishes, that thy servants may hear, and that we may do as thou wishest."

Then Pharaoh's son was very glad, and said to his servants, "Go away a little from me because my word to these men is in secret." And all stood back.

Then Pharaoh's son said, "Behold, blessing and death are before you; take ye rather the blessing than death, for ye are strong men and ye shall not be like women, but brethren and keep off your enemies; for I heard your brother Joseph say to Pharaoh, my father, 'Dan and Gad and Naphtali and Asher are not my brothers, but children of my father's maidens. I only wait for my father's death, and I will destroy them from the land and all their families, that they may not inherit with us. They also sold me unto the Ishmaelites, and I will recompense them according to their violence which they acted against me; only let my father die.'

"And my father, Pharaoh, praised me at these words, and said to me, 'Thou hast spoken well, my son; moreover, take from me mighty men and instruct them concerning all what they shall do for thee, and I will also assist thee.'"

When Dan and Gad heard this from Pharaoh's son, they were greatly alarmed and distressed, and said to him: "We pray thee, help us; from now, we are thy slaves and servants, and we will die with thee."

And Pharaoh's son said, "I will help you if you also hear my words."

They said to him: "Tell us what thou wilt, and we will do according to thy will."

And Pharaoh's son said unto them: "I will kill my father this night, because Pharaoh is like a father unto Joseph, and promised to assist him against you. Kill ye Joseph, and I will take Asenath to wife, and ye shall be my brothers and joint-heirs of all that is mine; only do this."

And Dan and Gad said unto him: "We are this day thy servants, and we will do all that which thou hast assigned to us. We also heard Joseph say to Asenath 'Go to-morrow into the field of our possession, for it is harvest time,' and he sent with her six hundred strong men for an army, and fifty forerunners. Now, hear us, and we will speak to our lord."

And they spoke to him all their mind in secret.

VII. The Ambush by the Stream

Pharaoh's son then gave to the four brothers full five hundred men, and made them their rulers and leaders. And Dan and Gad said unto him: "We are this day thy servants, and will do all, as thou hast told us. We will go by night and lie in wait by the stream, and hide ourselves in the thicket; but do thou take with thee five archers on horses, and go at a distance before her, and when Asenath comes, she will fall into our hands, and we will put down the men who are with her. She will then flee with her chariot and fall into thy hands, and thou shalt do with her as it pleaseth thee. After this, we will kill Joseph, who will sorrow for Asenath, and we will kill his children also before his eyes."

Then the first-born son of Pharaoh heard this, he greatly rejoiced, and sent them away, and two thousand warriors with them. And as they went to the stream to hide themselves in the thicket, they sat on the further side of the stream, as towards the front on both sides of the way, full five hundred men; likewise on the near side of the stream remained the rest, and they sat in the thicket on both sides of the way, five hundred men.

In the same night Pharaoh's son arose and went to the bedchamber of his father to kill him. The guard of his father prevented him from going into his father's room, and said to him: "What is your desire, lord?"

He said to them: "I wish to see my father, for I go to take the sap off my newly planted vine."

And the guard said to him: "Thy father is in pain, and has watched the whole night, and now he rests; and he has said to us: 'Let no one come to me, even if it were my first-born son.'"

When he heard this, he went away enraged, and at once took fifty archers on horses and went before them as Dan and Gad had told him. But the younger brothers, Naphthali and Asher, spoke to their older brothers, Dan and Gad, saying: "Why do you again deal knavishly against your father, Israel, and against your brother, Joseph? God preserveth him like the pupil of the eye. Have you not once sold Joseph, and he is this day ruler over all the land of Egypt, and the giver of bread? If you will now again deal knavishly against him, he will cry to the Most High, and he will send fire from heaven and eat you up, and the angels of God will war against you."

PHARAOH'S SON TAKEN BEFORE HIS ROYAL FATHER

At this, the older brothers became angry against them, and said: "And shall we die like women? This shall not be." And they went forth to meet Joseph and Asenath.

And Asenath arose in the morning and said to Joseph: "I will go into the field of our possession, as thou hast said; but my soul is very sad, because thou shalt be separated from me."

And Joseph said to her: "Be of good cheer and fear not, but rather go rejoicing, dreading none, for the Lord is with thee, and he will keep thee from every evil; and I will go on my way distributing corn, and I will give corn to all the men in the city, and no man shall die of hunger in the land of Egypt."

Asenath then went her way, and Joseph also his way, distributing corn. As Asenath came to the place of the stream with the six hundred men, those who were with Pharaoh's son came suddenly from ambush, and began to fight with Asenath's men; and killed them with their swords and also all the forerunners. Asenath fled in her chariot.

At once Levi, the son of Leah, perceived all this in the spirit, like a prophet, and he told his brethren of Asenath's danger, and every man among them took his sword and his shield and his spears, and followed after Asenath quickly.

And as Asenath fled before, behold Pharaoh's son and his riders with him met her. When Asenath saw him, she was much afraid, and she called upon the name of the Lord her God.

Benjamin sat to her right, on the chariot. Now Benjamin was a strong youth of nineteen years, and he also was very God-fearing. And Benjamin leaped down from the chariot, and took a round stone from the stream, and he threw it at Pharaoh's son, and struck his left temple, and wounded him with a sore wound. And he fell from his horse to the ground, being half-dead. And then running likewise near the rock, Benjamin said unto Asenath's chariot driver: "Give me stones from the stream." And he gave him fifty stones; and, throwing the stones, Benjamin slew the fifty men who were with Pharaoh's son.

Then Leah's sons, Reuben and Simeon, Levi and Judah, Issachar and Zebulun, encountered the men who laid in wait for Asenath and fell upon them unawares, and slew them with a great slaughter.

But the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah fled before, and said: "We shall perish from the midst of our brethren; Pharaoh's son has also fallen by the hand of Benjamin, and all who were with him have perished by his hand. For the rest (those who were left) said: "Come, now, let us kill Asenath and Benjamin, and flee into the thicket." And they went towards Asenath, their swords being covered with much blood. When Asenath saw them, she was much afraid, and said: "O Lord God, who hast made me alive and hast redeemed me from the idols and the corruption of death, as thou hast said that my soul shall live forever, deliver me now from these evil men." And the Lord God heard the voice of Asenath, and the swords of the enemies fell from their hands to the ground, and they were powerless.

VIII. The Mercy of Asenath

When the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah saw this wonderful thing that had taken place, they were sore afraid, and said: "The Lord battles against us for Asenath."

They then fell upon their faces to the earth, and bowed to Asenath, and said: "Be merciful unto us, thy servants, for thou art our mistress and queen. We have, indeed, done a wicked thing against thee, and against our brother Joseph, but the Lord has requited us according to our deeds. Therefore, we pray thee, be merciful unto us, the mean and unworthy, and deliver us from the hand of our brethren; yet, they will become thine avengers, and their swords are before us [and we know that our brethren are God-fearing men, and repay no man evil with evil]. Be therefore merciful to thy servants, O mistress, in their presence."

And Asenath said to them: "Be of good cheer, and fear not your brethren, for they are God-fearing men and fear the Lord. Go then into the thicket till I appease them concerning you, and their wrath be stayed, because ye have undertaken evil things against them. The Lord shall see, and judge between me and thee."

Gad and Dan then betook themselves to the thicket; but their brothers, the sons of Leah, ran like stags in great haste after them. And Asenath descended from her chariot and received them with tears, and they, falling down before her to the ground, wept with a loud voice and sought to destroy their brothers.

And Asenath said to them: "I pray you, spare your brothers and repay them not evil for evil; for the Lord has saved me from them, and dashed their spears and swords from their hands. And this is sufficient for us that the Lord battles for us. Therefore, spare ye your brothers, because they are your brothers and blood of your father, Israel."

And Simeon said to her: "Why does our mistress speak good words for her enemies? Not so; but we will rather slay them with our swords, because they devised evil things against our brother Joseph and against their father Israel, and against thee, our mistress, this day."

Asenath then stretched forth her right hand to Simeon and said: "By no means, brother, shalt thou repay thy neighbor evil with evil, because the Lord will avenge this violence. They are, moreover, your brothers, and the sons of your father, Israel, and they fled from afar, before your face. Therefore, pardon them."

Levi then came to her and kissed her right hand, for he knew that she wished to save the men from the wrath of their brethren that they should not kill them. And they were near by in the thicket. Levi, his brother, knew it, but did not tell it to his brethren, fearing lest in their wrath they might kill them.

Pharaoh's son rose up from the ground and sat down and spat blood from his mouth; from the temple the blood ran down upon his mouth. And Benjamin running upon him, took his sword, and drawing it from the sheath of Pharaoh's son (for Benjamin had not a sword), he moved to strike upon the breast the son of Pharaoh. But Levi ran to him, and taking hold of his hand, he said: "By no means shalt thou do this work,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 263

EASTER'S MISSIONARY MEANINGS ❋ JESUS VISITS TYRE AND SIDON

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 3
MARK 7: 24-37

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

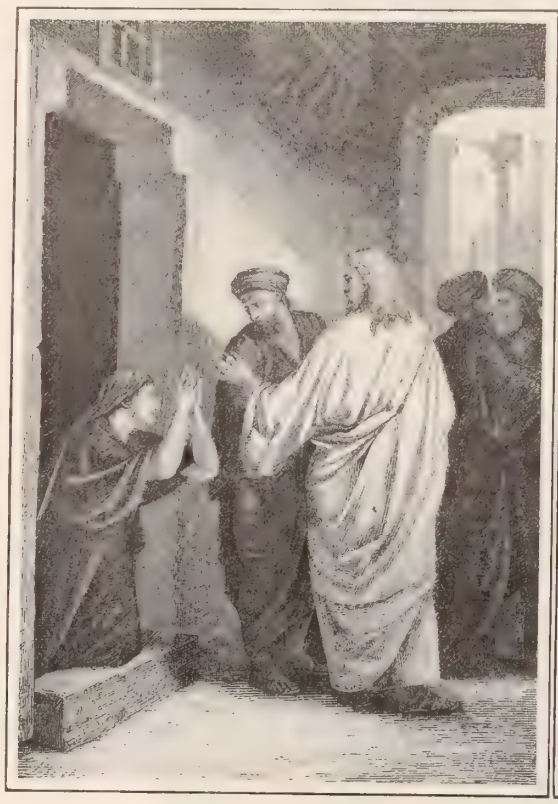
GOLDEN TEXT -- HEB. 11: 6:
WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE HIM

WE can imagine the Syro-Phœnician woman saying: "You ask how I, a Syro-Phœnician woman, came to call on Jesus, a Jew, for help. I do not deny that I belong to a nation of idolaters. I myself have worshiped Baal; aye, more, my first-born I sacrificed to Baal by fire. Oh, how I shudder now to think how misguided I was to do such a cruel deed! How many mothers have laid their little ones on his red-hot hands, only to see them drop into the raging flames below! It was the kindness of Jesus to little children that first drew me to him. I had been told how he had cured the nobleman's boy; how he had raised from the dead the little daughter of Jairus; how he had cured many sick children brought to him when he was in Capernaum; and I said, 'Why not my child?' She had been afflicted with epilepsy for many months. I had been repeatedly told that as I was not a Jew, Jesus would not heed my request; but I reminded them who thus spoke, that Jesus had saved the life of a Roman boy. My child was so ill, I did not dare to journey far to tell Jesus of her need of him, lest she might fall into the fire in one of her paroxysms while I was away. But one day I learned with joy that Jesus had come into the borders of our country, and was even then abiding in a home not far away, for rest and refreshment.

"I lost no time in going thither. I did not go as an idol-worshiper, driven out of her religion by an extremity, for I had heard so much of Jesus, I was ready to take him for my Lord and Master. Love and necessity overcame all obstacles. I rushed into his presence; I threw myself at his feet; I cried aloud: 'Lord, help me!' But he seemed cold, even indifferent. Ah me, it was so different from what I had expected! I heard with anguish some words he spoke about helping those who belonged to the house of Israel. But I would not be refused. I cried louder still: 'Lord, help me!' Those who were with him were offended, and even asked that he would send me away. His own words were again discouraging, for he said: 'Let Israel first be helped; it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs.' Was I then as a dog in his sight? I was willing to be even so considered, and I said: 'Even the little dogs under the table eat of the crumbs which the children drop.' All I wanted was one little crumb of help from him. He had heard me call him 'Lord' and 'Master,' and he knew that I was no longer a worshiper of Baal. Then why did he seem to refuse me help? I know now that he wanted his apostles to know that I was indeed a true and earnest worshiper, though not a Jew. Never can I forget the sweetness of his voice, nor the tender approbation of his look when he said: 'O, woman, great is thy faith; for this saying go thy way; be it done unto thee even as thou wilt, the demon has gone out of thy daughter.'

"I clasped his feet with gratitude, and washed them with my tears of joy, and then I arose quickly, and went to my home, nothing doubting. I found my little daughter lying on her bed, resting in a healthful sleep. One little hand laid under her rosy cheek, and the other was tossed above her sunny curls. When she awoke it was with a smile of loving recognition, and then she said: 'Why, mamma, I feel so well! How did I get well so quickly?' And then I took her on my knee, and told her all about it. Her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness, and she clasped me around the neck, and cried: 'Oh, mamma, how I wish I could see Jesus, who has done so much for me!' Idolatry had cruelly deprived me of one child, but the religion of Jesus had restored another child to me. What a contrast between the false and the true. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

After the healing of the Syro-Phœnician child, Jesus went on his way, crossing the Jordan just above Lake Merom. He traveled in a southeasterly direction, until he came to Decapolis, south of the sea of Galilee, on the east side of the Jordan. There were ten Gentile cities there. Almost the first act of Jesus in that missionary tour among the heathen was to heal a deaf and dumb man who had been brought to him. The man had to be charged against talking too much about it, lest crowds of curious people should gather, and make it impossible for Jesus to go on with his work.



"SHE CAME AND FELL AT HIS FEET"

"LOOKING UP TO HEAVEN, HE SIGHED"

Illustration and Application

As the lessons are now in the very midst of Christ's life, teachers may well assume that his resurrection and our own will be sufficiently treated by the preacher in his Easter morning sermon, and devote this lesson to the larger spiritual and missionary meanings of Easter, which Paul embodied in what may well be our Easter Golden text, "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things that are above." Both miracles in this lesson were wrought in a missionary tour to heathen lands adjoining Palestine.

These resurrections, from sickness into health, from silence into song, picture the spiritual transformations, which are indeed a "passing from death unto life," that Christianity has wrought as it has marched through all countries in the nineteen Christian centuries since he made that first brief missionary tour. Let us not forget that Europe was a missionary country when Paul entered it at Philippi and wrought, in Christ's Name, two greater resurrections than those of this lesson, by which Lydia first, and then the jailer, rose, as from the dead, into the new Christian life. Far greater has been the resurrection of heathen Europe, whose present condition, with all its faults, differs from that of the days of Marcus Aurelius, the best of the pagan emperors, as life differs from death. We need not linger to debate about Christ's miracles of healing, when transformed characters and continents furnish nearer and stronger proofs of the life-giving power of Christ.

Especially has the influence of Christ produced changes kindred to resurrection in the condition of women and children. Well may the mother of this story and others of her time be imagined as journeying to Jerusalem, when Jesus had been crucified, to lift their children up before the cross, and tell his story there, for the Crucified and Risen Christ has lifted up both mother and child, who were treated as the slaves of the husband and father until Jesus taught the sacred individuality of every human soul as a son or daughter of God, a brother or sister of Christ, for whom he died, and so a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed. Surely this is more than resurrection! And the pictures of women in mourning at the resurrection, yet with glad faces, gets added meaning from what the risen Christ has since done for women in all lands.

In the presence of this lesson, which is, first of all, a lesson on prayer, we may learn that prayer should be not only importunate but world-embracing. Private and family prayer often need a resurrection out of a death-like selfishness. Beautiful as parental love is, our duties to the great world sometimes outrank it. A man whose duty it was to watch a railway drawbridge over a river, had opened it to let a vessel through, when he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He sprang to the lever to bring it back into place, and in doing so accidentally pushed his boy overboard. To have stopped to save his boy would have caused the wreck of a trainload of people. He did his duty even at the loss of his boy, and all must see that in such a case there are duties that even outrank those of the family.

What shall we say of those spiritually dead Christians who do not even have family prayer and family religion, much less a missionary spirit that takes in the world? At the close of a revival meeting, the preacher walked away with a young man, to whom he said, "Are you a Christian?" "I am not." "Is your father a Christian?" "Don't know; he has been a steward for years in the church." "Is your mother a Christian?" "Don't know; she has long been a Superintendent of the Sunday School." "Is your sister a Christian?" "Don't know; she has the primary department of the Sunday School." "Does your father or mother ever ask the blessing at table?" "No, sir." "Did your father, or mother, or sister, ever ask you to be a Christian?" "So long as I remember, not one of them ever said a word to me about my soul. Do you believe they think that I am lost?" This is a missionary story about the real "heathen at home."

As the lesson tells of a girl and a man that Jesus helped, our Easter missionary resurrection stories shall be of a girl and a man brought "from death unto life" in Chinese missions. Chwin Shioh was a little Chinese girl who lived in a dirty hut, with a roof of mats, and a floor of mud. She worked hard as the family drudge, with only harsh words and blows for reward—for the Chinese have almost a contempt for girls. Her work was the harder because her feet had been bound when she was four years old, but she was proud of these disfigured little feet, which the Chinese call "golden lilies." She grew up without learning to read, write, or sew, but learned to worship a little idol, and a tablet inscribed with the name of her grandfather. This worship did not at all prevent her from repeating the bad language she heard, and copying dirty and bad habits of children about her. When she was ten years old, she hurt one of her little feet, and as it was tightly bound, she had no chance to get well. A passing neighbor said: "Why don't you take her to the missionary hospital?" "Because they pay for children, and take their eyes out, and send them to England to make medicine." "Indeed they don't, for I was there myself, and I wish I could go again, for they make every body so comfortable.' So the child was allowed to limp to the mission hospital. There she was put in a clean bed, and her foot was unbound, and gently dressed with cool ointment, and she was left to look at a picture of the Good Shepherd carrying a lamb. She wonder what it meant. Then when she became comfortable, she did not wish to keep clean, and used bad language, and was so disobedient, that it was decided she must be sent back to her dirty home. The night before she was to go, the lady doctor stopped at her bed, and said: "So you are going to-morrow. We are all so sorry that you won't try to be good." Chwin Shioh said not a word. "Do you know why?" The child replied gruffly, "No." "It is because we love you." The lady doctor laid a gentle white hand on the little brown hand, and looked sorrowfully down on her. Chwin Shioh gazed at the gentle face above her for one long moment wonderingly, and then burst into tears. Nobody had ever loved her before. From that hour she ceased to be wild and wilful, and was quiet in her bed, doing all she could to help the doctors cure her. She never went back to her loveless home. From the missionary hospital she went to a missionary school near by, where she learned to wonder how Jesus loved her even unto death. She had helped him to save others, by becoming a missionary teacher.

From this "miracle of grace," wrought on a wayward child of ten, we turn to another missionary miracle, the conversion of a Chinese man of eighty. He had been a lay helper of the Buddhist priests at Ha-pu for twenty-five years. A missionary found him in a wayside rest-shed, with a shelf full of mud idols. He talked with him of the uselessness of idol worship, to which he agreed. The next day he came to the missionary service half a mile away. The missionary went away, and on his return a month later, received, through the catechist, a present of the old man's priestly hat and rosary. He was at the service that day, and the missionary was asked home with him after service, and found that he had smashed all his mud idols, and his daughter had swept them into the dust-heap. He continued to keep the rest-shed, finding in the daily inquiries of passers-by as to what had become of his idols, opportunity to proclaim the true God. A life transformed at eighty—what a resurrection was that!

There is yet another way in which to bring the Easter truths into the portion of the life of Christ, which we are now studying, namely, by reversing the lessons of April 3 and 10, and showing how Christ foretold his death and resurrection at this period in his ministry. His apostles could not understand how a miracle-working Messiah would die, and so probably thought "crucifixion" and "resurrection" were but figurative ways of speaking of some great Messianic battle and victory, which led them straightway to debate who should be "greatest," that is, who should be his, the Messiah's, cabinet officers in the earthly kingdom, to which they thought he was leading them swiftly. The crucifixion and resurrection were indeed battle and victory, but not all for themselves and Israel were to reap its benefits, which were to be for all the world, aye for both worlds.

Outside Work of Women

IN a village not too far from New York to be in effect a residential suburb of that great city, there has recently been much breaking of the Lord's Day. A splendid avenue, broad and firm, has irted men to race their swift horses there, a what with dashing equipages, automob's, bicycles, and riders on horseback, the Sbath quiet has been rudely invaded, to th sorrow of Christian people who are aious to keep holy the rest day, and to kp peaceful their homes during its sacred hrs.

n the statute books of the State there is aple provision for the protection of the Sbath, and law-breaking goes on with an achment of penalties, wherever there is dant desecration of the day.

h the place referred to, there were many wo regretted the continual rapid driving a racing on Sundays, but nobody stirred in he matter until the women of the town rconstrated. They belonged to the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, at least a gdly number of them did, and they addssed petitions to the men in authority, wte letters to the local papers, and in varioways inaugurated a steady and persistent oposition which was presently successful. Te tranquility of the Lord's Day was resred, through the efforts of a few brave gtlewomen, who fearlessly obeyed the dictas of their conscience.

his is one proof among many of the inuence exerted by women in work outs their immediate households. The tntieth century begins auspiciously for the wld, when wives and mothers, long accustoed to detail and administration in their on homes, now bring to bear their good jgment and common sense in what we my call town housekeeping.

New Jersey village, within an hour of Anhattan, had great possibilities of beauty, b it was littered with unsightly debris, its fces were covered with flaming advertisents of doubtful propriety, and its business ctre was dirty and untidy.

he men were indifferent in the matter. Tose who were in town all day had their aorbing occupations. Those who went aay by train in the morning and returned anight, were not much impressed by the aearance of the village, neat or otherwise. Te women, at home through the day, deced that there must be town improvements, s they formed themselves into an associath, and presto! the town was shorn of its uiness, and put on so great an air of elegce and thrift that property values were pceptibly increased.

Vomen are busy in a hundred ways now were once they had but a single way of ug their energies. Especially this is true owomen in middle life, or elderly women, vose experience makes them fit advisers, al who have earned a little leisure from dnestic cares.

ow to Strengthen Memory

lemory is a sieve if you let it serve you badly; t, forced to do its work well, it will retain vatever is intrusted to its care.

When you find yourself at a loss to remember a ame or a date, or to fix the time accurately en any family event happened, do not say resedly, Oh, I am growing old. I am losing my mory. On the contrary, sit down and resolve that you v remember. Fix your will power on that one thing. By a rocess of unconscious cerebration, before very long the tin will produce the impression you want.

nconsequent people are inconvenienced by their lack of a ity to recollect things in detail, but they need not be. Tey must summon the slave attention, and he will in turn a use the delinquent memory.

There are more memories than one, in us all. Thus, one woman has no difficulty in placing her kith and kin to the remotest cousin, but she cannot tell you the minister's text last Sunday. Another can give in fullest outline the itinerary of a journey, but it would puzzle her to recite a rule in grammar or a page of history.

Memory is strengthened by use. The more it has to carry the greater will be its capacity for delivering parcels on application. But if you prefer to commit important matters to memoranda, why, do that. A note-book in the pocket, an engagement calendar on the desk, a pencil and card in the purse, may be valuable adjuncts to memory. For the railway train, consult the latest time-table rather than the most trustworthy memory.

A verse or two memorized "by heart" daily will fill your mind with wealth that you may draw upon at pleasure. The late gifted Dr. Maltbie Babcock never permitted a day to pass in which he did not memorize a hundred lines of poetry.

JAPANESE GARDENS IN CALIFORNIA

THE ORIENTAL TASTE IN GARDENING

From the Far East, we get some beautiful object lessons in the picturesque arrangement of gardens. Especially are the Japanese famous for what may be called success in miniature effects. They love flowers, and cultivate them as only flower-lovers do, and their tea-gardens, of which many are now found in our own California, are marvels of beauty and tasteful display.

A JAPANESE SUMMER BOWER IN CALIFORNIA

Orphanages and their Claim

ORPHANED children have a claim on those who possess homes. The word "claim" is purposely chosen. When God removes parents, and leaves a callow brood at the mercy of the storm, he does not mean that it shall perish. Society gathers such little ones into asylums, where they are clothed, fed, and taught, and where they receive the initial training for good citizenship. But all over our great country there are families into which an orphan child could be adopted, brought up with the home children as one of them, or made the joy of childless people. Of course there is often the doubt how an orphan will turn out. Those who believe very strongly in heredity fear that the child they might adopt might develop some undesirable trait or feature, and that they would be sorry for their investment of love and self-denial in some future day.

It sometimes happens that people's own children, surrounded from babyhood with the best influences, and descended from godly stock, turn out very ill indeed, so that it is hardly fair to fancy that orphans may necessarily prove a disappointment. A careful investigation shows that numerous instances of adoption have been renumerative in the highest degree; the sons and daughters by adoption equalling in gratitude, appreciation, and nobility of character, the sons and daughters of the home itself.

"I want to adopt a little one," said a sweet, motherly woman, to whom God had given no child. "I shall look for the most friendless little waif I can find, and, God helping me, give her the best that a Christian household can offer in Christian training and education."

She did this, and in her age she was ministered to by a daughter whom a queen might have been proud to acknowledge. The waif became a woman of much distinction of manner, and of rare finenesss of spirit.

Consider the claim on you, my friend, wherever you may be, of the orphan children of this land, and remember the orphans of other lands. In India, in Macedonia, in China. There are orphans whose call on the Christian world cannot be dismissed. A small yearly contribution supports an orphan in the Eastern world, and prepares him or her for a career of usefulness hereafter, and redeems from the bondage of heathenism one who may be a bright star in our Saviour's diadem.

A Day in Bed

To spend a day in bed when one is not ill, seems at first mention rather a waste of time, yet there is profit in it for a tired woman. Spring fever, that languor and listlessness which make endeavor wearisome, and that tendency to nervous irritability which is often felt when the tension of winter is over, may be combatted by rich women without much trouble. They have only to take a steamer for a trip to some bright Southern coast or island, or to step on board a train and exchange one climate for another, or if they choose, they may visit the Old World. It is for them a question of the purse only or chiefly.

The large majority of women, who must study economy very closely, cannot change the scene at will. For them the rest must be secured at home.

Every one knows that the sequence of a brief illness is often a great gain in strength. This is because the patient has had the rest afforded by staying for a short period in bed. Just one day every week or every fortnight thus passed by a tired woman, who is only tired, not really ill, will prove very profitable to her. Try it. Let yourself be waited on, and a little missed, down-stairs. In the end you will find the spring fever routed.

A Note of Sympathy

Whether a note of sympathy be written when congratulations or condolences are to be uttered, it should be simple, direct and to the point. No long introduction is needed. The letter must be from heart to heart. People sometimes hesitate about sending formal messages either of affectionate felicitation on a wedding or a birth, or of loving sorrow on the occasion of a misfortune or a bereavement. They fear they may not say the right thing in the right way.

But, as a rule, the hesitation is needless. A letter is an expression of sentiment, and the more personal it is, the better it meets its end. The mistake would be to use stilted or exaggerated language, to drop into fine writing, to put on a manner in your letter different from your usual manner.

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Grateful Macedonian Refugees

PASTOR POPOFF CONTINUES THE STORY OF HIS TOUR AMONG THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES

A REFUGEE MOTHER

IN a letter dated at Lujene, Feb. 8, Pastor Popoff, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Special Commissioner among the Macedonian refugees, gives further interesting details of his journey among the fugitives, who are scattered through the mountain villages on the Bulgarian border. He writes:

From Ichtiman I started for Lujene. To reach this place I rode only one hour by rail and nine hours by carriage, over mountain roads. Lujene is the principal of three villages in the Rodope mountains, about four hours' journey from the boundary line between Bulgaria and Macedonia. The three villages are nestled in a beautiful mountain dale; the three together having a population of five thousand, which derives subsistence from the forest mostly, by cutting and drawing firewood and lumber.

The three villages—Lujene, Chepinska Banga, and Kamenitza, are only fifteen to twenty minutes walk apart. There are one thousand refugees in these three villages, divided as follows: in Lujene, one hundred families; in Chepinska Banga, one hundred and ten families, and in Kamenitza, fourteen families. The Central Macedonia Relief Committee of Sofia had been providing food for them; but of late, for lack of means, the Committee gives them only a loaf of black bread, weighing about two pounds, per day. Some clothing has been distributed by various relief agencies. From the funds sent to Dr. Clarke, in Samokov, $234.10 have been distributed in these villages. The following articles were purchased and distributed: 810 yards of cloth for underwear; 62 blankets; 57 waists, cut but not sewed; 116 pairs of sandals; 160 kerchiefs for head covering; 33 foot wraps; also trousers, and coarse cloth for mending their stockings. I found some families living in stables with the cattle. Among the refugees in Lujene are about forty protestants from Razlog. Rev. Mr. Sedloeff, their pastor, is himself a refugee. He is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative there. I preached to them Sunday morning from the text, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;" Psalm 23:4. In the afternoon, about one hundred and fifty people came to the hotel to hear from me what America is doing for them. After my talk, an old man said to me: "We are very grateful for the aid given us, but we will be more grateful if something will be done that will enable us to go to our own places, although our homes are destroyed."

Refugees from Macedonia began to reach Philippopolis in November last. They came principally from Kovachevtze and Obidein, two devastated villages. They came also from Adrianople vilayet and other sections. They were kindly received and sheltered, and the municipal government appropriated 400 francs for their support. This was supplemented by gifts from private sources. Ultimately a relief committee was organized, with Mr. Mileff as President, and active work was soon under way, settling and taking care of the refugees. Thus, without outside aid, the refugees in Philippopolis have been well cared for. They were distributed in small groups among the surrounding villages, and local sub-committees were appointed to look after their interests. Now, however, the native resources have become exhausted, and outside help will be welcomed.

Pastor Popoff also visited Stanimaka, a city of 15,000 population, at the foot of the Rhodope Mountains. He writes:

"In the Stanimaka district, there are 800 refugees distributed in the thirteen villages and in several monasteries. I found an active local relief committee, the refugees well taken care of. They are provided with lodgings and food by the villagers and the monasteries. I visited two of the monasteries, Bachkovsky and Sveta Petka. In the former there are eighty refugees, and in the latter thirty-five. Those at the Bachkovsky Monastery are all from Kovachevtzi. About $200 can at once be used in the Stanimaka district for clothing. Some blankets were distributed from the 10,000 francs donated by the King of Italy. Some of the men were in need of trousers, and so they cut up the blankets and converted them into trousers."

Three refugee girls came from Kremen, a village of the Nevrekop district. Kremen was destroyed by the Turks on the 15th of September last—not one house being left. The people fled to Bulgaria, being quartered in Tatar Pazardjik and surrounding villages. I saw the three orphan girls in Tatar Pazardjik and heard their sad tale from their own lips, and from their uncle. The oldest, Yana (Ann), is eighteen, Kalina is fourteen, and Maria, seven. Their father, Ilia Ilipovsky, was the wealthiest man of the village. As Kmet (mayor) of the village, when the Turkish soldiers and Bashi-bazouks, after setting fire to a number of surrounding villages, were coming upon Kremen, and the population was all in confusion and preparing to flee, Ilipovsky tried to persuade the people to remain quiet, urging that nothing would happen to them, telling them that he would go out to meet the Turks and would persuade them to do no harm to the village. Many times before he had averted similar danger. With two other men, Stoyan Usheff and Ilia Usheff, he went about two miles out of the city to meet the Turks.

NEWLY-ARRIVED REFUGEES

Not far from the village, the Turks commenced their diabolical work. First they drove slivers under the finger-nails of the three men. Not succeeding in drawing from them any acknowledgment of revolutionary movements in the village, they next plucked out their eyes, baked the victims alive on a fire, and finally pierced them with their bayonets until death ensued.

The wife of the Kmet started off with her two boys, hoping to meet her husband. One of the boys, frightened at the sight of the Turks, fled toward the forest, where he was afterward found and taken to Nevrokop. A bullet from a Turk's rifle pierced the other boy, and when the mother protested she herself became a victim.

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JOSEPH AND ASENATH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 259

my brother; for we are God-fearing men, and it becomes not a God-fearing man to repay evil with evil, nor to strike one who is prostrated, nor to destroy his enemy unto death. And now, put the sword into its place, and come and help me and we will cure him from his wound, and if he lives he shall be our friend, and his father Pharaoh shall be our father."

Then Levi lifted the son of Pharaoh up from the ground, and washed the blood from his mouth, and bound a bandage over his wound, and put him on his horse and brought him to his father, Pharaoh, telling him all that had happened. And Pharaoh, rising up from his throne, bowed before Levi to the ground, and blessed him.

On the third day, Pharaoh's son died of the stone with which he had been wounded by Benjamin. And Pharaoh mourned much for his first-born son. on which account Pharaoh became sick and died, and he was one hundred and nine years old, and he left his diadem to Joseph.

* * *

Joseph ruled in Egypt forty and eight years, and after this, Joseph gave the crown to Pharaoh's younger son, who was a child when Pharaoh's oldest son died.

And Joseph was like a father to Pharaoh's youngest son in the land of Egypt, where he dwelt with Asenath, his wife, praising and speaking of God unto the day of his death.

[THE END.]

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Bought by Children's Pennies

THE junk shown in the accompanying illustration, with its big mat sail and Chinese crew, has quite an interesting history. It is the property of the London Missionary Society, whose operations are

THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S GOSPEL BOAT

almost exclusively confined to various groups of the South Sea Islands and the interior of China. Contributions from the Sunday-Schools, and pennies from the children, were raised for the purpose of providing various mission stations with small wattle and daub churches, and small portable steamers for the great lakes and rivers. The junk was provided by the pennies of the Mill Hill School, and is now at work carrying the Gospel round about the Chung King Missions, in China. It is nothing more or less than a floating church, for the evangelists live on board, and cook of them does all the necessary cooking in the tiny cabin. A copy of this photograph was distributed to each boy and girl who contributed towards the boat. Not the least interesting part of the stock carried by this floating church, is the large set of pictures, whereby preaching is done in many cases. Picture-preaching is much resorted to by European missionaries in China, who have not yet mastered the extraordinarily difficult characters of the Chinese language.

The Best of all Bibles

The *Red Letter Bible* received. I have examined it carefully, and I can honestly say that it suits me the best of any Bible I ever saw, no matter what the price was. I have purchased several reference Bibles for gifts, during the past few years, advertised by the different firms, or sent out by newspapers. I have looked over Bible depositories and book-stores, besides consulting many catalogues; so you see either your offer is a most excellent book, or I am very particular—possibly a little of both. To many people, a Bible is a Bible; not so with the earnest up-to-date Bible student, he wants the best—the greatest time saver; good clear print, etc. I feel that I have all this, thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Shall be pleased to show it to my friends. MRS. E. J. PARMELIE, *Moosburg Falls, Vermont.*

The "Oldest Inhabitant" Gone

THERE passed away lately, in Piscataway Township, N. J., Noah Raby, who is believed by many to have been the oldest man in the United States, if not the oldest in the world. According to his own statement, had he lived to April 1, he would have been 132 years old. Although blind, shrivelled, and shrunken, and with hardly any life in him, he retained his memory until a few months ago. "Uncle Noah," when he told the story of his life to visitors, gave the Gates County Court House, at Eatontown, N. C., as his birthplace, and said his father was an Indian and his mother a white. He never attended school. He learned to read a little, but never to write. When he was seven years old he was apprenticed to a farmer, and stayed with him until he was twenty-one. Then he became a hired man on the farm of "Widow" Penelope Parker, in his home county. Noah served on board the old frigate *Constitution*, and afterward on the *Brandywine*. He got out before the war of 1812 began. The event that had impressed itself most firmly on his memory, was the speech of George Washington, that he once heard. Noah was never married.

Called Higher

Mrs. L. V. Wolf, of Clarksburg, W. Va., passed away lately. She was a bright and exemplary Christian, and greatly beloved and respected in the community. She had long been a reader of this journal.

Mr. Charles Farnsworth, who died recently at the ripe age of eighty-two, was born in Groton, Mass., in 1822. He was a member of the Baptist Church for thirty years, and was a consistent and active Christian, greatly beloved by all who knew him. His widow survives him.

Captain Havens, the last of the "whaling captains" of Sag Harbor, N. Y., passed away on Feb. 18, in his eighty-ninth year. He was the oldest member of the Sag Harbor Presbyterian Church, and for many years was a reader of this journal. Not long ago, his pastor, calling on him, asked, "How are your spiritual prospects, Captain?" "My sails are all set, there's a fair wind, and soon I'll enter the haven of rest," was the smiling reply of the aged Christian. He was greatly beloved and respected, and his funeral was very largely attended.

CONFIDENCE

SO dark the clouds around my way—
I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
I gladly place my hand in his
When all is dim—
And closing then my weary eyes,
Lean hard on him.

Through thorny pathways, he may lead
My tired feet—
Through hours of grief when teardrops flow.
But it is sweet
To know that he is close to me,
My friend and guide;
So while he leads me, I will walk
Quite satisfied.

To my blind eyes he may reveal
No light at all—
But while I lean on his strong arm
I cannot fall.
So, trusting him, I trudge along
Life's weary way,
Content to think that soon will dawn
A brighter day.

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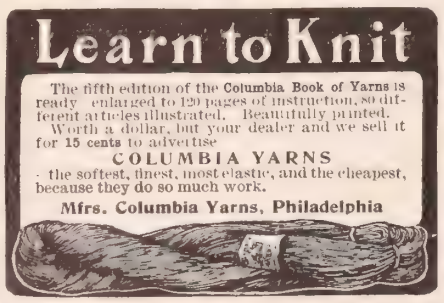

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African Savages Hear the Gospel

MRS. ALLEN'S MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE NATIVES OF NANNA KROO — AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

AFTER five years of uninterrupted missionary work on the west coast of Africa, among the Kroos, Mrs. Mary L. Allen has returned to her native land. In an interview with the writer, she gave many interesting instances of what had been accomplished among this savage people, in the effort to give them the Gospel.

From Nanna Kroo (which signifies "town or coast of the Kroos"), four different missionaries had been successively driven away. Mrs. Allen succeeded in winning the confidence of the people, and was permitted to stay.

"I was sent down the coast to Nanna Kroos, by the brother of a chief," said Mrs. Allen, "as his stranger or guest, and being a 'fetish' man or priest, he gave me all the protection I needed. These savages worship the devil, or spirit of evil, as we worship God as the Spirit of all Good. They think that by worship and sacrifice, they can appease this devil-god's wrath, and make friends with him, so that he will not harm them. They worship cats, and offer them as sacrifice to this evil god. They have a certain quick intelligence, and I did not find much difficulty in beginning my work. They love everything white. Their language is simple, their vocabulary being very meagre, I soon learned enough to convey the first ideas I wished to present. I made a white heart upon the blackboard, and told them how all their hearts might become pure and white. The men and boys are far more susceptible to the religious teaching than the women.

MRS. MARY L. ALLEN

One boy in particular, Mrs. Allen spoke of with much pride. He was the son of the priest under whose protection she had come to the town, as their settlement of huts is called. This boy in two years, had so far mastered the English language, that he had read the Bible through once and the New Testament three times, and had committed to memory many books of the latter entire, besides the whole book of Psalms.

At Mrs. Allen's home, which was nothing but a thatched hut, she taught from twenty to forty natives; patiently, day by day, trying to instil into them the first principles of truth and goodness. It was hard, up-hill work; but she persevered, doing her best all alone. She had not been sent out by any missionary board and her work was an independent one, trusting to faith and prayer for support. She witnessed some dreadful scenes during her sojourn at Nanna Kroos; where there was war and savage bloodshed! The bushmen came from the interior and attacked the Kroos, because they thought they were not being fairly treated by the latter, who act as middlemen in disposing of the bushmen's produce to the traders at the posts, and on the coast. This produce consists mainly of palm oil, nuts and bamboo fibre. Notwithstanding the awful scenes of bloodshed that had occurred, the brave little woman did not desert her post. Her faith in divine protection was justified, and her home became a house of refuge for the savage Queen of the Kroos, who fled to her for safety during the thick of the fight.

Mrs. Allen witnessed no actual cannibalism; but the bodies of the slain bushmen were chopped into small pieces, and distributed among the victors. These dismembered remnants were distributed as trophies of victory in the various towns. Liberian troops were sent down to support the coast town, and Mrs. Allen was strongly advised by the soldiers to leave, but she refused; and no doubt this brave conduct inspired her savage friends with an admiration and respect, which greatly helped her influence and her work.

Each Kroo man has as many wives as he can buy. The condition of the women and girls is most pitiable. Food being very scarce on account of a famine, many of the women and children were attracted to Mrs. Allen's mission, because she always gave them food when she had it. But there were times when she had none to give, and when hunger became a guest at her poor home. But she stayed on, keeping alive with nothing to eat but wild grass and a little rice.

As soon as she acquired enough of the native tongue to teach them English, the way was comparatively easy. She told them of a great Father, who would love and care for them, and who required no sacrifice of life and blood, such as they offered to their evil god.

One day, a "fetish" man called on her and she explained to him the Gospel. He listened attentively, but when he was told that it was required of him to give up all his wives but one (he had between thirty and forty), he went away offended, and hied himself to another part of the town, where he offered up a human sacrifice to the devil-god (a slave can be utilized at any time for such a purpose).

Mrs. Allen's purpose in coming home is twofold—first, to obtain a little rest, and second, to try and get together thirty or more negro families who will emigrate to Liberia, and settle there. She says that if trading posts could be established from Nanna Kroo, to the interior, among the bushmen, they could then deal directly with the traders, and these barbarous wars would be averted.

OUR X-RAY FOR INDIA'S LEPERS

DR. Alice Condict, the American Medical Missionary in India, who lately appealed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for an X-Ray machine for her work among the lepers of India, has enlisted the sympathy of a number of our readers in her humane project. Several have sent contributions to be applied toward the purchase of the X-Ray machine. All contributions for this worthy purpose will be acknowledged in these columns.

A Subscriber in Ellsworth, Wis. ($1), writes:

I cannot let the appeal go by unanswered. It isn't much that I can give toward it, but I pray that God will bless it many times over, and bring the help that they need.

D. B. R., Sumneytown, Pa. ($1), writes;

For part payment for the X-Ray machine which Dr. Condict is praying for. Had I the means that some men have, God only knows that I would pay for the whole machine.

A Friend, Pendletown, Ga. ($2), writes:

May our dear Lord bless the undertaking.

Miss Lena K., Dublin, Texas ($1), writes:

I hope this will be among the first of the $500 to buy an X-Ray machine for Dr. Condict of India. May God bless this move to the relief of many of India's sufferers and the salvation of many souls.

M. M. F., North Woburn, Mass. ($5), writes:

I believe that with God's blessing, the machine will be the means of accomplishing much good.

The following contributions have been received:

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R. M. L. B. "I wish to add my testimony to the many answers of prayer. A number of times has the dear Father answered prayers for me, in such a plain way, that I could not but know that it was an answer to earnest prayer, for which I praise his holy name."

Mrs. S. W., Ill. "I received a great deal of blessing through the columns of 'Answered Prayers.' I can testify that God has answered many of my prayers."

A Reader. "The Lord answered a prayer for me when in great trouble, as he has done before. I thank and praise and bless him."

D. M. G., Ann Arbor. "Having read the columns of Answered Prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I want to publicly acknowledge my thankfulness to God for answered prayer. Praise his holy name!"

G. S. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I know God answers prayer. Many times has he heard and answered me. If there is trouble anywhere, I always take it to the Lord in prayer, and he never fails to hear and answer. All praise to his name."

R. B. L. (husband and wife), Ohio. "We wish to express our thankfulness to God for answering our prayers."

E. J. B., New Hampshire. "Several months ago I promised the dear Lord if he would free my father of a certain trouble, I would let the public know it. My prayer was answered, and I cannot thank him enough for it."

Mrs. T. E. McK. "I have hesitated a long time saying anything about answered prayers; but I have had so many answered, that I felt as though I ought to testify. If we only come to our Father and tell him of our troubles, and ask him in faith, believing, he will surely listen."

D. M., Illinois. "I promised the Lord that if my prayer was answered I would openly acknowledge it. I ask the prayers of God's children who read this, for the conversion of my husband and children."

Mrs. L. K., White Plains. "I wish to give thanks and praise to the Master for all of his care over me, through my long life."

Reader. "Only an armor-bearer, I wish to acknowledge the goodness and mercy and power of God in answering my prayer. With him all things are possible—nothing too difficult for him to perform."

Acknowledgments of answers to prayers have also been received from Lena A., Ionia, Mich.; N. L. G., Ironton, O.; Teresa S., Baltimore; Reader, New York; Mrs. M. E. W., Kelso, Tenn.; Mrs. E. D., Storm Lake, Ia.; Mrs. E. L., Harmon, Mo.; Mrs. M., Reading, Pa.; An Old Subscriber, Boston, Mass.; Reader, Ills.; M. E. V., Roseboom, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A., Corning, Calif.; M. E. L. M., Ohio; L. N. P., Orlean, Va.; Mrs. D., Wash.; Earnest Reader, B. Y. & Va.; Mrs. J. B., Salem, Oregon; C. W. B., Newark, N. J.; Reader, Tenn.; Mrs. S. K. K., Temperance, Mich.; Mrs. A. B. M. C., La Salle, Colo.; Mrs. L. B. E., Hardwick; W. A. C., New York; R. A. R., Mansfield, La.; A. Young Reader, Kristers, Pa.; Mrs. T. T. G., Durango, Tex.; A Mother, Elon College, N. C.; A Reader, Guelph, Ont.; Ernest W., West Hoboken, N. J.; A. B., Bland, Mo.; A Reader, Leavettsburg, O.; Etta M. D.; Edith H., Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. L. E., Colo.; A Young Mother, Memphis, Tenn.; R. A. B. W., Trinidad; A Reader, Cleveland; Subscriber, Guilford Co., N. C., and many others.

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Probably the oldest church edifice in the United States, is San Miguel Church, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, erected in 1540. It is to this day used for worship. In the rear of the church, covered with dust, is the old bell, even older than the church, brought from Spain,

THE CHURCH AT SAN MIGUEL

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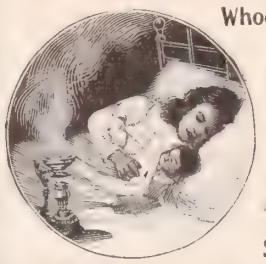

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Victory Through Christ*

The Spiritual in Man Overcoming and Triumphing by Imparted Power

ALL life is a struggle. The more we learn of animal life and plant life, the clearer becomes the fact that the principles of human life, which we know from painful experience to be those of conflict, are in operation in the lower forms of life. Even there, obstacles have to be overcome, enemies must be vanquished and only by constant effort does the plant, or animal, or the man, attain growth and development. Where there is no life, there is no progress. The stone is a stone always and can be nothing but a stone, until a being endowed with life gives it shape and form and use. It is so with men. At the beginning of life we have the spiritual in animal form. We need our physical senses to receive impressions and to give expression to thought. They are capable of affording enjoyment and herein lies our danger. To use them for the purpose for which they were given, is to make progress; to live to gratify them and to have no pleasure but that derived from them, is to remain stationary, and even to decay.

The combination of the animal and the spiritual in man is a problem for every individual; he may become spiritual, or become merely animal, according as he cultivates one or the other of the component parts of his being. We are explicitly told that if we live after the flesh we shall die, but if we live after the spirit, we shall live on, as sons of God, when the body is laid aside in the grave. So, then, there is the alternative for every one, of rising or sinking in the scale of being. Comparatively few are capable of rising by unaided effort. The flesh is powerful and insistent and the easier course of yielding to it is seductive. It is here that reinforcement is needed and is provided. God sympathizes with the spiritual in its struggle and gives it help. This is why Christ came into the world. His life showed what human nature was capable of becoming, and his promise was that power should come from him to enable men to lead such lives. He that would accept that power, should win the victory over the flesh, the world and the grave.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. They are useless there, because the spirit has its own means of expression when it emerges from the body. In one of Mrs. Alfred Gatty's beautiful *Parables from Nature*, she represents a butterfly as talking with a caterpillar, whom she installs as nurse for the brood that she expects from the eggs. The butterfly knows she is going to die, and she tells the caterpillar what food she is to give her children. They are to have the early dew and the honey from flowers, not the coarse cabbage leaves that the caterpillar eats. The caterpillar promises; but when the butterfly is dead and the eggs come to life, the caterpillar finds that they are not butterflies like their mother, as the mother thought they would be, but caterpillars like herself, who could not live on honey and dew, but must have the cabbage leaves. Only when they have died in the cocoon to the caterpillar life and have become butterflies, can they live on honey and dew. Then the cabbage leaves would be distasteful to them. So when the soul has left the body it enters into a new existence, in which the pleasures of sense are left behind.

The sting of death is sin. A sad house was that recently described in a New York daily paper. A mother, bereaved of her beautiful daughter, was walking up and down the corridors of her mansion, wringing her hands. A clergyman was trying to comfort her. "No," she replied, "I cannot accept such hope. My daughter was fond of balls and dress and the theatre. She lived for nothing else. She could not be happy in any other way. They ruined her. She became wicked, and I could not save her. I have no hope for her. Death has taken her, and what is left? If she had possessed any tastes or desires that could survive death, I might be comforted, but she had none."

Victory through Jesus Christ. The story is told of a merchant, who, during our Civil War, was sitting at his desk, when a man, wan and poorly dressed, entered his office and asked for help. He said that he had been in the army, but had caught severe cold in the trenches, rheumatism and other ailments had developed and he had been very ill. He had no friends, would the merchant help him? The merchant was a hard man, and he had listened to many such stories, and he refused. As the man went out he glanced at the name on the sign, and recognized it as the name of a comrade. That night he sat down and wrote to his comrade, describing his situation and his urgent need of help. Some time afterwards he made another call on the merchant, who remembered his former application and sternly reiterated his refusal of help. But the sick man, without a word, laid on the merchant's desk a letter. The merchant opened it and read, "The bearer saved my life in battle. Dear father, be good to him, for Charlie's sake." No more was needed. For Charlie's sake the man was cared for from that time.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for April 3, 1 Cor. 15: 50-58.

Results of Prohibition

THERE is no reason why prohibitory law should not apply as well to a city as to a town, and it should be equally as stringently enforced in one place as in the other, writes Joseph Manley, in *The World To-day*. Some people will assert that it is impossible to enforce this law in the cities. This is not true, for there are several cities in Maine where liquor can not be purchased. No law can escape violation. Murder, arson and robbery will be committed, but we can enforce the prohibitory law just as well as we can enforce our laws against other crimes. We must not submit to the proposition that this law is right as a law, but should be enforced with discretion. Whenever the majority of the people desire to change a law, they can do so; but we have in Maine no evidence of any strong desire on the part of the people to change this law. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence that they desire it to be strictly enforced in every part of the State. The people of Maine, the majority of them, live quiet, home lives. They believe in the home and everything that pertains to law and order. They believe in having peaceful and happy communities. They believe in the enforcement of the prohibitory law. The people are sovereigns and have the power in their own hands. Every attempt that is made to repeal or nullify this law is in the interest of disorder and crime, and should be and will be suppressed. The Republican party of Maine has always proclaimed itself in favor of this law and in favor of its strict enforcement. It is not believed that, at the instigation of the saloon owner or the frequenter of the saloon, they are intending to disavow their former declarations and come out in favor of license. We assert that we have the right to favor a prohibitory law for ourselves. We have the right to enforce it; and it has stood upon our statute books for over half a century.

Ward Option in Chicago

A petition to the City Council of Chicago, asking for the passage of an ordinance providing for Ward Option on the saloon question, is being vigorously circulated by representatives of at least one hundred and fifty churches of various denominations in Chicago. The Young People's Christian Temperance Union is responsible for the movement. The campaign is splendidly organized. Each one of the one hundred picked workers has a corps of assistants under him. Probably twelve hundred young people are at work.

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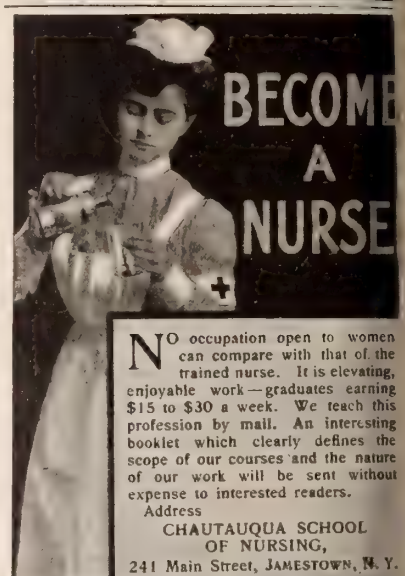

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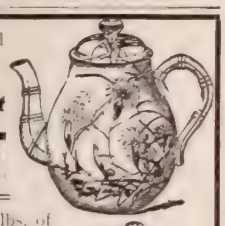

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EASTER THOUGHTS

The Import of Christ's Resurrection

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT was the first day of the week. There never had been such a first day. It was a new beginning for humanity under a new head. The curse for the sin of the old Adam had been borne, the punishment for the world's sin had been executed. One, the One who alone could, had stood in the breach as the Lamb of God, and had borne our sins in his own body to the tree (I. Peter 2: 24), and had become the propitiation for the sins of the whole world (I. John 2: 2), having tasted death for every man.

And now, "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him" (Rom. 5: 9). It was a new day when Christ arose from the grave. He had proved in his life on earth that a human being, filled with the Spirit of God, can live a sinless life, and thus the power of sin was broken, and he made the way through. And he took his life again, and proved that the power of death is broken through; he also has made the way. And he has become the head of a company—a body of men who are risen with Christ, identified with him.

The day of Christ's resurrection is the beginning of days to the true Church of Christ, which is his body (Eph. 1: 22, 23). Men may make us members of external churches, but God alone can bring about the mighty change which makes us personally to know ourselves crucified and risen with Christ by a living faith, created in us by the Holy Spirit, in the Word of God, which teaches us this great truth. It is not enough simply to believe that Christ died for us, and that our sins are therefore forgiven. Thank God indeed that this is blessedly true. But this is only a part of the truth, and this part does not set us free from the power of sin. But if indeed we are identified with Christ, then we see glorious possibilities opening before us. What has been possible to him in a human life may be, can be, as I abide in him, possible also to me. The great matter is to abide in him. This is the great "fight of faith." Satan is ever seeking to occupy us with ourselves, with what we are, with comparisons between ourselves and others, with our badness or our goodness, etc., while our real place is on the cross where we have died, and at the same time on the throne to which, in him, we have ascended. On the cross, as far as self is concerned, on the throne as regards the life our Lord shares with us. This is real Easter, this is a life risen with Christ, out of which springs a life of power and blessing; and it is only to be had as we abide and continue abiding in Christ; denying, ignoring ourselves, but acknowledging him, filled with his Spirit.

It was the first day of the week. The last days of the week which was gone had seen the Son of God insulted, mocked, forsaken of those who knew him best, crucified, laying down his life, buried. All the hopes in him that he should be the Messiah for whom the Jews were looking, had been rudely disappointed. His disciples were perplexed, in despair. Clinging still to their own view of things, his words about his resurrection brought no comfort to them. But there was one who had perceived them. "After three days I will rise again," had laid hold on the heart of one who had come to the end of all hope in herself, and Jesus had cast out of her seven devils. Mary had counted the days; the third day was about to dawn, and, not waiting like the other women for sunrise, she "came to the sepulchre while it was yet dark." There was only light enough to perceive that something had happened—the stone which had been sealed by the authorities, who also set a watch to guard it, had been removed, and the guard was gone too.

What were the thoughts in Mary's heart as she saw this? Had some premonition of what she saw occurred to her? Did she think the keepers had acted treacherously, or did the words of Jesus ring in her ears, "After three days I will rise again" (Matt. 27: 63)? She ran quickly for Peter and John, telling them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Neither she nor they, as yet, understood the resurrection.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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When you think
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Think of GOLD MEDAL

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NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

AWAITING THE BRIDE

SETTING OUT FOR THE BRIDE

THE BRIDE ARRAYED

WOOING AND WEDDING IN COREA

WOOING in the "Land of the Morning Calm," as Corea is called by the natives, consists in certain negotiations between the two prospective fathers-in-law, who are in some instances assisted by a middleman, or marriage-broker. The young woman who is most interested has nothing whatever to say or do in the matter, while her future are disposed of to the best advantage—of her family—a proceeding in which she acquiesces without a protest or murmur. She has no choice in the matter, and if she were given one, she would be utterly at sea, because, since she reached the age of eight years, she never has willingly looked upon the face of boy or man.

Corean girls are told that it is disgraceful to even be seen by the other sex, so that they hide themselves whenever anyone appears. There is no family life, as we know and understand it, because such customs, begun in childhood and continued to old age and death, leave no chance for such relations. Among the higher classes, while the man and his wife live under the same roof, their apartments are separate. The men of the family chat, smoke, and enjoy themselves in the outer rooms, while the women chatter and gossip among themselves in the other apartments.

When a young Corean girl arrives at marriageable age, no relative even, except those of the very nearest of kin, is allowed to see her, and these must address her with a most ceremonious reserve, and while the wooing of the fathers-in-law is in progress, the girl begins to contemplate her future hairdressing, when she, according to custom, will change her maiden coiffure to that of a married woman.

The fathers of the young people having been in communication, either personally or by letter (negotiations having previously been opened by a marriage-broker or middleman), proceed with preparations for the wedding (the tastes or characters of the principals are never consulted), and a favorable day is appointed.

One other important factor must not be overlooked, and that is the consultation of the astrologer, who really appoints the day. The age of the groom is added to that of the bride, and the star that rules the destiny of the two in one, is the star whose day is chosen for the wedding. If this is omitted, it is believed that misfortune of one kind or another will surely overtake a couple so inauspiciously joined. While such a marriage seems to our ideas utterly devoid of all that would make it important or attractive to the girl, it is a great event in a young man's life, for, unless he is married, a man has no civil rank or influence. No unmarried man is supposed to be capable of thinking or acting seriously, and he is treated accordingly. He can take no part in social or civic affairs, and marriage is his only emancipation. Until he is married he has no right to speak among men, or to wear a hat. Judging by the size of these head coverings, which are like ornamented umbrellas, the matter of wearing or not wearing one must be of great importance.

The badge of single or married life is the manner of wearing the hair. A young unmarried man goes bareheaded, with a single tress of hair hanging down his back. After he is married, the hair is tied in a knot, and bound on top of his head. The nuptial tie, a knot of hair!

The women are very careful of their shiny black tresses, and often add false braids and switches to make their coiffures of sufficient bulk (this custom, however, is not confined strictly to women of Corea). They make up two large tresses which are rolled to the back and top of the head, and there secured by long silver or copper pins. The common people braid and roll the braids around the head like a turban.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE

On the evening before the wedding the bride-to-be invites one of her friends to make the desired change in her hair-dressing, and the bridegroom also invites an intimate friend to "do up" his hair in real manly style. These persons are chosen with the greatest care, as this changing hair marks the turning point in life, and the hair-dresser is called the "hand of honor."

On the wedding-day, the bridegroom and his family repair to the home of the bride's father, where a platform is set up and richly adorned with decorative woven stuffs. Friends and acquaintances assemble in a crowd, the bride and groom are brought in and take their places upon the platform, facing each other.

The bride enters veiled, and so remains during the ceremony. A certain form is mumbled by the man and woman, which is repeated thrice, as the couple bow each to the other. Then the bride lifts her veil! For the first time the man sees what manner of woman he has married. To the stolid Oriental this moment may be fraught with but a passing and unimportant curiosity, what it would mean to the ordinary man of Western heredity can be better imagined than described.

Etiquette, among the nobility, require that the bride must preserve absolute silence upon her nuptial day. She must be as mute and impassive as a statue, though overwhelmed with questions and compliments.

If rich, the bride goes to her home in a palanquin, if poor, she rides on horseback; all, rich or poor, wear a cap or veil, with ornaments on breast, back and at the girdle. Before this home-going certain ceremonies are gone through with. A symbolic figure at a wedding is a goose, which among Coreans is the emblem of fidelity. Sometimes it is a live bird, brought in in a cloth, and sometimes it is a figure made of gilded wood. There are other emblems in fantastic shapes of straw, which are presented to both bride and groom. A gourd-bottle of rice wine is handed to the bride by the groom. Some of the wine is poured out by the bridesmaid standing beside the couple, who pass and exchange the one little "cup of the wine of mutual joy." This cup is filled and emptied several times.

Then begins the wedding feast, when everyone makes merry. A document called the *hou-se-chi* is signed by both parties. Sometimes the bride is unable to write, she then spreads out her hand, tracing its outline upon the paper; she thus gives her hand upon it. Then the bridegroom gives to his father-in-law a written oath of constancy to his daughter. This, however, seems an unnecessary and superfluous form, as the "hermit nation" never requires faithfulness of this kind from the men, it being looked upon as a typical female virtue, and not at all obligatory upon the other sex. The ideal wife for a Corean is one who submits in all things, regarding herself as of an inferior race, with no idea of progress or the slightest infraction of established usage. And the Corean is seldom disappointed. Although there have been instances where a woman of superior tact and intelligence has made herself respected by her husband and family.

The general type of costume is that of China, under a very ancient dynasty, and so a Corean looks rather antiquated, a curiosity in old clothes, to a Chinaman, while to an American a Corean swell seems to be a compound of night and undergarments.

Both sexes wear an undergarment like a short jacket with sleeves, with trousers loose to the ankle. Women wear a petticoat over this garment, and so the Corean women believe that they dress like the Western women. Over the petticoat is worn a wrapper, wide, and in summer, stiff with starch, clinging and baggy in cold weather. In this day of no pockets and the omnipresent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 279

EASTER'S AFTERGLOW

The Law of Resurrection: A Sermon by Rev. F. W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.*

THE Christian man experiences the Christian religion and its growing process of redemption, in experiencing Christ. Christ is born into us in a manger, and the good that saves us, lives the entire life of Jesus over again in our soul. So we are not amazed at the episodes in the life of Christ which indicate the Law of Resurrection. The Apostle Peter clearly intimates that the power by which Jesus rose from the dead, was not a new or strange power at the Resurrection. Jesus, himself, told his disciples at the hour when he was transfigured before them, that they must not speak of what they had seen, "save when the Son of Man should be risen from the dead." And here is Peter preaching the Gospel of the Resurrection, or writing of it out of the fulness of his recollection of the holy Mount of Transfiguration. At the Transfiguration, Moses and Elias spoke to him about death, only as the "exodus which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." The death of Jesus, then, issuing as it did in life, on that Easter morning, was an achievement wrought out according to the law of his life, which involved both the Transfiguration and Resurrection. In order to study this law wisely, let us first look at the Transfiguration as containing a prophecy of the final and complete outworking of those forces which were supreme in the Resurrection. The power of one is that of the other. As he experienced them so may we, if we are Christ's own.

Hermon's Prophecy

Uncertain as it must ever be, the place of the Transfiguration of Jesus Christ in the unnamed holy land of the spiritual life is more sure. Let us enter the Soul's realm, now. The mountain-height of experience, on which naturally such an issuing forth of the Infinite through the finite ever occurs, is a result from the operation of forces, of which the strata of the spiritual world preserves the record. As a physical relationship appears to the geologist between Sinai, Hermon, and Calvary, so a spiritual relationship appears to the psychologist between seemingly isolated points in the experience of the human soul. They may be described as uplifts from the level plain of consciousness, made by the action of resistless spiritual energies. As actual, to the true soul, are the facts of the ideal as are those of what we call the real world. No exhaustive catalogue of distances which separate them, or of relationships which bind them, has been made; yet they act and react throughout the universe. Christ's whole life showed with what innate sovereignty they move on. And here we find that same unity of life with which his nature dominated his career, uniting each of these facts into one, so that, whatever doubt there may be in our geography of the seen world, there can be none in that of the unseen, as to where the Transfiguration—the flash of the unseen glory through the seen humiliation—did, and ever must occur.

Christ's mastery of nature was sympathetic and sublime. As a dreamer only, he might have climbed up the mountainside, so that he could have moments such as were Wordsworth's, of which the poet of "Rydal Mount" has said:

> Oft, in these moments, such a holy calm
> Would overspread my soul that bodily eyes
> Were entirely forgotten, and what I saw
> Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
> A prospect of the mind.

But the attitude of the Christ toward nature was not that of a listener for its secret. He himself was and is its secret. In that "presence which disturbs" the beholder,

> With the joy
> Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
> And rolls through all things,

it was his to feel the thrill of a pre-existent life—a life which was his before the worlds were created. He was conscious, on earth, of the hour in eternity, when, by him, the worlds were framed, and when the Word which in the beginning was with God, as it was God. As "the Word made flesh," it was his to see and illuminate nature in the light of himself.

That mountain where the physical was struck through with the spiritual in transfigured flesh, marked a world-pain, and recorded a moment in nature when, and a place where, the two lines of God's manifestation, in Creation and Incarnation, were approaching each other, though with agony which tore the planet in its travail. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now" (Rom. 8: 22)—this was the fact beneath Hermon's white-crowned magnificence. This was the history, also, of Jesus, the Christ.

In all these moments, the Son of God was also the Son of Man. In the development of his self-consciousness, from a child, these conceptions had ever gone together. A heavenly and earthly companionship was his. On the one side, there was the infinite love; on the other, the loveless race of men. These he was to reconcile. As his soul grew receptive and intelligent of the divine love, he felt more keenly the woe of human sin. It was the gathering meaning of these two apparently opposed facts to him, that led him to take Peter, James and John with him. As the one heavenly fact broke with its inherent glory, he would have the other earthly fact blessed by its radiance.

Redemption Begun

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white and glistering" (Luke 9: 29). Wondrous prayer to produce such wonderful results!

Christ Jesus began on Hermon, in himself, what has been rightly called the rehabilitation of man. There full redemption began to appear. Humanity saw him as its "Living Head." Life is transfigured, if the Transfigured One is Saviour and Lord of the whole being. Not alone in the Resurrection, but in this earlier event preceding the complete transformation, which is the glorification of man's earthly life in Christ, are our "bodies members of Christ." "From glory unto glory," —this is the line of advance and its method. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, this mortal must put on immortality" (I. Cor. 15: 53). First, in the transfiguration of our whole life, there must begin the process. It completes itself, when the graves open.

The transfiguration of the human body of Jesus Christ was, therefore, an event in which all creation had a definite and unique illumination. The whole past of creation was lit up, and at least partially explained. With possibilities in Christ, as the Logos of creation, such as these, every fartherest atom had quivered and advanced from the beginning. All natural forces from the first were striving with high energy to this and the greater event beyond it. Here he carries into the loftier jurisdiction of his personal life only the laws which lie in the bursting seed and the falling star.

> The earth is crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God.

In the Christ was the point where that flame quivered for a moment, and nature confessed in his transfiguration her kinship with the supernatural.

This fulfilling fact was Christ, whose face shone, and who then began anew the career of an eternal prophet. He was all this because he was the Saviour of the human soul from its sins. The presence of Elias, departing only after he had conversed with him concerning "the exodus which he should accomplish at Jerusalem," was in harmony with the relations of the death of Christ to the feelings of the soul, as expressed in all prophecy. To complete this work of redemption, this new prophet of humanity to whom the past surrendered, as its great figures disappeared, was to found a race of prophets whose lives should be lived by the law of his life—self-sacrifice—and the secret of whose whole power and hope lay in the Cross. The prophets of humanity still see furthest, when, from Hermon, they look by way of Calvary.

> All through life I see a cross,
> Where sons of God yield up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss;
> There is no life except in death,
> Nor glory but in bearing shame,
> Nor justice but in taking blame,
> And that eternal Passion saith,
> "Be emptied of glory, and right, and name."

So full was he of this prophecy in himself and for them, that the disciples kept the memory of Moses and Elias, speaking to him about the "exodus which he should accomplish at Jerusalem" (Luke 9: 31). As they went back to heaven, he found the glory of his transfiguration running through the tomb. They could speak to him about death only as the "exodus," and to be an achievement, though the words of these heavenly visitants seem to involve the glory which was to follow. They, however, must be silent about the secrets whose key he carried. But he could prepare his disciples to utter the magic word, by and by, "He is risen from the dead" (Matt. 17: 9).

Waiting for Light

Christ clearly recognized the fact that the disciples needed to have this scene connected in their minds with something which ultimately would make it plain. They had heard the conversation about the "exodus" which he was to "accomplish at Jerusalem." But that exodus meant only the death of their Lord to them, as yet. Christ saw their confusion in the words of Peter. Ever conscious as he was of how an unrelated truth, or an isolated fact, however luminous, deranges rather than continues the mind's steady advance, he bids silence until the greater truth and fact, to which this is related, shall come to their growing culture. In doing this, he showed that that glory beyond, of which this was such a strong intimation that Moses and Elias, in its light, talked about his exodus rather than his death alone, was the same glory of a coming Easter morning. He charged them that they should tell no man what they had seen, save when the Son of Man should be risen from the dead" (Mark 11: 10-13).

At the Crucifixion of Jesus, evil rose against the loftiest manifestation of goodness the world ever saw, and demonstrated most tragically its own dark and hellish nature. But because good is good, and evil evil, these two forces met at the Cross of Calvary for the determination of the question as to which must be the ever-increasing, and, finally, the universal mastery. Sin failed, even in the midst of its apparent triumph. As the evening after the Crucifixion came on, it seemed that the Eternal Love manifested in Jesus Christ had been overthrown by the temporary hate of men. But it was not so. In its effort to kill Jesus in ignominy, sin had committed suicide and made him glorious.

Sin's Mortal Wound

Calvary is the name of the place where, and Good Friday the name of the time when, sin becomes abhorrent, in the presence of the breaking heart of goodness, that it reeled from the crucifix, wounded fatally. It may live on—as it has lived on for centuries—but the wound received on that Good Friday will prove its death. As the anniversary approaches, year by year, sin rises from the place under the Cross where it fell; but its languor and weariness are more noticeable. Its ancient defiance is departing. Sin has never essayed to take so lofty a fortress as it lost at the Cross of Jesus of Nazareth. There is no such other height and bastion in human history or hope. Having dared against that, in vain, all history will ultimately prove itself the story of the long retreat of evil from the "Lamb as it had been slain" (Rev. 5: 6). Before the Crucifixion was over, humanity, in the Roman centurion, had confessed that the Cross of Christ is his throne; and as they were taking the lifeless body from the tree, earth had already begun to revolve in the morning tide of that day to which Jesus looked when he said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me" (John 12: 32). The world is an increasingly better world; and it is clearly so, along the lines of Jesus' dying prayer to his Father. So stands the event of the Crucifixion between Jesus' transfiguration and his resurrection.

We must illustrate the manner of Christ's rising from the dead into living sovereignty within the soul of a human being, by attention to the case of Mary. Has she crucified in her, shall he be raised from the dead in her? He has been transfigured in her. Mary had come back from the tomb, and was eager and ready to tell the disciples what she and her companions had seen and heard on that morning. Now let us mark the operation of the law by which this transfigured Christ becomes the Christ who rises from the dead in the conviction of life, and the experience of Mary. Here is the account—simple, but how suggestive! "And as they went to tell his disciples, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshiped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me" (Matt. 28: 9, 10).

The Story Told

At first, according to Mark's gospel, they had been so affrighted that they said nothing to anybody. But soon all the disciples had the rapturous story. As it, however, they were unenraptured. Again they bear testimony to the truth that they had entertained no anticipation of the Resurrection, by the fact that they received the words of the women unbelievingly.

Peter and John began to feel something besides wonder. The statement of Mary aroused their curiosity. They, at length, yielded to the query of their souls, "What if it all be true?" And the impulsive man who had been most evidently honored by Love's ministry at the evening meal in the upper room, ran speedily forward the sepulchre. Love ever outruns impulse and brain; and John arrived first. Stooping down he searched with affectionate eyeglance for his Master's body, and saw nothing but the linen strips lying there. He was too amazed to enter, or possibly, was thoughtful of the ceremonial pollution which he might suffer if he went in. More probably, however, a noble reverence and solemn awe detained John at the doorway. Simon Peter, however, ardent and impetuous as ever, rushed into the tomb. Nothing but the cerements of death, and the napkin which love had tenderly laid upon the Christ's head at the last, were visible. The napkin was wrapped apart from the linen.

Here is a lesson concerning this law of resurrection. Christ, in the progress of humanity, leaves behind only the grave-clothes, which are the creeds and institutions of time; as he emerges, fresh with eternity, from the rock-hewn tombs in which, at the expense of Joseph the rich, and Nicodemus the politic, we bury him. The invisible Lord of Life had gone forth to rule the world. John now entered, saw, and believed. Soon the transformed men, so lately panic-stricken and despairing, now so quick to realize the true Kingship of Jesus, went away to their home. They were not quite delivered

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* From the texts, Acts 2: 24 "Whom God hath raised up;" II. Peter 1: 18, "This voice which came from heaven we heard"; Phil. 3: 10, "The power of his resurrection."

Our First Official Easter

A UNIQUE service has been held in old St. Paul's Chapel (Trinity Parish, Broadway and Vesey Street, New York), every Sunday morning during Lent, at 2.30 o'clock A.M. It is for printers, newspaper men, telegraph operators, and all classes of night workers. At the first service 103 men were present. Rev. W. Montague Geer, Vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, the originator of the movement, is charge of the services, which consist of singing, prayers, and a simple spiritual address. The services may be continued throughout the year. The time limit for each service is forty minutes.

St. Paul's Chapel (Trinity Parish), is the only remaining Colonial church building in New York City. It was erected A.D. 1776. On September 15, 1776, Admiral Lord Howe, and Sir Henry Clinton took possession of the city. On the 21st, one-eighth of the city, including Trinity Church, was burned, and St. Paul's narrowly escaped. The ruins of Trinity Church stood until after the Revolution, and for twelve years St. Paul's was the Parish Church. It contains the record of many interesting historical facts connected with Colonial days. President Washington's pew, over which the seal of the United States is placed, is an object of interest, while opposite, marking the pew of Governor George Clinton, is also the coat-of-arms of New York State. When the patriots went through the city destroying everything which symbolized our allegiance to the mother country, the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales, on the summit of the chapel sounding-board escaped their notice, and here it has remained until now.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND HIS CABINET IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

On April 30, 1789, the inauguration of Washington took place. The incidents of this great occasion are very graphically told by the historian. He says: "The clergy, including the Rt. Reverend Bishop Provost, at St. Paul's Chapel, assembled in their places of worship to give expression to that reverent and profound desire which filled all hearts, and in which the religious sense was so universal!" After the inauguration, his Excellency, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Frederick A. Muhlenburg), and both Houses of Congress, went to St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Vesey Street, where divine service was held by Right Reverend Doctor Samuel Provost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in New York State, and Chaplain to Congress. A solemn Te Deum was sung by choir and congregation. The appropriate services being ended, George Washington, "The Father of his Country," was escorted to his house, and the citizens retired to their homes. Thus closed the first official Easter service held in New York after the birth of the young Republic.

In Washington's diary, which is still preserved, there are frequent references to his attendance at church. The first official service in St. Paul's in the Easter time of the year 1789 has become a part of the religious history of the country, and constitutes one of the most memorable pages in the nation's history. At that service, the blessing of the Almighty was invoked upon the government and people, and this public recognition of the Divine Sovereignty stamped us as a Christian nation. M. B. C.

EASTER'S AFTERGLOW

Continued from Preceding Page

om painful alarm, however, and home was a good ace in which they could muse and pray.

Even yet, no one had so seen Jesus, and so recogzed him, as to make a faith in his resurrection clear id strong. He was still a dead Christ. The glory of is vision, and the rapture of this faith were first acrded to Mary Magdalene. It is always so. "All ings" (even our sin, if it is forgiven; our lovelessness, it is transformed into love), "work together for good them that love the Lord." Only to such as was ary Magdalene is possible the vision-power, surpassg that of the apostle and saint who has not had a nilar experience with Jesus the Christ. Mary was tain looking into the tomb. The two angels said unto r: "Woman, why weepest thou?" And she said to them: "Because they have taken away my ord, and I know not where they have laid him" ohn 20: 13). Christ had not yet risen from the dead her life.

Having said this, her attention was attracted to some- e near her. It must never be forgotten that the heavly personages unknown to the disciples and the omen at the resurrection, appeared to be very human, did Moses and Elias at the transfiguration. Even us they carried out the purpose of Jesus, to make man life divine. The angelic presences are spoken as "young men." Jesus, himself, who now speaks to r, saying: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekt thou?" (John 20: 15), places nothing before her xious gaze, which, by any outward glory, forbids the supposition that the gardener had come near. Divinity Jesus was so divine that he could afford that he ould be mistaken for the owner of the garden.

An illustration of the true method of the development faith in Jesus, as the Divine Incarnation, is furnished the steps of Mary's spiritual journey, by which she iscerns Christ. "Supposing him to be the gardener,"—is is the plane upon which Jesus is willing that faith all start. It is not a large or long creed, but it was tisfactory to him, at least to begin with. "Supposing im to be the gardener," it only touches the garment of is humanity, and that feebly and partially. When we e Christ in the process of history—the goodness once ntombed, and now having proved its unimprisonableess—we are apt to treat him only as the most ordinary ct in the realm of life. We think too superficially to sk for his commandment. Nevertheless Christ has us come to us, to be our Lord. What was more in ne with the customary, than that the gardener should draw near, and what is more usual to our hopelessness, when, like Mary, we have seen all the good that we adored sepulchred, than that we, also, should mistake the infinite for the commonplace, and ask the ordinary where it has borne away the extraordinary? We say, somehow, what Mary said to her Lord: "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Mary even yet has to be convinced that Jesus is risen from the dead. She is ready to provide for his body another tomb, if need be. So, also, is our unbelief ever anxious to do honor to the goodness in which it once believed.

Jesus was training Mary's personality. He rescued her to herself, in one familiar word of love, and that word was, "Mary." He must have pronounced it with an accuracy of Divine accent which fitted every movement of his soul to every old emotion of her heart or struggling thought of her mind. All her past, and all his past, as it was related to her, were vivified and made abundantly sympathetic, in his utterance of the word "Mary." It taught her, and she felt the presence of her Teacher again. Instantly she rose in her faith, which had essayed its highest when, just now, she had said, "Sir," supposing him to be the gardener, and she now turned, and, going so far back into her own history that she took the provincial form of the word which a Galilean would appreciate, she said, "Rabboni"—"my Master."

It was a distinct advance in the growth of a great creed. It was to be the best kind of creed, for its growth registered the apprehension of love. Now the teachable one confessed her Teacher. She had moved a long way up in her Christology from the moment when she could only stammer forth the salutation, "Sir," to this moment, when she confessed Jesus' intellectual and spiritual rulership, in the word "Master."

And now love and friendship would grasp the beloved Master. Could there have been anything more natural than that her affection should manifest itself in an embrace? But Jesus was even then laying the foundations of the Kingdom of the Invisible, of which he was the Invisible King. Other than a bodily touching of the Christ would be needed, and must be vouchsafed to Mary and to all humanity. To save mankind to the highest to which men are capable, their Lord must be tangible only through his perpetual presence in the soul. He must summon the highest in her. He said: "Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended unto my Father." These were, at first, words of discouragement. Was it possible that the Master was now separating himself from those human beings whom he had so brothered? Had his recent experience taken him into some far-away domain, in which no kinship of souls, such as he had fostered, could be realized? Was this man, who had been the most brotherly of all men, no longer a brother? Was the dream of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man an abandoned vision?

If Mary's heart was perturbed by these thoughts, the concluding words of Jesus would make her rejoice, as they have given all Christian thinkers assurance that the logic of the universe is of Love. While his words: "Touch me not; for I have not yet ascended unto my Father," were yet echoing with their apparently isolating command, he immediately said, in addition: "But go unto my brethren." At length, the fact of human brotherhood had emerged from the overwhelming glory that seemed to separate him from them. "And say unto them," he said, "I ascend unto my Father." Again the phrase, "my Father," emphasized what might be a privilege and power belonging to Jesus alone. Would he now again reveal a majesty which his Father's other sons might not share? This was all answered when he said all that was in his mind: "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the truth to whose proclamation he had given himself in life and in death, was now uttered at the instant, when, by his resurrection, he had revealed the power of God and the possibilities of humanity. But he had done more than this. He had foretold his ascension, to which his glorification was even now consummating—"I ascend unto my Father and your Father." At the ascension, the truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, would still be supreme.

Now Mary Magdalene had a complete and evangelic creed. It was not a belief of the head, but a faith of the heart. "I have seen the Lord," she said. This was the factual report she gave to the disciples. She had seen Jesus, first as "Sir," then as "Master," and at last, as "Lord." These are the three steps by which, even to-day, we who have seen him buried, come to know the deathless Christ, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Oh, if we have seen goodness which was once glorious on some Mt. Hermon, buried after some Calvary, let us be willing to await the issue that surely comes on some Easter morning.

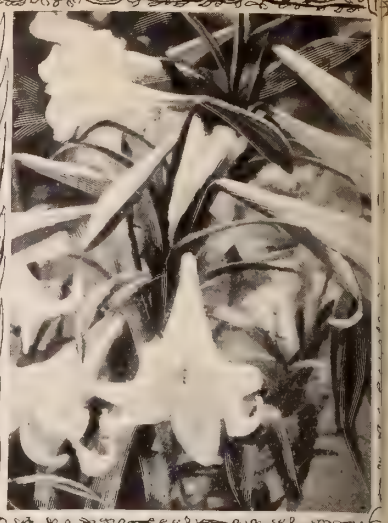
EASTER LILIES

BY

ELLEN DOUGLAS MASTERS

WE know long ago, in a garden, One rose from a cold, rocky tomb,
Resplendent with life and with beauty, as a lily that bursts into bloom.
Our faith is firm in His promise; our hope is anchored and strong;
But dear are the ones who are sleeping, and the winter of waiting is long.

O, speak to my heart, little prophets, in garments so holy and white,
And tell me again of the morning that follows the darkness of night—
The springtime of God, when the flowers shall rise from the dust and the mold,
To bloom in that beauty and fragrance, by lilies so truly foretold.



The FLOWERS OF EASTER-TIME

THE lily is pre-eminently the flower of the joyous Easter-tide. Florists make a specialty of raising the stately stalks, with their clear wax-white blossoms, and their windows are filled just before Easter, with these lovely, living tributes, breathing an incense holy and sweet to the Maker and Giver of all such beauty. As the lily bursts in regal loveliness, from the hard, dry, brown bulb, so joy and gladness at this time come to hearts sere and sad, by reason of many sorrows and trials, more or less inseparable from this life.

The cheerful jonquil lifts his yellow head and bids us smile; sunbeams are prisoned in his heart, which he will gladly share with us if we will but open our hearts to his brightness and cheer. Azaleas, with their rich, warm beauty, tell of the winter now past, and of the resurrection of the year, the glad time of an ever-new spring.

. . .

In the cities, not only are the florists' shops filled to overflowing with the rarest of blossoms, but even the sidewalks are abloom, and flower-markets spring up in the different squares, where only yesterday there were great piles of gray snow and ice. Thoughtless and careless indeed is the man who, on his way home from business, does not pause to pick out the tallest lily to carry home to his wife; never mind if it is shorn of half its blossoms by being carried home in a crowded car, there are plenty of buds which will replace the broken blossoms in time for Easter morning. So the little uptown flat is made glorious with the lily, and the wife's heart with renewed love that her husband should have remembered, and brought to her this token of his regard, with its waxen perfumed bells.

The little plebeian red geranium; how the pink in its swelling buds is watched by the poor woman whose "window-garden" in a tenement house consists of this one plant, which she has cherished with such tender care through the cold, dreary winter. Every night the plant has been taken from the window, covered and put in the warmest corner, to be replaced in the morning in its accustomed place where the sun sends its welcome warmth o'er branch and rootlet. How tenderly each dead leaf is removed, and with what care the earth is loosened around the roots, and warm water given at just the right time. And when the gorgeous bunches of scarlet blossoms burst forth, what joy and happiness their brightness brings. To the woman of the tenements, the scarlet-crowned geranium in the little window brings more happiness, than a whole conservatory full of the choicest blooms to the woman of wealth, who never knows the joy of ministering to one of God's angels, until the miracle of its unfolding wings, in marvelous beauty and coloring, is accomplished—a living epitome of God's power.

. . .

Out in the woods, little brown heads are awakening from their long dreamless sleep under the dead leaves and snow, and stretching upward as the delicate wood fern roots tell that spring is here, and it is time for the feathery fronds to peep from the br[own] heads; it is time to be up and doing for very gladn[ess'] sake, and everywhere nature answers the call.

Little green things, with tiny flower eyes, give [a]d welcome to Easter, and for those who search with [he] love of nature in their hearts, there is a wealt[h of] beauty lying in sunny covers and sheltered place[s in] the woods and fields, w[here] there is a resurrection, suc[h as] no city, with all its hot-h[ouse] flowers and its magnifi[cent] church adornment, can kno[w]

. . .

It is now that the farm[er's] wife renews and redoubles [her] efforts that certain of her fl[oral] pets shall put forth their l[ily]-soms, and seldom do they di[s]-point the good woman's fo[r]-ing care. Her tasks are al[most] endless from long before [day]-up until long after dark; [but] there is always a few mom[ents] every day when she may [be] found hovering over her pl[ants]. The calla, which had but a l[one]-itary blossom last year, [now] shows three white-green w[ings] buds, and as the days prece[de] the Glad Day slip so quickly[,] how anxiously does the flo[wer]-mother watch those buds. [The] pot is set each morning in a [dish] of steaming hot water, and [the] lily is carried by careful ha[nds] from one window to anot[her], that it may have the benefi[t of] every bit of sun to be had. [It] is not altogether for her own [joy] in the lily, although she love[s it], as only women who have [a] little beauty in their lives learn to love, that the farm[er's] wife is so anxious; but the beautiful flower is to b[ring] cheer to a sick room, where its glory will oversha[dow] all that is sad and gloomy, bringing peace, and [joy] and hope, as the glad Easter day shines on. Th[ere] are other flowers in the window-garden at the fa[rm]-house, but none more blessed than the beautiful ca[lla].

"Resplendent with life and with beauty"

IN THE FOREST

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

NOW comes the season of gladness,
When the dark forest aisles are astir,
By the quest for the Tree of Remembrance,
More fragrant than incense or myrrh.
The trees bend their heads in rejoicing,
For the gift of this fair Easter morn;
Through their boughs comes a soft Benediction,
From the heart of the Bethlehem-born.
Comes a voice from deeper recesses,
Where the wooded paths still are untrod,
That tells of respite and healing
In the forest—the Temple of God.

EASTER IN RUSSIA

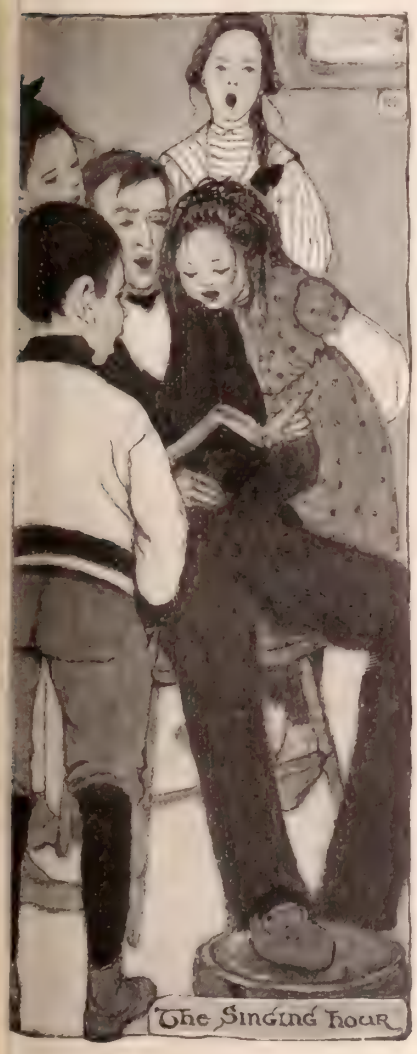
Quaint Ceremonies with which the Festival is Observed in the Land of the Czar

QUEEN of all the church festivals, Easter occupies the most prominent place in the ecclesiastical year throughout Christendom; but nowhere is it celebrated with so much magnificence and popular rejoicing as it is in Russia. Whereever the Greco-Greek Church is found, there the same ceremonies are observed with all the grandeur the circumstances admit; but in the great cities of Russia, the spectacle is the great event of the year, and even in the villages the peasants do their utmost to make the celebration as impressive as possible. For months beforehand, every copeck is carefully saved, so that at least one new garment may be worn for the first time on Easter day, and if the funds can be raised, a complete new outfit is donned. Men and women meeting one another, change the salutation of "Good morning" to "Christ has risen," and are answered with, "He is risen indeed." Formerly a kiss, or three kisses, accompanied the salutation whether the meeting was between men and men, or between men and women, and in the country districts the custom is still continued.

The contrast in the celebration which occurs in the early morning of Easter-day with the previous gloom, is most impressive. Friday and Saturday of Passion week are rigid fasts, and by the most devout, Thursday is also a fast day. Men and women who have neglected the confessional all the year, seek the priest, and pour into his ear the long record of sins of omission and commission, for all want absolution that they may take the communion on Easter-day. Prepared by confession and fasting—the latter not the mere abstention from meat which constitutes fasting in Western churches, but abstention from all kinds of food—the people go on Saturday evening to their church. At each door a priest stands waiting to receive them. Thence in procession the priests walk to the altar when the chanting begins. Relays of priests continue the service the whole night through, the consummation being reached at what is known as cock-crowing. Two services are held later in the day, but the attendance does not compare with the great service of the early hours. The rigorous fast of the two or three previous days prepares the people for the dinner of Easter-day, as the solemnity of Lent prepares them for the pleasures of Easter week. Easter Monday and Tuesday are always observed as holidays, and many spread the festivity over the whole week. A favorite amusement is the breaking of Easter eggs. These are dyed red or yellow, and when two peasants meet, each will produce his egg. One holds his out and the other taps it with his own, and if neither breaks, the other man strikes his neighbor's egg with his. The man whose egg is broken is held to have lost and gives up his broken egg to the winner. This association of eggs with Easter is of very ancient origin. As far back as 1589, it was the custom, as is recorded in one of the books of the church, for every man and woman in the parish, to give one egg to the priest, as an emblem of new life.

THE RESURRECTION GATE IN THE WALL OF MOSCOW

While among the more ignorant classes Easter is destitute of spiritual meaning, and is simply a season of excess following a period of abstinence, the better educated realize the momentous import of the event it celebrates. The blessings that come to them are associated with the supreme fact of the Resurrection, and they see in the beneficences they do and receive, the spirit of Christ working in the world. Christ is risen again in their lives as his love and compassion are manifested by those who bear his name. An illustration of this fact occurred in 1893, shortly after the famine, when the readers of this journal sent to the famine-stricken people a shipload of corn, and Dr. Louis Klopsch and Dr. Talmage went to Russia to superintend its distribution. Some weeks later, a peasant wrote a letter of gratitude, which was published in the *Century* of October, 1893. It ran: "Christ is risen! To the merciful benefactors, the protectors of the poor, the feeders of the starving, the guardians of the orphans—to-day Christ is risen! North Americans, may the Lord grant you a peaceful and long life, and prosperity to your land, and may your fields give abundant harvest. To-day Christ is risen! Your mercifulness gives us a helping hand. Through your charity, you have satisfied the starving. Christ is risen! Thus do the poor rejoice who have received this help from the Americans, and they break out into singing, Christ is risen!" It is very gratifying to think that this humble peasant was moved, not only to thank the donors, but to see in the gift a proof of the influence the risen Christ was exerting over their hearts, realizing that the poor of his people had been fed for Christ's sake.



My Father's Hymn-book

By Eleanor Ecob Morse

FADED and torn, the covers old,
The book my father used to hold
With reverent mien, so long ago.
The children clustered, all aglow,
For now the singing hour had come,
Dear to each heart in that sweet home.

The youngest sat, a babe, apart,
Clasped warmly to the mother's heart,
Yet lifting up those clear gray eyes
(Long filled with light in Paradise),
Yet adding then, with happy face,
Her sweet voice, right in time and place.

We sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks,"
And where, in blooming stately ranks,
Heaven's fairest fragrant flowers grow
Untouched by time or frost, the glow
Upon my father's face, when we
Sang of that land we all should see.

We sang, "My soul be on thy guard,"
And then were gently told to ward,
With constant watch the foes we meet;
Then, reverently, "The Mercy Seat,"
Then, "When my righteous judge shall come
To call His ransomed children home."

My father's voice "Shall we be there?"
Waked in my trembling heart despair;
But when we sang "Redeeming love,"
Of hosts ingathered, crowned above,
My heart sprang upward, as the lark
Spurning the dim earth and the dark,
Pours forth its rapture to the skies;
So lifted I my childish eyes,
When we "Salvation free," sang out;
And if a sob subdued my shout,
'Twas half of joy, and half of shame,
That "I no more revered His name."

Then last, we sang of "Home, Sweet Home,
Ah, when shall we, too, thither come?"
The questions answered, one by one,
The singers laid their armor down
Even to the babe, whose heavenly eyes
Have smiled so long in Paradise.

And we who stay, so small a band!
Are gathering upon the strand
Full Pilgrim worn, but still the cheer
And courage from those hymns so dear,
The memory of those singing hours,
Have toned and strengthened all our powers.

And often when depressed and sad,
Faint, far-off voices, sweet and glad,
In dim recesses of the soul,
Sing softly from the undying scroll
That memory keeps, hid deep away,
Immortal transcript of each day.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

THE PORT OF NEW-CHWANG, WITH THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT, "SIVOUTCH," (1); U. S. GUNBOAT, "HELENA," (2); AND BRITISH WARSHIP, "ESPIEGLE," (3), FROZEN IN

HURRYING FORWARD RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS IN MANCHURIA
RUSSIA'S STRENGTH IN THE FIELD IS NOW ABOUT 230,000

WITH the breaking up of the winter, there are signs of increased activity in the Far-Eastern campaign. Gen. Kouropatkin, who is doubtless now in command at Moukden, has a vast army available in that neighborhood and at Harbin, for carrying out his plans to check the Japanese advance. A despatch from Moukden received at Cheefoo, March 19, says that a battle has taken place on the Yalu, in which the Russians have captured 1,800 prisoners. There are no details.

Russia's forces at the present moment are distributed as follows: Between Moukden and Harbin, 180,000; Liao-Tung Peninsula, 25,000; Kuilien-chung, 40,000; Feng-wang-cheng, 2,000; Corea and Southwestern Manchuria, 25,000. Great herds of cattle for camp supplies are being driven to Moukden, Liao-Yeng and Haichen. All danger of a short commissariat is now ended.

Japan, too, is pushing matters vigorously, and now that the ice is breaking up, her fleets of transports are kept busy landing thousands of troops daily at points near her objective in Northern Corea. On March 18, large bodies of Japanese were landing at Chinampo, and a constant succession of transports was passing up the Corean coast, guarded by Japanese gunboats. Strong detachments of troops were placed in each Corean town. Americans who had come to Chemulpho united in declaring that the whole administration of northern Corea was now in the hands of the Japanese. Owing to ice and other difficulties, the landing at Chinampo was tedious, but the troops were using pontoon jetties and landing barges. Rain, snow, frost and blizzards had succeeded each other; but the advance had progressed notwithstanding. On the march, the troops made about twenty-five miles a day, carrying one hundred pounds per man, and bivouacking in the Corean villages; sleeping in the warm native houses and paying for everything in full. At the Chengseng, the outposts of both armies were still almost in touch, though the Russians were reported as retiring. A large force of Russian troops is concentrated at Kuilien-chung, north of the Yalu river. What other forces may be in the neighborhood cannot be known, as no news of the Russian movements in northern Corea is obtainable. There is, however, an abundance of unverified rumors, one being to the effect that a detachment of 300 Cossacks had encountered and almost annihilated a body of 200 Japanese near Pyeng-Yang.

On March 15, the United States cruiser *Cincinnati* arrived at Chemulpho from Chinampo. She brought twenty-two women and three men from the northern missions and mines. All are well. They journeyed to Chinampho in carts and palanquins bearing American flags. The party from the mines were escorted to Pyeng-Yang. They met near Anju small parties of Cossacks, but were not molested. While going to the coast from Pyeng-Yang, they were stopped and questioned five times by Japanese, who treated them courteously. The Japanese were everywhere in great force. The refugees warmly praise the officers of the *Cincinnati* for the treatment accorded them.

Our missionaries at Pyeng-Yang, Corea, one of the localities most likely to be affected by the war, have decided to remain at their posts, with their families, notwithstanding the advice of United States Minister Allen, who urged them to leave. He offered to put them, with their wives and children, on board the United States cruiser *Cincinnati*, and to convey them to a place of safety. They are evidently hopeful that the real theatre of military operations will be further north. They have been warned by our government that, if they remain, they must take their chances.

Russia has notified Corea that, in view of the aid it is

A STREET SCENE IN NEW-CHWANG, MANCHURIA

extending to Japan, the Czar's government has decided to treat it as a belligerent. Corea, therefore, seems disposed to take the field alongside of Japan. A Seoul dispatch states that 2,000 Corean soldiers now stationed there, will proceed northward, and that more will shortly follow. It is hardly probable that the Corean army will be a factor of importance in any event, being insignificant in point of numbers, poorly armed and inexperienced in warfare. Much more significant is the news from Pekin, that the Chinese Viceroy Yuan-shi-kai and General Ma are threatening to take the field with a considerable armed force, if Russia continues to despatch troops west of the Liao River. The Tartar general, Tseng-Chi, who is in command of the Chinese garrison at Moukden, has been driven out with his troops by Viceroy Alexieff. Any serious collision between Chinese and Russians at the present time would result in bringing a new element into the conflict, which would prove much more troublesome to Russia than the petty forces of Corea.

Expert opinions now differ on the question whe the first great clash on land will occur near N Chwang or in Southeastern Manchuria. It is lieved that the Japanese may land at Kai-Chow stead of at Kinchow, the port of New Chwang, and the latter is less likely to be the scene of attack. T are reported to have landed a force already near Da As to the position in the north, it is asserted by the l ing newspaper in Tokio, that a large Japanese fo 60,000 strong, has crossed into the interior from H San, in northern Corea, and that Gens. Kuroki, Osh and Ozaka have seized the northwest bank of the r Tooman, giving them command of the military r leading northeast to Vladivos and southwest to Wiju. If corps is intended for active op tions it would have the effect transferring the area of con from Corea wholly into the enem country, leaving the main line fr Seoul northward to the Yalu f for transportation of supplies the armies in the field. That sc highly important movement is r under way would appear from fact that all newspaper correspo ents have been directed to rem at Seoul till further orders. T secret movement is probably c nected with the landing of anot army corps, now on transpo which is intended to co-oper with those already in the field pushing the Japanese military fr still further northwestward. Nor ern Corea is, however, by means free of Russian troops, although the main force in peninsula seems to have retired yond the Yalu, there are still c siderable bodies south of the riv As late as March 17, 1,500 Cossac made a dash between Wiju a Pyeng-Yang, firing at Japan troops on the further side of Seisenko River.

Viceroy Alexieff's plan of c centrating a vast army to arrest Japanese advance in Manchuria being carried out systematical Thousands of troops arrive da at Moukden, and Harbin is already a great m tary camp. All the hopes of Russia are now center on Gen. Kouropatkin, whose military genius, it believed, will be equal to the emergency. Not in a campaign within the memory of any living Russian h so great a force been gathered together as that which Kouropatkin will have supreme control, when confronts the Japanese invaders.

Port Arthur, though terribly battered by the repeat attacks of Admiral Togo's fleet, was still holding out March 10. Authentic accounts of the bombardme of March 10, have reached Shanghai, by the captains a crews of three Norwegian steamers, *The Brand*, *Ar* and *Seirstad*, which were chartered by Russia as c transports. During the firing, a Japanese shell f on the deck of the warship *Retvizan*, which l alongside the *Argo*, and exploded, killing ninete

CONTINUED ON PAGE 288

WANTED 100,000 FAMILIES

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RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR ATLAS

showing Russia in Europe, Russia in Asia, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China and the entire theatre of operations of the Far Eastern Conflict, with marginal index, consisting of seven large detailed maps beautifully colored, together with accurate statistics as to area, population, resources and Merchant Marine of Russia and Japan, the strength of their respective Armies and Navies, and the Financial status and prospects of the two countries. This superb Atlas, containing 36 large pages and cover, is just now worth considerably more than the price asked for **The Christian Herald.**

We feel confident that every intelligent person watching the development of the terrible conflict now going on in the Far East, will hail with genuine delight this most liberal and exceptionally timely proposition, which expires April 11th.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

The Puritan

A more attractive subject for the painter's art than this sweet-faced Puritan maid could hardly be imagined. Standing amid the wintry woods, with an apron filled with freshly gathered holly sprigs, she presents a picture of buoyant, healthy youth, which is tremendously attractive.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

Bridesmaid Roses

Franz Mortelmans' painting, *Bridesmaid Roses*, is a characteristic example of the work of this clever young Belgian artist—crisp, delicate in color, and well drawn. It possesses all the charm which the flowers themselves possess, except their fragrance.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

The Harbor of Venice

This is a work of romantic imagination, splendid color and masterly technique. The Venice which Mr. Moran has painted, is the Venice of the poets with the glistening marble palaces, stately monuments, gorgeous skies, and limpid water, reflecting the brilliant colors of the buildings and the painted sails of the harbor craft.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

A Lesson in Geometry

This delightful painting shows a mother cat and her two kittens at play, on the study table of a professor of geometry. The playful kittens are romping with the delicate instruments and having a lively time, while the mother sits sedately by. Every lover of cats will be delighted with this life-like painting of the animals in their most charming mood.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

The Apothecary

This painting shows an old-time apothecary, with spectacles and apron, stirring a prescription. He is surrounded by the jars and instruments familiar to druggists' shops, and as he stirs the ingredients he reads the formula, in order that he may make no mistake. The coloring is exceedingly rich.

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch

A Summer Day in Holland Waters

This is the title of a most excellent specimen of the work of the great marine painter, Paul Jean Clays. The original part of the Munger collection now owned by the Art Institute. It is rich in color, and the limpidity of the water and the solidity of the fishing smacks, are effectively contrasted.

Or, if our intending subscribers are artistically inclined, they may, if they so desire, select **any three of the six beautiful pictures** illustrated on this page, each measuring **11 x 15 inches,** and all superbly printed in **15 beautiful colors,** reproducing, with absolute fidelity, the striking effect of these various

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To every one **Sending us Four Trial-Trip Subscribers at Twenty-Five Cents** each, we will immediately send an

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Here is an opportunity to "do good and get good," and we sincerely hope that it may result in adding many thousands of new names to our present list.

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The offer closes promptly on Monday, April 11, 1904, and no subscription **mailed later** than that day will be accepted. Please carefully note the date.

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Let every friend of **The Christian Herald** and the glorious cause which it represents, be up and doing, and scour the neighborhood in which they live for new subscribers to be added to the subscription list of the Brightest and Best Family Paper in the wide, wide world.

I ask as a personal favor that this Easter-tide be made the season of a hearty and thoroughgoing canvass on the part of all our friends in behalf of **The Christian Herald,** which is the premier representative of good, wholesome, bright and entertaining Family Literature.

Louis Klopsch

THE WICKEDNESS OF FATTY

By OWEN KILDARE

THE antecedents of newsboys are so deeply shrouded in mystery that inquiries concerning them are sure to provoke much lying. Among themselves, in their busy and strenuous life, there is neither time nor inclination to ask many questions, beyond, "Say, are you a new one?" or "Gee, where d'you come from?"

So, it was not on account of his past, but on account of present things, that Fatty reached a prominent place in popularity on Park Row.

One morning he came, with a dime clutched tightly in his hand, and asked one of the veterans, "Where can I buy papers to sell them?"

The old-timer gave just one glance at the apparition

"The moment after . . . . they started for the station-house"

before him, and then yelled, "Hey, fellows, come and look what's going to sell poipers."

The mob, hanging around the delivery room of the *World*, clustered around the newcomer and made him the centre point of many frank comments and dainty witticisms. You can imagine what a crowd of newsboys can do in that line. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the new boy was sufficiently different from the others to invite special interest.

Instead of being dark, grimy, ragged and ill-fed, he was fair of hair and complexion, still clean and neatly dressed, and, above all, apparently far from being ill-fed.

"Say, what's your name?" shouted one.

"Carter Woodward Tomlinson," answered the boy, with perfect unconcern, not prepared for the storm of merriment which immediately broke loose.

His name was fairly torn into shreds and howled in gleeful variations. But, instead of being angered by it, the boy joined in the laugh, and thereby got his passport into their good graces.

"Say, kid," said the oldest member of the gang and, evidently, their leader, "you'd better shake that name. It's a little too tony for down here, and, if I was you, I'd get a plainer one."

"But how can I get another one?" asked the boy, recognizing the other's friendly overtures.

"Gee, that's dead easy. Say, fellows, what we're going to call the kid?"

An avalanche of appellations were thrown out immediately, but the boy's personal appearance settled the matter. Newsboy language is remarkably direct and takes no note of finer linguistic shadings. "Skinny" was out of the question in this case, as the victim of this free-and-easy christening was rather plump. To call him "plumpy" was almost impracticable, as such a word had never been heard of by the Arabs, and so there was nothing left but to call him "Fatty."

The ceremony having been properly concluded, Fatty was one of their own, and quickly lost his position in the focus of curiosity, something else attracting the attention of the shiftless nomads.

In due time Fatty became a member of some particular clique and chose his special friends. To some of them he spoke in a vague way of his past; how he had come from somewhere in the country, mostly by foot and sometimes by train, to get away from a bad uncle, who had taken him in after the mother died, and who had expected him of eight to do the work of a man of eighteen. But, as we know, they all had their little dramas back of them, and were poor receptacles for this sort of confidences.

When the winter came, Fatty was entirely established and was somewhat of a favorite, thanks to his looks and equanimity of temper, which enabled him to take a joke—and play one. He was further distinguished by being appointed equerry by, and to, Officer Smith. The policeman's relations with the newsboys of the locality were decidedly anomalous. Instead of being considered the sworn enemy of the boys, he was exceedingly popular with them, and, in return, gave them as much latitude as the law allowed. According to his young admirers, he was no "grafter" or "cincher," but was known to pay for every little errand or message, and even to pay actual money for his paper. But the ambition of all the boys was that position of equerry, which fell to Fatty. The duties were most agreeable, and consisted mainly in running to Hitchcock's for ten cents' worth of coffee and "sinkers," which were hastily swallowed by the officer in a nearby doorway. At other times, Fatty would have to keep a sharp lookout for the "rounds," so that his policeman would not be taken unaware by the superior officer.

Things had gone very well with Fatty. He very soon reached that height indicative of affluence, of having a "steady" bed in the Newsboys' Lodging House, which meant that "carrying the banner"—spending a bedless night—was an exercise not practised by him any more. He ate at least once a day, regularly, and his circle of steady customers kept increasing. Without becoming vainglorious, Fatty felt himself a factor in the Commonwealth, and seriously began to look forward to the time when he would eat three meals a day every day, or, at least, buy one of those meal-tickets which are supposed to last a week, but which without any great inconvenience, can be demolished in a day or two.

But the higher a man soars into the clouds the closer does he get to the lurking thunderbolt. Fatty was not a meteorologist, and unacquainted with the fact that the sweetest calm always precedes the most vicious storm. The officers of the metropolitan police force work in shifts, called platoons, and besides being frequently subjected to having their posts in the precinct changed, they are at times, for various reasons, transferred from one precinct to another. The working schedule of Officer Smith was memorized by Fatty, who was as regularly on post as the policeman himself. It never occurred to Fatty that his uniformed friend was also amenable to the regulations of the Department, and when at last the unexpected happened, and a strange policeman supplanted Smith, everything seemed to be thrown out of plumb. The new man was Officer O'Flaherty. A strong suspicion arose immediately concerning the officer's nationality. He was suspected of being Irish, and the boys unanimously resolved to call him "the harp," but not to his face, as that surely would have hurt his feelings. In addition, it might be stated that Officer O'Flaherty was not the tallest, but certainly the heaviest member of the force. And this means something—for everybody knows that the force numbers many heavyweights.

Conforming to established custom, Fatty presented himself to the new officer at the accepted time.

"Will I go over and get your coffee and sinkers?" Curving his glance over his *embonpoint*, the policeman asked gruffly: "What do you mane?"

Fatty explained how it had been. O'Flaherty liked the idea, and, fishing a dime from his pocket, sent the boy on his accustomed errand. The "rounds" had recently passed the beat, so there was no fear of interference, and getting the steaming coffee and cakes from his messenger, O'Flaherty retired to the doorway pointed out by Fatty as the appointed refuge, and gave himself up to solid, if selfish, comfort. The selfishness will soon be apparent.

With his bundle of papers under his arm, Fatty hung around expectantly. His friend, Officer Smith, had always purchased a paper during this repast, paying for it with a nickel, which included the "tip" for the errand. Also just a mouthful of coffee had always been left in the little tin can.

"Don't you want no paper?" he asked at last, making allowance for O'Flaherty's ignorance of Park Row ways.

"Sure," came the answer from filled mouth.

Another period of suspense, during which Fatty studied the subject before him, and came to the conclusion that he was "up against a tough proposition."

O'Flaherty swallowed the last bit of cake with the last mouthful of coffee, and, shoving the newspaper into his coat-tail pocket, proceeded to go back to his beat.

"Say, you ain't paid yet for that paper," remarked Fatty.

"What! me pay for a paper?" the cop laughed. "[illegible] out, sonny. That's all right. You stick to me and [illegible] me up with this coffee and cake business and I'll m[illegible] it all right with you."

To learn the ways of the world is one of the acc[illegible]plishments of those who live and work in the st[illegible], and Fatty had a well-formed scepticism concer[illegible] the reliability of policemen as profitable investme[illegible]. Still, he did not want to be too hasty in drawing [illegible]clusions and decided to give the new cop a trial, ho[illegible] against hope that perhaps a weekly stipend was t[illegible] paid to him for his services by O'Flaherty.

And the sidewalk was very slippery.

Very soon various reports of O'Flaherty's stingi[illegible] came to Fatty's ears, and he began to fear for the [illegible]come of his speculation. At the end of the week, w[illegible] O'Flaherty was partaking of the refreshment bro[illegible] to him by Fatty, the latter attempted to collect his [illegible].

"You got six papers from me," he began.

"Don't you worry, sonny. I'll have more than [illegible] by and by, and maybe I'll be taking two papers a [illegible] from you."

"But you ain't paid me nothing yet, and I been br[illegible]ing you your coffee, too, every day."

"Pay, is it? Policemen ain't supposed to pay [illegible] them kind o' things. They do favors. Ain't I b[illegible] letting you stand on the corner all these days and m[illegible] more money than any o' the rest o' the boys?"

"Yes, but I'll bring you your coffee for that. [illegible] I got to pay for the papers, and I ain't going to lose [illegible] money like that."

"Oh, you ain't? Well, you know what happens [illegible] kids that get fresh to policemen. So, you better [illegible] up to the corner and sell your papers."

And the sidewalk was very slippery.

It is not hard to analyze Fatty's feelings. The [illegible]ency of Officer Smith had spoiled the boy's view [illegible] the typical police character. He was willing to do [illegible] errand for the privilege of standing on the corner, [illegible] his sense of fairness revolted at the idea of having [illegible] give some of his stock in trade, of which no part [illegible] could be had on credit, to a man who was well able [illegible] pay for it. The code of boyish ethics had only [illegible] applicable law for such a case, and that was—"[illegible] hunk."

A sleepless night, spent in viewing the situation, [illegible]sulted in a well-perfected scheme. And the sidew[illegible] was very slippery, to which must be added, that Offi[illegible] O'Flaherty was very fat.

No change was noticeable in Fatty on the follow[illegible] day, as he offered to go for the coffee. He return[illegible] promptly, and after seeing the policeman safely [illegible] sconced in the sheltering doorway, he spread his pap[illegible] on the sidewalk and seemed to be sorting them. A cl[illegible]

"The lady gave him no chance at all"

observer would have wondered why this was done wi[illegible] only one hand, and what the other hand, under t[illegible] papers, was doing. (In confidence, I may tell you, th[illegible] besides the coffee and sinkers, Fatty had brought [illegible] handful of soft soap from the coffee saloon, which t[illegible] proprietor had willingly given to him, and of whi[illegible] Officer O'Flaherty knew naught.)

The last mouthful of coffee went down the polic[illegible] man's throat with a grunt of regret; the paper, which [illegible] had demanded as usual, was slipped into the pocke[illegible] and O'Flaherty was again ready to protect the ci[illegible] from riot and rebellion. The entire flagging in front [illegible] the door was covered with a thin coating of ice and t[illegible] Cop stepped very gingerly—still the sidewalk was ve[illegible] slippery — soft soap helped it along, and Offic[illegible]

Olaherty was very, very fat. One of the boys, describing the accident afterwards, earnestly declared that —Gee, when he landed on the broad of his back with a bump, you could hear it up in Harlem, and all them buildings round here got shaky!"

It would be advisable here to leave a margin for youthful imagination. But it cannot be denied that O'laherty came down with a solid, stunning bump which made him helpless for the time being.

atty was transfixed by the complete result of his scheme, and in place of removing himself to safe quarters, stood by gloatingly. At the bottom of his heart was a great deal of kindly spirit and faith in humankind in general, and when his revenge had been satisfied, he felt genuine sympathy for the unwieldy thing in blue and brass, sprawling on its stomach like a mud turtle.

I'll give you a hand to get on your feet," he said, suiting the action to his word.

Good boy, good boy," groaned O'Flaherty, clumsily going up, and still holding on to Fatty's hand.

As soon as the policeman had regained his equilibrium, Fatty remembered awfully important business elsewhere and tried to go after it, but was restrained by the representative of law and order.

Hold on a minute, sonny; not so fast," and the great paw closed tighter.

'Flaherty was misplaced on the uniformed force. He should have been a detective. Carefully making his way back to the exact spot of his downfall, he felt it with his bare hand, smelled his finger, and uttered the one significant word, "Soap!"

The moment after his discovery, Goliath and David started for the mission-house, and visions of striped suits and even gallows rose before the trembling Fatty.

It was early in the afternoon, and, after having been entered at the mission-house, Fatty and his captor went right to the Court, where the last session was in full swing, and were viewed by a quartette of interested spectators, who had been honored by seats beside the judge.

In due time O'Flaherty's turn to prove his ever watchful vigilance came.

Yer 'Onor! I — "

Where's your prisoner?" queried the magistrate.

Fatty had silently stood at the barrier for the arraignment of criminals, trying hard to feel and look resigned. A court officer lifted him to the judge's desk, and his elevated appearance there was greeted with a chorus of "Oh!" "What a pity!" and, "'s a shame!" by the interested spectators, who were ladies, representing an educational institution for boys. "What is the complaint, officer?" spoke the judge, looking sternly at accuser and accused.

Before O'Flaherty has fairly started on his narrative austerness had flown from the judge's features, the ladies were burying their faces in handkerchief, and the rest of the people fairly shook the walls of the court-room with loud laughter, as the corpulent policeman graphically described his concussion on the sidewalk.

Well," began the judge, after hearing the complaint, all vainly trying to look the part of an avenging Nemesis—"What have you got to say for yourself, young man?"

I ain't got nothing to say;" and pointing at O'Flaherty, "he said it all."

The laughter broke out afresh.

But don't you realize what you did?"

Yes, sir, I bumped the cop," Fatty whimpered.

Again the court proceedings stopped. "Don't you see that you were very wicked to—to bump the officer? Do you know what is to become of you?"

I guess I get hung or something," came the answer, stammeringly, accompanied by a few shining tears, which made Fatty look like an abused cherub.

Well, the law does not prescribe hanging for the crime of bumping"—there are some very humane and, also, human judges in our courts—"But if I let you go, will you behave yourself, and not forget that you were very wicked, a very wicked boy?"

Yes, sir, I'm very wicked."

Now, remember that, and whenever you see anything that is apt to lead you into temptation, just say to yourself—'I'm a very wicked boy.'"

They were about to lead Fatty beyond the enclosing railing, when the judge called him back, and instructed a court attendant to bring the boy into his private room. All this was caused by a few whispered words one of the ladies had spoken to the judge at the close of the case.

Fatty felt very uncomfortable in the big room, decorated by the paintings of former judges, who seemed to glower at him and say: "You are a very, very wicked boy." He looked from one stern face to another without finding mercy, and did what was most natural, burst into weeping. He did not hear the door opening again, or the soft footfall of the lady, and did not know of her presence until two arms gathered him close to a breast.

"You poor boy; cold, crying, no doubt hungry, and—"

"Wicked!" augmented Fatty the enumeration of his different traits.

The laugh that followed was so soft and melodious that Fatty wiped his eyes in surprise and looked at his comforter. And the lady simply gave him no chance at all, but constituting herself another judge, drew all his little history from Fatty.

How it really happened Fatty cannot quite recall, but ere he almost knew it, he was lifted from one of those "hightone coaches" and led up to a big mansion by his fairy lady.

"James," spoke the lady to a servant, "lay another plate. We have a guest," and her hand stroked Fatty's tear-stained cheek.

"Fatty found himself in the man's arms"

Fatty gave up all reasoning, and let events take their course impassively. The lady's deft fingers arranged his hair, refreshed his heated face with cool sponging, and made him in a few minutes very presentable. He was taken by the hand and led into a big room, centered by a table with snowy linen and much glittering ware; and at the table a man eating. Fatty did not see him until the very last, his attention being held by the many other things, such as pictures and "funny chairs, more like beds," and "all kinds of comical figures, some o'them in gold, and some o' them white—maybe made from sugar." At last he saw the man and was seen by him. There was no spontaneous mutual liking.

"May I ask what new whim this is?" asked the man.

Before the lady could answer, Fatty did.

"I'm a very wicked boy, the judge says." The smile which flitted over the lady's face found no reflection in the features of the man.

"Don't you think you are carrying this a trifle too far?" the man said impatiently, "As it is, we have become the laughing stock of our friends and relatives. All our social ties and obligations are forgotten by you, and, instead of filling your position in society, you insist on dawdling your time away in hospitals, missions, institutions and so forth. My likes and desires are absolutely neglected, and now you bring the scum of the street to my house. Yes, even to my table, Marie. I will not stand this any longer."

The lady and Fatty had both remained standing during the husband's harangue. When he had finished, the lady helped Fatty to a chair before seating herself.

"Do not make a scene before the servants and the boy;" she spoke quietly, looking into her husband's lowering eyes.

"Do you insist on having this—this street Arab at table?"

"I do, and you too will insist when you have heard his message."

"If he has a message for me, let him deliver it and go. I will not sit here with brats picked up by you, heaven knows where."

"I shall deliver it for him," said the wife, and ordered the servants to leave the room. As soon as the three were left alone, she spoke again: "Do you remember Alice Foster?"

The man almost jumped from his chair.

"See here, Marie, do not trifle with me! That, you agreed was to remain forgotten by both of us. I told you all, and you forgave me. And—anyway what has it to do with this case?"

"You will understand very shortly," said the wife, and led by her the husband found himself back in his past.

The old New Hampshire village with its restfulness and peace; his courtship of the minister's daughter; their poverty, which prevented their speedy marriage; his coming to the great city to make his fortune; his success and gradual dislike of his humble friends and native village, were all lived by him again.

"Stop," he cried to her, who recounted these memories.

But she kept on, and reminded him how he had neglected everything in his greed for wealth; how he had broken faith with the girl home and had married her, Marie, because of her social connections and assured position; and how his heart and mind had become embittered and —

"Why do you dig up these things and rattle that skeleton in my face?" he asked bitterly. "I have told you all about it, kept nothing from you—"

"You told me; but not until long after we were married. You were afraid, and rightly so, that I would not have consented to marriage under these conditions. Then, when I knew all, I wanted to live your atonement and do good for the evil you have done. I hoped you would see, feel, my purpose, and help me in its accomplishment; but you only had sneers for me and my work, and have made life very hard for me."

"Marie, Marie, do not go on like that. I cannot deny that I have wronged you, but we cannot undo it. And the case is not so bad as you paint it. You will remember that I made inquiries to learn if—if those people in New Hampshire were in need, and found that she — that Alice, had married, and was presumably happy. If I knew that she or any of her folks needed anything, I would be the very first to offer them all possible assistance. That, at least, you will believe? But, as I said, they are all well and happy."

"I think they are, because both the girl and her husband are dead," whispered the wife. She pointed at the boy. "That is her son."

Fatty, worn out by the excitement of the day and not kept busy by the eating he had expected, had fallen asleep. His hair tumbled over his forehead, the tear peeping from between his eyelashes and his evident exhaustion made a pitying picture, and the husband, hearing how his wife had found the little wanderer by chance, expecting him to be nothing else only an ordinary street waif, buried his head in his hands.

* * *

"Marie—wife—forgive me. I have been very, very wicked."

It was Fatty's cue. Even in his slumber it was potent.

"Wicked," he murmured, still half asleep. "Yes, I'm a very wicked boy."

When he fully awoke, he found himself in the arms of the man, and liked him much better than at first sight.

"Do you want him to go?" asked the wife, coming close to both.

His answer was his outstretched hand, which was taken by the wife, and the three were joined together.

They have been very happy ever since, although society knows little about them. The wife, when criticised for permitting her whole family—husband and Fatty—to give so much time and money to the poor, only smiles and says, "We are trying to outlive our wickedness."

I know this, because I know and love them.

WOOING AND WEDDING IN COREA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 271

g, it is not uninteresting to note that our Corean sters are also minus the one and plus the other. They ar a little bag suspended from the girdle, containing ts of jewelry, scissors, knife, a tiger's claw, for luck, rfume bottle or sachet, and a tiny chess-board in gold silver.

Many of the women powder their faces and employ various other helps or hindrances to a good complexion, which they study at mirror toilet-stands. So that the Corean woman, even if she is not allowed the privilege of choosing her own husband nor of talking all she wants to upon her wedding day, is not denied all the feminine fads and follies so dear to her Occidental sister.

Strange as these marriage customs and ceremonies may appear to us, accustomed as we are to far different life in the New World, a fashionable wedding in Grace Church, New York, with its endless show and glitter, its flowers and music, would probably be an equal source of wonderment to our Corean sister, and she would likely think it all very meaningless and silly.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Easter

MORE than a mere coincidence is the time of the Easter festival. Those who have laid the forms of loved ones in the grave, and those who are approaching the end of their own lives, ask anxiously the question uttered long centuries ago by the patriarch: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Looking on the face of one on whom death has done its work, and noting the fearful havoc it has made, we may be forgiven for our faltering faith. It does not seem possible that the man can live again. Millions have passed out of that dread gate, and not one comes back, or utters a word audible to mortal ears. What reason have we to hope for anything beyond? To the anxious believer comes the assurance of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life"; and after his words had been put to the proof, his declaration, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore." As if to encourage our faith in that sublime fact, just at this season, nature is showing on every field and tree, the type of the truth we so long to believe. From the green shoots springing from the dead seeds in the ground; from the butterfly newly emerged from its chrysalis-grave, comes the kindly hint of nature bidding us take heart. The way to new and fuller and more abounding life, it tells us, is through death. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." Even He who is alive for evermore entered that life by the same gate as that toward which our steps are tending. He that liveth, was once dead. Nature unites with revelation in bidding us hope.

May we found a hope of immortality on the resurrection of Jesus? Does not our very belief in the divinity of his nature preclude us from inferring for ourselves a resurrection, which may have been a result of that union in him of the divine and the human? To this question the life we are now living must give the answer. If we have become by faith partakers of his nature, if he has risen from the dead in our lives, if the spirit that was in him animates our thoughts and actions—then we have a right to believe that, because he lives, we shall live also. The life of the vine is in the branches, and over that life, as the event we celebrate at Easter proves, death has no power. For ourselves, and for the loved ones gone before, we welcome the glad message that Easter brings, and sorrow not as those who have no hope.

The Mormon Problem

"IT is a problem which affects the entire nation—men and women, married or single; and it aims more directly and vitally at the purity and integrity of American homes, and the happiness of American fathers, mothers and children, than any problem that has ever confronted us since the revolutionary war." These are the words of an outspoken American wife and mother, who addressed a public audience in New York City a few days ago, when the Mormon question was under discussion. They are fairly representative of the feeling that prevails in all parts of the country on this subject.

Congress has almost concluded its investigation. It has become painfully clear from the nature of the evidence, that the Mormon problem must be solved by such legislation as is necessary to preserve our national self-respect and to make for public decency. No half-way measures will meet the situation. The case of Senator Smoot has dwindled to the proportions of a mere incident. The real case is that of a State which is dominated by a cabal of political churchmen, who, by the admissions of their own leaders, bid defiance "to the laws of God and man"; who absolutely control its politics, choose and elect its Senators and Representatives, dictate to its courts and override the popular will by virtue of the powers of which they have defrauded the voters of Utah. It is the honest, reputable, law-abiding, God-fearing men and women of Utah who are now appealing to Congress to strike the blow which shall restore to them their rights and put away Utah's shame.

We cannot believe that they will be allowed to appeal in vain. We cannot believe that the Upper House of our national legislature will fail to grasp the great opportunity that is now presented to do the country a real service. In the past, Congress has wrestled abortively with the Mormon question, chiefly in consequence of the difficulty of procuring evidence of the right sort upon which to base effective action. That difficulty is now removed. It is now open for Congress to enact such a law as will absolutely meet the necessities of the case, and which will satisfy the univeral demand for the effective and permanent suppression of polygamy and its attendant indecencies, the recent revelations concerning which have awakened universal indignation. Let the Mormons believe what they will, they must be compelled to obey the law in the letter, if not in the spirit. Our Constitution tolerates freedom of conscience, but there should be no law on our statute books which makes it possible for any body of men to debauch a sovereign State and scandalize a nation as the President and Apostles of the Mormon Church, by their own confession, have done and are now doing.

Let Congress drive in the axe deeply and dig out polygamy, root and branch.

The Women of St. Louis

OUR people everywhere should honor the godly women of St. Louis. They have sounded the alarm, calling upon the friends of purity in every State of the Union to unite in a movement for the protection of those women, and especially the young girls, who contemplate visiting St. Louis during the coming World's Fair.

There is a peril threatening such visitors, the St. Louis women assure us, which is no mere dream of the imagination, but a very real danger. Evil disposed persons, of mercenary morals, have banded together in an organization which, if permitted to operate unchecked, would result in the wrecking of many a home, and the physical and moral ruin of thousands of innocent and unprotected young women. To meet this emergency, the St. Louis Women's Christian Association has organized a Reception Committee of its members—a large body of Christian workers—whose duty it will be to meet unescorted women visitors in Fair time, and to see that they do not fall into the snares set for them by the plotters. Each member of this Reception Committee will wear conspicuously, as a badge readily recognizable, a bow of blue ribbon at the waist, left side. Women visitors are to be met at the depots and elsewhere, and every such visitor will know that the wearer of the bow of blue ribbon is a friend, who seeks to do her a real service.

But to make this campaign of loving care a successful one, the women of St. Louis need the co-operation of good women throughout the whole country, and this fact is the basis of our present appeal to the mothers, sisters and daughters who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We cordially invite their general co-operation in this simple plan: We propose to enroll in every town, village and hamlet, a Local Committee of godly women. To that Committee will be sent by mail the fullest explanation and all needful instructions how to act. Even if you may not intend to visit the Fair personally, there are no doubt some, perhaps many, in your neighborhood who purpose going there sometime during the coming summer. By organizing now, you and your associates will be enabled to help those intending visitors before they start, while on the train, while in St. Louis, and when returning home. The sole object is to assure them of proper protection and to see that they do not fall into unscrupulous hands.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster and her associates on the New York City Committee, are already actively at work in this matter. She invites you to send her your name and address if you wish to be represented in the movement for the protection of our girls who visit the Fair. On hearing from you, she will send to you by mail all needed instructions. Your committee, providentially, may be the means of saving many an unprotected girl from such perils as every right-thinking woman would blush even to name. Write at once to

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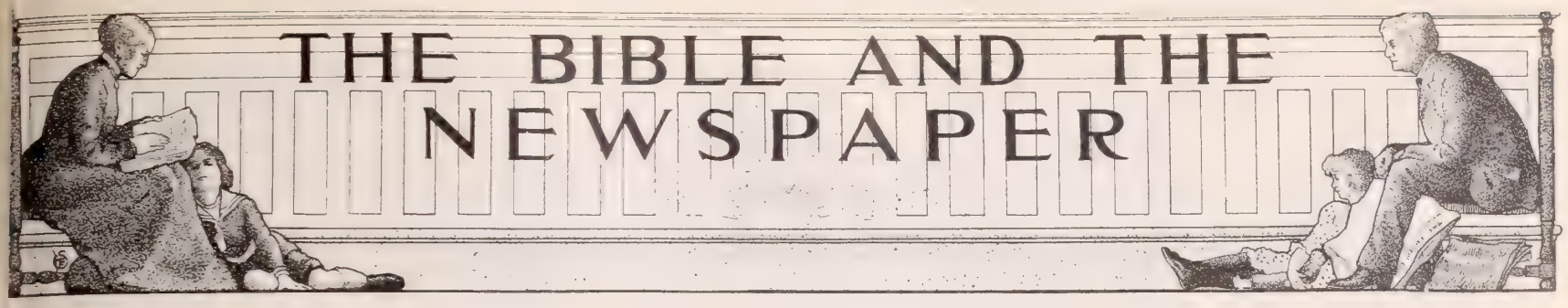


An Important Decision

ONE of the most important legal decisions of our time was given on March 14, by the United States Supreme Court, in the case of the Northern Securities Merger. The question fore the Court was whether the Northern Securities ompany was an organization creating a monopoly, with e power to control and cripple a public necessity. he Company had been organized to take over and actically pool the earnings of the Great Northern ailway and the Northern Pacific Railway, and inci-ntally the Burlington and other lines. In the natural urse of things, these lines would be competitors for e carrying business of the States through which they n; but if their interests were united, as was done by oling their earnings in the Northern Securities Com-ny, competition between them would naturally cease. was obvious that such an arrangement would benefit e lines concerned, but the public in the States affected, ould be then at the mercy of a gigantic corporation, garded by all her friends and acquaintances, but who was confronted with evidence that she had been for sixteen years a wife. An old schoolfellow, whom she had not seen since the year 1888, called upon her recently and told her that he was her husband. This she strenuously denied. But he asked her if she did not remember a certain day in February of that year, when he joined her as she was leaving school and went for a walk with her. She remembered the occasion very well, and also the fact that he had used the opportunity to make love to her and to plead with her to marry him. She was, as she well remembered, willing to be engaged to him, and she gave him her solemn promise to become his wife at some future time, but very soon afterwards, the youth's parents removed to Nebraska and took him with them. She had forgotten, until reminded of the fact, that in the course of their walk they had taken shelter from a shower in a railroad station, where the young man had recognized a friend, with whom they talked. He had told this friend the subject of their conversation, and had induced her to avow her affection and acknowledge her pledge in his friend's hearing. He now informed her that his friend was a clergyman, and he had discovered that the informal conversation constituted a valid marriage, and he had a certificate from the clergyman to that effect. He produced the certificate, which was in due form, and the lady who had retained her affection for him accepted the situation. It would appear that she did not know that she was being married, so it is not surprising that all those years she was oblivious of the fact. So much, however, cannot be pleaded in defence of people whose conduct shows that they have forgotten their pledge of fidelity to Christ.

O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth? (Gal. 3:1).

JUSTICE DAY JUSTICE BROWN JUSTICE HARLAN JUSTICE BREWER JUSTICE MCKENNA

JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT WHO CONCURRED IN THE MERGER DECISION

ith enormous privileges, which could charge what rates pleased for transportation between the Great Lakes nd the Pacific. It was foreseen that if such a merg-ng of interests could be effected in the case of two nes of railways, the time was not far distant when a still ore extensive merger might be organized, which would ontrol every mile of railroad in the country. The possi-ility was a serious one, involving the creation of a power himical to the public interests, and constituting a pub-c peril. The Government, therefore, decided to test he legality of the Northern Securities Company. It roceeded by charging the company with being a viola-ion of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. There was no mputation of an evil purpose or design to the company, ut it was contended that the power which was vested n it by the merger was dangerous to the public welfare, nd that therefore it was precisely one of those trusts or onopolies prohibited by the Sherman Act. This con-ention of the government has been sustained by the ecision now handed down by the Supreme Court. The ecision, however, was only that of the majority. The iew of the government was endorsed by Justices Har-an, Brown, Brewer, McKenna and Day, while the op-osite opinion is held by Chief Justice Fuller and ustices White, Peckham and Holmes. The result, herefore, is that the Northern Securities Company s declared to be an illegal combination. It is recog-nized as one of those dangers which arise in every age, against which the public needs to be protected and which were denounced by the ancient prophet:

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no room, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth (Isa. 5: 8).

Singular Forgetfulness

A dispatch to the New York *Times* from Norristown, Pa., reports one of the most remarkable instances of forgetfulness on record. It was that of a lady who regarded herself as unmarried, and who had been so re-

A Pastor Stricken Dumb

A press dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., reports a singular seizure and recovery in that city. It says that the pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church has been completely dumb for more than five months. In October last, he was returning on a surface car from a pastoral visit and alighted near his home. Just as he was stepping off the car, it started suddenly and he was flung to the ground. He fell in a sitting posture, with a heavy shock, but with the assistance of a friend who was passing, he rose to his feet and reached the sidewalk. His friend led him home, and as he had a strange, strained feeling in his head and neck he, at once, retired to rest, hoping that in the morning it would have passed away. But the next day he was unconscious, and remained so for four days. When he regained his senses he was unable to utter a word. Specialists were summoned, who expressed the opinion that the shock of the fall had caused a clot to form on that part of the brain which controls the organs of speech. From that time until March 9, he could communicate with his family only by the sign language or by writing; but on that morning the power of speech returned, as suddenly as it had left him. He is to be congratulated on so remarkable a recovery. His people, too, are doubtless rejoicing on being able to hear his voice again. It is always a loss to the Master's work when one of his representatives is silenced. Happily in this case the silence was due to a physical fall. Infinitely more grievous is it, when, as sometimes happens, it is due to a moral fall, and the Lord's people have to lament as did those of ancient times.

His watchmen are blind; they are all dumb dogs that cannot bark (Isa. 56: 10)

A Teacher's Offer

A curious illustration of the difficulty of making redress for wrong was given in an address recently made by President Thomas Hunter, of the Normal College of New York. The question under discussion was the abolition of corporal punishment in the schools. President Hunter acknowledged that he had been an opponent of the abolition, believing that the "weak teachers" needed the power to sustain their authority. His attitude, however, had changed, because if a child were wrongly punished by a flogging the mistake could not be rectified. A mark against an innocent boy could be erased if his innocence was afterwards proved, or overtime wrongly exacted could be made up, but for a blow there was no redress. He mentioned an instance in which that fact was brought home to him. He had punished two boys for an offence which he subsequently was convinced that they had not committed. In what way to make atonement to them for the mistake had been a problem to him. He saw no other way but to offer himself to take a flogging from their hands. He did so, but the boys laughed at the idea of flogging their teacher and so there had been no redress. It was one of those wrongs, of which life is so full, that can never be righted. How many men there have been, who have submitted voluntarily to suffering as this teacher offered to do, and have undergone torture as they do to this day in India, in the hope that by their suffering they may make atonement for their sins! To all such how welcome is the assurance that the Apostle gives of forgiveness through Christ.

Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past (Rom. 3: 25).

BRIEF NOTES

Opportunities for Christian missionary work in Persia are multiplying. The Church Missionary Society has issued a call for more missionaries for that field. It has stations in Ispahan, Yezd, Kirman, and Sheraz.

The agitation against Roman Catholic Orders in France has driven many monks and nuns into other countries. Over six thousand have settled in England. New convents to the number of forty-seven have been founded in that country.

The Total Abstinence movement in Germany is making solid progress. In a comparatively brief period, 871 books, by 413 different authors, have been published, advocating total abstinence. Several influential journals and magazines also have espoused the cause. Temperance societies of various kinds have been organized throughout the Empire, and are enrolling members.

ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE

By PROF. LEWIS SWIFT, F. R. A. S.

SECOND ARTICLE — THE WORLD'S FIRST DAY. "And the evening and the morning were the first day." GENESIS 1:

THERE probably is not in the Bible a stranger expression, or one apparently destitute of meaning, and yet containing a world of significance, than this. Mark well the language, the evening taking precedence of the morning. Did the Bible reader ever reflect and ask himself why it is so worded, which every rising and setting sun disputes? Had you, Mr. Editor, or I written it, we would have said the morning and the evening were the first day; but had Moses so written it, astronomy and the Bible would be antagonistic, and astronomy the victor. Here arises the question, Did Moses write it? I answer, No. He held the pen, but the great I Am wielded it, to announce a vital fact that was not to be deciphered till astronomy should unlock the mystery lurking in it.

At that time, and for thousands of years thereafter, everybody supposed the earth to be flat instead of a sphere, situated in the centre of the universe, and without motion of any kind; and that all the heavenly bodies revolved around it as a centre. The passage alludes to motion somewhere. The word day as used here does not mean our day of twenty-four hours, nor a day of a year's length, as used in a few places in the Bible, but a day of unknown length. The root of the Hebrew word translated day, means a ring or circle, something that has no end. So tenaciously did the world hold to the dogma that the earth was flat, in Moses' day, that had he stated in plain language that the earth was a globe and revolved around the sun, and every day turned bottom upwards, the Bible would have been trampled under foot as a teacher of absurdities. Later came astronomy, and told a marvelous and unexpected story. Instead, therefore, of the earth being at rest, it has twelve motions, a few of which I will briefly allude to as bearing on the subject of the text:

1. Motion around the sun once a year.

2. Revolution of its orbit in 109,800 years.

3. Motion of translation. The sun, like a mighty locomotive, is rushing through space, dragging all the planets, including the earth and the satellites and periodic comets, at the rate of about twelve miles a second, going we know not where. If in a straight line, which is probable, we are going nowhere; but if in a curve, which is possible, we are going somewhere, but where is beyond the power of man to tell. But the inference is strong that the motion is orbital, revolving around some mighty world, of which our sun in comparison is a pigmy, requiring millions of years to complete one revolution. In view of such a stupendous idea, well may we inquire where are we going. Who will be here to follow our footsteps when that mighty cycle shall end, when, as one astronomer expressed it, the great bell of eternity will strike one. In rushing through space at such a rate, filled with countless millions of worlds, is there no danger of collisions? No, God is at the helm.

4. The earth wabbles, like the wabbling of a boy's spinning-top just before it falls, when both ends wabble; but it takes 25,800 years to make one wabble. It is called by astronomers the precession of the equinoxes. This motion, too slow to be noticed by the naked eye, in less than 400 years produces some wonderful changes in the appearance of the heavens as the centuries come and go, giving the earth a succession of pole stars, and a dozen times during the period there will be none. The earth's axis in our day is said to point to the pole star; but it does not, never did, nor never will. In about 200 years it will pass the pole star within twenty-seven minutes of it; but in a thousand years or so it will be too far from the star to be called a pole star—there will be none. But after the lapse of a certain number of centuries another star will be a pole star, and then again none. In 12,500 years Alpha Lyra, one of the brightest stars in the sky, will be a pole star, but it will be some six degrees from the pole; but the people will have to call it so. In some 20,000 years Alpha Draconis will be exactly a pole star, and is the only one that ever is. In almost 26,000 years the polar point will be where it now is. There is no south polar star now. As the earth wabbles it rocks as if in a gigantic rocking chair, called nutation.

5. The earth rotates on its axis once a day, and the question arises which way? Astronomers say from west to east,

PROF. LEWIS SWIFT'S GREAT TELESCOPE IN HIS OBSERVATORY AT MARATHON, N. Y.

or, as Moses puts it, from the evening towards the morning, the only motion he describes, and the only one that was necessary to convince the world that the earth was not flat, but round. I hope the reader will see the significance of the divine statement, which took the world thousands of years to find out. The rotation of the earth on its axis is the only undeviatingly accurate motion known to man. In thousands of years it has not deviated a single second. It is a clock that never needs winding up, for it never runs do

The earth, now our home and soon to be our grave rushing in its orbit round the sun, at the rate of ninet miles a second, as noiseless as the quietude of an infa sleep. Its surface at the equator is rotating at a velocity 1,026 miles an hour from west to east, or, as Moses sa from the evening towards the morning.

The ancients had no idea of the size of the earth, whet flat or round, or what it rested on, yet Job speaks of circle of the sea, and says he hangeth the earth on nothin

Copernicus, 1473–1543, was the first man who dared attack the flat earth delusion, and proved by overwhelm arguments that the sun, and not the earth, was centre.

The mean diameter of the earth is 7,912 miles, therefore curves eight inches to the mile. It, howe is not a globe, properly speaking, but is what mathe ticians call an oblate spheroid, caused when it was a liquid condition by heat, by its rapid rotation, t is, it has an equatorial protuberance extending entir around the earth, commencing at each pole, grow thicker and thicker, till at the equator it is thirteen o quarter miles in thickness, making the earth at equator twenty-six one-half miles larger than fr pole to pole. The attractions of the sun and moon this protuberant matter, produces several of the twe motions alluded to elsewhere. Mathematicians ha proved, that taking into consideration the earth's dia eter, its period of rotation and its density, its spher dity is just what it ought to be when in a liquid c dition. Yes, this earth was in its infancy, a mass liquid fire, which is not cooled off yet. At a depth seven miles, everything is at a red heat, and thi miles down, every known substance would be melt But what is thirty miles compared with the 3,950 mi to its centre. We are living on a shell, only four mi from where every creature would die.

How long a time has elapsed since the surface wa molten mass is not even surmisable. If we ever kn it will be revealed to us from the other side, after t golden chain that binds us here is severed, and we sta face to face with Him

Whose head with radiant glory crowned
Whose lips with grace overflow,

who, if necessary for his ransomed to know, will tea us.

The mighty universe, of which our little home is part, is the offspring of one mind of which chance h nothing to do. The thought fills me with emotions t deep for words to utter, when I think how nicely t Creator has fitted it up for our enjoyment; a little o among the countless millions that fill immensity. illustrate, I will allude to but a single one—the mosphere, to which the mass of mankind seldom give thought.

This gaseous envelope, extending to a height of nea fifty miles, is exactly adapted for animals to breath fires to burn, plants to grow, so transparent that mou tains can be seen through it fifty miles away, its vib ting qualities giving audible speech, its weight lifting up t clouds that give us shade and rain, and the beautiful sno There is beauty everywhere,

It sparkles on the ocean wave, it glitters in the dew,
We see it in the glorious sky, and in the floweret's hue.
If so much loveliness is sent to grace our earthly home,
How beautiful, how beautiful, must be the world to come!

Marathon, N.Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY IN TOKIO

IN a letter from Tokio, Japan, published in the New York *Sun*, there appears a charming description of a garden party given by the Empress in the palace grounds.

Guests walk about. When tired of looking at the flowers, they look at one another, and they are worth the looking. The background of all, is the sombre, frock-coated, silk-hatted Japanese gentlemen—the most interesting of all, too, perhaps, could one but read the faces as one thinks of their history; a few Japanese women, noticeably few, perhaps because foreign dress is now prescribed for this occasion, perhaps because they have not even yet acquired much fondness for large social gatherings.

In the foreground are foreigners, men and women, perhaps two hundred, of many nations. Most of the women wear light colors, white, blue, gray or green. More than half of the men are in uniform, some from the different armies, but more from the navies of the six different nations whose ships lie at anchor down in the bay—Japan, France, Germany, Italy, England and the United States. They are all frock-coated with gold or silver buttons, some with epaulets, some without, as their Admirals have ordered. All, from the shy young German ensign, to the resplendent English Vice-Admiral, look interested and happy.

A little music is played softly by a military band, hidden somewhere just far enough away. The music grows fuller, the Japanese national air is recognized, and now, without knowing exactly how it happens—although the deferential court chamberlains, with their chrysanthemum buttons, could explain, perhaps—the guests find themselves formed into two groups with an aisle between them.

A procession is seen at a distance, approaching slowly. A little, dark-haired lady leads the way. Her figure is slender and youthful, her carriage graceful, her face, that of middle age. Her gown is of violet—the imperial color—brocaded with chrysanthemums—the royal flower. It is the Empress, in her garden, among her flowers. Every one bows — the Japanese profoundly — to the ground, almost.

Behind her, come the Princesses and ladies of the court, then the Diplomatic Corps. First of these, the British Minister, and, leaning lightly upon his arm, the most beautiful vision of the day—a tall, graceful, dark-haired woman, with the mystery of India in her dark eyes—the wife of the Indian Maharajah, who walks just behind them. The rest of the Diplomatic Corps follows, the picturesque Chinese among them, and after them, every one, a long, long line, winding as the pat way winds, while the Empress leads t way.

At the last a third open square is reache where, under a bamboo shelter, a long tab is bountifully spread with good things, suc as gladden men's palates, while outside the lawn are chairs and a multitude of litt tables. The Empress goes to a little spa left at one end of the long table. A few pre entations are made to her, the Empress stan ing through them all.

These over, every one seats himself, is r freshed with tea, coffee or an ice, all served i quite the foreign fashion, with spoons an saucers. After about half an hour the Em press takes her leave. Everybody bows before, the Japanese very low. Each ma looks at his neighbor and realizes that th fete is over.

OUR WORK IN MACEDONIA

SO much has been printed of late in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regarding the relief work among the refugees from Macedonia who have fled to Bulgaria, that we give space this week to reports of work in Western Macedonia, where the devastation and suffering were most appalling. These reports are compiled from the notes of a faithful worker in the field, who with his wife is now at the very heart of the relief work in Macedonia. The letters give the reader some right idea of the appalling misery now prevailing there.

There is no question that many peasants in the Ochrida region especially, must have starved to death, had it not been for the timely arrival of funds, first from England. The generous response of the people of that land to the cry of Macedonia's need has completely revolutionized the feelings of the people toward her. The Christians of the Monastir region are hoping that that vilayet will fall to England, on the division of territory for the proposed experiment of the gendarmerie.

In January, a ruffle of excitement was caused by the arrival of the dragoman and servant of the Austrian assessor. The dragoman is said to be an Albanian, a professor of languages in Vienna. His chief—when he arrives—is to be accompanied by a consul and a vice-consul. Apparently, at least one in Monastir puts faith in the sincerity of the two reform powers.

The political horizon is exceedingly interrogative. Hilmi Pasha and his two Christian adjuncts seem to be enjoying life in Salonica. Hilmi gives dinners and the Austrian furnishes amusing stories. If these gentlemen would come to Monastir vilayet, accompanied by the fez-wearing Italian general and his European assistants, each in his own uniform, and if all would set at work on the reform scheme, I believe the revolutionary committees would gladly keep quiet. As to the renewal of the revolution by Macedonian bands, I think it is settled that there will be no outbreak in the turned districts of the Monastir vilayet. It requires heroic faith to believe that the reforms will amount to anything, and that the spring will pass without bloody conflicts in some portions of Macedonia. Even now the Northern Albanians are in open revolt, and the government is sending troops there in feverish haste. A singular rumor is afloat that Russia, having her hands quite full in the Far East, will yield her place in the near East, at the side of Austria, to England. Should this rumor were a fact, one might guarantee that no Bulgarian bands would stir.

Grateful mention has been made in these columns of the sums received in aid from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, at various times, both in Monastir and Salonica, for distribution in Macedonia. It is joy in receiving this aid to alleviate the suffering all about him, leads our informant to exclaim, "For the cultivation of real Christian benevolences, everybody ought to read that paper."

Lady Thompson reports thirty-four patients in the relief hospital at Kastoria, and many applicants for whom there is no room. The authorities forbid the use of an additional house, which Mr. Brailsford, of the London *Daily News* Fund, had rented for the purpose. The most they will grant is the toleration of our present quarters in Kastoria and Ochrida. Lady Thompson recently visited the Turkish hospital, and found it remarkably clean, well ventilated, etc., yet the twelve patients in the large building were fairly forced to enter. The authorities brought them in on donkeys from nearby villages. Perhaps it gets on their nerves to have soldiers standing guard over their beds, or possibly they long for the tender love and sympathy of woman.

Miss Durham is taking hold, vigorously, at Resna, where she is in charge of the relief work.

A man is here now pleading for flour. He was an inn-keeper. The khan was burned, but he escaped from the flames through a shower of Turkish bullets. He has four bad bullet scars on his body. Another peasant asks me to help him prepare a petition to the Governor-General for the recovery of a valuable horse, which was borrowed three months ago by a captain of artillery. Expectant women come for baby gear. These I refer to my good wife, who usually warms them up with hot coffee before bringing out the diminutive

AN ORIZARI VILLAGE FAMILY (NEAR MONASTIR)

swaddling suits, the materials for which are provided from Miss Muriel White's fund. Mrs. Bond spends one whole day a week in cutting out these garments, and her sewing-circle meets for half a day at the chapel, while a few women do sewing at their homes, all without pay, of course. And here is a Jewess, whose husband, a village storekeeper, was carried off by an insurgent band and killed, after the store had been destroyed. Yesterday a poor peasant brought a petition, endorsed by his village, setting forth that he is reduced from comfort to beggary by the burning of his house and belongings. His wife was shot by the soldiers, and driven back into the flames and perished, leaving five small children. There are some of the claims that are false, and many that do not come within the scope of relief work. It is the refusing that tries one's soul.

INTERIOR OF MONASTIR PRISON, SHOWING CHRISTIAN PRISONERS UNDER MOSLEM GUARDS

Messrs. Haskell and Graham, in canvassing the Kirchevo and Demirhissar villages, noticed one hundred and eighty authentic cases of outrage by soldiers, many of the victims being small girls. Probably less than half the actual cases are made public. It will take more than paper reforms to subdue the spirit of rebellion in that quarter of the Monastir vilayet.

£5,000 sterling telegraphed from the Macedonian Relief Fund, London, and $1,500 checked from the Boston committee, reached us lately.

Five bales of clothing and one of blankets from England arrived one day lately—just the articles needed for hospitals and orphanage. A careful assortment will be made, and portions will be sent to Ochrida and to Kastoria, and a portion retained here for the orphans we plan to gather in the near future. There is not a useless article in the whole lot. The generous gift of cloth previously received has all been distributed to very grateful recipients.

Miss Durham reports much sickness and many deaths among children, especially in the Presba vilayet, and Mr. McGregor, British Vice-consul, despatched a physician to the region. Miss Durham will take Mrs. Brailsford's work. The latter has done noble work at Ochrida, and there will be bitter weeping when she leaves.

The orphan girls in the mission school at Monastir are doing nicely. We have not yet succeeded in renting a suitable building for an orphanage. If we were authorized by one or more of the funds to purchase a house and large yard, which are available, for about £500, that would be the very best thing. Children are crying to come to us. Our school is full.

Six carloads of relief flour have come from Servia. It seems quite probable that we shall have funds enough to feed the hungry peasants to the end of March. But then a very large sum will be needed for oxen, farming implements and seed, and for house building.

Lady Thompson telegraphs that Miss Bruce is very sick at Kastoria. The physician pronounced it a case of abortive typhoid. One of the Sisters of Mercy was similarly prostrated at the same time. Both are convalescing satisfactorily and Miss Bruce hopes to start for England in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Brailsford hastened to the assistance of Lady Thompson, and three more Sisters came from Salonica. The physician sent to the Presba villages vaccinated some 600 peasants, but did not find more than ten people down with smallpox. A surgeon despatched to Ochrida, at request of Miss Durham, performed twenty operations in two days at the hospital.

Mr. Graham's thirty-seven villages in the Kirchevo region contain the most ragged people of all, and they live in abject fear of their Mussulman neighbors. The other day a villager who was coming for a promised blanket, was murdered on the road by a Turk, who shot also at the son of the deceased. Mr. Graham reports that the Servian agents who came there to distribute flour, begged him to leave five villages to their tender mercies, as they had food for them. It turned out that they did not go near the said villages, but doled out all their flour to so-called Servians in a so-called Servian village. I have tried in vain to have an understanding with the Servian agents here, who began giving out flour in the city to our regular recipients, at the rate of six pounds a head. Now the agents are summoned to Servia, and it is not known if more flour will arrive. We are bidding for all the government grain—1,500 kilos—at Resna, which is sold at auction. In a few days more we shall have finished the distribution of blankets.

PROOF OF LIFE

Spiritual Life Manifesting Itself in Conduct

BY MRS M BAXTER

MANY of the conversions with which we have been familiar for many years past have filled our churches with impotent folk—blind, halt, withered—who are always waiting, not on the Lord that they may renew their strength (Isa. 40:31), but "for the moving of the water" (John 5:3). They are spiritually in the same case as the impotent man who had been for thirty-eight years unable to help himself or others. Why is this? Because the conversions have not been thorough. There has not been the deep "repentance toward God," which has led to a complete change of life toward man also; there has not been a faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ which has taken him as the guide and power of a life, the spring of which is "Christ in you the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27); and, consequently, the confession of Christ before men has been imperfect and powerless. Things have come to such a pass that, in a large majority of cases, one has to ask whether such an one is converted or not.

When the physical life of a man is at such a low ebb that it is necessary to inquire whether he still lives, what good can such a life be to him or to anyone else? Yet this is the kind of life which exists among some of our church members! Wherever there is spiritual life in a church, there is a testimony to the world. Life must have air, and light, and movement. We commit the dead to darkness, silence, immovability. Wherever the life of Christ in a church does not make itself felt, it is because it has very little existence. Spiritual life must be aggressive in order to exist. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus," is as indispensable a condition as "If . . . thou shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9). Therefore, if thou shalt not believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt not be saved; and if thou shalt not confess him with thy mouth, thou shalt not be saved either, "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." O how many there are who never confess him before the world! Are such really saved at all?

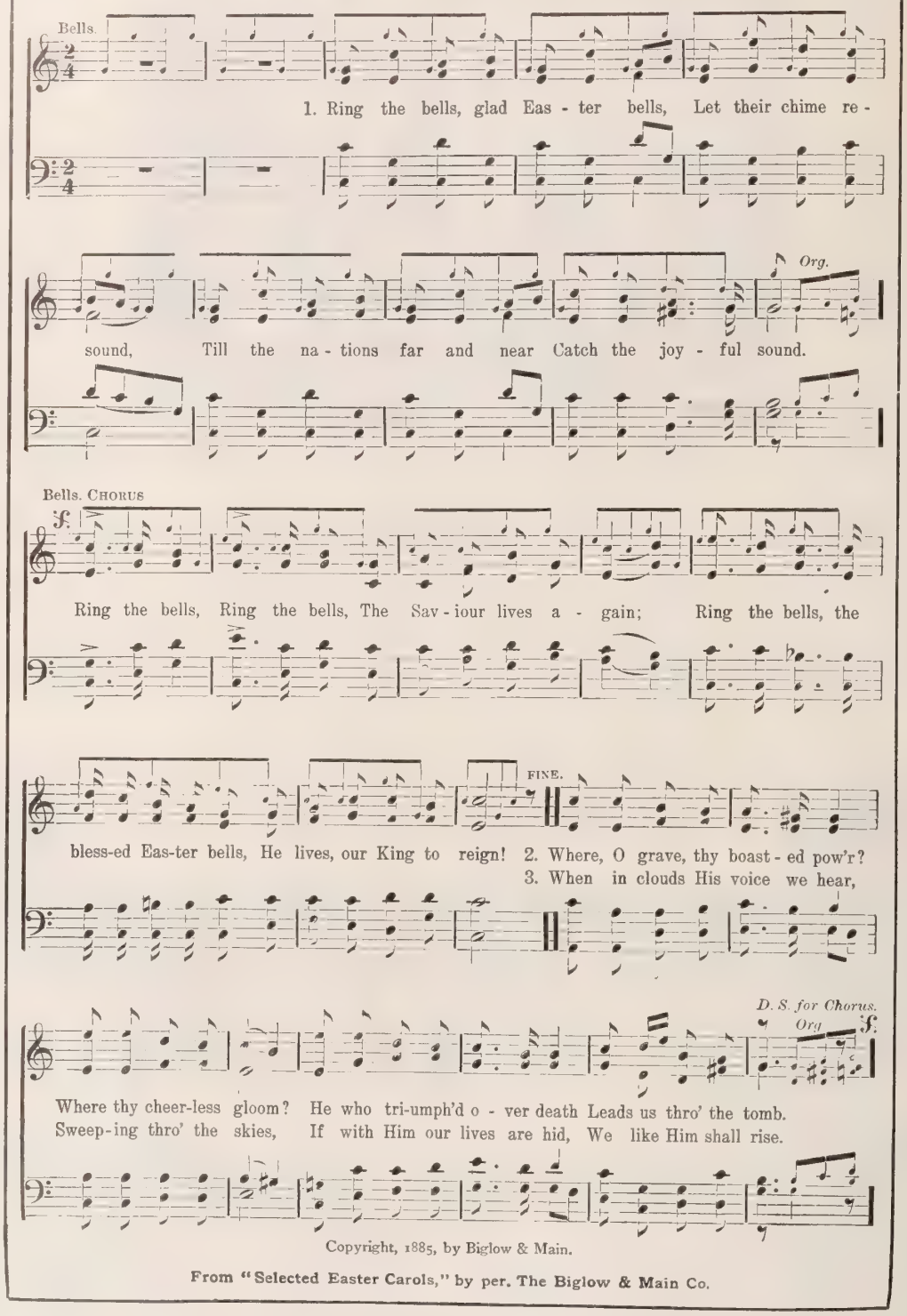
Peter was the first of the twelve chosen apostles to confess Christ, and in spite of his many failings, he it was who was the chosen instrument at Pentecost to confess his Lord when the three thousand repented, believed and confessed Jesus to be the Christ. The Lord Jesus had come with his disciples into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi. This was to the north of the Lake of Gennessaret, but southeast of Damascus. Why should our Lord have gone thus outside of the borders of Galilee? He was teaching and training his disciples; they were to be his future witnesses, and he must sound them as to how far they understood and recognized in him the coming Messiah. "By the way he asked his disciples, Whom do men say that I am? And they answered, John the Baptist; but some say Elias; and others, One of the Prophets. And he saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Peter answereth and saith unto him, Thou art the Christ" (Mark 8:27–29; Matt. 16:16, adds, "the Son of the living God").

This was the testimony which was to be committed to these twelve men, and it is committed to every true believer. The apostle John says of the contents in his Gospel: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through his name" (John 20:31). It was this very testimony of Peter which God used to bring so many to believe. "Now therefore," he said, "let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made this same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ" (Acts 2:36).

AN EASTER MORNING SONG

"Ring the Bells"

FANNY J. CROSBY. CARYL FLORIO.



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From "Selected Easter Carols," by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

The Two Standard

Reasons for Choosing the U seen Objects of Life Rat Than the Visible*

WHEN the Apostle Jo warned his readers, at close of his life, agai the three modes of approa which the enemy adopts, he v rendering them an inestima service. He must have se many fall, and he wanted save those who were liable fall. Like an experienced g eral, who had been in many ca paigns, he knew the enem tactics and desired to put friends on their guard. Ea was a citadel that might be c tured, or with diligence and v ilance might be held for Chr Lest they be taken by surpri he tells them where the we points are, so that those mig be carefully guarded. Th are: the lust of the flesh, physical pleasure; the lust the eyes, or the desire for rich and worldly possessions, and t pride of life, or ambition a love of honor and power. one of these avenues and son times by all three, temptati comes, and he who at first w consecrating himself to the hig er life is led away from l first love. There has been change in the conflict since t Apostle's time, and these a proaches still need to be guarde

The Apostle had been preac ing the duty of a loving dispo tion. He, more than any of t apostolic circle, had absorb Christ's injunction to love men, even enemies. Love w to be cultivated; as Paul had sisted, it was the greatest of virtues and would survive others, but it must be direct to the right objects. If it w spent on worldly things it w wasted. Why? A conclusi answer, in which many othe are included, the Apostle giv in the fact that, "The wor passeth away." Those who h made worldly objects their ai must therefore inevitably suff loss. If they failed in their pu suit, or if they succeeded, t end would be alike disastrou Therefore he urges them to s their affections on things whic are permanent. Not only wou these objects remain, when t world itself had passed awa but the man himself would su vive, "He that doeth the will God abideth forever."

The lust of the flesh. Th curate of a parish in the poore part of New York was sum moned, one night last summe to a foul lodging-house to see dying man. The room in whic he found him was dirty and il smelling. He bent over the be and finding the sufferer sti sensible, but evidently very nea death, he lost no time in poin ing him to Christ. Every mi ute was precious, and his teac ing was direct and simpl Presently, the dying man turne his face toward his visitor an said: "Walter, don't you know me?" The light from the dirty lamp was so dim an the face so contorted with pain that the curate could not recognize him. "Have yo forgotten Hugh, your college roommate?" asked the dying man. "Forgotten? N but you are so changed, and you are the last man I should have expected to see i such a place as this." A shiver passed through the sufferer's body and he said "You can do me no good, Walter, I know all you would say. You warned me whe I began my career of vice, but it did no good. I was bent on going my own way. have sent for you that you may see the wreck and warn others. Make me a tex Walter. Tell every young man you know, what I was, and how I came to be the mas of corruption and the friendless pauper I am. Perhaps some may be saved by m story. Don't spare me. I am lost, but it will be some relief, even to me, if through the use you can make of my history as you know it, others are saved." He coul say no more, and in a few minutes the silence of the laboring breath told his frien that he was dead.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union fo April 10. Matt. 5:43-48; I. John 2:15-17.

HER EASTER GIFT

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MIRIAM CLOSTER had watched her lilies all winter. It had been such a severe season that more than ordinary care had been needed to keep flowers from freezing, and more than or night, in slippers and bathrobe, she had sought the lilary between twelve o'clock and dawn, to be sure th the lilies were safe.

ow, Easter was at hand, and she had a perfect glory of nowy bloom to carry to church, and her heart beat hi with gladness. As chairman of the Flower Com- mee, it was her duty to solicit palms and plants for th Easter decorations. but she always brought more fl ers than anyone else, and took no little satisfaction in eir superb beauty.

iriam Closter had another offering besides her lilies, fc the Easter service. She had a contralto voice of ra compass and rich melody, and in the choir no one w more prized than she, for her training had been fi and her singing touched the heart.

he young pastor depended on Miriam for many se ices of unselfish love. The Christian Endeavor S iety looked to her as its virtual leader, a whoever else was derelict, Miriam came up to the expectations of those who admired h personality, and recognized at its worth h executive ability and her remarkable t nt for management.

t was with some regret that Miriam heard t pastor, the Sunday before Easter, request th children of the Sunday School to bring p ts as offerings of love on Easter m ning.

I wish," she said to her mother, "that M Bennet had consulted me before he told th children to do that. Now we'll have a l of queer-looking spindling plants, in all s ts of pots, and the artistic effect will be s iled."

Oh, you'll get along, dear," said the com- f able, easy-going mother. "Never fear. Y u will have your lilies, and nothing can s il them."

ust one day before Easter, there was a f in Bellville, and the Closters' home, by o of those freaks which every conflagra- t n shows, was burned to the ground. The s rks seemed by a malign fate to have been c ght in an eddy of the gale, and absolutely h ave fallen in a flaming shower on the roof o the beautiful Closter home.

For ten years that home had been the s w-place of Bellville. It stood in the midst o its wide grounds, an ample and ornate h se, white-pillared, with a veranda that w s as a summer parlor, and a tower whence o e could gaze, on a clear day, for many m les. Fully insured as to its value as real e ate, its loss could not be made up in m ney to those who had so much enjoyed it e er since it was built, and who had filled it w th objects of art and elegance brought fr m lands across the sea.

No insurance could pay Miriam Closter f r her lilies. Burnt and blackened, the l rary and its treasures had bowed before t e devouring fire, and tongues of scarlet fl me had licked up the lilies.

Easter morning found the Closters tem- p rarily homeless, though homes were open t them. Mr. Closter, a capable, freehanded A merican, public-spirited and zealous for t e good of his town, was as distressed at t e havoc in the burnt district as at the l in at his own hearthstone.

Not so, Miriam. She lay on the bed in her Cousin C roline's cottage, a heap of girlish misery, sobbing c nvulsively, and refusing to be consoled.

"My lilies! my lilies!" she moaned. "My whole s inter's work gone in ten minutes!"

"Miriam," pleaded Cousin Caroline, "don't take it so h rd. There will be other years and other lilies, dar- l ng. Get up and wash your face, and come to the c urch. We must rearrange the flowers now, and hope t at somebody besides you has been raising something w hite and sweet for this day. We have the children's o fferings, you know, and—Miriam, you sing in the quar- t tte, and haven't you a solo? How can you sing if y ou don't conquer your hysteria?"

Miriam tried to stop weeping, but her tears still fl owed. Yet something must be done. To cry over b urned flowers, was almost as futile as to cry over s pilled milk.

"Think of my singing a resurrection song when my heart lies in the ashes," exclaimed Miriam, tragically. "Somebody must take my place."

"Nobody can, dear child. We have got to do our day's work, let happen what may. There is no other course, and if it be the Lord's appointment for the day to test us with disappointment, why, then, that must be borne. Come, Miriam, show yourself strong, and try not to lose the Easter blessing. It might have been worse."

"I don't see how."

"You are all spared," said Cousin Caroline. "All spared, and together."

Miriam glanced at her cousin's black dress and crepe veil, and she remembered the graves in the cemetery, two of them hollowed since last Easter, where her cousin's dearest ones slept. All at once she realized that she was extremely selfish, and that in her wish to honor God's house on Easter Day, there had been a mingling of the evil leaven of vanity and pride.

"...I done raised it fo' Easter,' answered Sophy"

They were early at the church. The pastor met them at the door.

"My dear Miss Closter," he said, "I am so sorry. Your lovely home gone. It is a strange dispensation. But I am glad to see that you can smile."

It was a wan flicker of a smile, but it was brave, and with it came a lifting of the heart. So true it is that if we try to look cheery, the cheer follows the look.

The children had each brought a plant. There were geraniums, azaleas, carnations, roses, a lavish display after all, against a background of palms and ferns. And presently, tottering under the weight of a superb lily, its carven bells pure as the drifted snow, came in an old colored woman, bent with years and infirmities, Sophy Newcome her name.

"Why, Sophy!" exclaimed Miriam, "where did you get this splendid lily?"

"I done raised it, Missy; I done raised it fo' Easter. I fotched it along; it's all I've got, but I want it to praise de Lord on Easter Day. Fo' he hab broken, and he hab bind up, and bressed be his holy name."

"Sophy!" and Miriam's voice trembled, "I love you for bringing this lily. It shall stand in the very front of everything, and you shall sit in our pew, where you can see and hear, and enjoy the Easter service."

"Not in yo' pew, honey; Sophy is content in de back o' the church, honey."

"Sophy, to please me," said Miriam, "sit in my place, in my mother's pew, to-day, where I would be if I had not to sing in the choir. I want to look at you and at your lily at the same time."

Mr. Bennet, the minister, had been drawn to Miriam Closter for months, but had resisted the spell that attracted him, chiefly because he feared a certain arrogance and hardness, evident, he thought, in the way she controlled and led things. Being a man who liked to lead and control, he was not sure that he would be wise in wooing that sort of wife.

This morning, Miriam appealed to him as she never had before. He had not expected her to be quite so calm, after the experiences of the fire. With all Bellville, he had known how she had toiled for her Easter lilies. The traces of tears on her cheek, and the smile that struggled to her face touched his heart. As he went into his study before going into the pulpit, he prayed as always for help that day, but a little petition blended with the prayer, for the sweet girl who seemed to him so regnant in her gentle womanhood, regnant over anything petty and small.

"A big nature! Lord, bless her," said Mr. Bennet.

The little scene when she had arranged Old Sophy's votive offering in the place of honor, and had led Sophy to Mr. Closter's pew, had most of all charmed Mr. Bennet.

"She will make a good wife for a minister! A good wife for me!"

He put the thought out of his mind, as he read the Scriptures, and went through the opening portions of the service. When the glorious songs of Easter resounded through the church, he heard Miriam's tones, vibrant, sweet, insistent, and when she sang her solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," tears came suddenly to his eyes.

"Cousin Caroline," Miriam said on Easter night, "it's been a happy day after all. I could not carry my lilies to church, but I carried something else, and made that my gift, and I found a blessing."

"What did you carry, Miriam?"

"My pride, my self-will. I laid them down under Sophy Newcome's lily."

"Long ago," answered Cousin Caroline, "I learned the lesson that only as we rise from the graves of our own conquered besetting sins, can we know the gladness of the Resurrection. The Lord is Risen, indeed, when we, in our hearts, without a single complaint, accept his will. So is every day our Easter day."

With something too much of confidence, the Rev. Ralph Bennet at first preferred his suit to Miriam Closter. She was not easily won. Yet, a year later, he helped her dress the church with lilies she had watched and tended, and, during Easter week, they stood together in the glory of the Easter flowers, and pledged each other loyal love, till death should them part.

"My love," he said, as the carriage whirled them away after the ceremony, "you will always be to me as a lily of Easter."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—LUCY. Rise when presented to an older woman. It is usually safe to rise when introduced to any one.

—MARY. The bride provides table and bed-linen, towelling and napery of every kind for her wedding outfit.

ANNA. One mark of good breeding that is unmistakable is respect in addressing elderly people. Youth owes deference to age.

—EVA. It would not occur to me that I had been slighted on purpose, if I were not asked to a reception. People often have to limit their invitations.

—IVAN. In a hotel one wears plain and inconspicuous clothes. A simple tailor-gown is always right. If staying in a hotel, one does not wear a hat to meals, unless she is going out immediately, and does it to save time.

Examining the Corner-stone

Peter Confesses the Christ

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFT*

AFTER leaving Bethsaida, Jesus and his disciples traveled northwards by the roads on the east of the river Jordan until they reached the town now known as Banias, near the base of Mount Hermon. In full view, would be the city of Cæsarea, the position of which, on its rocky eminence, may have suggested to Christ that figure of which the Roman Catholic Church has made so much—the church built on the rock.

Illustration and Application

The newspapers recently told of the tearing down of an old "Non-Sectarian Church," in whose corner-stone it was expected some curious and valuable papers would be found. The leading men of the town stood by as the workmen neared the corner-stone, all expecting to see in it some old Bible, some ancient records of the church and of the town, some early newspaper, and the like. At last the corner-stone was uncovered, and it was found hollow and empty. There was nothing in it.

So in this lesson we gather about the corner-stone of Roman Catholicism, and truth compels us to say, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," that it is hollow and empty. There is nothing in it. Roman Catholics tell us that Christ constituted Peter the first pope when he said, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt find on earth shalt be found in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." One-half the lesson to-day may well be devoted to showing, once for all, that there is nothing in this claim.

When Pope Leo XIII. died recently, many Protestants, especially politicians and merchants, acting on that proverb of mistaken kindness, "Nothing but good of the dead," which often leads to nothing but injustice to the living, seemed to forget why they were Protestants in an effort to display their liberality. Even the star-chamber election of his successor, so unlike anything in the New Testament, did not bring back the scales of justice to their true poise, nor will most people see the contrast to Peter's simplicity in the pope's treatment for gout, and so our Protestant boys and girls, playing with agreeable Roman Catholic schoolmates, whose presence added to political considerations, hampers school-teachers in presenting the facts of history that show the errors and crimes of Romanism, need to be taught in their own Sunday Schools why they should kindly but firmly reject its claims, especially its corner-stone.

Let it be noted that this lesson story itself shows plainly that Peter, even after he was called a "rock" and given the power of the "keys," was not infallible. When Christ spoke of his approaching sufferings on the Cross, Peter reproved him because, like modern popes, he had mistaken ideas of "temporal power," which, misunderstanding the prophecies, he expected immediately for Christ, with a premier's share in it for himself. If Peter was a pope, his first "bull" was one against the atonement—surely a "bull" in the Irish sense: "Far be it from thee Lord." If he was the first pope, the new title he received from Christ was "Leo," in the sense of the "roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour," for Christ called him "Satan," and bade him get behind him, rather than come beside him as a vicegerent. Peter had shown the same selfish spirit of political ambition as Satan in the temptation, when he suggested that Christ should conquer quickly by force, rather than slowly by love, all the kingdoms of the world.

The power of the keys, here seemingly given to Peter alone, is in another passage given to all the apostles (Matthew 18: 18). When we understand the passage, we shall see that this power is given to all who will receive it. "Keys" are in the Bible a symbol of power, just as the sceptre is the symbol of authority. The terms, "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven," all through the Bible, refer not to heaven above, but to the doing of God's will, as in heaven, so on earth, in fulfilment of the Lord's Prayer. The "kingdom of heaven" is the "kingdom of God," and the "kingdom of God" is present allegiance to God. The passage about the keys interpreted by the Bible signal code is the promise of Christ to every one: "I will give to you in your life of allegiance to God, such a deliverance not only from the guilt, but also from the power and the very love of sin, that you shall forbid yourself what God forbids, and permit yourself only what God permits."

Now let us turn to the main reliance of the Roman Catholics, their very corner-stone: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church." This passage must be interpreted in harmony with history, and with other Scripture references to the rock foundations of the Church. Who can read even the New Testament history of the first century and say that Peter was even the chief apostle? At Pentecost, and for a few years thereafter, Peter is the apostolic leader, though James, head of the Church at Jerusalem, is more like a bishop. In a sense, Peter opens the church door to the Gentiles in the home of Cornelius. But, presently, Paul appears, and in every respect towers above Peter. He writes much more of the Bible and preaches much more widely than Peter. That Paul went to Rome and built up the Church there, no one denies, but there is no proof that Peter ever went there at all. John, too, wrote more of the New Testament than Peter, and had far greater influence then with his hundred years of life, and is to-day more influential than Peter as a builder of churches and character. Peter encourages us by his very fallibility, but in himself he was but a tumbling mountainside rock till Pentecost, long after this lesson scene, gave him rock-firm God trust. The Bible passage that interprets Christ's words to Peter, "On this rock will I build my church," is this: "Built on the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone" (Ephesians 2: 20). Peter, as the first to confess the divinity of Christ, proves himself the first of the "living stones" he himself speaks of in his epistles to be laid in the "foundation of apostles and prophets," but it is only representatively in his act of confessing the divinity of Christ that he is related to the corner-stone of the Church, which is the divinity of Christ confessed. The image of Jupiter in Rome, which has been made over into an image of Peter, and placed in St. Peter's, where its toe, first worn by pagan adoration, is now kissed in the idolatry of "baptized heathenism," is strangely contradictory to the transfiguration scene of the next lesson, where heavenly saints, when tabernacles, in which they were to be worshiped, were suggested, disappeared from sight that "Jesus only" might be adored and proclaimed.

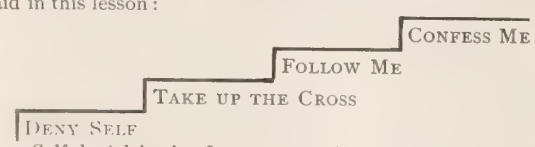
LET HIM TAKE UP HIS CROSS AND FOLLOW ME

This brings us to the practical half of the lesson, which every teacher should guard against the encroachments of the controversial part. Indeed, for the little ones, and where revival interest prevails, the controversial part may well be excluded altogether, in order to develop what has ever been the open secret of the Church's growth, the open confession of Christ. Some talk of a "profession of faith," but the Bible term is "confession of faith." Some convey the idea that they only should speak for Christ who can "edify," but the Bible calls us all to "testify." Not everybody can be a teacher, but who is incapable of being a witness of what he has seen and heard? And every witness for Christ adds a stone, if only a little one, to the sure foundations on which Christ is rearing the Church of God.

"Believe and Receive and Confess Him"

"HE SAITH UNTO THEM, BUT WHOM SAY YE THAT I AM?"

Four steps to the throne and the keys of power Christ laid in this lesson:



1. Self-denial is the first step up from selfishness. It is really a step toward the higher interest of self. "Self-denial is self-love living for the future." There are two natures in us, and in self-denial the upper self denies the solicitations of the lower self to go down, and insists on going up instead.

2. But in our climbing out of selfishness, we are not to stop at self-denial. The next step upward in noble character is self-sacrifice. As self-denial brings more joy in the long run than self-indulgence, because we really only deny ourselves what would harm us, so "the ecstacy of sacrifice" is known by the noblest to bring a higher joy t any form of selfishness. We should never call a hardshi endure because we must, a "cross." Only a self-sacrifice untarily assumed is worthy of that name. And in volun sacrifice of self comes the highest joy known to human

Doctor A. E. Kittredge gives this illustration point: "Here is a young girl, merry, beautiful, rounded by all which can make happy, as the world defines word. Now, place in one scale the joy which is gathered into th rainbow years, and when you h estimated its weight, put into other scale the joy of that same now a mother. Her whole bein absorbed in the infant life entru to her care. She lives, yet not but that babe lives in and thro her. Day by day, night by ni she watches over that cherished She sacrifices time and strength all social pleasures—yes, life, if n be—to this one mighty passion, perfect development of her chil to its highest possibilities. Her grow weary, anxiety and watchi steal the bloom of youth from cheek, the world, it may be, pi her. Well, put this mother's joy the other scale, with all its burd and tears and agonizing prayers, which is the heavier? Why, know that the joy of the mother a depth and fullness which the yo girl never dreamed of, not only cause of its unselfishness and grandeur of the life-aim, but beca it has been made perfect thro suffering. Now, there is a joy de er, richer than a mother's. It is joy of the Christian, who has coun all things as loss for the sake Christ."

When Doctor Mason, one of missionaries in India, asked his converted boatman wh er he was willing to go to the Bghais, a neighboring tri to tell them of a Saviour's love, he reminded him th instead of twelve rupees a month, he would receive four rupees. "Can you go to the Bghais for four rupee asked the missionary. The heathen convert went by h self and thought and prayed, and came back to Dr. M son. "Well, Chapon, what is your decision?" "My fath I cannot go to the Bghais for four rup a month; but I can go for Jesus." A for Jesus he went. Think you that in Philippi there were two happier men th Paul and Silas, shouting praises, th feet fast in the stocks and their ba streaming with blood? They were s fering for Jesus and his joy was the

3. "Follow me." Here is a creed in t words, the creed with which the apost began their Christian lives. In this l son they broadened out into a lar creed, including the Divinity of Chr the Fatherhood of God, inspiration, t church, judgment, the second comi But for a start one needs only to be w ing to follow Christ, to be like him, to taught of him, whether as God or gre est of men. He who so begins will fi through that teaching a Divine Savio and King.

4. "Confess me." Our love for Chr will die like a smothered plant if it hidden, for no one can be both a cowa and a Christian. Confession at first showing one's colors, like an oath of al giance at enlistment, and then confessi is bearing the colors for conquest, for it by individual confession of Christ as personal Saviour, even more than preaching, that the Church has conquer its millions.

By the four steps just named we rea the power of the keys. Here is a bun of keys; the money-drawer key, sugge ing that Christ can give us power to use our property that what we forbid ou selves will be what Christ forbids, a what we permit ourselves will be wh Christ permits. A like suggestion com from the office key, and the trunk ke and the house key. But let us, most all, remember, that the Cross is the ke the only key, by which we can ent heaven, and that Christ himself, not Peter, is the gate-keepe

"Is this the way to heaven?" said a street child, wh strayed into a mission Sunday School, and saw the class gathered about their teachers in thoughtful study of t Bible. The question was heard by the teachers and s them to thinking. Are we making this school the way t heaven for our pupils? The pupils themselves heard it, an some of them thought. Are we so using these opportuniti of Bible study as to make them the way to heaven for ou selves and our classmates? Only by the cross, only by sa vation through Jesus Christ, who died for us, can we ent heaven. "What must I do to be lost?" You need d nothing at all. "What must I do to be saved?" Believ and receive and confess Christ, that all his salvation ma know.

No other name is given, no other name is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ, the first and last,
He saves, and he alone.

[International Sunday School Lesson for April 10, Mark 8: 27-38. Golden Text, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" Matthew 16. 16.]

Miss Helen Gould at the Bowery Mission

IKE the sunlight and the genial breath of springtime, Miss Helen Miller Gould, America's uncrowned queen, came very quietly into the Bowe Mission the other night.

t was Mrs. Bird's Thursday evening reting, however, and the hall was in its ually crowded condition. Many earn- e Christian workers were there at their vious posts of duty. A telephonic mes- ge had been received by Mrs. Bird ring the day, to the effect that Miss uld intended paying us a visit. We had ays known how deeply this consecrat- lady had sympathized with our work. ne of the links that has bound her cial work and ours together has been the ft that the Bowery Mission Male Quar- te, composed of four of the converts, . V. H. Benke, Mr. L. W. Brown, Mr. T. Hunt, and Mr. William H. Smyth, been called upon so often to assist at t Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in ooklyn, which has been opened and intained by Miss Gould's munificence. e quartette, going to and fro, like a ittle between these two institutions, has wn them very closely together, and we ays felt that, sooner or later, Miss uld would look in upon us and see the ce where these four sturdy musical ristians were saved.

t is remarkable how many sailors, and ecially boys from the navy, turn in at regular services of the Mission. It is ll known how the "Jackies" adore Miss uld, so her name is often on our lips, d a profound respect for her is always our hearts. But no one could ever have amed that this great promiscuous wd of Bowery men, most of them in grip of direst misfortune, could ever e been aroused to such enthusiasm as was last Thursday night, at the mere ntion of her name.

We used to hear how the soldier boys the camp at Montauk Point, in 1898, d to sing:

You're the angel of the camp,
Helen Gould!
In the sun-rays, in the damp,
On the weary, weary tramp,
To our darkness you're a lamp,
Helen Gould!

But we were not prepared for the out- rst of real, genuine, affectionate ap- use that came from these homeless n of the Bowery when it was known e was among them.

. . .

No announcement having been made of r visit, few of the crowd knew who the eet-faced lady was who came in so ietly, with Mrs. Russell Sage, and took r place upon the platform by the side Mrs. Bird. Very shortly, however, ey were told that if they would sing the xt hymn heartily it might result in rs. Russell Sage being drawn to speak them, as had happened a few weeks eviously, when she visited the Mis- n. Then it was hinted that the lady ting with Mrs. Sage might also say a w words. It became necessary at that oment to state who this visitor was, but sooner was the name mentioned than any of the poor fellows, breaking rough the usual decorum of our relig- us meetings, burst into applause. Then hers, hearing the name of "Helen ould" started clapping too, until every- dy in the hall, on the platform, on the nches, and in the crowd away up on e gallery stairs, began to applaud.

Sure enough they sang "Throw Out the ife Line," in splendid style. Then, at e request of Mrs. Sage, the quartette ng, "Where Is My Wandering Boy To- ght," and, after the opening prayer exer- se, both ladies were true to their promise. Irs. Sage spoke first. Simple, earnest ords they were. "The same story," she id, "that I told you before;—Christ ves you, and wants you to come to him." his plea she enforced by relating the fact the conversion of a poor Scotchwoman ho had been taught to offer two prayers, rst, "Show me myself," and secondly, Lord, show me thyself."

. . .

Then Miss Gould arose. Again the pplause broke out; her lips quivered, and the tears stood in her eyes. It was a beautiful sight. This woman possessing millions, standing so simply with the little Testament in her hand, facing those hundreds of poor homeless men, the great pitying Christ-love beaming in her eyes, and the men so genuinely interested in her, not because she was wealthy, not even because she was so admittedly generous, but because she was good. Mrs. Sage had just a moment ago told Miss Gould that she need not say much of anything, "Just smile on them; that's all they want." And Miss Gould's smile has a wonderful charm; it is one you do not easily forget. But she did say a few words, charming in their simplicity, and, because of the bell-like clearness of her voice, heard in every part of the great hall. "My friends," she began, "I am not a public speaker, and I can only tell you how glad I am to be with you to-night. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to read you two beautiful verses from the Bible." Then she read the glorious sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And the thirty-second verse of Matthew 10, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Then, adding the comment that these words were spoken by Christ to those who were sorely tempted and tried, she took her seat.

. . .

Miss Gould and Mrs. Sage had not intended to stay long, but when the testimonies began they seemed to become so interested that they could not leave, so they remained to the end. As the wonderful stories came in quick succession for the greater part of an hour, from old men and young men, from bright, clever, educated men, and from those who had not had many advantages, like the old Irish sailor who had been "sailorin' for fifty-four years right square round the world," the interest deepened, and reached its climax when, at the close, many rugged hands were raised for prayer.

A somewhat dramatic incident followed one of the testimonies. Mr. Gustav A. Gayer, a member of the New York City police force, one of President Roosevelt's appointees, is a Bowery Mission convert. In September last, he appeared on our platform and publicly declared himself to be a Christian. In Miss Gould's presence, and it being St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Gayer was very naturally reminded of the dreadful Windsor Hotel fire, five years ago on that same day, and spoke of Miss Gould's hospitality in opening the doors of her mansion, and ministering with her own hands to the injured firemen and policemen. Once again the cheers broke out, and once again the tears came to Miss Gould's eyes.

Immediately upon the benediction being pronounced Miss Gould made many inquiries as to the work of the Mission, asking particularly after Dr. Klopsch and his great CHRISTIAN HERALD charities.

Then, as these Christian gentlewomen left the hall, the applause broke out once more, and the poor, forlorn outcasts on the Bowery felt what the boys in the camp had felt five years ago:

In the sun-rays, in the damp,
On the weary, weary tramp,
To our darkness you're a lamp,
Helen Gould!

J. G. H.

. . .

The following extract from a letter written by Miss Helen Gould to Mrs. Bird the day after the meeting, will interest our readers:

"I am greatly indebted to you for the invitation you extended to me through Mrs. Sage to visit the service at the Bowery Mission last night. It was an occasion I shall always remember, and I congratulate you on being identified with a work that is carried on for Christ, and in his name. It was a touching sight to see the crowd gathered in the hall, men who had seen the seamy side of life, and who realized their inability to cope alone with the forces against them; for instance, the 'hopeless drunkard,' who asked our prayers. God bless him, and similar men who come to the Mission, as well as those who have not got down so far."

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The WAR IN THE FAR EAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 276

officers and men. In the new town, all the shops and business buildings were practically demolished, and hardly a residence escaped damage. Every part of the fortified area was so damaged by the Japanese fire that it became unsafe. People were terror-stricken, and many tried to construct rude bomb-proof shelters. One shell fell among a crowd, killing twenty-five. Three clerks in the Port Admiral's office were killed. The highest fort at the harbor entrance was badly damaged, and a tremendous explosion of the powder magazine and arsenal at the Triband shook the town to its foundations. The cruiser *Dravia*, lying near the *Retvizan*, was struck by a shell at the waterline and set afire. It was said that eighty persons on board perished. The *Retvizan* and *Cesarevitch* were again rendered utterly helpless, and are practically total wrecks, and the *Sevastopol* was badly damaged. Over 300 persons were killed and many wounded before the enemy withdrew.

Five Japanese warships are said to have suffered serious damage from the guns of the fort. One was hit seven times, and several are now in dock for repairs. That the Japanese suffered considerably is inferred from the number of wounded that have been sent home for hospital treatment. The loss of life is unknown.

Immediately after the bombardment, Admiral Makharoff sank two of the China Railway Company's steamers at the harbor entrance, to reduce the navigable way, and marked the channel by buoys. Next morning five Russian warships left the harbor on a scouting trip, but no Japanese ships were seen. On the following days Admiral Makharoff's squadron made repeated dashes out of the harbor, and these at one time gave rise to the groundless rumor that the ships had gone to join the Vladivostok fleet, Makharoff being determined to risk running the gauntlet of Admiral Togo's ships in the hope of reducing the enemy's power by a bold and fortunate stroke. He has made an urgent demand for a fresh supply of ammunition for the heavy guns of the fortress, much ammunition having been wasted during the earlier bombardments in futile replies to the enemy's fire.

Gen. Stossel has been searching out spies in Port Arthur and the troops have hanged six—four Chinese and two Japanese—who were caught signalling to Togo's ships during the bombardment. From Russian sources, it is stated that Japan has over 2,500 spies at work, and that practically every movement is communicated to the Japanese, frequently in advance.

NOTES OF THE WAR

General Kouropatkin traveled to the seat of war in a heavily-armored train. He was due to arrive at Moukden, March 26.

China has ordered a very large quantity of modern rifles in Germany.

The Russian Vladivostok fleet is at Possiet Bay, to prevent the further landing of Japanese at Gen-san.

The Baltic Russian fleet is preparing to sail for the Far East.

Russia has chartered twenty large transports at Antwerp.

There are now 5,000 Russian troops in Port Arthur and 30,000 in the peninsula.

It is rumored that the Russian destroyer *Skori*, struck an unplaced mine in Port Arthur harbor, and was destroyed. Out of fifty of a crew, only four were rescued.

There is a report in St. Petersburg that the Czar intends to go to the seat of war.

A Russian Army Corps is now reported to be moving from Vladivostok toward Corea. Strong positions have been occupied in fortified Manchurian towns, where the Japanese advance will be contested at every step.

St. Petersburg hears that the Vladivostok squadron has left that harbor, using dynamite to open a channel through the ice. The situation may be complicated by an attempt of the two Russian fleets to join.

A correspondent at New-Chwang writes: "The Russian flag no longer floats over New-Chwang. From the poles above the public buildings of the town the flag of France flies to-day. The streets are full of rumors hinged upon the coming of the Japanese. There is another story to the effect that five thousand Japanese have landed at Taku Shan, between Dalny and Wiju, and are proceeding toward New-Chwang. The inhabitants of the town are terror-stricken. This move of the Japanese will enable them to attack New-Chwang simultaneously from the land and the sea."

In Manchuria, the Chinese brigands are again giving the Russians serious trouble. Lately, a Russian outpost near Pan-lachan, some distance north of Port Arthur, was surprised by a troop of mounted brigands, who attacked with great boldness, driving away the guards and capturing two Maxims.

Places Mentioned in the War News

According to reliable authorities, the following is the official pronunciation of the names of places most prominently mentioned in Russo-Japanese war dispatches from the Far East:

Manchuria—*Manchoo-re-a.*
Pekin—*Peking.*
Seoul—*So-ool.*
Wei-Hai-Wei—*Way-hi-Way.*
Vladivostok—*Vla-dee-vos-tok.*
Shanghai—*Shang-hi.*
Masampho—*Ma-sam-po.*
Tien-Tsin—*Tee-en-tsen.*
Tokio—*To-kee-o.*
Nieuchwang—*Nu-chwahng.*
Chemulpo—*Chay-mul-po.*
Taku—*Tayku.*
Liau-Tong—*Lee-ow-tong.*
Shikoki—*Shee-ko-koo.*
Nagasaki—*Nah-ga-sah-kee.*
Fusan—*Foo-san.*
Mukden—*Mook-den.*
Yokohama—*Yo-ko-hah-mah.*
Yalu—*Yay-loo.*
Wiji—*We-gu.*
Antung—*An-toong.*
Shan-Hai-Kwan—*Shan-hi-kwan.*
Shangtung—*Shan-toong.*

Field and Garden

New Seed and Floral Catalogues for the Season of 1904

Storrs & Harrison Co., Painsville, Ohio. Have you seen the New Nephrolepis Piersoni? (The Pierson Fern) There has not been a plant introduction in years that has seemed to leap into public favor as easily as this plant, illustrated on the cover of *The Storrs and Harrison Co. Catalogue.* It is not only a decided novelty, but it is, without any exception, one of the grandest, decorative pot plants yet produced. It never grows out of form, and has all the free growing characterestics of the Boston fern. Storrs & Harrison Co., Painsville, Ohio, make a specialty of this beautiful new fern, a facsimile of which, in natural color and size, appears on the cover of their Spring Catalogue 1904.

H. W. Bucklee, Rockford, Ill., have sent out their *Seed and Plant Guide*, which is rich in beauty, beginning with the front cover, devoted to pansies of the giant variety. Then come carnations, which are gems of beauty, and chrysanthemums, bewildering in their luxuriance, and of enormous size. No less attractive are the vegetables and small fruits. H. W. Bucklee, Rockford, Ill.

Dreer's Garden Book, 1904, is out. Several pages are given of flowers and fruit painted from nature. So lifelike are the representations, one is at a loss to tell which is the most attractive—the fruit and vegetables or the painted flowers. They must be seen to be appreciated. Henry A. Dreer has been growing these seeds and plants for sixty-six years, as the business was established in 1838. Henry A. Dreer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mills Seed Calalogue comes from Rose Hill, N. Y. Not only are seeds, fruits and vegetables shown in many and beautiful varieties, but fancy poultry breeding and raising is pictured from the incubator to the full-grown kings and queens of the poultry yard. Some of these fowl are almost tropical in plumage, and looking at them one can hardly wonder that so many people get the "hen fever." F. B. Mills, Rose Hill, N. Y.

From Des Moines, Iowa, comes the Thirty-Fourth Annual Catalogue of The Iowa Seed Co. Their 1904 rose collection is exquisite, the Roger Lamberlin, a red rose with leaves edged with white, being especially novel. This firm also advertise a great variety of vegetables, fruits, and lawn supplies. Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Green's Nursery Catalogue is at hand. This is an excellent fruit guide. A new fruit is Green's new strawberry with a pineapple flavor. $25 is offered for a name for this new variety of an old table favorite. Many and varied are the other fruits and vegetables for which this nursery is famous. Green's Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

James J. H. Gregory & Son, are out with their forty-fourth catalogue of vegetable and flower seeds. In addition to these they make a specialty of grain and grass seed, timothy red top and clover. Small fruits also receive their attention to a large degree. James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

Conrad & Jones, *New Floral Guide for 1904* shows seven new ever-blooming roses, which promise a wealth of beauty all summer and fall. This firm has also introduced a new crimson rambler called the "Philadelphia." This rose is brighter and more intense in color than the old rambler, and does not fade. The colored plate gives a beautiful reproduction of this magnificent rose. Conrad & Jones, Rose Growers, West Grove, Pa.

Catalogues have also been received from Stark Grape Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.; Flower Seeds, Miss Emma V. White, 818 Nicolett Ave., Minneapolis, Min. Oliver H. Drew, Hibernia, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; Snow Seeds, Harvey B. Snow, Camden N. Y.; The Galbraith Nurseries, Fairbury, Neb' Jessie B. Prior, seedswoman, Minneapolis, Minn

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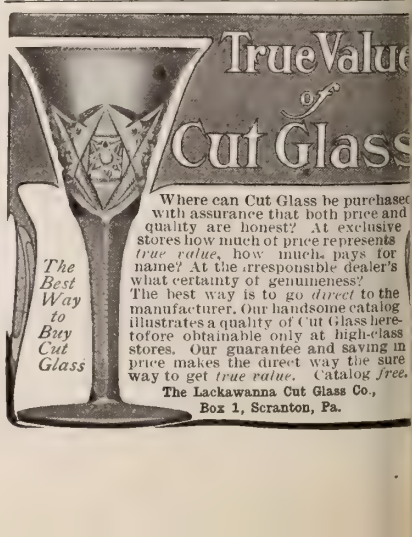
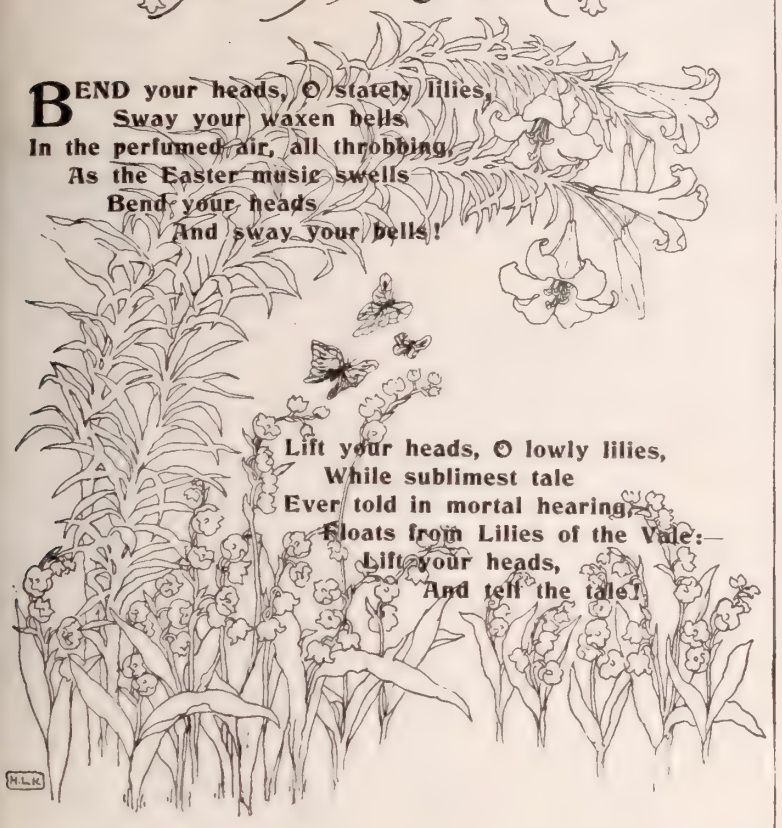


EASTER

By Mary Sargent Hopkins

BEND your heads, O stately lilies,
Sway your waxen bells
In the perfumed air, all throbbing,
As the Easter music swells
Bend your heads
And sway your bells!

Lift your heads, O lowly lilies,
While sublimest tale
Ever told in mortal hearing,
Floats from Lilies of the Vale:—
Lift your heads,
And tell the tale!



Reform in Sacred Song

Two Views on the Subject of the Universal Hymnal for Piano, Organ and Voice

To the Editor:

I HAVE read your call for reform in sacred song. This looks like a large undertaking; but when we see in the beginning of this new century changes coming to pass which seemed almost impossible, bringing God's people nearer together, we thank God and take courage. The solution of this problem can be easily accomplished provided we surrender all to Christ, which includes love and service to our fellowmen. I am not wedded to a hymn or tune simply because it is old or new. A great many old hymns are dear to me not only from association, but because they embody and express the true elements of spirituality. The suggestion of a Union Hymnal, containing purely devotional hymns, strikes a responsive chord in my heart, and will no doubt be approved by a large majority of Christian people.

Sometime ago I made a small book of this character for personal use, and having given thoughtful attention to the subject of devotional song, with an experience of many years in the choir and as organist, I desire to give encouragement to the proposition, believing that a plan of this kind would be a means of grace and result in spiritual culture and growth. The explicit command to every one is to "Praise God," and plain and simple tunes are best suited to encourage all the congregation to join in the singing. If the people cannot sing according to the rules of music, they can "Make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation." The effort should first be made and the education will follow. Divergence from the plain path of duty is fraught with danger, and in the realm of modern church music, so called, we have seen results not only undesirable, but sometimes deplorable. A large number of hymns and tunes in general use are inspired, and inspiration will continue until our feeble songs are lost in the one great song of the redeemed in the world above.

I am constrained to believe that part song, or harmony, instead of adding to the effectiveness of church service, tends to diminish the ritual exercise. Melody is the natural and principal part needed in Sacred Song, or any song, for that matter, to give true expression of the soul, and the simpler the tune and clearer the tone, the better.

Richmond, Va. E. A. BARBER.

Dear Editor.—It seems to me rather strange and anomalous that, while some of our leaders in Christian thought and Biblical interpretation are clamoring for modern thought, newer thought and criticism, new theology and new methods of preaching and teaching, that there should be leaders of our church music demanding that we throw away our modern hymns and music, and go back one or two hundred years for our hymns and music, Such a demand is certainly founded on a misconception of the situation.

The music of the Christian Church has always corresponded with the preaching of the truth. The preaching and music have always had a great influence on each other, and as the style of preaching has changed, the style of hymns and music has also changed. These are historical facts, which any one can verify for himself. Every age of the Christian Church has produced its own hymns and music. It takes a few of the best of the old, and adds to them many more of their own composition, better adapted to their age. The present generation is a conspicuous example, and, in my opinion, succeeding generations will be increasingly more so. Musical critics! The Christian Church is going forward, not backward, in every thing, even in church music!

If you can persuade the ministers and churches to return to the old style of preaching—sermons one to two hours long and each a body of divinity—then you may succeed in introducing the old hymns and music, not otherwise. The old-time music was excellent and appropriate for that day and generation, only a few of the best have come down to us which we can use to advantage and with profit. The hymns and music of the present day are as good as those of the past as a whole, and much better adapted to the present methods of worship. That there are some modern hymns and music that are not what they ought to be is conceded; these ought to be weeded out. Did ever any old-time music produce such marvelous effects upon men as the hymns "The Glory Song" or "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night"?

A plan like the following may succeed. 1. Ask each congregation, of the churches interested, to select one hundred hymns and tunes which they prefer, and send them to their Presbytery, Association or Conference. 2. Let them select one hundred of the most approved in the number, and forward them to the highest court of their church, who will examine and select one hundred most approved and send to a select committee, who are to prepare the book. 3. Let the committee select two hundred of the most approved, and they might add one hundred of their own selection not found in the list. The book should comprise a judicious selection from old and new. I venture the prophecy that two-thirds of those thus selected will be modern, for the very sufficient reasons that they are selected by moderns, for the use of moderns, and are best adapted to the modern style of worship, and the presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus. JOHN GIFFEN.

Kewanee, Ill.

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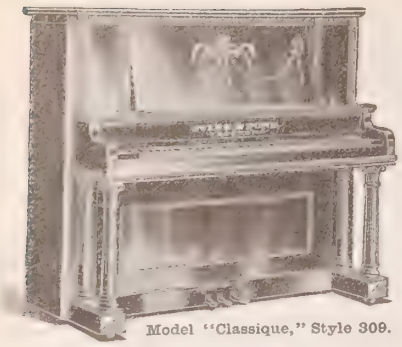

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Questions and Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

Mary C., Waterbury, Ct. Who built the great wall of China?

It was begun by Tchao-Siang-Wang, Prince of Tsin, and founder of the fourth imperial dynasty of China. The first courses were laid about 211 B.C. Prince Tchao was known as the "Conqueror," from the fact of his having overcome the "fighting kings," a number of feudatories of China, who for more than three centuries had stirred up frequent rebellions.

A. H. S., Nashville, Pa. 1. Why did not Jesus save John the Baptist from being executed by Herod? 2. Was Jesus like John, a total abstainer?

1. As there is no record of his having given reasons, no authoritative answer can be given. It may, however, be suggested that a miracle, such as would have been necessary to save John, was altogether dissimilar from the works Jesus performed when on earth. He avoided the spectacular and ostentatious in these matters. You may ask why God allowed Herod to kill his servant, but we know by sorrowful experience to this day, that his servants still fall victims to human hate and malevolence, as they did in China three years ago, and still more recently when so useful a man as James Chalmers was clubbed to death in New Guinea, and Mr. Labaree, only a few days ago, was killed by brigands in Persia. In the case of John, perhaps God saw that his work as a herald of Christ was done, and possibly that his further preaching might have hindered rather than helped the cause of Christ. You remember that already there was jealousy between the disciples of John and those of Christ. We may be quite sure that Jesus was acting in accord with his Father's will in the matter. 2. The reproach Jesus made (Luke. 7:34) "The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber," seems to imply that he was not an abstainer. But the question is still unsettled whether the wine he drank was the fermented stuff now in use. Many learned men, familiar with Oriental customs, insist that it was not.

Mrs. Ella M. Beach, Springfield, Mo., writes: My grandmother, Mrs. Juliette Merchant, is ninety-five years old this month, and reads any ordinary print without glasses. She is not at all feeble for one of her years, but calls on her neighbors, and occasionally attends the ladies' society of the M. E. Church, of which she has been a member for more than fifty years. Most of her early life was spent in New York, but for thirty-five years her home has been at Alma Centre, Wis.

Subscriber, Canon City, Colo. Was David speaking of himself or of Christ when he said (Ps. 69: 20), "Reproach hath broken my heart," etc.?

He was undoubtedly speaking of himself, though as the evangelists show, that and the next verses were applicable to Christ, as prophetic of his experience on the Cross. You will see in verses 22-28, that the spirit David displayed was very different from that of Christ, who prayed, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." As with other Old Testament writers, David in this and other passages, unconsciously foreshadowed the sufferings and work of Christ. The apostle intimates (I. Peter 1: 12), that the Old Testament writers were but dimly conscious of the meaning of the revelation they were making.

How I Worked My Way Around the World is indeed a charming book, brimful of interest and instruction for everyone. It shows what can be accomplished when one is determined, and how preserverance overcomes difficulties.
Colerain, O. LYDIA S. HEWLINGS.

Jere T., St. Louis. How old is Corea's civilization and what is its character? Are these people inferior to their neighbors, the Chinese and Japanese?

A well-informed writer and traveler says: "At the time of the Ming dynasty in China, Corea stood on the same height of civilization as China. In many respects, the Coreans were the schoolmasters to the Japanese. In the manufacture of paper, rope and porcelain, in artistic skill with silver, inlaid ironware, graniteware, etc., they were very skilful. The Japanese learned this skill in their marches through Corea. Corea, after her various wars, was cut off entirely from the mainland by the Manchurians, and to this she chiefly owes her present poor condition. Being thus isolated for hundreds of years, she became degraded and her civilization deteriorated. Her kings were weak rulers, and the harem system, the priests and the astrologers built a still higher wall of isolation around them. Work was considered a disgrace. No one of royal blood ever worked or even held a position, and manufacturers and merchants were classed with robbers. Up to the war of 1894, there was not one wagon road in the whole land; cities were united by narrow paths; bridges over rivers were falling to pieces; robber bands were numerous, making business communications almost impossible. Within a decade, however, there has been much improvement." You may judge by these statements how the Coreans compare with their neighbors.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is greatly appreciated for its wonderful and its praiseworthy works of humanity and charity to the whole world. I know of no periodical doing the work of charity on such a wide scope.
Selina, Miss. JOHN KENNEDY.

Inquirer, Indiana. Would a device for releasing the natural vapors from medicinal woods, such as pine, eucalyptus, etc., be serviceable in the treatment of tuberculosis by an inhalation process?

We have referred this query to Dr. Samuel G. Tracy, 240 West 102d street, New York, who replies: "The therapeutic value of pine and eucalyptus have been known for many years, and physicians have used inhalations of the same to relieve irritation in the bronchial tubes for at least twenty-five years. But these vapors do not cure lung turberculosis. Generally speaking, medicinal preparations are of slight value as inhalents for lung diseases. The lungs were made for inhalation of pure air, which, combined with proper diet (overfeeding rather than underfeeding) and scientific hygiene, make one of the best treatments for early consumption. Inhalations of oxygen and the emanations from radium or thorium are, in my opinion, far more efficient than natural vapors from pine and eucalyptus."

W. A. W., Central City, Ia. I have been wondering for some time whether there is not a more extended way to win souls to Christ, aside from merely preaching in the pulpit. Most churches wait for sinners to come to the church to be saved. There are many who never come, and if they do, it is seldom that any one goes to shake hands with them. Why not appoint a committee to go and visit those that are out of Christ, at their homes, and talk with them? Mr. Moody once said he thought any one could be reached, if approached in the right way.

It is the duty of the church workers to go out into the highways and byways and compel them (that is "persuade" them) to come in. The church or pastor neglecting this duty, is not fulfiling the injunctions of the divine commission.

J. P., Watertown, N. Y. How do you consider the words in the New Testament against the wearing of jewelry should be applied to Christians of to-day? Do you consider it wrong for a Christian to wear jewelry? Is it wrong to accept jewelry as a gift and wear it, and do you consider wedding and engagement rings as out of place?

There is no specific injunction in the case, as far as wedding rings and gifts are concerned, and like many other parts of Scripture, it must be interpreted in the spirit, rather than the letter. One who is bedecked with jewelry is self-stamped as a vain and shallow person. A Christian will not yield to such vanity any more than he or she will go to excess in eating or to extravagance in dress. There can be no valid objection to the wearing of a modest and suitable gift, and certainly we can recognize none to wedding or engagement rings.

V. B., Horton, Kan. Can you tell me where I can get Washington's farewell address?

Any good American history or life of Washington should contain it.

E. H., Westminster, Vt. Why do people bow their heads as if in prayer at communion, after they have taken of the bread and wine? If they pray, what is the substance of their prayer? If the people join in the prayer with the pastor before the bread and wine has been passed, thanking God for his mercies, why do they pray again after they have partaken of the bread and wine?

The bowing of the head is simply an expression of reverence and humility, as in God's presence. Nothing could be farther from the spirit of the occasion than for the communicants to sit upright and stare about them. We consider the attitude of reflection and silent prayer as one that naturally follows after partaking of the elements.

L. K., Beatrice, Neb. Are there more men than women, or more women than men in the United States?

According to the census of 1900, there were 39,059,242 males and 37,244,145 females in the United States.

Miss G. F., New Canaan, Conn. Kindly give the origin of the word, "pin-money."

For a long time after the invention of pins (in the fourteenth century) the maker was allowed to sell them in open shops only on the first two days of January. The English and French court dames and ladies flocked to buy them, having been provided by their husbands with money for the purpose. Hence the phrase "pin-money."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 291

Save the Young Girls

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

. E. F., Foster's Mills, Ga. Do we have any account in the Bible of the angelic singing at the Creation, and where?

Perhaps the passage to which you refer is ob 38: 7. There is nothing else which can 'en be remotely construed as a reference.

eader. How is coin put into circulation?

Horace White, in *Money and Banking*, thus kplains the process: "The government reives all the gold deposited at the mint by ivate individuals and converts it into coin or ars free of charge. All silver, nickel or copr coins are made by the government from s own metal, and are sold to the public for old or its equivalent. The profit which the overnment makes on such sales is called eigniorage;' it is the difference between the ost of the bullion and the price received for he coins." Of the gold sold to the mint, Mr. White writes: "Having bought the bullion, he director of the mint determines what porion shall be coined and what converted into ars. A certain portion is always converted to 'fine bars' for commercial use, and the mainder into mint bars (9-10 fine) suitable r coinage." The coins are paid out to bulon depositors and go at once into circulaon.

. P. R., Boulder, Colo. Did not the men who undertook to revise the Bible come under the condemnation of Rev. 22: 19, which warns people against adding to or taking away parts of the Word of God?

No, the Revision was quite in accord with he spirit of that warning. It sought to make he Bible a more exact and faithful rendering nto English of the book as it was originally ritten. We cannot afford to have any amguity in a book so important as the Bible; was therefore a good service that the Revis rs performed in going carefully over our ersion, and correcting mistakes in translation hich had been made by the earlier scholars. ncient manuscripts had been found also, nce the earlier translation had been made, hich shed valuable light on certain passages. he Revised Version, therefore, is a better ible than the old.

. K., Burt, Iowa. What is the meaning of Higher Criticism?

The ordinary criticism concerned itself with he translation, meaning and application of ie passages of the Bible; the criticism to hich the term "higher" is applied is above ose details. It is occupied with date and uthorship of the various books and with an nalysis of them in an attempt to ascertain hether they were written by one man or everal, and whether they had been edited by ther scholars of a later date.

V. S. Mendon, Okla. What kind of a body did Christ have between the resurrection and the ascension? I heard a minister say recently it was a spiritual body, I thought it was the same body he had always had.

We infer from the Gospel narratives that it as the same body, but that it had undergone hanges during the time it had been in the epulchre. The fact that the sepulchre had een found empty seems conclusive on the oint. You cannot imagine the body having een removed. Then, too, the Lord showed homas the wounds of the nails and the spear, which identified him. That it was not wholly a spiritual appearance was proved by the Lord himself, who, when he saw that his disciples were disposed to regard him as a spirit, took pains to convince them (Luke 24:37-43) by assuring them that a spirit did not have flesh and bones as he had, and he gave them further proof by eating with them. Nevertheless, his entering a room when the doors were shut, and his appearing at places distant from one another at brief intervals, indicated that the body had been spiritualized in being raised from the dead.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. E. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. In order to enjoy Sunday privileges, it would be wise for him to seek another position at the first opportunity.

C. M. S., Burlington, W. Va. The United States, we believe, stands fourth, Britain, France and Germany leading, in the order named.

L. H. C., Pittstown, Pa. The price of the *Red Letter Bible* is $2. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not publish the other volume you mention.

The McAuley Cremorne Mission, New York, is grateful for the offering contributed by the readers of this journal toward the support of its work among the unfortunate.

Mrs. E. E. J., Zachary, La. Luther, on June 11, 1525, married Catharine Von Bora, his first and only wife. The story to which you refer is an old and exploded Romish fabrication.

Mrs. H. S., East Enosburg, Vt. Port Arthur was Chinese until captured by Japan in the Chino-Japanese war. Then as Japan was not permitted by the Powers to hold it, it was seized by Russia, which still retains it, although it seems likely to pass again under Japanese control.

D. E. T., Sharon, No. Dak. It sometimes happens, in isolated localities, that the church is the only place available for public gatherings, and concerts, readings, lectures, etc., are given there. If these are of the right character, and unobjectionable, there cannot be any serious reason for fault-finding.

L. McD., Yonkers, N. Y. A little book entitled *Weather Folk-lore and Local Weather Signs*, by Prof. E. B. Garriott, prepared under direction of the Weather Bureau in Washington, will give you all the information on the subject you desire.

Several Readers. The interesting and instructive chart, showing how to tell the hour by the stars at night (which was lately printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), may be procured from Mr. Edward P. Morse, Batavia, N. Y., the originator of the chart.

Inquirer, Rahway, N. J. Yes, Mr. Elmer E. Hubbard's orphanage work in Cardenas, Cuba, is making excellent progress. He writes that it is receiving generous local support, the Cardenas City treasury paying it $100 monthly, and prominent citizens pledging another $100. He needs a trained American helper.

E. S. W., Houston, Tex. A borrower who becomes a party to a proceeding against his creditor on the ground of usury, may have good legal and moral grounds for his action. There are plenty of money-lending sharks who deserve to be prosecuted. If, however, the debtor merely seeks, under shelter of the statute against usury, to avoid paying his honest debt, he is quite as deserving of blame as the other. Of course, there can be no morality in such a proceeding

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4. In fairness to all, no communications will be opened until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *Readings and Recitations*, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all letters in this competition:

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"The Christian Herald,"
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PUZZLE NO. 1

AN officer, detailed to watch a port where foreign men-of-war were anchored, found one day in the water a book in a strange language. His curiosity was excited, he made diligent inquiry, and finally learned that the book was the New Testament. Securing a copy in a language he could understand, he and three companions undertook a diligent study of the book. One of them, who had learned to read English, made frequently a two days' journey to another city to consult a recently arrived missionary about the most difficult passages, and returned with the information. In this manner a Bible class was carried on for three years. Then the officer himself visited the missionary to learn more about Christianity, and after a few days of instruction was baptized.

? ***In what harbor was the New Testament found? Name the officer and the missionary*** ?

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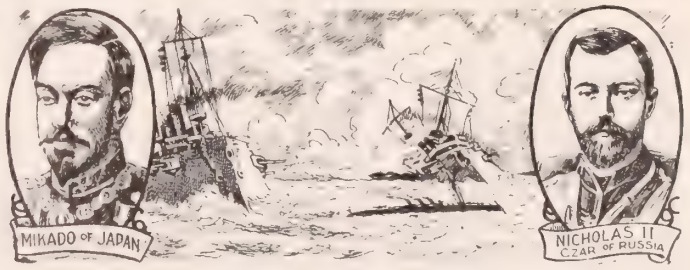

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A College Girl's Happy Thought

SO much attention is constantly given in these days to what is familiarly called the servant problem, that it is rather interesting to find it treated from a new point of view, by an enterprising and intelligent young woman, who determined to take a hand in it herself. Miss Lillian Pettengill, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, and a girl still in her twenties, resolved that she would emulate the example set by Prof. Wycoff, and Miss Marie Van Vorst and others, and see for herself what were the especial difficulties and disadvantages of domestic service. Miss Pettengill happened to be living in Philadelphia; naturally she took that conservative city as her field of effort. Dropping her own personality, and assuming the Christian name of "Eliza," with another surname, she started out to grope among the foundations of society in the ordinary middle-class American home. She begins the interesting preface of her book *Toilers of the Home*, by saying: "I am a servant girl, and I work in the kitchen of strange women for my daily bread.

"I was not born to the life, like Topsy, nor did I slide into it along the line of least resistance, as into an inheritance from my forbears. Quite the contrary. Why am I, then, as I am? Because I have observed, heard, read and believed that the respectable American girls who work will cheerfully starve and suffocate in a mill, factory or big department store, or live almost any other kind of life, rather than grow healthy, fat and opulent in domestic service; and this, when the housekeepers do all but stand on the street corners as they pass, beseeching them to come in and help. How can my countrywomen, with their own living to make, be so blind to the butter side of their bread? This is what I propose to find out."

Miss Pettengill did find out for herself, taking the initiative, by applying at an intelligence office, with the plea, "I want a place to do housework." She easily succeeded in finding a situation in a family of the happy-go-lucky variety, a go-as-you-please style as to their housekeeping, who honestly did their best to give their maid as easy a time as was practicable in their domestic economy, and who, having few superfluous refinements themselves, would have been surprised to know how often they shocked the fastidious taste of their new incumbent. They were plain people living in a plain way. Nevertheless, the maid, in this home, found herself obliged to work on an average of fifteen hours a day, was lodged in an uncomfortable room, with an uncomfortable bed and scanty toilet conveniences, while her food, though sufficient, was never very satisfactory. The everlasting round of sweeping, scrubbing, cooking and dish-washing, tired the novice at first almost to the point of despair. Help was given with the washing but the ironing was a terrible task. After four weeks spent in this situation, the amateur worker determined that she had had enough of experience here. Her next position was with a family of two, in which the wife was so eccentric and nervous that she was practically insane. Miss Pettengill filled out her round of four weeks here and then left, taking another place with three charming, spinster sisters, whose housekeeping was very nearly ideal.

This episode was so pleasant that had she been a professional, she would probably have desired nothing better than to remain with the considerate sisters. Her next place was with a mistress so hard and disagreeable, so exacting and selfish, that one wonders that any maid ever remained a week under the roof of so tyrannical a mistress.

Finally our brave young woman accepted service in a family of seven in a suburb. Here there was an establishment, consisting of cook, chambermaid, laundress, coachman, beside herself as waitress, with the usual conditions in such a home. The conclusion which this courageous young woman has reached is that American girls will never as a body enter domestic service, unless it can revert to the usage of a simpler day or become more of a recognized business. At present the stigma is in some ways intolerable. No matter how cultivated, versatile or refined a servant may be, she occupies a very low round on the ladder, and between her and her employer socially a great gulf exists. The work in most families, while it may not be hard, is never-ending and still-beginning. The maid has little time to herself and little freedom to go about as other working women do. The novice, as a rule, is paid quite as fairly and as generously as the expert. Any woman with the merest scrap of reference or none at all, who wishes to take a place, can find one. Miss Pettengill evidently thinks that the problem will never be solved until we return to simpler conditions, and until, as in olden times in this country, housekeepers regard their employees as friends. She also deems it very desirable that as a rule there should be a definite ending to the day, and that the women who toil in the household should, if possible, have their own homes somewhere outside of their employer's house, coming to their work in the morning and going home at night.

The book is a useful and interesting contribution to a large subject and is well worth reading, though it simply flashes the light of a farthing candle upon a great darkness. M. E. S.

Escaped from Cannibals

NEW GUINEA is a country with great natural wealth, and whether the people who wish to take advantage of it go among cannibal savages or civilized Christians, depends on themselves. The Rev. W. R. Mounsey recently described the work done by himself and his colleagues of the British New Guinea Mission on the north coast. This part of the world was, twelve years ago, inhabited by a race of dangerous cannibals. Stirring times were the lot of the first missionaries who went out, and often the bishop, or one of his assistant clergy, landing on a lonely part of the beach, were immediately surrounded by hundreds of chocolate-colored savages, whose bared teeth gleamed no less ominously than the huge spears which they carried.

On one occasion, the bishop of New Guinea had his whaleboat wrecked on the coast, and lost everything. He and another clergymen laid their wet clothes on the beach to dry in the sun. Presently they saw a crowd of savages watching them, and fearing mischief, they dressed and walked boldly towards the crowd, which slowly dispersed. It was afterwards learned that the boat had been watched and a great feast planned, in which the Bishop and clergyman were to be eaten. Cannibalism is now practically extinct, although several natives practice it in secret. Infanticide, and in a measure polygamy, too, are disappearing through the influence of the mission, which has also done much to pacify the rival tribes and to induce them to work willingly and lead cleanly lives. A fever hospital, which was established for the benefit of traders, is in danger of being closed for lack of funds.

Save the Young Girls.

Read the article on editorial page on **"The Women of St. Louis,"** and send your name for enrolment in the Blue Badge Committee.

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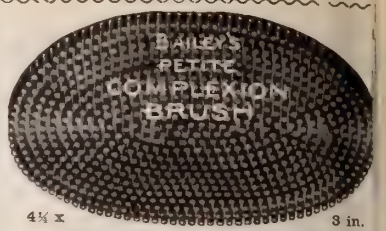
The book *How I Worked My Way Around the World* has been received, and we are more than pleased with it. It is interesting from start to finish, and is worth many times its price. MRS. W. R. WILLIAMS.
Philipsburg, Pa.



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The CURSE of the CONGO

FROM the great rubber-producing forests of the Congo comes a tale, which for heartless brutality and unspeakable atrocities, could not well be surpassed, even by the most lurid imagination.

The Congo Free State, the vast African territory, was originally explored by Henry M. Stanley, and later exploited by the Belgians, and created by treaty of Berlin a free and independent State, with Leopold II., King of the Belgians, as its ruler. For several years stories of the dreadful way in which the poor savages have been treated have been going the rounds of the papers, but not very much attention has been given the subject, for Africa is a good many miles away, and the sufferers were only Congo "niggers."

The dissolute old man who is called King of the Belgians, and who is always more interested in finding some new avenue for debauchery than in the welfare of any of his subjects, cannot be supposed to care how many poor black men women and children are beaten, mutilated, or murdered in cold blood.

Leopold is not only sovereign of the region, but also the largest stockholder in the companies engaged in the collecting and exporting crude rubber, obtained from trees in the great Congo forests.

The Congo Free State now covers 802,000 square miles, mostly jungle. Not long ago the population numbered from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 blacks, uncivilized or only partly civilized. There were but 2,000 whites, of whom 70 per cent. were government officials.

For some time the black population has been steadily decreasing, this being the result of horrible cruelties and incredible tyranny practiced upon them by the whites in the region.

The government officials and the holders of its rubber concessions, instead of civilizing the natives and developing the country, have enslaved the one, and were milking the other without any regard to the future, but with a sole eye to big profits. A year ago a book showing up the dreadful state of affairs, was published by two Englishmen; it told of outrages, murders, and slave raidings by the white officers of the Congo State and their native soldiers.

. . .

Coming as the book did after many similar stories by other persons, it aroused England, and the Government set about finding out things. At first the Congo Free State denied the charges, and then argued that forced labor was necessary and good for the natives, because they couldn't pay taxes any other way, and then England was accused of wanting to get the country herself. Now a book has been issued containing an official report by the British Consul at the Congo capital. This man made a journey through the Congo territory, and he bears out all these statements of cruelties and misrule, and supplies still further details of the reign of murder and tyranny now existing in this part of Africa. Native testimony in one part of territory was confirmed in other parts, thousands of miles distant.

The Congo region is being rapidly depopulated; the natives must supply rubber or be whipped at the stake or imprisoned; when they refuse to work or try to run away, they are shot and their bodies are mutilated. The only laws in practical effect in the outlying regions are dictated by the whims and greed of the white man and his native soldiery. The Congo soldiers are blacks, with Belgian officers; when asked by Mr. Casement, the author of the book, why they should help the whites to rob and murder their own race, they replied, "It is better to be with the hunter than with the hunted."

. . .

Expeditions are sent into the native villages, unable or unwilling to furnish the supplies of rubber demanded by the Government officers, and when these black soldiers get back from these raids they must account for every cartridge with which they were supplied upon the start. A life must have been the forfeit of every cartridge not brought back, and to prove that they have fulfilled orders, they have to take back a human hand.

Sometimes when shooting had been bad, they got the hands by maiming living prisoners and turning them loose. No bullets were wasted on children, the soldiers killed them with the butts of their guns.

. . .

When the men do not work fast enough, and do not bring rubber in sufficient quantities, their wives are seized and kept as prisoners. Mr. Casement says at one point he unexpectedly came upon an open shed, where two sentries of the rubber company were guarding fifteen native women, five of whom had infants at their breasts and three more were about to become mothers.

"Why don't you catch the men and not the women?" was asked.

"O, don't you see," replied the sentry, "if I caught and kept the men who would work the rubber? But if I catch the wives, the husbands are anxious to have them home again, and so the rubber is brought in quickly and quite up to the mark."

When night came these women were tied together, either neck to neck or ankle to ankle, and in this condition they try to huddle around a little fire.

All the natives working in the cutting and drying sheds are prisoners, watched by armed guards. A most miserable equivalent is given these poor, helpless blacks for their labor. It is in the form of strings of beads, wooden-handled knives, and sometimes a little salt. A large basket of rubber was brought in by a man who received a knife worth about five cents. It was explained to the Consul that the impositions of rubber getting laid upon the natives were really regulated by law, and were calculated on the scale of public labor required of them in lieu of taxes. Mr. Casement asked how that could be, seeing that the proceeds went to the commercial companies and not to the State. A rubber concession not only implies a certain area of land, but the people on the land.

. . .

The supply of rubber is rapidly decreasing in the country as the trees are tapped, and in some places the men have to go two days' journey into the forests after their precious burdens; but no matter what the conditions a man must bring in a certain quantity of rubber, the alternative being the jail, or flogging, or both.

There are now desolate wastes where, only a few years ago, stood prosperous native villages.

One day a party found themselves traveling along track through the forest which at only a recent date had been opened up by a large number of natives. On being asked what the road was, a native replied, "It is a road along which we used to carry rubber to the white men."

"But why used to?"

"Oh, all the people have either run away or have been killed or have died of starvation, and so there is no one to get rubber any longer."

. . .

Similar testimony was given by the Rev. William Morrison, a Presbyterian Missionary, who was returning home to America. He said that the people had fled to escape the tyranny of the white man, and now that this awful state of things has become known, the question arises, how shall the abuses be stopped?

Whether they shall cease now is the question laid before Europe by the British Government with the publication of these official papers. The last communication of the series is a memorandum addressed by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the British Foreign Minister, to the British representatives at Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Madrid, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Lisbon. It requests that Mr. Casement's consular report be laid before the Governments to which they are accredited, with an inquiry as to when an answer may be expected to the British note of last August.

That is, Great Britain asks the Powers which created the Congo Free State, and still maintain it, whether these things shall cease or continue.

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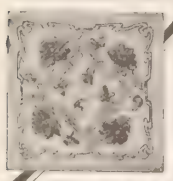

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The Bishop Saw the Sea Battle

An Eye-Witness Describes the Great Sea Fight in Chemulpho

LETTERS have been received by the Methodist Missionary Society in New York from Bishop David H. Moore, who left Shanghai for Chemulpho, Corea, several days before the great naval battle, of which the writer was an eye-witness later. The first letter, dated February 13, is in part as follows:

"I reached here last Monday morning in the *Sungari*, a Russian ship, which, with two Russian cruisers, was destroyed the next night. Doubtless you have heard of the naval engagement off this harbor, the opening of the long-expected war between Japan and Russia. With brothers Cable and Critchett, Methodist missionaries, and Gen. Allen, of the Philippines, I witnessed it. We were not 800 yards from the *Koreitz* when she was blown up. The Japanese have pushed their ships, and as the result of the first week have sunk, captured or disabled thirteen Russian vessels, including three battleships. Japanese soldiers are being landed in large numbers and on Monday will march northward.

"Japan has virtually established a protectorate over Corea, sending out the Russian Minister and staff and putting all Russians under guard. The Corean Emperor is cowering in his palace, promising to be good and to look only to Japan for protection. His soldiers guard the palace and police the city as usual, but there are two Japanese soldiers to one Corean soldier in Seoul. The people are afraid of the Russians; not nearly so much so, if at all, of the Japanese. The Japanese are ready for every phase of the struggle. Men, supplies, everything, everywhere. Minister Allen is looking carefully after all the missionaries. They have large supplies laid in and will stick. Our annual meeting, which I postponed to this week, was small. I made the best disposition possible of the all too scant force, and leave them, in these rude alarms of war, in the care of our loving Lord."

The other letter, dated Feb. 15, reads:

"The Japanese are landing troops and supplies constantly and their navy is eating up the Russians. This cannot go on forever. The other side will have its inning, but I think the Japanese will win out. Operations on land will not be different. The Japanese land forces are ideal. They have everything, including a splendid Red Cross organization. In case the Russians throw over a column into Corea, the bloody field of Pyeng Yang is not unlikely to be once more the scene of carnage. It is too fearfully cold to move our women and children now overland—the river to the coast at Chinampho being frozen solid. We dare not leave our property. So, if the Russians move that way, the missionaries in Seoul and Chemulpho will go northward and will bring the women and children down, leaving the Pyeng Yang men to guard the property.

"I do not relish the idea of leaving the field when this war is on. I have told the mission and Minister Allen that if I can be of service in protecting our property and workers I will stay, and if I am cabled to by the authorities of the church in the United States to stay until my successor arrives I will cheerfully do so, and let the General Conference go. This will not prevent my holding the Japan conferences, from which I would return here. As an old soldier I do not like to travel away from the sound of guns, when our missionaries are exposed. There are many reasons why I should like to be at General Conference, but these are not to be considered for a moment if it is deemed best that I should stay. Mrs. Moore is in Shanghai."

The Martyred Missionary

LATER details, received from Persia, indicate that the missionary whose death was reported on our editorial page last week, was the Rev. Benjamin W. Labaree, the son and colleague in mission work of Dr. Benjamin Labaree, the veteran author and translator, who has given more than forty years to the propagation of the Gospel in Persia. A cablegram received by the Rev. Robert M. Labaree, of Doylestown, Pa., another son of Dr. Labaree, states that his brother was returning from Khoi, with a servant, when he was attacked. The servant was shot on the spot, and Mr. Labaree was carried off to the hills, where he was stabbed to death. The motive for the crime, the cable message adds, is obscure. Whether it was the work of brigands or of fanatics remains to be discovered. The Government is said to be active, and public sympathy intense.

THE LATE REV. B. W. LABAREE

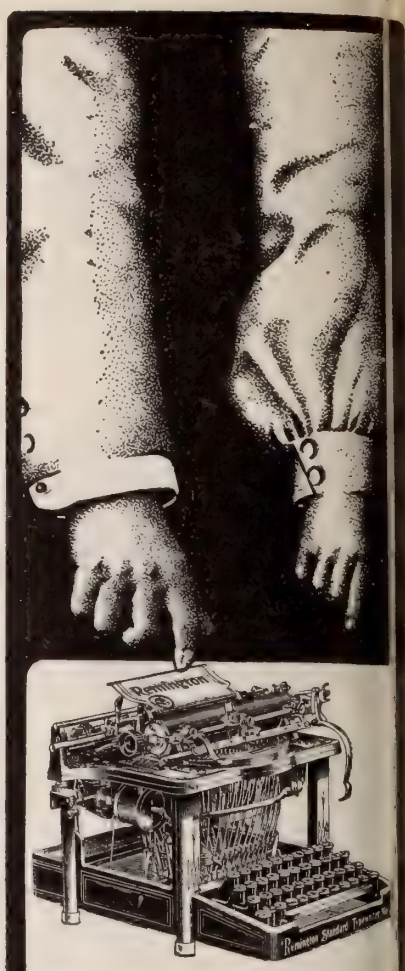
The loss of so earnest and devoted a missionary will be severely felt by the Presbyterian Board, and will be a heavy blow to his venerable father and the missionaries on the field. Mr. Labaree was a native of Persia, having been born at Urumiah on June 5, 1865, in the early years of his eminent father's service in that land. He was brought to America for his education, studying at Marietta College, Ohio, and at Hartford Theological Seminary. In 1893 he received his appointment as missionary to Persia and sailed for his field of labor in September of that year. Dr. F. G. Cowan, who was one of his associates, is now in New York, and bears testimony to the devotion and ability with which he labored during the ten years of his service and the promise he gave of still more valuable work in the future. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his death. Mrs. Labaree herself belongs to a missionary family. She is the daughter of Dr. H. A. Schauffler, now of Cleveland, O., whose work as a missionary of the American Board in Turkey is well known. She was born in Constantinople during her father's term of service, and has proved an ideal missionary's wife. The sympathy of God's people in all lands will go out to her in the bereavement which has fallen upon her.

"The Dewey of Japan"

Vice-Admiral Togo, the "fighting" Admiral of the Japanese fleet, was trained in Great Britain. When on board the British training ship *Worcester*, he was "reported" to be of excellent conduct, and of very good ability. During the Chino-Japanese War he commanded the cruiser *Naniwa*, which sank the troopship *Kowshing*, a steamship belonging to the Indo-China Navigation Company, which was carrying Chinese troops. A curious fact in connection with this event was that the *Kowshing* was commanded by Captain Galsworthy, who also received his training on board the *Worcester* some six years after Admiral Togo had left. Captain Galsworthy, when the *Kowshing* sunk, would have been drowned had it not been that Admiral Togo sent a boat to rescue him. Admiral Togo, who is a Satsuma Samurai, a true-blooded Japanese, is regarded by his countrymen as the man of the hour, and perfect confidence is placed in his courage and resourcefulness.

Destroyers in Battle

During the recent fight between the torpedo fleets off Port Arthur, an exciting personal encounter occurred between a Japanese sailor and the captain of the Russian destroyer *Steregoutchi*. When the Japanese destroyer closed with the Russian vessel, a Japanese sailor sprang aboard and met the Russian commander emerging from his cabin. They sprang at each other, and the sailor brought his cutlass down upon the head of the Russian, felling him. He endeavored to rise, but the sailor kicked him overboard and he was drowned. The *Steregoutchi* and another Russian destroyer were surrounded by four Japanese destroyers, which kept up a continuous fire upon them. The Russians fought with the utmost bravery. Their captains tried to make a running fight, break through the Japanese cordon and reach the harbor. One of them succeeded, but the *Steregoutchi* became hopelessly damaged and at the mercy of the Japanese. Over twenty were killed on the bridge.



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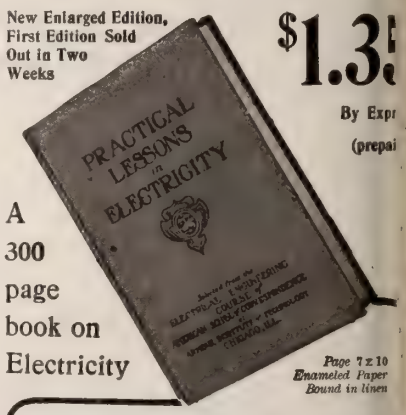

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LIVING PICTURES

By Margaret Bottome

I AM sorry for those who were not at the opening of the Wesley Hall Mission, in New York, on the night of March 12. We visit galleries to s famous painted pictures, and we do wl; but no gallery of paintings could he been to me what the "living pictures" omen were that night.

On the platform sat the venerable Bhop Andrews of the M. E. Church, f the new Mission is a Methodist Miss sh, rightly named for the founder of Methodism. The Secretary of the Church Extension Society led the meeting for the fit half hour before passing it over to M. S. H. Hadley, the Superintendent of t new Mission.

I was especially delighted when Dr. Erth introduced Dr. Klopsch. If it can er be said to any one man "I was hun g and you fed me," it will be said to that an. None of us who heard him will er forget the farmer he told us of, whose fm produced so little he had thought he wld give up farming. It was well for h he did not sell out, for he owned a fm with a gold mine on it. Shall we er forget the truth that came home to u that we were trying to get along half t time discouraged, when we really are oners of gold mines—"heirs of God."

What a picture to look at were the men o that platform!—men representing a clse. "For this cause they are in the wld as their Master was before them."

Mr. Hadley was as natural and unostentatious as ever. He said none but he knew hv he had prayed for that Hall. He td his experience and he sang "It's the o-time religion; it was good enough for rther and it's good enough for me." Ny a mother heard the song, unseen by u as she looked at her lost boy now re sred through "the old-time religion." Of course, Mr. Hadley led the army of reemed drunkards who were there, rdy to testify to the grace that had s ed them. They took the witness-stand al told the story of the Mighty Christ vo had taken them, when homeless, fndless, in rags and filth, and made tm what we could see they now were.

Though I had known something of t Mission work, I had never realized its cracter as I did that night, when the rn who spoke made it perfectly clear to uthat the Rescue Mission is the only pce where a drunkard is sure of a welcme—where he can go without a cent of rney. One man told of his going to the Water Street Mission. He had been detmined to go, to make one effort to save Hself, and he had borrowed fifteen cts to get there. When the fifteen cents vre given him, the temptation was too gat; he spent it in drink. Then, with c a cent, and almost without clothes (for I had pawned everything) he entered the Ission, and told his whole story to the sperintendent. Mr. Hadley took $4.50 o of his pocket and said, "Go, buy some cthes."

I almost held my breath, fearing the rn was going to say, "And I went al drank it," but he did not. In tt moment I saw the truth of what Gorge Eliot said, "They that trust us ducate us." To look at Mr. Hadley and tt man at that moment was worth more tn the price of admission to any picre gallery.

. . .

I tried to open some drawers of my iting desk lately and found it impossi-. I stepped into the next room and st for a workman. "Would it be too fch to ask you to help me for a moment? annot open a drawer." He took up his fls and came in, and in a few moments t drawer was opened and working soothly. As I thanked him, he remarked ctly: "All that was necessary was fls."

People are tools. Some are sharp; some a dull. What is needed to-day is what writer calls the "I can and I will" sort people. I read only a short time ago tt there are places ready for such peo-. The writer said that the supply does t equal the demand. "Pluck up courae, ye unfortunate ones," he added, "ye cubters, ye 'I can't' people. Begin the fight by abolishing fears, then start to climb the ladder, shouting, 'I can and I will' with all your might, drowning out the sound of the 'buts,' 'ifs,' 'supposings,' 'you can'ts' and 'aren't you afraids' of your wet-blanket friends at the foot of the ladder. Do not bother about the upper rounds of the ladder, you will reach them in time; but give your whole attention to the round just ahead of you, and when you have gained a firm foothold on that, then look at the next one. One round at a time. Give your entire attention to each step. Climb with desire, confidence."

. . .

Grumblers do not enter the promised land. Grumbling is weakness—bad tools to do life's work with—we need people full of faith, full of hope, full of love. These are splendid tools.

Not long ago a friend startled me by saying suddenly with such intenseness—"Thank you! thank you! you have given me courage!" Oh, how glad I was. I suppose I must have been using the tools I am so fond of, and suddenly the drawer, so to speak, opened. What splendid opportunities came to us of helping crippled souls to emancipation, if we only had eyes to see. I shall not forget a young girl to whom I said, when she left me, "I am sorry I could not help you," she wanted a situation. She looked at me and said, "You have helped me. You have given me courage."

. . .

I was once in a meeting where my attention was taken up with a rare face—a face that told as plainly as words could utter, that she had known sorrow, and it had been sanctified to her. There was a refinement in that face that was of the spirit. I hardly heard what was going on, I was taken up with the face of the woman. She did not speak, though I hoped she would. When the meeting was over, I went up to her and said, "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed your testimony." She said, "I did not speak." "No," I answered, "but I looked at you."

How many may be helped by looking at us.

. . .

Thus many may be helped by looking at us. The suffering that comes from not being able to see faces, that unlock all the things that are in you; no one knows better than I the hunger that comes from the loss of a face and the longing to see it again. But we shall see; we shall again touch the vanished hand; and in the meantime, during the "little while," can we not become more like them? Cannot we have what they had?

O, for the power to unlock human hearts that cannot unlock themselves! I wonder if we earnestly covet the best gifts. Surely this is one of them. To be such a tool in the Master's hand that in using us He can unlock many who, for some cause or other, are now closed to all love and sympathy and courage and hope.

MARGARET BOTTOME.

A Seedless Apple.

John Spencer, an old Colorado fruit grower, after experimenting for seven years, has produced a seedless apple. The inside of the fruit is solid, while the general formation is very much like a navel orange, even to the depression in the navel end. The tree which bears the seedless apple is most unusual in that it does not blossom. Mr. Spencer says that he will keep the secret of his budding and grafting. He is confident that he will be able to produce seedless apples of every variety. Soon after the seedless orange was obtained he began experimenting with apples.

Send In Your Name.

We want a Blue Badge Committee in every town and village and hamlet in the United States. Read the article on **"The Women of St. Louis"** on page 280 of this issue, and send in your name to aid in this good work on behalf of our girls.

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A CORSET IS NOT NEEDED FOR A GOOD FIGURE

It is two years this month since I began to teach women the principles of perfect health through mail instructions and my success has been marvelous. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to realize that I have relieved over 7,000 women of all sorts of physical ailments by simply strengthening the vital organs, the nerves, the heart and the lungs. I simply teach them the laws of nature. Their brains are clear, their cheeks are rosy, their steps are buoyant; they learn how to breathe and they express that buoyancy and vivacity of life which is the crown of American womanhood. Surely what I have done for others I can do for you. My work cultivates that distinguished carriage and bearing which bespeak culture and refinement.

True attractiveness is in perfect health, grace of movement, free and wholesome thoughts. These are your birthright and may be retained by simply putting yourself in harmony with Nature.

The following are extracts from three of my pupils' letters on my desk as I write:

"I have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

"I have never felt so perfectly well. Just think, you have relieved me of indigestion and constipation which have bothered me for years and years. Since you have relieved me of these troubles, I have gained thirty pounds in weight and have lost the throat trouble which refused to move with medicine."

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I can take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention. I do not work with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I know I can Reduce Prominent Abdomens and Hips, build up thin necks and chests, and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry. I have done all of these hundreds and hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me.

Write to me, telling me your particular difficulties, and I will send you letters from my pupils and give you the names of women who have been relieved of above difficulties. I will tell you just what I feel I can do for you, and I will send you an instructive leaflet on how to stand correctly. Every woman should know this if she would be perfectly well. I charge you nothing for this leaflet and nothing for my information in regard to your case. Do not hesitate, write at once.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 458, Washington Street, CHICAGO

As President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America, Miss Cocroft has had a wide experience in diagnosing cases and in prescribing individual work for women.

THE STRANGE STORY OF KO*

IT was night in the city of Ping-yang, dark and forbidding. A few straggling lights were seen passing here and there through the narrow streets. There were long weird calls heard from the Yamen, repeated at intervals, and drums rattling in prayer to the devils down on the river. Somebody was dead over the way, and there was desperate weeping, "I-go! I-go!" Drinking dens everywhere made night hideous. In a hut, that squatted low by the gate of the city, sat a heavy-faced Korean, holding fast a woman's hand.

"You swore you'd live with me always," was what he said.

Her answer came cool and steady: "You make the money and I'll live with you, not otherwise."

"But," said he, "we are man and wife and child, and I must keep you, else we die together."

"Die, do we? Not if I know it," and she wrenched her hand from him and pushed him violently away. "I'm not here to die with you, but to live."

Ko shot out of the door as if for his life, and fled to pray to the dragon on the hill; then he came back to an inn near by, drank himself drunk, and, for the moment, slept away his sorrows.

For five months she saw him not, and the wee dot of a baby, with its black eyes and Mongol soul, lived unconscious of the one who claimed it. At last, unwashed and bedraggled, through the East Gate of the city, came staggering the man Ko, sans "cash." His home, as he expected, was occupied by another. A desperate case his, ordinary ways and means were out of the question. He loved his wife and child, of course, but she had drifted away from him on the wing of some malignant spirit, and none but the gods could bring her back.

"Oh," says she, "you are here?"

"But not to stay," said Ko; "merely to speak my word and depart."

She looked with surprise at this, for she had thought him greatly in love with her, and a willingness of any kind on his part to leave was startling.

Said he, "The gods have spoken to me. I have a plan that will make us happy by and by, but cannot tell it now." He drew from his pocket a paper tablet marked, "Ten-years-and-we-shall-know," tore it in two, gave half of it to the woman, and said "Keep it safe till I return." In the manner of the Orient they wept together and parted.

All the devils were in league. Here was the wife he wanted, and the child, but lost to him. He would overcome, yes, in spite of fiends. He dreamed of money, saw strings of cash floating in his visions, though in actual life he was a gambler, a drunkard, a thief, who found scores of companions, ready made to do him service. Said he, "As long as this wretched mouth of mine is in working order, with eyes and ears to help, I can do nothing; once rid myself of mouth and I'm all right; gag it, put a stopper in it, and I can see my way clear, but how? Refuse to speak? They'd stone me out of town. The spirits must settle this matter too."

Back of the city suburb, where he now lived, there was a famous shrine, under the hill, noted for its mysterious power. Any one who prayed earnestly to it got what he wanted; and any one who took liberties, was dealt with after the manner of the immortal gods. On the first day of the moon and the fifteenth day, the people of the town brought food and money and paper, and spread it out on the ground before the spirit and said, "O spirit! here is this offering, take it, eat it, inhale it, do what you like with it, only be good, and give us money, and rice, and sons, and good grave sites, and long life, and nothing to do, amen!"

Ko made inquiry of the village folk. "How about the god up on the hill there, is he any good?"

"Good? Well I should say, get what you want if you go at it right, or you'll get the day of judgment if you try any nonsense."

So Ko took a jug of whiskey and a censer, and went up to pray.

A few days later, when a crowd gathered in the inn, said he, "I prayed to that 'business' up on the hill, five days ago now, and no sign of an answer. Call it good, do you? Good for nothing I should say. I have a mind to take a bamboo and smash the thing to pieces."

The listeners gave a start. "You evidently want to die an awful death," said they. "Blasphemy!" shouted others, stopped their ears and ran.

Ko thundered out into the street, tore his hair, danced like a fury, swore awful oaths against the spirit and the shrine, ran amuck up the hill and with a rock, hurled straight at it, bang! "To perdition!" shouted he. "You and other demons like you." But scarcely had the words passed his lips, when he fell, bowled over, as if struck by lightning. The town folk came slowly and cautiously out to see what was left of him, and found blood around his mouth. "Ah, ha!" said they, "the spirit! the spirit!" He was carried home and laid in a corner, and so passed the night.

Next day he arose, but there were no words in his mouth, no answer to questions; those who whispered to him left without response. Days passed one after another in silence, and Ko became known as *Pungoree*, the dumb man, smitten by the spirit for an act of blasphemy; but in Ko's mind were other visions, visions of money now to be made freely for his mouth was stopped, and the faithless wife and the little boy were sure to be his, when ten years of silence had passed him over.

Three years of dumb wandering proved to Ping-yang the power of this mountain shrine. The keeper made his fortune, for the sick and lame and blind came daily to sacrifice and pay tribute to him. They would ask, "Do you think the god that lives here is able to do what I want?"

In the third year there came tidings to the deaf ears of Ko. He heard that the little boy with the almond eyes and the yellow skin, his precious son, who lived over the walls in the city, was dead. There was no longer hope of the mother, and no meaning in the oath that he had taken to be dumb. He decided to break away, but here also was a difficulty. To simply begin speaking would be contrary to Oriental methods; he could never do so, so he made his way that afternoon to the home of a medicine man, or sorcerer, that lived on the river bank. The man's name was Quik and his business was to put needles into people, then speak a prayer and make them well. He knew the dummy Ko and looked out on him as he came. "Well," said he, "what can I do for a man that cannot speak?"

Ko motioned him aside, and then to his amazement said in a whisper, "I'm not dumb at all, but have pretended for these three years, and now I want to give it up, but can't without excuse. If you will put me through an operation, and cure me in the eyes of the town, you'll make you a name and a fortune."

Quik forgot his shock of surprise in the thought of this most excellent scheme. He would announce to-morrow as his sacrificial day and call all the town. A sacrifice to the gods in Korea equals a quilting bee, a barn raising and a municipal election all in one. There is always much to eat and much to drink, and a babel of voices indescribable.

At Dr. Quik's house there was a multitude of small tables, a foot or so high, and as large round as a flour barrel, loaded down with boiled rice, meat, whiskey, soy, stewed sea-weed, fancy confectionery, all ready for the sacrifice. He had hired professional weepers, and they came in and bowed before the tablet and bawled out, "I-go! I-go! I-go!" with such an accent of distress and woe, that you would actually think their hearts would break; but you need have no anxiety, for a moment later, they laugh, and shout, and turn in and get gloriously drunk.

Such was the show in progress at Dr. Quik's, where Ko was to be operated on for a dumb spirit, that had possessed him three years.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*From *The Vanguard*, a tale of Corea, by James S. Gale. Pages, 320; price, $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

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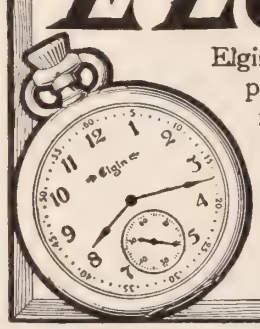

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THE STRANGE STORY OF KO

Continued from Preceding Page

eavy-faced, dull-eyed Ko took his p e on the corner where all might see h . Dr. Quik then made a speech, "is affliction of Ko, the centurion, is c sed by a dumb devil that has taken p session of one of the strings of his n k. It can't be dislodged by medicine, o sacrifice, or saying prayers, the only th g for such a possession is a spirit n ille, and without flattering myself, who a but dust and ashes, I would still say th I am the only man in Ping-yang who p sesses the gift of inserting the same e ctually. Before the eyes of all you o oking noble gentlemen, I shall now p ceed."

e put Ko down with his face to the g ind and set the needle to work, by t ling it, gradually driving it under the sk, where it began to find its way in d per and deeper. Ko saw stars and m eors, and squirmed in mortal agony. A er one or two insertions, a pass, and a m terious word to the demon, Ko swung b k on his knees and suddenly shouted in tentorian voice, "I can talk—I can t !"

o, by virtue of this great physician, th spell had been broken, and Ping-yang w electrified with the news that Dr. Qk had cured centurion Ko. With one a ord the company called the town band, c posed of some six players, and had th n parade the streets with pipes, and p s, and flags, shouting the praises of th spirit doctor. For three days and t e nights the celebration continued, till th whole town to its farthest limits knew o t and Quik's name and fame were es- ta ished forever.

A Little Book of Blessings

ace Before Meat is the title of a booklet is d by the United Society of Christian E eavor. The book, which is compiled by M Amos R. Wells, contains the largest and m t helpful collection of table blessings ever m e. They are blessings for the Sabbath, f morning, noon, and evening, for all sorts o holidays, for children, for singing, for g sts, for birthdays, public dinners, and my "for any time." There are many by f ous authors. Some are in verse. A few a in other languages. There is a practical i oduction on methods of asking a blessing. T book is bound in heavy paper binding, and sold for 25 cents. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Tremont Temple, Boston, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Mettle of the Pasture, by James Lane Allen. A singular story, which has been much discussed. Its pervading tone is by no means optimistic, and there are patches of unrelieved gloom in the course of the tale; but its cleverness and brightness in spots make it attractive and enjoyable. Cloth covers; price, $1.50. Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

Our Neighbors, by Ian Maclaren, from the presses of Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, is a series of characteristic little sketches from this famous Scotch preacher and writer. Very quaint, and very interesting most of them are, and there is a vein of odd humor pervading the whole, which makes the book enjoyable reading. Pp. 341; cloth binding; price, $1.50.

Esarhaddon and Other Tales, by Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. These little tales, which, like the great author's other short stories, are all written with a purpose, were contributed for the benefit of the destitute Jews of Kishinev. Pp. 64; cloth covers; price, 40 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

The Spirit of the Service, by Edith Elmer Wood (illustrated; 334 pages; price, $1.50), is a capital story of life in the American Navy. Capt. Cartwright is a heroic character, whose conscientious nature seems to retard his worldly advancement; but he comes out all right and triumphantly in the end of the book. Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

The *American Prohibition Year-Book* for 1904, just out, is in its fourth year. It is standard authority on the liquor question, and its hundred pages are full of the best facts and statistics. Every phase of the drink question is covered, and as a source of accurate information it cannot be surpassed. Price, cloth, 35 cents, postpaid: paper, 15 cents, postpaid. United Prohibition Press, Chicago, publishers.

The Twenty-One Wonders of the World, by Sara S. Sharp. This is a most interesting and instructive compilation, the "Wonders" being finely illustrated, and lucidly explained in the letter-press which accompanies the pictures. There are fourteen excellent illustrations, and all the twenty-one articles are contributed by men prominent in the Protestant Church. The book may be ordered of the author, Sara S. Sharp. Price, 75 cents.

The Modern Age (Part II. of "Mediæval and Modern History,") by Philip Van Ness Myers (Boston and London, Ginn & Co. publishers) is a volume of 650 pages, copiously illustrated with colored maps. This is the companion volume to *The Middle Ages*, and its record of events brings the reader from the beginning of the Reformation up to the present time. A most valuable aid to students and the general reader. Cloth covers.

Sunny Memories of Three Pastorates, with a selection of Sermons and Essays, by William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D. So much of Dr. Griffis' life has been spent in Japan, that this book might well have been filled with Japanese memories; but he has very sunny memories of American cities, which he relates in his brightest manner. It is a matter of interest to readers of this journal that it was the late Dr. Talmage who was his pastor and counsellor when he gave himself to the work of the ministry. Pp. 310; published by Andrews & Church, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Aristocracy of Health, by Mary Foote Henderson. A Study of Physical Culture, and of "our favorite poisons," (tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, etc.) A well written book, which should make profitable reading for the multitude. The author states her purpose to be to help "make the life of some one broader, fuller, and happier." Especially instructive are the chapters on alcohol and tobacco, and the mass of evidence which has been industriously collected, and which is here ably presented as an argument against their use. 772 pages, cloth binding. Coltar Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

Gideon's to Meet

MEETINGS of the Order of Gideon's (the Traveling Men's Organization) have been called by Field Superintendent Palmer, for the following dates:

March 31st, 2d Avenue Baptist, 2d Ave., bet. 9th and 10th St., N. Y.
April 1st, Jane M. E. Church, Jane St., near 8th Ave., N. Y.
April 2d, Noon Meeting, John Street M. E. Church, John St., N. Y.
April 2d, Evening, Bowery Mission, Bowery, near Canal St., N. Y.
April 3d, Afternoon, West Side Branch Y. M. C. A., 57th St., near 8th Ave., N. Y.
April 3d, Evening, Riverside Baptist Church, 92d St. and Amsterdam Ave., N. Y.

A MORNING HYMN

ETERNAL Father! Throned in heaven high,
Yet to thy feeble children always nigh;
We rise to bless thee for the morning light,
And all thy tender care throughout the night.

Strong Son of God! Who, ere creation's morn,
Before the angels or the worlds were born,
To die for sinners wast ordained; O may
Thy precious blood wash all our sins away.

Spirit Divine! Thou Heavenly Light and Fire;
With holy zeal our hearts and lives inspire;
Guide, guard, control; allay our needless fears;
Revive our hope, and wipe away our tears.

Thrice Holy Trinity! Thou Three in One,
Whose love eternal, like the circling sun,
Sweeps round our sinful world; for this we pray,
That all the world may see a heavenly day.

Mimico, Can. REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

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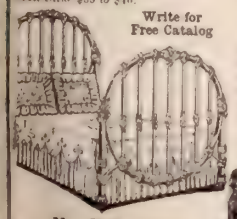

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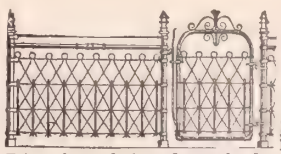

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A Revival in Bethel, Conn.

Mr. J. S. Mayhew, Bethel, Conn., writes: "Fifty persons have confessed Christ during last summer and fall, through the efforts of Miss Mae Lord, an evangelist sent here by the Connecticut Bible Society. This is a small school district, with thirty-five houses, where there was but one family that attended church regularly. Now Sabbath mornings many people can be seen going to the village of Bethel to attend church. Miss Lord is now working in Bethel Center, where there have been already sixty-five converts in two weeks. Most of them are faithfully striving to see who can best work and best agree."

PAGAN TRIBES OF NIGERIA

IN a recent description of the tribes of Nigeria, Africa, Lady Lugard, wife of the High Commissioner, Sir Frederick Lugard, relates some remarkably interesting facts. She said that Borgu, the westernmost province of Nigeria, when her husband first entered the country, boasted that no white man ever came out of it alive. In connection with the occupation of Borgu her husband had curious adventures, and on one occasion put his life absolutely in the hands of Kiama, the King, who had, he knew, been plotting to kill him only a few days before. The upshot was that the king became his fast friend, and having advised him never again to trust a Borgu man as he had trusted him, had shown himself ever since worthy of trust. He still sent yearly offerings to his "friend," and Borgu gives them no trouble. In addition to the Fulani and Haussa races, who spoke either Arabic or Haussa, the country teemed with local tribes having each their own habits and their own language. Haussa was the first language which the English officer learned, but he had to learn many others if he wished to make himself fully understood by the native peoples with whom he had to deal.

Many of the tribes were pagans, and it was not very long since some were cannibals. One tribe was reported to have tails. There was another which would appear to justify the Greek legend of the Amazons; all their public fighting was done by women, and their public offices were also filled by women. She was told, but could not vouch for the accuracy of any of these statements, that in that tribe the women were physically larger and stronger than the men. In the worst of the pagan regions civilized trade was not at present possible. In Borgu the people claimed that they had never been conquered by the Fulani, and they had traditions of a religion which would appear to be Christian.

Speaking of the slave trade, Lady Lugard said that at the time of the transfer to Britain, the principal currency of Nigeria was in slaves. Large sums were reckoned not in pounds, but in slaves; public tribute was paid in slaves, and all labor was slave labor. The result of the slave trade was seen in depopulation. Where Barth described in 1854 a population of 50,000,000 there were probably not more to-day than 10,000,000 or 12,000,000. Yet so wedded were the Fulani rulers to the system that when, on the assumption of power by the British Government, the Emir of Bautchi was remonstrated with and asked to give pledges of abstaining from slave raiding for the future, his reply was, "Can you stop a cat from mousing? When I die I shall be found with a slave in my mouth."

A Queer Marriage Ceremony

Among the Kherrias of India the marriage ceremony is quite elaborate. After many preliminaries the priest begins this singular performance: Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the centre of the forehead, he draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the top of the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and bridegroom mark each other's forehead with "sindur" (vermilion). Great care is always taken that neither shall catch a glimpse of the other during this important process which finally makes the couple man and wife.

Funeral Flowers

A peculiar sacredness hallows funeral flowers. They are brought in lavish profusion to the house of mourning. In the home where the silent sleeper lies in the casket, there are massed roses and lilies, carnations and violets, sheaves of golden wheat and garlands of beautiful autumn leaves. The very last thing that love can do is to bring flowers as a votive tribute to the coffin and the grave. Through wintry days these souvenirs of affection lie withered on the frozen earth, mutely symbolizing the hopes that have been blighted by the chill touch of death.

But they do more than this. Words are poor, but flowers are eloquent. They voice sorrow and sympathy and a faith that rifts the darkness of the tomb, and sees "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood all dressed in living green." No death there, for this mortal shall have put on immortality, and the flowers by the river of life bloom on forever in the summer land of heaven.

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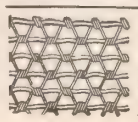

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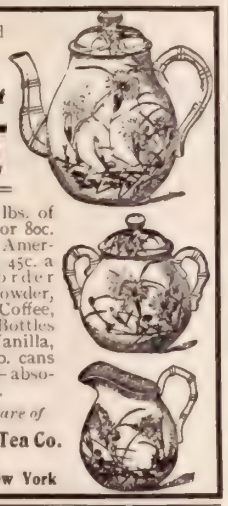

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Orange, N. J. ALONZO L. KEYS.

Indians of Northern California

NOT long after the American occupation of California, the Colusa Indians of the northern part of that State, sold by treaty to our government 164,000 acres of land between Butte Creek and the Sacramento River. That land is now worth from six to eight millions of dollars. The treaty was never formally ratified, and so had no legal force; yet the land was taken as government public land, sold to white settlers, and our Government appropriated every advantage and value conferred by the treaty. It is said that treaties were so made with eighty or ninety bands of Indians in that half of the State, but that, not being acted upon by the Senate, these did not, in the governmental view, become operative. Government, however, was enriched by the sale of the land; yet not a dollar was paid to the Indians for it.

How shall one name transactions which were not operative on the one side, but were munificently operated on the other, while "the party of the first part" lost land, home, the means of living, and all that it valued; gaining in exchange absolute poverty and the neighboring of crafty, dissolute vice-engendering and disease-giving oppressors. What was the result of these transactions? The number of the Colusa Indians has been in fifty years reduced from about a thousand to less than one hundred. A band of forty now live on the burial mounds of their ancestors, huddled together on four acres of land, surrounded by a barbed wire fence, and their only water supply is a well ten feet deep among the graves! Sixty Indians, living on the sea beach, in little unpainted huts, are liable to inundation by flood-tides. Until a few years ago, they were upon land appertaining to the government lighthouse, where they took refuge from white aggressors. The Government did not recognize their right of occupancy; the land was sold, and the Indians were set adrift among the sedge grass of the beach, their region being forced to be a tenderloin district for a lumbering community.

Another band, in Lake County, have recently been notified to "move on," while fully ten thousand of them are liable to eviction any day. Between the Tehachapi Pass and the Oregon line, a stretch of six hundred miles, these ten thousand Indians have been homeless, living only on sufferance since the early days of white occupation. These and others are the survivors of probably 150.000 when the State passed under the control of our Government.

For all these, the Northern California Indian Association—an auxiliary of the National Indian Association—has, through Senator Bard, introduced in Congress a petition for help. That association does not ask or desire to have a reservation set apart for these Indians, and it would be useless to ask Congress for the full amount morally due them; but it is not too late to ask for the survivors a few acres for each family, on which it would be possible to make a living, and progress in civilization. This must be done by purchase, as all the good lands in that part of the State are already held by white men, and only worthless hill-tops and arid spaces are left as public land.

Lovers of justice and humanity everywhere should make a protest that will win a modest land-holding for these robbed and outraged fellow citizens of ours, in a land which boasts of "breaking every yoke," of giving protection to the helpless on our soil and in the islands of the sea, and which protests with might against the present land-robberies in the Orient. A. S. QUINTON.

Called Higher

Mrs. Ruth Lord passed away lately, at her home in Lowell, Me., after a well-spent life of eighty-seven years. She was born in Berwick, Me., in 1816. In 1836 she was married to Isaiah Lord, who died twenty-one years ago. They had eight children; and four sons are still living. Mrs. Lord was always an industrious housewife, and in her pioneer life her loom and wheel were heard from early morn till sunset. The closing hours of her life were bright with happiness. Shortly before her death she called the family to her bedside, giving them good counsel. Then, in fullest joy, she sang several hymns. Just before passing away, she said, "It this is dying, it is glorious!"

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Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

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" Alyssum Little Gem, mxd. " Giant Verbena, mixed

23 BULBS

1 New Begonia "Splendens," 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth, 1 Double Pearl Tuberose, 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus, 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis, 2 "Fair Maids of France," 2 Hardy Wind Flowers, 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines, 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 crimson, 1 "Novelty."

A Return Check Good for 25c. on first $1.00 order; also our New Floral Guide, telling all about Roses and 400 other choice flowers. All above postpaid, only 30c.

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"Growers of the Best Roses in America,"
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6 for 25c

6 Tea Roses, new distinct colors, all named .25 cents
6 Geraniums, new varieties, all named ..... 25 cents
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6 Carnations, the popular flower all named.....25 cents

All of the above five collections for ONE DOLLAR. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our large illustrated, colored cover book

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Box H. Springfield, Ohio.

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190 Page Book Containing a History of the Discovery and Many Hundred Signed Testimonials from All Parts of the World—SENT FREE.

The True Story of The Invention of Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums Told by George H. Wilson, the Inventor.

I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

My case was pronounced incurable!

I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful. I am a relieved, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

With my device I can overcome deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. My invention not only overcomes, but at once stops the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. The greatest aural surgeons in the world recommend it, as wells as physicians of all schools. It will do for you what no medicine or medical skill on earth can do.

I want to pla e my 190-page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station of life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the remedy for deafness has at last been solved by my invention.

Don't delay; write for the free book to-day and address my firm—The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 1611 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

WALKING UNDER THE HUDSON

WITHIN a few hours after the completion of the newly constructed wonderful tunnel under the Hudson River, from Jersey City to New York, a party of engineers and newspaper men—forty-two in all—partly walked and partly rode through the "submarine tube." They had an exciting experience. A writer on the New York *Herald* gives this account of the journey:

The party soon looked like amateur sailors. Taking off shoes, overcoats and hats they donned long rubber boots with flaps extending to the waist, oilcloth jackets and caps. There were heavy flannel pieces in the hats to cover the ears and attach under the chin.

"Don't cover your ears when you get into the tunnel," was the warning given by one of the engineers present. "You must not touch your ears at all when you get into the compressed air. If your ears start to ache hold your noses and blow as hard as you can, so as to make a pressure back of the ear drum to equalize the pressure from the outside, and then swallow as much and as often as possible."

Mr. McAdoo and Charles M. Jacobs, chief engineer of the company, led the way to the elevator. The men went down by instalments. At the Jersey City end only about half of the tube is visible, as the lower portion is choked with mud. The height in the centre is only about seven feet, rounding off on either side. The atmosphere was damp, oppressive and musty. Upon a very narrow track on the southern side of the tunnel stood a train prepared for the company, with flat cars, a couple of feet wide covered with burlap for the occasion. A glance forward revealed rows of electric lights at intervals sufficient to dispel the black gloom, though by no means making the place bright.

The signal for starting was given and the train moved slowly along the slight declivity, going on and on under the river. After traveling sixteen hundred feet by trolley, the party alighted at the main air lock, which blocks the tunnel. Through a little ovenlike iron door a dozen men crawled, seating themselves on pipes in a small compartment inside. The door was then closed, and those who were left behind heard a roar of wind like a cyclone, making conversation impossible for the time being.

As quickly as possible other groups of the sightseers were placed in the lock, where the sensation was most unpleasant. It felt as though one were starting in a submarine craft, with waves thundering overhead. There seemed to be a rocking motion as the lever was pulled, and the pressure of the air increased, and it was difficult to realize that one was remaining absolutely still deep down beneath a river teeming with traffic. The noise was infernal, and the pressure on the ear drums made them ring unpleasantly. Somebody tried to talk, but his voice sounded so queer and the effect was so great that he soon desisted. Most of the party kept their jaws in constant motion with chewing gum, which had been suggested as a good preventative of ear trouble, as the increase in saliva makes it easier to keep on swallowing.

Suddenly one of the men sank to his knees on the floor. Perspiration was streaming down his face and there were tears in his eyes.

"I'm in terrible pain," he moaned. "My ears ache so I can't stand it."

He was urged to hold his nose, close his mouth and blow; but this did not seem to relieve him to any marked extent. Dr. Loomis, who was present, started to work over him, and he was able to continue, though he had a thorough case of the "bends" afterward, and he had to be carried out of the tunnel.

It seemed like a very long journey in the lock when the iron door on the New York side was finally opened and those inside had a chance to step out into another section of the tube. Here the construction of the arch differed and the walls were of iron instead of cement. There were still two tracks, but there were no cars in sight, and the party had to proceed on foot. There was little talking done as the men walked; the voices sounded unnatural whenever they were raised and the strain was very great. The pressure seemed less than in the lock, though it gave a peculiar sensation.

It was very warm in the tunnel, and most of the men were bathed in perspiration. The splashing of their feet made almost the only sound heard as they continued to advance. They passed another lock, and finally reached the point where the junction had been made by the men working on the opposite sides.

In all of the dynamiting and boring, not only had there been no deaths, but not one of the workmen had even lost a finger. There was reason for pride in the accuracy of the engineers' calculations, as the two sides of the tunnel had joined perfectly.

The rest of the strange journey was without incident. The ascent to the New York pier was made by elevator. The lift was sixty-four feet through a circular metal funnel. At the top there was some delay on account of the air pressure, and when the door was finally opened, a blinding steam resulted as the hot air met the surface atmosphere.

AND RETURN

Strictly first-class tickets via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line from Chicago daily, April 23 to May 1, return limit June 30. Correspondingly low rates from all points. Choice of routes going and returning. Three fast trains from Chicago daily with through service to

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Provide for the traveler *The Best of Everything* en route. One of these is the electric-lighted Overland Limited, a solid through train, less than three days to the Coast, over the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River and via the direct route to the Pacific Coast.

Daily and personally conducted excursions. Choice of routes. All agents sell tickets via this line. Write for itinerary of special train leaving Chicago April 26 for Los Angeles.

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We are manufacturers, **not** "mail order" dealers.
We make everything we sell and sell to the user exclusively.
We make a complete line of stoves, ranges, heaters and **make them right**
We ship all Kalamazoos freight prepaid, blacked and polished and any one can set them up.
We guarantee satisfaction, or your money back.

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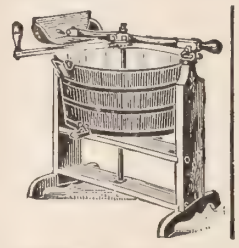
We fit all our ranges and cook stoves with our patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.



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Send 25 cents for express charges and we will ship to your address sufficient Rogers' Stainfloor Finish to cover 20 square feet two coats, and a good brush, FREE.

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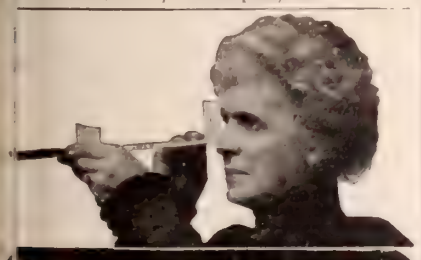
Rate, $106.

Pennsylvania Railroad, Account General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church.

n account of the General Conference of the thodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los geles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania ilroad Company will run a personally-conducted r to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of zona *en route*, at unusually low rates. A special n of the highest grade Pullman equipment will ve New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on dnesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the ta Fe Route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday be spent at this wonderful place, and Los geles will be reached on the evening of May 2. und-trip tickets, including transportation, one ible berth, and meals on special train going; and nsportation only returning on regular trains via ect routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at e of $106 from New York, $105 from Philaphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and $100 m Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at time before June 30. Tourists returning via Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the rld's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1.00 A descriptive itinerary will be sent on applion to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, ad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Inventors of the "OCULARSCOPE."
Examine your eyes without an oculist, with our 'OCULARSCOPE.' Sent free with catalogue of Spectacles and Eye Glasses. See the name "OCULARSCOPE." All other devices are infringements and NOT reliable. Send today.
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LYDIA JANE to AUNT JERUSHY

Dear Aunt Jerushy:

I HAD a thot that you woud a writ and told me what I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about you and your naibor, Sary Elizabeth, not comin' to see me on redused rates, for the holyday trip. I can't scold you, for you done noble in givin' the money it would 'a cost you and Sary Elizabeth, to that starved crowd of men at the Bowery Mission. If you could 'a got here without that money, I would 'a took you to that wonderful mission. I hain't so very well acquainted with them noble workers in that mission, but I tell you two sisters, you better be savin' up and git there some time.

Good Mother Bird is a dear friend of mine. Nobody knows all she's give up, and is givin' up all the time to feed the souls and boddies of them poor, starved critters. No homes—they must walk the streets all night, for the police tells 'em to move on if they stop. They are glad to jine the crowd for hot coffee and bread. All these bitter cold nights, hundreds of men have stood as near the Bowery Mission as they could git. Men would work inside maken barrells of coffee and hundreds of sandwiches. At one o'clock, them doors would open. Almost frozen stiff, each man would git a big bowl of ste'min' coffee, slices of bread and meat and then they didn't mind waitin' for that cold mornin' to open, for at three o'clock they had to leave that place.

Oh, Aunt Jerushy, do send some money! Such a pile it has took all winter—people don't know about it, and crowds go there every evening to sing, pray, and learn how to be better men.

Do pray for God to bless dear Mother Bird, an' the good Superintendent and the helpers, for they are doin' God's real work. Stop all your women goin' on trips for a few times; jest send the money to the Bowery Mission.

Your friend, LYDIA JANE.

Revival in a Seminary

Seattle Seminary, which opened twelve years ago, is a Missionary Training School and an Institution of high academic grade. The spiritual influences are so strong, that nearly all the young people become Christians before they have attended any length of time. There have been wonderful revivals in connection with the work, from the beginning. During chapel exercises, two years ago, fourteen young people professed conversion. This year has been no exception. A most remarkable revival spirit is felt throughout the entire institution. About one hundred students have confessed Christ during the past four weeks, and the spiritual awakening is becoming deeper and more general. Missionaries have been sent out to Japan, China, India, Africa and other places during these twelve years. The attendance has increased until the two spacious buildings on the campus are inadequate to accommodate the young people applying for admission. President Rev. Alexander Beers, is now planning for a new administration building, to cost, when completed, $30,000, which will furnish accommodations for 400 or 450 students. Mr. Beers feels confident that the money will be forthcoming, and that it will soon be crowded with young people who are preparing themselves for the Master's work.

A Real Surprise

I have received your valuable and highly finished copy of *How I Worked My Way Around the World.* It was a real surprise and a true pleasure in every way, and I can only say with numbers of your subscribers, "How can you persevere in doing so much?" Japan was in my heart, and so to it I turned at once! And I got clearer ideas of the land and its surroundings than I ever had before!

M. F. BANNATYNE.

A SONG OF EASTER

THE starry hosts had said good night,
The sun had burst to day,
When lo! a messenger from God,
Had rolled the stone away.
Through the long night the angels watched,
In holy vigils round the tomb,
Until the risen Christ came forth,
Clothed in immortal bloom.

The mighty Christ had come to life,
His voice had rent the grave,
And death and hell are vanquished foes;
He shows his power to save.
Our Christ indeed is risen now,
The stone is hurled that sealed the tomb;
He's risen and has vanquished,
The everlasting gloom.

Christ is risen! King of saints!
Our Messianic Lord!
The pledge of all the holy dead,
In him to be restored.
Ye mighty hosts in white array,
Throw wide your gates on high,
And let the conquering Christ come in,
Who nevermore shall die! J. J. M.

The Taffy Pull

Karo

The Great Spread CORN SYRUP *for Daily Bread.*

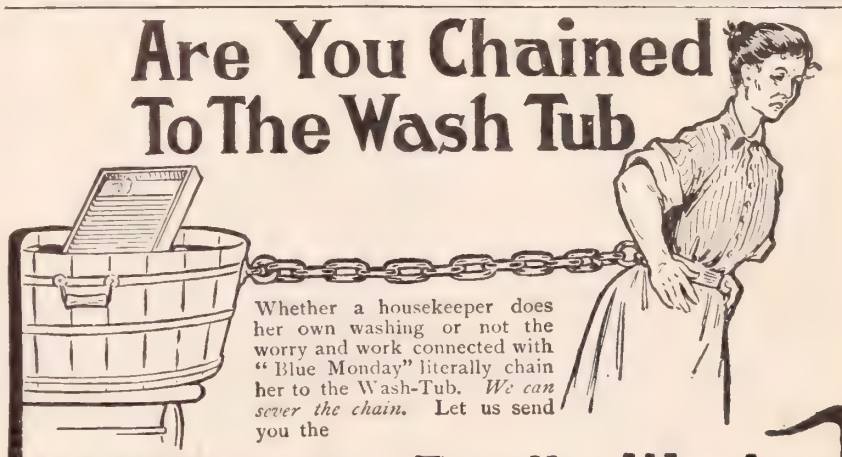
is far superior to any other syrup for taffy or candy of any kind. Try the following recipe. It is convincing.

Pour a small tin of Karo Corn Syrup into a kettle holding four times the amount of syrup used and boil over a slow fire for half hour, stirring all the time to prevent boiling over and burning. When a little dropped in cold water becomes hard, snappy, add ¼ of teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, stir quickly and thoroughly then pour on greased platters. When cool enough to handle without burning the hands, pull. A little butter rubbed on hands will keep it from sticking. The more it is pulled the whiter it becomes. Flavor to suit.

Karo Corn Syrup is *good* for all home uses from griddle cakes to candy. Sold in airtight, friction-top tins, 10c, 25c, 50c. All grocers.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.
New York and Chicago.

Are You Chained To The Wash Tub



Whether a housekeeper does her own washing or not the worry and work connected with "Blue Monday" literally chain her to the Wash-Tub. *We can sever the chain.* Let us send you the

"1900" Ball Bearing Family Washer

FREE TRIAL Freight prepaid. No money or promise of any kind is required. Use it for thirty days; then if you do not wish to purchase return it at our expense. *We pay the Freight both ways.* Unlike all other washers, the "1900" sends the water *through* the clothes and washes them absolutely clean *in six minutes* with no wear or tear on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted Ball-Bearings do the same for it as for the bicycle—make it work with little effort.

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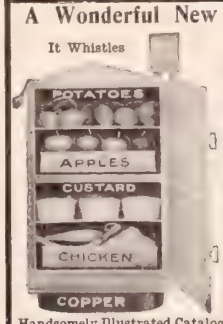

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A PRAYER

BLESSED Jesus, may we ever
Feel thy presence and thy power;
Keep thou us amid life's tumult,
Every day and every hour;
Make us stronger for the conflict
With the mighty hosts of sin,
Till through thee we gain the victory,
And to rest may enter in.

When our hearts, oppressed and weary,
Stagger 'neath our heavy load,
May we think no other pilgrim
Ever trod so drear a road
As dids't thou, when, lone and friendless,
Thou did'st die that we might gain
Life eternal, sealed and purchased
By the Lamb on Calvary slain.

Blessed Jesus, draw us closer,
Closer to thy pierced side,
And if need be, in the shadow
Of thy cross may we abide,
'Till we see our burdens lighten,
In comparison with thine,
And we catch the inspiration
Of thy life and death divine.

And in fuller consecration,
May our lives to thee be given,
That by precept or example,
We may win some soul for heaven;
Some soul that through eternity
Shall sing that wondrous song,
Which through the years that have no end
The ransomed will prolong.

LETITIA WILLEY TODD.

North Haven, Conn.

Mrs. E. J. H., California. "I want to add my testimony in regard to the many, many times that I have had answers to prayer. I know that God does answer prayer, for he is faithful that promised."

H. M., New York. "I wish to acknowledge, from personal experience, that God answers our prayers and gives us what is best and right for us when we come to him in the right spirit, trusting in him."

A. R. C., Merchantville, N. J., writes: "I wish to thank God for an answered prayer. A clipping from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was one of the instruments, through God, of bringing about the answer to my prayer."

Believer in Prayer. "God be praised for the Answered Prayer column. He has recently answered my prayer for a great temporal need. How much more willing he must be to grant spiritual gifts."

Reader, Westfield, Pa. "I wish to express my gratitude to God for prayers answered. My heart is filled with thankfulness, and I praise God for his goodness."

S. A. B., Syracuse, N. Y. "God has answered my prayer. Recently I promised if he would grant me one request, I would acknowledge it to the world."

F. M. H., Spokane. "I wish to add my testimony to the efficiency of prayer. It would be impossible for me to tell all the answered prayers I have had. Should anyone doubt that God does not hear a heartfelt prayer, let them try, and test it as I have done."

M. A. F., Grand Rapids, Mich. "I prayed for a dear one. My prayer has been answered. Time and patience, with strong faith, are needed. Praise be to God, he knows what is best."

W. M. S., Cross Village, Mich. "I, too, wish to acknowledge publicly God's goodness to me in answering my prayers. Many times, when sore troubled, I looked to him in prayer and he never has failed to answer them. Bless his holy name."

Michigan Teacher. "I ask through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the prayers of some of those who have acknowledged their prayers through that paper, that I may love the dear Saviour."

G. S. C., New York. "I wish to acknowledge that God has graciously answered my prayers in several special cases in the past, and I am learning to take all my daily needs to him, both great and small. Bless his holy name."

S. S. B., Battle Creek, Mich. "I promised the Lord if he would answer the prayer I made and relieve my distress, I would publish it to the world. He has heard and helped me. Glory to his name."

Constant Reader. "I was in great trouble. I prayed to God to help me. He has answered many of my prayers. I have had many troubles. The Lord has always helped me. He answers our prayers if we go to him."

Reader, Jordanville, N. Y. "I want to thank the Lord for answering my prayers, as he has so many times. I think he always will if we ask him in faith and do right."

Constant Reader, Texas. "I was in great distress and trouble. I prayed earnestly to my Heavenly Father for help and relief. He heard and released me, and I thank and praise his holy name."

Reader, Rutland, Vt. "I wish to answer God's goodness in answering my many prayers. Also in constantly forestalling me. Dear troubled ones, do not carry your own burdens. God loves and longs to carry them for you. Only ask in faith."

Send In Your Name.

We want a Blue Badge Committee in every town and village and hamlet in the United States. Read the article on **"The Women of St. Louis"** on page 280 of this issue, and send in your name to aid in this good work on behalf of our girls.

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A Liberal Offer of Beautiful Roses, including the most beautiful hardy climbing rose in existence, the **"Crimson Rambler."** handsome, well-rooted, hardy plants. Last year's offer was accepted by thousands and all were delighted. Your homes and flower made more beautiful at very trifling expense. A very small sum cures a wealth of Beauty and Fragrance which will last for months. The Rose is the most popular flower and every family should grow them in profusion. This is the finest collection of Roses ever offered as a Premium.

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an extensive treatise on bookkeeping and business methods. It tells about the best system of accounts ever devised, and explains how you can make more money and better your position in life. It also explains our guarantee offer enabling you to learn at home, in a few weeks, without loss of time, without having to pay a cent for tuition fees until you have been placed by us in a paying position. If you want a better position and an increased salary write for the book and full particulars to the **Commercial Correspondence Schools,** 331 C, Schools Buildings, **Rochester, N. Y.**

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We want everyone who has rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts, a wonderful external remedy which has brought more comfort into the United States than any internal remedy ever made. If they give relief, send us **One Dollar;** if not, don't send us a cent—**you decide.**

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Since I used the Drafts I walk without crutches. I do just what you claim.
ANNIE LEE GUNN, Augusta, A

I am much pleased with your cheap and simple remedy. I have found it to be just as you promised.
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I never found anything that would help me before trying your Drafts. JOHN WHITE, Grafton, Mi

I have suffered with rheumatism for the past 20 years, but Magic Foot Drafts have entirely relieved me. I have felt no pain since using them.
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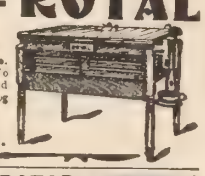

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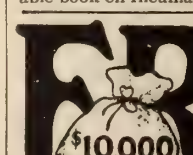

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IF I did not have the ability and facilities to sell your property, I certainly could not afford to pay for this advertisement. Like my hundreds of other ads. that are continually appearing throughout the country, it is practically sure to place on my list a number of new properties, and I am just as sure to sell these properties and make enough money in commissions to pay the cost of the ad. and make a good profit besides.

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Why not put your property among the number that will be listed and sold as a result of this ad.? For eight years I have been making quick sales for hundreds of people in every section of the country, and I am confident that I can make a quick sale for you.

I do not handle any of the side lines usually carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I do not make any money through renting, conveyancing, mortgages, insurance, etc. I MUST SELL real estate—and lots of it—or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I expect to sell more than twice as many properties this year as I did during 1903.

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It doesn't matter what kind of a property you have; it doesn't matter whether it is worth $100 or $100,000, or in what town, city, state or territory it is located, if you will send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert it into cash, and will give you my complete plan for handling it, together with a letter of advice

FREE OF CHARGE

The information I will give will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. Write to-day or fill out and mail to me the left-hand coupon.

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, tell me just what you want. I believe I can fill your requirements very promptly and save you some money at the same time. Use right hand coupon.

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W. M. OSTRANDER,

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Please send without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of.....

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in the town or city of.....

County of.....*and State of*.....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property.....

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Name .....

Address .....

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With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property.....

Size..... *State*.....

City or County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay .....*down, and the balance*.....

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Name .....

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A Matchless Complexion are Inseparable Companions.

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Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1904

VOL. 27—NO. 14. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

Russia's Empress Inspecting the First Hospital Train For the Far East

Questions & Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

Subscriber, Blowenburgh, N. J. What did Christ mean by telling a man (Matt. 8: 22) to let the dead bury their dead?

Jesus had bidden the man follow him, and he had replied with asking leave first to go and bury his father. It was giving precedence to family affairs. The man's first duty after being awakened was obedience to Christ. Oriental funerals were very elaborate affairs, and the man would be brought in contact with relatives and neighbors whose influence would be detrimental to him. There were, as Christ implied, many who could attend to the duty of burying the dead. The spiritually dead to bury the physical dead. But this man, having come under Christ's influence, ought to give him the paramount place and not suffer any other duty to draw him away. If Christ were on earth now, what should we think of a man who gave up the privilege of listening to him to attend a funeral?

Student, New York. Do certain woods have an affinity or a repugnance for each other? Please name some that are antagonistic.

The only instances we know of are walnut and cypress, or cedar and cypress. When joined together, it is said, they rot; but the decay ceases when they are separated. Some practical carpenter or cabinet-maker will doubtless be able to inform you regarding others.

Inquirer, Richmond, Va. Is there any harm in attending spiritual seances? I have friends who have learned important facts from mediums, and there are some things I want to know which might be revealed to me if I went to them, but I am not sure it is right.

You should stay away. The prophet who wrote long ago to his people: "When they say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? To the law and to the testimony," would give you the same counsel. There are some facts in Spiritualism which science is now seeking to understand and important clues have been obtained, but at present its pretended revelations are foolish and misleading. You would gain nothing reliable by consulting a medium and you would inevitably suffer, as others have done, alienation from God and be subject to dangerous temptations. Ask God's guidance in the affairs of life and do your duty according to your conscience, leaving the occult severely alone.

A New Haven Reader sends us an account of a bull-fight at Juarez, Mexico, just across the border from El Paso, Tex., in which Cuco, a famous matador, was gored to death by an infuriated bull in the presence of a "select audience." The account adds:

Women fainted and left the arenas, but several men applauded the act. Cuco was covered with one of the banderillas and carried from the ring. Two consumptives were seized with hemorrhages at the sight and were taken from the arena. Among the spectators were five hundred American women.

Five hundred American women witnessing such a sight! The thing seems incredible. Truly, as our New Haven friend remarks, "it is about time for China to send us some missionaries."

P. V. F., Washington. 1. A friend insists that whosoever breaks the least of God's commands, will be punished just the same as a murderer or a thief. Is that so? 2. The Bible tells us to speak well of all men. Would I be breaking that command, if, in reply to a person's question, I stated what I knew of another, with the object of saving the questioner from being corrupted by association with the person about whom she inquires?

1. Every sin works out its own punishment. The view of God as a judge or king, meting out penalties proportioned to the enormity of the sin, scarcely accords with the teaching of the Bible. The soul that loves sin and is steeped in it, is naturally excluded from his presence. It is the pure in heart who see God. No details are given in the Bible as to the degrees of punishment, but we can imagine that the remorse, which must torture the impenitent, is affected by the character of the sin. The chief and overwhelming distress must arise from the fact, that forgiveness was offered through Christ, and was not accepted. 2. If you are perfectly sure of your facts, it is your duty to put the questioner on her guard. You are not justified in withholding knowledge which may protect her from danger.

Miss Maud A. Where is Macedonia located and to what nation does it belong?

It is not now geographically known as Macedonia, but is divided into several districts or vilayets, including Monastir, Adrianople and Salonica. It is the southwestern part of European Turkey, and lies immediately north of Greece.

Church Member, Portland, Me. Is a church justified in holding a bazaar to raise money for a debt on its building?

There are many objections to the method, and it frequently causes friction and chagrin; but there is nothing wrong in it when it does not include the grab-bag and other practices of that kind. If a lady purchases material and puts her work upon it and gives it to a bazaar to be sold, her gift brings more money than that she expends, and perhaps more than she could afford to contribute. She gives money plus labor, and so is doing more than if she gave money alone.

L. R. O., Fort Jackson, N. Y. Many are anxious to know what has become of Col Holland. Was he killed with Mrs. Booth-Tucker?

No. He was badly injured, but is now recovering, and will resume his work in charge of the Salvation Army colonies.

S. W. C., Middletown, N. Y. Where can I find the verses, one of which is (in part, if not the whole):

> Could I with ink the ocean fill,
> And every blade of grass a quill;
> To tell the love of God for man,
> Would drain the ocean dry?

Possibly some of our readers may be able to supply the desired information.

W. J. T., Portage, Wash. What is the origin of and the authority for giving ministers of the Gospel the title of "Reverend?"

It is simply a title prefixed by courtesy to the name of any clergyman, and now sanctioned by long usage. It is also sanctioned in an official sense by the Church of England, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Catholic Church, which give the title to ecclesiastics of the second and third orders.

Ida M., Bendersville, Pa. What is the Spooner Act, and when was it made a law?

The Spooner Act is the law for the construction of an Interoceanic Canal. It was passed June 28, 1902, by the Fifty-seventh Congress, and was so-called in the newspapers, because Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, presented it as a compromise between the Panama and the Nicaragua advocates. The Act authorized the President to enter into treaty with Colombia for the building of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama; it being provided that in the event of failure to secure such treaty, after the lapse of a reasonable time, recourse should be had to building a canal through Nicaragua.
Washington, D. C. CHARLES M. PEPPER.

R. S. H., Lyons, Neb. Is God liable to lead into temptation? If not, why did Christ teach us to pray that he would not?

Dean Alford's rendering: "Abandon us not in temptation," is nearer the accurate rendering of the phrase. God never tempts anyone, though when a man is conceited and self-confident, he may permit him to find, by sorrowful experience, how weak he is without divine help. Peter's boast that, though all men forsook Christ, yet he would not, may, in God's providence, have led to his trial. He needed to be taught the lesson of self-distrust.

Reader. May a matter of dispute regarding ownership of property be carried to court for final settlement, after the Bible rule has been carried out?

The Gospel rule is set down very clearly in I. Cor. 6:6-7; Matt. 5:25 and 40, and other passages. You must either take that counsel or reject it.

M. E. S., Philadelphia, Pa. Did not Christ's command, "Resist not evil," mean that we have no right to fight the saloon and the gambling resort, but leave them to be dealt with in God's own time?

No, that does not by any means appear to have been his meaning. We infer from the context that it was rather to personal wrongs that he referred. His own example shows this. He submitted to arrest, and scourging, and crucifixion; but he used a whip to clear the temple of its desecrators. His denunciation of men who devoured widows' hou and of other offenders, was not lacking vigor. We have a right, following his ex ple, to resist and strive to suppress evils are injuring the people and disgracing nation.

Edward A. P., Hatherly, Mass. I enclose a cut from one of our local papers (the Rock *Independent*). The marked item is in with Mrs. Sangster's item in THE CHRIST HERALD of March 23. The clipping reac follows:

> A WARNING
>
> I have credible information that a compa has been formed with a capital of $100,000 for t purpose of enticing girls and women to St. Lo next summer for the basest uses. There is but way of safety. Let no woman of any age answ any advertisement calling for women to come the There can be but one reason for such an advert ment, and that the wickedest possible. There w be no call for legitimate employment but can met by those in the vicinity. The more taki advertisement the more sure the snare. Answ none of them on your life.

Mrs. Sangster's Blue Badge Committe operating, in conjunction with the good Cl tian ladies of St. Louis, to baffle this nefari scheme, and will doubtless succeed. She vites the co-operation of readers of this pa in every city, town and village—mothers, ters, and daughters. Let them send her t names for enrolment as Local Blue Ba Committees, and she will forward to them necessary information as to local organiza and the work to be done. Address her, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible Ho New York.

Helen F., Sag Harbor, N. Y. Where are the called "Lost Rivers?"

There are many of them. Arizona has Florida has several; Kentucky has one wh appears and disappears in the Mamm Cave; Belgium has the river Lys, which si out of sight for a full mile; the Meuse France, runs below ground for six miles; the Dromme, in Normandy, vanishes near seacoast.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be opened until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *Capital Stories*, by American authors, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all letters in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE NO. II.

A SAILING vessel on the way to an eastern land, was becalmed near a cannibal island, and was slowly drifting toward the shore. The captain asked one of the passengers to pray for wind. "I will," was the reply, "provided you set sails to catch the breeze." It seemed mere folly to set sails in a dead calm, but the passenger insisted, and the sails were set. Not long after, the captain knocked at the door of the passenger's room and asked: "Are you still praying for wind?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, stop praying," said the captain, "for we have more wind than we can manage." Before the ship had drifted to the shore a strong wind had struck the sails, the course was changed, and they were saved. The passenger, who has been for several years an influential missionary, says the promises of the Bible are real to him, and that prayer is transacting business with God.

? ***Who was the missionary, and in what country has he spent his life*** ?

Miscellaneous

Mrs. E. L., San Bernardino, Calif. We can t give space to the subject at present.

Inquirer, Philadelphia. We do not know e authorship of the hymns in question.

D. B., Toledo, O. Probably from Shem, but s impossible to make the assertion positively.

E. E. W., Parker, Md. It is in the nature a lottery, and is very likely a violation of law.

J. M. R. Russian sympathy in 1861 was beli d to be with the North, British sympathy with e South.

P. B., Knowles, Calif. We have already n several occasions answered inquiries on the s e subject.

Inquirer, Paterson, N. J. 920,000 immigr s arrived in the United States during the year en g June 30, 1902.

D. Underwood, New Bedford, Mass. Read e article on the Transforming Power on ano r page of this journal.

Mary L. D. K., Sacramento, Calif. We are t conversant with Chinese stenography. Writ o China Inland Mission, Toronto, Can.

D. G. W. M., Reading, Pa. The autobiogra y of the famous missionary, John G. Paton, is lished by F. H. Revell Co., New York.

J. P. N., Topeka, Kan. Consanguinity or b d kinship is the only objection to cousins marry It is said to frequently result in degenerate spring.

J. J. S., Crook, Colo. In so far as you patro e him, you help to support an evil which you are tinually fighting against in other directions. W be inconsistent?

Reader, Toronto. Your request is received, has been sent to the prayer meeting of the Bo y Mission, according to our rule, in cases when o name or address is given.

Mrs. A. J. S., Saratoga, N. Y. Canada is in ing immigration, and we believe if you wrot some Canadian newspaper or immigration ag you could find a way out of the difficulty.

Caroline P., Greenville, Ill. The narrow or s t gate typifies the gate of difficulty, persecu , obloquy, and a thousand other obstacles, thro h which many often have to pass who strive to le a true Christian life in this world.

The Bowery Mission Breakfas

Would you like to know more about e work of the Bowery Mission, and the E y Morning Breakfast? Send to THE CH TIAN HERALD for our leaflet.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A DOORWAY GROUP IN LA PAZ

THE TRAVELING BAKER

ARRIVAL OF THE DILIGENCE

The City Above the Clouds

A VISIT TO LA PAZ, THE "ROOF OF THE CONTINENT"

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

CAN you conceive of a traveler sitting on the deck of a steamboat and enjoying a journey, which lasts from sunrise to sunset, on a body of water two miles higher than the level of the ocean? Lakes above the clouds are not unknown in Europe, or along our own Pacific coast, but in South America, among other wonders of nature, is a great inland sea, which has been placed upon the very roof of the continent, 12,540 feet by actual measurement, above ocean level. Lake Titicaca is over 100 miles in length, contains over 3,000 square miles of navigable water, and a fleet of vessels almost large enough to go across the Atlantic with safety, ply upon its waters. These vessels were put together on the shores of the lake, their hulls and machinery being brought to South America, being built by European and American workmen, unloaded at Mollendo, the seaport of Peru, and carried by rail to Arequipa, 107 miles back in the country. Thence they were taken piecemeal to the port of Puno, 200 miles further, there to be completed and placed in commission.

This lake across the great Bolivian Plateau, to La Paz, "the Wonderful City," as it is called by the Indians. La Paz is both the capital and the metropolis of Bolivia, and the chief city of the department of the same name. It is the principal market for the plateau, which is an empire in itself, being no less than 600 miles in length and 150 miles in width. Yet, every part of it can be called cloudland, for the lowest portion is at least 13,000 feet above the waters of the Pacific. Were it not for the lake, much of it would be trackless and almost impassable desert.

Arriving at La Paz, one feels compensated for the length of the journey from the seacoast, although on the slowly-moving railroad trains and in crossing Lake Titicaca, usually two days at least are required, to say nothing of the part of the journey by *diligence*. The vehicle moves along the mountain roads at a snail's pace; but here and there one sees vistas of some of the grandest mountain scenery of the globe, which partly makes up for the discomfort.

Probably no other city in the world is as completely isolated as La Paz; yet it is one of the most active communities in South America, doing a business that is surprising in its dimensions, when it is remembered that the bulk of the traffic is borne on the back of that camel of South America, the lama. There are in La Paza not only pretentious stores, where silks and laces from London, Paris and New York can be purchased, but canned food from the Western packing-houses, mining and other machinery, as well as electrical equipment made in the States, and even European furniture, which has come around Cape Horn and been carried ten thousand miles from the factory where it was made.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

La Paz is like many other cities of South America, with narrow streets and stone-walled dwellings, but it has a boulevard that would be a credit to any community in the world.

This is the famous thoroughfare, the Alameda, where the fashion of the town gathers in the evening hours to promenade. Towering above are mountain peaks two miles higher than the city itself, and over four miles above sea level. Some of the mightiest mountains of the globe surround the Bolivian Plateau. This is why the climate of La Paz, during the greater portion of the year, is agreeable and healthful.

La Paz may be called the Athens of South America, for it has institutions of learning which are among the oldest and most noted on the continent. Among the 75,000 inhabitants are many Indians and half-breeds. Although the majority are anything but attractive in appearance, occasionally one sees features of such intelligence and actual beauty that it is not hard to believe that here is a descendant of the ancient race who founded a civilization hundreds of years before the European set foot in this region.

Extensive ruins are still to be seen on the peninsula, as well as on the "Islands of the Sun and Moon," in the lake itself. There are hundreds of miles of shore where the white man does not venture, as it consists of immense marshes of grass, traversed by waterways which are known only to the Aymara Indians who inhabit it. To be lost in the swamp means death to the European, as it is so unhealthful. The Indians who dwell here are descendants of tribes who allied with the Incas in fighting the Spaniards, and for over a century they remained unconquered in their natural stronghold. They are the builders of the famous grass boats which are used to navigate Lake Titicaca—the only craft of the kind in the world. The reedy grass is cut when green and pliable, formed tightly into long bundles, and these are fitted together as closely as the timbers of an ordinary wooden boat, so that these curious little vessels are water-tight, without the use of cement or any other compound. In these boats the Indians go from one part of the lake to another, and are expert sailors.

It has been said that the hidden wealth of the Incas is not buried in Peru, but somewhere about this plateau of Bolivia. Some of the richest gold deposits in the world are contained in the mountains which surround the plateau. The discovery of the precious metal was one of the reasons for constructing the railroad from Peru into the interior. As yet only a few of the richest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 311

A Broken Alabaster Box

A New Sermon by REV. FREDERICK F. SHARMON*

IN two of the most interesting scenes in the earthly life of our Lord, women are the chief actors. One was the memorable scene in the Temple, when the poor widow cast all her earthly treasure into the money chest. Because love was the impulse that drew them out of her hand, Christ has made the music of the poor widow's two mites ring through the ages. She has forever taken her place beside the immortals. And her place is a very lofty one. From that high summit she sheds blessing and inspiration upon the marching generations. Seated by her side is the woman of Bethany. Because love was the golden hammer with which she shattered the alabaster box, Christ also lifted her to a seat on the throne of immortality. On that imperial height she sits forever. Like some denizen of the skies, she draws our faces upward, touches them with the holy light of a great inspiration, and then starts us out anew with a noble purpose surging through the soul. Tender, beautiful, thoughtful woman, standing like an angel in the sun of memory, teaching us that in breaking love's alabaster, we are filling the world with an odor sweeter than that which filled the house of Simon!

REV. FREDERICK F. SHARMON

However beautiful the act of this woman may appear to us, remember that it did not appear so to those who witnessed it. Christ only, was capable of fully appreciating the deed. "There were some that had indignation among themselves." While some were indignant, he was beautifully tender; while some were crying out against this waste, he found a text for a sermon whose eloquence and beauty will never die. While some, with the glitter of gold in their eye, saw only an act of utilitarian value, he saw an aureole of worship encircling her soul. Let us remember this, for what he saw and what others saw, measures the distance between Christ and Judas.

The World's Debt to Woman

Our text brings us to a consideration, first, of the breaker of the alabaster: "There came a woman." What histories, what revolutions, what tragedies, what lyrics, what destinies are compressed within those words of the Gospel minstrel! There came a woman, and ninety-nine out of every hundred volumes of history in the world are written. There came a woman, and the world's master pictures are painted. There came a woman, and the world's great fiction is written. There came a woman, and the world's great poems are penned. There came a woman, and the world's great songs are sung. There came a woman, and the world's great reforms are begun. There came a woman, and Shakespeare writes his first sonnet. There came a woman, and Benjamin West paints his first picture. There came a woman, and Victor Hugo writes his first romance. There came a woman, and Charles Lamb discovers his best friend. There came a woman, and Robert Browning creates his noblest poetry. There came a woman, and Michael Angelo thinks he has seen the face of an angel. There came a woman, and—

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is the battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

There came a woman, and there is emptied on the head of the Son of God, the ointment whose odor is a symbol of woman's love and devotion, which have perfumed the centuries. Yes; there came a woman—not a man: the act were too fine and high for him!

Over against the coming of this woman, set Christ's view of her act. In a company cursed by a chronic grumbler, he would not permit her devotion to be marred. No sooner had the words of the critic broken in upon this symphony of worship, than he said, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her She hath wrought a good work on me." Like a master musician silencing a discordant player, Christ puts a lock on the lips of this apostolic critic. There are times when the soul rides skyward in the chariot of adoration, keeping worshipful tryst with its Saviour on the Mount of Silence. What a blessed, holy hour! Then the spirit hides in the heart of its Creator as silently as a drop of dew slides into the cup of a violet. If we catch the tender rhythm of angelic minstrelsies, so much the better. Then do we know Christ walks among the soul's seven golden candlesticks of love. There, alone and untroubled, shall be wrought our good work of worship. There shall we break our alabaster of love.

A Service Immortalized

Moreover, while Judas could find only something to criticize, Christ found that this breaker of the alabaster had made the most of her opportunity. "She hath done what she could." Those are words to be cut on the monument of one in a million. How little men make of their opportunity of doing what they can. We have heard the story of the sculptor showing a visitor his studio. Coming upon a curious figure in marble, the face was concealed by hair, and there were wings on his feet. "What is his name?" said the visitor. "Opportunity," answered the sculptor. "Why is his face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings on his feet?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone, can never be overtaken." And into life's studio this fleeting angel named Opportunity is ever coming. Happy the being of whom this messenger may say, after returning to the skies whence it came, "He hath done what he could."

But Christ was not content with merely setting his stamp of approval upon this woman's deed. As indicated at the outset, he immortalized her. "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." To-day this deed is recited in three hundred and fifty languages. The centuries have not made it trite or commonplace. Lending a new beauty to the world's art, it has not failed to give a new meaning to the world's worship. The heart's aroma is drawn out by this tender and lovely act. It tells us that good deeds are the coin with which to purchase a place in heaven's hall of fame. A good deed will outlast the stars. Written down by angelic penmen, it will shine upon the lustrous pages of the Book of Life forever and ever. Out of the Orient there comes a lesson worth remembering. Two brothers, Ahmed and Omar, wished to perform a deed which would bring them immortal renown. With wedge and rope, Omar lifted a great obelisk, which was carved over with beautiful sculpturing. With profounder wisdom, Ahmed digged a well in the desert, planted tall date-palms around it, making a delightful shade for the weary pilgrim. O, dig the well of hope to-day. Dig the well of joy to-day. Plant the good seed to-day. Resting under the cooling branches which spring from your sowing, coming generations shall rise up to call you blessed, long after marble obelisks, pounded into powder by the trip-hammer of Time, have been carried away on the wings of the wind!

Precious Ointment

In the next place, my text reveals the contents of the alabaster, "Having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious." The ointment in Christ's time was worth about $50. But, like the deed itself, it has grown more precious with the years, until to-day its value would be nearly $400. Indeed, if we compare it with the attar of roses, made in Hindustan, it would amount to a much larger sum. It requires 400,000 full-grown roses to make a single ounce, selling in England "as high as $100 an ounce, or $1,200 for as much as Mary's pound of spikenard." Horace promised Virgil thirty-six quarts of wine for a small onyx box of spikenard. So precious was it that Cambyses included it among the gifts sent to the Ethiopians. But I am not so much interested in its financial value, then or now, as I am in the fact that it represented the spirit of Mary. She gave the best she had. The odor that filled Simon's house was not half so sweet as the spirit that filled Mary's heart. She considered nothing too good for her Lord. Some folks imagine that religion is a kind of rubbish heap whereon they may pile the stuff they can't use. When I hear the rag-man coming through the alley yelling "Rags, Rags, Rags!" he is only repeating some people's estimate of religion. Not so with Mary. The best she had was not too good for her Lord and Master.

Shortly after the death of Phillips Brooks, his oldest brother said to Dr. McVickar: "Phillips might have saved himself, and so prolonged his life. Others do; but he was always giving himself to any who wanted him." Dr. McVickar answered: "Yes, indeed, he might have saved himself, but in doing so, he would not have been Phillips Brooks. The glory of his l... was that he did not save himself." Ah! the glory ... any life is that it does not save itself. Did not Phill... Brooks' brother unconsciously reveal the hidings ... the great preacher's power, when he said: "He v... always giving himself to any who wanted him?" L... Mary, Bishop Brooks gave the best he had to God a... humanity, and that is why the fragrance of his life ... filled two continents with its sweetness.

Giving Life's Best

Think of the philosophy of Mary's act. Giving ... best we have, we get the best God has. We mi... sweep all the treasures of the soul around the feet ... God; we might send all the heart's love in tides of w... ship up to him; we might enlist the best of our exp... ence and intelligence in loving, loyal service until ... calls us home, and still we would have to confess t... we are unprofitable servants. Even the stars are ... pure in his sight. He chargeth his angels with fo... and our righteousness is as filthy rags. God's poor ... is infinitely better than our best.

Go wing your flight from star to star,
From shining world to shining world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming walls.
Count the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each by thousands of years—
One moment in heaven is worth them all.

Mary not only gave the best she had, she gave ... she had. She didn't let the ointment drip out drop ... drop. She literally poured it out. She smashed ... neck of the alabaster that its contents might flow ... like the love in her heart. O, the lavishness of lo... Turning a miser into a spendthrift, it also transfigu... the affections with spiritual beauty. When Andro... che said to Hector, "My hero, thy great heart will w... thee out," she meant that the love currents, pent up ... his bosom, rushed forth with a wild and fiery ene... that were destroying him. But let human love be fi... with the divine, and pain and drudgery are forgot... in the joy of coming triumph. That explains Da... Livingstone. Here is this modern edition of Sa... Paul, brokenhearted, weary, and gaunt, from suffer... in the African forests. There he sits by the side o... rude bed formed of boxes, upon which lay his d... wife. Stunned with grief, and weeping like a ch... was this hero who dared death, and toyed with dang... when the death angel slew his companion. Wha... wail was that that rent the African midnight: "Oh, ... Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a q... home, since you and I were cast adrift!" But such ... his love for the Man of Calvary that he choked b... his grief, going bravely forward and pouring him... out in the energy and lavishness of love for the ensla... millions. Livingstone gave all he had, Mary gave ... she had, and both have spanned the ages yet to be w... the glory of their sacrifice.

Perfected by Suffering

Mary also had a beautiful method of expressing ... love. Much depends upon the way things are do... Manner ofttimes proclaims the man. Judas had no l... to express, so he growled. Mary had much love, a... therefore, she expressed it beautifully. Our religion ... made attractive or repulsive as it finds expression ... our lives. I spent a morning tramping through Gen... looking for the spot where Servetus was burnt. ... reward was not a very high admiration for some of ... religion of that day. The old Tower in London may ... interesting as history, but the religious gloom it sh... upon one is appalling. Notwithstanding the ma... bright and golden testimonies cut by prisoners upon ... walls, I could not help feeling that a grim and ghas... spirit stalked through that dark era, dealing out de... and wasting despair in the name of religion. It was ... toxicating to wake up to the glad realization that we ... some centuries removed from that age. But a no... religion, made of fustian and bombast, is no more co... mendable than a religion that dwells among the tom... The secret of living a religion whose expression is sa... inspiring, and at the same time beautiful, is the sec... of Jesus Christ. Our world lays claim to nothing ... splendid as his rounded wholesomeness. He is ... soul's ideal and Master. He alone can draw out ... life in an expression that is attractive with spirit ... music.

By no means the least important of the conside... tions presented by the text is the broken alabaste... "And she brake the box, and poured it on his hea... Unbroken, the box would have concealed its odo... Uncrushed, the quartz yields not its gold. Unbruis... the flower holds its richest fragrance. What an un... plored ministry there is in the broken things of life! ... friend was telling me of a singer with a wonderful voi... Receiving the best culture her own land afforded, s... traveled in foreign lands in quest of the training of ... great masters. Years of faithful toil and vast su... were spent in an effort to make her voice reach its ... most possibilities. At last she returned home to ma... her debut. Perfect in technique, tender in pathos, r...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* Pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Harrisburg, Pa., from the text, Mark 14: 3: "There came a woman, having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head."

TRAVELING BY DOG-SLEDGES ON THE YUKON

A HALTING-PLACE ON THE JOURNEY

Along the "Great White Way"

THIS winter has been in many respects a remarkable one. While many parts of the American Continent have experienced a long season of almost unprecedented severity, with a succession of snowstorms and low temperatures, Alaska has had a winter equally remarkable for its absence of snow. Up to a late date in December very little snow had fallen, and though the rivers were tightly frozen, the scarcity of snow made the usual winter travel on sledges dangerous and in many places almost impossible.

To reach the heart of Alaska, many ways have been devised for carrying passengers as well as supplies. A railroad which is the nearest band of steel to the North Pole, has been constructed through a portion of the territory for a distance of 111 miles, by English engineers, but it can only be utilized for reaching the few towns it thus connects. The people of Alaska have not only beasts of burden to carry food and often fuel at times, distances of over a hundred miles, but thousands of those who have ventured into this region in search of wealth have climbed mountains, crossed rivers, and journeyed in some instances fully 500 miles, drawing their bundles of supplies on boards or rude sledges, and sometimes packed upon their backs.

In the territory is located one of the most unique highways in the world, where one meets men of nearly every nationality, most of them drawn to this region in the hope of obtaining wealth. It is a great avenue, no less than 350 miles in length. Only for a short time during the year is the Yukon free from ice, so that boats can be navigated upon it. Even then navigation is dangerous. Frequently snowstorms cover its surface with a crust which usually offers a firm footing both to man and beast. For six or eight months it becomes the main route between Dawson and White Horse, and upon its white surface of solid, unyielding ice, thousands of people and beasts of burden pass to and fro.

WINTER TRAVEL ON THE YUKON, ALASKA'S FROZEN HIGHWAY

One frequently encounters strings of three, six or a dozen dogs harnessed to freight sledges, guided solely by the crack of the driver's whip. The journey is a long and weary one, and some who attempt it on foot never reach their destination, but perish on the way of cold and hunger. The river is sometimes swept by high winds, accompanied by snowstorms which form drifts ten and twenty feet deep, burying man and animal unless they are so fortunate as to secure shelter of some patch of woodland on the banks. Here and there a little settlement of a few huts has sprung up, but the shore for sometimes a hundred miles is a desolate wilderness. Upon this icy roadway the longest stage route in the world for passengers and freight has been established between White Horse and Dawson. Each sleigh seats twelve people, but sometimes passengers engage seats on the floor, where they are warmer. At the back end of the sleigh is a platform for boxes and luggage. They are drawn by four or six horses, and if the going is fairly good, a run of thirty miles can be made in one day. Some relay stations are built directly on the ice, and contain stalls for ten or twelve horses, a dining-room, and kitchen. The time required for the whole trip is usually five days, and the animals are kept at a steady gallop where the surface will permit it. Nearly every sleigh which leaves the terminus in winter has now some female passengers.

Railroad building in Alaska makes haste slowly. Construction is proceeding in several parts of the Seward peninsula, and other roads are projected which will unite busy settlements that are now wholly isolated in winter. Of course such work is necessarily slow in Alaska.

A BROKEN ALABASTER BOX

Continued from Preceding Page

melody, strong in volume, the singer's voice enchained like a siren. After the programme had been rendered, and her praises were on every lip, a great musician was noted among the throng. Eager to hear his opinion, a friend rushed up to him and said, "O, isn't she wonderful—isn't she wonderful?" "Yes," the musician answered in a quiet voice, "she is wonderful; but she lacks just one thing to make her more wonderful." "And what is that?" "She lacks a broken heart." O, the mystery of the gospel of broken things, and yet the glory of it!

What a commentary on the gospel of broken things is that book of Victor Hugo on William Shakespeare. While it is the greatest tribute genius ever paid to genius, it is also packed with philosophic reflections of great wisdom and beauty. Over forty centuries ago the gospel of broken things began to be preached on a dunghill. "The whole poem of Job," says Hugo, "is the development of this idea—the greatest that may be found at the bottom of the pit. Job is more majestic when unfortunate than when prosperous. The dunghill of Job, transfigured, will become the Calvary of Jesus. Sorrow leads logically to God. The men of genius form a dynasty. They wear all the crowns, even that of thorns." What a tremendous picture is this of Dante: "Where all else ends. Dante begins." Here is Homer, the first song-bird in the morning of civilization, wandering from city to city, with nowhere to lay his head. But into "the vast azure of his mind" drifted all the glory of those ancient days. "When I read Homer," said Michael Angelo, "I look at myself to see if I am not twenty feet in height." Others have made the same mistake. Here is Isaiah, "who seems placed above humanity, and resembles a rumbling of continual thunder. He is the great reproacher. His style, a kind of nocturnal cloud, is lighted up with images which suddenly empurple all the depths of his obscure thought, and make us exclaim, 'It lightens!'" Here is Ezekiel, peering forth from his flowing robes of mystery. His voice rolls like thunder and his pen blazes with lightnings. "Never," says Hugo, "has grander language been spoken by any man of any race, never more extraordinary."

From the beginning, Job, and Homer, and Dante, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel have "learned in suffering what they taught in song. Well does the Great Sculptor know that the heart of stone has to be broken before it can make way for the heart of flesh. The adornment of St. Mark's was possible only through spoils brought from many lands. Wandering through this palace of treasures, the visitor comes upon a serpentine slab from Egypt, a marble column from Syria, a porphyry stone from Greece. So also the soul gathers its spoil from many lands, but from not one does it bring richer treasure than from the Land of Sorrow.

Whatever else we learn from our study, let us not forget that Mary broke her box on the living, not the dead. Dead men neither smell, nor see, nor taste. What nonsense is this canonization of Joan of Arc by the Roman Church. When the pure, white martyr maid went up in her chariot of flames, she passed beyond the reach of earth's withheld kindnesses. When Roman priests and English foes were torturing her in that trial of mockery and shame—that was the hour of her need of ministering hands. But not one single box of alabaster was broken that its ointment might heal her wounded, bleeding heart. O, the shame of it, the shame of it!

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!
Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

The CURE of MIRANDY

By MARY LOWE DICKINSON

IT was a sunny room in a low, square brick house, just on the outskirts of a New England country town. It was morning. It was June. Vines crept to the rafters and swayed in the wind. Roses clambered over the porch. Half a mile away in the main street of Fallberg, between a drygoods store and a tin shop, stood another low brick building, with no porch and no vines and no roses. Over its door-way hung a black, gilt-lettered sign—"Robert Moore, M.D." Behind the door a little office; behind the office a tiny sitting-room and bedroom. On the wall of the office, books, and a diploma in a frame. On the walls of the bedroom, more books and a white-haired lady, also in a frame.

From brick office to brick homestead, a long, straight, dusty road. Down it, on this June morning, shambled Aaron, "Aunt Miranda's hired man," and back with him, shortly after, went the Doctor, for Aunt Miranda was having, as Aaron expressed it, "a sort of a kind of a spell."

It was an ill-matched pair of shadows that they cast by the roadside as they went—the straight young Doctor in his summer suit, and Aaron, whose bent shoulders lifted his blue smock frock until it showed behind the "galluses," that gave his yellow nankeen "overalls" a hang and hitch peculiarly their own.

"Sorry, Aaron, but my horse cast a shoe and is round at the blacksmith's. I fancy I can save time by walking."

"Wa'al, jest as you'd ruther. I can edge along putty consid'ble spry, and when I was your age, I used to calklate that I could git to teown 'bout's quick's I could hitch up. Besides, I d'know's there's any such tearin' hurry. Ef 'twant for scarin' and worrin' Mildred, I'd jest try lettin' Aunt Mirandy be. But Mildred, she's jest as much afraid the old lady's goin' to go off the next spell's ef she hadn't lived through t'other, but I've an idee that she'll live to worry Mildred into her grave;" and the old man gave the Doctor an anxious look from under his shaggy brows.

"No, no, not so bad as that. We mustn't let that happen. We must cure her. And where a nurse is so fond of a patient as Miss Worth is of her aunt, nursing is not so hard."

"Yes, yes, Mildred is fond of her, and naterally enough. She come right here when Mildred's father and mother died, and while she was a speck of a girl she kind of mothered her; but nowadays the motherin's all on t'other side."

"But what could have made such a change, Aaron?" asked the Doctor.

"Wa'al, the good Lord only knows. S'pose 'twas that tarnal old gray mare that begun it."

The Doctor looked surprised.

"Yes, 'twas," said Aaron decidedly, "and she always blamed me fer it, too."

"Who blamed you? The mare?"

"No; Aunt Mirandy. You see, Aunt Mirandy was real kinder chirpy and high-steppin' in them days. Consid'ble style about her, and Sundays she used to like to roll round the curve and jest sort er sweep up to the meetin' house, and I knew that jest as well's ef she said so; and one Sunday mornin' I see Deacon Fosdick on the church steps. He was a widderer them days, and I used to reckon that ef he hadn't been so all-fired bald-headed, that mebby Mirandy would 'a hed him; but mebby again she wouldn't. But when I see him I jest give the gray mare a lick, and she went round that curve by the monermint, the one that says, 'Here lies the dead, that fit and bled,' like a whole tearin' circus. But darned ef the breechin' didn't break, and jest as we was comin' up with a spurt, we went whizzin' out ef that wagon like all possessed."

The Doctor's amused look changed to one of attention. "Spine injured; nervous shock!" he muttered, under his breath.

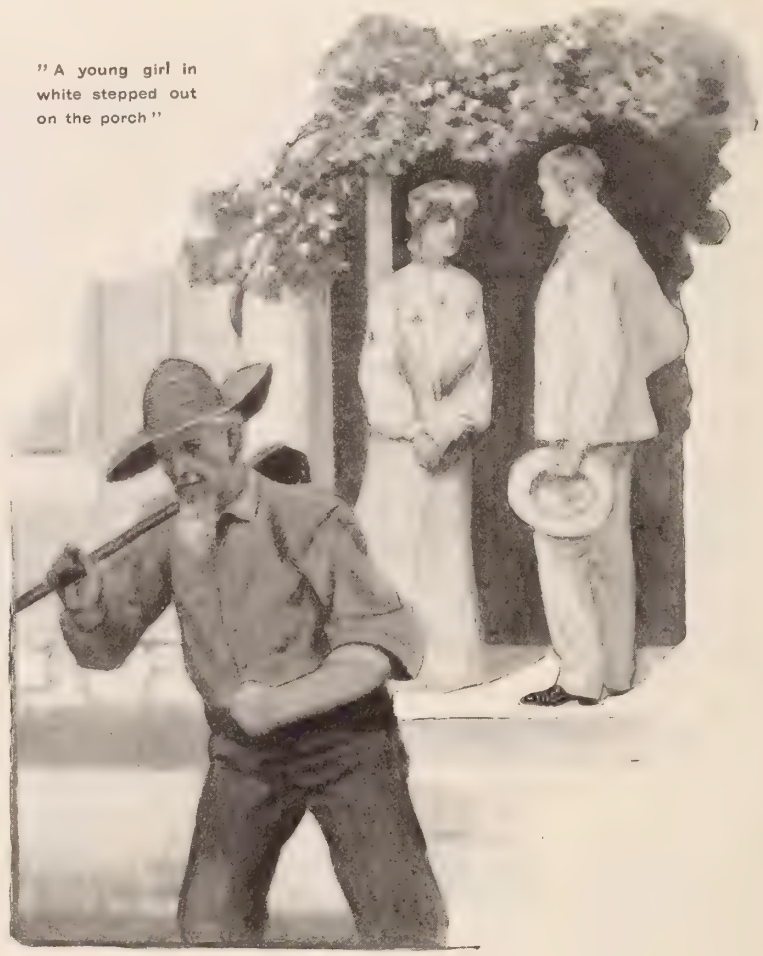
"Wa'al, mebby so," said Aaron, calmly, "but the heft of the shock seemed to come on her bunnit and a new yaller parasol that she set great store by. Them two saved her life, though some folks did say they lost her the deacon. Ye see, she jest pitched, head fust, into that canary-colored umberell, and it busted and let the tail feathers of that 'ere summer bunnit clean through the hole, and when they set her up on the ground with that yaller thing shet down like a soup-plate round her face, she was about the maddest and mortifidest creeter ye ever see."

"But were you not hurt? The wonder is, that you escaped with your lives."

"Wa'al, the wagon, that was purty well smashed, and the old gray mare, she gin eout completely arter that, and Mirandy—well, Mirandy's spine got a yank, so the doctors said, but it seemed to me's ef her disposition suffered mor'n anythin' else. From that time she began to hev what I call tantrums, sech kinks in her idees as took all Mildred's goodness to unsnarl. She kinder acted's ef the Lord had wound up the univarse and set it runnin' jest to spite her. Didn't nothin' go right, and the harder ye tried, the more it didn't suit. She talked as ef I had licked that 'ere mare jest a-purpose to leave her onto the meetin' house steps. 'Sef I'd resk my neck and kill the mare and break my bones to spite her."

"Break your bones? Were you injured then?"

"Wa'al, nothin' to speak of—nothin' to mind. Jest one leg and t'other arm, and a kind of general rackin' o' the rest o' the bones. Hain't never stood up straight sence, and it left a kind of a jerk in my walk; but then I manage to edge along and git over the greound, somehow; and that's what we're here fur, I reckon, to git over the greound, Lord knows. Easy enough to go to bed and have a spell, and have Miss Mildred runnin' with plasters and poultices and gruel, and she'd do it too, for a poor, old, hired man as quick's she would for Mirandy; but me nor Nancy—that's my wife—we couldn't 'low it, as long as we could crawl."



"A young girl in white stepped out on the porch"

"Pity you couldn't have put some of your spirit into Miss Mirandy, Aaron."

"Wa'al, I hev kinder hinted round and tried to set her an example," said the old man, mildly. "Twa'n't my place to preach, but once I jist mentioned to the minister that I didn't see how anybody could be so 'tarnally twisted and exactin' ef they hadn't lost their religion, and I kinder let on, that up t'our house there was a chance for some seed-droppin'. And the minister, he jest happened to happen in often after that, and kinder talked and prayed reound Aunt Mirandy and at her, and how d'ye think she took it? Why one day she jest broke eout and told him she was much 'bleeged to him for tryin' to help Aaron—that's me—into a more believen' state; that she hed noticed that my infirmities was a-makin' of me kinder waspish and set in my ways."

There was hardly time for the smile on the Doctor's face to sober into professional gravity, when the door of the brick house opened and a young girl in white stepped out upon the porch, and shading her eyes with her hand, peered anxiously down the road. Another moment, and Aaron was left to "git over the greound" as best he might, and Dr. Moore was standing, hat in hand, gazing questioningly into Mildred's eyes.

"You are more than usually anxious, my darling," he said. "I could not come sooner. I had no horse."

"No, Robert, this attack is not worse than usual, but somehow I needed your help more. Auntie has come back from the springs, but—" the girl's voice broke and she turned her face away.

"But she has discovered that I love you. Is that it?" he said, tenderly drawing her within the shadow of the vines. "Well, except that it makes it harder for you, I should not be sorry. You know she will have to know sometime, and I thought it would be better to tell her at first. Do not be troubled. She will not think I have taken you from her, after she finds that I try as hard as you do to make her life happy."

"But she will not see you. She declares you have come here as her trusted physician, and have stolen away her child. She will never see you again."

"Then she did not send for me?"

"No, I did. She frightened me, Robert, with the violence of her feelings."

"She need not frighten you, beloved," Robert went on. "Aaron has been telling me something that helps me to understand her case. Believe me she can be cured, or if she is not"—and his face took an air of decision—"I shall see that my darling is taken beyond the power of her moods."

"Don't call them moods, Robert; she is really ill, and of course I could never leave her, and if she continues to dislike you, you could not come here. The homestead is hers. She has a right to say who shall be in it. Grandfather left it so that if one child died the other should have it, and all the years before this illness she was a real mother to me."

"But that is no reason why your whole life should be sacrificed to an unreasonable and hysterical old lady's whims. Come, let us go and beard the lion in her den"—and he put his arm lightly around her and entered the house.

In a pleasant room, whose vine-dow opened on that same vine-clad porch, reclining in an invalid chair, "the unreasonable and hysterical old lady" lay—a comely old woman, too, with bands of silver hair above a fretful brow.

"So you call them whims, do you?" was her greeting. "Well, I will excuse you from any further professional services, for I do not care to pay a doctor's bill for whims. I heard you! I hear you! No, don't answer me: go away, go away, both of you—out of my sight," she said, as Mildred moved toward her with outstretched arms; "out of my house, both, and at once. I will live and die alone!"

"Oh, Auntie," began Mildred, but the woman glared, while Robert put his arm around Mildred, and drew her gently out of the room. "Oh, Robert, let me go back. I must do something for her."

"There's nothing to be done just now. Your presence would only make her worse."

"Go out of my house, both of you; go at once where I can neither hear nor see you" came in angry tones through the half-shut door.

"Oh, Robert, if I only knew what was best to do!"

"Do what she tells you; come away! Be sure it will be the best thing you can do, both for her and for yourself and for me. Poor old soul! She is not bedridden."

"I jest see Parson Ferris ridin' down there past the gate," said Aaron, thrusting his head in at the door, "and I kinder beckoned to him to come up this way; didn't know but Aunt Mirandy or somebody might find comfortin' to see him."

Before the minister could dismount from his horse, Robert was at his side.

"I have feared for some time it would come to this," said the pastor, kindly, "and yet I don't like to advise."

"Don't advise then," said Robert, impetuously. "Mildred will consent. It is the only way in which I can get control of the nervous condition of her aunt."

Slowly the old man dismounted, and followed Robert into the house.

Twenty minutes later, Aaron called in at the kitchen door to Nancy, who had taken care of Miss Miranda's kitchen as long as Aaron had been her hired man.

"Put on a clean apron and slick up all you kin, in two minutes, not more, or Mildred'll change her mind

CONTINUED ON PAGE 318

CARRYING ANIMAL WOOL

DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS

A STREET IN LA PAZ

HOTEL HELP IN BOLIVIA

The City Above the Clouds

Continued from page 307

ns have been found, and the Indians know of many pre which they work secretly, for prospectors often cne across beds of streams high in the mountains, vere the natives were washing out what was practicly pure gold, with pans and other crude utensils. It iknown that many a lama which is driven into La Jz, loaded apparently with nothing but vegetables or vol, carries also sacks of gold-dust concealed in its pack, which the wily Indian exchanges for "strong water" and clothing—the precious metal coming from some deposit which he has discovered and kept secret.

How many millions of gold the lamas have borne out of these mountains cannot be estimated. The Spaniards used lamas not only in Peru, but in Bolivia, packing the ore through the passes. Although comparatively small animals (the largest seldom being over three feet in height), they are remarkably strong and sure-footed. They will carry on an average one hundred pounds to a load, although they are frequently overloaded and abused by their cruel masters. They are largely used by mine owners near La Paz to carry ore to the city, there to be shipped to the seacoast. A train of fifty or sixty lamas is a common sight in the streets.

THE BABIES' DRILL HOUR

T was at the Nursery and Child's Hospital, corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first street, New York, that I saw the babies drill.

I first visited the nursery, and while there was uch that was pathetic, much to make a true motherart ache, the little ones seemed, as a rule, very happy d contented, the exceptions being the sad-faced and ny-bodied little creatures, whose heritage of weakness d disease had already left its mark upon them. The jority of the babies were rolling about on the floor the bright, clean nursery, some of them making the st comical endeavors to get upon their feet; some re content to travel on all fours, while others toddled udly across the room to greet the visitors. They re all on the move, and not one was crying or even tting, although there was a very lively "scrap" going between a couple of year-olds, who were at variance er a much battered rag-doll.

Many of these babies are motherless, but they are all ving better care than they would receive in their poor mes, while those born in the Institution have the other-care which is their natural right, under the wise pervision of the matron.

The brightest, prettiest baby was a little Japanese rl, about eighteen months old. She can be recognized sily in the pictured babies below; such a sweet, autiful little creature. Her name is Yebera Ohnishi, e first is Japanese for Estelle, and the surname stands r "A Great Man."

Toddling close beside beautiful Yebera, who is called appy," for short, was the funniest little pickaninny, most as broad as he was long, with the roundest, ightest eyes, looking as if he had found the world, so r, just to his taste.

One of the schoolrooms and playrooms was next sited, where an elderly woman, who has worked in the rsery for many years, was only too pleased to show f the accomplishments of her "pupils."

Ranging them in a row, they were put through a drill; st they sang a song, then answered questions, as to the me of the President of the United States, etc., then me the calisthenics, which were too comical to beld without laughing. Some of the tots were only two ars old, and none over four.

Occasionally a baby's eye would catch sight of an upturned wagon or some toy dropped, when they heard the call to drill, and out he would swoop from the line, bent upon capture, this would start others, and in a moment human nature was asserting itself in the struggle for supremacy and possession among a half-dozen babies. These riotous actions being quelled by a little coaxing, the show went on, varied by occasional breaks from the ranks, as a baby or two suddenly remembered that he had toes, and sat down to try and pull off his shoes, so that he might resume his anotomical studies.

Altogether the hour was well spent at this Institution where babies are "mothered" by the wholesale, while the mothers are given exceptional chance to help themselves and their offspring. The building occupied by the Nursery and Child's Hospital is a long, low, old-fashioned red-brick structure, and a passer-by might wonder at its use. Few, comparatively, know of the Institution, which has had an existence of over fifty years, and has given help and shelter to many sorrowing and suffering souls.

It is ready and willing to continue its work, but its service has of late been growing more and more contracted through lack of means. The building was erected before the Civil War, and was used at that time as a soldiers' barracks. The requirements of a modern hospital have necessitated constant and costly adaptations and repairs. The wards are large and airy, with many windows; about 150 children are born there yearly and many of them, both sick and well, remain there, at a charge of $10 a month, varying in special cases. There are children left motherless and children whose parents are obliged by their work to be absent from home, or even from the city. Sometimes the feeble are to be nursed into health, and when successful, they are the pride of both nurses and doctors. The children can stay there until three or four years old, when they are sent to a similar home in the country, on Staten Island, where they are extremely well taught and cared for, in simple, homely, healthy fashion, and wax strong and sturdy, the health record being remarkable. Three classes of women are received—

First. One or two private patients, having a comfortable private room, and paying $25 a week.

Second. Semi-private patients paying $25 for the whole period of confinement, from two to four weeks, or until entirely well.

Third. Patients unable to pay at all. The latter are obliged to remain with their children for two months after recovery, working in the kitchen, laundry, or helping in the care of the children as seems best to the superintendent. Much valuable knowledge is thus acquired by those capable of profiting by it. Some of the women remain there for years in such employment chiefly for the privilege of being with their children. Of sixty workers at present, all have had children born there, and are staying on to be with them. Most of these are unfortunate married women. Of the second class, there are many poor women who are glad to come here for their confinement, sure of comfort and first-class medical attendance.

Many unfortunate women, left alone either by death or more often desertion, find their way here, and sometimes very young girls of fourteen and fifteen are brought by their unhappy parents, and are tided over their trouble, and later they are aided by every care and discretion to resume their lives.

Owing to the helplessness of the babies and little children and lying-in women, many nurses and nursery maids are required, who receive excellent training which they can later use outside, but they form also an expensive element.

The Institution carries no debt, but gradually much of the building has been closed in reducing expenses and the number of inmates correspondingly decreased. Between the city and country branch an average of five hundred are to be cared for. On the other hand, the support formerly given by the city has been greatly reduced, as with all other private institutions receiving public aid. The present fund is entirely inadequate to replace it. To make the work permanent, and to put it on a proper basis, a large endowment and a modern building are essential. Without them the struggle is most discouraging, and those to be helped are many!

The Institution is well worthy of support. Anyone interested in the work, and wishing to aid it in any way, may address the treasurer, Mrs. F. N. Goddard, 33 E. Fiftieth street, or 571 Lexington avenue, New York.

SOME OF THE BABIES AT THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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A Denial from St. Louis

WE believe in hearing both sides of a question before pronouncing judgment. Some time ago, there was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from several sources, a very grave charge in connection with the fair name of the city of St. Louis. It was charged—and the charge was publicly printed in many journals—that a syndicate had been formed for a disgraceful purpose, which threatened the welfare of every woman who contemplated a visit to the World's Fair City.

If this were true, it would be a national disgrace and an insult to every American woman, and no measures that could be taken to defeat the scheme, could be too rigid or severe.

We understand that several leading women's organizations have already taken up the cause of the women who may visit St. Louis. Before responding to the appeals made to us, from many quarters, to espouse this cause, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD telegraphed to Hon. Rolla Wells, the Mayor of St. Louis, stating plainly the charges that had been made, and requesting him to inform us whether these charges were true or false.

This is his answer received by telegraph as this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 29.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Intimations received by you relative to Syndicate referred to in your telegram are WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

(Signed) ROLLA WELLS,
Mayor.

Mayor Wells, the citizens of St. Louis, and the Exposition management are entitled to the fullest publicity for this denial. It is now due to the public that those who originated the charges should either substantiate the same by submitting proof, or withdraw them. In any event, we trust that the publicity which has been given to the matter will not be without good result, and that it will make the St. Louis municipal authorities and the Exposition officials doubly vigilant in the interest of the multitudes who hope to visit the World's Fair.

"Welfare Work"

THIS term is a recent coinage, and refers to the efforts that are now being put forth by employers in many quarters to improve the social and physical condition of their employees, and to brighten their lives and increase their self-respect. In a report just issued by the New York State Department of Labor, the results are given of an investigation into conditions in 108 factories, in which "welfare work" in various forms has already made a beginning. Some of these may well serve as an example to stimulate employers elsewhere to a like generous consideration of the working people's needs. They help to create a better understanding between the two classes, and to foster a spirit of amity, instead of the underlying antagonism which has been so often prevalent in the past. Besides, from the mere view of self-interest, they are a good investment, since they result in better work and better returns.

Among the many interesting features of this "welfare work," a few may be specially mentioned: One large firm of iron-workers has provided for its men a bathing room and wash-house, with shower and plunge baths, where the tired operators may "freshen up." Also warm-water tanks, where their soiled clothes may be cleansed; a "drying closet" to dry them, and individual lockers for all; also a tool insurance fund; a branch library, and a benefit society. Another concern has erected for its workers a large building, containing gymnasium, library, club-room, baths, hospital, and class-rooms for free tuition. A third, which employs many women, has established a sewing school, a social hall for concerts and lectures; club-house for men; dormitories and restaurant, flower gardens and field sports, cooking classes, library, and a sick benefit fund. A fourth factory has made its workshops models of cleanliness and ventilation, and has devoted one floor to individual lockers and bath-rooms; another floor to two great dining-rooms (that for the women having a piano), and a large hall for social entertainments.

While labor is practically the lot of all, it lies within the power of some of us to sweeten it for others, and by considerate and helpful treatment to make the burden easier to be borne. It is a wholesome indication that many among the better class of employers are beginning to recognize this fact. These "welfare" institutions are in line with the advance of Christian civilization, and we trust to see them greatly multiplied.

For Conscience Sake

ONE of the most significant movements of our time is that now taking place in Great Britain, which is known as "Passive Resistance." It is the refusal of members of the free churches—that is churches other than the Church of England—to pay the rate demanded of them for educational purposes. The new law, which places the denominational schools under the control of the Established Church, and makes the support of those schools a charge to be levied on the whole people, including those who are opposed to the teaching of that church, is now being enforced. In every city and town there are men who refuse to pay the charge, and though in many cases they are persons of property and social prominence, distress warrants have been issued against them, the officers of the law have seized chairs or tables, or pictures or silver spoons, have carried them off and sold them at public auction. Last week no less than two thousand persons in different parts of the country thus suffered the loss of their goods. It may be said that the loss was deserved, as the sufferers were well able to pay the rate, but even so, the spectacle is impressive. It proves that at this day, when material interests occupy so prominent a place in life, men are found with a conscienee so active, that they would rather lose their treasured possessions than violate its dictates.

When the movement began, it was ridiculed as what is vulgarly termed a bluff. The newspapers and the legal officers said that, when it came to action, respectable citizens would obey the law, and would pay the charge rather than allow the sheriff's officer to seize their goods; but it has not proved so. The number of "resisters" increases day by day, and among them are eminent ministers and laymen. There is no ostentation about their conduct; they scorn to regard themselves, or to be regarded, as martyrs, but there is no doubt that many of them suffer keenly. In some instances, the goods seized were treasured heirlooms, from which it was hard to part; but there was no shrinking, and the goods were taken and sold. We are glad to see that their heroism is recognized by the religious leaders. It is the true martyr spirit, which is not to be measured by the small interest involved, but by the resolute determination tc suffer, rather than be inconsistent with principle. Howsoever men may differ about the righteousness of the cause, or the need for the loss, the fact remains that the martyr spirit survives in the church, and there are men still among us to whom the rights of conscience are dearer than their possessions.

Poor Instruments

WE hear a man in the street playing some old melody on a mean and rickety instrument; it wheezes and groans, and the tune comes out in distortions and spasms. A friend at your side says: "That is 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and it was written by Handel." "Well," you say, "Handel wrote a very bad tune." "No," replies your friend, "he did not; but it is played on a very bad instrument."

A month or two later you go to the Handel Festival, and there, in the midst of a glorious oratorio—what strain is that falling upon your ear, with thrilling m jesty and power? "See the Conquering Hero Come "What!" you exclaim, "is that the same tune that heard played on the old street organ?" Yes, the ve same, only now it is performed as Handel meant it be heard.

There are many men and women all about us w perform God's music upon very poor instruments, b let us not despise them. A wise and Christly sen will recognize the tune, and will know what God mea it to be.

The President and Temperance

BEAR RIVER, CAL.

Editor "The Christian Herald": Now that Rev. Charl M. Sheldon, D.D., has completed his temperance sto *The Narrow Gate*, with the logical climax of the Preside incorporating in his annual message to Congress, notice "the Liquor Business," it seems to be the rational thing f temperance people to take such action as will warrant t Chief Executive in informing Congress in his next ann message, that there is such a thing in the United States the liquor business, together with his recommendatio thereon.

The well-written story should be followed by practi action. The omission of the notice of the greatest mena to the nation from the President's annual message becar so painful several years ago, that the writer brought t matter to the notice of the temperance people of Aubu California, resulting in a committee being appointed to dr a petition to the President to this end, the plan being make it a national movement. The matter was referred t State organization, where it rested and died. Again, t writer thought to have a letter placed in the hands President Roosevelt during his recent tour of Californ but in the press the letter was lost.

It is patent to every thinking American citizen that t President should call the attention of Congress to eve question that is a menace to the nation, including the liqu business. We, the people, should courteously advise o Chief Executive by petition, that we desire and reasonab expect such notice. Temperance people should take t initiative and see that the thing is done.

Who is the man? Where is the organization, the cor bination of forces to effectually do it? Such action on t part of the President would give the greatest possible i petus to the cause of temperance.

The greatest foe to our national perpetuity is within o boundaries and specifically in the American saloon. W will act? J. L. ROLLINS.

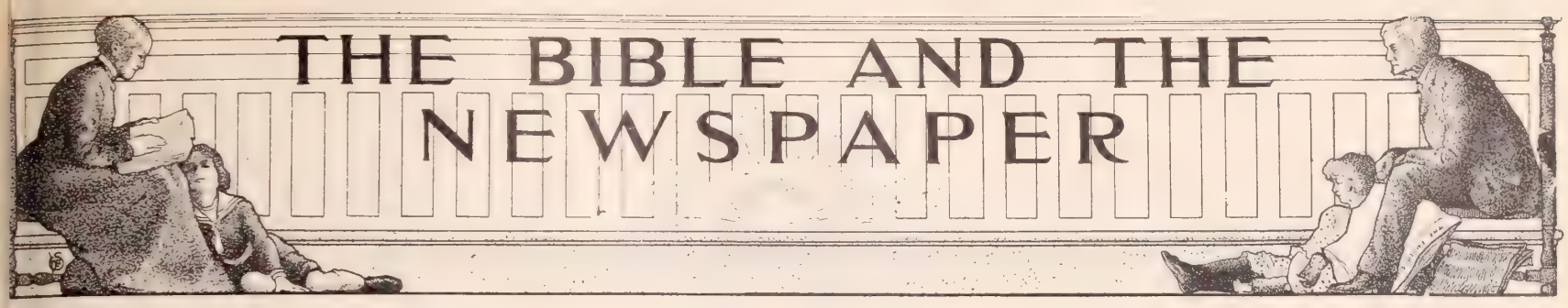
OUR GREAT WAR ATLAS

THE Rand-McNally Company has just published Russo-Japanese War Atlas and Gazetteer. La week we offered this Atlas as a special premium persons who will take a trial subscription to TH CHRISTIAN HERALD for nine weeks, at an expens of 25 cents. We also offer it free to any of our pre ent subscribers who will induce four friends to tak such trial subscriptions. Even without THE CHRI TIAN HERALD, this Atlas and Gazetteer would b considered a great bargain at 25 cents, and is bein sold as such, in the great department stores of Ne York City. Consequently, every person who accep this offer, is getting his nine weeks' subscription THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, practically free.

This War Atlas and Gazetteer has so many excelle qualities that, after reading the very complimentar description contained in last week's issue, we find th even now the half has not been told. We neglected t state that the pages measure each 11 x 14 inches, th the maps are printed on paper 14 x 22, that they ar beautifully colored, that every point of interest is the in large and easily legible letters, so that every one i possession of this Atlas may follow intelligently th movements of the great forces now opposed to on another.

A Great Work Among Men and Boys

The Bowery Mission is doing a great work. Would yo like to know more about it? Send for our leaflet.



THE CHANGED SOUDAN

EW regions in the world show the effect of civilizing influences, coming so rapidly to fruition, as does that region of Africa known as the Soudan. Only twenty years ago the land was olated under the barbarous rule of the Mahdi, the ve trade flourished, men went about in fear of their es, and cruelty and oppression were rendering the ole region a place of horror. In 1885 the Mahdi ptured Khartoum, which had been held so long and heroically by the saintly General Gordon. The city s given over to the savagery of the fierce hordes ich followed the Mahdi's standard, and Gordon himself was foully murdered. Thirteen years did the Mahdi al his successor, Khalifa Abdulla, hold sway, during ich Khartoum was almost deserted, and Omdurman came a centre of terrorizing power. In 1898 the scene nged. General Kitchener avenged Gordon's death, al delivered the whole people from the tyranny of their pressors. Khartoum is again the seat of governnt, and a fine college and Christian institute flourish the spot where Gordon's blood was spilled. Omman also has benefited. The photograph on this ge shows what a busy scene it now is, with its rket and bazaars. The population is rapidly increasi, and its wealth and commerce are flourishing. The id and permanent change is an illustration of the th of the wise King's maxim:

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when t wicked bear rule the people mourn (Prov. 29: 2.)

Refused to Marry

There is a grievously disappointed man in the Italian ony in New York. He has been in this country enty years, and has prospered. Some time ago he me to the conclusion that his happiness would be enanced by being married. He wanted a wife of his own tionality, but there was no one among the Italians in w York that he considered suitable. He talked the tter over with the surgeon of a ship which plies beteen this port and Naples. The doctor told him of an lian girl who lived near his home in Italy that he ought the man would like. The prospective bridegroom was charmed with his friend's description, and thorized him to open negotiations with her when he turned. At the same time he gave him a portrait of mself, taken some years ago, to show to the girl. The ctor executed his commission and showed the portit. The girl's family held a council and approved match. The Italian in New York was notified of ir consent, and he remitted funds for the passage, d authorized his friend to sign the marriage contract his behalf. Last week the girl arrived, and the doc- introduced the couple to one another. The man s well-satisfied with the girl's appearance, but she d not conceal her disappointment. Her prospective sband was so much older, and not near so good look- as the portrait had led her to expect. She needed e to decide whether she would marry him, or be nt back to Italy, which was the alternative given her. She has used the interval to reject both alternatives, and quietly slipping out of the Immigrant shelter, has disappeared, doubtless to find a home among her countrymen in New York. Her disappointed suitor is complaining bitterly of the loss of his money, as well as of his fiancee. Perhaps his loss is not so great as it now seems. A girl who thinks more of a man's appearance than of his mental and moral qualities would not be a desirable wife. In that infinitely higher union, of which marriage is a type, the Christian knows that he is safe, though it may be said of him, "Whom having not seen ye love," for when he does see, he has the confidence of the Psalmist

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness (Ps. 17: 15).

Adults as Children

A novel children's party was entertained in New York last week. The hostess, a fashionable lady, herself the mother of two children, had issued invitations to a large circle of friends, with the intimation that the guests were expected to be dressed as children. She was attired in a short dress, with her hair hanging in long braids down her back. She had also put on a blue cotton pinafore, and wore slippers of the usual child's style. The ladies were similarly attired, each vying with the others in imitating infantile garb. The men were dressed as boys, some in kilts and others in knickerbockers. They spent a merry evening playing blind-man's buff, hunt the thimble, and other children's games. At the close, a feast that would have delighted a child was served. Sugar-sticks, gingerbread, popcorn, ice-cream and lemonade, were its chief features. The party was pronouuced a complete success, and all are said to have enjoyed themselves hugely. Some assemblies there have been at which the amusements were not so harmless, but it is plain that even here the participants did not follow the Apostolic example:

When I was child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I throught as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things (I. Cor. 13: 11).

A Cent Recovered After 49 Years

Recently a Boston journal received from one of its readers, an old copper cent, which had been stamped with the name J. H. Ferguson. The cent had been coined fifty-four years, and it was suggested that probably it had been stamped when it was comparatively new. The reader thought it would be interesting to find out whether the man who stamped it was still living. The publication of the fact has led to Ferguson being found. He is now in the employ of the Lovejoy Electrotyping Company in New York. When the cent was restored to him, he greeted it as an old friend. He said he could clearly remember stamping it. When he was a youth of nineteen he went to work in a machine shop at Fitchburg, Mass. It was necessary to have a steel stamp to mark his tools, and he paid two dollars for one. It was a new thing to him and he amused himself by stamping many things with it. Among them was this copper cent. He put the coin in circulation, wondering at the time if he would ever see it again. That was in 1855, and it has come back to him after wandering nearly half a century. If that cent could tell the story of its travels, how it has passed from hand to hand, and what has been bought with it, what a wonderful narrative it would be! That it has come back at all is surprising, but there are more things in life that come back to us than we expect. Some of our words and deeds go forth and we forget them, but long years afterwards, they having borne fruit for good or evil, confront us again. Happy they who can look upon them when they appear, without sorrow or shame.

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, evil things. But I say unto you, every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof (Matt. 12: 35, 36).

A Bequest Undervalued

A probate court in Pennsylvania has accepted as a valid will a letter written by a man to a friend. It appears that a somewhat eccentric bachelor died without leaving any will. It had been supposed that he was comparatively poor, but after his death his bank books and securities showed that he had accumulated about $50,000. Several distant relatives put in claims for a division of the estate. There was none of them who had seen much of him during his life, and the only friend he had who was very intimate with him was a man living at a distance. He had written to this friend shortly before his death, saying that he did not think that he should live long, and if he died soon he wished his shop and tools to be given to the man who worked for him and that his furniture be given to his servant, and the friend to whom he was writing to have all the remainder of his property. His friend did not think that the letter was of much value, but when he heard that there was no will and that the property was so large, he showed the letter to his lawyer, who told him that it constituted a valid will, and advised him to make his claim at once, which he has now done. A similar surprise awaits many who now hold God's Word in light esteem. They have no idea what a glorious inheritance they might obtain by claiming the promises made therein to all who fulfil the conditions.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him (I. Cor. 2: 9).

PUBLIC AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN KHARTOUM

THE COAST MARKET AT OMDURMAN

BRIEF NOTES

The statistics of the wine and liquor consumption are made up to June 30, 1903. The consumption for the year closing on that day was the largest on record, viz., 1,606,545,301 gallons, an increase over the previous year of 67,500,000 gallons. More also was drunk in proportion to population. In 1902, the consumption per head was 19.48 gallons; in 1903 it was 19.99 gallons.

The King of England has accepted a copy of a work by Rev. J. Guiness Rogers, a prominent Congregational minister, and has sent a graceful acknowledgment. It is just sixty years ago that a sensation was caused by the curt refusal of the King's father to accept the copy of a work on the Prince Consort's father. The refusal was based on the fact that it was written by a man who was not a member of the Church of England.

ARMIES NOW FACE TO FACE

AFTER two months of arduous campaigning, amid all the difficulties and discomforts of a northern winter, the land forces of Russia and Japan are now face to face near the Yalu River, and the first great land battle of the war cannot be much longer delayed. On March 23, the Dutch ship *Buffel*, from Kenseng, brought to Shanghai the news that hostilities on a small scale had actually begun. On the 9th of March, as the *Buffel* reported, there had been sharp fighting west of the Jujon River, in which forty Cossacks were captured by a force of Japanese, and about the same date two Russian squadrons of cavalry had a narrow escape from being surrounded by a superior force, under Gen. Kuroki, and only escaped by hard riding. Sixty were caught by the enemy, but the main body escaped, carrying off their wounded, and leaving five dead on the banks of the Tumen River. These preliminary brushes, though unimportant in themselves, serve to show the nearness of the armies to each other.

GEN. LINIEVITCH
Russia's Military Commander on the Yalu

VICE-ADMIRAL MAKHAROFF
Naval Commander at Port Arthur

GEN. PFLUG
Military Commander at Port Arthur

On March 24, the Nagasaki correspondent of the London *Express* cabled the news, that the censorship allowed him to state that "the Japanese War Department had now completed all the details for the movement of the main columns for the invasion of Manchuria. A great force has been massed for an advance on Harbin, starting from the mouth of the Tumen River below Possiet Bay, at the northeastern junction of Corea and Manchuria. Heavy columns are also concentrated north of Pyeng-Yang for an offensive move on the Yalu River."

Another correspondent telegraphs that the Japanese Commissary Department has laid in supplies sufficient for 90,000 men, in Corea, and that it is almost impossible to obtain more. He adds:

Hence it is supposed that the Japanese intend to make their main military movement elsewhere, using the Corean advance as a diversion. They hold two enormously strong positions at Pyeng-Yang and south of the Miokaksan Mountains, between Hwangju and Seoul. The latter position is probably impregnable. It secures Seoul from attack from the northwest.

It is generally admitted that the Japanese are deficient in artillery, and that their cavalry horses are wretched and have little endurance. Dysentery and pneumonia have prevailed among the troops.

After repeated attempts, it is now asserted that Admiral Togo has at last succeeded, by sinking seven more hulks at the harbor entrance, in effectually blocking Port Arthur. This was done under cover of a prolonged bombardment on the night of March 23. As a former instances, Russian despatches deny the efficiency of the blockade, and declare that Admiral Makharoff's fleet isstill intact and ready for service.

Port Arthur suffered heavily by this latest bombardment. The *Retvizan* was hit again and badly damaged; the *Novik* was twice struck by shells, but not disabled; Gen. Volkoff's house was demolished, and two guards killed; some big guns were disabled and many Russian residents were killed, including a number of wom One Japanese warship was struck and was compelled to withdraw. All around P Arthur, on the land side, wire network and other obstacles have been placed check an attack. Several hundred cars are held in readiness on the railroad, in c the port proves untenable and a retreat becomes necessary.

JAPANESE TROOPS LANDING NEAR FUSAN, COREA

It is gradually beginning to dawn upon the military expe that the war is likely to be a protracted one. Russia, in t event, will have ample opportunity to bring her vast milit strength into the field, and unless some signal victory is won Japan in northern Corea in April, Kouropatkin may be a to check the invaders on the M churian border. Besides, Rus has increasing hope of being a to get her Baltic fleet to the I East in time to be of assista to Makharoff, if the latter c only hold out long enough Port Arthur.

Dispatches from St. Pet burg now indicate less quietude on the general situati It is confidently believed t Gen. Kouropatkin, who is now the front in person, will speec effect a change in the condit of affairs. There are now 40, Russian troops facing an eq force of Japanese north of Ar in Corea. 4,500 Cossacks Russian infantry crossed the Y from Antung recently. 3,000 R sians hold Anju, and there i force at Chun-ju. The R sians hold the north b of the Anju River, wh they have dug intren ments. In Manchuria, army is gradually gett into effective shape. 5, fresh troops arrive at H bin daily, and the health the men is reported as sa factory. Vladivostok is ported as quiet, althou provisions are running sh there. Gen. Linievitch's cent reinforcements Corea are kept secr Three weeks ago he h 32,400 men and fifty-f field guns, but it is expec that he will have 140, men by the middle of M

Russia has frankly avowed the recent repor victory on the Yalu and capture of 1,800 Japan troops. The story ca through Chinese sour and was, like many ot recent reports, proba manufactured in Shangh

Japan's fourth army co of 70,000 men is now process of mobilization. will take the field early the summer. Gen. Nod in northeastern Corea, w has now 65,000 men, shortly receive a reinfor ment of 45,000 more. Th are now on the march.

At the opening of the Japanese Diet in Tokio, on March 20, the speech from throne was read. It recited briefly the circumstances which led to the war. Mikado said that now the nation could not pause with honor until the purpose of war had been accomplished. He relied upon the nation to demonstrate its practi unity and to maintain the national prestige The Diet gave evidence of great loya and willingness to vote all the funds necessary to conduct the war.

The Moral Pitfalls of the Exposition City

THE W. C. T. U. is putting forth a special work through the Purity department this year at the World's Fair City. Only a small number of Christian men and women realize the tremendous need of this work in behalf of the defenseless young women of our nation.

A correspondent writes, that saloon-keepers are banded together and making an united effort to bring three thousand to five thousand more girls to the city this year. "Three hundred more saloons have recently opened there. With no financial limit, they are calmly determined to carry out their relentless purpose. This vicious organization, whose roots have pierced the entire mold of the famous city, should arouse every Christian to make a ceaseless and earnest effort to save as many girls as possible from their clutches.

"Hundreds of girls are on their way to St. Louis in search of honest employment. Their human enemies are aware of this, and have sent out agents in every large city to lurk about secret places, to entrap the innocent, and to haunt street-car transfers in city suburbs. There are hundreds of shadowy waiting-places in our large cities, where many a victim's screams have been stifled by the moral brigands' hand as they dragged her from safety, innocence and purity, through no fault of her own; while on either side loomed saloons, behind whose darkened windows men reeled and blasphemed.

"The World's Fair City is hollow with pitfalls on every hand. The great railroads do not warn their passengers that danger lurks there in every highway and byway. The newspapers do not cry out against it, for reform is not popular. *How will the great army of working-girls know that they ought not go to St. Louis unaccompanied by a true and trusted attendant*, unless good friends are there to meet them? Any girl had better starve, than enter this modern Sodom without friends.

"Girls in search of honest employment, who contemplate going there, should be informed that keepers of infamous houses have a capital of $300,000 to secure new victims for their nefarious business. There are miles and miles of evil dens that cover their dark deeds with a sign, 'Restaurant,' or 'Girls wanted to work.' Many an innocent girl has entered these apparently respectable places, only to be drugged and dragged to a living death. A school-teacher was rescued recently, through the efforts of an uncle, who found her in enforced slavery. We are reliably informed that Russi and Japanese girls are being imported by thousan

"May God move every Christian heart to reach ou helping hand to these helpless ones.

"One was brought in from an Italian slave-hold Her body was covered with black and blue woun from the whippings her cruel master had given h Her curls were matted with vermin, and as the Wh Ribbon sisters wept over her, she exclaimed, piteously 'Don't cry over me, but go back and save the otl girls there. He has four others who are in a wo condition than I.'

"Mrs. M. E. Otto, of 2813 Lucas avenue, St. Louis, superintendent of the W. C. T. U. purity work. T W. C. T. U. have two excellent slum and saloon wo ers and one station worker, but what is this numb compared with the growing need? The work is sk fully managed inside the Rescue Home. A large nu ber of tract distributors spend two nights each we from ten P.M. to one A.M. in the slums. Through t medium 1,100 girls have been rescued during the p few years. Help given at this time to such a work ai greatly in the amount of good accomplished."

OUR HOUSEHOLD CIRCLE

By Margaret E. Sangster

STRIVING TO ATTAIN

WOMEN, especially when young and enthusiastic, are not satisfied to remain stationary. They want to grow, to develop the best that is in them, to make the most of their powe and to be of use in the world. This is the secret o he popularity of women's clubs. These delightful sial gatherings give women an opportunity for study, f mental friction, and for healthful stimulus.

A young girl, the daughter of a large family, where the re is continual coming and going, not long ago compined that her whole life was being frittered away in e tertaining friends, amusing babies, and going about a ong her kith and kin. "And I began with such lofty ideals," she said sorrowfully. Well, an old-fashioned ideal for home-making and home-blessing is being fulfi d in her case, and a girl who can make her parents, a brothers, and sisters happy by the beauty of her nure, and the strength of her personality, is to be e ied. No outside career offe anything finer than this. Y I know that in a period of intense activity, this may seem fl orless to a woman who feels it herself the capability to gide public opinion, or to a ieve success in art and literare.

. . .

One of the most eminent wo n in America, a woman ose name is a synonym for erything noble, said in a gup of friends the other day: "am devoting my entire life at p sent to my home. I am w ted there more than I am n ded anywhere else."

ome of us wish for a wider s ere. We feel that if we we only somewhere else we cld do far better in a lot of w s than we possibly can just i the little place where we are. E God wants us to serve him, a do our best in whatever s t he has put us, and there c be no doubt that in his love a wisdom he has chosen our e ironment in the one place on t earth that is fittest for our o upation. At all events, here w are, and being here, in a c wded city, in a schoolroom, in lonely hamlet, or a cheerful f ily circle, itself a little comnity, we have only to do our dy in the station that God h appointed for us. Ideals n be followed anywhere if t y are fine and sincere, and t e can be no quicker and s er means of flawing a noble ideal than that of being d contented with present opportunities.

An ideal may be a temptation to assume a pose. I new a woman thus tempted once. She set apart a c ner of her room and curtained it for a little shrine. O her table were her lovely good books; her favorite p ture hung upon the wall; she retired several times a d to this sanctuary, and spent a half-hour or longer in p yer and meditation. This was right in itself, but, u ortunately, it had a wrong side, for her mother was a invalid, and her father a business man with large i erests and anxieties. Do what she would, the poor m ther could not manage her household comfortably, at keep the peace between the two quarrelsome maids, w were always at strife about the brooms and dustpans. My friend moved around the house in a sort of gentle d achment, with a peaceful inattention to details which e sperated her father and depressed her mother. One d a little country cousin, who made no attempt to be s tly, yet was sweetly unselfish and extremely practic, came there to live, and from the moment she c ssed the door-sill, things took a new start, brighten- up amazingly.

We must have ideals, but let us watch that they are fe from any leaven of insincerity. Persons of an imanative turn, sometimes pose almost unconsciously. They have before them a vision of womanly perfection, fa gracious and beautiful, and the danger is that, in saining to reach it, they may overlook the tiny self-ials, the fun, the good cheer and the little kindnesses vich form so large a part of every-day duty.

We should cultivate with care a certain largeness of hrt and nobility of soul. It is well not to be petty and s ish. One should rise above all meanness, spites and e ies and jealousies. A girl should be capable of f ndship that helps man and women, that will not stoop to low devices. Some women, in some moods, are feline. They utter disagreeable things that make people miserable, and they do it not bluntly and boldly, but with a smile, much as a cat puts out a velvet paw and leaves a scratch. Do not, dear friend, be deceitful, do not, even for a single instant, in any company, be less than true, straightforward and womanly.

A Fractured Ideal

"I thought her the soul of honor. She has shown herself the reverse, and fractured my ideal."

The speaker sighed. The lady to whom she spoke said:

"Are you sure that you did not invest your friend with qualities that never belonged to her, that were not really hers, and that existed merely in your imagination? If so, you are not quite fair when you accuse her of having fractured your ideal. It is you who have fractured it, by enshrining it in the wrong niche."

"Oh, well, I can't explain it," replied the first friend. "All I know is that I thought Amy was truth and sincerity personified, and I find that she is deceitful, and now I am utterly discouraged over the discovery."

"You are young, dear. When you have spent as many years in the world as I have, you will realize that no human being is perfect. Lapses come to every one. Circumstances sometimes bristle with difficulty, and temptations throng. 'Judge not that ye be not judged' was the Saviour's command, and it is as impressive and imperative now as when spoken."

BESIDE THE MILL

The morn is bright, the sky is light,
The dew is on the mead,
By dale and hill we seek the mill,
Our footsteps haste with speed.

Oh, miller brave, and miller's man,
Of hearts now pray take heed,
For Kitty May, and Betty Ray,
May be of hearts in need.

A Country Girl to Her Friends

A country girl writes to me, urging that I say a word to keep country girls from seeking positions in cities. She says very truly that five dollars or six dollars a week seems a very good salary while the girl is still in her father's house, but when she reaches town and has to pay for board and lodging out of it, the sum dwindles to pitifully small proportions. If a country girl tries light housekeeping, as some do, she will pay $1.50 per week for room rent. Thirty cents will be consumed in carfares. Meat, bread, soap, bluing, starch, cakes, kindling wood, matches, coal bought by the bushel, will soon foot up to $3.00 more. Very little is left for clothing, illness, or a trip home. City girls who live at home and pay no board can afford to take less money. Three dollars a week for a girl who lives at home is actually more than six for one who must support herself in a boarding or lodging house. My country girl would have her friends stay in the country if they can.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

IF loving hearts were never lonely,
If all things wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It bends us to our strength in Thee.

MAMMY'S DARLING

SHE was a sad-faced woman, plodding around her work in a never-ending circle. A big family to care for; the washing, cooking, scrubbing, sewing and mending all for one pair of hands to do, kept her busy from morning till night. City women of forty-five or thereabout, exhausted by society and its demands, have nervous prostration and go to a rest-cure. A woman in the mountains, at the same age, has no time for nervous prostration, and the only rest-cure she looks forward to is the grave.

But there was one bright spot in Lethe Armour's life—that spot was her daughter, mammy's darling, little Molly, just past five. A rosy-dimpled creature, with bright eyes and curling golden hair, the prettiest, sweetest child in the countryside. After a succession of eight sons, a girl child was very welcome in the mountain cabin, and Molly, so bright, so merry, so beautiful, was the pride of her parents and brothers. A year had passed since Joe Armour had died, killed by the falling of a tree, so that mammy's darling was now more than ever the comfort of a lonely and grieving heart.

A childless couple from New York were driving through the mountains, tarrying occasionally at wayside inns, and sometimes stopping to rest an hour or two at a home where the hospitality of the region, gave them a seat and a simple meal.

They stopped at Mrs. Armour's, and fell in love with the charming little girl.

"Oh, Ned, if only we might have her," said the wife, "I would so love to take that child and bring her up for my own, with every advantage. Look at the way her head is set upon her shoulders, look at the breadth of brow, the large, soft eyes, the Cupid's bow of a mouth. Don't you suppose her mother would part with her? These people must be very poor."

"I would not dare offer that mother money for her baby. Possibly the thought of what we could do for the child might be an inducement. Yet I hardly think she will let us have her. "Why not go to an asylum, Charlotte?"

"I don't want an asylum waif; I want a child like this, Ned."

Very tactfully, very respectfully, the man—a man of large affairs, used to the management of men—presented his wife's petition to the mountain mother.

The color flushed her wan cheek. The gaunt figure grew an inch taller as she straightened herself. The eyes kindled. She shook her gray head.

"Ye mean it kind, sir, I reckon, but mammy's darling will stay right hyar with mammy. We'll do the best we can for her, but there's nothing anyone else can do, that will make up for mother-love, if I'd let her go. Let her go! Why Joe Armour's ghost would walk, if I did sech a thing. No, sir. Thank ye!"

So the rich pair, who had neither chick nor child, went on their way, and the poor woman who was rich in sons and a queen in her own estimation as she surveyed her one daughter, plodded on.

Years went by. Annually the lady and gentleman drove through the mountain land, never without bringing a gift from the great city for the little maiden they had coveted. There came to mammy's darling not a few good things, and later there are coming some advantages that would not have been hers, had not her winsome face so bewitched a chance visitor at her home. But she will grow up to relieve mammy of some cares, and will not be educated in such a way that she must forget her own people and her father's house.

Reading in Bed

The English papers have recently been discussing the propriety of reading in bed. Whether or not reading in a recumbent position is good for the eyes, when, too, the reading must be done by artificial light, is an open question. The fact that a few people have an electric light which may be turned on or off at a touch, does not affect the many who must depend on lamps or gas. A sleepy reader, by an incautious movement, might upset a lamp, and presto! the house would be on fire. Besides, it is a poor compliment to pay a book, to read it that it may put one to sleep.

Bed is for rest, for drowsy eyes, for brains that need repose. A good conscience, fairly good digestion, and a determination to go to sleep, and stay asleep in the proper hours for slumber, ought to preclude reading in bed. The wiser plan is to have a good book at hand, and if one cannot sleep, then rise, light a lamp, make one's self comfortable in dressing-gown and slippers, and give one's book full attention. Read an hour or two, then shut the volume, and return to bed. Insomnia will be routed by that time, and rest will follow.

A sponge bath, hot or cold as one prefers, taken in the middle of a sleepless night, is more successful than a book in wooing "tired nature's sweet restorer."

"BEHOLD YOUR KING"

Jesus Transfigured

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

"PRAISE ye the Lord, mountains and all hills" (Ps. 148). Mount Hermon speaks: "The great God, when he made heaven and earth, gathered me up in his hand and lifted me high above my sister mountains. I can gaze on yonder great sea, the Mediterranean, and the waters of Galilee, and another sea of strange interest, the Dead Sea. Winding like a silver thread, I can see the Jordan River from end to end. Dotted over the plains, and spread out upon the mountains, many cities come within my vision—Damascus, Jericho, Jerusalem, Hebron, Beersheba, Samaria, Nazareth, Capernaum, Tyre, Sidon. On yonder grassy plain of Esdraelon, I have witnessed many a battle. I am old, you see, and my hoary head is a crown of snow. My head is often above the clouds, and seems almost to touch the sky. Heaven and earth almost meet upon my summit. Yes, heaven and earth did meet on one occasion. Four men came struggling up from earth below, and two came down from heaven above, and that glad Sabbath day I heard the voice of my Creator! Three of those who came from below followed one who was their Leader. When near the top, he gathered them in prayer, but they were weary and fell asleep. The Leader continued to pray alone, and as he prayed there was a wonderful change in his appearance. His whole body and his garments became bright and glistening. It seemed as though the sun had dropped from its accustomed place and settled on my summit. I shaded my eyes with a cloud, and saw that two others had been added to the company. They stood apart with the Leader, and were talking with him. They looked like the other men, and yet were different. They had brought their glory with them from above. I signaled down the valley to my sister mountain, Nebo, to know if one of them was not Moses, who, more than fifteen hundred years before, had died there. I signaled to another mountain near Jericho to know if the other was not Elijah, the prophet, who had been taken to heaven in a chariot of fire nearly eight hundred years before. They were indeed Moses and Elijah. The theme of their conversation was something which a mountain may not know, but not long after the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill, and I think it was that about which the heavenly visitors talked with the Leader that day. As they talked, I heard another voice from above, saying, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him.' It was the voice of my Creator, and he whom I had called the Leader was his Son, who had also had a part in my creation. The visitors from heaven were not alarmed by the voice, they had heard it so long and so often; but the three men who had come up from below fell on their faces. The Son of God came to them and touched them, and said, 'Arise, and be not afraid.' And when they looked up, Moses and Elijah had gone back to heaven, and they saw the Son of God alone. I had heard them ask their Leader to let them build three tabernacles, one for him, one for Moses, and one for Elijah; but now that the heavenly ones were gone, the Son of God led them down again."

Illustration and Application

The Mount of Transfiguration seems to the writer the best thought outlook in the world for viewing heaven and earth, Jews and Gentiles, Old Testament and New, Christ the King and Jesus the Saviour, worship and duty. The boy who could not be saved by those who did not climb the mount should especially suggest to teachers that in order to make this lesson not alone a story of a transfiguration past, but a means also of present transformation of devil-possessed boys and girls, they must themselves come to their classes from the mount of transfiguring prayer.

The place of the Transfiguration was a "high mountain apart," doubtless Mt. Hermon, the highest of Palestine mountains, which seems to greet the traveler every morning as he travels through the Holy Land northward, like a stately marble cathedral, fitting place between heaven and earth, for his coronation who was to be crowned King of all peoples and all worlds. At the base of the mountain there is now a ruined heathen temple, type of declining heathen faiths, near the very spot where Jesus spoke of founding his Church, against which the gates of hell should not prevail—and they have not.

The time of the Transfiguration was "six days" after Peter's great confession, or "eight days" counting the days of both events in Jewish fashion, signifying in each case the next Sabbath. "Transfiguration" should be the Sabbath's weekly gift to us all; a time to climb above the world, and praying be transfigured into his likeness whom we then behold with open face that we may be changed from character to character. This Sabbath is the concluding day of the World's Week of Prayer for the Sabbath. Let us pray and work that this transfiguring institution, now imperilled by selfishness and thoughtlessness, may be preserved for the sake of the home, the church, the Republic, as the only breakwater strong enough to prevent us from being degraded by too great absorption in selfish business and worldly pleasure.

The persons who climbed the mount with Christ—Peter, James and John—were not chosen by rank or riches, except in a spiritual sense. They were lowly fishermen, who had become Christ's spiritual cabinet by surpassing all others in spiritual growth. In character they were richer than others and outranked all in goodness. Three times that are on record they were selected to be with Christ when all others were excluded—in the death chamber of Jairus, here and in Gethsemane.

As in heaven, so in the Church at least, rank should be solely a matter of character. Even in heaven, "one star differeth from another star in glory," but only because of more perfect reflection of Christ. So it should be in the Church below.

"Earth's poor distinctions vanish here,
To-day the young and old,
The poor and rich, one flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold."

They climbed "to pray," reminding us that even two or three who come together to pray may claim the presence of Christ and transfiguration joys. But how human those three best men of their time are shown to be, in their falling asleep while Christ was at prayer! But upon him what an effect that prayer wrought. "As he prayed he was transfigured." Not so quickly but as surely a life of prayer always transfigures. In true prayer we behold Christ and are changed into the same image. Every true conversion is a transfiguration. Not alone the soul but the body is changed, in fulfilment of that other command, "Glorify God in your body" (I. Cor. 6: 20). That might well be the motto of every gymnasium, of every dining-room.

Let us behold on the Holy Mount the transfigured flesh of the Son of man, and learn that the flesh is not itself sinful but should be shot through with the light of the indwelling Holy Spirit to make the body pure and beautiful. It was said of a wicked man who had been a Christian for a year, and whose once bloated, lecherous face had come to glow with noble purpose, "Religion has changed every cell in his body."

His garments became glistening. Christ's very garments were transfigured into likeness of the glistening white linen worn by kings in those days, to proclaim that Christ is our King. And let it suggest also that religion will affect our garb, to prevent wasteful and proud display, and especially to keep our garments within our means.

And behold there appeared Moses and Elijah. This is the clearest proof of our continued identity in the future life and heavenly recognition. In spiritual bodies came these two delegates from the court of heaven to the earthly coronation of Christ. Moses, the greatest of purely human characters, as he is proclaimed by this scene and the use of his name with Christ's in "the song of Moses and the Lamb," and Elijah, whose selection to represent the prophets, rather than eloquent and educated Isaiah, proclaims God's appreciation of heroic reformers.

Spake of his decease. This is the sublimest, profoundest word in all the wonderful story. The theme of Moses, Elijah and Christ, at this coronation hour, was not of any honor or reward that would come to Christ, but of the death he should "accomplish at Jerusalem." The transfiguration is the coronation of self-sacrifice, parallel of that heavenly scen throne on which was a Lamb as it had been slain. Enth self-sacrifice! that was the supreme glory of Christ, should be our supreme glory and joy. The death by we live is found to be the grandest theme on which the of glory and the greatest of heavenly saints can co together, and this theme is also ours and ever shall be,

"When in scenes of glory we sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the same old story that we have loved so lon

At last the apostles awoke, the light of the face of touching their eyes like the rising sun. Peter, not kn what he said, exclaims, "Lord, it is good to be here, a us build three tents of the tree branches, one for the for Moses and one for Elijah." At that Moses and E whom Peter is ranking as equal to Christ, withdrew sight, that the apostles in their worship may see no on Jesus only—a rebuke of all saint worship, whether Ca or Protestant. So-called "hero worship" often comes near to worship, especially in the case of the found great denominations. Surely we shall be most truly lo their memories if we worship "Jesus only," as they did was found alone," says Luke. Ages have passed. Thou of men, great in learning, great in statesmanship, gr heroism, have lived, but it is still true that among thos have lived in human form "Jesus is found alone," n being worthy to be placed beside him. He is "the among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure." surely one so incomparably above a must have been more than man.

Hear ye him. Thus God, too, ind the pre-eminence of Christ as the su authority. Whenever questions Moses or the prophets or other rel questions arise, let us remember th only faith, but reason, bids us clim mount and hear what Jesus says. shall we think of the Old Testa Turn to the Gospels and see how quoted them as true and authoritati is the highest reason to accept the w his pure reason as of the supreme of religion. It is the highest reason cept his word as final on whatev spoke, using our imperfect reason or things of which the Perfect Reason not spoken.

Bring him hither to me. The was a good place to go for prepar but not a place to stay. Curiously en Roman Catholics have raised a mon on the spot where they erroneously pose the transfiguration occurred, d the overruling of Peter's like propo build and stay on the mount. Th not a little of Protestant monasticism in those who are not content to Christian joys as preparation for se but would sit and sing themselves to everlasting bliss, neglectful of the which waits them in the valley b The devil-possessed boy was to be ed with the spiritual power received mount of prayer. So ever the Chris orbit should be from prayer to work from work to prayer.

Be ye transfigured (Rom. 12: 2). practical side of the transfiguration is that we are commanded to be t figured. The word used in Roman us is the same as is used in the st Christ. "Be not conformed, but t formed." A good illustration of a h transfiguration is the case of Jerry Auley. He came to New York City Ireland when thirteen years of age. father had been a counterfeiter, an many years the boy was no better. became a river thief, a prize-figh everything bad but a murderer. H arrested for highway robbery and se Sing Sing prison for fifteen years prison he was converted, through t forts of "Awful Gardner," a reformed vict. "Jerry" was pardoned after se half his term, and came to New Yor opened on Water street an institut called "The Helping Hand for M The transformation seen in his ow was the best help to the rough chara that abounded in that section of the Not only were hundreds of drunkard thieves led to a like transfiguration, but the very neigh hood was changed for the better. One writer said, "I al go to Jerry's Mission when I feel a little uncertain abou theology." One could hardly doubt the power of Chri transfigure human lives after an evening at his meeting.

Not less real are the slower transformations wrough other lives. One evening, the Indian Chief, Teedyusc King of the Delawares, was sitting beside the fire in a fri wigwam. Both gazed in the flames, thinking his thoughts. At length Redwing, the friend, said: "Broth have been thinking of one of the best things in my new reli —a wonderful rule laid down by Jesus, and called the Go Rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do you.'" "That is impossible!" cried the chief. "It can't be d Once more silence reigned in the wigwam. Teedyuscung thinking. "Brother," said he, "I have thought much of you told me, and I have discovered that there is one wa which it might be done!" "And what is that way, broth "If the Great Spirit who made man were to give him a heart, he could do as you say, but not else." "Brot cried Redwing, jumping up and seizing his friend's h "you have found the truth! It is even as you say! An Great God has said these words, that it may be possib you and me to do his will—'A new heart will I give and a new spirit will I put within you'—so he makes it for us, brother." "I shall remember," said Teedyus "for I have been shown the way."

"BEHOLD THERE TALKED WITH HIM TWO MEN WHO WERE MOSES AND ELIAS"

*International Sunday School lesson for April 17. Mark 9: 2-13. (Read also Matt. 17: 1-13; Luke 9: 28-36; II. Peter 1: 16-21.) Golden text: A voice came out of the cloud saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him. Mark 9: .

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$7,000 MORE FOR MACEDONIAN RELIEF

WITH this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Macedonian relief work practically closes. A remittance of **$7,000** has been sent to Rev. Mr. Peet, of the American Board, Constantinople, to be applied in part, to general relief work in the Monastir district, and also to aid the orphanage work under the charge of American missionaries in that place, which is in urgent need—the apportionment being left to the discretion of the American missionaries on the ground. Any further balances will be sent to the field through Mr. Peet. As the immediate danger, from cold and starvation, is now past in nearly all the districts where the sufferers are located, and as the refugees on the Bulgarian border (judging from the letters that have lately come to hand), seem to be in good hands, **no further appeals for contributions will appear in these columns.** Our Relief Committee having closed its work, is now dissolved.

Benevolent hearts in the United States, Great Britain and Bulgaria, have acted most harmoniously and efficiently together, in all this work of Macedonina relief. Catholic missionaries and Sisters of Mercy work side by side with evangelical missionaries, colporteurs, and preachers, and all receive funds through the hands of the American missionary at Monastir. Tenderly nurtured women of rank, who knew the country and its various nationalities as few others could know them, save the missionaries, have labored most self-denyingly, and with self-abnegation, for the mitigation of the sufferings and destitution in which the struggle between Moslem rulers and Christian subjects had left the province last autumn.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers have generously responded to this need. The winter is now over and gone, and the spring has appeared in that part of the world. The crocuses, violets, primroses, and dandelions, have been found in sheltered nooks even on mountain sides, while on the hills and plains appear the almond trees, white with blossoms, and the fields of poppies and of winter wheat in their greenness. The latter is true in regions where the greatest terrors had not fallen, where there were still men left to plough and sow their fields last autumn, or women who might still brave the loneliness of their fields, in sections where the dreaded Albanian and Turkish guards, or the regular troops of Abdul Hamid or his irregular Bashi-Bazouks, were not terrifying and devastating the Christian population. Yet there is no joy in the spring, but only fearful forebodings of what those trembling hearts know only too well.

A recent letter from the treasurer in Macedonia reported that £1,500 had recently been reported from the London Fund, and that Miss Muriel White had sent an additional 125 francs.

The various relief workers, in their journeys among the villages could not fail to find little orphaned children, whose pitiful, uncared for condition appealed so loudly to the sympathetic hearts of our missionaries, that they felt called upon to beg for special funds with which to secure suitable premises, and gather in these little waifs for Christian care and instruction. The British Vice-Consul advised that it be entirely under American auspices, judging that it would thus meet with less opposition from the government. The call was issued for about $2,500, which would purchase avail able property immediately adjoining our American mission property. The children could thus attend the kindergarten and preparatory classes of the girls' boarding school, until the girls should be ready for the regular course, and the boys be passed on to the Orphanage and Industrial School at Salonica.

A GROUP OF MACEDONIAN REFUGEES

In his latest notes, Missionary Bond laments that this much needed orphanage at Monastir has not yet materialized, but he hopes to open it soon. "The Bible Lands Mission Aid Society of London, kindly sanctions our using £200, and Miss Muriel White expresses herself as glad to have the balance of her fund, about £50, go to this worthy object (he writes). With this amount in our hands, and an indefinite amount of faith in our hearts, we plan to rent a house for the present, and gather in the helpless who appeal most loudly for sympathy. We are asking the Mission to approve the desire of the Monastir station to act as the trustees of the orphanage. Larger boys would go to the industrial farm at Salonica, while we would shelter little boys and girls."

The girls' boarding-school in Monastir has taken in a dozen or fourteen homeless orphan girls, to their great delight, their comfortable and lovingly-watched-over life there seeming to them little less than paradise. Six girls are paid for by a teacher and pupils in a private school on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, each of whom took a girl for her own special care.

Rev. E. B. Haskell, writes from Monastir, that he has just visited Salonica, and was occupied for a time in overseeing relief work in Krushevo and Krutchevo and in looking up orphan children in Resna.

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The Cure of Mirandy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 310

Run down to the summer-house, under the elm, at the foot of the garden. We want ye fer a witerness."

"What, Aaron? What is it?"

"Nothin' much, only I've ketched the parson jest in the nick er time."

"Who, Aaron? What's the matter?"

"Git yer clean apron, Nancy! Who? Them two! Come, edge along!" and away he went with Nancy behind.

And there under the elm tree she had always loved, though it was not such a wedding as Mildred had dreamed of, they were married; and thence, after one more attempt to enter the presence of the inexorable aunt, they went away.

It was a happy and a sad little flight, their brief wedding journey, only a drive in the buggy that would hold two, if they sat close enough, to a neighboring town, where they passed a day with the sweet, white-haired woman, Robert's mother, whose picture hung above his bed. Mildred was not willing to go farther or to stay long, hoping against hope every hour that she might be permitted to return to the bedside of her relenting aunt. Of Mirandy, Aaron's report came daily to the little brick office building, which now became, practically, her home.

"She's kinder edgin' along," said Aaron, hopefully. "She ain't so all-fired contrary as she wuz. Some er them books and picters er yourn, she told Nancy to put out er sight, and then when Nancy went fer 'em, she said, 'Cover 'em up, let 'em be. I don't want yer hands ter wait on me after you've been techin' them things.' And Nancy, she's got gumption. She let 'em be; only she forgot to kiver 'em over. So Aunt Mirandy, she's kinder edgin' along."

And Mildred tried to be comforted while the summer drifted away and the following winter wore into spring.

"Don't you be no ways discouraged," said Aaron; "on the outside, she's as sick as ever; but on the inside, she's awful tired o' keepin' it up. She's edgin' along; she's gittin' over the greound. She sent me post-haste off to Winchester fer that allopath doctor; but she soon sent him flyin'; his doses was too big. Then she tried the homeopath, Dr. Dow, and his doses was too finicky. Then she became a vegetarian, and not a bite er meat would she eat; and, then, over she went, like a hot flapjack on a griddle, and told us she was goin' to be a Salisburyan, that is, a person who eats only meat. So Dr. Salisbury writ and prescribed hot water and beefsteak fer breakfast, and beefsteak and bilin' water fer dinner, and more hot water the fust thing in the mornin' and the last thing at night. Wa'al, that didn't last long; and then there was the electrician who made her yell, and the clairvoyant who scared her e'enamost into fits, clutchin' and clawin' in her trances; and the Indian yarb doctor, who made the house smell's ef he was bilin' all creation."

Mildred laughed in spite of her inward distress at the dreary catalogue of efforts.

"She got disgusted with the mind cure," Aaron went on, "and said 'twas only intended fer people who had no minds of their own, and as fer the faith cure, it didn't seem to take, and one day the woman said 'twa'nt no airthly use anintin' anybody that bore malice, and she feared Miss Mirandy wasn't quite forgivin' enough to fill the bill. Then the fat was in the fire, and Mirandy told her she'd excuse her from ministratin' any further, that if the Lord wanted to heal her, he'd heal her, ile or no ile, and she didn't pay her fare both ways from Boston and throw in her board, to hev her meddle with her family affairs. And arter that, Mirandy, she was kinder set back and more bedrid than ever. And then come the great doctor from New York, that she was put out with because he told her nothin' under the sun ailded her but highsterics, and that meant, as a general thing, a little providential affliction and a good many tempers and tantrums, and that she could walk from home to meetin' or to mill whenever she got ready."

"Brave doctor, that," said Robert.

"Poor thing," said Mildred compassionately, "I wonder if she will ever be well."

"Yes, yes, you never fear," said Robert.

"Yes, she's edgin' along, and some day the good Lord'll send somethin' to break her heart and that'll set her on her legs agin, and then she'll jest up and put with all her might for the Kingdom. My! but when she gits agoin' in the right diection, won't she git over the greound."

They sat long and talked after Aaron had shuffled away home, and the night that settled down upon the town was clear and cool, with a high west wind, making itself felt at every crack and cranny.

Suddenly from midnight slumbers Robert awoke. A red glare in the sky, a strange, lurid, flickering shadow going and coming on the panes. Over the way, not many hundred yards from his gate, stood the old almshouse of the town. Flames had seized upon it, and were stretching their writhing coils already from window to window. He rushed into the open air, a crowd, swaying and shouting, and above them the cries of a huddled group of children rescued from the burning walls. Mildred stood at her window and watched.

Suddenly, at a casement of the burning building, a little form appeared. A great cry of anguish went up from the crowd. They had believed the children all saved. Even while she looked, the ladders were thrown up in the very whirl of the blinding smoke. Then there was a pause, and every man in all the throng seemed to hold his breath. But the child's frightened cry rang forth again, and a woman's form sprang toward the ladder. As she touched it, Robert, who had run across from his home, reached it, and brushing her aside, ran swiftly up the steps into the tossing waves of smoke. A minute more—an awful minute for Mildred—and he came down again, and laid the child in the arms of the woman waiting at the ladder's foot.

"Thank God, Robert! thank God!" she said, seizing his arm as he turned away. He started and looked at her—"Miranda, Aunt Miranda!"

"Yes, Robert, I saw the flames. I thought it was your house."

"And you came; Aaron brought you?"

"No, I walked; I ran; I got here in time to see this child at the window. See, it is one of poor Mary Driscoll's twins. Before she died, she asked me to give them a home, and I wouldn't. I let them come to this place instead."

"You will take her home now?"

"Yes, and all the rest. Send for Aaron. We shall have room enough. I want them all. Oh, Robert! oh, Mildred!" she cried, bursting into tears; "I want them all. I could take all the orphan children in the world, and not fill the hungry place left by the one I have lost."

"Not lost, Auntie," said Mildred, who losing sight of her husband, had rushed over into the crowd. "Never lost, Auntie. I am here, and I want the friend who was a mother to me, as you will be to these poor, frightened little ones. Come, Robert, I will go with you and we will soon have them safely tucked away."

"And will you stay, Mildred?"

"Yes, Auntie, dear, but can you keep us all—all the rest of the orphans and Robert and me?"

"Yes, all and always. I always wanted poor Mary's children, though I wouldn't own it, and I was afraid of giving myself care and trouble. But now I'll take them and all the rest." And in her excitement she bent and lifted a little child on either arm.

At this moment Aaron appeared upon the scene, hot and panting with haste and fright at discovering his mistress was gone. For a moment he looked at the group, and then taking up a child in his arms, he turned and headed the procession toward the old brick house.

"Let's be edgin' along," he said softly. "She's started for the Kingdom, Mirandy is, and ef we don't move on, she'll beat us all in gittin' over the greound. I alwus said 'twould come, and it has come."

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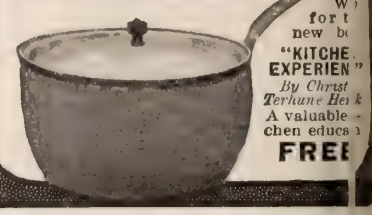

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Down from unconquered sires
Wakes, with the joy his wild heart knows,
When blaze war's flaming fires.

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The Cossacks ride to war;
The strong, swift, bearded, fighting-men
Whose friends the gray wolves are;
Who make their coverlets the snows
When they lie down to sleep,
Who faster ride than wind that blows
When they their saddles leap.

No man has seen the Cossacks' sword
Turn downward in the fight,
In vain have tides of battles poured
Against them in their might;
The hoof-beats of their steeds are known,
With all their wandering clan,
From bleak Siberian highways down
To sun-kissed Astrakhan.

When sits the White Czar on his throne
Within his guarded gate,
Brooding, with brow of gloom, alone,
Upon his Empire's fate,
He knows, through every vague alarm,
While ships and men fight on,
He still may trust his strong right arm—
The Cossacks of the Don.

JIN S. MCGROARTY, in Los Angeles *Times*.

TRANSFORMING POWER*

How Christ Changes the Lives and Character of those who Submit to Him

WHEN men are converted, there is often a time of bewilderment. They do not quite see what the future is to be. In what way will religion be incorporated in their lives? Where there is sincerity and honesty of purpose, there is a strenuous endeavor to give up habitual sin, to strive earnestly to become good and holy. The result is often disappointing. The Christian character does not develop as was expected, and men realize with concern, that they are very like different from what they used to be. The fact that the soul is "saved," even when it is fully realized, with all its eternal import, does not content a man who desires to be a real Christian. He is not all the time looking forward to heavenly rest and glory, but wants to make his present life consistent.

To such a man, weary with the struggle with sin, incapable of developing holy principles and conduct, the apostle brings a new idea of life. He would change the life within him, from the active to the passive. He points the believer to Christ, who, he says, will change the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, and he assures us that Christ is able to subdue all things to himself. Does that mean that the believer is to do nothing? Is he to live helplesssly, trusting that in some mysterious way a miracle will be worked upon him? By no means. The co-operation of the man is essential, but it is Christ who does the work. The apostle speaks of the offering of life as a willing sacrifice, a complete submission, a consecration. The man puts himself in Christ's hands to be transformed and submits himself unreservedly to the process. The indispensable condition is faith. There must be perfect confidence in Christ's power. Then there must be an earnest and sincere resolution to yield to his influence. There must be frequent prayer. Communion with Christ, as friendship with our companions, has a mighty influence. The study of Christ's life and character is also a potent means of grace. The desire to understand him, to live as he lived, to do what we think he would do if he were here—all this creates an atmosphere, an environment in which Christ can exert his transforming power. So may we be changed into his image.

Physicians often have to apply the same principles in their treatment. There are patients whose very efforts to regain their health are obstacles to their recovery. The man who counts his own pulse, who minutely watches his symptons, and is perpetually trying some new remedy, is little likely to become a healthy man. A doctor dealing with such a patient, tells him to forget himself, to go out into the fresh air, to get interested in some pursuit. "Leave your symptoms and your treatment to me. Place your case in my hands," he says, "and I will bring you through."

The educator adopts the same principle. A young man entering college, especially if previously he is largely self-educated, has his own ideas of the course he should take. His tutor asks for his confidence. He wants the young man to give up his notions, and follow the course to be marked out for him. It may be uncongenial. He may be required to devote himself to mathematics instead of the classics; but if he has confidence in his tutor, he understands that the tutor sees that he needs just that discipline for the development of his mind. He submits and finds the benefit of the course.

The story is told of a young man who became dissipated, and abandoned himself to low and coarse forms of vice. But he had some good points in his character, and one of these was a veneration for an uncle who was a singularly wise and pure character. Learning of the young man's fall, the uncle went to him, and told him he was going to take a tour through Europe and would be glad of his companionship. The young man gladly consented. For several months they were in daily association. The young man was not lectured or scolded, but in their talks his thoughts were led to high ideals. He was introduced to good people, and in some European capitals he was shown how vice degrades and corrupts the character. All was very pleasant and enjoyable, and at the end of the tour, without any direct teaching but by simple association with the good and pure, he returned a transformed being.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 17, Rom. 12: 1, 2; Phil. 3: 20, 21.

Got $25,000 Through Prayer

MISS FRANCES BENNETT, of Lowell, Mass., is a young woman who has for several years been very active in Christian work. She has taken a personal interest in the progress of the Lowell Young Women's Christian Association, of which she is general secretary, and which has been doing an excellent work among the factory girls of that city. It has been Miss Bennett's hope to find the means to erect a building devoted to social and spiritual work among this class. In answer to prayer, a room for the gatherings of these girls had already been provided. Later, another room was added, and this was also secured after an earnest supplication to the Heavenly Father. Thus step by step the work progressed. More rooms were added and the movement began to assume a permanent form. Money, which came from various sources, was now carefully saved for the new building, but the realization still seemed a long way off.

Quite lately Miss Bennett was impressed with the conviction that a crisis in the work was near, and that still more earnest and believing prayer would meet with a response. She now prayed with an intense earnestness, and was joined in her petitions by others who were closely identified with the work among the mill girls. One day lately, while she was visiting friends in Long Island, N. Y., a telegram was handed to her by a messenger. She trembled as she opened it, fearing that it might contain bad news concerning her mother, who lay very ill at home. When she at last tore off the envelope and read the message, her eyes filled with tears of joy and a great happiness sprang up in her heart.

"My prayers are answered," she cried aloud, turning to the friends at her side. "I knew it would be so and I thank the Lord for it. Now, they can go on with the building. This telegram has brought me $25 000 and our mill-girls at Lowell will have a home now."

Miss Bennett was born in New York City and educated in Boston. After the death of her father, S. Masterson Bennett, she became bookkeeper and cashier in a large grocery store and worked her way through college. At a mission service many years ago, there came to her the sense of the need of mercy, forgiveness and consecration; and she found peace and inspiration in devoting her life to the spiritual and social uplifting of young people and to comforting the lowly and the lonely.

W. J. P.

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Rate, $106.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church.

On account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona *en route*, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the Santa Fe Route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth, and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at rate of $106 from New York, $105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and $100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1.00 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Russian Church on Wheels

THE CONGREGATION GATHERING FOR SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL CAR

AT this time, when Russia is transporting her vast armies across Siberia, it is interesting to note that, even amid all the haste and confusion incident to war, the spiritual welfare of the men is not wholly overlooked. Europeans and Americans who have traveled, not hurriedly, as most tourists do, but leisurely on the Siberian Railway, have observed the elegant traveling church cars in use on that road. There are only three of these chapel cars in use thus far. They are usually to be found side-tracked at some isolated portion of the 5,000-mile trans-Asiatic line. It was intended that they should be used to enable service to be performed at churchless settlements along the line.

The church-car illustrated in the photograph is one of the finest in existence. It cost 30,000 rubles, or about $18,000. It was built at the Russian car-works near St. Petersburg, and the material throughout is Russian. The interior is in keeping with a religious edifice, without being gaudy or too lavish. A few beautiful panels, showing religious subjects, are the only attempts at artistic decoration.

* * *

In addition to the simple church furniture, the church car contains secretarial accommodation for the "cbiachehik," or priest, and his aide; also, partitioned off, a small sleeping apartment for the two, with let-down berths and lavatory. At another end of the car is a makeshift kitchen. The man-of-all-work who looks after this church on wheels sleeps on a narrow bench (which by day serves as a kitchen table), or on the carpeted floor. The illumination is entirely by candles. The car is well heated by a wood stove; but the most important thing is that it is built almost "cold-proof," with double windows, double framing (with air-space between), lined throughout with jute sheathing and camel's-wool felting. A couple of bells under one of the eaves announce to worshipers the hour of service.

L. LODIAN.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Cruse

IS thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and
share it with another;
And, through all the year of famine, it shall
serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy
handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal
feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its
wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildewed in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps
drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will
bear it, then, and thee.
Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst
thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe the frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many
wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, and that
balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but
God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still.
Is the heart a living power? Self-sustained,
its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and, by serving,
love will grow.

—Anon.

Unsinkable Submarines

A SCIENTIFIC Frenchman, M. Desmouceaux de Givray, has been demonstrating that he can put on the water a craft that cannot be sunk either by treacherous waves or other agencies. In the enormous round fountain of the Tuileries gardens, he gave an exhibition of this unsinkable canoe, in miniature form, of course, which was attended by some score of engineers and sportsmen. The canoe, twenty-four inches long, eight wide and six and a half deep, proved entirely impervious to water and impossible to upset. It is impervious to water, because a solid composition of cork joins together the various parts; and it cannot be submerged, because, even with a heavy freight, it is much lighter than water. Moreover, it cannot be overturned but for a moment, since the keel is heavier than the shell, and thus permits the boat to right itself at once. The invention is simple and the idea itself not new; but M. de Givray is the first to have realized in practical form the craft itself. It behaved in all ways as he intended, and he has a far larger vessel of the same build which has been put through the same ordeal. The discovery can be applied, says the inventor, to any and all craft; properly constructed, even an ironclad may be demolished, but cannot sink. It is interesting to add that M. de Givray was led to this discovery through having lost his father, his grandfather, and sixteen others among his relatives, by the sinking of ordinary merchant vessels.

Submarine boat manœuvers have been proceeding off the Isle of Wight, recently, and a few days ago one of the boats, the A 1, showing certain defects in submerging and rising, was being retested. She was lying in seven fathoms of water awaiting an incoming battleship with a view of torpedoing her. As she lay there with only the periscope above water, a steamer, the *Berwick Castle*, approached. Apparently the periscope did not give a view of the steamer, which was on top of the submarine boat before the liner's crew saw her, but when the collision occurred, they supposed that they had struck a derelict torpedo, and the steamer was not stopped. Hours passed, and the submarine boat did not return, and a search was made for her. She was found at the bottom in diving trim. Everything was found battened down and no breach was made in the hull. It is supposed that the boat was overturned by the *Berwick Castle*, and that this upset her gasoline tanks, the fumes from which suffocated the crew, for whom a search was made, but at latest accounts no trace of them had been found.

A Wave Motor

At Santa Catalina, Calif., is a successful wave motor. At a point unprotected by outlying rocks or shoals, two wells, eight and five feet in diameter, respectively, are sunk in the cliff, one behind the other, the foremost but five feet from the brink. These wells extend from thirty feet above high tide to below the ebb and open at bottom in the ocean. A counterbalanced float rises and falls between vertical guides in the foremost well, as the swells outside raise or lower the water level. The plunger of a common force pump working in any part of a long pump barrel occupies the second well, forcing on the down stroke the salt water vertically 125 feet to a 5,000-gallon tank, raised on a sixty-foot derrick on the bank above, from whence it runs to tanks along the country roads for miles around, and is used for sprinkling purposes. In ordinary weather, the pump fills the supply tank in about one hour. The surplus will also shortly be utilized in the manufacture of salt.

Cocoa Tea Cakes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

A child's craving for sweets is a very natural one, and should be gratified, but in a rational manner. When a child is allowed free access to the cake box or doughnut jar he is often tempted to eat when he would be much better off without food, so it is well to restrict the use of sweets to a legitimate place, as a dessert to the regular meal. Much meat is not a suitable diet for children, but starch and fats are very needful.

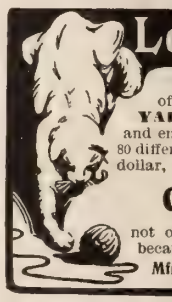
The fat of cream and good butter is easily assimilated and more digestible than the fat of meats. To furnish starch we have many food products to choose from, and sugar in various forms plays an important part. For pure starch we have nothing to compare with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and it may be used in some dish daily without monotony. It is capable of infinite variety in preparation, and is both inexpensive and easy to use.

A simple cake that will please almost any child is one in which cocoa and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch form a part. The receipt given makes a simple and attractive cake which will give no one a pang of regret for the eating.

COCOA TEA CAKES.

Beat singly three large eggs into a scant cup of sugar creamed with a third of a cup of butter. When smooth and light add half a cup of milk and half a cup each of flour and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth cup of cocoa. Beat well, add a little salt and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Place in muffin pans, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake in moderate oven.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED)



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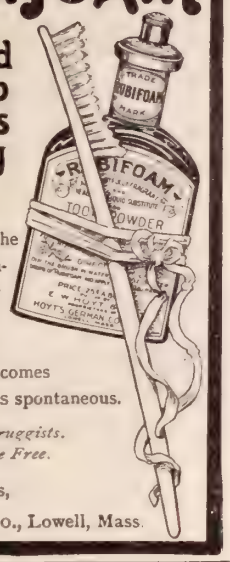

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The ART of BREATHING*

THE art of breathing correctly is less understood than any one of the various functions of life. It is natural to breathe, of course, but very few persons perform the function of respiration naturally. Many persons do not know how the diaphragm works during the act of respiration. In correct respiration the diaphragm descends during inhalation, and all the muscles connected with the side ribs expand. When the breath is exhaled the diaphragm ascends. Respiration should be slow and deep, causing large quantities of air to come in contact with the membranes that absorb oxygen from the air inhaled. Many women never take a full breath after adult life is reached, and the average man, who has given up vigorous exercise, rarely fills his lungs to their full capacity. In fact, many persons are so unaccustomed to forcible breathing that an attempt is followed by exhaustion, dizziness and palpitation of the heart.

After the fullest possible inspiration, the lungs should contain about 330 cubic inches of air. After the fullest possible expiration, the lungs still contain about 100 cubic inches of air. So it is possible, by strong effort, to inhale and exhale about 230 cubic inches of air. But the great majority of people rarely inhale more than thirty cubic inches of air in quiet breathing. There are very few people of normal lung capacity. Several times a day the inflation of the chest by a series of gentle, deep, prolonged inspirations and forced expirations, when the practice does not provoke coughing, is very important. Whether walking on a level or climbing, the patient should breathe deeply and slowly. In ordinary breathing, the chief movement should be at the waist. The chest should expand at the belt and sides. The expansion of the upper part of the chest is necessary only in very full breathing.

To take a deep, full breath, expand, first the chest, breathing in until the entire waist swells out, the sides expand, and the anterior wall expands; then breathe in a little more until the whole abdomen expands; now try to inhale still a little more by lifting up the chest and drawing in slightly the lower part of the abdominal wall. This gives a full and complete respiration. Paroxysms of coughing produced by full breathing and by distention of unused lung-tissue should not be regarded as a contra-indication.

Deep, full breathing exercises the muscles around the waist, strengthens them and gives one an added power of endurance. Breathing is really a kind of internal gymnastic exercise for the vital organs. The contents of the abdomen are moved and their energy increased; therefore, if one breathes only clavicularly, or upper chest breathing, he does not exercise what is below the lungs, and it is now universally conceded that to enjoy perfect health, the breathing must expand the entire trunk.

*From *The Self-Cure of Consumption*, by C. H. Stanley Davis, M.D. Pp. 176; cloth; 75 cents. E. B. Treat & Co., publishers, New York.

THE MYSTERY

BY MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

UNDER the snow, so white and cold,
The dead leaves lie,
Close pressed
Unto the breast
Of Earth; and nigh
The frozen clods enfold
A mystery.

When Nature wills, the sun of Spring
Will bid the leaves
Arise!
In sweet surprise
Earth bares her breast,
And warm veins bring
Sweet ministering.

Tender and sweet, but still not quite
The same dear leaves
I missed,
And fondly kissed,
Ere Death had said:
"They're mine!" despite
My questioning.

From out the grave of Hope now dead
New life will spring;
The same,
Yet not the same.
And peace long gone
With joys that fled
Will come again.

An American Girl's Daring

IN his new book, "My Air-Ships," published by The Century Company, Santos Dumont, the famous ballonist, relates some most interesting experiences. One of these is as follows:

"A young lady, well known in New York society, having visited my station with her friends on several occasions, confessed an extraordinary desire to navigate the air-ship.

"'You mean that you would have the courage to be taken up in the free balloon, with no one holding its guide-rope?' I asked. 'Mademoiselle, I thank you for the confidence.'

"'Oh, no,' she said. 'I do not want to be taken up. I want to go up alone and navigate it free, as you do.'

"I think that the simple fact that I consented on condition that she would take a few lessons in the handling of the motor and machinery speaks eloquently in favor of my own confidence in the 'No. 9.' She had three such lessons; and then, on a date that will be memorable in the fasti of dirigible ballooning, rising from my station grounds in the smallest of possible dirigibles, she cried, 'Let go, all.'

"From my station at Neuilly Saint James she guide-roped to Bagatelle. The guide-rope, trailing some thirty feet, gave her an altitude and equilibrium that never varied. I will not say that no one ran along beside the dragging guide-rope; but, certainly, no one touched it until the termination of the cruise at Bagatelle, when the moment had arrived to pull down the intrepid girl-navigator."

Concerning the navigation and speed of balloons, M. Dumont says: "It is not like sail navigation; and all talk about 'tacking' is meaningless. If there is any wind at all, it is in a given direction, so that the analogy with a river current is complete. When there is no wind at all, we may liken it to the navigation of a smooth lake or pond.

"Suppose that my motor and propeller push me through the air at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I am in the position of a steamboat captain whose propeller is driving him up or down the river at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Imagine the current to be ten miles an hour. If he navigates against the current, he accomplishes ten miles an hour with respect to the shore, though he has been traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour through the water. If he goes with the current, he accomplishes thirty miles an hour with respect to the shore, though he has not been going any faster through the water. This is one of the reasons why it is so difficult to estimate the speed of an air-ship."

Kind-hearted Policemen

HERE is a pleasant little story anent the kind-heartedness of the New York policeman. Not long ago an old man, a Civil War veteran, walked into one of the downtown stations, and, walking up to the Sergeant's desk, said:

"My name is McDonald. I am a veteran of the Civil War. I have sent my pension voucher to Washington, and I have just got word that it has not arrived. I am afraid that it has gone astray. We live near here, my wife and I; we are old, and we have not had much to eat for two or three days, while waiting for the pension money."

The sergeant called the reserve platoon on the floor. "Men," said he, "here is an old soldier who is in need. Now, I am going to do my share, and I think you fellows will help, too."

The sergeant put a dollar on the desk, then the reserves searched themselves, and as a result nine dollars were handed over to the old man. "Now, Eliza and I will have a good dinner," said he; "we've been husband and wife for many years. When I was shot during the Battle of the Wilderness, Eliza was one of those volunteer nurses, and she took care of me. After the war we got married."

The old soldier and Eliza were soon enjoying a good, hearty meal in their little room over a grocery store. They were happy, and so were the broad-shouldered men in blue who had made their happiness possible.

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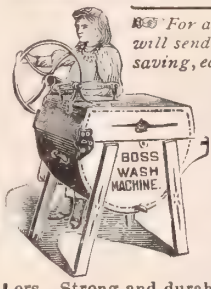

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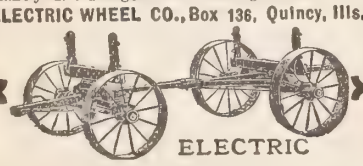

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Proposed Missionary Rest-House

FROM far-off China, Mr. John Fowler, United States Consul at Chefoo, brings news of the inauguration of a project, which will gladden the hearts of many missionaries and their families. Mr. Fowler, who has just returned to this country for a brief period of rest and recuperation, after labors unusually exhausting and brilliantly successful, called recently at the office of this journal, and after congratulating the proprietor on the beneficent work the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had enabled him to do for the starving people of China, in which Mr. Fowler did valuable service, he explained the new project.

Consul Fowler fully endorsed the statement made by the missionaries, that the climate and conditions of life in that land are peculiarly trying to the American constitution. After a few years the energies flag, it becomes almost impossible to work or sleep, and the missionary must pay the heavy expenses of a journey home, or when, by strong will power, he forces himself to remain at his post, he renders himself liable to a permanent break-down. It has, however, been found that there is in Shantung Province an ideal resort, where there is pure air, sea-breezes and revivifying conditions. The China Inland Mission had the merit of discovering the advantages of this locality, which is named Chefoo. The Mission erected a sanatorium there, to which it sent its workers on their showing symptoms of an approaching break-down. They discovered that a few weeks spent there, in the invigorating air, had as beneficent an effect as a long sea voyage, and the tired worker was toned up and was soon able to resume his work with his accustomed energy. As the China Inland Mission has seven hundred and fifty missionaries in that field, the little institution was always full, and though few stayed long under its roof, there was seldom a vacant room. The benefits it conferred, however, were so clearly proved, that it has been decided to erect another institution there for the benefit of missionaries of other societies.

There are in China about 3,000 Protestant missionaries, including Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and workers of the Dutch Reformed and other churches. Among these there are many to whom the opportunity of a few weeks in bracing air would be an invaluable boon. If a sanatorium were built and equipped, a very moderate charge, within the narrow missionary means, would render it self-supporting. This fact was so obvious, that an effort was made to raise the funds for the initial expense. Very soon, sufficient money was received to purchase an eligible site, and plans were drawn for a building to cost $12,000. As Consul Fowler was returning to America for a visit, it was suggested to him that he bring the situation before the American public, with the view of ascertaining whether the Christian people here who have the welfare of the missionaries at heart, would not come to their help in this beneficent scheme. With the kindness and courtesy for which Mr. Fowler is renowned, he undertook the task, which we believe will commend itself to the churches. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, was so impressed with the importance of the project that he immediately gave a thousand dollars to the fund, and promised to have the matter placed before the readers of this journal and to receive any contributions they might make toward the building.

Chefoo is one of the few Chinese ports accessible by steamer. It is on the coast, with facilities for sea-bathing, and on the south there is a fine open country, with access to the mountains. Missionaries from any part of China or Corea could reach it easily, and there is no doubt that once established, a sanatorium there would save many a precious life. It is intended to make the institution entirely undenominational, and to put it under the charge of a board in which the various missionary societies are represented. The chairman of the preliminary committee is Dr. Hunter Corbett, of the Presbyterian Mission, and the Rev. John A. Stooke, of the China Inland Mission, has accepted the office of secretary.

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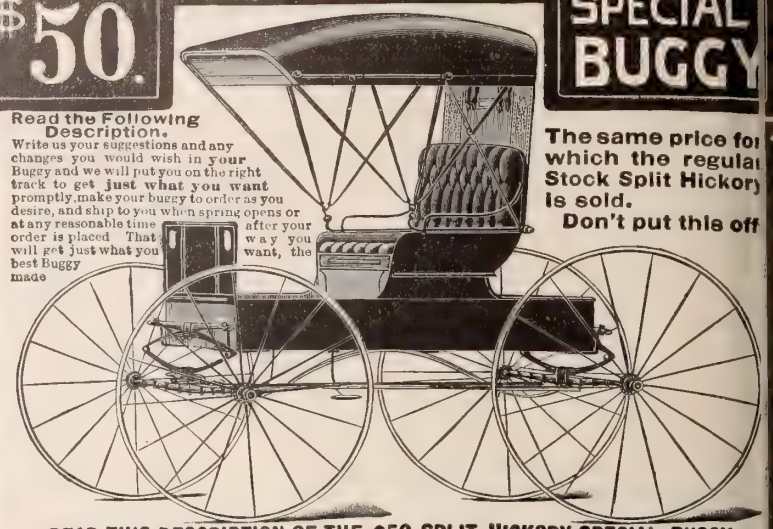

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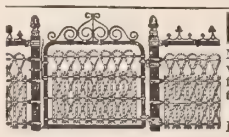

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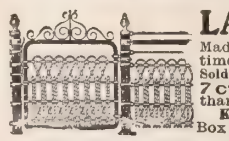

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VISIBLE GLORY

Christ Transfigured on the Mount

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

WHEN the Star of Bethlehem was lost to human sight, what became of it? The last which the Magi saw of it was when "it stood over where the young child was" (Matt. 2:9). Was not the glory of the Lord, which shone around the shepherds of Bethlehem (Luke 2:9), the same glory of the Lord which was in the star? What, then, became of it? Did it not enter into that little Babe, veiled indeed, for the veil was his flesh (Heb. 10:20), but shining out on the mount of transfiguration?

Peter had confessed Jesus as "the Christ, the Son of the living God," and the Lord had said "Verily, I say unto you, that there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power. And after six days, Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light" (Matt. 17:2). Was not this the glory of the Lord, his manifest presence which went up from the temple (Ezek. 11:23), because of the sins of his people, and which appeared only in the life, the words and works of the Lord Jesus, but which on this occasion was permitted to shine through the veil of his flesh in a glory which human eyes might see?

The disciples' expectation was set upon an earthly kingdom, with earthly glory; now they had a glimpse of the kingdom of God come with power, a far mightier power than that of armies, a far greater glory than of wealth and learning: for here were two men who had lived on earth among men, whose faults have not been hidden from us, but who had been fully at the disposal of their God. One had died, the other had been taken away without dying. They have now the opportunity to talk with Jesus; and their subject is not the great things which they have done, nor even the great things which Jesus has done. They, at least, had understood that all this did not suffice to save a lost world. It was just that which Peter had been unwilling to hear of: the coming sufferings of his Lord, which was the only theme of his heavenly converse on this unique occasion. "They spake of his decease [or exodus], which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Each of these men, when on earth, had spent forty days and nights alone with God; they had had an opportunity to know him. Nothing personal touched them; they knew that it was in his heart to redeem a lost world; and nothing else occupied these men whose hearts were one with him.

This was the heavenly pattern of the coming kingdom. The lowly Jesus glorified, the sleeping saints raised and transfigured, the living saints transfigured with them and with the Lord, his interests absorbing them, and living men upon the earth permitted to see and hear the words of these heavenly ones; such will be the order of things in the Millennium! And meanwhile, at the foot of the mountain, were his disciples who had been left behind, humbled and disappointed, for they were experiencing that the power which the Lord had given them to cast out devils was no more with them. In their hearts the uppermost thing was, which of them should be the greatest, and they did not understand the importance of that announcement of the Lord Jesus before he went up into the mountain: "The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again."

"And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid" (Mark 9:5-6). Luke says, "Not knowing what he said." Peter was like many disciples nowadays—more ready to say something, right or wrong, than to keep silence.

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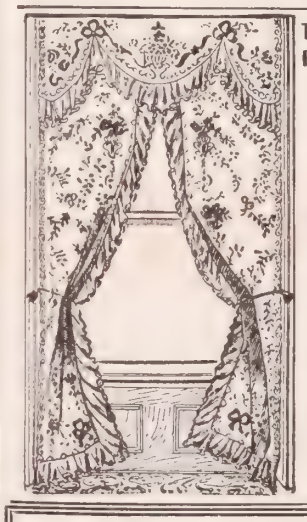

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Also a bed set of two shams and lace spread to match—for selling one dozen.

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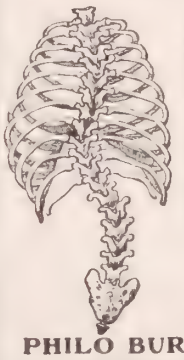

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SEE PAGES 334 AND 335

THE EXPOSITION CITY READY TO WELCOME THE WORLD

Questions & Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

E. D., Bloomfield, N. Y. Would it be possible for me to enter a Training School for Nurses, as I have only a public school education, or is it necessary to have a high school certificate?

Write to Superintendent Training School for Nurses, St. Luke's Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital, Post Graduate Hospital, and Bellevue Hospital, New York, or to Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. The hospitals have different standards and requirements for nurses.

F. W. McC., Nebraska. 1. Is a witness in Court compelled to testify under oath, even though he believes that such a thing is wrong? 2. Can a person be a Christian and believe in the teachings of Theosophy?

1. Yes. If a Quaker, he may affirm. 2. The two systems of doctrine cannot be reconciled.

J. W. McC., Kelso, Tenn. What should one do to acquit himself with honor and not violate the law, when attacked with vile epithets or force?

Such abuse is best answered by silence. If the assailant proceeds to violence or slander, there is a remedy in the courts; but, even in such a case, silence is preferable. He can be sued civilly or criminally, or he can be bound over to keep the peace. The slanderer does himself a permanent injustice, and far greater injury than he can inflict upon you.

P. S., Rockland, Mass. A minister who preached here recently said that a large part of the Old Testament was not the word of God. Is that true?

God has revealed himself progressively to the world (see Heb. 1:1-3) as it was able to comprehend it. Much of the legislation of Leviticus, Numbers, etc., has become obsolete, the types having reached their fulfilment in Christ. He did not hesitate to reverse the laws laid down in certain parts of the Old Testament (see Matt. 5:21, 27, etc.) The Old Testament was the Word of God to the people who had that, and that only, but we are bound to read it in the clearer light of Christ's teaching. No one, for example, would think of offering animals in sacrifice now. Yet in the Psalms and the Prophets there are passages clearly and unmistakably bearing the marks of Divine origin, which for beauty and truth can never be surpassed.

F. F. I., Johnson, Wash. Do we not receive the gift of the Holy Spirit at baptism?

Not necessarily. The Holy Spirit may enter into a man's soul then or at some other time. If by baptism the Holy Spirit could be obtained, preaching would be superfluous, and all that would be required would be to induce men to be baptized. Spiritual grace can never be obtained by an external rite.

H. L. H., South China, Me. We have the promise that when two or three agree touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done, yet in this town earnest prayer was offered for the conversion of sinners in a series of meetings we have been holding, and it has not been answered. Why was it?

God never forces conversion. He leaves men free to accept or reject the offer of salvation. If you ask him to do that which it is his principle not to do, your prayer would fail, but you were quite right in offering the prayer. It showed your desire, which was his desire, too. He longs to have men turn to him, but they must do so voluntarily. Perhaps more good was done than you know. The fruits of such services do not always appear at once. Do not hastily conclude that your prayers were unanswered, because of their not being answered immediately.

E. S. W., Houston, Tex. Some time since, THE MAIL-BAG stated "that it is both morally and legally wrong to charge usurious rates of interest." Now I desire to ask if it would be morally right for a person who had contracted a loan at usurious rate of interest, though it was done without his knowledge, to enforce the law against the parties from whom the loan was obtained, though it would inure to his benefit to do so? In a case of usury that was tried in all the Courts in our State, all the interest that had accrued for a term of years on a loan was cut out by the Court, thus, while enforcing the law as to usury, the borrower was benefiting himself.

We cannot express an opinion on any particular case, in the absence of a knowledge of all the facts. On general principles, however, it may be stated that a borrower who, without knowing it, is overreached in the matter of interest, is morally and legally entitled to redress; whereas a borrower who submits to usury voluntarily, intending afterward to escape all liability through legal process, does not deserve any redress whatsoever. Although the courts may grant him redress, he is morally as culpable as the usurer.

C. Harris, M.D., Muscogee, I. T. I sent $10 of the Lord's money to the American Tract Society for five-cent Testaments, and in suitable boxes placed them in every cell in the United States jail in this city. Had I means, I would place "His Word" in every cell, in every prison in the land.

Here is a capital suggestion and a good example for Christian workers in other places to follow.

H. B. S., Obisco Valley, N. Y. Was the statement of Christ (Matt. 24: 34) fulfilled, that that generation should not pass away till all was fulfilled?

We have repeatedly explained, that the word "generation" is, in other parts of the New Testament, translated "nation." The Jewish nation, to whom the words referred, has not passed away.

W. H., Woolcot, N. Y. In what sense was John the Baptist more than a prophet, as is stated in Luke 7:26?

He was unique in being a herald of Christ. It was a commission far above that of any of the prophets and raised him to a higher standard. Christ described him as the greatest of all. He prepared the way by his preaching of repentance for the proclamation of salvation which Christ made.

G. S. P., Woodstock, Ont., Can. How did the song "Dolly Gray" become popular? What is it founded upon?

The song became popular through being sung at various places of amusement, where the catchy air and the simple sentiment were appreciated. It is supposed to be the farewell of a young soldier to his sweetheart, as he starts for the war.

W. R. B., South Bound Brook, N. J. The chronology found on the margin of the Bible is not a portion of the Bible text, by any means. It is the chronology compiled by Archbishop Ussher, a distinguished Irish prelate, who was born in 1580. His figures are always used in the Authorized Version.

C. E. H., Winsted, Ct. 1. What is the "evil eye"? 2. What makes "cross-eyes," and what can I do to overcome them?

1. The "evil eye" was an ancient superstition, based upon the notion that the eyes of certain wicked persons darted harmful rays upon the first object they looked at in the day. Their first morning glance was believed to be fatal to man or beast. 2. This is generally an inherited defect, that may be cured by a skilful oculist.

J. S. L., Stockton, Ill. 1. Can you give the authority upon which the claim is made that Noah was 120 years in building the ark? 2. How long was he in the ark? 3. When God said, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth," does it signify that this was the first appearance of the rainbow?

1. Genesis 6:3 is interpreted as meaning that 120 years' time from that warning would be granted to the people for repentance, and that this period, or a considerable portion of it, was devoted by Noah to warning the people and building the ark. 2. Noah was 600 years old when the ark was built (Genesis 7:7). One week later, on the seventeenth day of the second (Jewish) month, rain began, and lasted forty days. On the seventeenth day of the seventh month, or 150 days after the deluge began, the ark rested on Ararat. On the first day of the tenth month, mountain tops were visible. Forty days later, Noah sent forth the raven; seven days later, the dove; seven days afterward, the dove a second time, and a week later, the dove a third time. On the twenty-seventh day of the second month, Noah came out of the ark. 3. It is so interpreted by a majority of the commentators.

Laura H., Brattleboro, Vt. I hope to visit Nyack this summer, when the children are at Mont-Lawn. I suppose the boats do not stop there, and the only way to reach there is by rail.

The steamship *Chrystenah* makes regular trips to Nyack week days, from foot of West Tenth street, North River, New York, starting at 3.45 P.M., and reaching Nyack at 6 o'clock. Stages from the dock run to our Children's Home.

E. F., Canmer, Ky. 1. What are the nicknames of the States? 2. What is the altitude of Mt. Logan?

1. Alabama, Cotton State; Arkansas, Bear; California, Golden; Colorado, Centennial; Connecticut, Land of Steady Habits, or Nutmeg State; Dakota, Sioux State; Delaware, Blue Hen; Florida, Everglade, or Flowery; Georgia, Empire State of the South; Illinois, Prairie or Sucker; Indiana, Hoosier; Iowa, Hawkeye; Kansas, Jayhawker; Kentucky, Corncracker; Louisiana, Creole; Maine, Pine Tree; Maryland, Monumental; Massachusetts, Bay; Michigan, Wolverine; Minnesota, Gopher; Mississippi, Eagle; Nebraska, Antelope; Nevada, Sage; New Hampshire, Granite; New Jersey, Blue State; New Y... Empire; North Carolina, Turpentine; O... Buckeye; Pennsylvania, Keystone; Rh... Island, Plantation; South Carolina, Palme... Tennessee, Lion's Den; Texas, Lone S... Vermont, Green Mountain; Virginia, ... Dominion; Wisconsin, Badger. 2. Mount... gan, in Alaska, is 19,500 feet high.

R. T., Trevor, Wis. We have a saloon here although the law forbids it to be open on day, its doors are generally open. What sh... we do?

If the law forbids Sunday opening and can prove a violation by witnesses, who ... sonally see liquor sold, you can compel ... enforcement of the law. Write to Rev. ... vey Wood, Secretary American Temper... Union, 3 East 14th St., N. Y., for advice a... best measures to adopt in such a case.

W. R. D., Memphis, Tenn. 1. What is the p... lation of Corea? 2. What makes it of so ... consequence in the present war? 3. Wh... the extent of Corea's trade?

1. About 15,000,000. 2. Its geographical ... ation. If Russia should succeed in acqu... any considerable part of Corean territory, ... would then have seaboard outlets on the ... of Japan and Yellow Sea. 3. Corea has ... treaty ports open to trade. Her imp... average over $8,000,000 a year, exports $4,... 000—both having quadrupled within tw... years. The country produces rice, ba... wheat, sorghum, millet, beans, ginseng, hi... and imports cotton, silk, kerosene, rail... materials, clothing, provisions, matches, su... and various kinds of machinery.

Mrs. S. M. S., Tilton, N. H. I have seen nu... ous allusions of the friendship of Russia t... United States. I would like to know ... service Russia ever rendered the United St... when and under what circumstances?

During our Civil War, and when t... were apprehensions of European interfere... Russia voluntarily kept a fleet of warshi... Western waters ready to actively espouse ... Union cause. This is a historical fact.

Reader, Boston, Mass. No. We have ... continued all appeals for Macedonian re... our letters from missionaries plainly indica... that the acute need is over. No more ... tributions are desired.

Reader, Chicago. It is not necessary ... characterize the conduct of a daughter ... is so unfeeling as to forget her recent ... reavement, and to plunge into amusen... immediately after her mother's death. C... playing proclivities and reckless Sunday ... secration would indicate that there must ... been some defect in early training.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *The Golden Treasury for the Children of God*, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. III

OVER the entrance to a cave, on the desolate shore of an island, these words were written in large letters: "Hope thou in God, for my expectation is from him." The dead body of a missionary was found near the cave, which had been his shelter. His journal, which was also found, relates that his six companions had died of starvation, and that he, without food for several days, must soon die in the same way. The mission, for which he had given his life, was committed to the care of the Christian Church.

The sad fate of this devoted man kindled the zeal of many, and a mission ship, called by his name, was built as a memorial.

? Who was the missionary, and where did he die? ?

Miscellaneous

Mrs. Z. A. B., Lowell, Mass. We have not ... hymn complete.

R. M. N., Smithsburg, Md. No. The w... "Genevieve" is not in the Bible.

D. B., Wellsburg, W. Va. We presume they ... destroyed in the Tabernacle fire.

Florence G. M., Barnum, Minn. "Ragtim... music in which syncopation is the chief feat... It is so much overdone that it has come to be ... in light esteem by the best musical authorities.

Mrs. Captain M., St. Martins, N. B. 1. Nap... doubtless, after some early settler in the vici... 2. They are not reconciled. 3. Crown Prin... Louise, so far as we know, has not returned to ... husband, whom she left. Her companion was ... children's tutor.

Mrs. B. S. E. Premonitions may be cla... among those mysterious psychical and spiritua... periences that cannot be analyzed or explai... They are outside the domain of logical law, ... the fact of their existence cannot be controver... It is possible that as one who is spiritually-min... grows old, the veil between the two worlds ... comes thinner, and experiences may occur w... the ordinary mind cannot grasp or understand.

Emmeline O'D., Jersey City, N. J. 1. Rev. L... Ewing, of Cumberland Presbyterian Church, ... ter, Mo., has been and still is one of the most ... tive and earnest leaders in the anti-dancing ... sade. Write to him for all information as to ... present status of the movement. 2. No; we bel... a man would not seek to choose a wife from ... ball-room acquaintances. 3. The Mormons, ... are said to be notoriously immoral, encour... dancing and allow drinking by both sexes at t... dances.

W. H. H. S., Wrightsville, Ga. The clipp... you sent is one of many similar ones we have ... which deal with alleged sacred relics. The ab... scholars believe these stones to be mere monk... fabrications, very ingenious, but unfounded, ... designed for consumption by the credulous, ig... rant and superstitious. As an illustration of ... absurd stories of this sort, we have heard it sta... that in various Roman churches abroad, there ... enough alleged pieces of the "true" Cross to m... together at least half a dozen crosses.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

BULGARIAN PEASANT

THE SOBRANJE OR PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT SOFIA

A BULGARIAN GIRL

The Transformation of a Nation

Bulgaria's Capital Under Turkish Rule, and as it Appears To-day

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

T is now considerably over a quarter of a century since I first visited Sofia, then a Turkish town of perhaps 10,000, and the seat of a Kaimakan or Sub-Governor. I had ridden in from Nish, which, under the enlightened rule of the great reformer Midhab Pasha, boasted wide, well-paved seets; a fine schoolhouse, which has since served as the rvian House of Parliament; and a new bridge over the shava, which was pointed out as a model of Turkish gineering skill. Accompanied by an escort of Turkish licemen, I threaded the dismal gorges of the Dragoan Pass, and listened to blood-curdling tales of the rors inflicted on harmless travelers by the far-famed iduks, or Servian brigands, who infested the neighring mountains. We then rode over the rolling slopes the hills near Stivnitza, later on to be the scene of brilliant victory gained by the young Bulgarian my, under the leadership of Prince Alexander of Batberg, over the seasoned troops of King Milan of rvia; and there, nestling under the spurs of the giant tosch, a lofty mountain, thrown forward from the hodope chain, lay the town of Sofia.

The first thing that struck the eye was the church ich gives its name to the town; but, like its sister ifice in Stamboul, St. Sofia was then a Moslem place worship. Its minaret has long since fallen to ruin, d the church, partially restored but by no means emllished, stands as a warning to the few Turkish reidents, that what has happened in St. Sofia of Bulgaria ay well happen to St. Sofia of Stamboul. A short disnce below the church, but well dominating the town, ood the konak of the Governor—a large, rambling o-storied building, with the inevitable mosque at its rthern end. In front lay a long garden, with a stream eandering at its foot, and another and larger mosque the east. On the site of the Governor's konak now nds the Prince's palace. The garden has been laid t into walks, and here a Bulgarian band plays on nday afternoon; and Bulgarian youths and maidens tell each other the old, old ory under its shady groves. The large mosque still stands, but as the Moslem ement has practically disappeared from Sofia, it has been nverted into the National Museum. The marshy ground at the ot of the garden has been laid t in broad thoroughfares, and oasts some of the finest buildgs in the city.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

In 1876, few of the streets were ved, and fewer still were light-, and those few with oil lamps. here were no hotels, and practially no public buildings. Turkish oldiery thronged the streets, and either the lives of the Christian en, nor the honor of Christian omen were safe. Ill-fed and rely paid, the Turkish soldier elped himself as he pleased at ie counter of the Christian shop, id no man could say him nay. ommerce was at a standstill.

Now all is changed. Sofia posesses streets which older cities in the west of Europe might well imitate and may indeed envy — broad, well-paved, and well-lighted. Electric trams serve the principal thoroughfares. The city is the junction of several railways, which run west to Vienna, east to Constantinople, north to Bucharest, and to the south a line already has been constructed to the Turkish frontier, and it only needs an imperial iradeh and a German concessionaire before direct communication is opened with the Ægean Sea. There are now many hotels, and Sofia is well endowed with public buildings. There is a fine military club, and the Union Club, though smaller, affords a hospitable welcome to all visitors to the city, which must ever cause its name to be remembered with gratitude. The National Bank, the Post, War and Foreign offices, are all fine stone buildings of imposing elevation, and yet not too large for the needs of the country. The Sobranje, or House of Parliament, stands well detached, with a fine stretch of open ground all round, and shortly a handsome memorial, to commemorate the freedom of the country from the Turks, will be erected in the circus facing its main entrance.

Nor must I forget the zoological gardens, due to the private munificence of Prince Ferdinand, which are the daily resort of hundreds of the well-to-do people of the city, whilst twice a week they are thrown open free to the poor. There are hospitals, universities, schools and colleges, notably a military college, which has done good work in the education of the Bulgarian officers.

All these improvements are the work of less than five and twenty years; but these are not all the changes one notices. The Bulgarians have developed from a downtrodden race into a race of men who have their mission to fulfil in the world, and who mean to carry it through. In the streets of Sofia, the Bulgarian woman, be she wife or maid, can wander freely, secure from all fear of insult, annoyance or molestation. At midday, laughing troops of schoolgirls may be seen in the streets, hurrying homeward from their classes; whilst in the afternoon, one sees long processions of demure maidens taking their daily exercise. All this under Turkish rule was impossible, as indeed it is impossible to-day in the streets of Constantinople.

On Friday, which is weekly market-day in Sofia, the streets are crowded with villagers in their bright costumes, bringing farm produce for sale, the quaint, brilliantly-colored embroidery of the women's garments, testifying to the love with which they have clung to the national costume through five centuries of oppression. The Bulgarian lad has no fear of walking alone with his fiancee. There is no Turkish zaptieh now to tear maid from lover or wife from husband. In the daily aspect of affairs, there is little to remind the casual visitor that a short quarter of a century ago, Bulgaria was as Macedonia is to-day. Here and there

THE PRINCE'S PALACE ON THE SITE OF THE TURKISH GOVERNOR'S KONAK

CONTINUED ON PAGE 329

The American Pulpit

: : Sermon by : :

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Consecrated Doctor

TEXT — Gen. 30: 39:

"And the flocks brought forth cattle, ringstraked, speckled, and spotted."

LABAN, though a man of wealth and influence among the Hebrews of his day, was yet, like many rich men in our time, mean and unprincipled where a bargain was involved. In his compact with Jacob, the weak points of his character were strikingly revealed. He had two daughters. "Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was very beautiful;" in other words, the elder sister was homely and unattractive. She was a maiden lady whom no one cared to marry; her eyes were inflamed, or watery, or "cast;" her disposition was evidently as much askew as her eyes. Jacob was deeply in love with the younger sister; but after he had served seven long years for her, old Laban cheated him out of his promised bride, and palmed off upon the young man the unattractive elder sister. Then, in order to win the younger sister, Jacob had to serve seven more long years, and as a result, he had two wives instead of one.

At the end of his fourteen years of service, Jacob prepared to leave his father-in-law's employ. He wanted to take his two wives and go off and build a home of his own somewhere. This, however, Laban did not wish him to do. So the crafty Laban made a contract with Jacob that if he would stay and continue in charge of his herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, he, Laban, would give to the young man, as payment for his services, all the calves, and the lambs, and the kids that were born ringstraked, or speckled, or spotted. Jacob agreed to the bargain. But when he agreed, the young man was craftier than the old man. As the father-in-law had been unprincipled with Jacob, so Jacob was unprincipled now with Laban. What did Jacob do? Did he allow nature to simply take its usual course? No. He began to scheme, and to cunningly influence the colors of the calves, the kids, and the lambs about to be born. He took some rods of green poplar, and hazel, and chestnut, and laid those rods of white and black in the watering trough of the herds and the flocks. Then, when the cows, and the sheep, and the goats came to drink out of the watering troughs, the black and the white rods reflected in the water made such a startling impression upon them, that the calves, kids, and lambs born thereafter, were influenced by that prenatal shock, and most of them were ringstraked, and spotted, and speckled. Thus Jacob's herds grew larger than Laban's, and the craft of the unscrupulous son-in-law overreached the dishonesty of the father-in-law.

Influence of Mind Over Body

After Jacob placed the rods of green poplar and hazel and chestnut in the watering troughs, the startling and far-reaching effect produced upon the animals is not to be wondered at. If you place a stick in the water, by the laws of reflection that wood may seem to become a creature of life. I remember, when a lad, once dropping my fishing pole, and as it lay at the bottom of the brook the ripples made that rod look like a long serpent wriggling up-stream. As these cattle stoop to drink, I see them start back as though a venemous hissing snake were lifting up his fatal fangs to strike. My text presents one of the best instances to be found in literature of the far-reaching effect of the mind over the physical body

We may grant to-day the influence of the mind over the body, but we do not go so far as to assert that all physical diseases or abnormalities are the direct results of mental hallucinations, as the straked, spotted, and speckled progeny of the cows, sheep and goats were the result of Jacob's wicked act. We do not advocate the theory that a surgeon's knife is only another name for a butcher's axe; that a modern hospital is only a satanic incubator; that a medicine bottle is only fools' poison; and that sickness is only a synonym for sin. But as there are thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who honestly believe in Faith Cure, pure and simple, as we term that definition, I have chosen in this sermon to preach on Jesus Christ as the Divine Healer, and to show both from a Biblical and a common-sense standpoint, that the surgeon's knife and the physician's prescription have a part in the world's Christianization and civilization, as well as the minister's pulpit and the consecrated school-teacher's desk.

The Bible teaches us that Faith should always go hand-in-hand with Works. The same divine laws which apply to men in ordinary walks of life, apply also to the patient in the invalid's room, or upon the hospital operating table. The Christ who stands by the sick-bed is the same Christ who accompanies us when, in health and strength, we go forth to fight the great battle of life. Christ wants no drones in the busy human beehives of the world's struggle for daily bread. He wants no drones in the world's struggle for physical health. That struggle ought to be just as commendable in man's sight as is the struggle for daily bread. In the final extremity, when all human effort is exhausted, we may look to God alone; but until that point is reached we must both work and pray; work ceaselessly, and bravely, and hopefully, and invoke the Divine blessing on our labors.

The Trend of Bible Teaching

But though the whole trend of the Bible teaches that Works and Faith, as twin sisters, should go hand-in-hand in search of the waters of physical health, yet Faith Curists blind their eyes and stop their ears to these Biblical teachings. They get a hold of one little passage of Scripture and separate it from all its surrounding connections. As a sweet morsel, they turn it over and over and over again. They magnify it. They distort it, and then they rest their entire belief upon it. These people may be good at heart, but they treat Scripture somewhat as a famous reformer did in the noted meeting he had with John Calvin in Munich, I believe, in about the year 1540. After he had valiantly helped to fight the battle of the Reformation to a glorious and a successful issue, he still clung tenaciously to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. That doctrine, in plain language, means that when we drink of the communion wine and eat of the communion bread, we literally are drinking of Christ's blood and eating of Christ's body. The other school of theological thought held that when we assemble at the communion table, we only eat of Christ's body and drink of Christ's blood in symbol. We eat and drink in symbol, as the lamb's blood shed upon the Jewish altar was the symbol of Christ's blood about to be shed for us. This battle over transubstantiation raged bitterly for years between the two schools of religious thought. In order to bring this theological conflict to a close, the two schools persuaded the two leaders, John Calvin and this mighty man, to meet and discuss the theological questions at issue. What did this famous reformer do at that conference? History tells us that he brought along a tablecloth, upon which was embroidered these six words, taken from the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, "Take, eat; this is my body." Then he placed that cloth over a table and simply rested his hand upon it and said nothing. No matter what arguments were brought forward, he answered nothing. All that he did was to point to the one sentence written upon the table, "Take, eat; this is my body." "But," said John Calvin, "Christ also said, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' Are you going to take that sentence literally? Does that sentence imply that Jesus is a stick?" But the reformer would answer nothing. All that he did was to point to the one sentence upon the table, which read, "Take, eat; this is my body." So in the same way the Faith Curists, pure and simple, will not accept the trend of the Bible's teachings. They will not compare passage with passage. They will not see that every leaf of every chapter of every book of the Bible teaches that Faith must go hand-in-hand with Works. They will not see that it is almost impossible to find an incident where Christ healed the sick, unless at the same time he compelled action upon the part of those whom he would physically help.

The Divine Example

Did not Christ compel action upon the part of him that was blind? After he had anointed the blind eyes with a moist clay, did he not say unto the young man, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing." Did not Christ compel action upon the part of the ten lepers? "Go, show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass as they went, they were cleansed." Did not God compel the leper, Naaman, to leave the far-off Damascus and dip seven times in the Jordan, before his flesh became like unto that of a little child? I am not here advocating any heretical idea that Christ cannot and will not, in many cases, heal our physical diseases. But I assert that, as a people, we have no more right to expect the Divine Physician to answer our prayers for health without any co-operative effort on our part, than we have a right to expect our Divine Commissary to give us our daily bread without our working for it. We have just as much right to kneel down at night and say the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then, in our eagerness, to expect next morning a visionary breakfast to jump out of a visionary fire and sizzle upon a visionary broiler, and the water faucet to fill the pot with visionary coffee, or the yeast to tumble the empty bread-tray down the dummy filled with visionary hot toast, as we have to expect the sick to be made well without our own effort upon which Divine blessing has been invoked. Faith to react upon Works. Works always in the invalid's room to go hand-in-hand with Faith.

If the Bible does not honor the physician's medicament, why did Paul, thirty years after the death of Jesus Christ, write about Luke, his fellow-traveler, as the "beloved physician?" If Paul did not honor the physician's profession, would he have written thus? In their missionary tours, Paul saw good old Dr. Luke, the sweet-faced old Doctor McLure of Drumtochty, going from the cradles of the children to the beds of the old folks, and carrying physical assuagement for all wherever he went. And he wrote about good old Doctor Luke as we ourselves may have written about some beloved family physician.

If the Bible does not honor the medical profession, why did Christ use as illustration this sentence for one of his sermons: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick"? Does not that Divine statement mean, "They that are sick need a physician"? When Hezekiah was sick unto death, he prayed to God to give him a longer lease of life. God answered that prayer. But how? Through human medicament. Isaiah, the prophet, told the nurse to make a poultice out of figs and put it upon the king's boil, and he recovered. Hezekiah prayed. Oh, yes. But in answer to that prayer, God told him to use a sanctified poultice. What did Paul mean when he wrote to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Paul was merely prescribing a dose of medicine for a sick colleague. Paul writes thus to Timothy, because the Holy Land, with but few exceptions, is noted for its impure waters; therefore Paul, as a common-sense Christian, prescribes a little medicine when he says, "Drink no water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Now through the Bible we find commendatory passages in reference to these to doctors. In no case do we find the medical profession anathematized and ridiculed in the Bible. Tyndall, the noted synthetic philosopher, once hurled at the Christian Church his famous prayer challenge. Said he, "Let us set apart two wards in a hospital,—one to be filled with men, who do not trust any human medicine but prayer; the other to be filled by sick patients under the care of competent physicians. Then let us compare results, and see which is the most efficacious,—a physician's prescription or a clergyman's prayer." My brother, that challenge of Tyndall was about as foolish and unscriptural as any challenge that could possibly be issued. No man has a right to bar the Christian physicians out of the hospital ward. God honors the physician's work all through the Bible. Faith hand-in-hand with Works. Works in the hospital should go hand-in-hand with Faith.

The Importance of Human Effort

Again, Faith Cure, pure and simple, if accepted in its entirety of belief, would call a halt to the laboratory investigations made for prevention of disease, as well as the physician's cures of those diseases after they have come. It would say to Edward Jenner, "Your discovery of vaccination is useless. Disease is a condition of the mind, not of the body. Let mercilo small-pox start out again if it will. The $50,000.00 voted to you by the British House of Parliament, as the greatest benefactor of your generation, was a nonsensical gift; for you have been a curse to the human race, instead of a blessing." It would say to Pasteur: "Save your inoculation for hydrophobia is itself a species of madness. If the people would only trust God and do nothing, the bite of the dog afflicted with rabies would be a tonic, instead of death." It would say to Koch, of Berlin, and Finsen, of Norway, "Foolish men, why have the bacilli of consumption and cancer with the penetrating eye of the microscope? God will and can cure disease if we will ask him. Let us pray that all the evil bacilli give one gasp and die, and they will die. The prevention of disease is entirely the work of the prayer chamber, not of the scientist's laboratory." Is such advice as that rational? Is it in accord with the laws of scriptural common-sense?

Are all the results of Dr. Maillot's investigations go for naught? In 1832, this famous physician, who died in 1894, was a surgeon in the French army station in Algeria. At that time, one in every three and a-half men sent by the French Government across the Mediterranean, died of African fever. Dr. Maillot went to in his investigation, until at last, by prescribing quinine to the African recruits, the death-rate in the French army of Algeria was changed from one in every three and one-half men to one in every twenty men. Are

t sanitary investigations for the purification of the c water supplies made by bacteriologists to go for ught? If you stop the physicians from curing deases, then you must also stop the scientific investi-gions of the physicians trying to prevent diseases.

o most of us, the old-fashioned doctor yet lives in t memory of our village childhood. He knew every mily secret for miles around. He had heard the mily skeleton rattling in many a dark closet. He s at every birth, at every marriage altar and at every neral. With him the village church bell sounded a dge almost as often as it chimed for a wedding. We ew not when we loved him the most—when he was thering the rose-buds in the garden of the nativity, ntwining the orange-blossoms, or placing the white alongside of the pale cheek in the casket. There s a kind of religious rattle in his old gig. That child s the most envied of the village who could sit by his se, and hold the reins over the back of the old mare, t t seemed to be just as old as the doctor and to know jt as many family secrets, yet it could not gossip ay more than did its master. When the boy was in uble, this kind old doctor would place his fatherly hand on the lad's shoulder and give him advice. The young iden would smile under the twinkle of his fatherly e, as he chatted to her of her first sweetheart. Even t bees would buzz louder, and the dogs bark more opily, and their tails would wag faster, as the doctor drove along. We remember the old black bag he always carried, and the long white bandages he placed about the splints, when we fell off the hay-mow and broke our arm. The strange-looking bottles filled with pills, and the pills, too, seemed to be the same.

When the minister, on the Sabbath-day, entered the pulpit and gave out the first hymn, down the church aisle the good old doctor would walk. He was always a little late for services. Doctors are always a little late. I think that is part of their education. It is never dignified for a doctor to be on time. In prayer-meeting, we loved to hear the good doctor pray. We have heard a good many great and noted ministers pray in our time, but we always thought the old doctor prayed better than any. He seemed to be so near to God—he had seen so much trouble. When the poor family over the hill was starving, he bought them food out of his own pocket. We never knew how much good he did, until after the funeral. He was part of everyone's life. He was the poor man's helper. He was the rich man's friend.

One day the news went flying over the country roads: "The doctor, the good doctor is sick!" Was it not too bad that he could not prescribe for himself and take his own medicine? If he had, we know he would have become well. But he could pray. How he did pray, in his own sick-room! Then, one day the news went over the country roads, that the old doctor was dead! While we were gathering in the home, where lay the worn-out body of the tired old physician, I can imagine that the good doctor went up to the Gates of the New Jerusalem and timidly knocked. The gateman called out, "Who is there?" The old Christian answered, "Only a poor, worn-out village doctor, who is advancing in Christ's name. Can I come in?" Then the Lord God Almighty from his throne called out, "Let him in! Let him in! Let the village doctor come in." And the angels in the celestial choir began to chime, "Let him in—Let the village doctor come!" Then all the redeemed spirits, over whose earthly death-beds he had hovered, cried, "Let him in—let our village doctor come in!" Then Christ himself, the great Physician, came forth and led the worn-out man to one of the highest thrones in heaven, as he said, "Come in, friend. This is your throne. For I was sick and ye visited me."

Will you not believe in such a consecrated physician? Will you not believe that by the sick-bed, Faith can go hand-in-hand with Works and the surgeon's knife, and that the physician's prescriptions have a part in the civilization and the Christianization of the world? And will not you, oh, physician! be a Christian doctor, as well as you, oh, layman! a Christian patient?

All honor, then, to our Christian physicians, whose calling and office are thus divinely consecrated, and may a blessing rest upon their earnest efforts for the alleviation of the physical afflictions of the human race.

The Transformation of a Nation

Continued from page 327

THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF SOFIA, UNDER TURKISH RULE

THE SAME STREET, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

casual vendor of fruit or of sweetmeats; here and there casual fez may be seen

To the old traveler like myself, or to the Bulgarian of iddle age, there still are landmarks which recall the ist. The ancient church of Sveta Kraal, beneath hich lie the bones of King Milutin of Servia, was in ose days of Turkish rule a low building; now its lofty cupolas and sonorous bells testify that Christ has triumphed over Mohammed. On the very spot where, in 1876, the patriot priest Lefski was hanged by the Turks, for his active participation in the revolution, stands an obelisk, to remind the younger generation of his example. Hard by stands another monument, erected to the memory of upwards of five hundred Russian doctors who fell in action, or died of disease, in the War of Liberation, in 1877-78.

Five and twenty years ago, Sofia was as Monastir and Uskub, or as Salonica is to-day. Life and property were unsafe. Even Constantinople, with its Palace of the Five Ambassadors, is a century behind Sofia, in all that makes for civilization and human freedom.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" HOUSEBOAT IN CHINA

AST month we took a journey up the Chao River in our houseboat, which we bought by the gifts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. We went as far as e Chao Lake, a distance of seventy miles. ur party included two other evangelists besides myself. We were all bent upon the me mission—the salvation of souls, and reaching Christ to those who are bowing wn to wood and stone.

The first day out we reached our new station, Huang-lo-ho, forty miles from Wuhu. his is the second station we have opened up what we call here the Po-liao-wei (broken yke) district. Two years ago this district as flooded out and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD came to its relief. Now we are going to s relief in another way, giving to them the read of Life. This new station has just een opened. Last year we rented in this wn only one small room; but the people ame in such large numbers that we had to ent the whole building.

The second morning we sailed away, and n two days reached Chao Hsien. Here we ere gladly welcomed by a large number of ative believers. The following day (Sunday) we had a full day. In the morning reaching service, which was well attended, nd children's meeting at two. Our communion service was held at six and I preached gain at seven. On Tuesday we started overland for Han-shan—a good walk of twenty miles; yet we did it in six hours. I was surprised to find our new church there about finished and ready for services. We hope to hold a special dedication service there next month. It will seat about five hundred people. We spent two days here among the people, and then returned to our boat at Chao Hsien, where we spent two more days working with them, and then we bade good-bye. Next morning we reached Huang-lo-ho and found our evangelist had the new chapel here all ready for services. It looks very cheerful and seats about two hundred.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" HOUSEBOAT AND ITS MISSION CREW

I have had given to me a large bronze idol, heavily gilded over with gold, and weighing about thirty pounds. It is very old and valuable as a relic. For them to give this up meant the solemn surrender of their heathen beliefs.

We continued our homeward journey and reached Wuhu Saturday evening, having traveled in all about two hundred and sixty miles and visited four stations.

We hope to keep an evangelist on our houseboat all the time, and the boat continually on the move. In this way we can reach many cities and towns. The boat will go on until it reaches a large town or city, and then it will wait over the Sabbath. The expense of keeping the boat going is very small in comparison to a boat of the same size at home. Four sailors handle her. These we pay $2.50 each, or $10 for all per month. The evangelist is $3 extra, or a total of $13 per month for all. This boat can then go to cities and towns along the rivers and lakes where the Gospel is not being preached.

Wuhu, China. Z. CHARLES BEALS.

Cruising for a Congregation

THE FLOATING CHAPEL

A SERVICE IN THE FLOATING CHAPEL

THE "SENTINEL" ON HER ROUNDS

THE skies were blue, the sun was bright, and the water calm, as a party boarded the little steam yacht *Sentinel*, at the foot of Pike street, East River, New York, a few days ago. Captain, engineer, and deck-hands, all agreed that the weather conditions for a cruise about the bay were perfect. The *Sentinel* is a tight little craft, having been a pleasure yacht before it was purchased by the Episcopal Church Missionary Society for seamen. The writer sat comfortably in the cozy pilot-house, with the serious-eyed young man from the Pike Street Mission House, who was going over to the hospital on Staten Island to visit the sick sailors, taking them various little comforts, not the least of which was the kindly sympathy which Jack readily recognizes and appreciates.

Slipping through the waters of New York bay, past the tangle of shipping at the various piers, sailing vessels and big liners, the *Sentinel* steamed down past Governor's Island, leaving the Statue of Liberty with uplifted torch in the background, past the bell-buoy hanging over the water with four clappers outside arranged in such a way that at least one of them was busy every second or two, as wind and wave report them in motion.

In the steam yacht's cabin, piled on tables and leather-covered seats, were hundreds of magazines and papers done up in neat bundles, ready for the sailor-boys, when the yacht visited the ships on her return.

"The boys are always glad to see the *Sentinel*," said the captain, "especially if it is not our first call. They have to work pretty hard when on board, and when they get leave to come with us and spend an evening up at the Mission, they make no effort to conceal their joy. It is a jolly crowd, when this cabin is full of apprentice-boys bound for an evening ashore. They all talk at once, at the top of their voices, trying to tell Mr. Wood something of special interest.

"We make three trips weekly, taking mail to and from the ships, putting aboard a quantity of reading matter, taking the sick to the hospitals, carrying officers, apprentices, and men, to and from their ships to the Mission services and entertainments."

The Chaplain, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, did not go upon this trip, being fully occupied with his work ashore.

When Mr. Wood returned from his visit to the sick sailors, he said, "Well, we get discouraged sometimes, but when I see the gratitude of those poor fellows when I visit them, and note how they hang on my words as I try to cheer them, it is then I feel and say that it is worth all our efforts."

Now began the real business of the cruise, making calls by the water-way. The dock register was consulted, and another Mission assistant, agile both as to limb and mind, began a series of visits to all sorts and conditions of craft, at their moorings in Erie Basin and Brooklyn piers. The little *Sentinel* would bump her nose against an intervening barge or canal boat. A rope would be made fast to anything handy, up would climb the young man, and in a moment more he would be lost to view. Shortly re-appearing, bundles of books would be handed to him; then another interval of disappearance, when he would return minus books, but with a cheery call to the captain to "land at pier so and so next." Then away the little boat would steam, puffing on her mission of comfort and good-cheer.

With the reading matter, which is eagerly seized by the sailors, went invitations to go ashore for a social hour at the Mission House in Pike Street. This was responded to whenever practicable, and by twos and fours the apprentice-boys came jubilantly on board the little yacht. Fine-looking lads they were, with their fr[esh], young faces and happy voices.

When one stops to consider the amount of work [done] in a given time by this little boat, as compared [with] what could be accomplished in the same time on l[and], the wisdom of the society in purchasing and put[ting] the *Sentinel* in commission is unquestionable. [She] can slip around the piers when the vessels and ste[am]ers are unloading, on her errands of mercy, maki[ng a] half-dozen calls, while a man might be threading [his] way through the tangle of cargoes, loading and unl[oad]ing, at one of the various piers on the land side. Bis[hop] Potter, when the little steamer was dedicated, s[aid]: "We should extend to all with whom we come in [con]tact the benefits of our Christian religion. The sai[lor] should carry with them the Christianity of the [land] from which they come, and it is our duty to help t[hem] do it. Here, also, when the sailor lands, he should [be] protected, and should be received with a Chris[tian] welcome that would protect him from bad influenc[es]."

And this is precisely what the *Sentinel* does. As [she] steamed back in the waning light, a little group g[ath]ered on her deck, quietly watching the beautiful sc[ene]. The pilot skilfully threaded his way among numer[ous] tooting ferry-boats and other craft, which make [the] East River such a scene of never-ending activity, [and] soon the little steam-yacht, with the bright-faced sa[ilor] apprentices tumbling up from below, its crew al[l at] their posts, the earnest-faced young missionary, smi[ling] in anticipation of the good time coming for his [many] friends, and the comfort he had brought to the old [ones] down in the hospital, and THE CHRISTIAN HER[ALD] representative were soon at the *Sentinel's* berth, al[ong]side the Floating Chapel, of which latter the g[ood] Bishop once jocosely said: "This church ought to [be] all, as it is 'high' or 'low,' according to the tide."

The GREAT WESTERN SPRING FLOODS

THE present year will be notable throughout the Western States for the great extent of the damage done by floods. Dispatches from Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and other sections of the West, show that nearly all of the rivers have risen far beyond their ordinary height during the spring, and breaking through or overflowing their banks, have, in some places, formed inland seas many miles in extent. The cities of Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Bay City in Michigan, have been partially submerged to a depth of several feet. It is estimated that in the city of Saginaw, property to the value of $500,000 has been destroyed. The Black River, in Missouri, in some places reached a width of no less than six miles, covering many thousands of acres, while levees and other embankments have been broken through or washed away. Water rose in some portions of the city of Grand Rapids to a depth of twelve feet, driving over 10,000 people from their homes and causing widespread suffering.

Many of the rivers in Indiana and elsewhere flow through flat country, which is protected, like the territory adjacent to the Mississippi, by extensive systems of levees, some of which reach a height of twenty and twenty-five feet. They are usually constructed [of] earth; but at points where the current is strong, [they] sometimes faced with timber or stone-work. [When] the streams began rising, farmers and others resid[ing] in the districts protected by the levees, took steps [to] strengthen them by piling bags filled with sand [and] earth along the tops, and constructing dams of tim[ber] work to break the force of the current; but most [of] these efforts were unavailing, and thousands of peo[ple] living in the lowlands were obliged to desert th[eir] homes and flee for their lives, leaving everything [be]hind, so rapidly did the waters rise.

A LEVEE WASHED AWAY—THE FLOOD COVERING THE LOWLANDS

MENDING A LEVEE WITH STONE AND SANDBAGS

OUTPOSTS CLASHING IN COREA

ONE of the most exciting and important incidents of the war, thus far, was an encounter which occurred between Russian and Japanese forces at Chon-ju, in northern Corea, on March 28. ere are, of course, two versions of the affair. Gen. shtchenko, the ssack comman- , reported to n. Kouropatkin t , having learn- that four adrons of Jap- se cavalry re stationed r Chon-ju (40 es south of the ju River), he patched six mpanies of ssian cavalry ard Kasan, st south of on-ju. As the ssian scouts proached, the panese fired m behind the n walls. Two ssian cavalry adrons dis- unted and oc- pied an adja- nt height. The panese had a nsiderable ce, both infan- and cavalry, ng in ambush. ter a sharp fight half an hour, Japanese, be- worsted, be- n to seek refuge the houses and hoist Red Cross gs. At this criti- l juncture, avy Japanese cavalry reinforcements were discovered proaching the town. The fight waxed warmer, and en another Japanese detachment came into view, ap- oaching the town, the Russians mounted their horses d retired in perfect order, with their wounded in front. hree Cossacks were killed and twelve wounded, includ- g three officers. Gen. Mishtchenko adds that the emy were too disorganized to follow. He also reports at they must have lost heavily in men and horses.

Quite another aspect is given to this lively outpost fair by the Japanese version, which states that "our valry and a portion of our artillery met the enemy tside the south gate of Chon-ju, and after a severe gagement, repulsed them and took possession of the wn. The enemy is estimated to have numbered about o. They retreated in the direction of Wiju. The panese loss was five killed, including Lieut. Kano, d twelve wounded, including Capt. Kuro Kara of the valry. There were no losses in the artillery. Two ussian dead were found on the field outside of the wn and eight within the town. The Russians skilfully rried away other dead on horseback to ambulances. wo officers seen to fall were carried off in this manner. lood-stained bandages were found here and there, from hich it is concluded that the Russian losses at least qualled those of the Japanese."

These conflicting versions are fairly illustrative of the haracter of much of the war news now coming from e East. It should be added that Gen. Kouropatkin said to have telegraphed to St. Petersburg that the apanese lost forty killed and one hundred wounded in is skirmish. From Liao Yang, Russia's military camp Manchuria, an official dispatch was wired to St. etersburg announcing that the Japanese loss was fifty killed and two hundred wounded—ten times the oss of the Czar's forces." A Tokio cable throws a ttle more light on this remarkable battle, by the state- ent that the Japanese pursued the retreating Russians hirteen miles, and that hundreds of sabres and rifles ere abandoned in the flight, Gen. Mishtchenko him- elf narrowly escaping capture. Both sides claim a ictory, leaving the bewildered outside world to form ts own conclusions.

Following the proclamation of martial law in New Chwang, by Russia, came the news that the American nd British flags, which were displayed over the pro- perty of citizens of those nationalities, had been hauled lown. This brought out a strong protest from the foreigners. It was explained, however, that the flags had been displayed over private property, and that "their removal merely signified that Russia assumed responsibility for the protection of foreign lives and interests." The Russian administrator further prom- ised to restore the flags on British and American build- ings, and apologized to the Consuls. In view of these circumstances, no protest was made by either of the governments interested, both preferring to await de- velopments at New Chwang. An exodus of foreigners is in progress. New Chwang has been strengthened for defense, as an attack by the Japanese fleet is expected.

Since the arrival of General Kouropatkin, there has been a noticeable increase in military activity at Russian headquarters; 4,000 troops now arrive at Harbin daily. Kouropatkin does not expect a decisive battle before September (according to St. Petersburg dispatches), when he hopes to have 500,000 men in the field, "with which to drive the Japanese out of Corea." Meanwhile, if the Japanese effect a landing in the valley of the Liao River, it is difficult to see how the struggle can be so long delayed. There is a rumor that a landing has already been made, and that Port Arthur will soon be invested both by sea and land.

PORT ARTHUR FORTS REPLYING TO AN ATTACK BY JAPANESE WARSHIPS

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MAJOR-GENERAL K. TAUKAMOTO

Japan's Cavalry Commander in Corea

Admiral Makaroff's gallant defense of the port, was still successful in keeping an open channel for his fleet up to April 1, though the passage was an exceedingly narrow and dangerous one, owing to the sunken hulks placed there by the Japanese. Admiral Togo is preparing to sink a dozen or more steamers at the harbor mouth. It is apparently the Japanese plan to close it up so tightly that, when the decisive struggle comes, and the Mikado's fleets are needed at the Yalu and off the western side of the Liao-tung peninsula, Makaroff's ships will be powerless to complicate the situation. Port Arthur, notwithstanding all its bombardments, is declared to be stronger now than it was at the beginning of the war. Its railroad communications are perfect, and the troops are in fine spirits since Makaroff's arrival. That active commander inspires the garrison, as well as the fleet, with his own enthusiasm. He actually "sleeps in his clothes," that he may be ready for any emergency. Occasionally, he takes his fleet outside for target practice, and to keep them in better trim for the real action which may come at any time. The forts have been repaired, as far as possible, and the whole place put in a better condition for defence. On the last "bottling up" attempt by Admiral Togo, on March 27, the fire from the Russian forts killed Commander Takso, another Japanese officer and two sailors, and wounded nine others. The Russian casualties were slight.

Reliable information as to the present disposition and numbers of the forces on either side in Corea is difficult to obtain. In northern Corea, it is believed there are at least 100,000 Japanese, only small detachments being in the south. Eight per cent. of the army is represented as sick and unfit to march; but the spring weather is at hand, and the troops are cheerful. Ten thousand Japanese have crossed the Chongchang River. Japanese cavalry now occupy Kasan. Their Corean allies have proved worthless. The Corean garrison at Pyeng-Yang deserted or revolted, *en masse*, when ordered to the front. Corean troops have fled at the first approach of even small bodies of Cossacks. The Japanese hold them in contempt.

Three detachments of Russians are said to be on the Yalu, with their centre at Wiju, and their flanks at Chyansong and Yongchong. The main force is in southern Manchuria. Some time ago, twenty-five thousand Russian troops were dispatched from Ussuri in two columns, to advance toward the centre of Corea, the first column along the Tumen River, and the other along the east coast. The former were Cossacks and mountain artillery. Toward the end of March the Russian forces in northern Corea were considerably increased, and the Japanese will encounter strong resistance before the Yalu River is reached. As they advance, they hear of Cossack patrols everywhere along the valleys and mountain roads. Several Japanese warships are said to be in command of the Yalu passage some distance below Wiju. This little squadron includes the cruisers *Miyako* and *Akashi*, the gunboats *Asaki* and *Yalyama*, and the torpedo gunboat *Chiyata*. These vessels will very likely play an important part in any battle along the Yalu.

A report from Vladivostok is that the Japanese who landed at Chemulpho are carrying out a turning movement east of Pyeng-Yang, with the intention of fortifying themselves on the line from Kangge to Unsan, thereby extending their entrenched position between Yongpyon, Anju, Pakchong and Chasan. Gen. Kouropatkin, to check this movement, decided to advance the Russian cavalry, infantry and sappers along the Yalu from Nitchju to Kasan, on the banks of the Tonnogan River, a tributary of the Yalu. The sappers will construct intrenchments for the artillery and infantry. An artillery force has occupied Yanposhan, and Russian troops are also holding Anchau, Takushan and Tatungkau, the base being Fengwangshong. The cavalry horses are said to be weak from starvation. The Russian task is to prevent the Japanese from crossing the Yalu or Tumen rivers and entering Manchuria. Gen. Mishtchenko has reported to Gen. Kouropatkin his estimate of the strength of the Japanese force now advancing against Manchuria, as follows: 55,000 infantry, to which fully 25,000 have lately been added; 4,500 cavalry, 3,600 artillery, with 180 guns; 3,000 military engineers, and 3,000 transport troops. The Russian authorities consider this force inadequate for attacking Manchuria, though the artillery is recognized as being strong, compared with Russia's 196 guns distributed throughout the Far East at the commencement of the war.

Gen. Allen, United States military attache in Corea, says it is evident that the Russians do not intend to make a stand south of the Yalu. Apparently, he thinks, this is a mistake, for he says the country offers excellent opportunities for checking the Japanese advance.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Faith of the Simple

PILATE asked, "What is Truth?" His question is echoed by the sceptics of our own day. They assert that their opinions or conclusions are truth; but there are a thousand other equally honest thinkers, who make a similar assertion, while each upholds a different conclusion.

Truth is not what a man thinks, nor even what, with utmost sincerity, he may believe; for the thought is liable to wander into error; and the resultant belief, being founded in error, is itself a lie. Truth—the Divine Truth—is not to be reached by the processes of the mind, nor by the individual or collective efforts of the most profound thinkers and investigators. It is outside the domain of intellectual inquiry, and not to be measured by the methods of human science and subjected to the laws of human logic; it is founded on the eternal verities, changeless, fixed, inflexible; pervading all things and only to be known and understood by those who are in accord with Him who is the source of Truth.

One of the greatest and ablest of modern sceptics, when drawing toward the end of life, wrote that he had at last reached the conviction that there was in religion a certain something which was wholly outside the range of the processes of human reason. The distinguished doubter, after a life-time of disputation, in the vain effort to construct from the attractive counterfeits of Truth, a theology of his own, had at last begun to comprehend that there must be something, after all, in that religion which transforms the lives and brings joy and peace into the hearts of multitudes of the unlearned and uncritical. Especially was he mystified by the simple act of faith, whereby the penitent sinner reaches up and receives pardon and blessing. Intellectual pride forbade the surrender of life-long errors and the acceptance of that unexplained something which seemed illlogical and incredible, and so his spiritual vision was obscured to the end.

No man, by the power of his intellect alone—not even though he were master of all the learning taught in the world's chief universities—can elevate himself, by his own act, from the material life to the higher plane of the spiritual. Let us recognize the fact that there is a point which marks the limits of all intellectual inquiry, and bounds all the processes of the human mind. "Canst thou by searching, find out God?" asks Zophar the Naamathite. "The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise," says Paul; "that they are vain . . . The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discovered. . . . For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." There is a realm beyond the farthest limit of man's investigation, beyond all his science and his logical deductions; yet it lies all around us, on every hand. Its innumerable gates open to the key of Faith alone, the simple, unquestioning faith of a child, for "whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Old Age and Teachers

NO class of public servants, in any capacity serving, have so great a claim on the public gratitude as have those who teach the rising generation. An army of young women go forth every morning to work in the schoolroom, doing faithfully what their hands find to do. They take their pupils as they come; sometimes from homes of rare grace and refinement, sometimes from households illiterate and uncouth. Under the gentle care of the teacher, the children of the foreign-born population, or the foreign-born children themselves—an immense contingent in our cities, and an appreciable element everywhere in our vast territory—learn to love the flag. They salute it daily. They are taught patriotism, loyalty, the gospel of clean hands and pure lives. Even in States where the Bible is prohibited in the public schools, no legislature can exclude the vital and beneficent influence of living epistles, known and read of all men, the influence of those who are God-fearing and God-loving people. We have men, fine and noble, and broad of culture, and far-seeing of purpose, in the ranks of our teachers; but women preponderate in numbers.

The work is absorbing and exhausting. The life is intensely wearing. The salaries of teachers are never munificent. A college president receives about the same wage as the chef of a great hotel. Public school teachers work strenuously, for, in many cases, parsimonious payment. When they grow old, and a new school board comes in, clamoring for newer methods, there is no other work they can do, and though retired in some places on half pay, and in others, pensioned, this is for a very prolonged term of consecutive service in a single place; and it is by no means a universal rule everywhere. The teacher, grown old and shelved, cannot now acquire another profession. The fires of youth are burned to dull ashes. Health is not now buoyant. One who looks at the condition of veteran teachers with dispassionate eyes, cannot but be sorry for them, and wish that among other gifts and benefactions, our generous multi-millionaires might be pleased to endow some home, or found some endowing annuity, that might be simply and solely for the advantage of teachers, grown old in their useful sphere.

A Notable Centenary

ON a recent Sunday, the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society was celebrated throughout Christendom. A public meeting was held in Washington, at which Supreme Court Justice Brewer delivered an address; and in many other cities the event was the subject of pulpit reference. In London, a service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to which the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales went, with other members of the royal and noble families. The King would also have attended, but was detained at home by illness. The Archbishop of Canterbury lauded the work of the venerable society, which was described in a former number of this journal. During the hundred years of its existence it has put into circulation over one hundred and eighty million copies of the Scriptures, and has printed them in three hundred and sixty-seven different languages and dialects.

It is not possible to conceive of a grander or more beneficent work, and the completion of the centenary of the society is therefore justly regarded as an event of international importance.

The St. Louis Exposition

AS the time approaches for the formal opening of the World's Fair at St. Louis, the eyes of the nation are directed toward the Exposition city. That it will be a beautiful and noble spectacle, as to architecture, sculpture, and interior and exterior decoration, is assured, and that in the extent and variety of its exhibits, it will rival any of its American predecessors seems also certain. Ample arrangements are made for the reception of the great multitude of visitors who are expected to attend the opening ceremonies, as well as for those who will pour into St. Louis in a continuous stream while the Exposition remains open.

In former issues, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD directed the attention of its readers to a by no means reassuring rumor which had widely been circulated, that there was a special danger threatening young women who went to St. Louis alone, either seeking employment or as visitors to the Exposition. So persistently was this statement reiterated from various quarters—it came from half a dozen States—that we believed it to be an imperative duty to give heed to the warning, and to adopt precautionary measures. Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, replying to our inquiry, telegraphed an unqualified denial of the reports that an immoral syndicate existed, or that any movement had been organized which would injuriously affect the comfort or the safety of visitors in the remotest degree.

It is not to be assumed, therefore, that any facts that would justify the rumors in question, have come to the knowledge of Mayor Wells and his official associates. But the Mayor of St. Louis, in the present case, owes it not to the Exposition city only, but to the nation to employ every legitimate means at his command to keep the city morally pure and wholesome during the Exposition. It is within his power, by the adoption of drastic measures in dealing with the lawless and immoral element, to reassure the people who have been alarmed by these discomforting reports, which, as Mayor Wells should remember, had their origin in his own city. He can, if he will, allay all fears by making every street and square of St. Louis absolutely safe. And this can be accomplished by adopting the methods that have been used repeatedly and successfully in New York—corralling and driving out all suspicious and immoral characters, increased police vigilance, and quick justice in the local courts to such offenders when arrested.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sounded the note of warning. We trust that it will not pass unheeded, and that the officials of St. Louis will take such action as is urgently demanded to guarantee the utmost security and protection to every woman who may go there, either for business, or as a spectator. Public sentiment will uphold Mayor Wells in all that he does with this object in view.

Sound Advice to Young Men

QUIT sowing wild oats—quit at once. There is no one bit of advice better than this, and that is—never begin! Wild oats ripen, as a rule, by gas-light, and the light is turned off for a night that never ends.

. . .

—Stealing makes a man a thief. Don't be a thief in "tricks in trade," or "smart bargains," or gambling.

. . .

—When your companions make sport and fun of your "old folks at home," you get up and leave at once. There is not much decency left in a man when he loses respect for mother.

. . .

—Keep company with nice young women. See them often, be with them frequently; but the one who is bold, who uses language lightly, and smiles at things that should chill instead of thrill—cut her from your list before the sun sets.

. . .

—Go to church on Sunday. What if the preacher is a little prosy. Don't be so small in your mental make-up as to imagine a church service is made by the pulpit alone. Go there because you can worship God, and pray.

. . .

—Be as full of fun as a pudding is full of sweets; but when jest is made over sacred things, and vile stories are told, you frown like a thunder-storm.

. . .

—Keep your word, in small and great things alike. A lie was never liked on earth nor in heaven. If you say "you will be there at twelve o'clock," be on the spot at eleven sixty to the tick.

C. H. YATMAN.

Among the Workers

—W. W. BENTLEY, the song evangelist, has been assisting Pastor W. G. Mayer, of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Pen Grove, N. J., the past month in special services. The community was greatly stirred, the church wonderfully revived and precious souls won.

—CROSSBY AND HUNTER, the Canadian evangelists, have just closed a successful union campaign in Picton, Ontario. Over 600 enlisted for Christ during the meetings and more than 1,000 signed the total abstinence pledge. These evangelists are now in Indianapolis, Ind.

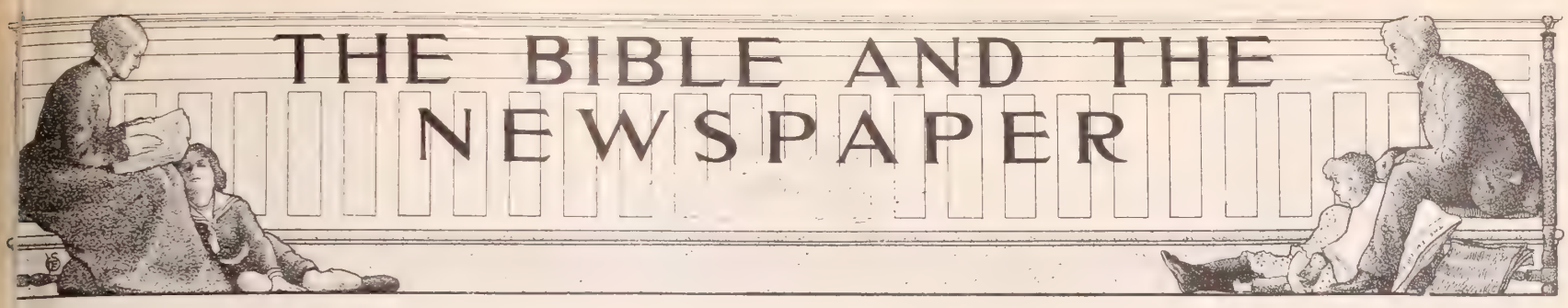
—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a three weeks' revival in the First Methodist Church, Mount Vernon, Ill. This building was packed nightly. There were four hundred and seventeen definite professions during these meetings, including judges, constables, policemen, merchants and artisans.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

I. THE ONLY WAY TO BE SAVED

John 3:16
Hebrews 7:25
Ephesians 2:8 and 9
Revelations 5:9
Revelations 7:9, 13 and 14
Isaiah 53:5
Acts 13:38 and 39
Colossians 1:13 and 14
1 Peter 2:24
Ephesians 2:13 and 18
2 Corinthians 5:21
1 Corinthians 6:11

D. F. E.



Massacre in Thibet

NEWS comes from northern India that the British expedition, which, as stated in these columns recently, was starting to Lhassa, has been attacked by a Thibetan force, and has had a severe engagement, resulting in the defeat of the Thibetans. The British force has been encamped for several weeks at Guna, about two hundred miles from Lhassa, the capital of Thibet. Its halt there was due to a notice from the Grand Lama, that while he was willing to receive Col. Younghusband, and one or two attendants, on his diplomatic mission, he would not permit an armed escort to enter Lhassa. Being informed that the British officer had orders to proceed, the Thibetan ruler warned him that a further advance would be opposed by force. Col. Younghusband then left his men in camp and returned to India for consultation. On his return, with re-enforcements the march was resumed. The expedition suffered severe hardships, the cold being intense and the snow deep. On approaching Guru, where the Thibetans were encamped, a Thibetan general demanded that the expedition return to the frontier, where negotiations would be resumed. Col. Younghusband replied that it was fifteen years since the treaty had been arranged, and during that time negotiations had been carried on without success; he should therefore wait no longer, but proceed to Lhassa, and assured the general that the expedition was peaceful, but would resist if molested. The expedition accordingly set out, but had not penetrated more than four miles when the Thibetans opened fire. The British were taken by surprise, but when the guns were brought into position, the Thibetans were scattered at the first fire. They had evidently no previous idea of the power of modern ordnance. They made a stand behind the fortifications, but were mowed down by the Maxim guns, and were driven out with great slaughter. About two hundred prisoners were taken. The fact that the rifles with which they were armed bore the Russian official stamp confirms the suspicion, which led to the expedition, that the Lama was in intrigue with Russia, and was being encouraged by that Power to resist the British demands. Viewed from any standpoint, the conflict is most deplorable. It is sickening to read of the slaughter of the brave but misguided men, who, resisting intrusion into their own land, should have been shot down remorselessly. As at Omdurman, the personal courage of the poor creatures counted for nothing against the destructive engines of modern warfare. They had no idea of the awful result of attacking a force so equipped. It is terrible to think of a peaceful people being made to pay the penalty of the mutual jealousy of two European Powers. There is no doubt that Great Britain suspected Russia of a desire to absorb Thibet, and determined to forestall her. The Thibetans have thus been between the upper and nether millstones. It may be hoped that good may yet come out of evil, in Thibet being opened, not only to the insatiable trader, who cares not what slaughter is necessary to open his path to a new market; but to the missionary, who has waited so long for entrance into this—almost the last land to which he has been denied admission. Even out of the unholy passions of men, God is able to bring His purposes to pass, and, out of this deplorable slaughter, one more stage may be reached toward the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Prince of Peace:

This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations (Matt. 21: 14).

SCENE AT THE CAMP ON THE FRONTIER OF THIBET

VIEW OF LHASSA, THE CAPITAL OF THIBET

A Babe in a Leper Camp

A judge in New Orleans, La., had a difficult case to decide a few days ago. Under a recent act of the Legislature, persons suspected of leprosy are sent to the District Court, where an order is made for them to be examined by a duly authorized physician. If he certifies that they have the disease, the Court commits them to the Leper Camp at Iberville, where they are detained for the remainder of their lives. On March 4, a woman was thus committed, and during the hearing of the case, it was incidentally mentioned that her grown-up son and her married daughter had been living with her. The judge, therefore, ordered them to be examined, too, and it was found that both had contracted the disease. They were committed to the camp; but a question then arose about the daughter's baby, an infant only a few weeks old. She begged that they would not separate her from her child. The physician certified that the infant did not have the disease, and advised that the mother's plea be denied. The judge, however, was moved by the mother's distress, and believing that the child might die if deprived of maternal care, and would probably develop the hereditary taint in any case, permitted the mother to take it with her. His decision seals the doom of the child. Perhaps in years to come, the mother, seeing her child suffer, will herself regret taking it with her. There is reason to fear that many a mother who has the leprosy of sin in her being will experience similar sorrow, as she sees her children going to ruin as a result of association with herself.

I said unto their children, Walk ye not in the statutes of your fathers. Notwithstanding the children rebelled against me (Ezek. 20: 18, 21).

A Child Pawned

A dispute is now before a Court in Mexico, which reveals unnatural conduct on the part of a mother. She admitted that when she was short of funds, she had been in the habit of pawning her eight-year-old son. For a time she used to pawn her offspring with some neighbors, who used the little boy as a servant until he was redeemed. They paid nothing for his services, but exacted a high interest for their money invested in the operation. More recently she found a Spanish pawnbroker who lent her money on her son, and used him as a clerk in his shop. A few days ago the woman redeemed her son from the pawnbroker, but subsequently found herself without money again, and pawned the boy with a woman who loaned the mother ten dollars. With this the mother went to visit a number of pulque shops and taverns, and when she had spent the money, she called upon the woman and demanded that her son be given back to her. A quarrel ensued, a gendarme intervened, and the whole affair was disclosed at the police station. This was making merchandise of her child, but there are some mothers who, like the mother of the prophet, have taken a holy joy in disposing of the services of their children.

I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord (I. Samuel 1: 28).

Charmed to Court

A policeman in a country district on Long Island adopted novel tactics to get a prisoner to court on April 2. She had been arrested on a charge of vagrancy, and was suspected of having stolen a number of articles of clothing and other goods that she was carrying in a satchel. At the police station she acted in so eccentric a way that suspicions of her sanity were aroused. During the night she became violent, and in the morning it was necessary to put her in a strait jacket. In a short time she quieted down, and the police proposed taking her to court. Then she resisted violently, and the efforts of two men failed to get her into the patrol wagon. While they rested, some one outside was heard singing a popular song. The demented woman listened intently, and her whole demeanor changed. She became quiet, and apparently reasonable. When the song ceased, she again became violent. One of the policemen, acting on the hint, started a song, and again the woman calmed down. He continued singing, and the woman went with him in docile fashion to court, the policeman singing all the way. There a commitment on the ground of insanity was made out. Perhaps the doctors, who now have her in charge, may learn the way to her permanent cure, by this curious effect of music on her. Ministers and Christian workers may also take a hint from the incident. Though they do not have to do with demented people, they may succeed in reaching the hearts of sinners more readily and surely by the accents of love and tenderness than by denunciation and threats.

We are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God (II. Cor. 5: 20).

BRIEF NOTES

Among the recent additions to the membership of the Christian Endeavor Society, is Dr. Collins, Bishop of Gibraltar.

The American Tract Society has issued during the past two years, 750,000 publications in various languages and dialects.

Among the surgeons who have volunteered for hospital and field work in the Russo-Japanese War, are 140 Jews, all of whom hold diplomas of high order.

The Christian Endeavor Society now comprises 64,380 societies, of which 44,360 are in the United States, and 8,800 in Great Britain, and 4,047 in Canada.

There are now laboring on the Congo mission field 200 missionaries representing seven societies. They work among a population of 20,000, speaking 50 languages. The native Christians number 6,000.

The Sunday School pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem stopped off at Athens, and heard a sermon by Dr. John Potts, on Mars' Hill, on Sunday, March 27. It is welcome news that all the members of the party were in good health.

An International Conference of the Salvation Army is to be held in London, in June. Army officers from all parts of the world in which the Salvationists are working, will attend. A large hall is to be erected specially to accommodate the meetings.

The murderer of Rev. B. W. Labaree in Persia has been identified, but not arrested. He is in hiding near Mt. Ararat. He is said to be a confirmed criminal, with other murders to his charge. The Persian Government is acting vigorously in the matter of his arrest, and is strictly enforcing all laws protecting Christians.

Evangelist Sunday's revival services at Sterling, Ill., have surpassed everything previously known in that section. For five weeks the meetings went on, the numbers increasing day by day. It is believed, says the Sterling *Evening Gazette*, that over sixteen hundred persons were brought to decision for Christ during the services.

The dates of the summer conferences of the Young People's Missionary Movement are officially announced as follows: The Western Conference at Winona Lake, Ind., June 17-26; the Southern Conference at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., July 1-10; and the Northern Conference at Silver Bay, on Lake George, N. Y., July 22-31.

St. Louis to Greet the World

THE GREAT EXPOSITION NEARLY READY TO BE THROWN OPEN

GENIUS OF OCEAN TRAVEL

SUNKEN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

GENIUS OF TRANSPORTATION

WHEN the eventful day arrives, and the gates of the Magical City are thrown open to the public, one will find it hard to realize that within the last three years St. Louis could have accomplished so much toward bringing the Fair to artistic completion. Although the Exposition is of enormous extent, beauty and delicacy have not for one moment been overlooked. No glaring white, no heavy colors, but instead, each building is of a soft ivory tint, and the towers, domes and roofs are of light, airy colors. As one stands near the Administration Building—or better still, at the crowning point of the whole grounds, Festival Hall—and gazes out across the cascades bordered by statues, lagoons, enclosed by colonnades, and roofs surmounted by turrets of rainbow hues, it seems that one is in a fairyland, so beautiful, so dreamful is it all.

. . .

Not only is the scene beautiful in the effect of the whole, but as we stand and gaze and gradually master the entire scene, the details, one by one, reveal themselves to view. Reflected in the lagoon we see the buildings, then separate them into parts, colonnades, arched doorways, towers and turrets. What is the style of architecture? Perhaps we might say a free treatment of the renaissance; but it is free. It is perhaps best described by the remark of one of the architects, when he said that this term meant, "*Carte blanche* to produce a beautiful effect by the use of any architectural device that gladdens the eye of man, from the pediment and peristyle of the Parthenon, to the dome and minaret of the Taj Mahal."

The buildings are a soft ivory tone on the exterior. Color is also being extensively used in the arched colonnades surrounding several of the larger buildings. This mural decoration is not carelessly done, as one might naturally expect, since it is to stand for only seven months; but the artists who did the work have had a care as to how it shall appear for even so short a time, and have seemed to think that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

I have often wondered, and have frequently heard others also wonder, why business houses, office buildings and public edifices, might not be built with something of the beauty of these palaces. Should you visit the Fair, you will doubtless k yourselves this same question. Perhaps this may be one mission of the g Exposition. At least the people will see what might be done, and let us hope what might be done, may be done.

. . .

Because of the great improvements and new coveries in electricity, the Pan-American Exposition Buffalo was able to outshine the World's Fair Chicago. Surely, then, St. Louis will take advant of the great advances made since 1900. The buildi at night will be a blaze of light. Crook's tubes and Marconigraph will be in constant use. Electric ch and launches will add to the pleasure and comfort visitors. The most vivid and lasting impressions t will be taken away by the vast majority of people, be the wonders of electric lighting, which is to be u in connection with thundering waterfalls and l stretches of lagoon in a way never before attempted

So many persons ask: "Will the St. Louis Fair b big as the Chicago World's Fair?" Yes, larger. will cover twelve hundred and forty acres—nearly square miles—which is as large an area as was cove

"MUSIC"—LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

GATE OF LIBERAL ARTS PALACE

GREAT DOME ON PALACE OF INDUSTRY

ENTRANCE TO EDUCATIONAL BUILDING

by the World's Fair in Chicago, the last Paris Expo tion and the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, put together. There will also be forty-eight more acr under roof than at the World's Fair in Chicago. Y will have to walk rapidly for six minutes to go from o end of the Palace of Agriculture to the other. It sixteen hundred feet long, and covers twenty-thr acres. A number of the other buildings are nearly large. Foreign countries are spending over $1,000,0 more than they did at Chicago in representation; t States and Territories of this country are exceeding t World's Fair by a total of $1,500,000.

. . .

What is The Pike? You will know it best by t well-remembered title, "The Midway," in Chicago. R membering this, concessioners of The Pike are tryi to make it very attractive; so attractive, indeed, th they may charge a higher price for admission than d the Midway people. "The Cliff-Dwellers," "The Tyr lean Alps," "The Galveston Flood," "The Creatio

THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

THE NOBLE FRONT OF THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

d many other features, will have their sentinels, informing you that their show is e "greatest on earth," with variations.

I am quite sure that many people who visit the Fair, will be impressed with the ulpture. It will impress them, t only because of the great mber of statues, but because the charm of its classic beauty classic in its finish, but truly nerican in its subject. Facing e lagoon, are such groups as he Cowboy at Rest," "The izzard," and "The Indian War ance." At the top of the cas-des, stands the "Spirit of the tlantic" and the "Spirit of the acific." On either side of the ree cascades, over which tum-e and rush ninety thousand llons of water per minute, we d many groups in keeping th the dashing water—Cupids d fishes in playful postures, parently floating and sporting, do the waters in their tum-ing. Uniting the widely diver-nt heads of the cascades, is e crescent-form of the Colon-de of States. An inviting staurant, from which much of e grounds may be seen, ter-nates either end of this colon-de. In the centre is the stival Hall, containing the rgest pipe-organ ever built. tween Festival Hall and the staurants is the Colonnade, the inner side of which nd gigantic statues, each presenting a figure which has en carved from the original uisiana Purchase. Look well these statues, for they are nearly all done by the younger sculptors. Here is the st-born of some imaginative mind. It will be, first of all, an exhibition of movement ring the entire seven months it remains open. Movement in the form of the actual anufacture of almost every conceivable thing connected th our modern civilization. Nothing exhibited will be thout its neighboring adjunct, showing how it is manu-ctured. Movement in the Machinery Building, where the owning achievement of American skill is exhibited in the rm of a giant locomotive, whizzing on a turntable, every heel revolving at high speed by compressed air power. bout this locomotive will be gathered all the types of the orld's locomotives, from the earliest to the most modern. ovement in every one of the fifteen palaces; in the forty ur State and fifty foreign buildings; in the twelve acres where Jerusalem, with all its quaintness and odd customs, will be depicted; in the forty acres where the Filipinos show every phase of their interesting life. In every form possible, life and motion will permeate each exhibit of this wonderful Fair; interesting, enlightening, ennobling the visitor, from this and every other country.

JAMES E. MCBURNEY.

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A PORTION OF THE COLONNADE OF STATES

A GROUP OF THE BUILDINGS BY MOONLIGHT, FROM THE LAGOON

St. Louis' Anti-Vice Crusade

ST. LOUIS is now in the midst of an anti-vice crusade. The town has been growing worse for the past fifteen months, until it is now impossible to keep correct account of the number of desperate characters, and immoral and disreputable houses, in the city. The lines which were drawn strictly before the World's Fair crowds began to assemble, have been stretched, until the whole town has been engulfed, as it were. A recent report of the excise commissioner showed that there is one saloon for every fifty-four men, or three hundred more saloons than in 1903, or a total number of saloons, exclusive of beer gardens, of 2,600. The crusade has extended to the closing of some of these saloons. The crusade has been directed by a central body of the clergymen of St. Louis. They have worked with the women and Christian Associations in securing the revoking of the licenses of certain saloon-keepers. The "wine rooms," it is expected, will be closed during the World's Fair. James Eads How, nephew of the builder of the Eads Bridge and a multi-millionaire worker in the slums here, is the leader in the reform movement. A fund of $5,000 has been subscribed by the Central Home Protective Association for the purpose of clearing a certain neighborhood of saloons and wine rooms. In the district there are fifteen churches, three schools, seventy saloons, and eight hundred houses of ill-repute. The owners of the property where most of these houses and saloons are located have been won over by the vice crusaders. A fund of $25,000 is being raised to fight the vice trust. Mayor Wells and Chief of Police Kieley both profess to be only too happy to aid in the good work.

Considerable excitement was caused in police and moral circles generally, by published reports that 50,000 undesirable women were being imported by a vice syndicate, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Such information, while greatly exaggerated, was somewhat true. The syndicate has been dissolved, on account of the arrest of several of its leaders. The city is slowly but surely cleansing itself prior to the Fair.

W. R. DRAPER.

St. Louis, Mo.

WITNESSING HERALDS OF CHRIST

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

WHEN Christ was about to begin his ministry in Judea, his way was prepared by one herald, John the Baptist; but his ministry in Perea, near the end of his life on earth, was prepared for by seventy heralds. Perea was a province of Palestine, east of the Jordan, in which Jesus had not as yet done any of his mighty works. It had mostly a shepherd population, being located on a high plain, favorable for grazing. There were a few villages and cities, but of no distinction. Christ's baptism had occurred at Bethabara, a town or ford of Perea. Few, if any, of the people of Perea had ever gone to Jerusalem for the great feasts, as other people of Palestine were wont to do, and so Jesus was unknown to them. Some of them may have heard John the Baptist foretell the coming of the Son of God, but not many, for John's preaching was mostly done on the west side of the Jordan. It is true John was in Perea for nearly two years, but he was as Herod's prisoner in the Castle of Macherus, where he may have spoken of Christ to a few people about the prison. But now Christ would reach the shepherds in their valleys. He would bring to them the fulfilment of the message brought by the angels to those other shepherds on Bethlehem's plain: "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

COAST SCENE IN MODERN TYRE

One herald was not sufficient to go into all the byways, nor two, nor three, but seventy. There were dangers on every hand, because of the many ravines, which were gathering places for robbers. Perhaps this is one reason why they were told to carry neither purse nor scrip—that is, neither money nor treasure of any sort. The Lord's business also demanded haste, and they must not be impeded by any unnecessary thing. For the same reasons they were told not to salute any by the way. Oriental salutations are prolonged ceremonies, and there was no time for idle words. Safety and cheering fellowship in service were secured by their being sent two by two not singly. They were instructed Jesus to enter into every house and carry the message of "Peace." They were given power to heal the sick as the seal of their authority. Results exceeded their expectations, for they reported with joy to Christ on their return, "Even the demons are subject unto us in thy Name." "In this," says Edersheim, "they had exceeded the letter of Christ's commission; but as they made experiment of it, their faith had grown, and they had applied his command to heal the sick to the worst of all sufferers, those grievously vexed by demons."

The extensiveness of the preparation for Christ's ministry in Perea, was an earnest of what was to follow, for it was there that he spoke some of his greatest parables. The Good Samaritan, The Importunate Neighbor, The Foolish Rich Man, The Great Supper, The Lost Sheep, The Prodigal Son, The Unjust Steward, Dives and Lazarus, The Publican and the Pharisee, etc., thirteen parables in all. And it was there that he blessed little children, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It was there that he taught us to pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven." His ministry in Perea was broken in upon by the urgent call to Bethany, on account of the sickness of Lazarus. Following the raising of Lazarus from the dead, Christ retired briefly to Ephraim, and then returned to Perea to complete his ministry, which he did but a few days before he went up to Jerusalem to attend that last Passover, before his crucifixion.

Illustration and Application

The preaching of the apostles represents the preaching of ordained ministers, but the seventy of this lesson are laymen, who represent the Christian witnessing of plain people, not in meetings only, or chiefly, but in house to house and wayside Christian conversation. Doing is more than talking in Christian life, but the person who will not give Christ even a word is not likely to give him a deed. Talking in meeting is not so important as tactful testimony in daily life, but the person who will not say a word for Christ in a company of his friends is not likely to stand for him in the boarding-house or club when he must stand alone. The lesson suggests (1) public Christian testimony, and (2) private Christian conversation—most of all (3) house to house visitation in Christ's Name.

Why should not every one present in a prayer meeting have a part, as every one in a parlor gathering is expected to participate in the conversation? At-home-ativeness should be cultivated, and participation in meetings be made more conversational and less like speech-making. Over and over again it needs to be said that we are called to testify, not necessarily to "edify." But one can not speak helpfully without preparation. One has said that "with many the problem of how to speak in meeting, is the problem of how to hit the mark with a blank cartridge." In order to speak effectively, what is said must be not alone something learned, but something lived. When we have a full life, it will overflow without effort in living words. It is easier for a preacher to give a prayer-meeting lecture, than to train his people to do the talking in their meeting; but it is far better for the church to develop the talking powers of the people. Sunday School teachers should start the children right, by making it seem an easy, glad thing to speak about our Christian life, in meeting and out of it, as of other things in which we are interested.

Especially, let teachers correct the idea

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF ANCIENT SIDON

*International Sunday School lesson for April 24, Luke 10: 1-16. Golden Text: Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest, Luke 10: 2.

The ordinary yellow laundry soap may do well enough for scrubbing and for the coarser work in the laundry, but to get a clear snow white in the linens and muslins, to save the costly embroideries and the sheer and delicate fabrics, to avoid the unpleasant odor that is often so perceptible in the towels and bed linen, use Ivory Soap, a pure soap, made of only the cleanest, best materials.

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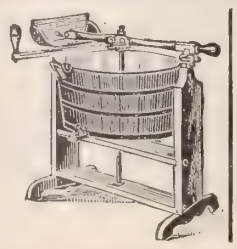

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Witnessing Heralds of Christ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 336

hat speaking in meeting is the chief thing in eligion. The lost art of conversation can est be revived in the Sunday School class. et us revive the art of conversation and en- st its great power for Christianity. At the ery least, let us dare to stand for our princi- les with quiet dignity and firmness, especially hen illiberal "liberals" ride roughshod over l other beliefs except their own. Canon iddon told the following story, in a sermon, St. Paul's, London: "At a small dinner arty at the other end of London, the ladies ad withdrawn, and under the guidance of ne member of the ompany the conver- tion took a turn of hich it will be ough here and now say that it was ut- rly dishonorable to esus Christ our ord. One of the ests said nothing, t presently asked e host's permission ring the bell, and hen the servant ap- eared he ordered his rriage. He then, ith the courtesy of erfect self-com- and, expressed his egret at being bliged to retire, but plained that he was ili a Christian." ark the phrase — r it made a deep npression at the ne—still a Chris- an. Perhaps it oc- rs to you that the test who was capa- e of this act of sim- e courage must ve been a bishop, or, at least, a clergyman. ne party was made up entirely of laymen,and e guest in question became the great Prime inister of the early years of the reign of ueen Victoria—he was the late Sir Robert eel.

"Why don't Christians talk about religion ore?" said a young lady to a preacher who oke cheerily of religion at a social gather- g. "No one said anything to me about ligion after I became a member of a urch," said another young lady, who had st her first love through lack of Christian unsel.

Here are two stories that silent Christians ould ponder, and especially young people st forming the habit, through foolish fear, neglecting opportunities to speak a word in ason to him that is sin-weary. Col. Patton, leader of the Covenanters, had been taken isoner by Charles II., and doomed to exe- tion at Edinburgh. A royalist officer, absell, who had fought at his side in Ger- any, met him as he was led away as a isoner, and said, "I'm sorry to see you here, atton. I'll go to the King for a pardon." t's of no use; you'll not get it." "If he does t grant it, I'll never lift my sword for him gain." He applied in that spirit and got the rdon for his friend, and hastened with it to linburgh; but the pitiless Lords of Council ld it back and let him go to the block. nother such story goes with an old tower in e Isle of Man, one of whose governors was cused of treason and sentenced to death. riends interceded with the King, and a par- on was obtained, but it fell into the hands of s bitter enemy, who held it back until after e execution. We count those who withheld lese pardons the most cruel of men, but what us who hold back from our own households d neighbors and daily associates, the news at a pardon full and free of all their sins has en provided for them at the Cross?

Wayside witnessing is illustrated by an in- dent in the life of Rev. J. J. Dolliver, father Senator J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa.

Many years ago he was on a circuit in West irginia. He was riding to his circuit one nday morning, and saw, striding on before m, a tall, awkward young man carrying a ring of fish, which he had just caught. In- ead of scolding him for going a-fishing on nday, the preacher rode beside him, and nversed with him. He talked to him about s future, and about what he was going to ake of himself. He advised him to give s heart to God, become a Christian, go to hool, and get an education. It was a word oken in season. The young man was none her than Rev. T. B. Hughes, now of the wa Conference, and the father of Rev. . H. Hughes, president-elect of De Pauw niversity, and Rev. M. S. Hughes, of Kan- s City.

They follow the seventy most closely who ear a glad Gospel from house to house. Dr. owett related this interesting incident in a cent sermon: "My friend, Dr. Alexander Vhyte, a little while ago was in Edinburgh. le was in the habit of asking God every orning to give him some evangel for the ay that he might carry it with him among the people. One morning this evangel came to him, 'He delighteth in mercy.' He went into many homes, carrying that helpful message with him, and late in the afternoon, his visiting being done, he went into a lawyer's office to discharge a little business. The lawyer was a leading man in his profession in Edinburgh, a great lawyer, and a still greater Christian, a Christian who gives himself ungrudgingly in the service of his fellow-men. 'And,' says Dr. Whyte, 'after we had been talking a little while on church business, the great lawyer brushed his pen and paper and parchments on one side, and, looking into the face of the minister, he said, 'Have you any word for an old sinner?' Says Dr. Whyte, 'I was aghast, but after a moment's pause, I said to him, 'He delighteth in mercy,' and I left the office. Next morning on my breakfast table there lay a letter, and in that letter, which was from that lawyer, was this word, 'I will never doubt him again.'"

RUINS AT CAPERNAUM

When two of the seventy came to a home they said, "Salaam, peace be to this house"—most beautiful of national greetings. Even members of a family, with their various temperaments and differences of opinion represent war more than peace, and this lesson is a good time to talk of peace at home, and how essential to peace is true religion. Even with a Christian spirit it is hard enough for human beings to make a home of peace, but it is much harder when there is nothing to modify natural selfishness.

A celebrated bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church recently related, that he was once standing in a great railway station when many excursion trains in addition to the large number of trains sent out during rush hours were being dispatched one after another. To a man looking on from the outside, it seemed like Babel. But he noticed one man in the midst of the noise and the rush who stood there as calm and good-tempered and helpful as ever any man was seen in his library, and yet he was the man at the head, to whom everyone was coming with questions. The bishop watched him for a little while, and finally went up to him, and said, "My friend, how can you do it?" And the man replied: "Why, sir, you ought to know—the grace of God."

That is the secret of peace for parents and children amid the troublous hours that come at times to every home.

Why do we worry about the nest?
We only stay for a day,
Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest,
In this habitat of clay.

Why do we worry about the road,
With its hill or deep ravine?
In a dismal path or a heavy load,
We are helped by hands unseen.

—MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

"From house to house" meant from boat to boat to a lay missionary among the sailors. A skipper who had lost his place because he would not fish on Sunday, and was placed on a small smack by Christian friends in London, charged to show that he could catch as much in six days as others did in seven, and do Christian missionary work as herald of Christ besides. When he arrived among the fishing smacks, knowing his mission, four of them came on board to rail at him. "Not this 'ere cant, but more whiskey is what we wants." Nothing daunted, he brought out steaming cups of tea, and laid out four warm mufflers. "What do they cost?" said the visitors. "I'll give 'em to ye on one condition." "What's that?" "That you'll admit there's love in them, for the Christian ladies that knit them loved you for Christ's sake, though they never seed you." "That's right," said the visitors, as they received the mufflers and wrapped them about them to shut out the cold. "'Ow much more must Jesus 'ave loved yer, who died for yer." That was his first sermon, and it was effective, though brief, for three of the four returned that wonderful love.

We ought to repeat literally the work of the seventy, as it was done in one Y. M. C. A. convention, for example, where one evening, instead of devoting an hour and a half to a prayer meeting it was cut down to an intense half hour, and the hour, from 8 to 9, was devoted to visitation of stores, two by two, to bring men to another meeting at 9, which was wonderfully fruitful in saved souls.

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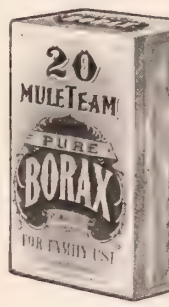

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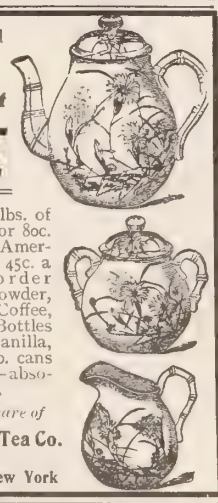

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THE MEN'S EVANGELIST

THE Young Men's Christian Association had much to do with the development of the greatest modern evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. He met Ira D. Sankey at a Convention of the Associations, and it was there that their partnership was begun. Yet, strange to say, Mr. Moody advocated the holding of immense mass-meetings for men and women, and the Chicago Association, under his leadership, erected its first big building around Farewell Hall, as the centre of this evangelistic effort. As the work of the Associations became more specialized, Mr. Moody was a favorite speaker at immense meetings for men only. J. Wilbur Chapman and L. W. Munhall have also been favorites for such services at Conventions; but it has remained for Fred. B. Smith to devote his whole life to such work, and to achieve such large success in it as to attract widespread interest, and to lead to numerous requests from other countries that he spend some time with their Associations, preaching the Gospel of men.

Mr. Smith is a Westerner, born on a farm in Iowa, December 24, 1865. At the age of sixteen, he left home to attend the Grammar School at Muscatine, Ia., and after spending parts of five years there, he became a student at the State University in Iowa City. His brother having moved to South Dakota, he followed him in 1883 to his ranch in Charles Mix County, thirty-five miles from a railroad, where he taught school part of the time, and finally became a traveling salesman for a binding company. His conversion occurred while he was on the road. He had become interested in the Young Men's Christian Association at Burlington, Ia., and a group of men there had agreed to pray for his salvation.

Just about this time he attended a Salvation Army meeting and heard them sing, "Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, I am." It moved his heart, which was more than usually tender, owing to the serious illness of his mother, who was a fine-grained daughter of Virginia, sensitive, affectionate and idolized by her children. On Nov. 14, 1886, Smith finally gave up his life to Christ. From the beginning of his Christian life, he felt drawn to Christian work. Rev. H. D. Wiard, then the Superintendent of Home Missions for the Congregationalists in South Dakota, was his adviser, and upon his recommendation, Smith became the General Secretary of the Association at Sioux Falls, where he labored for four years. He was Assistant State Secretary of Wisconsin for a year. He then went to Dubuque, Ia., as General Secretary, where he first showed capacity for the organization of big meetings for men. During the winter of 1896 and 1897, more than a hundred men were led to Christ. The possibilities of an aggressive evangelistic work for men and of his relation to it did not, however, fully dawn upon him until the opening of the Spanish War, when he volunteered to go with the troops to Chickamaugua. The great tent meetings, with hundreds of conversions among the soldier boys, led Smith to decide that he would devote his life to the evangelization of men.

FREDERICK B. SMITH
"The Men's Evangelist"

A MAN AMONG MEN

He is particularly well fitted for such an undertaking; being full of physical energy, and manly in appearance, he impresses men as being himself pre-eminently masculine. His shoulders are broad, his head set squarely upon them; his frame large, but not bulky; his posture indicative of poise and confidence. His face is strong, and would compel attention in any crowd of men. His eyes are rather deep set, but full of sympathy, ready to fill with tears or sparkle with humor. His voice is penetrating and full, with a resonance that reaches the remotest corner of largest halls.

Like all other successful evangelists, he is master of his meeting. He never loses his grip of the crowd, from the time the meeting begins until the close, and frequently the meeting lasts for two full hours. His address is usually about forty-five minutes in length. It is simple and direct. He deals with such sins as impurity, gambling, drunkenness and unbelief with the utmost plainness of speech. Now and then a pointed story, sometimes a bit of humor to relieve the tension; but ever a continuous appeal to all that is best in manhood. During the past year he has visited 259 different associations, conducted 380 evangelistic meetings at which 146,232 men have been present, and 8,641 men definitely professed to take Christ as their Saviour. The organization of the personal workers is carefully looked after, and in this way every inquirer gets such counsel as he may particularly need. I recently asked Mr. Smith for some incidents of his work, and among those he gave me were the following:

A GOSPEL MEETING WILL BEAT A PRIZE FIGHT

"Some years ago I arrived in Texas, at a small town where I was to conduct a men's meeting at night in the hall, and the first thing that met my eye, was that the little town was just pasted all over with an advertisement for a prize fight that night, at which the admission was to be twenty-five cents. The Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association told me that he thought it had been gotten up in an attempt to defeat our meeting. The town was practically all a railroad men's town, and it seemed as though our meeting was doomed. But the secretary in charge of the advertising was a brave fellow, and he only went at it the harder. The hour came for the meeting, and the men streamed in until they filled practically every seat in the hall. Just about as I was to get up to speak, the secretary leaned over and whispered to me and said, 'There comes in the fellow that was running the prize fight.' And sure enough, the advertising for the Gospel meeting had been done so earnestly and persistently that we had the men of the town. The two thugs who were belligerent and threatening to fight, waited awhile for their crowd, and finally abandoned it and came over to attend the Gospel meeting."

AN OLD-TIME CONVICTION

"On the 7th of February this year, I addressed a meeting in Lincoln, Neb., and, in the audience, there was a cashier of a bank from a neighboring city. He stayed through the meeting, but did not manifest any interest at all, but went out, with a deep conviction gripping him that his life was wrong. He told of how he tried to get rid of it all that afternoon and night, but it stayed with him. Next morning, he started for Chicago on business, but all day long, as he rode on the train, the memory of the meeting kept intensifying with him, until at last he got off the train, stopped his journey, took the next train back to Nebraska, and went to his home; told his wife of the desperate struggle he was having, and they together in their parlor knelt and prayed. He gave his heart to God, boarded the next train, and went to Chicago on his business errand, rejoicing in the salvation of Jesus Christ, and is giving now the most thrilling testimonies of the power and peace of the Christian life."

* * *

Mr. Smith is soon to make an extended tour of the principal cities of India, and it is expected that the meetings will from the beginning attract widespread attention.

G. A. WARBURTON.

Gave the Court a New Bible

Mr. Alonzo Keys, of South Orange, N. J., sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an account of an interesting incident in the work of the Baptist Young People's Union in that locality. The Bible which had long been in use in the Orange Police Court having become worn out, a new Bible was presented to the court by the B. Y. P. U. of the North Orange Baptist Church. For the past twenty-five years a Bible has been used, which was presented by Rev. Hugh P. Fleming, rector of St. John's Church. "It has lost its covers, and some of the pages are missing. After its long service, it reposes on a shelf in the court-room. Recently the B. Y. P. U. has been studying conditions in the courts, as shown by the arraignment of prisoners, and it was while visiting the Orange court that the Union's committee observed that the Bible in use was in a dilapidated condition."

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These goods are furnished in white grounds mad the finest quality cotton with mercerized stripes, che and figures—are the latest Parisian novelty for "season of 1904," and make the ideal shirt-wa light as a zephyr, glossy as silk, yet durable and la ders easily without shrinking. This fabric retail from 35 cents to 50 cents the yard. Three yards ma waist. For a two-cent stamp and the name of y dealer the manufacturers will send you
Forty Different Samples
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25c. y
ART FABRIC MILLS (Dress Goods Dep
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100 BAGS OF MONEY
GIVEN AS PRIZES
FOR THE BEST SHORT LETTERS
TELLING WHY YOU LIKE TO USE
GOLD HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE SILVER
ANYONE can compete—old or young—our priz are often won by children who hit on litt points neglected by the grown-ups. We wa plain, simple reasons told in your own every-d words, why you like to use Hy-Jen Tooth Paste. G a 25-cent tube from your druggist, try it thorough and you'll think of a hundred reasons. Get t youngsters working—it's fun, excitement and pro and will introduce you to the most cleansing, r freshing tooth preparation made—widely endors by dentists as the product of the latest, most scie tific progress of American dentistry. The lette must not contain more than 35 words—prizes a awarded according to the originality and adveri ing value of your reasons. The first-prize Mone Bag will contain $15, the second, $10, the third, $ the fourth, $3, the fifth, $2, the next twenty-fiv $1 each, the next seventy, 50 cents each. Each con petitor will also be sent a dainty poster in colors, s everyone gets something. The first conte will close on May 30th, and prizes will be awarde immediately. Each letter must be accompanied b the front of the green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste com in. Write as many letters as you like, providing yo send a box-front for each letter. If your drugg doesn't have Hy-Jen Tooth Paste, show him this a and ask him to get it for you of his jobber, or sen us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send you package, postpaid. Address Prize Dept.
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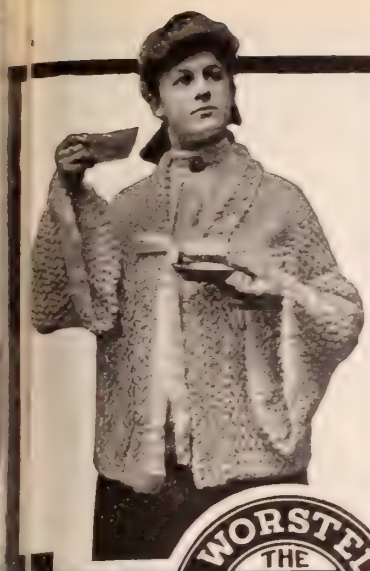

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Invalid Chairs

GORDON MFG. CO., 508 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.

Oklahoma's Revival Wave

DURING the last three months, a considerable section of Oklahoma has been swept by a tidal wave of revival. It is a genuine visitation of the "old-fashioned religion," that stirs the souls of men and women to their lowest deeps, by convicting them of sin and pointing them to the Cross, for pardon and peace. In Perkins, Okla., the local churches united in forwarding the revival work, which was conducted by Rev. French E. Oliver, and his brother, Prof. W. R. Oliver. A large tabernacle was built, which was crowded at every meeting.

PROF. W. R. OLIVER

REV. FRENCH E. OLIVER

At Guthrie, the evangelists had a comparatively short season, yet wonderful results were accomplished.

Pastors C. J. Howes, First M. E. Church; C. H. McDermond, West Guthrie M. E. Church; T. L. Rippey, M. E. Church, South; W. C. Miles, First Presbyterian; I. C. Rankin, United Presbyterian; J. C. Dazey, West Guthrie Congregational; and W. S. Cooke, First Baptist Church, are united in publicly declaring the work to be thorough, orthodox and far-reaching.

Our photograph shows a part of the interior of the large tabernacle during a service. This structure was of boards, covered with tarred paper and lined. It was eighty feet wide by one hundred feet in length, and was filled to overflowing at every meeting. One of the most attractive features of the services was the Gospel of Song under Prof. Oliver's leadership, he having a well-trained choir of 200 voices at the meetings.

Special tabernacles were erected in different places — including Kingfisher, Perkins, Guthrie and Stillwater — to which the revival spread. In these places together, it is claimed that some 1,700 have confessed Christ. Stillwater alone reporting 460, with "a general toning up of the moral atmosphere." Shawnee, Pond Creek, South McAllister and Perry are now arranging for the coming of the evangelists.

In Stillwater, the revival wrought a spiritual revolution in the Agricultural and Mechanical College, where large numbers of the students declared publicly for the Christian life.

Concerning the methods adopted in this latest revival, it is worth noting that it is wholly free from sensationalism. People are not driven from the meetings by boorish ways or startling peculiarities for effect. The truth is presented in a plain, straightforward manner, with no catches to trap the unwary into commitment of themselves to the all-important question. The business men of the churches take care of the finances.

A TABERNACLE MEETING IN SHAWNEE, OKLA.

Northern Illinois Shaken by a Revival

ONE of the most remarkable religious meetings that has ever been held in northern Illinois has just been conducted under the leadership of Rev. William A. Sunday, of Chicago, assisted by Prof. Fred. Fisher, as evangelistic singer. The pastors of the churches in Sterling and Rock Falls united in the effort, and built a tabernacle that would seat three thousand people, and for nearly five weeks the immense building was filled with eager and interested people. Over 1,650 persons confessed Christ and resolved to live a Christian life. The cost in money for the five weeks' campaign was about $2,200, which was easily raised in the offerings taken at the meetings. From every walk of life the converts came. Business in the city was practically suspended. Saloons stopped serving free lunch, and excursion trains brought in hundreds to enjoy and to be blessed in the services. The evangelist has no stipulated salary for his services. On the last Sabbath he receives the free-will offering of the people. The free-will offering in the present case was over $3,200, and so freely was it given, that had not the evangelist called a halt, it would have been much greater.

* * *

At Carthage, Ill., in October last, over 500, and at Jefferson, Iowa, in December, over 500; and at Marshall, Minn., in January, over 600, were the results of the work of this man of God. He is now at work in Galva, Ill., and when done there will go to Rockford, Ill., for a month. Rev. Mr. Sunday for a number of years played baseball with a Chicago club. While a player he was converted in a mission in Chicago.

E. LEE FLECK,
President Ministers' Association.

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$8 to $50
We Guarantee to Fit You
Catalogue and Samples Free

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Our unequalled facilities and perfect system entirely overcome that objection, and any lady can have her garments made by us in the latest New York style at prices from $5 to $10 lower than ready-made goods can be purchased.

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Our catalogue contains all the latest creations in ladies' suits, jackets and skirts. Our designs are exclusive and our materials comprise the newest and most up-to-date fabrics for Spring and Summer wear. *We do not carry wash goods nor make silk shirt waist suits.*

Make your selections from our catalogue and samples, send us your measurements, taken according to our new and simple measurement diagram, and we will guarantee to fit you.

Our Summer Catalogue Illustrates:

Tailored Suits	$ 8 to $50
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Walking Suits and Skirts, Rainy-Day Suits, Traveling Dresses, Rain Coats, etc.

We pay express charges to any part of the United States.

Write to-day for Catalogue No. 50 and a selected line of samples of the newest materials sent free by return mail to any part of the United States. When requesting samples, if you will kindly state the colors you prefer and about the price you desire to pay for your garment, we will send a full assortment of just what you wish.

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119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Established 15 years.

Pocket Size, 10c ea. Family Size, 25c ea.
2 oz. Bottles, 50c ea.

AT THE DRUGGISTS, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

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96-102 Church St., New York

THE "PARSON"

A STORY OF THE SLUMS

By ISADORE BERNSTEIN

"HEY, fellers, de Parson's dyin'!"

"Who tol' yer?"

"I seen it on de papers dey's puttin' on de door of the Mission. Ol' man Thomson—de bloke what helps de Parson—comes out an' pastes dem up."

The news that the beloved Parson of the Bowman Street Mission lay dying, was soon carried from Bowman street south to the river, and from Fuller street as far west as Jackson Square; in which district, every man, woman and child knew and loved him. The news of his condition had the effect of sending a steady stream of women, children, and not a few men, in the direction of Bowman street, between Fuller and Main streets.

The block where the crowd had gathered presented a strange appearance. Here and there were groups of women and children in earnest conversation. Many were in tears. At each end of the block, were several men, pleading with the drivers of vehicles passing through there, not to do so, as "the Parson was dying, and the noise would disturb him."

Bowman street had experienced a vast change. The block that had been famous for many years as the "Block of Joints" was no more. The change had not come at once. One by one the small brick dwellings disappeared, and with them the "joints," and in their place rose gigantic tenements. One gambling hell, famous among the denizens as "The Palace," remained to the very last; but, eventually, the gamblers left, and the place became vacant. For five years the little building remained empty. One day a young man, too well-dressed to belong to the neighborhood, walked up the stoop, and unlocking the door, which creaked as he pushed it open with some force, disappeared within.

The news soon spread that "The Palace" had a tenant at last. The following day a load of lumber was dumped before the house, and with it came several workingmen with carpenter's kits upon their shoulders. For several days the sound of hammer and saw never ceased, and speculation became rife as to the tenant.

On the following Sunday morning, while Bowman street was yet abed, the young man who had entered the house two weeks ago, reappeared with two large paper signs under his arm. After glancing about, he tacked them on the blank space between the two windows of the first floor. The upper and larger sign read:

> BOWMAN STREET MISSION
> ALL WELCOME

And the lower one:

> SERVICE EVERY AFTERNOON
> AND EVENING

Afternoon saw the front door wide open, and one by one a number of the people of the surrounding streets, after surveying the signs for some time, entered. All came with some object in view—some to see the interior of the mysterious house; others—the older men—came "to see how de worst joint on de street could be changed into a mission;" and not a few to see the daring man who would begin such a work in that neighborhood.

The first floor, formerly two rooms, had been turned into a large assembly room, with a platform, several chairs and benches, a table, and a small organ. Upon the platform, welcoming the visitors as they entered, stood a well built young man of twenty-six. He had the sensitive, studious face of one who had suffered. At one moment his eyes were smiling or pleading as he welcomed his guests; the next instant he would quiet a noisy visitor with a swift glance of command, which was not to be misinterpreted.

For five years, from eight A.M. to ten P.M., the Mission was open, and all who came were welcomed. During these years no stranger had ever appeared at the Mission, and the Parson, as he was generally known, with the help of his first convert—a man who had been an habitual drunkard, and whom the Parson had saved from a beating at the hands of a saloon crowd—did all the work necessary about the little building. It had not been an easy matter to convince the rough people of that quarter that the Mission was there for their benefit. The young man had a difficult task the first few years in subduing the rowdies of the neighborhood, who, at the instigation of the saloon-keepers, would menace all who entered, and try to disturb and break up the meetings. His kindness, patience, and courage gradually became known, and they who had begun by respecting, ended by loving him. He knew almost every family in the district, and to spend an evening with the Parson, and become a member of his gymnasium, Bowling Club, Girls' Reading Club, or Bible Society, became the highest ambition of all. He had organized a choir of boys and girls, whose sweet voices could be heard every Sunday morning singing the hymns of salvation. He would visit the people at all hours. No home was too dirty for him to enter, when called for, or if he knew that the people were in need. When sickness appeared he would be summoned even before the doctor; when a family lacked coal during the freezing winter days, or ice in the hot summer, the Parson was notified, and would somehow contrive to supply their wants.

One cold winter night, long after midnight, he was returning from his tour around the district looking for homeless wanderers, when, within a few blocks of the Mission, a man darted out of a tenement, and on seeing him gasped: "Fire! Parson. The whole back of the house is on fire! Where's the alarm box?"

Pointing to the corner, the Parson dashed into the tenement, which by this time was alive with a struggling mass of humanity. To get up the stairs while this maddened throng came rushing down, was impossible, and quickly running to the front of the building, where the fire escapes were, he found them also full. Men were trampling women and children under their feet as they tried to climb down the frail iron ladder. The Parson, unable to reach them, raised his voice, and making a trumpet of his hands, called out: "Take your time, friends, don't rush; the firemen are coming. Men, don't crowd the women and children; let them come first. Here you, Denny," (to a man on the second-floor fire escape), "throw those little ones down. We'll catch them."

A score of men had surrounded the Parson, and all raised their hands, as one by one the little tots were thrown to them and caught safely.

The fire companies had arrived by this time, and quickly raising their long ladders, safely brought down all who were on the fire-escapes. While the firemen were fighting the flames, which were coming from every window above the second floor, the Parson turned his attention to those who had been saved from a fiery death.

Mrs. Hogan, one of the tenants who had been living on the second floor of the doomed building, seeing the Parson, sprang to his side, caught him by both arms, and cried:

"Oh, Parson, Willie has been left on the bed. Save him! Won't you save him?"

He could not resist the heartrending cry, and he sprang through the smoke and disappeared. A cry of horror went up from the crowd of spectators and firemen. The chief, with several men, tried to follow him, but were forced back by the smoke. A cry—a single cry from the crowd—caused every one to look up at a window on the second floor. There stood the Parson with Willie Hogan, a crippled boy of ten, in his arms.

"Shove your ladder over to that window! Quick, men!" cried the chief.

The ladder was raised, and the chief, followed by several of his men, ran up. Before

CONTINUED ON PAGE 341

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS
TRADE MARK

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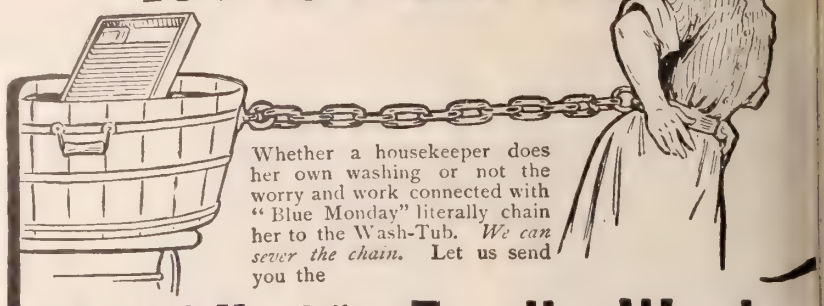
Are You Chained To The Wash Tub



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FREE TRIAL Freight prepaid. No money or promise of any kind is required. Use it for thirty days; then if you do not wish to purchase return it at our expense. *We pay the Freight both ways.* Unlike all other washers, the "1900" sends the water *through* the clothes and washes them absolutely clean *in six minutes* with no wear or tear on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted Ball-Bearings do the same for it as for the bicycle—make it work with little effort.

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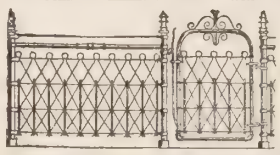

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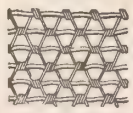

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HIPS IN SHIRT WAIST DRAWN DOWN TIDY AND TRIM
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Or if you sell three, one will be sent free. Write for our Special Offer: How to obtain our "Military" or Hygienic Corset absolutely without cost. Value $1.00 to $3.50.
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STARK TREES best by Test—78 Years
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FRUIT BOOK free. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly
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Don't Neglect Rheumatism

New Appliance for Drawing Acid Poisons From the System through the Pores of the Feet Sent to Anybody

FREE—On Approval—Try It

Don't neglect rheumatism. The acid poisons accumulate day by day until joints become solidified in horribly distorted shapes and relief from the indescribable suffering is beyond the power of man to give.

Heed the warning pains of rheumatism and rid your system of the cause while you can by using Magic Foot Drafts. Don't take harmful medicine. The Drafts quickly draw out the acid poisons through the great pores of the feet, where the capillary and nerve systems are most susceptible, reaching and relieving rheumatism in every part of the body.

If you have rheumatism send your name to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 16 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. You will get by return mail a pair of the celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, which have made a record of relieving nine out of ten cases in Jackson, where the discoverer lives, and have already become a household remedy all over the world. No other remedy ever relieved so many cases considered incurable. That is why the makers can send them on approval. You risk nothing. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, send one dollar. If not, send nothing. A fine book in colors and many testimonials comes free with the Drafts. Write to-day.

FREE $10,000 IN GIFTS

VALUABLE premiums will be paid to men, women and children for selling twenty-four necessary 5-cent articles. They sell at sight. Perhaps the whole twenty-four at once. If you want to earn easily, quickly and plentifully, write us to-day. As an extra inducement, we intend to present somebody with a $450 Grand Piano, absolutely FREE.

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THE KING DISTRIBUTING CO.,
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Comes in a tube; no need to bother with a brush. Will mend quickly and forever, **broken china, glass, wood, leather, rubber — anything glueable.**

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5 CENTS

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NORTHFIELD HYMNAL

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THE "PARSON"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 340

they had reached the window, a cry of horror from the crowd caused them to look up. The Parson with his burden had disappeared.

They found him, as they entered the window, close to the wall, with the child clasped tightly in his arms, and his own coat wrapped around the little cripple's head. When they brought him down, the greatest excitement ever known in Bowman street followed. The people rushed forward to aid the brave rescuer; but the firemen, with the aid of the police, carried him to the Mission, and a physician was immediately called. The Parson had been severely burned, and had inhaled both smoke and flame. His condition was serious.

Week after week, the report was the same —"He was very ill." Women of the neighborhood vied with one another in bringing him flowers and delicacies, and many of them pawned their wedding-rings, to buy these tokens of their love. "Ol' Man Thomson," his first convert, preached every Sunday, and during the long illness the Mission was kept open and running.

One Sunday, while Thomson, the convert, was preaching, the Parson entered the assembly-room, and slowly walked to the platform. A cry of pity went up from the little congregation.

The Parson's body was weak, and bent as with age; his face was colorless, his cheeks hollow, but his eyes—those wonderful eyes—remained the same. He remained with them a short time—long enough to hear the choir sing his favorite hymn: "Nearer, My God, to Thee." His lips were seen to move as though in prayer, but no sound escaped them.

He had to be carried back to his room. The following day every one knew he was dying.

. . .

In the large assembly-room, the choir was waiting. Ol' man Thomson had called them.

"The Parson wants you all at the Mission," he said. "He wants to see you before he goes."

They had been waiting about ten minutes, when a messenger came down from the upper room. They followed him upstairs, to the chamber where the Parson lay. Beside him stood Thomson and the doctor. The latter placed his hand under the dying man's shoulder, and raised him in that position. He motioned the children to come nearer.

"My dear children," said the Parson, faintly, "I am about to leave you. I am going to my Father in heaven." He closed his eyes, and those close to him heard him pray. "Oh God! Have pity on these little ones; save them from the temptation which surrounds them. I have given my life cheerfully for them, and when I am gone they will be left alone. Teach them and guide them, that they may walk in the paths of righteousness."

His eyes closed, and the doctor gently laid him back on the pillow. A moment later the Parson's pure spirit had passed from earth to heaven.

With tears rolling down their cheeks the children sang his favorite hymn, and then separated.

. . .

A good man's work never dies. The Bowman Street Mission lived and flourished, and many a poor, sin-sick soul has found there peace and forgiveness. The spirit of its founder animates the Mission and inspires its work.

Called Higher

Henry Y. VanDoren, died recently at Centerville, N. J., aged sixty-five years. He was widely known and highly respected.

Rev. J. C. Forbes, passed away lately at Austin, Ark., in his eighty-sixth year. He was a pioneer preacher: faithful and zealous, and was highly esteemed.

Mrs. Robert Henderson passed away lately at her home, Watertown, S. Dak., in her seventy-eighth year. She had been a constant reader of this paper for many years.

Mrs. Sarah Dixon, of West Newbury, passed away lately. She had been a "shut-in" for several years and was an appreciative reader of this paper. Her life was one of patient suffering and firm faith in Christ as her Saviour.

Mrs. Isabella Marsh, of Chico, Calif., long a devoted Christian and a reader of this journal, died suddenly at the home of her brother, W. H. Campbell. The last night of her life she spent in planning some charitable work.

William F. Compher, of Lovettsville, Va., died recently at the age of eighty years. He held many positions in the county, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was for many years a popular school-teacher. He was a consistent Christian, and had been a reader of this paper for over twenty years.

Caleb H. Howell, who died recently at his home in Flanders, N. J., was a descendant of a very patriotic ancestry. Col. Jacob Drake, a hero of the Revolutionary War; Col. N. Horton, of the same conflict, and Capt. Samuel Howell. Mr. Howell served over four years in the Civil War as a private, in Company D, Forty-eighth Regiment New York State Volunteer Infantry, the famous "Die-No-Mores," who received their name from singing the hymn, "We are going home to die no more," as they went into battle. Mr. Howell had held a number of prominent offices, and as postmaster built the first post-office in Flanders.

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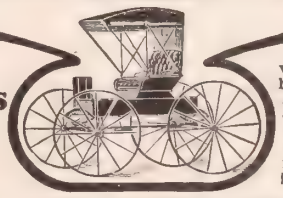

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EDUCATION IN MISSIONS*

Heathen Won to Christ by Seeing Christ in the Missionary's Life

LIGHT, as an emblem of spiritual truth, was frequently employed by our Lord. Not only was he the light of the world, but his followers were to be the light of the world. He told his disciples explicitly that he constituted them the light of the world (Matt. 5: 14), and charged them that they should let their light so shine, that people should be led to glorify God. He depended on them, after he should be taken away, to enlighten the world. They were to so live that men should see him in them, and so seeing, should admire and love and worship him.

Perhaps we have not sufficiently realized how much of the triumph of missions is due to the faithfulness with which the missionary has obeyed this command. In heathen lands, as in our own, preaching has been the chief means of winning converts; but there, in every case, the beginning has been the attraction of a life full of Christ's spirit. The men who went out to proclaim Christ, must have had his spirit of self-sacrifice and yearning for souls, to take them out at the beginning, and the same spirit manifesting itself in their manner and conduct, won the confidence and respect of the heathen first of all to themselves, and afterwards to Him who had made them what they were. The heathen could not see or understand Christ, but they could appreciate the goodness of the missionary's life, which they could see, and then their education began by the missionary teaching them whence the goodness that they admired was derived.

In a modern story, an earnest worker is represented as taking up his abode in a great city among workingmen, who were prejudiced against religion and boasted of being atheists. He formed clubs, visited them in their homes, saying nothing about religion, but always declaring himself a Christian. He became their friend, leading them to better lives, helping them to make their homes brighter, persuading them to quit drinking, to take an interest in clean pleasures, and so charming them into purer, better ways of thought. They grew to love him passionately, to depend on him in trouble, and to look to him for counsel in every difficulty. At last, when he preached Christ plainly, one of them voiced the feeling of the others when he said, "I can believe in God now, for I have seen God in you."

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 24, Matt. 4: 13-17.

Work for Christ in Africa*

The Missionary's Pioneer Work in Africa Degraded by Greed and Avarice

HOW gradually during the past half century the map of Africa has filled up! It is not long since a fringe of towns around the coast of the continent constituted all that was known of it and a great blank was a confession of ignorance of the interior. Robert Moffatt and David Livingstone were pioneers and made its wonders known to the World. Well would it have been for the people of the vast continent, if the further knowledge and development of the land had come from the travels of men of their spirit. But the greed of the trader, the avarice of the gold-seeker, the ambition of statesmen, took up the task of exploration. Stanley's description of "Darkest Africa" stirred the worst passions of civilized Europe. Men went there in hordes, not to redeem the people, but to make profit for themselves. The people were despoiled of their lands, and then the so-called "Christian" Governments stepped in and divided the whole into "spheres of influence," which, in many cases, have proved the subjection and practical enslavement of great populations.

The missionary's work in Africa has been a blessing; but the work of the missionary's government, and that of the traders of his race, have too often proved a curse. The one, has to a great extent, neutralized the other, so that we have not been permitted to see "what Christ could do for Darkest Africa." It is true that a multitude of great and good men have gone there and worked for Christ, laying down their lives for the people, and we have seen how rich has been the harvest from their labors; but they have been hindered in their service, not so much by heathenism, as by the rum sent from their own lands, and by the sickening cruelties practised on the natives, by men of the missionary's race. We had a glimmer of the dawn of a beautiful day, in which it seemed that the Sun of Righteousness was about to drive away the darkness; but the sky became overcast by the iniquity of men, and we have yet to wait for the proof of what Christ can do for Africa.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 24, Isa. 45: 11-9.

Fanny Crosby is 84

A GATHERING in honor of the eighty-fourth birthday of the world's greatest living hymn writer, Fanny Crosby, was held at the musical studio of the Biglow & Main Co., New York, lately. Fanny was the recipient of many tokens of friendship and congratulations. Among a number of poems and letters sent to her were some beautiful verses by Miss E. E. Hewitt, of Philadelphia, entitled "The Love Wreath," the closing stanza of which runs thus:

So we'll gather around our "Fanny,"
With smiles and greetings sincere;
May she have just the sweetest birthday,
She has had for many a year;
Then we'll all be happy with her,
And thank the dear Lord above,
For sending us one of his angels
To sing to us of his love.

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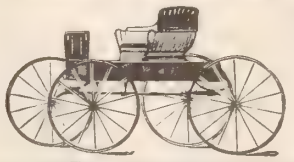

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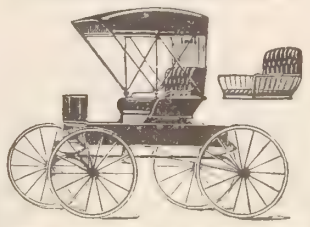

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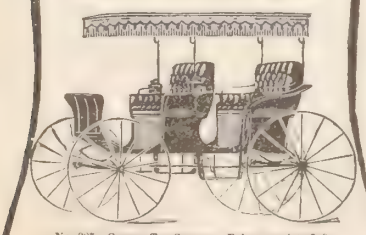

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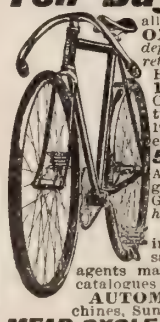
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Missionary Heralds

Messengers Appointed to Prepare Christ's Way

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT is significant that "when the time was come that Jesus should be received up" (Luke 9: 51), for the cross, the tomb, and the resurrection all led on to his ascension, and his position at the right hand of God, he "sent messengers before his face." Why not his chosen twelve? When his disciples, James and John, saw that these messengers had not succeeded in their errand to a village of the Samaritans, they sought to assert themselves, and desired to call down fire from heaven to consume those who would not receive Jesus. But they only met with rebuke for a zeal which was not in the spirit of their Lord.

It was after these things that the Lord "appointed other seventy also"; who, however, are never heard of afterwards, and are never spoken of in the same way as the twelve, and yet they were sent forth under very similar conditions. The people of Israel had always their elders, twelve in number, the head men of every tribe, but besides them there were "seventy elders" twice named, and chosen in a time of emergency (Exod. 24: 1, 9; Num. 11: 16). The Lord's time on earth was growing short—He would make the most of it. Only Luke tells us of the seventy, and the object of their appointment was that during the journey up to Jerusalem they should go before his face into every village and city which he should pass through, to announce his coming. They were to go forth two and two, and their first duty was to pray. The Lord repeats to them what he had said to the twelve before he sent them forth: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

Prayer is ever the first necessity of an apostle, an evangelist, or a pastor. When the twelve apostles began to be conscious that they were doing too much personally, and they called on the multitude of the disciples to choose from among themselves seven men who might help in the more secular affairs of the Church, they said, "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word." First prayer, then preaching. A sermon, unprepared by prayer, neither glorifies God nor helps man, and so with every other kind of Christian work. All work which is not prepared by prayer is like a stagnant pool—it exhales the corruption of the human. Work, however feeble and wanting, which is the outcome of communion with God, cannot but bless.

In order to become true messengers of God, we need to take his view of the harvest. He tells us, whatever we may think about it, that the harvest truly is great; the lack is of laborers to gather it in. The moment a laborer thinks himself important, as the disciples did when they sought to solve the problem which of them was the greatest, he is spoiled for the harvest field, until he has learned his nothingness. It is when a man says, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and in his conscious nothingness, he hides himself under the shadow of the Almighty, and says, "O Lord, in mercy send more laborers!" that God can make him the means of saving such souls out of whom he can make the true laborers in his harvest-field. A self-important evangelist begets spiritual children like himself, who are not little enough to leave room for God to use them in doing mighty things.

The next necessity for a God-sent messenger is to have the true spirit of Christ manifest in word and deed. "Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." Here again the same thing is spoken to the seventy as to the twelve (comp. Matt. 10: 16; Luke 10: 3). He who would yet be manifest as the "sheep before her shearer" which "openeth not her mouth," (Isa. 53: 7), who, when before three tribunals, would answer not a word, must have witnesses which would "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (1. Pet. 2: 19); such as would overcome, not by calling down fire out of heaven, but by the blood and character of the Lamb.

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SEE PAGES 350 AND 351

Explorer R. E. Peary, who will again take up the Perilous North Pole Quest

Questions & Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

J D., South Norwalk, Conn. Has the new Panama Republic adopted a Constitution?

Yes, some time ago. It is framed largely after our own Constitution. The citizens of the new republic are officially called "Panamenians;" foreigners of more than ten years' residence can become naturalized at once; foreigners whose wives and families reside in Panama are eligible in six years; and if the wife be a Panamenian, the husband may become a citizen in three years. Slavery is prohibited; equality of all before the law is declared, and the right of assembly for citizens is announced. Imprisonment for debt is abolished; freedom of religious worship is established, although the Catholic Church is recognized as "the religion of the majority," and therefore entitled to consideration; but no minister of any religious creed is to be allowed to occupy a public office "unless that office be identified with the Church or public instruction."

"Friend in need" Am I justified in praying to be delivered from a person who has caused me much unhappiness?

You are justified, and are invited to take all your troubles to God in prayer. It is the wisest thing you can do and the surest way of getting help. There should, however, be nothing vindictive in your prayer, nor any desire in your heart for the punishment of that person. It is sufficient that you tell God of your sorrow, and your apprehension of the evil, that, as you say, seems to be impending, and ask his protection. Commit your case, wholly and unreservedly to him, leaving to him the manner and method of deliverance, only asking that he save you from the calamity and preserve you from all evil. Then go your way with the conviction that "no weapon formed against you can prosper." In his own good time and way he will deliver you.

J E. F., McHenry, Miss. What did Christ mean by telling his disciples (Matt. 7: 6) not to cast their pearls before swine?

The direction is on the same principle as in that other command (Matt. 10: 23) that when they were persecuted in one city they were to go to another. When their message was deliberately and persistently rejected they were not to continue pressing it upon unwilling hearers, but to turn to those who would listen. It was a waste of time and effort to persist in preaching to people who had manifested their opposition to it.

Mr. Joseph Ratliff of Lyons, Kan., writes to THE MAIL BAG, that a Kansas State Peace Society has been formed, in which thirty cities and towns are now represented. It has received the cordial endorsement of the Southwest M. E. Conference.

W. M. L., Conrad, Ia., writes:

Answering "V. B.," Horton, Kan., Washington's Farewell Address is found in full in the book *American Patriotism*, compiled by Selim H. Peabody, Ph.D., published by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

M. B. C., New York. Whether the report that King Edward is seeking to end the war between Russia and Japan be true or not, it speaks well for his character and love of peace. The most noteworthy feature of his reign, is the courteous and fraternal attention he has shown to other sovereigns and powers. One has carefully to search the records of past history, to find any parallel to the present period, in the direction of grave international problems and delicate diplomatic situations. Europe has been on the verge of war several times since King Edward began his reign—not merely in politics, but in the unadjusted and unsettled questions which might easily precipitate the nations into a terrible war. To add to the gravity of the situation, there are few statesmen of first rank in the world to-day. International problems are pressing for solution, and no men of great and commanding ability are found to handle the delicate cords that bind nations together. It would seem as if to the wisdom of King Edward, may be attributed the fact, that, in a measure, the peace of the world has been preserved in times of anxiety, and that other Powers have not been involved in the Russo-Japanese imbroglio. What profound political wisdom and accurate insight he showed in the memorable visits to foreign Powers. Beginning at Lisbon and continuing at Rome, he finished a remarkable tour at Paris. The work of reconciliation was advanced, when President Loubet of the French Republic returned King Edward's visit, and learned how sincere is the British desire for mutual better knowledge and closer friendship. The result of it all, was the Treaty which provides for the peaceable settlement of various points of difference in the policies of the two great countries. Edward, the name of Peace Maker, and he is steadily winning it.

A Los Angeles reader sends this to THE MAIL-BAG.

At the last Baptist Ministers' meeting, Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dowling, who himself several years ago left that denomination, and now is the rector of Christ Episcopal Church in this city, had just finished reading a paper on "Modern Progress in Theological Thought." Among those present was the venerable Rev. Dr. Cooke, of Boston. Dr. Cooke was commenting on the paper which had been read, and said: "Of course, there has been progress, as Dr. Dowling has affirmed. Why, it would have been unheard of fifty years ago for a minister to leave the Baptist denomination and become an Episcopalian, and then to be invited to address a Baptist Ministers' meeting. The fact is, brethren, I have sometimes thought that if I myself were ever to leave the Baptist faith, I would go into the Episcopal fold. I am too old to do it now, but—" Here the meeting was thrown into an uproar of merriment when Dr. Dowling cried out, "Come on, Brother, come on!

"'For while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.'"

A. M., Chillicothe, O. How many strikes occurred in New York City during 1903?

According to the official report of the Commission of Labor, there were 192 labor disputes of all kinds, including strikes and lockouts. Fifty-nine were in the building and forty-eight in the metal and machinery industries.

J. E. S. Oelwein, Ia. Does the Biblical prohibition of pork as food still remain in force?

The Jews still obey it, but that with the other dietary laws, which forbade the eating of oysters and other articles of food, was not made obligatory on Gentile Christians. The whole question of the Gentiles being required to observe the Jewish laws was submitted to a council of the Apostles (see Acts, 15: 5-29) and they were formally released from the obligation. The objection to the eating of food denominated "unclean" in the Mosaic law must rest, therefore, if anywhere, on sanitary grounds.

Theo. J. Stewart, Lynden, Ont., Can., writes:

In the "Mail Bag" I see an inquiry about some lines concerning, "Could I with ink the ocean fill," etc. I do not know who the writer was, but I have read, or heard somewhere, the following lines:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
And were the heavens of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade.

To write the love of God above
Would drain that ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though spread o'er all the sky.

J. W. B., Providence, R. I., writes: "It is claimed that the author was a prisoner, and that these lines were found written on the wall of his cell." Other readers have sent similar answers.

H. J. O., Orange, Mass., writes:

I read in your paper of John Spencer's seedless apple. I have a tree, the body of which is fifteen inches in diameter, large top, which yields fruit each year, but never shows a blossom, and the fruit is without any form of seed. It grew in 1903 two barrels of sound, large apples. There are buds so the apple forms back of the bud, and never a blossom on the tree.

Inquirer, Worcester, Mass. Is there any truth in the statement that our nursery legends have an ancient religious origin?

Some of them have such an origin. One of the most remarkable is, "The house that Jack built." The Jewish *Passover Service Book* has a parable on which it is probably based. It tells of, "The fire that burned the staff, that beat the dog, that bit the cat, that ate the kid," etc. It explains that the fire refers to Rome, which overthrew Greece, which defeated Persia, which conquered Babylon, which carried the Jews into captivity.

D E. G., Elmhurst, Pa Do you think it right that a preacher of the Gospel should permit his good name in advertising whiskey?

No, certainly not. But it is very likely the case that the name has been used without knowledge or consent. We have known such cases.

H. W., Golconda, Ill. How many religions there in the world? How many adherents each? How much do their churches and temples cost?

The *Journal of Statistical Information* classifies them into nine: Christianity, with 477,000,000 followers; Confucianism, 256,000,000; Hinduism, 190,000,000; Mohammedanism, 170,000,000; Buddhism, 148,000,000; Taoism, 40,000,000; Shintoism, 14,000,000; Judaism, 9,000,000; miscellaneous, chiefly Polytheist 118,000,000. We have seen no estimate of the cost of the edifices.

S. S. W., Norway, S. C. 1. Has the opinion learned divines as to the state of future punishment, been modified in recent years? 2. they believe in an eternal burning hell? 3. there any foundation for the belief that th are degrees of punishment?

1. We do not know their opinions, but definite and circumstantial statements formerly made in sermons, are not so comm now. There is a tendency to attract men Christ, rather than to alarm them. The pressions which Christ himself used in d cribing the condition of those who die impenitent, are too explicit to admit of import modification. 2. Probably few do, in view the fact that the soul would not be affect as the body would be, by material fire. M tal suffering, however, may be more act than physical. 3. Christ's reference (Luke 47, 48) to some who would be beaten w many stripes, and others who would be beat with few, is the only foundation we know

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Australia	Europe	Manchuria	Siam
Austria-Hungary	Formosa	Mexico	South America
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Miscellaneous

Mrs. S. A. W. There are windstorms, snowstorms, rainstorms and thunderstorms.

I. L. W., Murray Hill, N. J. Andrew Carnegie we believe, is a citizen of the United States.

R. E. C., Rocky Ford, Col. There was Weather Bureau in 1803, consequently no official record exists.

Jacob G. R., New York. You will find an account of the Pope's tiara in the *Britannica* or *Chambers' Encyclopedia*.

Reader, Felton, Del. You can procure the *Life of Fanny Crosby* from the Biglow & Main Company, publishers, New York.

Mrs. H. C. L., Jackson, Calif. 1. Roosevelt pronounced as three syllables, with accent on first. 2. Bo-zar-is, accent on second syllable.

A. K., Pray, Wis. It is a matter for your own conscience to decide. If you feel that it is wrong then you certainly would be safe in stopping it.

A. E. A., Pittsfield, Mass. Regarding cooking houses and their methods, we would recommend that you write to Olive Tree Inn, in East Twenty-third street, New York, for all information.

M. A. We cannot advise, not knowing all the circumstances. It is a very delicate matter, and would be best attended to by the pastor of the church to which either of the parties belongs.

W. L. S., Newbern, Tenn. We can see no objection. The laws against marriages between nearly related persons were established with a view to preventing the union of those of the same blood and kindred.

Miss Emma G. R., Berkshire, N. Y. We would advise you to enter a kindergarten training school and take the regular course. School boards usually take no teachers who do not go through the approved schools.

Rev. Robert McInturff (Presbyterian), of Grand View, Tex., writes that his church was destroyed by a storm a few weeks ago. His people are striving to rebuild it, and would appreciate any help that might be sent to them.

S. N. D., Ottawa, Kan. On the death of a President or Vice-President while in office, or of a Presiding officer or any distinguished member of either House, whose obsequies are held there, the Capitol is draped in mourning.

Mrs. B. L., Morrowville, Kan. 1. All are coined at the mint, whether marked or not. 2. We believe you would do better to personally attend a regular school or Business Training College. 3. Mayer and Santos Dumont. 4. If he leans that way it would be well to get him to learn it. There are many opportunities, although it is not a lucrative calling for the ordinary worker.

R. W. B., Pittsburg, Pa. The moral law has never been abrogated. It clearly lays down man's duty concerning the Sabbath. "On it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy man-servant," etc., i.e., To work personally, or to cause others to work, anything that is not absolutely "a work of necessity or of mercy" is Sabbath desecration. See Matt. 12: 12, Luke 13: 16, John 9: 14, as to works of piety or mercy; and Matt. 12: 1, Luke 13: 15; 14: 1 as to works of necessity.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE TOWER OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH

THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN ARCH

A SOLITARY COLUMN STILL STANDS

A Morning's Ride Near Tarsus

An American Lady Tells of the Discovery of Prehistoric Ruins There

By MISS E. H. BREWER

A PEASANT BOY

WE teachers in St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus, the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, learned, some weeks ago, that a few short miles from the city were some ancient Roman ruins on a hill. Two gentlemen of our number went out to investigate, and found the ruins as described. They were about ten miles north of Tarsus, on a hill, rising 1,200 feet above the sea. Its top, a tableland, extends about four miles in both directions, and then descends quite abruptly on three sides, east, north, and west. On the south the slope is more gradual. The village people call this "the Hill of the Pavement," and some of the older inhabitants remember the time forty years ago, when this was the regular route to the Cilician Gates, the famous pass through the Taurus Mountains, to the interior of Asiatic Turkey. By this way Cyrus led his armies down to Tarsus, and Roman troops marched back and forth upon it to the wide plains of Central Turkey. The present carriage road has been constructed within forty years. The plain of level Cilicia lies between the Taurus Mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. The Cydnus River, coming down from the mountains in two branches through deep gorges, and uniting a mile or two above Tarsus, crosses the plain to the sea.

Several of the teachers and students of the Institute were eager to visit the ruins, so we made up a party, and prepared for an early start the following morning. It seemed as if we had scarcely gone to bed when the watchman rapped on the door, and called: "Two o'clock!" Time here is reckoned by the sun, so ten o'clock meant at that season about four A.M. Sleepily we dressed, had breakfast, and prepared for the day. But, somehow, our calculations had failed, for the dawn came slowly, and fully three hours passed before it was sufficiently light to make traveling pleasant. We had left the city before the sun fairly rose.

The road leads almost directly north, and for two or three miles affords a fine cantering ground. We passed several villages. On the hill the scattered groups of houses are known by the common name of Bairamli. Passing one of these, we were met by a perfect storm of words, curses, and imprecations from a crowd of native women who rushed out upon us. They even resorted to stones. At first we could not understand the cause of this attack, but soon we ascertained that the men were away, and the women were really afraid of such a company of mounted persons. Our party numbered over twenty. This, and the fact that smaller companies had been there two or three times before, made the people imagine we were coming to take possession of their homes. As the last of us passed, the noise gradually ceased.

From another group of houses, a few women came, running out. "Look, look!" cried one. "See the lady carrying a hen on her head! I see the tail sticking out!" Sure enough, there were feathers on the hat.

The hill itself has not merely a rock foundation, but many loose stones, and the path is only a little less rough than the rest of the surface. About half way up, we came upon the Roman road, which winds down the hill a mile to the east. Crossing this road and recrossing it higher up, we soon reached the top of the hill, and stood under the arch through which the road passes. The arch is of white marble, and can be seen from a long distance. According to some historians, both arch and road were built by Constantine the Great. The arch is fourteen feet wide, fifteen high and three in depth. It stands at the top of the hill and commands a view of almost the entire plain. The road, also of marble, which glistens in the sun, is ten feet wide, with a curb on each side, and extends for one or two miles in perfect condition. The stones are very smooth, grooved in some places for the horses' feet and in others worn by them. Going to the west from the arch, we came in about ten minutes to a few houses built of stone near a well. Our long ride had given us good appetites, and the food in our lunch baskets soon disappeared. We entered one of the houses and found, that part of the wall was formed by a circular stone, like the apse of a church.

PEASANT REBEKAHS AT THE WELL AT BAIRAMLI

After our rest, we enthusiastically started again, and in about ten minutes came upon a mass of ruins—tombs cut into the solid rock, half fallen walls, and sarcophagi whose covers have been removed, and whose contents have long since been rifled. Beyond these is a gorge difficult to cross, because of the large rocks and tangle of bushes, though it is easily passed around. On the further side, the ruins increase in number; there are immense cisterns covered with long blocks of stone, smaller reservoirs at different levels with connecting passages (perhaps for pressing grapes or olives), sarcophagi of single blocks, and walls, either of houses or fortifications, it is impossible to decide which. The only building which gives a clear idea of its purpose is a church. It is about forty by one hundred feet, and has an apse pointing toward the east. A partially preserved tower is at one corner. The other buildings seem to have contiguous walls. Nowhere is there the slightest sign of streets. Another collection of ruins is found a mile or two towards the northwest, and half way down the hill. A large part of the hill has no traces of ruins whatsoever.

Until a very recent date, no remains of the ancient magnificence of Tarsus, as it was in the days of Roman dominion, had come to light. It was the chief town in ancient Cilicia (now a part of the Turkish empire in Asia-Minor), and its situation on the wide and fertile plain of the river Cydnus favored its growth and importance. In that river, as the old historians state, Alexander the Great caught a dangerous fever while bathing. On its banks took place the famous meeting between Antony and Cleopatra.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 349

WHAT IS SALVATION?

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, of Topeka, Kans.*

REV. C. M. SHELDON

SALVATION—What is it? On what terms is it secured? What are its outward and inward characteristics? What is it to be lost? What is it to be saved?

The greatest fact in history is the fact of Jesus Christ. The greatest task ever undertaken by any created being was undertaken by him, when he calmly proposed to seek and save that which was lost. The military ambition of Alexander, of Frederick the Great or of Napoleon, was child's play by the side of Christ's purpose to save a lost world. It is easy to destroy. Any ignorant or passionate person can do that; but to build up, to begin with a ruin and create out of it a living thing of power and usefulness—this requires vastly greater ability than brute force. The plan of Jesus was gigantic. It was no less than the salvation of the universe. This is such a stupendous fact that it requires the most serious consideration. Let us, therefore, consider the conditions that faced Jesus at the time he so calmly said to Zacchæus, "For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

A Lost World

There is no doubt the world was lost. When Jesus had ended his Temptation in the wilderness and come out to face the world, what sort of a world was it? Slavery everywhere of such a depth and character, that the bondage of the black man on American soil was like the relation of loving friendship in comparison. The man who had been on the Roman throne helping to uphold the military world into which the Son of Man was born, was a man who, according to the historians "never liked any one and never was liked by anyone." And according to all the accurate records, he was also a man who, during the last twelve years of his life, practiced unspeakable debaucheries and crimes, without hazarding his firm seat on a throne that held the native land of our Lord in a military grasp that was as cold as iron, and relentless in operation.

We must remember that the world that Jesus faced had no Christ of history. All the good things we possess to-day are stamped with his likeness. You cannot name one good thing in our civilization that has not somewhere about it the marks of this majestic figure of the Son of God. In Paris on very many of the most beautiful buildings are reminders of Napoleon. The letter "N" in many places speaks eloquently of his power. But on all of modern life wherever civilization has a mark of real value the Christ present. But not so in his own time. All that was to come.

In imagination step into a world without a Christ. That is what he saw. The depth of its ignorance, its contempt of brotherhood, its hypocritical clinging to the form that had no real substance, its worship of the false, the vicious, the tyrannical, the base, all this was so overpowering, that in order to face it all calmly and then say undismayed, "I have come to seek and save all this," must prove Christ to be either the most unparalleled egotist that ever lived or the most conscious of greatest power that ever lived. After two thousand years we are prepared to say the latter is true. But we could not say it unless, after this lapse of time, the world had grown immeasurably better on account of him. It has grown better, and every step of its growth is a step that proclaims him the victorious cause. Stand aside, Alexander, Frederick, Napoleon, a mightier than you is here. You were great killers, all of you. But this Captain of Salvation has saved more than you killed. Again I say, it is easy to destroy. But to save life, to save a lost world—that is the work of the greatest Being in the world, and his name is Jesus. "And ye shall call his name Jesus, for it is he who shall save his people from their sins."

Consider again the full meaning of that word, Lost. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. The characteristics of a lost world are: Indifference to God, to the fact of being lost.

An Experience on the Prairie

We were traveling over the prairie once, a small company of us, on a beautiful autumn day, entertaining one another with jest and story and song. The stretch of prairie seemed boundless. There was not a tree or shrub in the entire vision, not a living creature except a few birds and ourselves, and our team. Suddenly one of the party caught at the reins and called on the driver to stop. "I believe we are lost," he said, gravely, as he faced his companion, who was still smiling over some repartee. We stopped the horses and began to take account of our surroundings. After deliberate consultation, we were forced to agree that we were off the stage road which was the track to our destination, and probably, while occupied with our story-telling, we had let the horses take some abandoned wagon trail that branched off from it. We gazed helplessly about us. The sun was just going down. There was absolutely no sign of a house or of any mark of human habitation anywhere. We retraced our way in an effort to find the stage road, and after going back over fifteen miles, we found it, and reached our destination the next morning. More than once during those fifteen miles, as we trudged at the head of the horses in order to keep to the faint outline of that old wagon road, one of our party repeated the words, "We were lost all the time and didn't know it."

Sin Belittled

I have thought of those words many times since as peculiarly true of a lost soul. The most terrible time in a man's life is not when he is tortured with remorse and torn with anguish over transgression, or weeping hot tears of penitence. There is hope for him then. But the most dreadful of all conditions is to be lost and not know it, to be journeying on over life's way jesting and laughing, and actually merry-hearted, while in reality the sun is going down, night is close at hand, and the soul is lost. To be lost and not know it, or care about it, is a mark of a lost world.

Another mark of a lost world is the belittling of sin. In a recent trial in one of our courts in a neighboring State, a man who had been proved, beyond a doubt, to be guilty of bribery and perjury on an enormous scale, was declared innocent by a jury that perjured itself in the face of the most absolute testimony of guilt. According to the reports, the audience in the court-room went wild with joy over the result, judge, jury, bar and spectators joining in the most extravagant display of congratulations over this boodler who had escaped the penalty of justice. It has been said, on good authority, that in very many cases of bribery in this country, and the theft of public money by men entrusted with public funds, there has been, on the part of the guilty persons, the most remarkable absence of any clear convictions that they were doing anything very bad. "They all do it," was the remark one notorious boodler made to Attorney Folk, when confronted with the plain proofs of his stealing. And the man said it with a tone of injured innocence as if he were very deeply wronged by society to be called to account for his transgression.

It is the mark of a lost world to be indifferent about sin, to regard lawlessness with complacency, to fear not the act of transgression but the possible detection and punishment flowing out of it. And when Jesus entered the world there was no condition more common or more terrible. Compare such indifference to sin on the part of the people towards their ruler with the attitude the people of this country hold towards their Chief Executive. The standard has gone up in spite of sorrowful examples on the other side. It would not be possible for a President of the United States to be guilty of excessive sins against God and not be called to account by the people. Our definition of sin has, on the whole, grown larger. But it is because of what has been done by the Son of God to throw light on the repulsive character of all disobedience.

National Perversity

Another mark of a lost world is its emphasis on the outward instead of the inward life. We have a powerful illustration of this in the present war between Russia and Japan. Why should Russia want more territory? Why should it want more power in the way of navy or army, seaports or conquest? It does not cultivate or develop a tithe of its vast agricultural and mineral resources in the natural boundaries which belong to it. Its peasantry are so starved and burdened that it is said millions of them are born, live and die, without ever having their hunger once satisfied.

It is these peasants that are being mangled, tortured, blown in pieces, and brutalized still further by the horrors of a war, which has no excuse except that of lust for the outward glory of empire. If Russia were walking in the way of God, she would devote her gigantic resources, her unlimited natural wealth to the development and happiness of her people, and find abundant exercise for all her statesmanship in solving the problems that have all these years wrung the heart-blood out of men like Tolstoi and the Siberian exiles. But she is lost to God in a mad and wicked thirst for glory and empire, which is magnifying the outward at the expense of the inward. And any part of the world is lost that is doing the same thing. The man as well as the nation that puts money before the Kingdom of God, that counts on force as more valuable than quiet working of the Spirit, that says by conduct or by speech that the unseen and eternal and spiritual are not worth as much as the outward and the visible and the physical, this man is lost. He has the marks on him of a lost world. He belongs to that which Jesus came to seek and save.

Another mark of a lost world is its continual thought of itself. Selfishness is the sin of sins. Humanity has reached its lowest depth when it loves nothing so much as itself. Divinity has reached its highest height when it loves the world and gives the best it has to save it. The motto of Paganism always is "Get." The motto of Christianity always is "Give." A nation that in political schemes has no thought of world betterm that lives to glorify and magnify its own name, i lost nation. The State that cares nothing about general welfare of the other States is lost. This a large part of the characteristic of the world wh Jesus entered. The Roman cared little for the Gr the Greek cared little for the Asiatic; and all them had a contempt for the barbarian. Foreign m sions, the idea of giving treasure, talent, money, itself, to save degraded, remote, repulsive savages— idea was never formed in a lost world. It is not of earth this idea It came down to us from above. all the culture, all the philosophy, all the knowled all the glory of the world, before Jesus was born, analyzed and weighed, you cannot find in them, all together, any passionate desire to save the lost.

The world of Jesus' time thought often and de and kindly of itself. There was, no doubt, m natural affection. There were also individual s that rose higher in spiritual vision than others caught some foregleams of Bethlehem's birth-star. with these exceptions it was a selfish world; hen lost world. And just so far as it is selfish anywher day it is a lost world. Nothing so stunts the gro blinds the vision, dulls the spiritual hearing paral the faculties, as selfishness.

Demoralized by Selfishness

Selfishness blasts the happiness of the marriage relation, and rears false caste and race prejudice betw brothers who are children of the same God; it stu the coast of history with pitiable wrecks of nations individuals, and emphasizes the need of salvation. wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ou the body of this death!" exclaimed the great apost the Gentiles, wretched and groaning under the bu of self. He found the only answer when he said thank God through Jesus Christ, our Lord." That his only salvation from the constant warfare of And it is the only answer for any of us who may lost in our own world of selfishness.

Does this seem like a small task now, that Jesus before him? He came to seek and save all this. T is great significance in the fact that the words usec "that which." In other places Jesus is spoken of a Saviour of the condition in which men live. Not can satisfy his ambition but the salvation of the roundings, together with the soul. That means Here is a child born in a slum; his surroundings the worst possible. This little baby's atmosphe saturated with drunkenness, vice, crime, unsanitary vironment. The surroundings are hopelessly lost. child grows up here without any choice of its own. It cannot help itself. Now the thought of salvation Jesus had of a lost world, was not simply to see this child through an inward regeneration sometim other, should escape the pain of a future hell and into a future heaven, but Jesus thought of salvation as to save the child and his surroundings too. The needs saving as well as the soul that must liv the thing. So the writer says "That which was l The whole social order is diseased. It needs to be healed.

This thought of salvation carries with it the tho of being saved to the uttermost: the man's body an home and his citizenship, and his environment an relations to other men, and his commercial and p cal surroundings, all saved—a complete saving of whole man in all details. This is what Jesus can seek and to save. Not to snatch a brand from burning here and there, but to quench the burning, save the world itself. This is the purpose of the Son of Man, and its ambition is no less than superhuma its design, to save that which was lost in order to really and completely him who was lost. You are not really comfortable, if, on a freezing day, you enough to eat, but do not have fuel to warm you You are not fully developed if you are warmly clad cannot read or write. Neither is it a full thought of God's purpose to save the soul if you do not save everything that makes that soul what it is. Jesus came to save that which was lost. It is the glory of his ambition that his plan of salvation includes both the world which now is, and that which is to come.

Marks of a Saved World

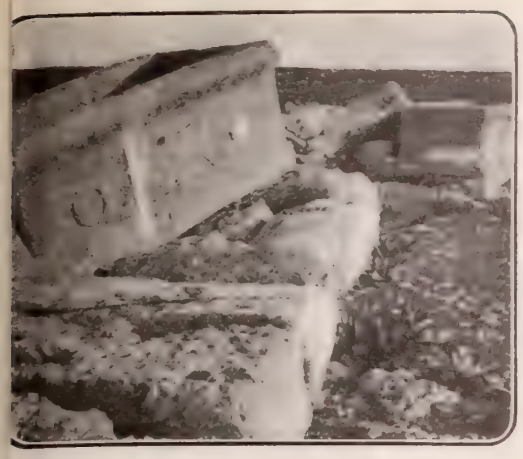
We have asked what are the marks of a lost world. It is also necessary that we ask what are the marks of a saved world. How far has Jesus succeeded in his purpose? If two thousand years ago he planned to seek and to save that which was lost, it is fair to ask reverently what has been done? And what are the marks of the salvation he came to give the world?

The first mark of a world that is being saved is the presence of a divine standard of conduct among men. There is no question about its presence. Thousands of redeemed souls place virtue before money and the Kingdom of God before pleasure. The man of the world sneers at the possibility of any real goodness. Every man has his price, he thinks, and there is no

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* Text: Luke 19: 10. "For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

AN ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS



SCOLDING WOMEN OF BAIRAMLI

A ROCK-HEWN TOMB

A Morning Ride Near Tarsus

Continued from Page 347

[b]t Tarsus throughout all time will be especially [e]morable as the birthplace of Paul, the greatest of [t]e apostles. After his conversion he planted the [g]ospel there, and he visited it several times during his [m]issionary journeyings.

[W]e saw in all thirty or forty sarcophagi, and as many [r]ck-hewn cisterns. The largest of these is twenty feet [s]uare. Many of the sarcophagi have simple designs, rude heads and panels. Only one has been found with an inscription. It is as follows:

ΕΜΜΙCΕΙΤΕ
CΚΕΥΑΕΕΦ
ΤΗΝ ΜΑΚΡΑΝ
ΜΑΡΙΜΩΤΩ
ΑΝΔ..

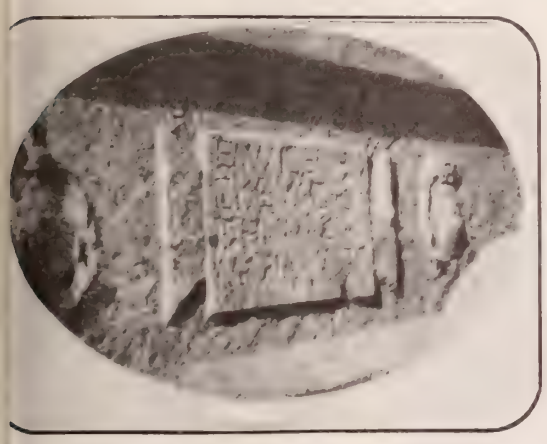
To the southwest are many columns, some still standing.

What are these ruins? Are they Roman, or do they belong to an earlier period? Was this the summer place of ancient Tarsus? Was it a vast burial-place, or was it a fortress for the troops that guarded the plain below?

Most of the stones are roughly cut, more like prehistoric work than of the time of Rome. In the church, mortar was used, but not in the other buildings.

Xenophon wrote that when Cyrus came to Tarsus, the people fled to their mountains, to their strongholds; and evidently this is where a man "shall dwell on high" and where "his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks."

Sardanapalus, the famous king of Assyria, was the founder of Tarsus, though the Greeks claimed to have been its chief colonizers. Strabo and Xenophon both mention the ancient city in their writings. In the time of Cyrus, when his troops were overrunning that part of the world, Tarsus was occupied by his troops twenty days, and was looted mercilessly. Many wars swept through it afterward, and it passed under many different masters. One of the Roman Cæsars changed its name to Juliopolis, but the older name again prevailed. Another Roman ruler made it a free city. The discovery of the venerable ruins mentioned in our correspondent's letter is one that will direct the attention of archæologists to a locality where they have hitherto searched for ancient monuments and inscriptions in vain.



INSCRIBED SARCOPHAGUS

PEASANTS NEAR TARSUS

WHAT IS SALVATION?

Continued from Preceding Page

[n]g as genuine unselfishness. Poor pessimist! I am [p]epared to say there is a shining host of disciples of [J]esus in this weary old world who would not deny their [M]aster for all the riches, power, or pleasure on earth. [T]housands would march to the stake for their faith [s]inging hymns of joy as they walked along. I do not [l]ike to believe that there is a member of this church [w]ho loves any thing more than the Christ who has [r]edeemed his soul. Into the whole world has come [w]ith the Saviour a standard of life which sees a differ[e]nt world from that on which the glazing eyes of the [E]mperor Tiberius looked cynically in his last days at [C]apri. It is a gratuitous insult to the Lamb of God [w]ho taketh away the sin of the world to suppose that [t]he marks of his salvation are hard to find. How many [d]isciples do you suppose there are right in this city, [w]ho have such an exalted standard of life that all else [i]s of small value beside the priceless fact of a good re[p]utation, of an untarnished purity, of a spotless charac[t]er? Not simply a cold morality, but a warm, enthu[s]iastic, prayerful, spiritual consciousness of a divine [p]resence in the life, as real as any fact and as much to [b]e depended on as gravitation or sun heat. The pres[e]nce of this standard is what keeps our community [f]rom lapsing into paganism as broad and deep as that [w]hich Nero ruled over. It makes no difference what [m]en call it, "public opinion," "ethical judgment," a [s]ense of what is "right and wrong," it is here, as it was [n]ot present in the world when Christ first stepped into [i]t. And it is one of the marks of a saved world, one of [t]he sure proofs that he has succeeded in his purpose. [T]he standard of the world's conduct can never again be [v]ery lower than Christ's. That in itself is a victory of [w]hich no other being could ever boast.

Another mark of a saved world is the fact of mis[s]ions. The fact of missions is a greater proof of the [d]ivinity of Christ and his supernatural purpose to save [t]he world than his miracles. In fact the greatest [m]odern miracle is the miracle of regeneration. "Greater [w]orks than these shall ye do," Jesus said to his disci[p]les, and he meant by it just such events as the Day of [P]entecost and the establishment of the apostolic [c]hurches, and the movement of the Gospel into West[e]rn Europe and its introduction into America. The [l]ast century witnessed more marked manifestations of [t]he saving power of the Gospel. The Sandwich Islands [w]ere evangelized. Every foreign country opened its doors to the message. Martyrs in the New Hebrides and Pauting Foo speak eloquently of the enthusiasm and fidelity of believers. The Student Volunteer Movement is sending some of the best, most talented, and beautiful of our young men and women into the darkest places. Statesmanship in this new West has been appalled at the questions of pioneer settlement, but the Gospel of Jesus through its home missionary service has quietly and without boasting solved many of the most serious questions while the politicians were talking about them. The marks of a world that is being saved were never more clearly seen than to-day.

Another mark of a world that is being saved, is seen in the attention the Christian world is now giving to the entire life of man as an immortal being. Never in all time have so many good men and women been so busy doing so many things to emphasize the value of little children, the need of better homes, the sin of neglecting the physical environment, the need of justice in the physical working world, the responsibility of nations as well as individuals to care for the oppressed, the duty of taking Christ into every department of human energy. It is not a figure of speech to say that the world is growing better. It is a simple historical fact. It could not help being better after Christ than it was before. His mission was not a failure. It was a stupendous success. It is a success to-day.

The greatest mark of a saved world is the presence of the Holy Spirit. He is here to-day in a degree so great, that it cannot be for one moment doubted that God is here accomplishing his purposes and confident of the final result. The fact that men do not or will not take medicine that is known to cure, is not proof against the medicine, it is proof of the stupidity and wickedness of the men. A doctor assures you by overwhelming evidence that your child can be saved by the use of a certain remedy. You refuse to let the remedy be used. If the child dies, it is not the fault of the doctor, it is your own. Christ is the remedy for a sin-sick world. He can save it. His power to save has been tested in every possible way, and never yet failed. But if certain men refuse to let the Christ do his work with them, if the State, if society, if civilization at any point denies to Christ his remedial or saving power, this denial does not remove the fact of Christ as a Saviour. The sun is shining. I shut my eyes and say: "I do not see any sun." But my saying so does not blot out the sun. It shines on as calmly and as bright as ever, no matter what I say. Denials of truth, do not obliterate truth. Refusals to love God, do not remove the fact that God is love. The Holy Spirit is taking of Christ and showing him to the world. The denial of this fact does not change it. The assertion that the world is growing worse after all these centuries of the Son of God, does not change the majestic facts in the case, which prove that it is growing better every century. He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and he is doing it.

The Christian does not follow a forlorn hope. He follows a victorious Leader, one who was never defeated. In fact, he said he had overcome the world, and he wanted his disciples to do the same. Thank God for a Saviour who saves! He saves the lost. He has saved me! He can save any one who comes to him. He has come to seek and save. Thank God for a Saviour of a lost world! For a Saviour who seeks to save! For a Saviour who does save, and who will continue to save until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the other! Thank God for a salvation which is so broad and deep, so wide and high, that it is not satisfied with any thing short of the redemption of the world, of the whole man together with his surroundings.

Rejoice, oh, Christian disciple, that Christ has sought and saved you. But let your prayer be, "Oh, Holy Spirit filling the earth to-day with thy presence, manifesting the love of Jesus to the world, make me holier as a witness to the world of thy power, cleanse me of the wretched selfishness that is a stumbling block to my brother who might otherwise see Jesus in me, give me the courage and the hope that are the bright and happy Christian heritage, and then send me out to preach the same Gospel that found me a sinner and brought me repentant to the foot of the Cross and to the heart of the crucified." As Jesus came to seek and save, even so may his disciples go on to seek and save in obedience to his last commands "feed my sheep," "disciple all nations." When the earthly race has been run, unite us in one great company of the redeemed to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Thank God for a Saviour who came to seek and save that which was lost. For there is none other name among men given under heaven whereby we must be saved except the name of Jesus. He is the victorious Head of the world

PANIKPAH, KING DOG OF PEARY TEAM

Peary's Arctic Quest

The Explorer Tells of His New Expedition, his Plans and Hopes

NATIVES OF WHALE SOUND

COMMANDER R. E. PEARY, C. E., U.S.N., the distinguished arctic explorer, who will start for the arctic regions early in July, has prepared the following interesting statement for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regarding his plans:

"Leave of absence being granted by the United States Government, and funds furnished by private enterprise, my ship, a powerful steel-sheathed steamer of oak, bow and stern steel-plated, engines of American make, rigged fore and aft, spike bowsprit, will push north to Grant Land, establishing, when practicable, generous caches along the route from Cape Sabine up to Cape Joseph Henry. Here I shall go into winter quarters. With returning daylight (February, 1905), we will start due north, with a small, light party, followed by the heavy main party. If successful in reaching the Pole, I should return to the ship late in May, or early in June (1905), break ship out of winter quarters, and return home late in September, about fifteen months after my departure.

"My route is up Smith Sound, Kennedy Channel, and Robeson Channel. A second vessel will carry coal, to be landed on Grant Land, near the northern entrance of Robeson Channel. With this reserve of coal I need not economize my steamer's fuel, but can keep the furnaces and engines going at top speed through the ice. The reserve will also be there to take my steamer back after her work is done, if she is still alive.

"From Cape Joseph Henry, the march toward the Pole will begin in 1905. The distance from this point to the Pole and back again is less than the average distance of my four sledging trips in 1892, 1895, 1900, and 1902. There is no reason why I should not equal this distance on my next sledging trip, gaining the Pole, and getting back in 100 days.

"I shall take my Eskimos with me to my Northern base. One white companion and faithful servant, Matt Henson, will accompany me.

"'What is the North Pole?' It is the exact centre of the Northern Hemisphere, distant in an air-line from New York 2,953 miles. It is the mathematical point at which the axis on which the earth revolves intersects the earth's surface. It is the spot where there is but one night and one day in every year; where there is no time, no longitude, no direction but south; where two steps only separate noon from midnight; where all the heavenly bodies moves forever in horizontal circles. In getting there, we will pave the way for observations of refinement with the pendulum, and in the fields of magnetism and meteorology, which will enable a rigid determination of the figure of the earth, thus fixing the first constant in astronomical distances; and it will permit a clearer definition and more precise application of the laws of magnetism and meteorology. Reaching it will open up and reveal the economics of 3,000,000 square miles of unknown area of the earth's surface, which stands to-day as a challenge and a reproach to us, in that its attainment will be the sign of man's final physical conquest of the globe. The world-wide and undying prestige which the winning of it would mean, would be felt by millions of Americans at home and abroad. Should the Pole be won by an American, that fact would of itself be worth ten times the cost of the expedition ($200,000). The Pole is the last geographical prize the earth has to offer.

"The North Pole should be attained. The Smith Sound or American route to the Pole is to-day the only practicable route, offering as it does a land base 100 miles nearer the Pole than any other, a less rapidly moving ice-pack and a wider extent of coast upon which to return; and, finally, the attainment of the Pole is especially an object for American pride and patriotism.

"R. E. PEARY, C.E.,
Commander, U.S.N."

A TYPICAL GROUP OF DANISH ESKIMOS

As could be persuaded, a slow process of improvement instead of decay, commenced, which has grown to a grand monopoly to the Crown. To-day the various settlements fringing the western coast have system and order, established educational bases, are prosperous, content, and at peace with the world in general.

In my role of artist, I had the pleasure of accompanying Commander Peary on two of his expeditions north. The opportunity to study the people of Greenland being afforded me, I carefully did so, and have found them extremely interesting.

On first arriving in Greenland one is surprised at seeing men with light hair and perfectly European physiognomy and stature, while as to their language and habits they are as perfectly Eskimo. Others, again, and indeed the greater part of the half-breeds, resemble South Europeans. Notwithstanding this intermixture, the Eskimo features are still by far the most prevalent, exhibited chiefly in a low stature, remarkably small hands and feet, and a brown complexion. The hair is coarse and raven-black; that of the men particularly is distinguished by its luxuriant growth, hanging down to the shoulders, and only sometimes cut off to a straight line across the forehead. The women, on the contrary, have their hair tied into an upright tuft, the size of which is a subject of pride; but this constant strain on the hair causes it to fall off early, especially at the sides, which greatly disfigures them. On the whole, handsome persons are more frequently met with among men than women, owing in some measure to the difference of their mode of life. While the business of the former is connected with daily exercise in the open air, the latter, on growing old, mostly take to indoor life. When married, they care very little for dress and appearance. The cramped position in which they sit on the shelf or ledge at one end of their abodes makes them bandy-legged, and causes them to waddle like ducks; while on the contrary, the young women appear smart and active, and even graceful in attitude and movement. The plumpness of their faces gradually shrinks, leaving nothing but wrinkles and furrows, and the little hair remaining is almost insufficient to be formed into a tuft. These deficiencies, with uncleanliness and humpbacked attitude, generally make the old women extremely ugly.

A CAMP ON THE ARCTIC ICE-FIELDS

The People of the Arctic

WHEN King Christian the Sixth, of Denmark, resolved to abandon both trade and mission in Greenland (1731), and ordered the Europeans there to embark for Denmark, with the exception of Hans Egede, a missionary, who was permitted to stay, with as many of his companions

PULLING IN A WALRUS ON THE "ICE-PAN"

LBERT OPERTI, ARCTIC HISTORICAL PAINTER

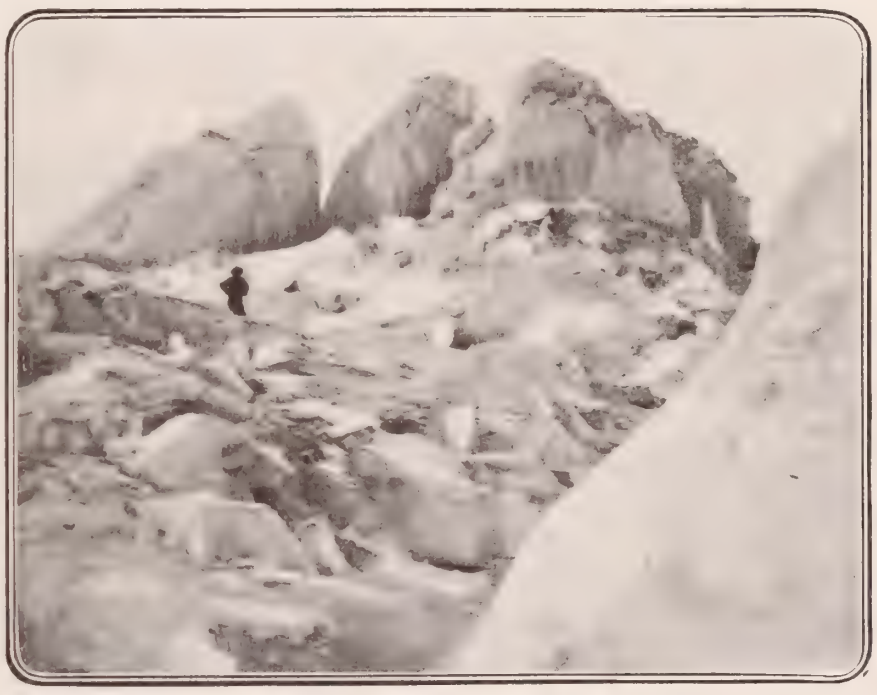
PEARY'S BASE OF SUPPLIES, CAPE SABINE, PAYER HARBOR

MOST NORTHERLY HOUSE ON THE GLOBE

Singing and dancing are their chief amusements, and ney are gifted with something of a talent for music. 'he fiddle and accordeon are very common, but the iusic is learned by ear, and without any instruction. saw some fiddles made by the natives themselves, and ery cleverly made. Some of the young women have ne voices, and at divine service a number of melodies of ative composition are sung that are very characteristic.

The most characteristic feature of the Eskimo dress the similarity between that of the ien and women. The trousers, or unks, which are very narrow and each only to the knee, are made of aw sealskin, trimmed with two narow strips of some other fur, and dyed ed, yellow or purple. The jacket—lso of fur, reindeer, or seal—fits tight- around the body, without any pening, excepting for the face and ands. The hood is scarcely made se of, on account of the hair being 'ed up in an erect tuft with varilored ribbons. A colored kerchief tied about the head. The married omen have a larger hood, in which ney carry the babies. Long boots of ealskin, with the hair scraped off, and ie skin dyed red, yellow, or purple, e ornamented by a band of white kin at the top, and a tape down the ont, with the most wonderful sewing have ever seen. The stockings are young seal-skin fur, the same length s the boot. A jacket of some colored aterial, sometimes cotton, is worn er the fur one. A deep-beaded collar colored glass beads, with possibly rrings, complete the costume. Young aidens are distinguished by the adtion of white embroidery, visible ove the boot top. These colors note the wearers—maids, red; married, blue; widows, black: women ho are neither "maid, wife, or widow" green.

Greenlanders build their winter uses of earth, stone and sod. The hole, being cemented by the help of moisture and ost, is perfectly impenetrable to wind. The winows, made out of seal entrail, sometimes of glass, ly admit a scanty portion of daylight. On enring the house, one descends into the long, narrow, overed passage-way, then up one step through the doorway. To a stranger this passage is inconvenient, being dark and often occupied by Eskimo dogs. The floor of the room is either of flat stones or boards. A broad bench or ledge runs along the wall opposite the window; here the inmates sit and work or lie down to sleep—men, women, and children together, sometimes dogs included. On the walls are hung various skins, from which clothes, harness, and other articles are made for use, barter and sale. A cylindrical stove stands in the middle of the room, the stovepipe piercing the roof. In some of the houses an effort to keep them clean is visible, but generally rubbish of every description lies scattered about. Snow hides much which is brought to light by the spring thaw.



THE ANCIENT ICE OF THE POLAR SEA

What do these people live on? Flesh of the bear, seal, with sometimes blubber, fish, mussels, seaweed, and berries—the crowberry, cowberry and whortle berry; the first is the only one eaten. Added to the above, about two ounces of imported food daily, viz.: bread, barley and peas. The savory repasts of fat seal flesh are refined by the addition of biscuits and coffee, peas and barley boiled in soup, with meat, or fish sometimes for a change. Utensils, such as pots, tinware, plates, etc., are now furnished to the settlements, and many modern furnishings are becoming known and used.

The literature of the Greenlanders, printed in the Eskimo language, amounts to about as much as might make fifty ordinary volumes. According to Dr. Rink, most of it has been printed in Denmark. A small printing office was established at Godthaab, in Greenland, in 1862, from whence 280 sheets have been issued, besides many lithographic prints. The literature includes the Bible, Psalms, religious pamphlets, manuals in spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, etc.; stories, grammars and dictionaries in Eskimo for Europeans; a journal, with illustrations and official reports in Danish and Greenlandish. The greater part of the inhabitants are able to read tolerably well; every child learns to read at least the chief passages of their school-books. Writing, too, is about half as common as reading. The New Testament and Psalm-book are found in nearly every house.

Most Eskimos have only one wife, but he is superior over his fellows who maintains two or three wives.

There are no domestic animals. The dogs that draw the sledges are like Lapland or Samoyede dogs—sharp noses, thick coats of a tawny color, black, reddish, and spotted white-and-black, with bushy tails. They are unable to bark, but howl dismally. They are trained to sledge work only. In winter they are well fed; but in summer they are turned out to shift for themselves. The driver of a sledge team uses a short-handled whip, with a long lash, which, skilfully used, deals terrible blows. It takes long practice to use this whip, and my many attempts always wound the fifteen to twenty feet of hide round my body and legs.

At one time the Greenlanders had no special marriage ceremony, except that the bride must be carried off by craft or pretended violence. Now the clergyman performs the ceremony in the regular orthodox fashion. The Greenlanders are clever and intelligent people, and more susceptible to civilization than some natives of other lands. They believe their country to be the most beautiful on earth, their race superior to the Indians, and some Greenlanders even deem it as superior even to the white man. Their intercourse with the Danes, and the kindness of missionaries and officials, have changed the bad impressions formerly held by these simple arctic people concerning the outer world ALBERT OPERTI.

Member of Peary's Expeditions, 1896-1897.

NORTH GREENLAND "KAYAKS"

ARCTIC HIGHLANDER AND SLEDGE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Trial for Heresy

ALTHOUGH the day has long gone by when men were broken upon the wheel or burned at the stake for holding "heretical views," or opinions not in accord with the dominant creeds, there is still a temptation, on occasion, for churchmen to demonstrate that the ancient bitterness has not altogether disappeared from the world.

It has lately been charged against a Professor in a leading New England University, Dr. Borden Parker Bowne, who is known as a prominent thinker and writer among the Methodists, that he has promulgated views and opinions that stamp him as unfitted either to teach or to preach the doctrines of Christianity. These charges have been sifted by the Methodist Conference in New York, in a formal trial, and declared to be totally unsupported. No doubt when the text of Prof. Bowne's writings and addresses was taken as a whole, and not in detached fragments, the accusations seemed far less grave than they had been made to appear. It is a trite saying that one can prove, even from the Bible, almost anything he pleases, if the good Book be taken to pieces and patched up to suit the accuser's purposes.

On the other hand, however, the fact is not to be overlooked, that in these days of fast-and-loose orthodoxy, when one hears from pulpits where he has a right to expect a pure and unadulterated Gospel, utterances that are little better than a confused jumble of rationalism, materialism, Buddhism and pantheism, it is time to call a halt in the tendency to too great a tolerance toward such offenders. Let the Church of Christ cling, with all the tenacity of which its leaders and people are capable, to the essential doctrines as set forth by its Great Founder, and let it make no compromise with error, nor with those who would drive a wide tunnel through the Rock of sacred Scripture, and sweep away, not only the miracles, but the Divinity of Jesus, the Atonement and even the personality of God himself. When a preacher embraces such doctrines as are in direct antagonism to the creed of the church or denomination to which he owes allegiance, it is his duty, as an honorable man, to retire from that church or denomination and step down and out. More dangerous even than such doctrines from the pulpit are these teachings when they find expression in the college classroom. Our young men who are to be the spiritual leaders of the future, may be poisoned at the fountain at the very beginning of their career, and sent out into the world as propagators of false and pernicious doctrines, which will involve multitudes in error hereafter.

Firm in the essentials, the Church can be broad and latitudinarian in all else, for Scripture is capable of many interpretations and the widest variety of presentation; but vital error, once detected, should be so vigorously dealt with that it dare not show itself in any orthodox Christian pulpit or theological university in our land.

Comfort for Homely People

WHY the word homely should have been applied to people who are not well favored and comely, is rather a puzzle. In the sense in which it is used by the woman who laments that she is not beautiful, it means plain, and has a certain sound of regret. The woman who owns herself homely is apt to deplore the fact, and when she looks in the glass she owns in her secret consciousness, that she envies her sisters with skins of satin, peach-tinted, abundant hair, regular features and whatever goes to the making of personal pulchritude. Yet even in youth the frankly plain woman may possess a degree of fascination in excess of the charm with which nature has endowed her fortunate friend. There are subtle qualities of magnetism which belong quite as certainly to the ugly as to the pretty woman. An extremely beautiful woman may be slow-witted and dull, not quick in the up-take, and in the long run she may prove a bore, where another woman carries off conversational honors and is the centre of a bright circle. Beauty of a kind is within the reach of every woman who cares for it. Nobody need have a muddy, coffee-colored skin, since a good complexion is the direct result of daily bathing, outdoor exercise, and the avoidance of too many sweets and fats. There is no need that any girl should ever be sallow, have a rough and uncomely skin, if she will attend to a few simple rules. These rules, too, are to be found everywhere in books and papers, and require only a little time every day for their observance.

Years ago, the writer knew intimately two young girls, one of whom, at eighteen, was the beauty of her school, and so remarkable in her carriage and bearing, that wherever she went she excited admiring remark. The other girl, her friend, was noticeably plain, with irregular features, indifferent complexion and tow-colored hair. Both women to-day are past middle age, but they have changed places. The once homely girl has now arrived at a matronly dignity which is itself most pleasing, her features have softened, her angles have rounded, and the kindly frost of time has dropped its silver upon her hair. She is a woman of graceful manner and most attractive appearance. Her friend has lost her early beauty and has gained nothing in return to make up for the lack. She is simply an ordinary little woman, rather shrunken and pale, at whom nobody who does not love her looks twice. The fact is that we make our own faces as we go on in life, and the plainest woman may reasonably expect to be handsome before she dies, if she have a beautiful soul.

Foreign Missions Under Fire

EVERY sincere friend of the cause of Foreign Missions will deplore the association of terms used by Dr. R. Heber Newton, in his article, "Religion and Religions," in the current issue of the *North American Review*. He says: "In the recognition of the truth that there are many religions but one religion, we open our eyes to the *folly and the crime* of the present attitude of Christendom to the other great religions of earth; the folly and the crime which effectually neutralize the heroic efforts of our foreign missionary work." It is, to say the least, an unfortunate association of terms, in writing of so grand and beneficent a movement as that of Foreign Missions. Have Carey and Morrison and Livingston and Moffat and Adoniram Judson—men of whom the world was not worthy, been guilty of folly and crime? Have they, following in the footsteps of the great apostle of the Gentiles, laid down their lives in a service that was not needed, and given themselves to a crusade which was superfluous?

It would appear from Dr. Newton's article, that the influence of the movement known as the "New Thought," has undermined, in his view, the essential principle of Christian missionary effort, which the Apostle Peter enunciated at Pentecost: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved." The essential unity of all things, which is the cardinal principle of the New Thought, is carried here to a misleading and mischievous conclusion. That there are elements of truth in all religions, no intelligent person will deny. They are found in the falsest and most debasing of superstitions. Without those elements, they could not hold together or survive. Hinduism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism have won their way, because, in the vast mass of error, there were some elements which tended to the elevation of the soul, and brought men into relation with the Infinite. But those elements have been so buried and overlaid by superstition and error, that they have been lost to the view of the masses, and the tares have choked the wheat. The essential unity, of which the New Thought makes so much, is scarcely discernible in the diversity, which has grown everywhere more conspicuous. The Hindus who came to our Parliament of Religions, presented to their hearers a view of their religion, which could not be recognized by the benighted Hindus at home. The debasing beliefs and practices which the learned Swamis repudiated or ignored as excrescences, were, to the unlearned Hindu, the essence, and, indeed, all that he knew of his faith. It is these that the missionary tacks and denounces, and, in doing so, he is render the people a service, and is not guilty of folly and cri

Our Lord commanded his followers to preach Gospel of his to all nations, and when his messeng go into heathen lands it is no business of theirs search for "the essential unity" existing between religions they find there and the religion they brin they would indeed be guilty of folly and crime in t trying to put new wine into the old bottles—but preach Christ the power of God unto salvation to ev one that believeth. All that is good in the old fai the heathen and the Pagan will find in Christian Those among them who have been "seeking the L if haply by feeling after him they may find him," rightly urged to discard their old religion when the m sionary comes, who is able to guide their groping ha in the right direction, and to accept Christ who make them wise unto salvation. Let us hear no m of the "folly and crime" of such methods, but rat approval and encouragement of the preaching of only Saviour who assures men that to as many as rece him does he give power to become the sons of God.

A Needed Organization

THE denial by his Honor, the Mayor of St. Lo of some of the reports which have been in cir lation as to organized designs to corrupt innocent g during the Exposition, fills every heart with thankfuln

But this denial will in no wise affect the forma of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee. Its w is to be preventive and sisterly, not rescue work in conventional sense. Thousands of girls will go to Louis to seek employment; many will be stranded fore long, and penniless. Many will need a help hand when they reach a strange city.

The Committee bids fair to include not only re sentative women of the Young Women's Christian A ciations all over the land, but good women from ev department of benevolent work, irrespective of cr It is too early to outline its scope, and to present plans now would be premature; but it already inclu women whom the nation trusts. It confidently relies the sympathy and support of THE CHRISTIAN HERA and its readers in carrying this work forward to a cessful issue. MARGARET E. SANGSTE

The Secret of the Pole

COMMANDER PEARY is about to start on his ultim effort to reach the long-sought-for North Pole. wish him success, for there is probably no one who m richly deserves the fruits of his labor. The American pe will justly feel proud should the Stars and Stripes be fin unfurled at the axis of our globe.

Commander Peary's interesting article in another par this issue, outlines in detail the work he proposes. It is s plemented by a timely and a well-informed article on Gr land and its people, by Mr. Albert Operti, the Ar Historical Painter, who accompanied Peary as his guest two expeditions, and who throws a very interesting light the manners and customs of the dwellers in the Frigid Zo The illustrations are from his photographs and colo sketches, the full-length portrait of Commander Peary the cover, being from a water-color sketch, from whic historical portrait is to be painted by Mr. Operti. The C mander is seen contemplating the view before him; in background are the palæocrystic Polar ice, and the m northerly point of land in Greenland, Cape Morris K. Jess Acknowledgment is given for the use of photographs made Profs. Libbey and Tarr, Messrs. Porter, Baldwin and Me

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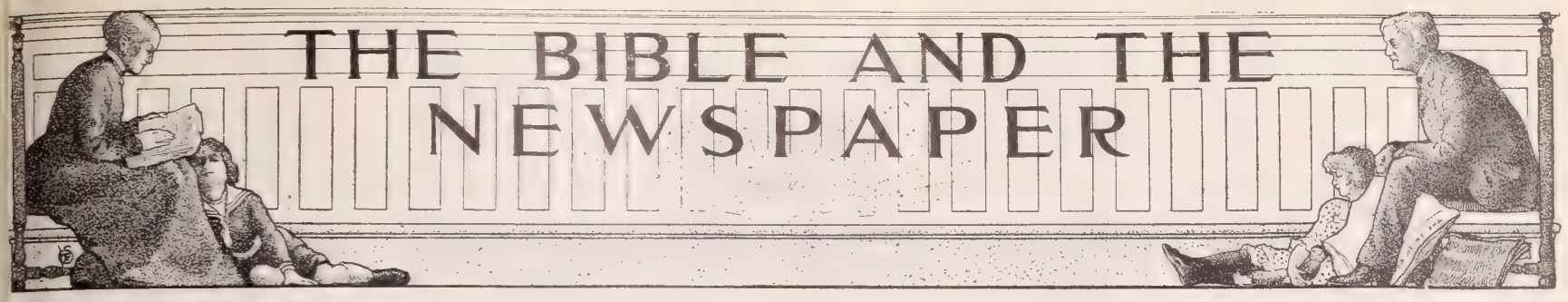


Tenants in Distress

SERIOUS trouble and severe hardship have been produced on the East Side of New York City, by a general rise in the rentals of stores and tenements. Evictions of tenants who cannot pay e rents demanded, are unprecedented in number. The reets are encumbered by piles of poor furniture that ave been put out of the flats and rooms by the owners lessees of the big tenement houses, and the poor ten- nts know not where to go. No less than two thousand spossess notices have been issued in one week. A rge proportion are against Jews, who work in clothing ores or in factories, and are obliged to live near the aces where they are employed. It is stated that the crease of rent demanded averages one-fifth of the m previously paid, and the tenants declare it is im- ssible for them to pay it. Little nests of four small oms, for which they have been paying $15 or $18 a nth, cannot now be rented under $18 and $22. The ea of the owners is that they are now paying higher xes, and that they have been mpelled under the new tene- ent-house law, to spend large ms on improvements. The al reason, however, appears to that, owing to the large migration, especially of Jews, ere is a greater demand for this ass of dwellings, and when there a greater demand there is al- ays opportunity for raising the ice. The tenants recognize e reason for higher rental, and e majority are willing to pay a e per cent. increase, but say ere is no reason for so unrea- nable a demand as twenty per nt. Their resentment is inten- ied by the fact that a large pro- rtion of the owners are Jews, o might have been expected to ow sympathy with their breth- n. The worst transgressors are iddlemen, who lease the whole one or two tenement-houses, d sublet, in single rooms or flats, occupiers. So extensive is the ovement, that a Protective Asso- ation has been organized to pose dispossess proceedings in e courts, and to arrange for mbined leases of tenement uses. Mass meetings are being ld to make united protests ainst the unreasonable ad- nce of rents, and to organize me system of arbitration to oid the wholesale evictions now reatened. At one of these a eaker said that during the past elve months no less than sixty busand evictions had taken ace in New York City, though th owners and lessees were aking enormous profits on their investments. It would em from this statement, if it is true, that the poor Jew still suffering, even at the hands of his own race, from e same treatment that the wise king denounced.

There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw eth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy m among men (Prov. 30: 14).

rofit by Loss

A formidable fire which occurred in New York on arch 26, has really proved a source of gain to a com- any owning two of the buildings destroyed. The fire oke out in lower Broadway, and was of so serious a ature that seventy engines were called out to fight it. roperty in that section of the city is exceedingly valu- le, and the loss, if the fire had spread, would have en enormous. Two of the buildings burned were in- red for $230,000. An agent of one of the insurance mpanies involved, told a reporter that when the own- s of the buildings had collected the insurance, and had ld the land at the enhanced price it would fetch, now at the buildings have been destroyed, they would gain large sum, and therefore that the fire, which is usually calamity, had, in this case, proved a gain. Very sel- m does it happen that people whose property is rned, are gainers by the loss, but there have been many who have lost their property, and have had no pecuniary compensation, who have had reason to rejoice over the loss.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ (Phil. 3:7).

Offers to Sell Skin

An advertisement inserted in a New York daily journal a few days ago, announced that $300 would be paid for three square inches of skin from a healthy person of suitable complexion. The offer was made by a physician who has a patient suffering from a disease of the throat, which had made an ugly abrasion. All efforts to induce the skin to grow over it had failed, and he decided to try the experiment of grafting skin from a healthy person upon it. The patient is wealthy, and is quite willing to pay the sum offered for the needed cuticle. The advertisement produced speedy results. In twenty-four hours the physician received nearly two hundred letters from persons willing to supply the desired skin. Many of them were very pathetic. They told of extreme poverty, and begged to be permitted to obtain the money in that way. Some of them declared that they were ready to submit to any extent of suffering, if they could only earn the $300 by it. The physician said it had been one of the most painful experiences of his life to deny so many appeals. Only one person was needed, and so many must be disappointed. The large number of applicants shows how dire is the need of money among the people. It may be hoped that such persons will be saved from the temptation, which assails so many, to sell their souls for money. Our Lord's warning ought never to be forgotten.

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul (Mark 8:36).

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

Seeking His Parents

A boy, who says he is about sixteen years of age, went to the Police station at Tremont, N. Y., last week, with a request that help be given him to find his parents, from whom he said he had been stolen ten years ago. His story is that when he was a boy of six years of age, he lived in a town near Albany, N. Y. His parents were in fair circumstances, but he does not know what his father's business was, nor even his name. His own name is George, and he is called Hallenbeck, but does not believe that is his proper name. He was playing on the street one day when a man who was driving past, offered him some candy, and asked him if he would like a ride. He climbed into the man's buggy and the man drove away. He begged to be taken back after they had gone some distance, but the man refused, and told him he was to live with him in future. They went a long distance afterwards by train, to a town the name of which he does not know. He was kindly treated, except when he cried to be taken home. After a time he saw the man no more, but does not know whether he died or deserted him. He was put in a poor-house, and as he grew older he learned that he was in Delaware. He was taught the business of a baker, and worked for different masters, until he was able to get to New York and begin a search for his parents. Inquiries are now being made to ascertain if any family in the neighborhood of Albany lost a child ten years ago. No clue has yet been obtained, and the boy is grievously disappointed. It may be hoped that whether he is successful or not in finding his parents, he may learn that it is possible for him to gain a parentage higher than any that this world can confer.

To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God (John 1:12).

Telephone Records

A European journal describes the invention of a Danish electrician, who has applied the principle of the phonograph to the telephone. It renders it possible to preserve a permanent record of conversations over the telephone. The apparatus has the appearance of an ordinary telephone, but within the receiver is a highly-magnetized steel wire, wound on a sensitive reel. When the telephone is used, the wire is unwound by the action of the current, or by a clock-work attachment. The impact of the voice is faithfully recorded by the wire, so that at any time by reversing the process the conversation that has taken place can be reproduced, as in the phonograph. The situation of the wire protecting it from extraneous sounds renders its repeating power exceedingly accurate, and in the reproduction there are none of the crackling noises that are heard in the ordinary phonograph. It is easy to remove the record from the instrument and to preserve it or transmt it by mail, so that another person may listen to the conversation repeated in the same tone of voice, just as it actually took place. If these instruments should come into common use, there are many people who would become more careful of the words they use in speaking over the telephone. The consciousness that what they say might be reproduced at some future time would induce caution. But such consciousness might even now be felt if we heeded as it deserves the warning that Christ gave:

I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment (Matt. 12: 36).

BRIEF NOTES

The sermon on the Broken Alabaster Box published in this journal on April 6 was by Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, of Harrisburg, Pa., whose name, by inadvertence, was misspelled.

In Uganda there is a noble band of 10,000 communicants, of whom one in every five is doing some definite work for God. The work of the European missionary is almost entirely that of training native clergy and evangelists.

The Rev. A. H. Kaylor and Miss Mary R. Robinson have been holding a series of evangelistic meetings for two weeks in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., of which the Rev. Daniel W. Lusk is pastor. During the two weeks, about one hundred individuals pledged themselves to Christ.

To Fight Pestilence in Panama

ONE of the most important improvements to be undertaken by our Government at the Isthmus of Panama, will be the cleansing of the strip of territory which separates the two oceans at the narrowest portion of the continent. As the result of reports made by sanitary experts who were sent to the canal zone to investigate, it has been determined that extensive and thorough sanitary operations must be completed ere work begins in earnest on the interoceanic canal.

It is estimated that our Government will have to expend fully two million dollars in transforming the newly acquired strip of territory from a hotbed of virulent disease into a condition of comparative healthfulness, as far as is practicable in a tropical clime; but there is satisfaction in the knowledge that this costly health campaign will not only redound to the benefit of the thousands of Americans who will be attracted to the scene of the canal, but will also contribute to the physical betterment of the people of the world's newest republic.

The first aim of the crusade will be directed toward affording protection from yellow fever and malaria to the Americans who go to the isthmus. The territory is marked by pestilence in every form. Leprosy exists in the city of Panama, and in almost every village along the line of the railroad to Colon. In Panama city, lepers are supported by charity, provided they repair to an asylum on the outskirts of the city, but there is no compulsory isolation, and lepers are found living unhindered in the most densely populated sections of the city.

SOME OF THE LEADING PUBLIC MEN OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Dr. Amador, President of the Republic, Seated in Centre

Smallpox is prevalent, but not to the same extent as prior to the recent general free vaccination. There are many victims of beri-beri among the whites, Chinamen and negroes along the canal route, and such diseases as tuberculosis, dysentery, pernicious malaria and elephantiasis are always present. Dr. Claude C. Pierce, of the U. S. Public Health Service, who was recently sent to Panama by our government to investigate conditions, says that he found the city of Panama extremely filthy, owing to the antiquated sewerage system. A defective water supply contributes to the deplorable situation. In the dry season, water sells for one cent per gallon, and baths become a luxury which only the wealthy can afford. Dr. Pierce says that, in a trip along the forty-seven mile[s] the railroad line from Panama to Co[lon] he found all the villages without exc[ep]tion filthy. Fever-bearing mosquit[oes] were seen everywhere. No sanit[ary] regulations exist at La Poca, two m[iles] from Panama, the site of the propo[sed] mouth of the canal.

Despite this discouraging outl[ook] our Government is determined to m[ake] der Panama healthful and habita[ble]. Rear-Admiral Walker, Chairman of new Panama Canal Commission, spe[ak]ing of the matter recently, said: "I see no reason why, with the facili[ties] the Commission will have at its d[is]posal, and the assistance to be rende[red] by medical science and engineer[ing] the canal section cannot be made as healthy as any tropical country. We have done it elsewhere, and we can do it at Panama."

The American governmental he[alth] campaign on the isthmus, will be un[der] the direction of Col. W. C. Gorgas, [the] famous yellow fever expert of [the] U. S. Army. Rear-Admiral Rixey, S[ur]geon-General of the navy, also goes to Panama, to see that all possible pre[cau]tions are taken to preserve the he[alth] of the members of the U. S. Ma[rine] Corps, who have been selected as [the] police of the canal territory; but [while] Gorgas will remain on the scene, to personally superintend operations. [Col.] Gorgas is a yellow fever immune [who] has had the widest experience, particularly in Havana, where he successf[ully] combated the dread disease in its traditional stronghold. He takes to Pana[ma] as his assistants a trained corps of men, who performed excellent work u[nder] his direction in Havana du[ring] the recent American mili[tary] occupation.

GEN. GEO. W. DAVIS
Member Panama Commission

REAR-ADMIRAL RIXEY
Surgeon-Gen. U. S. N.

COL. GORGAS
Yellow Fever Expert

REAR-ADMIRAL WALKER
President of the Commission

The scheme, as mapped [out] calls for the construction [of] water-works and sewer[age] systems for the cities of P[ana]ma and Colon, and the dr[ain]age of the districts betw[een] these cities. An imme[nse] amount of filling in will h[ave] to be done.

The city of Colon will h[ave] to be raised out of an unwh[ole]some marsh, and there [are] a number of towns in the [in]terior which must likewise [be] lifted out of swamps. [The] water supply comes from [a] mountains, and the pipe lines will, in no instance, be more than sixty mile[s] length, and, in some cases, will not be more than one-third that length.

Washington, D. C. WALDON FAWCETT

"In Time of Peace Prepare for War"

THE time has come for careful consideration and analysis of some of the traditional sentiments or proverbs which hitherto have largely controlled our policy as a nation. One of the most delusive of these sentiments, perhaps, is that which heads this article. There are national ills to be cured, dangers to be avoided and probable crises to be met, which it is now urged, imperatively demand that, "In time of peace we should prepare for war."

In President George Washington's address to both Houses of Congress on January 8, 1790, he said, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace." This sentiment has been traced back to Horace, who died a short time before the Christian era, and it is quoted by Vegetius, born A.D. 375, who compiled a treatise on the "Art of War." In the biography of Horace, which appears in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a portion of his works is spoken of as written in the true spirit of paganism.

It is surprising that a sentiment so illogical and unreasonable has received such general approval. If its spirit be correct, we should constantly, in all the circumstances of life, prepare for trouble and danger. In the case of a trusted friend, whose companionship we greatly enjoy, we should anticipate estrangement. In times of plenty we should store our houses and barns with supplies that will amply provide for years of scarcity and famine. In every period of life we should have in mind that some member of the family may die, and keep ready mourning attire and even a coffin; for while war is a possibility, death is a certainty. There may also be accident, disaster or disease, and we should be prepared for all contingencies.

How burdensome life would be if this principle were adopted. The element of faith or trust would be excluded, and we could not fully enjoy any present condition. And yet, we are taught by rulers and legislators, by the public press, and even in the churches, that all men should be patriotic, and that patriotism means a constant preparation for conflict, involving enormous expenditure of money, burdensome taxes, and the demoralizing influence of an idle and unproductive class which make up the army.

Capt. Hobson has given the opinion that as this is the greatest nation in the world, it ought to have the largest navy. Upon this, a Georgia paper remarks:

> If Capt. Hobson reasons well, and the United States, being the greatest nation, should have the greatest navy, the man believed to be the greatest should carry about his person, or have closely associated with him, the greatest fighting apparatus. . . . . The American people are educated to fight. The rule is to resist evil and resent insult. It is not the humanitarian way. It is not the way of the most advanced and best civilization. For a while yet we must enjoy and gloat over our prowess, like a little boy with his first pair of pants. After a while we will begin to think of higher things.

Under the inspiration of this motto the Government encouragement of preparation for military achievement has been extended to our youth. I quote from the *Christian Advocate*, New York:

> Arms and equipment for instruction purposes, field pieces, as well as small arms, are to be loaned to the schools, together with a supply of ammunition. No instructor will be detailed to a school having less than a hundred pupils under military training. This will guarantee that more than ten thousand young men of the United States will be under military instruction annually. In order to stimulate students, a record will be kept of all military instruction, and those having the best records will be given preference in the matter of appointment as officers in the regular army. In various aspects this is an expedient of doubtful promise to the highest welfare of the country.

In opposition to such views, regarding war and preparation for it, we have the impressive opinion of the historian Gibbon:

> As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.

The following is submitted as a summary of fundamental truth connected with this discussion:

1st. In considering this question it is not pietism or fanaticism, but simple common-sense, to recognize the fact of the existence of God and man's immortality and accountability. The patriotism which considers only the apparent interests connected with this world is a fiction. Preparation for war is a training that connects science and personal promotion with murder and destruction, antagonizes the teachings of Christ and ignores the world beyond. Is it true patriotism to urge men to die with weapons of destruction in their hands and murder in their hearts?

2d. This motto is opposed to the teachings of the Bible, that we are to love our enemies and to do good to them that hate and despitefully use us, and is contrary to the Divine order that we are to overcome evil with good. It is not patriotic even in the sense in which the word is usually employed, for patriotism is supposed to signify a desire and an effort to permanently promote the real welfare of the na[tion] to which we belong.

3d. It is childish to claim that the maintenance of a[n] army, composed of men whose activity and advancement [de]pend upon war, does not tend to bring it about. As [well] might a man give his son a thorough training in pugil[ism] and claim it does not encourage him to engage in pugil[istic] encounters.

4th. For the pretext called "national honor," there is [no] little foundation in reason or righteousness as for tha[t] "personal honor," which, through the duels it has bro[ught] about, has deprived the world of many noble men, and [by] chance sent them unprepared into eternity.

5th. When we consider the difference in the circ[um]stances of the ancient heathen nations, from whom [the] aphorism came, it should, even if correct at that time, h[ave] no significance now. Then war was a trade, and was [con]sistent with heathen belief, or rather unbelief, and prep[ara]tion, for it bore no comparison with that needed now. It [is] simply the problem of furnishing a coat of mail, spear, sw[ord] and shield to each citizen or subject, and the navy consi[sted] of a few small vessels of comparatively little cost. At p[res]ent it means the employment of an immense number of m[en], tremendous supplies of artillery and ammunition and an [ex]pensive commissariat, entails huge taxes and an enorm[ous] pension list, which interfere with home comfort and bur[den] industry in time of peace.

6th. It would certainly be the case that if any of the g[reat] Powers, and especially the United States, England or G[er]many, were to announce a policy of gradual disarmam[ent], assigning the claims of civilization and Christianity as a [rea]son, and appealing to the other Powers to follow the exam[ple], there would be general acquiescence and wars would ce[ase].

7th. The hatred manifested everywhere between me[n] the same city, State or country, is a type of the spirit [that] approves of and promotes war, which is in reality an enla[rge]ment of individual hatred and a multiplication of i[ndi]vidual murder. The national action suggested ab[ove] would establish a principle that would sooner or l[ater] regulate individual intercourse and tend more than anyth[ing] that can be conceived of to bring about peace and good-[will]. The tone of the national life is reflected in individuals, an[d] preparation is made for conflict with neighbors they will [re]taliate, unless they are our superiors, and trust in God [to] leave vengeance with him. JOHN C. HAVEMEYER

THE FAR-EASTERN CAMPAIGN

NON-COMBATANTS AND REFUGEES FLEEING FROM DALNY

JAPANESE LADIES IN TOKIO MAKING BANDAGES FOR THE TROOPS

RUMORS of a battle at Kiulienching, near the Yalu, in which the Russians are said to have met with a reverse, were current last week in several European capitals; but no confirmation f the reports has come from reliable sources, and it ould now appear that the boundary line along the ver has been occupied by the Japanese practically ithout a struggle. This has naturally excited surprise, s a stubborn defence was expected; but it is explained be merely a part of the new Russian programme.

Japan has sent the last of her transports from Sase-o, and other home ports, and her troops are now in orce at all the strategic points along the Yalu. Some ave crossed to the further side unopposed, under the rotection of Japanese gunboats and small cruisers, hich are guarding the river. Wiju, which the Rus-ans had partly fortified, and where it was expected ey would have made the first formidable stand against e Mikado's advancing armies, fell into the hands of e Japanese without a struggle. When scouts entered e town on April 2, they found it evacuated by the ussians, and it soon afterward became evident that e latter had abandoned Corea, crossing the river, and ithdrawing even from the defences they had con-ructed on the Manchurian side. According to the orean native accounts, the Russians, after evacuating Viju, crossed the river in boats, swimming their horses. imultaneously, there seems to have been a like ithdrawal from other points along the left or Corean ank of the river, by Russian troops who were sta-oned at Thyolsan, Chosan, Pyokdong, and other aces. Their posts along the Tumen were also with-awn. A sharp skirmish was reported at Chensu, fteen miles northeast of Wiju, where several Russians ere captured by the Japanese.

Thus, within two months after the first shot of the war, and without any important engagement having occurred, the Japanese found themselves in undisputed possession of Corea.

It is claimed, by those who assume to know something of the Russian plan of campaign, that Gen. Kouropatkin's purpose is to draw the Japanese on to a point where he can hurl his forces upon them effectively in the Manchurian plains. He is said to have decided that the control of the Yalu estuary by Japan's fleet would have endangered the Russian position on the northwest bank of the river and made a landing by Japanese safe and practicable at any point near the river mouth, in which event the Russian rear would have been threatened, as well as its front. It is surmised that Gen. Kouropatkin's forces along and south of the Yalu had been gradually withdrawing, long before Wiju was abandoned, and that the real fighting strength of Russia will be concentrated near Feng-wang-chang. One correspondent, writing from Harbin, says the Japanese may not be seriously opposed before reaching Mukden. All predictions regarding Gen. Kouropatkin's plans, however, are mere guesswork.

Japan's order of campaign must now be altered to meet the new emergency. In the interior of Manchuria, her fleet will be powerless. Far from her base of supplies, and compelled to cross the mountain ranges north and west of the Yalu, burdened with her artillery, and her strength depleted by the troops she must leave to guard every point along the way, her invading force will be less effective than if encountered in northern Corea. On April 4, it was estimated that the force within striking distance of the Yalu was 45,000 strong. Unless the Japanese delay their advance into Manchuria, the force which Kouropatkin's army will shortly encounter will be nowise as formidable as if the armies had met along the Yalu, and the advantage, it is claimed, will be clearly on the side of the Russians. There is no evidence of haste, however, on the part of the invaders. It may be General Kuroki's purpose to advance by slow stages to convenient bases, delaying a battle until all conditions are satisfactory, and this may mean a week—or even a month—of further waiting. It is even possible that Japan may fortify herself securely in Corea and await developments, instead of pushing on into the enemy's country.

Little that is reliable can be learned of the military movements on the Liao-tung peninsula. If the Japanese have landed a force at any point near New Chwang, as reports persistently assert, the expected attack on that city may take place at any moment. The city is now strongly fortified, and there are some 8,000 Russian troops there, with a formidable showing of artillery.

There is a persistent repetition of the report that King Edward has offered his services as mediator between the two contestants, and it is now added that the Czar has intimated his willingness to accept such mediation. Indeed, it is even hinted that the slow march of events in the field is due to the fact that peace negotiations have actually been opened. While such a story is impossible of verification, it is safe to assert that, however willing Japan may be to accept England's mediation ultimately, she will be apt to postpone acquiescence until the campaign has reached a more advanced stage. It is significant that simultaneously with this rumor comes the news that the Czar has ordered the mobilization of the Black sea reserves, and will shortly order the Baltic reserves to duty. There is little hope of meditation in any event, until the first great battle of the war has been lost and won.

OUR PILGRIMS TO HOLY LAND

(From a Special Correspondent)

MARCH 13, 1904.—Our first Sunday on the Atlantic between New York and Madeira, 1,900 miles from New York. It is the hour of church service. We are assembled in the ining-room. (There is, however, an overflow service in another part of the ship.) The congregation reads responsively with Rev. E. B. Allen, of Toledo, O., Psalm 107: 1-30.

REV. JOHN POTTS

As we read, we seem to hear a voice saying, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled," for we do see "the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

The preacher of the morning is ev. John Potts, D.D., of Toronto, the best known id the best loved man on the cruise. He takes r his text, Psalm 107: 30, and announces his pic on, "The Voyage of Life." A voyage must ve a point worthy of the voyager, therefore the estion, "Whither bound?"—the Holy Land—id to walk in the footsteps of our blessed Lord the end we are seeking in this course—a noble purpose for Bible students and Surday School teachers. The glorious port of heaven is the desired haven to be sought in the voyage of life. If the sea reveals the works and wonders of the Lord, how much more the voyage of life. These are manifested in providence and in grace, and in the history of the soul, in its illumination, submission, regeneration and sanctification, and in the culture that makes meet for heaven. And then there is the broadening out of this influence to myriads of souls.

THE GOOD SHIP, "GROSSER KURFURST"

The voyage of life should be under the control of one master-mind. Take this steamer for illustration: from the fireman to the engineer, from the humble sailor to the officers; all are under the control and direction of the captain, and the result is perfect comfort. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

The voyage of life is chance, tinged by great variety. Sometimes hearts are melted, because of storms of trouble that arise; but He who calmed the sea can calm all storms. All who go to Him in prayer can have this experience. The end of the voyage, in the case of Paul's shipwreck, was that all escaped safe to land upon broken timbers of the ship.

A great Sunday School was held which filled in every available meeting-place, Mr. Marion Lawrence of Ohio, being the Superintendent. The regular International Sunday School lesson was presented: the quarterly temperance lesson based on the story of John the Baptist, beheaded.

Madeira was called the "dream island" by the ancient Greeks. On the eighth day out we landed there, and found it a paradise of flowers. The missionaries came on board with a large basket of flowers. A mass meeting was held in the theatre, presided over by Hon. Alexander Dickson, the British Consul. The building was filled by the delegates. Such a concourse of Christians must greatly aid the missionaries. A service was also held in the sailors' chapel, Methodist mission.

MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Heart's-ease Home and its Workers

AMONG the many unpretentious institutions which are doing a great deal of good in a quiet and unostentatious way, is The Heart's-ease Home, a shelter for women in New York. It is conducted by an unpaid staff of volunteer workers. It is undenominational, and is wholly supported by contributions. The Reception House is situated at No. 313 West Fifty-third street, New York City, and there is a country home at Tappan, N. Y.

Many of those who come to Heart's-ease Shelter are found in the prisons, hospitals and missions, and are weary of their sinful lives, and wish to begin anew. Those who are willing to remain six months in the Home are accepted into the family of Heart's-ease, and are sent to the Tappan Home, where the influences are such as to be very helpful to the penitent ones. It is a Home where the erring ones can feel that they are safe with Christian friends. On Thursday afternoons, the Rev. Henry Brown conducts services in the Home. The inmates are taught housekeeping and plain sewing. The religious teaching is such that when they leave the Home, they go out to lead others back from sin to better lives.

Miss A. N. Smith is the Superintendent of the Heart's-ease work, and among her efficient aids are Miss L. B. Schofield, who is in charge of the Shelter Work in New York, while Miss Gretchen Lake and Miss E. J. Post, are associated with Miss Smith in the Heart's-ease Reading Room, and Mrs. Evelyn Allen and Miss M. F. McLaury conduct the Home at Tappan.

This work of rescue was begun with only thirty-six cents in the treasury. Rev. Leighton Williams consented to be trustee for the New York Shelter, and contributed $30, which was half the rent of the building for the first month. Furniture was borrowed to begin housekeeping. God quickly supplied all their need. Twelve beds with furnishings were given for Heart's-ease Shelter, and eight beds for the Tappan Home. These child-like Christians felt that for them there was only one way of getting their wants supplied. They prayed that some benevolent hearts might be moved to lend a helping hand. For three months they prayed daily for a library and piano for their reading room. One day a distinguished looking woman, who was a stranger, stood on the threshold of the Home, and asked if she might come in and look at the place, as she had heard of it from friends, and was interested. Before she left, Miss Smith knew that the cheerless and scantily furnished reading-room was to be made cozy and attractive. It is now equipped with shelves filled with books, a table covered wit magazines, and a piano, chairs, and a couch wit bright pillows, make it a charming resting-place.

THREE OF THE HEART'S-EASE WORKERS

One of the needs of the Home is cast-off clothin for the poorly-clad girls who come there for shelte There are many who do not come from the slums the gutter. The Heart's-ease workers go amon all classes and endeavor to win them over true living.

The Heart's-ease Reception House is ope in the early evening, and remains open all nigh Here respectable women are received and ter porarily housed for two nights. If they are ab to pay, fifteen cents is charged for lodging ar breakfast, and ten cents each for dinner ar supper. No poor wanderer, even if unable pay, is turned away. Every Saturday eveni a Gospel service is held in the reading-roor and when the weather permits, a song servi is held on the street, in charge of Rev. Willia James, Mr. C. N. Putnam, of the Church of t Strangers, and students from Mrs. Courtland Peyster-Fields' Hepzibah Home. By the di tribution of cards, weary, tired, heartsick gi are reached and brought to Christ. The cards read thus:

> This ticket entitles you to one night's lodging and ca We offer you true friendship, when you are in need. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt saved."

A Heartsease is printed on the card. T physicians, Dr. Marie L. Chard and Dr. Findley, give their services free.

Messages of encouragement from such frien as Miss Grace E. Dodge, have been an inspi tion to the workers. Miss Dodge writes:

> Heart's-ease has always represented to me a sw home centre for our tired, tempted sisters, and I h been glad to have been allowed to share, even if o in a financial way, in the work. I wish for it the rich of blessing.

There have been many genuine conversio in Heart's-ease Home. The future of t work is bright and encouraging. Any lett of inquiry or contributions should be dressed to Heart's-ease Reading Room for Girls, a Shelter for Women, care of Miss A. N. Smith, 313 W Fifty-third street, New York.

M. B. C

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

THE best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, branded —this would be mercy and forbearance. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or, perhaps, they would return him to the world, a marked man, an offence against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the ante-room till the senior partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his fists till the palms bled under his nails. He was ready to face his doom and to take what he had earned, if he could but have taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcations had become inevitable, and during the awful two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, vividly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their self-respect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them, took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before, the manager had sent for him, and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

"Can you explain this?" the manager had asked, pointing to a page.

Hanbury looked, and knew at once that the blow had fallen.

"No, sir," he answered quietly.

"Nothing to say?" queried the manager, closing the volume.

"Nothing at all," was the quiet answer.

"Very well," said the other. "Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work."

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment. His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst, and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose very remoteness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him gravely.

"Go in," he said.

Hanbury entered. Old William Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white haired, with a chin and cheeks hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was very grave, now, and perhaps sad; but not hard nor vindictive.

They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

"I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed," said the old man, slowly. There was a country burr in his voice. Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. "I understand you make no defence?"

Hanbury found his voice with an effort. "None, sir," he answered.

"And you know what you have incurred by this crime?"

Hanbury nodded, gulping.

"Very well," said the senior partner, you know that, we need not say any m about it. I shall not send you to priso

He waited for Hanbury to speak, l the young man could say nothing.

"If I permit you to return to your wo and to gradually refund the money y have misappropriated, shall I be sa Can I so trust you?"

The clerk started and looked up. William Burns was watching him wistfu

"Sir," stammered the young man, promise—I swear——"

His voice failed him, and he strugg with rising hysteria.

"Very well," said the senior partr rising and speaking very gently, "we consider that arranged. No word o will be said again by anyone."

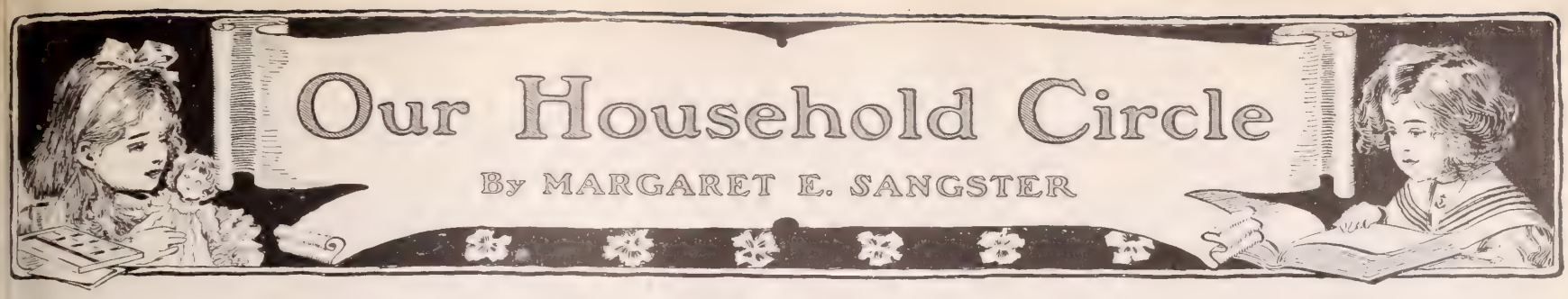
He held out his hand, and Hanb grasped it feverishly.

"You are the second man who fell was pardoned in this business, Mr. H bury," said the old man, in a low tone. was the first. What you have done did. The mercy you have received, received. God help us all."

They shook hands upon it, the two m who had been spared.

Proof-readers and the Bible

THERE is a tradition in printing-offices that the proof-reader's Bible is a dictionary. Be that as it may, there is certainly pressing need of a few presentation copies of the real Bible to the proof-readers. If the three principal newspapers in one of our Eastern cities had concluded, during the recent Easter season, to prove the truth of Bishop Potter's strictures anent the lack of Biblical knowledge among people in general, they could not have done so more effectively. Strangely enough, a Boston newspaper opened the trio of laughable mistakes in a reprint of Bishop Potter's own remarks, copied from another paper, where he alluded to a reference to the "widow's cruse" not being understood at a dinner party, except by the person speaking. The Boston compositor, probably thinking of one of Stockton's short stories, set up the word "cruse" as "cruise," much to the glee of its esteemed contemporaries, whose turn was soon to come. For another paper followed with the report of the sermon preached on Good Friday at the funeral of a murdered artist and his wife. In this the reporter made the officiating clergyman say: "To-day is the anniversary of the Resurrection," or words to that effect. Now, even if the clergyman in his agitation had committed this *lapsus linguæ*, it was quite within the province of the intelligent compositor, and the still more intelligent proof-reader, to have changed so obvious a mistake when they saw it. Last, but not least, came still another Eastern journal on Easter Monday, with the following: "City Missionary —— gladdened the hearts of the inmates of every public home and institution in the city and suburbs yesterday, presenting to each a very appropriate gift in the form of an Easter greeting, enclosed i neat little envelope containing a pretty Ea card, a booklet entitled *The Song of Syrian Guest*, an illustrated poem on "*mons*," and another card with a poem "Easter." Of course, "Emmaus" was obvi ly meant. These instances go to prove Professor Remsen's recent deductions Johns Hopkins University, that in examin eighty of the students he found that only of the eighty could identify two obs quotations from the Scriptures, and on these was studying for the ministry. E. K.



THE TIN WEDDING

THE tin wedding anniversary is not so costly nor so impressive as the silver wedding or the golden wedding. It is, however, as pleasant an occasion as either of these, or as any that fall between the radiant hours of the silver and the gold.

Gifts for the tin wedding are useful rather than ornamental. By the time people have been married ten years, their supply of kitchen furniture needs replenishing, and there are saucepans, pails, pie-plates, coffee-pots, spoons, and devices without number, which fill the housekeeper's soul with delight, if they are brought to her in their shining newness. To give a touch of festivity to the occasion, these utensils may be heaped with flowers, fruit, or bonbons. Indeed, so that the outside of the receptacle be tin, it is permissible to add what one pleases to the tin wedding present. A lavish father might pack his homely bucket of modest tin with gold and silver coins for a favorite daughter, and she would not in the least object.

The bride and groom who were in the dawn of day, so to speak, when they stood before the altar, have grown a little older — a decade, but are still young people; the man, it may be, a trifle balder, or a trifle stouter, and the woman a little more matronly. Children have entered the home, and their upbringing is a matter of great moment. At a tin wedding anniversary there are grandparents, not out of the running as yet, and perhaps great grandparents, in the venerable eventide of their years. If the clergyman who performed the wedding ceremony can be had as a guest, his presence lends an added dignity and charm.

Invitations to a tin wedding, should, if engraved, bear the dates of both the original wedding year and the present year at the top of the sheet, thus: 1894—1904, and follow this:

> MR AND MRS EUGENE FROTHINGHAM
> REQUEST
> THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
> AT THEIR TENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
> MAY EIGHTH
> FROM EIGHT UNTIL ELEVEN P.M

S. V. P., which means that the favor of a reply is solicited, may be in the low-left-hand corner.

A better and more usual way is to write little informal notes, and send them to relatives and friends, a week or ten days before the date of the function.

The bride and groom receive their friends, and the children, in pretty frocks of their best suits, assist in making people happy. A little supper is desirable, as something to eat and drink add salt to hospitality. Games may be played, and music and song make festive the hours, while as a conclusion, everybody, old and young, may join in that beautiful dance, the Virginia Reel.

Molly's Correspondence

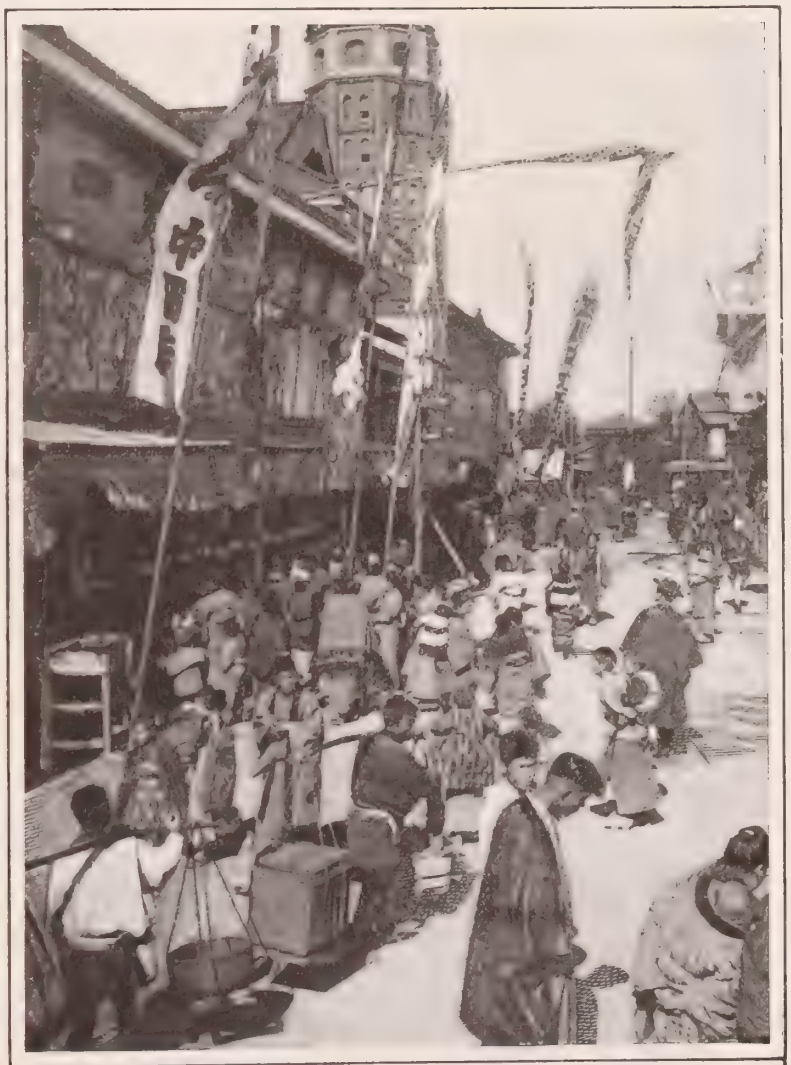
Up to the time that Molly is sixteen, she is more than willing that mother shall read all her letters, and see every letter that she writes. About this period the child begins to enter womanhood, and presently she arrives at a station on the road when she resents what looks to her like surveillance. The mother who would retain her child's confidence unimpaired, must now be rather guarded, must not too openly and at despotically demand as a right what may be granted as a concession. She needs tact, that she may not lose the key to that fair garden where her child walks, and where the brook and river meet.

As a rule, a well-brought-up child, girl or boy, may, and should be, trusted, when passing through the transition stage which leads from youth to maturity. There is no harm in writing to and receiving letters from other yonng people, and the charm of this is much improved if an older person insists on reading all the little foolish things the young people say to one another. To older eyes the jests and the trifles look silly, yet they are not so. They are appropriate at the time when laughter bubbles up from an unseen fountain, and giggling is as inevitable as breathing. Don't let us forget that we were once sixteen ourselves.

The Blues

One would not mind the blues so much if they did not make one so blue. When melancholy clutches the soul and wraps heaven and earth in its folds, it is exactly as if one were groping through a heavy fog. There is no light anywhere. Just around the corner a piece of good fortune may be waiting, but the blue that blots the sunshine hides this from view. Just across the way the rough road may end in green meadows and flowery lawns, but the poor victim, stumbling over the stones, is sure that the rocky path will never end. In effect, the victim of persistent blues is for the time insane. No comfort slips into the dark interstices of his perturbed spirit, and if his fears are only fancies, the gloom is really intensified.

The remedy for the blues is sometimes plenty of sunshine, sometimes hard work, sometimes a tonic, and always a rally of faith in a divine and never-sleeping Providence that watches over us in all our ways.



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A STREET IN TOKIO, JAPAN

The eyes of the world are, to-day, fixed upon Japan. The little Japanese have proved themselves mighty men of valor, as they have battled against their hitherto well-nigh impregnably-fortressed foe. A street in Tokio is full of picturesque effects and as busy as Broadway.

Too Many Playthings

A mistake often made by mothers is giving children too many playthings at once. A little maiden in the olden times was very happy with one or two dolls. The child of to-day may have twenty, and a little mother cannot stretch her love over twenty dolls. It is as if she were principal of a school, or matron of an institution. Children should play with a few toys at a time, not litter the house with them. Lessons of order and system are best taught in childhood, as, in older days, one may care for things of more enduring moment.

Kindergarten Classes

NO doubt child study is a cult of the hour, yet it is a good thing that mothers are trying in earnest to learn how best to bring up their little ones. Morning classes for mothers, where they are taught how to amuse, instruct, and otherwise develop the babies, are very popular in our cities, and certainly the young women who attend them gain something worth the acquisition. But there are hundreds of mothers who will never in their lives come within hearing or seeing distance of a kindergarten class. Shall they, therefore, be discouraged? Not at all. Here are some rules for them.

First, love the children. Love them before they are cradled in your arms. Love them in the happy months before they are born. Next, surround them during infancy with warmth, serenity and gentleness. It is a sin to scold, to shout, to scream, to fuss and fume in the presence of a little child.

Teach the small sons and daughters to obey their parents without argument or delay. Have no "Wait a minute, mother," or "I don't wan't to," or "I won't," in your nursery. Gain obedience by gentle means. Control yourself first and know what you wish, and what you have a right to ask; then, from the earliest hour, train baby hands and feet to do as they are told. Harshness and penalty are not needed, where gentle firmness is the rule.

Be regular about the children's bedtime and particular about their meals. A good deal of naughtiness springs from indigestion and of nervousness from irregular sleep.

Husbands and wives should act as one, when they are also fathers and mothers. They should be a unit in their household government. I have heard of children who knew their father only as a strange man, who came home and scolded them on Sunday. Some mothers ignore their children's fathers in the family management. Here they make a mistake. If both work together, love together, and pray together, there may be good results, even if the mother cannot go to a kindergarten.

What Shall we have for Dessert?

The question in most households is as important as what shall we have for dinner. It is surprising how many men care a good deal more for sweets than for solids, and never consider that they have had a meal, unless it is finished with a pudding or pie.

At this season, salads are delicious, and should form part of every dinner. They may be varied, and composed of different ingredients. Left overs of potatoes may be made into a salad that is excellent with cold meat. Bits of any cold vegetable chopped into rice, or finely minced with a mayonnaise dressing, or a simple French dressing of oil and vinegar, laid on lettuce, are fine for salad. Nuts very finely chopped, and used as a stuffing for tomatoes or green peppers, are very appetizing. Salad is not dessert, though served with crackers and cream cheese it makes a good substitute for the latter, two or three times a week.

Strawberries, stewed prunes, a prune puff, a custard, a charlotte sponge-cake with preserves, crab-apple jelly and cream-cake, all make dainty desserts. And here are some excellent recipes sent by one of the excellent housekeepers who read this page:

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Two squares of chocolate; half cup of sweet milk; one beaten egg; cook to a custard. After taking off the stove, add one generous table spoonful butter; half cup milk; one cup sugar; two cups sifted flour; one teaspoonful soda. Icing of any kind may be used. I use powdered sugar one cup; juice of one lemon, with water enough to dissolve. Better next day after baking. Keeps moist long time wrapped in oil-paper in tin box.

DOUGHNUTS

One cup C sugar; one egg; six tablespoonsful of melted fat; mix thin, add one cup sour milk, pinch of salt, a little cinnamon or nutmeg, and flour to mix stiff with spoon. Flour the board. Mold as little as possible. I mostly turn the butter over so as to flour both sides. Roll out. Flour the cutter before cutting. Try small piece to see if fat is hot. I always turn the doughnut over as soon as it comes to top. Fry nice brown; when all done, put in jar or box, covering tight. This is a nice recipe for small family. If too rich use less shorting, or mix little harder by putting in more flour

PUMPKIN PIE

One quart sifted pumpkin, or one can; same amount of sweet milk; one cup C sugar; one cup molasses; three eggs; pinch of salt; one teaspoonful cinnamon: a half of allspice; a half of ginger. Makes three large pies

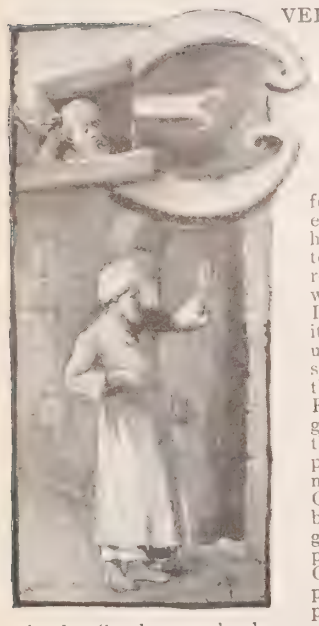
A Swedish Grace

This is a form of grace, which children may learn and repeat:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank him for our food.
By his hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*



EVERY one should be turned to heart-searching by the heart-cry of the disciples, who begged Jesus to teach them how to pray. They had been saying Jewish prayers from childhood, and had even been disciples of Jesus for more than two years, but who felt they had never yet learned to pray at all when they heard one of Christ's heart to heart talks with God. In reply Christ gave them what is called "The Lord's Prayer," which means that it was the prayer he taught us, for he never needed to say "forgive" for himself. At the World's Parliament of Religions, men of all religions, for fifteen days, began their conferences with this prayer. On two days Roman Catholic prelates led, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, which is forgotten by those who, to please that branch of the Church, have, in some places, driven this universal prayer from the public schools. Surely our schools cannot fulfil their chief mission, to cultivate brotherhood among all classes and nationalities, if the divine Fatherhood, of which this prayer is the best expression, is ignored. Let it be brought back, wherever it has been banished, as a practical application of the world-wide study of this prayer on this "labor day."

Christ probably did not mean that we should repeat this prayer, but rather that it should serve as a pattern, as is plainly shown by Christ's words in Matthew, "After this manner, therefore, pray ye" (6:9). Christ neither forbade nor required forms of prayer, but he did forbid "vain repetitions," which applies alike to children who "say prayers" with no thought of their meaning, and to heartless adult repetitions, whether of ritual or cant phrases. Probably all would agree that in private prayer it is better the full heart should pour itself out in its own words, while some would claim that when the soul is dull, a form of prayer may save it from giving up praying altogether. It would probably be agreed that in public also, if all could pray as well as those who have written "the prayers of the ages," it would be better for them also to pray in their own words. One might very nearly do this who would memorize all Bible prayers, and make them his vocabulary. Even the Methodists, who have been given as much to extemporaneous prayer as any, use carefully prepared forms at the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. It would be well if all preachers had a form of prayer for the President, who is left out altogether by many for some reason, perhaps for fear of seeming to introduce politics. The President whom a preacher thinks most in need of prayer is commonly the very one he does not pray for at all. As in many other cases of dispute, a combination of both ways of praying is better than either way alone. There are times when forms of prayer, always provided heart is put into them, are fitting, as on sacramental occasions, and at weddings and funerals, and other solemn ceremonies, when every word needs to be very carefully chosen. But in both public and private there should also be liberty for the spontaneous outpouring of the heart in silence or in speech (I. Sam. 1:13). And in preparation for this, even little children, after saying a prayer from memory, should be encouraged to think what special things they wish to thank God for, what sins they wish to confess, what help to be good, and what blessings for others they wish to ask for, and so make up a prayer for themselves. When parents fail to so teach, the Sunday School teacher and pastor should give such lessons in extemporaneous prayer.

Our Father. This suggests that prayer is like the gate where the child meets the father and tells him all his joys and sorrows. This word, "Father," suggests at once the best definition and the best defense of prayer. Prayer is like the talking of a child with his father, or of friend with friend (Ex. 3:11; Matt. 14:12). While it is easy for children to "go and tell Jesus," God the Father seems to many of them as indefinite as the air. There is no better way to create the feeling that God is personal, a mind like us, without a body, than by hunting out in the natural world of birds and beasts and insects and flowers and minerals, the geometry and machinery in which we see God planning as we plan, loving beauty as we love it, making the world work together in all its parts as a man keeps a machine shop working together. In the head alone there are pulleys beside the eye, a lever in the neck, dove-tailed, rubber-cushioned skull bones, a dome at the top, while the eye is at once mirror, kodak and opera glass. When we see our fellow-men thinking out these same machines thousand of years later, we think of Kepler's words, "O, God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Thus we come to realize that God is indeed a mind like ours, Our Father. It is called "anthropomorphism," to conceive of God as like man, but that is precisely the kind of God that is revealed not only in the Bible and in Christ, but also in nature. And it is in the likenesses of God to an earthly father that we find the best answer to the difficulties that educated people especially find in the doctrine of prayer, because it seems inconsistent with the reign of natural law. The answer is that despite the laws of nature, an earthly father hears and answers his child's prayers. A child is falling by the law of gravitation from a ladder. The father hears his cry, and by an act of love and will saves the child. So when a fire is raging by natural law, and a man at a window cries for help, a friend interposes and saves him. In the words of Browning,

> Would I in my infinite longing do all for this man,
> And think God alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?

The sweetest of all stories to illustrate "our Father" is that of a great emperor, who was riding in his grand chariot through the city street, when a boy ran to him through the lines of soldiers that constituted his body-guard. The soldiers cried, "Stop, he is your emperor," to which the boy replied, "He is your emperor, but he is my father." The King of kings is our Father. That assures us a friend, who has not only pity, but power to help. We say "Our Father, who art in heaven" to distinguish him from our father on earth. And what a help is earthly fatherhood to understand the Divine! Parenthood is the greatest honor God bestows on human beings, and sex should therefore be thought of with reverence as a share of God's creatorship. Let no one think of purity as unmanly, but rather let us say with Tennyson's brave knight:

> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure.

Hallowed be Thy Name. What a combination of sin and folly is the swearing habit. Much of it is due to lack of vocabulary. A man of scanty education wishes to be emphatic, and having a small stock of adjectives, fills up with curses. It might be a good thing to get up a tract for these swearers, containing about two hundred strong adjectives, to be used by the illiterate in place of "cuss-words." No one can be a real gentleman who curses his Maker and his fellows.

"AS HE PRAYED, THE FASHION OF HIS COUNTENANCE WAS ALTERED"

> It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
> Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
> Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
> To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

Imagine a gentleman, or even a boy, using his mother's name as he uses the name of his heavenly Father. Not alone God's name, but his House, and his Day, and his Book, are to be hallowed. Irreverence in church, jesting about the Bible, and Sabbath breaking, all these are offenses kindred to swearing.

Thy Kingdom come. Note that in this model prayer the suppliant does not first present requests in his own behalf and for his own needs, but God's cause is first, the hallowing of God's name, the spread of his kingdom, the doing of his will. This is in accord with the command that we so often forget in our selfish prayers, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." The very best story on this text, worth repeating whenever the subject calls for it, is the story of the venerable and beloved William I., of Germany, who visited a school, and taking up a piece of stone from the teacher's table, asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom." Then, plucking a flower, perhaps a Kaiser blum from the teacher's bouquet, he asked, "And to what kingd does this belong?" Then, intending to draw attentior the animal kingdom, he laid his hand on his own breast, asked, "And to what kingdom do I belong?" The child instinctively wiser than their books, refused to classify tl emperor with animals. After a pause a little girl answe rightly, "To God's kingdom, Sire." All things should classified by their highest capacities, and the books shc place man with angels and God in the spiritual kingdom.

Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth. This remi us that not alone in heaven and in the heart is his will to done, but also "on earth." Christ is to rule this world. individual is to be saved by the cross, but society is to saved by his crown, that is by making the law of Christ, li by little, on divorce, the Sabbath, temperance and the l the law of our associated life—of business and politics pleasure. We oftenest use the words, "Thy will be dor as an expression of reluctant submission to some g Here we find God's will in a brighter atmosphere. doing of God's will would make the world an Eden.

> I worship thee, sweet will of God.

"How is God's will done by angels in heaven?" was as in a certain Sunday School class. The answers w "They do it immediately." "They do it diligently." "T do it always." "They do it altogether." "They do it all their hearts." "They do it without asking any questio A little fellow, who had been hearing what God told Samue do, said to his mother, "If God would tell me something do, wouldn't I do it?" A little while later his mother sai him, "It is time to go to bed." He pouted. I thought you said you would do anything God you?" "How do you know God wants me tc to bed?" "I know God said, 'Obey your pare and doing what they tell you for your good is way to do God's will." It is not enough to God's will. We shall not be doing it as it is d in heaven if we do not do it gladly. "When I a little girl," said a lady, "my dear grandma as me to bring her a glass of water. I was at p and was vexed to be disturbed. When I hac luctantly brought it, she said, 'Thank you, y dear child, but it would have brought me n pleasure if you had done it willingly.'" F years afterward that deserved rebuke left a s spot in her memory.

Give us this day our daily bread. In the boo Ruth, it is recorded that Naomi left Bethlehen account of a famine there, and remained in M until she heard that "the Lord had visited B lehem in giving them bread." Three times a God so visits us. It is just as much God's when it comes through the wonderful growtl the garden, as when it comes in manna from sky, or is sent to the prophet by the rav Many a child has prayed for "daily bread cake," or the like. God teaches us to pray necessities, not for luxuries. Surely it is bas gratitude to receive the wondrous food God m and have no grace. About the best way is to everybody at the table sing the doxology, or some rhythmic grace together, such as:

> For these and all thy gifts of love, we give thee th
> and praise,
> Look down, O Father, from above, and bless us al
> days.

Forgive us. "Would you like to see God?" asked of a little girl. "No," she said, shrin back, "cos he's so big, and I's naughty." when our hearts are forgiven, we are glad to c the promise of the pure in heart that they see God. "Do you cherish a hope that your are forgiven?" said an old, stern elder, to a bc ten, who had presented himself for church m bership. "Oh, no," said the boy, cheerily, "I k Jesus has forgiven my sins, because he sai would. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us f all unrighteousness'" (I. John 1:8).

As we forgive—aye, there's the hardest plac the prayer. We pray God not to forgive, i refuse to forgive anybody. One who was kep a grudge from becoming a Christian, was ru awakened by a friend, who said: "Well, I w not shut God out of my heart, for the sak hating somebody."

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us f evil. We can do a good deal to answer the part of that petition ourselves, by carefully a ing places of moral danger. God will deliv from necessary trials and temptations, when we put our hands in the fire, we should not expect to prevent us from being burned. We are all of us much like the little girl walking in the slippery street, would not take her father's hand, but said: "I can wal alone." Not until she had fallen and hurt herself, was willing to take her father's hand.

Reasons Why Some Prayers are not Answered

1. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss (Jas. 4:3). 2. If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hea (Ps. 66:18) 3 Your iniquities have separated between and your God (Isa. 59:2). 4. Because of wandering God (Jer. 14:10-12). 5. Because the Bible is neglected (Pr. 28:9). 6. Because of lack of sympathy for the poor (Pr. 21:3). 7. Lack of faith (Jas. 1:6, 7). 8. Because of (Job 35:12). 9. Because of unfaithfulness (Luke 11:12) 10. Because we are unforgiving toward others (Mark 11:26).

* International Sunday School Lesson for May 1. Prayer and Promise. Luke 11:1-13. Golden Text: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find. Luke 11:9.

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THE CAST OF THE LINE

A Sunday Morning at the Bowery Mission

BY REV. C. H. MEAD, D D

"THROW Out the Life-line" is a stirring song to sing, but while thousands are singing it, it is a benediction to go down to the edge of a seething, boiling ocean of sin and "lend a hand" to a small life-saving crew, actually engaged in doing what the thousands are singing. And here, right among the scores of treacherous reefs, from each of which gleam the false beacon lights hung out by the wreckers, stands the Bowery Mission Life-saving Station, with as sturdy a crew as ever manned a life-boat or threw out a life-line. Capt. J. G. Hallimond (we give him a well-deserved title), with a warm heart, strong faith, an intense love for God and man, is a leader, equalled by few and excelled by none. It was the hand of Divine Providence that brought two such men as Dr. Louis Klopsch and J. G. Hallimond together. Never did one man find a more efficient worker, and the other man a more unselfish backer. Alongside of the Captain stands his devoted wife, and Mrs. S. J. Bird (lovingly called "Mother Bird"), and a number of men who never tire in telling the story of the day and hour they caught hold of the life-line, and were saved.

Day and night the wreckers are busy, and night and day the Life Saving crew is doing its work. If the former deserve the judgment of God, the latter are entitled to the prayers and sympathy of the hundreds of thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as they sing in their homes and churches, "Throw Out the Life Line." Among the wrecks in the Bowery Ocean of sin are ministers' sons—yes, and ministers too—college graduates, lawyers, musicians, physicians, men who were born in homes of wealth, struggling by the side of others born in the slums, native and foreign born, all finding the same level in that awful whirlpool. The Mission doors open at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, to let in the crowd which has blocked the sidewalk for an hour before. In a few minutes the large hall is crowded, and the doors are closed against a multitude unable to get in for lack of accommodation.

We make our way through the pressing throng to the raised seats about the large pipe organ, and face the hundreds of men who have been fortunate enough to get in. Human wrecks, awful to look upon, impossible to describe, but a sight which stirs your soul to the very depths, and begets within you a deeper hatred for the sin that has caused the ruin, and a stronger love for the Life-saving crew about you. There is work to be done, and the Captain and his crew are there to do it. From the organ comes a peal that only a master hand can bring out, and you turn to look at the player, and well you may look, and look again. A clean face, aglow with love, a musician whose soul is in his fingers as they touch the keys, and makes you feel that every chord of music he evokes shall be a strand woven into the Life-line to be thrown out that hour. Long ago he, among the wrecks, had caught the line thrown out, and was safely brought in, and now he is an efficient member of the crew.

"Mother Bird" greets her "boys" with a bright face, a cheery "good morning," and a few words of love and wistful anxiety for their souls. Some helpful songs, part by the whole audience and part by a male quartette, and then Captain Hallimond from his big, warm heart talks to God in a way that makes all feel the presence of the Saviour of men in the Life Saving Station. The Captain's heart is in his voice, and as he pleads for that sin-stricken multitude, every wreck among them feels that the pleader is his friend. No wonder that tears ran down many a bloated cheek. The writer had gone in there that morning to listen, but the Captain made it impossible for him to decline the request that the visitor should speak, and with the influence of that prayer upon him, he stood up before the company.

Who that loves God, could not speak under such circumstances? Speak! Look at that ruin, and keep your mouth shut, if you can. Sin, with its mighty power, written on human brain and body and soul! Before you, the ruined boys of broken-hearted mothers, and the wrecked husbands of heartbroken wives, and the debauched fathers of beggared children. What a company! Hungry in body, hungrier in soul, sunken deep in despair, wills broken by long indulgence in appetite, hopeless, homeless, lost! They must be roused, and stirred, and lifted and saved. You must bring hope to the hopeless, and let them feel there is the mightier power of God that can "save to the uttermost." You must make them know what a glorious thing it is to live noble lives, and that by Divine grace, they can yet live nobly. Hunger, rags, blear eyes, bloated bodies stare you in the face, but down in the ruin are immortal souls that can be plucked as jewels and trophies for Him who gave all for just such sinners as these. There is inspiration in the awful sight, and one can understand now the fascination that caused that sweet-faced Christly woman, Mother Bird, to leave her beautiful home and go and live down on the edge of the whirlpool; that drew such a big-souled man as J. G. Hallimond into the place, to have his heart loaded down with stories of woe, that would surely crush him were it not for the upholding of Infinite Love; and that sent Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to back up the work, with unstinted hand and warm heart. Speak! Yes, not in your own strength, but in the strength and name of the "Mighty to Save." As the message rings out, tears begin to fall, hard faces begin to soften and many a man realizes that God is in the Bowery. Who among you want to lay hold on Christ and be saved? Up go the hands, five, ten, a score, two score; hands that had clutched the bottle and found in it a power that has dragged down, down, and yet deeper down, now lifted up to grasp the Cross, where alone can be found a power greater than sin—a power that can break chains, sever bonds, conquer appetite, turn despair into hope, sorrow into joy, and death into life.

"Throw Out the Life-line." It is better to do it than to sing it, and there is a blessing to the one who throws it out. "There is Joy in Heaven Among the Angels," as repenting sinners lay hold of the life-line, and amid earnest prayers are brought safely to the Rock.

Shame on the State, that sets the decoy
Tempting and ruining some mother's boy,

but all hail to the members of the Life-saving crew who bring back to the mother's arms, the boy she has given up as lost.

Then follows another wonderful part of this wonderful service, and that is the words of testimony of men whom no one would dream were ever like any of the hundreds of wrecks filling the Mission this Sabbath morning. No wonder that that noble woman, Miss Helen M. Gould, at one of the week-night meetings a short time before, said with tears streaming down her cheeks, that she had never heard or seen anything like it. Such testimony is oft repeated, but none of these men forget the year, and the day, and the hour, when they were rescued. It is life to them to tell it, and one never tires hearing them. Many of them have good homes and good positions now, but they find the way back to the Mission to tell "the old, old story." And the telling it means much to those still in the whirlpool, and many a one "feels if He can do it for another, He can do it me." Cold type could reproduce the words of testimony, but not the ring of the voice and the glad face; these must be heard and seen to be appreciated, and any one who comes to New York and does not visit the Bowery Mission, is the poorer for that omission. More singing follows, an invitation given to an after meeting to those who have raised their hands, sandwiches and coffee are given to these hungry men, and the meeting is ended.

And then! Out go hundreds of men to find the same false beacon lights, behind which are skeleton fingers reaching out to clutch them by the throat, and drag their immortal souls down to the bottomless pit. See that sign on the front of yonder saloon across the way, "A large glass of pure (?) whiskey for five cents." Just imagine the effect of an announcement like that, in big, lurid letters, on a poor wretch with a weak will and a strong appetite. Yet that wrecker has paid the State of New York $1,200 for the privilege of putting up that sign and ruining these men! Oh government, what crimes are committed in thy name! A hundred go down to every one that is saved. All hail to that noble company who "throw out the life-line" for the one; but let the blush of shame mantle the cheek of Christian America, as the cries of the other hundred reach the ears of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." Oh, for another Luther to send out the cry, "That which God Almighty hath made wrong, no man can make right." "No revenue from and no permission for vice," should be the watchword of every Christian citizen.

The writer came away from that service with a stronger yearning for souls, a more intense hatred of sin, a greater love for that life-saving crew, and a deeper appreciation of the work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing, at home and abroad, for the relief of suffering, the lfting up of the fallen, the brightening of the lives of the children, and the bringing in the day, "when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God." Finally, let all readers of these lines, whenever they sing or hear, "Throw Out the Life-line," just put up an earnest prayer for God's blessing upon the Bowery Mission Life-saving Crew, who night and day, week day and Sabbath, are doing such glorious work "In His Name."

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THE HOUSE of WHITE ROSES

IT was only a small garden, and it did not require much attention from a gardener. But labor was difficult to obtain in the little riverside town where my husband and I resided. Odd men who "wanted a job" were tried in vain, "casual hands" offered their services only to be dismissed ignominiously before the day had half expired. Our pretty, well-trimmed lawn and our carefully-planned flower-beds looked like degenerating into a miniature desert and wilderness. I tired myself out trying to bring some order into the threatened desolation, and my husband, when he returned from town in the evening, grumbled at the failure of our carefully-laid plans to make our garden the envy of our neighbors. I may say at once that it was rare for him to grumble—so, perhaps, there was some cause.

This state of affairs came to an end when I discovered George Wheeler. The manner of my introduction to him was peculiar, and it was with some trepidation that I engaged him. In despair of finding a suitable man in the immediate neighborhood, I elected to see what a market-gardener, whose place of business was some little way out of town, could do for me. I called, and stated my business. The foreman—or perhaps it was Mr. Jones, the proprietor, himself—shook his head doubtfully.

"I fear I can't do much for you, madam," he said; "all our men our engaged just now, you see. However, I occasionally come across a man who wants a job—independent like—and if——"

"Oh, no, thank you," I said hurriedly; "I have had enough of them."

So I took my departure. I had not taken many paces down the road when George Wheeler overtook me, and unceremoniously introduced himself. I noticed at once that he spoke with the voice of a cultured man.

"I passed as you were speaking to Mr. Jones, madam," he said, "and gathered that you were on the look-out for a gardener. May I offer you my services?"

I looked at the man in some surprise. "I certainly require a gardener," I said; "but Mr. Jones told me he had no one to recommend at present. If you want a place, why did he not speak of you?"

My companion drew himself up. He was a tall man and handsome enough—besides, there was something very straightforward and honest in his eyes, something that made me take a fancy to him at once.

"Mr. Jones won't recommend me for more than an odd job," he said, "and rarely that. I suppose it's because he employs me himself when another man's wanted about the place. But he won't give me anything definite." He turned his big eyes upon me and added, with a burst of confidence, "I'm trying to save money, madam—for a certain reason—and I don't earn quite enough here. If I have a regular position for this season, it will be as much as I shall require, I think."

I naturally made a guess at George Wheeler's reason for saving up his money, and, womanlike, my sympathy for him increased. I did not go back to Jones' nursery, but told the man that I would engage him for a week on trial.

He came the next day, grave, civil, neat in his dress, and altogether a remarkable contrast to his predecessors. The change that he brought about in our hitherto neglected garden was something astonishing. Before the week was up I began to feel pride in it once more, and my hope returned that, after all, the surroundings of our house would become as idyllic as I desired them to be. My husband and I, I may say, had not been long married, and our ideas were still inclined to the idyllic side of life.

Owing to the nature of my husband's business at this time, it was my fate to be left much alone. Little wonder, then, that I spent much of my time in the garden, where I was wont to find George Wheeler, always neat, always respectful, and ready to enter into conversation with me if I so desired.

After my various experiences with gardeners I was surprised to find him a well-read man, with interests outside his ordinary surroundings. He spoke intelligently enough of the topics of the day, of people, of books. I had provided myself with a fair library, and from this I lent him books which after a day or two he punctually returned to me, accompanied by a few pages of carefully-written criticism. I need not say that his reviews of classical subjects were crude, but they never lacked sincerity.

One day—he had been with us nearly a month—I spoke to him of his prospects for the future. What would he do when his engagement with us expired? Would he by that time have put enough money aside to——? I could only vaguely hint at my meaning, for since the first day of our meeting he had never referred to his object in saving his money.

He looked up with a bright smile. "I hope so, madam," he said. "It costs me so little to live—and I have been saving for the last sixteen years."

"Sixteen years!" I cried in astonishment. "But surely——"

"Yes, indeed, madam. I have been engaged to be married for the last sixteen years—seventeen next Christmas. And I have worked hard and honestly to make a home for my affianced wife"—he was fond of sonorous expressions—"and she has waited for me very patiently. I think that soon, in a year or two perhaps, we may get married."

"In a year or two! But why should you wait so long? A sober, honest man like yourself, a good workman——" I looked round on my neat, bright garden, transformed by his care. "Why, what was there to prevent your marriage years ago?"

"Only this"—his eyes sparkled with pleasure. Evidently he had few chances to speak of his lady-love, and was enjoying himself accordingly—"my Rose is too sweet a girl, too much accustomed to her own little luxuries, for me to ask her to share my struggles. So she said she would wait. And she has waited all these years while I have worked for her. I have got a tidy sum put by now, and—and I have bought a little house—furnished it, too—all for her."

It was a little idyll that appealed to my heart. "What a pretty name she has," I remarked, more for the sake of leading him on than for any other purpose.

"Yes," he answered, "Rose." He laid his hand on a flower vase in which blossomed a large white rose. "The sweetest flower of the garden. Don't you think so?"

I heard much of Rose after that, and his great partiality for the most beautiful garden flower was explained to me. Under his care roses had become the predominant feature of our home. We had a fine stock of trees, and he had brought them to perfection. Roses met the eye everywhere, and my drawing room was daily redolent with them.

One day he asked my permission to send her a bouquet, which request I readily granted.

"Don't you often see your sweetheart?" I asked.

His face became slightly overcast. "No, not often," he replied. "I—I judged it would not be wise, as we should have so long to wait. But"—and here he brightened up—"I write to her every day. Those letters are the joy of my life. I tell her all about myself—all I do and think. I have told her how kind you have been to me."

He paused a moment, leaning on his spade, and then continued:

"I go every evening to my little house—the house I have bought for her—and I write my letters there. Of course, I don't live there myself. It is all for her."

A few days later I met my gardener in the road on his way back from the town, where he had been to purchase some roots. Of course I stopped and spoke to him.

After telling me the result of his errand he added, in hesitating tones: "The little house I told you of, madam—it is close by. Should I be presuming on your kind interest if I offered to show it to you?"

I accompanied him readily, curiosity playing no small part in my consent. We soon reached the house. It was a pretty cottage, standing a little way back from the high road, the porch and lower portion of it one mass of white roses. The windows were framed by the same beautiful flower. Loving care had been bestowed on the surrounding garden, and roses—white, red, and yellow—nodded at me on all sides. We entered, and George Wheeler conducted me from room to room. All alike had been decorated with taste and forethought; all were clean, bright and homelike. I felt certain of the touch of a woman's hand in the neat sitting-room.

"Surely," I said, "Rose has helped you here?"

He shook his head. "No, I have done it all myself. But it is for her—all for her."

In the window-recess of the small dining-room there was an open writing-desk. Some roses in a small vase stood on it, and paper was scattered about. "It is here that I write my letters," he explained.

Later, before we descended from the upper story, where there were three neat bedrooms, he opened a cupboard, and said with an air of mystery "There is one other thing that I must show you, madam." The cupboard was full of dresses. "I have bought them all for her," he told me, with a happy laugh; "won't she be surprised?"

"I think Miss Rose is a very lucky young woman, and the sooner you get married to her the better," I remarked, as I took my leave.

The next day George Wheeler appeared looking miserable and depressed. I felt justified in asking him the cause of his unhappiness.

"I can't understand," he said, passing his hand over his brow; "my letter to Rose—it has been returned to me to-day. The same thing happened yesterday; but I did not think much of that, letters often miscarry."

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

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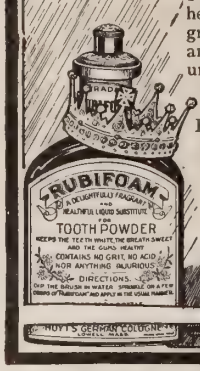

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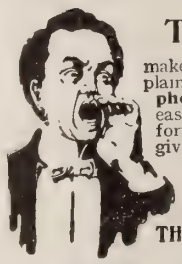

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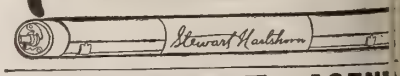

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5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a full size fac-simile copy of the *Declaration of Independence*, sent all charges prepaid.
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. IV.

THE son of a devout New England minister, formed, during his college course, a friendship with a young man who did not believe in the Christian religion. After graduating with highest honors, he announced to his parents that he had become an infidel. Determined to see something of the country, he set out on horseback for a western journey.

One night at a country hotel, he was informed that in the room adjoining his, a young man was dying. Sounds from the sick-room made sleep impossible; and he thought, "Is this man prepared for the great change?" and imagined himself facing death and the future. Next morning he learned that the young man, who had died during the night, was his college friend.

Shocked and overwhelmed, he gave up the western trip, returned home, became an earnest seeker after Christian truth, and soon after found himself in Andover Theological Seminary. The reading of a sermon entitled "The Star in the East" led to serious thought, which resulted in the determination to become a foreign missionary. "One such character as his," said a prominent New Englander, "is worth all the money ever spent in missionary effort."

? **Who was this man, and with what foreign land was he identified?** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. I.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN. WAKASA. DEVERBECK.

Correct answers to Puzzle No. I., have been received from Martha DeJong, W. W. Littlejohn, Jacob Von Thurn, R. D. Watzel, Margaret Niemeyer, M. B. Ignatius, Joseph C. Shayne, Gertrude Michenershimzen, Tranc C. Rogers, Mrs. C. T. Baker, Louise E. Spencer, A. H. Fischer, Joseph H. Warner, Miss E. L. Powell, Mrs. James McClung, Miss Effie L. Fish, Matilda Y. Golding, Mrs. C. E. Boughter, Orleana Johnson, D. J. Butts, Theo. B. Edmonds, A. M. Daiger, Miss Katie Sunderland, Mrs. A. A. McKenny, Wm. P. Engle, Miss Elizabeth Vickers, Eugene N. Bronson, D. Lyle, Mrs. F. F. Butzon, Mabel C. Moller, C. P. Crawford, Elle E. Brainard, W. Clarkson, Ora A. Vincent, Mrs. Peter Gray Evans, D. P. McIntyre, W. C. Galcervan, A. Latham, Martha C. Thurston, R. C. Livingston, Maude E. Grandy, Henry Hepburn, David Howell.

THE HOUSE of WHITE ROSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 360

I tried to console him, but in vain. "She is angry with me—I am sure of it," he cried. Then he turned his big honest eyes to me, and made a strange request. "You have been so kind to me, madam; perhaps—oh, if you would—I dare not go myself, you see. Would it be too bold a request if I asked you to go and see her, and put things right for me?"

I don't know why I consented. I knew it was a foolish errand, but I suppose my sympathy for this curious pair of lovers had been aroused. I could not believe that the Rose of whom I had heard so much had behaved so cruelly.

So it was that I obtained the address, and, leaving my gardener wet-eyed, but hard at work, set out on my errand.

I found the house with some difficulty, for it was at the other end of the town. On ringing the bell, the door was opened to me by an old white-bearded man, Mr. Lane—Rose's father, I concluded him to be.

"You are Mr. Lane?" I asked, as pleasantly as I could.

"Yes," he answered shortly.

"I have come, Mr. Lane, with a message for your daughter. May I see her?"

He looked at me with eyes wide open in astonishment. "I have no daughter," he said; "my girl Rose has been dead sixteen years."

Alas, such was the truth. The old man soon grasped the fact that I had come from George Wheeler, and, having asked me into his little sitting-room, explained the whole romance to me.

"He was wonderfully fond of my girl, was George Wheeler, and they got engaged to be married. But she died suddenly. You never saw a man take on as he did—for a while every one thought he was going too. But he got well, all except that he wouldn't believe she was dead. He thinks she is waiting for him, and that they're to be married soon. Writes to her every day. I take in his letters and tear them up——"

"His two last letters were returned," I said helplessly.

"Ay, I thought so," he answered. "I was away, and the new letter-carrier—he don't know. Don't you worry about George Wheeler, ma'am; he's all right—and happy."

Thus I learned the romance of George Wheeler's life. His delusion was harmless, but beautiful; and he carried it with him to the grave.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Wild Rose, by Cora Viola Fleharty. Price $1.00. Published by Wm. Johnson Printing Company, Chicago.

Teachers' Manual (for Second Reader). Pp. 307; cloth binding. Price, 50 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, publishers.

Hall's Homeric Stories, for Young People, by Frederic Aldin Hall, Litt.D. Pp. 200; cloth covers. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, publishers.

What Shall We Eat? The food question, treated from the standpoint of health, strength and economics; with many excellent tables of food values. By Alfred Andrews; 120 pages. Price 50c. Health Culture Co., N. Y., publishers.

Bible Homes and Families, by Jennie Anderson Pierson. Introduction by Robert J. Burdette. Illustrated. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, writes of it: "I have just carefully read the book, *Bible Homes and Families*, and will say that the book to me is a very interesting one." Published by John W. Iliff and Company, Chicago.

The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimee. By Margaret Sherwood. Illustrated by Sarah S. Stillwell. A delightful little story of a pair of royal runaways, who, tired of thrones and crowns and the pomp of state, left all to live in a cottage. Told in the quaint fashion of a bygone age, it will be heartily enjoyed by the reader. Pp. 240; cloth; top gilt. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

The People, The Land and The Book, for April, is an unusually strong and interesting number of this excellent quarterly, which deals with Israel's historic people. Notable among its contents are well-informed articles on "The Jews and this Country," "Difficulties of Scripture," "The Veil Upon their Hearts" "Jewish Massacres" (illustrated), "Stories from the Talmud," etc. This magazine is mailed to subscribers at $1 a year. B. A. M. Schapiro, 83 Bible House, New York, publisher.

Songs by the Way, by Edith Virginia Bradt. A hopeful, helpful little book of verse, optimistic and sweet. The author writes with a sympathetic pen; this is shown in the poem entitled, "If we could know."

If we could hear as we pass along
The minor chords in our brother's song,
If we could read
The blotted lines in his once fair creed,
Would we not try
To lift him up, ere we passed by.

As we journey on, if we could know
How tired the feet that come and go,
If we could see
The heavy burdens, borne patiently,
I wonder, friend,
If we would not pause some aid to lend?

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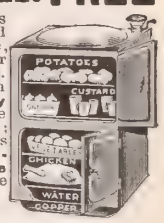

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The Wisdom and Love of God a Reason Why Some Prayers are Unanswered

WHY God does not answer some of the prayers that are offered to him, has been a continual source of bewilderment to many Christians. Sometimes the boons sought, appear to us undoubtedly good; the prayers are earnest and are offered in faith, and yet they are not answered. Why is it? The promise seems to be absolute, that whatsoever we ask in faith, believing, we shall receive, and yet it often happens that we do not receive what we have asked for in faith.

The opening of Christ's model prayer gives a clue to the problem: "Our Father, who art in heaven." The relationship of the Christian to God is evidently similar to the relationship between an earthly child and his father. No father would grant indiscriminately the requests of his son. For the son's own sake, he must deny some that are unwise, some that would be positively hurtful, and some that would be inappropriate at that particular time. It is no proof that the father does not love his son, that he denies his request. It might in many cases be easier to grant than deny. He does not like to disappoint his son, is sorry for the necessity, but because he loves him and is concerned for his welfare, he is firm. Should the son, in that case, refrain from presenting any more requests? By no means. That would be showing temper and disrespect to the father. His duty, rather, is to acquiesce in the father's superior judgment and wider knowledge, and while submitting his desires to his father, cheerfully bear to have them denied. Nothing is more natural than for a son who is in need of something going to his father for it. It is what we would expect him to do, if the confidence which ought to exist between father and child existed in his case. But that confidence implies not only the conviction of the father's ability to supply the need and his affection for the child, but a clearer and broader view than the child can have, of his real need. So it is with the Christian. He is invited and encouraged to pray, but he must not be resentful if God in his wisdom does not grant his requests.

Behold their threatenings. Arvine tells the story of an eminent minister who was bitterly assailed by a man professing to be a Christian, but who was a very cantankerous and censorious man. The minister, at last, hearing of the abuse which had been uttered against him, sent for the man, and received him in the kindest spirit. "You," he said, "are capable of being my best friend, because you see my faults, and have the courage to expose them. But I would like to have you tell me of them to my face, so that I may recognize and correct them. But first of all let us ask God to give you a clear insight, and give me a submissive spirit." So the two men knelt down together, and each prayed. When they rose from their knees, the minister said: "Now, brother, let me hear what it is in me that you condemn." The other replied: "I have nothing to say; you are a better man than I thought, and I own that it was I who was in the wrong." And from that time forward the minister was not molested.

Grant unto thy servants boldness. History furnishes many illustrations of that prayer being answered. None ever needed it more than Knox, who was essentially of a retiring disposition. The beautiful queen would have made her country submissive to the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church, and it needed immense moral courage to confront and reprove her. Knox was convinced of his duty but shrank from it until, by a night wholly spent in prayer, he received strength and courage to go to her and tell her of the wrong she was doing. Luther, too, was warned, when he was about to set out for Worms, that he would be murdered, as Huss had been. He, too, had recourse to prayer, and being strengthened, went boldly into the presence of the Emperor and his princes and took his stand firmly for the truth. Cromwell, as his life shows, depended wholly on prayer for the power to resist Charles I, and while he would gladly have left the country, was so supported, that he took up arms and, though unused to war, defeated the royal armies and sent the king to the block. Havelock, Gen. Gordon, and many others, who were gentle and peaceful in spirit, became the boldest and most intrepid of commanders after having, by prayer, gained strength and courage from God.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 1, Acts 4. 23 31.

A Portia of the Orient

THIS year the president of the Student Government Association at the American College for Girls in Constantinople, is a young and very charming Albanian girl, Miss Paraskevi Kyrias. Her sister, a former graduate of the college, is in charge of the only school for girls in Albania. During the history of the association, the president has sometimes been a Greek, sometimes a Bulgarian or an Armenian, but never before a girl from Albania, where the people are so wild and uncivilized as to be called "bookless," even by the Turks themselves. Although the choice of president is entirely in the hands of the students, they never yet have made a mistake, but always chose the girl best fitted to hold the position, the one who has both the executive ability and tact which are required to control and combine so many elements.

MISS KYRIAS

A lady who is connected with the Department of Public Instruction in Holland, Madam Benheme, lately visited this college in Constantinople, and was delighted with the order maintained, and could hardly believe that it was the work of the students themselves. She was so much impressed with the advantages of such a system that she asked to have the details carefully noted down, for her to take back with her to Holland. She has since written that she has introduced the system into the Dutch schools, that it is working very well and is a great boon.

Thus America is influencing Western Europe as well as Eastern Europe and Asia through this college in Constantinople. The wonderful success of this college in the past has been due to its Christian influence over the nations represented in its student body, its academic progress, and to its far-reaching civilizing power. The college has also been, as far as could be expected, a financial success, as the income from the students amounts annually to from $10,000 to $14,000. It is not, however, a financial success as regards its endowment funds and facilities for work. On the contrary, it is in the greatest need. It is the only institution of its kind for a population of 50,000,000, to adequately represent American education. The president, Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, is in this country working for the college. Her address is No. 23 West Forty-fourth street.

The Storm Suddenly Calmed

I witnessed what I call a remarkable answer to prayer, in Northeastern Ohio, a few years ago. For the size of the church, there were a large number of young people, who had been away to various educational institutions, and were just home for vacation. On a certain Lord's Day evening, the pastor had arranged a special service for their benefit. A quartette of lady singers had been invited from a neighboring town. The house was full, in spite of indications of rain. Hardly had the service commenced, when a flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder that made the house tremble, threw the congregation into a panic, threatening such a disturbance of mind as to destroy all good from the service.

Two or three young men arose and went out to look after their teams. As they went out, the pastor said, in a calm voice: "Let us bow our heads in silent prayer, that God will cause the storm to be stayed until we have time to get home after the service." All heads were bowed for a few moments, when the pastor offered prayer that God would cause the rain to be restrained until the people had time to get to their homes, and that the service might be profitable to the people, and so honor God. There were a few mutterings of thunder, but not a drop of rain, until about an hour after the last person had left the house, when it fell in torrents. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord" (Psalm 107: 53). BANCROFT A. BAILEY.

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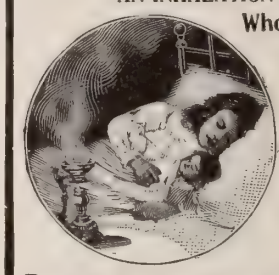

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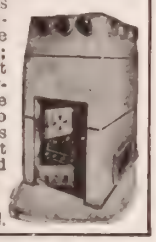

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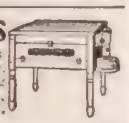

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The Model Prayer

Christ's Response to the Petition of his Disciples

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE continual dependence of the Lord Jesus upon his Father was a marked characteristic of his whole life. We may be sure that his life in childhood was one of prayer. Again, at the very commencement of his ministry, we read (Luke 3:21): "Jesus also having been baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened." In Luke 4:42, we read that when day broke, he "went out into a desert place." And Luke 5:16 shows us the object of his retirement: "He withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Thus we see that it was the habit of his life to pray: he lived in prayer. But on special occasions our Lord gave himself especially to prayer. Thus (Luke 6:12) he spent a whole night in prayer before choosing the twelve disciples. "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." It was not a weariness, but a refreshment and strength to him to seek for, and to get, the mind of his Father. Probably he would not of himself have chosen "Judas Iscariot, which was also the traitor" (ver. 16), but his Father had a purpose in allowing his beloved Son to endure continually the presence of such a spirit. "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" He said to Judas (John 5:70). And it is significant that it was when Judas was gone out from the Passover feast to betray him, that our Lord could say: "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him." He had passed his examination in this bitter school, entered into after that night of prayer. Another special occasion was that on which (Luke 9:18) he, previous to his first mention of his coming death and resurrection, drew forth from Peter the confession that he was "the Christ of God."

It was when he was praying, having gone up into a mountain to pray (Luke 9:23-29) that "the fashion of his countenance was altered." He was transfigured, and the men of God, Moses and Elijah, "appeared in glory, and spoke of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." In Luke 10:21, we are told the very words in which he once prayed, and we see in this account how he prayed in the Holy Spirit, as God wills we should. "In that same hour Jesus rejoiced in the Holy Spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes; yea, Father; for so it was well pleasing in thy sight" (R.V.). Here again (Luke 11:2) we find Jesus praying. Shall we not join the disciples' prayer, and put ourselves to school with them that we may learn to pray, not as John the Baptist, but as the Lord himself? There is nothing about which we need instruction more than about how to pray; and God has most graciously given us his Holy Spirit not only to teach us how to pray as we ought, but also to pray within us as we are fully yielded up to him, "with groanings which cannot be uttered" (Rom. 8:26-27).

Our Lord answered his disciples' petition by giving them, as the very words which we may use, that which must first have been prayed out of his own heart up to his Father. He who sent the message by Mary Magdalene to his apostles: "I ascend to my Father, and your Father," teaches us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven," thereby assuring us that such a claim to sonship is not too bold. The burden of our Lord's heart ever was that his Father should be glorified, and he unites us with him in the petition, "Hallowed be Thy name." If this be not our first consideration, how can we be sure we are asking according to his will, and that therefore "we have the petitions that we desired of him?" (1 John 5:14-15). "Ye have not, because ye ask not." How true this! We have so little, because we do not pray much. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your pleasures" (James 4:2-3, marg.). Whatever we ask without seeking first the kingdom of God before our own desires, we ask amiss: for we are not in heart saying, "Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

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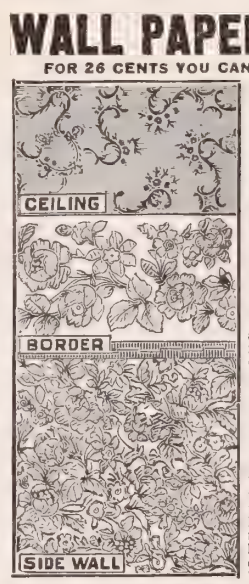

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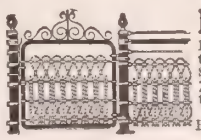

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SEE PAGE 370

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"I have grown fi a nervous wreck i a state of good, q nerves."

"I have never fe perfectly well. think, you have lieved me of indi tion and constipa which have bothe me for years years. Since you h relieved me of t troubles, I have g ed thirty pounds weight and have the throat tro which refused tom with medicine."

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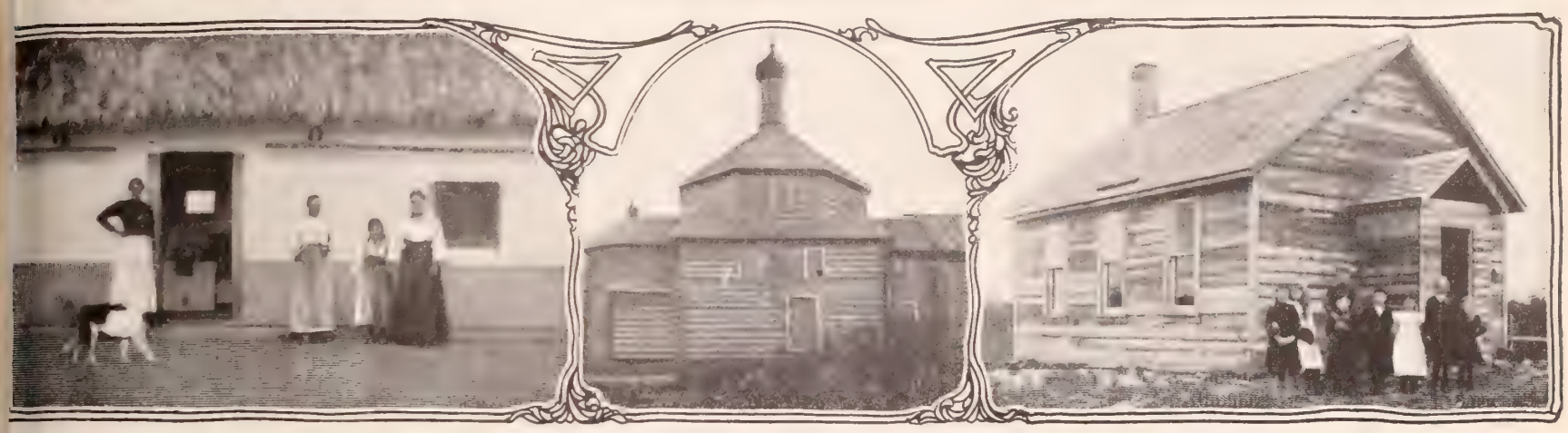

The Winning of the Canadian West

By AUBREY FULLERTON

FROM a Babel of thirty tongues, and from as many different types of character, how to evolve a united and national citizenship, is the pressing problem of Western Canada. The vast country yond the Great Lakes is filling up, on the Canadian le as on the American, with many thousands annually, d probably 200,000 immigrants—a large number of em not English-speaking—will come this year to ake new homes in the new West.

How to reach the hearts of strange peoples in a range land; how to rmonize the mixed eals of continental uropeans with the eer but higher life of merica; how to make lucated and public- irited Christians of e thousands now in e country and the her thousands who e coming, is the great uestion in the home ission work of the anadian churches. he immense territory est of the Lakes gives n open mission field; s great natural re- ources ensure its per- anency; and an nually increasing in- ux of population pro- des the need.

Religious work mong the immigrants carried on, as far as ossible, in their own nguages. They learn nglish in time, but heir first need is a iospel message in a orm which they can nderstand. Converts rom among them- elves have therefore een of invaluable as- istance to the mission- ries, under whose upervision a number f native preachers nd teachers are now t work. Schools naturally follow wherever a mission tation is opened.

Perhaps the most important work among foreigners s being carried on among the Galicians, Doukhobors, nd Hungarians. During the past three or four years ome 80,000 of these people have come from Central Europe, and have settled in Manitoba and the Terri- ories. They are strange peoples, with strange customs nd opinions, but they are gradually adapting them- elves to their new conditions, and, after some sensational displays of fanaticism, are settling down to the enjoyment of freedom and plenty. The most encouraging feature is that they are possessed of strong religious instincts, which make mission work among them the more possible.

Among the Doukhobors the churches have not attempted proselytizing, so much as a system of kindly co-operation, directing the moral sensibilities of the people into more rational expression and ridding them of their fanatical element. The Canadian Presbyterian Church has four ordained ministers working among these people, and the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, has been warmly interested in their welfare since they first came to Canada. Both of these churches, as well as the Government, find education the keynote, and a large number of schools have been opened in the various settlements. Twelve young Doukhobors are now in Philadelphia, being trained by the Friends, and will soon return to carry on systematic work among their own people.

NEWLY ARRIVED HUNGARIAN IMMIGRANTS IN WESTERN CANADA

These are typical of the multitudes of Europe's sturdy sons and daughters, now settling in the Dominion

Of the religious belief of the Doukhobors, and the methods of work among them, one of the missionaries now in the field writes:

"To a Doukhobor, the ministry of the Gospel, the Written Word, and the knowledge of Church history, are unknown things. The reading or preaching of the Holy Scriptures are fully omitted by them during their devotional exercises, which consists in reciting prayers learned by heart, and in singing songs . . . They have been advised by some not to read the Bible, but, as usual in such cases, they are divided. One party is for the Christian teaching and schools, and the other party is for darkness. We find the school an excellent medium for reaching the hearts of the parents, and finding their doors open for the message of the Gospel. Every reading of Scripture during our visits at the houses is opened and closed with prayer, and we try to educate in the Doukhobors and their children a reverence toward the Holy Writ. The attendance at the houses is from seven to fifty souls, and we invite them to our mission station for the Sabbath services."

In many respects, the Galicians in Western Canada have proved more adaptable citizens than the Doukhobors. They are more independent, are quicker to learn, and, being of a marked economical turn, are acquiring comparative wealth. Quite naturally, therefore, they have a religious organization of their own, professing allegiance to the Greek Church. Several congregations have been formed, notable of which is the "Cathedral" at Wostok in northern Alberta. The recent opening of a new church in Manitoba gave significant evidence of their spirit of independence, the members of the congregation refusing to accept the domination of the Orthodox Church in Russia, and organizing themselves into an independent body. At one of their settlements, a new priest was

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Vessels of Gold and of Clay

A Sermon by REV. CHARLES WAGNER, Author of "The Simple Life"*

"WE have this treasure in earthen vessels," says Saint Paul. The contrast between the comparative terms of his saying is not merely superficial, it marks a real and surprising antithesis. That the Gospel, the treasure he is speaking of, should be borne, announced, spread abroad in the world, by means whose fragility suggests that of the poorest kind of pottery, does not conform to our ordinary modes of judgment. It offends a tenet of practical wisdom, runs counter to a condition of harmony, of symmetry, even of seemliness. But we should not let this trouble us: on the contrary, we should welcome such a cause for reflection, be grateful to anyone who leads us back to the unwonted habit of thinking, of piercing the outside of things in order to come in contact with their reality. Let us look at the facts which inspired in Saint Paul his figure of the earthen vessel.

Under what poverty of form did the Gospel make its entrance into the world! In the case of such a work, momentous to the whole universe, of concern to the farthest reaches of the future, we should certainly have expected—and with how good reason!—some regard for appearance. Did not God, whose Spirit was acting through human events, owe it to himself to provide for the perception and appreciation of his work, to protect it against the hazards of mischance and improvidence? Was there not plainly a need of vigilance here, and a question of dignity besides?

Christianity's Humble Beginning

The great of earth do not mingle with the masses, unless their object be to escape attention. If God was to be made more manifest for a season at this epoch than at others, was there not need of forewarning believers and arresting the attention of the incredulous? Must not recourse be had to precursory signs, and a cry go forth to all the universe: "Bow the knee before the coming of the Lord"?

To such a sentiment, the proclamation of the law in the Old Testament exactly corresponds. On Sinai, all the prodigies of nature wait upon Jehovah. The whirlwind is his trumpeter, lightning, thunder and earthquake are in his train. No grandeur, no majesty, is lacking to this scene.

But attendant on the Gospel what do we find? Absolutely nothing. All its grandeur is invisible. Outwardly, there is only indigence and an absence of dignity, that is almost shocking — nothing apparent, but a few untutored words and some acts, whose author is manifestly indifferent to all care for publicity. Do we observe at least some concerted action to guard against the loss of these words from which the world shall henceforth live, or to preclude the danger of the distortion in the mouths of witnesses, of these acts upon which the most distant generations of men will still be meditating? Nothing of the kind.

Christ let fall the divine words from his lips like grain sown to the wind. It is pitiful to see these priceless pearls roll beneath the feet of passers-by; pitiful to think of the air's vibrating with the words of Eternal Life, and no one at hand to note them down! With reference to his acts, the same indifference. All we have to depend upon is the memory of a few ignorant fishermen, to whom the thought of taking the stylus in hand came only much later, when time had passed over their recollections. What a squandering of treasure! What negligence!

Unlearned Advocates

Christ himself did nothing to remedy it: He never wrote a line. Just once he took the trouble to trace a few characters. Did he in this unique moment engrave in bronze, carve in stone, some word whose flame-like strokes should give forth a radiance to the ages of the ages? No, he wrote in sand; and words we should have gone from far and near to read on our knees, were trodden out by the heedless feet of the crowd.

After the death of Jesus, who molded these apostles, for a time the sole bearers of the "Good News"? With what orator, what thinker, what trained writer did they take counsel? What hand retouched their unskilled prose? for their conquest of the world, what leader of men gave them his advice? Not a person of authority in these matters played any part among them; nothing in conformity with our esthetics or our wisdom was undertaken. When he foresaw the perilous phases of their future warfare, so far as preparation for meeting them was concerned, Jesus himself counseled that none be made.

Finally, Saint Paul arises, full-armored, conversant with the wisdom of the pagan world and of the synagogue, Saint Paul, who in our eyes saved the Gospel from the danger of remaining confined to a Jewish sect. But the Twelve contest his title to apostleship, and there is no recognized authority to settle the difference. What confusion! What strange incompetency! The most unimportant author, the most obscure playwright, in introducing his book or his play, makes the deepest calculation to array on his side all the chances possible. With what solicitude does he try to assure a favorable reception and a propitious future to the child of his brain and heart! But the Gospel entered the world under such conditions that its existence, its career, its obscure and endless martyrdoms, have more than once suggested the fate of a foundling.

Let us hasten to say that what was lacking in its inception, has been later accorded it with usury. It has seemed to the Christian world that there was injustice here to rectify, error to correct, and she has applied herself diligently to the matter.

She Has Withdrawn Christ

from contact with the crowd, from the danger of being confused with it in men's minds. She could not permit the cloak of humility thrown round his origin, his person, and his work, to become a reproach. The Church has surrounded her head with a glory to which no glory of earth is to be compared. In order to measure his grandeur, as it were, in degrees, she has marked off, by a regulated hierarchy, the distance which separates him from the common herd. Above the people she has set the clergy, whose successive dignitaries, from their humblest representative along the ascending line of titles more and more august, lead to the sovereign pontiff, a man-symbol.

After the parade of the *personnel*, the procession of dogmas. Here also is an ascension: We mount from the level of plebeian doctrines through those ennobled, to the series more and more imposing of royal beliefs, trailing across the history of the church the pomp of their spiritual empire. All these principalities and powers before which men's minds bow, are seated on as many thrones. Like that emperor of whom the poet tells, these dogma kings wipe their sandals on the heads of their servants, while away down at a vertiginous depth may be barely distinguished—men. And yet, in spite of its magnificence, the prestige of dogma is only a borrowed splendor, a reflection of the supreme dignity of the God-Christ, seated in unapproachable light, and separated from the purest gifts man may offer him by an endless ladder of angels and archangels.

Art in Adoration

About this divine glory, begirt with the nimbus of hierarchies and dogmas, religious art has thrown its magic cloak. Architecture, music, sculpture, poetry and painting have vied with one another in marvels. The eye has seen nothing more beautiful, the ear heard nothing more grandiose. Jesus once said, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" but now we may say, "Who is like unto thee?" And is it not just? Is he not worthy of eternal honors? What symbol of adoration, what tribute of beauty, does not fall far short of his glory. What pious legend, what sublime doctrine, what worshipful harmony, what splendor of fresco or storied windows can express him? Shall the overflowing heart of humanity be constrained? When she comes to pour out at his feet her most exquisite perfumes from her costliest vases, what have we to say unless it be to repeat the words of the Saviour himself, "Leave her in peace."

And yet, an anguish takes possession of us in the presence of this golden vessel that has replaced the earthen one. Form should be a servant, and so long as it keeps its rank, its role is no less beneficent than legitimate; but it becomes baleful the moment it begins to rule, to have value of itself, baleful the moment that the sign, radiant in its own light, obscures the thing it signifies and ought to proclaim. And this is only too often the case. When beneath the splendor of heraldic dogma and dazzling ceremonial, I no longer recognize the figure of Jesus, I find my heart regretting his simple and human speech, his Gospel familiar to my misery, fraternal to my poverty. What is all this unfolding of beauty to me, if I no longer find in it the kindling of soul, the human tenderness, the largeness of heart, and all else that goes to make up the spirit of the Gospel? What is this enlarged and embellished dwelling-place to me, if he, the Friend, is no longer to be found there. The more I go about in it, the more homesick I become. Give me back Galilee of the Gentiles, the mountain where the beatitudes still tremble on the breeze—give me back the kindness that pardons, the glance full of eternal pity, whose sweetness has made so many poor sinners bless the night in which they first encountered it!

Power in Human Weakness

And returning in thought to that primitive simplicity, to that poverty rich in God, I divine why a wisdom different from ours has ordained that the treasure of treasures be borne in earthen vessels. I comprehend that obsession of Saint Paul which was forever bringing him back to some such utterance as this: "In the poverty of the means employed, in the weakness of his witnesses, God reveals his strength." And from farther down the ages an echo strikes my ears, blending with the voice of the apostle, an echo of the voices of the prophets: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

Then it is not simply by exception or by chance that treasure is found in earthen vessels, but for the best things, as the Gospel, a vessel of clay is seemlier than one of gold; "that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, and not from ourselves." Here we are forced a step farther. The idea that anything of great value in the realm of the spirit could be void of beauty, in the absolute sense of the word, is untenable. We must open our eyes to a surprising revelation, to the fact that there is another beauty than that to which the tribute of the eyes is paid, a beauty at variance with our esthetics, and that a sense of this beauty of soul, this world of inward splendor, imprisoned like the diamond in its unsightly matrix, must be acquired. This sense is indispensable to life. Human life, judged from without, is only clay: its fragility, its little apparent worth, make an earthen vessel its precise symbol. If you regard only appearance, you will despise it, and for those very traits most worthy of love and appreciation; for not rarely the best it possesses is concealed under its most unshapely forms.

The good within humanity is worked out through gropings, struggles and sacrifices, even disfigurements, which make it misjudged and misunderstood. In the holy of holies dwells sorrow, whose beauty is of a kind not designed to flatter the sight. Like the rose-window of old cathedrals, time-stained and dust-covered within, it needs to be contemplated from within.

Christ's Ineffable Beauty

When the Christ, broken by his long martyrdom, disfigured by buffetings, his face pale and blood-stained, his forehead crowned with thorns, was no longer aught but a living image of pain, Pontius Pilate brought him out before the people and said to them: "Behold the man!" Wretched and suffering humanity, overcome with weariness, fixed its eyes upon him, and has never turned them away. It has found him beautiful with an ineffable beauty, a beauty that brings men to their knees.

This beauty of love and sacrifice has lightened our pathway, revived our hearts, pierced even the darkness of the grave with a ray of hope, and all other beauty has paled before it as the morning stars pale before the sun upon the mountain tops. In the person of the Son of man, our misery has been transfigured in the holiest and profoundest of revelations, and our eyes have opened upon a world of grace hitherto invisible: humanity appears to us in a new guise, beautiful from its very fragility, its anguished suffering and its wounds.

This lesson taught us by the Gospel may be carried into all the details of life which that Gospel is destined to sanctify and renew. We need to learn first of all that under his weaknesses and even his stains, every child of man, however forsaken, however despised, however lost, holds within him a hope of God, indestructible. And then we must learn to conceive the inner beauty of those whom life has ill-treated, deformed, mutilated as though by blows. Often it is often true that men become more interesting as they become more uncomely to look upon.

We love to see humanity in the guise of the child in the bloom of youth. Look well at it in this light, let all your heart go out in its favor. You can never be too deeply permeated with its charm or smile too often with its joy. He is no man whom the sight of younger generations does not fill with lively sympathy who is not touched by their grace, responsive to their enthusiasms.

Charm in an Aged Face

And yet, ill were it for us, if youthful vigor, glowing eyes, joyous enthusiasm, the privileges of youth, constituted our supreme beauty; for in that case could the end be aught else than a decadence, and what vain could there be in a beginning which must lead to such a disappointing issue? But it is not so. There is a face more beautiful than the one which glows with the freshness of twenty years; it is the face of the man who have suffered much, if in their dim eyes there still dwells a gleam of tenderness, and on their brows, deeply furrowed like a page of the book of fate, signs of confidence remain; it is the face of a man who has struggled in righteous causes, and borne so many assaults that he has become nothing more than a ruin. And when at last he falls vanquished, disappearing in the brutal triumph of force, he is so beautiful that one must needs be God to judge him aright.

Let us keep hold of these truths, learn to discern the higher beauty. Let us take account of what manner of men we are, and in our apparent defeat, feed on the inward joy, the comforting assurance, of those who bear treasure in earthen vessels!

Poor humanity, sacred and living clay that God himself has molded! Never has marble or bronze more animate by the hand of man, spoken as thou hast spoken; never has an immortal lyre vibrated with music worthy to be compared with that you give forth, warm and vibrant, under the impulse of grief or love, under the inspiration of the Spirit!

Hail to thee in thy humble griefs, under thy garb of poverty, through which the splendor of the soul shines forth! Hail to thee, divine dust, that hope upraises, that charity enkindles, from which the shock of sorrows strikes out the heavenly spark of faith!

*Text: II Cor. 4:7. We have this treasure in earthen vessels.

The Apostle of Simple Living

The Approaching Visit of Pastor Wagner, the Famous Author and Preacher

CORDIAL welcome will be given by the American public, especially by Christian men and social students, to a visitor from Europe, who has already won their respect by his charming book, *The Simple Life*. Charles Wagner has spoken in that work with the voice of a prophet, not the mere forecaster, who professes to tell us what shall be on the morrow, but with that truer function of the prophet, the power to tell us what is amiss in our present life, and show the way to amendment. With keen insight into human character and social conditions, he has uttered words which find a response in the hearts of rich and poor alike, and has given shape and form to thoughts which have been struggling for expression in many a sincere mind. Not that he claims originality, or sets up to be a philosopher, with a nostrum for the cure of social ills, but with the humility of a disciple of the Master, whom he loves and serves, he bids us learn of him, and take into our hearts and lives the principles of his teaching. Probably nowhere on earth, so much as among ourselves, is his message capable of doing so much good, for we, of all peoples, have most completely overlooked the fact on which our Lord insisted, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Mr. Wagner pleads for simplicity in life, not a simplicity which would stupidly try to turn back the wheels of progress, and revert to the quieter and simpler conditions of the lives of our forefathers, but to a recognition of the fact that a man is neither happier nor better because of the increase of the facilities and conveniences of modern civilization.

"We have boasted so much of our railroads, our telegraphs and telephones, our sewing machines and labor-saving appliances, that we are almost ready to pity the men who lived when these things were not. They have unquestionably added to the comforts and advantages of life. But have they made us more contented, more virtuous, more brotherly than those who did not have them? We know they have not, and for the reason that they do not affect character. Even education, which does penetrate deeper, has not improved the disposition; and a man who has mastered all the sciences, may be as unloving and as unlovable as he who knows none of them. Even liberty, as our author points out, is fatal or life-giving, according to the use made of it . . . . Unless men are made capable and worthy of it, public life becomes impossible, and the nation, undisciplined and unrestrained, goes on through license into the inextricable tangles of demagoguery." We come then to this, that, not by our environment, nor even by education and social facilities, but by the inner character and the outward expression of it in relation to others, do we become happier and better. There is nothing new in this; Christ taught the same philosophy; but we had overlooked it in our conceit and our haste, and we needed the prophet's voice to bring us back to first principles.

Charles Wagner is a man eminently fitted for his vocation. The characteristics which have made our Lord so beloved, even by men who will not identify themselves with his church—that love for men and that tenderness with the erring, and that sympathy with the suffering and the unhappy—are possessed by this teacher in a marked degree. "I have lived," he says, "with rich and poor, wise and ignorant, city folks and peasants, Germans and French, believers and atheists, the champions of the past and the champions of the present and I have understood and loved them all. I love life and humanity under all their wholesome, sincere forms, in all their griefs and their hopes, and even in all the tempests of thought and deed. 'I am a man; I deem nothing in humanity alien to me.' I am a pagan and an ancient, a child of nature come to God through Christ. I belong not to the sad but to the joyous Christ. I follow Christ because I have heard him speak the natural language—the language of humanity—and because I have heard beating in his heart the heart of all. Therefore he is not for me a person who was and is no longer, but the eternal contemporary of us all. . . . Miracles, dogmas, forms which worried me at first, worry me no longer. Across them all I see only one thing—man in search of God, God in search of man." What wonder that a man who has come so near to men and whose sympathy and love are so deep, should be able to reach the hearts of men and interpret for them the problems of their lives!

Charles Wagner is fifty-two years of age. He is by birth an Alsacian, and is now a pastor in Paris. His father was a Lutheran minister, who died when his now famous son was only seven years of age. The widowed mother, with her five children, of whom Charles was the eldest, went to live with her own family taking her children with her. Charles was educated at the village school and made fair progress. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, to study under a Lutheran minister, and three years later took his degree of B. A., in

PASTOR CHARLES WAGNER

From a recent photograph . Courtesy McClure, Phillips & Co.

the Sorbonne, and then went to study at the University of Strasbourg. He succeeded in obtaining employment as a tutor, by which his mother was relieved of his college expenses. Thence he went to Gottingen to complete his theological studies. On his return home he became assistant to an aged Lutheran minister, and subsequently having crossed the frontier into France, he settled at Remiremont, where he remained until 1882, when he went to Paris.

The beginning of Pastor Wagner's work in Paris was humble and unostentatious. He opened a Sunday School in the section where workingmen had their homes, and in the evening he would talk with any who came to him. Gradually these talks became lectures, and the upstairs room in the Street of the Gunsmiths, in which they were delivered, soon became inconveniently crowded, chiefly with young men. A hall was hired on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, which also was filled every Sunday night with a congregation of earnest, thoughtful hearers. Latterly he has held meetings on Sunday mornings in the Boulevard St. Germain, at which a more highly educated, philosophic audience assembles. At the close of his lectures, he invites questions, which he answers in direct, straightforward fashion, with a kindliness which shows how tender is his heart. There is little of doctrine, as we understand the word, in his utterances, but intense practical teaching. He firmly believes that the teaching of Christ is the solution of all the problems of the time, and is as applicable to modern life as it was to the life of Christ's own audiences. Men are to become better, and the nation is to become better, and the whole world better, by men leading better lives. That is the gist of his message. He would have men discover what are the essentials of life, and to think more of them and less of the outward and artificial forms. Let us have a beautiful picture, he says, be the frame what it may. A "Union for Moral Action" is an organization which has grown out of his teaching, and it has a weekly journal to which he is a regular contributor. Its ideal is unselfish labor, a fraternal spirit of helpfulness, a clean life full of sympathy for the unhappy, and suggestions of kindly co-operation. Circles for mutual improvement were organized, which developed into popular universities, of which there are now twenty in Paris, and a hundred in other parts of France.

Pastor Wagner's life in Paris has been a very busy one. Besides his Sunday School, and his morning and evening lectures, he has been a voluminous contributor to the periodical press, and has written a series of small volumes which have been translated into English by Mary Louise Hendee, and have been published in this country by McClure, Phillips & Co., of New York. Among them are: *Justice*, *Youth*, *Courage*, *Along the Road*, *Around the Hearthstone*, *Be a Man*, *The Better Way*, and the book by which he is best known —*The Simple Life*. In them all there breathes the same spirit which rises above sect and narrow classification of creed into the broader, higher plateau of the loving, sympathetic life.

Deep down in the heart of this teacher is a sublime faith which braces and energizes the humblest of his disciples. Here, for example, is a passage which will be a support to many a bewildered solitary soul:

> You are a cabin-boy on board a vast ship, of whose very dimensions you are ignorant. But you have your orders to execute at your post. Act, under all circumstances, according to the best light you have, and loyally. Then you will surely be in the line pointed out by Him at the helm. The ship is stanch, the Captain good. You may trust them. No real evil can happen to you or yours. The rudest storm-burst is but an incident of the passage. The will which guides us, and against which nothing shall prevail, is that not one of us should perish. Labor and strive in the sweat of your brow, and then lean on the Eternal. And if sometimes you must say with tears, Thy will be done, because you are wounded and your heart is torn, you will not say it as one overcome by grief and resigned to its domination, but as the vanquished of to-day, sure of future victory.

Pastor Wagner is an enemy of no class or condition of life. He finds simplicity of life among the rich as among the poor, and condemns the craving for the luxuries and ornaments of life, which exists as often in those who do not have them, as the love of them does in those who possess them.

> Livery counts for nothing; we must see the heart. Under all the forms in which life vests itself, in all social positions, at the top as at the bottom of the ladder, there are people who live simply, and others who do not. Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is to be what he ought to be, that is, honestly and naturally human. . . . Let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, and let a man be a man, and not a fox, a hare, a hog, a bird of prey; this is the sum of the whole matter.

Every age has had its prophets—men who have studied the life of the time, and have spoken the word of reproof and direction. God sends them in his love of humanity, that men may be drawn nearer to him, and become such as he intended and desires them to be. Such a heaven-sent messenger Pastor Wagner appears to be. Like the angel in Bunyan's allegory, he sees men intent on the straws and rubbish they are raking together, and he calls to them to look upward to the crown that is offered them. The word needed to be spoken. It has been uttered in the printed page, and has been widely read. We are soon to hear it from the lips of the gifted speaker, and we may be sure that it will gain in force and impressiveness. The Earthen Vessel, of which Pastor Wagner speaks in the sermon on another page of this issue, which, by the courtesy of his publishers, Messrs. McClure & Phillips, we publish, contains, in his case, a treasure which will surely be appreciated.

THE WINNING OF THE CANADIAN WEST

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appointed a few months ago to assume pastoral charge of a new congregation His arrival was made the occasion of a three days' festival, attended by the Galicians of three townships.

The Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches have also begun work among the Galicians, and by a double campaign of Gospel preaching and house-to-house colportage, are gaining a hold upon them. The New Testament in the Ruthenian language is being widely circulated. In Manitoba College, a class of ten Galician students was formed last January, under the leadership of a Christian graduate of St. Petersburg University, all of whom purpose to become ministers or mission-workers.

Similar work, under conditions and with results very much the same, is being carried on among the Hungarians, Roumanians, Finns, Scandinavians, and Germans, who have settled in various parts of the wide Canadian West. The Gospel goes to them all in very much the same way — by preaching, teaching and colportage. Among some of the colonists, religious work is practically foreign missions, and must remain so until the leaven of education has made itself felt.

In the Canadian West, the English-speaking immigrants from Great Britain, the United States and Eastern Canada, are still a large majority, and among them, therefore, are to be found the most numerous and most active missions. The churches saw, several years ago, that there was danger in the West, with its unlicensed freedom, unless evangelism went hand-in-hand with industrial development, and their policy has been to follow the tide of settlement with mission stations and missionaries. The conditions are in no essential respect different from those in the Western States, between the Mississippi and the Rockies, where the settlers flocked in thousands some forty or fifty years ago, and where home mission work has been carried on, in a variety of forms, by the American churches.

The religious occupation of the Canadian West is one of the great facts in the opening up of that great country. Perhaps nowhere has it ever been more strikingly and practically shown that, in a nation's upbuilding, the things of the Spirit have a part as well as things material.

AUBREY FULLERTON.

Toronto, Can.

THE CITY OF TANGIER, AS SEEN FROM THE BAY

Social Life in Morocco's Capital

AS one approaches the city of Tangier from the Sea, he is impressed with its antiquity and its imposing appearance; rising gradually as it does from the water's edge to the summit of the hills on which it is built. The topography suggests a vast amphitheatre, with its surrounding walls and its ancient fortifications.

Tangier is said to be by some the second oldest town in the world. As your ship drops anchor, you are surrounded by numerous natives in their small boats, who are eager to take you to shore. After you are landed, you enter the city, passing through the custom-house, where the Moorish officials await to look through your baggage. Ten per cent. is charged on all goods that are imported into Morocco. As you pass up the street, which is usually swarming with a host of motley humanity—dirty, grotesque, but all very interesting to the newcomer—you find the streets very narrow—from six to twelve feet wide. The houses are built of stone, and whitewashed, and many of them look like square, white monuments. They are flat on top, with no cornice. The doors are arched, and the floors of many are laid with colored flagstones, porcelain squares, red tiles, and broad bricks, that wear a long time.

In the streets, amid the swarms, one meets the Bedouins, the Moors, and the Sahareens, who are known by the blackness of their skins. Amongst the throng are found many European traders, and missionaries from England, Germany, and America, working for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in this land. Moorish women are enveloped in white robes, from head to foot, leaving just a little opening at the head to see as they go along the road. They are not allowed to look at the men of their race in public, nor to be looked at by them.

Curious little stores line both sides of the streets, kept by merchants, shoemakers, fruit and produce venders of different kinds. The keeper usually sits on the floor, and reaches, without rising, for any article you may want. The Moors despise Christians, yet tolerate them; but no Christians are allowed to enter a Moorish mosque. Should this happen, the mosque would be regarded as unfit for a Moor to worship in again.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AND THEIR FAMILIES IN MOROCCAN COSTUME

The city of Tangier has many beggars and cri of all sorts. They lie upon the ground and cry ou alms; they crawl about on hands and feet, holdin their hands and crying aloud to every passer-b help, "in the name of God," or of some dead s Snake-charmers, with their sh pets, beguile groups of men and dren, who watch them for hou the open market-place.

The Moor's Sabbath is on Fr About noon he goes to the mo removing his shoes at the door, performing his ablutions. The goes through the form of kne rising, pressing his forehead t pavement at times, and say prayers, and goes back to work

There are now missionarie work in nearly all the larger towns in Morocco, and also in of the inland towns, preaching by word and life the blessed G of the Son of God. Continu pray for their success in saving s May the Lord continue to use CHRISTIAN HERALD in the f as in the past to encourage t who labor in the dark corners outposts in heathen lands.

Your kind letter of Februar with twenty dollars enclosed t for our work, is at hand, an thank you and the readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD for remen ing us with this offering. The b ing of the Lord is manifested the missionaries and the pe and the work moves on against a opposition of Mohammeda which prevails in this land. Mohammedans and Jews have baptized by the workers who a boring in this city, within the six weeks. It is a great pleasure to sit in the con meeting and listen to the singing of the converts.

Tangier, Morocco. FREDERICK WEI

From the Holy City

JERUSALEM, March 13, 1904. I have now been here in Palestine over three months, and while I did not come here for sight-seeing, yet I have seen much that has deeply interested me in the Holy City. I have remained in and around Jerusalem most of the time. I have encircled her walls, told the towers thereof, and "marked well her bulwarks." I have now a more extended knowledge of the Holy City than I have ever had before, and its sacredness in connection with the home-life of Christ.

I have made Jerusalem my quiet residence during the entire winter; enjoyed the glorious sunrise of morning's early dawn, and the noon-tide glory and gorgeous sunsets—the afterglow more superbly beautiful than I have ever seen anywhere.

Intermediate with this outlook, I have carefully penetrated the lines of Christian work and looked on the faces of many of the laborers in the Master's vineyard, to note if the vine yielded her fruit. The observation shows promise of success in the near future.

My own heart-felt desire in coming to this "Garden of our Lord" has been that I might be a helper, and at the same time accomplish something by individual effort, especially among the little people. If I have had a supreme thought, it was to organize a kindergarten, practical and useful as an industry, so that youth might respond to its Bible object lessons, and in its maturity become a power all over this land. The first work I have become intensely interested in is a school for little blind girls, under the supervision of an excellent English lady, who has been training these children of darkness for years, so that now the older girls are fitted to teach the smaller ones. All are bright and intelligent, and while the all-Father, who is too wise to err, has allowed obscurity of eyesight, he has given them keen perception in their other senses and rare delicacy of touch. It is remarkable how much they accomplish with their little fingers, reading the raised Arabic letters of the Holy Bible, which this good lady teaches them daily. She is an adept in this art. I consider it a great pleasure to assist her, and be associated with these little ones in speaking and reading English with them. It has been my privilege to organize them as King's Daughters, and to instruct them from the 45th Psalm. They have sweet voices for song, and are learning hymns for Palm and Easter. I have purchased material to make them pretty Easter dresses.

March 13 was a red-letter Sabbath. An American lady, Mrs. Abbie C. Morrow, dedicated her new home for destitute orphans here in Jerusalem. It would be interesting could I reproduce the address, in which she gave her experience of Divine leading to do this work, and told how God had set his seal to it.

That Jerusalem should be chosen as the place for the gathering of so great a number of Sunday School teachers and workers at the approaching World's Sunday School Convention, ought to enlist the intercessory prayers of Christians the wide world over, that it may become a Pentecostal power. The committee of arrangements have provided ample hotel entertainment for guests, and have left out no item, from beginning to end, in this grand undertaking. The location for the spreading of the huge tent is a favorable one.

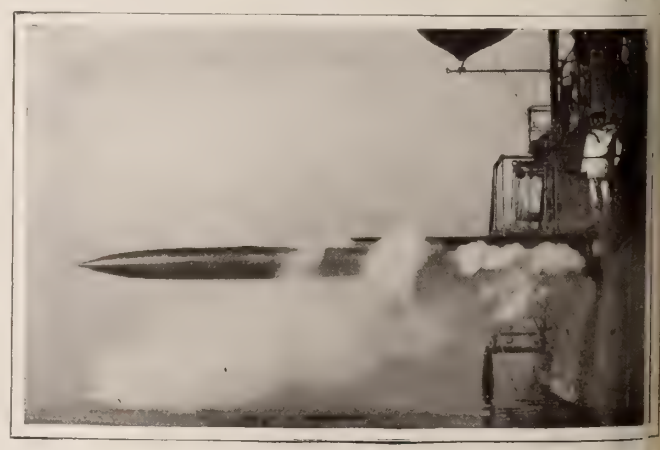
Hundreds and thousands of pilgrims are coming daily to attend the double Easters (Latin and Greek) which are in advance of the date of the Convention. EVANGEL.

What a Little Hindu Orphan Did

From Mrs. R. Winsor, wife of the American missionary at Sirur, India, we have received a letter telling of Jai Narayan, a little Hindu orphan girl of thirteen years, who has taught thirty or more other little Hindu girls the words and music of hymns translated into their own tongue, and the little ones can carry them through delightfully.

A Torpedo in Flight

Military and naval experts cite the recent victories o Japanese on the sea, as showing that the day of the b ship and cruiser is passing, as they are almost defens against the attacks of torpedoes. No matter how str constructed, or how powerful may be their armament, can be sunk by the explosion of a single projectile. submarine torpedo boat is such a terrible factor in wa that in future a government will consider well any step leads it into hostilities, since by the use of such craft only whole navies can be annihilated, but shipping of kind destroyed. The torpedoes contain explosives so po ful that nothing has thus far been invented to resist impact of such missiles.



HOW A TORPEDO APPEARS AS IT LEAVES THE TUBE

RUSSIA'S NAVAL DISASTER

Permission *Collier's Weekly*

THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "PETROPAVLOVSK," SUNK OFF PORT ARTHUR, APRIL 13

RUSSIA'S Port Arthur fleet, which, since the opening of the war, has been greatly weakened by repeated attacks by Japan's stronger navy, on April 13 suffered an irretrievable loss in the sinking of the battleship *Petropavlovsk*, the flagship Vice-Admiral Makaroff, with his whole naval staff, and nearly seven hundred men going down with the ship. This, while hailed in Tokio as a victory for Japan, is to Russia a frightful disaster, which has stricken the Czar and his advisers, and plunged the whole nation into gloom.

On the night of the 12th, Admiral Makaroff had sent several vessels out on a scouting expedition in heavy weather. Next morning, the Admiral himself went out of the harbor with the *Petropavlovsk* and five other warships, including the *Pobieda*, having been informed that Admiral Togo's fleet had been sighted, and wishing to ascertain the enemy's position. After he had been out for an hour or more, the Japanese fleet, some thirty in number, and including battleships, cruisers and torpedo craft, was seen approaching, and the Russian vessels, being so greatly inferior in numerical strength, were ordered to withdraw to shelter under the guns of the forts.

They were retiring in good order, though the weather was rough and boisterous. According to the Russian official account, Admiral Makaroff, at 8 A. M. sat down in his cabin to breakfast with Rear Admiral Molas, while the wardroom nearby was crowded with officers seated at the tables. At 8.30, and when the *Petropavlosk* was still two miles outside the harbor entrance, a terrific explosion occurred. The battleship was suddenly lifted up almost clear of the water and then hurled forward with such tremendous force that the whole ship was flooded. Below, everything was wreckage and debris, the explosion having apparently torn the bottom out of the warship. She swayed and reeled fearfully a moment or two, and then heeled over, "turned turtle," filled and sank within three minutes after the first impact.

VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF

Who went down with his flagship

Admiral Makaroff, Rear Admiral Molas, his chief of staff, and the other officers, are said to have been torn well nigh to fragments by the terrific force of the explosion. Almost the entire crew, men and officers, were between decks at their places by the guns, ready for the expected action with the enemy, and so far as is known all who were below perished. On the upper deck of the flagship were Grand Duke Cyril, a few officers, and about two score men. When the ship struck, Lieut. Von Kobe, an aide, shouted to the Grand Duke to "leap into the sea!" and the next instant, the entire group, including Cyril, found themselves struggling in the waves, having been flung violently overboard by the explosion. The Grand Duke, though severely injured in the face, neck and knees, managed to keep afloat until he was picked up. Seven other officers and thirty-two men were saved, all being more or less injured. Captain Jakovleff, the commander of the ill-fated flagship, who was on deck, was dashed against a stanchion and killed. The survivors were taken ashore at Golden Hill.

It is not known whether the mine which caused the destruction of the flagship and the loss of seven hundred lives, was one that had been set by the Russians and which had become displaced, or if it was a Japanese mine. During a demonstration by Admiral Togo's fleet on a previous day, a number of new mines were planted across the outer entrance to the harbor, and Tokio dispatches claim that it was unquestionably one of these that sunk the battleship. Naval officers in St. Petersburg, believe that Japan may have used a submarine boat in the attack. It is said there are four such vessels in the Japanese Navy.

Rear Admiral Uriu seems to have united his squadron with that of Togo, and in a report received at Tokio, the former gives a somewhat different version of the event from that furnished by the Russian naval officials. Admiral Uriu states that the Japanese attacked Port Arthur at daylight on the 13th, shelling the forts, and that they "succeeded in sinking a battleship and one torpedo destroyer. The Japanese sustained no losses." A *Times* correspondent on the dispatch boat *Haimun*, who witnessed the bombardment, cables that it began at 9.45 A. M., in squally weather, twelve Japanese warships participating. On nearing the port, they were joined by six more Japanese warships. After a demonstration rather than a bombardment, the fleet withdrew. Including the torpedo craft, the Japanese fleet numbered nearly forty vessels in all. From the dispatch boat no Russian ships were visible. This account is supplemented by a dispatch from Chefoo, stating that the main Japanese squadron returned to the attack and the Russian ships were seen coming out of the harbor.

Japanese torpedo boats succeeded in detaching the Russian destroyer *Bezstrashai* from the squadron, and five of them surrounded and sunk her with torpedoes, forty-five of her crew of fifty being lost. The Russian ships, being so largely outnumbered, were retiring, when the *Petropavlovsk* was seen by the Japanese to explode and founder, having struck a mine. Her boilers exploded, carrying the ship into the air. A great column of water and smoke shot up, and the vessel disappeared almost immediately, leaving not a trace on the surface of the bay. The Russian battleship *Pobieda* also struck a mine while manœuvering, and sustained considerable damage, but escaped to the harbor under her own steam, without loss of life. At this time, the Japanese were beyond the range of the forts. The Russian four-funneled cruiser *Bayan* was for a time in danger of being cut off, and was attacked by three Japanese cruisers, but managed to regain the protection of the forts. During the engagement, the Japanese reports state, the only casualty on the attacking fleet was one man wounded.

The loss of the brave Makaroff, with his staff and flagship, is the heaviest blow Russia has suffered since the war began. It is said that all the plans of the naval campaign which he had been discussing with his staff in his cabin shortly before the explosion, went down with him.

St. Petersburg is prostrated by this fresh disaster, and the whole nation mourns for Makaroff, who was a universal favorite. A memorial service was held in the Admiralty Church at the capital, at which 20,000 persons stood reverently with bared heads, the crowds filling the streets near the church. The Czar attended and was bowed with grief. The Dowager Empress embraced Madame Makaroff, the Admiral's widow, throughout the service, and at its conclusion the Emperor kissed Madame Makaroff's hand.

It is understood that Vice-Admiral Skrydloff will succeed to the command of the Port Arthur fleet.

The lost *Petropavlovsk* was of 10,960 tons displacement, and cost $5,490,000. She was one of the finest vessels in Russia's navy, and was launched in St. Petersburg in 1898. She carried four 12-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, thirty-four smaller guns, and six torpedo tubes. Her horse-power was 14,213, and her speed seventeen knots. She had a crew of 700 men.

Port Arthur is now reported to be completely isolated. Not only is the harbor entrance tightly blocked for larger vessels, but even the smaller craft will have difficulty in navigating the narrow channel, in the middle of which lies the sunken flagship. It is said that the railroad to Yinkow has been cut, and that all telegraph wires are destroyed. This is probably the prelude to the last scene in the dramatic story of Port Arthur's defense against overwhelming odds. Rear Admiral Oukhtomsky is provisionally in command of all that remains of the Russian fleet. Should the Japanese push their advantage now, it would seem that the fort, with its fleet crippled and its forts dismantled, could no longer be capable of successful resistance.

In Corea, the campaign has been marked by frequent skirmishes along the Yalu River. Twenty Japanese were captured by Russian cavalry in one of these brushes, and in another a Japanese outpost repulsed a company of Russian infantry, killing twenty-two men. A party of men under Lieut. Yamaguchi, from the Japanese warship, *Kaimon*, had a sharp fight with several boatloads of Russians belonging to a cavalry patrol on the Yalu, on April 11, finally driving them inland.

St. Petersburg has news that the attempt by the Japanese to land its second army in Manchuria has been repulsed. The dispatch states that Admiral Togo's fleet escorted a large number of transports to a point west of the Yalu River. Nearby, a force of Russians was concealed, and 12,000 Japanese had landed before the presence of the enemy was detected. Heavy losses were inflicted upon the Japanese by the Russian fire and the former were driven back to their ships. There is no news from the Japanese side concerning this rumored engagement.

Smallpox has broken out in the Russian camp at Liao-yang, where there are 100 cases a day.

Russia has notified the various governments, including the United States, that newspaper correspondents using wireless telegraphy will be treated as spies and shot, and that vessels provided with wireless apparatus will be treated as lawful prizes. This unusual notification may call out a protest from several quarters, and will probably be a subject of diplomatic correspondence.

The new Anglo-French agreement may have a powerful influence on the situation in the Far East. It is hoped by the leading statesmen of both France and England that the opportunity may soon arrive, if not for intervention, at least for the "friendly and conciliatory suggestion of a settlement" between Russia and Japan.

Corea's Royal Palace Burned

On April 15th, the imperial palace at Seoul, Corea, was destroyed by fire, which originated from the heating apparatus in the new audience hall. All the imperial buildings within the walled enclosure were burned. The loss is placed at about $500,000. The hall of records, with its valuable contents, and the new electric lighting plant were burned. The Emperor escaped to the library, outside the walled enclosure, where the court is temporarily established. He contemplates returning to the old palace, which has not been occupied since the murder of the Queen, but it is possible that the court will be established at the Russian Legation building, that place having been vacant since the departure of M. Pavloff, the Russian Minister. American marines, at the request of the Emperor, are guarding the library. Among the valuables saved were the imperial seals. No lives were lost, and the American Legation was not harmed. Our government has directed Mr. Allen, the American Minister at Seoul, to express the President's sympathy to the Corean government.

COSSACKS IN A MANCHURIAN TOWN

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee

WITH the above comprehensive title, this committee has begun operations. It includes in its membership the International Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Committee affiliated with the World's Christian Associations, the Girls' Friendly Societies, the Council of Jewish Women, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other well-known organizations, which will be named hereafter.

In the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, very full particulars of the work, as it is planned to save our young women from danger at St. Louis, will be given. Centrally located headquarters in New York City will be announced at an early date, and a resident secretary will be installed, to whom all communications may be addressed.

To carry on this large work, money will be needed. Any contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether large or small, will be received and acknowledged.

Makaroff

IN the death of Stepan Osipovitch Makaroff, Russia loses its bravest and most heroic figure in the present war and the Russian people their popular idol. An end so tragical for one who was so universally beloved for his splendid courage and brilliant deeds, could not fail to touch every heart in the Czar's dominions, where loyalty to the throne and to duty is a part of the national religion.

In the present instance, the disaster is probably all the more acutely felt because it was not wholly unexpected. Vice-Admiral Makaroff was bold even to rashness, and the Czar and others who knew the Commander best, had misgivings that his intrepidity might lead him into serious peril. He possessed that high spirit of daring which disdains danger and would stake all on the issue of a single adventure. To him the game of battle was a game to be played to the end, whatever the consequences. So well were these characteristics known, and so fraught with possibilities of danger was the command of this "Cossack of the sea," as the Russian people admiringly called Makaroff, that the Emperor is said to have seriously entertained a plan to relieve him of the supreme command of the fleet, lest it might be jeopardized, or even cast away through his boldness. Yet it is the bold thought, crystallized into action that wins, and had not his flagship met disaster in an accident which proved a calamity for Russia, the sea rover, whose courage inspired Port Arthur's defenders, might have continued to challenge the admiration of the world by his gallant defense, and might have saved to Russia the Liao-tung peninsula and the Gibraltar of Asia, which now seem destined to pass into the hands of her Asiatic rival.

Wholly apart from the merit of the cause for which he lived, and fought, and died—and which to him was doubtless the most sacred of all causes—the career of Makaroff is one that would attract attention in any land. From his youth trained to the sea, he rose solely by his courage and his instant readiness for every emergency. He knew how to grasp at opportunities. His viking heart was not always turned to thoughts of war, for the sailor-patriot was a man of science, an inventor, hydrographer and explorer, by turns. One of the finest of his "peace victories" he always held to be his invention of the ice-breaker *Ermack*, on which he twice visited the Polar seas.

In his last command, he knew the danger, he accepted the risk, and he paid the penalty. His life, at this juncture, was of more value to Russia than many battleships, and his loss would seem to be well-nigh irreparable. Yet there is little doubt that he died as he would have chosen to die, with his foot upon his own ship's deck, amid the din of battle and the blinding smoke of the guns. Russia will long remember him as a hero of the type that never grows old, and which will continue to command the admiration of men until that day comes when wars shall cease, and the madness of the battle shall be known no more.

Clerical Union on Divorce

OUR Legislatures having failed to adopt uniform measures to correct the rapidly increasing evil of divorce, and there being little probability of relief through Congressional action, the effort of Bishop Doane to secure the united action of clergymen of his own and other churches, meets with general approval. It proposes to pledge the ministers to a refusal to celebrate a marriage when either of the parties has been divorced for trivial causes, or for having committed an offence justifying divorce. It is obvious that the clergy can do nothing to check the prevalence of divorce, but they can at least take a stand which will express the opinion of religious people on the subject. It will still be possible for divorced persons to marry again, by going to a civil authority, but if this united action becomes general, they will no longer be able to boast that their new union has the sanction of the Church. That will be a clear gain, because it will place the marriage where it belongs—in the secular and not in the religious sphere. The legal status will be assured, and all social rights will be protected, but the religious approval of the union will be withheld. Doubtless, many of the couples who are thus deprived of religious sanction to their union, will care nothing for the loss; but to others it will be a serious deprivation, implying a stigma. The fact of a religious teacher refusing to solemnize a marriage, will practically express his conviction that it is contrary to God's law, and will thus operate as a warning that the parties to the union have no right to expect God's blessing.

It must be noted that the attitude of the clergy will not operate directly to reduce the number of divorces. They have nothing to say against persons obtaining divorces for any causes recognized by the law of the State. Their action is limited to declining to solemnize a new marriage in such cases. A person who has been divorced, and is prepared to live a celibate life afterwards, will therefore not be affected by this united action of the clergy. It is, however, notorious, that many divorces are obtained for the direct object of marrying some other person, and thus the new union is tainted before it is formed, by the very sin which Christ scathingly denounced. Persons who, being married, have allowed an unholy passion to find a lodgment in their hearts, and obtain a divorce in order to gratify it, are a curse to society, and it will be well if they realize that an obstacle is placed in their way. The obstacle may be one easily surmounted, but the fact of its existing at all, is an indication of the clergyman's view of the category to which the marriage belongs.

It may be presumed that the attitude of the clergy will not affect the liberty of the innocent party to a divorce. That party ought to have the privilege of marrying. It would be unreasonable and unjust to punish the sufferer for an offence not his own. If he or she had to choose between an association with a wicked partner, or of lifelong celibacy, we can imagine the alternative being very painful. No such alternative ought to be forced upon any innocent party. The wrongdoing of another ought not to bring a penalty on the one who is wronged. The wronged partner in a marriage has the right to freedom from bonds that have been cruelly polluted, and, with the freedom, ought to have the right of contracting another marriage. He is the one who has done the wrong who should bear the penalty, and that fact will doubtless be recognized by the clergy.

The chief benefit to be hoped for from the stand proposed to be taken, is the view of marriage as a sacred and solemn association, which it implies. The light and frivolous spirit in which many young people enter into matrimony needs to be reproved. They ought no longer to have the idea, that if a marriage proves uncongenial it will be easy to obtain a divorce and marry some one else. The attitude of the clergy should impress upon them, if nothing else, the view that in the sight of God and of the Church, a marriage union is an association for life, the dissolution of which cannot be justified by caprice or temper, but only by the commission of a crime base and revolting in the last degree

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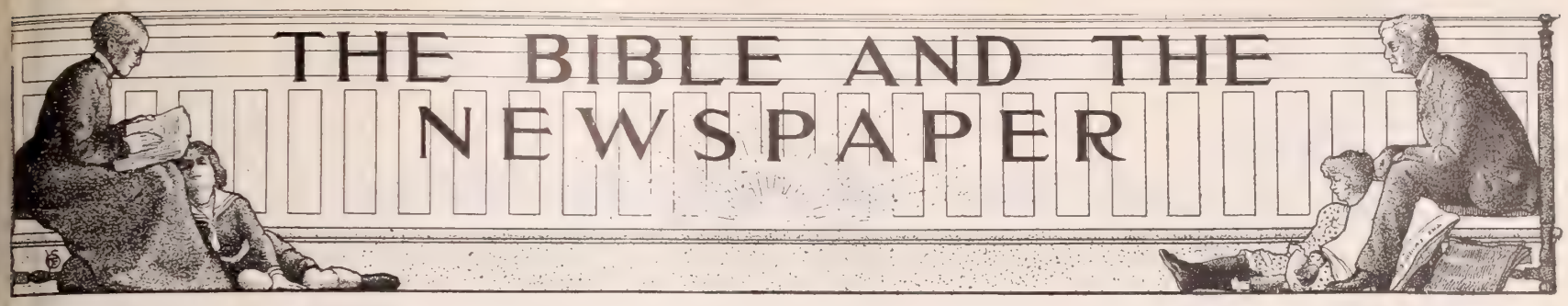

The Missouri Explosion

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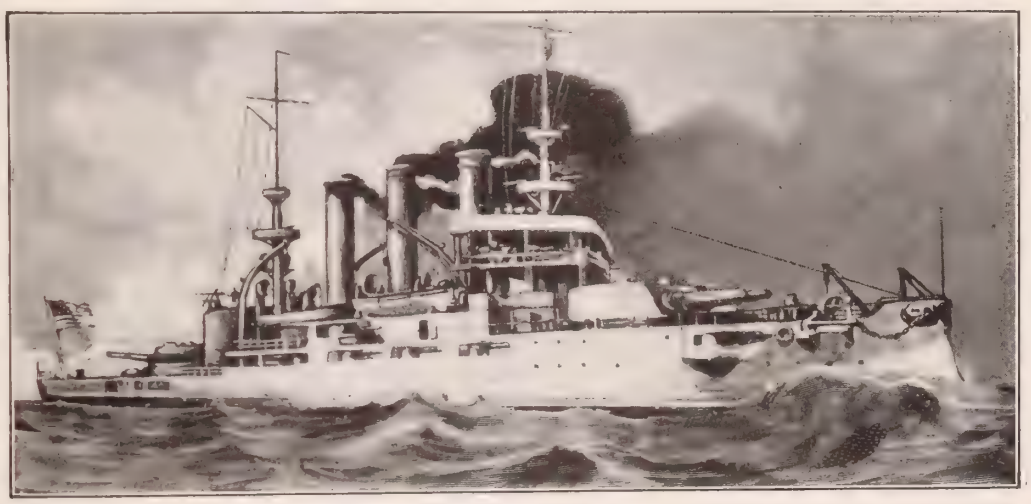
CAPT. WM. S. COWLES

SINCERE sorrow was caused throughout the country on April 13, by news of the disaster on board the United States Battleship *Missouri*. The vessel was at target practice off Pensacola, Florida, in company with the *Texas* and the *Brooklyn*, when an explosion occurred in her turret, followed by a second explosion in the room below, where the ammunition was being prepared for hoisting. Twenty-nine officers and men were killed instantly, and five others were badly injured, of whom three have since died. The exact cause of the accident is unknown, owing to the fact that those who witnessed it were killed. There was a competition of the crews for a record of quick and accurate firing of the huge twelve inch guns. Several rounds had been fired on the *Missouri*, and another charge was being driven into the breech of a gun, when it exploded. The flame passed through the open trap-door, through which the ammunition is raised by an elevator to the breech of the gun, and exploded four charges of two hundred pounds each, which were being placed in readiness, for firing. The officers, realizing how close this latter explosion was to the great magazine, in which the store of ammunition is kept, feared that it, too, might blow up, involving the destruction of the ship. The door of the magazine was standing open, but an officer, named Monson, sprang instantly, at the risk of being blown to pieces, and slammed the door after him. His prompt action probably saved the lives of all on board. Capt. Cowles, who was in command of the ship, averted further danger by flooding the magazine, almost drowning Monson, who was inside. Two theories have been offered in explanation of the accident. One is, that the wind blew the flame of the previous discharge back through the muzzle of the gun to the powder being forced in at the breech. The second theory is that some portion of the canvas in which the powder is enclosed had remained burning in the gun when the next charge was inserted. Either of these might have caused the explosion. Primarily it was due to the speed with which the gun was being fired. Navy experts have become convinced that in an engagement at sea, the victory will go to the side that fires most rapidly and accurately, even though on that side there may be a smaller number of ships than the enemy has. Efforts have, therefore, been made to increase speed in firing, and a record of thirty-eight seconds between discharges has been made. The risk involved in such rapid firing is enormous, and there can be little doubt that to it is due this disaster. While the loss of life is deplorable, there is reason for thankfulness that, through the heroism of Monson and other officers, it was not worse. Had the magazine exploded or had the vessel been beached, as was proposed in the panic that ensued after the explosion, the vessel would probably have been a total loss. So long as war continues, it is necessary to be prepared for eventualities, and it is a patriotic duty to make the means as efficient as possible; but what a relief it will be when that time, promised to the world, arrives, when it will no longer be necessary to have these death-dealing instruments of warfare, which, as this disaster shows, may be as destructive to the users as to an enemy.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. 2:4).



THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "MISSOURI," ON WHICH THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED

A Noble Waiter

A romantic story is told of a recent marriage, by a Brooklyn journal. It states that a girl employed in a department store in that city, made the acquaintance of an Italian some years ago. He was introduced to her by some friends who lived in the house where he boarded. As the acquaintance became more intimate, her parents objected, but the Italian succeeded in convincing them that he was a man of good family, and of irreproachable moral character. He was employed as a waiter in a restaurant, but he said that he should soon obtain work more suited to his education, and had simply taken that occupation until he could obtain a reference, and learn more of the country. The girl's parents made further inquiries, and became satisfied that the man was respectable, and of good character. He soon made his way, and having good wages, proposed marriage. The wedding took place, and the man continued to work hard, and supported his wife respectably. One evening, on his return home, his wife handed him a letter from Italy, which had been delivered during the day. He was much agitated on reading it, and told her that he had a secret to disclose. The name by which he was known was assumed, and he was really the Count Ferreri. He had become very poor in his native country, and had emigrated; but not wishing to degrade an ancient title, he had taken another name. The letter he had just read informed him that a large estate in Italy had become his by the failure of natural heirs, and he now proposed to resume his title, and return to his native land. He is very proud of the girl who loved him in his poverty and obscurity, and promises that she will now enjoy wealth and high rank. Her friends are loud in their congratulations, even those who had been disposed to look down on her for marrying a waiter. The time is coming when those who have despised and ridiculed the Christian for his allegiance to Christ, will be astonished at the vindication which he will give him when he comes in his glory.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom (Matt. 25:34).

Radium to Disappear

A cable message from London to a New York journal, reports an interview with Sir William Ramsay, in which he is represented as declaring that radium, instead of being a primeval substance, is merely a temporary phase of matter, an unstable resting point in a series of transmutations, of which nobody knows the beginning, or end, or meaning. Experiments made by himself and Professor Soddy tend to show that it would all disintegrate and vanish in the course of time. The rate of disintegration does not depend upon the quantity existent. It would all vanish, whether it measured a cubic inch or a cubic mile, forming in the process other substances, the only one at present known being helium. It is obvious, therefore, that radium must now be in the course of production. If it had been an original deposit it would have disappeared long ago. It was the merest speculation to discuss how it was produced. Professor Ramsay paid a tribute to Professor Baskerville, of the University of North Carolina, who, a few days ago, announced in New York, his discovery of two new elements, carolinium and berzelium. The announcement is a genuine surprise, but it confirms the opinion scientists have long held, that new developments in nature are continually taking place. Everything on earth changes and disappears. A gigantic ancient statue was found in an Asiatic desert, on which was inscribed, "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings; look on my works, ye mortals and despair" The king's works and the very memory of his name had perished. So it appears it is with the very elements, some of which prove to be merely phenomena, and only in God is there permanence.

They shall perish, but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail (Heb. 1:11).

A Fight for a Life

An anxious struggle, continuing through four days and nights, was carried on at Boonton, N. J., to save the life of a diver, who had been caught and held firmly at the bottom of the dam by the suction of the water. A huge sluice pipe runs through the dam, in which there is a gate to regulate the flow of water. Something went wrong with the gate, which prevented its closing or opening. It was necessary, in order to fix the valve, to shut off the flow of water. To do this, a large wooden ball, weighted with lead, was sunk, in the hope that the suction would carry it to the mouth of the sluice pipe. It did so, partially, but one end of the cable was between the ball and the mouth of the pipe, and through that aperture the water rushed in a mighty stream. A diver was sent down with sandbags, with which he tried to close the opening. Very soon after his descent, his signals showed that he was in trouble. Another diver went to his rescue, and reported that one of the man's legs had been caught between the ball and the mouth of the pipe, and held fast. All efforts to release him failed. A cable was tied around his body and carried to the shore, and a horse tugged at the other end, but the man was held immovable under 60 ft. of water. For more than eight hours it was believed by his signals that he was still living and if he was, it would depend on his being supplied with fresh air by pumps whether he continued to live. Accordingly, day and night, the pumps were kept at work and a physician was on hand at all hours to give instant attention, if he was brought up alive. One diver after another descended, but none could release him. Hope gradually failed, but still, on the mere chance of his being alive, fresh air was pumped to him. It was not until an expert machinist went down and repaired the machinery that the suction was relieved and the man was brought up. He had been under water four days and nights and was quite dead. The result did not surprise the watchers; but until the very last there had been no relaxation in the efforts to save him. Would that there was the same anxiety and energy displayed to save souls that are in danger of eternal death!

Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death (James 5:20)

BRIEF NOTE

The Sunday Bible Class at Ocean Grove, N. J., so long under the charge of Dr. Hanlon, will be conducted this summer by Dr. L. W. Munhall, who will also direct a Bible Conference there on July 26–29, under the auspices of the American Bible League.

KEEPING THINGS UP

SOME years ago, a Southern city awoke one morning to find chalked on its pavement, or boldly written in a big hand on its walls, these enigmatic words: JACK CAN FIX IT. Naturally people rubbed their eyes and looked again, and when they discovered the legend continually repeated, they began to make inquiries. Who, pray, is Jack? What can Jack fix? Where is Jack to be seen? A day or two later Jack answered the last query, by a new set of personal advertisements, with the added information that he lived at a certain number in a certain street. He proved to be an enterprising young man, unable to get a job, but with a turn for tinkering broken things, and for mechanical work, carpentry and the like. Not wishing to be dependent on his family, "Jack" fitted up a tiny workshop in an unused woodshed, scattered his unique notes broadly over the town, and awaited customers. They came by ones, twos, and threes, and in time by scores. "Jack" built up a flourishing trade.

The quality of taking the initiative is one of the essentials to success. Many a man, and woman, too, who to-day wants to earn a little money, and add to a not over-heavy purse, could hit on something new or old, for which others would gladly pay, if he or she had but that quality, and added to it some originality.

The person who should devote his talents to going about any town, doing needed repairs, keeping things up for householders at a small rate of expense, would not fail of earning a decent livelihood. For example, in a suburban village, where in a real estate boom a few years ago, a number of cottages were run up cheaply, with an eye to picturesque effect rather than to solidity, householders are constantly annoyed by sagging doors, breaking window-cords, and a variety of small bothers which a clever workman can set right without much trouble. Windows need puttying over, paint is wanted here and there, and the suburban landlord, haughty as a baron of the Middle Ages, simply refuses to assist tenants, or quietly ignores their gently repeated pleas for aid. If there is a man of the house, he may or may not be handy in keeping things mended. If the household be exclusively of women, they are not equal to most of the small bits of outside work that a man does with ease, if he knows how to use tools. So in the suburbs, the itinerant or resident general utility man, would be as welcome as the robins when they come in the spring.

. . .

Every house that presents a good appearance inside and out, must be kept up. Paint must be renewed, fences mended, loose boards replaced in porch or walk, the whole place maintained in tidiness and good order. Equally with furniture and carpets. The worn part of the bedroom carpet must be taken from the floor space that shows, and hidden under the bed. The curtains that are torn must be mended. A gentlewoman who can darn, and mend, and take a stitch in time, will impart to her house and her family a convincing air of prosperity, unknown to the household where the mother has no such faculty, or is idle or incapable.

The art of keeping things up is one for the housewife to cultivate with assiduity. Either individually, or by proxy, she must see that things do not go to pieces, are not neglected, and are shown at their best.

AN EARLY MORNING FLOWER MARKET

Union Square, New York City, is a busy place during the very early morning hours in the spring. Here congregate the venders of flowering plants and shrubs, each vieing with the other in arranging their stock in the most attractive manner. Bright scarlet geraniums; roses of all kinds, from the delicate "Tea" variety, with its pinkish-yellow half opened buds, and its delicious perfume, to the hardy "Rambler," with its countless clusters of white, pink, yellow, and crimson blooms. Here a velvety "Jack" in high-bred opulence of fragrance and coloring, nestles close among masses of gorgeous pansies, that in turn neighbor most kindly with the starry blue-eyed "Forget-me-nots." English daisies in pink and white innocence, modestly put forth their claims to notice, while all around, mid these groupings of beauty, one hears the song of praise from these mute singers. The men and women who buy, must carry away their purchases, as there is no system of delivery, and every other man or woman one meets in this vicinity in the early morning, carries a pot of some kind, the blossoms nodding to the happy look on the purchaser's face. By the time that the solid business men are on their way down town, all vestige of the flower market has been removed, and Union Square is the same old friend, with its green grass, its fountain, trees, and benches, along the walks.

Rights and Privileges of the Home

If we were just a bit more careful about the rights of others in the home, many of us would be a good deal more happy than we are. For example, in some houses nobody owns anything. Like the early Christians, the family possess all things in common. The result is that the long suffering mother can seldom be sure of finding a clean handkerchief in her drawer, even though she may have put away a neat pile after the weekly washing was done. Jane helps herself to Susan's stocks and belts, Mary seizes upon collars and cuffs wherever she can find them, and Robert unhesitatingly despoils the chiffonier that belongs to his brother Jim. A mother told me the other day that her half-grown sons were forever fighting over their clothing, as they were so nearly of a size that they could wear each other's things without the least trouble. In consequence, she was usually worn out with adjusting disputes. An old person often has a liking for a particular chair or a particular window, and is not a little disturbed if some heedless boy or girl flop down in her place, without so much as saying by your leave. A little attention to rights, would, in many cases, result in the granting of privileges, which are often denied.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WALTER. If you would make a good impression in society where you are a stranger, listen respectfully and talk little. One does not need to talk for talk's sake.

—ABBY. There are few human beings who are wholly depraved. I do not believe in keeping a man down, if he has repented and reformed. Mrs. Booth's Hope Hall work has restored many ex-convicts to usefulness and honorable lives.

As to Spring Moving

FORTUNATE are those readers who do not ha to move in the spring. The roof that covers them is heir own; they have summered and wintered for ears under its friendly shelter. They are country people and strike their roots deeply into the soil. City folk ar the modern nomads, flitting from bough to bough like bir or pulling up stakes like soldiers on the march. To dwell s in city apartment houses, the home is a temporary camp. ny little objection, such as a too musical neighbor on th top floor, or one with a cross baby on the floor below, o one who keeps a parrot across the hall r a man with a crutch tapping round rd-wood floors, will decide the flat-tena to move. A niggardly landlord, a bo ish janitor, a dumbwaiter that creaks, in- convenience of any kind whatev is enough to send a New Yorker in sirch of another abode. Indeed, a witty ok, called *The Van Dwellers*, is wholly c ot- ed to the adventures of a family wh ere always moving from one home to an er.

In the suburbs, Americans play he game of "Puss in the Corner" every pril or May. One man fancies dampn in his cellar; his neighbor has a furnac hat did not heat the house in zero we er, and the people across the way canne de- pend on their range to bake muffi for breakfast. So, with the utmost gi ity they all change places. Mr. H. take he cottage of Mr. Y. Mr. Q. slips into Mr. H's former quarters, and Mr. Y. m es his goods and chattels into the abanc ed domicile of the Q's.

There is a good deal of fuss an ex- pense, but on the whole, the efforts o he chronic nomads are crowned with su ss. In the village your house always as something that mine lacks, a cupo a bay window, a porch, a driveway, at make me break the ten commandm nts whenever I call on you, and my h se always awakened your envy, beca I have ample closets, or a sunnier outlo or a more extensive view than yours en s.

Spring moving invariably convinc us that we are both richer and poorer an we fancied. Quantities of things that ve long been lost come to light when w re packing. Quantities of other thing are marred and broken. But, on the w e, if move we must, we take the road th real cheer.

THE PERAMBULATOR

THE May days bring the blosso s
A-waving in the trees;
The grass beside the singing bro
Is tossing in the breeze.
The robins in the branches,
The bees among the flowers,
Are making merry music now
In these enchanting hours.

But, prettiest sight of spring-time
That makes an old heart young
And sets to silver chiming
The bells of memory rung,
Is Baby's dainty carriage
With freight so brave and swee
The equipage with the right of w
Upon the village street.

The king may drive in splendor,
The ten-times millionaire
May lean on silken cushions,
And half forget his care.
But Baby is a monarch
Too rich to dream of gold;
And all earth's proudest sceptres
His dimpled fingers hold.

So down the street the Baby
Goes rolling in his pride;
And none his throne shall dare as
And none his crown deride.
What time the bees are humming
What time the robins sing,
Comes Baby in his carriage
A robed and sceptred king.

Extravagant Women

Women are accused of extravagance most unjustly. Sc women are extravagant. Some are penurious. So are sc men. To be penurious is to spend your time in foo hoarding, to refuse to give alms, and to get less from y r income than you ought. To be extravagant is to wilfu live beyond your means, to buy things you don't need. extravagance of women is checked in most cases by limitations of their pocket-books. Wealthy women, as example, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, or Miss Helen Gould, sh themselves admirable financiers, and while they bestow their means most generously, they never incur the stigm recklessness or improvidence.

Our Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn

IT is with unusual gratification that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day presents to its readers the architects' drawing of the beautiful "Children's Temple," to be erected at our Mont-Lawn Home this summer. Thousands of our friends all over the Union are interested in the work which this journal has conducted among the tenement waifs during the last ten years. They have helped in the work, year after year, by their gifts and their prayers; and now that it is to be crowned by a picturesque, roomy chapel—a veritable "Children's Temple"—they will be doubly interested in all that is done for the spiritual welfare of our little guests at the Home hereafter.

Many years ago, before the establishment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, the Rev. Mr. Jewett, who then owned the property, built a little chapel on the south side of the road, opposite his residence. In this simple little wooden chapel, for a number of years our tenement children have gathered, season after season, their fresh, young voices ringing out in songs of gladness, their faces beaming with the joy of living amid such beautiful surroundings. How happy they were in making the interior of the little church beautiful with fresh flowers, and branches gathered from that greater temple, God's Out-of-Doors. Busy little hands twined garlands and wreaths to be draped and hung about, until the place seemed like a bower.

"THE CHILDREN'S TEMPLE," AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" HOME AT MONT-LAWN

As it will appear when completed—Reproduced from the architects' drawing

Here were gathered, from time to time, children representing many nationalities. German, Irish, Swedes, Syrians, Armenians, and Italians; representatives of so many creeds and denominations—meaning so little to the children—united in the sweet songs of the Gospel and in daily worship.

More than 22,000 children have spent many happy hours within the walls of the little wooden chapel. For some years it has, however, been entirely inadequate as to size, and it also began to show signs of serious dilapidation, and threatened to become unsafe for occupancy.

Dr. Klopsch, to whom all that relates to the Children's Home is very dear, contributed 2,000 life subscriptions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $10 each, to defray the expense of erecting a new and suitable building for our little Mont-Lawn summer waifs, and in May ground will be broken and work begun on the Children's Temple. It will be built on the south side of the highway, so that from its site can be seen all the buildings connected with the Children's Home. There will be three entrances, approached by paved walks. The principal entrance will be in the centre, a tower rising immediately over the hooded porch. The exterior design is well suited to the location, being very picturesque. The walls to the eaves are to be of fieldstone, with brownstone trimmings around the openings. Most of the openings are arched with stone, and all windows opening on the auditorium are to be glazed with leaded stained glass.

The auditorium will seat three hundred people; the seats arranged in concentric rows, centering on the pulpit, back of which is the organ chamber. The grounds around the Children's Temple will be nicely laid out with plants and shrubs, and in time vines will creep up and around the walls.

The plans have been made, and the construction will be supervised by M. L. & H. G. Emery, architects, New York. It is the purpose of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to have services in the Temple throughout the year for the benefit of the residents in the neighborhood of Mont-Lawn. Once open, the doors of the Temple, we hope, will never be closed on Sunday thereafter, and that the Gospel of Jesus, the friend of the children, may be preached there every week. This will be a great boon to many families who, during winter weather, find it difficult to attend church in the village below, as the distance is considerable.

"GOD KNOWS BEST!"

By CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

I REMEMBER the time in my earlier days, when I used to be worried in mind,
O'er the way that God had of directing the spheres, and ruling o'er all human kind;
I would think over this, and study o'er that, for 'twas all a great myst'ry to me,
And then I'd decide, that God's ways they were not just all that God's ways ought to be.
Impetuous youth it will question, aye, yes! and even at times 'twill condemn,
The ways of the great Jehovah himself, though his ways are beyond mortal ken;
But ah, when the years they have ripened the mind, and life's evening shadows they fall,
Then we're free to confess, as we ask God to bless, that 'twas he who knew best after all.

I have looked in the eyes of an agonized wife, as a wee little life ebbed away,
I have felt in my breast the turmoil and strife, as we gazed on the poor silent clay:
I have felt fierce rebellion sweep up in my soul, as I yearned for that little one's kiss,
And I've said, as the tears down my cheeks 'gan to roll, "Could a merciful God have done this?"
But ah, when the first throb of anguish was past, when the wounds were less jagged and sore,
I thought of that babe in the bright world above, an angel of God's evermore.
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," Christ said, then the wife to my side I would call,
And I'd point to the skies, and we'd both dry our eyes, for 'twas God who knew best after all.

I have seen this man rise, and that one ascend, to affluence, fortune and fame,
And I've envied the friends I knew in my youth, who have made for themselves quite a name;
And I thought God was harsh that he willed I should toil, while others around lived at ease—
The full cup of fortune was theirs first to drink, while I'd naught to drain but the lees.
But now I can see in the evening of life, as I follow God's methods divine,
That not one of the lives I envied so much, has been blessed so completely as mine;
And I would not change places with one of the friends, of those envious days I recall,
Which makes it quite plain, all over again, that it's God who knows best after all.

As now I look back o'er the years of my life, and pass ev'ry one in review,
And weigh up its pleasures, its cares and its strife, as a man bowed with years oft will do;
I can see how I wronged the Almighty above, when I questioned his mandates divine,
And I'm glad I was led through the years by his love, regardless of wishes of mine,
For I could not foresee where ambition would lead, as I yearned above others to climb;
But ambition is oft but a cloak for mere greed, and God could foresee all the time.
And not one single thing the Almighty has done, would I alter, no matter how small;
From beginning to end, I've had God as a friend, and 'twas he who knew best after all.

It has ever been thus and 'twill ever be thus, in the Almighty's wonderful plan,
The Father all wise, in his home in the skies, knows what's best for the children of man;
When the grief's hard to bear, our heart-strings may tear, and dazed we may be by the blow,
But 'twill all be made plain, let that ease your pain, and the reason we some day shall know.
When our patience God tries, ah, don't criticize, but with meekness bow down to his will,
For whate'er may betide, Christ still doth abide, and God, he our Father is still;
Just do what is right, keep your faith ever bright, for not even a sparrow doth fall,
But in Heaven 'tis known, so let's joyfully own, that God knoweth best after all.

"As I look back o'er the years of my life"

Drugged Watchmen*

International Sunday School Lesson for May 8, by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

EL NATHAN BAR JONAH, is the friend of the bridegroom, Benoni Zippor. He leaves his home that he may reach the home of his friend in season for the final preparations for the wedding; about the beginning of the first watch. He helps to adjust the wedding garment of the bridegroom, which is of the finest broadcloth, embroidered with gold. He drapes with care the handkerchief of scarlet silk, fringed with gold, and richly embroidered with cherub-heads. His friendly offices extend also to the preparation of the mock bridegroom, a small boy, attired exactly like the bridegroom, whose part is to walk in the wedding procession beside the bridegroom, imitating his every movement. His office is thus to draw attention from the bridegroom, and relieve his embarrassment.

As the hour of midnight approaches, the musicians are called out, four in number. They have their instruments ready: the vod, or guitar, the kanoon, or harp, the kemenjeh, or violin, the tamboora, or lute. They are placed in the lead, behind them the bridegroom and his mimic; following after is the friend of the bridegroom; then comes the mock bride, a little girl seated on a horse, and dressed exactly as the bride will be, horn, veil and all. Then comes a company of friends. The procession is lighted by flaming torches held aloft.

And what is occurring in the home of El Nathan, during these hours? He has told his servants to watch for his return, but he has not named the hour when they may expect him. During the first watch, the faithful servants stand with loins girt and lamps in hand, ready to open the door for the returning master.

It is close on to midnight, and the procession halts at the home of the bride. The virgins light their lamps, and there is music and shoutings of joy, as the bridegroom and his friends enter the home, and then there is a seeming struggle to get possession of the bride, who is finally placed upon a richly decked horse, and made a part of the procession. She rides alone, but by her side walk two relatives, one her own, and the other the bridegroom's. These grasp the reins of her horse. At midnight they enter the church. The wedding ceremony consists in standing face to face, heads inclined so that foreheads touch. A veil is thrown over both by the officiating priest, who pronounces a blessing, reads passages of scripture about marriage, and closes with prayer. The wedding procession is reformed and proceeds to the home of the bridegroom.

In the home of El Nathan, the servants grow weary waiting for the return of their master. They drink wine to pass away the time and become drunken, and so quarrel and beat each other.

It is the "third watch," and the marriage supper is spread in the home of Benoni. The guests have been received with a kiss, and their feet and hands have been washed by servants, and their bodies have been perfumed. And all are clothed in rich wedding garments through the generosity of their host. Time passes quickly in exchange of friendly words and courtesies, but before the third watch is ended, all have returned to their homes.

El Nathan stands at the door of his home, and knocks and knocks, but no servant appears to open it. He must force his way in. Alas, he finds his servants all in drunken sleep. He notes the confusion everywhere; drinking cups, empty and overturned; wine vessels broken, bruised faces upturned, made more hideous by sleep. And the master commanded that they shall all be beaten with stripes, the greatest number to those who had been longest in his service and so knew their duty best. Did he forever banish the wine cup?

A WEDDING FEAST IN PALESTINE

ANDREW CARNEGIE.—You are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation, and reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible.

Illustration and Application

As this is the quarterly temperance lesson, the temperance aspect of the parable, the drunken watchman (vv. 45, 46), should receive chief attention, suggesting the great wrong of clouding one's faculties with drink when in any position of responsibility. What could be a greater crime than to drug a watchman? Here is an army asleep only a few miles from the camp of its foes. And here is a picket whose alert watchfulness, as he stands between them and their foes, is their only safety. But there is a bottle in his pocket, and part of its contents are in his brain, and he is leaning asleep against a tree, while the enemy stealthily move by him to slaughter his sleeping companions, to whom he should have given timely warning. And here is another drugged watchman in the bow of a ship, as insensate as the post he is holding up in drunken stupor, while his vessel, for lack of the warning he should have given, is dashing into the breakers which will become his winding-sheet, and also of his shipmates. The broken bottle beside him tells the story. And here is a railroad watchman lying with his bottle beside the switch, which he should have shifted to save that oncoming train. Even a "watchman of Zion" has sometimes been drugged, as when Hophni and Phinehas, the priests of God, erred through strong drink. And why should not the public officer, appointed to watch the people's interest, as policeman or mayor or judge, keep his brain clear? So the business man, who is set to watch the interests of a great corporation, needs an unclouded brain. Not less the father, set to guard the interests of a family, and surely not less the mother, also. The man who seems to have no responsibility, except for himself, needs to keep clear those faculties that were made to serve as watchmen against the perils that threaten him. The nerves are the watchmen of the body. By what we call pain they give the alarm against dangers from cold and heat and other perils. A man goes out in the snow. If the watchmen nerves are not drugged and dulled with liquor, they will tell him when to go to the fire or to put on more clothes, but if the watchman is drugged, he may lie down in the snow and freeze to death. So in hot weather it is drinking men chiefly who are sunstruck, because the watchmen nerves are too stupefied to tell them to keep out of the hottest blaze of the sun. The men who are killed and hurt by accidents are, many of them, also the victims of drugged watchmen.

Three recent wars have illustrated the importance of abstemious habits in the battle of life. The Japanese, who are winning the world's admiration, use intoxicants but little, and they have the severest laws of any nation against tobacco and opium. No one is allowed to use tobacco until twenty years of age, and no student can use it even if years older than that. And Japan excels us also in successful prohibition of opium, except for medical prescriptions. We must not allow our Christian country to fall below Japan in that. The American people have vetoed the proposed opium monopoly for the Philippines, but we have yet to decide what we will put in its place. Not alone with reference to tobacco and opium, but also with reference to liquors, the regimen of a Japanese regiment is that of the athlete. Cervera's defeated crews had been soaked with liquors before the fight, but Dewey won the Manila fight with nothing stronger than coffee for his men. We do not wish to glorify war, but these facts all suggest that in the victories of peace also, and in the battle of life, the honors go to the abstainers. Not less than soldiers do policemen and other peace guards need to abstain. In Pittsburg, Mr. Harry Moore, Police Superintendent, has recently taken a strong stand against drunken police-officers. And well he may, for a drunken policeman himself makes disorder instead of checking it.

But who is there that can safely lose self-control through drink? Surely not the railroad watchmen that handle the signals, or the engineers that look out of their cabs, watching the track. "Can I do anything for you?" said one man to another, who looked troubled. "Can you undo something for me?" was the reply. "I neglected to give the warning signal, and a whole trainload of people dashed through the bridge I guard, to swift destruction. Can you undo that for me?" Many a man who has invited another to drink, by example, if not by words, has caused his ruin for both worlds. He might well cry out to God man, "Can you undo that for me?"

A rich man had been wont to say to his temperance friends, "Let liquor alone, and it won't hurt you. Don't meddle with others. If they wish to drink, that is their affair." One day he heard that his wife and child had been killed in a railroad wreck, because the engineer was drunk. He never said again, "If you let liquor alone, it will let you alone." He knew at last what every man should see with a tragedy of his own, that the innocent suffer from drink almost as much as the guilty. "Personal liberty" to drink is "personal liberty" to endanger our fellows.

* * *

Cyrus, afterward king of Persia, when a prince, visited his uncle, Astyages, king of the Medes. One day Cyrus served as cup-bearer to his uncle, who praised him for his dexterity and grace, but reminded him that he had omitted one part of the ceremony, namely, tasting the wine before offering it to the king. "It was not through forgetfulness," said Cyrus, "but because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor, for I noted awhile ago how the lords of your court acted very strangely after they had tasted it. And you yourself tried to sing and dance, but could not stand upon your legs." "Have you never seen your father so?" "No, never." It was this temperance boy, son of a royal abstainer, through whom the Jews were afterward brought back from captivity.

THE WATCHMAN ON THE HOUSE-TOP

And it is by abstinence that we ourselves and others to-day from a worse captivity.

Here is a story of a child who saved her father from the captivity of drink. His wife urged him to remain at home evenings, and not to go to the saloon. He became angry, and went out of the house leading his little girl by the hand. The child, knowing how much her mother suffered, begged the father not to go to the saloon that night. He took her up into his arms, and on putting his face close to hers, his cheek was wet with a tear. He said, in telling his experience afterwards, "My anger completely melted away, I determined to go back home and make my wife happy."

The French are teaching us by their bill-board campaign against "alcoholism," which refers to the condition of the chronic tippler, that it is not drunkenness that is most harmful, but daily saturation of the body with drink. A man is less harmed by a monthly drunk after pay-day than by fashionable daily tippling that never reaches the staggering stage.

* * *

Young boys are yet more in danger of becoming captives of cigarettes, which, though small, are mighty despots. A magistrate in Harlem Court, New York, made the following significant declaration the other day: "Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day, from a reliable source, I have made the great some discovery that two of the large cigarette manufacturers in this country soak their product in a weak solution of opium."

One of the fairest homes in a large city was recently condemned and torn down by the authorities. Wealth and taste had done their best to make it beautiful. There seemed to be nothing lacking. But each successive owner sickened and died within its walls, until finally no tenant could be found willing to occupy it. Examination revealed an unsuspected sewer beneath the foundations, the poisonous fumes from which had so contaminated the whole building as to render it totally unfit to live in. In the same city and all over the land this story is paralleled in human lives. Young men and youth who have been favored by every circumstance of birth and fortune, and from whom the world has a right to expect corresponding achievement, fall before their time with constitutions broken and faculties weakened. Cigarettes are directly responsible, in many cases, for this degeneracy, at least in the first stages. There is no chance for health or the development of a vigorous constitution if the child's system is once thoroughly impregnated with this poison.

* * *

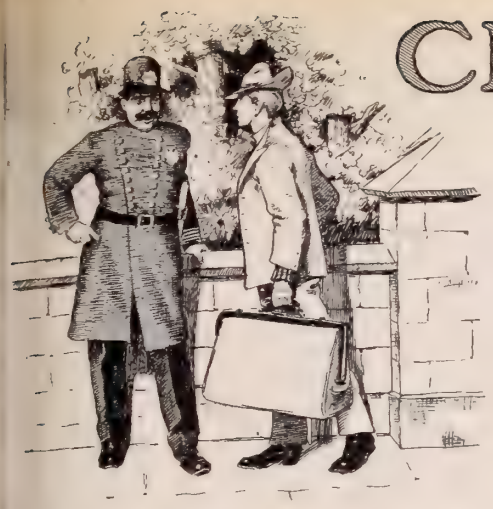
In the name of athletics, as well as morals, let us urge our boys to avoid whatever will weaken their power. The man who aims to win champion games avoids harmful indulgences. How much more should we do so to win the game of life!

An "Athletic Restaurant" is one of the new things. Surely no one would expect to find intoxicants or narcotics there, but strong, healthful food and drink. Health is worth more than all the false and short-lived indulgences that threaten it. David seems to have had the liquor dealer in mind when he wrote: "In the secret places doth he murder the innocent, his eyes are privily set against the poor."

*Quarterly Temperance Lesson. Luke 12: 35-48. Golden Text: "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." Luke 12: 37.

CITY SHOALS FOR COUNTRY LADS

By OWEN KILDARE



"The first man addressed was a policeman"

THE utterances of men who have hewn a prominent place for themselves by their own energy and efforts, are always worthy of consideration. at the advice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young n, go West," is not more frequently accepted by the y ths of the East, is probably accounted for by the f t that Greeley himself, although country-born, pre- f ed to remain in the great metropolis of the East. d so, instead of going westward, the lads from the s ll towns and the country flock forever to the greater c .

low do the three localities compare? An observing n framed this answer: "God made the country, man de the town."

Experience inclines me to believe that this is true, a the man-made city receives its best and worst additi s from the outlying territories.

his is the day of individuality. In all fields of endeavor we find men, who, by their strong personalities, e rt controlling influences in their chosen spheres. Of t se men we hear constantly. Daily papers, weekly a monthly publications, rush to print their pictures a stories at the slightest provocation. An overwhelmi proportion of these men are from the country, and t ir examples stimulate some lads outside of the city t come into it and do likewise.

apers and publications have various readers and t y print various reading matter—the good with the b —to please all. Among the bad reading matter, c ies the accounts of exploits, daring or desperate, of n orious criminals, and in the accompanying biographic sketches it is often stated that these men were from t country. Their examples stimulate another class o oys outside of the city, and they, too, come into it t o likewise.

t is only fair to say that the latter class of youths is a ost entirely confined to the small towns.

* * *

t is not my intention to throw unnecessary odium on a umber of men who are among the most important f ors of our industrial and commercial life, but it can- n be denied that a certain element among the travelli salesmen is only too willing to act as press-agents of t wickedness of the city. Any hotel, in any small t n, frequented by drummers, will furnish the needed p of for my assertion.

he drummer, by the very nature of his calling, is a s iable creature. Every male inhabitant of the small t n visited by him, can be of possible use to him and, t nake himself agreeable, he takes the popular way of t ing risky stories about recent wicked happenings i he city. The older inhabitant has his memory re- f shed by these tales—he has been to the city; the y th has his curiosity awakened—and determines to s these things in the city.

ut while the fate of these boys after their arrival in t city is sad, and often ends badly, it will be more p ntable to look at the situation as it awaits the a rage country lad, who comes with honorable int tions.

t the outset, I want to say that I believe the free a ertising given to many self-made men who came f m the country, is answerable for much discouragem nt among the invading lads. There was a time when f s came here to leave fewer mouths to feed at home, o to help lighten the heavy mortgage; or to find educa- th and a living, even a fair competence, and they were r sonable in their aims. Now, with so many from the fi d and farm among the money kings and magnates, t lads come with but the one desire, to emulate these h h priests of the golden calf.

* * *

t will hardly be disputed that the country lads com- in to the metropolis, or any large city, are not over- b dened with money. They are accustomed to fru- g ty at home, and, by habit and on account of limited r ources, determine to be exceedingly frugal when in t city, at least until the time when "their pile is made." t is this apparently laudable desire to be economical w ch only too often leads the youth into environments t t do not fail to affect his future welfare and fre- q ntly mar the chances of his success. I feel assured t t by stating this I will not be considered an advocate o vasteful extravagance.

There is nothing so vain and misleading as generalities, when a case in point can clearly illustrate the meaning one wishes to convey. It is a sorrowful fact that during my experience I have become acquainted with a number of such cases. The recital of one or two of these cases may help us to draw a few deductions.

* * *

Three years ago, Edward H. came to New York City from "up the State." Possessed of twelve dollars and a perfectly developed appetite, Edward came to get a few of the millions which are supposed to be waiting for ambitious young lads. He did not know a single person in the city, and the first man addressed by him was a policeman. The officer was the typical and facetious uniformed bully, and had rare sport with the young "hayseed."

Edward, bewildered by the noise and tumult of the city, was not in a condition to detect the policeman's intent, and took most of his alleged humor at its face value. Asked if he had any money, he truthfully answered "Yes," without mentioning the exact amount, and thereupon the guardian of peace and order, advised him to jump on a car for the Bowery, "where they'll trim you all right, all right."

Broadway and Bowery were the only two New York names familiar to the lad, and he landed on the latter, the old highway of the foolish and the miserable, to make his twelve dollars last as long as possible.

Everything looked promising.

The "hotel" offered every convenience for fifteen cents a night. Almost next door was a restaurant that served every possible dish for ten cents, with coffee or tea included. All around were "nickel" barber shops; cut-rate Chinese laundries, washing shirts for five cents, and other articles proportionately cheap; second-hand clothing stores, where men could buy whole suits of clothes from two dollars up. Edward quickly reckoned that he could easily hold out for over a month, in which time he would surely get employment. The theory of it was correct, but the practice was a different thing.

"Shown to a table by the landlady"

What Edward did not know, and what is often overlooked by others, is that the Bowery is peopled by thousands of men who come there through some mental default, which climaxes in a "swearing-off" from all honest, steady work. These men, once stranded on the Bowery, only leave there by a miracle, and miracles do not happen every day. Their whole striving consists in devising some means, other than work, to prolong their existence, and they become recognized personages in this weird and filthy nether-world Bohemia. If they do not actually lead youths astray, they are powerful forces for evil by their ever-present example.

* * *

Edward H. landed on the Bowery over three years ago—and is still there. Why? Simply because his frugality found too many chances. It is nice to be philanthropic when the expense is insignificant. Edward had learned at home that to do good was a fundamental element of our religion. Without knowing it, he had been studied by several "has-beens,"* and he learned through them that ten cents, instead of paying for a meal for one, could buy a meal for two, "almost as good," if you only knew where to get it. The boy was prevailed upon to try the scheme—including the guide and friend, as a matter of course—and, ere long, thought it advisable to patronize the "nickel meal" places entirely, whether alone or in company of a hungry "has-been."

And during all this time Edward was becoming inoculated with the virus of perdition. Not that he inclined to develop into a patron of the few remaining places on the Bowery that offer glaring and repulsive exhibitions of vulgarity, but he learned how easy it was to "live" without hard work in the big city, provided one did not care very much what became of one's manhood.

* * *

Men and women, most conscientious in their callings as missionaries and writers, have fought and exposed the Bowery lodging-houses until the unsavory pest-holes were compelled to run under fair sanitary conditions, and competition among the lodging-house keepers has also improved affairs; but the one thing which is still the same as before, is the moral atmosphere. Spend an evening's hour in the reading or lounging-room of a lodging-house, and you will learn more of the dangers in the pathway of an innocent boy than I could tell you in this paper. A criminal, realizing what his life is, may have the conscience to warn a young man against becoming a thief; but the able-bodied scoundrel, who takes to begging as a livelihood, from no other reason than sheerest laziness, is left without a shred of compunction. And every lodging-house has its full quota of petty thieves, professional beggars, and men who work just enough to pay for their night's lodging and a beefstew, trusting for all else to some fortunate chance. What an influence this sort of a combination must have on a youth like Edward H. is not difficult to imagine.

Quite rightly you might object here and tell me that not all country lads go to the Bowery. It happens that I know of a case, where a young man from the country never saw the Bowery, and still—but here is his story:

Walter F. came to the city less than two years ago. His family enjoyed a certain prominence in their section, and Walter had received a fair education at a nearby academy. Education brought progressive ideas, and the young man found his home locality too narrow. He felt himself called to the city, and, refusing letters of introduction offered to him by neighbors to their friends in the metropolis, he came, ready to see and to conquer.

Provided with a fair amount of money, and not in the least resembling the proverbial "hayseed," Walter easily found a hotel on Broadway, where he intended staying until able to secure suitable quarters. This he succeeded in doing on the very next day, by aid of the advertisements in the daily papers. He established himself in a boarding-house in the "thirties."

The terms—ten dollars a week—were somewhat higher than he had expected to pay, but the house was nice and comfortable, and the landlady, a woman of evident refinement. The first meal in the new home convinced Walter of the justification of his choice.

Shown to a table by the landlady, he found two young women and a young man, who were to be his permanent table companions. During the meal he learned that the young women were self-supporting, one being employed as saleslady, the other as stenographer; while the young man was a city salesman. In return, he informed his new friends that he had come to the city to "make his fortune," which information elicited offers from the others to help him in his task. It was but natural that Walter should show appreciation of their

*This is a term applied to men who, once prosperous, have been reduced to indigence by dissipation or some other cause.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

City Shoals for Country Lads

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

kindness and he tried his utmost to make himself agreeable. His friends saw to it that he had ample opportunities. But let us be fair to them.

They were calloused by the metropolitan spirit of independence. Every one of them, depending on their own efforts for their living, was permeated with selfishness, and had learned by prevalent business methods to be always on the look-out for a "good thing." Walter gave no indication of his financial resources, and, assuming the air of a man of the world, his new friends were perhaps excusable in deeming him sufficiently experienced to take care of himself. Within a very short time Walter was quite familiar with the many cafes abounding thereabout. His friends did the guiding; Walter did the paying, which he did not mind, conceiving a great liking for the artificiality of it all. They never reached a state of intoxication or boisterousness. But four are quite a crowd, and the prices of drink and food on Broadway are the other extreme from those on the Bowery.

Pretty soon, Walter thought it was high time that he should find something to do.

Until then his search for employment had been most desultory. But he had already learned that his education and "worldly wisdom" were not of much avail. What he lacked was experience; that experience which can only be learned by beginning at the very bottom, and, of course, to do that was out of the question when one lives at a fashionable boarding-house and is fairly well known "about town."

His situation becoming desperate, Walter asked his friend, the city salesman, for advice. This fellow was not half as bad as he might have been, and through his influence Walter obtained a position with the firm at a salary of six dollars a week. This was not even enough to pay his board, leaving other expenses out of the question. Still, some few dollars of his patrimony remaining, Walter decided to stay at his expensive boarding-house until "things would take a turn for the better."

. . .

Walter has not lost his employment, although he has been very little promoted, and has not been obliged to change his boarding-house, and I wish I could tell you that his spare time had been utilized for profitable purposes. However, instead of it, Walter has outgrown all the earmarks of rusticity; travels with a rather "fast set"; frequently telephones to a notorious poolroom during working hours; has the sallow, unhealthy complexion and bloodshot eyes which come from late hours, and has but rarely the time to "dash off" a line or so to the old folks at home.

In spite of all this there are still people who believed in Walter, and prophecy for him a career in the business world; but I will never be jealous of him, for I would not care to have his conscience. I know lads from the country who were not sufficiently energetic or bright to meet with success, yet who, withal, were honest and sincere in their struggle and effort, and who do not write home because their hearts are fairly breaking from shame at their failure, and, while I do not approve of it, I can understand it. But show me the youth from the farm who cannot "find the time" to write that letter home, which is awaited with greatest anxiety, read with eager eyes, and sometimes wept over, and you will, with me, see in him the making of a bad man.

. . .

Perhaps what I have written so far will lead you to believe that I am of the opinion that the average country lad is incapable of keeping from the downward path, when he reaches the city. Nothing is further from my mind.

I will yield to no man in admitting that much of our municipal success in various lines has been accomplished by men who came from the field and forest, and that among country lads are thousands and thousands who equal—sometimes surpass—our city boys in sturdiness, integrity and intelligence; but I cannot forget that they, as we, are human beings, having the same frailties in common, and are just as apt to stumble as the urchin who has never known a better home than a dirty tenement in the slums.

It has never been denied that environment is a great factor in character-making. It is also admitted that the environment of the country is beneficial and reformative, else the many shipments of boys, picked up in the streets or taken from penal institutions, and sent by different societies to various parts of the country, there to be apprenticed to farmers, would not be made. If such is the case, is it reasonable to suppose that the lad who comes from the bosom of a Christian family in the country, will not be affected by the environment of the city and its many pitfalls?

To my mind there is only one answer.

I do not care how solidly founded in Christian teaching the country boys may be; deprive them of the props of home influence, without giving them anything in place of it, and many will fall—perhaps not in a financial sense, but in a weightier—a moral sense.

Then—this being the expression of an individual opinion—I would say: "Do not let your boy, whether son, brother or cousin, come to the city with no better passport than the advice to shift for himself."

. . .

We have good people here, as you have them in the country, and there are many homes which have room for a country lad. And we have ministers who know of these homes, and who, by directing a youth to them, will bring mutual benefit to both parties. There is not a superintendent of a mission in the city who will not gladly send you all needed information before your boy leaves his home. And, besides, there are many other good people in the city, who have still time to be of service to their fellows. Your boy comes not as a beggar; he comes as one who has a gift to bring to the city, his brain and brawn, and he will be received as he should be, if he wants to deliver his gift intact.

Far be it from me to advise you to send the lad to be confined here in a cloister-like cell, from which he would be permitted to step at certain times, under the closest surveillance. Gregariousness is a confirmed trait of human nature, and cannot be suppressed. The devil has a chattel mortgage on the solitude of some minds. Just because many of us in the city realize that all here is not as it should be, we are striving the harder to make it so; and there is room in the ranks for many more, who can strive, and battle, and pray.

Sweetmeats in India

IT is wonderful how the sweetmeat enters into the life of the Hindu, says a writer in the London *Daily Express*. It is eaten out of all proportion to his other food; but then an Indian sweetmeat is a sweetmeat. Many a Hindu family lives entirely on confections. The Mayara and Halwi castes make the confections, and the delicacies are highly prized by all classes of people in India—so much so that the demand for them by the poorer families is limited only by their means. The dainties manufactured and sold by the Halwis require very considerable skill, and are very costly. Some of the confections are called pakki methai, and usually consist of flour, pease-meal, pulverized rice, cream, etc., fried in "ghi," or baked in strong solutions of sugar. So it will thus be seen that the Hindu, in offering sweets to his implements and his gods, does the best within his power to pay homage to that which brings him the wherewithal to live.

After the offering, the various castes, congregate together, eat the sweets and hold high holiday. The writer castes, among whom are numbered the Government clerks, etc., pay homage to the items by which they get their living. At one ceremony some thirty clerks erected an altar on the roof of the building in which they work. The altar was made of an old packing-case, draped with paper, and surmounted by a large bottle of ink. Around the bottle were placed pen-holders, nibs, sealing-wax, envelopes, blotting paper, and last, but not least, red tape. The clerks marched reverently to the ink-bottle, etc., offering them gifts of food and coins, the service concluding, as usual, with a feast of sweetmeats. Only certain castes may eat of the sweetmeats offered by other castes to the gods.

Peddlers and fakirs frequently take cakes of Ivory Soap, remove the name, cut them into small pieces, wrap these in tin foil and sell them at a high price as a new and wonderful cleanser. Those who have tried it say that nothing is better than Ivory Soap for taking out spots and for similar special uses. Ivory Soap is a powerful cleanser, but pure and safe.

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NATIONAL HUMILIATION*

Prophet's Warning to Pleasure-Loving People Disregarded

OUR Authorized Version presents the passage associated with the topic, in so confused a manner that it is difficult to understand it and the Revisers have made no attempt to render its meaning clearer. The prophet is addressing the nobles and priests of Jerusalem. He reminds them that before the northern kingdom fell, he had warned its nobles and leaders of their impending doom. He recalls to their memory, that he had compared the mountain with its blooming vineyards, surrounding the summit on which Samaria was built, to a drunkard, whose brows were wreathed with a chaplet of vine leaves, and had told them that a foe would come who would devour their city, as man eats a ripe fig. His prediction has been fulfilled, as they knew, but there would come a time when the remnant of Samaria would turn to God, and he would be then their true crown, the source of beauty and strength.

Having reminded them of this prophecy and its fulfilment, he proceeds to warn them of their own danger, and tells them plainly that they are now no better than the leaders of Samaria had been. He has seen priests and nobles staggering home from their feasts in Jerusalem, under the influence of wine, and when he has warned them, they had derided him. Destruction would fall upon them as it had fallen on Samaria, unless they changed their ways.

The figure is vivid and impressive, but it took no effect. The governing class, both in state and in religion, were given up to pleasure. They had ceased to trust in God for protection, and had made an alliance with the Egyptian king, who, they believed, would be able to protect them from their Assyrian foe. History tells us how their hope failed and how terribly the prophet's warnings came true. They had to learn in the awful siege, in the sickening slaughter, and in the long exile of the survivors, that a nation which, from the highest classes to the lowest, abandons itself to dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure, regardless of the law of God, is inevitably doomed to fall sooner or later.

Woe to the crown of pride. When the leaders of a nation have no other occupation than gratifying their passions and appetites, when they forget God and their duty to their country, and their obligation to the poor, and spend their money in dissipation, vain display, and frivolous amusements, they are degrading themselves, and undermining the power and prosperity of their land. Assyria, Greece, and Rome had to learn that lesson, and in comparatively recent times, France, through the same cause, underwent an experience that thrilled the world with horror. An acute observer who traveled through France in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, declared that the corruption of the aristocratic classes was preparing the way for the worst convulsion in history. The men and women who should have been the crown and example of the nation were selfish, oppressive and relentless in their treatment of the masses. Paying no taxes themselves, they wrung from the poor the money which they squandered in dissipation. They mocked at religion, and gloried in their atheism. At last the people rose in their might, and with a disregard of God and righteousness that they had learned from their oppressors, they slaughtered them without mercy. Never did a race of aristocrats suffer a more fearful punishment.

They also have erred through wine. It is remarkable that the most gifted, the most genial, and the most brilliant men, are among the victims of the intoxicating cup. The very qualities of which men have most reason to be proud, expose them to the danger of falling through drink. Lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, and, sad to say, even clergymen, have yielded to this temptation. About thirty years ago, a minister, whose talents were of the highest order, was overworked. He was engrossed in the success of his church. His people almost idolized him. Meetings for young men, for Bible study, for scientific study, and, for other purposes, were held on successive nights. The minister was always present, and still he studied hard, and his sermons were marvels of thought and eloquence. At last, he grew dull and tired. Unhappily, he was not an abstainer. He discovered that his flagging spirits and his dull mind could be stimulated by liquor. It was but little that he took at first, but soon he was unable to prepare his sermons or preach without the stimulus. He discovered his danger too late. Then he threw off his restraint, drank deeply, and died a spiritual and moral wreck. None are safe but those who entirely abstain. No boy expects to become a drunkard, but he may be, if he begins to drink moderately and acquires the habit of drinking.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 8. "Crowns Trodden Under Foot," Isa. 28: 1-7 rev. 3: 11.

One Woman's Work of Faith

ON April 26 inst., occurs the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Home for Children, founded by Mrs. Almira S. Steele, at Chattanooga, Tenn. The founder writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "We hope to celebrate it by having a bored well at our Summer Home. We have been needing it very much for several years. I had hoped that our two cisterns and three wells would supply our needs for my big family of 134 paupers. A kind Quaker friend made me a present of a ten acre lot, fifteen years ago, situated at Summit, on the Southern Railway, twelve miles from Chattanooga. I built on the land three cheap summer buildings, one for boys, one for girls, and the third for kitchen and laundry. The last was burned by tramps shortly after our leaving it one season. We have a schoolhouse there now. The new bored well will cost between $300 and $400, and if we can raise the money, we will have it this season.

"I have mothered, during these twenty years, 1,002 pauper children in all. During all that time, we have never had a child sick with typhoid fever, scarlet fever, scarlatina, pneumonia, diphtheria, or grippe. No one has ever been seriously scalded, or burned, or injured by a fall. No serious accident has occurred. I want to give God all the glory for having protected us. When I recall that verse in the Bible, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee,' I have said to the children, 'I think the Lord must have a whole regiment of angels guarding us; we have been so wonderfully cared for.' While many have disappointed me in some way, and I had hoped for better results, I blame myself for not having been more faithful as a mother, and I comfort myself with the thought that many mothers have been disappointed in their own children, while having desired to do their very best. However, I leave the results to the Lord, and trust that if he spares my life a little longer, I will do my duty more faithfully with his help.

"I have never received a cent of wages, nor salary, during these twenty years, but I do receive the sum of $125 monthly from our county funds. I am very grateful for this. It is the only regular income I have from any source for the work; yet, that sum does not pay for the board and wages of my helpers, to say nothing of leaving a cent for the feeding and running expenses of our big family. The Lord has wonderfully supplied our needs, and I have never yet been obliged to run in debt, nor to beg assistance from any one in any way, except to solicit transportation from the railroads."

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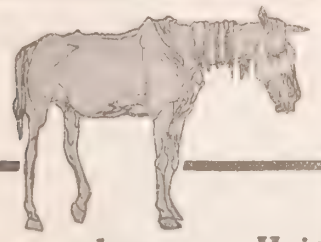

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A MAD RIDE

By Virginia W. Frame

RUMORS of the men's discontent had come to the young superintendent as the rumblings of distant thunder, but he had not heeded their warning. That any one could doubt the security of the Melrose Oil Company, had seemed to him ridiculous; that the men should fear their pay would not be forthcoming on account of the addition of two hundred men to the force, had argued an ignorance of the world, of which he had not believed even the people of this little out-of-the-way town of West Virginia capable. Barton was a city man, his position of superintendent in Four Corners being of but a few months' duration. With his ear tuned to the beating of city-bred hearts, he had not yet learned to take the pulse of the mountaineer.

That afternoon he had felt for the first time that the anxiety of the foreman, Matterson, might not be all an old man's imaginings.

"You are certain, Nick, that the money will be here by pay hour in the morning?" Matterson had asked, about two o'clock, a note of trouble in his voice.

"As certain as I stand here, Matterson," the younger man responded. "The company has never failed us."

"It isn't every time like this," the old man went on apologetically, "but the strikes in Wetzel county have affected them, and this pesky weather has got on their nerves. They've taken the notion that they won't be paid, and you can't get them out of it. They won't listen to reason, and if it shouldn't come, God help us! I wouldn't have anything happen to you, boy, for my life. It would kill Melton, I think."

Barton grasped the outstretched hand. "Don't fret, sir, the letter said the money would arrive to-night, on the evening stage, and—and—keep it all from her, if you can."

When Matterson had left the room, Barton lost somewhat his air of composure. He nervously walked about the room, going often to the window, whence a view of the stage road was to be had over the tree tops. He noticed men grouped together, talking in low voices, or standing sullenly silent in the doorways. A steady rain had begun to fall on the hills, already dripping with the rain of many days. A tap on the door, gentle though it was, showed Barton how his nerves, too, had begun to be affected by the spirits of those about him. He steadied his voice to call out, "Come in," and came forward with a quick exclamation of welcome, as a young girl, slight and fair, entered the room.

"Melton!" he cried. "What has brought you out in such weather, dearest?"

"Forgive me, Nick; but I overheard father telling mother how uneasy he was about you and the men, and I could stand it no longer." The young girl came to him, her troubled eyes searching his. "Won't you tell me what it all means?"

"Dear one," he said, taking her slim hands in both of his, "this weather has affected you, as it has the rest of us. There is no danger in the world. What your father fears is that our money for the men's wages will not arrive by pay-hour in the morning. But there is no reason in the world to think it will not come. It always has, so why should it fail at this critical time? And even if it should be delayed by some accident, the men will listen to reason."

Melton slowly shook her fair head. "I believe not, Nick. They have been so suspicious lately—and see what I found on our porch as I came out. I brought it to you first, so as not to worry father."

She handed him a piece of crumpled paper, on which was written in a firm, even handwriting: "Mr. Matterson,—Sir, if the money is not on hand in the morning, and you stand by the boss, your house will be in danger of fire, as well as the works."

Barton bit his lips to keep back his anger. "The cowards!" he muttered. "Wilsey wrote that, but we'll show him." Then catching the sound of a half-stifled sob from his companion, he forced himself to a semblance of cheerfulness that he did not feel. "Why, Melton, child," he cried gaily, "don't cry. In the morning we'll all be laughing at our fears—or this evening. I will send you word when the stage comes in."

"But if it shouldn't come?" she urged. "And I fear it won't, for a frightful storm is coming up." Even as she spoke a clap of thunder broke over the house and rolled away down the hills.

The man strode to the window and surveyed the darkening landscape with unfriendly eyes. Turning, he said, in a cold, firm voice, "Melton, you must go home at once. It is going to storm soon, I fear, and you must be safely housed. The stage must have started before the storm began, and may be in at any moment. Trust me, can't you, dearie, and promise me to banish your fears? For all will be well in the morning."

"I do trust you, Nick," she said, as she wrapped her light gossamer about her, "but I can't promise not to worry when you are in danger."

He escorted her into her house, then slowly returned to the works. The hills were continually lashed by the white fury of the lightning. One peal of thunder succeeded another; the storm increased in violence. At seven o'clock, Barton knew that the stage would not come. He heard the voices of the men in the workroom below, though it was past the hour for dispersing. In answer to his ring, a man with tousled hair and unsteady eyes made his appearance. "Wilsey," Barton said, eyeing the man coldly, with the thought of the threatening note in his mind, "Why have not the men gone home?"

"They decline to go, Mr. Barton?" the other answered, indifferently. "They say they're going to stay until morning, sir."

Barton turned back to his desk, and the man, taking the act as a dismissal, smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and left the room. Barton heard his voice as he entered the room below, and heard it followed by a muttering of angry voices.

"It's a good sixty miles," he slowly said. "I wonder if I could do it?" Once more he went to the window, his eyes turning to the road, indistinct in the mists of the falling rain. "I'll do it," he suddenly exclaimed, his voice resounding in the long room. "I'll do it, or die." But he did not expect to die, new-born courage never does.

Down in the stables, he felt his way to his horse's stall. "Peralta," he said, caressing the smooth neck, "are you with me, old fellow? It's win or die, my good friend." The horse whinnied joyously and rubbed his nose against his master's coat. He impatiently pawed as he was being bridled, as though he, too, understood the importance of the night's work and was anxious to be off. Only once did he hesitate. It was when, on reaching the door, the pouring rain dashed in his face, the thunder pealed above his head, and the lightning flared in blinding flashes before his eyes. A second later, and he had plunged forwards on a ride for long afterwards the talk of the community, and for Barton, certainly one that would not be forgotten to his dying day.

Night had settled on the hills like a mighty death-cap, leaving the world in darkness; only by the lurid glare of the piercing lightning could the narrow, slippery road be discerned, winding tortuously down the hills, with rocky ascents to one side and sheer precipices to the other. Barton made no attempt to guide his horse; dropping the bridle, he leaned forward, stroking the animal and whispering encouraging words in his ear. To the reverberations of thunder were added the mighty sound of waters rushing down the embankments, the howling of the winds, and the crash of the falling trees. Stones bounded and echoed as they flew from the path; in the distance, a deep boom told of a landslide. All the demons of a world gone mad seemed loosed on their path, whipping the elements into a fury. A savage tempest, rumbled menacing

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A MAD RIDE

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ces to a defying world. A forest in the unrelenting throes of turmoil groaned and shrieked imprecations into the upper. From Stygian darkness the scene would be ablaze with a luridness of unearthly day. Balls of fire played with fiendlike briliancy among the treetops or flashed elfishly down the road. Then mystery of night would follow, blacker than ever by contrast, and hideous with the thousand noises of the storm. Through this, Peralta ran as fast as though all the witches of Endor were at his back. He had become mad with the terror of it all, and his master no longer had to urge him on, but only clung desperately as they flew; the horse stumbling now and then over a fallen tree, only to right himself instantly, panic-stricken at each new sound.

Twelve o'clock found them at Winchester, trembling, limp, unnerved, but to his dismay Barton found that his troubles were not over. The money, carefully wrapped and sealed, was delivered to him in good order, but there was not a horse in the village to make the return trip. The slow, heavy stage-horses were impossible, nor were the horses from the neighboring farms to be considered; so, in desperation Barton turned back to Peralta.

"Can you do it, you brave, old, faithful" he asked, stroking the intelligent beast's panting sides. His voice was trembling with weakness, but in his eye had come a new light of courage and recklessness. The men of the village shook their heads and sought to detain him, but he threw them off.

Once more the mad ride. Though the storm was abating somewhat in its fierceness, as the hours wore on the horse was becoming more and more exhausted. He stumbled more frequently, would reel unsteadily, and as he nervously tossed his head, Barton felt the warm blood from his nostrils blown back in his face. As they crossed the Delver Bridge, twenty miles from home, the trusty horse fell to the ground, groaned, and lay still. Barton threw off the light saddle and bridle, and by coaxing words and endearments urged him to a final trial. Half the distance was accomplished, when the poor animal once more gave out.

"I'll try to foot it?" Barton said as he dismounted. He gave his horse a final kindly stroke as he left him, saying, "Stay here, Peralta, boy, until I come for you."

Benumbed and stiffened in body, his precious package in hand, the man stumbled along the road. A faint light in the East told him of the approach of day. Attempting to hasten, he dizzily reeled, caught himself, and staggered on a few paces, only to fall wearily on the other side of the road. "I will go on," he muttered, "I will — I —," his voice fell into a faint cry as he sank back against the bank.

A faint sound coming from the distance caught his attention. He strained his sense to make out what it was. The blood beat wildly in his heart as the realization came to him that it was a light wagon or carriage that he heard. Then the fear that it would not come his way, going the lower road instead, became so frightful to him that he painfully dragged himself to the ridge of the hill. The sound continued to approach, until there appeared a light wagon driven by a fair-haired girl.

"Melton, Melton!" He cried. "She has come for me — has saved me, saved me!" he repeated, hysterically.

Just at that moment the girl's searching eyes made out the figure on the ridge, and she rose in her seat and waved her hand.

"It's six o'clock?" she cried, as soon as she was in calling distance, "and the men have all gathered in angry mob; but we can make it! Hurrah!"

"You are a heroine, sweetheart," he whispered, as he mounted the seat.

"I've a prouder title than that," she said.

"My love!" He finished.

The Czarina's Midnight Ride

RUSSIA'S capital is all agog over the recent midnight drive of the young Empress around St. Petersburg. The Empress does not limit her peregrinations to the Nicky Prospect and fashionable thoroughfare, but visits most of the out-of-the-way suburbs, where the appearance of the imperial carriage, with its bemedaled coachman and resplendent Cossack footman, creates consternation among the police.

The police are purposely not warned of the expeditions, in order to avoid any appearance of premeditation. The Empress is always accompanied by her eldest sister, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth. The idea of the drives was suggested by the Grand Duchess, who is fond of going among the people and freeing herself at every opportunity from the trammels of etiquette. Grand Duchess Elizabeth is a favorite with the people on account of her democratic ways. She has succeeded in raising enormous sums from wealthy Moscow merchants by the charm of her manner. She invited the merchants to a bazaar, shook hands with them, and gave them refreshments with her own hands. She also called upon their wives and drank tea with them.

The Emperor's attitude toward the people is shown by the orders given to the coachman who drives the royal children. He has been instructed that he must stop when he sees anybody desiring to present a petition. When the carriage is stopped, the little Grand Duchess Olga gravely rises, takes the petition, smiles sweetly, and brings the document home to her father. While the heir apparent was driving the other day, a man rushed up, holding out a petition. A policeman seized him, but the heir to the throne ordered the coachman to halt, rebuked the policeman, and accepted the petition.

Napoleon's Jailer at St. Helena

FOR many years the name of Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity, has rested under the imputation of cruelty to his distinguished prisoner. Quite recently these charges have been shown to be unfounded, and it has become apparent that Sir Hudson Lowe did all that lay in his power to make Napoleon's residence at St. Helena as comfortable as circumstances would allow. From the very first there was evidently a preconcerted plan, on the part of the ex-Emperor and his suite, to get up every sort of complaint in order to create a sensation in Europe, and prevent the interest felt in his favor from dying away. Sir Robert Spencer obtained access to the diary kept by Sir Hudson Lowe before refuting in detail the various groundless allegations of which the unfortunate custodian of Napoleon was, and to a great extent is still, the victim. If Sir Hudson Lowe caused a plaster bust of the King of Rome to be broken, it was because he knew very well that a forbidden letter was concealed in it, and the so-called act of "savage cruelty" had no more serious consequences than a burst of merriment from Mme. Bertrand, who exclaimed, "You have found us out!" For a time the slow progress made with the improvements at Longwood was Napoleon's favorite grievance. The workmen engaged on them was no sooner increased than the captive took to shooting with a pistol in such a manner that the balls flew about their ears, and their lives were in jeopardy. The building was forcibly suspended, and when Napoleon was requested to leave off his target-practice that it might be resumed, he flew into a rage and declared he was prevented from taking the amusements and exercise necessary for his health. The Emperor fancied a pony carriage imported by one of the English officers, and hoped that a similar one might be sent out from Europe for his use. Sir Hudson Lowe immediately induced the owner to surrender his purchase. Napoleon expressed his liking for a particular kind of fish; Sir Hudson forthwith sent to the market to lay an embargo upon all fish of that sort for the Longwood table. The task entrusted to Sir Hudson Lowe was well nigh an impossible one.

The Cremorne Mission's Work

The work of the McAuley Cremorne Mission, of New York, is already well known to the readers of this journal. Its efforts have been wonderfully blessed during the past year. Many have been brought to confess Christ, and many consoled in sickness and sorrow. The rigorous winter, with its bitter nights, has made the Mission's relief work very heavy, and it is greatly in need of help. Donations may be sent to the Superintendent, Mr. Charles E. Ballou, 104 West Thirty-second street, New York City.

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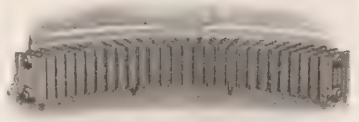

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Questions and Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

A. W. F., New York. What is the meaning of "In my Father's house there are many mansions?"

A more literal interpretation is "abiding-places." The obvious meaning is that there is room enough for all, and a place for each. Some have taken it to mean that the stars were being prepared as the future habitations of God's people, but there is nothing in the language of Scripture to warrant such an interpretation.

Mark B. A., Rutherford, N. J. I read that at the recent New York East Conference, a prominent Methodist made the point that he believed the Church was justified in accepting gifts from any one who had a legal title to his money, and added that he (the speaker) would accept them, although he would not ask for them. Was he right?

Good law, possibly, but poor ethics. Legal right being assumed, the moral right is what the Church should consider. "Many things are lawful, but not expedient." Besides, the distinction of merit between one who stands, hat in hand, but mute, in the attitude of appeal, and one who voices his need, is a very subtle one. If there is a taint on the gift, surely silence on the part of the beneficiary won't remove it. In the old temple days, nothing that had spot or blemish, or which was the product of crime or immorality, was permitted to be offered to the Lord.

A St. Louis reader writes that the W. C. T. U. has denied the story of $300,000 capital being collected by a "Vice Syndicate." That organization, with many others, is working in behalf of the movement to cleanse the city. The correspondent suggests prayer as the best remedy for existing conditions.

T. R. I., Meanskinisht, B. C. What reason is there, apart from the claim of the Bible itself, for believing it to be inspired, and not the work of man?

Mr. D. L. Moody's answer to that question was the most impressive we have heard. He said, "I know the Bible is inspired because it inspires me." The effect of the Book is such as no other has had. It reveals truth that no one could have imagined. It finds a response in the human soul, which shows how profoundly true it is. Those who know it best and model their lives by its precepts become better men. Its influence on a community is invariably elevating. These are some of the reasons for believing it to be inspired; but it is not correct to say it is not the work of man. The theory of inspiration does not exclude, but rather implies human agency. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit (II. Peter 1:21).

A. T., Chick Springs, S. C. In many places the Bible speaks of the "time of the end;" to what period does it refer?

Usually, to the end of this dispensation, when it is expected that Christ will return and reign upon the earth for a thousand years. In other places, however, it refers to the close of that period, when the earth will be destroyed by fire. The context will guide you as to which is the time indicated in any particular passage.

G. B. L., Hartford, So. D. What has become of the Romans as a nation? They seemed to be a large and powerful nation in the time of Christ.

The ancient Roman Empire, at one time "mistress of the world," was overthrown in 476 A.D., and its people were widely scattered. The power of the empire had been slowly declining for two centuries, and many revolutions had stripped it of much of its possessions. The Italians of to-day are the remains of the once great empire. See Gibbon's History of Rome.

Reader. Your "Answered Prayers'" column has been so great a blessing to many, that the thought occurred to me you might be willing to change it now into a "Praying Circle."

We think the suggestion to organize "praying circles" is one that could be carried out locally, by our readers, to great advantage. We should be glad to hear of any such circles that are organized.

John S., New York. Your article in reference to the admission of a retail liquor dealer to church membership was so admirably written that it was reprinted, and found general acceptance. There seems to be a general agreement that churches should not get their communion money from men who are engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicants. This seems to be important, and is perhaps the first opening made for the enemy, which then would almost make a claim for entrance by making a donation.

This whole matter of "the saloon-keeper's money" and the attitude of the Church concerning saloon-keepers' gifts, was thoroughly canvassed in this journal nearly two years ago, several hundred readers participating in the discussion. The general conclusion reached was that any gift accepted for the Lord's work should be free from taint or blemish, and that a man's legal right to money did not necessarily imply that he had a moral right to it.

New Albany Ind. Is it wrong to sell in the church, to make money to beautify the church?

See John 2:16, and parallel passages.

J. O. R., Newark, Ill. Under what conditions might it be a detriment to the world, should Japan win the war with Russia?

If the fears of an Asiatic union were realized, and if the "yellow swarm" of 300,000,000 Chinese, adopting Japan's progressive policy, were to become a warlike people, the peace of the world might be menaced, and its industries greatly affected. We believe, however, that the talk of the "yellow peril" is merely sensational. Japan's victory over Russia would mean the triumph of a heathen power over one at least nominally Christian. Though Russia is ignorant, bigoted, superstitious and intolerant, yet she is a Christian country, while Japan is Buddhist. The latter is, in a certain sense, quite as civilized as Russia. Many would regard Japan's success as a triumph of justice. If Russia wins, the mission field in Manchuria and Corea will be practically closed; if Japan wins, the field will be open, and more available for the workers.

Reader, Canisteo. In the sermon I heard on Easter evening, the preacher stated that the guards who were stationed over our Saviour's tomb were Cæsar's bodyguards, and that they were Highland Scotchmen. Where did he get his authority for the latter statement?

We have no idea where he found such an extraordinary statement. Why not ask him?

L. L. L., Stanton, Minn., writes:

My attention has just been called to an article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD entitled, "The President and Temperance." I honestly believe that, by God's help, a movement as set forth in this article would give the greatest possible impetus to the cause of temperance in our beloved land. Invite all the temperance people of this great land with a petition to the President. I feel sure that God would bless the effort.

P. V. F., Washington. Is not the sin of covetousness one of the greatest sins?

It is one of the cardinal sins denounced in the Decalogue, and its indulgence leads to the commission of many other sins.

E. A. P., Hatherly, Mass. Why is the "Mary called Magdalene" of Luke 8:2 confounded with the woman "who was a sinner" of Luke 7:36-40 and 45-50?

There is no positive evidence that the two were identical, yet some commentators hold that they were, and that Mary Magdalen (called by Talmudists "Mariam Megaddela," meaning either "Mariam of the braided locks" —"the twiner or plaiter of hair"—or of the town of Magdala, near Jerusalem, a place said to have been notorious for its lack of morals) and the woman of Luke 7:37 were the same. Others identify her with Mary of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus, and still others believed she was the daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman of Mark 7:26. The question of her identity has given rise to great controversies from the earliest times, and it is still unsettled.

H. B., Archbold, O. Is a man justified in denying even the necessaries of life to his wife and children (proper food and clothing), in order that he may keep his father or his wife's father from going to the poorhouse?

If he is willing to make personal sacrifice for the sake of an aged parent, we think he ought to be encouraged. If the person to be helped is given to drink, no sacrifice should be made, unless he reforms.

Nemo, Wilmington, Del. The marriage, if there was a ceremony performed by a clergyman or magistrate, is probably valid. The age of the parties is sufficient. As to the objection to the lady, unless the husband was grossly deceived, he has no remedy.

Mrs. C. M. V., Greenfield, Mo. I would like to see in print, the poem:

"Have you heard of the sun-bright clime,
Undermined by snow, unhurt by time,
Where age has no power o'er our fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?"

Perhaps some reader can indicate where the rest of the poem may be found.

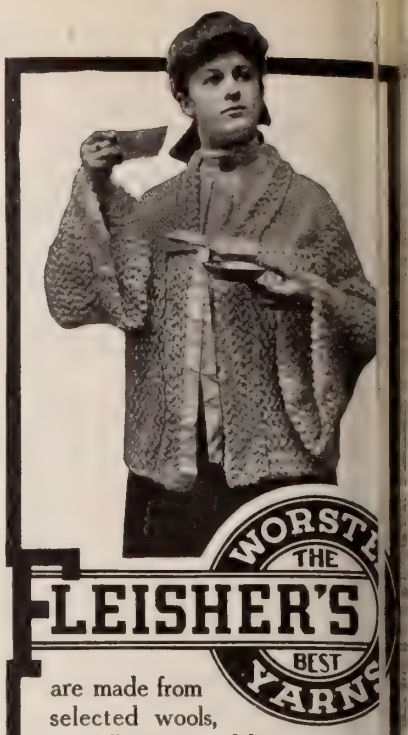
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

II. WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS OF UNBELIEF

II. Corinthians 4:3 and 4
Hebrews 3:12, 18 and 19
Luke 12:46
Mark 16:15 and 16
John 3:18 and 36
John 8:24 and 47
John 10:26, 27 and 28
John 12:48
Hebrews 12:25
II. Peter 3:3 to 11
Psalms 78:19 to 25, 32, 41
Luke 8:12

D. F. E.



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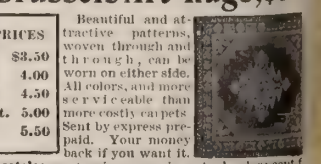

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Jas D., St. Paul, Minn. 1. What is the average rate of pay for railroad workers on the Isthmus? 2. What do you know reliably about the healthfulness or sickness of the place? Laborers (presumably unskilled) have been receiving $2.20 silver for ten hours' work, but are now on strike for 80 cents advance. 2. The death rate is very high, 80 or 90 per 1,000; but a sanitary committee is now at work endeavoring to remove many of the local causes of disease and epidemics.

Subscriber, Sharon, Mass. 1. The case you cite very much resembles that of the Prodigal son in several particulars. There is the wayward lad, wasting his inheritance in riotous living; the father giving him his portion; the selfish and outwardly moral brother, who grudges the other any consideration at his parent's hands. Unfortunately, the climax is different. We do not know enough about the case to condemn the elder brother, through whose influence the other is deprived of his patrimony, although it seems like a heartless and selfish piece of business. 2. Drunkenness is frequently denounced because it is the universal vice, the cause of the greater part of the world's crime, misery, suffering, and sorrow to-day. See I. Cor. 6: 10. 3. A man may be innocent in God's eyes and yet a constructive criminal punishable by man's laws; and again he may be held guiltless by man and yet be guilty before God. See Isa. 55: 8.

Miss P. G. E., Scranton, Pa. Is physical pain of any advantage to man?

Among the ancients, pain was believed to be necessary to prepare man for a better and purer state of existence. It is unquestionable that many natures are purged and refined by pain and suffering.

L., Sedro Woolley. 1. When a person makes confession of sins, is it necessary to tell openly all he has done, or to say he has sinned and to seek forgiveness? 2. Is it right for a person to ask membership with another church temporarily, while living where there is no church to which he has belonged?

It is not necessary to give in public a detailed account of one's errors. No good end is served by such a proceeding. We should, however, declare our contrition and express our sorrow and desire for forgiveness for Christ's sake, and our resolve, with God's help to do right hereafter. 2. Quite right, assuming that you refer to a Christian church, and not to one of a totally different religion.

J. C., Waterford, Conn. 1. When a member of the Baptist or any other church is "dropped" or "excluded," is it proper that the cause be added in the records? 2. Kindly explain the difference in "dropping" and "excluding" a member.

1. It certainly should be entered, in order to make the record complete. 2. A member may be "dropped" for various reasons, such as non-attendance or removal, none of which may reflect upon his character and standing. "Exclusion," however, is a more serious matter. To shut one out of the community of God's people, there must be a substantial reason, which relates to conduct or character.

Miscellaneous

P. B. S., Atlanta, Ind. We never heard of it.

Mrs. M. A. M., Germantown, O. Twenty-six years.

W. G. A., Chatham, Ont. 1. He is not the same Joseph Smith. 2. No.

Mrs. Marie H. Sunday ball-playing is Sabbath desecration, of course.

S. L. Z., Spring Mills, Pa. It seems to us to be a foolish kind of business.

E. L. Y., Frederick, Okla. Such a contingency can be provided for by numbering the badges.

Mrs. J. E. H., Brinkleyville, N. C. We know nothing of the concern. We pay no attention to chain letters.

A number of readers have sent in additional answers to S. W. C.'s query concerning the verse, "Could I with the ocean fill." The answer was given last week in THE MAIL-BAG.

R. A. Mode, Secretary of Union Sunday School, Modena, Pa., writes, requesting some prosperous Sunday School to send his school a gift of discarded books, which will be greatly appreciated.

Rev. E. O. Guerrant, of the Soul Winners' League, Wilmore, Ky., writes that the League has sent out ninety workers during the past year to proclaim the Gospel among the mountaineers.

Mrs. L. N. S., Baton Rouge, La., writes to know, from some MAIL-BAG reader, the name of the author of the verses beginning:

I place in thy young hands, my child,
A heaven-constructed chart.

Mrs. L. A. C., Oswego, N. Y., writes us that she has compiled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (to which she is a subscriber) twenty-nine scrap-books, illustrated, giving a great variety of classified articles on home missions, foreign missions, work among children, Bible study, Oriental life, testimony of the mounds, temperance work, etc. She has these so arranged as to be convenient for ready reference. A capital suggestion for students.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.

No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.

250 prizes will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.

In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.

Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.

6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.

7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *How to Succeed*, by Orison Swett Marden, sent all charges prepaid

8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. V.

A TRAVELER who had spent some time at the capital of a native king, was proceeding on his journey, when a messenger overtook him, saying: "The Book! The king wants the Book!" The desired volume, a copy of the Bible, was given to the messenger. From it the traveler had, a few days before, read the seventh chapter of Revelation, from the ninth verse to the end, which made a deep impression upon the king and his chiefs.

"Tell the white people," said the king, "that I am like a man sitting in the darkness or born blind. All I ask is that I may be taught to see, and I will be a Christian as long as I live." This appeal was sent to a daily paper, published in a great city. In response, money was quickly given to establish a mission, and men offered themselves for the work. Thirty years later, the Christian Church in the country of this king, numbered 40,000 communicants.

? **Name the traveler, also the king and his country** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. II.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR, FOUNDER OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 2 have been received from O. E. Barglebaugh, Miss Cora J. Beard, Alfred A. L. Bennett, Sadie E. Boice, C. O. Cain, A. E. Cummings, W. E. Clark, Una Corner, Mae Frances Crowell, Mrs. Eva Blaisdell Davis, Miss Inez P. Dimond, Mrs. A. P. Doubleday, Helen G Dow, Miss H. Foster, A. M. Grover, Miss Isabel Halkett, Mrs. Charles Harris, Susan E. Hough, Fanny E. Kagey, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Mrs. J. H. Lee, Virginia Lewis, Anna MacKinney, Elizabeth McCracken, Geo. G. Michelbach, Ella Keck Morgan, Wm. L. Morton, Edward R. Paddock, Olive M. Palmer, Mrs. J. R. Parker, John L. Perham, George W. Sidout, J. M. Schnope, Mrs. A. W. Scott, E. B. Seibert, Alice L. Snow, Miss Clara A. Stevens, James H. Torrey, Morton Ward, Harry Watkins, Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson.

PICTURE No. 4

PICTURE No. 1

PICTURE No. 2

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HEINZ

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A Case Where the Taking of Morphine Began With Coffee

"For 15 years," says a young Ohio woman, "I was a great sufferer from stomach, heart and liver trouble. For the last 10 years the suffering was terrible; it would be impossible to describe it. During the last three years I had convulsions from which the only relief was the use of morphine.

"I had several physicians, nearly all of whom advised me to stop drinking tea and coffee, but as I could take only liquid foods, I felt I could not live without coffee. I continued drinking it until I became almost insane; my mind was affected, while my whole nervous system was a complete wreck. I suffered day and night from thirst, and as water would only make me sick, I kept on trying different drinks, until a friend asked me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"I did so, but it was some time before I was benefited by the change, my system was so filled with coffee poison. It was not long, however, before I could eat all kinds of foods, and drink all the cold water I wanted and which my system demands. It is now 8 years I have drank nothing but Postum for breakfast and supper, and the result has been that in place of being an invalid, with my mind affected, I am now strong, sturdy, happy and healthy.

"I have a very delicate daughter who had been greatly benefited by drinking Postum, also a strong boy who would rather go without food for his breakfast than his Postum. So much depends on the proper cooking of Postum, for unless it is boiled the proper length of time, people will be disappointed in it. Those in the habit of drinking strong coffee should make the Postum very strong at first, in order to get a strong coffee taste." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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ZULUS TEACHING ZULUS

Industrial Education in Zululand

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN MR. DUBE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

NEWS that will gratify every reader interested in foreign missionary work comes from Zululand, where an effort has been in progress for some years to give the natives not only the Gospel of Christ, but such training in the arts of civilized life as to improve the condition of the country. The work, initiated by the missionaries, has received an impetus from the active interest of John L. Dube, a Zulu of high rank in his native land, who was educated in this country. He is first cousin of Chief Umqawe, one of the most powerful leaders among the Zulus, and a member of the late king's family. Mr. Dube was deeply impressed during his residence in the United States with the advantage it would be to his people to learn the American method of cultivating the soil, and to become adepts in American manufactures. In order to gain an insight into the best educational methods, he visited the Hampton Schools and the Institution under Booker T. Washington, at Tuskegee, and returned to Zululand, full of enthusiastic interest in industrial education.

Mr. Dube promptly established a small school on his return to Zululand. His funds were small, but sufficient for an experiment. He wished to ascertain whether his people were too conservative to adopt new methods. A very short period sufficed to demonstrate the attitude of the Zulus. The young people crowded to the school, eager for the knowledge he was anxious to impart. They proved docile and studious, and the success of the experiment is clearly proved. The first term opened with about seventy-five pupils, which were about twenty-five more than could be reasonably accommodated. Then additions were built, which have been crowded this term with 180 pupils, more than double their capacity, coming from the borders of Transvaal, Swaziland, Basutoland, Zululand and Natal. Mr. Dube has now returned to America to report progress, and to solicit help for an extension of his school. He gives some interesting incidents to show the value and prospects of the work.

"One boy," he says, "came to the school from a long distance, wearing dirty clothes, and as wild in appearance as a Zulu can be in savage state. He wanted an education. The first lesson we gave him was to go to the river with a piece of soap and wash himself. Now, the quick change that has taken place is simply wonderful. He reads his Bible, and works in the farm, and understands how to handle an American plough, so that when he returns home he will be a great help to his people.

"Some boys and girls come to us with nothing on but beads, and we have to teach them the first lessons in dress. Although I do not mean to say putting on civilized clothing indicates morality, still we find that the heathen invariably has a desire to cover his body as soon as he is converted.

"Chief Ponqwana, of the Zotya tribe, who has been opposing our work, was softened by our mission girl making a white shirt for him.

"One incident which occurred there recently, is of a woman whose husband gave her permission to attend preaching service. She became converted and joined the mission church. When she refused to attend witch-dancess, make beer for her husband, and eat meat offered to spirits, her husband beat her, and forced her to do these things against her will. She tried to pray in the hut, but her husband would not let her, so she went out to the fields, and attended divine service when she could. She kept praying for her husband until the Spirit of God touched his heart, and one day she was surprised to hear him say that she might go to the Jesus meetings, and offered to go with her. After a few weeks, he stood up and confessed his sins, and told how badly he had treated his wife. It was a joyful day for her, and for all the people. They are now both members of the Church."

Rev. W. C. Wilcox, of the American Board of Missions among the Zulus, has visited the school, and speaks in the highest terms of its success.

Mr. Dube has organized a committee in this country to advise him in the extension of his work, and to solicit funds for the erection of other buildings in which to carry it on. It is distinctly a missionary effort, in which Christianity occupies the first place; and, combined with it, is the industrial education, which, it is hoped, will lead to the development of the civilization of the people. Any contributions sent to this office, will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to Mr. Dube's treasurer.

Jewish Persecution

COMPARATIVELY few Americans have any idea of the number and extent of the Jewish massacres that have occurred in Eastern Europe, even within the memory of the present generation.

The People, the Land and the Book (the New York Hebrew-Christian Magazine, Edited by B. A. M. Schapiro, and devoted to the interests of the ancient race throughout the world), in its current issue gives the following startling list of Jewish massacres in Russia:

April, 1881, Elisabethgrad; Elisabethgrad provinces; Jews in thirty-one villages slain; Golta; Berwsouka and Annaruiw. April 1 to May 26. Jewish inhabitants in eight villages murdered; same date, Kiev, also Wassilkar, Faslon, Wassilen and three villages, all in Kiev province. Also in April, 1881, Province of Podolioa, town of Schmerinka; eight villages in the neighborhood of Kiev. Province of Tschernigow, city of Kenolop and suburbs; and in the same province, nine villages. In May, 1881, in the same province, nine villages, Smela and twelve villages; same date, Province of Wolkyn, city of Wolostchisk and four villages; Odessa and two villages; Province of Cheisone, Nikololeijew and Orechow; Province of Jekatermoslanes, Alexandrowsk, twenty-seven villages and three Jewish agricultural colonies. Besides these there were three massacres in 1882, one in 1883 and three in 1884. These are exclusive of the frightful massacre at Kishineff.

There were widespead intimations of intended massacres at Kishineff and other Russian cities, this Easter, but the government, influenced by the sharp criticisms from other lands last year, has seen fit to prevent them thus far.

Bulgaria is the latest scene of anti-Jewish outrages. Letters from Lompalanka state that mobs gathered and attacked the Jews of that place. The mobs gashed the sides of the Jews, drove nails in their hands and feet, and placed crowns of thorns on their heads. The Bulgarian Government suppressed the news, trying to prevent the antagonizing of international Jewish financiers, who frequently handle Bulgarian loans.

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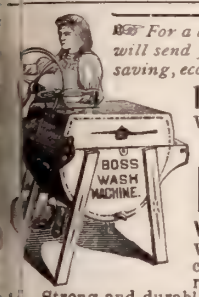

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THE OLD MAN'S POSY

By Mary Lowe Dickinson

TOLD ye the spring-time was here,
e'en a'most;
And you answered, 'I want to
know!'
But I've fetched home suthin'
that proves I'm right;
I found it under the snow:
'Tis a reg'lar May-flower, sweet
and pink,
Just a-gittin' ready to blow.

"Hold on till I pull off my mittens, good wife,
And straighten this crick in my back;
'Rheumatiky folks ain't no right in the woods,'
Well, I own up, I be growin' slack;
Why I wouldn' thought nothin' a few years
ago
Of givin' them pine-knots a whack.

"There's yer posy! The idees it put in my
head
I bet yer ye couldn't have guessed;
You know, don't ye, wife? that I hev seen the
day
When my choppin' was good as the best:
But neow 'fore I git 'nough to last us a spell
I jest want to scoot home and rest.

"Ain't yer kind er lonesome shet up with yer
aches?
Though you'd never let on, I'll be beound,
You ain't one er that kind, Elviry, that makes
A man feel he mustn't set reound,
Nor I one a woman must pester and nag
To make him git over the greound.

"We're old and you're ailin'; but no one can
say
We haven't worked airly and late;
'Tain't my fault nor yourn if there's money to
pay,
And I've got to that contrairy state
Where the mortgage can stand on the house
and the land,
And the rich folks that hold it kin wait.

"You're right! it sounds 'sassy'—I don't owe
no grudge—
But, over that mortgage, I've sweat,
And you've worn to bones—a reg'lar drudge—
To git the old farm out of debt;
Neow my foot is set deown, and I ain't goin'
to budge,
The owner can't turn us out yet.

"Down yonder 'n the lot when I see that ere
pink
Jest peekin' and liftin' its head,
Somehow it fetched to me, as quick as a wink,
Your face, lyin' there on the bed;
And your eyes looked so lonesome, they jest
made me think
Of all the hard life you had led.

"And I yanked up that posy and jest put for
home,
As spry as I done years ago;
Seemed 's ef you'd be watchin' eout for me to
come,
And, somehow, I reckoned you'd know
That I'd kinder dug up the old love—that gits
numb—
Bein' buried deown under the snow.

"Under the load that has pestered us both
Till we lived the life of a slave,
Till you never hoped for nothin' but work,
Me nuther—this side er the grave;
And worried forever lest folks in debt
Salvation warn't meant to save.

"Now whether it is, or whether it ain't,
Is nuthin' to you nor me,
Mebbe it's Scripter, and mebbe 'tain't,
We've never hed time to see;
Some day we'll set deown together and sarch
If that mortgage jest lets us be.

"'Live savin'!' Oh, yes, I will save you, wife,
From this tarnal worry and fret;
Mebbe the poor-house ends our life,
Though I'd be willing to bet
When folks sets deown, beat out, to rest,
The good Lord lets 'em set!

"He ain't no debtor to drive and squeeze
As long as a body can go;
Or to turn us old folks out to freeze;
What's that you say? 'Jest so.'
'Tis Him that nusses sech flowers as these
All winter under the snow."

Fannie Crosby Not in Want

The report which has been widely circulated, that Fanny Crosby, the aged hymn writer, is poor and in want, is denied by her friends, who assure THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that Miss Crosby has never authorized any appeals in her behalf. She is comfortable, and has a permanent provision during her life-time.

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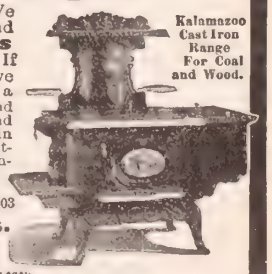

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Help for the Sleepless

HOW TO SLEEP, a little book by Marion M. George, will make interesting reading to many people, who spend weary hours in vain endeavors to find sleep. Hawthorne says in his *Mosses from an Old Manse:* "Were I to adopt a pet idea as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be that the great want which mankind labors under at this present period, is sleep." Few people properly value the blessing of sleep until they are deprived of it.

There never was a time when we could better realize the importance of the question, than now, when life seems to take on with each day added and ever increasing complexities. The "ravelled sleeve of care" seems to become more tattered every day, and in need of sleep's gentle mending. The author of *The Witchery of Sleep* says: "Most of the mischievous stories told about the ability of great men to do without sleep are untrue, and the foolish man who reads that Napoleon slept only three or four hours at night, and cuts down his own hours of sleep, might better open a vein and lose a quart of blood, than lose the sleep, which is life itself."

In the chapter devoted to "How to Secure Sleep," the author says: "Affairs of the day should never be carried into the night, which is nature's sleeping time. If you wish to sleep well, you must go to bed with a tranquil heart. Forget everything that has troubled you during the day. When you lay your head upon your pillow, fill your mind with peaceful, happy thoughts, no matter how unpleasant the day may have been, think glad thoughts. Let your last waking thought be one of gladness." This certainly is good advice, and the author recommends those inclined to worry at night, to learn the following lines by Phillips Brooks, and repeat them:

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But, sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

The chapters on "Sleeping habits and hours," "Getting ready for bed," "Position in bed," "The furnishing of the bed-room," etc., are all filled with practical suggestions to those unfortunates, who toss and tumble all night long in a vain endeavor to sleep, and who arise in the morning more tired than when they went to bed.

Price 50 cents. Published by F. J. George, Berwyn, Ill.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Man who Pleases and the Woman who Charms, by John A. Cone; a trim little helpful book on a variety of attractive topics—conversation, tact, attention, the voice, manners, dress, etc. Pp. 131, cloth, 50c. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

The American Prisoner, a Romance of the West Country, by Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. A capital story, full of incident, action, and tender romance. Pp. 506, cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

What Shall I Do? by John S. Stoddard. A capital book for young people. It gives a very clear and suggestive outline of fifty profitable occupations from which to choose a life-calling. Illustrated. Pp. 276, cloth. Price $1. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

Songs of all the Colleges, compiled by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard), and Karl P. Harrington (Wesleyan), is a book that will be welcomed by music lovers everywhere, and especially by college men. It contains all the musical wit and humor, nonsense, pathos and romance of college life. Well bound in cloth, quarto size, the scores clearly printed. Price $1.50. Hinds & Noble, publishers, New York.

The Social Unrest; Studies in Labor and Social Movements, by John Graham Brooks. This is a book dealing very exhaustively with some of the leading problems of our time, not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world. By no means radical in his views, the writer sheds a light on the history and spread of modern socialism, which will help many to a clearer understanding. Pp. 394, paper covers, 25c. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

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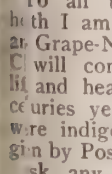

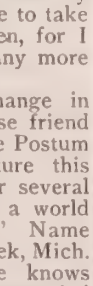

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WATCHFULNESS

Christ's Injunction to His People

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR Lord taught his disciples the great lesson of living without anxiety about things temporal, because we have such a God, and in our God such a Father. And he sums up this lesson thus: "And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, and live not in careful suspense [marg.]. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all those things shall be added unto you." True watching is all-absorbing.

One who truly watches for the Lord watches "more than they that watch for the morning." One who is constantly occupied with himself is always full of fears. He cannot look with a single eye to the Lord's return. His eye is so occupied within, that it is not free to look without, and watch for the Morning Star. He that is filled with the wondrous truth of the Father's good pleasure to give the Kingdom to the most unworthy and undeserving, because he sees them, and accepts them, in the Beloved (Eph. 1:6), is free from his fears to look out, and watch, for the coming of the Lord.

Then our Lord says, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he shall return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open to him immediately" (ver. 35). There is but one Scriptural girding of the loins—"Having your loins girt about with truth" (Eph. 6:14). Anything which is not transparent is a hindrance to the true spirit of watching for the Lord. How can anyone truly watch for him whose eyes are "as a flame of fire" (Rev. 1:14) if he has something in his heart and life which he is seeking to hide? He cannot watch with girded loins; he is not meet for the Master's use. And "lights burning." If our spiritual life is running so low that people have to inquire whether we are children of light, it is impossible for us to be really on the watch for our Lord. No one who has eyes can mistake where a light is, if it is really burning.

It is easy to say, "I am of a reserved disposition, and am not in the habit of talking about these holy things." But you would be if your heart were full of them, for Jesus says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12:34). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9). When the disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost, they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts 4:20). If you can be silent about these things, is it not a proof that you are not filled with the Spirit? If you do not confess Christ with your mouth, is it not a proof that you do not believe on him in your heart, but only in your head? And is it not true that you are not watching for the coming of the Lord? Are there not in your heart expectations of marriage, of pleasure, of riches, or of some other earthly hope, which take up far more of your time and thoughts than the coming of the Lord?

Much is spoken in sermons, about much is sung in hymns, about being ready for death. But death is never set before us as that which we are to look for. It is always the coming of the Lord. "If I go and prepare a place for you," said our Lord to his disciples before his sufferings, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:3). No mention of death. This is our expectation; to be with him. He had already said, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be" (John 12:26); and in his last great prayer he prayed, "Father, I will that they also which thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world" (John 17:24). The heart's longing to be with him is but to reciprocate the longing of his heart to have us where he is.

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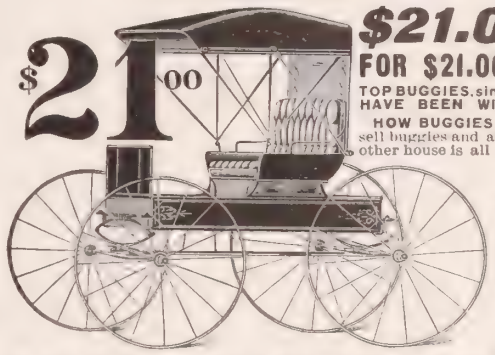

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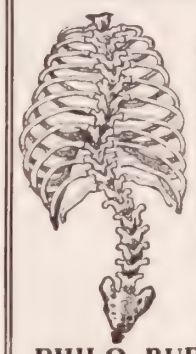

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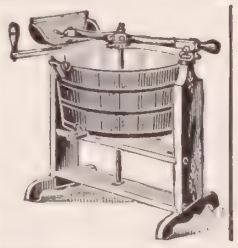

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SEE PAGE 395

A HALT IN THE TROPICAL FORESTS OF THE AMAZON

Questions & Answers

SPECIAL NOTICE

All letters for the "Mail-Bag" must contain the name and address of the writer, not for publication, but so that an answer may be sent by mail if necessary.

Paul L., Albion, Mich. What was the immigration to the United States last year and the year before?

1892, 623,084; 1893, 502,917.

Inquirer, Oxford, Pa. What are the doctrines of the Reformed Dutch Church, to which the President belongs?

Practically they differ but little from those of the Presbyterian Church. Moderate Calvinism is usually preached, and in all essentials the church is evangelical. Pastors pass without change of creed from the Reformed to the Presbyterian Church, or *vice versa*. The Heidelberg Catechism, which is one of the standards, agrees in the main with the Shorter Catechism, and is very clear in its declaration against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and against the Lutheran belief on the same subject. The government of the church is also akin to that of the Presbyterian Church. The Consistory, the Classis, and the Synods are similar to the Presbytery, the Synod, and the Assembly, though with some differences in details.

O. J. B., Lincoln, Neb. 1. When were cards first introduced and by whom? 2. If a sanctified person should be assaulted would it be right for him to return the blow?

1. They are said to be of remote Chinese origin. Another account is, that they were invented and introduced in Europe in mediæval times for the amusement of an insane King of France. 2. See Luke 6: 29, and parallel passages.

E. R., Mounds, Ill. What did Christ mean in Luke 7: 26, where he said, speaking of John the Baptist, "The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he?" Are we to understand that the Christians of to-day are greater than he was?

Commentators agree that the point of comparison is not a personal one. It relates rather to John's relative standing or position in the economy of grace. He was far in advance of all who had preceded him in his clear vision of the Messiah's coming and the fulfilment of prophecy; yet those who were with Christ, as believers at that time, were greater in the sense that they knew and experienced that which John had only foreshadowed. He stood above the prophets in the old dispensation and beneath those of the new.

J. J. R., Mobile, Ala. 1. What is a "Cheshire cat," and is the term used in any sense denoting characteristics? 2. In books printed in the eighteenth century, I find the first word on each page printed at the bottom of the preceding page. Why was that done?

1. Cheese was formerly sold in Cheshire, England, moulded in the form of a cat, with its teeth a-grin. Hence the term, "grinning like a Cheshire cat." 2. It was an old custom, originating with the practice among attorneys and scriveners of putting the "catch-word" at bottom of every page in title-deeds and similar documents.

Reader, London, Ont. Where was the soul of Christ during the interval between his death on the cross and his resurrection?

In the absence of definite statements of Scripture, we cannot answer the question, save by inference. There is Christ's own promise to the thief (Luke 23: 43), "To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise;" but that he meant by the word Paradise the place we call heaven, does not appear probable, in view of his remark to Mary (John 20: 17), "I am not yet ascended to my Father." Neither could he have meant the place we call hell, in spite of Peter's assertion (I. Peter 3: 19) that "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison," for such a prospect would not have comforted the thief. We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that there is an abode of disembodied spirits, known to theologians as the "intermediate state," in which, as an ante-chamber of heaven, the soul remains for a period, in rest and preparation for the full enjoyment of heavenly bliss. It may have been from such an abode that Lazarus was recalled, when Christ raised him from the dead; and it may have been of such a place that Paul speaks (II. Cor. 12: 4), wherein in a trance, as a foretaste of heaven, he heard "unspeakable things." To such a place Christ's spirit may have gone, and it may be to that he alluded, when he told John (Rev. 1: 18), that he had "the keys of hades and of death."

George Frisbee, Sr., long a reader of this journal, writes:

What a beautiful history could be written—"The History of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; from its inception to the present time." I have a long file of the paper. It is a grand cyclopedia of modern history. With it I converse with the great minds of the past, who have fought their battles against satanic influences, and wrought out through persecution or affliction a glorious transfiguration, made havoc on the middle wall of partition between sin and holiness, won the victory, and gone "through the gates" to glory, shouting their battle cry, "I have conquered! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." It seems as if we could almost grasp the hand of each dear old warrior.

J. H. W., Russell, Ia. Should children be taught that there are crosses to bear in the Christian life?

Yes, and they should also be taught that they will be strengthened to bear them, and that character is developed through struggle and trial, as gold is refined by fire.

Mrs. J. F. C., Chicago, Ill. In Exodus 33: 11, it says, "God talked with Moses face to face," and in verse 20 it says, "No man can see me and live." Is not that a contradiction?

Not necessarily. Commentators have united in the opinion that the passage means that "Jehovah who thus spoke was the Revealing Angel—the Second Person in the Trinity," and that therefore the passage is not inconsistent with the declaration that "God is a Spirit, whom no man hath seen or can see."

T. R. G., Goshen, N. Y. Speaking of a repugnant person, we frequently hear the expression, "Look for the cloven foot." What is its meaning and origin?

It means simply, look out for some knavish intention or some base motive. The allusion, of course, is to Satan, who is represented with cloven feet, like those of a goat.

J. G. B., Lebanon, Pa. What is the present religious condition of Ethiopia?

The Ethiopia of the Bible is now merely a geographical expression, and no longer exists as a distinct country. It included practically the whole of Africa south of Egypt, viz.: Nubia, Senaar, Kordofan, Abyssinia, the "Kingdom of Meroe," etc. Abyssinia is now a Christian nation. The others are now divided up under many different rulers, and are partly Christian, partly Mohammedan, and partly heathen.

Mrs. B. M., Taghkanick, N. Y. Please give the names of the four women who visited the empty tomb on Easter morn?

Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, Salome, and Joanna.

C. A., Oakland, Kan. Does not the authority Christ gave his disciples to remit or retain sins (John 20: 23), afford a foundation for the Roman Catholic practice of confession and absolution?

It is not quite clear that it was more than authority to tell men on what terms their sins might be forgiven. If it was more than that, there was, in any case, a special preparation for it. As you will see in the preceding ve... Christ breathed on them and said, "Rec... ye the Holy Ghost." That was no mean... less act, as is sufficiently proved by their s... sequent lives. The timidity which led th... all to forsake Christ, disappeared, and we ... them working miracles, preaching boldly, ... going to prison and to death for Christ. ... haps such men as they became, might ... safely trusted with the power to forgive s... though it is not certain (see Gal. 2: 11). ... any case there is no proof that the autho... they had, whatever it may have been, co... be transmitted to others. Some of the Po... and Cardinals, certainly, were not the kin... men whose words were likely to be ratifie... heaven.

Subscriber, Calvin, Ark. 1. Are the righteou... converted persons to be judged the same as ... wicked? 2. Will the sins they committed ... fore their conversion be exposed before all ... world? 3. Is it a converted person's dut... contess publicly the sins of which he has ... guilty?

1. The judgment of the righteous, in Ch... will be only for the apportionment of rewa... There will be some who will have an ab... dant entrance, while others are without s... to their ministry. "One star differeth fr... another star in glory" (I. Cor. 15: 41). 2. C... puts away the sins of those whom he has ... given through Christ. "They shall not ... mentioned unto him" (Ezek. 18: 22). 3. I... not his duty, and indeed would do harm. ... confession should be made to God. If he ... wronged any one and can make restituti... confession and restitution should be made ... the injured person, but no useful purpose ... be served by a public confession.

Mrs. B. A., Wellesley Hills, Mass. Should a c... be pushed in its studies, when there seems ... be a lagging interest on the scholar's part; ... a decided disinclination toward attend... school? Should it be a matter of anxiet... such a child, at the age of twelve, is beh... others of the same age, in the more advan... studies?

The most rapid growth in the height c... child, is between the ages of twelve and fo... teen. At this time the brain lags, and d... not develop in proportion to the growth ... the body. From seventeen to nineteen, ... grows faster, and, at twenty, reaches a s... more rapid development. This accounts ... the well-known fact, that pupils whose stud... have been deferred until they are nearly ... quite full-grown, require much less time th... others to complete their education. A ch... should not be overtaxed at the time of m... rapid physical development. Many a brig... future has been dimmed by pushing and cra... ming at this period.

D. R. P., Salem, Ore. What does it mean to ... lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ? Believe wh...

It means to put your faith in him, as a m... afflicted with a critical disease might put h... case in the hands of a physician; or a crimi... under a capital charge might put his case ... the hands of a lawyer. It means more th... either of these, but these will give you a cl... to the meaning. If you realize that you a... a sinner, and have broken God's law and a... in danger of punishment—as you must do ... you listen to your conscience—you natural... want to know if you can be forgiven, and al... if you are forgiven, whether there is n... some way of avoiding a repetition of yo... offences. Christ undertakes both, for tho... who will come to him. Only in coming ... him, you must be sorry for what you ha... done and resolve, in his strength, to wo... with him for your own deliverance. Yo... must obey his commands and study his cha... acter in the hope of becoming like him. Li... a child at school, you must believe in yo... teacher and trust yourself wholly to him.

H. C. G., London, Ont. What we stated was t... view taken by leading commentators. It is ... matter concerning which there can be no absolu... decision.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be an Olive Wood Paper-Weight, made from wood grown on the Mount of Olives, prepared by workmen in Bethlehem.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. VI.

A KING who had made a journey to another land, was invited in a certain city to attend the anniversary service of a Christian Church. Twenty-nine years before, Christian subjects of the king, though but recently evangelized, had contributed one thousand dollars for foreign missions in this land, and the sum had been used towards the building of the church.

At the anniversary, the king was requested to carry to his people the hearty thanks of those who were now enjoying the gift; a copy of the New Testament was presented to him, and he made an appropriate address in response.

? In what city did this incident occur? Who was the king? ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. III.

ALLEN GARDINER. PICTOU ISLAND, TIERRA DEL FUEGO

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 3 have been received from Mrs. Elizabeth Andreen, Henry Beets, E. Victor Bronson, Sarah Burlingham, Mrs. C. T. Baker, A. A. L. Bennett, N. B. Briggs, Miss E. Barker, Albert Conradt, Mrs. M. E. Coster, W. E. Clark, Mrs. Wm. M. Cary, Mrs. John W. Curtis, Miss Grace D. Carter, Mrs. J. H. Coon, A. M. Daiger, Miss Helen G. Dow, A. F. Duckwitz, Mrs. C. S. Elau, E. D. H. Eshelman, Miss Mary A. Fitzgerald, K. B. Forsyth, Hattie Foster, Bessie Foster, W. M. Gorden, Irene Grover, Rev. Tyler E. Gale, Mrs. John Guest, Elizabeth Hoyle, Mrs. L. L. Hagar, Mrs. L. D. Hill, Dudley Harrall, Peter B. de Jong, Flossie de Jong, Miss M. C. Johnson, Mrs. C. V. Kitchen, Miss M. S. Knight, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Mrs. Emma Kenworthy, D. Lyle, Mrs. A. A. McKinney, Mrs. R. L. Montgomery, Grant L. Munson, Mrs. Cornelia W. Newby, Mrs. Anna Patterson, Mrs. E. W. Platt, Mrs. W. A. Player, Miss Eva F. Parker, Mrs. R. L. Price, Edward R. Paddock, G. W. Pollock, H. C. Rasswieler, Rev. G. H. Rogers, Miss Kate Sunderland, Rev. F. Schaefer, Mrs. Susan Savage, Richard Sutton, Fernald Smith, Mrs. E. W. Simpson, K. J. Sundstrom, Rev. C. T. Thomson, R. H. Valentine, Jennie Van Auken, C. E. Weaver, A. J. Walter, Robert B. Warder, C. H. Wright.

New York's Finnish Mission

A strong effort is now being made to buil... up the Finnish Mission Church in Harlem, ... which Rev. G. Blomgren is pastor. A concer... in aid of the church is announced to be hel... in the Pilgrim Church, One Hundred an... Twenty-first street and Madison Avenue ... New York, at which many prominent artist... will appear.

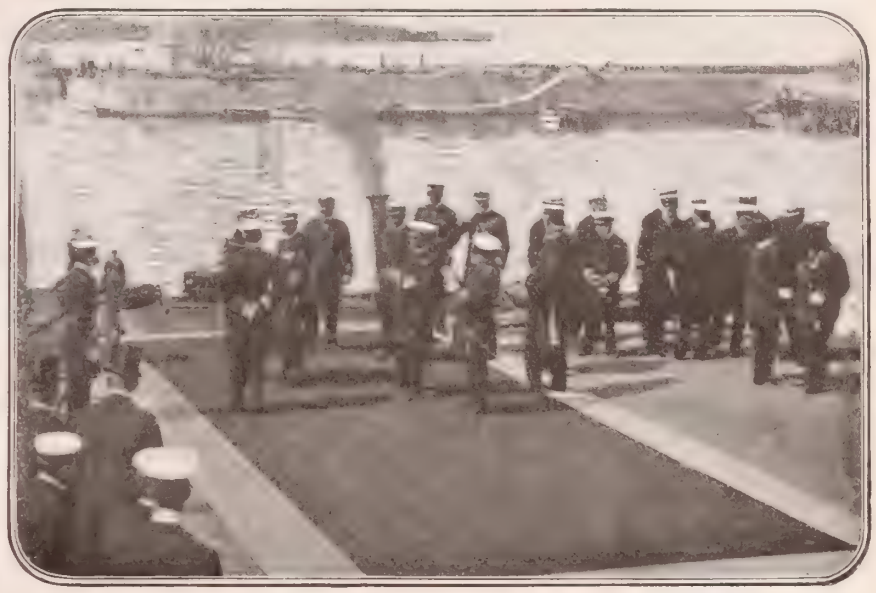
NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

EMPEROR WILLIAM REVIEWS THE "BLUE-JACKETS"

BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS AT GIBRALTAR WELCOMING THE EMPEROR



The Kaiser's Visit to Gibraltar

. . . By FREDERICK WEISS . . .

I EFT Tangier, Morocco, for a few days, to come o Gibraltar and help in holding services with the Salvation Army. They have an excellent work here at this fortress, and every week witnesses om wonderful instances of inquirers who find peace n b eving. At the Army Hall eetigs are held every night t 8 clock.

T English Channel fleet is ere ist now. A few days ago Sm ror William of Germany isi l Gibraltar and made a hre days' stay. He has now gon urther east to visit other pla

I he course of his Mediterranc tour, Emperor William as isited Naples and many whe points of interest. His nag ficent reception at Gibralar, d the cordial hospitality e erienced while here, must av impressed him with a due ens of the value Englishmen atta to German friendship Of te years, the Mediterranea has become somewhat of a pop ar touring resort for royalty d many have come to the fam s fortress, but to none has beer extended a more kingly and nposing greeting than that whi awaited the Kaiser when his ssels anchored in the harbor The photographs which app r on these pages show the roy visitor and his aides in the esc of the officers of the fortres who afforded him every facity to examine its wonders and inspect its defences. He visi l t h e great dockyards, whe Chief Engineer Cole explaid the nature of the impro ments now going on. Of cou there were the usual militar and n a v a l turn-outs in hon of the imperial guest, and bot on land and water the occasio of his visit was made in eve way as agreeable and memorable as possible.

Te soldiers on the Rock number about 6,000, and ther when the fleet is here and the sailors come ashore, the hristian workers find plenty to do. At the Salvation Army Hall the soldier boys hear the Gospel through Sta Captain Pike and wife, who have built up an excell t work here.

Gibraltar, the *mons calpe* of the ancients, one of the pill s of Hercules, of which the other was Mount Abyla, or Apes Hill in Africa (*Monte Almina*), was first known to the Phœnicians, and it is referred to and described by both Greek and Roman writers. There is little doubt that it was uninhabited until the Mohammedan invasion of Spain, which established an infidel dynasty in that country for upwards of 800 years. On this Rock the Moors first landed, and from here, when the Christian arms had regained supremacy, the last remnant of a glorious empire retired into Barbary. Gibraltar may be described as a bold headland or promontory, jutting insularly into the sea at the entrance of the Mediterranean. It is separated by a ridge from north to south, dividing it into two unequal parts. It is a peninsula of oblong form, running nearly due north and south, and is about three miles in length, its greatest breadth being three-quarters of a mile, and its circumference about seven miles. The entire acreage of Gibraltar, including the north front, is 1,266 acres, of which over twenty-one acres only (public property), are r e s e r v e d as garden ground. There are, however, other spots cultivated in private properties and government quarters. The greater part of the Rock is incapable of cultivation. On the north, it is connected with the mainland by a low, sandy isthmus, 1,500 yards in length, and f r o m 950 to 1,800 yards in breadth in different parts. On the western side, where the town is built, the slope is gradual in most parts; but the eastern, which faces the Mediterranean, is an inaccessible cliff, bare of vegetation, and forming a series of rugged precipices, broken only in one spot by an immense bank of sand, 450 feet in height, the accumulation of many ages, which lies heaped up under Signal Station Hill. At the northern face, the mountain rises in a perpendicular and unbroken cliff to a height of nearly 1,400 feet, terminating in a narrow plateau, crowned with a powerful battery. At its e x t r e m e h e i g h t, the Rock is marked by three points, viz.: At the north, the Rock Gun or "Wolf's Crag," 1,250 feet; in the centre, the Upper Signal Station, 1,255 feet high; and at the s o u t h, Sugar-Loaf Hill or "O'Hara's Tower," 1,408 feet high. The greatest height is in the neighborhood of "Ape's Hill," 2,808 feet. The Rock is composed of compact limestone, or gray, dense marble, varied by beds of red sandstone.

THE KAISER INSPECTING THE GIBRALTAR DOCKYARDS

The photograph shows Emperor William (x) to the right, facing Chief Engineer Cole

Though Gibraltar has been thought by many to be only a barren rock, its floral and vegetable varieties are sufficiently rich to occupy the attention of botanists. The geranium, aloe and rose run wild, and the myrtle, locust tree, a great variety of cactus, the vine, fig-tree, olive, almond, orange and lemon are present in various localities. The city consists of two distinct portions, known as north and south, the former being most important, as it includes the commercial portion, which CONTINUED ON PAGE 388

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Multiplying Methodism

Text—Ezekiel 16 : 7: "I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field."

NEARLY twenty years ago I was with my father in a hotel in London, when a deputation of Methodist ministers and laymen waited on him. They said: "Will you not preach for us at least once before you return to America? There are thousands and tens of thousands of people in London who have for years been readers of your sermons, and they want to hear your voice and touch your hand. They have a right to make this demand. You are part of them, and we cannot go until you consent to preach at least once." We were on our way to the continent, to meet my mother and sisters, who had preceded us there some months before. "No," answered my father. "I cannot at the present time. I am mentally and physically worn out. The doctors have told me I must hold up. I am going to the continent, where my lips will be closed, because I do not understand the French and the German languages. But if you wish, I will preach for you when I return." "Where would you like to preach, Doctor?" With that my father turned and said, "As I am to preach but once, I have but one desire, and that is to preach in John Wesley's pulpit."

"Why do you want to preach in City Road Chapel?" I asked, after the delegation had departed. "That church holds only a few hundred. Why not go to one of the great buildings, like Joseph Parker's church, or Exeter Hall, where you can have an audience of thousands of hearers." "Because," was the reply, "I consider that City Road Chapel is in some respects the most sacred spot in all Europe. That is the place where John Wesley is buried. That is the pulpit from which went forth a mighty power, which is felt in every land to-day. The influence of that pulpit is potent in every Methodist Church and meeting-house and Sunday School the world over, affecting the lives of twenty-five millions of the human race, who, every Lord's Day, assemble under Methodist auspices to worship God and study his Word. John Wesley built City Road Chapel. He spent the latter part of his stationary ministry in City Road Chapel, and his presence is enshrined there."

The Founder's Greatness

Lord Macaulay, in one of his essays, declares that John Wesley had a greater natural genius for government than had Richelieu. The great historian believed that in these words he was giving the eminent divine the highest praise, but I could see that my father's estimate far transcended that of Macaulay, and that he held Wesley in higher honor than that of any statesman, living or dead. The whole Christian world is in accord in that estimate, and as it recognizes the achievements of the church which John Wesley founded, it thanks and praises God for that beneficent life.

The name of John Wesley is everywhere respected by the good and the true. Therefore, is it to be wondered at that our people, no matter to what Protestant Church they belonged, hailed with joyful acclaim the news that the Methodist General Conference of 1904 was to assemble in the "City of the Angels." This Conference opens its session during the coming week. We, as a people, look forward to its sessions with interest and hope. We believe that by close touch, this Conference will bless all Protestant Churches no matter to what denomination they belong. It is appropriate on this Sabbath day, to bid the incoming delegates welcome. It is also appropriate to state some of the reasons why the little band of followers with which John Wesley surrounded himself, has grown in numbers, until to-day it outnumbers in membership every other individual Protestant Church in America and in the world.

First—her genesis. In order to study the marvelous multiplying power of Methodism, let us analyze the conditions attendant upon her birth. We must find upon what troublous waters her cradle was rocked, and search out the place of her infancy, even as the Egyptian princess found the future emancipator of the Hebrew race sleeping in a willow basket among the bullrushes of the river Nile. Every great movement in history has been the product of the condition of the time of its birth. God, in his providence, has ordained that the prevalence of unrighteousness in a nation shall so stir the souls of his people, that they will gather in his name around the standard of some leader whom he raises up to witness for him.

What were the conditions of the nation at the time of the birth of the Methodist Church? Did she come into the world as a protest to the sins of a corrupt English court? Oh yes. In no time of English history have bribery and debauchery run more riot than during Robert Walpole's occupancy of the English premiership. He was the author of the famous and hateful sentence in reference to the House of Commons, "All these men have their price." What Robert Walpole in statecraft could not win by fair means, he won by foul. But Methodism came into the world to do a greater work than merely to protest against governmental depravity. It came, as Josiah Strong has said, as a protest against an Established Church, which believed, at that time, more in outward ceremonies than in spiritual truths. "Isaac Taylor," so records the author of *The Next Great Awakening*, "calls the church of this period 'a fair carcass,'" and Blackstone says that he went to hear every preacher of note in London, and that there was not one whose discourse indicated whether he was a follower of Confucius, or Mohammed, or of Christ." The Established Church of that time believed in carrying the phylacteries upon the forehead, but not in practicing Christ's spiritual lessons in the life. It was so given over to formalism and rites and ceremonies, that it had no warning to give, even to men in its pulpits, who, like the Pharisees of old were whited sepulchres, fair to the eye, but within, harboring decaying corpses and whose private lives were a repulsive stench. "It is the inward witness, son,

"The Inward Witness"

spake the dying father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, to his son John—"this is the strongest proof of Christianity." So John Wesley and his followers resolutely set their faces against the prevalent sins of that day. They vehemently declared that the Christian Church should not only have a pure creed, but that its members should be men of pure private lives. In the high spiritual standard set before the individual church members, we find the chief cause of the marvelous development of the Methodist Church.

My brother, it is of vital importance, that all Protestant Churches realize that they are making a fatal error when they in any way compromise their high spiritual standards by alliance with sin. The higher the standard of the Christian Church, the greater will be its success. We do not need, to-day, churches that honor wine-bibbing ministers. We do not need churches which, when they have a church sociable, tell their young people they may dance and play cards. We do not desire churches whose members in their every-day actions are nowise different from the people of the world. One of the reasons why the Christian Endeavor Society, of which Francis E. Clark is the president, is numbering its members by the hundreds of thousands and the millions, is because of its iron-clad pledge. John Willis Baer, who for so many years was secretary of that young people's Christian organization, was right, when, in my presence some years ago, he declared: "The high standard of the character of the Endeavorers is due to the high standard of the Society's pledge." You can never raise a sin-struck world if you are wallowing in the sinful mud of the world yourself. Like John Wesley and the Methodist Church, lift the world out of sin by making your Christian standard as high as heaven and as pure as Christ himself. "It is the inward witness, son, the inward witness—this is the strongest proof of Christianity." It is the inward witness of the purity of its members which accounts for the multiplying powers of the Methodist Church of to-day. Methodism came into the world as a protest against prevalent sin.

Emancipating the Pew

This fact alone does not tell all the story of its marvelous multiplying power. There are many other reasons for the growth of Methodism; one of the chief of these is the fact that John Wesley was the emancipator of the laymen, as Martin Luther was the emancipator of the Bible. The English ecclesiastic opened the dumb lips of the pew. The German reformer broke the iron clasps holding together the lids of the Word of God, which barred to all but ordained priests, access to the life-giving message that God sent for the deliverance of all his sinful children. John Wesley said to the blacksmith at his forge, and the cobbler on his bench, and the wife in her kitchen, "Go forth and be my evangelists. You may not be graduates of theological seminaries, but you can testify of Christ's love." Martin Luther said: "There, laymen, is the open Bible. Read it. Ponder it. Study it. Read it with your own eyes and kiss it with your own lips." Do you wonder that when John Wesley built the Methodist Church upon an open Bible, and then in public meeting, set all his people testifying of God's word and love, he became one of the greatest Gospel reformers of the ages?

John Wesley, because he sent forth the common people preaching and praying everywhere, was, in derision, called a "Methodist." He was sneered at, because in his day custom dictated that no man s uld pray in public unless he read his prayer out of a p ted prayer-book, or speak for Christ, unless he was er led to wear a cassock and bands of an ordained priest But John Wesley removed these restrictions, for the eth- odists, and sent the laymen forth preaching and ay- ing, as in the latter years Archibald Tait, Archb op of Canterbury, enlisted the services of unord ed workers in various branches of church activity nd earned for himself the title, given him in scorn y a jealous clergy, of "The Archbishop of the L y." There, upon his monument in old Canterbury, is is- eled in the most beautiful of epitaphs, "The one ire of his life was to make the Church of Englan the Church of the people." Oh, my friends, let us hol ast this liberty of service. The work of propagatin the Gospel is not committed exclusively to any one cl or profession. The laborers sent forth by Wesley the eighteenth century, like the laymen enlisted by ch- bishop Tait in the nineteenth, had a work to do nd right earnestly and successfully they did it. L never allow the pew to again be shackled and it ips sealed with the silence of death. What we need ore and more in the beginning of this twentieth centu is, not a better educated ministry, but one which will art forth a speaking and a testifying pew. The simpl act is some of our churches are being preached to th. We need not more classical sermons, but mor nd more the good old-fashioned testimony meetings he Methodist Church. We need men and women ho, in the simple, homely language of the street, ca ell what God has done for their souls. We nee our prayer-meetings to be truly "People's Meetings" in t ch all take part. A place where the old folks will t ity and the middle-aged people will testify, and whe he young people will testify.

Beneficent Organization

Another great cause for the multiplying pow of Methodism, is the "class system." This "class sy n" so called, dates its historic birth to the 15th d of February, 1742. Like the life of the "Wandering ," may it never have a death. May this system li on and on until at last earthly time shall cease, an he struggles against sin shall be swallowed up i he eternal conquests of heaven!

This was how the famous "class system" of M o- dism was born. John Wesley and his brother Ch es were visiting their society in the city of Bristo A large financial indebtedness hung as an incubus er that society's place of worship. While the men rs of that society were discussing with the leaders w they should lift the debt, a Captain Foy arose, and o- posed that each member should be taxed one per a week until the debt was paid. "But that is not ," some one protestingly said. "Here are some p le who are so poor they cannot afford to give even a n- ny." "Then," said Captain Foy, "put eleven o be poorest with me, and if they can give anything, I ill call upon them weekly and collect the same, and if ey give nothing, I will give for them, as well as fo y- self. And each of you can call on eleven of ur neighbors weekly; receive what they give and mak p what is wanting." No sooner had Captain Foy sp n than, in a flash, a divine inspiration came to n Wesley. "Yes, yes," said the great leader to him f, "that is just what Methodism needs, a system of ca g for its own. A system by which its members shall ot be herded together, as wild animals are herded to h- er; but a system which will single men out and p e them in circle of tens. And over these circles sha be placed a separate leader, who will have charge of h class." These leaders in turn were to meet and re rt to their pastors. Their pastors in turn to-day, meet d report to their presiding elders. Each man, by e "class system" of Methodism, is responsible to som n- dividual person of the church.

Individual Responsibility

We see the value of individual responsibility in e temporal world. Why should we not see the sam e- sults from the "class system" of Methodism? Y r boy is about sixteen years of age. Where are you g- ing to send the lad to college? "Well," you sa I would like in many ways to send him to one of r great universities; but the trouble is, I am afr d. There the boy will only be lost among a crowd of g- dreds of other students, and no one will be individu y responsible for the lad. I think I shall send him to of our smaller colleges, were he will come in close p- tact with his teachers, and these teachers will be e to keep their eye upon him." You send your boy a small college to secure the individual touch of a r-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OUR PILGRIMS ON MARS' HILL

AFTER Madeira, a day in Gibraltar, another day at Algiers, and then the Island of Malta (Melita) is reached, and our 800 pilgrims to the World's Sunday School Convention in Palestine at last enter upon scenes connected with the Bible. We are up at four o'clock in the morning, trying to see in the darkness the place where Paul was wrecked. We are disappointed not being able to identify it, and so our good captain promises to sail around by St. Paul's Bay, so called, as we leave the island in the evening. The whole island appears like a mass of solid buildings, constructed of slightly tinted orange stone, so soft when quarried that it is turned into balustrades and ornamentation. Interest centres not so much in Viletta, the superb capital, as in Citta Vecchia (pronounced Cheeta Vekkia), which

THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS ON MARS' HILL, WHERE PAUL ONCE STOOD

Gates of Roberts College, Constantinople. Acts 17:22, to end of chapter. Sermon by Dr. John Potts of Toronto. Text: Acts 17:18. Solo.

Dr. Potts, the preacher, spoke of Paul as the greatest preacher of the First century, and, next to Jesus Christ, the greatest man who ever lived: the greatest in scholarship, in masterful eloquence, in moral heroism, in the Christ-like grace of humility. He called himself not only the "least of all the apostles," but the "least of all saints." Paul's audience that day on Mars' Hill was composed of philosophers and others, who asked of each other the question: "What will the babbler say?" He chose for his theme a wide-world subject, the resurrection of Jesus. Standing in the same place, nearly twenty centuries later, Dr. Potts took the same theme.

MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

LOOKING OVER ST. PAUL'S BAY

means "the old city." St. Paul's Bay is about seven miles below the city, and many would have driven there but for the promise of the captain to sail close by.

In another quarter of the old city, we visit a noble cathedral, built of the same delicately-tinted stone. The gems in it are life-size portraits of the Apostles Paul and Peter, one on either side of the high altar. It is claimed that the cathedral is built on the site of the house of Publius, whose father, Paul cured of a fever; so, in a way, the cathedral becomes a monument to the apostle, for it is only that his name is linked with Paul, that Publius has any interest in Christian memory. A magnificent marble monument to Paul is erected at St. Paul's Bay. Second only to the interest felt in what concerns St. Paul, are the relics of the Knights of Malta. We visit the Museum containing these in the Governor's Palace, and look upon the armor which the Knights wore, and then we cross over to the church of St. John the Baptist and examine the floor, which is covered with memorial tablets in memory of those knights. As we sail out of Malta, we find nearly every one has possessed himself of a Maltese cross.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon as we sail away from Viletta; in half an hour we slowly pass the entrance to St. Paul's Bay and plainly discern the place where "two seas met." Sunday, March 27, at 10 A.M., found our company of eight hundred seated upon Mars' Hill. Rising up almost against us to a lofty height, is the Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, which, even in decay, is incomparable. The low hill on which we are seated, hardly more than sixty feet high, has the larger place in our interest. For grandeur we might have gathered upon the Acropolis, or upon a still higher mountain close by, on which are the remains of the "Pynx," formerly a town meeting-place for the people. But our hearts were on Mars' Hill, because the Apostle Paul had stood there, and preached a living God to the men of Athens, who ignorantly worshiped other gods. We seat ourselves on the hillside as did the hearers on that day, but a different spirit is in us. We desire not as they did, to hear a new thing, but the old, old story of Jesus and his love. The service opens; announced by President E. K. Warren. Hymn: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Prayer by Dr. Lowden of Rhode Island. Scripture reading in concert, led by President

THE STATUE OF ST. PAUL

MULTIPLYING METHODISM

Continued from Preceding Page

fessor upon the boy. "Think not," said President Harper, only a short time ago, "that the University of Chicago is in any sense a rival of the small college. There is not a professor upon our faculty who would be so foolish as to advocate the idea that young boys of sixteen should be turned loose in this great sinful city, with no one to be individually responsible for them. Chicago University is distinctively, a post-graduate institution. We have our collegiate department for the sons and daughters of those parents living in town, and not for those whose homes are in the far distance."

Now, the "class system" of Methodism has a double purpose: First, it makes the Methodist convert a member of a great Gospel University, in which there are hundreds of thousands and millions of members. It gives to that convert the enthusiasm which truly comes from great numbers; and secondly, it separates the Methodist convert from the masses. It places him in a Gospel family for which some one is responsible. It gives to him a separate Gospel garden in which to labor. Individual responsibilities for individuals. That is the great multiplying slogan of the Methodist "class system." For whom, oh Christian man, are you responsible in Christ's name?

The Methodist Church, in the next place, is a singing church, whose songs are nearly always keyed to the tunes of hope and joy and the glorious harmonies of a blessed hereafter. It is a church whose music is filled with hallelujah choruses and battle hymns and inspiring marching melodies. It is a church which believes that our thanks and gratitude for blessings received can be returned to God as well when standing upon our feet, and in the words of the Psalmist, "singing unto the Lord," as when on bended knee we offer them in silent prayer in the closet. The trouble with many of our churches is they always imagine Christ as keeping step to the slow time of a dirge; but they cannot imagine his moving lips as joining in a Wedding March, or in the joys of a social gathering.

Daniel Webster once said, "The proof to me that the church was established by God is found in the fact that it has existed in spite of the begowned ministers, who have been caged up to preach their sermons behind their repellent pulpits. Any lawyer would be ruined if he were compelled to plead for his client behind a wooden box, as the minister by custom is compelled to plead for his Christ." Whether that statement is true or no, I am not here to discuss. But one of the great facts that convinces me that the church is a divine institution is that it has existed for hundreds of years, in spite of the sepulchral and awful hymns with which the choirs used to lead in the song worship.

But while the Methodist Church has its songs in the minor key, for the most part the Methodist songs are songs of life and joy and hope. Go if you will with me to any of the great Methodist camp-meeting resorts of this country, and you will know of what I speak. The mightiest shout ever raised by conquering host upon battle-field, was never more triumphant than are the camp-meeting songs of Des Plaines or Ocean Grove. When the Methodists sing, "We are marching to Zion," they sing it in such a way that it seems to fling wide open the gates of the Heavenly City. Songs! Songs!

Lastly, Methodism has had its marvelous and miraculous multiplying power, because it has had an infinite field in which to labor. It has worked for the most part among the common people. Certain churches in this world have been known as churches of a class. Some churches have been known as churches which appealed to the greatest amount of brains in almost every Christian community. Other churches have been known as the churches of the aristocracy. But though John Wesley had as much brain as any man of his generation, and though by political preferment he could have reached a position of influence in aristocratic society, yet he chose to cast his lot among the common people. He did not believe there was one Gospel for the rich and another for the poor—one for the brainy man and another for him of small mental calibre. John Wesley believed all classes should meet as one at the throne of grace. Therefore, as the common people crowded around him to receive his message, many of the rich and the affluent stayed away. He was truly the missionary to the middle and lower classes. Are we in church work ready to reach out in Christ's name for the conversion of the same kind of people?

It was said of our Lord that "the common people heard him gladly." Ah, that is the best encomium that can be placed upon the tomb of the founder of Methodism! When Peter Cartwright, many years ago, arose to preach in Tennessee, some one whispered to him: "Gen. Jackson is in your audience." With that Peter Cartwright turned and said: "I hear that Gen. Jackson is in this audience. But I want to say to Gen. Jackson, that I have no Gospel for him any different from that which I offer to every man." Then in a voice of thunder, Cartwright cried: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish! General Jackson, that message is for you. Poor man, that message is for you." So, to-day, John Wesley, in his old pulpit, like Peter Cartwright, in vision, is to-day stretching out his arms over the whole sinful world, crying: "Repent! Repent! Repent!" And at the same time he is calling: "Come to the mercy seat, come, come!"

God bless John Wesley's memory. God bless all Methodists and Methodism. Delegates to the General Conference of 1904, in Christ's name, we bid you welcome. Ay, we open our hearts and greet you with ten thousand Christian salutations. May you always love us in the spirit with which we greet you on this Sabbath day.

The Woman's Relief Corps

By MARY M. NORTH

Mrs. L. S. Wadsworth

Mrs. Lydia C. Hopkins

Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller

WHEN the breezes of South Carolina were parted by the shrieking shot on that fateful spring morning in 1861, then began the need of the tender ministrations of women, which have gone on with increasing loyalty to a purpose as the years have gone by, and as the veterans, who saved the country in her dire distress, have grown feebler and grayer, and their families have needed friends in trouble or sickness. Even as the call went forth, the women, too, arose, and in the strength of a mighty purpose, answered, "Here am I," and not waiting for a response to come, turned to do the "next thing," which was the succoring of those who were marching away in the full vigor of manhood. There were those who could only "stand and wait," the anxious mothers, mayhap with children at the knee to be fed and cared for, while the mainstay was at the front, but who shall say that there is not a laurel crown for them as for the hosts who bore the brunt of battle, or went forth to save lives on the field, in the hospital or in the camp?

The women worked; sometimes alone, with no sympathizer for miles, more often in groups, but the "purpose" was ever the same. Linen sheets and fine table-cloths were sacrificed to make lint and bandages. Not only wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts labored with the one object in view, but loyal women, who had no dear ones to go to the front, also joined in the good work. Societies there were in plenty, and of many names; but they had only one object—the amelioration of the soldier's condition. The close of the war saw many of these societies lapse for want of an object to keep up their interest; but in some of the States, when the veteran returned, suffering or needing a friend, then these aid societies rekindled the spark of enthusiasm, and when a census was taken in 1873, it was found that in sixteen States there were societies still in active existence.

* * *

So the Order grew from small beginnings. There were not many members in these bands, and, ten years later, when representatives were called together, it was found that, all told, there were only a few hundreds, but they had a fixed purpose, to which they still adhere—to care for the needy veteran and his dependent ones. When the Grand Army met in Indianapolis, with Paul Vandervoort as Commander-in-Chief, a resolution was passed summoning the loyal women of the United States to organize for charitable and patriotic effort, under the fostering care of the Grand Army. Two years later, the organization was perfected, and left with no restrictions upon it, but free to work out its own plan along the chosen lines. When, in the course of time, the organization was fully officered and ready, it was presented to the Grand Army of the Republic, and they forthwith adopted it. From the original handful, these women with a noble mission have grown, until at present they are almost 150,000 strong, and have expended in relief of the veteran and his needy ones, $2,347,000 since their organization. When the treasurer made her report in 1903, there was a balance of $14,048.52 in her hands, with no liabilities. In almost every State, there is now an institution supported by these women, or receiving help from them. Among the real estate owned by them, is the sacred spot now known as Andersonville Prison Park, wherein they have erected a comfortable house, in which resides a caretaker, whose salary they pay.

The first object of this Order is "to especially aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic, and to perpetuate the memory of their heroic dead." Each member of the Order also promises "to assist such Union veterans as need our help and protection, and to extend needful aid to their widows and orphans. To find them homes and employment, and assure them of sympathy and friends. To cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses, and of all noble women who rendered loving service to our country in her hour of peril." The better to carry out this pledge, there has been created a fund in every corps for relief work, and in almost all the States where homes for old soldiers are founded, there is also provision made for the wives and mothers of veterans, while a number of States have homes for orphans of the Union soldiers and sailors. The women saw that there would be need of patriotic teaching among the children of those who were flocking to our shores, so great stress is laid upon the third section, which is, "To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children and in the communities in which we live, and encourage the spread of universal liberty and equal rights to all."

* * *

The Woman's Relief Corps was the first organization to take up the work of patriotic instruction in the public schools. It was its privilege to introduce the salute to the flag in the schools of every State in the Union. In each corps, a Committee on Patriotic Instruction is appointed, whose duty it is to see that schoolhouses are provided with flags, and that the children are taught the salute, and the flags are kept floating every school day in the year. The younger children are taught to say in unison, and with expressive motions; "We give our hands and our hearts to God and our country; one country, one language, one flag," their hands pointing to the flag with the last word, while the flag is dipped in answering salute. The salute for those of larger growth is: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The badge of the Woman's Relief Corps is a bronze Maltese cross, with the symbolic figures of the G.A.R. in the centre, in a circle. This is pendent from a flag, attached to a bronze bar, upon which, in monogram, are the letters F. C. L., which stand for the talismanic words of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as for its auxiliary: "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty." This motto, is their guidon and glory. The Woman's Relief Corps always meets at the same time and place as the Grand Army of the Republic. The National officers are:

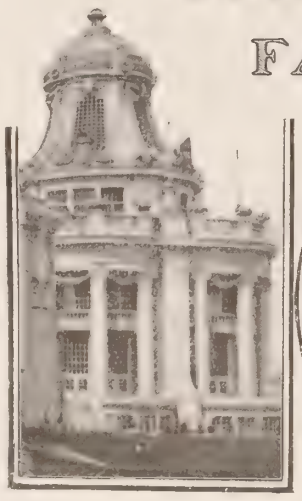
National President—Sarah D. Winans, Troy, O.; National Senior Vice-President—Ursula M. Mattison, Tacoma, Wash.; National Junior Vice-President—Mary J. Tigard, Denison, Tex.; National Secretary—Jennie S. Wright, Troy, O.; National Treasurer—Sarah E. Phillips, Syracuse, N. Y.; National Chaplain—Mary Lyle Reynolds, Covington, Ky.; National Inspector—Lydia G. Hopkins, Detroit, Mich.; National Counselor—Sarah E. Fuller, Medford, Mass.; National Instituting and Installing Officer—Jennie B. Atwood, Trenton, N. J.; National Patriotic Instructor—Kate E. Jones, Ilion, N. Y.; National Press Correspondent—Mary M. North, Snow Hill, Md.; National Chief of Staff—Mary D. Travis, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah D. Winans

Mrs. Mary M. North

Mrs. Jennie S. Wright

OPENING THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS



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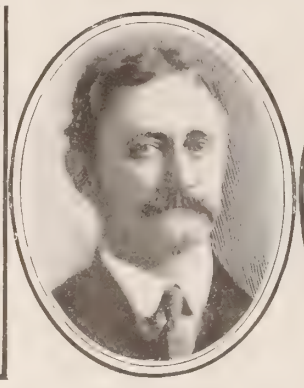
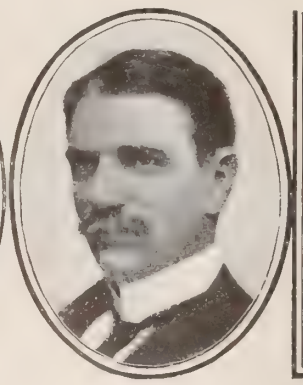


HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS
President of Louisiana Exposition



HON. ROLLA WELLS
Mayor of St. Louis

ENTRANCE TO PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

AT the St. Louis Exposition, an army of workmen, many thousands strong, have been employed constantly during the past few weeks, so that everything will be in perfect running order at the opening day. Any individual exhibitors who were unable to get their places in order were helped out by the management, under the arrangement of Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, Manager of Exhibits.

There may be some little delay connected with the foreign exhibits, but everything else is practically in a state of completeness. Everyone connected with the management of this Exhibition, from President Francis down, are enthusiastically sanguine as to its success from start to finish, and a larger attendance is confidently counted upon than any Fair of the kind has ever before called together.

The city of St. Louis, proud of the honor of being chosen as host, to entertain such throngs of people, has done its best to set its "house in order," and all visitors will find a cordial welcome. Hon. Rolla Wells, Mayor of the city, has been indefatigable in his efforts, seconded by his Council and other city authorities, to make their city a safe and clean abiding-place for the many strangers who will be within its gates for months to come. The Young Women's Christian Association have formed a Travelers' Aid Committee, to guard against the efforts of any evil-disposed persons, who might take advantage of the situation, and attempt to unduly influence any unprotected young women visiting the Fair, either as sightseers or in the hope of obtaining employment. The efforts of this committee have been ably seconded by other women throughout the country, notably by the New York City "Traveler's Aid Association." Many ladies prominent in literary and social circles have become interested in this movement, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Miss Helen Gould said in a recent letter to Miss Egan, Secretary to the Board of Women Managers of the World's Fair:

"One of my main objects in visiting the Fair is to cooperate with, and aid as far as lies in my power, the Young Women's Christian Association in their efforts to care for and protect the young girls who are going to St. Louis this summer. This is a matter which I take very much to heart's the young girls going t the Fair will be sub t to a great many tem p tions and snares."

Miss Alice Roosev daughter of Presid t Roosevelt, will visit t Exposition during t latter part of May. T will be the young lad first visit to St. Loui

Space forbids a co mensurate descriptio the immensity and be ty of the buildings this grand Expositi which is as big again the Chicago Fair, a larger than the P American, the Colu bian Exposition, a the Centennial co bined. The good peo of St. Louis, in th generous hospitali have sacrificed a la part of their beauti wooded Forest Pa where beautiful trees most without number, have been razed, leaving but wilderness, upon which the Exposition buildings sta

Some idea of the bigness of the outdoor shows, whi are to be a remarkable feature of this Exposition, shown in the gigantic floral clock—which will ke time—covering a quarter of an acre, and with a minu hand weighing over a ton. The approximate cost the Exposition will be $50,000,000, $10,000,000 of whi is furnished by the city of St. Louis.

The grounds are two miles long and about a mi wide. The main lagoon is 600 feet wide, and the patl leading up to Festival Hall—which beautiful buildi crowns a hill—are 300 feet wide. Everything has bee planned upon a most generous scale, and the vastness it all can scarcely be realized until seen.

PIONEERING IN INCA-LAND

By A. R. STARK

YEARS of experience have proved how difficult it is to measure spiritual results in the lands of Pal gloom, and where no re- lious liberty exists. In Peru, Sh nish evangelistic work has ev taken its place among the d oised things of the country. G pel meetings are still held b nd closed doors, in premises o inconspicuous appearance, a with no outward indication o t place of worship or a tem- p where God is glorified. N ertheless, souls are reached th ugh the message of song a the preached Word. Only y erday we heard of the direc- to f the National College in a ci far away in the Sierra, who h heard the Gospel in this h while on a visit to Lima. T re are many such who enter, h the Gospel, and go to other p s of the country carrying w them a Bible or a Scrip- t portion.

s the result of years of hard pl ghing and sowing this field, th e are groups of faithful Cistians here! Here, as else- w re, there are those who falter and fall; but this is n surprising, considering the fruit of Romanism as s in the lives of both priest and people, and especial- l the social condition of the masses. From this s ial centre, four men and one woman are now out in th field of service here, pioneering for Christ. The w an visits the homes of Lima. Already the scarlet th ad of the Gospel is being woven into hearts of m y through her bright testimony.

vangelization must be effected through itineration. A pioneer evangelists, these men have carried the "Glad Tidings" far up the ridges of the Andes and d n the eastern slopes of the Amazon, to scattered vi ges and lonely hamlets, proclaiming the message of alvation as they went.

st now, two of these brave fellows are in the thick of he fight with fanaticism in Arequipa. This city is th stronghold of Romanism in Peru. Here the Bible is anned and burned, and in by-gone years colporteurs h e been imprisoned for no other offence than selling th Bible in the streets. To-day, the few "Liberals" of th place are making a bold stand for freedom's rights. T house of one of them was mobbed last week, the w lows and doors smashed, while the inmates—men, w en and children—had a narrow escape. Ruffians fir indiscriminately and hurled stones at the h se, endangering the lives of all present. In his very house there was a good missionary fr n Mexico, who chanced to be on a visit to Arequipa at the time. We quote from a letter of Rev. D. Watkins just to hand:

> ur men are faithfully laboring here, and ask m to write a few lines in regard to what has p ed here in this fanatical city of Arequipa. A ut a week before I met your men I had writ- t o see if a colporteur could be sent here. . . . G gives, as a rule, twice as much as you ask and gi s much sooner than you expect. I was look in about for something to do for the Master. C ing one day at the Hotel Inglis, I was in- f ed that the proprietor was a Welshman, and th Dr. Harry Guinness, when on his way to C co, had once held a prayer-meeting in the v room where I was seated. This encouraged m very much, indeed, I considered it the prayer b re the sermon I preached on March 4, in a sm ll room in the west part of the city. On the 2 of February, an armed mob attacked the h se of Dr. Urquieta. The mob saw me enter a probably concluded to kill two birds with one st —but, thank God! no one was hurt. The w le scene revived the sad memory of the anni v ary of the cruel murder on the 2d of March by C holics, of my comrade, the Rev. I. S. Steph n of Mexico. But on the 4th, I was happy, p ching the first Gospel sermon in Arequipa. I th k the doors are now open.

n spreading the knowledge of Christ th ugh the length and breadth of this land, th experiences of travel form interesting c pters. Now we are crossing deserts as b ren as the Sahara: now fording rivers and w ding our way through fields of beautiful sugar-cane; anon we are climbing the mighty b tlements of the Andes, to visit lonely vil- l s among the snows and glaciers. Again, w are transplanted into the Amazonian for- e amid scenes of unsurpassed tropical b uty—where "only man is vile." In every place and among the varied peoples and tribes, there are ever those who welcome the messenger.

NATIVE INDIANS IN THE INTERIOR OF PERU

Here is an interesting paragraph from a recent journey in the primeval forest of South America by one of our workers—where a Christian missionary has never before stood:

> Arrived at this lonely outpost, Boyero, on the Bajo Urubamba, a tributary of the Amazon, after eleven days on the road, via Lares. Many fatigues and some dangers. Scenery and experiences indescribable. To-day or to-morrow we start on our plunge into the real forest primeval—the sombre and endless aveneus of *plena montana*. We journey as far as the river Yatero. Two leagues from here, I caught my first glimpse of the *Campas*, or Machiganga savages. Two or three huts on the banks of the Urubamba. I spoke with some of them a word or two in their own language. My traveling companion has prepared a dictionary of some 3,000 words and phrases. We sleep out in all kinds of queer lodgings, in real Amazonian forest weather.

We have stood on the banks of these mighty tributaries of the Amazon which pour their waters far into the Atlantic, and in the vast forest solitudes, where the silence is seldom broken, save by the thunder-clap and the crash of the falling tree in the storm. No definite estimate of the population of the wild children of the Peruvian forest has ever been made. There are many tribes, speaking different dialects. Chief among them are the Campas, Piros, Cashibos, Orejones, Conibos and Iiberros. These wild Indians were never conquered by the Spaniards. The Campas and the Iiberros are brave, warlike tribes. Those who live on the banks of the great navigable rivers are disappearing before the march of civilization.

Forest life of the savage Indian is of a very primitive character. The homestead is a hut, framed with logs and thatched with palm leaves, and varies in size according to the number of the family. Around this four-square hut are a few small round ones. With the bow and arrow the Indian is an expert; but beyond hunting jaguars and monkeys for food, and fighting, the men are indolent. The right to labor is conceded to women.

In attempting to evangelize these wild tribes, the missionary is face to face with difficulties at every step. The numbers composing the various tribes are small, and scattered over wide areas of virgin forest. The variety of their dialects and languages are so numerous that half a dozen different dialects are sometimes found along the same river. The tribes are being reduced through wars, the cruel treatment of traders and other natural consequences. Again, the regions they inhabit are most unhealthy and not adapted to the constitutions of natives of northern climates. But few and barbarous and pitiless though they be, they are human beings, for whom Christ died. So far, no Protestant Missionary Society has ever gone forth in the name of the Saviour to cast the Bread of Life on the great Peruvian affluents of the Amazon. May the Lord speed the Light in this immense vale of darkness!

I desire to heartily thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for aid sent to us in the past, and for this fresh token just to hand of your kind remembrance of Peru.

Callao, Peru.

The Talmage Memorial Stone, in Greenwood Cemetery

VISITORS to Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, pause and stand in little groups at the grave of Dr. Talmage. A large and imposing stone of reddish-gray granite, with polished front and rough rock-like sides, has recently been erected, and marks, in a fitting manner, the resting-place of the great Divine who, throughout his long and busy lifetime, stood like an impregnable rock for the integrity of the Bible, and for simple, unadulterated Christianity.

To Help the Lepers of India

A NUMBER of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have sent contributions to aid in the purchase of an X-ray apparatus, to be used by Dr. Alice Condict in her medical work among the lepers of India. While taking a course in the Post-Graduate Medical School, Dr. Condict became much interested in Prof. Morton's work and his very satisfactory results in the use of radium and X-rays. It was then that she was encouraged to ask for the means to get the wonderful machine, which will pour "Liquid Sunshine" into the bodies of some of India's 250,000 lepers. A letter, just received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Dr. Morton, says:

> I have yours of the 24th, and beg leave to enclose to you a reprint of my article, which appeared in the New York *Medical Journal* on February 13 and 20. As you will see, this article outlines a new discovery by myself, which practically means the introduction of light within the patient's tissues and blood and disease, and has about the same effect as letting light into a dark cellar where the plants were not thriving. The article was written entirely for the medical profession, and was revolutionary enough in itself to make it important to make very conservative statements. This I have done, but in private practice my results are better even than I have published.

In the above-mentioned article, Dr. Morton says:

> In general, the proposition may be stated as follows: namely, to combine the properties possessed by the radium and the X-rays, of penetrating human tissue, with the facts of fluorescence of fluid solutions, and thus to establish a system by means of which we can flood the entire living organism with a fluorescible solution used medicinally, and, at the same time, by directing the radium or X-ray upon a given organ or seat of disease, or upon the whole body, set up, at the desired areas within the tissues, the violet, ultraviolet and other rays. This procedure obviously means the illumination of the interior of the tissues, as well as of the body as a whole, with light; that is to say, with that portion of the visible spectrum represented by the color of the particular fluorescence called into being, be this blue, violet or green. The catchword "liquid sunshine," has been humorously applied, and certainly, it may be asserted, that equivalents of portions of sunshine are, in this instance, artificially produced within the patient. And we may fairly argue that chemical and other effects are thus brought into very intimate internal relations with vital processes.

All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Dr. Condict's X-ray machine for use among the lepers of India, will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Problem of the Poor

HOW best to help the poor, is a problem which in these days of widespread destitution and helplessness urgently presses for a solution. Especially in our large cities, where there are thousands of the class known as "the deserving poor," is this becoming an acute question. Municipalities may make humanitarian laws; millionaires may endow various philanthropies, and students of sociology may propound their well-meant theories, but none of these remedies meet the real question at issue. Some preach thrift and others temperance, and still others may suggest a wide variety of panaceas and cure-alls for the ills of poverty; but the original question remains: How can the poor be helped most effectually? Charity is excellent in its place, but it affords only temporary relief, and, if continued, breaks down self-respect and leads to pauperism.

We submit this question to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. There are probably few who have not encountered the problem in some practical way. They have seen the struggle of the deserving poor, hoping against hope, and meeting every reverse and disappointment bravely, yet without making appreciable progress. They have doubtless tried, after their own methods, to help them out of the slough of despond. We know many of them, who have played the Good Samaritan with compassionate hearts, ever ready to give a share of what they possess to the needy. They may have thought out a plan of their own, which, if followed out widely, would be a blessing to many. We want all such to give to the world, through these columns, the benefit of their conclusions.

If, in the multitude of consolers, there should prove to be the wisdom that is needed to evolve a plan which will stand the test of practical application — some method that will help to raise a man from the low level of indigence without making him a mendicant or a confirmed dependent on others—the world will be the better for it. All letters on this subject should be addressed "Poor Problem, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York."

A Plotter's Downfall

SELFISH and ambitious politicians in all lands may learn a lesson from the downfall of Alexieff, the Russian Viceroy of Manchuria. That official, with his colleague Bezobrazeff, belong to a type of men existing alike under despotic, constitutional, and republican forms of government. They are the most dangerous of "soldiers of fortune"—men utterly unscrupulous and with only one principle of conduct. They seek their own advancement and emolument, under the guise of patriotism. It does not matter to them if they compromise the honor of their government, nor are they greatly concerned if their policy involves risk of national loss. If they can have the glory of extending their country's territories, and enjoy the pecuniary benefits which result from their aggressive policy, all is well, even though they bring the name of their country into contempt throughout the world.

Alexieff and Bezobrazeff worked together as partners in a vast speculative project. Alexieff, by his energy and skill in intrigue, had forced his way into the confidence of the Russian war-party, which takes the will of Peter the Great as its gospel. Through the influence of that party, he obtained high office in the Asiatic territories of Russia. He was not the kind of man that the peace-loving Emperor would have chosen; but the Emperor has too many subjects of concern, to study the characters of all the agents whom he must employ; and Alexieff's sponsors were men of power and influence, who knew the advantage that might come to themselves through such an instrument. His fortunes were therefore pushed, and he and his partner, Bezobrazeff, were intrusted with power that could be safely confided only to sagacious statesmen. That they deceived the Emperor, both as to the power of Japan and as to the Russian resources in Manchuria, there is no doubt. It is also charged, with some probability of truth, that they withheld from the Emperor, on the one hand, proposals from Japan which might have averted war; and from Japan, on the other hand, pledges from Russia, which Japan might have accepted. They evidently expected that Japan would not dare to fight, or that if she did, would easily be beaten. Duplicity and intrigue have often won in similar crises in Russian history, but in this instance the plotters had misunderstood the men with whom they had to deal.

As the world knows, disaster has followed disaster to Russian prestige. Incompetence and unpreparedness to a shameful degree, in the Russian administration of the province, have been revealed, and ignorance or rashness, or both, on the part of the plotters have been demonstrated. At last the Emperor's eyes have been opened to the character of the men whose culpable blunders have involved the Empire in disaster. He has appointed Alexieff's chief opponent, Admiral Skrydloff, to the command of the fleet, and Gen. Kouropatkin to the command of the army. Alexieff recognized at once the meaning of both appointments, and, perceiving that his ascendency was at an end, he resigned. The conduct of the war is now in the hands of men who were not responsible for its outbreak. Whether they can snatch victory from defeat we have yet to learn, but if they cannot, they, at least, cannot be held accountable for the disaster. Alexieff is disgraced in the eyes of Russia and of the world, and his downfall is a conspicuous example of the evil of craft and duplicity in high position. As the Psalmist said: "He made a pit and digged it and is fallen into the ditch which he made. In the net which he hid is his own foot taken."

Woman's Status in Utah

WITH the resumption of the hearings in the Smoot case by the Senate Committee, the public is again compelled to endure with patience and some degree of tolerance, a mass of testimony of a character so extraordinary that it would be difficult to find its parallel even in the proceedings of a criminal court. Yet this painful ordeal is not without its compensation, for this unexampled expose of Mormon vileness—an expose which leaves little to the imagination, and eclipses all previous arraignments of Mormonism—has done more to open the eyes and stir the consciences of the American people than all that has been said and previously written on the subject.

Among the latest witnesses who appeared before the Committee was Brigham H. Roberts, whose expulsion from the House of Representatives four years ago, for polygamous practices, is still fresh in the minds of our readers. Before the Senate Committee, Roberts stated that he had been married three times; that the third ceremony, which was performed by Daniel H. Wells, "Counsel of the Twelve Apostles," was without witnesses, and that Roberts successfully concealed the fact of the marriage from his other wives for three years. It is incredible that the Mormon Church and its dignitaries could have been ignorant of this secret and unwitnessed marriage of one of their leaders. They knew of it, but shut their eyes, as they expected others in turn to be blind to their own notorious immoralities.

One of the "Patriarchs" of the Mormon Church, Angus M. Cannon, was a witness whose testimony is probably the most extraordinary that has yet been given in the present investigation. It discloses not a glimpse, but a broad view, of the startling depravity to which the principles and practice of Mormonism lead its adherents. This witness admitted, that in 1858 he "married two women the same hour." He afterward married four others. All six are still living. Three children were born to him since the manifesto. This Patriarch of the Mormon Church admitted on the witness stand, that he was "living in violation of the laws of God and man." Like the wives of other leaders who had testified, his wives had no opportunity to oppose or consent to his multiplied marriages. They were simply ignored —treated like purchased cattle. Such is the status of womanhood in Utah.

Abundant and convincing testimony has been adduced at previous hearings, to prove the malign influence of the Mormon Church in State and national politics. So overwhelming has been the evidence on this line, that the case of Smoot has dwindled into comparative significance, and may well be regarded as an incidental issue in the great campaign which the American people are now beginning against Mormonism. To-day we have directed attention more particularly to the aspects of the case that directly affect the women of Utah, and of every Mormon community in the land.

How long will it be ere the poor white slaves of Mormonism are enfranchised; how long before this system, which drags down body and soul alike, shall be abolished? Our national legislators owe it to the women of the country, and to the self-respect of the whole people, to stamp it out forever.

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TO meet the enormous demand indicated by advance orders, we printed last Fall 50,000 sets of THE CROWN ENCYCLOPEDIA,

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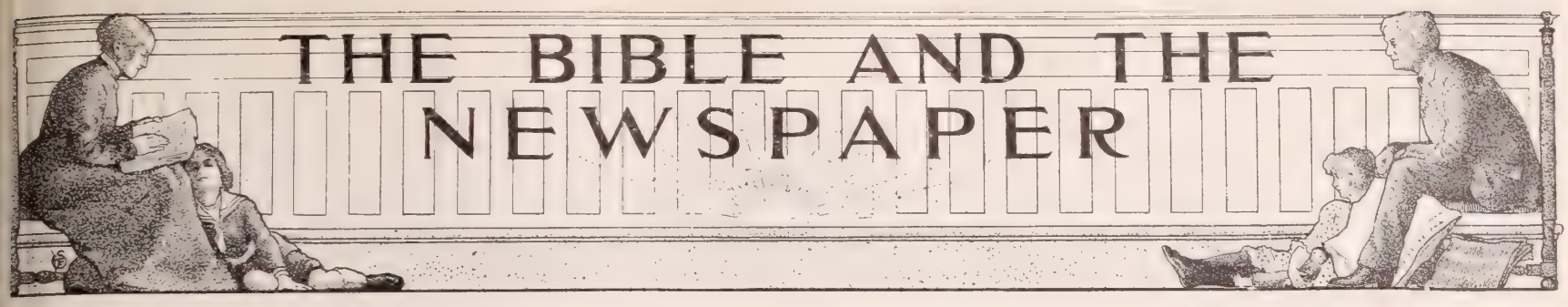

Toronto's Great Fire

NEVER in the history of Toronto has there been so destructive a conflagration as that which swept through the business section of the city on April 19. Shortly before nine o'clock in the evening, flames were seen in a soap factory on Wellington Street. They quickly spread to adjoining buildings, and as a high wind was blowing, leaped across the street and ignited buildings on the opposite side. Thence the fire spread westward, crossing Bay Street, and destroying the office of the *Evening Telegram* and several large wholesale dry-goods houses. A gutta-percha factory was caught in the flames, and its combustible contents gave added impetus to the force of the fire. The wind continued fresh, carrying sparks and flying debris onward until buildings as far as Front Street were burning fiercely. The dread of the firemen was that it might change to the north, involving the whole city in the flames. Happily that calamity was averted. During the whole night and until four o'clock in the morning, the fire raged on unchecked. It was feared that the Bank of Montreal and the Queen's Hotel would both be destroyed, but before the fire reached them it was brought under control. The local fire department worked manfully, and appeals for help were sent to London, Hamilton, Montreal, and Buffalo. The last named city sent a crew of thirty-three men with their fire-apparatus by special train. The loss is estimated at nearly fifteen million dollars. The fire devastated fourteen blocks, containing one hundred and fourteen buildings, in which about two hundred and fifty firms were doing business. It is feared that fully seven thousand persons must be temporarily thrown out of employment by the disaster. Many of the destroyed buildings were believed to be fireproof, but, as in other recent great fires, the boast was not made good.

The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is (I. Cor. 3: 13)

To Gather Electricity

A tower recently erected at Wardenclyffe, N. Y., has excited the curiosity of the people of the district. The tower is octagonal in shape, and is 180 feet high. It consists of huge wooden beams, strongly braced, and is surmounted by a cupola of interlaced steel wires, bent in as to form an arc. Within the cupola is a wooden platform from which there is communication by wire with the earth. Mr. Tesla is the designer of the tower, and it is understood that a wealthy capitalist is furnishing the funds for experiments, which are expected to produce a revolution in our system of telegraphy, and in the development of electrical power. Mr. Tesla's theory is that the revolution of the earth on its axis develops an enormous accumulation of electricity in the surrounding atmosphere, which may be collected, and applied to any purpose for which electricity is now used, thus saving the enormous cost incurred in producing the current by mechanical means. He says: "When the great truth accidentally revealed and experimentally confirmed, is fully recognized, that this planet with all its immensity, is to electric currents virtually no more than a small metal ball, and that by virtue of this fact many possibilities, each baffling imagination and of incalculable consequence, are rendered absolutely sure of accomplishment; it is shown that a telegraphic message, almost as secret and non-interferable as a thought, can be transmitted to any terrestrial distance, the sound of the human voice, with all its intonations and inflections faithfully and instantly reproduced at any other point of the globe, it is easy to see how enormous will be the result." If there is indeed such a reservoir of electricity at hand, which can be utililized, men will not be slow to take advantage of it. Unhappily, there is not the same alertness to obtain and use the spiritual power which God has placed within their reach.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore and teach (Matt. 28: 18).

A Mother's Long Journey

A strangely clad woman was observed wandering about the streets of New York last week. She wore Oriental garments, and seemed to shrink with painfnl bashfulness from the curious gaze of the people who crowded about her. She had come from Zimorin. near Jerusalem, and had never seen a modern city before. Her story, as she gave it through an interpreter, was that she and her husband and their little boy had been growing poorer every year. Some one from America had advised them to come here, but they could not raise funds for the passage of the whole family. The husband and the little boy came as soon as they had sufficient money, leaving the wife and mother behind to earn her own passage money. One letter had reached her after their arrival, saying that they were going to stay in New York, where the husband had obtained employment in a cloak factory. For more than a year she waited, hoping to receive the letter which her husband promised to send, with money to help her to come out; but no letter came. The mother pined for her child. She felt a resentment to her husband for having apparently forgotten her; but her hunger for the sight of her little son became every day more intense At last she could bear it no longer, and she packed up a small bundle of her treasures and set out. Her little store of money was exhausted by the time she reached Budapesth. She wandered about there in despair until a benevolent Jew saw her and gave her money to reach Vienna. There other Jews came to her relief and enabled her to get to New York. Here she knew no one, but she was cared for by wealthy members of her race. Every day and all day she roamed about the streets looking for her child, and at last, in a crowded street, she saw him playing with other children. The joy of the poor mother at the reunion was pathetic. As she told the interpreter, the misery of the waiting and the toil of the long journey were all forgotten in the bliss of meeting her boy. The child himself had probably thought little of her and was enjoying his play; but the mother was so concerned as to expose herself to travel and hardship for his sake. How few realize that there is a like condition in our relations with our Heavenly Father It was He who sought and saved us through his Son.

God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us (Rom. 5: 8.)

Doctors Infected

Sad intelligence was given out last week from Bellevue Hospital, New York. It was that several of the doctors had fallen ill, and that two of them, in the wards where consumptive patients are treated, have contracted the disease. One of them is lying at his home in a critical condition, and the other has been sent to a sanatorium. Others have been ill from other diseases, and one has died. Fully a dozen have been obliged to give up their work on account of illness since the beginning of the year. The hospital is terribly overcrowded, while the medical staff has not been increased. The doctors have consequently been overworked, and have had no time for exercise in the open air. They must breathe the air in the rooms where patients afflicted with the disease are lying, and no amount of care can prevent their receiving the tuberculous germs. As one of the doctors said: "These germs are very tenacious of life and fly about in the dust, and the air becomes tainted. Contagion in this way has been especially liable to happen in the case of some of our physicians, who have been overworked during the past six months, as a person in a tired or run-down condition is much more apt to contract tuberculosis in this way, than one in perfect health." It is so with moral infection. No one is so liable to fall into prevalent sin as the man whose moral fibre has been weakened by indulgence in some personal evil habit. Temptation, no matter how fierce, is sure to fail if the Christian is in the condition of his Lord.

The Prince of this world cometh but hath nothing in me (John 14: 30).

THE FIRE ON WELLINGTON STREET

Courtesy of N. Y. *Tribune*

THE BANK OF MONTREAL

Courtesy of N. Y. *Tribune*

RUINS ON BAY STREET

Courtesy of N. Y. *Tribune*

SCENES IN THE RECENT GREAT FIRE IN TORONTO

BRIEF NOTES

The Utah Gospel Mission, of which Rev. John D. Nutting is Secretary, has issued its annual report. It shows that five men are now actively at work, and that colporteur visits are being made throughout the State. Nearly a million pages of special literature have been put in circulation, and many public meetings have been held. Several hopeful conversions from Mormonism are recorded.

One of the most energetic and successful additions to the ranks of the Church Missionary Society, is Rev. Luigi Carlo Perfumi, formerly a priest of the Church of Rome and Carmelite monk, who worked as a missionary in Travancore, and was drawn to inquire into the theological position of Protestants, by the godly lives of some Church Missionary Society native pastors and missionaries.

The evangelistic campaign at Pittsburg, Pa., has resulted in the bringing of about six thousand persons into church fellowship. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, J. M. Gray and L. W. Munhall were among the preachers. A committee representing fifteen denominations had charge of the work. The attendance throughout was large, with increased religious interest in the community.

We are still giving, Free, a copy of the great RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR ATLAS to every person who sends 25 cents for a nine-weeks' trial subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Thousands of our readers have taken advantage of this unusual offer, and have made their friends happy by sending them the paper, while retaining the beautiful Atlas for themselves. The book alone is easily worth the price of the subscription. Write today, before the supply is exhausted.

JAPAN THE FRIEND OF ALL NATIONS

An Authorized Interview with Mr. Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador, By CHARLES M. PEPPER

MR. KOGORO TAKAHIRA, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States, has contributed exclusively to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from the Legation at Washington, an interview defining the policy of his government in relation to some of the most important questions that have arisen in connection with the war between Japan and Russia. Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, was invited to make a statement in behalf of his government, but has not responded.

To the question whether a victory for Japan in the present war, would make for the advance of civilization in the Far East, Mr. Takahira replied that he sincerely believed that it would. "It would be manifestly improper for me," continued he, "to draw comparisons between Japan and her adversary, in the struggle now being waged. But I may without impropriety call attention to one salient fact, now a matter of record. In the negotiations which preceded the war, one of the principal agreements to which Japan asked Russia's adhesion, was a mutual engagement to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in China and Corea. Equal opportunity, when used in this sense, can mean but one thing, the right of all civilized nations to participate in the development of the great resources of the Chinese and Corean Empires. It is the principle of liberty and of progress, as opposed to the doctrine of restriction and monopoly. A great deal has been said in recent years about the impending partition of China, and the creation of spheres of influence within which different Powers shall exercise exclusive control. It was against this result that the wise diplomacy of the United States was directed in the negotiations which followed the conclusion of the Boxer troubles. It was to this result, and no other, that Russia's action was tending in the efforts she made to gain control of Manchuria. For if Russia had been successful, who can suppose that other nations would have refrained from the attempt, at least, to secure exclusive domination of other parts of China? The recognition of the principle of equal opportunity eliminates all fear of the disastrous consequences which would inevitably follow such a struggle for supremacy. And the recognition of that principle in commerce and industry would naturally have been followed by its recognition in other directions. With the closer contact with civilized nations which equal opportunity for the development of commercial and industrial interests created, there would have come increased opportunity for the introduction and spread of other and higher civilizing influences.

"I am aware," continued Minister Takahira, "that in some quarters an ambition to control China and dominate her development is ascribed to Japan, and that in consequence, Japan's victory is said to portend the so-called 'Yellow Peril.' I do not think that I am employing too strong a term when I call this surmise, or apprehension, fanciful and absurd. No one knows better than we that other nations are as deeply interested in China's development and progress as Japan, and that it would be a practical impossibility, even if we entertained the ambition, to gain such an ascendency in Chinese affairs as would imperil the welfare or the interests of other nations. For many reasons such an attempt would be doomed to certain failure. Not least of all, the national characteristics and tendencies of the Chinese themselves would impose an insuperable bar to the ascendency of any nation which sought to mould China's millions into a compact military organization, to be employed at will against the rest of the world. The Chinese are not a military people in any sense of the word. As has been often pointed out, they are a race of people in whose minds centuries of training in a system of ethics incalculating its principles have implanted a love of peace and peaceful occupations. Is it probable, or even possible, that the more intimate intercourse with Western nations created by the maintenance of the principle of the 'open door,' which is one of the results for which Japan is contending, would change this deeply rooted feeling and revolutionize the customs of centuries? On the contrary, it seems far more probable that the spread of civilizing influences brought about by more intimate intercourse with other nations would lead to an exactly opposite result. It would then be out of the power of any nation, no matter how strong the desire, to organize and manage China's teeming millions at will. Moreover, under any circumstances, such an endeavor would be in direct contradiction of all that Japan has done, or attempted, both as regards her own advancement and her efforts to better the condition of her neighbors.

M. TAKAHIRA

Japan's Minister to the United States

"Instead of arraying the peoples of the Orient against Europe and America, her sole desire is that all civilized nations may equally enjoy the benefits to be derived from the development of the resources of China and Corea, and the consequent regeneration of those Empires."

With reference to Japan's attitude toward Christian missions should the sphere of her influence be widened, Minister Takahira said, "One of the first acts of our Emperor after the Restoration was the promulgation of an edict abolishing the laws against foreign religions and their propagation among the people. With the removal of ancient restrictions, an era of religious freedom dawned in Japan, and from that time the teaching of the doctrines of Christianity spread throughout the Empire. Now liberty of conscience and freedom of religious practice are firmly assured, not alone by public sentiment, but also by an express stipulation of the Constitution adopted in 1889. The authorized Commentary upon the Constitution—the official explanation of its various stipulations, which was published coincidently with the instrument itself—says, regarding this article, 'Freedom of conscience concerns the inner part of man, and lies beyond the sphere of influence by the State. To force upon a nation a particular form of belief by the establishment of a State Religion, is injurious to the natural intellectual development of the people and prejudicial to the progress of science. No country possesses, by reason of its political authority, the right or the capacity to an oppressive measure touching abstract questions of religious faith.'

"The principle thus enunciated," continued Minister Takahira, "would undoubtedly control the sentiments and the action of the Japanese Government and people in any contingency and under all circumstances. A prominent Japanese official, commenting upon the attitude of the Japanese people toward Christianity, said that while others might not term Japan a Christian nation, her people had omitted no effort to assimilate the substance of that civilization, in the formation of which Christianity had taken a leading part. They cherish no form of bigoted religious belief, which, by inculcating intolerance and a fancied superiority over others, smothers inquiry and aspiration, but, so far as the law and unrestricted liberty of religious belief can accomplish it, their minds are open to all influences that can rightfully appeal to the conscience of man. From this it logically follows that the same liberty allowed to the Jap[anese] people in this regard, will always b[e] corded to everyone over whom Japa[n has] any right to exercise control.

"The danger of an increase of the [mili]tial spirit in Japan," said Minister [Taka]hira, in response to another questio[n] another of those hypothetical perils, [to] which stress has been laid. Those [who] dwell upon the possibility of such a[n] ger wholly ignore every lesson taugh[t by] Japan's progress during the last thre[e de]cades. Because she was successful i[n the] war with China, and because she now[con]fronts Russia in defence of rights [the] maintenance of which is essential t[o her] safety, it is taken for granted by [some] that her sole object is military aggran[dize]ment. Nothing could be farther fro[m the] truth. The only martial spirit w[hich] exists in Japan is the spirit born [of an] ardent desire to defend the father[land] and to conserve its lawful interests. W[hen] once these objects are accomplished, [there] is no more reason to suppose that the [Japa]nese nation will be eager to enter u[pon a] career of conquest than there is to i[mag]ine the same thing of the American pe[ople] for example.

"The events following the Japan-C[hina] war compelled the government to ad[opt a] policy of military and naval defence w[hich] present events show to have been [wise] and prudent. It would have been [folly] to leave the nation defenceless, at [the] mercy of a powerful neighbor of u[ncer]tain designs and large ambitions. [Not] even the expenditure which these pre[para]tions entailed was not allowed to i[nter]fere with the Empire's progress in o[ther] and more peaceful directions. The [mili]tary and naval establishments were o[nly a] part, and by no means the principal [part] of the general scheme of national de[vel]opment. Any one who believes that [they] will ever be fostered at the expense [of] plans for social, commercial and in[dus]trial development long planned and as[sid]uously carried out, entirely misapprehe[nds] the genius of Japanese progress. To [any] the nation which enters upon a caree[r of] conquest, pure and simple, justly e[xcites] the distrust and dislike of other nati[ons], and if persistent will undoubtedly in t[ime] have to encounter their active opposit[ion]. But as the good-will and the favora[ble] opinion of other nations are of the h[ighe]est value to Japan, there is not the sli[ghte]est danger that she will risk either for [the] sake of the illusory glories of milit[ary] conquest. It is not ambition of this k[ind] that has brought her into contact w[ith] Russia, but the endeavor to secure [the] observance of principles which unde[rlie] her safety and the well-being and con[tin]ued progress of her people.

"I think we have reason to hope," c[on]cluded Minister Takahira, "that our [sin]cere efforts to avert war with Russia; [our] reasonable and moderate representati[ons] which we made, and the patience we [have] played throughout negotiations wh[ich] were unduly protracted through no fa[ult] of our own, afford ample guarantee t[hat] Japan's future course, whatever the c[ircum]come, will be guided by the same mode[ra]tion and the same strict regard for t[he] rights and interests of others."

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO GIBRALTAR

Continued from page 391

runs in two parallel streets—Waterport Street and Irish Town. The abrupt slopes at the back of the town are thickly covered with houses, built tier above tier, to a height of 250 feet above the sea. At the northern extremity of this district, is a Moorish castle, with its ancient walls riddled with shot marks, the honorable scars of siege. It is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, supposed to have been commenced by Tarik, but not completed until 725 by Abul Haziz, as the Arabic inscription over the south gate records. The most noticeable feature now remaining, is the Terre del Omenage, where the Moorish governors took the oath of allegiance—a massive tower, in a commanding place.

The galleries are the great sight of Gibraltar. There is no excavation in the world for military purposes, at all approaching them in conception or execution. They were begun to be excavated out of the solid rock during the siege, to bring a flanking fire to bear on the approaches.

"The inhabitants, with soldiers, number about 27,000. Sir George White is the Gov[er]nor of Gibraltar. He is the general who was [in] Ladysmith, South Africa, when it was besieg[ed] by the Boers, and who held that place until [he] was relieved. No foreigner is allowed to st[ay] on the Rock overnight without a permit fr[om] the chief of police. At night a gun is fire[d] after which the gates are locked. If you are [in] the main street at this hour, you will hear [the] band playing a stirring tune, and the "k[ey]" sergeant," under special guard, following clo[se] behind, with the keys in his hand, taking t[he] keys away to be locked up for safekeepi[ng] during the night. The gates are unlocked aga[in] at early gun-fire, and the city is then open f[or] the people who live on the outside to come i[n].

SALVATION ARMY WORKERS IN GIBRALTAR

Before this reaches you I will be again [in] Morocco, to resume my work there.

May God's richest blessing rest upon you a[nd] all the great family of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

FRED WEISS.

Tangier, Morocco, N. Africa.

The Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee

THE host of CHRISTIAN HERALD friends who are taking a sympathetic interest in the welfare of young women who may visit St. Louis without effort this summer, are assured that the work of the Exposition Committee is being very urgently pushed forward. The Committee in New York is now thoroughly organized.

Those who have written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will receive copies of a circular sent out by the Committee, in which *full information is given* as to what should be done by women remote from the great commercial centres, as well as by those who reside in other towns and cities. It does not much matter where you may happen to reside. If there is not already conveniently near you, an Association which promotes the interests of young women, around which operations would naturally focus, you are invited to immediately take steps for the formation of a temporary organization of your own.

Until the announcement of a Secretary and summer headquarters can be made, I ask you to communicate directly with me. If you will send me the name of the lady at the head of your organization, I will personally see that she is supplied with as many of our Travelers' Aid identification cards as she may wish. Every young girl who is going alone to St. Louis, should carry with her a Travelers' Aid card, which will recommend her to the care and protection of the Y.W.C.A. in St. Louis. This card will be filled out with her name and address, and signed by the proper representative of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee. Its presentation, not only at St. Louis, but, in case of need, at any station *en route* thither, will insure to the bearer, the advice and assistance of responsible persons, who will prove in every sense her friends. Young women going alone are warned not to seek advice by the way, from any persons except the railway officials—certainly not from fellow-passengers of either sex. The St. Louis Association has a list of homes into which girls may be received with safety, at reasonable rates for board and lodging, and it would be well for mothers sending their daughters to the Fair, to address a preliminary note to that Association, in advance.

Mrs. William Shaw Stewart, of Philadelphia, is chairman of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee. Among its supporters and members are Miss Grace H. Dodge, Miss Helen Miller Gould, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Miss Sadie American, Mrs. C. N. Judson, Mrs. R.A. Dorman, Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson, and others. A public meeting, numerously attended, was held in New York on the afternoon of the 20th, in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A., in East Fifteenth street, Miss Grace Dodge in the chair.

It is very desirable that drawing-room meetings in the interest of this work should be immediately held all over the country. These meetings may be very informal, and need involve little trouble to the one in whose house they are held, but they should give an opportunity to devise methods of raising sufficient money to assist those who, through no fault of their own, may find themselves penniless, far from home, having sought employment in vain. The work of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee will not be complicated with what is known as Rescue Work, neither will it be limited to young women of any special race or creed. It is broad in its design, and will be maintained along the line of simple beneficence. One generous New York woman proposes, at her own expense, to keep a Travelers' Aid agent this summer where she may meet the incoming steamers, and render assistance to Norwegians, Danes and other Scandinavians, young girls from the Northern countries of Europe being particularly in her charge. Wherever a Travelers' Aid agent is found, she will wear a badge, showing who and what she is, and these agents will be admitted to steamboat landings and railway stations only by the express permission of the official management.

What seems to me an all-important matter is that there shall be speedily, an expression of sentiment amounting to a demonstration, indicating the intense desire of the American people, for a return to those days of the Republic, when it was our boast that our daughters could go anywhere, at any time, and be as absolutely safe on the road or in a strange place as in the homes where they were born.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BY THE BROOKSIDE

Our Love of Our "Things"

By things I mean just things—chairs, tables, clocks, candlesticks, silver, and other properties of the home, endeared to us by use and long association. In a corner of the house, it may be, stands an old worn time-piece, not very much to look at, but prized beyond words, because hands that once wound it are dust in the grave, and when one hears it strike, one hears the sweet, faint echo of voices that are forever hushed on earth. Some of us cherish old cups and plates and would not part with them for any sum that might be offered, not that their intrinsic value is so great, but because they belonged to grandmother, or great-grandmother. When a sofa, or a chair, or a bookcase has been in a house while the children have grown up, it is somehow a part of their life as well as of their parents' lives and is an essential of the home. Women cannot lose these precious bits of their environment without a poignant regret.

Fully insured, we sometimes hear it said, when fire has destroyed the accumulations of years, and the house and its treasures are reduced to gray ashes and blackened ruins. Yes, says the careless passer-by, the people in that house are fortunate. They are happily rid of a good deal of encumbering rubbish, and they may now furnish their home with new and beautiful appointments throughout.

Ask the house-mother her impression of the loss she has sustained. She will tell you that all the insurance in the world will not recompense her for the bureau, in the lowest drawer of which she kept the little white frocks and the little red shoes of the baby, who slipped out of her arms into heaven when she was a toddling child of two.

Ask the father, and he will bear out his wife's opinion, that he would rather have parted with anything on earth, than have failed to save the portrait of the darling daughter who faded out of this mortal sphere in the summer, when she had reached the loveliness of eighteen.

I never feel a greater pity than when the pathos of an auction sale, or a second-hand book-shop strikes in my soul, the chord that trembles to tears. Here, inscribed on the fly-leaf of a Bible, is the loving message of wife to husband, or mother to son. Here, knocked down to the highest bidder, is a picture or a lamp, once the pride of a home, purchased with the savings of many days. Yes, it is too true, that the fashion of this world passeth away. We should not set our hearts on anything of time. The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal.

Her Knight-Errant

BY SARA VIRGINIA DU BOIS

SHE was a gentle, timid child, twelve years old, although you could scarcely credit it when you looked at her. Uncle Ed said he was sure they had made some mistake about her age, but mother declared she ought to know, with it recorded in black and white in the family Bible. And now she was to go to Louisville, alone, for a month's visit, They did not see how they could ever spare her, and certainly they would not have allowed her to have taken such a venturesome trip alone, had not the doctor strongly advised it. "She needs change of some sort," he said, "and if she does not get it, you will have a sick child on your hands, or I calculate incorrectly."

There was no question about it after that, Cora must go to Louisville as soon as the family could get her ready for the journey. Aunt Allie would be there awaiting her, and would take every possible care of her during her sojourn there. But what of the journey? The family purse was, at the best of times, slim enough; it was out of the question to think of any one accompanying her. "You mark my words, she'll be taken care of, Julia." This was from grandma, whose advice was always timely, and thankfully received. And Cora, with pale little face, flittered about from room to room, hovering continually between two opinions—a desire to go and a desire to stay at home. "I hope you will bear up proper well, child," said grandma. "It's for your good you are going, or you mind we would never consent to it."

And she did brace up well, even when the last tearful good-bye was said and the train started out from the depot.

There was but one vacant seat, the only one she could see, and the occupant was an elderly man, sitting next the window.

"May I sit by you, sir?" It was a timid voice that uttered the words. Poor little girl, she was so fearful lest she should cry.

"Certainly, my child, and welcome."

It was such a relief to sit under the care of this elderly man, that she lost a measure of her timidity and looked up at him gratefully.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said.

"So glad of what, my little maid?" was the answer.

"That you will take care of me, sir, till I get there."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure than to take care of you; but where are you going?"

"To Aunt Allie's, at Louisville; and I am all alone."

"Not if I am your knight-errant. But suppose you tell me all about it."

And she did, in simple, childish language that appealed direct to the heart. It was when she pictured the dear ones she had left at home, that he brushed, unseen, tears from his eyes. Seemingly it was not many years since he, a boy, had parted from loving parents to try his fortune in the bustling outside world.

How quickly the hours sped by and how grateful she felt when she found her knight-errant was going to the end of the line. She would ask Aunt Allie what knight-errant meant. She was uncertain about it herself and did not want to expose her ignorance if she could avoid it. She nestled quite close to him with a sense of ownership, more particularly after he told her of a little granddaughter of his own, about her age. The conductor sought her out good naturedly at last. "I was instructed to look after you, little miss," he said, "and put you off at Louisville."

"Oh, thank you, but I shall not need you now; this is my knight-errant."

"All right," was the smiling answer; "I'll turn you over to him."

At Louisville, Aunt Allie was awaiting her. "Dearest child," she said, as she kissed her, "how did you get here? And were you much alarmed?"

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "didn't you see him, that beautiful old gentleman; he was my knight-errant."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MADAME. No. It is awkward to take the arm of a guest, and walking around a room, to introduce her to every stranger in turn. Introduce your friend to those near you, as you receive her, and present her to others later.

—EVE. Unless the circumstances are exceptional, you are not expected to make presents to your employer.

—MARY. A course dinner in its simplest form consists of soup, roast, salad, and dessert, followed by black coffee. There may be grape fruit or oysters on the half-shell before the soup, and fish after it, before the roast, also various other dishes as entrees, but the four courses are the only necessities in the case.

"But a Father the fattest calf"

God Seeking Men

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

"Put a ring on his hand"

The Confession

MY father being a man of wealth and position, my boyhood days were filled with privileges. Although my father's lands were broad, as I grew older I felt my situation in life circumscribed. I wanted to see the world. I knew that as a son I had a share in my father's estate, and so I went to him and said, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." He gave me my request, but I was yet to learn how literally it would send leanness into my soul. Gold heaped in bags and many changes of rich raiment he handed over to me. I was elated by this abundance, and loading all my treasure upon asses, I started away from home. I was too selfish to think of the pain that I was causing my father, though I did see there were tears in his eyes, and that his hand trembled when he laid it on my head and gave me his parting blessing. Oh how free I felt, and how narrow seemed the home I was leaving behind me.

I began at once to make friends. I see now that my riches were the bait which brought them to me; but this did not occur to me then. I thought of them as hail-fellows well met. How they did help me to spend my money! "Wine, women and song" afforded the pleasures which we sought together, and which I paid for. I wasted my substance in riotous living.

Illustration and Application

The parable of the prodigal son cannot be rightly understood, except by considering with it the whole sermon of which it is a part. Alone, it looks unevangelical, the sinner coming of himself to the Father, without a Mediator, and without any special aid of the Holy Spirit. But the whole sermon, including Luke 15 and 16, is probably the most complete expression in the Bible of the plan of salvation. The Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the sinner lost and redeemed, are all pictured in a beautiful series of parables as five co-workers in salvation. The parable of the prodigal gives us a picture of the divine Father that is everywhere instinctively received as true to life. "When he was a great way off, his father saw him." But it needs to be closely joined with the parable of the lost sheep showing the Shepherd Saviour, the Son of God, going with bleeding feet from the safe fold of heaven, "away on the mountains wild and bare," to seek and save that which was lost. Then the parable of the lost coin brings in the Holy Spirit in the lamp, with which the woman, representing the Church, seeks the lost coin, stamped with the name and image of the King. This, as well as the lost sheep and the lost son, representing the lost soul, which the parable of the prodigal shows, as the others do not, must have a share in his own salvation. Jesus bears the lost one, and yet he also walks on his own feet. Two of the most powerful touches in the parable of the prodigal, are the two places where his free will is shown. First, in its evil exercise, fleeing from the father; second, in its noblest exercise, fleeing to the father.

Lest it should be thought that only the vicious prodigals are sinners, it is shown in the sixteenth chapter that miserly moralists are sinners also, destined for destruction if they do not repent and learn the nobler uses of property. Dives, no less than the prodigal, has wandered far from God, and should return.

* * *

He divided unto them his living. The heavenly Father and earthly parents alike, must give beings of free agency their will on many occasions when it will bring them trouble, as the only plan by which they can learn the folly of having their own way.

In a certain home the wills of mother and son had come into serious collision. The good Christian mother was right, and the headstrong son, passing from youth into young manhood, was wrong, though he really thought his mother both unkind and unjust. "You say you want me to be happy," he said. "That you would gladly make any sacrifice to secure my happiness, and yet you refuse to do the only thing that can promote it. You will excuse me if I fail to understand such love." These were cruel words, and bitterly wounding to the unselfish soul whose affections were centered entirely in her children. "My obligation to do right, my son, far outweighs any other consideration," the mother replied sadly, but firmly. "That shows exactly how much you care for me," said the misguided boy, pale with passion. "And, as I do not care about keeping up relations with one whose love is simply pretension, I will relieve you of my society in future." "Very well," was the calm response. "But remember this, whenever you need me, my son, you will find me waiting to receive you." And now the door slammed heavily, and the mother's darling went on his obstinate way. There was nothing to do but to let him go, until he discovered by his own experience that she was right, and he was wrong. After bitter years in the school of experience, he came back in sorrow and need to the prodigal's ever loving mother. Strange that so many insist on learning this bitter lesson for themselves.

It is fitting to insert here what is so likely to be overlooked in teaching this parable, that repentance does not undo all the consequences of evil-doing. One who has fired a bomb-shell may repent, but it will not stay the missile in its deadly flight. And a word is often more deadly than a shell, and once spoken is often as hard to recall. Jacob and David were both forgiven, but both suffered to the end the consequences of their sins. The prodigal will come back, but with only a charity ring and robe in place of his lost estate. Forgiveness will cancel the guilt, but not the bitter consequences of sin.

* * *

He came to himself. Dr. Joseph Parker, in a vivid sermon on the prodigal, described how "when he had spent all," he pawned his clothes. Throwing back his own outer garment he told how the desperate prodigal pulled off his coat and drank its value. Then he sold his vest, and drank the proceeds. Later he sold his shirt, and drank what it brought. Then—and the doctor tapped his breast as though he had come to his naked body and there was nothing more to strip off and sell—then he came to himself. It was indeed a return from madness, a coming face to face with the nobler self in the chambers of conscience. He saw how he had fallen below his true self, his nobler ideals, his early teachings. What he was, confronted what he ought to be, and he was ashamed and aroused.

* * *

I will arise and go unto my father. In an English watering place there gathered in front of a tradesman's window, which included Bibles as part of the stock, a grotesque troupe of blackened minstrels, and after they had sung awhile, one young man, who looked to be above the others in quality, and had manifestly fallen from a better condition, "passed round the hat." The Christian shopkeeper said to him: "See here, young man, I will give you a shilling, and this book besides, if you will read a portion of the book among your comrades and the bystanders." "Here's a shilling for an easy job," he chuckled to his comrades, and taking the Bible, opened for him to the 15th of Luke, began to read, as directed, at the 11th verse, the story of the prodigal. At once the reader grew strangely serious, which caused a profound silence in the audience. When the reader spoke of the wayward son spending his substance in riotous living, one of his comrades ejaculated, "That's thee, Jem; it's just like what you told me of yourself and your father." The reader said nothing, but read on with even more feeling than before. When he read, "he began to be in want," again his comrade interrupted to say, "Why, that's thee again, Jem." As he read of the prodigal begging in vain for enough to eat even of the husks, another cried, "That's like us all. We're all beggars and might be better than we are." The reader on until he reached the words, "I will arise and go unto father," on which he fairly broke down. All were moved. This young man sought the advice of the Christian merchant, and as a result the long-lost and dearly-loved was restored to both his earthly and his heavenly Father.

* * *

And when he was yet a great way off. An aged woman sat alone, having buried five of her six children, and "lost" another, in a deeper sense, by her wayward departure long before for parts unknown. Her grief for the buried was far less than for this one, dead to virtue and affection. One snowy night someone came almost silently and stood beside her chair. She turned, and saw what was hardly more than the ghost of her once-beautiful daughter, pleading for pardon for the past. The mother fell on her knees and thanked God, first of all, for bringing back the wanderer, and then she prayed with and for her daughter. When reconciliation was complete, the daughter asked why the mother had left the door unbarred when she was quite alone.

"My child!" the widow said, and smiled,—a smile of love and pity,
"I kept it so, lest you should come, and turn away again.
I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love is true;
Yet it is the shadowy type of His, who died for you."

"Yes, there is One who will not chide and scoff,
But beckons us to home of heavenly bliss;
Beholds the prodigal a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a father's kiss."

That will help us to understand that great saying about God "waiting to be gracious." His waiting never gives out. As it was said in the parable of the Good Shepherd, he searches for the lost sheep "until he finds it," so the Father waits for the wandering son until he returns, so should the Church search for the lost soul "until it is saved."

* * *

Father, I have sinned. A deaf and dumb girl, greatly beloved by her father, was sent far away for a year to be educated in an institution. She was taught to articulate, and at the end of the year when the father came, she ran to meet him, and opened her lips to say, "Father." She was so overcome with joy and surprise that he fell upon the walk. Such is the joy in heaven when the spiritually deaf and dumb, who would neither hear the voice of God nor speak to him in return, learn to say, "Father, I have sinned." A mother who had been left unprovided for by the death of her banker husband, with a large family of children, was soon also deserted by the only son who was old enough to aid her in keeping up the home. The mother would walk her room night, especially on a stormy night, sobbing and praying for her wandering boy. So it went on for fourteen years, during which she did not even know where in the wide world he was, or whether he was in this world at all. One stormy night, when the mother was sitting with two of her now grown sons on her porch, a tall, dark-bearded stranger looked in hesitatingly at the open window. The mother did not know him at first, but the big tears rolling down his face soon revealed him. She sprang up and bade him come in at once. "No, mother, I shall never cross your threshold until you tell me that you forgive everything." "Why, dear, I have forgiven you long ago; and now there's nothing to forgive save that you have stayed away so long." "As one who his mother comforteth," so our merciful Father welcomes us back from our wanderings.

* * *

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. That is the profoundest word of the whole story. President Mark Hopkins said in his last hour, "If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, then in heaven they know what is taking place here. All they know not only the external, but the internal life of the world, because repentance is an inward thing. So I could go on to show that one system pervades heaven and earth. If there is joy over a sinner restored, they know it is an awful thing to be lost, that it is a great thing to be saved. A few years ago, when ten men supposed to be killed in a Welch colliery, were brought up alive after ten days' hard rescue work, there was rejoicing all over the British Isles, and the news was cabled to gladden faraway lands. So heaven rejoices when a soul is saved.

"HE SENT HIM INTO HIS FIELDS TO FEED SWINE"

*The Prodigal Son. International Sunday School Lesson for May 15: Luke 15: 11-24. Golden Text: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord." Hosea 6: 1.

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The War in the Far East

CABLE dispatches from Chefoo and other points in the Far East, would seem to indicate that the conflict on land between the Japanese and Russian armies has already begun. On April 20, a strong fleet of Japanese warships, convoying some thirty transports, appeared in the Bay of Corea, steaming in the direction of Takushan. On the same day, another fleet was reported off Son-Chon, and a third (of seventy transports) was said to be heading for Kin-Chow, north of Port Arthur. It was believed probable that a landing would be attempted at some point near the Gulf of Ching-Thai-Fsu, which is not far away from Takushan, twenty miles to the west, and connects by caravan road with Port Arthur, 150 miles away, and with Feng-Huan-Cheng, fifty miles to the northeast, where the Russian forces are expected to make their first stand in force. It is believed that the Japanese will also advance from Wiju soon. Their arrangements for a turning movement are complete, and such a movement may begin at Takushan, as Feng-Huan-Cheng lies at the angle of an equilateral triangle, with Takushan and the Yalu as bases. The Japanese disembarkation will be so strongly covered by warships that the Russians will be powerless to prevent it.

It is apparently the programme of the Japanese to move simultaneously, in force, on the Yalu and at one or more points on the Liao-tung peninsula, cutting off a portion of the peninsula and effectually isolating Port Arthur. Gen. Kouropatkin is said to be carrying out a counter-movement on the east coast of Corea, throwing a strong Russian force into Corea along the great south road through the province of Hamgyung, with the intention of drawing a Japanese attack from the Yalu. Russian outposts on the Yalu on April 18 were almost in contact with the Japanese outposts. The Russians, in force, were holding the mountain passes between Manchuria and Corea, and were fortifying them with mountain batteries.

There is a report, that on April 12 an attempted Japanese landing under the protection of Admiral Togo's fleet, was made at Morea Bay, between Port Arthur and the Yalu, and frustrated by the hot fire of the land batteries at Takushan, where the Russians have concentrated 20,000 troops with artillery; 12,000 Japanese had landed before the attack began. No details of this action have been received. There is a rigid censorship on all correspondence and telegrams from the Russian side, and no news comes from the Japanese warships until after it has been officially communicated to the government at Tokio.

New Chwang, according to a St. Petersburg cablegram, was bombarded on April 21, and the Japanese landed troops there. This force will cross the peninsula and unite with those landed recently near the Yalu.

Seoul has rumors of a big battle on the Yalu and also of the fall of Port Arthur.

It is now generally admitted that the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* was destroyed by a mine of a new type, designed by Captain Oda, of the *Korio Maru*, the Japanese vessel which laid the mines in front of Port Arthur on the night of April 12. The explosive used was invented by Prof. Shimose, and is said to be more powerful than lyddite.

Russia has rescinded the order directing that wireless telegraph correspondents be treated as spies.

Two submarine torpedo boats, bought by Russia in Germany, have been sent to the front.

Many of the refugees from Port Arthur, being unable to get transportation, have perished from cold and hunger.

Sharp fighting is reported at several points on the Yalu River. There is no reliable news on the subject, and the rumors come chiefly from native Corean or Chinese sources.

Russian troops, several thousand strong, are reported near the Tumen River, and advancing gradually southward. Puechan, eighty miles south of Gensan, has been occupied by the Russians. The Japanese garrison at Gensan has been reinforced.

General Kashlalinsky, of the Cossack brigade, on April 19, reported to General Kouropatkin, that the Japanese were entrenching along the Yalu, and opposite Golutsy, and north of that place. Their numbers were increasing, and spreading northward from Wiju to the river.

A Cheefoo dispatch to the London *Express* says: "It is believed the Russians are gathering strength to invade Corea in force to offset the Japanese successes at sea. The Russian strength centred at Liaoyang is said to be almost overwhelming, and having the advantage of position it would be comparatively easy for the Russians to Cross the Yalu."

The Tokio correspondent of the *Times*, confirms the statements of other correspondents that it is expected that the Russians will make a stand at the Yalu River. In addition to their 50,000 troops massed between Chiulencheng and Tatungku, their upstream extension is indefinite, but reaches at least to the Poshil River, which enters the Yalu opposite Huangpien.

Viceroy Alexieff has resigned, but up to April 21 there was no announcement that his resignation had been accepted. He is said to be greatly mortified over the appointment of Admiral Skrydloff at Port Arthur, he having recommended to the Czar the appointment of Admiral Dubassof.

The Russian Baltic Sea fleet, by Admiral Skrydloff's desire, will soon proceed to the East. He hopes to unite the three Russian fleets.

The people of Vladivostok are suffering greatly from lack of food. The civil population is now reduced to 5,000.

A Nagasaki dispatch credits a leading Japanese statesman with the assurance that "Japan does not mean to humiliate Russia; but will destroy the fleets, capture Port Arthur and Vladivostok, and then, having removed the menace of Russia's power in the Far East, Japan will be prepared to listen to proposals of peace." This would indicate that Japan has no idea of carrying on an extensive campaign in Manchuria.

Macedonians Grateful

Rev. Leroy F. Ostrander, of Samokov, Bulgaria, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, giving some interesting details of the conclusion of the relief work among the Macedonians, which was made possible by the funds contributed by our readers. He adds: "Thanking you and the readers of your paper, both personally and in the name of the distressed Macedonians, for the Christian generosity which has helped us to do something to relieve the suffering around us." Letters containing similar assurances of the profound gratitnde of the Macedonians have also been received from other missionaries and also from a number of native pastors. It is expected that the distributors will shortly make report of their work in detail.

All That Was Left of It

At a gathering of several ministers recently (says the Baltimore *Sun*), one of them, who is opposed to the so-called "higher criticism," told the following: "One day a member of a certain church, who had listened attentively for five years to the preaching of his pastor, took to the Divine his Bible, which was truly a sight to behold, with whole books clipped out here, or a passage gone there. Indeed, between the covers, there was little else left but a few shreds of paper. The pastor was horrified, and rebuked his parishioner for using the Bible so shockingly. The parishioner meekly replied:

"'It is all the result of your preaching. When I went home from church each Sunday, I cut out of the book that which you had criticised in your sermon of that day. That verse on the Trinity was an interpolation; so out went the strong verse. Then the canonicity of this book and that was doubtful; so out went this book, and that. John did not write the Gospel of John; so out went what was called the Gospel of John. This bit of history was not history, only allegory; so out went that false and deceiving thing. Positively, sir, I have been faithful with my shears, and this is all the Bible I have left—the two covers and a few tatters.'"

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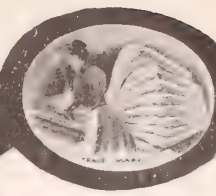

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The Sunshiners' Convention

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the International Sunshine Society will be held May 19, at the Waldorf Astoria, New York, from 9 A. M. until late in the evening. There will be a morning and afternoon session, and in the evening a concert will be given under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Fairchild Knapp, Chairman of the Executive Board. This will be the event of the evening. Every branch is entitled to two delegates, and all members are urged to attend if possible. There will be a bazaar held in the corridor during the day, and the proceeds will help to defray expenses of the Convention. Gifts of all kinds, suitable for the work, will be gratefully received.

May 20 will be devoted to Presidents' and delegates' meeting at Sunshine headquarters, 96 Fifth Avenue, from 10 A. M. until noon. May 21 will be devoted to an excursion to Sea Cliff, L. I. This will be a box-lunch, coffee and tea being served by the members in Sea Cliff. All Sunshiners are cordially invited to attend the annual meeting, for it will be most enjoyable.

SPRING WORK ON A SUNSHINE FARM

SUNSHINE NOTES

Philip M. M. Lennan, of Middle River, Nova Scotia, is an invalid confined to his chair. He feels lonely, and it has been arranged that he receive a surprise letter party on May 10. Send him a friendly note, with just a little card of greeting, or poem of "good cheer." This will brighten many dark days for him.

Mrs. Cynthia Trogear, of 501 East Seventy-eight Street, New York City, is a trained nurse for the blind, who has given her services to start a little kindergarten for blind babies under eight years of age. They are not received into institutions to learn anything to occupy their minds under this age, and the little ones, who are at present at the kindergarten, are overjoyed with their new occupation. Donations of cereals, toys, games for kindergarten, are earnestly asked, and will be acknowledged as soon as possible. A Sunshine member in Boston started the good work, by providing the rent for several months.

If a friend's kindly words give you pleasure,
Just pass the bright saying along;
Its value and cheer you can't measure—
A wail, it may change into song.

Don't be selfish, and keep all the sunshine
A good deed may have brought unto you;
Divide it with others and let it refine
All the brightness which falls to your due.

Mr. N. L. G. Anderson, Ottobine, Va. (an invalid), would appreciate magazines. Some readers may be disposed to send him a few.

Mrs. J. H. Bailey, of Rough Creek, Va., has a family of little children, and it is sometimes very hard to clothe them. Her boys are thirteen, eleven and ten years old, and her husband is a semi-invalid. She is anxious to have clothing for some of the boys, so that they may go to school.

Some Sunshiner may be disposed to send to Lem F. Joyce, of Sandy Ridge, Stokes Co., N. C., a little boy of eleven, a few books to read. Mrs. Maggie Ferguson, of Sandy Ridge, N. C., would be grateful for silk pieces for quilts.

Answered Prayers

Miss D. H., Portsmouth, Va. "I promised that if my prayer was answered, I would make public acknowledgment. I have had direct answers to many of my prayers. The Lord will always help when we ask and trust him."

Mrs. H. J. B., Newark, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge publicly God's goodness in answering prayer. 'The Lord hath done all things well, whereof I am glad.'"

J. D., (A Believer), Frackville, Pa. "God has answered my prayers many times."

A Reader, Kansas. "I earnestly prayed to God for deliverance from trouble, and my prayer was answered."

M. B. T., Nogales, Ariz. "Dark clouds hung over us, but in answer to our prayers His sunshine has taken their place. We cannot doubt that God answers prayer."

E. P. W., Urbana, Ill. "My prayers have been answered, and I am now happy. I have faith, and will still ask God's blessing."

Old Subscriber, Kansas City, Mo. "I wish to tell of the direct answer to prayer, in what seemed to be a human impossibility, in reclaiming a dear one. 'Blessed are all they who trust in Him.'"

B. G. H., St. Louis, Mo. "I want to testify to the goodness of the Lord in answering my prayer, and giving me the desire and longing of my heart. Bless the Lord, oh my soul!"

Believer in Prayer, New York. "I have a burden which is heavy to bear, and recently seemed almost intolerable. I carried it to the Lord, cast it upon him, and prayed, not that he would remove it, but that he would sustain me according to his promise. His grace has made it wondrously lighter, for he has given me strength to bear it more cheerfully."

Old Subscriber, Pittstown, N. J. "I had a heavy cross placed upon me. I prayed to God to remove it, and he has answered my prayer. He has not only answered this prayer, but many others."

W. E., Childersburg, Ala. "In gratitude to our Heavenly Father for many answered prayers, I desire to add my testimony to that of others, to my lost condition, without any outside influence whatever being brought to bear on me. Let no one doubt his mercy and power."

E. S. H. "God hears and answers prayers, I know, if we call upon him in earnestness of heart. He helped me not only once, but many times."

M. A. K., wishes to add her testimony to the faithfulness of God in hearing and answering prayer.

A Constant Reader, Mechanicsville. "God has answered my prayers in such a direct way that I feel I must acknowledge it. He is a true friend to sinner as well as Christian, if they will only pray to him."

Mrs. A. C. M., Milwaukee, Wis. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayers. If we pray in faith, I know he will hear us."

A Mother, Missouri. "What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer! I believe in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God."

Mrs. S. "God has answered my prayer. I had a wayward boy, who had left home; but I prayed to the Lord, and he brought him back, for which I praise him."

A. E. D., Milburn, N. J. "I promised God to acknowledge an answer to prayer, and I want to testify to the answering of many prayers."

R. and J. B., husband and wife. "We wish to acknowledge to the world that the Lord hears and answers prayers."

S. S., Perrysburg, O. "I can say from my own experience that God does answer prayer. I feel constrained to acknowledge the fact."

Acknowledgments of answered prayers have also been received from An Old Subscriber; A Reader, Troy, Idaho; Mrs. H. Adams, La Grange, Ill.; S. A. C., Dunham, Canada; C. E. S., Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. T. M., Nacogdoches, Tex.; J. B. H., Lancaster, Pa.; C. W. S., Burlington, W. Va.; Mrs. O. W., Allentown, Pa.; A Reader, Montoursville, Pa.; N. S., Sheridan, Ind.; Mrs. B., St. Albans; Miss F. W. G., Jersey City Heights; An Old Subscriber, N. C.; S. M. S., New York; A Reader, Fairfield, Ia.; Miss E. L., Newtown, Conn.; Reader, Lake Lillian Minn.; J. M. C., Muscogee, Ind.; T. B. L., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. M. E. C., Mooresville, W. Va.; M. E. S., Iowa; Mrs. A. C. B., Cedarville, N. J.; C. E. C., Evans City, Pa.; C. J. W., Toledo, O.

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"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble.

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been made over by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE SPELL OF HOME

By David Lyall

OLD Malcolm MacVean, for forty long years village shoemaker in Inchonnen, in the Scottish Highlands, looked out by his cottage door in the ll morning, shading his eyes from the sun ith his hand. It was a morning in late September, and the sun having shone with unprecedented constancy for well-nigh a month, the scant sheaves were dotting the tle fields everywhere. And there was rejoicing in the hearts and on the faces of the tillers of the soil. For once in the cycle of years Inchonnen had belied its reputation of being a wet, cold, dreary place, where the fruits of the earth could not ripen, but had to be gathered green and sodden from the fields year after year, and given to cattle as winter fodder. Now this mystery and great wastry had often lain heavy on the soul of Malcolm MacVean, and he had grieved over it, even wrestling with the Almighty for the heaviness of the blight that seemed to lie on the strath he loved. But after forty years he was no nearer solution than he had been at the beginning, and was forced to fall back upon Holy Writ, "My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts, saith the Lord."

Neither Malcolm, nor any of his grumbling neighbors ever gave a thought to the folly of trying to cultivate farms on land that was never meant for it, of sowing corn and planting potatoes on furrows that were half the year under water, when the burns ran in spate from the hills, and the morass about the loch was impassable even for the sheep. And as the people, one by one dropped away, killed by the scourge which arose from these unhealthy conditions of life, they took no thought of the folly that had made a place of such habitation there at all. Who was first responsible for the birth of Inchonnen none could tell. Sure it was very old, nestling there in the silent, close shadow of its encircling hills. The houses themselves, with their ivy-grown walls and overhanging eaves, would tell of their age; and the ruined, empty, desolate cottages scattered here and there on the lochside and also further up on the slope of Benachie could tell, too, that the place had fallen on evil days.

Malcolm MacVean was looking, that still, quiet morning, shading his eyes as they had scanned the long winding trail of the white road. He had kept this vigil at the dawning for well-nigh twenty years each morning with unfailing access of faith and hope. Far down the road he could see a moving black speck, that was not unduly uplifted by the sight, for, like a mirage in the desert, it had deceived him often. He took out his big, old-fashioned watch, and saw that it was just five o'clock, an unlikely time for any respectable traveler to arrive on foot at a place so remote as Inchonnen. No doubt it was some "gangrel body" or one of the tinker women, with her load of tins on her back, who had fallen by the way with fatigue, and slept under the dry bracens. He stepped back to the little kitchen, laid some more peat on the fire, and swung the singing kettle back from the smoke; then taking his stout stick, set out for the road. He often took a walk in the morning, before the day's work claimed him, and nobody seeing him, wondered or thought it strange. Already the thin line of smoke was curling from nearly every chimney; there were few sluggards in Inchonnen, or any ants to shame them with their industry.

As he left the village behind, and came out on the treeless road, the wind seemed to spring up freshly from the hills, to stir his grey locks and fill his lungs with fresh vigor. Then he could see the flutter of skirts in the far distance, and knew it was a woman approaching. Perhaps his heart beat a little faster—it might be the woman he wished to meet. That he had been disappointed so often, took nothing away from the freshness of his hope.

As his foot quickened, hers seemed to lag; once she stood still, and even turned her head down the steep slope whence she had come. Then did Malcolm, with the sweat on his brow, break into a little run, in an agony lest she should escape. And all this before there was any possibility of recognition, only something told him the answer to his long prayer had come at last. The ends of his plaid fluttered in the wind, he had his bonnet in his hand, and his stout stick under his arm so that he would not be impeded, and he came quite close to her, she standing still in the road, with her thin hands folded, a look which cannot be described upon her face.

It was a sad face, and weary—the face of one who had been down in the deeps of life, and had tasted its bitterest cup. Yet she had left it a bonnie, fresh lass, with the bloom of the morning on her cheek, and the light of the sun in her eyes. It was not for her to speak. She was not clever, like the prodigal had, to con a moving lesson beforehand; she had no words to pierce the heart of the father she had so grievously offended. But none were needed. The silence about them made fitting environment for a moment of acute anguish.

It was the old man who first found his voice.

"Elspet, so ye are come hame."

There was a moving pathos in these bald words. Elspet MacVean shook as an aspen shivers in the wind.

"Ay, father," was all she said, and they looked at one another again in that strange, deep silence. It was deep enough and elastic enough to bridge the gulf of the intervening years. He was not learned in knowledge of the world from any experience of his own, but his daughter's story needed no telling. It was writ large upon her from top to toe. Her eyes had wept, her face had blanched and grown thin and weary through feeding on the husks; her poor clothing, though clean and decently whole, spoke the poverty that would not hide.

"Where haf ye been, bairn, a' the nicht?" he asked huskily.

"I started frae Blair last nicht, but it tired me, an' I had to creep into the bracken. I could hae walkit once, father—there an' back."

"Ay, but the bracken was dry, Elspet. It iss nineteen year sin ye gaed doon the road to Blair. It hass been a hard road."

"Yes, it has been a hard road; and what I'm come back for, I ken not."

"You micht haf written, Elspet. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

"I had naething to tell that ye wad wish to hear."

"Did he marry ye, lass?" he asked then, and his eyes seemed fathomless as they dwelt mercilessly upon her face.

She shook her head.

"He left me in three year. The bairn deed. I've been in service since. But there's something here," she said, pressing her hand to her side, "an' I couldna dee in the puirhoose."

"God forbid! Ye are welcome hame, Elspet. Ye hae paid the price."

It was his verdict which covered the whole dreary vista of the years he had waited. He had no reproach for the child who had so ill requited his fatherly care; he could leave that in other hands. What he was presently concerned with was her homecoming, and the "something here." Misery is ever selfish. Elspet MacVean had nothing to say regarding her father's looks. Had she been asked, she might have said that in twenty years he had changed but little. All the change was in her.

"What'll they say in Inchonnen, father? It will be ill for me, aye, an' for you, to hear their clashes."

"We can shut the door, my lass; an' nae man or woman will clash to Malcolm MacVean when he hass no mind or ear to listen."

"I will shame ye, father, for I hae nothing in the wide world but what ye see. For I hae been ill near a year, an' even in the hospital, an' all my siller is dune."

"I haf enough," he made answer. "Come then, bairn, let us hame, for it is jist on the stroke o' six."

They quickened their steps a little, and presently with one accord began to cross a stubble field that brought them to their own door. Elspet MacVean was three whole days in her father's house before a soul knew of her return. Then it was the doctor that discovered it. He was riding past the cottage door when the old man signed to him to come in. And there at the fireside, wrapped in an old plaid, was a woman he had no difficulty in recognizing.

"So," he said, drawing a long breath, "you have come back, Elspet."

He regarded her steadily, and with a deepening gravity. He was a plain-spoken man, of no mean skill, who never beat about the bush. After a brief examination, he nodded first, and then shook his head. The old man followed him anxiously to the door.

"She'll not last long, Malcolm. It's a pity that she should have made such havoc of her life."

"Then she iss to dee? When, doctor?"

"In about six weeks or so the stress will come. I'll drop in as I pass by, Malcolm; but it is little I can do."

When the old man re-entered the cottage Elspet turned to him.

"He says I am to dee, father; but it winna be yet, not this year, nor the next, you can tell him that frae me."

"In the Lord's time, lass," said the old man rebukingly, but there was a mist before his eyes.

The next morning his broken sleep was disturbed by the swish of a heather besom on the floor, and the stir of much cleaning. And when he drew the curtain of the box bed, in which he shut himself nightly, in total defiance of all the laws of health, he saw that the place was empty of all its meagre furniture, and Elspet on the chair, with a pail of whitewash ready to her hand.

"Mercy me, lass, ye are beside yersel'!" he cried with a gasp.

"Lie still, or I bid ye get up; it's jist five.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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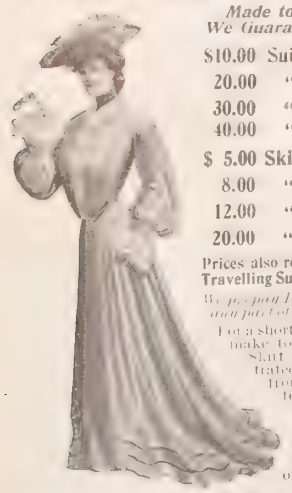

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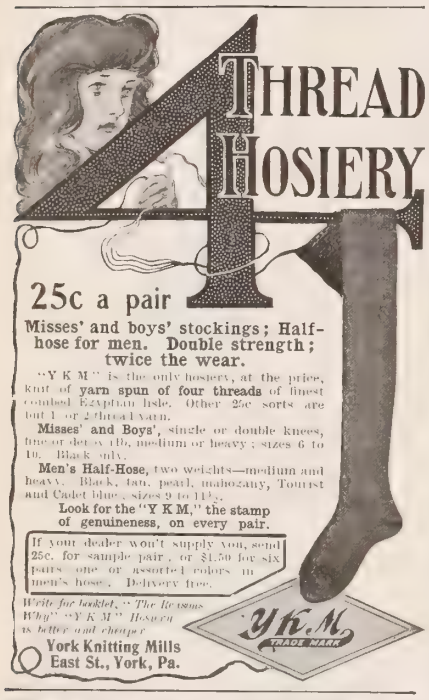

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Test of Originality*

HUMAN beings are much the same to-day as when their characteristic traits proved so suggestive to Attic and to Roman orators. It needs but an alert, receptive mind to take these things and transform them into material for oratory. Ruskin took a common rock-crystal and saw hidden within its stolid heart lessons which have not yet ceased to move men's lives. Beecher stood for hours before the window of a jewelry store thinking out analogies between jewels and the souls of men. Gough saw in a single drop of water enough truth wherewith to quench the thirst of five thousand souls. Thoreau sat so still in the shadowy woods that birds and insects came and opened up their secret lives to his eye. Most men are blind. There are a thousand times as many hidden truths and undiscovered facts about us to-day as have made discoverers famous—facts waiting for some one to "pluck out the heart of their mystery." But so long as men go about the search with eyes that see not, so long will these hidden pearls lie in their shells. Not an orator but who could more effectively point and feather his shafts were he to search nature rather than libraries. Too few can see "sermons in stones" and "books in the running brooks," because they are so used to seeing merely sermons in books and only stones in running brooks. Sir Philip Sidney had a saying, "Look in thy heart and write;" Massillon explained his astute knowledge of the human heart by saying, "I learned it by studying myself;" Byron says of John Locke that "all his knowledge of the human understanding was derived from studying his own mind." Since multiform nature is all about us, originality ought not to be so rare.

Original minds have learned to think consecutively. This is an age of second-hand thinking. We all ask for our milk malted, our meats peptonized, and our books digested. Reviews, condensations, and reference books are quite as typical of the intellectual life of the period as are labor-saving devices characteristic of the material world. Short cuts are the mania of the age.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler proposes five tests of education, in the broadest sense of the term, and among them he places reflection. Here they are:

1. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
2. Those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action.
3. The power and habit of reflection.
4. The power of intellectual growth.
5. Efficiency, the power to do.

But if the lack of consecutive thinking is such a general failing, all the greater are the rewards offered to the public speaker who to his powers of observation is willing to add the ability to reflect, and to think systematically. Originality waits for him to crown his desire with gift.

*From *How to Attract and Hold an Audience*, by J. B. Esenwein, a popular teacher on the preparation and delivery of public discourse, very practical and useful to students and speakers. Pp. 272, cloth. Price $1. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

The Spell of Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 403

At six the wa's will be dune, an' ye'll get your breakfast. It's the dirt o' twenty years," she added critically; "for what can a man body ken aboot a hoose?"

She spoke blithely, like one who had gotten a new lease of life. And she had. In some mysterious way, home had laid a healing spell on Elspet MacVean, and in the midst of her gladness she had no mind to lie down and die, as it was expected and predicted she would do.

The "something here" either disappeared, or remained in abeyance to her strong will—certain it never troubled her, and she lived to be a comfort to her father to the day of his death. Hers was a record of deeds rather than words. As for her neighbors, after they had gotten over the first shock of their surprise, and found what a different Elspet had returned from the one who had gone away, they bore her no grudge, nor did they cast her ill-doing in her teeth. Just as her soul, for the twenty years of her exile, had never ceased to be in blessed bondage to the memory of her father's righteous example, so now it bore rich fruit in a quiet life of service to God and man. The woman who had sinned and suffered, became in the place of her birth a succorer of many.—*British Weekly.*

Golden Milestones

Rev. George Hillman and wife celebrated their golden anniversary at their home, near Scotia, Neb., on Oct. 11, 1903. A large number of old friends gathered to tender congratulations. Many beautiful gifts attested the love and esteem in which these good people are held. Mrs. Hillman wore the dress she first wore as a lovely bride fifty years before, and two witnesses of the marriage were present.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hodgdon were married on Feb. 12, 1854. A large gathering of friends were present at the fiftieth anniversary of this event, at the home of the happy couple at Hoquiam, Wash., where they have resided.

FOUR GENERATIONS IN THE HILLMAN HOUSEHOLD

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Lee, of Somers, Conn., passed the golden milestone eleven years ago, having recently celebrated their sixty-first anniversary. They have been church members for nearly sixty-five years. Mr. Lee is eighty-four years of age, his wife one year younger. The old couple are in excellent health, retaining all their faculties in a very marked degree.

At their pleasant home in Pittston, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes recently celebrated their golden wedding. An interesting feature of the occasion, was the renewal of the marriage vows made fifty years before, the groom presenting the bride with a new wedding-ring, the first one having been lost. The parlors and dining-room were artistically embellished with golden-rod and other flowers, while in the centre of the dining-table stood a vase filled with fifty golden daffodils.

The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Strickler, was celebrated recently in Keokuk, Ia. Mr. and Mrs. Strickler made the trip West soon after their marriage, when the methods of travel were quite different from what they are now. Up to the time of Mr. and Mr. Strickler's removal to Keokuk, they owned and lived upon the land which they bought in Missouri so many years ago. They joined the Presbyterian Church early in life, and have been consistent members for over half a century.

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CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

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Sift together twice, one cup of flour, e half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn arch, one-third cup of sugar, three vel teaspoons of baking powder and lf a teaspoon each of salt and ground nnamon. Mix to a soft dough with out half a cup of milk stirred into a ell-beaten egg. Add four tablespoons f melted butter, spread in a shallow n, sprinkle with sugar mixed with nnamon and bake in moderate oven. rve fresh.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

Concern for the Lost

God's Care for His Wandering Sons

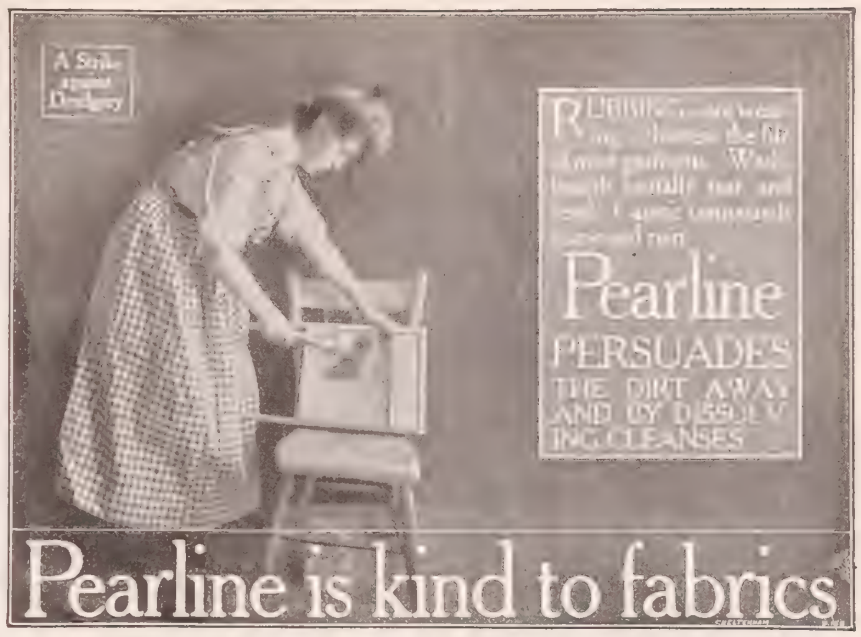
BY MRS. M. BAXTER

JESUS, the Son of Man, was ever at his Father's disposal to help and bless those with whom he came in contact. As a true son of Abraham, he came into Abraham's inheritance, "Be thou a blessing" (Gen. 12:2, R. V.); and as the special seed of Abraham, it was his privilege to be a blessing to the nations, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Our blessed Lord went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees (no doubt by invitation), to eat bread on the Sabbath day. A poor afflicted man, swollen and breathless with the dropsy, was there. Impossible for him who came to bless to leave this man unblest. Jealous eyes of criticising enemies were upon him, and he knew it, and put to them the question, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" and he healed him. But those who watched him with malicious eyes were needing blessing as much as this poor man, though they knew it not, and seeing them swollen with the pride of their position, and their self-importance, he sought to heal them too by a little friendly counsel (Luke 14: 1-9).

It is probable that the very invitation of his host was with the purpose of finding some accusation against Jesus; but he, the Author of blessing, had a word for him too, showing him that hospitality which is after God, is offered in the light of the resurrection of the just. It was, perhaps, unwelcome at the time, but it was a word which has led many a host since that time to place all his hospitality at the disposal of the Lord Jesus. Meanwhile, one of the guests had a pious word in his mouth, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God," and though the man knew little of what he was talking about, the Lord had blessing for him also, showing him, by the parable of the Great Supper what an unspeakably terrible thing it was to have an invitation to partake of what God had prepared, and yet to be found giving property, business, and family the first place (Luke 12: 10-24). Thus our Lord was always on duty to help and bless. All this seems to have taken place in the Pharisee's house, but on his leaving the house there went great multitudes with him, and he put before them the terms of true discipleship.

What the effect of this teaching was upon the Pharisees and scribes is not here mentioned, but it appealed to the hearts of some who were conscious of their need, and who had found no one to help them. For such, wherever they may be, the Saviour of the world is always at leisure. And "they drew near unto him" —those publicans and sinners. This aroused the anger and contempt of the Pharisees and scribes. One can almost see the curl of the lip with which they sneered out the remark, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." And Jesus had a word for them, not of reproach, not of self-defence; nothing personal; it was a glimpse of his Father's heart toward sinners. A man who has a hundred sheep and loses one, does not contentedly satisfy himself with the remainder of his flock, and leave that one to perish. The lost one is suffering, and in need; it must be saved. So, leaving the ninety-nine in the wilderness, he goes himself to seek the lost one, and when it is found, he calls on friends and neighbors to rejoice that he has found his sheep which was lost. "I say unto you," he said, "that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance" (Luke 15: 1-10).

It was out of the scope of a Pharisee's horizon. The Pharisee was engaged in building up for himself a supposed righteousness, by extreme exactitude about little things which did not cost him anything. He would observe the Sabbath rigorously, tithe the smallest herbs in his garden, pray long ready-made prayers, put on all the semblance of religion, with broad phylacteries and garment borders. Meanwhile, his morality—judging by the incident of the woman taken in adultery, when not one Pharisee was found clear enough from the same sin to dare to cast a stone at the woman; and by the Lord's own estimate, "A wicked and adulterous generation," was more questionable.



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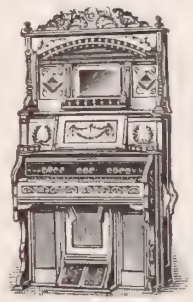

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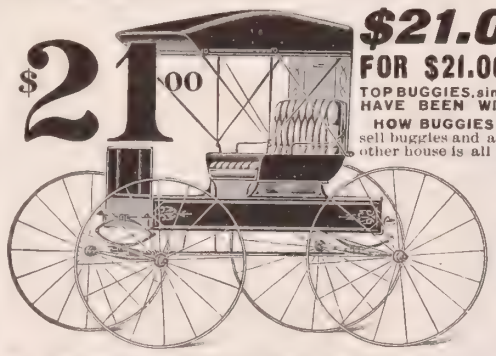
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NOT ON MEAT

Man Couldn't Regain Strength Until He Changed to Grape-Nuts.

It's a common joke to say "He eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around" when speaking of some thin, scrawny fellow who eats as much as a horse, but it is frequently true if the food is not the kind the body calls for.

A person might eat a ton of improper food and never get an ounce of nourishment from it but put them on a Grape-Nuts diet and four teaspoonfuls of this food (which is all nourishment) quickly brings pounds in weight and a fortune in health and strength. This has been proved over and over.

A German woman of Chicago gives an instance in her own family. It's briefly told but the truth is there: "My husband lost his left hand in an accident and lost a terrible amount of blood, kept getting weaker for five months and finally got a terrific cough. He would eat big meals of meat and potatoes to get well but didn't get any good from them. Finally I persuaded him to try Grape-Nuts food and from a skeleton of 83 pounds he soon regained his normal weight of 207 pounds and is strong and well and declares he wants no other food for the main part of his meals.

"As for myself my flesh was flabby, I tired so easily and my memory was so poor I could keep nothing in my head but after three months of the Grape-Nuts diet I gained 12 pounds, my flesh is hard and firm, I am stronger and my memory has improved wonderfully. I keep a candy store, but I sell Grape-Nuts, too, for I think it is the best thing to give the children." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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BROTHERLY RESPONSIBILITY*

The Opportunity for the Exercise of Fraternal Influence

IDEAL brotherhood, the sweet, unselfish concern for the welfare of members of the same family—is too often crushed out of existence by the hard conditions of our present life. Who has not seen the hard resentment that sometimes is stirred by the reading of the father's will? Jealousy and envy rankle in one brother's heart against another and survive for years. The intensity of the desire for wealth is often stronger than the affection which we call "natural," though we have all read how sadly it was absent from the heart of the elder of the first pair of brothers. Cain seems to have permitted his jealousy to overcome every other feeling in his relation to his brother, and if he had natural affection, it exercised no restraining influence. But jealousy and envy are evil passions, which we instinctively feel are never so much out of place as when they exist between brothers. However we behave toward our brothers, the very use we make of the word implies sincere affection. It is significant of the better spirit that Christianity inculcates, that while brotherhood, in the opening pages of the Old Testament, was associated with hatred and murder, it was associated in the opening pages of the New Testament with service. Andrew first found his own brother Simon and brought him to Christ. This is a service that a brother has the best opportunity of rendering. The influence of brother over brother is in some aspects stronger even than that of a father. There is a bond of sympathy between young souls that the father loses as the years pass, and his son is apt to feel that the views of maturity do not apply to one who has life before him. His brother belongs to the same period as himself, and his example and advice have consequently a force of their own.

His mother's son. A touching story is related by Dr. J. B. Owen, of two brothers, one of whom had become rich by a system of hard bargaining, and the other had become needy, through a generous over-liberal disposition. They were both past middle life. The rich one a bachelor, and the poor one a widower, without children. They saw one another occasionally, for the poor brother was employed as private watchman in a block in which the rich brother had his offices, which he made his home. One bitter winter night, the rich brother had retired to rest, when he was awakened by a footstep in his outer room. He lay trembling, for he felt sure it was a burglar, and he was too weak to hope to cope with him. He was relieved, a minute later, when he saw it was his brother, the watchman, with a lantern. "Brother John," said the watchman, "you left your door unlocked, and might be robbed." The brother was quickly out of bed, and gruffly uttering thanks, proceeded to fasten the door. As the watchman went out into the cold, he said, "Brother John, you don't have any small change to spare, do you?" There was no reply but the bolting of the door; but as the rich man lay awake afterwards, his brother's inquiry kept ringing in his ears. Perhaps it would be better for himself if he did have some small change in the shape of little kindnesses, that he could do. He could remember that brother, a bright, witty, generous boy, whose sayings were good enough for mother to tell again. He could see him going to school by his own side, and protecting and helping him in his boyhood days. Strange how things had changed, but he could see now that Charley was not the kind of boy to push his way on in life. He certainly was poor enough now. What if he did find some small change for him. He was missing from his familiar haunts the next day, and Charlie, the watchman, was missing, too, having resigned his office. A week or two later the boys in the street were surprised to see Brother John alight at his door, from a hack, and with him was Brother Charlie, in a new suit of clothes. They both went in together, and from that time Charlie never needed to ask anyone for small change.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society and Baptist Young Peoples' Union for May 15, Gen. 43: 26-34; 45: 14-22.

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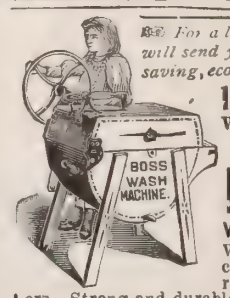

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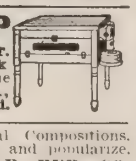

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In climbing up the stair,
Throw down his hat,
Kick up the mat,
And never seem to care?
Because he is a boy!

Why does he bang and slam the doors
In going through the rooms,
While dropping flat
His base-ball bat,
And knock down all the brooms?
Because he is a boy!

Why does he carry worms for bait
In pockets of his coat,
While it's easy to trace
A map on his face,
From his forehead down to his throat?
Because he is a boy!

Why don't he want to go to bed
When his parents think it best,
But eyelids blink
And wink and wink,
As he toddles to his nest?
Because he is a boy!

Why does his mother love this lad,
And never mind his pranks,
His tousled hair
Or jacket's tear,
As she rubs his wounded shanks?
Because he is her boy!

Why does his father watch with pride
The sturdy little man,
And stoop to pat
That ragged hat,
And his features fondly scan?
Because he is his boy!

When time shall bring him manhood's crown,
Should he falter by the way,
May loving care
And patience rare
Be given him each day,
Because he is our boy!

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

A Prince Killed in Play

An accident has cost the life of one of the junior Princes of the German Imperial House—little Prince Henry, youngest son of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. The child was playing at railroads with his elder brother, Prince Sigismund, and the boys had arranged a row of chairs to represent a railway train. As Prince Henry jumped on a chair, it slipped from under him, and he fell heavily to the ground, striking his head against a sharp corner of the chair. Inflammation of the brain set in, and the child passed away after some weeks' illness. It is a curious coincidence that the Prince's mother—the Princess of Hesse—lost a young brother from an accident, little Prince Frederick William of Hesse, who fell out of his mother's bedroom window. Prince Henry, who was only just four years old, was great nephew to King Edward, and nephew to the German Emperor, as child of his only surviving brother.

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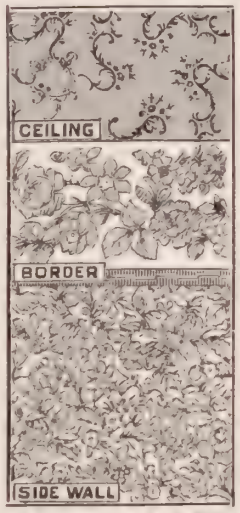

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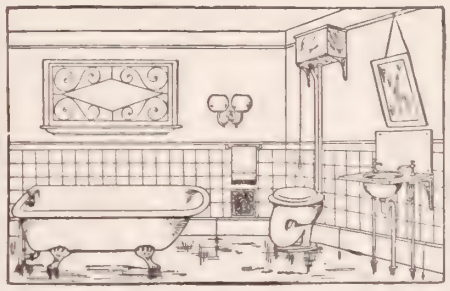

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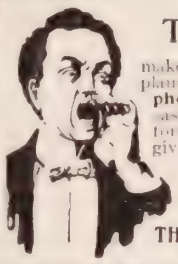

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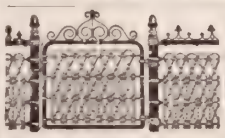

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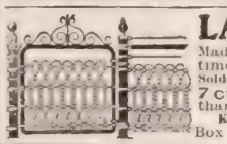

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CARL REICK

The President of the Mormon Church and his Chief Counselors

President JOSEPH F. SMITH — Counselor ANTON H. LUND — Counselor JOHN R. WINDER

SEE PAGE 413

Questions & Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

O. W. Should a person be retained in church membership who, against the advice and entreaties of friends both in and out of the church, erects a building on purpose for a saloon, and insists that there is no harm in it, and that it is just as legitimate a transaction as any other business?

It is a matter for serious consideration whether such a person is not to be classed along with the saloon-keeper, since he prefers, as a means of income, to rent his premises to the traffic which, as we have many times declared, is about the worst enemy the world has to contend with to-day. There are doubtless on the membership rolls of many churches the names of owners of such buildings, as well as the names of saloon-keepers; but such churches can find no excuse for temporizing with the traffic, or for accepting its favors, even in a remote sense. How any one can reconcile the making of money from this soul-and-body wrecking traffic, with the profession of Christianity, passes our comprehension.

V. W. W., North Topeka, Kan. What was the name of the ship that brought the first slaves to America?

Slavery was begun within U. S. territory in 1619, when a Dutch trading ship arrived (name not given), and sold twenty negroes to Virginia settlers. The first American slave-ship was the *Desire*, built at Marblehead in 1636.

L. D., Deer, Minn. What is meant by: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth" (Ex. 20: 4)?

It was a specific injunction against idolatry. The Egyptians and other ancient races worshiped as gods, images of birds, beasts, serpents, and fishes (as Dagon, the fish-god, of Philistia), fantastic and frightful representations of sphinxes, dragons, winged bulls, and strange, non-existent creatures, and even heaps of stones. To some, these were merely visible symbols, but the multitude of ignorant worshipers held them as things in themselves sacred and paid them the homage due to divinity. It was against this sin, so prevalent in those days, that the Mosaic law sternly warned the Israelites.

G. C., Maramec, Okla. I heard a preacher assert from the pulpit, not long ago, that "statistics do not prove that the world is getting better." What are the facts?

Such assertions are too vague to be of importance. Besides, statistics could be made to prove just the contrary, the result depending upon their thoroughness. There are more Christians in the world to-day than at any previous time; more humanitarian work; more brotherhood; a more widely diffused elevation of the moral standard; the Gospel is being preached in nearly every land under the sun, and is now printed in over 300 languages and dialects. It is true, we see more of the world's wickedness, because we have better facilities for knowing what is going on in all lands than were enjoyed by our forefathers. There never was an age when the efforts of God's people to help the poor, alleviate suffering, comfort sorrow, and to bring about the world's peace and happiness, were so widely disseminated as now.

H. B. K., Tioga, Pa. Where can a young man, with a limited amount of money, get a practical Bible training?

Write to Moody Training Institute, Chicago, Ill., or East Northfield, Mass.

Anxious. The expression in a recent question, "I would rather die than publicly tell the story" troubles me, for I felt the same, and thought it was pride that restrained the confession. I made about the same remark, and one said, "No one need know it but God," and I said, "But it will be known at the last day," and the reply was, "Oh, does your pride reach as far as that?" Finney and Moody said we must be willing to confess. Isn't it a pride that we must humble, in order to find peace of conscience, so that we do not seem better than we really are?

The subject of confession, auricular or public, is one that troubles many Christian hearts. There are unquestionably occasions when the person is greatly helped by open confession, and in some cases (as where another has been wronged), it becomes a duty to confess our fault to the person injured. But such instances are exceptional and, generally speaking, the need of open confession may be said to be confined to cases where the conscience is relieved by an acknowledgment. In a great majority of cases, no good end is served by making to man the frank and unrestrained avowal of our shortcomings which should reach the ear of God alone, since it is against Him and his law that the offence has been committed, and as he alone can grant forgiveness, if we ask it in Christ's name.

Mrs. J. S. Sr., Eagle, Mich. No human being who ever lived could answer your question as to what God would have done with regard to the world, if Adam and Eve had not sinned? Speculative theologians have expressed the view, that in such an event man would have simply remained in his condition of innocence, and that the race would have been represented possibly by these two alone, or else by a multitude of deathless beings, like unto the angels themselves. The subject is purely speculative, and one upon which no one can speak authoritatively.

Reader, Wannakee, Wis. 1. How many tons of paper does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD use in a year to supply its readers with their favorite journal? 2. Have we any authority for saying Easter Sunday was the day on which Christ rose from the dead?

1. Fifteen hundred tons annually. 2. He was crucified at the Passover (see Luke 22: 1). We know, from Deut. 16: 1, when that feast took place. It was at the first full moon after the spring equinox. That is our Good Friday. If he lay in the grave until the third day, and rose on the first day of the week, that would bring it to Easter Sunday.

Mrs. H. F. Coan, Trumbull, Conn., referring to a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG, has forwarded a clipping, which names the Rev. G. C. Waldo, of New London, Conn., as the author of the singular poem beginning:

"Could we with ink the ocean fill."

Mrs. Mari Goodell. What are first cousins, second cousins, double cousins, third cousins?

The children of sisters and brothers are first cousins to each other. When two sisters marry two brothers, their children are called double cousins. Second cousins are children of the generation following first cousins, and third cousins are those of the next generation.

Will R., Covington, Ky. What poet compares the bee with the greatest of earthly things?

There is such a comparison in Virgil (Georgics IV), which says:

"If all small things with the great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave, experienced bee;
That in the field; this in affairs of state," etc.

Several of the ancient poets wrote in praise of the bee. We believe Ovid has passages similar to the above.

W. W. C., Stoneham, Mass. Do you think Christians can raise the standard of theatres and dances by attending those places?

We think not. On the contrary, the influence of their example would affect others most injuriously. They should take heed lest others, who look to them for guidance, may be led to stumble. Would it seem reasonable to try to raise the standard of gambling and drinking by such a method as you suggest?

J. D. K., Stroudsburg, Pa. Not long ago I attended a sociable in the basement or Sunday-School room of the church of which I am a member. In wandering through the crowd I saw a number sitting about a table, just starting a game. A hand was dealt out to me, which I reluctantly took it, first, because I didn't care to play; second, because it was God's house and I felt it a desecration. I looked my party over to find an elder's wife, a trustee, and three teachers participating in the game. I, too, had been a teacher in this same room for fourteen years. The thought came to me (Satan's work, of course), "If these people, so closely associated with God's work, can play games, eat, drink, and be merry, I can." The spirit within me rebelled. Matthew 21: 12, 13 came to my mind, and was a just rebuke, and I could but wonder if we were helping to fulfil Timothy's prophecy as given in II. Tim. 3: 1-7. I did not leave that house until I had asked God to forgive me. The church is God's house set aside especially for his use and for his glory. When it is used for worldly affairs it is an offence to him and a detriment to his cause on earth.

This is not a solitary experience. We believe the same feeling of shame and remorse has been felt by many who have found themselves in similar circumstances.

C. W. H., Newark, N. Y. 1. How are we to understand Luke 7: 28? John was the greatest prophet, yet least in the kingdom? 2. What is the present situation of Jewish colonization in Palestine? 3. Who was "The Educated Blacksmith?" 4. Are the weevil, potato bug, click bug, insects in the roots of grain a new variety or have they evoluted from other insects? I have seen it stated that "the sun was cooling off." If so, at what rate?

1. See answer to E. R., Mound's Hill, I... in last week's issue. 2. There are several quite successful colonies near Jerusalem, but they are not growing. 3. Elihu Burritt, who was called "The Educated Blacksmith." He was born at New Britain, Conn., in 1811. Write to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C. 5. Astronomers have calculated that it is "cooling off," but so slowly that there will hardly be any appreciable difference in 10,000 years.

Reader, Milwaukee, Wis. What is the most comprehensive and reliable work on Mormonism that is available for one who wishes to study the question?

One of the best is *The Mormon Monster*, by Edgar E. Folk, D.D., issued by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *The War Atlas*, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. VII.

THE teacher of a school in New York City, in the course of a lesson in Geography, pointed to the Isle of France, which, he said, contained the grave of Harriet Newell, who was once one of his pupils. He told something of her beautiful life, and spoke of her motive in going as a missionary.

One of the class, a little girl eight years of age, was so impressed by the narrative that she determined to go as a Christian teacher to some foreign land.

It was not until her thirty-third year that circumstances made it possible to fulfil this purpose; yet for forty years she was at the head of a school for native girls, one thousand of whom came under her influence and loved her as a mother. She is frequently spoken of as "the mother of a thousand daughters."

? Give her name, and tell where the native school was located ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. IV.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, BURMAH

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 4 have been received from Mrs. M. J. Albro, C. L. Allfather, Louise J. Brady, Wm. J. Beardsell, Park Brewster, A. R. Burrows, Keyhort Boughter, Lillie E. Brocksbank, Hattie Burner, Cora V. Bartlett, Miss Janie C. Cann, Mrs. Wm. A. Cook, Glenn Currier, C. Chaloner, Sarah E. Calhoun, Miss M. M. Caldir, Nettie R. De Jong, Henry Denny, Miss Helen G. Dow, Peter B. De Jong, A. M. Daiger, Mrs. J. F. Eesley, Theo. B. Edmonds, D. H. Eshehnan, Josephine Fogarty, Mrs. A. R. Giest, Mrs. L. U. Gray, J. J. Henderson, Mrs. F. Hood, Mrs. Lida B. Hallenbeck, Anna Hendriks, Mrs. Isabel Halkett, C. H. Hubbell, Clinton B. Henry, Miss H. L. Hendrick, Alma F. Irvine, Arlena M. Johnson, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Rev. H. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. V. E. Kelly, Emily O. Lewis, Mrs. Jane Lamb, Addie Loomer, Mrs. Kate Larkin, Mrs. W. A. Lawton, Miss Elizabeth Macaw, Mrs. Wm. Morse, Mrs. A. A. McKinney, Elizabeth M. McKell, Mrs. E. E. Mack, W. P. Nelson, Anna M. Nutting, Mrs. J. A. Ober, E. F. Potter, Moses Perry, Mrs. L. Phelps, Miss E. Phillips, Miss Jennie Redmond, John Rankin, Mrs. M. E. Ranney, Miss Kate Sunderland, Wm. L. Sattler, Eva M. Sharpe, Mrs. F. B. Smith, Etta A. Sullivan, Freman Schermerhorn, H. J. Sanderson, J. A. Sartain, Mrs. L. B. Tussey, Charles A. G. Thomas, C. T. Thompson, Mrs. Robert E. Taylor, Sarah Tirnpe, Phebe J. Twombly, Lester Von Thurn, Abe L. Whitlen, Mrs. E. P. Weaver, W. Work, Mrs. H. E. Waite, Miss B. A. Whitlock, Georgiana Weaver, Mrs. A. M. Wyllie, J. S. Zimmerman.

Miscellaneous

A. R. Mitchell. The meaning of the phrase *Per mare, per terras*, is "By water, by land." "Forty Winks" means a short nap. Forty is an indefinite number, and means a few. Hamlet says "I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum."

R. B. C. R. B. Church lotteries are decidedly objectionable. They have been rightly called "counterfeit methods of giving" and "bogus benevolences," and are entirely at variance with the spirit and example of the approved methods of raising money for the Lord's work. See Matt. 6: 1-4; Jer. 23: 36-40, and related passages.

Another Great Opportunity

We expect to close our offer of slightly damaged sets of the CROWN ENCYCLOPEDIA, at reduced prices, on May 16. If you remit one dollar, on or before that date, you will receive five volumes, neatly packed, charges collect at your end. If you send $1.50 the volume will be delivered free. It is indeed a sacrifice to sell these handsome books at such a price but as we require the room taken up by these sets, which we cannot send out as absolutely new, we have concluded to give our subscribers the advantage of this bargain. Your money will be promptly refunded should the supply be exhausted before your order reaches us. Read last week's issue for the offer in full

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

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THE RISE OF A REPUBLIC

WITHIN six months after the signing of the Treaty between the United States and the new Republic of Panama, the government has been fully organized, and brought into effective relations with the people of the Isthmus, and with all the interests that centre in that small but important section of the Western world. In assuming its place among the nations, the little Republic has in all its essential features taken the greater Republic as its model. With a duly elected President, a Cabinet composed of men of high intelligence and ability, and a Congress of representatives which enjoys the popular confidence to the fullest extent, the new Republic has a future that is bright with promise. Under the natural protection of this government, and with the prospect of becoming in the near future one of the world's most important commercial centres, it would be strange indeed if the young Republic should not prosper.

In this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to place before its readers the first photograph of the First Congress of Panama. Its members, as a whole, will compare favorably with similar representative bodies anywhere. They have been chosen from the best elements of the Isthmian population, and are men all more or less distinguished for their patriotism and ability in public affairs. Commerce, finance, law, the various professions are represented in the *personnel* of the Congress. Several of the members are notable in address and debate. Their course in legislation will be followed with deep interest, not only by the Panamians, but by many in other lands. It will be well for the future of the Republic if its public men are careful and conservative, avoiding all measures that do not appeal to the best interest of the whole community. In the photographic group on this page, the Congress is placed as follows:

PANAMA'S COAT-OF-ARMS

FIRST ROW, commencing with the extreme right and proceeding in their order to the left:

Hon. Fabio Arosemena, Dr. Manuel Amador, first President of Panama, Hon. Hiliodoro Pino Dr. Pablo Arosemena, first Vice-President of Panama, Hon. Louis de Pond, Hon. Luis . Garcia, Hon. Castulo Villamil.

SECOND ROW—Hon. Juan B. Amador, Hon. Sebastian J. Sucre, Hon. Aurelio Guardia, Hon. M. C. Jurado, Hon. Juan A. Henriquez, Hon. Emeliano J. Ponce, Hon. Pacifico Mendez, Hon. Manuel Quintero.

THIRD ROW RIGHT—Hon. Modesto Ranjel, Hon. J. M. De la Laeton, Hon. Alberto Garcia de Paredes, Hon. Antonio Burgos, Hon. Rodolfo Chiari, Hon. Juan Vasquez, Hon. Ciro L. Urriola, Hon. Julis Icaza, Hon. Gil F. Sanchez, Hon. Rafael A. Neira, Hon. Nicolas Victoria, Hon. Aristides Arjona, Hon. Manuel S. Pinilla, Hon. Nicolas Tejada.

With the formal transfer of the Panama Canal Company's property to the United States Government, which took place in Paris two weeks ago, the last claim of foreign ownership in the Canal has been surrendered. The French stockholders met and ratified the transfer, which had already been prepared in accordance with the terms of the agreement, and the ownership of the Canal, and the strip of territory on either side along its course, and all the title and interest of the French stockholders, passed to the United States. The transfer was practically unanimous, and the completion of the negotiations is satisfactory to both governments alike. $40,000,000 will be paid over by this Government to the French holders of Canal stock, through a syndicate which has arranged to advance the full amount, in anticipation of the formal payment to be made later through official channels, sometime during the present month. Payment will be made in four drafts of $10,000,000 each. These drafts will be among the largest single warrants ever drawn upon the United States Treasury, and as representing probably the largest sums ever transferred by single slips of paper. When $20,000,000 was paid to Spain at the close of the Spanish-American war, it was made in four checks of $5,000,000 each.

With regard to the claims of the Colombian bondholders of Canal shares, it is understood that our Government will use its good offices with the Republic of Panama, to induce it to assume an equitable share of the bonded obligation of the United States to Colombia. It is expected that the rights of all the bondholders will be protected to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Rear-Admiral John G. Walker and the other members of the Panama Canal Commission, who went to the Isthmus recently to study sanitary and other conditions along the waterway, have now returned. Gen. Walker reports that the sanitary conditions are good. Very little sickness prevails at Colon, although they found a mild type of malaria prevalent. The Commission decided to utilize the old works of the French company temporarily, and will repair and enlarge them if found necessary. The Commission was well received by the Government officials of the new Republic, as well as by the inhabitants of the Isthmus. It expects to organize working parties soon, and will then start on the work of the Canal, going forward with the excavations in the Culebra cut. The headquarters will be at Colon.

THE SHADOW OF PETER

A Sermon by REV. WILTON MERLE SMITH, D.D.*

EVERY man casts a shadow. And that shadow always tells for good or evil. Sometimes it is as a cooling shade to defend men from the heat of the noonday sun, sometimes a cloud of darkness to wrap men in the impenetrable night. Sometimes it has healing in its wings, as with Peter. Sometimes it blights and curses, as with Jeroboam. The shadows that we cast are our influence, not however our conscious influence, but the influence which we exert all unconsciously. We speak much about work and the putting forth of conscious effort for the Master, and very little about the living of our faith before the world. But the truth is, my friends, the living of the faith, or the daily influence of our lives, tells a thousand times more for the Master. It is the shadow of our life that we need to be most careful about. For through this unconscious medium the largest influence of our lives is to be exerted.

Every life here to-day is telling and weighing something. It is telling either for or against Christ. "No star ever rose or set," says Owen Meredith, "without influence somewhere." So no life but which makes its contribution to those forces which are working for the uplifting or the down-pulling of society. You cannot be a negative factor in society. The shadow that you cast is falling over other lives. And it is a shadow either of blessing or blight to every other heart it touches.

And now notice at the outset, as we take up this question, how closely bound we are one to another in society. Suppose I hold in my hand a piece of the hardest steel. I find it almost impossible to cut it or break it. And yet science tells us that my piece of steel, like all other material objects, is made up of an infinite number of invisible atoms which, although bound so closely together that I cannot break them, in reality do not touch each other. Science goes on to say that an infinitesimally small space separates each atom from the other. And yet, although the atoms are thus separated, so closely are they interlocked with one another, and such is the enormous force that holds them together, that they make a single substance. Each atom, too, is influenced by those most near it. If I strike my piece of steel at one end, the impulse is communicated from one to the other until it is felt by every atom. If I apply great heat to it, the forces which hold them are loosened and the atoms are set whirling round each other. I cannot touch a single atom but all the others feel it.

Unconscious Influence

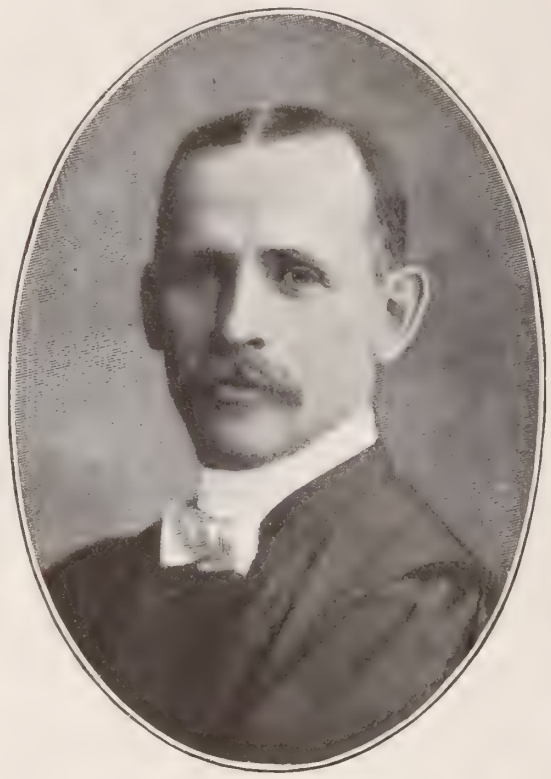
Now, society is such an organization. The individual is the atom and, as an atom, holds peculiar relationship to every other. There are hidden forces which bind society together and make it a unit. We may think we stand alone, but a force, we know not what, binds us to our neighbor. Whatever affects him affects us indirectly. His movement changes ours. Every one we meet or rub against, changes our life just a little, causes us to readjust our relations. That is what makes society so feverish and fitful. The atoms are in a whirl: and so enormous are the forces that hold them together that every individual is influenced by those at his side.

To illustrate what I mean in the most practical way, let us turn to our own experience and see how our lives have been changed and moulded by the influences emanating, all unconsciously, from characters with whom we have been thrown. Some of us probably remember in the early days and beautiful innocence of our childhood, how we were thrown with some one who opened our eyes to the knowledge of evil, and how that other life as it touched our young life left the stain of its defilement upon us. A curse upon the evil that blasted our childish hearts so early! And then again can you not remember how in the early days of young manhood or womanhood, when plastic nature was waiting irresolute to take its form for eternal character, how that another life, pure and manly, touched your life? You may not even have had a speaking acquaintance with that other soul, but you saw a noble soul take a brave and manly stand for itself, and the very sight gave courage to your fainting heart and called you to resolute manliness of character. The heart which influenced yours was all unconscious of its influence, and yet you trace something of the nobility of life and character you hold to-day to the silent, all-pervasive power of that one life.

The Effects of Association

No feature of electrical science is more interesting to me than the subject of induced currents. Let two wires be stretched alongside of one another a few feet apart. Now suppose you send through one wire a very strong electric current. Although the two wires do not touch each other at all, there will be in the second wire what is called an induced current. Thus if persons are talking over the first wire and I listen with an ear trumpet attached to the second wire, I can hear somewhat faintly, but still quite perfectly, the conversation, because the current in the first wire has induced a similar, though a weaker, current in the second wire. This is the reason why, when you talk through the telephone, you can hear so many other voices. The currents passing over the wires that hang near the wire you are using are reproduced faintly upon your wire. This is the way by which it is possible to telegraph from a moving train. If you put out from the moving car a pole with a wire upon it and hold it somewhere near the wires upon the poles, there will be induced upon your wire a weak reproduction of the current that is passing along the wire on the poles, and with delicate instruments you can read it most accurately. So in return you can send a strong current through your wire on the car, and a current will be induced in the wire upon the poles which can be read at all the offices along the line.

Now the same thing is happening every day in society. Why was it when you stood the other day before that friend of yours whom you recognized to be ambitious and worldly, that you immediately had to fight the same temptation in your own heart? The reason is plain enough. The strong current of selfishness and evil in his life induced a similar current in your own. Just so when you meet a pure and noble character, there is reproduced in your life for the moment something of the same holy influence with which the other life is charged. The whole question of moral influence in life is the question of induced currents. Let any life be



REV. WILTON MERLE SMITH, D.D.

strongly charged either with good or evil, and it is sure to induce a current of its own kind more or less strong in every other life it comes near to. There is no escaping this influence. There is no fleeing from it. No soul so pure that does not feel the induced current when standing in the presence of evil. No soul so degraded that does not feel the impulses to a better life stirring within when standing before that which is holy and true.

I think, dear friends, that we fail utterly to appreciate the tremendous power of this influence. It is all the more powerful because unconscious. It is unconsciously exerted and unconsciously received. If we were conscious of it we could rouse ourselves to resist it. But because of its insidious and unobserved approach, it gets its hold upon the heart and life before we are aware of its existence. Whether we know it or not, we are telling in the battle of truth either one way or the other. In the beautiful words of Bishop Huntington, "Some nameless influence has gone out from your least conscious hours, which, by word or look or tone or gesture, has altered and shaped in its little measure every child, man, woman you ever knew." "If thou knewest," exclaims Richter, "that every black thought of thine or every glorious one separated itself from thy soul and took root outside of thee, and for half a century—oh infinitely longer than that—pushed and bore its poisonous or healing roots, oh how piously wouldst thou choose and think!"

And now let me lead you to two most solemn thoughts, which shall bring to practical and individual application this truth before which we are standing.

1. *The responsibility of influence.* We are ready to believe that the men who hold high positions in the world will be held to strict account for their influence; but many of us feel as if that same responsibility never rests upon us, for our lives are humble and inconspicuous. Now, if this truth has taught us anything at all, it has taught us that no life is without influence, that no life is inconspicuous. You are casting a shadow, whoever you may be, and God himself is going to hold you to strict account for the blight or blessing which that shadow contains.

An Awful Fame

Look at Jeroboam. It was not for his own sins only that he had to answer before God. Nay, rather, eighteen times it is written of him in the Word, "Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who caused Israel to sin." That sentence is the monument of the man. He goes down into history, and will be remembered as long as time shall last as the man who made Israel to sin. Is there any one of us who would like to stand in judgment with Jeroboam? As for me, I would rather take my chances, I believe, with Pontius Pilate, than with him who by the awful influence of his evil life plunged a nation into sin. No man can go to ruin all alone. The trouble is, his life is interlocked with other lives, and like the great tree in the forest, to fall himself means the crushing of other lives about him. Here is a man in business. There are many young men around him, his helpers and subordinates. They are learning their business lessons from him. They are going to reproduce in their own lives the induced current of honesty and principle, of deceit and wickedness, which they have caught from him. His influence is almost determinative of the future business career of a hundred men, who, all unconsciously perhaps, are moulded and trained by him. Some of these young men under him to-day may in the future be over a hundred others. And this one business man, if he has founded his business upon indirection and wickedness, is going to have his fatal sin so perpetuated and carried on and increased in the generations that follow, that it could almost be said of him as of Jeroboam, "who caused Israel to sin."

Parental Responsibility

Here, again, is a father of a family; a man respected and beloved, but indifferent upon the subject of religion. That indifference will be sure to tell, and its influence will be of untold power. I have seen many a noble Christian girl drift into indifference and worldliness because the man she chose to marry, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things." But the most fatal influence of such a man is upon his children. Children look up to their father most of all. They are moulded and influenced by his example. Are there sunny-eyed children, my man, playing about your knee? Ah! those children that God has given you, for whom now you would not off your right hand, let me tell you that the current of indifference in your own heart will induce a similar current in their young lives with all the inexorable certainty of the same law in the natural world. And before the great God above, you stand condemned because the shadow which you have cast over your children has been a shadow not of healing power, but of deadly curse and blighting.

Nowhere else are men so criminally careless as they are about their influence in their own homes. They are willing, by their worldliness and indifference and sin, to put not only their own souls into peril, but the souls of those little ones who look up into their faces and call them "father." The same truth holds good in society. How about your shadow there? The world needs many things, but is there one thing that it needs more than a sense of the responsibility of personal influence?

2. But let us rise to a higher thought, and notice the opportunity which this thought suggests.

I venture to say there is not one Christian in this house who has not longed to do something for his Lord. But we have always desired to do some grand thing, some active, conspicuous work which should tell at once and tell conspicuously for Christ. What we need to learn is that we can do our largest work for the Master simply living truly before men. This age puts its emphasis upon activity and charities. And it has lost sight somewhat of that greater truth of the power of holy example. We need to get back again to the thought of making our very shadow tell for the Master. I believe that active work, while a most blessed agency in promoting Christ's kingdom, does not have a tithe of the power of this quiet, holy, stainless living of religion before the world. Sermons are well enough, but one single life which lives its faith before the world, and illustrates the purity and power of the religion of the Cross, is worth a thousand sermons.

The Power of Holy Living

The best work you can do for your Lord is to obey his commandments and to walk worthy of his name, to put his words and precepts into practice in your daily lives, to ask yourself one question only, "Am I il-

*Pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, New York. Text, Acts 5: 15: "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them."

Mormonism Tottering to its Fall

THERE are ominous signs of an impending break-up in the ranks of Mormonism. Never has the infamous Mormon hierarchy been subjected to a more scathing arraignment of its lawlessness, its immoralities, and its treasonable practices than that which it has undergone during the last two months.

When the Senate Committee, in obedience to an overwhelming public demand, began the investigation into the case of Senator Smoot, it was not expected that the inquiry would take the wide range it has developed. It is no longer Smoot, the Apostle, who is on trial; it is the entire system of Mormonism that is now before the bar of public opinion. Its President, its leaders, its highest counselors, and many of its stanchest defenders, have been brought to the witness stand and compelled, however reluctantly, to make admissions that have startled the nation. Their testimony constitutes the most serious evidence of the kind that has ever been produced, and reveals depths of depravity that have only been hinted at, but never fully understood before. By their own mouths the Mormon leaders have convicted themselves. They stand, self-confessed before the world, as criminals who, in the now familiar phrase of the investigation, are "living in defiance of the laws of God and man."

From its origin, in 1827–28, when Joseph Smith, Jr., adventurer and visionary, professed to have exhumed, with the assistance of an angel, the plates from which the "Book of Mormon" was afterwards translated and published, up to the present time, the whole history of Mormonism has been a long series of extraordinary impositions. The very word "Mormon" itself, is from a Greek term which means a spectre, or "hideous she monster," and it was peculiarly fitting that a term so repulsive should have been adopted as a system full of every unclean thing, and which has been accurately described by writers who have studied it and who speak with authority, as "a fraud in the habiliments of pompous sanctity, incarnating lust, guile, falsehood, debauchery, murder, despotism, false gods, and spiritual wickedness in high places." It is marked at every stage with pretended "revelations," which are simply vulgar blasphemies. Under the sacred name of religion, it has perpetrated infamies that outrival the blackest records of Moslem fanaticism. Those who have read the story of its progress, have found it punctuated with murder and massacre, which went hand in hand with the pretence of a divine mission.

Polygamy is the corner-stone of the Mormon system, and upon this rock it now seems destined to come to final shipwreck. Polygamy has been upheld by every President of the Mormon Church, from Joseph Smith, Jr., the founder (who was shot down in the midst of his infamies by an indignant mob at Nauvoo, Ill.), to the present incumbent, Joseph F. Smith, although several of the later Presidents have made a pretence of obeying the law in public, while violating it privately. At the present time, as the investigation has clearly shown, practically all the leaders are living in polygamy, in violation of the laws, and many have entered into new polygamous relations since the passage of the Anti-Polygamy Act.

THE MORMON "TITHING-HOUSE," AT SALT LAKE CITY

Within the last few days, the "Apostles" have taken the alarm. Observing the rising tide of popular indignation, they have decided to absent themselves, in order to avoid the ordeal of coming before the Senate Committee as witnesses. Several are reported to have left for parts unknown, suddenly and mysteriously. But the investigation will be pushed vigorously, notwithstanding their absence, and will soon be carried into the enemy's ground. President Smith's testimony has given to the Senate Committee more than a hint of what may be expected when the full batteries of investigation are opened at short range. He has confessed that he, the head of the system, still practices polygamy; that the pretence of disapproval is the flimsiest farce; that the Mormons glory in it and in their successful evasion of the law; that the priesthood and apostolate are practically a unit for polygamy. His confession and those of other witnesses lead to the inevitable conclusion that the Mormon hierarchy is bound by its oath, to ignore, and override, and disobey, the Federal statutes on the subject. They declare that polygamy is a divine command, and therefore superior to all human law. Indeed, President Smith was virtually defiant in his attitude before the Committee, and avowed his purpose of maintaining his polygamous faith and practice in sight of all men, and his readiness to suffer under, rather than comply with, the law of the land. A general outline of his testimony, and also that of the other witnesses, has already been given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Joseph Fielding Smith, the present head of the Mormon Church, was born at Far West, Mo., in 1838. He was ordained to be one of the "seventies" in 1858, to the apostleship in 1866, and became a member of the Council of Twelve in 1867. He presided over the Constitutional Convention which framed the Utah Constitution. In 1901, he succeeded Lorenzo Snow as President of the Mormon Church. He is a man of patriarchal presence, with a slightly Jewish cast of countenance and an authoritative manner of address. He is unquestionably one of the ablest and shrewdest men who have held the office. In a recent letter to counsel before the Committee, President Smith said that he was unable to procure the attendance of Apostle Taylor, George Teasdale, Abraham Cannon, Heber J. Grant, M. F. Cowley, Lillian H. Cannon and Marion W. Merritt. Cowley and Merritt have written him that they positively would not appear. One of the witnesses is said to have in his possession some new and very important information against the Mormon leaders, including President Smith himself. The Committee has ample power to compel attendance, and will probably do so at the proper time.

THE SHADOW OF PETER

A Sermon by Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D.

ting in the sight of men these truths which I profess?" I'm not decrying Christian work; far from it. But the Christian worker needs first of all to learn this lesson of casting a shadow which has healing in its wings. Here you have the picture of one whose influence tells one way while his work tries to tell the other. It is these dual, double-faced, hypocritical lives that are the curse of our Christianity. They do far more harm than good. Surely the first lesson for the Christian is the lesson of this morning's truth.

Oh think not, my friend, that you are counting nothing for the Christ because conditioned by many painful sufferings. You have but to bear your pains in Christ-like patience, and your influence shall touch the skies. In your darkness, you think you weigh nothing for the Master, but no heart comes into that chamber of sickness who does not get a blessing. I have known many ones thus conditioned, who counted more for Christ than any other life I knew. So, too, in your griefs, if you bear them submissively, bravely, because God sends them, the power of that triumphant trust shall lift some other soul to heaven. No matter where you are, my friend, you can let the shadow of your life be one of healing, just by living your religion through every hour and minute of the day. In business, by working righteousness; in daily domestic cares, by daring patiently every trial and annoyance, by unselfish ministrations, wherever you see such ministry is needed, by living such a life as this, holy, stainless, Christ-like, the very shadow of your life shall heal and bless the world. Oh! see the blessed opportunity, and then count heavily for the Christ by making the unconscious influence of your life to tell for him!

A carpenter came to me one day two years ago, and said: "I want to become a Christian;" and I said: "How have you come to this point, William? Has any one been talking to you? Or have you been to any meetings?" And he said: "No." "How is it then that you are interested?" "Well," he said, "you know John Cowdrey, don't you?" And I said: "Yes." "Well, I have worked for three years right alongside of that man, and if Christianity can make a man like him, I want it." Ah, my friends, there was a shadow with healing in it. You wives with unconverted husbands, can win them by living your religion. There is no such influence as that. See to it then that you cast a shadow with healing in its wings.

That's a strange story, *Miss Toosey's Mission*. But the whole truth of our morning thought is in it. A strange, little old woman, nearly seventy years of age, became all at once fired by a love and enthusiasm for foreign missions. She had heard a sermon from a missionary bishop which wonderfully touched her, and resulted in this simple-minded old heart offering herself as a missionary. The rector of the church was seized with an indescribable fit of coughing, as the little woman in her enthusiasm came to tell him she would like to go to the heathen. He finally told her that her mission was to stay at home, and help the cause by her contributions, her influence, and her prayers.

Most beautiful and pathetic are the ways by which this dear old soul saves her little scanty income for the Master's work. There is a young English nobleman in that city, rich and prosperous, fond of his dogs and horses, without much religion, but a generous, manly fellow. And he finds himself attracted to this strange little old woman and is often at her house. He finds great amusement in listening to her enthusiasm and her foolish ways of saving money for her cause. No one amuses and interests John Rossiter as this quaint old Miss Toosey, whom all the village laughs at for her simple-minded ways. At last one day John Rossiter hears that old Miss Toosey is very ill, and so he goes to see her. He finds her in tears over what she calls the failure of her mission. She could not go to Africa, her influence counted for nothing, she said, for the people only laughed, and her money only footed up a few shillings, which were saved out of her most limited income. She told John how the five barley loaves that she had tried to bring to her Master were all worthless.

That night Miss Toosey died. And that next day John Rossiter sat for many an hour in the little old house with his head upon his hands. There was something in that simple Christian life which touched him. That night John Rossiter wrote to the missionary society of the Church of England offering himself as a missionary to Africa.

This little story, here given only in meagre outline, has almost become a classic now. It illustrates our morning truth. Oh, the power of living your belief, of putting every truth in action, and modestly and inconspicuously being true to the high ideals of holy living. This to me is the purest type of life, so simple and so grand, not claiming place or power or honor, but quietly through a long life illustrating godliness, preaching righteousness by stainless, holy living. This is the kind of Christianity that this world needs, oh so sadly.

Such a life may not have the applause of men. It may be all unnoticed here. Men may count it to be failure. And yet a man like this who takes Christ's truth to heart, and lives that truth through every hour and moment of the day, is ever interpreting to his fellow-men the very character of God; and he is ever winning men to God, because he stands as an object lesson of the power of God in human hearts. Such a man in God's sight is winning eternal honors and stands like a giant among his fellows. Yes, this holy, consistent living of your religion! It gets larger and larger as you study it, until at last it stands uplifted upon a mount of transfiguration. Truly this alone is great. All else is small.

Oh, friends, how about the shadows which we cast? Is there healing or cursing in their wings? These are the questions our morning thought leaves with us. I am not concerned that you should fill the world with the sound of your voice and the glory of your achievements. I care far more that the shadow that you cast may be a blessing. May the dear Lord make us now and evermore to realize the terrible responsibility and the blessed opportunity that come to us through our unconscious influence.

GEORGE AND WIFE
Native Interpreter at the Mission

MISSIONARIES, MINERS AND NATIVES
At Bethel, Kuskokwim, Alaska

ESKIMO MOTHERS AND CHILDR
Mrs. Romig and baby in background

An Arduous Consecrated Life

Dr. J. Herman Romig's Work of Healing and Preaching Among the Eskimos

NOW on his way to Alaska is a young physician, whose labors and self-denying services deserve to be widely known to the Christian churches. The soldier or the sailor who does a deed of daring is lauded and honored as he deserves, but it too often happens that the heroic life of the soldier of the Cross is unknown to the world and his self-sacrifice is unrecorded. Dr. J. Herman Romig has been spending a brief furlough in the United States, and though he has had much to say about the need of his field and the lives and characters of the people among whom he labors, he modestly refrained from speaking of his own hardships and privations. It is well, therefore, that from one who knows the work he is doing, there should come a testimony to his noble service, that we may know how great a soul Christ has among his followers in our own day.

Among the heroic band of missionaries whom the Moravian Church has sent out, is a lady, who shares her husband's arduous life on the borders of the Arctic Circle. Their station is on the Kuskokwim River, where only once a year is there communication with the outside world. It is a bleak, inhospitable region, and its inhabitants are exposed to severities of climate almost inconceivable. The missionaries suffer most, but the Eskimos, who are inured to the climate, are frequently prostrated by illness, and sometimes deaths have occurred which might have been prevented if a skilful physician had been at hand to apply proper remedies. But there was no doctor accessible nearer than at San Francisco, which is nearly three thousand miles away. Many a sad case had this missionary lady seen of suffering unrelieved and pain endured, because no medical help could be procured. Her report of the situation brought relief from her own family. The missionary ardor which had sent her out to labor, was in her own brother's heart, and he volunteered to give his life to the work. The Moravian Church accepted his services, and sent him to the Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia to acquire a medical education. He graduated with honor and received the diploma of M.D., and was ordained as a missionary. In 1896 Dr. Romig and his wife, who is herself a skilful trained nurse, arrived at Kuskokwim River, to the great delight of the missionaries.

Dr. Romig found himself, on his arrival, the only doctor between the Yukon and the Nushagak, a distance of fully five hundred miles. He was called upon to treat whites and natives, Greeks and Roman Catholics, heathen and Christians, miners and missionaries, without any distinction. His first amputation case filled the natives with amazement, and after that his power was supposed to be unlimited. His fame spread far and wide, and natives came, on some occasions, three and four hundred miles to see him. This naturally increased the influence of the mission greatly, and soon as he was able to use the language—and even before, by aid of an interpreter—he could bring the glad tidings of the Great Physician to souls inaccessible before.

Responding to medical calls in Alaska involves something more than walking around the block, or getting into a comfortable and speedy motor-car to treat a more distant case. All the visiting has to be done by boat along the rivers in summer, and by dog-sled in winter. Roads there are none, and the trail must be found by the aid of native guides. A team of eleven dogs stretches out about forty feet, and is directed by the leader, obeying the voice and signals of his owner. A physician's tour under such circumstances is a very complicated undertaking, and requires much skill that is not acquired in city colleges. Every journey is attended by unknown perils, and endless time is consumed. Dr. Romig's records contain accounts of traveling two hundred miles to treat a single case, and when called to the Nushagak, he had to travel four hundred miles by dog-team before he can return to his home.

DR. J. HERMAN ROMIG

The condition of the native patients adds to the discomforts of a physician's practice among them. Most of them live in huts half underground, the entrance to which is by a long, low passage, through which he must crawl on hands and knees. It ends in a room so low that he can scarcely stand in it upright, and its odor from the accumulated filth is overpowering. It is no wonder that living in such places, disease is prevalent, and when an epidemic does break out, as did influenza and measles, four years ago, the mortality is appalling. The terrors of that awful year are still fresh in the memories of the people. Dr. Romig was almost idolized in that scene of suffering, but he and his wife were nearly worked to death. Since then he has prepared a number of medicine satchels, which he has supplied to the missionaries, with directions for their use, so that they alleviate cases that he cannot reach himself, and give temporary help in the interval, before he ca to accessible cases. In future, he will be statione Nushagak River, instead of at Kuskokwim, as place is more central, and it affords better faci for travel.

It is now about twenty years since this work a the Eskimos of Alaska was begun. At that tim field was neglected. Since then, Dr. Sheldon Jac has worked there with tireless energy and has enl the churches in the service, but in 1885 there wa Christian work there of an organized or systen kind. It is true that the Greek Church had a few s sions dating from the time of the Russian occ tion, but the influence of them on the Eskimos been slight. They were regarded as a dull, stu ignorant people too degraded to be reache Christian effort. The Moravians, however, witnessed too many of the triumphs of the Go when preached by such men as those hun patient workers who have gone out under the pices of that church, to despair of any race or tion. They had men willing to undertake work and they were sent out. They went to Kuskokwim River, about 150 miles from its Beh Sea mouth, and there built their station, wh they named Bethel.

The first difficulty was to learn the langu No books were accessible; but the missiona picked it up from the lips of the natives, and tiently extended their communications with people. They found that the only religion t had was a species of magic, of which the Sham or Medicine Men were the leaders. Their custo were brutal. Old people who had outlived th power to work, were ruthlessly killed, either by be tied where the rising tide would drown them, or being driven out of the settlement, to freeze or sta to death. Unwelcome children, the care of wh would hinder parents in their work, were ab doned. Morality was utterly unknown. The m sionaries had to begin at the very foundatio but they were not discouraged. They went fr village to village, and talked with the people in th huts. One by one, converts were won, and work spread from village to village. A care selection of these was made for men who w fitted to become native teachers. These were train and sent to other villages, to prepare the way the missionary's visit. There are now in t villages, reached from Bethel, over two hundred c verts, who have been baptized and have given eviden of conversion. This, too, in a population of lit more than five hundred adults scattered along the riv banks for a distance of 230 miles. The missionaries Bethel are Adolf Stecker, B. K. Helmich, Joseph We lick, John Heinz and J. H. Schoechert. At the n station on the Nushagak River, S. H. Rock and wife, and Miss Mary Huber, have been laboring. Th are now going on furlough, and the work will be charge of Paul Zucher and his wife, aided by Dr. a Mrs. Romig. The work is necessarily carried on at heavy cost for so small a church, but it has proved wo derfully successful. Contributions in aid of its suppo and extension would be exceedingly welcome.

Children from Many Lands

A Vast Army of Juvenile Immigrants Now Reaching Our Shores

A SICILIAN BOY

A WEE, YIDDISH MAID

THE SLAV CHILD-TYPE

FROM SUNNY ITALY

FROM FAR LITHUANIA

IT is "rush" day at Ellis Island, and here the children come from the ships in which they have made that wonderful voyage across the ocean. From the four corners of the earth they come, thousands of them each year augmenting the number.

Some of these little ones are dark-haired and ruddy, some red-haired and freckled, others flaxen-locked and pink-cheeked. Some seem awe-inspired by the strange scenes about them, while others are simply amused and interested.

Born in the shadow of Greek Temples or Pompeiian ruins, bronzed by the sun of Southern Italy, or from a nativity where the chill winds blow—in Norway, Sweden or the steppes—they enter our land of to-day, where the siesta is unknown, and where the clock but chronicles the hours of toil.

They have left far behind them the roads along which many of them were wont to chase the careless, generous coin-throwing tourists. They have gazed for the last time at the mountains of Galicia and Montenegro; the fig-trees of Syria, and the olive groves of Spain and Portugal are things of the past.

Here, in place of the low, white-walled, and yellow, tile-roofed houses of their home villages, are great piles of brick and stone, towering nearly to the skies, and all dotted with tiny windows, so far up towards the clouds that the little things shudder, and are afraid when they first look out, and down to the faraway ground.

The strange sights and sounds are too much for the children to take in or to comprehend at once. They listen to the shrill whistles, signals of the crowds of river craft, in wonder, for the ears of these little alien travelers are accustomed to nothing louder than the tinkling bells of the sheep on the hillside, or more startling than the rippling waters of the brook that flowed past their humble home. What a study the faces of these little people present. Here, tenacity is pictured in the countenances of the little Yiddish or Jewish children, while in the faces of their neighbors, the Polacks, Slavonians, Finns and Russians, is seen stolid determination and the strength of strong parentage. In the eyes of Pepe, the child of Aragon, the sloth is shown, the stamp of reliability is seen in the sallow-faced Syrian, while the French gamin clearly depicts *nonchalance*.

Carlito, who is running up and down the steamship pier while the crowd is awaiting transportation to Ellis Island, is enjoying himself immensely. Chasing goats along the banks of the Tagus was not half so much fun as this, and he wishes that his Portuguese playmate of San Ildefonso, with whom he used to play at bull-fighting, could see him now! He brings to America the recklessness of his race, its cunning, its violence of temper, and love of ease. All these things he injects into the blood of the nation which he has adopted, and he will also add a touch of poetry and a drop of the essence of chivalry. The racial *melange*, of which the child of every race admitted into this country is an element, gives an ethnological interest to their individualities, and as certainly as the needle points to the pole, each and every one of these individualities will blend into the national blood and temperament.

In this there is a grave menace where formerly there was great beauty. Thirty years ago, this nation was enriched by Anglo-Saxon corpuscles admitted at Castle Garden, to-day it is being augmented by Latin, Hebrew and Slavonic corpuscles injected thugh the great artery of Ellis Island. Thirty years ago, Great Britain sent us 16326 immigrants, Germany, 149,671; last year Great Britain sent through Ellis Isnd 45,546, Germany 28,304, a falling off of 242,647.

he Jewish, Italian and Syrian now predominate, flanked by a generous number of Mgyars, Ruthenians and Poles, and while the children will grow up and become lit: Americans, they each have their hereditary traits, that govern future destinies. Ty pass through Uncle Sam's great clearing-house on the little island in the upr bay, one by one, each with his particular trait, racial or otherwise, each a se that will germinate and grow into a flower or a weed. It is this diluting of the nonal characteristics with so much devitalized blood, which appals, when studied at close range in the faces of the immigrant children, and when colonized in the alien quarters of the great cities, propagates its harmful influence in the social and moral standing of the community.

And what is all this for? Why are these children dragged from their country homes, to be thrust, many of them, into rooms at the end of a dark passage somewhere away up in the awful, crowded, ramshackle tenement in the "Mulberry?"

Who shall fathom the thoughts of these little men and women, suddenly thrown from the calm serenity of Andalusian fields or the solemn grandeur of the mountains into the turmoil of humanity, where passion and effort sway the life of an American city. Children are particularly susceptible to impressions, especially if they be of foreign parentage; their minds, though not bent on the abstract, can find in the concrete of their surroundings enough to awaken in them feelings of wonder and awe. Their soft, big eyes of wonderment begin to open when the seaboard is reached, and they embark on the wide ocean of adventure that means opportunity for their fathers to day, and also for them later.

The little Polack girl, with her gaudy shawl and bright head-covering, is heir to the sweat-shop, and to the vermin-haunted slums of New York. Deliberately exiled from school by rapacious, and perhaps needy parents, she will be sent to some Grand or Allen Street factory, there to earn thirty cents a day at the expense of her physical, moral and mental health. There is a look of premature disenchantment on some of the children's faces, those from the northern parts of Europe having by far the brighter countenances.

Little Augusta holds her doll close to her as she passes up the narrow aisle, where the man at the desk asks her mother her name, age, and how much money they have, she wonders a great deal at what she sees; her eyes are blue, and the glow of health is on her chubby cheeks. Stockholm is many miles away, but the rapid change of scenes in the past few weeks occupies her mind to the forgetfulness of Stockholm.

Away out in the timber lands of Minnesota are her father and brothers, and she will soon be with them. She will grow up and be the mother of many children, and also their slave, for she has in her those inherited traits which destines her to a life of happy servitude in her home. Domesticity is her chief characteristic, and it will develop and expand on the farm, whither she is bound. She will grow up strong, taking a hand in harvesting the crops, and be a help to all.

In the eyes of the little Danish girl there is astonishment at the American presentment of life. She is but a little dot upon this vast bewildering scene, but she has a perfect though blind confidence in the protecting care of her father, and no less prosaic mother. And all these little children look like those we have seen before, who but yesterday gravely explained that the sun was a great golden lamp, and the sky a vast carpet of blue, "like sister's dress." In many of the childish faces there is an evidence of soul ready to receive life's first impressions, and it is a study to watch them, as they flash into the large Ellis Island building, and to note the expression of their eyes as they behold the wonderful things about them.

From the clinging, timorous, little Irish girl, to the French boy, brilliant and restless, scrambling from one piece of mischief to another, as fast as his badly bruised legs will carry him, is a wide range of temperament and character; but there is not such a difference in their immediate prospects. The little girl is the woman in miniature; the boy is essentially the boy. The very toys of the girl are the prototypes of her future concerns—the doll and the kitchen set—but the boy does not reflect the future father and householder, he does not assume any of its responsibilities; its privileges only are his.

This is the parade of the little ones that annually march to our shores, and to-morrow it will be the same as to-day, and the next day, and the day after that, until the Gate of Nations is let down.

SUNNY-FACED SWEDES

A YOUNG POLACK

POLACK BOY

A LITTLE RUSSIAN JEWESS

HE IS FROM SICILY

A BARBADOES BABY

Among the Workers

CROSSLEY AND HUNTER, Canadian evangelists, recently cled a mission in the Austin Section of Chicago. Five hulred and fifteen names were received by the secretary of ose avowing decision for Christ. Methodists, Baptists, Pbyterians and Congregationalists and Christians joined in e work.

—EVANGELIST F. E. P. JENNINGS, recently closed a series of successful meetings at Newtown, Mo., which brought many accessions to the Baptist church in that place. He afterwards labored at Democrat Ridge where over fifty confessed Christ. This was followed by meetings at Dundas, which were attended by marked spiritual results.

—A SERIES of evangelistic meetings, lasting four weeks, has just closed at Kansas City, Kan. The meetings, were conducted by Rev. L. E. Coad, evangelist, and Prof. C. S. Colburn, singer, were held in Chelsea Congregational Church. Many made confession of faith, and the membership of the church was greatly increased.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Strangers in Church

SO many people move in the spring, that in the early summer many find it convenient to seek a new church home. A very real loneliness falls upon one who, for the first time, leaves a church where pastor and people are the friends of years, and goes to one where not a face is familiar. Certain churches have an air of conservatism which is almost repellent, and which effectually shuts the door in the face of the stranger, who does not venture into their chilled precincts a second time, if it can be helped. Other churches are hospitable and friendly in their air of welcome, and the one who is shown into a pew is not made to feel in the way. There is a gracious manner of handing a hymn-book or a fan which goes straight to the stranger's heart.

One who goes to a church in the hope that it may become a home, should not be too shy in introducing himself to the notice of the pastor or church officials. It is comparatively easy to tarry a moment after service, that some one may have a chance to give a kind greeting. All the advances must not be on one side; it is a good plan to meet friends half way.

Sinless Lives

FEW questions come to this journal so frequently, as the one, whether it is possible to live a sinless life. Sometimes the question is accompanied by a confession of wrong-doing, which has evidently been wrung from a heart sincerely repentant, and often with expressions of despair of the future. There is real sorrow, but with that, so vivid a consciousness of weakness, that there is apprehension of a repetition of the same sin, or the commission of some other sin.

Even in such letters, there is ground for encouragement. There is always hope when sin is followed by repentance. It is the man who is indifferent, who has no regrets for what he has done amiss, who is in a critical state. If he feels that sin is unavoidable, that he has done no worse than his neighbors, and that pardon is assured in any case—he is on the way to a state of degradation, and his Christian character is in danger of fatal deterioration. Sorrow is a good sign, even if it does not end in amendment. But its natural outcome is amendment; and there is no reason why it should fail of its proper fruit.

Another ground for encouragement, is in the effect of discipline. The soul should never be cast down by the fact of conflict. It is not the tree that is shielded from the winds that comes to perfection, but the tree that is exposed to the blasts and storms of winter, and strikes its roots deep into the soil. The promise is not to the quiet, calm, undisturbed soul, but to him that overcometh. No man, therefore, should lament the struggle, however sorely he laments his defeat.

The proper course to take, is that which would be adopted in the concerns of ordinary life. After the first essential of confession to God and pleading for pardon in the name of Christ, the duty is to study the circumstances which led to transgression, the state of mind which preceded it, and the peculiarities of the personal character. Every man has some vulnerable part of his nature, by which temptation effects an entrance more easily than at other parts. That weak part of the soul's fortifications needs to be specially guarded. The sin which most successfully besets, is the one to be dreaded and resisted. The fight is with a wily and treacherous enemy, and all the skill with which a man is endowed should be summoned to the conflict. This is a matter of personal precaution, which is due from the Christian to his Lord. He must co-operate with Him to prove his sincerity, if for nothing else.

The real basis of hope lies in God himself. He promises strength to those who seek it earnestly and sincerely. There are times and cases in which he undertakes the conflict and removes the tendency to a special sin; but generally his course is to give his child the strength to fight the battle. It is important to have the conviction that such strength will be given. The natural inference, then, is that there is no need for falling. With omnipotent aid given, no man is under an obligation to sin, no matter how strong the temptation. This conviction, however, ought never to produce a sense of security. No one is so likely to fall as he who is proudly confident of his safety, There must be constant vigilance, but it is not the vigilance of one who fears that he is going to fall, but of one who is ready to meet the enemy, and is sure of victory in Christ's strength. He must expect conflict, his safety may be often in peril, but with the power and grace accessible to him, he may be sure of overcoming. The firm resolve that, by God's grace, the fight against sin shall never cease, and the unwavering conviction that He is able to keep us, is the way to sinlessness of life.

Slavery in South Africa

HEARTY sympathy will be given by Christian people in this country to the determined men in Great Britain and South Africa, who are opposing the concession that the British Government has made to the mine owners of the Transvaal. These mine owners contend that there is a scarcity of unskilled labor in the Transvaal. They desire to import from China 250,000 laborers to work in the mines. They undertake to house and feed them well; to pay them a stipulated wage, and take them back to China at the end of three years.

The proposal looks fair on its face, but it is obvious on examination, that the opponents of the scheme are justified in denouncing it as practical slavery. The men who are to be taken to the mines would be deprived of their libery during their term of service, and it would be easy to tempt them into expenditures that would render them slaves for life. We can imagine, too, how easily the stipulated conditions might be evaded, and how hard might be the fate of these poor men.

The demand of the mine owners for this concession is based on pure greed. The only advantage of coolie labor is its cheapness. The difference between the rate paid to the Chinaman and the rate of free labor, would, it is stated, amount to about a dollar and a quarter a ton of ore mined. Considering how many unemployed men in England there are, who would be glad of such work, the project of importing coolie labor shows the selfishness of the men. On that ground, apart from the unrighteousness of the scheme, the opposition to it is justified. It is extraordinary that the Government should have given its consent to it. The conscience of the religious part of the public has been thoroughly stirred, and protests are being made in and out of Parliament, against a project which sullies the fair fame that Great Britain has so long enjoyed of being the enemy of slavery in every form.

Out of Doors

IF the full meaning of those three little words v[e] understood and acted upon, we should have a m[h] happier time in this world of ours. The taste for [-] doors is an acquired one. We are not born with it, [r] everyone knows that it is well nigh impossible to k[p] a boy or girl in the house. There is an unrest am[g] children when they are too closely housed, wh[n] nothing but an open door and permission to rush thro[h] it will conquer.

What wonderful pleasures and wholesome wearin[s] come to the children who spend their waking ho[s] —most of them—in the fresh-air and sunshine. In s[-] mer or winter, whether city-bred or country-born, [e] little one is never really happy shut within four wa[l] If we, older folks, would only follow this example [a] find more of our pleasures and recreations in the ou[r] world, we would be afflicted with fewer headach[] with their accompanying sighs and groans, fewer ac[s] and pains of all kinds, and we should also be m[] pleasanter people to live with.

There is nothing like exercise in the open air to dr[-] the cobwebs of the "blues," from our spirits, and th[e] is no better kind of pleasurable exercise than t[] afforded by the bicycle—now within the reach of ne[-] all classes. Swiftly speeding along a country road, [] rapidly changing scene, the smooth, gliding moveme[] and the little muscular effort required in propelling [] modern wheel, are all factors, which, combining, m[] bicycling an ideal out-door pleasure. With the g[] spring days, there comes an overwhelming desire [] get out in the open, and to revel in the sweet air a[] sunshine.

But alas! there are too many reasons why we can[] yield to this most natural feeling. So much is to [] done, and so little time in which to do it, that we de[] ourselves, what would seem to be our very birthrig[] by virtue of our being upon this beautiful earth. Wh[] we wake up to the fact that "the earth and the fulln[] thereof" are ours—that "no millionaire in castle gra[] can claim a costlier store"—we gaze with enraptu[] sight on God's beautiful Out-of-Doors. Then we m[] appreciate the fact that houses, and all that are in th[] contained, are only secondary considerations, and [] the sum and substance of our existence. When we c[] fully realize that health and happiness—those twin s[] ters—can never dwell long with those who persisten[] shut themselves up within walls; when we become [] quainted with the hills and valleys, the fields a[] streams; when the trees tell their stories and the broo[] sing their songs to us, then we begin to know what G[] meant when he beheld everything he had made, and p[] nounced it good.

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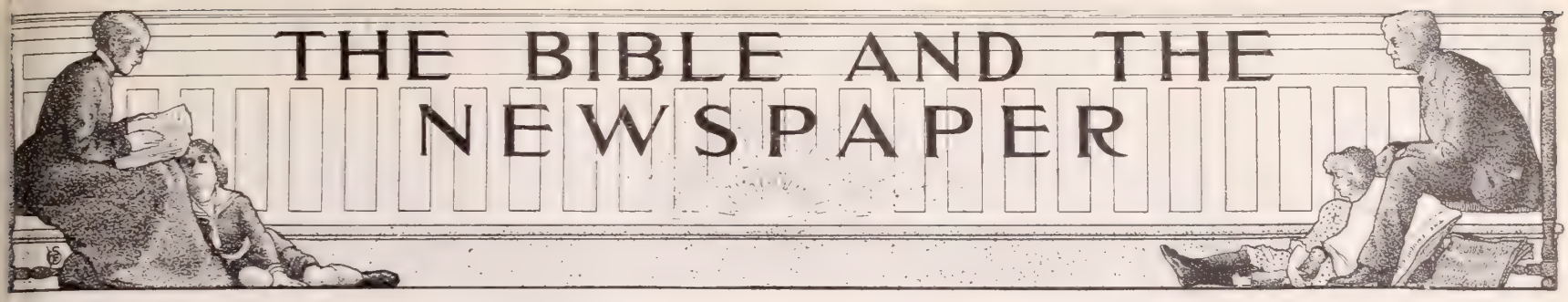

Quaint Ceremony in Russia

ONE of the strangest celebrations in all Europe is that illustrated on this page. It takes place on Easter eve, on the steps of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, in St. Petersburg. Easter is the gat event of the year in the Russo-Greek Church. Ne so poor, but some little luxury of dress or diet is pvided, though it may represent the careful saving of nths. Passion week is a season of gloom and solemn, but on Saturday there are signs of the approachit festival. Preparations are made in all homes to oerve it with rejoicing. Late in the evening the crches are crowded, and all the houses are deserted. Aout eleven o'clock the throngs gather on the steps of th churches, and the Cathedral of St. Isaac is the Mca of hundreds of citizens eagerly seeking a place o he stones at its base. Rich a poor, alike, struggle for a sc there, for on this day social d inctions are temporarily disrarded. The inherent respect o the Russian for rank and ti is evident in the deference pd to the noble, but he is not sted by it from the crowding olthe people, who feel they he a right to share with him irhe privileges of this sacred cbration. Every one has a cdle with him, and as they a lighted, the vast area glows wh a pyramid of flickering gms. The candles are set on puliar square cakes, baked scially for the occasion. Sne have eggs, also, and meat, a wine, but no one eats until th sonorous sound of the bells irhe tower above have tolled th midnight hour, and from f and near the bells of other crches answer like echoes. Ten the priests emerge from th cathedral, and solemnly bess the assembled crowd. Iery one crosses himself as ty pass, and then the provisns begin to disappear; for aare hungry with long fasting. Cngratulations and embraces eress the joy of the people. "he Lord is risen," one says tnis neighbor, and is answered wh "The Lord is risen indeed." Lubtless, with many, the words a merely a form of seasonable geting, and are not understood t mply any principle affecting t spiritual life. To few, even aong spiritually-minded peo-; do those words convey so rmentous a meaning as the ostle gave them.

That I may know him and the power of his resurrection .. if by any ans I might attain to the resurrection of the dead (Phil. 3: 10, 11).

MIDNIGHT CELEBRATION ON THE STEPS OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG

oused Every Citizen

The police and fire departments of Mount Vernon, Y., had a busy night recently. There was an accint at the gas works shortly before midnight, and every ht in the town was extinguished. The difficulty was on set right, but it then occurred to the authorities t if any one in the town had gone to sleep leaving gas burning, there would be a strong probability of ir being asphyxiated. There are about five thousd houses in the town, besides those at Pelham, ich are supplied by the same company. It was reved to arouse someone in every household, and give m warning of the danger. Accordingly the fire dertment was instructed to drive through the streets, owing its siren whistle to arouse the sleepers, and polemen followed to give verbal explanation of the disbance. Every house was to be visited, and if at any e there was no response, the door was to be forced d the warning given. In only six cases was there ed to make a forcible entrance, and though there were veral narrow escapes from asphyxiation, there was no e seriously affected. The prompt measures taken doubtedly saved many lives. There were some who nplained of being aroused from their slumbers, but there were no complaints from those who were thus saved from being poisoned by the escaping gas. The ministers and Christian workers who warn people of their danger from injury by the pollution of the moral atmosphere, do not always find their efforts so thoroughly appreciated.

These men do exceedingly trouble our city and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive (Acts 6: 20).

Oysters Under Ban

At a recent meeting of the New York County Medical Society the question of danger of infection from eating raw oysters was discussed. Dr. Cyrus W. Field called attention to the experiments which had been made by the department of health, which had proved that typhoid bacilli contained in an oyster were alive and active after nine days. Dr. Walter Bensel, the Sanitary Superintendent, reminded the assembled doctors of the outbreak of typhoid which occurred at Middleton, Conn., some few years ago, when, after a supper of the students of the University, everyone who had partaken of oysters was prostrated by the disease. He attributed it not to any special infection in the oysters, but to the fact that they had been freshened in a part of the river where the sewers from two districts emptied themselves. The general consensus of opinion was, that a law should be enacted by the Legislature requiring that oyster beds should always be in pure, fresh water or in deep sea bottoms. It was, said one doctor, a gross injustice to a most useful and nutritious article of food to surround it with pollution and then blame it for becoming foul. It would be well if the same principle were remembered in our associations with the world.

Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good morals (I. Cor. 15: 33, R. V.).

Passengers in Peril

More than three hundred persons, who were on a ferryboat a few days ago, going from New York to Brooklyn, were thrown into panic by the death of an engineer. The boat made its way as usual across the river, and as it approached its slip, the pilot gave the customary signal to reduce speed. He was surprised to see that no attention was paid to his signal. The big wheels continued their rapid revolutions. He called down his speaking tube, but there was no response. In another moment the boat, at full speed, struck the rack and heeled over till the opposite rail was almost at the water's edge. The speed continuing, the boat struck the other rack, splintering the poles, and crushing in the cabin. Then it went direct for the bridge, crashing into the iron-bound edge, and breaking its own bow. It rebounded fully twenty feet, and then struck the bridge squarely again, with a force that sent the splinters flying in all directions. Men on the bridge threw out chains in an effort to hold the boat, but none of them caught. There was another rebound, and again a crash. Then the wheels stopped, and the damaged boat was secured. Most of the panic-stricken passengers hurried ashore, but many of them were lying on the deck and in the cabins with broken limbs, and others insensible from injuries of the head. The mystery was explained when the fireman came on deck. He had been some distance from the engine-room when the pilot gave his first signal and noticed that it was not heeded. He hurried to the engine-room, and there found the engineer dead on the floor from apoplexy. Happily he knew how to shut off the steam and promptly did so. It was supposed that such an accident could not occur after the law was passed, requiring that two pilots should be on every boat; but it was overlooked that the pilot might be there and give instructions which could not be obeyed if the engineer was dead. Many moral disasters have an analogous cause. Men know what they ought to do but the will to do it is powerless.

What I would that do I not; but what I hate, that do I (Romans 7: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The Christian Endeavor Sailors' Home at Nagasaki, Japan, last year had 2,891 guests, and served 10,299 meals.

Grace Greenwood, an authoress, beloved by young people the world over, died recently at New Rochelle, N. Y. She was in her eighty-first year. Her real name was Mrs. Sara Jane Lippincott.

A recent report of the Duxhurst Institution, conducted by Lady Henry Somerset, for the reclamation of female drunkards, states that of the inmates during the past nine years, sixty per cent, were permanently reformed.

Dr. Isadore Dyer, physician of the Lepers' Home of Louisiana, is authority for the statement that leprosy can be cured if it is treated in its early stages. During the past ten years, he said in a recent lecture, he had succeeded in completely curing twelve lepers. In another decade, he believes that leprosy will be as curable as typhoid.

Dr. Karl Schmidt has completed a work which will shortly be published in Berlin, under the title of the *Acts of Paul*. It consists of a Coptic manuscript of the date of 180 A.D., said to have been the work of an elder of the early Christian Church. It is regarded as apocryphal, but contains information that may be of value. When found it was in small fragments of papyrus. The work of piecing them together and translating them has occupied Dr. Schmidt for seven years.

The warrant under which John Bunyan was committed to jail has been found. It is signed by thirteen justices and sets forth that "one John Bunnyon Tynker hath divers times within one Month past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or teached at a Conventicle Meeteing or assembly under color or p'tence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practice of the Church of England." It commits him to prison and, as we know, he went there and wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The warrant was sold by auction for $1,525 a few days ago.

Important Notice

Subscribers who wish to take advantage of our offer of slightly damaged sets of the CROWN ENCYCLOPEDIA, at $1 each, will please mail their orders before May 16, as we do not expect to have any sets remaining after that date. Remember, the insides are perfect in every respect, and the damages to the covers are so slight that most persons would not know them from new. Read last week's issue for a full description of this great offer.

BRIGHT CHILDREN OF THE CANARIES

MRS. T. MACKNIGHT of the Teneriffe Mission, Canary Islands, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the mission school in Santa Cruz is prospering. This year the numbers have gone up from fifteen or twenty children to eighty-four boys and girls. It is a bright and happy school. The girls in the group shown in the photograph were dressed as "vendedoras" (sellers of almonds), and sang appropriate pieces. They learn many Scripture texts, the Commandments, poems and hymns. Those who attend the day school attend Sunday School, also.

YOUNG ALMOND SELLERS AT THE TENERIFFE MISSION FESTIVAL

Good work has been done by our two excellent missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown, and by the trained head teacher. Two converted Bible-women are also working with the mission. The field lies chiefly amongst the poor. There are the usual difficulties, as in all Spanish lands, and great persecution all the time. The school now needs another trained teacher to help. Many of the children are converted, and show their faith in their testimony and prayers at the Thursday meeting.

"The need here is so great, and the difficulties so tremendous," writes Mrs. Macknight, "that I am compelled to seek help, that there may be more teachers and helpers. We are here without a missionary society at our back. $1,000 a year is required for the salaries of our missionaries, two trained teachers, rent of mission house, two Bible-women, and various other expenses.

"A Cuban young man—a member of the Christian Protestant Church—came to Santa Cruz for his health. He was robbed, and cast adrift in the streets without friends, and ill. A fortnight later, one of our workers found him in the street. He told her he was a Christian, and asked if there was such a thing as a Protestant Church in Santa Cruz. She helped him, and communicated the matter to our missionary, Mr. Brown, who vainly sought for him from the Cuban Consul. Our missionary agreed to daily send food and to visit and pray with him. He was very grateful, and was to be fed every day with the Testament in his hand, and looking forward with great joy to the daily visits. This man—Miguel Garcia — died, and the mission bore the expense of the funeral, which was the first of its kind in Santa Cruz, and caused quite a sensation in the town. The quiet burial service was held in the English cemetery, where the little band of Christians and school children sang, 'Voy al cielo peregrino' ('I go to heaven; I am a pilgrim'). After the service, a Roman Catholic came up and said, 'The Protestant funeral is very good and Christianlike. I hope when I die to be buried like that.'

"On the Canary Islands real paganism reigns. Most of the people have never seen a Bible; sixty per cent. of them cannot read, and they pray to images made of wood, which they are pleased to call saints.

"We hope to be used of God soon to establish here a Spanish pastor and church. Earnest prayers of God's people are going up for this."

Mrs. Macknight's address is Geneto Laguna, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz, Canary Islands.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

ON April 23, Gen. Kouropatkin telegraphed to the Czar that he had decided to take the offensive, as he regarded the force at his disposal sufficient for the purpose. He added that he would leave nothing to chance. Immediately afterward he advanced a force of infantry from Liao-yang toward the Yalu, supported by Cossacks. An additional force of 5,000 Cossacks is also advancing on northeastern Korea, some distance from the river. All the indications pointed to an early crossing of the Yalu by the Japanese, and the Russians in southern Manchuria were in expectation of an attack.

A Seoul dispatch stated that arrangements for concerted movements by the Japanese were completed on April 20, when there was to be a simultaneous rush from three points. The second army is supposed to have sailed from Japan on April 16, probably for Port Arthur. Other troops were to land at Takushan or Tatung, forming part of the general advance on Liao-yang. The Guards' Division, under Lieut.-Gen. Inouye, were to be the first troops sent against the Russians at Kuiliencheng.

That this movement was carried out, at least in part, would seem to be evident from the events that followed. It should be remembered that the reports, in a great majority of instances, are exclusively from Russian sources, as the correspondents are apparently still far from the Japanese front. Gen. Kouropatkin, on April 25, telegraphed to the Czar that small parties of Japanese for several days had been seen landing pontoon material, collecting boats, and preparing bridges near Wiju, and also near Sigon, a considerable distance further up the river. A Japanese detachment of infantry and some cavalry had already crossed the river near Simpoussikho and were preparing to cross at Piokdong, still higher up. On the same date (April 25) a St. Petersburg dispatch brought the intelligence that a party of 500 Japanese, who were crossing the river on rafts, were practically annihilated by the Russians. This dispatch, however, was not confirmed by later cablegrams.

On April 26, the main Japanese army began to cross the river at several points simultaneously, under the protection of warships and torpedo boats. At first, under cover of a feint at Tatung-kao, a crossing was effected several miles further up stream, near Tchang-jiou, and these troops quickly entrenched. Under cover of their guns, reinforcements were rushed over the river. A St. Petersburg cablegram explained that the passage of the Yalu by the enemy was, in no sense, to be regarded as important, the Russians having no intention of vigorously contesting the passage. There was some sharp fighting between Russian skirmishers and the Japanese at Turenchen and Tchindiagon, and the Russian advance, with a howitzer, succeeded in demolishing the pontoon nearest to Wiju.

JAPANESE TROOPS FORDING THE RIVER IN NORTHERN KOREA

The Russians are very strongly posted north of the river, and hold the country in great strength in the direction of Liao-yang. They are reported to have completed the concentration of their forces on the Mukden-Liao-yang-Yalu and Mukden-Niu-Chwang lines. Forty thousand men are occupying fortified positions along the Yalu, and 20,000 are posted at Taku-shan, at the head of Korea Bay. They also occupy the banks of the Tumen River, from the Russo-Korean frontier to Lake Tai-tji (Paik-tou-San) on the Manchurian-Korean frontier, near the source of the Yalu.

That the Japanese have invaded Manchuria in considerable force is made clear by the dispatches of April 28. They occupied Kuiliencheng, on the northerly bank opposite Wiju, and, at latest reports, were still pouring troops across and into the territory lately held by the Russians, in such numbers as to threaten the latter from three sides. General Kouropatkin ordered a retrograde movement by the troops on the right bank of the river, who rejoined the troops forming the second line of the Russian defence. At the same time, the Russ force along the Tumen River, in northeast Korea, were reinforced, with a view to a p sible flank movement.

On April 27, a St. Petersburg dispatch ported that the Russian Vladivostok fl which had already sunk two small Japan merchant steamers—the *Goyo* and the *Na mura*—in the neighborhood of Gensan, the east coast of Korea, encountered at the Japanese troopship *Kinschiu*, and manded her surrender. The officers of t transport, deeming resistance futile, yield and were taken prisoners. The Russian w ships took aboard 17 officers, 20 soldiers, coolies and 65 of the crew, who had s rendered, but some 200 men remained on t *Kinschiu* and refused to yield. Though wit out officers, they resolved to fight, and i mediately manned the four Hotchkiss rapi fire guns of the troopship. Thereupon t *Rossia* sent a torpedo into the *Kinsch* and sank her with all who remained board. Though a Japanese squadron h been searching for nearly a week for the Ru sian warships, the latter, it is believed, su ceeded in returning to Vladivostok witho being intercepted. This is the first serio disaster that has befallen the Japanese nav since the war began.

On May 1, the first important land batt of the war took place at Kuliencheng, r sulting in a Japanese triumph. After fi days of fighting (from April 26), principal with long range artillery, the main body Gen. Kuroki's army, which had successful crossed the Yalu, advanced upon the Russia position. Gen. Sassulitch, the Russian com mander, had his troops advantageously poste on a height near Khussan, but the Japanes after considerable maneuvering, succeeded turning the Russian left flank, and then a tacked the main position at Kuliencheng.

Being superior in numbers and artiller they made such a fierce onset that the Ru sians, though making a stout defence, we compelled to retire, which they did in goo order along the Polietyntzy road. The Ja anese occupied the evacuated position, an at last accounts fighting was still in progres The estimated losses in killed and wounde were, Japanese 700, Russians 800, the latte including many officers who were picked o by Japanese sharpshooters. The Japanes gunboats on the Yalu, and their batteries o the Korean shore, assisted in the attack.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Travel to St. Louis

THOUSANDS of young girls who have never before left the shelter of their own homes, are this summer turning eager eyes to St. Louis and the great Exposition. Among them are many who wish to seek employment, and naturally hope to find profitable and pleasant work during the weeks when the great city will be thronged with crowds of sight-seers from all over the land. Others are going simply for recreation, desiring to spend some time in the enjoyment which a great World Exposition always affords. It is necessary for these girls to go alone to the Exposition if they go at all. In a great number of instances they have been saving their money for this purpose perhaps for several years, and as they are the daughters of homes which have no margin for much beyond necessary daily expenses, it is obvious that they must count very closely in the outcase, or soon find work in the other, or face the alternative of being destitute in a strange city.

The Exposition "Travelers' Aid Committee," organized by women who know the dangers an unfamiliar city, even in its normal condition, may present to unprotected girls, lifts a warning voice to these young women. The conditions which always inhere in city life are a thousand-fold intensified, when the city has expanded to many times its ordinary population, and when people from every part of the nation and the globe are gathered within its limits. Among these are many who are designing and unscrupulous. It is quite possible that young women, in utter innocence and ignorance, may be lured into places from which they cannot escape, and into associations which will cast a black and baleful shadow over their entire lives.

Take the case of the young girl arriving in St. Louis alone, not knowing where to go, asking direction of some one whose interest it is to mislead her; even if this should not prove the case, when her money is exhausted and she has no means of getting home, what is she to do? Where is she to stay? How shall she meet an emergency? In the first place, we would say to all girls contemplating a visit to the Exposition: do not go alone if you can help it. It would be very much better for you to attach yourself to a company of friends or neighbors, or to go accompanied by at least one or two friends. Before leaving home, address a letter to the Y. W. C. A. in St. Louis, asking for a safe place where you may board; ascertain how much money will be needed for a stay of one week, ten days, two weeks, or month. On arriving in St. Louis, do not accept assistance or ask advice from, or of, strangers whom you may meet on the trains. Apply to the conductor for all information. At Central stations look for the agents of the Travelers' Aid Committee, who will wear blue badges, with "Travelers' Aid Agent" inscribed in gilt letters. At the Union station in St. Louis, these agents will be found at all incoming and outgoing trains.

Remember that you cannot be sure of obtaining work after your arrival in St. Louis. Thousands of positions have been arranged for, long before the opening of the Exposition. Great numbers of young women, who go in the hope of obtaining work, will come away bitterly disappointed. Do not go except with the full consent of your father and mother, and if they are untraveled and inexperienced people, ask advice before you leave home of the resident secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in your town, or of your pastor. Be sure that you do not go to St. Louis without taking with you money enough to bring you safely back to your home.

TESSA AND HER DOVES

Tessa, little maid of Venice, has as yet no other loves;
Sits and dreams, a happy-hearted, winsome child among the doves.

Children's Sayings

Children say many quaint and original things that their elders smile at, and that add to the joy of the daily life.

In a Sunday School, not far from New York, the infant class was gathered the other Lord's Day, and teacher was talking to them about good behavior. She told them how wrong it was to be unkind and selfish, how hateful to make people unhappy, and how much better it was to try never to hurt any one, nor to make any one sad. "If we are cross and rude and disagreeable, if we fret and fuss and fume children, why, what will we be?" she exclaimed.

"Goups," piped up little Mary. Whoever has read the clever "goup" rhymes that the children love, will know what Mary meant.

A certain small boy was not very mannerly, and a fastidious uncle came to see the family, and commented unfavorably on Jack's deportment to Jack's mother.

"You are going to stay here some weeks, John," said the mother. "Suppose you try what you can do to improve your nephew. I give you full liberty. Please try to improve him."

Ten days later, Jack sought his mother with an anxious countenance: "How much longer is Uncle John going to be here?" he inquired.

"I don't exactly know," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I hope he's going soon. He's too forehanded for me."

"Aunty," remonstrated another child, "Why is it wrong for me to leave my crusts, and right for you to leave yours?" The question was pertinent.

The Uses of Trial

We are very apt to fancy that trials have no use; that they are rude interruptions with which we might well dispense. But as the tree that struggles with the blast, bending and bowing, but striking deeper root, grows tough and strong, so the character that accepts the discipline of adversity, is thereby matured and ennobled. One who has never known trial, can newly be richly endowed with sympathy. A mother had lost her little one. She sat dumb and uncomforted, while friends spoke platitudes in her ear. In stepped a woman who had borne life's heat and storm. She put her arms around the mourner. "My dear," she said, "I know all about it. I have gone through it all. My children are on the other side." She had learned to say:

> Christ, the Good Shepherd, cares for mine to-night,
> And that is best.

But until she had learned it by sad experience, she could not comfort another in tribulation. Trial, is as the refiner's fire, and has the refiner's uses.

Joys of the Mother-Life

THREE joyful periods there are in mother-life. One is when the mother first holds in her arms her babe, and looks into its little face, her whole being flooded with a tide of rapture which words cannot express. No joy on earth is like the joy that brims the mother's cup in that exquisite hour, an hour that repays her to the full for the long months of waiting, and the agony of travail.

The years when the children are in the nursery are beautiful years. Mothers do not always realize, when they are busy with the innumerable steps and stitches, the thousand little cares and anxieties, how happy these years are. The children are under the mother's hand, to be guarded and guided, tucked up at night, and sent to school by day. The world has not claimed them; their sheltered world is in the home. From so many dangers mothers can shield them, in so many troubles mothers can comfort them, that the nursery era is the mother's own, where no sorrow can permanently intrude, so long as her children are spared. But the first abounding ecstasy is never surpassed. It was the rose-crowned day of youthful maternity.

Another period comes, when the mother and her children are half-way up life's morning road.

The lad is shooting fast into manhood; the girl will soon be a woman. Uninterested people see the youth encumbered with the awkwardness of the hobbledehoy, bothered about the hands and feet that are far too big for his body, and assertive to a degree that provokes laughter. The mother may not be blind to the boy's defects, but she knows them as the chrysalis soon to be discarded, and with inexpressible pride and joy she beholds the coming man. The lad's father betrays irritation at the boy many a time, while the loving mother feels only elation.

Her daughter, too, thrills her with reminiscent gladness. The masses of abundant hair, the creamy complexion, the rose-tinted cheek, recall to her the glories of her own girlhood. She has been what her child is, and with a depth of sympathy no one but a mother can measure, she goes, mentally, to college with her little maid, and watches, mentally, with intense appreciation, the early dawnings of womanhood in her daughter. The first sweetheart belongs to her as fully as he does to her child, and he will be wise in his generation if he can but get her on his side.

A third day of calm and serene joy arrived for the mother, when she has reached middle age and, with a sort of awed wonder, holds her child's child in her arms. Most amazing it seems to her that God has so blessed her; that she sees the going on of her race; that she is greater than a mother, having achieved the dignity of a grandmother. Smile at her if you choose, but you do not smile, if you know for yourself. Verily, she may say reverently to the Master of the feast, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BETTY. Oh, my dear, do crush out your disposition to jealousy. It will darken all your days.

—EVA. I hope the sale of cigarettes to boys under age may some day be prohibited by law. It ought to be.

—LUCY. A business office is not a drawing-room. You must be satisfied with ordinary courtesy from your associates.

—EDITH. There is no harm in a man carrying a parcel when walking with a young lady, if it is necessary for him to do so.

—WANDA. The germ theory is accepted universally, I believe. What we have to do is to look out for germs, and keep the bad ones out. When we are in good health, they cannot do us much harm. There is a moral analogy here.

—LINDA. The only thing to do, if you do not love your fiance and do love another, is to be frank, and break your engagement.

—JOHN GEORGE. You have nothing to complain of. Can you expect a girl to care for you when you are rude and negligent by your own confession?

—W. B. S. In congratulating an engaged or newly-married couple, all that is necessary to say is, "I offer my congratulations," or "I wish you great happiness."

—MOTHER. Do not be in haste to tear away the veil of innocence from your child's mind. If, however, she asks questions that need an answer, you are the one to enlighten her.

—PERPLEXED MOTHER. I am afraid that you will have to be satisfied with the wife your son has chosen, and although you may not think her the very best one for him, yet if he truly loves her, the young lady will no doubt make him a good wife.

—F. V. R. Rubber plants, are hardy, and, although they may lose their leaves through having been kept in too dry an atmosphere in the house, they will soon regain them when set out-of-doors for the summer. They should not be put in too sunny a place, and should be frequently watered.

—ELIZABETH MACL. No one has a higher regard for the Scotch-Irish lineage than I. I think you have misunderstood something that I said. When I spoke of the bull-dog persistency of that line, I meant to compliment them. Such tenacity is splendid and heroic. But some men carry it too far in their homes.

Jesus Teaches Humility

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

IN this lesson we see two contrasting pictures: 1. The folly of selfish ambition. 2. The glory of unselfish service. Both point us to one great central truth: "Office is opportunity." He who has been called to any office, should thank the electors, not for the "honor" but for the "opportunity," and should put service above salary.

A foreign missionary was, some time ago, addressing a large congregation. He noticed a boy intently listening, who seemed greatly interested. The earnest face of the little fellow led the missionary to say that even children might preach the Gospel in foreign lands, by their prayers and gifts now, and later in person. At the close of the address the boy pressed his way to the platform, and with eager face took the hand of the missionary. "Do you want to give something to the cause?" asked the missionary. "No, sir," replied the boy, "I was just wondering if you had any foreign stamps to give away." Our lesson presents a worse case, in which older people were involved. Jesus had just spoken with great solemnity of his approaching crucifixion and resurrection. Each time he foretold these events, his apostles seemed to think them but figurative intimations that a decisive battle and victory was at hand, by which he would enter upon his Messianic rule of the world, and so they debated forthwith who should be premier, and who should have the other cabinet positions. This time James and John, cousins of Jesus, who, with Peter, had been his only companions on the Mount of Transfiguration, got their mother to ask for them the two highest cabinet positions. Is not this the very place to see the shallowness of selfish ambition, in the shadow of the Cross? They were not bad men, but how mean appears their desire for office for its own sake. Sought that they might be above others, not that they might serve others!

Office seeking is not in itself necessarily sinful or even selfish, although the proverb is a good one for both Church and State, that "the office should seek the man." Ambition, in the sense of aspiration, is not the enemy, but the yokefellow of contentment. Contentment without aspiration is not a blessing, but a curse, especially contentment with what we are. Even the command: "Be content with such things as ye have," does not excuse us for not striving in all proper ways, to "have" more, that we may be more useful. The thing pictured in this lesson, in contrast to Christ's self-sacrifice, to warn us against it as a mean and unworthy thing, is the desire for office or something else for the sake of getting above others. To want more money simply to have more than anybody or more than somebody; to desire to outshine others by a bigger house or a finer dress or a costlier equipage, this is an ambition as foolish as it is selfish; though it is, however, not only permissible but commendable to make the most of the capacities and opportunities God gives us. And when office comes to us it should not prompt pride, but a sense of mingled responsibility and thankfulness. If we are worthy of the office, it is not because of our own self-made merit, but because of what has come to us from God through our parents, our teachers and the age in which we live. What a chance for earnest thinking there is in the two groups of "self" words, the one expressing obedience to the divine command to love ourselves and our neighbor, egoism and altruism; the other expressing violations of that law:

Selfishness	Self-sacrifice
Self-confidence	Self-surrender
Self-conceit	Self-improvement
Self-indulgence	Self-denial
Self-debasement	Self-control
Self-destruction	Self-reverence
	Self-reliance
	Self-love

Motives are usually mixed, as is suggested by the allegory of a Christian worker, visited by an angel chemist, who tested his religious zeal and found it a full one hundred pounds, at which the worker was highly complimented, but the angel chemist proceeded to analyze it:

Bigotry	10 parts
Personal ambition	23 "
Love of praise	19 "
Pride of denomination	15 "
Pride of talent	14 "
Love of authority	12 "
Love to God, or Pure	4 "
Love to man, or Zeal	3 "

This analysis drove the worker to prayer, and though motives with him, as with us all, were always mixed, love to God and man thereafter dominated all other motives.

The folly of selfish ambition is illustrated by an incident from the State Capitol of Minnesota. A young lady had walked out on the skylight, over the Senate Chamber, and had written her name large, with the tip of her finger, in the dust that had accumulated there. A small boy saw the venturesome, foolish act, and thought he would write his name also in the dust; but he slipped and plunged through the glass, and was picked up, dead, on the stone floor, ninety-two feet below. Many a man has lost more than life, reputation and character, in an effort to write his name in dust. Good name has been sacrificed in obtaining religious as well as political offices. A noted professor used to try this experiment: Beneath the receiver of his air-pump he placed a sparrow, with sufficient air to sustain the sparrow's life for three hours. At the expiration of the first hour he introduced a second sparrow under the receiver, which immediately fell dead, while the other sparrow was able to survive in that atmosphere for another two hours. The reason was that the second sparrow, introduced at once out of a comparatively pure atmosphere into the vitiated air beneath the receiver, was immediately suffocated; whereas the other sparrow had become gradually accustomed to the presence of carbonic acid gas in the air he was respiring. So men in office do, without a twinge of conscience, things that would shock those whose consciences are untainted by the atmosphere of sinful compromise.

Prof. Bequerel, discoverer of the Bequerel rays of uranium, in a journey from Paris to London, carried in his vest-pocket a small tube of radium, to be used in a lecture. Nothing happened at the time, but, about a fortnight later, he observed that the skin under his pocket was beginning to redden and fall away, and finally a deep and painful sore formed there, and remained for weeks before healing. So a secret ambition to get some office for the mere gratification of pride—it maybe a church office or a social one—often eats into the vitals of our spiritual life.

On another occasion Jesus taught his office-seeking disciples by placing a child in their midst, and bidding them become as little children. That was exactly the spirit in which David and Solomon and Jeremiah accepted public office. David, when king, said, "My soul is even as a weaned ch
Solomon, newly crowned, said, "I am but a little ch
Jeremiah exclaimed, when called to be a prophet, "I ca
speak, for I am a child." With these should go the fan
story of the great Isaac Newton, who felt himself, amid
world's applause, only a child on the seashore, with the
ocean of truth yet before him. Thus humility ever
panions with true greatness.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL HUMBLE HIMSELF AS THIS LITTLE CHILD"

"JESUS SAID, WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW, BUT THOU SHALT KNOW"

. . .

Not to be ministered unto but to minister. That true g
ness will put service above salary is the doctrine here ta
and this has become, in Christian lands, to a great de
the social ideal, and, to a considerable ex
a social fact. Many a Christian mother, n
a father, also, lives under the law, "Nc
be ministered unto, but to minister,"
their relations to their households, yea,
often in their relations to their neighbors,
The professions are in theory under that
and to a great degree in fact. We would
cross the street to hear a preacher w
we thought cared more for his salary
for divine service. Nor would we have in
houses a doctor who, we thought, cared
for his fee than for his patient's recover
teacher, too, is usually supposed to care
for the advancement of knowledge thar
personal gain. In politics this theory ap
in the titles we constantly use. Cat
officers, as well as diplomats, are called "
isters," and even the President is spoken
a "public servant." The spoils system,
its hoggish watchword, "What is the
this for us?" is seldom defended openly.
might possibly elect a petty officer in spi
the feeling that to him salary was more
service, but certainly we would not ele
man President or Governor who was u
that suspicion. We elect men to that
"Not to be ministered unto, but to minis
This is also the law of "society" in the nar
est sense, and when business has been bro
under this Christian ideal, will be the la
society in the widest sense of the word.

A city missionary was calling on a l
woman in an English seaport when the
opened, and the woman's grown son ente
exclaiming, "I've got a ship." Seeing
pany he closed the door, but not until
missionary had said, "I hope you've got
Captain on board." He reopened the door, saying, "I d
understand." The missionary explained at length, tha
meant that Jesus Christ is the best Captain of our li
"Will you take him as your captain?" "Yes, but I d
know how."

"Well, you have just signed articles with your new
tain, I suppose? Will you sign this, 'I see myself to a
sinner, and I take the Lord Jesus to be my Saviour, be
ing that he died to save me, and f
to-day I will take him as Captain of
life?'"

"That I will, but I can't write.
sign my name and I will put my 'm
to it." And so he embarked on a Cl
tian life.

We think of "ministry" too much
oratory. The word means "servi
and to such "ministry" we are all ca
Mr. Spurgeon, while traveling in It
needed elder flower water as a medi
for one of the party; bnt not know
the Italian word, tried in vain to m
his wish known to the apothecary. T
he bethought him that he had seen e
trees in town, and going to them c
back with a bunch of blossoms,
without a word got what he needed.
Spurgeon, in using the incident for
illustration, made this applicati
"When you cannot tell what true
gion is, exhibit it by your actions. Sh
by your life what grace can effect. Th
is no language in the world so eloqu
as a holy life. People may doubt w
you say, but they will never doubt w
you do."

. . .

*And to give his life a ransom
many.* The perfect antithesis of
selfish ambition with which this les
began is the self-sacrifice with whic
ends; a self-sacrifice in which Ja
and John nobly followed their Maste
later years. Red Owl, a Sioux chief
orator, entered a mission schoolro
and after looking earnestly at a pict
of the Crucified, asked: "Who is th
Why are his hands bound? Why
those thorns on his head?" Earne
the schoolmaster told the story. I
Owl was greatly touched by the love of the "Son of
Great Spirit," and came again and again to the missio
be told more about him. One morning, a few months la
good Bishop Whipple was going to Wabasha's village,
on the open prairie he saw a newly-made grave. There
a plain wooden cross over it. He inquired whose it was.
is that of Red Owl." "Who put up this cross?" "His yo
men. When he was dying he said to them: 'That st
that the white men have brought to us is quite true. I hav
in my heart and it is good. When I am dead, bury me n
here, and put a cross over my grave, that the red men n
ask why it is there. Then tell them what is in Red Ow
heart. Tell them who it was who died on the Cross.'"

*"Office is Opportunity." International Sunday School Lesson for May 22. Mark 10: 35-45. Golden Text, "Even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Mark 10: 45).

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ONE hundred years of life and sixty-two years of legislative service, is a record unique and noteworthy. This is the proud distinction for the Honorable David Wark, LL.D., Senator for the Dominion of Canada, who is designated on good authority as the world's oldest legislator. The centenary of his birth on February 19, was the occasion of many congratulations to the veteran, who, to-day, is hale and hearty, and will, probably before the appearance of this article, be at Ottawa for the regular session of the senate. The picture that appears herewith was taken after Mr. Wark entered his second century. A letter received by the writer, bearing the same date, is clear and distinct, and would do credit to a man many years younger than Mr. Wark. The autograph is quite firm and easily legible.

SENATOR WARK IN HIS SECOND CENTURY

When twenty-one years of age, Mr. Wark came from Donegal, Ireland, his native place, to St. John, New Brunswick, in which Province his subsequent life has been largely spent. Teaching or office work was his aim; but finding no opening, he turned to the shipyards and at once secured employment. Later on, he found the place which he desired, as a teacher, and also, in time, became engaged in business. In both positions he was highly successful, and attention soon turned to him as a likely candidate for the Legislative Assembly of the Province, to which body he was elected in 1842. His next seat was in the Legislative Council, in 1851, where he remained until called to the Dominion Senate, in 1867. Of the seventy-two senators then appointed, only another, with Mr. Wark, is living to-day, while all his political associates of early days have passed away. A solitary sentinel of the past, he is yet a commanding figure of the present.

In Mr. Wark's legislative career, several matters stand out in marked prominence. One is the free trade between the Provinces, the initiative which he took as early as 1847, though the results were not achieved until two years later. Prior to this time Mr. Wark called attention to the condition of the schools, which were most inefficient, and the outcome of his efforts was a training school at Fredericton, the classification of teachers, and the appointment of inspectors.

But this great secret of Senator Wark's long and successful career is, I think, in his stanch, upright, and consistent religious life. He removed to Richibucto some five years after coming to Canada, very largely that he might unite with his own communion, the Presbyterian Church, and soon opened a Sunday School, in which he served as superintendent for over forty years, resigning the position only on removing to Fredericton in 1872. In that city he at once identified himself with St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, and has been one of its most generous contributors and useful members. Home missions, temperance and the Bible Society have been among his chief concerns. That religion is prominent in his life and thought is apparent from a letter, by request, in the Toronto *Globe* on the occasion of his centenary, the concluding sentence of which reads:

"I now ask my young readers to open their Bibles at the 25th chapter of Matthew, and read from the 31st verse to the end, and learn that, whether life is long or short, the important point is to be prepared for its end."

* * * * * * * * * * *

MY PRIMROSE

MY little primrose, gentle flower,
The darling of how many an hour,
When thou and I together gaze
In sheltered peace, on stormful days.

Around thee broods a quiet hush;
The faintest shadow of a blush,
That once hath stirred the vestal air
Is tranced upon thy petals fair.

Nor bird, nor butterfly, nor bee,
Hath ever whispered love to thee,
Nor sunbeam ventured to caress
Too bold, thy pure unconsciousness.

Why then, the dream of roseate glow
So tender on thy virgin snow.
Dost thou divine how dear thou art
White winter blossom, to my heart?

How, in thy dainty grace I see
A pledge of lovely things to be,
And wait, when thou hast had thy day
To walk, the flowery fields of May.

The wildwood treasures coy and sweet,
The bloom of gardens, and the fleet
Large rapture of the orchard's foam
When from the South the birds come home.

All these will say, what thou dost say
So softly to my soul this day:
"The Lord, who keeps his promises
Is near thee ever, near to bless.

No spoken word the Lord forgets,
The hour for leaf and bud he sets;
Who cares for fragile flower will be
A strong defense to thine and thee."

Smile on my little primrose flower,
And brighten many a lonesome hour.
Alike the Father's love we share,
And that great love is everywhere.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Rescue Work in St. Louis

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Founder and President of the Door of Hope, New York, is now engaged in a special preventive and rescue work among girls during the St. Louis World's Fair. Mrs. Whittemore has dedicated her life to the physical and spiritual well-being of those girls who need help to stem the tide of evil in the great cities. She has established sixty Homes in different parts of the country, and nearly four thousand girls have been cared for during the past thirteen years. The Mother Home is at Tappan, N. Y. All the work is supported by voluntary offerings. The Door of Hope at St. Louis has been in successful operation for some time past. Twenty-six more beds have just been presented for the temporary work that is to be undertaken during the Fair. The Door of Hope and many of its branches, in connection with other Homes, will be opened day and night to receive those who need its shelter and protection. Mrs. Whittemore will gladly answer any inquiries concerning this rescue work.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

III.—A CHANGE OF HEART NECESSARY

II. Corinthians 5: 17
I. Corinthians 2: 14
John 3: 3
John 8: 12
John 12: 46
Matthew 18: 3
Ephesians 2: 1
Ephesians 4: 23 and 24
Colossians 1: 13 and 21
I. John 4: 13
I. Peter 2: 9

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AT THE "DEAD LINE"

BY JUDSON KEMPTON

"MAIL!"

"Bring it here, Charlie." And the minister's son deposited three letters and two papers on the minister's study table, and then left the room on the run, for he was one of those boys who are always full of business and not over gentle in their manners.

The minister looked careworn and gray for a man of fifty years. He spread out the three unopened envelopes and examined them with an air of mingled anxiety and hopelessness.

"Anything from Mr. Robinson?" came from the adjoining room, where Mrs. Shepherd, the minister's wife, was making up the "down-stair's bed."

"No, nor from Smith. There is nothing but a couple of circulars and a short note from Brown of Iowa. But he says there is no self-supporting church vacant in his association, though he will send my name to the State Missionary Board. It's the same old story, wife; I guess I've reached the dead line. The churches no longer have any use for a man past fifty. It looks to me as if this was my last pastorate."

As he opened the wrappers and read carefully the news from the churches in the two denominational papers, which he had ordered for a few months only, that he might learn of new openings in the way of vacant pulpits, Mr. Shepherd's mind ran over his own career. He thought with some bitterness of the high standing he had made in college and seminary, and of how his first charge was at Monpelier, a field that required a scholarly pastor. He recalled vividly how hard he had studied and worked to prepare sermons that would be fresh and stimulating to his somewhat critical audience, and he knew now, twenty-five years afterward, that that had been his most successful pastorate. The second had been shorter, the third shorter still, and lately two or three years seemed to be his limit.

Two years had not been completed at Pleasant Valley, and yet he knew that it was time for him to go. He had not overheard the worldly Mrs. Dunn's remark that he was "slower than cold molasses;" nor the godly Deacon Sharpe's lament that, "the pastor's sermons don't seem to tech the heart nor interest the young;" nor Mr. Mason's opinion, stated on Odd Fellows' Memorial Day—the only occasion on which he had ever heard the minister—to the effect that he was a "has been from Wayback;" nor pretty Miss Lamont's wish that "our pastor was a little handsomer, and could preach without reading, like the Methodist man." Rev. Mr. Shepherd had heard none of these things, and yet he knew positively that it was time for him to go.

He was not a man to wait for a visit from the faithful Deacon, who felt it to be his duty to inform the pastor that the membership was "restless" under his preaching, and desired his resignation. He had his resignation carefully written out, and expected to hand it in on the coming Sunday.

And yet Mr. Shepherd wondered why it should be necessary. He was still strong and vigorous—almost in his prime. His wide experience had given him wisdom in managing the business of the church. He had the good-will of the community among young and old—of that he was well aware. In a careless way people wished him success, and would be sorry that it was necessary for him to go. Moreover, he was sure he had never preached better in his life; for he had given much attention to his "delivery," and he had preached the same sermons—the best of them—that had taken so well with that critical audience on his first field of labor twenty-five years before.

The old minister looked up from his paper and let his eye wander over his well filled book-shelves. Those authors were standard and sound. He had not bought many books for the last ten years. Why should he? The best of modern books were full of strange ideas and unsettling to the systematic theology he had been trained to preach. They distracted his mind and set him to puzzling over questions he could not answer.

Tat-a-tat, tat!

"Oh! Deacon Sharpe! Come in, Deacon."

But the Deacon declined.

"I jest called to say, pastor, that sister Mason is very dangerous, and if you'll get in with me, I'll drive you out thar. My woman sat up las' night an' says she spoke of you—said she'd like to hev you pray with her agin."

Then, after they were in the buggy and on the road, the Deacon added, "The Masons hev been goin' to hear the Methodist man lately, but Sister Mason says your prayers, at her bedside, hev done her a power of good."

The minister said nothing, but, though Deacon Sharpe did not know it, he had sent into the soul of a discouraged and desponding man a big ray of comfort—the first, for many a day.

A little before noon, Mr. Shepherd was returning home alone. He was walking briskly, for without, the wind was chilly, and within, he had formed a new resolve. He would postpone his resignation for the present, give up hunting for another field, and try what a new round of pastoral calling would accomplish. He would call on every member of the congregation, and, when at all possible, pray in every home.

The clanging of a bell arrested his attention. The fire bell! Instinctively he looked toward the parsonage, which had just come in sight around the shoulder of the hill. To his horror he saw smoke, thick and heavy, pouring from the upper windows, while the ell of the house, in which the kitchen was situated, was already ablaze and wrapped in flame.

At the sight, the minister stopped. Involuntarily, his hand went to his hat. He bared his gray head, and clasping the hat in both hands convulsively, he looked away over the burning house, and cried: "My Father! Have mercy! It is more than I can bear!" For a minute it seemed that he would faint. He swayed, as if about to fall. A shout arose from the dark crowd around the house. He roused himself, and saw the ell roof of the parsonage sink down. Neglecting to replace his hat on his head, Mr. Shepherd ran toward his home in a frenzy. As he drew near, all stood aside except his wife, who met him weeping, and threw her arms about his neck.

"My books! My papers! My sermons!" he cried, "did you save them?"

"No," she said, "we saved nothing. I was over to sister Lamont's, cutting out a dress. I'd left the gasoline stove turned on, boiling the—"

Flames were now reaching and waving out of every window. The minister broke away from his wife, and ran furiously into the arms of Deacon Sharpe and Mr. Mason, who were guarding the front door, expecting some such onset.

"No! no! my brother. You can't do that! Your life is worth more than your books!"

And even as the Deacon spoke, the floor of the second story fell, and among the black smoke which blurted from the windows of the study, there floated gently forth sheets of manuscript, which sailed aloft a hundred feet, burning as they circled up.

Pitiful, then it was, to see the gray-haired minister. He turned his back to the fiery ruin of his home, covered his face with his hands, and wept softly without crying, but with copious tears. And, as good Deacon Sharpe put his arms about him and gently bore him away, the crowd looked on with sympathetic wonder, and some were affected as was Miss Lamont, who excused her emotion by remarking to Mr. Mason: "It always makes me cry to see a man shed tears."

The next day was Sunday, and for once the church was full.

Mr. Shepherd was in despair. For the first time in his life he entered the pulpit without a manuscript. His sermon from "Count it all joy, my brethren, when you fall into divers temptations," was not entirely new in its main thoughts, but as he delivered it, he felt that his language was so

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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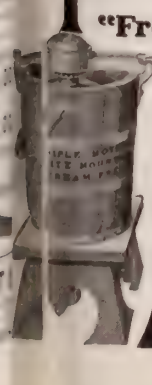

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At the "Dead Line"

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

colloquial, his illustrations so personal and homely, that the thought would not be appreciated and the discourse would fall flat. For this reason, he put more energy than usual into his preaching, and, in spite of all its defects, he was conscious as he preached, that the sermon gripped his own soul tighter, and meant more to him than any he had preached for many a day.

At the close, he said:

"Brethren. I had a matter of business to present to you to-day. I have been feeling for some time that my work on this field is done. I had written my resignation, and had it in form to read to you to-day, but it was burned in the conflagration (the only big word he had used that morning) yesterday, and my mind has been so upset that I have not been able to write another, but I now—."

It was never known what Mr. Milton Shepherd intended to then do. At this point, Deacon Sharpe, Brother Mason, and Sister Dunn were all on their feet demanding recognition from the chair, while a dozen others were calling or motioning the minister to "set down."

Mr. Mason was recognized, and said:

"I move that Deacon Sharpe be chairman of this meeting."

Astonished and uncertain as to what was coming, the minister stepped down from the pulpit and moved toward the church door.

"Don't go out pastor," said the Deacon, "just set down and make yourself comfortable. Now, what has brother Mason, got to say?"

"No more than some of the rest of you will say. Only this—our pastor has been burnt out. I don't know how much insurance he had, but I know we ought to stand by him now and show him we appreciate him, and give him a little of that 'joy' he was talking about in his sermon. And, by the way, that is the best sermon he's preached since he's been here. (It was the second Brother Mason had heard, though no one but the pastor thought of that.) Now I think we ought to make him a little present of a few hundred dollars, and I want to head the subscription with twenty-five."

The pastor arose as if to protest, but not being recognized by the chair, he retired amid the smiles of the congregation, and was followed from the room by Mrs. Shepherd and his son Charles.

* * *

Twenty years have passed since that Sunday, and Rev. Milton Shepherd is still pastor at Pleasant Valley. His sermons, which he has prepared fresh each week, and has not found time to write, and so could not read, are far inferior, from his own standpoint, to those preached to the cultured congregation at Montpelier, but Sister Dunn has not found them "slow," nor the young folks uninteresting. With the money given him after the fire, he started a new library; but for some reason, the old books of the previous generation were not the volumes to be placed upon his shelves. Most of them he could only find in second-hand stores, and, as he investigated, and came to understand the thought of the living men who were writing the new books, he found they were really sincere, and not so dangerous as he had imagined. Mr. Mason is now the Senior Deacon, and more than once he has been heard to say to some inquiring visitor: "Yes, our pastor's getting along; but let me tell you, stranger, he's strictly up-to-date. He may not swallow all the new notions as they come, but he knows what they are!"

So, take it all together, it still looks to every one, and to Rev. Milton Shepherd as well, as if Pleasant Valley is to be his last pastorate.

The Emperor and the Pilot

DURING Emperor William's journey along the Norwegian coasts last summer, in his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, he is said to have surprised and pleased his old Norwegian pilot, Nordhuus, very much by talking to him in his native language. Two years ago, at the beginning of Nordhuus' experience as pilot on the *Hohenzollern*, he expected, as a result of his first trip, to be summarily dismissed from the Kaiser's service. Instead, he was made life-pilot to the Emperor, at a salary of 2,500 marks a year, and since has received many tokens of favor. The story is thus related by Fred B. Pitney:

The entrances to the Norwegian harbors are extremely narrow and tortuous. The whole peninsula is surrounded by islands and peaks of rocks jutting out of the water, and the channels often run so close to them that, standing on the deck of a ship, it seems that you could almost touch them by reaching out your hand. The Norwegians know these channels so well that they can run through them at high speed. Indeed, they become so expert, that in foggy weather they control the ship by the revolutions of the screw. The indicator on the bridge tells them how fast the engines are going, and, by counting the revolutions, they know when to put the wheel over. Round invisible cliffs and pointed rocks the pilots whirl the ships without a tremor, when the variation of a hair's breadth, almost, would tear the bottom out of the vessel and sink her with all she carried.

The entrance of the harbor of Odda is especially dangerous, and Nordhuus, on his first trip on the yacht, was carrying the *Hohenzollern* in at half speed, when the Emperor came on the bridge in one of his fits of impatience and ordered everybody below, declaring that they did not know how to handle a ship, they were a set of cowards for running so slowly, and he was going to take charge of the vessel himself. The German officers promptly obeyed, though they expected in a few minutes to be struggling in the sea, but Nordhuus stood stolidly at his post, ceaselessly shifting the wheel.

He is a man of medium height, with the fair hair of the Norwegian type, wearing a yellow beard, and having the bold, strong features of his Viking ancestors. The Emperor strode across the bridge, and rang the bell for full speed ahead, at the same time putting out his other hand to take the wheel. Nordhuus placed himself in the way, and, leaning over the wheel, called down the tube to the engine-room, "Half speed. Never mind the bell!"

"You countermand my orders!" cried the Emperor, giving the bell another jerk.

"Disregard the bell!" called Nordhuus through the tube, unmoved.

The Emperor glared at the pilot, and then said, majestically: "Go below, and report yourself under arrest."

"Leave the bridge!" responded Nordhuus, grimly, grasping the wheel more firmly. "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference with my orders, from king or seaman!"

The officers on the deck hurried silently aft, wishing well to the pilot. Nordhuus stood at his post, unshaken by threats, unheeding commands, and carrying the royal yacht safely into the harbor. Next day, the Emperor decorated the sturdy pilot with one of the lower grades of the Order of the Black Eagle, and made him his life-pilot.

Burning the Church Mortgage

THE members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, North Highland Avenue, Pittsburg, held a reception in the Auditorium, Thursday evening, March 31, and invited a number of friends to witness the burning of the church mortgage, which has been a burden since 1887. Rev. Dr. D. C. Martin, the pastor, presided. Mr. William Blair gave a report of the purchase and payment on the church property. R. A. M. Steele, Treasurer of the Board of Deacons, reported that the congregation, since he has been treasurer, contributed to various schemes of the church, besides the pastor's salary, $34,000. J. C. Calderwood, Clerk of Sessions, read a brief history of the congregation. The present pastor, Dr. Martin, was called in 1895, and under his financial management and the liberality of his wife, the debt of over $16,000 has been wiped out.

The burning of the mortgage was the feature of the meeting. Mrs. Martin was called to the platform, and while she held the mortgage, the match was applied by Deacon J. F. Steele. A number of ministers, who were present by invitation, made brief addresses. The list of speakers included Rev. Dr. D. B. Wilson, Rev. Dr. R. J. George, Rev. Dr. J. W. Sproull, Rev. Dr. McAllister, Dr. R. C. Wylie, Dr. W. J. Coleman, Rev. Dr. B. M. Sharp. Dr. H. H. George, a former pastor of the church, spoke of the trials and struggles through which the congregation had passed, and the courage of conviction displayed by the little remnant, when, deserted and excluded from their house of worship, they stood firmly and fought bravely until it was recovered in the courts.

After the addresses, refreshments were served by the ladies.

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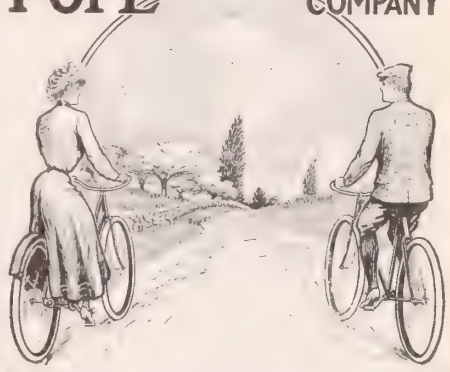

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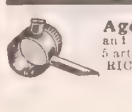

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Methodists in Conference

NOT only members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but Christians of all denominations, have an interest in the Quadrennial General Conference now in session at Los Angeles, Calif. What that Conference is doing and will do, will be felt during the next four years in every section of our land, and will have an effect on other churches. The spectacle of a great legislative body engaged in perfecting the organization of that world-wide church, in rendering its methods and agencies still more effective in propagating the Gospel, and adapting them to the changed conditions of Twentieth Century life, is most impressive, and if it acts with its customary prudence, it will set an example of wise administration, which will have its influence on the whole Christian Church.

The chief sessions are held in Hazard's Pavilion, which has been expressly remodeled for the purpose. It seats three thousand persons, and additional accommodation for overflow meetings is furnished by the First Methodist Church, the German Methodist Church, and the Temple Baptist Church, which are near at hand. The number of delegates is 742, which is twenty-eight more than were in the General Conference of 1900. Of these, 562 are sitting in General Conference for the first time. Forty-two delegates come from foreign lands, representing the results of the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The sessions commenced on May 4, and will continue to near the close of the month.

One of the most interesting sessions, which will have been held by the time this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers, will be that at which Bishop Cyrus D. Foss will read the address of the bishops, giving a resume of the work of the Church during the past four years, a survey of present conditions, and suggestions on the problems to come under the consideration of the Conference. This address is always eagerly anticipated, as giving expression to the deliberate opinions of the bishops.

To many of the delegates, however, and to churches throughout this and missionary lands, the most important sessions will be those at which the officers will be elected. There will be several bishops elected. How many is not known, and will not be known until the Conference itself decides. It is evident that besides filling the vacancies caused by death since the General Conference, the growth of the Church requires an increase in the number of bishops. In 1900, the Conference thought that nineteen bishops, two of whom were on the retired list, were sufficient; but it is fully expected that this Conference will add to the number. Probably, too, some of the present bishops will be retired, on account of age or infirmity. Besides this, there is a suggestion that the number of missionary bishops should be increased. More are needed in India, and a recommendation has been made that one each should be provided for China, Japan and Korea, and, it has been suggested, that the interests of the Church in South America, require a bishop for that field.

In addition to the bishops there will be elections of the editors of the *Christian Advocates*, the publishing agents, and the Secretaries of the various Boards, including Home and Foreign Missions.

Of the problems to be discussed some pertain to administration. It is, for example, proposed to amalgamate the publishing houses of the East and West, a proposal which is sure to be opposed. Another proposal is to bring the various Boards of Missions, Sunday Schools and Education into one organization, having the power of *pro rata* distribution of income. This also has zealous opponents. The time limit on the length of pastorates, which was abolished by the last General Conference, still has its zealous advocates, and there are suggestions that it be restored. The opinion of the majority, however, appears to be that a further experiment of four years is needed to properly test the working of the new system. A more efficient system of providing an income for superannuated ministers is also needed, and that will probably be devised by the Conference. The question of amusements will be certain to involve an earnest debate. The present rule strictly forbids dancing, playing at games of chance, attending the theatre, the circus and horse races. Requests have been made for a modification of this rule, or at least that it be made advisory rather than mandatory. These are but a few of the problems to be considered; but these will test the sagacity, as well as the temper of the delegates.

Pentecost

How the Promise of the Holy Spirit was Fulfilled

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AFTER his resurrection, our beloved Lord "showed himself alive . . . by many infallible proofs, being seen of them [the apostles whom he had chosen] forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." On the evening of the resurrection day, he had appeared to them. They were terrified and affrighted. There was no longer amongst them the spirit which led Peter to say, "Lo, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 20: 27). Under the terrible disappointment of the judgment, execution, death, and burial of him on whom they had counted as the Messiah and Deliverer of Israel, the faith of every one of them had given way; they had all forsaken him and fled. And now he was risen, and they were put to shame, by this proof of his divinity.

Only by divine power can any man live a divine life. We must be made partakers of the divine nature (II. Pet. 1: 4) to walk in this world as Christ walked. Only by the Holy Ghost, working in us, can we will and do God's good pleasure (Phil. 2: 13). Therefore it was that the disciples tarried in Jerusalem, and "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God," for the promise of the Father for which they were waiting.

The disciples knew what to expect; their Lord had said to them, "Ye shall receive power after that [or, when, R.V.] the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts 1: 8). And now, after ten days' waiting, but waiting in the fullest assurance that it was not in vain, the day of Pentecost dawned. Every Pentecost, up to that time (Lev. 23: 10, 11, 15-21) had been but a type of the ingathering that should be made that day. The little band of a hundred and twenty were "all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them cloven tongues [tongues parting asunder, R.V.], like as of fire; and it sat upon each of them." When God manifested himself to Elijah on Horeb, "the Lord was not in the wind," and "not in the fire," and now was God the Holy Ghost in the wind, or was it the precursor of his presence?

The Holy Spirit is compared to the wind (John 3: 8; Ezek. 37: 9). The presence of the Lord as fire is very constant in the Old Testament. The Shekinah glory, in the wilderness and in the temple, was always as fire in the night season. The true Light which makes his true Church the light of the world is God dwelling in his people and making our bodies his temple. As a people filled with the Holy Ghost, true believers should be a Holy of Holies upon earth, shedding forth the light of God upon a lost world.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." It was really not they that spoke, but the Spirit of their Father who spoke in them (Matt. 10: 20). It was not Peter who preached that wonderful sermon, or the hundred and twenty disciples who spoke, in different languages, the wonderful works of God; it was the Holy Ghost in them, inspiring their thoughts and using their tongues. They were willing to be instruments only, used by God.

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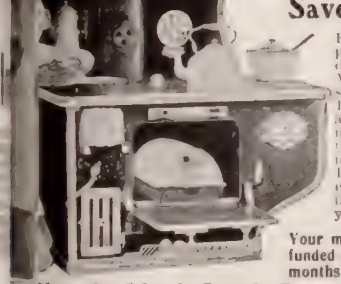

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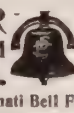

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A Wayside Shrine in China

THE work of spreading the Christian religion in China has a vast number of difficulties to contend with. There may be hostile governors, stirring up the people and the secret societies; or it may be the spontaneous hostility of village headmen. Not only are there four or five distinct great religions in China, but there are also such impenetrable barriers as ancestral worship, and varied and miscellaneous superstitions. This last phase is illustrated in the accompanying photograph, which shows a shrine at the foot of a

A STRANGE WAYSIDE TEMPLE.

sacred tree by the wayside, in China. The main part of the shrine appears to be (and probably is), formed out of an old stove; and that the place is regarded as "sacred," is apparent from the inscriptions and pieces of rag hung about the trunk. These scraps of rag represent "diseases" that have been accommodatingly received by the shrine; whilst the inscriptions are of the most pious order. In the stove is most probably burned every available scrap of written matter; for the written word, as in most Oriental countries, is peculiarly sacred; and the literate classes naturally do their best to encourage this semi-adoration of knowledge on the part of the lower order.

Macedonian Relief Work

In a letter from Treasurer W. W. Peet, of the American Board in Constantinople, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer, after acknowledging receipt of the final remittance of $7,000 from the relief fund contributed by the readers of this journal, for the Macedonian refugees, adds: "I will hold the money for the present at the disposal of Rev. Geo. D. Marsh, for whom I am negotiating with the British Ambassador, in regard to securing from the Sultan, some suitable guarantees under which the refugees in Bulgaria can return to their homes, and the men of the families, now in prison, can be released on good behavior, with immunity from further arrest. . . . Negotiations for a general amnesty are in progress. A general amnesty has been signed between Bulgaria and Turkey. . . . It is quite fitting that we should lend a hand in the work of establishing the refugees in their homes and former localities, under the Sultan's amnesty and the programme inaugurated by the Powers, and to this work Dr. and Mrs. Marsh will be ready to devote considerable time, whenever the conditions are rife to admit of making a beginning."

Contributors to the relief fund will be gratified to know that they have not only aided materially in relieving the acute suffering among the refugees, during the most trying period, but also, as Dr. Peet's letter shows, that their gifts will be the means of restoring many poor Macedonian families to their former homes, and giving them a new start in life under auspices which we may hope will prove better than any they have known for many years.

A Railroad Man on Temperance

Dear Editor:—I write this to encourage you in the bold and fearless stand taken against alcohol and other drinks, that are dragging down the best youth of our land. When we think of the one hundred thousand young men that are taken yearly to supply this monster, and see the wrecked and ruined homes, and mothers on their bended knees, praying for their wayward boys; the wives mistreated and slain by this demon; the little children barefooted, bareheaded, ragged and dirty on the street begging for bread, it is time now that every Christian should stand firm against this accursed traffic in liquor. S. A. JEWELL.
Foreman, Yard Office, T. & P. Ry., Dallas, Tex

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BEFORE BUYING ANYTHING ANYWHERE on a postal card or in a letter say "Send me your big catalogue," and it will go to you free by return mail, postpaid. When you receive this catalogue you will be surprised how much money you can save by sending to us for the goods you want.

REMEMBER this is the catalogue that has always sold for 50 cents. No catalogue is published by any other house that will in any way compare with it; such low prices are printed in no other book published. The big book is now and will hereafter be furnished to anyone free for the asking. Hereafter there will be no excuse for you buying anything anywhere and paying more money for it than the price at which the exact same article is illustrated, described and priced in this big free catalogue. Just delay buying a few days until you can write for this big free book to see what our prices are, and then decide where you should buy the goods.

THIS BIG CATALOGUE contains thousands of illustrations, thousands of quotations. Is 9x12 inches in size. NAMES THE VERY LOWEST PRICES ON EVERYTHING IN DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HARDWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, CARPETS, FURNITURE, STOVES, VEHICLES, HARNESS, SADDLERY, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, BABY CARRIAGES, BICYCLES, BOOKS, CLOAKS, CUTLERY, DRUGS, GUNS, SPORTING GOODS, MILLINERY, ORGANS, PIANOS, MUSICAL GOODS, PHOTOGRAPHIC GOODS, OPTICAL GOODS, PAINTS, OILS, WALL PAPER, PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES, PUMPS, SEWING MACHINES, SAFES, SCALES, STATIONERY, TINWARE, TOYS, BARBERS' SUPPLIES, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BELLS, BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS, BUTCHERS' SUPPLIES, DAIRY SUPPLIES, DIAMONDS, ELECTRICAL GOODS, ENGINES, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, GRAPHOPHONES, TALKING MACHINES, MOVING PICTURE MACHINES, EXHIBITION OUTFITS, LADIES' WEARING APPAREL, LAMPS, MACKINTOSHES, MANTELS, MECHANICS' TOOLS, TOMBSTONES, ETC., IN SHORT PRICES LOWER THAN WERE EVER BEFORE KNOWN OR QUOTED ON ALMOST EVERY KIND OF GOODS USED BY MANKIND.

THE BIG BOOK tells just how to order, tells how much the freight, express or mail will be on anything to your town, it is our very latest catalogue for Spring and Summer, brought right up to date, containing all new goods, all the very latest cut prices, all the new and extraordinary offers, embraces every strong point of every other catalogue published, with lower prices, many additions, many new and interesing features.

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CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us (if you have no big catalogue of ours), and immediately upon receipt of your letter containing this advertisement we will mail you our latest big general merchandise catalogue (the Great Price Maker), the book that we have always sold for 50 cents, the book that for money saving values is worth more than all other catalogues that were ever published. The big book will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free with our compliments.

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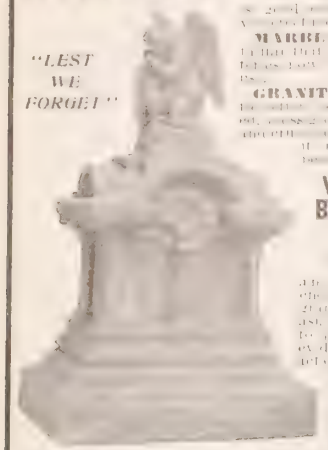

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OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE which we mail to any address, FREE, on application, shows a big assortment of Bicycles and Bicycle Supplies, which we sell at about one half the prices charged by others. This catalogue explains our liberal terms, our free trial offer, our guarantee, etc., carries with it the most liberal offer ever heard of. Don't buy a bicycle or anything in bicycle supplies UNTIL YOU GET THIS FREE CATALOGUE.

FOR $3.25 PER PAIR or $1.65 per single tire, we furnish the genuine Napoleon Single Tube Guaranteed Pneumatic Bicycle Tires, positively the highest grade bicycle tire made in the world, a tire that will outwear a half dozen low grade tires. If your bicycle needs new tires, one tire or a pair, enclose our price, $1.65 per single tire, $3.25 per pair, and we will send you these Napoleon guaranteed tires with the understanding and agreement that if they are not perfectly satisfactory when received, if you do not consider them worth a half dozen of the ordinary cheap bicycle tires, if you are not convinced that they are positively the highest grade bicycle tires made and will outwear any other tire you could buy, regardless of name, make or price, you can return the tires to us at our expense and we will IMMEDIATELY REFUND YOUR MONEY.

If you have any use for the highest grade bicycle tire made, don't fail to order one or more tires direct from this announcement, or if you are thinking of buying a bicycle or anything in bicycle supplies, don't fail to write for our FREE Bicycle Catalogue. Address,

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MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

They are absolutely unmedicated. Prevent fermentation, absorb all gases, and sweeten the stomach. A bad complexion is wonderfully benefited by their daily use.

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AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing Machines, Sundries, etc., *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 64-K Chicago

True and False Ambition

A Quality Essential to Manliness, but Liable to Abuse

WHEN we speak of a man having no ambition, we say of him, one of the most hopeless things we can say about him. A man without ambition is a lifeless man, useless to himself and to society. He must have ambition if he is to be of any value. The lazy, careless, indifferent man, who does his work perfunctorily, who is always glad when closing time comes, and counts the days to vacation, whose work has to be always examined to see that he has not done it in a slipshod fashion, and who never cares to do more, or better than he is compelled to do—that man is a burden to himself, and is likely to end in being a burden on society.

Like every other useful quality, however, ambition is liable to become mischievous. It may become a craving for wealth or place and power, and so ardent a craving that a man is willing to sacrifice to its attainment principles more vital to his well-being than would be any of the objects at which he aims. It is liable, too, to lead to his jealousy and envy of others, to a fierce selfishness, which, carried to an extreme, puts an obstacle in the path of a rival and grudges a competitor his success. It may cause a man to become discontented with honest work and prompt him to resort to trickery to advance his reputation or his wealth. It is the fire which we need to produce steam and to supply power, but which, when it passes beyond control, consumes all within its reach.

True ambition leads a man to make the utmost of his powers. It prompts him to attain self-control. It stimulates him to get knowledge and to develop his skill. It leads him, above all, to render service to humanity. He wants to be a useful man. It is not distinction that he seeks, but to be worthy of distinction. Dignity, honors, titles, emoluments, are not the objects of true ambition, but to possess the qualities and render the services for which those things are conferred. If he seeks high place, it is not for the salary attached to it, nor for the honor of holding it, but for the opportunity it affords of doing good. There is no way to abiding fame but that of service.

Whosoever will be great. Mr. Moody used to tell a story of a man who was always trying to occupy the highest places and neglected the work that properly belonged to him. One night he dreamed that he saw a beautiful temple, grand in its proportions and excellent in its material. It was finished from foundation to cupola except in one place, where a stone was missing. It was a blot on the whole building and disfigured it. That one missing stone was needed to make the temple perfect. While he was considering the blemish, an angel appeared, of whom he asked how it was that the temple was so disfigured. The angel replied, "That stone was yours. It was left for you to put it in its place, but you were always so anxious to do great and conspicuous things, that you had a contempt for such work as this. The temple would have been finished if you had done your humble duty."

They that are great exercise authority. At the close of the first session of a convention summoned to inaugurate a useful, moral and religious movement, a shrewd, quiet pastor was requested to offer prayer. He had watched the proceedings, and noticed that the time which should have been given to organizing the work had been devoted to questions of precedence and of the offices. In his prayer he asked God to send men to their help who would care more about the ark and less about the choice of the man who should drive the oxen.

It shall not be so among you. A young student in college asked the president of the institution, a learned and good man, what he would advise him to strive for in life. "Riches and honors," was the reply, "if you mean to be satisfied with earth; but the Christian graces if you are looking to eternity."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 22, Matt. 20: 20-28.

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This is a disease with which all housekeepers are afflicted every Wash-Day. There is one cure that never fails—**that gets the washing out of the way at 9 o'clock Monday morning**—and you can try it FREE OF COST. We send you the

"1900" FAMILY WASHER Ball Bearing

FREE TRIAL Freight prepaid—No money or promise of any kind required — USE IT FOR 30 DAYS, then if you do not wish to purchase return it at our expense. **We Pay the Freight Both Ways.** Unlike all other washers

The "1900" Sends The Water Through The Clothes **And washes them absolutely clean in 6 minutes** with no wear and tear on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted Ball Bearings do the same for it as for the Bicycle—make it work with little effort. **It is absolutely FREE to you for thirty days.** Write today for full information and Free Catalogue.

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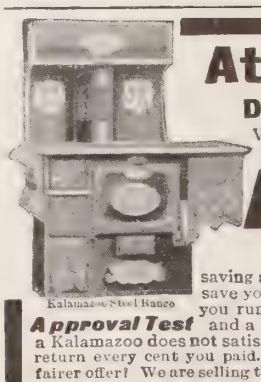

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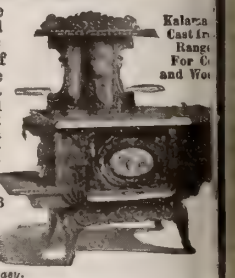
saving all dealers' and middlemen's profits? We save you from 25% to 40% on every purchase and you run no risk for we give you 360 Days Approval Test and a guarantee under a $20,000 bank bond. If a Kalamazoo does not satisfy you in every way, send it back and we return every cent you paid. We pay the freight. Can we make a fairer offer? We are selling thousands of both steel and cast iron stoves and ranges in all parts of the country, and can refer you to pleased customers in your own neighborhood. New patterns, large square ovens and guaranteed fire backs. All blacked and polished ready to set up. Send postal for Approval Offer and Catalog No. 103



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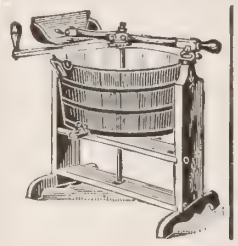
We fit all our ranges and cook stoves with our patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.



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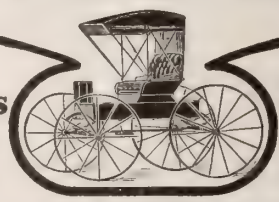

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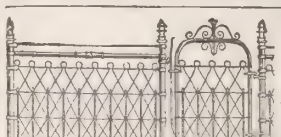

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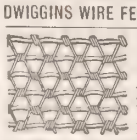

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25 designs, all st... Handsome, durab... Cheaper than a w... fence. Specialind... ments to church ... cemeteries. Catalogue ...

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Cut this ad. out and mail to us, and we will send you FREE by return mail, postpaid, our Big New Paint Color Sample Book. This free book contains samples showing the exact color of every shade of ready mixed House, Barn, Graphite-Creosote, Floor, Roof, Mineral, Enamel and Buggy Paint, also everything in paints painters' supplies, including oils, leads, varnishes, colors, stains, brushes, sundries, etc. The free book tains a big fund of information on how to paint, how elect colors, kind of paint to use for different work, how much paint is required to cover a given space; kes everything so plain that anyone without previous erience can do almost any job of painting. The free k shows a number of buildings in colors, intended to you in selecting colors for body, trimming, inside, etc.

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WASHING MACHINE

Works both ways, backwards and forwards. Runs easier and washes cleaner than any other. Closes tight preventing escape of foul steam from soiled clothes. Plenty of room for large size wringer. This washer when used according to directions with each machine, is guaranteed satisfactory, or money paid will be returned. It will pay you to write us before buying elsewhere.

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E NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

"THE STRANGER'S FRIEND"

THE Rev. Enoch Hall, pastor of the English Reformed Church (Congregational) in Hamburg, Germany, is engaged in an interesting missionary work among the foreign seamen in that port. Mr. Hall is a very efficient musician, and music, vocal and instrumental, forms an attractive part of the service. In this he is ably assisted by his wife, who is also a fine musician. Mr. Hall never spares himself in his good work. He has conducted successful missions for several churches—a branch of service he is always glad to render, for the joy it gives him in thus serving his Master. The position he has now held for nearly three years of pastor of the Hamburg Church, has won for him the title of "the Fisherman's and Stranger's Friend."

Seamen and others are often stranded in Hamburg, and they need a good Samaritan to look after them and help them in their troubles. Frequently young men thus placed speak no word of German. They seek the assistance of the English pastor. "We gather our congregations," says Mr. Hall, "from the British and American residents of Hamburg, the sailors who frequent the port, Germans who want to learn the language, and from the English-speaking people who come to the Continent."

During the last three years the church has had visitors from many ports of the United States, Canada, West Indies, South America, Turkey, Syria, Armenia, Africa, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Two services are regularly held on Sunday. Evening services are not popular, even with the State churches, on the Continent. Shops and places of business are open part of the Lord's day. With the public-houses, beer-gardens, and theatres in full swing, Continental cities present a far different Sabbath from that of England or America. To offset these Sabbath-breaking influences is a part of the mission of Mr. Hall, and his audiences appreciate the opportunity for worship amid so much that is irreligious in their surroundings.

Tolstoi on Civilization

In a recent interview, Count Tolstoi expressed himself very frankly concerning the so-called "superior civilization" of Europe. He said: "Why should I place exclusively civilization in Europe? Is it because the Europeans have created for themselves artificial needs and because they have invented the railway, the telegraph and the telephone? To me all those acquisitions of so-called civilization seem to be the inventions of barbarism. They serve and pander to all that is basest in man. I fail to see that they confer on him any sort of moral superiority, while I perceive, on the other hand, that the use he makes of his intelligence is most often for evil, not good. Civilization provides labor-saving machinery. Oh, yes, they save work; but work is good and healthy. Work is excellent, agreeable and amusing. It is not work which must be abolished, but the appetites which must be subdued. Modern inventions, by developing the appetites, perpetuate labor. No, it is not by modern inventions that the development of the human mind must be judged."

A Wonderful Cow

Several tests, made under the supervision of Prof. E. B. Voorhees of the agricultural experimental station at New Brunswick, N. J., have proved that H. D. Roe, of Augusta, N. J., has a Holstein cow which holds the world's record for producing milk. The record shows that in seven days the cow gave 620.95 pounds of milk and 26.87 pounds of butter fat, which produced 34.32 pounds of butter. The record for 30 days is 2,640 pounds of milk, 110 1-10 pounds of butter fat, making 137 6-10 pounds of butter. The cow is named Aggie Cornucopia Pauline, and has been valued by the Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Association at $10,000. For the tests, the cow was milked four times each day.

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When I tell you that I can sell real estate for cash, I don't mean that I can sell a property for $10,000 that is worth only $5,000. I don't mean that I can sell an old, run-down property to a person who wants to buy a modern, up-to-date home.

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I have offices in principal cities from Boston to San Francisco. I have hundreds of representatives throughout the country. I am spending over $100,000 a year for the purpose of bringing the man who wants to buy in communication with the man who wants to sell. I am certainly able to judge the merits of your property. I want you to send me a description of your property, including your lowest cash price, and if you will do this I will write you a letter of advice

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telling you about the market for this kind of property, and giving you the best method for making a quick cash sale.

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If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, tell me just what you want. The magnitude of my business enables me to offer you many advantages which no other broker can possibly offer. I believe I can fill your requirements very promptly and save you some money at the same time.

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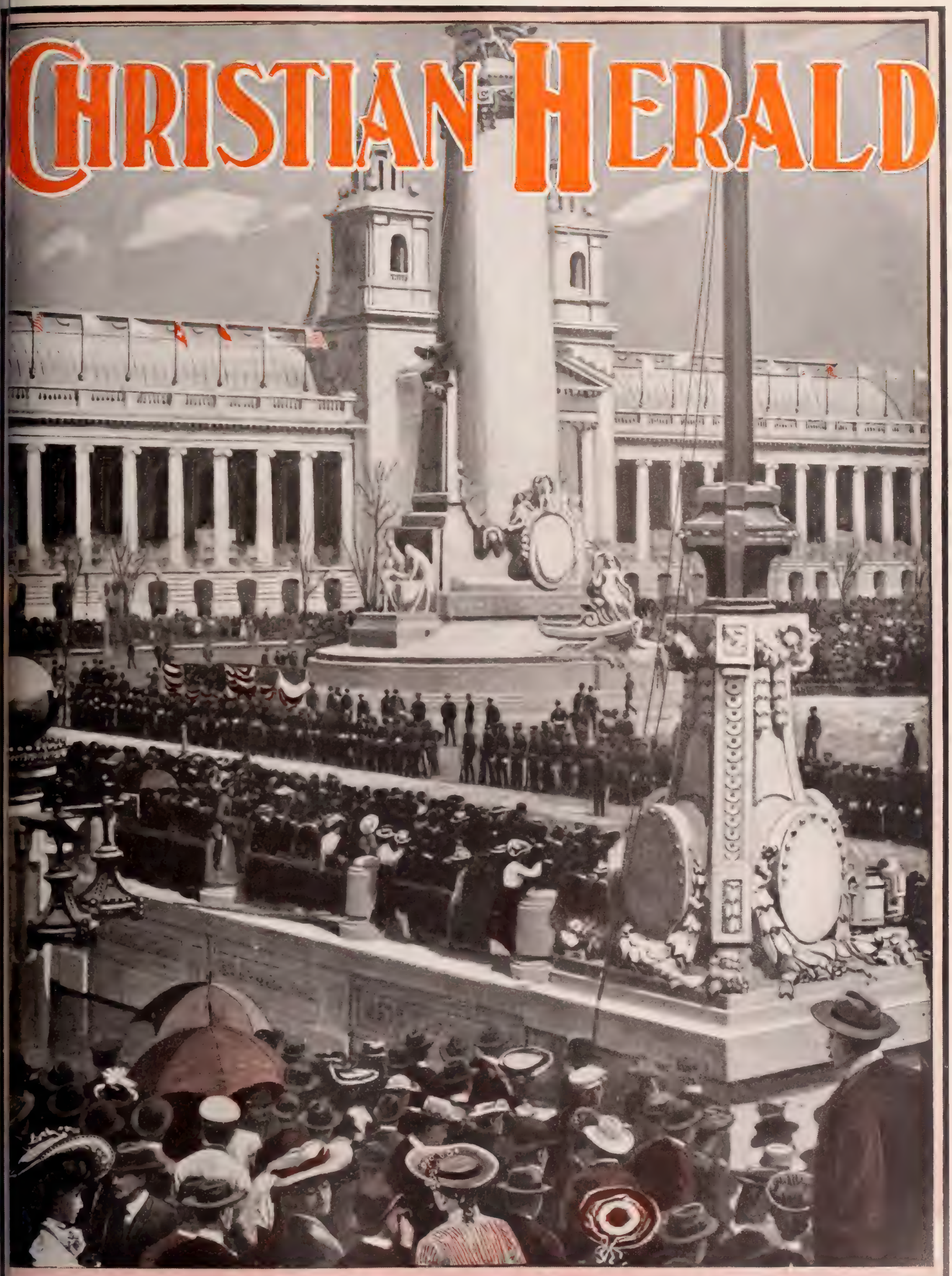

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EXPOSITION PRESS BUREAU

SEE PAGE 434

Opening the World's Fair at St. Louis --- Scene on the Grand Plaza

Questions & Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

R. A. A. M. C., Regina, Assa., Canada. In Marie Corelli's *Romance of Two Worlds* is contained a statement that Joseph was married before he wedded Mary, and had a large family by this previous marriage. In *Ben Hur*, chapter 8, Joseph is represented as stating that Mary is his niece. Is there any authority in tradition or history for these statements? Does the Bible anywhere substantiate them?

There are many traditions concerning Joseph, the foster-father of the Saviour. One that is generally accepted by early Christian writers is that he was quite old when espoused to Mary, and had by a previous marriage four sons and two daughters. Epiphanius mentions this, and Theophylact and Eusebius give further detail, and state that Joseph's wife was the widow of his brother Cleophas, who died without issue, Joseph marrying her according to the old Jewish law. Nicephorus gives Salome as the name of Joseph's first wife. The origin of all these assertions by the early fathers is found in the apocryphal gospels, and particularly in the *Protevangelium of St. James*, which is supposed to have been written by a Christian Jew in the second century, and which is referred to by Origen, Clement of Alexandria and Justin Martyr in their writings. The Bible gives nothing of them. It should be added that Jerome, and several other eminent authorities, hold that "our Lord's brethren" referred to in the Gospels were his cousins, and that Joseph was not married before his espousal to Mary.

Mrs. E. S. J. Kansas City, Mo. What became of the disciples?

According to the traditions, Matthew was martyred in Ethiopia, Mark in Alexandria and Luke in Greece; John died a natural death at Ephesus; James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem; Peter crucified in Rome; James the Less beaten to death; Philip hanged at Hierapolis, Phrygia; Thomas killed at Coromandel, East Indies; Bartholomew flayed alive; Jude slain with arrows; Simon (Zelotes) crucified in Persia; Andrew crucified; Matthias beheaded; Barnabas stoned to death; Paul beheaded at Rome.

J. L. C., Jefferson, Mont. Russia has declared, quite lately, that she will tolerate no interference and accept no mediation in the war with Japan. The Hague Tribunal has no power to stop or prevent war unless both the parties to the dispute are willing to submit to its arbitration. You are quite right, however, in assuming that the present war might have been averted.

Julius K., Jackson, Mich. Can you refer me to some book that treats of the construction of telephones and telephone lines, dynamos, bells, batteries, etc.?

The editor of the *American Inventor*, New York City, informs us that the best books on the subject are *American Telephone Practice*, by K. B. Miller, published by McGraw & Co., New York; and *Telephone Troubles and How to Find Them*, W. H. Hyde & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

M. L., Atlanta, Ga. It has frequently seemed to me that my prayers are vain and that God does not hear them. Yet I am a believer in Christianity. Can you enlighten me?

This is an experience which comes to most of us at times. If we pray amiss—that is, if we ask for mere material blessings, and they are denied us, we conclude that our prayers have passed unheeded. But our Father, in his wisdom, knows better than we can possibly know whether what we ask would be for our hurt or our benefit, and as an earthly father may refuse the foolish request of a child, so He may withhold what we desire, since it would be wrong to grant it. Read the article on the subject on another page of this issue.

Mrs. S. T. V., Newburg, N. Y. What is an "Ikon"?

An Ikon is an image or images to which miraculous powers are attributed. One of these represents the Virgin Mother, bearing an image of Christ, with archangels on either side, and God the Father above, saying, "There can be but one flock and one Shepherd." An Admiral in the Russian navy has recently shown the Empress one of these "miraculous" images of the Virgin, which the Russians fervently hope is going to turn the tide of battle in their favor.

A. D. B., Galton, Ill. 1. In Acts 4: 12 Peter says, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved." Does this infer that people who have never had opportunity to hear of Jesus are lost, if they die in their ignorance. 2. God never does that which is not good. This being a fact, why did Jesus tell his disciples to ask God to "Lead us not into temptation." What was our Saviour's meaning?

1. The apostle clearly had reference only to those whom he was addressing. He desired to confine these rulers of Israel to Jesus for salvation, since they had heard the message. Of course it has no application to those who have not heard the Gospel, (See Rom. 10: 14, 15.) 2. There is little doubt that the translation "lead" or "bring us not into temptation" is defective, and does not render the true meaning, which would seem to be, "Suffer us not to be led into temptation." Dean Alford has contended that the reading should be, "Leave," or "abandon us not in temptation"—implying an appeal for Divine strength and support in the hour of greatest need.

G. V. H., Lynn, Mass. What is the meaning of the term Uitlanders?

Uitlanders or Outlanders, is a name given to the foreign residents of the Transvaal Colony. These comprise people from all countries, the majority, however, being British subjects, and the refusal of the Transvaal government to give them the franchise became the source of much trouble, finally bringing about the Boer-English war.

K. F. B., Lititz, Pa. 1. After the Crucifixion, what became of the crown of thorns? 2. Why did Abraham take Lot along when he went out of the land of Haran into the land of Canaan? 3. Why do so many churches drop the practice of foot-washing? Is it not a command of God?

1. There is no authentic record of its preservation, although the Roman Church has certain traditions concerning it, and some ancient churches even show alleged pieces of the thorny crown. 2. Abraham at that time had no son of his own, and, as Josephus, the Jewish historian, explains (Antiquities, Book I., Chapter v.), he adopted Lot, the son of his deceased brother Haran. When he left Chaldea for Canaan, the whole family went, including Terah, the aged father, and Lot. 3. The use of sandals in Oriental lands and the heat of the climate rendered frequent ablutions necessary, and the washing of the feet was a special mark of hospitality toward strangers. In more temperate climates such conditions do not exist, and hence the custom prevalent in the early Christian Church in the East has never prevailed generally in the West. In mediæval times foot-washing was observed as a sacrament of the early church in Europe, and was practised at the installation of princes and bishops. It is still practised on special occasions in the Greek and Roman Churches, and the Church of England has such a ceremony once a year. The Anabaptists, Mennonites, and a few other sects also observe the custom at certain periods. The only explanation of its disuse is that, being peculiarly applicable to Eastern climatic conditions, the West has allowed it to be neglected.

Leslie K., Waterbury, Conn. What was the origin of the expression "Solid South"?

It was first employed by Col. John S. Mosby in a letter to the New York *Herald*, advocating the election of R. B. Hayes.

Subscriber, Colorado Springs, Colo. What did Christ refer to when he asked Peter (John 21: 15) whether he loved him "more than these"?

Peter had made himself conspicuous by his protestations of affection, as when he had said (Mark 14: 29), "Although all should be offended, yet will not I." The form in which Christ put the question would appear to imply a delicate reminder of Peter's boast. Did he indeed love Christ more than did the other disciples? When Peter again avowed his love, Christ gave him a new commission to feed or shepherd the sheep and lambs. The commission not of authority, but of service.

Miss S., New York. Why was Rome called "The Eternal City?"

The phrase is from Virgil, who, in the *Æneid* (1: 79), makes Jupiter tell Venus that Rome would give to the Romans *imperium sine fine* (an eternal empire).

E. L. D., New York City. 1. Why is the question raised as to the authenticity of John's Gospel? Has it any foundation in fact? 2. How is it that the miracle of the raising of Lazarus is not recorded by any other Evangelist?

1. The reason generally assigned by those who dispute its authenticity, is the difference in style between the Gospel and the Revelation. This difference is perceptible even in the English translation. The language of the Gospel is that of a refined scholar, while that of the Revelation is the writing of a less cultured man. The discussion on the subject, however, has led the majority of critics to believe that John was the author of both. It is worthy of note, too, that a writer of the year A. D. 175, declares that the Gospel was written by John. Irenæus, who died about 202 and who was a disciple of Polycarp, who was a pupil of John, also ascribes it to the Apostle. We cannot conceive of better evidence than that of Irenæus. 2. None of the Evangelists profess to give a complete biography of Christ. Indeed there is little in them that is repeated by John. There is now no clue to the reasons which guided them in their selection, and we cannot tell why they omitted some miracles, while recording others.

Emmeline D., Babylon, N. Y. What are the statistics regarding the defective classes throughout our country at the present time?

According to the last census, the total insane in the United States were 106,485; feeble-minded, 95,609; deaf and dumb, 40,592; blind, 50,568.

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Miscellaneous

Amy C. H., Oregon, Wis. We pay no attention to chain letters.

Mrs. E. R. W., Rosecraft, Md. We know of no legitimate purpose to which they can be applied.

Mrs. T. E. D., Lincoln, Neb., and several other have sent us copies of the poem "The Sun-bright Clime," which we acknowledge with thanks.

Mrs. S. E. D., Reserve, Kan. We do not claim to be able to harmonize the conflicting opinions of scientific experts that may appear from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They must be taken for what they are worth.

Oswego, N. Y. As to seedless apples, permit me to tell my experience, showing that they are nothing new. More than fifty years ago, in Barre, Mass., we had two large flourishing trees bearing seedless apples each year, that were fine for cooking and eating. The trees never blossomed; we called them the "Neverblows." This was done in the budding. We have eaten apples, part of which were sour and part sweet, by a process in grafting.

Edward D., Sandusky. No; the cultivation of ginseng is not by any means a wise or profitable thing for the farmer. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, states that if not more than one dozen persons in the United States were to seriously take up ginseng culture, they would glut the market. China has imported from the United States in five years only 172,000 pounds and this whole amount could be raised in a field of fifty or seventy-five acres

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE NEW BANK AT BROWNSVILLE

IN THE HEART OF THE NEW GHETTO, AT BROWNSVILLE

THE BATHS AND EDUCATION BUILDING

OUR NEW JEWISH GHETTO

N recent years, the lower East Side of New York, has become the scene of the greatest Jewish Ghetto in the world. There are in the metropolis nearly 600,000 Hebrews, a very large proportion of them being massed in the Ghetto district, where they are housed in the poorer class of tenements and huddled together more densely than in any of the Old World cities.

Within a very recent period, great changes have begun in the congested Ghetto. High rents and cramped and unsanitary surroundings, have driven the Hebrew dwellers in the East Side tenements to look for other quarters. Across the East River, in Brownsville, a suburb of the Eastern district of Brooklyn, a new Ghetto has sprung into existence. Its growth has been almost magical. For many weeks past, an exodus of such proportions as New York has never witnessed before has been under way. Every day a long procession of "moving vans," laded with the belongings of Jewish homes, and the furnishings of innumerable little stores and workshops, crosses the river to the new "promised land," where lower rents and more healthful and pleasant surroundings are proving irresistible attractions. Many thousands of Jewish families have already left the old Ghetto for the new, and it can be foreseen that before many years have passed, Brownsville, in all likelihood, will have become the greatest Hebrew community in the world.

Brownsville has become synonymous with opportunity for the poor but thrifty and energetic Hebrew, ever keenly watchful and alert to better his condition. Not long ago, this outlying district of Brooklyn was but sparsely settled, and scarcely more than a waste spot; but now the vacant lots are being rapidly built upon, and buildings are going up with unprecedented rapidity. Nor is it a "mushroom city," in any sense, for the structures are well-built and substantial. Block after block swarms with men, women and children, and prosperity seems to be emerging from sterility. A few months ago, this land could have been bought very cheap, but now, even speculators and investors, who quickly scent large profits, find difficulty in buying any land in this district.

The new Williamsburgh Bridge has been a potent factor in the rapid upbuilding of this Jewish community, and the high and ever-increasing rents on the Manhattan side of the river have been the immediate cause of the remarkable exodus. Statisticians have pronounced the old Ghetto in New York the most densely populated quarter of any city in the world. The famous Ghetto of London has only one-third as many residents, and Paris and Berlin have each still smaller number. Many of the Hebrews in the New York Ghetto come from Russia. In round numbers, there are 375,000 Jews in the district.

A SCENE IN HESTER STREET, IN THE OLD NEW YORK GHETTO

It is not the very poorest class alone who are taking advantage of this new migration, but even families of the better class are moving. They can get better quarters for their money in Brownsville. Besides, they are within easy reach of the stores, the markets, and the factories of the greater city, where thousands of them now find employment. These considerations have precipitated the exodus, which was inevitable sooner or later. Bidding defiance to their rapacious landlords, the multitudes are moving in such numbers across the new bridge, that the owners of the moving "vans" have become nearly as exorbitant in their demands as the landlords themselves. So many families have emigrated to the nearby "Land of Promise," that the houses are insufficient to accommodate them. With the exception of a few public buildings, most of the structures are glaringly new; but they have the merit of being fresh and clean, and the streets are wide. Another advantage is that the buildings are seldom more than three stories in height. Naturally, with such a demand, rents in Brownsville are rising, and those fortunate enough to have houses or stores to rent are in a fair way ultimately to emulate the landlords on the other side of the river.

Brownsville has already taken on many of the characteristic of the old Ghetto. Business enterprises flourish there, and "push-cart" merchants are plentiful. Men and women crowd the sidewalks, and bargain in the same way as they were wont to do in Hester and Rivington streets. "Kosher" meats are for sale in the butcher shops, and quaint Hebrew signs are visible everywhere. Yiddish is the language almost universally spoken. There are now six synagogues, and many more are planned. There is a Hebrew Educational Society, and many Jewish clubs and other associations. Hebrews are very social among themselves, and when a young man marries, almost the first thing he does after setting up his home is to join some lodge or society, which will be of benefit to himself and family, should accident or sickness incapacitate him at any time. There is nothing improvident in the Jewish make-up, and a Hebrew, therefore, seldom becomes an object of charity, be he young or old; but when there comes an appeal for help for the sick and unfortunate, it is responded to as quickly and generously as circumstances will admit.

There is little likelihood that the older community will suffer any perceptible decrease in population, as large numbers of Jewish immigrants are constantly arriving. Oppressed in other lands, they flee to America as a haven where, under a liberal government and with a race tolerance unknown elsewhere, they can live in peace and security, free from tyranny, and protected from the ceaseless persecutions and bigotry which have made the sons and daughters of Israel the wanderers of the world.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

THE HEAVENLY PILOT

Text—Acts 27:36, "Then they were all of good cheer."

HAVE you ever followed the sea? In these days of multiplied facilities for ocean travel, when mammoth liners, equipped like floating palaces, carry tens and hundreds of thousands of passengers to and fro across the seas, with a sense of security added to the maximum of comfort, we little think of the discomforts attendant upon the ocean voyages of half a century ago. But though the conditions of sea travel have so vastly improved in recent years, that a journey across the Atlantic or up the Mediterranean is no longer an undertaking to be dreaded, there are still many traditions of the sea which time has not materially changed. If you have traveled much upon the ocean, you must know that there are superstitious sailors who dislike to carry ministers, or, as they call them "sky-pilots," in their ships. Ever since the recreant Jonah was the cause of a Mediterranean cyclone, because he would persist in going to Tarshish, when God told him to go to Nineveh, there have been sailors who believe the presence of a minister upon their ship, means head-winds and storms and disasters and misfortunes. This prejudice against carrying a minister, like the prejudice against carrying a corpse, or the starting of a voyage on a Friday, has been gradually getting less and less, as sailors have become better educated. Only a few months ago, a great liner set out from our shores for the Holy Land, carrying among her passengers several hundred ministers of the Gospel. But in olden times, the sailors would look with very distrustful eyes upon any man in clerical garb who might cross their gang-plank. The mutterings in the forecastle were loud and deep, if two or more missionaries happened to be enrolled at the same time on the ship's passenger list.

Missionaries Aboard

Rev. Dr. James McGregor Alexander, the honored missionary of India, told me that when he and his wife, and five other missionaries, in 1865, set sail for India, the sailors were in almost open mutiny at the idea of carrying such a dangerous cargo of human freight. But when they arrived in Calcutta, after a long four months' voyage of unprecedented clear weather, those sailors were so surprised, that instead of considering their ministerial passengers "Jonahs," they looked upon them as "fair-weather" angels. So completely had their opinion changed, that they told their captain, who knew of their former foreboding, that they wished the missionaries were going back with them on their return voyage.

Superstition, however, is not easily eradicated. This prejudice against ministerial passengers has survived for centuries. Yet in the scene of my text, we have an instance of its being overcome. Here is Paul, a landsman, a prisoner, and a missionary, so winning the confidence of the crew, that they heed his warnings and follow his suggestions. It was, too, in a crisis when nautical skill was needed that they listened to him. There was a storm raging of unusual violence. The dreaded hurricane they called Euroclydon, was lashing the Mediterranean into fury; there was darkness, even at mid-day; all reckoning lost, all hope given up. Then the two hundred and seventy-five persons on board turned to this little Jewish missionary for guidance and encouragement. They had begun the voyage against his advice; they might be prejudiced against him as a preacher and a prisoner, but they listened to him when he addressed them, bidding them be of good cheer. "And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat."

Faith Contagious

Why were the crew and the passengers of this Alexandrian corn-ship happy of heart? First, because faith always begets faith, and confidence confidence, and good cheer good cheer. The belief which Paul felt that "there should be no loss of any man's life, but of the ship," was, by his personal example, instilled into the hearts and minds of those by whom he was surrounded. We know that cowardice is infectious. We know that when a ship is sinking at sea, there is liable to be such a rush for the boats that a panic may ensue. Then the captain, knowing well that only by order and equanimity is there hope for the safety of any, will draw his pistol, and, with determined mien, declare that he will shoot the first man who disobeys orders in forcing his way into the life-boats. We know that when a regiment is resisting the charge of an enemy, the colonel will take his position in the rear of the line, and shoot down any cowardly soldier who would turn and flee. If one soldier were allowed to run to the rear, the whole regiment, like a herd of terror-stricken cattle, might be stampeded with fear. If cowardice be infectious, why may not hope also be infectious? Why is not the calm mien of a Paul able to steady the nerves and make hopeful the hearts of those who before had no hope of being saved from a watery grave?

Courage in Death

In the storms and trials of life, how often have courage and fortitude been inspired by the example of some man strong in faith and undaunted in his confidence in God. Men will believe in Christ's power to save, when they see a man, whose reliance on him keeps them calm in the presence of death. When Hugh Latimer, the dying martyr, turned to the trembling Ridley, who was being tied to the stake at the same time that he was being tied, and said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." At once, Nicholas Ridley became a man. His nerves ceased their quivering and he was able to die as a Christian hero. When the frightened patriot, Herault de Sechelles, ascended the scaffold, over which hung the glittering guillotine, and saw the surging French mob below him, he was as pale as death. His knees trembled and his teeth chattered. But when he turned and looked at the intrepid Danton by his side, who scornfully said to the executioner, "Man, wait a moment! Let the people have a good look and see how a brave man can die," Herault de Sechelles, became as brave as Danton was brave. "I well remember myself," wrote an old soldier, "as a frightened boy trembling in the ranks at Gettysburg. With fear I saw the Confederate troops being massed for Pickett's famous charge. All that I could do was to restrain myself from dropping my gun and running to the rear. But suddenly every cowardly feeling in my heart was stilled, when I heard a great shout and saw the most magnificent man I ever looked at calmly riding down the lines. Calmly and clearly he spoke as he said: 'Steady men, steady! We must hold these lines. Steady, steady!' When I saw Winfield S. Hancock thus ride along, utterly oblivious to all personal danger, my heart became that of a hero. I became like unto him, who at that moment was my great exemplar."

Yes, yes. We all know what the power of a personal example means in life. We know that when men are brave about us, they make us brave. We know that when men are true, they make us true. We know that when men are noble examples of Christian faith, they inspire us with like Christian faith. So, when Paul, amid the shriekings, and groanings, and heavings, and bombardments of the Mediterranean whirlwind, calmly and deliberately stepped forth, and said: "Men, I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life, but of the ship," then the sailors and passengers stopped, and said to themselves: "Why, that is strange talk. We cannot understand it, but Paul must have had a supernatural vision, or else he could not have spoken thus. You speak so positively, O, Preacher, that we believe you. What a God yours must be to inspire such confidence! Would that we had your faith and your religion." Men and women of the Christian life, are your actions and words living witnesses of your faith in the saving grace of Jesus Christ?

A Neglected Warning

Why are the crew and the passengers of this Alexandrian corn-ship happy of heart? Because Paul kept holding up before them the mistakes of their past life, in order that they might the more easily be led to follow in his way. Paul was not a mere taunter, a sneerer, a ridiculer, a tantalizer. He was not one of those mean, contemptible fellows who always stand around when anything goes wrong, and say: "I told you so." He was not one of those miserable comforters of Job, who are about as healing to the bleeding heart as a poultice of cayenne pepper or stinging nettles would be to a mangled arm caught in a press. But Paul was like a good physician who comes to an overworked man and says: "My friend, I told you if you did not hold up, you would have a nervous breakdown. Now this breakdown has come. Therefore I want you now to trust me, and do what I tell you to do, and then we will make you well." Paul, in the same gentle way as the good physician, stands before those helpless voyagers, and says: "Friends, I told you not to loose from Crete. I told you that if we tried to make Rome during this winter equinoctial, you would regret it. But now that this harm has come to you, I want you to obey my commands, and I promise, by the God whom I repr sent, that there shall be no loss of any man's life, b of the ship."

It is a contemptible characteristic to tell a man h faults and keep telling them, merely to glory in his m ery, even as a fiendish cat might tease and tantalize little mouse and yet not kill it. It is a contemptib thing for a man to come around when your little chi lies cold in death and say: "Well, So and So, I a sorry your baby is dead, but I knew she would die. knew it when you called in Doctor Bigdose as yo physician. He always kills more patients than he ev cures. I told you so. I told you so. If you had on followed my advice, your baby would be alive to-day Can he bring the child back to life again? It is a mea contemptible act in a man to come to you, after a fina cial disaster, and say: "Well, Jones, you were caugh were you? Just as I expected Aha! you would n take my advice," when, in fact, the man never gave y any advice, or offered any sensible plan by which y could get out of your threatened danger. But, thou it is a mean and a contemptible act to ridicule the m fortunes of others for the joy you have in seeing oth people suffer, it is justifiable to plead with them to a cept your advice in their trouble, by reminding the that your former advice would have saved them fro getting into the trouble.

Dangerous Iconoclasm

In order to erect a mansion, it is often necessary tear down and clear away the walls of an old fami homestead. But no man has a right to tear down destroy anything, unless he can erect a better in i place. The most mischievous of all social reformers the destructive iconoclast, who has nothing to offer in the place of the institutions he would tear down. W know our social system is imperfect, but we would n have it mended by an anarchist, who, like the leaders the French Revolution of 1793, would commence t demolishing the good and the evil together. It is eas enough to be a censorious critic. It is not so easy matter to furnish a better for that which you deride. remember, many years ago, as an imaginative boy, read that strange, weird, horrible story, called "Cæsar Column." In fascination I followed its author step b step, as he deftly tore the beautiful patterns of moder society into shreds. In horror I read on, as he d nounced the social status, not as the generation of Noah was destroyed by this old earth as a waterlogge craft, shipping tidal wave after tidal wave, but as huge column of piled-up corpses. But as the years hav passed by, and boyish imagination has given place t sober thought, the flames and the smoke arising fro the funeral pyre of Cæsar's Column, embellished wit dead bodies, have grown less and less. The great ai ships, which circled about in the heavens as great flock of destroying birds, have collapsed. Why? Because see as a man that though Ignatius Donnelly might ac vocate the destruction of society by finding fault with i yet with his brain, he could not construct for us a bette Utopia. Like Paul, never ridicule a man, never prob for his faults, unless at the same time you can show hi how to correct those faults. Never refer to a man malady or deformity, unless you can tell him of a docto who can apply a remedy for it.

Why were the crew and the passengers of the Alex andrian corn-ship of good cheer? Because Paul was man of Christian common sense, as well as of superna ural visions. He knew that the only religion that coul really help a man must be a religion that could hel him in the present life, as well as fit him for a lif beyond the grave. It was not only the promise o safety in the future, that he gave those people, but th sound common-sense counsel of preparation, by keep ing up their strength for insuring that safety.

Wise Preparation

"What are you driving at, anyway?" says some one "Is Paul a mere hygienic lecturer?" He is more tha that; but he does not think it beneath his dignity, afte seeing the vision of God, to tell the crew and the pas sengers of the Alexandrian corn-ship to look after thei physical necessities. He does not think it irreligiou to gather the men and the women of the doomed shi together, and say, "Men, you are going to be saved; bu God will never do his part, unless we are ready to d ours. Now, to-morrow we are going to all get safely t land; but there is to be a big drain upon our physica resources. Some of us are now completely fagged out We have not had a good meal for nearly two weeks Let the cooks go and prepare the most nourishing din

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

A Miniature Township

FOR CANADIAN BOYS

The Story of a Unique Experiment in Toronto

THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

N April, 1896, the Broadview Boys' Institute of Toronto, an institution unique in Canada because of the many-sidedness of the work it undertakes, was organized under the name of No. 11, Toronto Cmpany of the Boys' Brigade, in connection with Bdview Avenue Congregational Church. It was pned on "self-help and mutual-help" lines, and with a ew to the development of the bter sides of boy-nature, mental, p sical, social, and spiritual. It w designed as an attractive a xiliary to the home, school, c rch, and business.

ts organizer is a man with a wi e knowledge of boys, and nch experience in work for their dvelopment and improvement. Seenteen boys, formed, at its inction, the modest nucleus of th organization. It flourished a grew, and in a short time it w found advisable to sever its cnection with the Toronto Battion of the Boys' Brigade, and torganize a separate battalion, Te Broadview Battalion of Toronto. In the new organization, my new lines of work not previsly attempted, were undertake The military idea was, as f as possible, eliminated, but a siple form of drill was retained a means of discipline, and train- in alertness and obedience.

oon, the first accommodations fr the basement of Broadview Avnue Congregational Church, we found to be entirely inadeqte to the growing needs of the Ifitution, and Superintendent C. Atkinson began negotiations wch resulted in the purchase, under mortgage, in Mrch, 1901, at the cost of $20,000, of five and one-q rter acres of land, upon which are a large house and bk stable, now used as club-house and gymnasium. Acomplete reorganization now took place, and the Bdview Boys' Institute was incorporated, with Mr. C. Atkinson as superintendent and financial secretary.

ts total membership during the current year is as fows: Boys, seventeen years and under, 551; old bs, over seventeen years of age, 97; total, 648.

n ratio with the numerical advancement of the Insute, has been the extension of its sphere of usefuln's and influence. It aims at the development of the boy, to better fit him for the conflict he must face when in manhood, to make him a better qualified workman, a more faithful citizen, a stronger and a nobler man.

Twenty-three classes are conducted by a staff of over forty competent teachers all of whom, together with the superintendent and his assistants, give their services gratuitously. Of greatest importance among these are the agricultural classes, manual training, technical printing, domestic science, basketry, clay-modeling, wood-carving, free-hand drawing, designing and lettering, music, Bible study, and gymnasium classes. A Literary Society, a Curio Club, a Savings Bank, an Employment Bureau, a reading room, and an annual camp outing of from ten to fourteen days duration, are among the features of the work which tend to attract the boy, whatever may be the natural bent of his mind. Such leading men as Prof. Clark, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Premier Ross of the Ontario Legislature, Hon. Richard Harcourt, and many others, have highly commended the practical educational value of the work. A good majority of the boys belong to the artisan or laboring classes. The Institute aims to make of these as thorough and as competent workmen as possible.

TRAINING FOR AGRICULTURE IN THE MINIATURE TOWNSHIP

Broadview "Miniature Township" is an acre in extent The sixty-six "farms" which comprise the township are not very large; nevertheless, that acre produces a great variety of vegetables and flowers of a quality better than many an experienced market-gardener could grow. Each plot represents a township lot. A "Reeve" and five town councilors are elected annually. Nominations are first in order, with speeches from the nominees and nominators. Then begins an active, and to the farmers, an exciting political campaign, each candidate having his staff of canvassers and organizers. Immediately after the result of the election (which is by ballot), is made known, the successful candidates are properly installed in office, and commence their duty of governing the township. Regular council-meetings are held, at which all business connected with the township is transacted. Offenders against the laws of the township are regularly tried and penalties imposed, unless the offence is of too serious a nature for their consideration, in which event the case is referred to a higher authority. Lectures are delivered to the young farmers by eminent agriculturists. So important is this work considered, that it has been officially recognized by the Ontario government.

Since the Institute work began, a remarkable change has been observed in the neighborhood. The police aver that the Institute has transformed the whole section.

Broadview Institute is not a charity, but a benevolence. Every member pays a nominal fee, necessarily an exceedingly modest one, in view of the fact that the work is carried on among, and for the benefit of those in the humbler walks of life. It is really a self-help institution, raising what funds it can by its own efforts, yet depending to a great extent upon the generosity of the public for its maintenance. With the aid it needs, and which the character of work accomplished surely merits, Broadview would be enabled to extend its practical operations and its beneficent influence.

THE HEAVENLY PILOT

Continued from Preceding Page

n they can. Then let us by turns gather in the cabins, o and young alike, and eat a good, hearty repast. We nd faith for the soul. We also need meat for the b y." Some people think the most dramatic episode o Paul's life was when he stood upon Mars' Hill and a ued with the Greek philosophers; others, when he p ded for his life before Agrippa. I think the most i pressively dramatic incident was when he was standi upon the rocking, heaving deck of a vessel whose hl was gradually filling with water, and telling the p sengers and the crew to eat and look after their b lies, as God would surely save them on the morrow. M brother, when you do God's work, do not think it b eath your spiritual dignity to obey God's physical l s. Paul praying, a mighty example for us to look a r the spiritual bodies; Paul eating food, a mighty e mple for us to care for our physical bodies.

Vhy were the crew and passengers of the Alexa drian corn-ship of good cheer? Paul had not dec ved them as to the manner of their coming rescue. I had bluntly and yet clearly told them what would h pen, and, as events were turning out just as he had d cribed, they were not in the least astonished when t ship came within sight of land and they knew that s was doomed. Though the vessel might be lost, t y felt that their own lives were to be saved.

believe that in urging men to come to Christ, we r ke a mistake when we do not frankly state the hards ps and difficulties of the Christian life. There are, a every experienced Christian knows, sacrifices that r st be made, privations that must be endured, strugs that must be fought. It is better that we acknowl ge the fact, as Christ did, when men came to him, c ering themselves as his disciples. If we fail to tell t m that they must expect trial and perhaps adversity in following Christ, they will consider that they have been deceived, and will be disappointed and discouraged when they encounter trouble. As Paul told these men that they would have to battle with the waves, and be in danger of death on that rocky coast before they reached safety, so we should tell men that the way to heavenly joys is often hard and toilsome. Paul demanded of those passengers and sailors of the Alexandrian corn-ship the same sacrifices for their physical salvation, which Hernando Cortes demanded of his followers for the conquest of Mexico. During one of his marches, the Spanish soldiers became disaffected. Cortes assembled his men in line. "Men, some of you are grumbling," he said substantially. "Some of you want to know what rewards I have to offer you at this time. This is my answer"—Then, drawing a line upon the ground with the edge of his sword, he pointed with his steel towards the great East, and said: "On that side of this line are ease and comfort, home and friends, and a life of ease in fair Spain." Then, pointing to the great West, he said: "Yonder are sickness and privation and hunger and cold and death. But yonder is the beautiful capital of the Montezumas. Which shall be yours? Choose ye this day as ye will. Choose ye as brave Castilians."

Christ to-day, like Paul, like Hernando Cortes, promises his followers not peace, but struggle and privation; not ease and comfort, but storm and suffering and trials and misery. But in the end, like Paul, Christ assures you of salvation. Ay, more than Paul offered to the shipwrecked sailors and passengers of the Alexandrian corn-ship, Christ offers to you spiritual redemption for time and for eternity. Men and women, are you ready to face suffering and sacrifice in the name of Jesus Christ? Are you willing to believe him and trust in him, even in crises when your life seems a hopeless shipwreck?

But why should not the passengers and crew of the Alexandrian corn-ship be of good cheer? Did not the prophetic words of Paul literally come true? When the mighty ship struck the beach, what happened? Paul turned to the brawny-armed men about him and said, "Leap into the surf and swim for your lives." And these stout-limbed men flung themselves into the seething waters and swam on until at last their feet touched the shore and they made ready to rescue their struggling friends. Some of the women being in all probability strapped to spars, were lifted by the heaving billows and swept upon the rocks, where they were rescued. Some of the men may have come ashore clinging to boards and broken gunwales. At times it seemed as though they must be washed off, but somehow, they are at last all landed. So in the end of time and in the beginning of eternity, all Christians shall be safely brought to the heavenly shores, through stress and storm and peril, it may be—but still safe. Yes, we will be there. We shall all be there. Courage, Christian brother. Fear not the perils of the passage. "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof," the promise of Christ, like the words of Paul, shall come gloriously true.

Slacken no sail, brother, at inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer, straight for the highland

Fear not the darkness, dread not the night,
God's word is thy compass, Christ is thy light.

Crowd all thy canvass on, out through the foam,
It soon will be morning, and heaven be thy home.

Crowding the Magic City

SCENES AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION
ENTHUSIASM OF THE DELIGHTED MULTITUDES

A SECTION OF THE MULTITUDE AT THE OPENING CEREMONIES — THE CASCADES IN THE BACKGROUND

IT was a moment full of dramatic interest for the waiting throng at St. Louis, when, on April 30, at one o'clock, P.M., President Roosevelt pressed the telegraph key in Washington, which opened the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis to the world. Announcement of the formal opening was made amid the cheers of the greatest throng that was ever gathered in St. Louis. The day was clear and beautiful, for which the people of the city were grateful, as lowering skies would not have been in keeping with the joyousness of this occasion, which so much effort had been put forth to make one of beauty and grandeur, unequalled by anything of a similar nature in the past record of Expositions.

The official hour for the opening exercises was nine o'clock, A.M., at which time all the officers and managers were to meet in the Administration Building, and by this time immense throngs of visitors were swarming the grounds. To these thousands were added many more who had been arriving by train, during the day and night before. Forming into line, all the officers and directors of the Exposition marched to the Plaza of St. Louis, in the centre of the grounds, where the exercises took place. They were escorted by a detachment of the Jefferson Guards, who will do police duty within the Fair grounds. Following them came the Philippine Scouts' Band; then came the Scouts themselves, a fine body of men, marching in perfect form. Behind them marched Sousa's Band, then members of the National Commission, and, lastly, the Board of Lady Managers.

A long line of representatives of foreign Governments, poured into the Plaza from another avenue. The foreigners made a brilliant display of gold lace, and were prodigal of color, forming a glittering contrast to the formal dress, the silk hats, and black coats of the officials and dignitaries of the Exposition.

The vast throng was silenced by the call to order, as President D. R. Francis requested the audience to rise, while the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, invoked the Divine blessing. Dr. Gunsaulus concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined.

PRESIDENT FRANCIS DELIVERING THE OPENING ADDRESS

President Francis, as the Chief Executive of the Exposition, then delivered his address. He said, in part:

"This universal Exposition was conceived in a sense of obligation on the part of the people, of the Louisiana Purchase, to give expression to their gratitude for the innumerable blessings that have flowed from a century of membership in the American Union; to manifest their appreciation of the manifold benefits of living in a land whose climate, and soil, and resources are unsurpassed, and of having their lots cast in an age when liberty and enlightenment are established on foundations broad and deep, and are the heritage of all who worthily strive. To rise to the full measure of such a sentiment required an undertaking of comprehensive proportions, and the participation of all races, and of every clime.

"Six years have passed since the conception began to assume form. The magnitude of the enterprise was never lost sight of by its promoters, but its mammoth proportions, constantly increasing as they developed, never for a moment shook the confidence, weakened the energies, or diverted from their well defined purpose those who have been intrusted with the responsibility and the work. To-day you see the consummation of their efforts."

Mr. Isaack S. Taylor, the Director of Works, then delivered the key of the Exposition to Preside Francis, who, in turn, transferred the Exposition buil ings to Frederic J. V. Skiff, the Director of Exhibi thus showing that the buildings were now ready for t real work of the Fair, under the care of Mr. Skif department.

Then the grand "Hymn of the West" was impre sively sung by a choir. The words of this hymn we written by Edmund Clarence Stedma the music being composed by Jol Knowles Paine. Hon. Rolla Wel the Mayor of the city, extended to t visitors a cordial welcome. He w followed by other prominent men, wl spoke on various topics in connecti with the main interests, and the wic spread influence of the Exposition.

Secretary Taft was the last speak As the applause died away, Preside Francis said: "I shall now, by touc ing a key, connecting with the Whi House in Washington, inform t President of the United States that t hour and the minute have arrived f turning on the power of the Univers Exposition of 1904." As he press the key, the following message w sent:

"President D. R. Francis presen his compliments to the President the United States, and begs to s that the Management of the Louisia Purchase Exposition awaits the plea ure of President Roosevelt, who is transmit the electrical energy to u furl the flags and start the machine of the great Exposition."

Raising his hands, and spreadi wide his arms, President Francis cri in a most impressive and commandi voice:

"Open ye gates! Spring wide portals! Enter in ye sons of men, a behold the achievements of your rac learn the lesson here taught, and gath from it inspiration for still great achievements."

As the cheers subsided, Preside Francis exclaimed dramatically: "T Exposition is open!"

The cheering stopped immediatel as an official on the platform rais his hand. Then followed a mome of intense stillness, during which fro a telegraph key upon the platfor there flashed a signal to the Whi House at Washington. The respon was almost instantaneous, and the listeners, spe bound with intentness, heard the first sounds of t whirr of wheels in the Palace of Machinery. The e thusiasm was boundless. The multitude broke in still louder cheers, as the congregated bands burst for in the music of "The Star Spangled Banner." Simult neously, flags were unfurled from countless points, alo the line of State buildings and National palaces, a the "Pike." There was the sound of many rushi

SIGHTSEERS DRIVING AROUND THE FAIR GROUNDS

MR. FRANCIS TOUCHING THE BUTTON AND RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

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aters from the fountains in the Cascade, and the agoon received the tumbling mass with a glittering, amy welcome.

The United States Government Building is the ly one on the grounds which is complete in the rangements of its exhibits, excepting that of Japan. any of the booths even are not completed in the other ildings, while the floors are piled with exhibits in un- oken boxes and packages. In a short time all e exhibits will be in place and the buildings lly completed.

In the opening exercises, President Francis used gavel which possesses a historic significance. was made of wood carved from an ancient oak ee that for more than a hundred years towered the summit of Art Hill. This tree was a land- ark for the aborigines, and sheltered many of eir graves, which were unearthed to make room r the crowning feature of the Exposition. An merican eagle in silver, with outspread wings, nbellished the gavel. A map of the two hemi- heres encircles the head, while inlaid in the ndle are the shield of the United States and e fleur-de-lis of France, representing the parties the Louisiana Purchase. The tip of the handle finished with an acorn from the ancient oak tree.

Thousands of visitors wandered up and down e "Pike" after the ceremonies were over, and ewed its most striking features. Here were presentatives of the United States cavalry, the oers, and Asiatic peoples of many nations. sixty-five foot Chinese dragon propelled by Ce- stials, was in close rivalry with "Borax Bill" and s twenty-one mule team. Here were Geisha irls from Japan, in jinrikishas; Irish girls in unting cars, and American Indians in all their ntastic array. The "Ship of the Desert," with s patient, ungainly ways, side by side with the ubborn little donkey; a menagerie of wild nimals, and various other interesting and curious eatures, make the "Pike" a most unique thorough- re, which will be fully as attractive as any "Mid- ay" of former exhibitions, and much more instructive. ar from being a procession of freaks, the exhibits ake a dignified panorama of customs and peoples of arious parts of the world. It has been said with truth hat the anthropological student can learn more from it n an hour than he could gather from books in a year.

More than 250,000 people visited the Exposition on the opening day, and there beheld, what Secretary Taft—who represented President Roosevelt at the opening exercises—called in his speech "the great mile- stone in the united progress of the world." He said "This is a union of nations in a progress toward higher material and spiritual existence. It is the measuring rod of that for which myriads of brains and myriads of hands have been striving—an increase in the control,

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES AT THE OPENING EXERCISES

which mind and muscle have over the inanimate re- sources which nature furnishes."

This great "Ivory City" has been erected with the aid of 100,000 men, and at an expenditure of $50,000,000. So many and varied are the interesting features of the Exposition, that it would be next to impossible to select and describe any one of them as being the best and most beautiful. There are ten great ivory-white pala- aces, arranged in fan-shape, as to location. Festival Hall stands on a hill overlooking the Cascade Gardens, where are enormous waterfalls—the largest ever con- structed—over which 90,000 gallons of water per minute pour down in torrents. At night this wonderful water scene is illuminated by electricity. Gondolas traverse the Lagoon, which winds its way through the main grounds. Semicircular in form, the Cascade Gardens slope gradually from Festival Hall to the main level.

On the crown of the crescent-shaped hill surmount- ed by Festival Hall, is the Colonnade of States. In the Court of Honor, stretching from the main en- trance to the Lagoon, are typical sculptures, chief of which is the Louisiana Purchase Monument, one hundred feet in height, the shaft is seventeen feet in diameter, and mounted by a statue of Lib- erty. There are also sculptural groups symbolical of the twelve States and two territories formed from the "Purchase."

The Japanese exhibit, with the exception of that of the United States, is the most complete of any. The arts and crafts of this wonderfully pro- gressive nation, attracted a great deal of attention and favorable comment. The exhibit was arranged with the remarkable skill and attention to detail for which the Japanese are famous.

The most wonderful developments in electricity are shown within the Palace of Electricity, and the beautiful lighting effects of the entire Exposi- tion are such as to appeal to the admiration of a large number of visitors. This building, which is one of the most beautiful in the "Ivory City," cov- ers nine acres of ground.

It seems almost impossible to realize, as one gazes upon this splendid scene, that only two and one-half years ago there was nothing to be seen there but forest and farm. A little river, with unsightly mud banks, wound its way at the foot of the hills that are now crowned with stately palaces. A new channel was made for the river, involving a difficult and expensive bit of engineer- ing. This new course was formed by a heavy wooden enclosure, the top of which, paved with asphalt, now forms the main central avenue on the Exposition grounds. Six hundred and sixty-eight acres of Forest Park of St. Louis were given by the city as the nucleus of the World's Fair grounds. Private tracts of almost equal extent were acquired by lease, so that the total area of the grounds is now more than twelve hundred acres.

The World's Plague of War

IN a recent issue of *Le Figaro*, a leading Paris jour- nal, there appeared a characteristic interview with Count Tolstoi, in which the aged Russian philosopher gave expression to views and opinions that are of great interest and timeliness. The correspondent writes:

"I raised my eyes and saw fastened to the wall with pins a French map of Korea and Manchuria. I said: 'This conflict is more than the conflict of two nations; it is the struggle of two races. What, according to your view, will be the consequences?'

"'What will that matter,' replied Tolstoi, 'I do not differ- entiate between races. I am for mankind, first of all, and, whatever may happen, what will mankind gain by this war? The sadness of it is that it shows how far man forgets or ig- nores his duty. More important than his duty to family or to country, is man's duty to his God. But men forget these essential ideas, they no longer read the Gospel—that admir- able book. They obstinately insist upon remaining in a state of barbarism. And we see them engaging deliberately in fearful war without thinking of their first duty, the essen- tial duty of being right-minded and abolishing warfare . . . . I agree that civilization carries with it an active and educa- tional power. But where is this civilization? Why do you wish that I should place it in Europe? Because the Euro- peans have created artificial needs and employed their genius to satisfy them? Because they have invented the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, and so many other things? All these acquirements of a pretended civilization seem to me the inventions of barbarism. They serve and flatter that which is lowest in man. I do not see that they confer any moral superiority whatever upon him. I do see, however, that the use he makes of his intelligence is most often in the way of evil, not of good.'

"'It is not by modern inventions that it is necessary to judge the development of the human mind. We wonder at the pyramids, and we ask ourselves: "For what did they serve?" All these inventions of civilization are our pyramids. I be- lieve that in thousands of years a people will come who, dis- covering our remains, will say: "What strange beings were these who imagined that traveling at high speed from one place to another was an essential of life." They will be right.'

"Speaking of the Asiatics, he said: 'We know little of the yellow world. My view is that the Chinese, the Hindus are not warlike peoples, but that they despise war and those who wage it. That is already something, a true superiority over us. I understand that they are not given to killing; I learn from the accounts of travelers that they are safe in business; that they respect their word; that they do not lie. There again is something uncommon in Europe. And if they are cruel, are we not, also? Has any one kept count of the atrocities laid at the door of the pretended civilization of the world? Where are the acts, where the results of civiliza- tion in Europe? . . . I say to myself, without the least reservation of conscience, that the judgment of the world cannot surpass the judgment of humanity. My conscience tells me that murder, in whatever guise it may be brought about, is execrable, that war is a big, hideous plague, that all which combines to bring it about is to be condemned.

"'There is nothing more frightful. The world has never seen the like of it. In the days of Genghis Khan those who wished to slay were the only slayers; men had the right to remain in their homes, to till their lands, to live in peace and to do good. But the civilized world is to-day more ferocious than Genghis Khan. Men are ordered to kill, whether they wish or not, and if they refuse, they are punished as for a crime. How can one accept such a state of affairs? Why does not conscience revolt against it? Why is there such blindness to this bloody tyranny? What is to be done, what is even to be attempted, I ask you, so long as these things shall endure? How may we hope to ennoble souls while they yielded to such servitude?"

"A little while afterward he concluded: 'Man has always on his lips this fine word liberty. But he does not rear the thing itself, does not establish it, he does not organize it. The whole problem is to suppress violence, to end it, then liberty will arise! Man has risen above torture, above slav- ery—is this nothing? He loosens his bonds little by little each day. The time will come when he shall be utterly free.'"

Russia's Amazons

MLLE. MARIE SAPERNIKOFF, who recently requested permission from the Russian Minister of War to form a corps of two thousand Amazons to go to the front, at her expense and under her command, has applied for an audience with Czar Nicholas, whom she hopes to win over to her side. In an interview, she said that she saw no reason why women should not go to war, and that the Russian women were fully able physically of standing the rigors of a campaign.

Our Editorial Forum

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The Bible League

GOOD wishes for its success will come from every section of our land, to the American Bible League, the first Convention of which has just been held in New York. From the report on another page of this journal, it will be seen that the object of the League is to defend the Bible from the destructive criticism which is undermining its influence. No more useful and necessary service could be rendered by any organization. The attack that is being made on the Book, is all the more dangerous because it is the work of men who have been esteemed as its friends, and who occupy positions of great power and influence in our colleges. The defence, therefore, ought to be conducted by men of learning and sound judgment, who are capable of meeting the enemies of the Word on their own ground. As will be seen by the list of speakers at the Convention, such men have been enlisted in the army of defence.

It is worthy of notice that many of the speeches at the Convention showed a spirit of fairness, and a recognition of the value of much of the work done by the critics. Fair criticism, and reverent examination of the Word cannot do harm. The Bible will bear investigation, and when it is done in a reverent spirit it will make the Book all the more intelligible to the student. We want to know all there is to be known about it, and to get its true meaning. It is the work of men who delight to tear the Book to pieces, and to cast doubts on its authenticity and authority, that is mischievous. All critics are not of that kind, and it would be unjust and ungenerous not to discriminate. Nothing is to be gained, and much may be lost, by denouncing the honest, friendly criticism which is sincerely directed to the elucidation of Biblical difficulties. That fact the Bible League evidently realizes, and there is, therefore, all the more hope that its work will be effective.

The World's Hope

WHEN will this sinful and blindly perverse old world be lifted above its faults and its follies and become enlightened? When will it be redeemed, in the fullest sense — experiencing a transformation which will make all men brothers, and will purify society, both high and low, as a whirlwind clears the loose dry stubble off the field? To look abroad at the condition of affairs on the globe to-day, and to view its sanguinary wars and its great armies and navies marshaled for the slaughter of men; its intricate forms of government, supported at such vast expense, yet contributing almost nothing to the happiness or progress of the race; its endless tomes of statutes that oppress more than they protect; and, above all, its contending creeds, that antagonize far more than they reconcile—these and countless other considerations are sufficient to depress the thoughtful mind. It would almost seem, at times, that man has lost all his ideals; that his faith in himself, in the destiny of the race and even in God, have been forsaken or forgotten, in the widespread spiritual degeneracy that now seems to prevail.

Prominent writers and thinkers have called attention to the fact that ours is an age of mediocrity, unmarked by the presence of any great poet, statesman, painter, novelist, or preacher—"a time," as one writer has said, "of general unsettlement, both of beliefs and institutions." If they had been wholly candid, these lamenting critics might have gone farther in their analysis. Fallen away from God, the world is stricken through with sin and, as in the days that preceded the French Revolution, its multitudes are drifting dangerously near to the rocks of infidelity. Some of the churches have bartered away their spirituality, and have now comparatively little power and influence with the masses. The "righteousness that exalteth a nation" is scarcely to be found. Society, high and low, is permeated with gross selfishness, and the hunger for wealth, power and pleasure, combined with a disregard of the humanities, is daily becoming more pronounced. Opulent indulgence is to many the highest good. God is mocked, and this beautiful world in which He placed man with a mission to gardenize and develop it, and to live in peace and brotherly love, is little better than a stamping-ground for the worst passions. Such is the sinister side of the picture, and it is not a pleasant one.

Happily, however, there is a brighter aspect and one that gives the Christian believer ground for hope in behalf of his fellow-man. There is in the hearts of all thoughtful men and women a deep longing for a better state of things. This can only come from one source: it must be, as a distinguished divine has expressed it, "One of those great movements which in literature is called a *renaissance*, and in religion a revival." We believe and contend that the present conditions afford the grandest opportunity for service that the followers of Jesus have known, in this age at least. The time has come to impress upon the world more powerfully and convincingly than ever before, the priceless value of Christianity as an alleviator of humanity's burdens and a remedy for the existing evils. Jesus taught a Gospel that is equally applicable to the highest problems of government, and the humblest question that affects the lot of the day laborer — a Gospel that carries the solution for every difficulty that can arise in human experience, yet so clear that even the simple can understand it.

The time is ripe for the followers of Christ to "take courage and go forward," in the name of their Captain. In the church, in evangelistic work, in the home, in business, and everywhere, let them redouble their energies, and by their teaching and example, proclaim to men the inestimable value of the Christian faith, as the one thing the waiting world needs. Let our churches exert themselves, and let the thousands of Christian organizations, setting aside all lines of division, unite for the arousing of popular interest and for the awakening of the consciences of men and women. That Divine blessing will attend such efforts is assured. And as it is always the darkest hour before the dawn, so let us hope and labor and pray that present conditions may be followed quickly by a season in which God will manifest his power in the quickening of souls, and that great multitudes may be won from sin to righteousness.

The Pleasures of Travel

WITH the greatest ease to herself and the utmost speed, a home-staying person may to-day fly across the continent. Limited trains are furnished with every imaginable convenience and luxury. The dining car of a Pullman coach spreads for the hungry passenger a table not inferior to that ordinarily provided in the finest hotels; and for her who can sleep away from her own bed, a couch is made ready by the assiduous porter, on which she may have happy dreams.

Nothing is more entertaining to a stay-at-home who has ventured to take wing, than to rush past towns and villages with lightning speed, to glide over bridges and trestles, and to catch glimpses of the unfamiliar landscape, of mountain, river and lake, as the train flashes by. One passes through a belt of snow-covered country, though the calendar reminds that spring has arrived. An hour later and the sun shines, the ice and snow have disappeared, and one goes with celerity into a fairy-land of summer warmth.

The traveler who, missing a connection, must spend part of a night at an inn, and then be aroused at two o'clock in the morning, receives a novel impression of the busy time the night is for hundreds of her fellow-beings. She steps through corridors, velvet-carpeted and soft, and the elevator takes her down to an office where many people are astir. The hotel omnibus meets the morning train at three o'clock, and carries her to board it for her further journey. At the station, people are coming and going, as if it were broad day.

Thousands of the men who serve us—policemen, milkmen, bakers, night-watchmen, engineers, porters, conductors and others, to say nothing of the vast army of men who are editors, reporters, type-setters and others, work by night. The market-men are up before dawn, that they may be ready for the toil of their busy day.

Life is not easy for many of us. But we who ma early retire, and, as the children say, turn our heads o the pillow, with a "Good-night, sleep tight, wake bright at morning light," have the advantage over thos who must turn the crank of the needed labor-machine i the hours between midnight and dawn.

To go on the road with the minimum of hand luggag is the wisest course. The experienced traveler di criminates between the must-haves and the may-have and carries little weight. An extra rug of some thick ness, or a warm golf-cape or shawl, should, at ever season, be included in the portable luggage of th woman who travels. She will be almost sure to regre the omission, if she forgets this caution.

Among the Workers

—A READER in Seim, S. D., writes Rev. Mr. Chapir Freeport, Kan.: "We are still one hundred miles from church I do wish we could have church here and Sunday School."

—F. J. BIRD, manager of the Banner Mission, Philadelphi has opened a reading-room, and provided a variety of Jewish literature for Hebrew inquirers. A regular service for Jew is held every Sunday at 3 P.M.

—ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY new members were ac cepted into full membership in the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, on a recent Sunday, making 1,642 new members taken in during the last six years. Rev. S. E Young is pastor.

Does This Appeal to You?

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND men and boys hailing from every State and section of the Union, indeed, from every part of the habitable globe who for the time being have made shipwreck of life enter the doors of the Bowery Mission every year. Many of them are clothed and fed by us, and every one is helped and encouraged.

Tens of thousands have been rescued from ruin, and restored to sobriety and usefulness. Many of these were sent back to their families at our expense. There is no land in the wide world that does not contain some, who, through the beneficent influence of this great work, have been reclaimed from utter despair, and perhaps a drunkard's grave.

The work is going on gloriously, but is in need of financial assistance, and in its behalf I appeal to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and if they respond as God shall lay it upon their hearts, I shall indeed feel grateful and happy, and to the blessing which attends every gift offered in His Name, I will humbly add my own heartfelt thanks.

Remember, that during the past winter 71,000 homeless men and boys received a hot breakfast, given between 1 and 3 A.M., to break the monotony of the nightly tramp of those hungry, friendless and helpless men, many of them the sons of parents who are wondering what has become of the happy-hearted, bright-eyed young man who but a few years ago, full of hope, with elastic step, left the home of his childhood, in the hope of achieving fame and fortune.

Help as your heart moves you, and do it to-day. Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

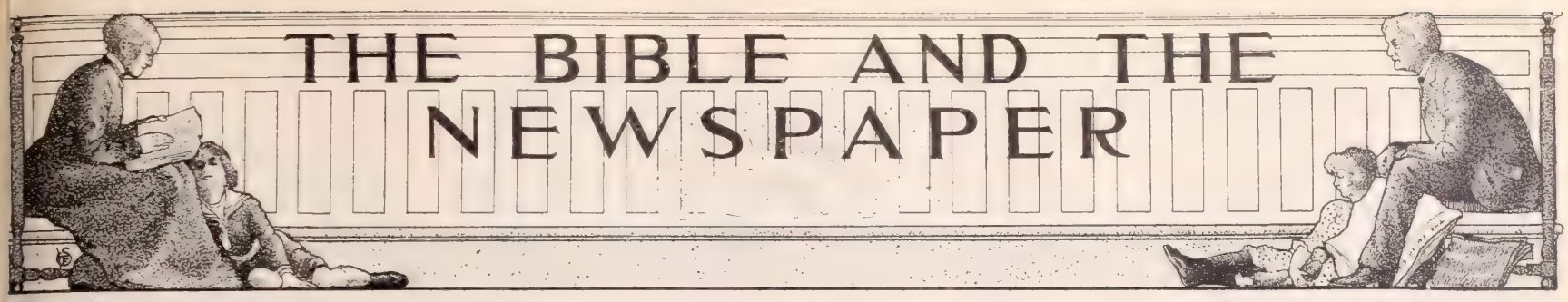
Louis Klopsch

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

REGARDING THE SIN OF WORLDLINESS

II. Corinthians 5:15
I. John 2:15, 16 and 17
I. Timothy 5:5 and 6
Colossians 3:1 and 2
Romans 8:5, 6, 7 and 8
Romans 12:1 and 2
Matthew 7:13
Matthew 12:36
Mark 8:35
II. Timothy 2:3 and 4
II. Timothy 4:10
Luke 11:23
Luke 12:16 to 22
Luke 16:19, 23 and 25

D. F. E.



Thibet Still Closed

GENERAL satisfaction, both in this country and in Great Britain, has been expressed at the report that the British Government will withdraw its expedition to Thibet. The attitude that land in refusing permission for foreigners to ter it, is deplorable. The rulers are wilfully depriving eir people of the advantages of civilization, but when was discovered that they would resist by force any tempt to open communications, and that only by a aughter of great numbers of Thibetans could such an tempt succeed, it was a relief to learn that no further forts were to be made. Enough was learned by the pedition to convince the world that Thibet is gov-ned by an oppressive despotism, and that fearful uelties are practised on the people, but there is no stification for forcing upon the country a civilization which it is clearly opposed. The expedition had ndergone severe hardships in traveling over the moun-ins; it had been compelled, in defending itself, to flict a hideous slaughter, and the results, if it should rsevere, would not compensate for the heavy cost. here is reason to believe, so, that King Edward's fort to reach an amicable djustment of pending estions with other Pow-s may have been the use of the proposed with-awal of the expedition. e has succeeded in allay-g the animosity between ngland and France, and is rumored that he has proached Russia with a milar object. The attack Thibet could not be her than offensive to ussia, and it may be that e king found that it uld embarrass him in s endeavor to reach a iendly understanding th that Power. In any se, whatever the reasons ay have been, the news at the withdrawal of the pedition is contemplated welcome to all who love ace and hate war.

The fruit of righteousness is wn in peace for them that ake peace (James 3: 18).

40,000,000 Payment

By the transfer of forty illion dollars from the nited States to the Pana-a Canal Companies, the rchase of the property s been completed, and the mpanies have given an der to their agents to turn over the control of the ne on the Isthmus, and the works and machinery to e agents of our Government. It was not necessary to ansport this huge sum to France. By an arrange-ent with Morgan & Co., who acted as disbursing gents for the United States, a Treasury warrant was ccepted as payment, and so a financial disturbance hich the bankers on both sides apprehended, was oided. The French law courts had already decided what organizations and in what proportions the pay-ent should be made, as a new Panama Company had cceeded the original one, which had not disposed of l its rights. Morgan & Co., will make the payments accordance with this decision, and it is understood at it will be done gradually, as the money is required. he route and all the property upon it has now passed to the possession of our Government. It is stated at some time must elapse, before actual digging will egin, as new plans and surveys must be made and tensive preliminary operations will be necessary to nprove the sanitary conditions of the isthmus. The anal Commissioners are now about to make a tour of spection, with experts, who will report on all the uestions involved. Now that the purchase has been mpleted, no time will be lost in executing the project hich for so long a time has been awaiting consumma-on. A way for the vessels of all nations will be made through the isthmus which has hitherto barred their course and compelled so long a detour around the Cape.

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones (Isa. 62: 10).

In the Prison He Built

In reporting the result of a recent trial, the *New York Herald* calls attention to a remarkable coincidence. A man was being tried in the Court of General Sessions, of New York, for forgery, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty in the second degree. A juror's indiscretion, however, in inadvertently taking from the table to the jury room, some papers which the judge had ruled out of the case, subsequently brought the verdict into question. It is probable that the fact of the jury having had under consideration those papers, which were not intended to be used, may be made a ground for granting a new trial. In the meantime, until the legal argument can be heard, the convicted man has been sent to the Tombs to await the decision. The *Herald* says that he is one of the men who helped in building the prison in which he is now confined. That is one of the strangest examples of the irony of life. It is similar to the historical incident of the man who invented the guillotine in France being executed by that instrument. One would have supposed that a man who had helped to erect a prison would have been careful not to do anything for which he could be made an inmate of it. Yet human nature is slow to learn the lessons that seem most obvious, and as there is reason to fear, there may be some who have labored to save men from perdition, who will themselves be lost. The Apostle clearly intimates such a possibility.

Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway (I. Cor. 9: 27).

DRAGGING ARMY STORES UP THE MOUNTAINS OF THIBET

A Bejeweled Rat

A lady residing at Mount Holly, N. J., recovered in an extraordinary manner, a few days ago, a diamond ring, which has been lost for several weeks. A farmer's son living in the neighborhood undertook to clear his father's barn of the rats which infested it. Among the rodents dragged out and killed was one that struck him as being singularly malformed. Examining it closely, he found that it had a lady's ring around its neck, which seemed to have almost choked it. The flesh had grown upon both sides, so that it could not be drawn off until the neck was severed. He had heard the story of the mysterious disappearance of the ring from its owner's table, and he therefore took it to her, and she identified it with a great deal of pleasure at recovering it. The rat must have been a little creature when it ran its head into the ring, and it must have suffered torture afterwards. Who can tell how many people there are who prize such ornaments, and endanger their very souls in their efforts to obtain them, who may yet find that their spiritual life has been deformed and depleted by their success!

Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of wearing of gold, . . . but let it be the hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price (I. Peter 3: 3, 4).

Heroes of the Mine

A brave deed was done by three men at Scranton, Pa., on April 26. About noon fire broke out in the great breaker of the Scranton Coal Company, which is known as the Pine Brook breaker, which is one of the largest and most modern structures in the coal-fields. It is estimated to have been worth $150,000. It stood over the mouth of the mine, in the dark chambers of which over six hundred men and boys were at work. Their position was most perilous, and they were ignorant of their danger. The news quickly spread through the city, and soon there were hundreds of women and children around the blazing pile, all concerned about the lives of their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers in the subterranean regions below. Screams and the sounds of sobbing and eager inquiries were heard on all sides. Presently, three men—Morris, Murray and Foley—were seen to enter the cage and signal to the engineer to lower them. His place was by no means enviable, but though the smoke and the intense heat from the blazing timbers almost overpowered him, he bravely held his post and lowered the three men to the bottom of the shaft. Each man took a direction of his own, and soon every one in each section had received warning. There are three entrances to the mine and by them all escaped. The meetings of the men with their wives and children were most pathetic. All must have been deeply grateful to the three men who, at the risk of their lives, went down into the mine, to give warning. How happy a thing it would be if, when sinners are warned of their danger, and are told of One who laid down his life to save them, they would avail themselves, as these miners did, of the way of escape!

Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus (Col. 1: 28).

BRIEF NOTES

In the Bombay *Mohammedan Mission News*, a list is given of ten Mohammedan converts, baptized within the last eighteen months.

An attempt is being made to unite the denominations of Baptists and Free Baptists, in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. A joint committee is organized to discuss the terms.

The original name of Port Arthur was Lou-Chun-Kao. It was so far back as 1885 that the change was made, when for the first time an English ship-of-war cast anchor in the bay, the name of the commander being Arthur, the port was named for him.

The Revival meetings conducted by Dr. Chapman, in Chicago, have been very largely attended. Dr. M'Afee of the Presbyterian Church, reports that he has not witnessed so deep and widespread an influence since the time of Mr. Moody. More than two thousand persons have made profession of conversion.

Spreading the Light in Dark Colombia

FLOWER-GARDEN IN THE HOME AT BUCARAMANGA

A STREET IN BUCARAMANGA

WAR, with its train of attendant evils, has left many parts of the little South American republic of Colombia in a sorry plight. According to a recent letter, received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Mrs. A. P. Norwood, wife of the American missionary at Bucaramanga, food of all kinds is still nearly at famine prices. She writes:

Food has come down some. Corn is now $2 per pound, Irish potatoes $3.50 per pound, salt $6 per pound, rice $8 per pound, and American lard $25 per pound; unbleached muslin, domestic good quality, $10 per yard; ordinary prints $8 per yard. These prices, of course, she explains, are in Colombian paper currency, one dollar of which is worth about one cent in American gold. Hence, one dollar in American money goes a long ways here.

Readers of this journal are already somewhat familiar with the missionary work of Rev. Joseph Norwood and his devoted wife, at Bucaramanga, where, in addition to spiritual duties extending over a wide area, they some time ago founded an orphanage for the helpless children of the Colombian city. Concerning the progress of this work, Mr. Norwood writes:

The work of the Christian Home for Helpless Children, in Bucaramanga, is moving on nicely, and the Lord, through the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other friends, has provided the means necessary for the current expenses of the thirty-six children who are now in the Home. There has been a great deal of sickness in Bucaramanga during the last few months, and many deaths in the other orphan asylums; also great mortality in the public hospital, but we have been spared from the sorrow of burying any of our little ones up to the present time.

A GROUP OF MR. AND MRS. NORWOOD'S COLOMBIAN PROTEGES

The government, both national and departmental, is in such a state of bankruptcy that it cannot possibly pay the meagre salaries of its employees, and consequently helps the benevolent institutions principally with promises. So great is the poverty and suffering, that the local charities are entirely inadequate to meet the now daily increasing calls for help. Even in the puplic hospital many are dying for want of suitable food and medicines, as I have been informed by a prominent merchant who issues tickets for admission into the hospital. The applications for admission into our Home are at the present time very far beyond our ability to accept.

Six children have been added to our nu- ber since our last report. Mrs. Norwood gi her entire time to the work without co- pensation, and our entire income, includ my salary as Agent of the American B Society, is put into the work. The spi- ual branch of the work is moving on yond our fondest hopes. We have k up not only the Home for Helpless C dren, but also the Sunday School, and public evangelistic services every Lord's d In my absence, Mrs. Norwood has had assistance of two of the most highly-e cated men in the country—men of very h social standing—one an able lawyer and other a prominent coffee-planter. The pi pects are growing brighter for the establ ment of a missionary movement through the Departments of Santander and Boy which will be almost self-sustaining from beginning, if we can get the necessary bu ings and means to place it on its feet in a spectable way. We have already secu property in Bucaramanga well adapted to work, worth more than $10,000, which ha mortgage on it of $2,500, and are offe for a low price, a country seat only a sh distance from Bucaramanga, and in one the most healthful spots on the Contin With these two pieces of property clear debt, and with the help that is now com in, we would be well equipped for a glori work. The American Bible Society is us every effort to place the printed Word in hands of the people, and is laying the foun tion for the solid superstructure.

Any reader who may wish to aid t promising work, can communicate with Edward P. Tenney, Treas., Roselle, N

The Dauphin Island Mission

Mrs. O. E. Stombaugh, for the last years a devoted and successful mission wo- er on Dauphin Island, Ala., where many the rude settlers (oystermen and fisherm have been won to Christ through her effo is now facing a crisis in her work. The land occupied by missionaries is to be sold, and the missionaries will be possessed, unless they can be assisted in securing the s necessary for the purchase of the mission building. M Stombaugh will answer any inquiries.

The Rough Riders of the Czar

WHAT the "Rough Riders" are to the American army the Cossack is to Russia, but in a much larger degree. The personal escort of the Czar is supplied from a Cossack regiment. The world has never yet seen a finer body of light cavalry, and the Russian military authorities have allowed the hardy horsemen of the Steppes to retain something of their own method of warfare, and to grant them a set of regulations distinct from those of the rest of the army. The services the Cossacks have done to the Russian Empire are historic. It was they who conquered Siberia under the leadership of the valiant Yermak. It was they who defied the Turk, and, without artillery, captured the fortress of Asov. To them is entrusted the most difficult of all tasks, that of guarding the ever-growing frontiers against resentful neighbors. Recent travelers have described the Cossack outposts on the borders of Manchuria perched in almost inaccessible wilds, showing that the old duty has been assigned to this race of frontiersmen.

At the age of three the Cossack learns to sit astride a horse in the courtyard of his father's house. Two years later he shows himself on horseback in the village street, and exercises with his young comrades. No wonder that at the age of twenty he seems almost to be one flesh with the sturdy beast that carries him.

The Cossacks are said by some authorities to have originated from emigrants who could not stand the slavery of the Russian system, and preferred so far back as the tenth century to lead a nomadic robber life in the Steppes of the Tartars. These nomad hordes grew in power and number till they became a formidable force, and as the Cossacks, or "free men," were more friendly to their Russian kinsfolk than to the Tartars, they gradually formed as a convenient buffer State. They elected their own atamans (hetmans) or chiefs till the beginning of the present century; they owned large herds of cattle, and many of them attained considerable wealth.

Under the present regime, there are no less than fifty-one regiments of Cossacks, under eleven main tribal divisions. Chief of these are the Cossacks of the Don, who give name to a province of a million and a half inhabitants. The following are the names of the eleven main divisions:

Cossacks of the Don, Cossacks of the Kouban, Cossacks of Terek, Cossacks of Astrakhan, Cossacks of the Oural, Cossacks of Orenburg, Cossacks of Siberia, Cossacks of Semirietchie, Cossacks of the Transbaikal, Cossacks of the Amur, Cossacks of the Ussuri.

At Russian military reviews the Cossack always plays a notable part. Every member of the squadron is a rider, who could put the cleverest circus acrobat to shame; and the firing exercises introduce features which only clever riders with clever animals could perform. On the first day of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, a Cossack regiment covered seventy miles in twenty-four hours to secure an important bridge. The latest reports from Korea show that Cossack scouts have made daring dashes to the south, in spite of the immense superiority of the Japanese forces in the triangle of Seoul, Pyeng-Yang and Wensan.

A remarkable feature of the Russian and Cossack soldier is his insensibility to pain. In the Balkan struggle men suffering from incredible wounds used to march stolidly to the ambulance, so that soldiers left in the fighting line should not have to be detached to carry them away. A good story, though not strictly Cossack, is told of the soldiers in a redoubt at Sebastopol, who were about to partake of the usual soup from the usual pail. A shell fell in their midst, but a cool-headed Russ ran, and dropping it into the pail, cried, "Welcome, Maria Ivanovna; taste our soup."

. . .

Kuropatkin has left his mark upon the Russian army, and is a great thinker and organizer, besides being a notable fighting m He won his spurs in the conquest of Bokha saw opened the gates of half-legendary Sa arkand, and traveled and studied a great d says a writer in *The King*. Then he Skobeleff's Chief of the Staff in Turkest rode over 2,000 miles on horseback wit wounded arm, and was the great gener right hand at Plevna. In that sanguin time he fought heroically, and came b with a splendid reputation for courage and best soldierly qualities.

He has since been Governor of Transc pia, and has occupied many other import positions. When the late Minister of W left his office, Kuropatkin was the only po ble successor, and the Russian army made vast strides under his hand. Fire, ergy and sagacity are all in the general, w is Russia's most trusted soldier. Of cour he is not a young man, and has not seen fig ing for years, but he is in full vigor. takes out with him the men he knows and confidence in. Whatever is to be done Ku patkin will do, if to do it be possible, and t Russians will not lose heart while their gr general directs their soldiers. Besides bei a bold fighter, Kuropatkin has the reputati of being a practical student of military h tory and a great strategist.

A BEAUTY TALK

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

We need not wonder that women care a great deal about beauty. It is every woman's right to possess a harmonious, strong, and beautiful body, a fit home for a beautiful soul. As a rule, little children born into happy homes, and well nourished, are attractive and pleasing, and possess a satin skin, bright eyes, a lovely curves. Alas, they soon grow out of this exquisite condition, into something not quite so fine.

Up to the age of twenty-three or four girls who have outgrown the angularities of the early teens, are also beautiful. Woman's hour of fullest beauty is reached about the age of thirty, when she is at the meridian of her charms. This is the queenly age, but until she is fifty, no woman who has health and a passably easy life, not crushed under hard work, should so much as begin to fade.

The outer elements of beauty are a clear complexion, bright eyes, good teeth, fine carriage, well kept hands and feet, and abundant hair. Yet, after all, as the body is only the vase which forms a transparency for the soul, these charms are of little worth, unless a fine mind and a gentle heart are behind them. Up to extreme old age, some women retain beauty. No one can look, for instance, at the venerable face of Julia Ward Howe, without seeing that she represents a type of rare comeliness, a type not obscured by the burden of her years. The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton, to her latest day was a woman of dignified presence, attractive personality, and great physical beauty. The beauty of age and the beauty of youth are, of course, of a different order. The latter may be enhanced by fitting dress; the former, to a certain extent, is independent of dress and does not need external things to add to its fascination and perfection. When the rose-bud melts into the rose, the superlative of loveliness is attained.

* * *

One of the first necessities, if a woman would be beautiful, is to know how to breathe; yet this is one of the most neglected of all daily duties. We breathe improperly. Our lungs are not filled with vital air.

A strong, normal, rhythmic respiration, should be about four heart-beats during inspiration, and held for the space of two; then exhaled during four, counting ten heart-beats for one complete respiration. Breathe through the nostrils, of course, and mentally count four pulsations of the heart. Count two beats also, while you hold the lungs empty." This advice is quoted from a medical authority.

* * *

There are hundreds of people who never practice deep breathing. There are hundreds or thousands more who never know the delight of taking a real walk out of doors on a fine day, inhaling and exhaling the pure air, and getting the fine exercise which means not only health but beauty. To walk with a dawdling, dragging gait, with head poked forward like a turtle from its shell, with bending shoulders and languid steps is, in no sense, a proper walk.

To walk gracefully is to walk well and, other things being equal, to be able to walk a great distance without exhaustion. Use, as usual in the construction of man, precedes use and real beauty go hand in hand. Utility and beauty are often opposed to each other in the world of things, particularly in the world of man-made things; but in all that appertains to the physiological machinery of the body the greatest beauty is the greatest utility. Any act of work, to be well done and with comparatively little fatigue, must employ a harmonious working together of all the forms. The movements of work so done will be graceful.

> "From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began;
> From harmony to harmony
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full in man."

When we rise to walk the whole body should be thrown into a state of gentle tension, putting every muscle which harmonious movement employs into vigorous, responsive action, and so perfectly balanced that every part does its work without perceptible strain. The abdominal muscles should hold that obtrusive part in comely restraint—quite possible even with the portly—if they will but make the effort. The shoulder, hip and ankle joints should be on a line; the chest held high and head erect, but not tipped back. The correct position of the head may be tested by holding a book on the crown. In this position the body acquires its greatest ease, and every muscle performs a maximum of labor with a minimum of waste and expenditure of force. Another essential of beauty is the daily bath. No woman can be beautiful who does not, every day of her life, bathe from head to foot. The best time for the bath is in the morning when one rises, or else at night before retiring. As to the sort of bath to be taken no one can dictate. There are some persons to whom a cold plunge in the morning is an essential of life, joy and health. There are others who find that they do not react from this, who are cold and blue after it, and to whom it is far from invigorating. They should avoid the cold bath. Take the sort of bath that is best for you. It need not be a bath in a tub. A sponge bath in a basin of water, with a rough towel and thorough rubbing will prove quite as useful as a bath taken in a tub with many gallons of water. This thorough purification has a great deal to do with beauty.

Next. No girl need hope to have a good complexion and bright eyes if she eats too many sweets or lives on fried food, hot biscuits and strong coffee. Coffee and tea are the natural foes of the bright complexion of youth, and though older people may require stimulation, children and growing girls should do without them in the interest of good looks.

Nice hands and feet have a good deal to do with making a woman attractive. It has been well said that a well dressed woman pays special attention to her gloves and her boots. A woman whose hands and feet are graceful and well cared for, will always present the appearance of a lady, even though she may do a great deal of work with her hands indoors, as in housework, or out of doors, as in gardening and rowing. It is within any one's power to protect her hands by the use of rubber gloves or a mop, so that they do not become needlessly roughened and reddened.

The prevalent idea that a small foot is a great beauty should by this time have passed away. A foot too small for the rest of the body is a deformity. The wearing of tight shoes or of shoes too short for the feet, has cramped and ruined innumerable feet, and been the prolific source of a great deal of suffering, in corns, bunions and ingrowing nails. No woman will be beautiful who is habitually fretful, depressed or selfish. The beauty of the soul insensibly moulds the features, and a happy disposition is as great a beautifier as sunshine and outdoor air. I shall have more to say about this another time. It is a subject too large for one week.

SPRING-TIME AT THE FARM

The lilacs bloom beside the door,
The vines are all in flower,
The orioles are here once more,
'Tis May's enchanting hour.
Oh, far away the battles rage,
But peace unfolds her charm,
Here dwell in gladness loving hearts;
'Tis spring-time at the farm.

Though hard may be the daily task
Of those who till the earth,
No odds of any one they ask,
Although of royal birth.
An Eden light is o'er the fields,
No spoiler works them harm,
When manly strength and woman's wit
Meet, spring-time, at the farm.

Restful Homes

The prevalence of cluttering objects of ornament, and the great variety of cups, vases, curios, pictures and other articles which some housekeepers allow to encumber their parlors, all tend to destroy restfulness in the home. A restful atmosphere is found in simplicity. When one enters a home plainly but comfortably furnished, with solid chairs and tables, with couches broad and springy, above all with plenty of books and papers, the first feeling is one of entire repose. This is emphasized by the untired look, the sweet tranquility of the hostess, who has not to spend her strength and waste her nerve-tissue in endless dusting, polishing and guarding fragile treasures which have cost much money, and must, therefore, be zealously watched. Some of us would be the gainers if we should put under lock and key, a large part of the beautiful and precious things in our homes.

Photographs of Women

In these days of multiplied illustration, every week sees the face of some matron or maiden, who, in former days, would not have been known beyond her own circle, published and sent to the farthest corners of the land. Women are engaged in clubs, in philanthropy, and in business and professional careers, and it is right that their pictures should be printed, as well as sketches of their lives and work given to a public that at present clamors for personal details.

I have a word, however, to say as to the style of photograph that a woman gives to a magazine or newspaper. Such a picture should be severely plain as to dress; a rigorous simplicity should characterize it indeed. The low neck and bare arms which belong to an evening dress, have no excuse to be exploited in a periodical that goes into thousands of strange homes. Nor is an enormous picture hat, with great brim and nodding plumes, appropriate for this particular use. Lavish display of jewelry is absurdly out of place in the published photograph. The woman who patronizes a splendid charity, or presides at a club, or carries on an orphanage, or makes a new discovery in science, if she permits the wide world to look at her in the pages of a magazine, should be dressed for that occasion in a tailor-made costume, with simple hat, or in a high-necked, long sleeved home-gown.

When one thinks of it, the fitness of things is the foundation on which most of our conduct of life is built. A glance at the portrait galleries of our periodicals will convince women, that, except when toilettes are reproduced for some design of fashion or historical accuracy, they should furnish only very plainly-dressed pictures to the outside world.

A New Bonnet

It is doubtful whether any man can understand the pleasure of a woman in a new bonnet. For one thing, it is the coronation of her toilette. The prettiest costume may be utterly ruined by an unsuitable piece of head-gear, and a girl who looks bewitching in a hat that suits her, may be almost plain in one that looks as if it were meant for her maiden aunt or her mother. Women are unwise to allow milliners to load their hats with cherries or grapes, since fruit is manifestly unfit to be worn on one's head, as though one were Pharaoh's chief butler or baker with goods to be shown to the Monarch. Birds and bird's wings are too suggestive of cruelty and of the spoiling of the nest and the murder of sweet warblers, to be tolerated by a woman of gentle nature. With lace, ribbon, beads, and dainty weaves of straw, the hats and bonnets of the hour are very graceful. While John stalks down the street with a comfortable straw hat, let him not complain if Mary buys for herself something that is more ornamental, as she belongs to the sex whose province it is to combine decoration with utility.

THE PASSOVER

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

LET Peter tell the story of the last Passover and the first Lord's Supper: "We have been several days with our Master in Bethany, going over to Jerusalem with him on Sunday, on Monday and on Tuesday, returning to Bethany each night. Sunday he had made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, where people laid their garments in the way, and waved palm branches, crying, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' On Monday he cleansed the Temple of the dishonest money-changers and traders. On Tuesday he uttered his last public teachings in the Temple, more abundant than on any other day. Even we who had been constantly with him were amazed at his many profound utterances. On Wednesday he abode quietly in Bethany. It was his last day for teaching us, his apostles.

"When Thursday dawned we went to him, and asked, 'Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover?' And he appointed John, together with myself to go over to Jerusalem and secure a place. He did not tell us to ask for the chief or upper chamber on the roof, but for the *katalyma*, a sort of hall opening from the court, in which shoes, dusty garments and the like were laid aside upon entering a house. He told us distinctly how we should find such a place. As we were entering the city, we should see a man bearing a pitcher of water, and should follow him until he should reach his home, and then we should tell him that our Master has asked a place of him where he might eat the Passover with his disciples. The man bearing the pitcher was none other than our friend Mark, my own son in the faith. We went with him to his father's home and requested that our Master might have the use of the *katalyma* for his pascal supper. Mary, the mother of Mark, who was a chief woman among the Christians in Jerusalem, quickly responded, 'Not that, but he shall have the *aliyah*, our best upper room, which is large, furnished, and ready.' By this we understood that the room had already been prepared for a pascal supper—the table in place, the couches in order around the table.

"All that was left for John and myself to secure was the lamb. We were at the Temple with our lamb at the hour of the evening sacrifice, usually 2.30 P.M.; but an hour earlier at Passover time. In every direction people were seen bringing their lambs to the Temple. We were among the first to slay our lamb, and to have the fat upon the inwards offered upon the altar as a sacrifice. We then bore away what remained upon our shoulders, in company with hundreds of others doing the same thing, and went to the home of Mary. Then we made haste to roast the lamb, that we might be ready for our Master and our ten comrades, all shortly expected from Bethany. Just as the sun was going down, we saw them coming over Olivet.

"In every home there was a pascal supper that night, and the sign for the beginning was the appearance of the three first stars. Between the sunset and the gleaming of the stars, there was opportunity for the washing of feet and hands in preparation for the feast, and for determining the arrangement of places at the table. There was an unseemly contention about who should have the most honorable places. And what a lesson the Master taught us then, and in what a strange manner. He girded himself with a towel, and took a basin and a ewer filled with water, and proceeded to wash our feet, as a servant would have done. He came to me first, as my place was at the end of the table, just opposite John, who had been given the place at the right side of the Master, with Judas on his left. I remonstrated against the Master performing such a service for me, but when he said I could have no part with him unless I submitted, I wanted him to wash not only my feet, but my hands and my head. And so he passed around, washing the feet of us all, teaching us a lesson of humility and the dignity of service. Then he took his place at the table.

"A great and terrible surprise awaited us. It came when he declared that one of our number should betray him! 'Is it I, Lord?' we said one by one. Even Judas, who intended to do it, asked the question. Jesus made a spoon of the paper-like-bread, and dipped it in the soup, and passed it to the mouth of Judas—a token of love even for his betrayer—which, to some of us, was the sign that it was he! Immediately he left the table and went out. We knew afterwards that he proceeded at once to see the Scribes and Pharisees, and arranged for a slave's price to betray the Master.

"After Judas had gone, and the pascal supper was ended, a new 'Lord's Supper' was begun. As he gave the bread to us, he said: 'Take, eat, this is my body.' And as he gave us the fruit of the vine, he said: 'Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' And after this, we sang the usual psalm together: 'The Lord is my strength and song.' And then we went out upon the Mount of Olives to Gethsemane, where Jesus agonized in prayer, and where, later, Judas betrayed him with a kiss. Apparently he had thought he should get his money, and Jesus would get no harm because of his miraculous power, for when he saw the fruit of his covetousness would be the Cross, he gave back the money to Christ's enemies and went and hanged himself. The money, being the price of blood, was used to buy the potter's field."

Illustration and Application

This "Memorial Sunday" is a fitting time to recall how the nation of Israel was divinely saved through blood at the Passover, and how our individual souls come to spiritual life through the atoning death of Christ. When the "struggle for life" in the field of politics and business is revealing unusual tragedies of selfishness, it is a good time to point to the "nobler struggle for the life of others," in which Christ, the manliest character that ever walked the earth, has shown us the glory and beauty of self-sacrifice.

The Passover passing over into the Lord's Supper, is but one of the many examples of how "the New Testament is enfolded in the Old, and the Old Testament is unfolded in the New." He who exalts the New Testament while belittling the Old, only proves that he knows little of either, for they are as essential to each other as the picture gallery and its explanatory catalogue. In order to understand the Lord's Supper, we must first understand the Passover in which it originated.

. . .

Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover? Jesus was no narrow Jew, but a world man, and he was no formalist, but a man of the Spirit; yet he observed and valued religious ceremonies as needed helps to faith. If he had not felt the need of them for himself, as he manifestly did, he would have observed them for the sake of others, who did need them more, and who would be influenced by his example. This should be borne in mind by those persons who care little for religious forms. As to the Lord's Supper, three monosyllables in the command of Christ, as to its continuance "till he come," give conclusive answer to those who say we no longer need to observe it.

Let us recall the Passover (Exodus 12). God appointed it to be the beginning of a new life, a new year, a new era, significant of the new birth to which we come through what the Passover signifies. Egypt, having disobeyed God's command to let his people go, was under sentence of death. The first-born in each house, was to die as its representative. The Israelites were given a simple "plan of salvation," with which every one could comply, if he would. The first-born of whatever race would die, respectively, in every home that did not obey. A lamb was to be slain, and its blood sprinkled on the outside of the door, where the destroying angel might see it, as a signal to pass over that house. This clearly signifies that faith in the blood should be outwardly confessed. It would not do to sprinkle the side of the door, or say prayers in secret, as if religion was a hidden shame. The command, "Confess Me before men," shows that we are still required to "show our colors." The cowardly and disobedient are self-condemned. Year after year, the Passover lamb was eaten in every Jewish home with loins girt and staff in hand, to recall that the first Passover was so eaten by a race of slaves about to leave Egypt for a new land of freedom. They were escaping not only death but slavery and their children's children would understand how, through death for them and the life in them of the Lamb of God, souls are saved from both the slavery and death of sin. All these meanings and more were to pass over into the Lord's Supper.

. . .

One of you shall betray me . . . Lord, is it I? is possibility that even communicants may fall into deadly sin, which made that Lord's Supper so solemn a scene of heart searching, is one thing that makes the communion so solemn to thoughtful people still. There we think not alone of sins possible, but of sins past, in which we have betrayed our Lord often through the very covetousness that made Jesus weep of Judas, that it were "better he had never been born." This does not sound like universal restoration. It gives a glimpse of what the "spiritual death" is, from which Christ, our Passover, saves those who hide behind the blood of Calvary.

. . .

An apt illustration of the Passover, in that aspect suggested by the loins girt as for a journey, signifying: That this world is not our rest, but that we are journeying to a home land, is the story of the Rothschild mansion in London, where passers-by have often noticed that one of the cornices is unfinished. The explanation is that Lord Rothschild, the one of the richest men in the world, has not forgotten the tradition that every orthodox Jew should leave some part of his house unfinished, as a testimony to all who see it, that he regards himself, like Abraham, as only a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, journeying to a better country, where his true home is a house not made with hands, complete and eternal.

. . .

As this Sunday is a military anniversary, three Lord's Supper illustrations from great soldiers will be especially timely. During the war of the Revolution, Washington once encamped with his army near a small village, where stood a Presbyterian church. Washington heard that the Lord's Supper had been announced for the following Sunday, and so called on the preacher, and said: "Doctor, I hear you are to have holy communion next Sunday. I belong to another denomination—can I partake?" "Most certainly," said the preacher, "for it is not the Presbyterian table, but the Lord's table." "I'm glad of that," said Washington. "That is as it ought to be." And the next Sunday he knelt with the humble villagers at the brotherly table of their common Lord. A more familiar story of Wellington, relates that when he was kneeling at communion, an ill-clad shepherd came and knelt beside him. When the latter saw it was Wellington, he rose in shame to go, but Wellington said: "Stay, for in the sight of God, I am only a wretched sinner like thyself."

. . .

When Admiral Dewey came home from his victory at Manila, New York City gave him a large and beautiful "loving cup" of choicest gold, decorated with forty-five stars for the sisterhood of States. The three handles were three dolphins in green gold, and on the front was a fine portrait of the Admiral surrounded by an oak wreath, resting on an eagle. It is said to be the most elaborate loving cup ever made in the United States. But this noble cup is well-nigh forgotten, while the simple "loving cup" that Christ gave to his lowly disciples nineteen centuries ago is used by thousands all over the world every week to recall his love stronger than death, and to point us forward to the promised cup from which we are to drink at his table in heaven, where no anxious misgivings about betrayal will mar the eucharistic gladness of perfect fellowship.

"AND HE TOOK THE CUP AND GAVE THANKS, AND GAVE IT TO THEM"

*Life through Death. International Sunday School Lesson for May 29. Matt. 26: 17-30. Golden Text: "Even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." I. Cor. 5: 7.

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METHOD—Sift the flour, salt and powder together, rub in the butter cold; add the milk (or milk and sugar), and mix into a smooth dough, just soft enough to handle; divide in half, and roll out to the size of breakfast plates; lay on a greased baking-tin, and bake in hot oven 20 minutes; separate the cakes without cutting, as cutting makes them heavy.

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The War in the Far East

DETAILS of the battle of May 1, on the Yalu, show that it resulted more disastrously to the Russians than first reports indicated. On the Russian side, under General Sassulitch, were some 18,000 troops, including several regiments of Siberian sharpshooters, a cavalry brigade, the whole of the Third Division of infantry, two regiments of the Sixth Division, about forty quick-firing guns, eight machine-guns, and some light mountain-guns. General Kuroki, the Japanese commander, according to the dispatches, had an immensely superior force, both in troops and artillery. Including the Imperial Guard, it is estimated that the Japanese strength at the assault at Kuliencheng, was not less than 30,000, while at least 100 guns of heavier calibre than those of the Russian artillery, supported every movement of the infantry by a terrific fire, doing great execution among the Russians, who had no weapons of equal range to the sixteen siege-guns, which General Kuroki had placed in position to command every movement of the enemy. The crisis of the battle was a great infantry charge by the Japanese, covering a front of four miles, and culminating in a sweeping victory, which drove the Russians from the heights overlooking the right bank of the Iho or Aida River, and out of their successive lines of trenches, with heavy loss. Although the Czar's troops made a most determined stand, they were outflanked, surrounded on three sides, and compelled to retreat before superior numbers.

It was during the retreat across the hill-roads near Hamatan, where the fighting was sharp and at short range, that the Russian guns were captured by the Japanese. Twenty-eight quick-firers fell into the hands of the enemy, with a large number of prisoners.

There were some remarkable instances of bravery on both sides. At one time, when the fight was hottest at Kuliencheng, a battalion of the Eleventh Infantry Regiment, already decimated in the terrific struggle, was seen to be advancing. Preceded by buglers, sounding their instruments to clear a passage, and with a line almost as firm and straight as though on parade, the Russian column swept forward with fixed bayonets. Its regimental chaplain was in front of the first line bearing aloft the cross. As the men moved forward at the double, the amazed Japanese, apparently declining a hand-to-hand conflict, gave way a moment. Then the deadly fusillade began anew; but the plucky regiment forced its way through the enemy's line, though at the sacrifice of its brave chaplain and scores of soldiers. Not until the next day, when the retreating Russians were on the road to Feng-wang-cheng, and the Japanese were searching the widely extended field of Sunday's struggle, did the actual losses become apparent. General Sassulitch, in his report of the battle, says the Japanese repeatedly attacked his troops with the bayonet. Japanese bodies lay in heaps at the fords. At Kuliencheng, the Russian trenches were exposed to an enfilading fire, and had to be abandoned. At Chin-Gow, the Russian left flank was turned, after a heavy artillery attack by the Japanese. All the regiments suffered heavily, in both officers and men. Japanese sharpshooters made targets of the brilliant uniforms of the Russian officers, and picked them off in great numbers. Russian estimates now place the total losses in killed and wounded at between 3,000 and 4,000, leaving the impression that the Japanese suffered at least as heavily as their opponents. On the other hand, General Kuroki's report, places the Japanese casualties at 798 in killed and wounded, and estimates the enemy's losses at 2,000. Thirty Russian officers were captured and about 500 other prisoners.

On May 3, the retreating Russians had reached Feng-wang-cheng, where it was believed the next fight would occur. After a two days' rest, the Japanese took up the march to Feng-wang-cheng, to the relief of which Gen. Kouropatkin is said to have started from Liao Yang with 20,000 Russians.

St. Petersburg dispatches criticize Gen. Sassulitch for his failure to withdraw his troops in time, when the presence of a vastly superior force made his position untenable. He may be tried by court-martial for disobedience. On the heels of the Yalu fight came the news that Admiral Togo had again sunk a number of merchant hulks at Port Arthur, and that he now believed he had blocked the channel completely. This result seems to have been waited for at Tokio, for large fleets of Japanese troopships and cruisers shortly thereafter appeared at several points on the Liou-Tong peninsula. It is said that a force of 63,000 men under Gen. Oku was landed at Pitsevo, about eighty miles northeast of Port Arthur, on Corea Bay, and that another force was landed at Port Adams, at the head of Society Bay, or at Kinchow the port of Newchang, on the Pechili Gulf. Grand Duke Boris and Viceroy Alexief have left Port Arthur for Harbin. It is believed that a land-and-sea attack on Port Arthur is imminent.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *Readings and Recitations*, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. VIII.

A UNITED STATES whale-ship stopped for supplies at an island of the Pacific, and the first officer went on shore to trade with the natives. After decoying him inland until he was out of sight of the vessel, the savages stripped off his clothing, bound him, and led him to the place where their cannibal feasts were held. Here the man was tortured during a whole night. Next morning a missionary, whose home was near by, appeared, and began to plead for the white man's life. He was a native of another island, recently evangelized, and had come to bring the blessings of the Gospel to these cannibals. His most valuable possessions were offered as ransom, and the American was set free. Weak and ill, he was cared for at the missionary's home, and then put on board his ship.

When the President of the United States heard the facts, he sent to this missionary gifts valued at five hundred dollars, and the thanks of the nation. Of the missionary's reply to the President, Mr. Robert L. Stevenson said: "I do not envy the man who can read that letter without emotion."

? **When did this incident occur? Name the island, the officer of the whale-ship, and the native missionary** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. V.

HENRY M. STANLEY. MTESA, KING OF UGANDA.

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 5 have been received from Alfred A. L. Bennett, Henry Beets, Carlotta E. Brown, E. Mae Davis, Miss Helen G. Dow, Mrs. Peter Gray Evans, Ernest W. Edmonds, Theo. B. Edmande, Chester G. Fuson, Susan Hannanean, Miss Anna Hoersch, Theo. E. Hadley, Antoinette P. Jones, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Willard V. Longley, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Nicholas Nelson, B. M. Platt, John L. Perham, Miss Jean E. Pollock, Master Walter Sitz, Mrs. Emil Sitz, Mrs. Frank B. Smith, Miss Kate Sunderland, J. Von Thurn.

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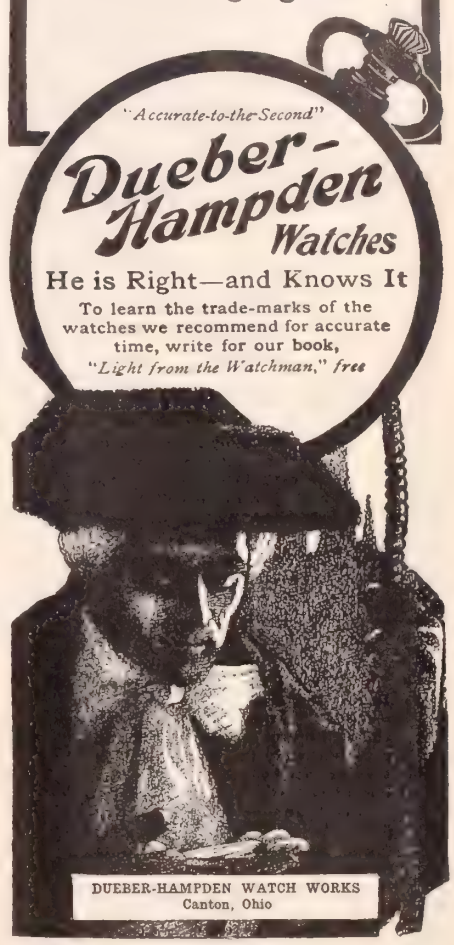

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A FOOT RACE

Minister vs. Boy

"Facts are facts and stubborn things indeed," says a Michigan clergyman who had a memorable food experience.

"The fact is when a man gets all out of sorts physically because of a derangement of the stomach so that his heart action is bad, is very nervous owing to physical organs impaired, and nothing he can eat of an ordinary kind will properly assimilate, it is time to call a halt. Such was my case two years ago last March, when I commenced using Grape-Nuts according to directions, and have continued their use up to the present time with the result I am in better health physically and mentally than I have been for many years, having passed my 63rd year.

"To demonstrate this fact I proposed a foot-race with my 11-year-old boy, who was very fleet on foot, and he being barefoot, imagined he could outrun his Pa, but I was besting him until a slip of my foot on a muddy place caused me to stumble, and I found myself rolling in the mud in the road. I soon found my footing again undamaged, and had to join in a good, hearty laugh with my wife and daughter.

"Why should I not recommend Grape-Nuts to my friends when the food has done so much for me, for I am confident that had it not been for the help this excellent food supplied, I would to-day have been past recovery. Instead of growing old now, I feel younger than I have for years, with more mental strength as well as physical, and can preach better sermons than ever before." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts makes far healthier, keener brains. A dull, worn-out brain can be remade on this food. There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Settled Out of Court

A WOMAN stood motionless on the pavement close by the great hall of the Law Courts. She wore the shabby black of the needy, her sweet face was lined, her eyes care-haunted, her lips had the patient droop of continual disappointment.

She watched for some one, her gaze never faltered from the continuous crowd streaming from these halls of justice, which the necessities of human wrong have raised, and which are upheld by the conflict of human passions.

At the curb a carriage waited, the eager horse pawing the ground with impatient hoof. The woman pressed her hand to her heart and bent forward to get a better look at a man who crossed the pavement towards the waiting carriage. He was in his prime, he had a keen, serious face, and the prosperous appearance of one who has waged successful war with fate. He gave the word to the coachman, entered the vehicle, and was about to close the door when his eye fell upon the woman's face. Instantly he alighted and motioned her forward. She seemed to come unwillingly, impelled by the command of his eyes.

"Get in, I want to talk to you. I did not see you in court."

"What has happened?" she asked in a dull voice, her eyes only betraying the soul's tumult.

"The case has been settled out of court."

"In your favor, I suppose? Where is Walter?"

"Never mind him. He is a poor creature, not worthy your devotion, hardly your interest."

"I am the best judge of that. He is my husband; I have never forgotten it," she said, with reddening cheek.

"Nor have I. If I had permitted myself to forget it for one instant, then my forbearance must have ended."

"Your forbearance!" she cried shrilly. "But he has suffered so much at your hands."

"Reverse the positions and you will be right. Yes, I have suffered many things at his hands. Listen," he said with a sudden passion. "There were two boys born of one mother, given the same chances, prepared in precisely the same way for the reality of life. One adhered to the rules laid down, and tried to live decently and uprighly, while the other became shiftless, idle, criminal in his disregard of responsibility. And they both loved the same woman."

"He has never cared for anyone but me," she said, and there was a proud, hurt note in her voice.

"Nor have I."

"Oh, John Hardwicke, what are you saying?" she cried, and the dull red broke into flame on her cheek.

"I am speaking the truth. There are times when truth is a luxury, no less than a necessity. My time has come. For twenty years he has been a thorn in my flesh, humiliating and wounding me at every turn. I have forgiven him all for your sake."

"But you married?"

"Yes, and she is dead. To-day I am certainly the loneliest man on the earth. Then he brought this unjust claim on Uncle Henry's money. He had his share; you best know what has been done with it. You shall have the rest, settled absolutely on yourself and your boys."

"You are generous," she murmured. "Unexpectedly so, but why?"

"You will see," he answered. "Here we are."

The carriage was drawn up before one of the tall old houses.

It was Agnes Hardwicke's first introduction to the home of her rich brother-in-law, and though she had often tried to picture it, imagination had been at fault. Quiet tones, subdued lights, an atmosphere of peace and unpretentiousness prevailed. But over all that winter day there seemed to brood a strange stillness.

"Come upstairs," he said, and she followed him up the winding way to the long corridor, where there were many closed doors. He opened one and motioned her in. She drew back with a little quiver of fear, chilled by the drawn blinds, the faint odor of white flowers.

"Oh, what is this?" she asked, trembling.

"Gladys," he answered, dully. "She died yesterday."

She stepped forward and stood a moment by the white bed. She was a beautiful child who lay there, with the halo of her gold hair about her sweet face, her lily hands folded above her quiet breast. And she was the rich man's all.

"Oh, John, forgive us," the woman cried. "We had no thought of this." And there was that in her face she could not put into words.

"It matters nothing now. Go home, and thank God for your children. She sometimes spoke of the cousins she had never seen, I am sorry now they had no chance of meeting. She was very lonely always. Perhaps—so she died."

Agnes Hardwicke covered her face with her hands, and passed weeping through the door.

EVELYN ORCHARD,
in *British Weekly*.

Endeavorers in Missions*

How Christian Endeavor is Helping the Missionary in His Work

THANKS to the devotion and energy of Dr. Clark, who appears to have made the great apostle of the Gentiles his model, Christian Endeavor is now in active operation in all the greater mission fields. The missionaries have been alert to see the help it is capable of affording them and have availed themselves of it. One conspicuous service it renders, is likely to be of far-reaching value. It is that of developing native effort. An obstacle to the advance of mission work in many lands, notably in Japan, is the tendency to regard Christianity as the foreigners' religion. The patriotic spirit is consequently prejudiced against it. Conservative minds cling to the national faith and do not listen favorably to the American or European missionary's plea for Christianity. It will be different, however, when the native advocates the religion of Christ, and nothing so well fits him for that work as his training in the Christian Endeavor Society. It prepares him, not so much for professional work as a native preacher, as for the duty of going about his daily business in the spirit of Christ, ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him. His friends and fellow-workmen, seeing his life, perceive the beauty and power of his faith and are attracted by it, as they are not by the preaching of men who, as they say, are paid to propagate Christianity.

A remarkable specimen of this native adoption of the Christian Endeavor system, was seen recently in the Christian Endeavor Convention at Ahmednagar. Native Christians went to it from all sections of India, and made an imposing demonstration. The only building in the city capable of accommodating the throngs who attended, was the theatre, and that was packed with 1,800 young people. Scarcely a dozen foreigners were there. The managers, the speakers, and the audience were natives, and the proceedings were conducted in the native language. It has been so in other missionary countries, and the result must inevitably be beneficial.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 29, Luke 1: 49-55.

The Lord Sent Prosperity

In your issue of March 9, C. A. T., of Hoxie, Kan., desires to have some one tell him of a "tangible answer to prayer." Five years ago I adopted the plan of giving the Lord one-tenth of my income, and asked him to prosper me, if he approved. I made as much again as in any former year of my life, and did not work or try any harder. I have made as much in the past five years as in twenty years before.

He has answered my prayers in a great many ways, that to me are wonderful, but to one who is sceptical not so tangible. Now I pray only that I may lead souls to Christ.

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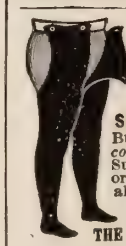

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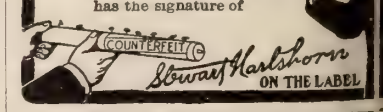

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The Defence of the Bible

FRIENDS of the Bible everywhere will be glad to hear of a movement organized to defend it from the assaults of destructive critics, who while professing Christianity, are undermining the authority of the Book.

DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON

The movement has taken the name of the American Bible League, and it has held a convention in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, at which the objects of the League were explained by many able Biblical scholars. Among them was Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, who said:

"We need, and we invite intelligent criticism of the Bible. We can't shut it up in a glass case. We all admit that this controversy must be managed by minute experts of the Bible on each side. We are willing to submit our case to the court, and we expect a verdict. Meanwhile, while these critics, good and bad, fight it out, what are we going to do for the ministers who are going on preaching prey little amenities of morality and sociology from their pulpits, their congregations at the same time getting to that state where they think one doctrine or two, more or less, do not matter?

"I used to be held that Christianity was a piece of supernatural information with respect to the future life. When that authority is pulled from the Church you have got to get a Scriptural backing to uphold your Church. If I believe the Almighty gave us a Word to tell us of the eternal peril, we are idiotic if we neglect that word. Why has exegesis gone by the board? A change has come over the world, and with men it has come to be a question not what the Word has to say, but whether one is bound by it. Thus men have come to a new philosophy of religion, and are obliged to put a new meaning on the Bible, and stand in a new attitude toward it. There has become a literary criticism of the Bible from these men, and, perforce, they no longer hold the old view of Christianity.

"They would say Christianity is a movement, a stage in a great cosmic process, a development of evolution, with which we have as little to do as with the equinox. To them the Scriptures are simply a history of religious experiences.

"To them there was no primeval innocence, no fall, no redemption, no incarnation. They hold these things not to be doctrines, but only teachings, making up what is really nothing more than a metaphysic philosophy. What we most need is to get rid of the philosophical and to get back to historic Christianity. It is not a metaphysical or a psychological question as to whether or not Christ rose from the dead. Did he? Is he very God of very God? If not, you have no right to worship him. Nicodemus, who said, "I believe," is worth a whole congregation of apologists.

"It all comes round to the question of judgment of fact and value. If you can discard the former and retain the latter, what's the good of Christianity? You can then preach just as good a sermon from Æsop's fables as from Holy Scripture.

"In the interests of morality, home, trade, the Ten Commandments and civic law, we must hold our old Christianity as it is traced back and back to St. Paul and the atoning blood. Or is it to be back to atheism and despair?

"Dr. David James Burrell, in the course of an eloquent speech, said:

"The result of the modern attitude toward the Bible, is nothing short of calamitous to the preachers. I know men who do not believe in the doctrines they preach. The great multitude of the people who sit in the pews, are loyal to the Word of God, and the preachers know it. Why should people come to church to hear a man air his misgivings and doubts? As Goethe said, a man has enough of his own. Men are too busy to-day to go anywhere to hear "ifs" and "perhapses." They decide and to hear the man who has convictions and who can deliver them without mouthings and mumblings.

"Dr. Daniel S. Gregory, general secretary of the Bible League and chairman of its educational committee, said that the committee had in mind a threefold campaign: (1) of education in regard to the contents and uses of the Bible; (2) of literary work to make the position of the League clear; and (3) of organization of forces to defend the Bible against the results of destructive criticism.

"Present ignorance of the Bible," said he, "is a proof of the failure of the old methods of presenting Bible truths. What we want is a constructive system to supplant the destructive and scattering processes of the higher criticism."

Among other speakers were Dr. S. L. Bowman, of Newark, N. J.; Dr. Albert H. Plumb, of Brooklyn; Dr. J. B. Remensnyder, of New York; Prof. G. Frederick Wright, Oberlin Theological Seminary; Prof. Robert D. Wilson, Ph.D., D.D., Princeton Theological Seminary; the Rev. M. G. Kyle, D.D., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa., the well-known Egyptologist; the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., New York, formerly professor in San Francisco Theological Seminary, and Rev. James A. Worden, of Philadelphia.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, President of the League, who, though a layman, has kept himself thoroughly abreast of the discussion aroused by the Biblical Criticism, in describing the purpose of the League, said:

To most fully realize its object the League proposes to lead Christians to a better and more comprehensive and complete mastery of the Bible itself; especially as found in the English versions, and in carrying out this purpose, to promote everywhere a devout, constructive study of the Bible as a whole, and in its various books and parts, by the common sense and rational, or truly scientific method, and with the aid of all the light that can be thrown upon it from all sources, to meet and counteract the errors now current concerning its truthfulness, integrity and authority as the word of God.

Mr. Hall announced that another convention of the League would be held in New York later in the year at a time not yet fixed. He added that requests had been received from Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and a number of other cities for similar conventions.

Gen. Howard Makes an Appeal

I often hear from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD indirectly, and sometimes directly. At this time I want to make a special appeal for our "Lincoln Memorial University" at Cumberland Gap. It is indeed a group of schools fitting itself into the mountain country and adapted to the wants of the boys and girls of that region. It is, indeed, the highest kind of charity, for it enables these young people to maintain their self-respect and to pay their way in part by scholarships and by work. We have employed this year eleven teachers, and we have kept them upon the promise that they will be promptly paid. Now, to my own disappointment, a few who promised to pay in their subscriptions have not done so, and one of the largest subscribers has been hindered by matters beyond his control from meeting the principal or interest this year, and it is not wise for us to borrow, so that I entreat you to aid me in the raising of $5,000 for running expenses for this noble institution. Please send in the money to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Many of you have followed the work in the mountains, and I want to say that it is not only flourishing but phenomenal. Our industrial department is magnificently successful and will be organized shortly into even better form. Our teachers have gone out into destitute districts, over fifty of them altogether, since the beginning of our schools; for example, one of them this year, a young woman about eighteen years of age, taught a lengthy winter school, having eighty-three pupils, the most of whom were just beginning the race for a practical education.

The battle goes bravely on in the mountains, the feud spirit begins to disappear, and there is less of it than there has been any time before within my recollection. So help us in this emergency, and God will bless you.

In the best of bonds, very sincerely yours,

O. O. HOWARD,

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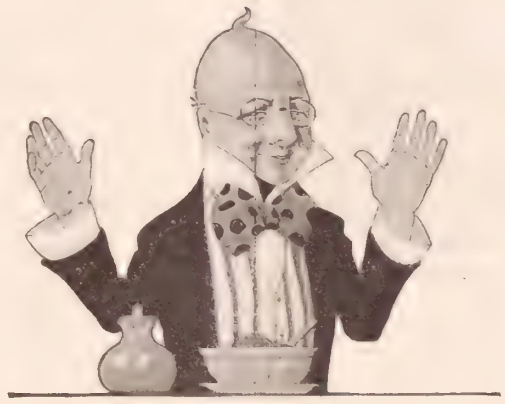

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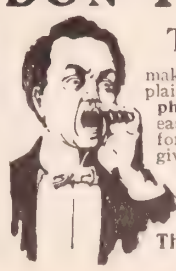

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE CHINESE BOY HERO*

AFTER days of bombardment in the Legation at Peking, there was a call for volunteers to take a message to Tientsin and make known to the gathering armies the situation in Peking. Some messengers had already gone out and had been killed; others had returned, saying they could not get through the lines of the Boxers. A Chinese boy volunteered.

On July 4th, about the time when American boys at home were beginning to fire their earliest crackers, he was led to the top of the city wall. As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large, coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed in the bottom of the bowl and covered with porridge. Even the most wily Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he had neared the bottom of the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks and broke in pieces!

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper and, tearing a little piece from his ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were sore. Later he ripped the hem of his garment and slipped the note into it.

Before long the Boxers hailed and searched him, but, finding nothing, they said: "Let the little beggar go."

His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kind-hearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half way on his journey, he stopped at a farm-house to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm hands had all left him and joined the Boxers; therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days.

By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion; but while he was working he was thinking how to escape without appearing too anxious to go.

On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but lay groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelled very savory to him before night, but he would not eat. Finally the farmer said, "You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands." That man would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about for two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say: "I have a message for your general," for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British consul on July 22.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude MacDonald at the British Legation:

"Your letter July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops at Peitang. Tientsin City under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep in food. Almost all ladies have left Tientsin."

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village, and on reaching Peking on July 28, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention. However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through the sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British Legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful in many ways, until the Legation was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin on August 14th.

He is now with the missionaries in Peking, and it is to be hoped will receive a useful education. Then, with his brave heart and willing spirit, as well as his perseverance in the face of obstacles, what may he not accomplish for China?

*From *Siege Days*, by Mrs. A. H. Mateer. The story of personal experiences of American women and children during the Peking siege. Pp. 411. Illustrated. Price $1.25, cloth. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Imperialism, by R. P. Brorup, a timely pamphlet. Pp. 22. Paper covers. Price, 15 cents. North & South Publishing Co., Fitzgerald, Ga.

Kindly Light, by Florence Morse Kingsley, the author of "Stephen," "Paul," etc. A little volume of short stories. Pp. 107. Illustrated. Cloth covers. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

The Folly of Others, a book of short stories by Neith Boyce, very clever and delicate character studies. The author is a close student of human nature, and these stories are very far above the commonplace. Pp. 132. Illustrated. Cloth covers. Price, $1. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

Some Women I Have Known, by Rev. J. B. Culpepper. In place of a preface to his book, the author writes, "This little book is just what it claims to be—a talk about some women I have known. It has been prayed over. If it hurts you, let me know—I owe you an apology. If it does you good, you owe me a word of encouragement. You can reach me through the mails at Louisville, Ky." The book is a collection of short sketches illustrative of many beautiful womanly characters which the author has met and known. There are a number of sad stories, showing the devotion of woman as mother, wife and friend. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper 50 cents. Pickett Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky.

On Calvary

A MOST interesting picture has recently been on exhibition at the Bowery Mission, No. 55 Bowery, New York City. It represents the scene of The Crucifixion, and was loaned by the artist, Mr. George Innes Jr., for the benefit of the Mission. Mr. Innes has never before consented to giving a public exhibition of the picture, and the men of the Bowery, and those interested in the Mission work, are the first to whom the artist has given this privilege.

The picture was painted in Paris a few years ago, and received a medal at the salon. The artist has carried out his own original conception of the greatest event in the history of the world. There is an absence of all preconceived ideas of the scene; the awful suffering and death of the Christ are scarcely indicated, for the glory of completed Redemption fills all the air, and submerges in its wonderful light the Cross upon which the Saviour died. More attention is given to the landscape and the wonderful effects of light and shadow, than to the figures, which seemed dwarfed and rather insignificant in comparison. Calvary is in the distance, surmounted by the three crosses. That of the Saviour is invisible, through the radiance which comes somewhat like the ancient bow of promise falling from the clouds in beautiful opalescent coloring, making a halo in sharp contrast to the other parts of the scene, that are still in darkness. The cross of the penitent thief reflects something of this brightness, while that of the other malefactor stands black against the sky. A Roman soldier has driven the crowd of Jesus' friends away, and they are dispersed in groups at the foot of the hill. A great fissure shows where the rocks were rent. Jerusalem is in darkness, and in the foreground is the sepulchre hewn out of a rock; a white dove flutters over the heads of two women standing near the entrance, and over all shines the light such as "never was on sea or land," while the darkness of night has settled over the city.

The sight of the picture seemed to create a profound impression upon the men for whose benefit it was placed in the Mission Hall, and the words of the superintendent were calculated to emphasize this impression, and carry home to the hearts of his listeners that it was not a dead Christ, but a living, loving Saviour, to whom they were invited to look for pardon and acceptance.

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"PRAYING AMISS"

No Such Thing as Unheeded Prayer

IN a recent discourse at the City Temple, London, the Rev. R. J. Campbell gave utterance to some very striking thoughts on the subject of "Prayer that Seems in Vain." He said in substance:

There is a perplexing experience which is fairly common in the world—that of the silence of God. In some form it comes to us all. We are so markedly different in our experiences of the world and life and God, that no two people could say the same thing about prayer. But we all know what it is for prayer to be in vain. There is the experience of the unavailing search for God. Many people seem able to get on well without God. These people may have a certain fineness of character, but they do not leave room in their lives for an intense experience of the Most High. Not so are the people of whom I am thinking. They spend months and years in the quest for God, but even they find that it brings little satisfaction. You wish you had some consciousness of the presence of the Divine in your life. Some men are born with the sense of God. They are his trustees in the world. They keep it occupied with the questions: Does he hear me? Can I find him? But others never obtain this sense of God. They may be his true servants, but until they stand before the throne, they have no vivid consciousness that he is in their lives at all.

. . .

Take the strong men here present, and most of them, when young, feel that there is something feeble and puerile about prayer. They say, "Stand up to the foe, work, fight, and if you get beaten take the thrashing. If you lose, you lose, but don't go whining to man or God." To them I would say, There is no difference between work and prayer. The praying men of history have not been the weakest men of history. Take the case of Mr. Gladstone, who knelt in his private room in prayer, as Tennyson tells us, before he went to the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone was no weakling. Think of the man who is hard hit in the battle of life. The last thing he thinks of now is praying, but at one time it was not so. Before his chronic disappointment began, he looked for answers to prayer. None came. Success has proved but a mirage in the desert, and it faded as he walked that way.

. . .

Some will pray for others who will never pray for themselves. Here, also, there are disappointments, and yet we read that "Everyone that asketh, receiveth." Let us get to grips with this promise. Receiveth what? The very thing he asks for? Christ never said that. Something he receives; some equivalent, and usually more than an equivalent, of what he prays for. The man who prays for vengeance on his enemies receives his answer, for his prayer is apt to turn into a boomerang, and hurt himself. *There is no such thing as the denial of a petition.* It may be deflected; it is never refused. It always affects something in the world—an awful, yet blessed thought. Every movement of the human will does something—not perhaps what it was intended to do, but something. We may not see the result on this side of the tomb. The case is like that of a man who throws a pebble into the pond. He aims at a water-lily, and misses it, but the ripple shakes every flower on the lake.

. . .

Then, again, who is at the other end of your prayer? He is the same who cried on the cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If Christ is at the other end, even of a foolish prayer, it will come back laden with blessing. In God's universe, what ought to be true is true. Make that one act of faith for your life, and if you find that after that your life is embittered, and your hope shattered, come back and tell me so. The Author of that promise knew himself the experience of unanswered prayer. He prayed that the cup might pass from him. That request was refused, but where is he now? On the throne of his glory, more than conqueror. All high and unselfish prayer comes straight from heaven.

We are like a boy with a burning-glass. We stand in the open, catching the light of heaven and flinging it widely abroad. What we gain from and in prayer or in suffering, we offer back to God. Trust all this truth; it will help your life, and will make you strong. Our dear Lord purchased the right to say "Everyone that asketh receiveth." Pray most when you feel least like praying. He knew what that meant. Some of you are crying out after God, when he is near you all the while. He wants you to feel alone sometimes, and go right through the dark valley like a man. Christian, in Bunyan's allegory, passed through the Valley of the Shadow amidst gruesome shapes and terrifying sounds; but he came into the light unscathed. Even if you say that you never have any vivid consciousness of God, that does not prove that God is not beautifully near to him, who is seeking to be right and true. God will never be nearer to you than he is to-day.

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1 of the 57

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"Formerly I was a slave to coffee. I was like a morphine fiend, could not sleep at night, would roll and toss in my bed and when I did get to sleep was disturbed by dreams and hobgoblins, would wake up with headaches and feel bad all day, so nervous I could not attend to business. My writing looked like bird tracks. I had sour belchings from the stomach, indigestion, heartburn and palpitation of the heart, constipation, irregularity of the kidneys, etc.

"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer, but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee, I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me, and I refused to believe it the cause.

"But it turned out that no advice was ever given at a more needed time, for I finally consented to try Postum and with the going of coffee and the coming of Postum all my troubles have gone and health has returned. I eat and sleep well now, nerves steadied down and I write a fair hand (as you can see), can attend to business again and rejoice that I am free from the monster Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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I was deaf from infancy. Eminent doctors, surgeons and ear specialists treated me at great expense and yet did me no good. I tried all the artificial appliances that claimed to restore hearing, but they failed to benefit me in the least. I even went to the best specialists in the world, but their efforts were unavailing.

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I grew desperate; my deafness tormented me. Daily I was becoming more of a recluse, avoiding the companionship of people because of the annoyance my deafness and sensitiveness caused me. Finally I began to experiment on myself, and after patient years of study, labor and personal expense, I perfected something that I found took the place of the natural ear drums, and I called it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, which I now wear day and night with perfect comfort, and do not even have to remove them when washing. No one can tell I am wearing them, as they do not show, and as they give no discomfort whatever, I scarcely know it myself.

With these drums I can now hear a whisper. I join in the general conversation and hear everything going on around me. I can hear a sermon or lecture from any part of a large church or hall. My general health is improved because of the great change my Ear Drums have made in my life. My spirits are bright and cheerful. I am a relieved, changed man.

Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires, or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

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WOMEN IN HEATHENDOM*

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ONE of the most conspicuous examples of feminine magnanimity, is the rendering of the services to Paul, which he acknowledges in the passages associated with the topic. His epistles, in more than one instance, imply that he had not a very high opinion of women. The position to which he relegates them, bidding them be covered, be silent in the church, and be content to learn from their husbands at home, might, not unfairly, have led the women of his time to pay no attention to his wants; but they evidently ministered to his comfort and laid him under obligation. This was very creditable to them, and testifies to the sweet kindliness which in every age has prompted them, in dealing with men, to forgive slights and serve those who have rebuffed them.

Paul's reference to "the women who have labored with me in the Gospel," would have a vastly wider meaning in our day than in his. Besides the women who in Christian lands have done noble service, there is the vast army of women who have braved perils and hardships to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Over seven thousand of them are now in the field, and a multitude of them, having given their lives to the service, are gone to their reward. What they have accomplished, their triumphs, their sufferings, and their courage even to the death, make up one of the most glorious chapters in the history of missions. As physicians, as teachers, as visitors in the homes, they have been of inestimable service. They have reached the wives and mothers in lands where social custom forbids the male missionary access to them. To their influence has been due the susceptibility of young men to Gospel teaching, through the training of the mothers, whom some woman missionary has led to Christ. They and they alone have had the power to reach the women of heathendom, and right faithfully and successfully have they done their work. It has often been repulsive, in not a few countries dangerous, but there has been no shrinking from it on woman's part. Sometimes alone, sometimes as the wife of a missionary, she has gone forth strong in faith, unwavering in her devotion, and patient and tender in all her consecrated service.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 29, Acts 16: 11-15; Phil. 4: 3; Rom. 16: 1, 2.

50,000 Prisoners Hear the Gospel

The Rev. R. C. Bowen, chaplain of King's County Penitentiary and Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just closed three years of labor in these two institutions. In these two institutions, many are confined from one year's end to the other.

"It is doubtful," said the chaplain, "if those on the outside can fully comprehend the work of those who take the Gospel to these unfortunate people. Would you think that in Raymond Street Jail, on Sabbath mornings and Tuesday evenings, no less than 17,234 men and boys have attended religious services in the past three years? We have no chapel to meet in, but on 'the flats,' as the term is used, with a little raised platform for the organ, and then on the stone floor are placed a number of benches for our congregation, some of whom are coatless, some with hair unkempt, but all most attentive. Now go from here to Kings County Penitentiary, and everything is different. There we have a nice chapel, with pews, an altar and pulpit, giving it the appearance of a church auditorium. Here, during the past three years, on Sabbath afternoons, have gathered 33,023 persons in attendance on religious services, thus making, all told, in these two places over 50,000 prisoners during these three years. Many, no doubt, have heard the Word for the first time in these places. Then, too, if a record was kept of the private and personal conversations on religion with these people, in going from cell to cell, the total would reach thousands more. In all that time, there has never been a single unkind word spoken to me from any prisoner. From officials and keepers, and from all the judges in the courts, I have received the kindliest co-operation, and if I have been able to let in any Gospel sunshine upon these unfortunate lives, it is due largely to those with whom I have been so fortunately associated."

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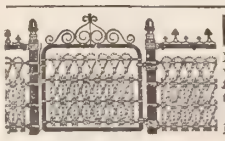

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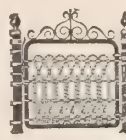
OUR PAY AFTER RECEIVED TERMS, our style, quality and satisfaction guarantee will be fully explained. You will get our very latest monument and tombstone offer, the most astonishingly liberal proposition ever heard of. Don't fail to write for OUR FREE TOMBSTONE CATALOGUE TODAY if at all interested. Address,

Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago.



LAWN FENCE

Made of Steel. Lasts a lifetime. We have no Agents. Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cts. a foot up. Cheaper than wood. Catalogue Free.

KITSELMAN BROTHERS,
Box 302, Muncie, Indiana.

RHEUMATISM

Relieved Without Medicine

New Method Dicovered for Drawing Out Rheumatic Acid Poisons—So Successful that the Makers Send it to Anybody

Free on Approval—To T

Don't take medicine—there's a better way to relieve rheumatism. It is through the soles of the feet. Being nerve centers, they not only contract disease, but they also expel it. Through the large foot pores the great new discovery, Magic Foot Drafts, reach and relieve rheumatism in every part of the body. They relieve after everything else fails. No other remedy ever made such a record, or relieved so many cases considered incurable.

Magic Foot Drafts are so sure to relieve that the makers are sending them, to everybody who writes, to try without paying a cent. They simply put them on and wear them. The feet satisfied with the benefit received, send one dollar. If not they cost you nothing. If relieved, one dollar is little to pay. Write to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 21 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

HARK! Can You Hea

There is no longer any necessity for you to suffer embarrassment from deafness. You can plainly hear and distinguish the lowest sounds and whispers with

"THE WAY" Ear Drum

Invisible, absolutely harmless and will positively **Make You Hea**

This signed statement is from a son of Dr. A. B. Leonard, Corresponding Secretary of the M. E. Missionary Society.

"The Way" Ear Drums have restored my hearing. I can hear the slightest whisper. Deafness was caused by the natural ear drums being destroyed by measles in babyhood and later aggravated by catarrh. A. O. LEONARD, 450 3rd Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Leonard will answer any inquiry accompanied by stamps. Write to-day for full information.

Way Ear Drum Co. 145 High St., West, Detroit, Mich.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on any bicycle. Any wheel not satisfactory *returned at our expense.*

Highest Grade 1904 Models **$8.75 to $1**
Coaster Brakes. Hedgethorne puncture proof tires and best equipment.
1902 & 1903 Models Best Makes **$7 to $2**
500 Second-Hand Wh
All makes & Models good as new **$3 to $**
Great **Factory Clearing Sa**
half factory cost.
EARN A BICYCLE taking orders from sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make large profits.
at once for catalogues and our **special offer**
AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing machines, Sundries, etc., *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 64 K Chic

CHICKS—NOT WORDS

Sure Hatch claims are not empty ones. **Sure Hatch Incubators** hatch live, healthy chicks. Proof in free catalog B-14. **Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Neb., Indianapolis, Ind.**

We Paralyze Competition

$1.20 for our Men's Satin Calf Lace Shoe, as described in our Big Free Illustrated Shoe Catalogue; glove grain tops, perforated tip and outside backstay; Warranted solid leather throughout. Sizes 6 to 11. Widths E and EE. A Real Bargain.

$1.50 for our Men's Standard Calf Shoe, as described in our Big Free Illustrated Shoe Catalogue; medium toe, outside backstay; well made of good honest stock, for hard wear. Sizes 6 to 11. Widths E and EE. Better grades at equally low prices.

$1.95 for our Men's Patent Colt Blucher Oxfords; dull mat kid tops, patent colt uppers, patent curved lace stay, custom backstay, Perton last; dressy and light weight. Sizes 6 to 11. Widths D, E and EE. A great offer by a reliable house.

$1.50 for our Men's Vici Kid Oxfords; uppers made of reliable vici kid; soles, counters and inner soles are of solid sole leather; medium toe, straight tips, custom backstay. Sizes 6 to 11. Widths D, E, and EE. The best value ever offered in shoes.

95 CENTS for our Ladies' Dongola Kid Shoe, as described in our Big Free Illustrated Shoe Catalogue; patent leather tips; solid leather of fair quality throughout. Dealers ask $2.00 for it. Sizes 2½ to 8. Wide widths only. Write us before you buy.

$1.20 for our Ladies' Dongola Kid Shoe; patent leather tip and Cuban heel, Princess last with circular cut vamp; solid California oak soles; solid leather insoles and counter. A regular $2.50 shoe. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths E and EE.

90 CENTS for our Ladies' Blucher Oxfords, as described in our Big Free Illustrated Catalogue; Berlin last, patent leather tips, comfortable heels; guaranteed solid leather throughout. Dealers sell it for $2.00 Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths E and EE.

$1.10 for our Ladies' Dongola Oxfords. Uppers are of Dongola Kid, patent leather tips and military heels; circular cut vamp; durable soles of solid leather. This shoe is sold for $2.25 in shoe stores. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths E and EE.

CO-OPERATION DOES IT

Send us a postal for our Big FREE 1904 Boot and Shoe Catalogue, fully describing all of these shoes and our full line of over 800 styles for Men, Women and Children. Also our Great FREE Book explaining how Co-operation reduces the price of everything. Don't buy your shoes until you get our latest 1904 Catalogue. We can save you Big Money on your shoes and everything else you eat, wear or use. Money Refunded if Goods Are Not Satisfactory.

CASH BUYERS UNION—FIRST NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
180 CASH BUYERS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

CHRIST'S PASSOVERS

By MRS. M. BAXTER

IN the course of our Lord's ministry there were three Passover feasts. The first is recorded in John 2: 13-25. Obedient to the law (Exod. 34: 23), Jesus went up to Jerusalem." No doubt he kept the Passover on this occasion with his disciples, in the same way as he did before he suffered. But he took occasion at his time to oppose the desecration of the Temple. "He found in the Temple [i., in the temple courts] those that sold oxen and sheep and doves." Of course, all these things were needed for sacrifice. God had said, "None shall appear before me empty" (Exod. 34: 20). But the Jews had found that it was inconvenient to bring their own cattle or the produce of their land, so that they brought money, and bought in the courts of the Temple what they needed. Thus they studied their own convenience in the way of making offerings, and they encouraged the dealers to do their business within the precincts of the Temple, which was holy to the Lord.

The Lord Jesus assumed a position of authority. It was his Father's house—no one had so great a right there as he, and no one should have had a voice in its direction which should prevail over his. So he drove out single-handed the beasts and their owners, and upset the money-changers' tables, saying, with an authority which took everyone by surprise, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

The second Passover during the course of his ministry is mentioned in John 6: 4: "Now, the Passover, the feast of the Jews, was at hand." (R. V.). If this is the same feast as is alluded to in John 5:1, Jesus must have attended it. The chronology of John is not like that of a continuous history. The Gospel is rather a compilation of certain things which bear upon the Godhead of the Lord Jesus, and seem to have been written down as they were remembered. In any case, it was about the time of the second Passover during his ministry that our Lord, at Bethsaida, taught and healed the people, and, it seems, were on their way up to Jerusalem for the Passover (John 6: 4, 5), and it was then he multiplied the loaves. And when the same multitude followed him to the other side of the lake, he taught them the great truth about himself as the Bread of Life, and again and again introduced the subject of the resurrection.

The third and last Passover was celebrated immediately before his suffering and death; and his resurrection, which is the guarantee of ours. Our Lord Jesus was already in Jerusalem; his brief triumph, when the multitude had hailed him as the Son of David, was over; his last public discourses had been spoken, and he said to his disciples, "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified." But even now the disciples did not realize that "thus it must be;" their eyes were still upon the outward glory, the restoration of the kingdom to Israel (Acts 1: 17) which they had read of in the prophets, and they ignored the fact, so clear in all the prophets, that the national repentance of Israel must precede their national glory. Just while the Lord spoke thus to the disciples, the chief priests, scribes and others were consulting "how they might take Jesus by subtlety and kill him."

The disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover?" Oh how little they knew that, before twenty-four hours were over, he would have prepared for them a way of salvation from sin and death which they should make known to the whole world! He directed them where to go. Mark and Luke, as usual, give the details: Christ's directions are always specific. He knew where he would find a man only too glad to put his guest-chamber at the disposal of the Master. The large upper room was furnished and prepared, and they made ready the Passover. In the evening that company sat down together for the last time before the central fact of the world's history was accomplished.

OIL-GAS The WONDERFUL NEW FUEL

Ohioan's Remarkable Invention==Claimed to Be the Cheapest, Safest and Best Yet Found==Invents a New Oil-Gas Stove That Burns About 90% Air, 10% Oil-Gas==A Miniature Gas Works in the Home.

A God-Send to Women Folks==Every Family Can Now Have Gas for Cooking Made from Kerosene Oil at a Cost of Only About ½ Cent Per Hour.

How Delighted the Ladies Will Be to Save ⅓ to ½ on Fuel Bills--All the Drudgery of Carrying Coal, Wood, Ashes, Dirt, etc., and Be Able to Enjoy Cool Kitchens This Summer.

Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented==Nothing Else Like It==Entirely Different From the Kind Seen in Stores.

HOW THE READERS CAN MAKE MONEY THIS SUMMER

From Cincinnati Christian Standard.

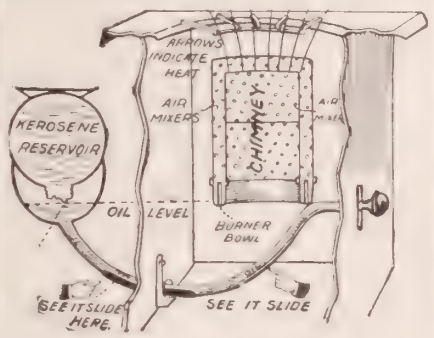
A GENIUS of Cincinnati has invented a new, scientific oil-gas generator that is proving a blessing to women folks, enabling them to cook with gas—relieving them of drudgery. Makes cooking and housework a delight, and at the same time often saves ⅓ to ½ in cost of fuel.

How often have many of the lady readers remarked that they would give anything to get rid of the drudgery of using the dirty coal and wood stoves—also the smoky oil wick stoves and their gasoline stoves, which are so dangerous and liable to cause explosions or fire at any time.

Well, that day has arrived and a fine substitute has been discovered, and every family can now have gas fuel for cooking, baking, and heating, and not have their kitchens a hot, fiery furnace in summer, and be carrying coal and ashes—ruining their looks and health.

Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory, we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all



SECTIONAL CUT OF GENERATOR

over the United States—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders, and evidently the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this OIL-GAS GENERATOR is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—may be easily and safely operated, and is built on the latest scientific principles, having no valves, which is a marked improvement, as all valves are liable to leak, carbonize, clog up, or overflow.

By simply moving a knob, the oil is automatically fed to a small, steel burner bowl, or retort, where it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red hot perforated steel chimneys, thoroughly mixed with air, and consumed, giving a bright, blue flame—hottest gas fire, similar in color and heating power to natural gas.

This invention has been fully protected in the United States Patent Office, and is known as the HARRISON VALVELESS, WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL GAS GENERATOR—the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of Kerosene Oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas, makes it one of the most economical fuels on earth, and the reason for the great success of this Generator is based on the well known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas, when mixed with oxygen or common air.

Oil-Gas is proving so cheap that 15c. to 30c. a week should furnish fuel gas for cooking, for a small family.

Kerosene oil, from which oil-gas is made, may be purchased in every grocery—is cheap, and a gallon of it will furnish a hot, blue flame gas fire in the burner for about 18 hours, and as a stove is only used 3 or 4 hours a day in most families for cooking, the expense of operating it would be but little.

In addition to its cheapness is added the comfort, cleanliness—absence of soot, coal, dirt, ashes, etc.

What pleasure to just turn on the oil—light the gas—a hot fire ready to cook. When through, turn it off. Just think; a little kerosene oil—one match—light—a beautiful blue gas flame—hottest fire—always ready—quick meals—a gas stove in your home.

It generates the gas only as needed—is not complicated, but simple—easily operated and another feature is its PERFECT SAFETY.

NOT DANGEROUS LIKE GASOLINE

And liable to explode and cause fire at any moment. This stove is so safe that you could **drop a match in the oil tank and it would go out.**

This Oil-Gas Stove does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for the kitchen, laundry, summer cottage, washing, ironing, camping, etc. Splendid for canning fruit; with a portable oven placed over the burner splendid baking can be done.

Another Important Feature

Is the invention of a small Radiator Attachment, which placed over the burner, makes a desirable heating stove during the fall and winter, so that the old cook stove may be done away with entirely.

While at the factory in Cincinnati the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment, but a positive success, and giving splendid satisfaction, and as a few extracts may be interesting to the readers, we reproduce them:

L. S. Norris, of Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of N. Y., writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple any one can safely use it. It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D. Arnold, of Nebr., writes: "**That he saved $4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. That his gas range cost him $5.50 per month and the Harrison only $1.25 per month."

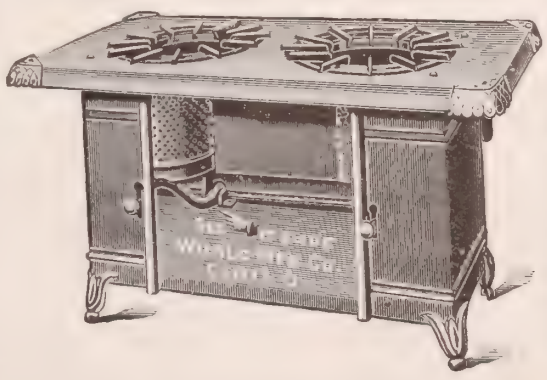
J. A. Shafer, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinguished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is a beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."

Mrs. J. L. Hamilton writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Eble, J. P., of Wis., writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasoline. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasoline."

Chas. L. Bendeke, of N. Y., writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal yard, plumbing—ashes or dust. One match lights the stove, and in 10 minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke—no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."



Agents are doing fine—Making big money.

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER

Geo. Robertson, of Me., writes: "Am delighted with Oil-Gas, so are my friends—took 12 orders in 3 days."

A. B. Slimp, of Texas, writes: "I want the agency—In a day and a half took over a dozen orders."

Edward Wilson, of Mo., writes: "The Harrison very satisfactory—Sold 5 stoves first day I had mine."

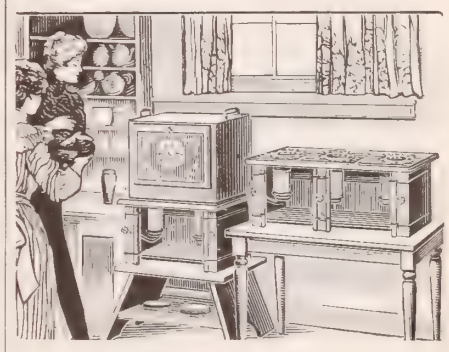
J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 70 orders."

This is certainly a good chance for the readers to make money this summer.

Hundreds of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves.

The writer personally saw these Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working and after a thorough investigation can say to the readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes—1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove. They are made of steel throughout—thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user and the makers fully guarantee them.



HOW TO GET ONE.

All the lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasures of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save ⅓ to ½ on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space prevents a more detailed description, but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, **The World Mfg. Co., 5695 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,** and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention and also letters from hundreds of delighted users you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these stoves is remarkably low, only $3.00 up. And it is, indeed, difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to the wives.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

for full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital **$100,000.00,** and will do just as they agree. The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted.

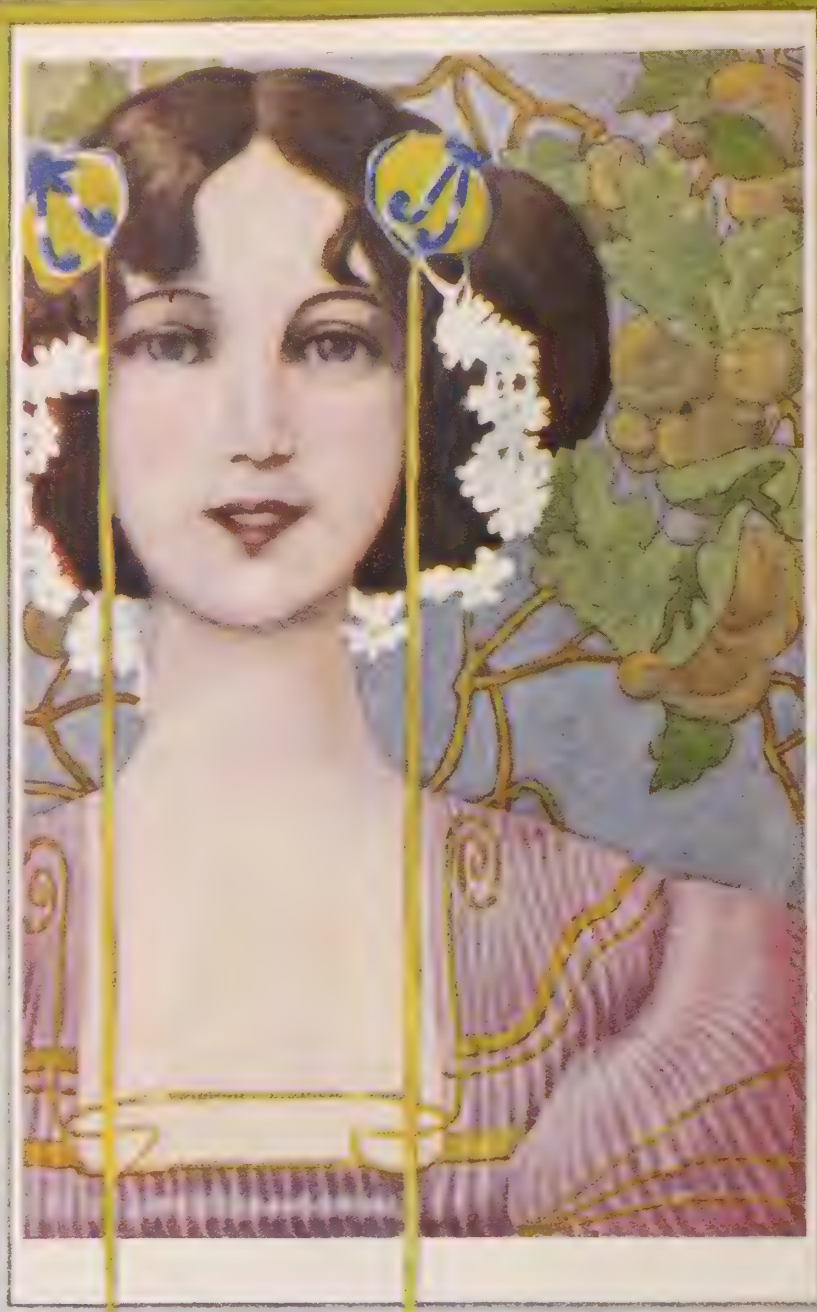
Don't fail to write for Catalogue.

BIG WAGES MADE

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents, and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

Many of the readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you excite their curiosity, and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?



Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses
A box where sweets compacted lie.

—George Herbert.

Spring opens wide
Her casements now,
And winged blossoms
Perch on every bough

—Old Rhyme.

Like a Glimpse Through the Window of Spring

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

As sweet as honeyed blossoms; as exquisite as nectared fruits; as delicate as the fragrance of the opening buds.

A confection to be served alone or with dessert; at the luncheon or dinner; with a sherbet or ice; with beverage or fruit. The crowning touch to the afternoon tea or tete-a-tete luncheon. To be had in the following flavors:
Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange and Mint.

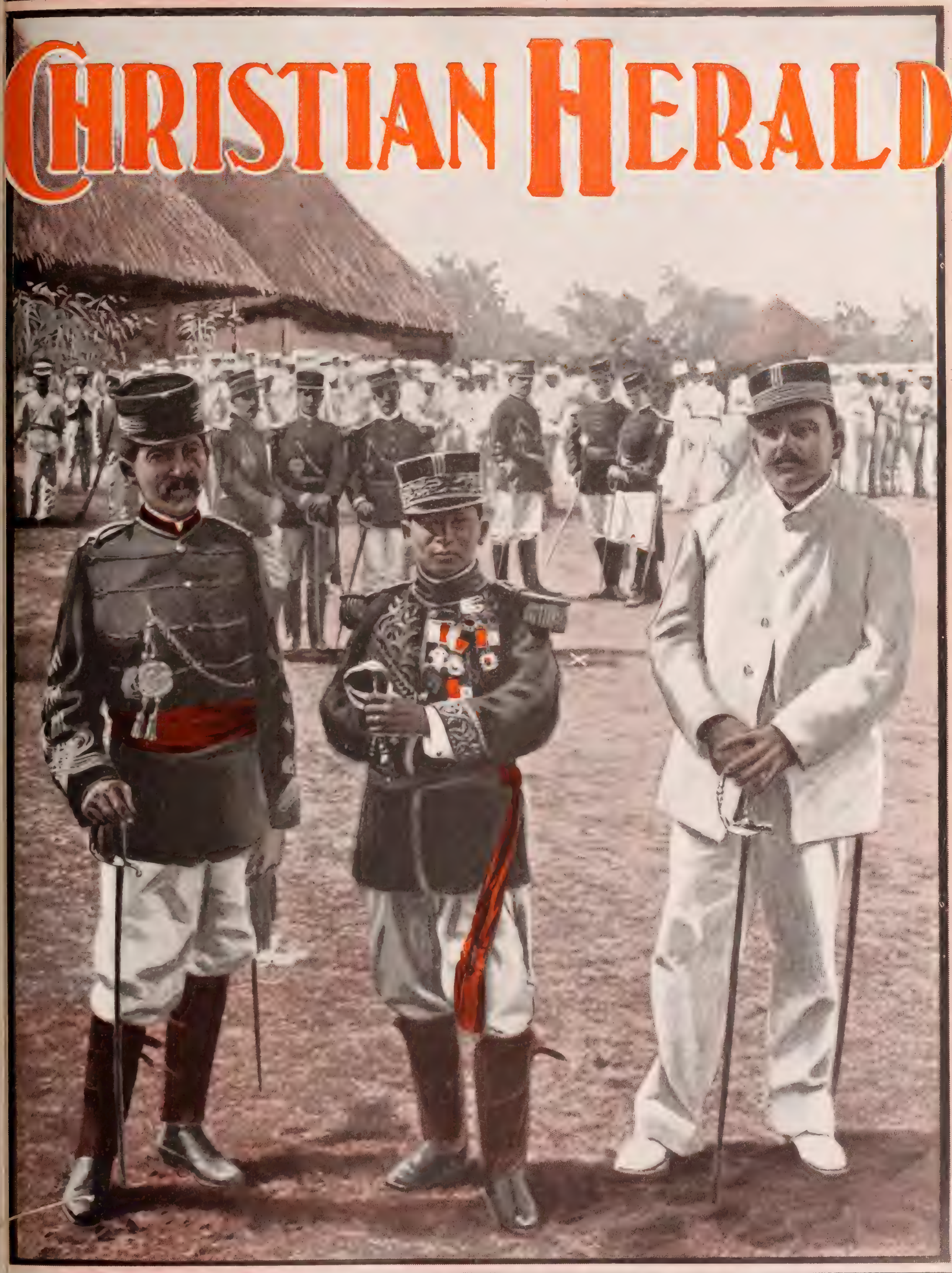
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

UBSCRIPTION
.50 PER ANNUM

NEW YORK — MAGAZINE NUMBER — MAY 25, 1904

VOL. 27 — NO. 21
PRICE 5 CENTS

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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Drawn from Stereograph

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SEE PAGE 452

Gen. Huertas,[x] the Youthful Commander of Panama's Army, and his two Aids

What Six Months on ESKAY'S FOOD Did for a STARVING PHILADELPHIA BABY

THESE pictures of Joseph Edward Kradoska, Jr., of 1913 East Willard St., Philadelphia, illustrate his wonderful change on ESKAY'S FOOD.

He was born April 1st, 1903, and his weight at birth was considerably under normal. For five months none of the Foods tried nourished him, until he became reduced to a mere skeleton, without hope of recovery, as shown in the lower picture.

From the moment ESKAY'S FOOD was given him he improved steadily in health and strength, without a day's setback or illness up to the time the second picture was taken, March 1st, 1904 (shown at top), when, at 11 months, he weighed 25 lbs., heavier and stronger than the average healthy baby at that age.

ESKAY'S FOOD modifies cow's milk by breaking up the tough, cheesy masses into soft flocculent curds like mother's milk. The egg supplies albumen, or the tissue building element. The sugar of milk supplies the heat and energy producing elements, and the whole assures a perfect nutrient, especially for weak stomachs. No other food compares with it. These are briefly the reasons why ESKAY'S FOOD is the Food for your baby. This boy, as well as thousands of others in ruddy health, substantiates our claims.

"The only Food served to the babies visiting the World's Fair at St. Louis. Call at our Booth, Aisle A, No. 71 Agricultural Building."

Let us send you our book, "How to Care for the Baby," and generous samples of ESKAY'S FOOD for trial.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.,
427 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Bicycle Innovation

EASTERN DEPT., HARTFORD, CONN.
"Columbia" "Cleveland"
"Tribune" "Crawford"

WESTERN DEPT, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Rambler" "Monarch"
"Crescent" "Imperial"

Two-Speed Gear & New Coaster Brak
Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chain

POPE QUALITY *in Every* WHEE

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mail on receipt of a two-cent stamp

I SELL REAL ESTATE

No matter what it is worth or in what town, city, state or territory it is located.

When I tell you that I can sell real estate for cash, I don't mean that I can sell a property for $10,000 that is worth only $5,000. I don't mean that I can sell an old, run-down property to a person who wants to buy a modern, up-to-date home.

I can't perform miracles.

I can't do anything magical.

I mean that I can do just what I have been doing for over eight years—selling all kinds of real estate in all parts of the country at

GOOD, FAIR PRICES

If you want to sell your property (no matter what it is worth or where it is located) and are willing to accept a reasonable price, then I want to handle it for you. If you are asking a higher price than any reasonable person could be expected to pay, I don't want to touch the property.

I have offices in principal cities from Boston to San Francisco. I have hundreds of representatives throughout the country. I am spending over $100,000 a year for the purpose of bringing the man who wants to buy in communication with the man who wants to sell. I am certainly able to judge the merits of your property. I want you to send me a description of your property, including your lowest cash price, and if you will do this I will write you a letter of advice

Free of Charge

telling you about the market for this kind of property, and giving you the best method for making a quick cash sale.

DO IT TO-DAY

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, tell me just what you want. The magnitude of my business enables me to offer you many advantages which no other broker can possibly offer. I believe I can fill your requirements very promptly and save you some money at the same time.

W. M. OSTRANDER
161 North American Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA

Women, What Will You Give to Be Wel

—perfectly, completely well, with that glad, joyous freedom and happiness in life and swe personal loveliness which health and a well developed, graceful body alone can give?

WILL YOU GIVE FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY? If you will, you can be free—you c be graceful—you can be lovable and wholesome; you can have bounding, buoyant, vibra health which will make the world look sweeter to you and you will look sweeter to the wor

There is nothing in girlhood or womanhood so lovely as a healthy, vigorous, we kept body, sound and sweet and wholesome, full of life and strength and fire. There nothing which gives a woman such power to win love and to wield influence.

YOU CAN BE WELL WITHOUT DRUG

It is two years this month since I began to teach women the principles of perfect health through mail instructions, and my success has been marvelous. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to realize that I have relieved over 7,000 women of all sorts of physical ailments by simply strengthening the vital organs, the nerves, the heart, and the lungs. I simply teach them the laws of nature. Their brains are clearer, their cheeks are rosy, their step is buoyant, they learn how to breathe, and they express that buoyancy and vivacity of life which is the crown of American womanhood. Surely what I have done for others I can do for you. My work cultivates that distinguished carriage and bearing which bespeak culture and refinement.

True attractiveness is in perfect health, grace of movement, free and wholesome thoughts. These are your birthright and may be retained by simply putting yourself in harmony with Nature.

A CORSET IS NOT NEEDED FOR A GOOD FIGURE

The following extracts from two my pupils' letters my desk as I write.

"I have grown fr a nervous wreck n a state of good, qu nerves."

"I have never felt perfectly well. Ju think, you have lieved me of indig tion and constipati which have bothe me for years a years. Since you ha relieved me of the troubles, I have ga ed thirty pounds weight and have l the throat trou which refused to mo with medicine."

I will Strengthe the Stomach a Nerves so that yo food will nourish yo Strengthen the Liv Kidneys and Inte tines so that the i purities are throw off from the syste Stimulate a Slugg Circulation and se the Blood Boundi through your veins that the rheumat twinges will disa pear and you will fe warm and comfor able; Strengthen Weak Heart or Lung Reduce Superfluo Flesh, or Round o your Figure; Relie you of Weaknes Lame Backs a Headaches.

I can do more for you than medicine can do. I can give you a Clear Brain, a Quick Perception and New Lease of Life by simply strengthening the vital organs.

I can take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention. I do not wor with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I know I can Reduce Prominent Abdomens and Hips, build u Thin Necks, Chests, and bring any woman to round ess and symmetry. I have done all of these hundreds an hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me.

Write to me, telling me your particular difficulties, and I will send you letters from my pupils and give you th names of women who have been relieved of above difficulties. I will tell you just what I feel I can do for you, an I will send you an instructive leaflet on how to stand correctly. Every woman should know this if she woul be perfectly well. I charge you nothing for this leaflet and nothing for my information in regard to your cas

If you have not time to write me of your case to-day, and really desire information in regard to my wor cut out this advertisement, giving me your name and address on the line below, and I will send it to you.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 653, 57 Washington Street, CHICAG

As President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America, Miss Cocroft has had a wide experience in diagnosing cases and in prescribing individual work for women.

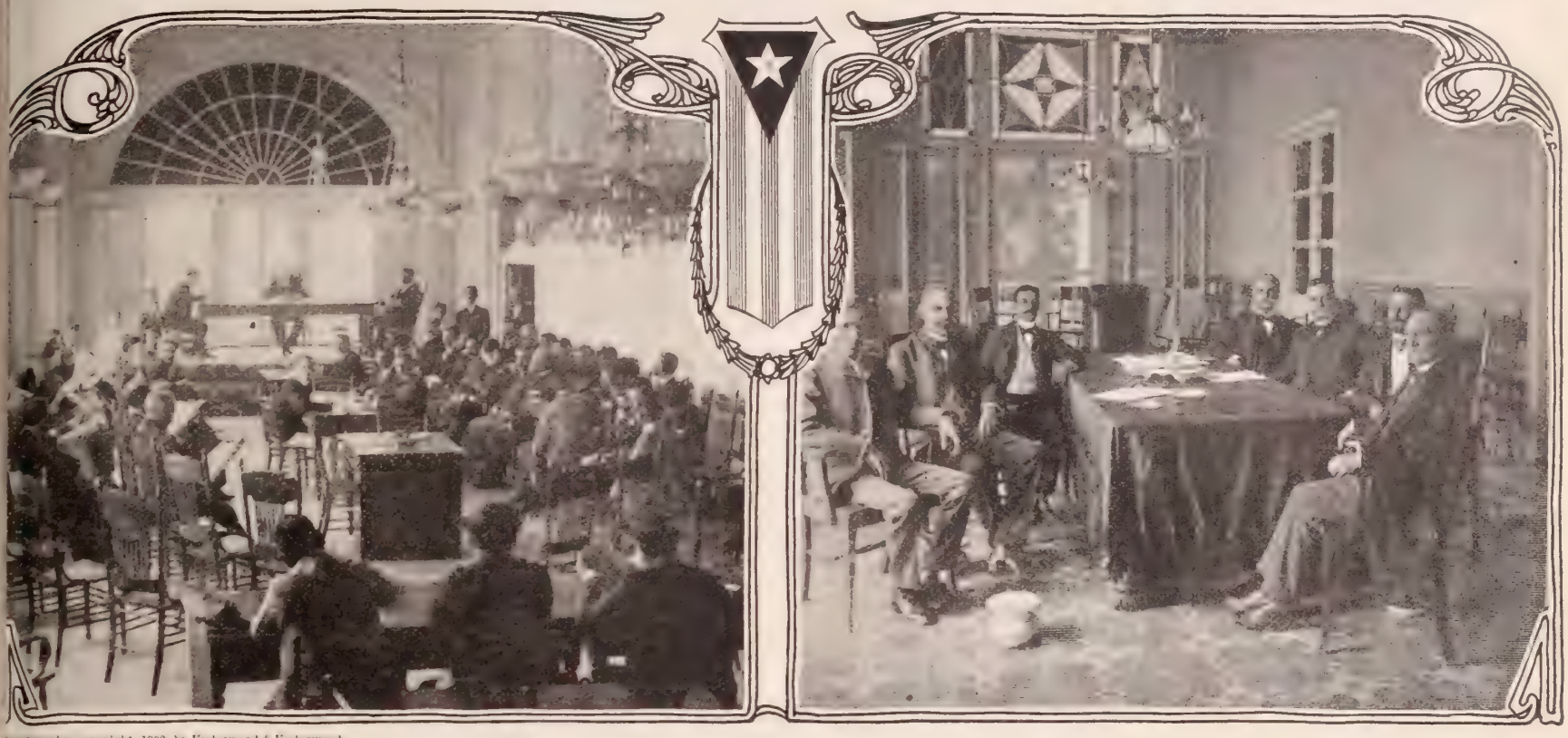
NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE CUBAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WORK

PRESIDENT PALMA AND HIS CABINET IN SESSION



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CUBA'S SECOND BIRTHDAY

The Young Republic is Now Two Years Old, and Giving Signs of Progress and Prosperity

THE Republic of Cuba had a birthday May 20. It was two years old. The Republic may be said to be still in the cradle; but it certainly is a healthy young Republic. Time flies so rapidly that most persons forget what was happening two years ago. They should not do so, because everything was to the credit of the United States and the American people. It was at noon on May 20, 1902, that the Stars and Stripes came down from the Palace in Havana and the lone-star flag of the Cuban Republic went up. This country had been administering Cuban affairs under military authority from the time when the Spaniards were compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to give up the island over which they had held sway for four hundred years. The military authority was form, rather than substance; for what the United States really was doing was to give civil administration till the Cuban people were ready to manage their own affairs.

Some persons thought it was a mistake for the United States to turn the island over to its own inhabitants. They were afraid the Cubans would make a failure of self-government. Perhaps some of them, too, were a little greedy for land, and wanted the Pearl of the Antilles to become American territory. But this was not the wish of the American people; the United States had pledged independence to Cuba and they wanted the pledge kept.

The Stars and Stripes on that day, May 20, 1902, were furled by Gen. Wood, who had been the Military Governor, and with his aid, also, the Cuban flag was unfurled. Afterward President Roosevelt secured from Congress the reciprocity which President McKinley had promised Cuba, and the sugar and other products of the Island imported into the United States now pay lower duties than similar products from other countries. Thus the United States at every stage has kept faith.

When the Stars and Stripes came down, and the authority of the United States was withdrawn, there was a Cuban government ready to carry on the affairs of the Island. A constitution had been adopted and a President and Congress had been chosen. There was also provision for the appointment of a Supreme Court, which was afterward carried out. So the Cuban Republic was, and is, very much like the United States in its form of government. President Tomas Estrada Palma, who, during many years of exile in the United States, had been working for Cuban independence and teaching school, is rightly called "The Schoolmaster President."

The new government started off under many difficulties. Times were hard, because the price of sugar was very low and many of the inhabitants could not find

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PRESIDENT TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA

work; but there were no outbreaks, and the people showed much self-restraint during this most trying period. Slowly the conditions got better, and last December, when the reciprocity treaty was ratified, a marked improvement began. Cuba is now happy, prosperous and contented. Many Americans are going there and are doing very well.

While the United States kept its word with Cuba, it also should be said that the new Republic kept faith with this country. What was known as the Platt Amendment provided that the paramount influence of the United States should be recognized; that it should have the right to intervene in certain cases, and that land should be ceded it for naval stations. Treaties were ratified, carrying out these stipulations, and it is only a short time since the United States took full possession of the naval station at Guantanamo, a magnificent bay at the eastern end of the Island. There our flag still floats, for the naval station is to all intents and purposes United States territory; but the flag floats with the acquiescence and good-will of the Cuban people.

The credit of the new Republic is good; this is the best evidence of confidence in the Government. A loan of thirty-five million dollars was authorized to pay the soldiers who had fought for the independence of the Island. This loan was taken by a New York banking-house, and it is said that in allotting the bonds, the demand was so great that applicants received only one-fourth of what they had asked.

Under the Cuban Republic there is not only freedom of worship, which did not exist under the Spanish rule, but there is also marked friendship shown to Protestantism. This is more than mere religious toleration. The different denominations have been given a warm welcome in their missionary labors, and now are firmly established in Havana and other parts of the Island.

Of course, Cuba, being like the United States, has politics and elections, and such things. Sometimes, as with us, politics becomes warm. In February, members of Congress were elected, and some of the elections were contested. Occasionally there is news from Havana about "breaking a quorum," and disorders in the Congress. It reads just like the news from Washington, when our own Congress is engaged in partisan struggles. But generally the Havana dispatches, in telling of the doings in the Congress, state that the moderates are in control, indicating that the Republic is pretty conservative.

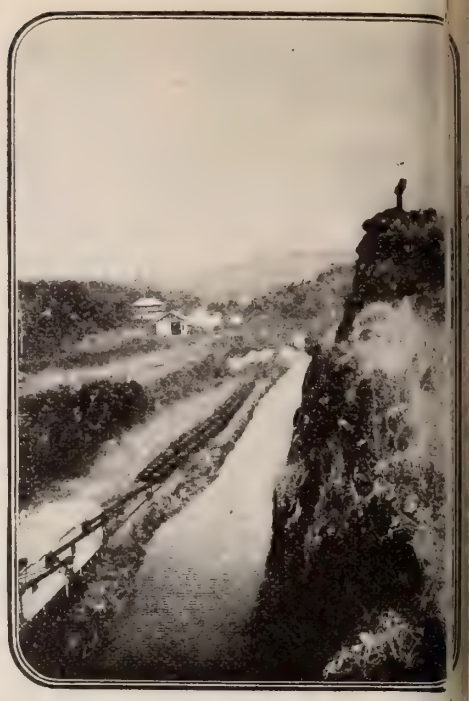
Altogether, the Cuban Republic on its second birthday makes a good showing. It justifies all that its well-wishers in the United States hoped for it, and promised for it. The American people will wish it many other birthdays.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

GATONNA, A VILLAGE ON THE CANAL

CITY AND HARBOR OF PANAMA

WORK ON THE CANAL AT HAUTO BIS



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Laws for the Isthmian Canal Zone

RULES and regulations for the administration of the Canal have been under consideration in Washington lately, and are now officially promulgated. All the acts of the Commission will be subject to the approval of the Secretary of War and the President. Military affairs on the territory adjoining the Canal, and known as "the zone," will be in charge of Gen. George W. Davis, U. S. A., as Military Governor. No troops will be sent to the Isthmus at present, but the American marines now there will remain to preserve peace and order. Gen. Davis has authority to appoint one judge for the judicial work on the Isthmus.

The President's formal instructions to the Panama Canal Commission are embodied in a letter to the Secretary of War. These instructions are substantially as follows:

The Commission to make all needful rules and regulations for the government of the United States Canal zone, and for the military, civil, and political affairs of that territory, until the close of the 58th Congress; to establish a Civil Service system for all appointments; to make surveys, borings, designs, plans, etc.; to advertise all contracts for work on the Canal; to acquire by purchase or condemnation all lands and other property essential to the work; to provide an accurate system of bookkeeping and accounting; and to make requisition on the Secretary of War for all necessary funds. Due provision is made for securing the rights of the inhabitants of the Isthmian Canal zone in their persons, property, and religion. Present laws will continue, until changed or annulled by the Commission. The latter is given power to exclude all undesirable persons from the Canal zone, including idiots, insane, epileptics, paupers, criminals, professional beggars, persons with contagious diseases, anarchists, felons, etc.

As the United States now owns sixty-nine seventieths of the stock of the Panama Railroad, it will control the policy of the road, and the members of the Canal Commission will be on the Board of Directors. No lottery scheme of any kind will be tolerated within the zone.

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BOY SOLDIERS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

Parties of engineers will be sent to the Isthmus f
time to time, as the work proceeds, to relieve those
duty. Col. Gorgas and the other sanitary experts
went on the first trip to Panama, will return for ano
inspection, and to put into effect the plans they h
recommended. These plans contemplate establish
a system of waterworks for the houses along the ca
and a determined war on mosquitoes as plague
fever breeders. Admiral Walker has been advised
the Agricultural Department of the success of exp
ments with copper sulphate in connection with the w
of sanitation on the Isthmus, and the Admiral says
the commission would probably give the solution a t

Affairs in the new Republic of Panama are progr
ing smoothly. All branches of the brand-new gov
ment seem to be fairly well adjusted, and are runn
with very little friction. The City of Panama to-
looks as quiet and peaceful and as contentedly ha
as though it had never witnessed an upheaval of
kind, to say nothing of a revolution, which has c
pletely changed the destinies of the Isthmus and
population. General Huertas, Commander-in-Chie
the little Panama Army, is one of the most popula
Isthmian heroes, and the part he took in the recen
bellion is still a theme of admiration. In the arm
the Republic are several companies of very young l
mere children in fact, who are undergoing the reg
drill, with the purpose of some day becoming dis
guished as heroes. These little fellows (it is sad to
them bearing arms and training for war), are unq
tionably plucky. Their officers say some of them h
already distinguished themselves, and that, as a wh
the juvenile force of child-soldiers are as much t
depended on as any adults in the military service
the Republic.

Soon the Canal work will be under way, and the p
ple of the Isthmus are already beginning to look h
fully forward to the coming times of prosperity, u
the shelter and protection of the greater Republic.

Planning a Great Peace Congress

"IT is a disgrace to both England and America that Chile and Argentina have advanced to a stage where they have demolished their fortresses and sold their battleships, in order to build more schools. They have erected on the highest point of the Andes a great statue of Jesus Christ, indicating that peace hereafter will be their motto. It is a pity that this country should spend millions of dollars for battleships, when the whole South is clamoring for education."

All this and much more of interest, which sounded like a hint of the coming millennial peace, was told at a recent meeting in New York, preliminary to the thirteenth International Peace Congress which will be held in Boston, on October 3, 1904. The coming Congress bids fair to be the largest and most important international gathering of the kind ever held in this country.

At the preliminary meeting in New York, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Thirteenth International Peace Committee, made a stirring address, in the course of which he used the language already quoted, concerning the action of the South American Republics. Mr. Oscar S. Straus, the chairman, was the next speaker. He said that no Administration since the beginning of this Republic, had done more for the advancement of peace, than the present one. It had sent the first case that opened the doors of the Court of Arbitration at the Hague, and it also had the Venezuela controversy carried to that court. The speaker said that the Russo-Japanese war is a cloud upon all that the last Peace Congress did.

It is hardly a case that could have been submitted to arbitration. Yet I believe that this war will move forward the dial of peace, and accentuate the fact that this spirit of expansion and appropriation of the lands of a weaker nation must end, and end forever in all the continents of the world. The neutral nations are now united by a close bond. They can no longer submit to the robber principle that to the victor belong the spoils. That principle can no longer be used, because the interests of the neutral nations involved are such that a blow inflicted on one nation is felt throughout the world.

I believe that The Hague Tribunal may yet be invoked to decide the issues of this war, and that the neutral nations will have something to say as to how the spoils shall be divided. Who knows but what this war in the Far East will be the strongest possible proof of the spirit which actuated the twenty-six nations at the last Peace Congress, that each and every nation must promote the cause of peace for its own highest interest?

The first and only International Peace Congress held in this country assembled in Chicago in 1893. Although Americans have been conspicuously in favor of it, it was an Englishman who first conceived the idea of a Universal Peace Congress. In 1841, Jos
Sturge, a well known philanthropist, visited the Uni
States, and met in New England many of the a
slavery leaders — Sumner, Channing, Garrison
others, to whom Mr. Sturge commended his plan fo
Universal Peace Congress. This plan was recei
with great favor. The American Peace Society
dorsed it, the English Peace Society took it up,
the first International Peace Society met in Londo
1843. In 1849 Victor Hugo was president of the C
gress which was held in Paris, on which occasion the i
of a permanent International Tribunal was advocat
which was finally realized at the Hague. In 1889 th
Peace Congresses were revived, and have been h
regularly almost every year since.

This movement is just now appealing to though
men and women of all nations, and the recent meet
in New York but foreshadows the great gathering
Boston next autumn. A communication has been
ceived from Baron d'Estournilles de Constant, one
the French members of the Hague Court, and lea
of the Arbitration movement in France, stating that
will attend the Congress, along with a strong Fre
delegation. Members of the Hague Tribunal of dif
erent nationalities will also address the meeting.

The World's Convention in Jerusalem

It Receives and Applauds THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Memorial

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

JERUSALEM, April 20.

THE World's International Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem was a grand success.

On the last night, addresses were made by a neral in King Menelik's army, the ancient Mayor of usalem, the Secretary of Public Instruction, and ss Censor, as well as by noted Englishmen and ericans.

am glad to report that I handed the Peace Memo- to the President of the Convention, and asked that e presented to the Convention. He replied that it uld first go to the Committee on Resolutions. It was erwards presented to the Convention as a part of the mmittee's report, and it was loudly plauded by the Convention.

was chosen to present the subject Temperance to the Convention. My cles for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ging the details of the Convention rk, will be sent to you soon.

MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

ollowing is the Peace Memorial for- ded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, presented to the Convention by the mmittee on Resolutions:

A MEMORIAL

o the President, Officers, and Delegates he World's Sunday School Convention, Session in Jerusalem.

ELLOW CHRISTIANS: Two hundred fifty thousand lovers of peace in the ted States of America, representing ry denomination in the Church of ist throughout the Union, respect- y address you through THE CHRIS- N HERALD, with the urgent request t, in the course of your deliberations Convention, you may find an oppor- ty to give formal expression to the timent of your distinguished assem- on the subject of peace and arbi- ion.

t the opening of the Hague Confer- e five years ago, the hopes of the istian world were bright with ex- tation. Thirty nations were signa- es to the Hague Convention. It was purpose of those who planned that eficent movement, to create a Perma- t International Tribunal, for the adjudication of all ses of dispute that might arise among the signatory wers, and for the extension of the principle of arbi- ion to all lands. That tribunal has been ignored; ions have gone to war, and thousands of human s have been needlessly sacrificed in the intervening rs. Even now, two of the signatory Powers are at with each other, and still wider conflicts are im- ding. Armaments by land and sea have increased, il the burden of taxation for war purposes has come in many lands almost intolerable.

We respectfully and most earnestly urge your distin- shed body to place itself on record by an appeal to leading governments, through their several State partments, that they should again unite in the prac- al application of the principle laid down at the Hague Conference; and that all future causes of dispute should be carried to that Tribunal, instead of being referred to the savage arbitrament of war. We ask you to let it be known everywhere that your distinguished body regards war as a brutal relic of barbarism, which settles no principle, and decides no question save that of relative brutal force. The cry of a great majority of the fourteen hundred million souls who constitute the earth's population to-day is for peace, and for the abolition of war; for peace to pursue their various vocations in quietness and safety; for peace to enjoy the liberty and prosperity which they desire for their families; for peace that they may dwell in quietness in their own lands, and enjoy the friendship and good-will of their neighbors; for peace that they may live their lives in reasonable security, surrounded by the comfort and happiness which the Almighty has promised to all who trust Him and look to Him for protection.

And we respectfully submit that it is within your province and power, as an assembly representative of the Christian population of many lands, met for beneficent purposes, to exert an influence in this direction that may lead to most blessed results.

We trust that your distinguished body may be led by the Holy Spirit to act with wisdom and courage in all things, and that all your deliberations in Convention may inure to the benefit of the whole world.

And your memorialists will ever pray.

OUR PILGRIMS LUNCHING AMID THE RUINS OF THE THEATRE AT EPHESUS

Our Pilgrims in Paul's Country

The Mediterranean is the most classic of all seas. But this characteristic is of secondary interest to the company on the *Grosser Kurfurst*. To us the attraction of it is the relation of its cities and islands to Bible history. Our good ship brings us to Smyrna, in which was located one of the seven churches. It is a fresh and beautiful city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, Greeks, Jews and Moslems. We do not tarry, but take the train to Ephesus, fifty miles away. The ruins of the ancient city are two and a-half miles from the station. A light rain is falling, but several hundred pilgrims fall into little groups, and walk together, while a few ride on horses and donkeys. The rain ceases as we halt for lunch just outside the old theatre.

After lunch, we arrange ourselves inside the theatre and services are begun, but are interrupted by the heavy rain. We leave the theatre, and pass out into the ruins of what was the principal street of Ephesus beautiful even in its decay. In conversation, we recall the ministry of Paul in Ephesus, and the uproar caused by the silversmith, and Paul's final departure. Returning to Smyrna, we climb the Acropolis, and visit the grave of Polycarp, where a tall cypress tree stands guard.

We are under sail again, and are up early in the morning that we may catch a passing glimpse of Patmos. Our captain considerately slows the vessel. Along the rail is a row of eager faces, and we talk to each other of that Lord's Day when John heard the voice of God "as a great trumpet," and saw the vision of Jesus in the midst of the golden candlesticks.

The island disappears in the distance, and we find ourselves following the watery way of Paul as he journeyed with Sopater, Aristarchus, Secundus, Gaius, Timotheus, Tychicus, and Trophimus, toward Jerusalem, bearing the good-will and gifts of money from the Christians of Macedonia. Paul and his companions passed by Coos and Rhodes — perhaps stopped there for the loading or unloading of the vessel.

We continue on our way, and for two hours or more view the island of Cyprus, and recall in thought Bible reading and conversation, how Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel there. The morning following finds us in the harbor at Beyrout, and we have come to the point where we must bid good bye to the veteran missionary Dr. Henry Jessup, who, together with his wife and daughter, have journeyed thus far with us. Several instructive and delightful addresses have been made by Dr. Jessup. Other missionaries have joined us along the way, at Constantinople, Smyrna, etc. Generous gifts of money have been made by the members of the cruise, to the missions thus represented, certainly not less than $1,200, besides purchases of lace and embroideries made by Armenian widows and girls of mission schools, amounting to as much more.

It was a part of the plan of the committee arranging this cruise that Sunday School workers and missionaries should come into a closer bond of sympathy. To this end a great meeting is held in the chapel of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout, Dr. Howard Bliss, the President of the college, being in the chair. For Christian enthusiasm, noble sentiments and eloquence, that meeting cannot be surpassed. Lunch is served upon the campus, and there is lemonade, flavored with rose, and cooled with the snows of Lebanon.

Beyrout is the point of departure for trips to Damascus, Galilee and Samaria, and for those going overland to Jerusalem. There is sadness as we prepare to separate for a few days, and only seventeen of our number are left upon the ship, some being ill and others too aged to take the trip.

MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

A LITTLE TALK ON CHURCH LOYALTY

THERE is no organization making so much waste of its talents as that church which is practically preaching to empty pews. Many localities are over-churched, enfeebling their powers by support- i too many weak churches to satisfy slight denominational ferences. In such cases, the energies of the people are ntered in their support, instead of impressing the truths of vation for the saving of souls. Combination in one or ssibly two strong churches is more effective than six or ht weak ones. Besides, the difference in expense could applied to field work in the parish homes with gratifying ults. There never has been a time when it was more essary than now that the church should employ its best ent to formulate and put into operation, plans to cause influence to reach every home. Former methods to reach e masses need to be revised. The Sunday newspaper, if it not be stopped, should be made a vehicle to attract its aders to obedience to God and Christ our Saviour. Many dustries are demanding services from employees, who uld be glad to attend church on the Sabbath but are thus evented. The church should adopt methods to feed these ngry souls. I found it beneficial as an employer, to hold ort services of prayer and song among my employees Saturday of each week, and then, at its close, to make e distribution of such papers as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD d others, which were eagerly sought after and carried to homes. What methods the church should adopt should be decided upon after the most prayerful and careful deliberation.

While the church has many faithful members who are alive to the situation and are accomplishing great results, my experience leads me to believe that the ordinary church member is too indifferent or too sentimental to comply with business rules. He little comprehends that to be a faithful follower of his Lord and Master, he should be engaged in some work in his Lord's vineyard. Many often think they are conferring a favor on their pastor by merely attending divine service. They have no conscientious rules, and but slight regard for Church Covenant. They contribute a limited amount, if they are suited with the minister; but the great work of the church is foreign to their ideas. The family altar in many church members' homes has been abandoned, and, as a result, the young are growing up in indifference, and, in some instances, veritable infidels are coming from under the church member's roof. This apparent indifference of members reveals the neglect of home prayer. In consequence of the neglect of church obligations, the world judges the church as insincere. In business transactions, sales cannot be made if the purchaser considers the seller insincere; neither can a follower of Christ be a factor for good, with insincerity in his acts.

In some churches financial methods are in many respects unbusinesslike, being supported along sentimental lines so crude that no other institutions could survive such conditions. Increased demands are awakening a desire among many for an equitable method of equalizing the burdens. We are giving trial to a new system, which promises success. At an annual meeting, we authorized the trustees to estimate the expense requirements for the year, and to apportion to each member such amounts as the trustees, in their judgment, thought the member would be willing to pay. This amount was filled in on a printed card explaining the method, with a coupon card attached, on which the member should write his name agreeing to the amount assessed, or if he did not agree, to state what he would pay, by weekly, monthly, or quarterly payments, mailed to the church treasurer. Envelopes, too, in every pew, to be used in payment each Sabbath. Then a large card, with a space in the first column at the left hand, is provided. In this space, the names of all the members of the church are written alphabetically, and opposite each name is an extended line, in which are fifty-two blank spaces reaching across the card. For each payment a mark is made in one of these extended spaces weekly, and the card is hung in the vestibule of the church for the inspection of all. This shows who are supporting the church, but does not reveal the amounts. When the spaces are all marked, the card shows that the member has made full payment. By this system, the member who pays the "widow's mite," five cents a week, is credited equally with the one who contributes one hundred dollars or more a year. The account is open to public inspection, and at the same time no one but the treasurer and trustees knows the amount any one is contributing.

The maintenance of the church should not only be regarded as a duty, but a pleasure, in both labor and support. If it is a sin to be disloyal to one's country, it is a still greater sin to be disloyal and indifferent to our Divine Master.

Conneaut, O. GEO. J. RECORD.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.*

Transfigured Lives

JOY had come unto Jesus. Joy which was deep and abiding, because it was allied to the highest and the holiest sources of joy. And in the hour of his transfiguration, when his glory bathed the slopes of Hermon with a radiance whiter than Hermon's whitest snow, he overcame the sharpness of death, and looking to the other Mount of Calvary, he spoke with calm and majestic authority of the decease he should accomplish at Jerusalem. Wrapped in the splendors of his spiritual estate he held intercourse with his Father and the spirits of the just made perfect.

This culmination was the outcome of an orderly progression by a perfected soul. When the Master was twelve years of age he assumed spiritual independence. His mother's guardian love gave way and he entered into that intimacy with the will of heaven which was to be unbroken to the end. The dimensions of the noblest life the world can ever know grew apace during the silent years at Nazareth. He became subject to his parents, and he grew daily in physical attainments. This was a part of the programme of his earthly career. We see him at thirty, sitting solitary on the bleak rock in the dreary wilderness, where he did battle in an awful defiance of hell, and after the temptations had swept over his uninjured soul, the angels of peace and power ministered unto him.

Christ's Glory Revealed

So he came to this holy hill whose light has gone forth to all the nations. He came to be transfigured as the peasant who had assumed the prophets's robe and the Messiah's mission. The excellency within him could no longer be concealed, and as Waterloo was won at Eton, so the grave was overcome at Mount Hermon. What if the Cross stood on a neighboring hill and the pathway to it was a short one. Tragedy was lost in triumph, and beyond the evil and hate of sin of the world. St. Peter expressed the feelings of all, and said: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

These great days of our pilgrimage cannot be effaced from memory. They are the oases in the desert where we drink of the sweet waters and rest in the grateful shade. But is it not our unfortunate tendency to unduly emphasize the humiliation of life, and forget its transfiguring moments? Even devotional literature has a tinge of melancholy, and often our search after God is a cry of despair. Pessimism plays havoc with men and women of the northern regions. Our moods of sadness, our useless regret, our corroding remorse, are put to the front; we advertise sorrow and we discount joy. For the music of life is not only a funeral march with muffled beat, it is meant by our Heavenly Father's love to be a sweep of progress, when on faith's strong eagle pinion we rise, and fight our passage to the skies and scale the hills of God.

Ever and anon our captivity is shattered, and the chafe of our bondage ceases to distress us. We move out of our self-appointed dungeon and stand free in the living air, and bathed in the golden sunshine We hear above the repinings and the strife, the call of our Conqueror bidding us with him lead captivity captive and ascend to the banquet of love. It is easy in these high places to obey the apostolic exhortation, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice."

Hours of Transfiguration

A friend comes back from a foreign shore. A loved child or honored parent is restored to health; a sinner knows he has been plucked out of the pit of destruction; a doubter feels that faith is more easy and intelligent, a friendship is formed which leads to prosperity of soul. These and a thousand other causes arouse our thanksgiving; they bring us here to-day to greet the risen and glorified Redeemer, and we cry aloud, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like unto them that dream."

These moments are to be sacredly cherished, they are like unto the angels' food upon which you may travel in the after times. Treasure them, for their loving kindness is better than life. They sweep into the soul as the tides cover the banks of estuaries and rivers, they lift the burden, and float you out into a wide and pleasant sea, and send you forward to fresh spiritual adventures. Such goodness and mercy attend us all, invest our every condition with their compensating power, and new every morning, they are repeated every evening, and they endure to the end.

You hardly realize this, and you will ask why it is that these transfiguring hours are for you so scanty, so few and far between. Oh, dull vision of wilful perversion! It is our spiritual incapacity which fills us with the sense of evil, and shuts out the superior sense of goodness. Men provoke their own misery, and passing by the place which God appoints for their healing, with desperate resolution they seek the darkness.

Is it an unpardonable temerity to say that God intends you to be nobly happy? And your peace is to be

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

as a river, no frothy episode of passing pleasure, no temporary effort to cheat a gloomy fate. It is an underlying possession of your soul's innermost life undisturbed by the surface agitations. You were born to it, and the heaven which lies about men in their infancy is nearer to the original plan of your life than the hell we too often create in our after days.

That freshness, that vitality, we all remember, and the dew of youth can be restored. For it is God's free gift, the gift of his grace, the conquest of Jesus, and made over by him to every believer. You can use this grace divine, and, first and best, use it by a constant search after God in Christ Jesus.

Think of the single trait in the character of Jesus which gives him his pre-eminence. He is the one absolute type of the purely religious being. He shows us at every stage in his career how a holy mind rises to a God-like power, and tramples under foot all opposition of evil.

When I think of God he is above and far away, and man is beneath and very helpless. But Jesus mediates between the Divine and the human, representative both, and hence revealer of both. He shone that mount, and he shines in the ages as the light life and the hope of the race. There is no foul no and dark cranny where his illuminating healing bea have not penetrated. There is no cause for tears whi he cannot remove. There is no sin he does not pardo There is no burden he will not help you to bear. Y can overcome in his overcoming, and you can gr in his boundless expanse, and you can enter into thority in his risen power.

Companionship of Saints

But Jesus was not transfigured alone. Moses a Elias were there also. And the Apostles saw the because in reality there is no barrier between the goo whether in heaven or on earth.

> One family, we dwell in him,
> One church, above, beneath.
> Though now divided by the stream—
> The narrow stream of death.

So sang Charles Wesley, and he had scriptural warra for his sweet lyric. You meet in this church, the livi Jesus, for we have not erected a mausoleum, but temple for his living presence. And coming here to-d you have come, not only to this visible audienc but to the innumerable company of the ange and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits just men made perfect.

The cloud of witnesses is here, from whose ey we would gladly hide our baseness and our failu There are the saints who from their labors re and here are those blessed agents of our piety w have passed on to await our coming and witho us will not be made perfect. We think of them really present, and say:

> Be near us when we climb or fall,
> Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
> With larger, other eyes than ours,
> To make allowance for us all.

Surely it is good for us to be here.

Again, earthly companionships aid the joy of l ing. That social circle on Mount Hermon made t light to shine which overcame the night. There sto the central figure, the Blessed One, and with hi Moses, type of the legislator, and Elias, type of t reformer. Around them sat in worshiping wond the apostolic three—Peter, James and John. N one is surprised that on that night the glory of t Lord was revealed, and that all flesh has since se it together. For God's presence is found in patch and poverty, on the moor and the hillside, amo the lowly and the obscure. It does not depend palaces and purple. It makes existence sweet the man at the oar and in the mine, and the wom who is the joyful mother of children, and busy wi domestic duties. You shall not find it if you se great things for yourself, the restless will whi hurries to and fro, bitten by the narrowing lust gold, is never happy, never contented.

Men and women who fearfully forget themselv in pleasure's whirl, come to no transfiguring place and hear no voice saying, "This is my Son, obey him

All Relations Ennobled

Bring life's relations to Mount Hermon. Place lite ature, art, science, the drama, the day of rest, the law of the State, upon this high ground, and view them a in the light of the presence of Jesus. Enter into n marriage and no friendship where he cannot com submit to no habits his Word will not sanction.

Then, and only then, life will lose its vulgar note, i frowsy appearance, and the noblest ministers will wa upon you hourly, and communion with the highest sha be yours. Go out into this glad morning, overarche by the sky of the spring, with reawakened life castin its mantle over all the created works of God. Go wit the music of the Gospel sounding in your rejoicin hearts. Rise up from tents of evil pitched in the valle of gloom and repining, and say, as you journey to th better country of the abiding worth, "Lord, it is goo for us to be here."

*Pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y Text: Matt. 17:4: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

The Case of Officer Flanagan

By OWEN KILDARE

TO centre all one's ideas and actions in the singleness of one purpose, often produces a mental condition resembling monomania. We have so many proofs of this theory that any additional instances would seem superfluous. Still, I cannot refrain from telling you the following story, because it promised so little and ended so unexpectedly. Besides, it is true, and is still lived by its principal actors.

No family among the humble folk in the Sixth Ward, enjoyed greater popularity than the Streppers. It was a standing joke in the neighborhood that, eventually, no man Strepper would be the father-in-law to most of the young men in the ward. No jest ever perpetrated had a greater chance of becoming a probability. The Steppers were blessed with a family of six children, and they were all girls.

There were some who pitied old Strepper for being provided with such an abundance of femininity, but took it very philosophically.

"Ach, what's the difference," he would say. "They don't eat half as much as the boys, and they get married soon, and then the husband has to buy them the dresses and all the other folderols."

The intervals in the ages of the girls were marvels of exactness, and between Lena the oldest, and Lizzie the youngest, was a difference of just seven years.

What to do with the girls and how to bring them up, never seemed a difficult problem to Mrs. Strepper. As soon as age permitted, they had to get whatever "schooling" the public schools of the neighborhood afforded.

"Fellows, nowadays, don't marry girls that ain't got no eddikation," was the way Mrs. Strepper summed up the situation.

During their spare hours from school, the girls were trained in the mysteries of housekeeping, also a most important detail in the matrimonial virtues of a tenement-house girl.

To graduate from these educational courses, only age, not efficiency was required. When the limit of age fixed by the factory laws was reached, the girls were apprenticed to some shop to learn a trade, and to contribute their mites to the defraying of the household expenses.

Taking it all in all, the Streppers were quite content with their lot, and thought the future would develop as they had built it. The children grew up to be the most handsome girls in the ward, and when Lena reached the eighteenth year, there was no dearth of suitors for her hand. Lena's choice, fully sanctioned by her mother, was Cornelius Flanagan.

This young fellow had started life under a handicap and had fallen a victim to it. Old Roderick Flanagan, his father, had come to this country from the North of Ireland, and was an "Orangeman." This in itself was enough to create a prejudice against him, in a locality in which all other naturalized citizens were of opposite political and religious beliefs. To increase the feeling against him, Roderick Flanagan, by his inherited shrewdness and strong personality, succeeded in making himself a powerful factor in the politics of the ward, and could be hated but not ignored.

With the attaining of his majority, came political aspirations and ambitions to the son, and Cornelius Flanagan, lacking the personal attributes of his sire, fell to the level of the ordinary ward youth, being like putty in the hands of the scheming statesmen, and foolishly building hopes on their delusive promises.

Old Flanagan was not long in realizing that his son would never be his political heir, and, after getting him into the Police Department, told him that he would have to shape his own career. The old man's ensuing death made this a stern reality, and Cornelius' aspirations shrank to the hope of being able to retain his present job, which is described in the vernacular as "pounding the pavement."

All this did not prevent Officer Flanagan from seeming a very desirable matrimonial catch to the mothers of the many marriageable tenement belles.

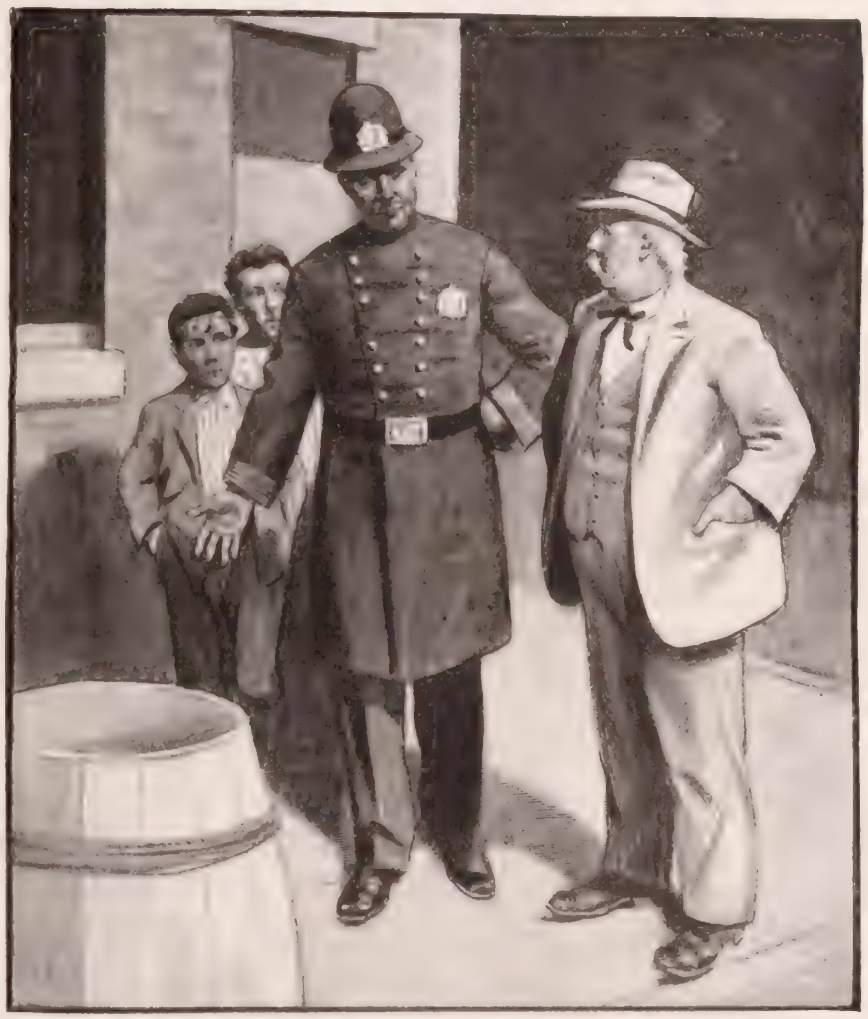
"Ach, he's no worse than most o' them, and besides, he's got a steady job, that he can't lose without doing something terrible, and Cornelius ain't going to do anything like that," said Mrs. Strepper, when her husband remonstrated with her, on hearing her matrimonial plans for Lena.

"But, mother, whenever he's off duty, he's stuck in Duffy's, playing cards and hanging out in there; and you know what kind of a gang is round that corner."

"Now, see here, father," Mrs. Strepper replied, "if you expect Lena to marry an angel, she'll be an old maid all her life. There ain't no angels coming round this ward, and Cornelius Flanagan is as good a man as is to be found on the average. If he wouldn't make a good husband, do you think all the women would be half crazy to get him away from my Lena and catch him for their own daughters?"

Strepper did not attempt to answer this, preferring to depend on the wisdom of his better-half. And she should not be too hastily judged. To provide six girls in any social sphere with suitable husbands, is no easy task; and in a neighborhood, in which the salaries of the young men were far below the amount earned by policemen, no mother felt inclined to cheat her daughter out of a chance to marry one of these uniformed prizes.

The courtship of Lena Strepper and Cornelius Flanagan had grown from very small beginnings. The home of the Streppers was on the beat of the young officer, and seeing the girl going to the nearby stores, and, later, to her daily work, their acquaintance had developed from merely nodding to each other, to long and earnest conversations at the door of the tenement.



"MR. STREPPER, I'M THROUGH WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S BAD," SAID OFFICER FLANAGAN VIGOROUSLY

Lena Strepper was a typical East Side girl. Her duties, including the work of the house and at the shop, as well as her church attendance, were performed with punctilious regularity, and even her social pleasures were enjoyed with great earnestness. Needless to say, the latter were of a very harmless nature, and never "taken in," unless accompanied by Cornelius Flanagan, who would have often preferred amusements of a more boisterous kind. However, his love for Lena was as sincere as his love could be, and he suppressed his inclinations out of deference for her.

Their courtship had reached the critical period when nothing excepting the naming of the date remains to be done, and their dream seemed very near realization—to be cruelly dispelled by a most unfortunate calamity. Mrs. Strepper fell ill and, ere long, it became evident that it was her last sickness.

Through the long days and nights she was nursed with loving care by her children, was never left alone, yet, without ceasing, she cried for Lena, the oldest. This desire to have her always by the bedside made Lena give up her work at the shop and to assume full charge of the sick-chamber and distracted family. Lena's cheerfulness upheld the spirits of the Strepper household, but she herself was destined to have a heavy burden of responsibility placed on her willing shoulders.

It came during the early morning hours of her watch by the invalid, that she found the course of her life directed into different channels. The rest of the family, tired from their unceasing vigil, were slumbering, and the whispered words of the mother were distinctly audible to Lena, whose ear was closely bent to the murmuring lips.

"Lena."

"Yes, mother."

"I guess you'll have to look out for father and the girls."

"Oh, I don't mind doing that until you get well again."

"There's no use o' talking that way, Lena. I'm going, and I guess you all know it. Don't you be jollying me now, Lena. You're the oldest, and you ought to have more sense. And there's no time for it anyway, because I think I'll never see daylight again."

"Oh, don't be talking like that, mother. It makes me cry; and, besides, the doctor ain't said so yet."

"Now, Lena, I don't want to set myself up for no better than I am, but I been going to church regular, and I think I can understand that our Father is going to call me home. And, Lena, I'm worried about what's going to become o' Pa and the children."

"Don't worry, mother, don't worry," and the girl's hand smoothed the gray hair of her mother with indescribable tenderness. "You know you can depend on me, and that I'll look out for them always."

"No you can't, Lena," said the patient, almost peevishly. "You're the oldest, and you been always a good girl, and it won't be right for you, now that you got the finest chance in the ward, to be stuck in the house all the time. No, daughter, you got to marry Flanagan and—oh, what will become o' them all when you go 'way too."

"Now, don't go on so, mother. I can marry Flanagan and look out for the house, too. We been keeping company so long that it don't make no difference whether we get married this year or a couple o' years from now, and, by then, they'll be all grown up, and, may be, married, too, and father can come to live with me and Cornelius."

"No, father would never give in to that," said the mother, sadly. "He's always been against you marrying Flanagan; and the others—why, they're only little girls, and it'll be years before they'll be anything like you."

When the mother died, Lena thought herself firmly pledged to take her place, and to be a mother to all of her sisters until they had been wisely provided for.

Although their minds were dulled with grief, the members of the Strepper family could not fail to notice the change which had come over Lena with the death of the mother. As soon as the family had returned from the humble funeral, and the five younger children had retired to rest or to nurse their sorrow, the father spoke to the new foster-mother.

"What's the matter, Lena?"

"Nothing, father. Why?"

"Oh, you been acting kind o' funny like, so quiet, and as if you got a whole lot older in the last few hours. Lena, girl, you know we're all sorry and miss our dear old mother, but it ain't right to give way like that and to forget that we got to keep on living."

"That's just what's the matter, father," answered the girl. "We got to keep on living, and I promised mother to take her place and to look after the whole of you, so that you won't miss her so much, and that you be taken care of, and the girls be provided for wisely and in time."

"Is that it?" smiled the father. "Why, Lenchen, we won't give you much trouble, and that shouldn't worry you so much. Besides, there's Annie, that's only a year younger than you, and all the others, too, they'll be grown up before you know it, and then you won't have to kill yourself working for us."

"I guess that's true, father; but I promised mother, and it is my duty," and, with that, Lena sounded the key-note of her future life.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 462

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Peace Movement

ALTHOUGH the daily press has given little attention to the recent Peace Conference, which met in New York, the occasion was a significant and important one, as marking the growth of the movement looking toward the formation of an International Peace League. It is a movement which deserves the support of good men and women everywhere. We hail it as an auspicious sign that in our own land the peace sentiment, no longer a plant of sickly growth, should be found spreading and thriving, and striking its roots deeply into the hearts of the people.

It cannot be denied that the time is favorable for a great Peace movement, in which the United States might fittingly take the lead. It should be neither sensational nor wholly sentimental, but practical and organically active and even aggressive. Such a movement would have for a foundation the eternal principles of justice, law and order, and the plainest teachings of the Gospel. We believe that the conviction is growing among intelligent people of all shades of religious opinion, that the wisest, and indeed the only reasonable method of adjusting the disputes of nations is by arbitration. It is surely time for the sane and sober-minded to do what lies in their power to convince the world of the folly and futility of war.

In October next, a National Peace Congress will assemble in Boston. If all the friends of peace and arbitration who may read these lines would take this matter into consideration, and unite on some practical measures in the intervening months, we believe that the Peace Congress, when it meets, would be so widely supported and so abundantly encouraged that it would be productive of a greater influence in national and international affairs than any of its predecessors. How to accomplish this end, is a question concerning which we should be pleased to have the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD freely express their views. There can be no nobler mission for any Christian than to endeavor, by any and all legitimate means, to promote the world's peace. At the World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem, a few weeks ago, a memorial representing the views of the readers of this journal and urging the adoption of the principle of arbitration by the nations, was unanimously adopted. That Memorial and its enthusiastic approval should operate as an incentive and an inspiration to peace-lovers everywhere, to aid a campaign which has for its object the abolition of war and its attendant horrors.

Science and Faith

FROM Los Angeles, Calif., comes the telegraphic report of the discussion in the Methodist General Conference, of the question of Biblical Criticism. It could not be expected that the subject would escape comment in any representative religious gathering. It is agitating the churches the world over, and the partisans on both sides are intensely in earnest. In this instance the members of the Conference appear to have left the discussion mainly to the Fraternal Delegates, one of whom came from Canada, and the other from the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The members, however, were not backward in manifesting their attitude. The University professors and college presidents applauded the advocates of criticism, while the main audience, consisting of preachers and lay delegates, indicated approval of the sentiments expressed by the opponents of criticism.

The proposition, as defined by the advanced speaker, scarcely did justice to his opponents. He said that no man ought to be asked to believe statements which had been disproved by Science. Stated in that form, the argument is plausible, and would command general approval; but it is only fair to inquire what statements they are that Science has disproved. There are many beliefs that we derive from Scripture which do not fall within the scientific domain. In pronouncing about them, Science may exceed its legitimate authority, and we have a right, in such cases, to hold to a faith that, in its own domain, is superior to Science. Neither has Science said its last word. It has discovered, many a time, that it has been mistaken in some of its most positive assertions, and it is to-day contradicting theories which were in former times held by its most able leaders. No man need be worried about the conflict: "The counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

Good News of the Orphans in India

WITH sincere thankfulness and with profound satisfaction, we present on other pages of this journal, the testimony of Dr. R. A. Hume, the eminent missionary of Ahmednagar, to the value of the work being done through the generosity of our readers, for the orphan children of India. Dr. Hume, as chairman for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Relief Committee, has had special opportunities of testing the results of the work, and his testimony, therefore, is entitled to all confidence. Every one whose contribution to the fund has helped to make these results possible, must be profoundly grateful for having had a share in so magnificent an undertaking.

For four years, over five thousand homeless and friendless children have been fed, clothed, sheltered and educated at the expense of readers of this journal. The problem which had to be solved at the close of the great famine was painful and difficult. The children whose parents were dead had been received into the missionary orphanages; but there were no means of supporting them. To abandon them would be to relegate them to the starvation from which they had been rescued, or in the case of the girls to give them up to a worse fate. On the other hand, there was the opportunity of training them in Christian principles and sending them out at maturity to permeate the heathendom of India. But how were they to be maintained? Where could the huge sum of money necessary even on the most economical basis be obtained? No less a sum than $375,000 was needed. The plan was suggested by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of finding for individual orphans in India, individual foster-parents in this country, who would adopt the children and become responsible for their support. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered to arrange the terms of adoption and to receive the contributions and transmit them to the various missionaries in India, who had charge of the children. The response was prompt and generous and the maintenance for over five thousand orphans was pledged, and now for four years the money has been sent to this office by the foster-parents in this country, and regularly, three times a year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has remitted its check for $25,000 to the Committee in Bombay, who distributed it to the missionaries. The arrangement has worked harmoniously and the parties to it here and in India have done their work faithfully.

The children have proved docile and intelligent. Many of them have written to the people in this country by whom they were being supported, to express their gratitude, and the missionaries who, by this scheme, were rescued from a painful dilemma, have sent regular reports of the progress of the children under their care. The education imparted has been industrial as well as general. The boys are being qualified to earn their own livelihood as carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, printers, weavers, etc., and the girls are trained for such of the lighter occupations as women in India can fill. Above all, they have had religious training, and it is with deep thankfulness to God that we hear how large a proportion of them have been received into the churches, and have given practical evidence of their conversion. Many of them have proved so intelligent that they will become teachers, and preachers, and Bible women, thus multiplying a hundred fold, by bringing other souls to Christ, the good seed sown in their own hearts.

History presents no parallel for a work so beneficent, and so hopeful as this. It is a glorious achievement, the memory of which will never be effaced. It has involved sacrifices in many an American home, the inmates of which have denied themselves luxuries, that the little orphan waif in India might be provided for. It has entailed on the missionaries a great responsibility and i creased toil. It has involved for this journal consider ble labor and expense. But what a magnificent resu has been achieved! At the end of another year, fi thousand orphans saved from death, educated, and mo of them loyal servants of Christ, will go forth to be witness among their own people, to the power of t Christian faith, to which they owe their lives and the eternal hope.

That the good work already done will go on to co pletion, we have no doubt. Those who have so nob done their part during the past four years, will not f to continue their service to the end of the fifth yea and we sincerely hope that the places of some who ha gone to their reward, will be filled by others, who wi for a share in the glory of so delightful and Christli an undertaking. "Whosoever shall give to drink un one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in t name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in n wise lose his reward."

The Turning-point of Stanley's Life

IN the death of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, the wor loses a notable figure. Long will the story of h daring, and until then unexampled exploration of Ce tral Africa in search of Livingstone, be remembere and the picturesque romance of that journey, no le than the valuable geographical discoveries that resulte will ever remain one of the most stirring chapters African history. It was to Stanley's labors, then a afterward, that the opening up of the "Dark Continen to civilization was largely due. His discoveries in t interior gave the first impetus to the movement whi has resulted in the widely extended development "spheres of influence," and in this sense he was an u conscious empire builder.

There is little doubt that Stanley's experiences in t heart of the then little known continent, and especial his relations with Livingstone and his appreciation the famous missionary's work, were the means of e fecting a transformation in his own character. Th which he at first undertook as a journalistic adventu later became a passion; and after he had begun understand the spirit and mission of Livingstone, h himself became imbued with a burning desire to a complish something for the enlightenment of the he then races. He doubtless had a vision of the tim when those dusky millions, who had no knowledge the world beyond, might be civilized and enlightene His subsequent explorations and his writings show tha while he might not have been able to enter fully in the plans and purposes of the great missionary, he ha still caught something of the spiritual zeal and fire th animated Livingstone.

There have been men more distinguished in discove and science than Henry Morton Stanley, but probab no journey of modern times gave to the world a deep thrill than when this almost unknown writer, bearin aloft the American flag, plunged into the Central Af can wilderness on his mission of benevolence, and aft long and perilous struggle, emerged in safety on t other side, having accomplished the object of his u dertaking. It was a great deed—the deed of a stron capable, self-reliant, courageous man. He made no co quests, annexed no territories, took no spoils; but h won the respect and confidence of the tribesmen, wh in their rude and simple way, admired the splend daring of the white traveler.

More than a quarter of a century has passed sin then—years that brought to Stanley ever increasing r cognition and honors. But successful authorshi wealth, title, Parliamentary career, all sink into insi nificance in contrast with that memorable mome when, in a little clearing in the tropical mid-Africa forest, he stepped forward and clasped the hand of t well-beloved missionary, David Livingstone, the Go pel pioneer to the heathen races. That hand-cla made Stanley famous, and his meeting with Livin stone gave to his whole life a new and grander aml tion, which remained with him until the close.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Stanley Dead

ALL the civilized world paid a tribute of respect to the famous explorer, Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died on May 10. His illness had been brief, though for some months his health had ot been robust. The fever he had repeatedly suffered m in his African journeys had undermined his constitution, and though he made a strong fight against it, was clearly an invalid. About ten days before his ath, he caught cold during a drive, and on the follow- day pleurisy and pneumonia developed. Then ere was no hope, and in spite of the most skilful dical attention and the most careful nursing, the d could not be delayed.

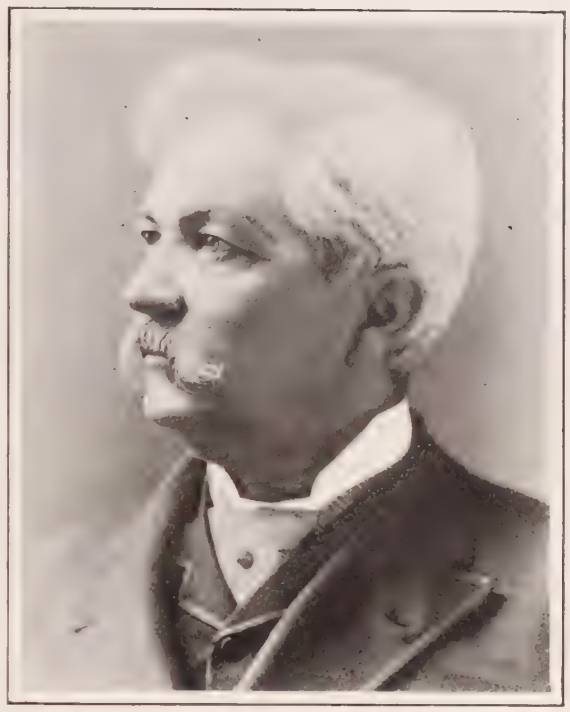
Stanley was in his sixty-fourth year when he died. s life began in Wales amid scenes of extreme poverSo destitute was he, that some part of his boyhood s passed in the local poorhouse. He was then own as John Rowlands. The love of movement and venture, which continued all his life, brought him at age of sixteen to America, on board a ship where he ved as a cabin boy. He found employment with a rchant of New Orleans, named Henry Morton Stan-, who conceived a strong liking for the lad. It was derstood that he adopted him, and the future explor- took the name of his patron. But the merchant died thout making a will, and the boy was thrown on his n resources. He remained in New Orleans until the tbreak of the war, when he entered the Confederate vice. Being taken prisoner, he volunteered for the rthern navy, in which service he won distinction.

After the war, Stanley went to Asia Minor, writing ters to the newspapers descriptive of scenes in that d. His vivid word-painting attracted the notice of r. James Gordon Bennett, who succeeded in attaching n to the staff of the *New York Herald*. He acmpanied the Abyssinian expedition as the correspon nt of that journal, and was afterwards sent to Spain report the rebellion there. Thence he was sumned to undertake the mission which won him worlde fame.

Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, had t been heard from for more than a year. He was ay on one of his long journeys. It was feared that was dead, and it was known that if he was alive must be in extreme poverty, as his resources had t been sufficient for so long a period. Mr. Bennett mmissioned Stanley to find him, and on Jan. 6, 1871, anley landed on the east coast of Africa to begin his uest. It was a long and tedis journey, and was attended terrible hardship and peril. was 236 days after setting t, that he reached Ujiji. To s intense delight he found vingstone there. He was so itated by his success, that all could say was: "Dr. Livingone, I presume," as if he had en meeting him on an Amerian street. Livingstone and he came good friends. Stanley ied to persuade him to accomny him home, but Livingstone ould not return, until he had complished the purpose for hich he had set out. The two en remained together four onths and then Stanley set out meward, and Livingstone reumed the journey from which never returned.

In 1874 Stanley was again nt to Africa, to take up the ork of exploration which Livgstone began. His visit to ganda, his journey up the ongo, and his adventures in Western Africa, astonished the orld. On his return, he pubshed so vivid an account of ose regions, that the King of e Belgians commissioned him return and found the Congo tate. Several years were ent in that work, and on coming back to civiliza-on, high honors were showered upon him. But even en, his work in Africa was not done. He was rged in 1887 to go to the rescue of Emin Pasha, Govnor of Equatorial Africa, who was reported to be in ire straits. This mission Stanley successfully accomplished. In 1890 he returned to England, naturalized himself, was elected to Parliament, and remained there until his death. It was a life crowded with work and extraordinary labor and marvelous achievement. It was the practical embodiment of the motto which, as Stanley himself wrote to a friend in this country, he had made his own:

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might (Eccles. 9:10).



THE LATE SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

THE MEETING OF STANLEY WITH LIVINGSTONE—"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME"

More Fighting in Thibet

One of the disadvantages of the policy of seclusion pursued by the rulers of Thibet will be severely felt in that land. In resolutely shutting off communication with the outside world, they failed to get the news that the British Government, as stated on this page last week, had decided to withdraw its expedition. No better news than this could have reached Lhassa, but evidently it was not known there. Thibetan troops attacked the British garrison at Gyangtse, on May 5, about midnight, and a fierce battle ensued, in which the Thibetans were repulsed. On May 10 the attack was renewed, and since that time a fort has been erected, from which the British camp is bombarded with antiquated guns. In view of these attacks, the British Government has announced that the expedition must go on to Lhassa, to restore the prestige of the flag. The pledge is made, however, that there shall be no attempt to annex Thibet to British dominions, and that if the Llama signs the treaty of commerce, already negotiated, the expedition will withdraw. It is a pity that this sacrifice of life was not avoided, as well as further sacrifices, which must ensue. By his action, the Llama has prevented the very step which he had every reason to desire. The wise king's advice would have saved him from his blunder.

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof (Prov. 25:8).

A Vanishing Coast

Testimony recently taken in New Orleans for the United States Supreme Court, revealed remarkable changes in the coast line of that section. The question at issue is the coast line of Louisiana in 1812, because this fixes the water boundary of the State and determines whether the oyster reefs off the coast, valued at $10,000,000, belong to Louisiana or Mississippi. The old maps declare in favor of Louisiana. The contention of Mississippi is that these maps are incorrect, and the country in dispute has always been the mixture of marsh, mud and water it is to-day. As the country was uninhabited and deemed valueless, the cartographers did not think it worth while to make a fruitless and expensive survey of the marsh, and give a number of petty details in which no one was interested. Therefore they made the entire section in dispute dry land in their maps. A great deal of testimony was heard from fishermen, yachtsmen and others, who had visited the country at different times in the last twenty-five years. They told of marvelous changes, some of them coming in a single night, of islands that had appeared and disappeared, land that was a point one day and a bayou or bay the following day. One of the witnesses gave a list of islands which were in existence twenty-five years ago, but of which there was now no trace. Huge sections of the coast, formerly well wooded, had also disappeared. It was fair to assume, therefore, that if so many changes had occurred in a quarter of a century, others still more numerous had been made since 1812 of which there was no record. Evidently a coast line undergoing such constant change affords no basis for a settlement of boundary lines. It would appear from recent theological debates, that there is a similar doubt about the line of demarkation between the church and the world. The world has been making such depredations on the church as the sea has made on the coast. We may be sure, however, that though man may be in doubt, there will be no final uncertainty.

The Lord knoweth them that are his (II. Timothy 2:19).

BRIEF NOTES

The Salvation Army in Japan has 38 corps (stations) and outposts, 90 officers and cadets (all but 13 of whom are Japanese), a home for discharged prisoners with 40 inmates, and a rescue home for women.

The next Pan-Presbyterian Council meets in Liverpool, June 28-July 6. Dr. John Watson is to preach the opening sermon. Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, will preside. America sends 100 delegates.

Arrangements are being made by the American Bible Society to issue the Revised Version of the Bible. Hitherto, a clause in the Society's charter, limits its issues specifically to copies of the Authorized or King James' version. It will be necessary, therefore, to obtain a legal amendment of the charter, but no opposition to the application is anticipated. It is proposed to secure the right to publish either the English Revision, or that of the American Committee.

The latest computation of the numbers of persons giving adherence to the different faiths of the world is presented by a German, who estimates that 550,000,000 are Christians, 202,000,000 are Mohammedans, and 11,000,000 are Jews.

Our 5,000 India Orphans

FOUR YEARS OF WONDERFUL WORK BY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS

SOME OF THE CHILDREN SUPPORTED AT RAHURI, INDIA, BY "CHRISTIAN HERALD" READERS

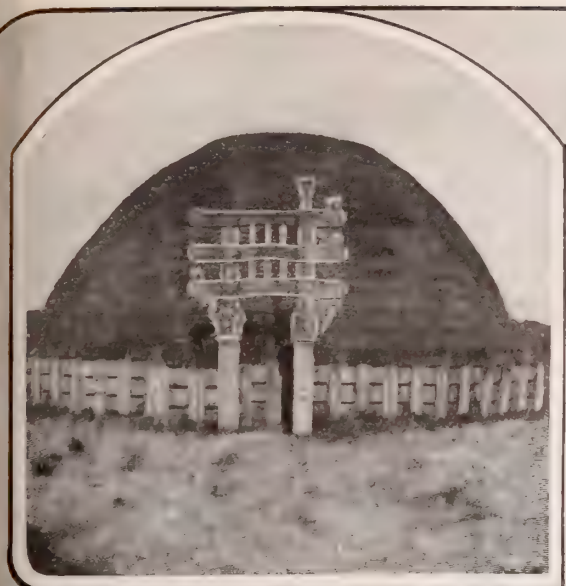
EVERY reader of this journal who has taken part in the work of supporting, clothing and educating the poor little children who were orphaned by the great famine of 1900, will be profoundly gratified by the report which Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, gave of the results, a few days ago, when he visited this office. Dr. Hume was chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Relief Committee for some time during the prevalence of the famine, and has consequently been brought in touch with missionaries all over India, who have had charge of the orphans since the famine. He is now at home on furlough, which he sorely needed after his exhausting labors.

When asked what he thought would be the general result of the vast undertaking of supporting the five thousand children, which has been carried on for four years through the medium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by its readers, he said: "I am absolutely sure that the work is the most unique, the most Christlike, the most hopeful phase of Christian missionary effort in modern times. I believe that the large majority of these children are to be the finest product of the rising generation of native Christians. Physically, though they started under serious disadvantages, they have had better care than the average Indian child, and are consequently stronger and more uniformly developed than other native children. Their intellectual development is also superior, because they have been regularly in school, and have not been kept away, as the native child in India often is for long intervals. The result has been that at Ahmednagar, in our own schools and in other cities, the children have passed through five standards in three years, instead of the usual rate of three standards in five years. In character and morals, also, they are far ahead of the average status. They have had exceptional oversight, and have been trained in good habits, in early rising, in attention to regular duties, and, above all, in the principles of Christian life, so as to recognize their obligations to one another and to the community. Industrially, too, they will prove the value of the training they have received. Their skill and intelligence developed in the industries which the missionaries have had them taught, will make them examples to their brethren wherever they may go. A remarkable testimony to these facts was given recently by Sir M. Bhownuggree, a Parsee member of Parliament, who, after inspecting the children in a missionary institution, said, "You American missionaries are doing more for the people of India than is the British Government."

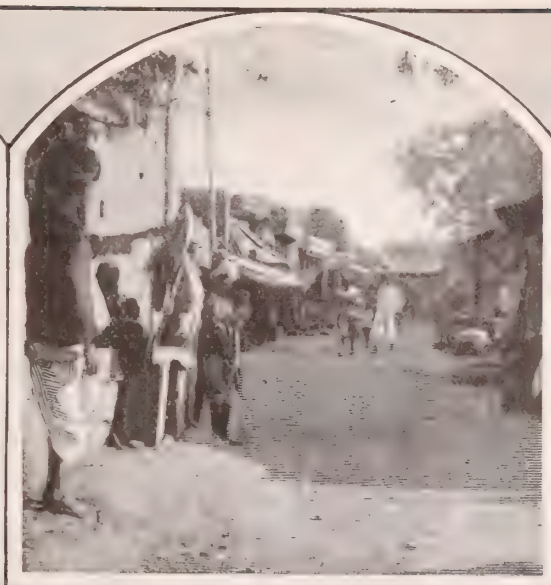
Dr. Hume has evidently high hopes of future results of still greater moment. "Not only," he says, "must the advantage to these children whom we have had in training be considered, but the value of their example to the rest of the Indian community, the effect of which will be seen in after years." More than all, however, is the fact, for which there is abundant reason to praise God, that large numbers of the older orphans have become sincere Christians. In the Ahmednagar Institution, of which he has charge, Dr. Hume says, of one hundred and eighty children gathered from the famine nearly one hundred have given evidence of genuine conversion, and of these not a single one has proved unsatisfactory. Similar testimony is given by other missionaries. What is the value of a soul? What will be the effect of these native boys and girls when grown to

A RECENT CONVERT OF THE BRAHMIN CASTE — MISSIONARY CONVEYANCE FOR REACHING OUTLYING DISTRICTS — ORPHAN CHILDREN ONCE FAMINE WAIFS

BUDDHIST TOPE IN CENTRAL INDIA



MAIN STREET OF A TOWN IN INDIA



A TEMPLE AT BIJAPUR

nhood and womanhood going out into the cities and villages of India? Their vation and the salvation of those who will be won through them, is due under d to the self-denying men and women among the readers of this journal who, their gifts, made it pos- le for them to be trained der Christian mission- es in the orphanages of dia.

These children, now hap- hopeful and intelligent, re, only four years ago, iserable little orphan ifs on the verge of star- ion, homeless and friend- s. Many of them would loubtedly have perished hunger, had not the nd-hearted missionaries en them into their sta- ns and given them food dshelter. Then the estion arose of their fu- re. The missionaries no funds available for pporting them. The ovidence of God had ought the lambs for them feed; but the mission- es could see no way of oviding for them. Pitiful re the appeals for help t came to this office, m missionaries who nk from the necessity, ich seemed unavoidable, turning the children out their refuges. The dif- lty was laid before the ders of this journal, and suggestion was made t individuals, or Sunday hools, or Young People's ieties, should adopt one these orphans and un- take its support.

MISSION CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS AT RAHURI, INDIA

Communication was opened with the missionaries, who reported that they old feed, clothe and educate a child for fifteen dollars a year. The fact was made own and God commended it to the hearts of the generous readers of this rnal. Before the year 1900 closed, support of over five thousand or- ns was pledged by individuals and ieties all over this land. The foster- rents could choose a boy or a girl, and could select the denomination of the orphanage in which the child should be placed. They were informed of the name and age of the child and the name and address of the missionary who had charge of it, and from time to time during the past four years they have received from the missionary reports of the child's health and progress. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD undertook the work of collecting and forwarding the money, and Dr. Klopsch has sent to India every four months a check for $25,000 for the support of the five thousand orphans. Besides this, a supplementary check has been sent regularly, to cover the expenses of the orphans in excess of the five thousand originally selected. These payments, now already exceeding the sum of $300,000, have enabled the missionaries to proceed with their work in confidence, assured that there would be no delay or uncertainty in the provision for the vast family depending on them.

The plan has worked excellently. As was inevitable, however, death and other causes have involved the dropping out of some subscribers to the fund. But in no case has the support of a child been allowed to lapse through the death or disability of its foster-parents in this country. There are now many opportunities for persons who have had no part in the work hitherto, to share in it from this time forward, by undertaking the cost of completing the education of a child who is now in need of foster-parents. The privilege of participating in a work already so fruitful in results and so bright with hope, is one that should be gladly accepted. As Christ said: "They cannot recompense you, but ye shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

THE SCENE OF SUTTEE HOLOCAUSTS

FAMINE CHILDREN AFTER TWO MONTHS IN THE ORPHANAGE

FORMER FAMINE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Christ's Trial Before Pilate

Sunday School Lesson By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

PILATE SAID, WHAT IS TRUTH?

ALTHOUGH Christ was not tried and sentenced in a formal meeting of the Sanhedrin, there can be no question that his condemnation and death were the work of the whole body of Sanhedrists—"all the council" in the sense of expressing what was the judgment and purpose of the Supreme Council of Israel, from whose judgment Nicodemus and Joseph only are known to have dissented on the way from the high priest's palace to the Prætorium, the palace of the Roman Governor. The Jewish people remained outside that they might not be "defiled," and so be shut out of the Passover feast. Pilate comes out to receive them and questions the Jewish authorities: "What accusation bring ye against this man?" In their answer they seek to avoid stating the charge of blasphemy for which they had condemned him, because they knew it could have no weight with Pilate, who had no sympathy with their religion. They answer: "If this man were not an evil doer, we should not have delivered him up unto thee." Pilate casts their prisoner back upon them, saying, "Take him yourselves, and judge him according to your law." But the Jews answer Pilate, "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." Then they consult together, and trump up three charges: 1. That Jesus was a seditious person, stirring up the people against the Roman government; 2. That he had refused to pay tribute to Cæsar (He had actually worked a miracle in order to pay his dues, Matt. 17: 24-27); 3. That he was a conspirator, claiming to be a king. As a Roman governor, Pilate must consider these charges, for they implied treason against the Roman Government.

Illustration and Application

Whenever possible, a lesson or a sermon should be approached through some matter of great current interest. Such an approach to this lesson is afforded by Andrew Carnegie's new fund of five million dollars, to reward heroes in civil life—life-savers chiefly, such as the fireman, who risks his life to save another life from the flames; the engineer, who refuses to jump when he could save himself, if by holding fast the throttle he can save his trainload of people; the policeman, who stops a runaway, at his own great peril; the swimmer, often a woman, who, at some beach, rescues a drowning man in the face of death. When the fearlessness of the Japanese tempts us to the common error of forgetting all but military courage, Mr. Carnegie's gift puts timely emphasis on the truth that peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war. In this lesson, we behold the bravest, the greatest of life-savers, side by side with the most famous of cowards, who missed the chance to save the noblest life, by his selfish anxiety to save himself.

See the folly and sin of fear and cowardice in Herod and Pilate. The Herod of this lesson is the son of that King Herod, who sought to kill Jesus at Bethlehem, and he is the same Herod who showed himself a fivefold coward in connection with the death of John the Baptist, acting in that case very much as Pilate did in this. Herod was, first of all, afraid of his wife; his bad wife Herodias, who had been wickedly divorced from his brother to marry him. Pilate also was afraid because of his wife; his good wife, whose dream led her to send word to her husband: "Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man." Herod was, secondly, afraid of the multitude; but it was because they were friends of John the Baptist and believed he was a prophet; while Pilate feared the multitude, because they had been cajoled by the Pharisees into hostility to Jesus. Herod, thirdly, feared John, as Pilate did Jesus, because of his manifest goodness. Herod, fourthly, feared the guests at his drunken feast, and so was prevented from breaking the bad promise he had given to the dancing girl, who had on that promise asked the murder of John. Pilate's fourth fear was not of guests, nor did he have the poor excuses of drunkenness and a bad promise, but it was a fear that he might be accused to the Emperor and lose his office. It was the ofttold tale of doing the mean thing for the sake of an office—for the sake of winning or holding it. Herod's fifth fear was of a ghost. After he had murdered John, when he heard of Jesus doing a like work, he ran among his servants in terror, exclaiming: "It is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded, he is risen from the dead." In like remorse, Pilate, who had as vainly as Macbeth tried to wash the stain of Christ's death from his hands, is reputed to have died miserably, after losing the office he sacrificed everything to keep, by suicide on Mount Pilatus.

What folly to live in such a succession of fears. And how plainly it is all the fruit of selfishness. How much happier, even on the march to death, were John the Baptist and Jesus. Their fearlessness manifestly came from faith, that cries as it looks up to God: "How can we fear anything with him looking at us!" Jesus was about to lose not only life, but good name, dying in the most shameful way. But he was more pitiful of Pilate than of himself. The scene, it has been well said, was "Pilate before Christ." Pilate acted as if he were the real prisoner, Christ as if he were already Judge and King. He who beholds the face of God will never fear the face of man. If you are troubled with fears, the remedy is in an increase of faith, that is, a clearer vision of God. "Be not afraid, only believe."

"I HAVE SUFFERED MANY THINGS THIS DAY IN A DREAM BECAUSE OF HIM"

Let us now, in a succession of real pictures, find the real Pilates of our own time, who "crucify the Lord afresh" by cowardice. If some of these pictures mirror ourselves, let us turn to the fearless Christ, praying that we, too, like John the Baptist, beholding as in a mirror, the courage of our Lord, may be changed into the same image, so that like the other John, we may, by our boldness, prove we have been with Jesus.

A dozen boys on the playground are tormenting one of their playmates, calling him "sissy" because he will not smoke cigarettes with them, as if it were manly to do what weakens both body and brain. One boy looking on realizes the meanness of this persecution, but he fears that if he protests the gang will turn on him with jibes or worse, and so he tries to be neutral, and only succeeds in being a coward.

Here is a group of girls. They are saying hateful and mean things about another girl who is absent, and whom they dislike, because she is more studious and obedient, and so is more liked by the teacher. One of the group does not join in this gossip and scandal, and does not like it, but she keeps still, lest she draw the dislike of the others upon herself by a brave protest against their injustice. She falls short of the heathen wife of Pilate, and is more like cowardly Pilate himself.

Here is a young man who in a boarding-house h Christ's name dishonored by curses and sneers, and cowardly silence gives consent. Here is a young wo who welcomes young men of blemished reputations to parties, because to leave them out, especially if they are may make her unpopular. Here is a Christian man, wh a member of the Board of Trade, makes no protest w some wine-bibber proposes that the greatest enemy of c merce, the intoxicating cup, shall be given a place at annual banquet. He pretends to himself that his cowa silence is "consideration for the rights of others." Here woman whose conscience condemns wine, and who o wore the white ribbon, but she discards the badge, and g to wine dinners, and even serves it at her own table, beca she fears the sneers and the ostracism of social set in which she desires to move. these belong to the tribe of Pilate, and by these cowards the brave, unselfish Chris "crucified afresh."

On the other hand, let heroic life-sav inspire us to heroic soul-saving. Let us b brave to save a soul, as so many are w there is a chance to save an imperilled bo

Only a few weeks ago the white peopl Columbus, Georgia, erected a monum made of Georgia and Verm marble to a black hero, cont ing this inscription: "Erected the city of Columbus, to m the last resting place of Bragg Smith, v died on December 30, 1903, in the heroic fruitless effort to rescue the city engin from a caving excavation on Eleventh Str

A Black Hero

'Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

With this, let us place another Southern stance, a monument to quiet, everyday co age, that persists in little acts of kindn until this persistency, overcoming difficul and discouragements, grows to a coral isl of courage.

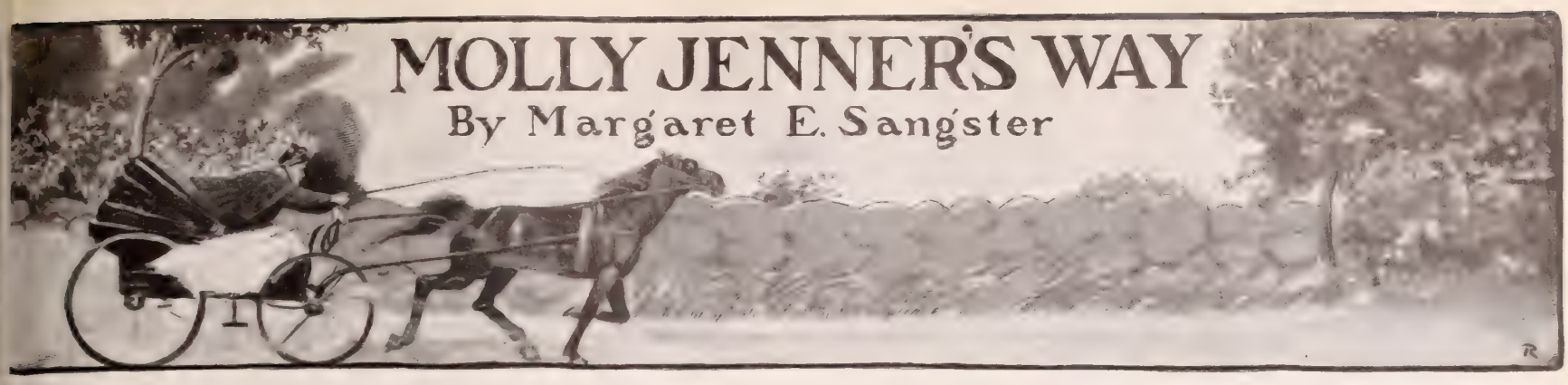
In a large, open square in New Orlea stands a beautiful marble statue erected the city, and on the statue are these wor "The Statue of Margaret of New Orlear She was left an orphan by the ravages yellow fever. She married in early wom hood but her husband soon died, a her only child. She was poor and uneducated, and co scarcely write her name. She went to work in the Orp Asylum for Girls. She toiled early and late, solicited g ceries from merchants, and, indeed, put her whole life i the work for the orphans. When a new and beautiful asyl was built, Margaret and one of the Sisters of Mercy free from debt. Margaret opened a dairy and bakery in the c of her own. Everybody knew her, and patronized her m wagon and bakery. She worked very hard and saved ev cent to help the orphans, whom in effect she had adopted her own children. She never owned a silk dress or wor kid glove, and she was very pla but the city erected this beauti monument to the orphans' frie as a thank-offering for a beautif helpful, unselfish life of servi It was also a life of courage, the courage of one great act, of daily overcoming discoura ment.

"PILATE SAITH UNTO THEM, BEHOLD THE MAN"

Pilate was really guilty of dou treason: to Rome, in failing discharge and defend the prisor he had acquitted; and to Chri his own rightful King, whom crucified when he should rat have crowned and worship him. And every one who reje Christ is a sharer in this doul treason of Pilate.

Dr. Torrey tells this story: "O day, in Maryborough, in Austral a fine-looking man came to s me. He said, 'I want to talk wi you, I don't know much abo your preaching. Now, I am moral man, and no one can de it. Now, I would like you to t me what you have against me.' said, 'Are you a Christian?' "'N sir,' he replied. 'Have you tak Jesus Christ as your personal S viour, and surrendered your life him as your Lord and Master, a confessed him as such before t world, and given your life to him 'No, sir,' he replied. 'Then,' I sai 'I charge you, sir, with high treas against your King. Jesus Chri is your King; God made him s and I charge you, sir,'—and looked him right in the eye—' charge you, sir, with the crime high treason against your Kin And a dark cloud came over t man's face as he said, 'Goo afternoon,' and walked away. Months passed away. was preaching in Ballarat, about forty miles from Mar borough. After the service a man came to me and sai 'Do you remember me?' I said, 'I have seen you som where but I cannot place you.' He said, 'Do you rememb ever charging a man with high treason?' Then he told m his story, and I remembered him. He said, 'I am the ma and I have come to Ballarat, sir, to tell you that you w never charge me with high treason again.' We dropped o our knees, and he said, 'Lord Jesus, I hand in my allegianc I give up my treason, I take thee as my King.'"

* Crucified Afresh by Cowards. International Sunday School Lesson for June 5, Mark 15: 1-15. Golden Text: "Then said Pilate unto the chief priests and unto the people, I find no fault in this man" (Luke 23: 4.)



MOLLY JENNER'S WAY

By Margaret E. Sangster

"YOU have nothing to say to me, Mary?"

"I have nothing to say."

"You know you are unfair, dear. I put the money where I thought it would be safe. I ught that stock for Susan. Who had any fear about dvale Bank ten days ago? You act as if I'd planned lose the money, as if you thought me a thief, as if, d help me, Mary, after livin' with me 'most thirty ars, you hated the sight of me."

The wife's face was set like a mask. Her large eyes oked at Ephraim Jenner, as if they did not see him. r lips were tightly shut. In her view Ephraim had mmitted the unpardonable sin. He had been a large ckholder in the Midvale Bank, investing there the ings of many toiling years, and now the bank had en hopelessly wrecked by a dishonest cashier. Word d come to the farm so suddenly that it had stunned th husband and wife, but the man regained his cour- first, while the woman was wrapped in a tongue- d despair. She had not addressed a word to her hus- nd of her own free will since the news came. She oved about the house like a woman under a spell. he atmosphere around her seemed freezing, though weather was hot and dry, the earth hard-caked by ought, the grass burned to a crisp, and the stubble own and brittle under the feet.

"Aren't you going to see Susan graduate, mother?" d Ephraim, speaking again after a pause, in which silence was so emphatic that the clock ticking in corner of the living room sounded in his ears as if ery vibration had the snap of a whip. "You'll surely won't you?"

No answer.

"Mary Jenner," the man persevered, a ll red deepening in his sunburnt cheek, ou've got to answer me. Are you, or you not, goin' on the train this noon Waterford so as to be at Susan's Com- ncement to-morrow. The child will be king for you, Mary."

"I can't help it. I've no heart to go."

"You ought to go, for Susy's sake."

"I won't go, Ephraim."

"Susy'll be hurt."

"She'll be worse hurt when she comes me and finds we're packing up for the orhouse, when she finds what fools 've been, all our eggs in one basket. n't talk to me, Ephraim," and the pent- passion now poured itself forth in a sh. "Don't talk to me! S'pose I'll go Waterford College and make a show myself, now that I can't ever hold my id up among the neighbors, now that farm'll have to be mortgaged. I wish was dead, that's all!"

"Others are almost as badly off, Mary."

"That doesn't help us."

Her pale face settled back into iron es. Her husband sighed, and the sigh s almost a groan. A sanguine, easy- npered, happy-hearted man, he could t understand his wife in this mood. guely he had comprehended that she ed money, that the pride of her life s in getting on, and having plenty to ve to Susy, in some far-off future, when e should be done with working and ving. Susy had been finely educated. r mother had kept Susy's hands white d soft, though her own were hard. ur weeks ago, Susy's graduating gown, ruffles and frills, and tucks and puffs, a inty filmy muslin with pipings of satin d flutings of ribbon and a broad sash, had been sent Waterford by express. What pleasure the mother d taken in that gown. She had been lavish beyond r wont. It had expressed a mother's pride and grati- d a mother's vanity. She had written to Susy that e must be photographed in that dress.

"It couldn't be prettier if Susy were goin' to be rried," she had said to herself, gloating over the deli- te costume with a complacency odd in so self-con- ned a woman. "I don't believe the governor's ughter'll look any finer than my Susan," she said, as e wrapped it in the tissue paper and tied up the big x. With a throe, the habit of economy had asserted elf when the box was fairly gone. But the expense Susan's brave apparel could be met by extra plain- ss herself for the next six months, and Ephraim uld manage with his old suit another year. Susan ould be needing pretty things straight along of course.

Nobody ever looked twice, the mother argued, at old people like Ephraim Jenner and herself; but Susan, nineteen and a beauty, what could be denied Susan!

All this had happened and been settled before the crash came. It was ancient history. Mrs. Jenner felt as if she had lived a hundred miserable years since the bank failed. Ephraim had said she seemed to hate him. In the depths of her angry, aching, unreasonable soul, she did, for the time, hate him. She owned it to herself savagely, a contemptuous sneer behind the words. For conscience was not dead, and she knew that Ephraim was not to blame. Midvale Bank had seemed to them both a sort of Gibraltar. But she was railing at fate, at her husband, and at God.

Ephraim had gone out, closing the door gently. His wife did not glance after him, nor make the slightest effort to clear away the breakfast table, nor put the house in order. Crumbs, unswept, had been lying on the carpet for days. A hen strayed in from the yard, a thing unprecedented in Mrs. Jenner's housekeeping, finding its way through the door opposite the one by which Ephraim had left the room. The hen loitered about, picking up crumbs. Mrs. Jenner did not notice. She rocked to and fro, her eyes on her lap. An hour passed. The hen strolled out again into the sunshine. Mrs. Jenner still sat in idleness, rocking aimlessly.

Her husband came back. Heavily but hurriedly he crossed the kitchen to their chamber, which was on the same floor. Presently he stepped out in his shirt-sleeves, and went to the boiler on the big stove for a dipper full of warm water. He shaved and put on his Sunday suit. The hired man, who lived down the road a piece and came by the day, had harnessed old Ned. Ephraim called him, and gave him some directions. Then he came into the room.

"EPHRAIM SLIPPED OUT IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES"

"Mary, I'm goin' to Waterford to see Susy graduate. Won't you come with me? Think how disappointed she'll be, if neither of us is there. Her great day, too. Mark Trevor's going by the noon train. He stopped at the gate a while ago, and told me he'd ordered flowers for Susy. I told him to order some for you. I gave Mark the money to pay for them, Mary. You'd be sorry when you thought it over, if Susan's Commencement was not as nice as any of the other girls. Mark's broke ground for his new house, Mary. We'll not have Susy so very long."

"Ephraim, you're trying to coax me. But I won't be coaxed. It was just like you to spend money on such foolishness when we're ruined. We may want it for bread yet."

"Will you drive with me to the depot, Mary?"

"John Hubbell can drive with you."

"John's got the other work waiting. I want you. Come along, and bring Ned home again."

It was his little ruse to persuade her into the air. She saw through it and went just a bit too far.

"I'll oblige you," she said; "but don't talk to me on the road. I have no patience with such a fool."

She put on her sunbonnet. Ephraim helped her into the buggy but did not speak. He kept his eyes fixed on the horse, and on the long dusty road, baked yellow in the blazing heat. The match had touched the fuse at last. He was resentful now, but it was not his way to explode. Mary saw a gray set jaw, a stern expression, strange on that usually gentle face, and she noted the strength of the hard, gnarled old hands that held the reins. She looked at him, her own mood softening. When blue eyes kindle they smoulder. She knew that Ephraim's eyes in his rare anger were like coals, and though she thought herself as wrathful as ever, she was afraid, her wrath was as the crackling of thorns under a pot to the depth of his, once started. The slow to anger are harder to be won than a beleaguered city.

At the station, Ephraim stepped down and handed her the reins.

"Drive straight home," he said, briefly. "There's goin' to be a shower."

Country custom did not require a husband to raise his hat when taking leave of a wife, but Ephraim had never before gone for a night without saying, "Good-by, dear. Take care of yourself," without a tender look. This was the first unhappy parting in thirty years.

Ephraim tramped heavily into the station, and bought his ticket. Originally he had not intended to go to Waterford, though his affection for his only child was as pervading and assertive as her mother's. He had always adored Susy, and she was the apple of his eye. But they had all along planned it that Mary would go alone to Commencement, and that Susy would understand how hard it was for both to leave home at once in midsummer.

Mary drove back as fast as she could urge the fat and lazy horse, for the hint of a shower had become a menace. She thought she heard the rumble of the outgoing train, but it was possibly thunder, and that terrified her. She had a half-insane horror of a thunderstorm. Fast as she drove, the black clouds seemed to hurry after her. Brave in many ways, she was a coward in an electric storm, and Ephraim knew it and had not this time cared. For thirty years he had indulged her when the summer tempests fell, humored her whims and caprices about shutting windows and locking herself up in dark closets, chafing her hands when they grew cold, holding her head against his faithful breast, soothing her with soft phrases.

He would croon over her, "There! there! hush! hush! it's goin' by. You're all right." She had been thus cared for, thus sheltered a thousand times. It was one of the little things she had not known to be a great thing.

To-day, as she drove home alone, the old terror leaped on her like a panther from a thicket. It gripped her

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

furiously. A great lump came strangling into her throat. As she turned in at her gate, and headed Ned to the barn, John, the hired man, came to take the horse. He grinned fatuously.

"Well, Mrs. Jenner, I promised Mr. Jenner I'd look after things, but I never thought he'd leave you, with a cyclone may be comin' up. Better hurry in! It's goin' to be a big blow this time, sure!"

Blinded with tears, choking with sobs, frightened half to death, Mary Jenner threw herself on the lounge in the sitting-room, sunbonnet and cape falling on the floor. As John had said, there was a big blow. The house rocked. The trees by the garden gate bent before the gale. The worst storm of the season had arrived.

In the tumult of her abject fear, and the physical distress that bowed her as if on the rack, Mary Jenner forgot her grievance, and the spirit melted out of her utterly. What did she care for lost money? She knew she was dying!

A ball of fire ran over the dried and faded lawn, flashed into the cellar beneath her, struck up through the floor, and hurled itself out again through the window. The old clock fell with a tremendous clamor and noise. For Mary Jenner, time and the things of time ceased to be. She fainted, and lay on the lounge in merciful oblivion to all that was going on.

She came to herself, was it five minutes later, or ten years, and strong arms were about her. A voice sweet with the tender love of a lifetime, spoke familiarly. No, this was neither heaven nor the judgment day. It was Mary Jenner's kitchen.

"There, there, dearie! Hush-hush, the storm's most over. I'm here with you. You're all safe, Molly. I'm here!"

"Ephraim!" she murmured, "Ephraim!"

"Just your old bear of an Ephraim, Molly. Poor girl! The storm nearly killed you, didn't it? Poor little Molly!"

She looked up. The faithful blue eyes were smiling into hers. The dear hands were smoothing her forehead. She tried to sit up, but fell back. She smiled. The storm was passing. A sunbeam slanted over the carpet.

"Lie still!" said her husband. "You lie still, dear."

"You came back, Ephraim?"

"Of course I came back. The train was late. I saw the storm was going to be worse than I thought, a regular out an' outer, so I hired Joel West to come out of his way and leave me here. He'll do anything for money, you know, Mary."

"Oh, Ephraim, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't mention money! I've been getting to love it! It's just as well ours is lost, considering the day of judgment! Oh, Ephraim, forgive me, I've been so horrid, and—won't you kiss me?"

The wife made her plea half timidly, but the husband gathered her close to his heart, and their lips met in a kiss of perfect love and pardon. Mary had found out that money was not everything.

That evening, together, when supper was cleared away, they swept and dusted the disorderly house. Very early next day, in the freshness of the rising dawn they caught the train for Waterford.

The Governor and his wife were present, for the occasion was doubly a function for them, as their daughter received a diploma, and the Governor made an address. But Susan Jenner had the valedictory, and two prouder people than the plain-looking couple, who watched her every movement with adoring eyes, were not in the crowded building that day. A new peace had crept over Mary Jenner's face, and she looked younger than she had in years.

"Good stock, those Jenners!" said the Governor to his wife. "They've lost nearly all they have in the world in that Midvale Bank trouble, but did you see how serene they were, how dignified; you can't down Americans. I tell you, Sarah, that's a clever girl of theirs. I hope Dorothy'll keep her as a friend."

"You are such a dear, sentimental fellow," said the lady, squeezing the Governor's arm, as they were seated in the carriage, "that I'll tell you a secret. Dorothy says that Susan Jenner is engaged to Mark Trevor, the young man who's going to be your private secretary!"

"A young man with a career before him! Good!" said the Governor.

Susan had anticipated some opposition from her mother. Mrs. Jenner had reasoned a good deal on having some years of Susan's company.

"But, mother," she said, when they had their first confidential talk after she was settled at home, "you and father were just the age of Mark and me when you were married."

"Girls used to marry younger than they do now, Susy."

"You waited a good while for me, didn't you, mother?" Susy was sitting in the moonlight in her own room, looking very sweet and childish.

"A good while, daughter; but they were happy years. Your father was always good."

"Yes," said Susy. "Daddy is good. Do you think, mother, there's a chance at all that he'll ever recover from the bank?"

"I don't know, Susy, and I don't worry. Notice, child, I don't worry. Ephraim and I are both spared, and I've had an awakening."

The Case of Officer Flanagan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Old Strepper and the sisters, not familiar with cases of such focussed devotion, did not interfere with Lena, feeling convinced that her "fit" would pass into normality in a short time. Their expectations were wrong, for Lena, instead of abating her enthusiasm, became almost a fanatic.

She seemingly forgot the short span of time which stood between herself and her sisters, and unconsciously assuming the demeanor of an aged woman, acted the part of mother with a most astounding naturalness. To be "mothered" by their own sister was, at first, repugnant to the other children. Then they made her the target of ridicule.

The father did not take sides in this family evolution, preferring to wait for its outcome. As weeks and weeks passed by, without increasing the expense account or diminishing the fare, he thought it best to let conditions remain as they were.

Once it occurred to him to inquire what Lena did with the small balance left from her weekly allowance and not accounted for in her statement.

"What you been doing with that eighty cents you made on this week's bill, Lena?"

"Why? Didn't you folks have enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes, only I thought that if you had nothing better to do than to buy some useless trash with the difference, you might as well let me have it to save it up and buy something decent."

"Well, pa, I don't think flowers is much use, but I been sending the girls over in turns on Sundays to take over the few pinks and roses that I could buy for them few pennies, so's mother's grave wouldn't look so bare."

The father was silent for quite a time.

"Say, Lenchen, that's all right and I ain't begrudging nothing for that. But why don't you go over some Sunday, or go out of an evening? You'll be sick, staying in the house, the way you do."

"I can't, father. You know I got to look after the house and the girls," and she went back to her work.

The one who suffered most from this transformation of Lena was Cornelius Flanagan. To call at the girl's house was out of the question, as the father's aversion was by no means overcome, and Lena would have never consented to see her intended in his absence and while she was alone. His only opportunities to exchange a word with her were when he was lucky enough to meet her on an errand to one of the stores. But she was no more inclined to listen to any talk about naming the day, sending Flanagan away with the vague ultimatum that she had a duty now and could not think of getting married while the children had still to depend on her.

He, too, hoped that Lena would change her mind; but a twelvemonth went around and Annie, the next in age, forsook the parental roof to get married, and Flanagan's fate was still the same. There were times when his patience became exhausted and he spoke quite bluntly.

"Now, see here, Lena. It would be all right, if your sisters really needed you. But they're all grown up, and there is enough o' them to take care of the old man. If you were to marry me now, I'd give you an allowance, and then you could hire a woman to go and take your place to do the heavy work in your father's house."

"It ain't the work so much, Cornelius, as that they ain't got no mother, and I promised to stay and do my duty to them."

"Gracious, Lena, you're talking as if you was seventy-five and the others about three or four years. I don't blame you for trying to live up to the promise you made the old lady as long as it's necessary, but that you been doing long ago, and now you owe it to me to say good-by to all that and to marry me."

It was all in vain.

"I can't help it, Cornelius, and I hope you won't be mad; but I promised mother,—" was her invariable answer.

Time never stops, and, in due course, chick after chick left the coop, until only one, Lizzie, the youngest, remained. I do not know if Lizzie turned out to be a spoiled girl. If she did not, it was not her fault, for no mother could have lavished more affection and tenderness on her than Lena did. Lena fairly worshiped and slaved for the last one of her charges.

Through it all, a term of several years, Flanagan had stood stanch and hopeful as far as his love for Lena was concerned, but had not improved thereby. His stubbornness helped him to swallow the jests, which were made at the expense of his enforced celibacy, but to put himself into better humor afterwards, he had taken more and more to drinking. All this comedy-drama was played in a very narrow compass, and it was only natural that Lena heard of the evil ways of her lover. It needed only that to fairly upset her.

At last came the day, on which also the youngest, Lizzie, was ready to follow her husband into her new home, and it was an event which produced varying effects in the hearts and minds of those interested.

Cornelius Flanagan used the occasion as an excuse to get drunk and to gain forcible entrance into the Strepper apartments, from which he was expelled by the father, who had determined to repay Lena's years of toil, by making her the sole object of his paternal love and care.

Lena had attended the wedding ceremony in the little church, but immediately after it, went home, not caring to partake of the following feast. Always quiet, her absence was not noticed until the evening had far advanced, and then it was the father who inquired for her.

"Oh, I guess she went home to see if there wasn't some housework to be done," sneered one, and the father, following the hint, hurried to the tenement.

He found one who had once been Lena. Crouching on the floor in her very best dress—it was neither of silk or satin—she was busily scrubbing.

"Lena, what are you doing?" cried the father, feeling himself confronted by a new condition.

A vacant stare was the only answer, then the scrubbing was again resumed.

"Come, Lena," pleaded the father, now thoroughly alarmed, "Lizzie is asking for you and wants you to come back."

She smiled and crooned.

"No, Mamie was calling me, and I told her not to cry, and to have nothing to do with a bad fellow like Eddie; and then Aggie, she wanted me to ask you to forgive her for—but say, father, they're calling me, and I can't find them—I can't find them—and mother told me, and I'm so tired, but I got to look after my chicks, because I'm an old hen; Cornelius said so, and—"

"Lenchen, my Lenchen," the father having stood like one transfixed until then, knelt beside his oldest child, and buried his weeping eyes in the tresses of her bowed head, "Look at me, Lenchen! Don't you know me? I'm your old father."

"I got to scrub the stairs yet before Lizzie comes home. She always laughed at me."

The father heard no more. The nearest physician was three blocks away, but old Strepper, forgetting his years, ran with marvelous speed.

The noise of the closing door switched Lena into a different mood. The appeals, the cries for her multiplied. It was "Lena, Lena," here and everywhere. Now, it came from the bed-room; now, from the kitchen, and now from the street. And from there it came so beseechingly that no one could refuse to hurry there to help. But in the street there was nobody to be seen and—oh, yes, now it came from the next block. When that was reached, it came still from the next block, and very soon there were no more blocks, only a wide street, with a dock and a lot of dark water at the end of it. One doesn't like to jump into the river in one's best frock, but duty is duty, and a promise is a promise, and she thought she heard some one calling "Lena, Lena." So, just one more step, and then it would be found out who was in trouble, Annie or Lizzie, or maybe even Aggie, so here——.

"Lena, for heaven's sake, Lena!"

A man in a dishevelled police uniform sprang from a seat on the dock and tore the girl, who was about to jump into the darkness, back to the floor.

For a moment she seemed to get back to reason,—just long enough to recognize who had saved her. Then the wandering began again.

"Heavenly Father, you know what trouble I am in, and you will help me. I got to do my duty and keep my promise, and I don't mind, but it breaks my heart to see that Cornelius don't understand, and goes and gets drunk, as if he did not care for me at all. You know, Father, I love him, and as soon as all my chicks are married—he once called me an old hen—then I can marry him—if he will still have me. I don't think I'm good enough for anything else much, than scrubbing and cooking, but I would like so much to be happy for once—and I hope it ain't sinful to wish for that. But, now, please, Heavenly Father, excuse me, but I think Lizzie is crying for me, and—"

All the rest became unintelligible, because two strong arms encircled her and carried her back to the street, where the father, who had tracked her to the river, met them.

"I'll give you a hand carrying her back to the house, and then—I guess I'll come back and do what she meant to do," said Flanagan, as they steadied themselves to help the girl up the street.

"What are you talking about?"

"Why, she knelt down there on the dock and prayed for me, did you hear me—prayed for me, and I—not even good enough to be food for fishes."

There was that about the moment which swept away all previous misunderstandings, and the father could feel only grateful towards the man who had saved his daughter.

"She prayed for you? Well, then you are forgiven, for God would not refuse to listen to such a—."

"To such an angel as my Lena," Flanagan interrupted. "Mr. Strepper, I am through with everything that's bad, and all the rest of my life I shall atone. That night I had an illustration of how what seems to have somebody die for you, and now, henceforth, I shall live as He wants me to live. And Lena will help me."

"Don't be too sure o' that, Cornelius. My poor girl is very sick, and may she'll never—"

"Oh, yes, she'll be well again, because He doesn't let such as her die, for there are a power for Him on earth."

. . .

Cornelius Flanagan was right for once. Lena was soon nursed back to health and reason, and, at last, got married herself. The only reminder of that night is her hair, which became snowy white.

This story is true. Still, should you doubt me, I can tell you how you can prove it yourself.

If you should ever meet a policeman—I cannot disclose his present rank—at a Christian assemblage, look around the room, and if you see a bright-looking young woman with white hair, in his neighborhood, you can be reasonably sure that they are Cornelius Flanagan and his wife, or, at least, the originals of those two.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

JAPAN'S second army—a force of about 60,000 men, under command of Baron Oku—which landed at Pitsewo and Cape Terminal, on the eastern coast of the Liao-tung peninsula, May 4–6, encountered very slight opposition. One of the first results of this new movement was the cutting off of Port Arthur from railroad communication northward, the Japanese pushing across the peninsula and stopping the trains south of Polandien. There were rumors of a landing at Port Adams on the western side, but they were not confirmed. A portion of this new force was reported to have marched northward, with the purpose, it was supposed, of supporting operations in that section by Gen. Kuroki's army, while a large detachment advanced southward in the direction of Port Arthur.

Meanwhile, New Chwang was in a condition bordering on panic. Believing themselves liable to attack by an overpowering force, the Russians in New Chwang began to dismantle the fortifications, and were reported to be evacuating the place and retreating in the direction of Liao-Yang, the Russian military base.

On May 9, intelligence was received that the Russian General Staff had moved from Liao-Yang to Mukden, still further north, and might even go to Harbin, regarding their available forces as insufficient to make an effective stand against the Japanese in southern Manchuria. There were apprehensions of pillaging at New Chwang when the Russians departed, as a strong force of Chinese bandits was reported to be in readiness to loot the city. Warships will be sent there by the other powers to preserve order.

Several reports have been received of sharp fighting between the advance guards of Gen. Kuroki's army and the Russians who were driven from Fenwancheng last week, but no serious engagement occurred. The Japanese, instead of following up the pursuit, seem to have rested for several days, to refresh the troops. From all accounts, the fighting at Kuliencheng and Hamatan on May 1 and 2 was much more serious than first reports indicated. Kuroki reports that his troops buried some 1,500 Russian dead, and that the Russian wounded were left on the field. His own losses were nearly 1,000 men.

Every day brings some new and conflicting version of the military situation, the result of a total lack of authentic sources of news. In a week there have been cabled reports of battles at Liao-Yang, New Chwang, and several other points, which never took place. There were also sensational stories by the cable of the blowing up of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, the capture of Dalny, the sinking of the cruiser *Rurik* of the Vladivostok fleet, a land-and-sea assault on Port Arthur, and the daring trip of a train, loaded with ammunition, from Liao-Yang to the Port Arthur garrison, all of which were denied in succession. It would seem that the invading Japanese are carrying out their plans slowly and with due deliberation. That a continued attack on Port Arthur by land and sea is impending is, however, reasonably certain, and any day may bring startling news concerning the besieged fortress and its garrison of 20,000 soldiers and 10,000 sailors. Admiral Togo, on May 10, reported that a series of heavy explosions had been heard by his fleet while far out at sea, and the explanation came by the cable two days later, in the statement that the Russians had blown up the docks and piers at Dalny, presumably to render a Japanese landing at that place more difficult. A second despatch added that the whole port of Dalny had been destroyed. Russia had expended nearly $150,000,000 on the place, and the docks and piers alone were valued at $9,000,000. It was Russia's chief commercial emporium on the peninsula.

General Kouropatkin still entertains hopes of being able to check the Japanese advance and regain control of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Exclusive of the Port Arthur and New Chwang forces, he has not at present more than 150,000 men at his disposal, but expects, by July 1, to have an army sufficiently strong to warrant him in assuming the offensive. A small Russian force, chiefly Cossacks, is still in northern Korea, where it is raiding the towns and harassing the Japanese garrisons. It lately attacked the garrison at Anju, but was repulsed after a sharp fight with a loss of fifty men.

A battle is expected soon in the neighborhood of Liao-Yang. Haicheng, north of New Chwang, may also be the scene of a fight, from present indications, as a considerable Japanese force is threatening the place, which is strongly held by the Russians. Liao-Yang is in communication with Port Arthur by carrier-pigeons.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.

No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes distance plays no part whatever.

250 prizes will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.

In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.

Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.

6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *Capital Stories*, by American authors, sent all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. IX.

"IN the register of officers and graduates at the Military Academy of West Point this record may be found: "—. —. ————, died August 25, 1862, at Shanghai, China, aged forty-four."

As a student he was noted for scholarship and character. He served as an officer in the army, and was a military professor at West Point. Just at the time when his military prospects were brightest, he accepted what seemed to him a higher call, resigned his commission, and went to China, where he labored as a missionary for eighteen years. He rendered efficient aid to American residents in Shanghai during the Taeping rebellion.

Some one said to him: "If you were at home you would be a Major General." "No doubt I might be," he replied. "Men whom I drilled are in that position—Sherman, Thomas, Rosecrans—but I would not exchange places with one of them. No post of influence on earth is equal to that of a man who is permitted to preach the gospel to four hundred millions of his fellow-men."

? **Who was this man** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. VI.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN. KALAKAUA, KING OF HAWAII.

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 6 have been received from Ruth Talmage, George G. Hudson, Irs W. B. Kennedy.

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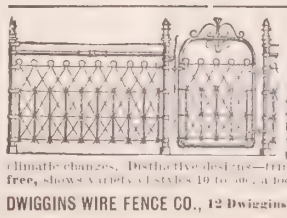

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A COLONIAL DOWRY

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

'T IS told of Samuel Sewall, that he courted Betsey Hull,
In the days of simple living, when New Engand's frugal folk
Wrested food from deep-sea billows, and though often times were dull,
Toiled with heart and hand undaunted;—sturdy were those hearts of oak.

Betsey was a pretty maiden, like a primrose, sweet and fair,
And her suitor, strong and stalwart, came of good and honest stock;
She had bloomed in radiant beauty, in the chill New England air,
He was of New England granite;—fit to stand on Plymouth Rock.

On the day that they were wedded, Betsey's father called them in
To the warehouse where his fortune safe was under lock and key.
Boxes packed with pine-tree shillings; you and I could scarce begin
Count of all that shining silver, like the sand beside the sea.

"Daughter Betsey," said the old man, "step into that scale of mine;"
Goodly weight had daughter Betsey, plump and rounded, laughing there;
In the other scale by handsfull, heaped the father, shillings fine,
Till the even balance showed him measure honest to a hair.

"Take her dowry, Samuel Sewall," said the smiling merchant-man,
"'Tis n't every bride who carries weight of silver to her lord;"
Smooth and happy through the years, onward thence their story ran,
Love and virtue to them bringing, evermore a rich reward.

Little ones were sent to bless them, and though little graves were made
In the churchyard on the hilltop, they had bliss as well as dole;
Rang the roof with shout and laughter, as the merry children played,
And the psalm and prayer went skyward from the parent's reverent soul.

When at last to Betsey Sewall came the angel from above,
Bidding her to cross the river, there was weeping and lament;
And the lonely widowed husband, after all those years of love,
Desolate and uncompanioned, could not long abide content.

But no other mate to Samuel brought the joy that Betsey Hull,
Worth her weight in shining silver, poured upon his faithful heart·
And his life with her was brimming, of deep gladness it was full,
Until Death,the dark-browed angel, came those happy ones t part.

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Questions and Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

Edward B., Texarkana. 1. Is there such a creature as the sea-serpent? 2. What is the largest known sea-monster extant?

Aquatic monsters that have been so designated, may exist, but we have no present proof of the fact. There are many seemingly well-attested cases of their appearance, however, and naturalists have come to the conclusion that, after allowing for involuntary exaggeration of eye-witnesses, the phenomena of the sea-serpent, so-called, might be and very likely were produced by manatees, sting-rays, giant squid, basking sharks or herds of porpoises. 2. There is said to be in Arctic waters, a great fish known as "the killer," larger and more powerful and active, though probably no heavier than the whale, which he is the inveterate foe. He hunts the whale, and beats it with a great fin or tail. Fishermen in Alaskan waters tell thrilling stories of this big fish, of which naturalists seem to know nothing.

Is there any way of helping children who have inherited sensitive dispositions, to overcome them, and what would you advise?

Over-sensitiveness is often caused by self-consciousness, or too much thought of self. The child can be shown that it will be happier in thinking of others, and thus taught the lesson of forgetfulness of self in its attempt to make others happy, it will be of great assistance in overcoming this unhappy disposition. Persons who are extremely sensitive, are not only often unnecessarily unhappy themselves, but they are apt to add very little to the joy of others. Teach the children to think more of other's feelings, and less of their own.

P. M., Ontario, Ind. 1. Do they have a saloon in the White House? 2. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to have a billiard table in his house? 3. How old was Solomon when he died? 4. How long after the flood was it that Christ was born?

Certainly not. 2. Billiards is not a gambling amusement, but an exercise of skill in mathematics, which many are fond of. We see no more harm in it than in bowls, tennis, croquet or golf. 3. About sixty one. 4. The flood (according to Ussher's Chronology) took place in the year of the world 1536, or 2348 years before Christ.

GA. O., Custer, S. D. Is there any remedy to cure the tobacco habit?

There are many so-called "remedies," but we know nothing of their value. The only certain way is to stop using it and ask for Divine strength to overcome the appetite. Make a strong fight and you will conquer.

H. S. L. 1. What is the origin of the saying, "as proud as Dick's hatband?" 2. What are the national flowers of the leading nations of the world?

1. The crown of England was called in the time of Richard Cromwell, "Dick's hatband." Few things have been more ridiculous than the exaltation and abdication of the Protector's son. Thus came the saying, "as queer as Dick's hatband." 2. The United States has no national flower emblem, but many individual States have decided upon a special flower, as representative of their division of country. "State Flowers" are adopted in most instances by the vote of the public school scholars of the respective States. Other emblem flowers have been adopted by State Legislatures, and still others by the women's clubs of the State. Alabama, the Sunflower; Arkansas, Apple Blossom; California, Golden Poppy; Colorado, Columbine, etc. The Rose is the national flower of England; Thistle, Scotland; Shamrock, Ireland; Fleur-de-lis, France; Linden, Prussia; Pomegranate, Spain; Violet, Greece; White Lily, Italy; Red Lily, Badge of the Guelphs.

Subscriber, S. C. Who were the first women to enter professional life, what profession, and when?

In America, the first profession to be invaded by women was the medical. The first woman to graduate from a medical school was Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. This was in the early fifties. More than two hundred years ago women entered the dramatic profession.

Mrs. M. F., Kansas, Ill. I have a silver teaspoon with the words, "The Navarre," carved on the handle. I wish to know the meaning of Navarre, and how the word is pronounced.

Navarre is a province of Spain. In 1589 Henry III. of Navarre became King of France, and united non-Spanish Navarre to the French crown in 1607. The spoon marked "The Navarre" may have belonged to a ship or a hotel of that name. The word is pronounced Navar, accent on last syllable.

J., Limerick, Ireland. When was an officiating minister first introduced to the marriage ceremony in churches, or in the homes of the bride's parents? Have we any mention of such a practice in the Bible?

Early in the history of the Jewish race (as their sacred books show) it was considered desirable that a priest or rabbi should perform the marriage ceremony, as important religious questions had to be put to the bridal pair, which only a learned man could do. In the first centuries (A.D.) Christian marriages were solemnized by the clergy, but there were many exceptions. There was no prescribed form, and the public ceremonies apparently were not regarded as essential by the early Christians. There is no record preserved of the first marriage by a minister.

Mrs. E. P. H., Middletown, Vt. 1. Who is the author of the words:

Counts that day lost, whose low, descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done?

2. Why does a regiment, on going into battle, carry a silk flag? Is there any virtue in the silk?

The lines are by Jacob Bobart, an English writer, who died about 1726. 2. There is no special virtue in the silk, but it is used for the flag because it is the richest and lightest available material, will retain its colors longest, and will float from the standard more gracefully than any other material.

Mrs. W. B. M., Wilmot, Ohio. What connection has the rabbit with Easter celebration?

The rabbit is chosen as typical of Easter, the season of renewed life, because this animal is supposed to be more prolific than any other. The idea originated in Germany many years ago.

Distressed, Philadelphia. What should a sincere Christian woman do, who suddenly discovers that her feelings for one with whom she has been associated in Christian work, have passed from friendship to love, when both parties are married?

This is a sorrowful case and may cause much suffering. Heroic measures must be taken. Go into some other sphere of Christian work or to some other church. In any case, avoid association with that person. This is a difficulty in which Christ's advice of the right hand and the right eye must be taken (Matt. 5:29, 30). It will be hard, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing you are doing right, and God will give you strength. By all means, keep busy. It will be harder for you, if you leave yourself time for brooding. Be stern and firm with yourself, and God will enable you to overcome.

Benj. D., Maxton, N. C. 1. In the Bible we find: "Search the Scriptures daily, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." What is meant by the words "ye think"? 2. Whom does Korea and Manchuria really belong to—Japan or Russia? 3. What is usually paid for short stories?

1. The correct reading (see Revised Version) is, "Ye search . . . for in them ye think," etc., which changes the sense materially and makes explanation unnecessary. 2. To neither. Korea was an independent State and Manchuria was under Chinese rule. 3. It depends wholly upon the literary quality.

A reader, Askaloosa, Iowa. Why is it that the rightful heirs to the Trinity Church property in New York cannot or do not prove their rights?

This question of the rightful ownership of the Trinity Church property has been before the courts for many years, and is still in litigation. The opinion of a layman as to why it has not been settled would be valueless. Consult a lawyer.

G. B., Villard, Minn. Are the ten commandments and the whole Mosaic code abrogated, or are they still binding on Christians?

Christ said he did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil. Yet in several instances he showed that several commands were superseded under his dispensation (Matt. 5:21-48). The Apostle Paul compared the law to a schoolmaster. That is, that a boy is under rules and orders while he is at school. When he is a man they are no longer necessary. Not that then he might do the things which

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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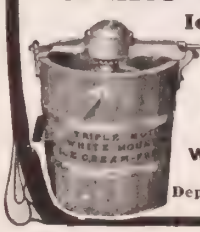

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Questions & Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

as a boy he was forbidden, but that he should voluntarily comply with the principles those rules were intended to inculcate. For example, he may have been forbidden to be around town after a certain hour. The object was to keep him out of temptation. As a man he may stay out late, but it is hoped that he is then able to resist temptation. The Christian is not under the law but under grace. He is, therefore, expected to live a better and higher life than if he had been under the law. It is not so much that the law is abrogated, as that he has passed into a region in which he is not disposed to break the law. Of course the ceremonial and dietary parts of the law are not now in force.

M. E. B., Burlington, Vt. What was the cost of the St. Louis Exposition, that is, how much money was expended for site, buildings, etc.?

The people of St. Louis gave $5,000,000 in personal subscriptions; the city voted an additional $5,000,000, and half of beautiful Forest Park as a site. Congress gave $5,000,000 and loaned the fair $4,600,000 more. All this money has been expended in making the grounds, building the palaces, in inducing the co-operation of foreign governments, and in advertising the Exposition.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. L. E. B., Baton Rouge, La. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is a widow.

Frank W., Burton, Wash. The story that Washington's body is petrified sounds wonderfully like nonsense.

O. W. McC. The estimated population of the world is 1,400,000,000. It is believed to be greater now than at any previous time.

Mrs. W. A. S., Bowersville, O. Mrs. Mary L. Allen, missionary to Liberia, Africa, may be addressed at Bellwood, Blair County, Pa.

J. S. H., Troy, N. Y. Can any contributor tell me where to find the lines, beginning:

They that on the mighty deep,
Go in vessels, light and frail.

Mrs. C. I. Lane, of Mooresburg, Tenn., who is conducting a Sunday School among the poor mountain whites, writes to ask some reader to send her a gift of old hymn-books, which would be gratefully received.

O. W., Detroit, Mich. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 11, it stated in the article on Mormonism, that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, "was shot down in Nauvoo." Joe and Hiram Smith, brothers, were confined in jail in Carthage, eighteen miles from Nauvoo. They were both killed in the jail. I was in sight of the jail, and saw the mob, and heard the firing that killed both.

Astronomical Queries Answered

I AM asked by several querists, as below, to give a more extended description illustrative of what has appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on "Astronomy of the Bible." Queries No. 1 and 2, regarding the evidence of the earth's internal fluidity, must be omitted at present, but will be discussed and answered later. Querist No. 3 asks, "What is meant by the revolution of the earth's orbit in 109,800 years?" Let the querist consider that the earth's orbit is an ellipse, instead of a circle, that the sun is placed at one of the foci, and also that the perihelion of the major axis may point, say, to a certain star. If the orbit did not revolve, it would forever point to the star, unless the star moved.

It has been ascertained, by accurate measurements continued for many years, that the orbit does revolve at the rate of 11.8 seconds of arc a year. Now, in every circle, large or small, there are 360 degrees, 21,600 minutes, and 1,296,000 seconds, which, being divided by 11.8, gives 109,830 years as the period of the orbit's revolution. If the orbit was a circle, with the sun in the centre, this would never happen. The orbits of all the planets are revolving. Querist No. 4, asks why there are to be no eclipses of the moon this year, and if it ever happened before. Yes, it often happens. There never can be but seven eclipses in a year, in which case five will always be of the sun, and two of the moon. All eclipses of both sun and moon occur once in 18 years, 11 days, 7 hours, 42 minutes, forever. In 1898 there were no eclipses of the moon.

As to the question, if the moon and eclipses have any influence on the weather, I answer, No. LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

JESUS SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST

Hebrews 7:25
John 6:37
John 8:36
Romans 8:32, 33 and 34
Matthew 18:11
John 3:14, 15 and 16
Ephesians 2:12 and 13
I. Corinthians 6:9, 10 and 11
Matthew 1:21
Luke 1:37 D. F. E.

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Medical Missionary Work in Mexico

MEDICAL Missionary Levi B. Salmans writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Guanajuato, Mexico, giving an encouraging account of the progress of mission work in that country. He says: "Yours of February 26, with its most helpful donation to our medical work, came to hand duly. Our

FIRST NURSES EVER GRADUATED IN MEXICO

work has been prospering splendidly. The Federal Government admitted our hospital to incorporation under a new law some three years ago, and we now have the right of mortmain (inalienable tenure or possession), which was denied to everybody in this country for more than forty years. The support of the institution, with its growing School for Nurses—the first of the modern sort here—has depended from the beginning mostly upon the professional medical earnings of the missionary in charge. Two of the students I was supporting in the States graduated and returned to me, and have worked on salary, turning in all their earnings for the work. Since the incorporation of the Good Samaritan Association, its members subscribe and pay $100 a month toward current expenses. With the increase of public favor we are gradually growing in receipts from our inpatients. The Good Samaritan Association determined that it was necessary to try to develop the institution as soon as possible into a fully self-supporting plant, and to that end are raising subscriptions and building a new wing with twenty rooms wholly for the use of private patients, and have already bought and brought to this country several thousands of dollars' worth of apparatus for electricity, heat, light, water, massage, etc. The subscribers who are at the present time helping us seem to be all Catholics here. The few Protestants who are here have helped us before, and will do so again when the present financial stringency passes. We are therefore looking with great earnestness for a few thousand dollars more with which to carry the construction on to such a point at least as to be able to instal the remainder of the machinery and apparatus."

Happy Igorrotes

THE Igorrotes of Central Luzon live in small huts, built in clusters on the slopes of the mountains, where they get the sun and are sheltered from the cold winds, 5,000 feet above the sea. The heat of the tropical sun at midday is very grateful after the cold night and the accompanying fog. They go to school with the babies tied on their backs; but if they have little sisters at home, too small to work in the fields, these will look after the babies. It is not considered necessary that the women and girls should be educated; they are to do the hard work in the fields. The babies are always carried on the backs of the mothers while they work, or on the back of an older child.

It is really wonderful how these people can go about in the cold of these mountains absolutely naked. We, with all our clothes on, feeling cold, realize that they do feel the cold, but have no clothes nor anything to make clothes of. All they have is a coarse cotton cloth, made in various bright colors by the Ilocanos of the lowlands, for which they exchange their camotes (sweet potatoes) and coffee. The men invariably carry a bandala of this cloth, which they wrap around themselves when not exercising, like a toga. With all the seeming hardships of these children of the mountains, they are a very contented and happy lot. The women and girls all carry a musical instrument made of a piece of bamboo, which has one end split; this end they hit against the palm of the hand, the other end has holes in it, over which they place the fingers to vary the sounds. It is crude and weird music, but they are happy with it.

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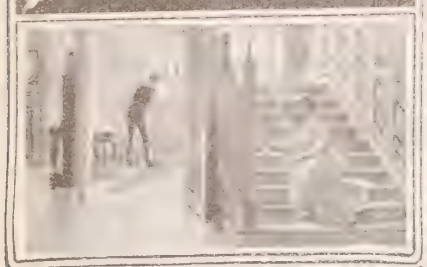

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SPRING

BRIGHT spring has come!
Fierce lightnings flash the sky around,
Loud thunders shake the solid ground:
Yet flowers sweet serenely smile
O'er many and many and many a mile,
For spring has come!

What, though the sturdy oak is riven
With bolt-of-fire shot down from heaven!
Still forests dense in sunny aisles
Wave far and near a thousand miles.

From "lakes to gulf" and sea-girt lands,
On rock-ribbed steeps and gleaming strands,
On dell and glade and dizzy height,
The sun pours down his shafts of light.

In bud and bloom, nor soon nor late,
From "ocean shore to Golden Gate"
Stand clustered growths in serried files,
With airy grace three thousand miles!

Aye, spring has come!
The groves are filled with melody,
The lawns resound with youthful glee,
From shore to shore in happy lays
All join to sing their Maker's praise.
For spring has come!

Foochow, China. C. C. BALDWIN.

A Life Story on Canvas

IT may be a very extraordinary statement to make, but there is little doubt that ninety-nine per cent of the men who find their way to a life of misery and despair on the Bowery, come there through the instrumentality of the drink curse. The Bowery Mission, therefore, gladly welcomes the co-operation of all temperance workers.

A large audience assembled on a recent Saturday evening to listen to an illustrated lecture by Mr. F. C. Crass, of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. Mr. Crass is quite a young man, but of the most earnest type of Christian, and he has consecrated his art and his leisure to Gospel Temperance work. His lecture was entitled "Sowing to the Wind," and was illustrated by thirty-two large, water-color sketches from his own hand. He is a fluent and impressive speaker and easily held the attention of the Bowery audience. The pictures were placed on an easel which stood on the platform, immediately under the electric light, and could therefore be seen to the utmost limits of the hall. The first pictures dealt with the innocent home life of a bright young fellow in a country home in the far West. The young man is full of ambition, and yields easily to the persuasion of a glib-tongued drummer to come to New York City. When once the young man is found in New York, the pictures are made to deal with the many points of beauty and interest to be found in the metropolis, its parks, docks, buildings, etc. Then comes a change over the life of the young fellow, as he yields to the city temptations. Sketches of the resorts of pleasure follow and illustrate, as Hogarth did of old, the "Rake's Progress" downwards to the inevitable end—a drunkard's grave in Potter's Field. Then came some beautiful pictures of the Cross, illustrating the way of salvation, which afforded the lecturer a basis for a most stirring appeal to his hearers. This was responded to by a great number of men, and the lecture will be remembered by many for a long time to come.

Mr. Crass may be communicated with at H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A Priest in Battle

"I have twice seen Russian priests rally troops and lead them back into battle after their own officers had lost control over them," writes a Russian ex-officer. "The first time was at Plevna, during the Russo-Turkish War. A battalion ordered to attack one of the breaches was met by such a withering fire from the Turks, that most of the officers and nearly a third of the men were shot down in a few moments. The battalion wavered, hung back, and was on the point of breaking. The priest attached to the battalion—the regimental chaplain—rushed to the front holding aloft an ikon, shouted to the men to charge for God and the Czar, and went ahead himself. They followed with a cheer, drove back the Turks and held the breach for a time. The other incident happened during Skobeleff's victorious campaign against the Mero Turcomans in 1882. Just before the siege of Geok Tepe, an engagement was fought, in which the Russian forces were severely handled by some captured field pieces worked by the Turcomans. They had been taken during the rout of a previous expedition led against the Turcomans by Gen. Lomakin. The Russians were eager to recapture the guns. But attack after attack failed, until at last a priest, mounted upon a great white horse, rallied the regiment, the Pereshaff Dragoons, which was actually in a mad rout, and took the guns by a furious charge that bore comparison with the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava."

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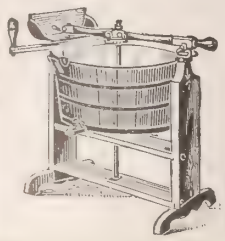

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Crossing the Down-Town Ferries

CROSSING the down-town ferries,
I challenge a braver sight,
Than the throngs of working-people
Homeward faring at night.
Never a drum before them,
Never a banner above,
But they march to soundless music
Under the flag of love.

There are men with grimy faces
And coats that are out of date,
Women whose pallid lips and cheeks
Tell the dreary struggle with fate.
But oh! the cheery courage
And the eyes with light aglow,
As over the down-town ferries
These toilers come and go!

They are working for wife and babies,
For a mother bent and gray,
Or a sister bound to a weary couch,
With only the strength to pray.
Working for honest wages
To pay for the bread they eat,
Or to buy the children's school-books,
And shoes for the children's feet.

Crossing the down-town ferries
Daily at set of sun,
You may meet the crowds of toilers
Whose long day's work is done.
You know what a shout of greeting
They'll hear when they lift the latch—
A shout the angels listen for,
And pause in the songs to catch.

Who does not thrill with pleasure
As the brave procession comes,
Needing no rally of bugles,
Nor beat of strenuous drums?
Though a host may press anear them
Who neither toil nor spin,
Not theirs to wear the laurels
The lowlier laborers win.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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A. E. C., Wichita, Kan. "I want to publicly acknowledge God's great mercy to me, in hearing and answering my prayer."

Mrs. John G., Walnut, Ia. "I prayed for my dear and only son. God answered. Praise his holy name. He alone can save."

D. M. A. "We wish to acknowledge our thankfulness to God for answering our prayers. Praise be to God, He knows what is best."

Mrs. T. "I believe God will always answer our prayers if we ask believing and it is for our own good to have the prayer granted us."

H. P., Albany, N. Y. "I firmly believe in prayer, and that 'whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, he will give it you' (St. John 16: 23)."

D. H. W., David City, Neb. "I read answered prayers list every week, and I must say it is a guide for me to remember my Lord in time of trouble."

Mary M. I., Ann Arbor, Mich. "He hears and answers prayer. Oh that all would praise the Lord for his goodness, for this wonderful work to the children of men."

M. F. B., Baileyville, Kan. "The Lord does hear and answer prayer. He has answered mine. Let no one doubt his power, or willingness to answer all prayers that are made to him in faith."

I. M. H., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. "A dear sister has been at death's door. I went to God and asked him to spare her to us, if it was his will; she is better, and I know he answered my prayers."

S. E. C., White's Creek, Tenn. "I promised that if He would answer my prayer, I would acknowledge it, and he has. Praise his name. He will hear every one who will trust him and wait patiently."

A. H. W., Ills. "I can truly say that God has always answered my prayers when it was best, and I know if we come to him with faith, believing in his mercy even in little things, he will bless us. Praise his holy name."

Constant Reader. "I have had many marvelous answers to prayer. Lately in great trouble, I promised that when deliverance came I would acknowledge it, so that some other fainting one might be helped. God has answered abundantly."

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. J., Warm Springs, Mont. "We were in great trouble, and we promised that if He would hear and answer our prayers and deliver us, we would acknowledge our thankfulness for his great mercy. He has answered, even though the help has oftentimes come late, we believe it has always been for the best."

Rev. John A. Kees, Minn. "God, in his great mercy, has answered my prayers very many times, and so apparent and real have been these answers, that I could not doubt from whence my deliverance came. Sometimes these answers came in the form of recovery from sickness, sometimes in the form of deliverance from great physical peril, as once, when it seemed that I must inevitably be dashed to pieces by runaway horses. At other times, the answer has come in the form of deliverance from financial disaster. There have been times when I have done all I could to avert calamity, without avail; then I carried my cares to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry, and shortly the danger was past. I have lived for nearly forty years to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, and testify to the efficacy of prayer."

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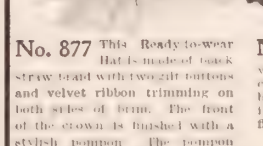

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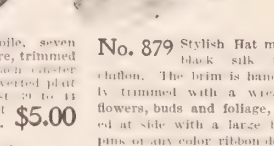

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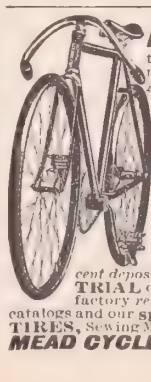

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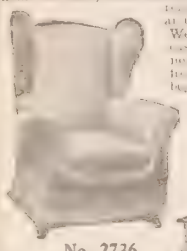

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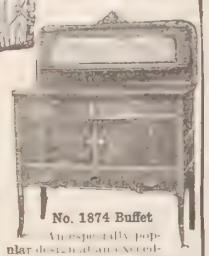

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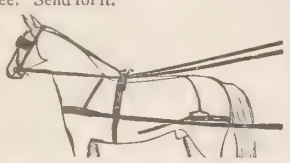

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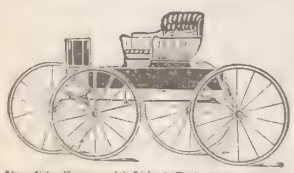

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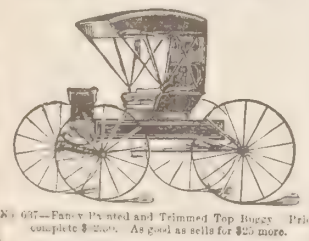

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GUILTY SILENCE*

The Duty the Christian Owes of Giving Testimony for Christ

WHEN Christ saves a man, he expects him to give testimony. The man may not be able to preach, but the slowest tongue can declare that Christ has become a personal Saviour in very deed. In a law court the witness does not need to be eloquent, nor to deal with large questions; what is required of him is to state facts within his personal knowledge. The best witness for the skill of a physician is the man who can say, "I was sick, and have been cured by this doctor." Better than all argument with a man suffering from a particular disease, is the simple statement from a man who has had the same disease, that the doctor has restored the witness to health. He becomes a living testimony to his skill. Nothing is so effective as this. A man who is bruised by sin, who has tried to shake it off and has failed; a man who despairs of ever getting deliverance from the bondage of evil habit, takes new heart when some one in his hearing declares that he too was enchained and that Christ has set him free. It is due to Christ and an act of humanity to our fellow-men to let it be known, if through Christ we have become better and happier men.

What must the world think of a silent Christian? If religion is all that it claims to be, if it has the power of changing a man's very nature, the world must be astonished at his silence. Does he want to keep the secret of happiness to himself? Is it not rather, the world argues, that the power of religion has been overrated and that it effects no such change as it professes to do? Thus Christ's work loses the influence which legitimately belongs to it and the world loses the knowledge to which it is justly entitled. The mischief a silent Christian does is therefore more than negative. His silence induces doubt and discredits religion. There is no honorable way of evading the duty of testimony. There are circumstances in which it requires courage, but what must be thought of a man who, believing that Christ has laid down his life to save him, permits the fear of ridicule, or the dread of loss, to seal his lips?

Men that were lepers. What gave Gough the power that he had with the drunkard? Was it not the fact that he had been so completely under the curse of drink that he had suffered from *delirium tremens?* Men, as they listened to him, said, "if that man was saved, I may be." No one who heard Jerry McAuley's talks with the degraded men who used to fill the big room he opened in Water Street, New York, would give him credit for oratorical ability, yet the number of lost men whom he led to Christ is astonishing. It was his testimony that did it. He bore witness to the power that had saved him. He himself was won by testimony. The talk that brought him to Christ's feet was the testimony of a man in prison, who had been saved. So it has been with others. It is the word of a man who says "I know; I feel; I have experienced this power" that is effective, and every man who has been saved can utter those words.

Giving him thanks. A great preacher in New York used to tell the story of his grandfather, who was a miller. He was taking a sack of flour to a customer, who lived on the other side of a hill, in Scotland. As he went, the sack, which was on the horse's back, fell off. He tried again and again to replace it, but could not. He waited, longing for some one to come to his help, and at last was gladdened by seeing a man approach. But when the man came near, the miller recognized him as the great Laird of the county. He could not ask help of this nobleman. But the Laird saw the difficulty, and took hold of one end of the sack, while the miller took the other, and they soon had it in place. The miller was profuse in his thanks. "The best way to thank me," said the Laird, "is for you, whenever you see another man in the plight you were in just now, to go to his assistance." That is Christ's rule. He appreciates best the help we give to another man who needs to be taught how he may be saved.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 5. Matt. 12: 30; Luke 17: 12-19.

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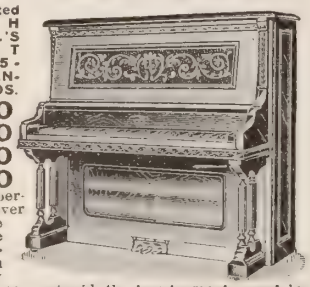

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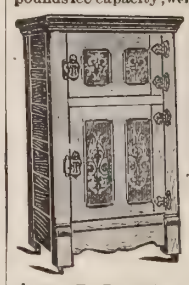

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PROPHETIC STUDY

Suggested Clues to the Solution of Difficult Problems

MANY Christians in these rationalistic days, appear willing to go without the blessing promised (Rev. 1: 3) to him that readeth and to them that hear the words of prophecy. Yet the promise is explicit and is in line with the fact that so large a portion of the Word of God is occupied with the prophecies. We cannot suppose that they were inserted there without definite purpose, or that so impressive a part of revelation can be safely neglected. They were intended to prepare men for events which will certainly occur in the future, that as the apostle said (I. Thess. 5: 4), the Christian might not be in darkness and might not be among those whom that day would overtake as a thief.

Doubtless many are discouraged in undertaking the study, by the difficulty of the subject, and by the mistakes which have been made by students who have endeavored to interpret the unfulfilled predictions. Others, too, are like those in Apostolic times who had looked for the return of Christ, and because he did not come when they expected him, said, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (II. Peter 3: 4). But the very fact that such remarks are made, is itself a fulfilment of the prophecy, that in the last days scoffers would appear, saying just those things.

It is natural that in dealing with a subject so complicated there should be wide divergence of opinion among expositors; but it is remarkable that every one who undertakes to write on the subject sheds some new light upon it, and even when his final conclusions prove erroneous, is sure to elucidate some mysterious passage and solve some difficult problem that has perplexed others. It is clearly part of the blessing promised to the diligent student, who thus contributes to the general knowledge of the subject. A further effort in this direction has just appeared in a new edition of *Forty Future Wonders*, by Rev. M. Baxter, of London, the earlier editions of which work have been widely read in England and in this country.

As in his earlier works, Mr. Baxter devotes his attention, in his new book, chiefly to the prophecies in the book of Daniel, as they are amplified and particularized in the book of Revelation. He believes that both the expositors who have adopted the year-day theory and those who hold the literal day theory will prove correct, as the prophecies will be fulfilled in both ways. Thus the 2,375 days have an initial fulfilment of a year for a day and have also a literal fulfilment in the interval which will occur between the future command to rebuild Jerusalem, and the close of the age. When this command is issued it will therefore be clear that in 2,375 days, or about six years and a-half, the end of the age will occur.

A careful and exhaustive study, extremely interesting to students of prophecy, is made of the various periods mentioned in Holy Writ, with the object of ascertaining the probable dates of the events which are to mark the close of the dispensation. How difficult it is to harmonize these dates every student knows. One interesting clue to the solution of the problem is suggested by Mr. Baxter in the difference between the calendar of the East and that of the West. It is remarkable, as he shows, that the discrepancy in two of those periods, which has perplexed many students, disappears, if it is remembered that the Mohammedan year is shorter than the solar year. Thus the 1,335 years of Daniel 12: 12 must really, if they are Mohammedan years, as seems probable from other references, count in the calculation as 1,295 years. If that number be added to 636—the year in which the Mohammedans captured Jerusalem—we have the date 1931. Other periods converging from different points of origin end at the same date, from which the inference is drawn that in that year the final consumption will occur.

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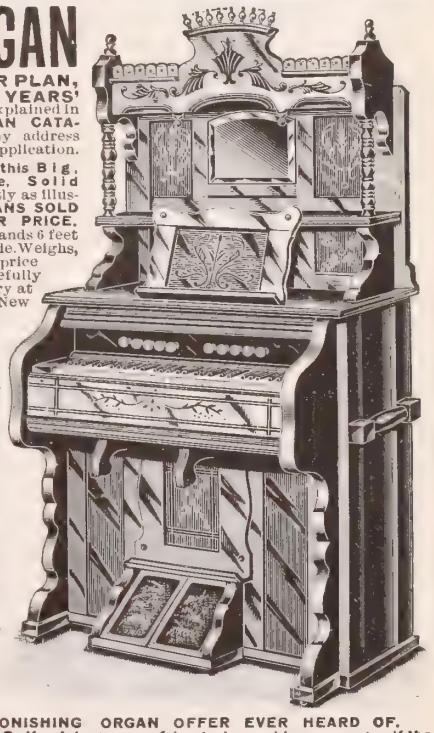

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OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL PILGRIMS IN PALESTINE

1.—The Great Tent Outside of Jerusalem, in which the World's Convention was held. 2.—The White Road through the Plain of Esdraelon. 3.—Pilgrims Viewing the Plain of Jezreel. 4.—In Camp at Nazareth. 5.—Visiting the Excavations at Gezer. (See page 478.)

The Problem of the Poor

Many Christian Herald Readers Offer Suggestions as to its Solution

FROM thoughtful readers in many States, responses have come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S invitation for a general expression of opinion on the question: "How can the deserving poor be most effectually helped?" It is a problem of universal interest for all classes. These letters represent many shades of opinion, and form a sociological symposium that will be read with unusual appreciation:

Teach Economy and Simple Living

Doubling the income of every toiler in the land would not lessen to any extent the number of those who are always in debt. Drunkenness is usually an incident rather than a cause of poverty. It does little good to preach economy to a man who has a small income and a large family to support. Yet want of economy is the root of nearly all poverty. How can you help the poor? If you have wealth or simply independence, live and dress simply. You not only teach economy by example, but your simpler life will make theirs easier to bear in contrast. The money saved, if turned into the channels of trade, will help to give employment and wages, rather than being a dead loss, as it would have been if wasted in extravagance. Teach the child early the lessons of earning and saving. The child who spends every cent it can get for candy, has laid the foundation for poverty. Teach by precept and example that a dollar in the pocket is a better friend than the ones bought by it if spent in treating. Help every young man you can to own a home of his own, however humble. Your success, even at some loss, will probably remove that man from any danger of extreme poverty.

Grasmere, N. H. S. E. AIKEN.

An Endowment Fund to Create Self-Help

Establish an endowment fund for the deserving poor, on somewhat the following plan: 1. That at least $100,000,000 be raised. 2. That a board of trustees be appointed. 3. That land be bought and sold to the poor in quantities of five or ten acres on terms of fifteen, twenty or more years. 4. That money be loaned to buy land, build houses, or to equip a small dairy, poultry yard, berry farm, or market garden. 5. That a very low rate of interest be charged, say two per cent. Every effort should be put forth to draw the poor people from the city to the country. Fresh air is one of the greatest factors in civilization.

I was born a slave in 1859. In the month of March 1868, my father, with my mother and three of their children, walked two hundred and fifty miles, in order to find a place in which he could make a living. He found a man who rented us a farm on the most liberal terms. We entered the log cabin on this farm with just what we carried on our backs. Our first bedstead was some fence-rails with stones for posts. But since that time I have graduated from college, and am now a teacher in a State school. Each year I pay thirty dollars taxes on real estate. The greatest need of the deserving poor, is to help them buy land and build houses in the country. "The only help which may safely be given to individuals, is the help that aids and increases self-help."

Institute, W. Va. B. PRILLERMAN.

Apply the Christian Rule to Labor

Once on a time a man called at the home of a wealthy gentleman asking charity. He had no food and no money. "Why don't you work?" was the somewhat rude demand. "I can find no work." "I will give you work. You see that pile of wood? I do not want it there. You may bring it and pile it here." The man tackled the job, bringing the wood a stick at a time, and piled it at the designated place. When it was finished, the gentleman said: "Well, it don't suit me. Carry it back and pile it just where you found it." The man did as he was told, and was paid for his labor enough to supply his present need.

This fable—a real occurrence many years ago—teaches a foundation principle in the relief of the poor. No man able to work should ask or expect to receive charity. He has a right to employment, and to live upon the fruit of his labor. In studying the "problem of the poor," two chief causes of honorable poverty demand attention, viz.: the uncertainty of employment and the inequality of compensation. Just now there is a good demand for labor, yet many men are but partially employed. The time is approaching, if it be not already here, when it becomes the duty of the State to take supervision of the whole matter of employment, and see that every man has something to do.

The large body of working men receive scanty wages, just a bare subsistence, and cannot lay aside for a rainy day. We must adopt the Christian law of wages (Matt. 20: 1-16). The Great Teacher there proclaims the principle that the reward of labor is not at all in proportion to the quantity or value of the product; a principle separated by a whole hemisphere from all our present methods. Before the kingdom of heaven can be set up on earth, we must revise our systems of political economy. Until these conditions are corrected, the "problem of the poor" will remain, and become each year more acute.

Port Byron, Ill. JOHN G. OSBORN.

A Co-operative Commonwealth

1. Establish a Co-operative Commonwealth. 2. Form industrial departments, employing all able-bodied men and women. 3. Use credit time checks instead of money. 4. Public pleasure resorts free for all old and infirm. 5. Public schools furnished free for all children under 21.

Tribune, Kan. ROBERT PRINGLE.

Profit-Sharing the Laborer's Due

In two recent numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the remedy has been broadly hinted at, viz.: Dr. Watson's remarks upon the next great revival; also an answer to a question in THE MAIL-BAG. "No. 150, Census Bulletin, of 1904, makes the statement that $2,451 is the average product of labor per laborer, yet labor receives but $437.00 of that product in wages, leaving $2,014 that profit takes." Give the laborer the full product of his labor, minus the actual cost of distribution, and there will be no poor, except from dissipation and disease. Abolish interest, rent, profit, and there will be no millionaires, and but few helpless. Taking $2,014 out of the product of the laborer, can not be done as it is without doing to others that which we would not have them do to us.

Pond, Ark. A. F. STEVENS.

Economy and Model Tenements

Any effort which aims at the relief of the worthy poor, to be effective, must first recognize, and, as far as possible, remove the cause of continued poverty. The class we are considering, (1) pays more for rent (in the great majority of instances) than the wretched accommodations furnished are worth; (2) pays three or four times as much for fuel as their well-to-do neighbors; (3) pays more for food, quality considered, than their well-to-do neighbors; (4) pays more, far more, for furnishings, including clothing, than the shoddy stuff they purchase is worth. So that, as under these four heads are comprehended practically all necessary expenditures, the very people least able to afford it are compelled to pay most for the necessaries of life, and therefore it is that that the poor remain poor. Remove these handicaps, and to that extent you may banish poverty. Compare the average prices of the tenement-house basement small store with those prevailing at the average retailer's, and, quality entirely apart, one could hardly expect to save money by transferring one's patronage to the tenement-house dealer. Had I the power to banish at the wave of the magician Wealth's wand, the four squares of squalor embraced within "Lung Block," I would rebuild around a hollow courtyard, four blocks of three-story, six-room homes, into every one of whose six hundred rooms (there being twenty-five houses to a block), God's air and sunlight should freely enter. Underground pipes would convey the lighting and heat there generated (from coal costing $3 a ton), to illumine and warm the surrounding one hundred homes, the same power being utilized for laundry, cleansing, cooking, sewing machines, etc. The discriminating provider and purveyor for our hundred homes would have no difficulty in renting to the worthy poor, at a fair return, his furnished, lighted and heated homes, not flats, at a weekly rental (made possible by the fourfold economies which this plan suggests) actually less than the present weekly outgo in the squalid "Lung Block" tenements.

Baltimore, Md. EDWARD MARKELL.

Socialism the Remedy

Equal rights for men and women. Educate all children up to the age of twenty-one at the expense of the State. What the people collectively use, the people must collectively own. The abolishment of all contract labor. Every able-bodied man and woman of voting age, to be guaranteed the right to employment, at any occupation required by society, that they may choose. Eliminate all useless labor. Such labor as is called for by insurance, traveling salesmen, and representatives of any private institution, is unnecessary and very expensive. Every person of voting age to have a voice in the making of all laws by which they are to be governed. A recognition of the truth that labor creates all wealth, and the protection by society of its wealth producers, will banish poverty, ignorance, crime, vice, superstition, insanity and suicide. The right of recall of representatives and the means whereby we will be enabled to do so, will make every voter responsible for the laws and abolish the selling of public offices and the giving away of franchises, by enabling the people at any time to construct and operate machinery for the purpose of production and distribution of wealth. In short, the only way to abolish poverty is to make it possible for the people to engage in producing and distributing wealth, for use and not for profit.

Angus, Minn. FRED A. WILSON.

Send them to the Harvest-fields

Last year thousands of dollars were lost because of lack of help in harvesting crops. Women are wrecking health on farms from overwork, because house-helpers cannot be found. Farmers are seriously talking of letting fields grow to weeds, because the help being scarce, is too expensive. If workers and work can be brought together, this country would give employment to thousands of willing men and women, who could gain a livelihood, maintain self-respect, and by practising thrift and frugality get ahead in the world.

Great Bend, Kan. W. J.

Close Up the Saloons

Stop making paupers, by closing up the saloons, and other places where intoxicating liquors are sold, and where untold thousands are reduced to the pauper class, who, otherwise, would be self-supporting. Some arrangement should be made by which the surplus of able-bodied men and women in the cities can be scattered through the rural districts, to help farmers and their wives, who at present are suffering a great loss for want of such help. Colonize the poor after the plan of the Salvation Army, giving each adult the opportunity to become the owner of real estate.

McBride, Ia. MARCELLUS PALMER.

A Great Co-operative Employment Plan

Underlying all human action is the motive which induces that action. Careful analysis reveals that the universal motive is patriotic desire to earn, as nearly as possible, a livelihood, or living, and thus be no burden to any person or institution. If it be true that this class of the poor desires to labor because of the motive suggested, it inevitably follows that any successful attempt to solve this problem, must provide means of employment adequate to satisfy this motive, as universally, or as nearly universally, as possible. Therefore, since the average man (almost equally with the average lower animal of every description) is a victim of surroundings, he must have work adapted to him to begin with.

Your Mont-Lawn, illustrating what may be done in joyous transformation of the tenement waif as it does, is a miniature of what may be done with the worthy adult. And this leads to the proposition that agriculture, the farm, the rural district, offers the largest field for the greatest variety of labor conducive to physical and moral regeneration. Thus by all the varieties of farming, gardening, orcharding, stock raising, dairying, etc., many persons can be constantly employed on a comparatively small area of territory.

The only rational general conclusion I am able to reach concerning the best systematic relief for the worthy poor, is, that a great c operative association, officered and manag by competent, righteous persons, equipped furnish employment in all varieties possible every kind of industry, labor, or work, wou soon surprise Christendom, by revealing th much of what now seems to be defunct ci zenship could be rehabilitated; and the evol tion of this co-operative system might so be seen in the re-uniting of a liberated a happy people—a people enabled to provi for all necessities and many luxuries throug out their remaining pilgrimage on earth.

Columbia, Mo. JNO. S. WILLIS.

Form Agricultural Colonies

Get them into the country. Along the ra roads are vast areas of land, producing litt else than daisies and wild carrot. Secu tracts of such land, divide into small plo erect cottages, place deserving poor famili on them, and let them raise vegetables, berri etc., for the city markets. As soon as th have paid the cost price of their home, gi them a deed. The worthy poor will soon he himself, if given a start, but he can make start without money. The original corne stone of American success is the farm.

Scotia, N. Y. CHAS. C. R. METZGER.

A National Work Suggested

I would suggest that the government our grand nation close every dram-shop our land and strictly enforce our Sabba laws, then take the money that is used to pr vide for criminals, which the rum traffic h caused, and harness the water that flows fro the snow-capped mountains on our Weste plains, and when this has been done, send t poor people out there and give them hom of their own. For those who cannot wor have infirmaries built; those who will n work ought not to eat.

Chillicothe, Mo. ELLEN DEIGHMAN.

Make Them Self-Helpful

Send them suitable literature, giving goo practical advice on economy, thrift, and goo management. What the vast majority the poor need is something to lift up the ideals, arouse their enthusiasm, and inspi them with courage and ambition. Ignoran is the cause of much of the poverty existi in the world. Teach the poor to help then selves instead of depending on charity.

Charlettetown, P. E. I. ANNIE RODD.

Found Agricultural Communities

Have the wealthy class pool their contrib tions, and establish in several States lar agricultural communities, where all sobe honest men can find employment at fa wages. Furnish cosy homes for each fami at a fair rent, with land enough to make nice garden. Employ none but those who wi sign the pledge. This will give the deservin poor a chance to rise by their own labor.

Disston City, Fla. WM. P. WOODWORTH.

A Farmer's Remedy

For nearly forty years my occupation h always been that of farming. Now Texa the South and Southwest, generally contai thousands and millions of acres of fertile lan untouched by plough or agricultural pursuit In these boundless prairies and forests I hav often thought—what a great pleasure it woul be to me if I had money at my command, lik a great many people in the large cities u East, to colonize those "deserving poor" an bring them out to these vast bodies of lan and purchase for them farms, teams, etc., se ting them up in a good, legitimate, and sel sustaining business of their own, while I woul take their notes and obligations to pay fo these homes, giving them ample time so the could make their living and support then selves meantime, and thus become, instead of starving lot of poor people suffering privatio of every description, a lot of enterprising, sel sustaining and independent people, in home of their own. How much better such a pla as this would be for people out of employmen

Bryan, Tex. MRS. N. SIMPSON.

Answers have also been received from Rev. A Staiger, Pa.; A. E. Vining, R. I.; Mrs. F. Spence Washington; C. W. Orvis, Missouri; F. N. Sin monds, Calif.; J. Flomerfelt, N. J.; E. A. Owen Ark.; John H. Risdon, Pa.; Maston Harris, Okla O. C. Newsom, Ind.; Reader, Klamathon, Calif.; I Seeth, Conn.; Olga Albert, S.D.; N.O. Sprinkle, In

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

GEORGE F. SEWARD | BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD | MRS. HANNAH BAILEY | MRS. CHAS. RUSSELL LOWELL | ROBERT TREAT PAINE | EDWIN D. MEAD

To Plan for the World's Peace

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS IN BOSTON--THE WHOLE COUNTRY INTERESTED

As was briefly announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, an International Peace Congress has been called to meet in Boston next October, which is looked forward to with deep terest by peace-lovers throughout the world. It will the thirteenth International Peace Congress, and second ever held in this country, the first having en held in Chicago during the World's Fair of 1893. America has always taken a conspicuous rt in the World's Peace Congresses. It s in Boston that the idea of the first In- national Peace Congress was suggested, l to that city also belongs the distinction having founded the first influential Peace ciety in the world. It was in the study of illiam Ellery Channing, in Boston, one ecember day in 1815, that the Massachu- tts Peace Society was organized. America s had no more earnest or eloquent believer the practicability of universal peace than harles Sumner, who bequeathed a fund to arvard College, the income to be used for annual prize for the best essay on the ethods by which war may be permanently perseded.

The founder of the Massachusetts Peace ciety was Noah Webster, and the origi- tor of the American Peace Society was illiam Ladd. These two societies have w become one, and for many years the adquarters have been in Boston, where e earnest men and women comprising the xecutive Committee have in charge the rrying through of the Congress in Boston a successful termination. In all likeli- ood the President of the Congress will be e Hon. Robert Treat Paine, who is the eat-grandson of one of the signers of the eclaration of Independence. He is one of oston's best known and most active philan- ropists and has given a helping hand to any good causes. He organized the Wells emorial Workingmen's Institute and is ill its president. He is also president of e Workingmen's Co-operative Bank, and as for more than a quarter of a century een president of the Associated Charities Boston. Mr. Paine and his wife created nd endowed with two hundred thousand ollars a trust for charitable purposes called ie Robert Treat Paine Association. He as long been associated with the American eace Society, and is one of the firmest be- evers in the value and the ultimate triumph f the peace movement.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, chairman of the xecutive Committee, is one of the public- pirited men of Boston, and may always e depended upon to champion any cause having r its object the uplifting of humanity and the grow- g good of the world. He is a forcible speaker, nd has always taken an active interest in educa- onal affairs. Few men are better informed in re- gard to historical matters than he. The secretary of the American Peace Society and also of the Executive Committee is Benjamin F. Trueblood, a member of the Society of Friends, a writer of unusual ability, and one of the foremost speakers at the international meetings for many years past. Dr. Trueblood devotes his entire time to the work of the American Peace Society, and travels thousands of miles every year in the interest of the work. He is the editor of the *Advocate of Peace*, and he has probably exerted as wide an influence for peace as any man now living. Hon. George F. Seward, one of America's well-known diplomatists, and a nephew of William H. Seward, Secretary of War under Lincoln, is another member of the Executive Committee. Mr. Seward has been our Consul-General to China, and received the appointment of Minister to Corea, but at his own suggestion the sending of a mission to Corea was deferred. He is a member of a number of clubs and organizations working for the public good. Phillip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia, another member, is a retired manufacturer who devotes the greater part of his time to philanthropic work and the interests of the Peace Society. He was appointed by President Harrison to the Board of Indian Commissioners and is president of the Philadelphia Board of Public Charities. He has been president of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections and also president of the Mohawk Indian Conference. Other members of the Executive Committee are Hon. William N. Ashman, of Philadelphia, a Judge of the Orphans' Court; Dr. Richard H. Thomas, of Baltimore, a minister of the Society of Friends, and for ten years dean of the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore; Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago, and Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Christian Sociology Congregational Seminary, the founder and resident warden of the Chicago Commons Social Settlement.

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON

Where the coming International Peace Conference will be held

There are three ladies on the Executive Committee of the Peace Congress. One of them is a Quakeress, Mrs. Hannah Bailey, of Winthrop Centre, Me., a lady of large means, who devotes her time to religious, educational and philanthropic work. Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, of New York City, is a member of the Executive Committee, and is intensely interested in the peace movement. Mrs. May Wright Sewell, of Indianapolis, the twelfth member of the Executive Committee, has, for more than thirty years been actively identified with educational, benevolent and philanthropic organizations. She represented Indiana at the International Cotton Exposition in New Orleans, and in 1900, President McKinley appointed her special representative of the organized work of her countrywomen in the series of Congresses held at the Exposition Universelle, in Paris.

On the general committee of the forthcoming Peace Congress, are such names as Edward Everett Hale, Hon. John W. Foster, Hon. Andrew D. White, David Starr Jordan, Andrew Carnegie, George Foster Peabody, Julia Ward Howe, Hon. Oscar S. Strauss, Bishop Henry Warren, Miss M. Carey Thomas and others. Andrew Carnegie has given $5,000 toward the expenses of the Congress, and it is expected that at least $25,000 will be secured for this purpose. Tremont Temple has been secured for the Congress, and supplementary meetings will be held in other cities. A statue to the great advocate of universal peace, Elihu Burritt, may be unveiled in New Britain, Conn. (his native town), at the close of the Congress.

J. L. HARBOUR.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Unpraised Heroes

TEXT — Matt. 19 : 30 : Many that are first shall be last ; and the last shall be first

FROM time immemorial, nations have honored their military chieftains. All Carthage knelt in reverence before the tombs of Hamilcar and Hannibal. All Sweden honors the sacred dust of Gustavus Adolphus and of Marshal Bernadotte, who afterwards ascended the throne as King Charles the XIV. All Germany reveres the name of Frederick the Great and Count von Moltke. All Italy praises Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. In England, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Napier sleep within St. Paul's Cathedral under the most magnificent dome of all London. Westminster Abbey is the last resting-place of scores of generals and admirals who have made England's name famous upon the land and upon the sea.

Not only do the modern nations honor their dead military chieftains, but also the living soldiers who have shed their blood upon hard-fought battle-fields. They honor not their generals only, but the humble privates who once carried the muskets in the ranks, or the petty non-commissioned officers, or the lieutenants, or captains of small company commands. When these soldiers die, they are laid in the grave with military honors. When, as worn-out veterans they are unable to look after themselves, then the best of "Soldier Homes" are provided for their housement. England has placed the Royal Palace in the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria passed most of her life, at the service of her convalescent sailors. France has her beautiful retreat of the Invalides for her aged soldiers, in the midst of which is the huge sarcophagus of her greatest warrior, whose dying request was this: "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." The finest sites near our own national capital, and Milwaukee and Danville and Santa Monica, are filled with the veterans of our own army, who were just as brave as any that wore the Confederate gray or the Federal blue, who laid down their lives upon the blood-soaked soil of Vicksburg, Chancellorsville, Lookout Mountain, or Atlanta.

Heroic Renunciation

Though on this Memorial Sabbath we specially honor the heroes who laid down their lives on the battle-field, or who survived the war, to die afterwards of their wounds, or of disease brought on by the exposure and the hardships of the war, I want to call your attention this morning to men who rendered other kinds of service in the great struggle. That conflict could never have been fought out, if some who did not go to the front, had not loyally done their duty in other spheres. There were some who would gladly have shouldered a musket and gone to the war, but renounced their share in the danger and the glory of the battle, that they might render less conspicuous, but no less essential service to their country. Let us give them, too, their meed of praise.

On this Memorial Day, I praise the unpraised Southerner as well as the unpraised Northerner. I believe the Civil War, bloody as it was; awful and terrific as it was, mortal as it was, with 1,000,000 dead, was worth all the sacrifice it cost. Why? Because, once and for all, it settled the vital and far-reaching question that the United States Government forever, was to be bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the Great Lakes, and on the south by the Gulf. Though the United States proper comprises an area of 3,025,600 square miles, yet in that vast area, great as it is, there will never be room for more than one government, any more than two queens can live within the same bee-hive. This question of one government had to be settled once for all, by the sword. If it had not been settled by a bloody conflict between the North and the South, it certainly would have had to be settled later by a bloody conflict between the East and the West. Thus I honor to-day the unpraised hero, who, in 1861, lived below the Mason and Dixon line, as well as the unpraised hero of Michigan and Pennsylvania, and New York and Maine.

First, on this Memorial Day, let us honor the statesmen in the cabinet, and the legislators in the Capitol, who conducted the national government during those four years of trial. In the Northern Capitol at Washington, and in the Confederate Capitol at Richmond, there were men as brave as those in the armies. Their duties were onerous, their responsibilities serious, their patriotism intense. Let us raise the national flag over the dead bodies of the senators and the congressmen, who valiantly stood at their posts during those awful years of carnage, as well as put a wreath of flowers upon the graves of the men who died at South Mountain, Antietam, or Fredericksburg.

It is so easy to speak sneeringly of our Washington legislators. It is so easy to call the "United States Senate" the "Millionaires' Assembly," or the "Club of the Old Fogies." It is so easy to say the House of Representatives is a collection of nonentities, who are ruled for the most part by one or two men who crack the party whip over the backs of their fellows. But, my friends, I believe that by such speeches injustice is often done to able men. We have a right to assume that men who have been chosen by their fellow-citizens to represent them in Congress are worthy men, and when we disparage them we disparage the citizens who elected them. The first great battles are not fought out with sword and cannon, but with tongue and pen in legislative assembly. The civilized world knew Spain was doomed long before Commodore Dewey's guns spoke in Manila Harbor. When on June 13, 1898, Congress authorized the Secretary of the United States Treasury to issue $400,000,000 worth of bonds for national defense, all the ultimate outcome of the Spanish-American war was decided, except how the treaty of peace should be signed. The outcome of the terrific conflict of 1861 to 1865 would never have been the maintenance of the Union, if Congress had not loyally supported President Lincoln during that eventful period. Aye, there were giants in those days. But the giants upon Capitol Hill, whose moral courage and unswerving loyalty were tried and proved, deserve our honor as much as do the giants fighting at the front.

Legislative Services

Place side by side if you will, those two master personalities, John Sherman and William T. Sherman. They were brothers. They were both geniuses. As we look over the pages of history, it is a very debatable question which should be honored the most and who did the most valiant service for his country: John or William. One was a giant in guiding and creating patriotic legislation, the other a giant in military strategy. Yet to-day, in almost every city you can see fifty pictures of William T. Sherman, where you will find one of his patriotic brother, who was Senator of the United States from 1861 to 1877. The vital importance of the work done by our national legislators, can never be better illustrated than in the life of James A. Garfield. He was one of the most brilliant volunteer soldiers of the war. From the presidential chair of Hiram College, in 1861, he stepped into the military camp and donned a soldier's uniform. Within two years, he wore the shoulder-straps of a major-general. Yet Abraham Lincoln placed his hand upon the brilliant chief of Rosecrans' staff and said: "Garfield, I need you more in Congress than I do in the field. Resign your soldier's commission, and as a Congressman, come and help me." Thus to-day I not only honor the soldier, but also the legislator. I honor James A. Garfield, the general; I also honor James A. Garfield, the Ohio Congressman. In both positions, he did valuable and heroic service.

On this Memorial Day, the brother who stayed at home and worked the farm should be praised as well as the young man who went to the front, and was mentioned for a heroic deed in the commander's dispatch. The young man who sank his personality in the more common but equally needful duties of home life, might have been even braver and more unselfish than the soldier boy who marched down the main street of his native town or city, keeping step to the strains of martial music, and whose train pulled out of his home depot amid the shouts and the huzzas of admiring friends, who came to bid him good-bye.

The Hero at Home

Let me illustrate what I mean by praising the boy who stayed at home to work the farm. Some time ago I was attending a soldiers' reunion. It was a most impressive spectacle, that assembly of aged men. Yes, the ranks of the old soldiers are thinning very rapidly. We shall not have them with us long. But though those veterans were very old when they began to tell their camp-fire stories, as their narrative proceeded they seemed to become boys again. Among the stories told was one I shall never forget. "Did you have any brothers in the army?" I asked an aged soldier. "Yes, one," was the answer. "There were three boys of us. We all wanted to go, but father and mother were getting old, and some one had to stay at home and look after the old folks and our younger sisters. So one night we had a family convocation. After the family talk, we three sons and mother and father decided that two of us boys could go to the war, but that one should stay at home and work the farm. Who were to g Who was to stay at home? We all wanted to go a fight and so we decided to draw lots. Mother held t book and put in the three slips of paper with o marked, 'Stay at home.' We drew. John and mys went to the front, Harry stayed at home." "Did yo brother regret that he had to stay?" "Oh, yes. B some one had to stay, and so he simply swallowed h disappointment. Yes, we two boys could never ha gone to the front but for Harry's faithfulness to t old folks." Was he not just as patriotic as the two wh went forth to battle? Let us, then, place a flower ov his grave, as well as upon the graves of those who we to the war. Let us realize that the stay-at-homes som times evinced greater moral courage, made more hero self-sacrifice, and endured greater disappointments tha the ones who went to the front.

Patriotism in Civil Life

In this Memorial address, we would accord praise all who did the country service—the contractors wh furnished the blankets and the shoes and the tents ar the food and the guns; the patriotic bankers; the ra road men, like Thomas Alexander Scott, who did suc valuable service in rushing the troops to their ultima destinations. We would praise the newspaper editor who moulded public opinion, so that the right me were elected to Congress; and the newspaper reporter who risked life and limb to carry back the news fro the front, of what husbands and fathers and brothe had suffered under the tornadoes of shot and shell i the last battle. We would praise such men as Jame K. McClure of the Philadelphia *Press*, with who Lincoln was in closest contact; and Joseph Medill, of th Chicago *Tribune*, and James Gordon Bennett, of th New York *Herald*. These men never were able t wear a Grand Army button. They could tell no cam fire stories at the Grand Army Reunions; but they ha their part in the great struggle. But for their ente prise, their daring and their patriotic devotion, w should never have had the records of valor which ar now our priceless possession.

It is a very grave question whether Abraham Lincol could not better have parted with almost any one of hi Major-Generals, than he could have lost that genius o railroad organizing, Thomas Alexander Scott. It is very grave question whether U. S. Grant would no have been deposed from his command and sent bac home in disgrace, had it not been for Charles A. Dana who, as the personal representative of Lincoln, went t the front, and exposed and denounced the false scandal which were being circulated about the "Silent Warrior of the West. It is a very grave question whethe Salmon P. Chase could have ever successfully finan ciered the United States bonds which paid the running expenses of the war government, costing at that time millions upon millions of dollars each month, unless he had been backed up by Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia cap italist, who was to Lincoln what Robert Morris was t George Washington in the Revolution. So to-day I impartially praise the patriotic soldier, the patriotic railroad man, the patriotic editor, the patriotic financier the patriotic contractor; McClure and Dana and Scot and Jay Cooke, as well as Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Lee and Longstreet and John B. Gordon

Heaven-Sent Comforters

In this Memorial Day address, we would not omit the need of recognition due to the ministers of the home churches, as well as the chaplains who labored in the field hospital and by the wounded and moaning men who had the pallor of death upon their cheeks the night after the battle. We would praise men like Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, and Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, and Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans. These men were never identified with any one particular regiment or brigade, yet in their utterances of inspiration; in the divine comfort which they carried to the bereft homes; in their words of faith and love, which, through the printed page, went to the boys in the camp, they became mighty evangelists of light, mighty Gospel messengers for God and their native land.

We have all read about the noble services of Dwight L. Moody to the soldier boys at the front. We know that many a dying soldier boy was able to answer "Here" to the roll-call of heaven, because some faithful chaplain on earth had prepared him for that "Fall in" on the other side of the grave. We know that many and many a dying message sent to the mother, or the wife at home, was penned by the faithful chaplains who looked after the boys of their regiments, as a father might care for the children about his own fireside. But

what about that gray-haired old minister of the village church? Did he not serve any patriotic purpose? Did he not lift high the standard of the patriotic soldier, when he delivered the eulogy over the casket enwrapped in its country's flag? Did not Moses D. Hoge perform a valiant and a noble service to his land, when he delivered in Richmond the address over the body of that whirlwind of military marvels "Stonewall" Jackson? Ah, yes, the minister of the village church had his mission in the war, as well as the soldiers at the front.

We cannot to-day too much praise the work of the Gospel minister during the agonies of America's four years of carnage. One day a man applied to General Jackson for a position in his army, "What is your business?" asked Jackson, "I am a minister of the Gospel," was the reply. Then Jackson, the Christian soldier, said: "My friend, I can give you no position as high as that which God has given to you. Go back to your own church. In the name of Jesus Christ, give comfort to the widows whose husbands have been shot; to the children, whose fathers, on account of this bloody war, will never come back; to the young maidens, who can never again see their sweethearts. Go back, and preach the Gospel of sacrifice to the young men, who must be enlisted from your town. Go back! In God's name, go back!" Ay, the duty which Thomas J. Jackson assigned to the ministers of Jesus, was grandly and nobly fulfilled by hundreds of consecrated clergymen, both in the North and the South. To-day I honor the memories of the noble men of God, who at home were true and firm to their Lord and their people during the awful conflict.

But I have still another long list of unpraised heroisms. I would not praise the Boy in Blue or the Boy in Gray for what he did in 1861 and 1865, more than I would praise him for what he did after peace had been proclaimed. It was a spectacle that astonished the world, a spectacle unprecedented in history, that of the soldiers of those two huge armies laying down their muskets and taking up the ploughshare. To their honor be it said that they were ready to turn their backs upon strife and, side by side, work together in the vocations of peace. The vast armies of America going forth to battle is not nearly as impressive, from a historic standpoint, to the student of sociology, as those armies almost instantly melting away and then and there their exmembers fraternizing with one another, and striving to the uttermost to build up the country with as much earnestness as they had shown in fighting each other to the death.

Without any doubt, Robert E. Lee was one of the finest characters America ever produced. Would you like to know what was to me the greatest act of that grand life? I find it not in his actions before the war. I find it not in his wonderful equipoise and gentleness and marvelous powers during the war. But after Appomattox the chief nobility of that life glowed before his fellow-countrymen as a single star might outshine all the other stars in the heavenly firmament. After the war was over, a rich financial company of New York City, in order to catch the Southern trade through Robert E. Lee's popularity, offered Lee $25,000 per year as a salary to become its manager. What said General Lee. "No, I cannot come. I must stay among my own people to help teach them to become true Christian citizens, to help teach them how to have faith in their God, and patriotic love for their whole land." Robert E. Lee turned his back at that time, upon the most princely salary then offered in the City of New York. In order to teach his people to love a reunited country, and to have faith in God, he accepted an humble position as the president of one of Virginia's bankrupt schools. Rather than live for mercenary gain, he quietly and yet nobly and unselfishly went to live among the shattered walls of Washington College, in Lexington. He lived there until the close of his life. Some people may tell you that the greatest service the American soldier did for his country was when he suffered upon the field of battle. I tell you that the greatest service the Confederate Army and the Federal Army ever did for their native land was when they dissolved, and when their Christian soldiers became the earnest, consecrated advocates of Christian peace. So to-day I praise no less highly than the soldier who went out in 1861 to fight his country's battles, the soldier in 1866 returning to civil life, and striving in home, and factory, and store, to heal the wounds of the nation, and reunite its people in the bonds of Christian love.

Sometime ago I stood on the top of the Washington Monument, and looked off upon the battlefields of America, and dreamed my dreams. I saw hundreds of thousands of human bones bleaching in the sunlight, gnawed of the vulture and the wolf. I heard the muffled drums beating the tattoo at sunset. As the artillery wagons rumbled away to the rear, and star twinkled to star, I heard sentinel by the glare of the camp fire call to sentinel: "All's well. All's well along the Potomac!"

There goes the booming of the cannon, and the sharp commands of the officers: "Steady, boys, steady, steady!" There is the ping of the bullet, and the dying soldier clutches at his heart as he moans: "My babies, O God, my poor babies!" and then drops dead. There comes the blood-curdling Confederate cry: "Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!" There is the long line of set faces, behind the glittering bayonets. The heavens redden and glow. The flames leap, and hiss, and dance, and make merry over the burning homes. The falling beams go crash, crash, crash! The rivers are deep with flowing blood; the grave trenches are filled with a million dead.

As I turn and look upon the great white dome of the Capitol, the old national flag flaps and waves. Its stars glitter like the eyes of the mothers waiting for their boys who never came back, and like the eyes of the maidens, who, after a while as old women, read and reread the torn and the yellow letters which their heroes just before the fatal battle, wrote about the bridal homes which were destined never to be built. And as I look upon the old flag again, the white stripes look like the white bandages which were put about the shattered arms. The long, deep streaks of red prove that its folds had once been dipped into pools of human blood. Then the great white dome of the legislative hall, glistening in the sunlight, looks as though it were builded out of the broken tombstones of Arlington Heights and Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

Then as I look up and down the great Pennsylvania avenue, I seem to see the united armies of the Boys in Blue and of the Boys in Gray, marching, marching, marching. I see the lines melt away. Following with my eye one soldier, I see him take his discharge, and he starts for home. I cannot tell whether this discharged soldier is now heading for the Michigan hills, or for the Georgia plantations; in his civilian dress he has no distinctive insignia, telling me whether he fought under Grant or under Lee. Then I see this soldier coming up to the farm-gate and being welcomed home by his dear ones. Now his wife nearly faints away for joy. Then, in the evening hour, I see him gather the little children about him. He opens the Old Book. He reads a chapter. The family kneel in prayer. Then the lights are put out, and I know the war is forever ended.

The Christian soldier of conflict has become the Christian citizen of patriotic peace. So on this Memorial Day, with its sad and happy associations, while we praise the soldier boy of 1861, let us also honor the Christian veteran of the time of peace. Let us, with the memory of what he has done in both conflicts, go forth to one last great battle. Let us take the Bible in hand and capture this round world for Christ.

Come, ye Christian heroes of the past, both praised and unpraised. Come with your sacred memories and your buried dead. Come, ye Christian heroes of the future, with your cradles and unborn generations. Come, ye nations about to be born for Christ. Come all times and all millenniums. Down in prayer and kneel to Him, who, will yet be crowned King of kings and Lord of all. Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

CAN WE SAY "NO" TO THEM?

THE time will soon be here when the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, will be opened for the waiting throng. Such eagerness as is theirs! Such anticipations of the good time coming! As soon as a bud bursts on the trees in the city parks, and the grass shows a bit of green, then visions of Mont Lawn begin to fill the little one's waking hours, and to haunt their dreams.

Some of the children never saw a tree until they were taken, by the kindness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, up the sparkling Hudson, to that beautiful home amid Rockland's hills.

There are localities in New York where no vegetation exists, except, perhaps a sickly geranium in a tenement-house window, and when a child who has been brought up, or rather who has come up, amid the nature and admonition of New York's worst streets, no wonder its eyes open wide with wonderment, which soon turns to the keenest joy at the sight of the real country.

One little boy had reached the mature age of nine years, before he ever saw a tree of any kind; he had never been but a few blocks away from the squalid tenement in which he was born. He was a puny mite, and his hard-working mother had watched him as best she could, in the intervals of her daily toil. When he first saw the country and all its beauties, he seemed lost in wonderment, and exclaimed as he gazed at the trees, "O, the beautiful, beautiful, big green flowers!"

HAPPY IN ANTICIPATION OF THE GOOD TIME COMING

Until one has penetrated the dreadful mystery of how twenty families, that number at least fifty children among them, can live in a twenty-five-foot front house, there can be no just comprehension of how necessary such homes as Mont-Lawn are to the very lives of these children.

Driven, by over-crowding and terrible heat, to the street, they find a little relief, but the pavements are hard and hot to the little bare feet, and if in their play they venture from curb to curb, the children are in constant danger from the heavy trucks and other vehicles, which make an endless procession through the crowded streets of down-town. Many a little cripple is hobbling around, or on a doorstep sitting gazing with piteous eyes at its more fortunate companions, who daily escape a like fate by the strength of a brawny driver's wrist, as he turns aside his horses. But danger or no danger, there they are, these children of the streets, exposed oftentimes to worse perils than trolley or teams. For lessons of wickedness there is no better schoolroom than city streets, and no more able teachers than larger boys and girls, who, by precept and example, lead the smaller ones astray. Restless little creatures they are—what child is not restless—if unoccupied? They must do something, and if nothing good presents itself, naturally they turn to the bad. It is from such influences, such environment, that Mont-Lawn receives many children, and during their ten days' stay in this home they learn, for the first time in many instances, what joy there is in being clean, and the influences that are brought to bear upon them, the efforts to teach them cleanliness within as well as without, are such as to give a right trend to their future lives. The new life that is opened up to them when they visit Mont-Lawn, not only fills the present with such happiness as they in their blighted little lives never dreamed of, but it gives them a hope for the future, something to live for. These children are sure that the kind people who sent them once, will send them again, and oftentimes this thought is all that reconciles them to bidding good-bye to the "big green flowers" and their kind caretakers. Three dollars gives a little child a ten days' outing.

Shall they be disappointed this year? Shall hundreds of other little ones, who have never yet known the comfort of a clean bed, who have never in their short lives had enough to eat, or felt the contact of clean, whole garments with their little bodies, whose small feet never trod anything softer or cleaner than the pavement of New York's slums, or the blackened stairs of their tenement homes, shall they be denied this beautiful visit to Mont-Lawn, which means so much to them and their poor, tired mothers? Twenty-one dollars pays for a bed for the season. It costs so little, and means so much. Can we say "No"?

Pilgrims Gather in Jerusalem

The World's Sunday School Convention Delegates Tent in Holy Land

By MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

ALL roads lead to Jerusalem, at least all roads in Palestine do. At Beyrout, the *Grosser Kurfurst* party was divided in several sections to proceed to Jerusalem by many different routes, and meet there in time for the great World's Sunday School Convention. One party of one hundred and four went to Damascus by rail, and then on horseback from Damascus to Jerusalem. Another party of two hundred and more went by steamer to Haifa, Mt. Carmel, then by horseback through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem. Three other parties, numbering one hundred and fifty each, went by carriage from Haifa to Nazareth, to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, and returning took the steamer at Haifa for Joppa; from Joppa, several parties went by rail to Jerusalem. Still others went by carriage across the great plain of Sharon to Jerusalem.

An aged member of the cruise (whom we shall call "Veritas") betook himself to Jerusalem several days in advance, that he might witness the arrival of the several parties. The railway brought the first company. They had almost two weeks to spend in Jerusalem before the Convention. The second party to arrive, a week later (one of the parties who had been to Nazareth and Galilee), told Veritas about having had to wait a day outside of Joppa for a quiet sea in which to be taken from the *Grosser Kurfurst* in small boats. They had come by carriage from Joppa to Jerusalem, across the plain of Sharon, through the Valley of Ajalon, and over the Judean hills, stopping at Gezer, to view the wonderful excavations being made there by the Palestine Exploration Society. They had read their Bibles along the way, as they were passing the places where Samson had tied the firebrands to the foxes' tails; where Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still; where the Philistines had brought the ark into the temple of their god Dagon; at Kirjath-Jearim where the ark rested in the home of Obed-Edom. They told Veritas of the walls, and pillars, and the great cistern of Gezer, a city brought by the bride of Solomon as her dowry, the gift of her father, one of the Pharaohs, a city only recently uncovered, and still being excavated, and which was in existence four thousand years ago. The visitors were surprised to see women carrying the dirt in baskets on their heads out of the excavations, up long flights of stairs and over a hill. These women receive but sixpence a day for their work; but it is considered good pay, as it costs but one penny a day to live.

PILGRIMS ABOUT TO RIDE AROUND THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

The next party to arrive had much to tell Veritas about their visit in Nazareth, how almost the whole city had come out to meet them, asking for *bakshish*. They told how they had been lodged in the monastery, carried on by Franciscan monks; had large bottles of wine; had them placed on the tables, free, of course, but left untouched by the Sunday School party. They told of their visits to the reputed house where Mary and Joseph lived, to the Mount of Precipitation and the Church of the Annunciation. But they were most enthusiastic in telling of the wonderful views they had of the surrounding country from the hill-tops around Nazareth; the Mediterranean on one side and Mt. Hermon in the distance, with Mt. Tabor and the Valley of Esdraelon between, the outlines of the hills of Samaria, with the villages of Endor, Nain, etc., dotting the hillsides, and the mountains of Moab in sight. The children of Nazareth had a peculiar interest to them, and as they nearly all wore coats of many colors, and red boots, when not barefooted, it was easy to think how Jesus must have looked as a child. A little girl, not over six years of age, was seen leading two heavily-laden camels through the streets of Nazareth just about dark. In reply to a question asked by one of their number as to what the people of Nazareth think to-day about Jesus, they were told that they thought Jesus regarded them with unusual affection, and gave them his special care, because they were of his own city. Nazareth is to-day a Christian city, three-fourths of the people being worshipers of the true God; in this estimate were included the members of Greek and Latin Churches and Mohammedans. There is not a Jew in Nazareth to-day.

The next company to arrive in Jerusalem, was one returning from Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee. In the evening, little children with handfuls of the tiny shells, which they had gathered on the shores of Galilee, found their way among the guests of the monastery and the hotel. Some of the primary teachers of our party bought them to take home to their little scholars. One of our company asked a bright Arab lad of nine years, if he knew what Jesus had ever done on the Sea of Galilee? In broken, but musical English, he told the story of Jesus stilling the storm. His rendering of Jesus' words: "O ye of little faith," was: "Why are you not a Christian? You are not Christian at all!" It was a graphic description, to say the least. The boy was a pupil in the Scotch mission.

The next party came into Jerusalem in two sections, riding on horses and looking very much sunburned and dust-covered. They had been more than seven days in the saddle. They greeted Veritas as an old friend. "Have you had a grand time?" he asked. "Oh, yes," they replied, "but one of the hardest trips in Palestine, needing to be out of our tents almost by daylight, and in the saddle all day, much of the way being between mountains, over rocky places." "Where did you begin your journey?" asked Veritas. 'We took horses at Haifa, stopped first at Nazareth, and then at Tiberias, dwelling in beautiful tents, white on the outside, and lined with the gayest of Egyptian tapestry. The camp equipage was carried by pack mules, and at the end of each day's journey we found the tents set up, and dinner ready to be served in table d'hote style. Breakfast was also served in the tent, but we had a cold lunch by the way.

"There was a general exclamation of admiration when the Valley of Esdraelon burst upon our view," they added. "So velvety green was it, from end to end, it seemed to be the most fertile spot on earth. No wonder, for has it not been one of the greatest battlefields of the World? Some of us as we rode along, read in our Bibles about the time when Deborah prayed upon the height, while Barak charged down the mountain with ten thousand Iraelites to meet Sisera and his hosts. At the Mount of Beatitudes, some of our party climbed to the top and read aloud the 'Sermon on the Mount.' At Jacob's Well, we read the story of Jesus meeting the woman of Samaria. On the slopes of Ebal and Gerizim, we read about Israel being gathered there first by Moses and then by Joshua. We were shown the Samaritan Pentateuch by the Samaritan high priest himself, and we knew that we were looking at the oldest manuscript of the Bible in the World. We were glad when the high priest told us it was his intention to be present at the World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem."

The next party to arrive was one which had come overland from Damascus. They came, one hundred and four strong, with the eight ladies of the party riding first, followed by a picturesque company of dragomen, with the gentlemen in the rear. They quickly made their way to their familiar tents already set up in Jerusalem, just outside the Damascus gate.

Old Jerusalem seemed now to take on a new life. The streets were filled with friends greeting each other who had not met since leaving the *Grosser Kurfurst* at Beyrout. And the English contingent, four hundred and eighty strong, had arrived. We could not call each other by name, but we exchanged Christian greetings. And there were fourteen hundred other pilgrims, mostly in Russian garb, who had journeyed from afar to observe the Greek Easter in Jerusalem. Their weird songs filled the early morning hours, as they passed through the streets from shrine to shrine.

The "green hill" is no longer far away. Our great Convention tent is spread close beside it, in the very spot where, eight hundred years ago, was the camp of the German crusaders, and there they sang their hymn "Fairest Lord Jesus." We are told that permission to put up the tent had to be gained of Nayzim Bey, the Governor of Jerusalem. It will seat fifteen hundred people. A closer view of it reveals that the entrance is guarded by a company of Turkish soldiers. The interior is decorated with large flags of all nations. The platform is covered with rich Turkish rugs. A string of lanterns, large ones, hangs through the middle of the tent from end to end. They are to be the only means of illumination. The seating has evidently been made for the occasion, comfortable pine settees. A piano is in place in front of the platform. The tent is far removed from the several hotels and we must pass along the road, over which caravans of camels are continually passing, to reach it. But our zeal in the cause in which we have enlisted acknowledges no difficulties, and through dust and heat we will make our way four times a day to and from that self-same tent, which shall be to us as the tent where Moses of old met God face to face. We wait the signal for our assembling.

The Convention was scheduled to begin on Monday, April 18, but it really began on Sunday, April 17. Indeed, those who attended a sunrise prayer meeting on that day on Mt. Olivet, felt that the wheels of the Convention had begun to turn, and that the spirit of God was within the wheels. To be there required that one should be well on the way about as soon as it began to dawn. The garden tomb, the true holy sepulchre, was by the road-side. A Christian woman passing alone by that way, met two women of another faith, probably the Greek Church. They could not speak each other's language, but they made the sign of the cross, and put their arms around each other, and walked on together until they came to a church close beside the Garden of Gethsemane. The two women went in, and the other started alone up Mt. Olivet, but was joined by another woman, who establlshed her kinship by making the sign of the cross.

The sunrise prayer meeting was held, and a glorious Amen of blessing came down from above, in the sweet chime of bells in the Tower of the Ascension. Later a large audience gathered in the tent to hear the Convention sermon, preached by the venerable Archdeacon of London, Rev. William Sinclair. His text was Matt. 21: 15, 16.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there was a communion service in the Convention tent, Dr. John Potts presiding. Before the bread was passed, Dr. Potts requested that it be retained in the hand of each person until all had received it, and then that we should all partake of it at the same moment. This we did, and the unfermented wine was passed, and we all drank of it. After a few words of prayer we went quietly out of the tent.

The evening, at 7.30, found us again in the tent. Mr. F. F. Belsey, president of the Third World's Convention, presiding. An address of welcome was made by Rev. G. F. Blyth, D.D., bishop of the Church of England for Jerusalem and the East. A man of many years, and lovely in presence, with a well modulated voice, he seemed to embody the ideal bishop.

My next letter will give the actual work of the Convention.

A LIGHT IN WESTERN ASIA

The Bible House in Constantinople and its Great Gospel and Educational Work -- A Field in which All May Aid

By Rev. G. F. Herrick, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done and is doing royal service in feeding, clothing and sheltering the victims of massacre and famine in Eastern lands. The bereaved, the despairing, the orphan waifs, receive also food for their minds and their souls, at the hands of their benefactors.

But there are millions upon millions in those dark lands, whose bodies are not naked or shelterless, or unfed, but whose minds are starving for wholesome food, whose souls thirst for living water. In many portions of Asia the pall of dense ignorance is unlifted, while in Western Asia, on the seaboard, and in centres of provinces, the veriest garbage of the press of Latin Europe, has become, through translations into the native languages of lands bordering on the Mediterranean, the intellectual and moral pabulum of newly awakened Oriental minds. It is the endeavor of the American Mission Press at Constantinople, to furnish an antidote to this poison.

REV. GEO. F. HERRICK, D.D.

THE BIBLE HOUSE, OLD STAMBOUL, CONSTANTINOPLE

MR. W. W. PEET

To a few thousands of youths gathered into the higher schools founded by American missionaries, the fountain of English undefiled has been opened, and these may drink and live. But for the masses of Oriental peoples, it is chiefly through the Press and through their own vernaculars that they are to be supplied, if supplied at all, with wholesome intellectual and spiritual food. That an appetite for knowledge exists, let such facts as these bear witness:

THE LATE REV. ELIAS RIGGS, D.D., LL.D.

An Armenian woman past three score years and ten, seeing her daughter and her granddaughter and her great granddaughter learning successfully to read the Bible, was bound she would learn, too. One pair of spectacles, then two, then three, she put on, one over the other, but she learned. A poor Greek lad, whose mother was blind, whose father was sick with an incurable disease, into whose poor hut of a home the winter snows were drifting, was so eager to learn that he came to school in the bitter cold, without stockings, an old coat four sizes too large, serving for coat, vest and shirt, bringing in his hands as far as the school door, so they might last longer to wear when he was with the other boys, the only apology for shoes he had. That lad stuck to it till he became a teacher and preacher.

On one of the hills near Mosul, the hottest part of Turkey, in a tribe of Arab-Koords, lived a tall, black-eyed lad, a hairy Esau as he grew up, who, to learn something, while his mates were content to watch the sheep, went to an adjoining tribe to be a pupil of a famous Khodja. His total outfit was one long, coarse cotton shirt. "What did you do when this became soiled?" I asked. "Washed it in the river, hung it on a bush, and stayed in the water till it was dry." His bed was the ground; his covering the starry sky; his food dry bread, with sometimes half a cucumber. But he mastered all of Arabic learning, sacred and secular, One day he found the binding of an Arabic Bible, thrown away by the person who destroyed the book. He could not rest till he had found in Mosul an entire copy of the Bible. This he read with absorbing interest. He found a Philip—Deacon Micah, of the Evangelical Church in Mosul, who helped him understand what he read. He became a sincere Christian. From 1873 to 1878 he assisted, at Constantinople, in the translation of the Bible into Turkish. His thorough knowledge of Arabic was of great value in the work. In 1880 he was ushered into the unclouded light of the Celestial City.

"I am reading your *Natural Theology* for the fifth time," said the Circassian Governor of an interior city to me some time ago.

"You have done our people a great service in giving us that book on *Physical Geography*," said a high Turkish officer to the translator of the book.

"I want to meet the author of *Belief and Worship*"—a book, in Turkish, in explanation of Evangelical Christianity—said an Albanian scribe to his Christian neighbor.

Here are six nationalities that must look to us for wholesome intellectual, moral and religious nourishment. Turks, as well as others, buy and read the Bible and our other books in the language of their race. Missionaries translate the Bible into all languages and the Bible societies bear the expense. But all else that constitutes a Christian literature is the work of the publication department of the missions.

From our Press at Constantinople we have published three weekly newspapers, one monthly paper. Sunday School lesson books, hymn and tune books, school books, commentaries, scientific books and numerous tracts.

The issues of our Press have, up till the straitened conditions of the last two years, averaged about ten million pages a year. Our four periodicals reach ten thousand readers. Our Sunday School lesson books are read by twenty thousand souls. Twenty-three thousand pupils in our schools look to us for schoolbooks. Besides distinctively religious books, we have the golden opportunity to introduce the Turks, as well as other peoples, to the best things of Western thought and life. But our present resources do not enable us to sustain the initial cost of the preparation and printing of the books and putting them on the market.

By reason of the great diminution of the yearly grants from the American Board, whose work is rapidly expanding in every field, our resources are so reduced that a score of valuable and necessary books, some of them already in manuscript, a concordance of the Bible in Armenian, one in Turkish, an astronomy, etc., await means for printing.

More serious still, our position of vast influence over all races of the Ottoman Empire is imperilled by the necessity we are under—from lack of funds—since 1899, of issuing only our newspapers, tracts and Sunday School lesson books.

Twelve thousand dollars in hand before December 31, 1905, in addition to our present resources, would set us on our feet again, would let us reprint valuable and salable books, especially certain school-books not found elsewhere, whose stock is exhausted, and print the new books in process of preparation. This is a case of as real and urgent, if not so startling, an appeal, as those cases of massacre and famine to which so noble a response has been made.

Of our existing resources, fully one half comes from native sources, in receipts from sale of books and subscriptions to our periodicals.

I expect to return to my post next September, but time of payment of gifts may be extended to November, 1905.

GEO. F. HERRICK,
Senior Missionary in the Publication Department of the Missions of the A. B. C. F. M. in Turkey.
517 West 124th St., New York City.

[THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commends this appeal to its readers. Dr. Herrick is thoroughly familiar with the field whereof he writes, and with its needs. One dollar a month for eighteen months from 666 persons will meet the present urgency. Subscriptions sent to this office will be received, acknowledged, and forwarded.]

Saved from Sin by a Song

REV. E. S. UFFORD, author of many Gospel hymns, recently made a tour of the world, visiting many prominent cities, where he preached and sang the story of God's love to men. To render his famous song, "The Life-Line," more effective, he carried with him a miniature life-saving station, with the mortar, life-line, life-buoy, hawser, torch, and megaphone, from which he drew helpful lessons in moral heroism. In one city he met an editor of a daily journal, who related the following incident:

"I shall never forget the first time I heard your song. I, with several young men, was a member of a club, called 'The Forest Club.' We hired a room, and used to meet there nights and play cards. On Sundays we would contribute enough for a keg of ale. It so happened that a certain minister had felt it his duty to start a mission in a room in the same block, and opposite the room where our club met.

EDITORS AND TRANSLATORS, BIBLE HOUSE, CONSTANTINOPLE

As we were playing cards and drinking, one day, we were startled by a lady's voice ringing out from the room opposite, 'Throw Out the Life-Line!' One of our number opposite me seemed deeply affected. He threw down the cards and said, 'Boys, if they are right then we are wrong.' I said, 'That's so; there's no telling where we may bring up if we continue in this thing.' I remember how we agreed to disband, and in a few days the Forest Club was a thing of the past."

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Science's Last Word

THAT distinguished men of science may err, and err in a way that must shake popular confidence in "Science's last word," which we so frequently hear about in connection with the war on revelation, was made apparent in a very remarkable manner in London lately. Before a brilliant audience, which included such eminent men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh and Professor Dewar, Professor Rutherford, one of the ablest living scientists, propounded a new theory of the earth's heat, which upset in a moment all the preconceived theories of the wise men he was addressing.

He declared with great force and earnestness, that his recent investigations had led him to conclude that the source of the earth's heat is radium; that radium is contained in all matter, and that the famous and widely accepted calculation of Lord Kelvin that the earth, being originally a molten mass, had been cooling down to its present temperature at least one hundred million years, was therefore inadmissible, as according to the new theory of radium heat, the temperature would have been subject to little variation during countless ages—indeed, as the heat-giving power of radium is practically inexhaustible, the temperature of the earth would have changed very little since the beginning. It follows, according to Professor Rutherford, that human life may have existed on our planet during all that time, the conditions making the globe habitable for man.

This is "science's last word." If the scientific world accepts the new theory of the earth's heat—and it seems not unlikely that it will—all the hitherto accepted "facts of science" regarding the globe's origin and development may be discarded as worthless. It may mean a reconstruction of the systems and methods for which biologists and geologists have been laboring, and for the establishment of which they have vigorously contended. It is a rude shock which Professor Rutherford has administered to those who have believed that science cannot err, and who now realize that they know very little about the age and growth of the world after all.

Methodist Standards

THERE is reason to hope that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session at Los Angeles, will adopt the report of the committee which has been considering the proposed change in the rule on amusements. That committee advises that the rule prohibiting members of the church indulging in dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going, be maintained without change.

It must be admitted that there is force in the argument of those who desire to see the rule relaxed, that the enforcement of the rule causes many young people to unite with other churches, which have no such rule, who might otherwise unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Unquestionably there is loss, or, at least, failure to gain. It may, however, be well to consider whether the acquisition of persons who desire to indulge in those amusements would be a real gain to the church. The strength of a church cannot be estimated merely by numbers. Account must be taken of quality as well as quantity. When a new member is received, it is expected that he will be ready to work for the Master whose service he thus enters. If his time is occupied with such amusements as the rule prohibits, and if, as usually happens, the mind dwells upon them, it is not probable that much Christian service will be rendered. To a considerable extent, new recruits of that class would have to be treated as "non-effectives." The ministers and leaders could not rely upon them for church work. Besides this, their example might influence other members, and so the aggressive, devoted spirit which has hitherto characterized the Methodist Church might be relaxed.

That many other churches are more liberal in their policy is admitted, but it has always been so. The Methodist Church had its origin in a recognition of such facts. Its fundamental principle was obedience to the Apostolic injunction: "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing." There has been a glory about that church in its standing for separation from the world, and in the machinery and organization that it had for promoting and maintaining that separation. It has stood for purity, for holiness of life and for consistency of conduct. Its members have been noted for having other pleasures, other motives and other ideals than are to be found in worldly resorts. To admit now, members who must go to the world for recreation, would be a confession of weakness which would deprive Methodism of its unique position. Better far that it should continue to tell those who wish to enter its fold, that none are welcome there but those who have renounced the world with its pleasures, and have made full surrender to Christ.

A Remarkable Symposium

IN the very large number of letters that have been received from the readers of this journal in response to our invitation for a solution of the great and urgent problem: "How shall we deal with the deserving poor?" there are contributions of such marked ability that our statesmen and legislators might peruse them with profit. Taken as a whole, the letters must be accepted as conclusive evidence that the question is one which has been well considered in all its essential features by a majority of the writers. While there is naturally great variety in the remedies suggested, it is clear that the three prominent points of the problem have been kept steadily in view, viz: 1. That the remedy must be a practical one, applicable to masses as well as to individuals; 2, that it must not involve the pauperizing of the poor, but must be such as will work out toward self-support and preserve and increase the spirit of independence and self-respect, and 3, that it should ultimately lead to the breaking up of the abnormal congestion which now prevails in nearly all of our large cities, by removing the deserving poor to more favorable localities, where land is abundant and cheap, and where their labor, intelligently directed, would bring a sure reward.

There are many suggestions offered, showing how this may be accomplished, but not all are equally practical. In a purely paternal government, the problem would probably be solved by furnishing state or national employment for great masses of the industrious poor, in the construction of public improvements, the making of highways, the clearing and draining of waste lands, and like enterprises. In former ages, this was the policy followed in many countries; but it resulted in demoralization, widespread abuses, coolie-ism and semi-slavery. Co-operation between capital and labor, on a large scale and on a profit-sharing basis, might open up vast tracts of territory that are now lying idle, and make them valuable. The Salvation Army colonies contain the germ of an idea which, if carried out with the State or National aid, might go very far toward solving the difficulty. Endowment funds, to be adequate for the extensive need, would drain the national treasury dry. Appeals to individual philanthropy would probably be futile; for unless the heart and soul of the rich are touched with the spirit of Christ, such a scheme would fail to attract, and would be set down as Utopian and chimerical.

As some of our correspondents have pointed out, the workers themselves, if they combined their forces, might be able to accomplish much toward the uplift of the deserving poor. They must begin with the Christlike spirit of brotherliness, and proceed upon the lines of consecrated common sense, uniting on some practical plan looking to the distribution of the able-bodied unemployed in sections where labor is at a premium. During a large part of every year there is a heavy shortage of labor in many States, to which the unemployed might be profitably transferred. Nearly every mail brings letters from the West and South, calling for help. Men are needed for the fields and the workshops, and women for domestic duties in a multitude of homes. With this unequal balance adjusted, the condition of labor in many localities would be a thousandfold better than now, and poverty would be reduced proportionately.

But, after all—and when every suggested remedy has been duly considered—it must be confessed that there is within humanity's reach no sovereign cure for poverty. It will only be eradicated when sin no longer dominates the lives and actions of men, and when, instead of being selfish, unjust, cruel and indifferent toward their fellow-beings, they come to regard them as brothers and sisters in God's great family. And when that change takes place, this old world of ours will be very near to the millennium.

The New Pastor

IT is not always the easiest thing in the world for the new pastor to become acquainted with his people. He tries as soon as he can to visit every family in the parish, but he often has a feeling when doing so, that they are mentally comparing him with his predecessor, and that, try as hard as he may, he does not penetrate beyond the outer rim of intercourse. Every one is not at once at ease with a minister whom he or she does not know. If the retiring pastor has been popular and beloved, and his going is much lamented, the new comer must prove that he possesses equally amiable qualities, and must win friends for himself.

Woe to the pastor who comes to a church where the pulpit has long been vacant, and the people have grown critical in listening to a great number of different candidates. It will be almost impossible for such a one to at once gain the attention of his people, and vanquish the critical spirit which is hostile to devotion. The warmest of welcomes should surely be given to the new pastor and his family, who very likely have homesick hearts for the friends they have left behind them.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST REV. E. R. HERMISTON, of the Chapel Car *Emmanuel*, has lately been conducting a series of shop meetings for railroad men, at Los Angeles, the results of which have been very satisfactory.

—NEARLY THREE YEARS ago, Mr. J. E. Brooks, an independent missionary, began work among the Mosquito Indians on Principulca, Nicaragua, C. A. He has officiated at forty marriages and baptized 123 persons. His work needs encouragement and help.

—A GREAT AWAKENING has come to Madera, Calif., through the influence of a union revival conducted by Rev. Tilman Hobson and Prof. R. N. Jeffery, Presbyterian evangelists. One church will double its membership and others will have an increase.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

War's Enormous Cost

WHAT the cost of war in actual money may be, suggested in the pic- e on this page. It is view of one of the rong rooms of the nk of Russia. Stored le books on the shelves a library, are gold gots, while on the or, packed in strong gs, are gold coins. In , the gold in that om is worth five hun- d million dollars; yet e Imperial Govern- nt is fully aware how ckly that vast sum ll disappear in the uggle now in prog- s. It has already ered the money mar- s of Europe as a rower, and asks the dest sum of one hun- d and sixty million llars. Its present blic debt is over three ousand millions, a lge portion of which owing to citizens of lance, who will prob- y also be the chief subscribers to the new loan. pan also has asked the aid of Europe and America her emergency. Her public debt is about three hun- d million dollars, which is small compared with that her rival. She is now asking for fifty millions, and is people both here and in England eager to accom- date her. The offers received in London on the st day, amounted to nty times the sum allot- to England, and in w York the sum offered s considerably more n was asked for. Thus would appear that if the o nations are intent on tinuing the costly game war, they will have no ficulty in borrowing the essary funds. But it is l to think how their peo- will have to be taxed, er the war is over, to y both principal and erest.

GENERAL KUROKI

Conflicting stories of bat- s on the Yalu and to the th of that stream con- ue to be cabled, but the hentic news is small. It evident, however, that neral Kouropatkin is tinuing his policy of re- at, apparently with the ention of concentrating Moukden or Harbin, and re awaiting reinforce- nts, being hurried to him er the Siberian Railroad. neral Kuroki, on his side, directing his efforts to isolation of Port Ar- r, while incidentally try- to intercept the retreat Russian troops. The eted port is now appar- ly surrounded by the panese, both by sea and land, and its fall, unless eedy relief is sent, appears inevitable. A report was oled on May 20 that Gen. Kuroti's advanced division 20,000 men, on the south of Liao-Yang, had been acked by 32,000 Cossacks, and forced to retreat to ng-Wang-Cheng.

Two serious marine disasters are reported to have fallen the Japanese. One of these, was the sinking the fine battleship *Hatsusi*, which struck a Russian ine off Port Arthur. It is believed that she had a w of nearly eight hundred men on board, of whom only three hundred were saved. On the same day (May 15), a second disaster occurred. The Japanese cruiser *Kasuga*, while running in a fog, struck her sister ship *Yoshino*, and sent her to the bottom. Only ninety of her crew of three hundred were saved; thus making the loss of life, by the double disaster, about seven hundred men. These losses of men and money in the brutal pursuit of war, are a sad spectacle in this twentieth century, yet neither nation will listen to any offer of mediation. It is a pity that only by experience will they learn how sound is the Apostle's warning:

If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another (Gal. 5:15).

STRONG ROOM OF THE BANK OF RUSSIA, CONTAINING $500,000,000 IN GOLD

A Physician Prostrated

Devotion to a patient in whose case a well-known physician in New York had become deeply interested, has led to his being prostrated by the disease he tried to cure. It was cerebro-spinal meningitis, which is popularly known as "spotted fever." Many cases of this disease have suddenly developed in the uptown districts of the city, and there is great curiosity among the physicians as to the cause. It is suspected that it is contagious, but that fact is not fully established. One of the patients was a child, and when the doctor was summoned, he determined to watch it closely, as he had already attended several similar cases. He administered the remedies he thought most likely to relieve the sufferer, and remained by the bedside all day and all night. In spite of his efforts, the child died early the following morning, and then the doctor went home. Shortly afterward he felt ill, and recognizing his symptoms as those of the disease he had been treating, he hurried to Bellevue Hospital, where he had formerly been house-surgeon, and where he knew he would have the best attention. He has been tenderly cared for and his case is in the hands of experienced physicians, but it is said at the hospital that his condition is critical. The sad feature of his case, if he should die, would be that he did not save the child after all. Happily in that greatest of all cases of self-sacrifice that the world has ever seen, this failure can never happen. Christ could say:

Of all that thou hast given me have I lost none (John 18:9).

Playing With Dynamite

An extraordinary discovery was made by the father of a boy a few days ago in New York. He noticed the boy trying to write on the sidewalk with a peculiar looking stick, which the boy thought was chalk. On examining it, the man was horrified to see that it was labeled "dynamite." He called a policeman, who questioned the boy, and learned from him that the stick had been taken from a box that had been left near an excavation that was being made for a new sewer. Some careless carter had been instructed to deliver the dynamite to the contractors for the work, and not finding any one to receive it, had deposited it beside the excavation, expecting that the workmen would find it in the morning. Boys, playing around, had become curious about the contents of the box, and had taken the sticks of dynamite to play with. The policeman succeeded in collecting all of them from the children before any mischief was done. The man who left the dangerous stuff where the children could get at it ought to be severely punished. He knew its deadly character, which they did not. The responsibility for moral injury is still more terrible. The man who introduces a child to moral evil, or puts him in the way of temptation incurs a fearful doom.

It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble (Luke 17:2).

Kept a Light Shining 47 Years

A woman's long life of faithful service has just come to a close. She was appointed in 1857 lighthouse-keeper at Stony Point Promontory, N. Y., and from that time until the day of her death, she had the charge of the light in the tower. She went to the beacon in 1853 as a young wife, when her husband assumed the duties of lighthouse-keeper. Four years afterward, he sustained injuries in an accident, from which he died in the course of a few weeks. The widow convinced the Lighthouse Board that she could perform the duties connected with the station, and she was appointed successor to her husband. Her life afterward for nearly half a century was spent on the same spot. She filled the lamps, prepared the wicks, and polished the lenses, and in foggy weather wound up the mechanism which kept a fog-bell ringing. She was very methodical in her work, and the Government inspector could always see from her books the exact minute when on any night the lamps were lighted, and when they were extinguished. During the day, she cultivated a plot of land near the lighthouse, but never once did she fail at the proper time to have the beacon shedding its warning light. Would that every Christian had such a record as to the light he is expected to give!

Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their lord (Luke 12:35).

BRIEF NOTES

A league has been formed in England to maintain family worship. Its president is Rev. F. B. Meyer.

The Newton Theological Institution (Baptist) has voted that seventy-two years shall be the limit of active service in the faculty.

The office of the American Bible League, the first convention of which was held recently in New York, is at 82 Bible House, New York.

Dr. Alex. Dowie is reported to have directed that preparations be made for a campaign in Utah, which will be commenced soon after his return from Australia.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has addressed a letter to Mr. Andrew Carnegie giving him the wise advice, to devote any more money he may decide on spending in public benefactions, to relieving the misery in the homes of the poor, instead of spending it in founding libraries.

The oldest newspaper in Japan, exhorting the people to regard Russian captives kindly and to harbor generous feelings toward their enemy, says: "Revenge is a sin; it is a barbarous act! An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth belongs to an old law which is obsolete. We are living under a new law of universal brotherhood and love." If Japan be really a heathen nation we may greet such an expression with the words, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

DR. JOHN [illegible]

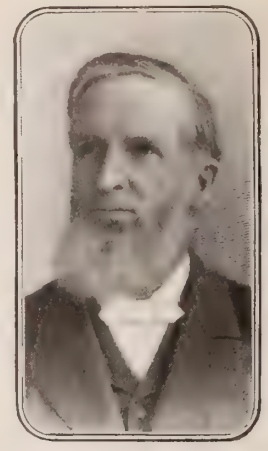
[illegible] W. [illegible]

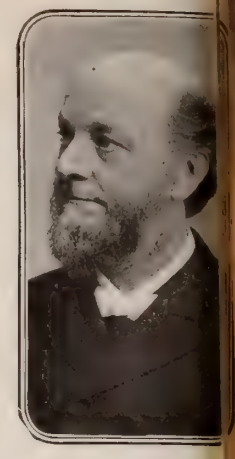
[illegible] G. ANDREWS

[illegible] S. M. MERRILL

DR. CYRUS D. FOSS

DR. JOHN H. VINCE[illegible]





METHODISTS IN CONFERENCE

TWO of the most important matters on the programme of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church have already been considered, and practically decided. The first of these is the retirement of Bishops, and the election of their successors, and the second, the proposal to qualify or repeal the rule relating to amusements.

Dr. Buckley, in presenting the report of the Committee, expressed his sense of the delicacy of his position. It was evidently with reluctance that he had to announce the decision of the Committee, to recommend the retirement of five Bishops. While there was the utmost respect and veneration for the venerable men whose lives had been given to the service of the Church, and who had won the love of multitudes by their eloquence and devotion, the Committee had felt that the interests of the Church must be the supreme consideration, and that duty, however painful, must be done. Younger and more energetic men were needed for the long journeys and continual demands on the time and effort of a Bishop, and therefore that the time had come when the men who had passed the line of three score and ten should be relieved of active service.

The five Bishops who had passed this limit were Bishops Andrews, Walden, Mallalieu, Vincent, and Foss. Dr. Andrews is seventy-nine years old, and has been a Bishop since 1872; Dr. Walden, aged seventy-three, has served twenty years; Dr. Mallalieu, seventy-six, also has served twenty years; Dr. Vincent, whose work at Chautauqua has won him world-wide fame, is seventy-two, has been in office sixteen years; and Dr. Foss, who is in his seventy-first year, has a record of twenty-four years of service in the Episcopal office. In addition to these vacancies, another was created by the voluntary retirement of Bishop Merrill, who is seventy-nine years old, and, having served for thirty-two years, has well earned a period of rest.

In view of these retirements, and of the fact that since the last General Conference, the Church has lost by death the services of Bishops Ninde, Foster and Hurst, and Missionary Bishops Taylor and Parker, the decision to elect eight new Bishops was not unexpected. At the time of writing, seven have been chosen. These are Dr. J. F. Berry, the Editor of the *Epworth Herald;* Dr. Henry Spellmeyer, of Newark, N. J.; Dr. William F. McDowell, of New York; Dr. James W. Bashford, of Delaware, Ohio; Dr. William Burt, who has been laboring in Italy; Dr. Luther B. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., and Dr. Thomas B. Neely, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. William Burt, who was elected on the fifth ballot, is well known to the American churches by reputation. The field of service in which his laurels have been won is in Italy. There he has been Presiding Elder of the Milan District, and has had charge of the Educational and Publishing Bureau. He has done valuable service by his translation of important text-books into Italian, including the *Manual for Probationers*, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Burt is fifty-two years of age, and an Englishman by birth. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University of 1879, which, two years ago, conferred on him the degree of D.D. He has been a member of the New York East Conference since 1881.

Dr. Luther B. Wilson is one of the youngest of the ministers elected to the bishopric. He is forty-seven years of age. He has been a member of the Baltimore Conference since 1881. Among the important pulpits he has occupied are the Waugh Church and the Foundry Church, of Washington, D. C. He was for some time Presiding Elder of the Washington District, and has since been Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District.

In addition to the eight Bishops recommended by the Committee, it is proposed to elect four Missionary Bishops. One of these will have part of Bishop Hartzell's enormous field in Africa; two will be for Southern Asia, in which India is included, and a fourth for Japan and Korea, in both of which countries the Methodist Church has made great progress.

The other crucial question to which reference has been made, is the rule as to amusements. It has been urged that the rule strictly forbidding dancing, card-playing and theatre-going, had the effect of keeping [illegible] of the church many young people of sincere piety, [illegible] occasionally indulged in these amusements. Th[illegible] were other churches in which no such rule is enforc[illegible] and the result has been that Methodism has lost th[illegible] young people, who object to such severe restricti[illegible] and more liberal churches have gained them. It [illegible] therefore suggested that the rule be made advisory, [illegible] prohibitive. This would keep the amusements n[illegible] tioned under the ban of the church, while it would [illegible] be made incumbent on a minister to exclude pers[illegible] indulging in them from membership.

The Conference received, on May 17, the report [illegible] the Committee which had charge of the suggestion. [illegible] appears that a long and animated debate had tal[illegible] place in the Committee room, when the proposed cha[illegible] had been considered. The final vote revealed the eff[illegible] of the arguments adduced, and it was predicted that [illegible] vote of the Conference would be in similar proport[illegible] to the division in the Committee. The recommendat[illegible] of the Committee was that no change be made in [illegible] rule. This decision was reached by a vote of 55 to

It is gratifying to learn from the reports, that [illegible] charges of heresy which have been made against [illegible] professors in several Methodist Colleges, and particul[illegible] ly against those in a celebrated institution, have [illegible] been sustained on investigation. They have been fina[illegible] disposed of in the Committee on Education. A s[illegible] committee, having in charge the consideration of t[illegible] memorials and other evidence on this subject, report[illegible] to the main committee its recommendation, whi[illegible] after some discussion, has been adopted. The rep[illegible] says in part:

"We are persuaded that there is no sufficient found[illegible] tion for the allegation that certain of our theologi[illegible] schools are disloyal to the doctrinal standards of t[illegible] Church. None of the memorials received contain a[illegible] specific charges, and there have come to the committ[illegible] satisfactory statements as to the doctrinal soundness [illegible] the teachings in one of the institutions in the reports [illegible] the numerous visitors appointed by the Conference[illegible]

CLOTHING MACEDONIA'S NEEDY ONES

ALTHOUGH THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief work in Macedonia has closed, as far as the need of collecting and forwarding further funds is concerned, Pastor Popoff writes that the distribution of clothing and other articles supplied by the fund is still going on in many districts. In a letter dated at Sophia, April 26, he says:

"I am by to-day's mail sending you a photograph just brought to me from Dubnitza, illustrating the distribution of CHRISTIAN HERALD clothing in that city. The committee still has a small amount remaining of the money sent, which we are holding for urgent needs,

DISTRIBUTION OF CHRISTIAN HERALD FUND CLOTHING AMONG THE REFUGEES AT DUBNITZA

when the refuge[illegible] begin to return."

From Salonic[illegible] Turkey, April [illegible] Rev. E. B. Haske[illegible] writes:

"Your letter [illegible] March 24, givin[illegible] specifications as [illegible] the use of the la[illegible] $7,000, was duly r[illegible] ceived. Dr. Mar[illegible] of Philippopolis, [illegible] quite hopeful tha[illegible] under the recentl[illegible] proclaimed amnest[illegible] the Adrianople refu[illegible] gees may be able t[illegible] return, and is anxiou[illegible] to help them do s[illegible] One more distribu[illegible] tion to some of th[illegible] Monastir village[illegible] may be necessary, i[illegible] order to prevent su[illegible] fering. But if D[illegible] Marsh can us[illegible] money to advantag[illegible] in Adrianople di[illegible] trict in rehabilitatin[illegible] refugees, I shall fe[illegible] like passing over t[illegible] him, what he may ca[illegible] for."

he Never-Ending Battle with the Moth

BOUT this time every season, the housekeeper must renew the old conflict with the little moth that lurks in dark closets and locked trunks, eats its way into furs and wool, and leaves a of destruction behind it. Nothing is more exas- ing than to take from its shelf, drawer or nail, a ent which one fancied was perfectly immune from redatory moth, and find it disfigured, if not ruined is vexatious insect. The thorough housewife does n things every year as a matter of course, and one inspect with the utmost care, her attic, ellar, and all her closets and wardrobes, ling all little tucked away nooks and rs, under the stairs or under the eaves. ch of these places is administered upon radical care, with broom, scrubbing- , mop, duster, and finally whitewash, till veet and clean, the moth will probably) breeding ground. At present there is neless looking little creature much like bug, as to outward semblance, which windows, shades, and curtains. This t looking pest is, in reality, the dreaded moth, which has an insatiable appe- carpets, rugs and upholstered furni- It should be pitilessly exterminated ore it develops into its future state as yer. I speak of garrets and cellars, full well that the vast majority of sekeepers have neither.

her day a New York woman showed her sumptuous apartment, overlook- ral Park, in which was every possible uxury of electricity and steam, with ents befitting a palace, and far sur- any of the palaces of Europe. Hav- yed all the advantages of her home spoke deprecatingly of its disadvantages. hen I lived in the South," she said, "I had ag rambling house with an immense garret a, an ample store room, and I had plenty of ce wherein to bestow my goods. Just look e," and she lifted up the valance of the b, showing boxes and trunks closely packed beath it, where various garments were s ved away. Every divan was beneath its chions a receptacle for coats, trousers, cks and gowns, and it took considerable triving on the part of this matron to keep t external portion of her apartment neat a orderly, so much below the surface had to be compressed as best it could.

Wherever we happen to live, we do not nt our clothing, our blankets, our rugs or carpets to be attacked and devoured by ths. If once they gain a foothold, which tly do by depositing their eggs in the folds ofabrics, it is useless to fight them by any ans at the disposal of the ordinary house- We. I once bought an exceedingly elegant a costly lounge, covered with an Oriental y of great beauty. A few days after I had placently set this piece of furniture in library, I discovered, to my chagrin, that it was literally alive with moths. I sent it k to the man from whom I had bought it. I told me that he could exterminate the t, and I presume he did so, but I did not de to accept it again. The method used him was to thoroughly fumigate the room which he set the moth-ridden article, closing ery aperture and crevice, and burning sul- ur therein for many hours. This is said to troy all insect life. Such things as camphor, pep- , tobacco, moth-balls, tar, and every similar device o no manner of good, if the moth eggs have been posited already. You may as well save your pence and your pains.

Every separate article before being put away for the summer, should be thoroughly beaten, shaken and cleansed; every spot and stain of grease removed, and the article made altogether clean.

Bar bags, which come in different sizes, from 30 x 50 inches, to 30 x 90, are excellent for putting away jack- cloaks and overcoats, and they may be hung close together on ordinary coat-hangers, in a closet. The mistress of a flat will find these very convenient, as they take up little room. They should occasionally be taken out and looked over. Costly furs are best sent to a dealer, who will look them over, put them away in cold storage, and return them in good condition in the autumn, charging for his trouble a percentage on their value, to cover his labor and the usual insurance. Housekeepers who go away from home for the summer months should, so far as possible, protect furniture and rugs by an extremely careful process of cleansing before they go, and by a liberal use of moth balls and camphor. These should be sprinkled everywhere in closets and corners, and the rooms should then be closed as tightly as possible. Unless the moth is already in possession, it will not venture in if this sort of care is taken. Housekeeping is anyway a never-ending battle with dirt, dust and plagues of one sort or another. Happy is the woman who possesses her soul in patience and does not despair, though week after week, all her days, she must wage deadly combat with the foes of cleanliness and the destroyers of her peace of mind.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE'S MORNING

Blow merrily, merrily, O my lad,
You've never had aught that can make you sad.
Let the music tell us that we must be glad,
Heigh-ho! 'tis a joyous morning!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—Miss A. No particular form of letter is required to acknowledge silver wedding gifts. A pleasant, cordial note, saying that the gift is just what you wanted, and that Mr. A. unites in thanking the giver is all that is necessary.

—Lucy Jane. You do not have to thank a man who escorts you home from a party, after taking you there, for the thanks are partly on his side. Still it is a graceful thing to say, "I thank you for your courtesy," or, "I have had a very pleasant time, thank you."

—Mayme. A lady never accepts expensive jewelry or dress goods from any man not related to her, as her father or brothers. She may take a ring or a brooch from her fiance, but custom forbids his offering her a gown.

A Neighborhood Club

WOMEN who have no particular interest in club life, if such there be, who never expect to attend a Federation Meeting, and who belong to the stay-at-home variety, may reap much enjoyment from a neighborhood circle, which they may or may not call a club.

Twenty years ago, for example, twenty-five young matrons, living near one another in a suburb of a large city, decided to meet and talk things over, once a fortnight. They did not wish to prepare or read papers; they were not resolved on any special line of study; they simply designed in a friendly way to get together and converse. Each lady brought her sewing or her mending or her knitting to this afternoon session, beginning at three, and ending at six, and sometimes they had a cup of tea, and sometimes lemonade and cake.

They discussed their children, their household perplexities, their kitchen-maids, the price of coal and flour, the best ways of housewifery, and whatever happened at the moment to be of interest. Gradually they broadened their range, and took up current events at each meeting, bringing in a breath of stimulating life from the wide world beyond their doors. There were no dues, no officers, no by-laws, and no rules, except one, that the absent were to be spoken of kindly, and gossip was not to be tolerated.

. . .

A score of years has slipped by with lightning speed, but the friends continue to meet on Wednesday afternoons. They bring their guests, and their young daughters now and then; occasionally they have an evening company when the husbands are allowed to be present. This is a gala occasion, and is much appreciated.

Mercifully no one in the group of friends has been called hence by death, although illness has at times detained some from the circle. The neighborhood has been happier for the pleasant informality of this little club, which is not a club in the modern sense, although clubable women compose it.

Something About Palmistry

Without giving one's entire credence to the language of the hand as read by experts, one cannot but feel some interest when a wise woman, taking hold of the fingers, scans them, and peers into the palm with its criss-cross of intricate lines. Creepy shivers are apt to run down the spine, if the palmist looks mysterious and seems to hesitate about foretelling fate. The truth is, that no seer or sage of to-day is in any sense a fortune-teller, and only foolish people with money to waste, seek the persons who profess to reveal the secrets of the future. Most lovingly our Father in heaven has hung a veil over the morrow, and has bidden us to do the day's work with cheery courage, leaving the end of our days with Him.

What the hand-reader can and does do, is to give hints, more or less near reality, about character and aptitudes. We write ourselves on our hands. A hand indicates strength or weakness, selfishness or generosity, an artistic bent, or a practical turn. Beautiful hands are as much to be desired as a beautiful face. In every picture, if the painter belong to those in the first rank, the hands will show careful treatment, for they are sure to possess individuality.

. . .

A soft, flabby hand, limp and languid, shows not merely physical feebleness, but a vacillating and infirm temper and will. A firm, cordial, close-grasping hand, shows tenacity of purpose and the ability to get on and to keep one's own.

An authority on hands tells us that palmistry is very ancient, having been practiced centuries before our Lord came to the earth, especially being valued by the Greeks. The energetic or spatulate hand belongs to explorers, discoverers, inventors, and restless, pushing people, who are full of enterprise and assiduity. In this hand the great breadth is at the base of the palm and the spreading tips of the fingers. The artistic hand is graceful, with delicate contours, and fingers broad at the base and tapering at the tips. A square hand indicates an orderly and practical nature; it is the hand of the successful mechanic and of the notable housekeeper.

. . .

"The thumb," says a clever writer, "is the king of the hand, uniting the will, logic, love and the source of love."

In the lines of the palm the "life-line" is the most likely to appeal to any of us. If it is long, clear, straight and deeply indented, it signifies a probability of living to old age in good health. A faint and short life-line may entirely change its character, and become strong and long, if one's health improves and one's vitality is reinforced.

When all is said, the best and most beautiful hand in the whole world is the hand that does most to help its dear ones and to bless the home and the race.

How the Cross Reveals Character

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

IT is the "sixth hour," nine o'clock A.M., of April 7, A.D. 30. Jesus Christ, bearing his cross, is being led out of the Prætorium by the Roman soldiers, to be crucified. He does not wear the robe of a king now, but has on his own garments, much the worse for the buffeting received in the high priest's palace and in the Prætorium. Blood-stained they are from the wounds made by the scourging and the crown of thorns. He is followed by two malefactors, robbers, each bearing his own cross, and each accompanied by four Roman soldiers. The gruesome procession, headed by the Centurion, passes along the highway, until it reaches St. Stephen's gate, and going through, emerges upon Golgotha, otherwise known as the place of the skull, from the peculiar formation of the rocks there. Up to this gate Jesus had borne his cross alone, but sinking under it, a man named Simon, a chance traveler, coming along the highway from an opposite direction, is levied upon by the Centurion to assist Jesus. The cross still rests upon the shoulders of Jesus, and Simon lifts and carries the lower end. There are sorrowing women in the procession, who raise their voices in lamentation as they view the exhaustion of Jesus. He observes them, and says: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

The place of crucifixion is reached, the cross is laid upon the ground, preparations are being made to place Jesus upon it. He is offered wine and myrrh to drink, as also are the two other prisoners, that their consciousness may be deadened, and, as a consequence, their sufferings lessened. An association of merciful women in Jerusalem are wont to provide this wine and myrrh for such use at executions. Jesus refuses to taste it. He had come into the world "for this hour," and he will not evade its suffering in any degree.

In accordance with a command of Pilate, a title, JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS, in three languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—has been placed upon his cross, notwithstanding the protests of the Sandhedrists. It is customary to put up such a sign, indicating the charge against the condemned one. The Jews had charged him with conspiracy, in that he claimed to be a king. Save for the loin cloth, the body of Jesus is bare. The four soldiers who form his guard have divided his garments into four portions, and are casting lots for them: his headgear, his cloak, his girdle, his sandals. They cast special lots for the seamless inner robe, which they cannot divide without destroying.

Hark, he speaks, praying that those who have placed him there may be forgiven. But this does not touch the hearts of the soldiers, who drink wine to refresh themselves, and tauntingly drink to his health, and ask as a pledge of his kingship that he will come down from the cross. Neither are the Sanhedrists touched. They, too, mock him, and one of the thieves on the cross joined the hellish chorus. The other thief remonstrates, saying: "We receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss." And this penitent thief actually calls upon Jesus to remember him when he comes into his kingdom. And Jesus replies: "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." How marvelous the passing from condemnation to life eternal, through the gate of penitence!

Four women are standing around the foot of the cross, weeping. One exceeds the others, and is upheld in the arms of a man named John, who has been a constant follower of Jesus. The sorrowing woman must be the mother of Jesus. Yes, it is she, for Jesus is speaking and saying to her: "Woman, behold thy son." And he is saying to John: "Behold thy mother." He thus lovingly provides for his mother in his dying hour. John leads her away from the scene of anguish.

"NOW THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS, HIS MOTHER ... AND MARY MAGDALENE"

Illustration and Application

It would be impossible to discuss in the time allotted to one lesson everything said and done at the Cross. We select the ten recorded sayings of those about the Cross, most of which reveal the selfishness of men in contrast to the unselfishness of Christ.

The chief priests said to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written, I have written. It is too much forgotten that Christ is King as well as Saviour. Christ is the Greek form of Messiah, and both mean anointed, that is, King. The Jews erred in thinking Christ was to be only a temporal king, but those err no less who think he is to be only a spiritual king of individual souls. His law is to become, is becoming, little by little, the law of our associated life, of business, and politics, and pleasure. And it is by his unselfishness, by his Cross, that he has conquered the world. No mere man would have thought of using the Cross for a throne. The words written in irony above that thorn-crowned head, "This is the King," were strictly true. Calvary presents the coronation of self-sacrifice, not alone for admiration and adoration, but for imitation. In the long run it is on the unselfish that men put their brightest crowns of glory. Men bow for the moment to wealth and official position, while inwardly despising the selfish greed and ambition by which these prizes were obtained; but the world's lasting admiration goes to the men who sacrificed all selfish interests, even life itself, for the good of others. Of those who gathered at Calvary, it is not Pilate or the chief priests that the world crowns to-day, but the Crucified, to whom those about the Cross, revealing their own selfishness, so often said in scorn and in vain: "save thyself."

. . .

Let us not rend it but cast lots for it. The Roman soldiers gambling while Christ was in dying agony, what a picture of the double selfishness that seeks only gain and sport, "the laugh mistimed in tragic presences!" Nero fiddling while Rome burns, fitly symbolizes the attitude of many to-day, some of them professed followers of the Crucified, who devote about all the time they can snatch from money-getting to frivolous, if not sinful amusements. While Christ is "crucified afresh" in wrongs they could right and lives they might save, they play cards for prizes, if not for stakes, for long hours almost daily, far beyond their need of recreation, even if the game were healthy and wholesome. Dr. Lorimer has well said that most Americans think only of money-making by day and amusement at night. Indeed these are the two forms of selfishness that absorb most men, the world over, till they have been with Christ and learned of him.

. . .

They that passed by railed, saying, Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it again in three days, save thyself. If thou art the Son of God come down from the cross. How men reveal themselves in their judgments of others! These who said: "Save thyself;" could not conceive that one should have power and not use it selfishly. They revealed their own selfishness in assuming that Christ would not stay on the cross, if he had the power to leave it. Unselfishness is incredible in every age to men whose mainspring in life is selfishness. They believe that some selfish advantage is sought in every philanthropic deed. If it is not money, it is reputation, or office, or notoriety. That any one puts God first, and humanity or country second, with self only allowed to be third ruler, they will not believe. But in this they only reveal themselves, and proclaim the need of that Christ life which alone can put self into its subordinate place.

. . .

In like manner the chief priests mocking him, said, He saved others; himself he cannot save. How little these selfish men knew the profound truth of their scornful saying! Christ could not and would not save himself because it was only by sacrificing himself he could "save others." And his example has so influenced the civilized world that universal approbation follows the man who in an hour of peril chooses to save others rather than himself. It is well at this t when in circles of commerce and politics unusual revelat of dishonest greed are coming out every day, that we sh hold up the glory of the Cross, the honor of saving ot rather than self. Strange that these priests who were d offering "sacrifices" had not learned the first syllable of t meaning as types of the Cross!

. . .

And one of the malefactors railed, saying, Art thou no Christ? Save thyself and us. How alike human na shows itself at the Cross! The robbers, the soldiers, priests, the general public, all struck the same note of sel ness, "If you are really divine, save yourself," as if to re Paul's words, "There is no difference, all have sinned."

. . .

Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom. last there is one friendly, discerning word! And it comes from those high in church or state, but from the penitent th What Pilate wrote in derision, or at least in doubt, this p tent thief accepts in full, that this Crucified Christ is a King about to enter into his Kingdom. This dying thie made too much a precedent for death-repentances. It was probably his chance. A Christian tells that when was a little girl, she daily prayed as lows: "O God, make me a Christian s day, but not yet, for I do like to laugh be happy; but don't let me die sudd as some children do, but make me go fortnight before I die. Amen."

One cannot be sure to be saved ev fortnight before he dies, unless he is sa now. And how strange the idea that way to be happy is to "jump the tra of God's laws, made for our good. M of all did the child miss the truth that ligion is needed for this world, that noblest opportunities be not lost.

. . .

Behold, this man calleth Elijah. J had said in agony, in the words of twenty-second Psalm, "*Eloi, Eloi,*" God, my God," and these dull-hea men used the opportunity to reveal t lack of spiritual discernment by sayin was calling for Elijah. He called for C they thought it was for a ghost. A how many to-day turn to the alle ghosts of spiritism and kindred supe tions in their hours of trouble, rather t to God!

. . .

Truly this was the Son of God. spake not the men high in the Jew Church, but the heathen centurion, wh heathenism was less a bar to the tr than their bigotry. Penitent thief centurion were both entering the kingc before church officers, whose selfish p had led them to reject Christ because would not pamper that pride. The c turion's words remind us of the m painted in large letters on the glitte dome of the beautiful chapel where E peror William worships: "Neither is th salvation in any other: for there is n other name under heaven given am men, whereby we must be saved."

The great Faraday was asked, "W is your greatest discovery?" Wit bright smile, he answered immediat "That I have a Saviour."

The great truth that needs to be tau in this lesson is that we are saved f the present hell of selfishness by the Cr To many, to be "saved" means only t "saved" in the next world. But we n to be saved now from selfishness other sins that mostly grow out of Christ "came to seek and to save t which was lost." We are "lost" now, in the degradation of a selfish life. E if we could be sure of being in the co tion of body and mind to repent on death-bed, that would not be enou We should have lost our life.

As a background for this whole lesson, teachers sho remember that most children have been taught that they to get to heaven by "being good." Preachers have to sp half their time in correcting in older people, what is gener taught to children, that salvation is by works rather than the cross. This error is due to another error, the assur tion that children can not be made to understand salvat by atonement, whereas it is easier to believe in childh than at any other time, that "Christ died for our sins," as golden text declares. "Why was Jesus punished?" said a L don mother to her child of three, as she pointed to a pict of Jesus on the cross. "Was it because he was naughty "No," said little Bessie, "it was because I was naughty he did not want me to be punished, and so he was punis astead of me."

"For me He left His home on high;
For me to earth He came to die;
For me He in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me He dwelt with fishermen;
For me He slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse He meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns He wore;
For me He braved Gethsemane;
For me He hung upon a treee;
For me His precious blood was shed.
For me He slept among the dead;
For me He rose with might at last;
For me above the skies He passed;
For me He came at God's command:
For me He sits at His right hand;
For me He now prepares a home;
For me He shall in glory come."

* Christ Crucified. International Sunday School lesson for June 12, Mark 15: 22-39. Golden Text: "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" I. Cor. 15: 3.

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Just an "East Side Boy"

By MARY MARGARET REMINGTON

A HUNDRED voices rose in unison. In fact new life had burst out as if by magic, for out of the open schoolhouse door rushed the boys this early spring afternoon. The studies of the day were of the past now, and the next on the programme was a little fun. So as they jumped and ran and screamed, the pent-up spirits so long restrained now were given vent. Up the street they went, until one of the parks on the East Side was reached.

"I say, boys," spoke one of the boys, one of a dozen who were spinning their tops; "boys, you all like my big musical top. Now, let's have a race across the park. Now, I won't be selfish, and I'll put up this top for the prize, and the one who wins shall have it. All form in line; you Jakey stand back, you are too far ahead. Now—one—two——"

"Yes, yer will, will yer. Git along at once, ye lazy, good-for-nothing boy, an' help me. Here I've been waiting for ye a long time after school, an' only to find ye here playing wid yer top. I wish these school-teachers had kep' their tops to hum, that's what I do. Come along wid ye! Yer hear me—do yer?"

The bright face of the boy, all aglow a moment before with happiness and pleasure, fell as he looked at the uncanny apparition before him, who, with hand already laid upon his shoulder, showed by every look that it would be impossible to disobey the mandate just uttered, "to go home and help." So with a "Good-bye, boys, another time," the boy in question walked in the direction indicated by the person who seemed to have authority.

HE SAID: "COME INTO THE COUNTRY WITH ME"

Down several narrow streets they went, until finally they halted along by the landing where the great coal barges come in, and where the large coal carts piled on their black, shining masses. Here all along, for quite a distance, could be seen pieces of coal lying on the ground. No one seemed to claim it, so many were the hands picking it up, piece by piece, and placing it in large-mouthed sacks.

"Now go to work with ye, jest as fast as ye can work, for almost all the best of it has been picked up already. So much for having ye eddicated. This is the way ye treat yer Aunt. I've the greatest mind to take ye out of school, an make ye pick coal all day long."

With the scolding in his ears, the child bent down and began the monotonous and disagreeable task of "picking coal." This he persevered in for a long time; in fact, it was growing dark when the last bit was put in the large sack, and he was ordered to "Lift it on yer shoulder now. What are yer here for, to stand there gawping at me?"

After many fruitless efforts, the bag at last was balanced over his shoulder, and under its weight, he staggered, rather than walked, to the place called home.

Weary after his hard work, and glad to get away from a cutting tongue, our little fellow, whose name was Sam, then threw himself on his bed for the night, and fell asleep. It must have been he had sweet slumbers, for a sweet smile broke on his face, and when morning came, and a peremptory shake and a voice saying, "Git up wid ye, do ye hear me?" brought him to a realization that he was not dreaming; but the smile still clung to his lips, and threw over his face a brightness and cheer.

After the lessons of the day were over, his teacher always held a half hour of talk with the boys. In this little talk, she drew the boys out and learned much of their life and ambitions. This day Sam's teacher told them "she wished if any of the boys had a story to tell, he would tell it to them all." So Sam rose and said:

"Teacher, I have something to tell. I think it must be a dream, but I have not been able to get it out of my mind all day. It is this—I was spinning my top that you gave me for Christmas, one day in the park, and pretty soon I saw some one coming toward me, and I saw it was a pleasant looking man, and he said, 'Come into the country with me? I want a boy.'

"'Indeed, yes,' I said, 'I'll go.'

"So on we went together. Pretty soon we came to where there were no signs of 'Keep off the grass,' and there were such pretty flowers along by the side of the road. I picked them as I went along, and then we came to a house. We stopped there, and the man said, smiling: 'This is my house, let us go in and have some supper, then we will go on to the lake.'

We did go in, and I ate until I could not eat any more. Oh, it was good! Then we took a walk by a most beautiful lake, with great big trees all along its sides. Then, teacher, once in a while a little fish would jump about in the water. After walking through the meadows (the gentleman called them), and seeing lots of cows and horses, then it was growing dark, so we went back, and I was given a room to sleep in. I went to bed in such a soft, nice bed, and, after a while, I dreamed I was in fairyland, and the fairies were making great wreaths of flowers. They worked very hard, all the fairies did, and finally they fixed the wreaths in great long festoons about a room, and then they led me up to a great, big chair, and one fairy said:

"'We are going to make you a king among us, and we have fixed the wreaths of flowers so that the room will look just as a king's should. Now, Mr. King, what do you want your fairy subjects to do?'

"I thought just a minute, then I said:—'Go into the crowded cities, and take all the little ones out into the country to breathe the good, fresh air, and the little boys and girls who have to pick up coal; take them by the hand, and lead them out here, where it is so beautiful; and make them happy.'

"'We will go, your Majesty,' they answered. And away they flew, while I was left on my throne all alone. After a time they returned, and each one of them had a little coal-picker by his dirty little hand, and they brought them before me, and said:

"'Here they are, your Majesty. Now, we will have a banquet.' So all the little coal-pickers sat down to a table, with the fairies to wait on them. Such a fine meal as they had. There were little angels on the dishes, and such dainty things to eat. After the banquet the fairies cleared the tables away, and they all danced, and were so merry. When night came they gave the little coal-pickers some nice, downy couches to lie on, made from milkweed pods, and they kept guard. But there I sat all night. I grew very sleepy, but I could not sleep. When morning came, the fairies opened the eyes of the little coal-pickers, and then said:

"'Our King tells us you have a hard time in the city, so you are to stay with us for a long time. You will have nothing to do but make merry. Now, our king must go and have his sleep.' As they danced before me I went back to my room in the house, from where I came, and when I lay down I went to sleep, and did not waken for some years." Then

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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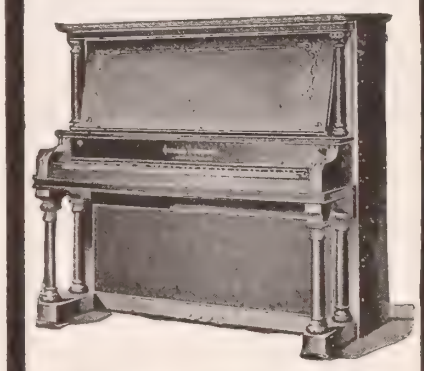

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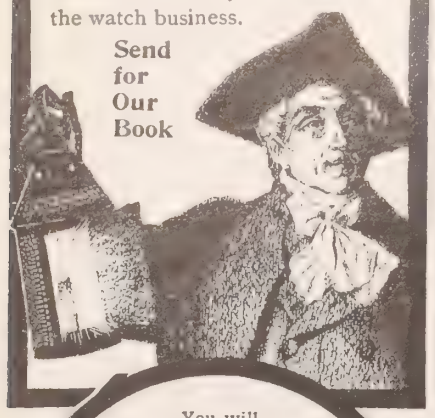

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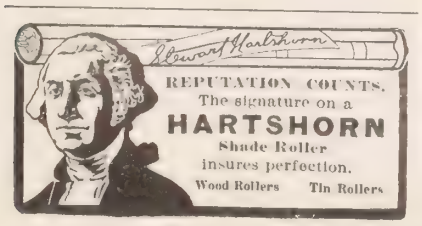

JUST AN "EAST SIDE BOY"

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

said Sam, after a little. "I was wakened by my Aunt and told to 'get up.'"

* * * * *

Several months had flown. The children of the city were being sent into the wide open country. Each taking their turn, and the children of Sam's school had in turn gone and returned, only to tell of "beautiful flowers, plenty to eat, and a good time generally."

Sam's turn came as one bright morning he took the train, with his little bundle of clothing in his hand. All was new to him as the train flew along, and visions of stream and hills, changing with cattle grazing in open country, and an occasional little village hugging the side of the mountain. Sam was entranced, for this was his first visit into the country. The hot city with coal-picking, that detestable business, was being left behind, and his dream of fairyland was almost becoming true. If he looked through the car, would he not find many other little coal-pickers like himself, and they were all going into the lovely country, with its myriads of flowers, its cool breezes, and, best of all, "lots to eat." This reminded Sam of his little lunch of rye bread, but he was too full seeing new things to think of eating. So they flew along until night brought them to their destination. A pleasant kind-faced man met them at the station, who reminded Sam of the one in his dream. He took them to a house, so pleasantly situated, and here they were told "to make themselves merry, and feel at home." To say that boys full of life and spirits soon make themselves happy and at home is usually a foregone conclusion. But no boys could have had a more cheerful greeting than these in this pretty little farmhouse.

The days came and went all too soon. The time allotted for their holiday was fast drawing to a close, and finally the boys, after many regrets, started back to the hot city with hands filled with many good things, and with many remembrances of kindness and happiness long to be remembered. The brooks had been fished in. The hay had been piled on big wagons, and with boys on the loads had been driven away. The cows had been taken from pasture each evening, and the delicious milk had been drunk by all. The hens had been found on their nests, and one rainy day, what glorious times! they all played circus in the large barn. All the pleasure that boys could possibly get into two weeks, was certainly found in those two.

Sam was very thoughtful after reaching the old home in the hot city. It was the beginning of a new life to him. An insight into healthier, better ways of living. He vowed that as soon as he could, he would make a man of importance of himself. The boy had grown into a man in those two weeks. Resolves of greater things had taken possession of him, and when the opportunity came he should embrace it.

We will pass over Sam's life of a few years. He finished his school, and an opportunity, an opening for his going into the country came. He embraced it. Threw off the old life; with it one of the bad dreams of his existence, to be forgotten, if possible. He took what offered first. Success followed this venture. As when a boy the Christmas top made music in his ear, so now, the music of healthy prospects, of improvement in life, spun about and whirled before him. A natural refinement helped him through many hard places, and made him sail above many obstacles. And so we see him making a place in the world, faster and faster, as one success follows another, spurred on by good motives and an ever kind heart, until we see him as one of the leaders in the place he now calls home. Home in its broadest sense—of love and happiness thrown about it.

The boy Sam, as he was led away years ago, by the unscrupulous, low being, who claimed his services, and who in some manner had gotton hold of the boy, now is the man Samuel. Looked up to by those about him, and in his life brightness and cheeriness is constantly shed over all; and one day as he sits in his home, he relates the dream of years ago, where he was made "King of the Fairies," and how his first desire was to alleviate the sufferings of the poor little coal-pickers, and the poor children of the crowded tenements of the cities.

It seemed to be only a forecast of what would follow in later years, for now, as the summers come, the little coal-pickers and tenement-dwellers of our large city are brought to him, and a merry two weeks each one has, while he delights making them happy.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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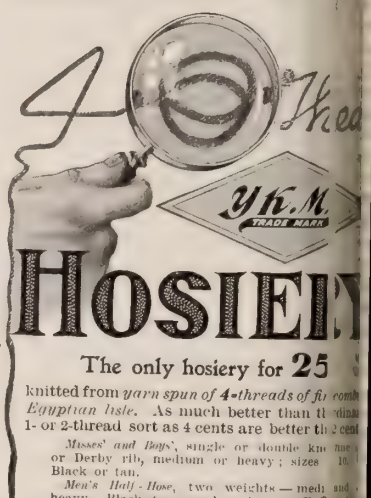

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TAYLOR UNIVERSITY'S NEW PRESIDENT

HEARTY congratulations are due to Taylor University at Upland, Ind., on securing for its Presidential chair the services of Rev. . Winchester, A.M., D.D., whose uration it has just celebrated. The of the late President, Dr. J. C. a, who had worked untiringly to the university to its present high f efficiency, created a vacancy that difficult to fill. There are few men the necessary qualifications for the f a university, who are prepared to e themselves so utterly for the wel- an institution as the chief of Tay- versity must h that seat of g are young nd women ave entered s service, he single pur- f becoming and effective s in his vine- They come class which ive little of orld's wealth, y give them- and ask only ey be pre- for their . It is a priv- o serve such s, but it can only by one s willing to himself and ce worldly and emolu- for the glory ding recruits Christ's army.

REV. C. W. WINCHESTER, D.D.

Dr. Winchester realizes the situation, he showed by his inaugural ad- s accepts the responsibility. He upon his work with an experience tly fitting him for his duties. He raduate of the University of Syra- e, N. Y., from which he has received egree of Doctor of Divinity. His ion as a Greek scholar is so high was invited by one of our largest ities to become its professor of ek but he preferred the work of istry, and has devoted to it the part of his life. He entered the e Conference in 1876, and served it erence secretary and as presiding f its largest district. He has occu- principal pulpits, and has done a eal of literary work as editor of *ristian Outlook* and the Buffalo *ian Advocate*. He has also been in ith educational matters by his long of twenty-four years as a member Board of Trustees of Genesee Con- Seminary. Several works have im known to the reading world. them, *The Gospel Kodak Abroad e Victories of Wesley Castle.*

His work as President of Taylor University will be thoroughly congenial to him. The students are intelligent, enthusiastic and intensely earnest. Among them, are representatives of twenty-four States and four foreign countries. Nearly a score of able professors compose the faculty, all imbued with the spirit of the university and devoted to their work. The atmosphere of the place is thoroughly evangelical, and everyone connected with it is inspired with that ardor for soul-winning which rendered the name of the late Bishop Taylor, with whom it is identified, famous the world over.

The inaugural exercises continued from April 28 to May 2. Among its features were sermons by Rev. William Potts George, LL.D., D.D.; Rev. T. J. Bassett, LL.D., D.D., and Rev. G. A. McLaughlin, D.D. Addresses were given by Rev. A. B. Riker, A.M., D.D.; Rev. L. A. Beeks, and Rev. Thos. M. Smith, and an unusually bright musical programme was rendered by the Musical Department of the university. In the course of an exhaustive and able inaugural address, Dr. Winchester said:

> Taylor University stands for all that is highest and best in intellectual culture. It stands for primitive Christianity—for the "faith once for all delivered to the saints." It stands for an unmutilated Bible—the Old Testament of Christ and Paul, and the man who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the New Testament of Christ and his apostles. Taylor stands for primitive manners. Her students cannot touch the wine-cup, practice the social dance, frequent the play-house or handle the gambler's tools. That may be narrow, but so it is. Taylor stands for pure air, pure blood and pure brain. No tobacco smoke or juice can pollute these grounds. It may seem small to say that. But tobacco is depleting our American manhood; and it is time for someone to speak out. Taylor stands for refinement—no brutality, no brutal sports, nothing which tends toward savagery and animalism. Above all else Taylor stands for Christian Holiness, for the doctrine and experience of heart purity, as taught by Wesley, and Paul and Christ. Against all fanaticism we are everlastingly opposed. But for the holy fire which has always burned in hearts of God's saints, we most earnestly pray and seek. May heaven send it on us now! Our flag is nailed to the mast. If Taylor remains true to her present ideals, her future is secure; God will give her all the dollars and disciples she needs. If she lowers her standard, neither God nor good men will have any use for her. I accept the trust reposed in me. I did not seek this office; I did not desire it. I believe God has called me. I am here to do his work as best I can, with his help and yours, as long as he shall will.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New Version of the 23d Psalm

The Shepherd is the Lord Most High,
Therefore my wants shall be supplied;
In pastures green He makes me lie,
Where quiet waters sweetly glide.

He renews and restores my soul,
In righteous ways He leads me on;
And His grace and sweet control
Is all His own sweet name alone.

Though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I shade,
No ill thing my heart shall fear;
Nay, have no need to be afraid,
Because I know that Thou art near.

Yea, Thou hast richly spread
In presence of my bitter foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup with plenty overflows.

Surely goodness and Thy tender love
Shall follow me till life shall end;
And Thy home in heaven above
The everlasting years I'll spend.

Milton, Can. REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

The Happy Heart

THE great I envy not,
Nor seek what worldlings prize;
Mine is a happier lot,
Whose home is in the skies.
To pride it may be sweet,
Rank, riches to possess;
To lie at Jesus' feet
This, this is happiness!

What are the cares of life?
Soon, soon all cares will cease;
Above the world's vain strife
The Christian soars in peace.
Trials in vain annoy,
While to the Cross we press;
Earth has its fading joy—
But this is happiness!

Oh, may I part with all
Ere I such hope resign!
Lord, keep me, lest I fall,
Nor let my faith decline.
To rest on Thee alone,
To feel Thy power to bless,
To live, to die Thine Own—
This, this is happiness!

The Rest, Pa. MANDA J. SANGREE.

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applied on an old leaky shingle, tin or felt roof will make it absolutely waterproof. Stops the rusting process in tin or iron, and stops warping or rotting of shingles. Will add ten years to the life of a new or old roof.

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A Gift of Roses

By HELENA H. THOMAS

"YES, it is a beautiful sight, sure enough, ma'am," said the sexton, as he looked from right to left, "flowers, flowers everywhere!"

"Surely there have been few neglected graves this year," said Mrs. Raymond, who had chosen the twilight hour for a visit to the "White City."

"But there would have been one, ma'am, for a fact, if it hadn't been for one of God's little angels."

"Why, what do you mean?" was the puzzled query.

"I'll show you the grave if you don't mind going to such a lonesome part of the cemet'ry," said the old sexton, who had been heard to say, "Every inch of this ground seems sacred to me, because my own dead lie here."

"Why, why! No headstone! and yet covered with costly flowers!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, as the caretaker of the cemetery halted in a remote corner and pointed to a rose-covered grave, which an overgrown hedge had hidden from view until full upon it. "Can you explain the mystery?"

"Yes; yes, I can, and that is why I brought you here. You see I've took notice ever since you've been comin' here that you talk to children like you took an interest in 'em, and so, says I to myself, when I see you up yender tendin' your lot, 'I'll happen along when she comes back, an' tell her as sweet a Decoration Day story as she ever heard.' And now if you'll sit down on that curb I'll tell you how them beautiful roses come there."

Saying which the old sexton leaned on his shovel, while Mrs. Raymond, all eagerness, took the seat suggested and listened to the following:

"That is the grave of an old soldier, whose widow is so feeble that she hasn't been here in years, till to-day. But a spell back, she always came on Decoration Day, bringing her arms full o' snowballs to put on this grave. She used to say, kind of pitiful:

"'My Jamie was only a common soldier, you know, an' seein' his grave is way down in this corner I'm afraid it wouldn't have any flowers on it if I didn't bring 'em, so I'm comin' long 's I can get here.'

"I told her his grave would always have some flowers on it, while I was sexton, an' every year since I've kept my word. But I clear forgot it to-day, for it seems like everbody, but you, left their decoratin' to do this mornin', an' I was so drove that I never once thought of 'Jamie's grave,' as I always call it, until—now comes the story.

"Crowds of school children, as well as the old soldiers from the Home, had been here, an' decorated an' decorated, till the place, most of it, anyhow, looked like it had all blossomed out, when I heard:

"'Please, Mister Sexton, where can I put 'em?'

"Then I saw the angel I told you about, with her apron full o' roses that must a' cost a heap o' money, seein' they come from the greenhouse, an' I says: 'Where do you want to put 'em, little girl?'"

"Did you know the child?" here interrupted Mrs. Raymond, her eyes alight with interest.

"I've seen her when I passed the brownstone house in the next block; but I knew her folk's hadn't anybody buried here, 'cause they moved here just a spell ago. So I didn't know what to think o' all them roses, but when I asked her where she wanted to put 'em she said, just as innocent-like:

"'You tell me where. The graves here have lots an' lots o' flowers; but maybe you know a lonesome grave, mister?'

"Then I thought o' 'Jamie's grave,' an' it made me feel streaked, too, seein' the promise I made the widow; but it was lucky I did forget, seein' it got all them roses on it fer her to see—but there, I'm gettin' ahead o' my story.

"Well, I took that pretty creature by the hand, and told her how there was one soldier's grave that hadn't a flower on it, an' when I tol' her more about it, on our way here, she said:

"'I'll make believe it's my very own grandpa's grave.'

"Then she told me how she had gone with her grandma last Decoration Day, to put flowers on her grandpa's grave, way off in Vermont, an' how her grandma had died since, an' how she had come here where she hadn't any graves, 'all her own to tend.'

"I declare for it, ma'am, I couldn't keep the tears back to hear that child talk, for all the world like grown folks. who feel homesick for the dead they leave behind 'em, an' so I says:

"'But there are always graves that need tendin', little girl, so whenever you have flowers to spare bring 'em here, an' I'll show you where to put 'em!'

"It would have done your heart good, ma'am, for it did mine, if you could have watched that child puttin' these roses on that 'poor, lonesome grave,' as she kept callin' it, an' heard her say so sweet-like:

"'You was a soldier, too, an' you shall have nice flowers on your grave!'

"Then, when she had got it all to her mind, she sat where you are, ma'am, an' told me all about the roses.

"'Auntie was married last night,' she said, 'an' I cried an' cried when she went away, an' so mamma, to comfort me, told me it was Decoration Day, an' how I could come this little ways, all by myself, an' bring lots o' roses. An' she told me to 'member my grandpa was a soldier, an' to put 'em on some lonesome lookin' grave, for his sake. But I looked an' looked, an' couldn't find any with little flags but what had flowers on 'em, so I asked you, an' now this doesn't look lonesome any more. It is jus' beautiful!'"

"The dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, wiping her eyes; "I thank you so much for telling me about her."

* * *

"But the best part of the story is yet to come, and the strangest, too," said the sexton, with a choke in his voice. "The child had just left the cemetery when a hack-driver beckoned to me an' asked me where the grave of that very soldier was. Said his widow was in the hack, but that she was so old she had forgotten where her own husband was buried.

"I told him to drive on an' I would follow an' point it out to her. An' it is well that I did, for the old lady was so feeble an' excited it took us both to get her to the grave, an' then, as soon as we let go, she tumbled all in a heap, an' buried her face right in them roses, an' began to cry so it broke the hackman all up, an' he went back to his rig in a hurry. But I didn't like to leave her alone—for I've got an old mother buried here, ma'am, an' I love all old ladies for her sake. So I waited, but didn't try to stop her, for I've been a sexton so long I've learned that it is kindness to let 'em have their cry out.

"There's a big difference in tears, too, ma'am, and when Jamie's widow—I never can think of her as havin' any other name—looked up, after I'd waited an' waited, I saw her's wasn't the sorry kind, for she laughed more'n she cried, when she said: 'I—saved—fifty cents so's I could come to Jamie's grave once more, 'fore I lie here, but it most broke my heart 'cause I hadn't any flowers to put on it, an' now—to—find—it—like—this!'

"Then she cried some more, and to chirp her up a bit, I told her all about the roses, an' how the little angel had put 'em there, an' when I'd got through tellin' it, the widow reached out, an' pickin' up a rose kissed it, like it was her long-dead Jamie, sayin': 'It—was—one—of—God's—angels—surely.'

"Then I knew she wanted to be alone with her dead, so I left her there."

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THE STORY OF LORETTA

"AN'T you take her? Oh, she needs just the c you can give her, a the sunshine and fr air. Why, just thk, she's never be in the sunshine fo more than a few m utes at a time, ul she came here." he speaker was head-nurse in one of he wards in a ch ren's free hos- pi in the metro- po , and her earnest w ds were ad- d ssed to a tall yo g woman in the ga of a deaconess. w had come that m ning from a ho e for the sick lit- tl ones, away up a g the hills and th ine trees of the co try.

ust come and lo at her, anyhow, if u have not room fo her," said the nu e, knowing full w that the tender he t of the deacon- es was not proof ag st the sufferings of a little child, and th ner faith was strong in the ability and w ingness of God to supply the means for ca g for the little ones, after he had shown th need.

he fact is," she went on, "it may mean n only her death soon, but untold suffering u death comes. The doctors pronounce he curable, and say she needs no medical tr ment, and we cannot keep her, for we m have the room for some child that does ne treatment. But she has absolutely no- w e to go, except back to the dingy, dirty lit room where her father lives alone, and so oor that he can hardly keep soul and bo together."

this time they had reached the bed

DEACONESS AND LITTLE INVALID

station and gave her to the deaconess, who carried her to a seat by the car-window. Then the wonders began. Little sunbeams of smiles chased themselves over Loretta's face, as the charms of hill and vale revealed themselves to her. But when she was taken from the car, and put into the seat of the wagon, behind the big horses, she shrunk into the sheltering arms of the deaconess in fright. And when she was carried into a pretty little room at the Home, with its white bed and furniture, its bright rug and pictures, her expressive face was a study, as it scanned everything, and then looked up at the motherly deaconess bending over her, as if the "thank you" were just struggling to say itself.

Now a new life truly began. Knowing her sad story, each one strove to make Loretta forget the long, monotonous weariness of her past, and to fill the days with joy and sunshine, and the nights with rest and peace.

* * *

It is a happy family at the Watts de Peyster Home for Invalid Children. All were glad to welcome little Loretta as a sister, and spared no pains to make her life a little brighter. The Home is situated at Verbank, N. Y., among the Berkshire Hills. There are received little invalids and cripples from the crowded tenement houses and dens of the great city; those who are convalescing from periods of illness or from serious operations;

THE WATTS DE PEYSTER HOME AT VERBANK

while little Loretta lay, and though she was asleep, she roused up and looked at them with a bright smile. The nurse turned down the covers and disclosed the poor little wasted body, the shrunken limbs twisted around each other, and the tiny wrists and claw-like hands. To the questions of the nurse, the little one could reply, "Yes," or "No."

The tender heart of the deaconess was touched.

"She may get much stronger, if she can have sunshine and life under the pine trees," said the nurse; "with nourishing food."

The nurse took the little sufferer up to the

those who cannot gain admittance to hospitals and to whom no country homes are open because of their poverty and ailments, but who are in need of rest, nourishing food and fresh air.

Miss Florence Mahin, the deaconess in charge of the Home, has a corps of trained assistants. There is no endowment or society for the support of this worthy benevolence. All the expenses are defrayed by voluntary gifts. Any contribution sent to Deaconess in Charge, Home for Invalid Children, Verbank, N. Y., will be gratefully acknowledged, and all inquiries promptly answered.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE TWO GARDENS

IN THE EAST

"It spring, Mother Nature?" the daffodils cried.
"We'd like to get up, if you please."
"Hush, darlings, lie down in your snug garden bed.
For you rose now, 'twould be but to freeze!"

IN CALIFORNIA

"We're awake, Mother Nature," the daffodils cried,
As they lifted themselves from their nap;
"May we dress and come out?" "Yes," said Nature, "make haste,
Spring calls you to sit in her lap."

EDITH KING LATHAM, in *Sunset Magazine*.

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These questions, to the uninitiated, may not seem very important, but they *really are*, and if you answer them it will enable us to tell you by mail a very fascinating story of dollars and cents which will contribute towards your personal thrift and financial success.

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A Member From the North

We have received your book and Club emblem. I to-day bought the first premium policy I have received a valuable present. I never saw anything of the kind sent in such an attractive manner. I think the emblem is very neat, indeed. I was quite overjoyed. I am glad to see you have advertised in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I am pleased to become a member of the Club, which is second to none. Yours truly,

Miss LETTIA GILLESPIE.

A Member From the South

After reading the policy through, together with the beautiful printed matter received from you, I can only say that I am indeed grateful for having an opportunity to become a member of the Club which is one of the greatest that any person can join. I am sorry that I had not heard of it sooner. I am very much pleased with the way the members are treated by the management of the Club, and enclosed you will please find my monthly deposit for the present month and much in advance. Yours for the success of the Club, WM. J. HERBERT.

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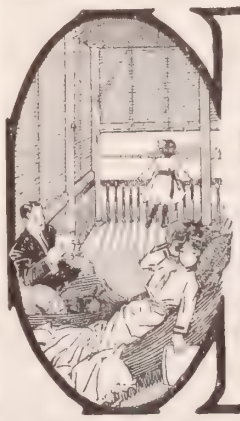

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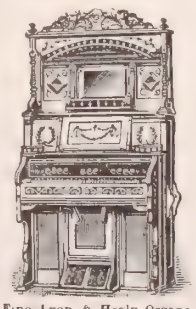

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"Last winter, and the winter before, Mac, probably from constant night work and improper food, got badly run down, could not eat much; what little he did eat did not do him much good, and he always complained he could not keep warm.

"I missed him for awhile, until yesterday I overtook him on the street, going toward the office, and hardly knew the man; had it not been for the familiar walk, I should surely have passed without recognizing him. He was stout, his face was round and ruddy, and his eyes bright as I had never seen them before.

"I said, 'Mac, I hardly knew you. What on earth have you been doing to get so fat?' He replied, 'Grape-Nuts, nothing else. I started in on Grape-Nuts food three months ago, when I weighed 126, and was feeling miserable, but now I weigh 160, and feel better than I ever felt in my life. I quit my old diet and went on Grape-Nuts, and that's the whole story.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Conditions of Discipleship*

WHAT must I do to become a Christian? is a question, which, notwithstanding all the preaching that is done, is not answered to the satisfaction of many inquirers. There are vague ideas that daily Bible reading, daily prayer, regular attendance at church, baptism, church-membership, conduct free from open or secret sin, and liberal giving to charity and church funds, are the main elements of Christian life. There is not a word to be said against any of these; all are Christian duties, but the conditions of becoming a true Christian are not in these. A man may do all of them and not be a Christian. The Apostle goes further still. He says that a man might give everything he has to feed the poor, and might go to the stake to be burned for Christ's sake, without having in him the essentials of Christianity.

So much is said in revival sermons, about, "accepting Christ;" so much emphasis is placed on the assurance, that, if a man "believe" on Christ, he shall be saved, that people have come to place a light estimate on the conditions of discipleship. Simple assent to the truths of the Gospel is not all. The object of Christ's coming was, not so much to save men from punishment, as to save them from sin. Let a man set out to make his life sinless, in deed, word and thought, and he will find out how tremendous an undertaking he has on hand. It is so difficult, that he soon discovers that, without some aid, it is impossible. Christ came to give that aid, and he is still ready to give it to all who desire it. The Christian is a man who is earnestly striving after that sinlessness, and has accepted Christ—has believed on Christ—as the Being who can and will enable him to attain it. He wants to be saved from the punishment of sins that he has already committed, and he wants to be saved from the power of that something in his nature, which is all the time impelling him to evil thoughts, words and deeds. Christ answers both wants.

The entrance to Christ's kingdom, therefore, is not for good men only. The man who comes to the door and applies for admission, is not asked if he has reformed, if he has done this or that. Many wait before coming to Christ to make themselves fit. That is a mistake. It is like a diseased man trying to cure himself before he goes to the doctor. The one thing necessary is that he wants to be saved. If he is in earnest, if he realizes how important it is for him to be saved, and is prepared to submit to the treatment, for the sake of the boon, Christ can and will save him. There is no question, either, about how bad, or how good he is. Christ undertakes the case of a child, comparatively innocent, as he does the case of a hardened old profligate who is corrupt to the core.

If the sinner comes in this spirit, then he is accepted. It is expected of him that he will make full surrender. As a doctor would not accept a patient who would not follow directions, so Christ expects the man whom he has accepted to work with him for his own deliverance. One man has to make one kind of struggle, and another has to make another. Some men are addicted to one kind of sin, while others who are not inclined to that may be inclined to another. Whether it is love of money, or pleasure, or drink, or some other propensity, Christ expects it to be given up. The man must deny himself, that is, he must make the sacrifice. Christ having accepted him, will help him, and will deliver him from evil in any form. The essential condition of acceptance is his being willing to make whatever sacrifice may be required of him. Just as a man in danger of perishing by fire must be willing to leave behind him anything that the fireman tells him he cannot take with him, so the sinner must give up his sin. He cannot be saved in his sins. When he gets to the point that he will give up anything that hinders his salvation, then Christ saves him, and gives him the strength he needs.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 12. Matt. 16: 24-26; John 13: 33-35.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a copy of *The Golden Treasury for the Children of God*, all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. X.

A YOUNG man in the British Museum was transcribing a manuscript written in the strange characters of an Eastern language, and containing some of the books of the New Testament. In response to an inquiry, he said he found the task very difficult, and that while he had no definite purpose in view, he was strongly impelled to use all zeal and perseverance in the effort to acquire a knowledge of this language.

At this time he had made no plans for his life-work. A few years later he consecrated himself to missionary labor, and prayed that God would send him where the difficulties were greatest and most insurmountable. Then he was asked to go to the land for which that study in the British Museum had providentially prepared him. It was his privilege to give the Bible in their own language, to nearly one-third of the human race. The first portion printed was the Acts of the Apostles, which was practically a revision of the manuscript he had studied at home.

? **Who was this man? To what country did he go, and when?** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. VII.

ELIZA AGNEW, CODOVILLE, CEYLON

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 7 have been received from Eugene V. Bronson, D. J. Butts, Mrs. Laura E. Bates, A. A. L. Bennett, Cora V. Bartlett, Miss Kate H. Booth, Mrs. C. H. Bell, Mrs. George McCreary, John H. Davidson, Miss Helen G. Dow, Mrs. Sarah E. Dinsmore, Thomas B. Edmonds, Rev. Tyler E. Gale, Henry Hepburn, Miss Mary B. Harlow, Ada M. Hegarty, Mrs. Isabel Hallett, Mrs. George Hull, Mrs. J. T. Hardy, Gertrude C. Haswell, Miss M. C. Johnson, Martha DeJong, Peter B. DeJong, George T. Jones, E. S. Knights, Minnie McLaughlin, Miss Theda F. M. Lewis, Laura M. Lattimer, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Edwin J. Mayhew, John Muntz, Mrs. R. L. Montgomery, E. W. Platt, Edward R. Paddock, Lou C. Rodefer, Mrs. M. E. Rumney, Mrs. B. R. Schultze, Rev. F. Schaefer, Ida S. Templin, Miss L. B. Tussey, Burton Thomas, Mrs. M. R. Thomas, Rowena P. Tingley, Jennie Van Auken, Mrs. J. H. Vedeter, Mrs. Jennie Wiley, Mrs. A. Wilson, Robert E. Warder.

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VICARIOUS SUFFERING

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IN type and prophecy, the Old Testament foretold the death of Christ; in doctrine and in testimony, the New Testament looks back to it. The cross of Christ is the central point in the world's history, and the central figure in heaven is the Lamb slain, who wakens the praise and adoration of the whole universe. Paul said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. 6:14). The deepest shame became the greatest glory, because he who bore it thereby redeemed from everlasting shame and contempt (Dan. 12:2) every one that believeth.

The apostle John saw a door opened in heaven, and within that door he saw a throne; but the glory of him who sat on it outshone all the glory of the throne; and he heard the wondrous adoration offered to him that sat upon it. A book was in his hand, and an angel challenged all creation to open that book, but none was found able to open it, until the word went forth, "Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." And then the apostle looked, and saw in the midst of the throne, and all its glory, "a Lamb as it had been slain, and he came, and took the book out of the hand of him that sat upon the throne, and then the four living creatures and the four and twenty elders fell down before him, and cried, Thou art worthy . . . . for thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." And then the voice of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of angels took up the strain, and said, with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." And then the whole universe woke up to worship; and every creature which is in heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, said, "Blessing and honor and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever" (Rev. 4:5). And this Lamb who was slain is he who "died for our sins, according to the Scriptures!"

It was he in whom was life that died for us; it was he who is the centre of heaven's worship that was put to shame, it was he who knew no sin that was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II. Cor. 5:21). Have we understood what it means that such an One should have espoused our cause, and how base and unpardonable is the sin of rejecting or making light of salvation so dearly bought? How little did Pilate know who it was that he condemned, when, "willing to content the people," he "released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified!

He was the sin-offering for the world's sin, the yearly sin-offering on the great day of atonement, when the blood was brought within the veil, but the body of the ram was burned without the camp. They crucified him, and parted his garments to fulfil Ps. 22:18, and he hung on the cross, the world's great sin-offering; proved to be without blemish, for none had convicted him of sin; but bearing on him "the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53:6), for the Lord had laid it on him. And there, as he hung, he "made intercession for the transgressors" (ver. 12), saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Was there no other way? Must Jesus pass through all this shame, suffering, and insult that he might save us? Yes; for God is holy; he cannot look lightly on sin. God must show his exceeding hatred of sin. In his holy life, Christ was the burnt-offering, always and wholly acceptable; all burnt upon the altar, "an offering and a sacrifice to God as a sweet smelling savor" (Eph. 5:2). But while representing and bearing in his own body our sin upon the cross, he had to suffer without the gate, as though he were unclean.

The insults of priests and people, "he saved others, himself he cannot save," contained a greater truth than they could conceive. He came into a humanity where the ruling spirit is self-love, to manifest, to teach, and to make possible, a human life which should be unselfish.

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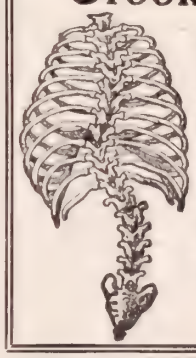

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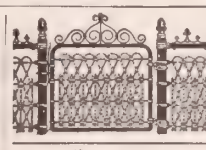

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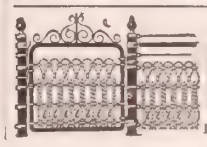

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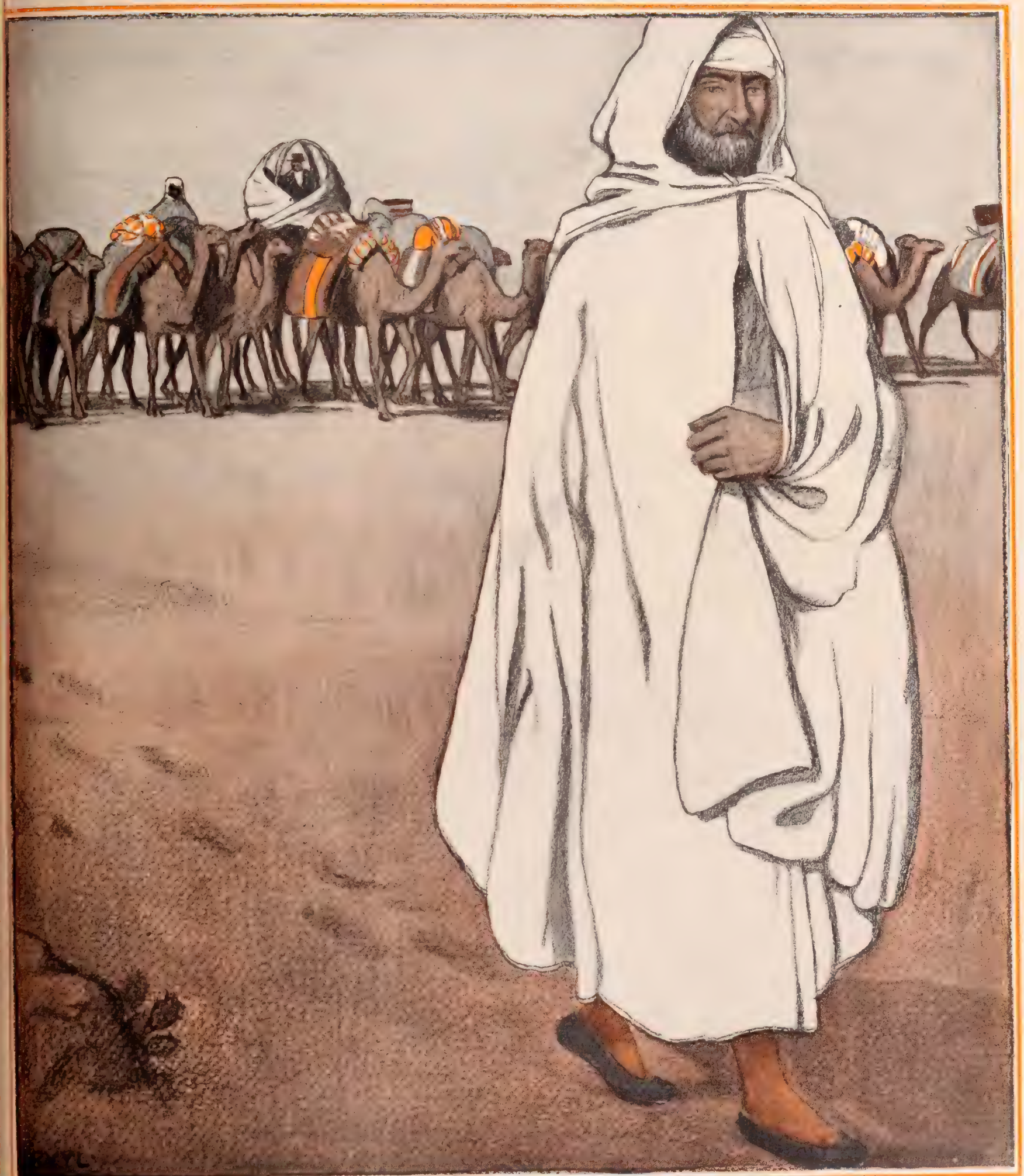

SEE PAGE 497

A Moorish Chieftain of the Desert

Questions & Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

Mrs. E., Pine City, Minn. What was the locust spoken of as the meat of John the Baptist?

It was probably the common locust or green grasshopper, which, when prepared and dried, tastes somewhat like a shrimp. Many ancient writers mention them as food. Diodorus Siculus refers to a people of Ethiopia, who were called *acridophaghi*, or locust eaters. Porphryius says that whole armies have been saved from starvation by eating locusts. Aristotle and Aristophanes assert that they were relished by the Greeks, and Layard, the discoverer, found evidence that they were eaten in a preserved state by the Assyrians. Some commentators have conjectured that the "locust" mentioned in Mark's Gospel as being the food of John the Baptist, was the carob, the fruit of a tree of the locust family, which is a sort of sweetish bean, in pods, much used by the poorer classes.

L. S., Hartford, Ind. I would like to know if the Jews are returning to the promised land, or making preparations to return.

Within a recent period, small colonies of Jews have returned to Palestine and located near Jerusalem. Some of the colonies are self-supporting. Of much deeper significance is the Zionist movement, started by M. Herzl several years ago, which has for its object the general return of the Jews to their ancient home and the rehabilitation of the Jewish State.

J. H. F., Patterson, La. Is there Bible authority for the custom of taking off the hat? What is the origin of the custom?

According to some writers, the raising or taking off the hat as a salutation or sign of respect, is a relic of the ancient custom of taking off the helmet when no danger was nigh. From the most ancient times, the uncovering of the head was a token of subservience, respect and reverence. Among the Hebrews, it was at one time a sign of mourning (See Lev. 10: 6 and 21: 10), although it is not so regarded by that race to-day, In modern times, and among all civilized peoples, the custom is a general one.

Charles A., Shamokin Dam, Pa., sends to the "Mail Bag," an analysis of the contents of an average Sunday newspaper, from which he draws these conclusions:

Some of the matter in the Sunday newspaper is not only objectionable reading for the sacred Sabbath, but is not fit even for the week-day page. None of the subjects I have noted, nor any others like them, should command the attention of anyone, on the day of days given to man for rest, worship, the study of God's truth and growth in spiritual life. It contains very little discussion on religious subjects, making it unworthy the name of Sunday newspaper. It keeps many church members and also the worldly away from the house of God. It teaches the newsboy to break the Sabbath and keeps him away from Sunday School, and debars him from other religious privileges. It instils in young and old a disregard for the Sabbath, which was blessed and hallowed by the Giver of all good.

R. E. P., Campbellsville, Ky. In the expression, "plant your potatoes in the light of the moon," what is intended to be conveyed? Some farmers, talking on the subject, differed, and are anxious to know. Some said it was any hour when the moon was shining, or we were due moonlight; others, that it was when the moon "fulled"; others when it was on the wane.

It is an old superstition and may be traced back to the days of ancient Rome. Columella, Cato, and Pliny each wrote of the advantage of cutting timber at certain ages of the moon. France in its forestry laws, perpetuated the superstition. From forest to farm was an easy transition, and French peasants were soon told to plant "in the wane of the moon," or "with the wind in the north." A similar expression, we believe, is common among the Canadian French, and also in the Southern States, the latter being probably a survival of French occupation.

W. A. C., Shelbyville, Mo. What is meant by the "battle of Armageddon"? Is there any such battle spoken of in the Bible as the scene of the last great battle, and where can I find it?

See Rev. 16: 16. It refers to the mountain and plain of Megiddo, on the west side of Jordan (I. Kings 9: 15). In the language of prophecy, the word mountain represents the Church. Zechariah (12: 11) refers to the same place. Some have translated Armageddon as "the mountain of destruction," others as "the mountain of the Gospel." The plain has already been the scene of many battles, and in describing the last great struggle between the forces of evil and the hosts of righteousness, it was natural that this typical historic battle-ground should have been chosen by the sacred writers, who were familiar with the place and its history.

Mrs. L. G. H., Shingle House, Pa. Are we breaking God's rule when we wear gold in any form?

No. While the wearing of gold and jewels for personal adornment is vanity (See I. Pet. 3: 3; Isa. 3: 21 and other passages), there are many cases that are exceptional, as when one wears a memorial ring or a seal, or such articles as may be of real service, as a watch. There are also gifts that are tributes of honor, and these are proper to wear on special occasions. It is only the inordinate passion for personal display that is condemned, not the proper use of the precious metals.

J. H., Johnstown, Pa. The translation, "Lead us not into temptation," is correct and in all harmony with Biblical doctrines. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit," etc. Here the Spirit, which is God, led Jesus into the temptation. Again, "Abandon us not in temptation," is erroneous, for when God created our first parents, he also created a temptation, a delusion, and placed it most conspicuously before them, "to try them." He then abandoned them. He abandoned his Son in the wilderness, as also upon the cross. As the Lord dealt with Adam and Eve and with his Son, so he also deals with all mankind, for "the hour of temptation . . . shall come upon all." So, then, it is God's way to create temptations, to "create strong delusion," and to lead men into them to try them, and then abandon them, for otherwise valiant ones could not show themselves to be worthy soldiers of the Cross. God will not allow any one to be tempted above that which he is able to bear. However, let us still pray, "Lead us not into temptation," for thereby we may escape many temptations that otherwise we would fall into.

God does not tempt any one. He may permit us to be placed in positions where, if left to our own resources, we would fall; but he does not tempt us to evil. Eve said, "The serpent beguiled me." (See Gen. 3: 1, 4, 5, 13). She yielded in her weakness and suffered accordingly (vs. 14, 15, 16). In Matt. 4: 1, and parallel passages, it is distinctly stated that the devil was the tempter of Jesus. In I, Cor. 10: 13, also, it is made clear that though God may permit us to be tempted, he is not the tempter. See James 1: 13, where it is emphatically asserted that God tempts no man. The withdrawal of the Holy Spirit exposes us to temptation, by leaving the heart open to the attack of the tempter; but nothing is more erroneous than to assume that temptation, or the placing of any agent in man's spiritual path which may cause him to fall, comes from God. If this were true, he would be the author of eternal ruin to multitudes who rush into sin by yielding to temptation. See also Job, 1st and 2d chapters, where Satan is shown as the tempter who pleads to be allowed to test the spiritual stability of the patriarch. The only sources of temptation in any case are the evil spirit, the world and the flesh. Unless we are fortified by the presence of the Divine Spirit, these assail, we are especially exposed liable to fall. See further on the subject 12: 9; John 8: 44; II. Cor. 11: 3; I. John Mark 1: 13; Luke 4: 2; Acts 5: 3; Matt. Even when God has made a trial of faith, he has done so in every instance b removal of spiritual safeguards and le man to his own resources, when the te availed himself of the opportunity. In sense, it is evident that a test is not a t tation.

J. R., Lexington, Ky. I have been a reac THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for upwar twenty years, and have always great preciated its unequalled premium proposi When the offer of a slightly damaged set Crown Encyclopedia at $1, and 50 cents expressage was made, I overlooked it. you send me a set now if I remit the mon am I too late?

You are rather late; but we will treat as we have treated others, by sending you books, instead of the damaged ones, w are now exhausted. See the notice on editorial page of this issue.

B. N., Cincinnati, O. Where was the phrase "mills of the gods grind slowly," first use by whom?

In the modern sense it first appeared a poem entitled *Retribution*, by F. Von L (1614-1655); but Rev. Bernard Pick is aut ity for the statement that it is found i Eighth Book of the famous *Sibylline Ora* the exact words being, "The mills of grind slowly."

L., St. Louis, Mo. What is meant by the "m white stone," mentioned in the following v taken out of the poem:

I want to be marked for thy own—
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that new name on the mystic w stone,
Which none but thyself can declare?

See Revelation 2: 17. The "white sto is a glistening diamond—the *Urim*—born the high priest within the *choschen* or bre plate of judgment, with the names of twelve tribes thereon. *Urim*, means ligh white. The verse is a paraphrase of the sage in Revelations.

Mrs. A. J. T., Somerset, Pa. Is it wrong f sinner to pray the prayer, "Our Father, w art in heaven?"

No. All are sinners, differing only in gree; and when one comes, repentant asking forgiveness, the prayer is natural appropriate. It would be mockery, howe in the lips of the unrepentant.

Mrs. E. M. M., Windsor, Fla. If Adam was first man created, why does God command to replenish the earth?

It means simply to populate and occupy earth, and to subdue all things therein man's dominion, as God intended.

Miscellaneous

Louis S., New Virginia, Ia. Write to Prof. Le Swift, Marathon, N. Y.

E. S. H., Norway, Me. The causes that led the present war between Russia and Japan h already been fully explained in THE CHRISTI HERALD.

T. S. R., Cando, No. Dak. The world's popu tion is estimated at 1,400,000,000, two-fifths Ch tian. China has about 220,000,000, or fully o sixth of the whole.

Helen M. C., Santa Cruz, Calif., writes that "wave motor," recently described in THE CH TIAN HERALD, is located in Santa Cruz, and in Southern California.

Ohio Reader. We gather from your letter th you might be able to find some suitable posit where you could be independent of others. would be better in every way.

B. C. K., Oneco, Conn. I see in your interesti and valuable magazine, that a lady says she lects out now and then, pleasing or instruct pieces from it to put into a scrap-book, therefo throwing much away. I prefer my plan of keepi the good, entertaining and bright things, which this: I take the full number of each regular quart and book and index them, making four nice, han books, always ready to read; always ready for r erence.

Miss Gussie D'Agey, Indiana, Pa. In 1858, at t Harper's Ferry raid, among the men in Jo Brown's band were two named Stephen and Alb Hazlett. The latter was a neighbor-boy of r father, living about three miles from his hon Just before these men were executed, they co posed a poem which contained these lines:

Farewell, my fair angelic maids,
So loving, kind and true;
I never will forget you,
In the land I'm going to.

Can any of your readers inform me about t poem, where I can get a copy of it, and also t subject?

For Independence Day

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, the Magna Charta of the English-speaking race, has been removed forever from the people's reverential gaze. It has suffered very seriously from the rough treatment to which it was exposed in the earlier years of the Republic, and has never been on exhibition at any of the great Fairs since the Centennial Exposition. It was returned to the State Department in Washington in 1877, and since then has never been out of the Department Building. For more than two years past it has not been on exhibition, even in the Department. Hereafter, in accordance with a report of a committee of the National Academy of Science, which was appointed to examine the document, it will be kept in the dark, and as dry as possible, and never placed on exhibition.

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

WOMEN OF LEH IN FULL DRESS

THE THIBETAN TOWN OF LEH

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN AND WIFE

Heroism on the Thibetan Border

A THIBETAN COPPER IDOL

IT is now virtually admitted that Great Britain is at war with Thibet. Colonel Younghusband's expedition, which, at the outset, was represented to be a peaceful diplomatic mission, has been forced by events which may or may not have been avoidable, to assume the character of an armed invasion. Several encounters have taken place between the expeditionary troops and the natives, and many lives have already been sacrificed. At latest accounts, the expedition was at Gyantse, where it was awaiting reinforcements, in order to push on to Lhassa, the capital. An uprising of the Thibetans in force against the expedition is expected, and unless some basis for negotiations can be arrived at, a long and sanguinary struggle would seem to be inevitable. But there is another campaign going on in Thibet, which possesses a deeper significance for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than Colonel Younghusband's military operations. Not with sword and cannon, but with the Word of Life, and with hearts overflowing with love and brotherly kindness, a Gospel band stands knocking at the gates of Thibet. For many years a cordon of brave Christian missionaries has been drawing its lines closer and closer to the borders of "the Sealed Land," awaiting for the propitious moment to carry the Word of Life to its benighted people. From two of these missionaries, this journal has received letters full of hope and encouragement. One of the writers, Mr. Ernest Shawe, of the Moravian Mission at Leh, in western Thibet, has forwarded, with his brief communication, a number of photographs, which are probably the first illustrations from that strange and far-away quarter of the world that have ever appeared in an American publication. They are presented on this page. One of the photographs shows a typical Ladak village of western Thibet, with a monastery in the background. In another, a group of Thibetan lamas or priests are seen reading the sacred books "for the good of the country." Mr. Shawe explains that the object is to read as much as possible, and the loose leaves of the books are divided among the lamas, and all read simultaneously. In the photograph of the town of Leh—the mission headquarters—is seen the old palace of the former kings of Ladak, an ancient-looking and somewhat extensive building in the rear. The other pictures show types of this long-isolated people, who seem destined shortly to become better known to the world.

Mr. Shawe writes:

Leh, from where I write, is the capital of the province of Ladak, which is now under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir; but as the Ladakis are Thibetan by race, religion and language, it is quite fair to count the Moravian Mission in Leh as a Thibetan mission, though here we are still some one hundred miles from the borders of Chinese Thibet.

Leh is probably the highest mission station in the world, being 11,600 feet above sea level. This great altitude is very trying for Europeans, and some travelers have died from the effects of the rarefied air. The Moravian Mission was first permanently established here in 1885, but already ten graves of missionaries and their children are to be found in the little graveyard by the side of the desert. Leh was the third mission station to be started by the Moravian Church in the Western Himalayas, the two former being Kyelang in 1856, and Poo in 1865. Now there are seven stations and outstations belonging to our Church in this mission field.

The town of Leh is not a large one, according to our ideas. The population consists of only about 2,500, but still it is the largest town for hundreds of miles around, and as it is the meeting-place for traders from all parts of Central Asia to India, it has an importance far beyond its size. In the trading season (August to October) the population becomes doubled or trebled; and in the bazaar, people from Turkestan jostle those from India and Kashmir, and traders from Afghanistan bargain with traders from Lhassa, and one may hear six or eight languages or dialects spoken in as many minutes. This increases the difficulty of mission work, especially medical mission work, but our preaching is done in the Ladaki dialect of Thibetan.

The Ladakis, like other Thibetans, are "Lamaists" (demon worshipers), with a thin veneer of Buddhist ideas and ceremonial. About Buddha and his teaching they really know very little. Work among them is slow and difficult, and there is often much opposition, generally secret, from the lamas or priests. Still the sowing of the seed has not been in vain, and now there are nearly forty Christians in Leh. Thibetan gospels and tracts have been widely distributed, and in many cases have done their silent work in human hearts.

The great peculiarity in the costume of the Ladakis is the head-dress worn by the women. This consists of a strip of red cloth, on which turquoises and silver ornaments are sewn. From either side of the head project great ear-flaps of lambskin, or, in the case of wealthy ladies, of sable. The value of such a head-dress may be several hundred rupees, and the wealth of a woman is known by the number of turquoises and ornaments she has. The Ladakis are generally lively and good-natured, and, compared with many other Asiatics, easy to get on with. Pray God that their hearts may be more easily opened to the Gospel.

THIBETAN LAMAS READING THE SACRED BOOKS IN CONCERT

Our other correspondent, the Rev. James Johnston, A. T. S., writes as follows of the work of the missionaries:

"Since 1856, the Moravian missionaries have vainly endeavored to penetrate the loftiest mountain passes and sterile wastes, for the evangelization of the Hermit Nation. In the wild and picturesque provinces of British India, bordering on the Western Himalayas, their record of 'working and waiting,' has perennial charm. To strike a blow at the stronghold of Buddhism they have left no stone unturned, and as one of their number writes, 'any missionary working on the borders of the Great Closed Land,

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What is Personal Salvation?

A Sermon by Rev. CHARLES M. SHELDON, of Topeka, Kans.*

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON

BEING saved is the most practical of all things in the world, and the fact itself is one of the plainest and most real things in the universe. There is no reason whatever that any one should be confused or in doubt concerning what it means to be a Christian, or to be saved, any more than that a person should be confused, or remain in doubt, concerning his every-day physical habits, or the use of his hands and feet, or the exercise of any of his mental faculties. Science itself, which often arrogantly boasts of being exact, is in reality far less sure of its ground than religion. For example, twenty-five years ago my text-book in physics taught me as a fact that air is a viewless gas, but to-day the professor in the chemical laboratory throws a chunk of liquid air down on the table as a boy would throw a ball, plainly visible. A few years ago my text-book said light traveled at the rate of so many thousand miles a second, but to-day the scientist says some kinds of light, especially those that have what is called radio-activity, travel inconceivably faster than this. Practical science is to-day confused and doubtful concerning the very plainest elements in the air, light, and water. The surest ground we have to-day is not in the realm of science, but in the realm of Christian faith, where the laws of the spiritual kingdom remain as good to-day as they were two thousand years ago, so that the first statement we are able to make about salvation is this: The way of salvation for the individual is absolutely plain. Unless a man is a fool, or idiotic, or absolutely determined not to know the way of salvation, he can know it more readily than he can know any scientific fact. The Bible even states very dogmatically that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

What it is to Believe

Salvation for the individual starts with belief in Christ. And any man can believe in Christ who is able to believe in anything that is good and true and loving, for Christ is all of these more than any person that ever lived. The Anglo-Saxon definition of belief is, rightly, "to hold dear or valuable." It does not consist in a theoretical assent to Jesus' good, true, and loving life, but it consists in a practical obedience to his life and teaching because we love him. No man, therefore, has faith in Christ or believes in him unless he is loving him, and if he wants to do that, he can do it. The stumbling block for any man who is not living the Christian life is not in any difficulty which surrounds the matter of salvation, but it is in the man's own perverseness of will. "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the teaching," is the plain statement of Christ himself. And if any man cannot believe in the best, the wisest, the truest, and most loving Person that ever lived, then I do not see how he can believe in anything in the universe. Yet we have very often the absurdity of men claiming to believe the statements of science in the physical world, while the whole subject is at the present moment in great uncertainty, who claim they cannot believe in Jesus Christ. It is not a matter of intellect. It is a matter of the will. As Jesus said, "They will not come unto me that they might have eternal life." It is as easy to start to be a Christian, if one wants to love the best things in the world, as it is to eat a good meal if one is hungry.

Starting with this essential basis of belief in Christ, there are a number of practical things which any one who wishes to be saved can begin to do, and that belong to the life which we call Christian.

The Kingdom of God First

The man who is saved, has a certain object in life which marks him as distinct from the man of the world. The saved man is not simply a good moral man, but he is a man whose one continual first object in life is not to make money and build up a business, or get fame, or win success, but his first and greatest object is to do the will of God. Jesus said: "Ye are my disciples, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and among the things that he commanded was this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." The first text of the first sermon preached by John, was "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The first sermon preached by Christ, as he entered on his public career, was from the same text. The kingdom of God was continually emphasized by Jesus as the essential centre of every saved life. A man can tell whether he is a Christian or not, by this test. If he loves money more than doing right, if he worships any idol in society, in politics, business, or even in his own home, he cannot call himself a Christian; for the saved man is one whose greatest purpose in all of his life from beginning to end, is to do all that is in his power to establish the kingdom of God in the world.

Practice the Brotherhood

If the individual is really saved, he is doing his utmost to preach and practice the brotherhood of mankind. In other words, he is attempting to do what Jesus commanded, and Jesus commanded his disciples to call no man master: "For all ye," he said, "are brethren;" and he also taught the essential of love to one another which, if carried out in practice, as he intended it should be, would do away with war. In other words, the saved man is living in such a way as to utter his constant living protest against the rule of force, and for the establishment of

The Reign of Peace

In a recent statement made in the Senate, by Mr. Carmack, of Tennessee, the expense of war in the United States from 1898 to 1903, was over $900,000,000, and the cost of passive war and warfare, that is, the maintenance of our standing army and navy, is over $2 per head, assessed on 82,000,000 people, that is, over $160,000,000. It is estimated that before the 30th of June this year, the total cost of war for the last seven year is a round billion of dollars. If, as the statement says, the tax-gatherer went to the door of every house and demanded two dollars a head, or ten dollars from each family to maintain war expenses, how long would this waste of warfare and militarism last? It is because the taxation is indirect, that the people do not make more protest. But all this wastefulness on the part of every nation and republic in the wide world, is contrary to

The Plain Teaching of Jesus

A battleship which, with its magnificent equipment, costs over five million dollars, is spoiled at one blow of a torpedo or submarine mine in a war which is carried on for selfish purposes, and every Christian on the face of the globe is bound to register his protest in every way possible against this horrible barbarity.

I do not see how a Christian citizen of America can sing the song, "The Army and Navy Forever." If there is anything we do not want to last forever, it is the army and navy, and it ought to be the prayer, and it is the desire and prayer of every person who claims to be saved, that the time may speedily come when the army and navy shall be no more a horrible fact and a dreadful economic waste to the entire civilized world. In the promotion of the brotherhood, in the exercise of the practical love of man for man is the only hope of abolishing this nightmare of the ages. The spectacle of the world after two thousand years of Jesus priding itself in its weapons of destruction, and gloating over its newest inventions in the matter of engines of murder at wholesale, is entirely contrary in every particular to the commands of Christ. The saved man cannot express the fact of his salvation to the world fully, unless, in some way or other, he utters his tremendous protest against this wrong of the centuries.

Share in Great Reforms

Individual salvation means a personal participation in the great struggle of the world for better things. The Christian, of all persons in the world, cannot sit down comfortably in his home, put on his slippers when evening comes, and enjoy his selfish culture by the fireside while the great city in which he lives is surging with crime and boodle, bribery and drunkenness and vice of all sorts. He must, if he calls himself a Christian, be doing his share to make the life around him better. He has no claim to call himself a saved man if he simply spends his leisure in singing hymns of praise to God for salvation. The world cannot tell the difference between itself and the kingdom of God unless it sees the difference in the conduct of the disciples of Christ from the men of the world, and one of the places where this difference can be seen in the most marked fashion is in the conduct of the citizen of to-day who bears his part of the great civic burden and does his share of the disagreeable cross-bearing.

The Child and the Kingdom

The saved individual may also bear witness to the world of his salvation, and be conscious of it himself, by his recognition of the rights and value of childhood. As it is a test of the salvation of life, to know that the kingdom of God is the first object of a man's passion, so it is also another test if he has a genuine thought of the childhood of the race, and sees in that the possibility of the future regeneration of the globe. I might ask without any fear of a doubtful answer, "Am I a Christian? How can I know?" I know by the fact that I realize that I cannot enter the kingdom myself, except as I come in as a little child. Pride, vainglory, exaltation of my selfishness in the presence of God's holiness —these things must all be taken away. And then, if I am conscious that I have entered in this fashion, I wish also to be conscious of the fact that my thought of children in the world, is a thought of reverence, of lo and of hopefulness, "for of such is the kingdom heaven."

The Union of Christendom

Individual salvation means not simply members in some church, but it means also that spirit of discip ship which longs for the real union of all the disci of Christ. In other words, salvation is not simpl narrow sectarian consciousness of a fellowship w other minds of the same kind; but with real salvat also goes some broader conception of the kind family of disciples, and a desire that all of Christ's d ciples shall unite in the common purpose to build his kingdom. It is inconceivable that the redempt which Christ brought to the world, should leave world a narrow definition of so great a thing as sal tion. To be a Christian is infinitely greater than to a denominationalist, and if there are degrees of sal tion, as it is quite possible to believe there may be, highest degree of the fullest salvation always carr with it the thought of a discipleship which is wor wide. If I am really saved, I am willing and eager do all I can to unite all the good of the world agai all the evil of the world, and that is the real union Christendom which, when it is accomplished, is nothi more nor less than the practical getting together of the Christian life in distinct and unequivocal oppositi to everything that is hostile to God and his kingdom

Optimism

Individual salvation means always hopefulness. Christian cannot be a pessimist. It is a contradicti of terms to speak of a hopeless Christian. No man really saved who does not believe in the tremendo victory of good over evil. Individual salvation carri with it that buoyant hopefulness concerning one's ov condition for the present and the future, and also t same overmastering hopefulness for the entire wor To yield for one moment to the assertion of the wor that things are growing worse, to accept the sophist that the devil is triumphant for any length of time, humiliate the dignity of Christ's kingdom by placing in a secondary or third place, in comparison with weal or place or power—all this is contrary to the tr thought of redemption. If I am saved, I am the mo hopeful being in the world. I cannot believe th things are growing worse. I cannot have fear concer ing the triumph of the truth. I cannot be afraid either man or devil. But my individual salvatic means the peace of God within—peace even in th midst of conflict, because I am sure of ultimate victor which leads to another fact concerning individual salv tion.

"As it is in heaven"

A firm belief in the final establishment of this kin dom of God, for which we pray every time we utter th Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done i earth as it is in heaven." To pray this prayer contin ally, and at the same time have a lurking lack of fait in the heart that it may never be accomplished, is, seems to me, the height of distrust in God, and I car not understand how Christ could teach this prayer t his disciples, expecting them to always distrust th practical bringing to pass of the prayer which the pray. And if a person is really saved, it seems to m he will ask himself concerning every act of life, "Woul I do this if I were in heaven? I pray 'Thy kingdon come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven' Nov then, if I were actually in heaven, would I do this thin that I am going to do? Would I hate my brother Would I make money-making my first object in heaven Would I hurrah for battleships and armies and navie in heaven if I were there? Would I glorify brute force if I were in heaven? Would I magnify the physica over against the spiritual if I were in heaven? Woul I practice anything selfish or vainglorious if I were in heaven? If not, why should I do the same thing here on earth, if my prayer really is, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven?'"

All these manifestations of a saved life which we have mentioned: seeking first the kingdom of God, the promotion of the brotherhood, a definite share in great reforms, a faith in childhood as the germ of the kingdom, the struggle to establish the union of Christendom, the spirit of optimism in the daily conflict, and faith in the final establishment of the kingdom on the earth, are all of them simple manifestations of one supreme fact, viz., that the saved life is the life which is continually living in obedience to the will of God. In other words, full salvation is a complete merging of man's will with God's will.

The Paramount Desire

The life that is in harmony at every point with God's will is a saved life. If at any point in my conduct I am obliged to say, "In this experience I am not in accordance with the will of God," then at that point I am not a saved man. If in any experience of life, any experience in business, in politics, in amusements, in

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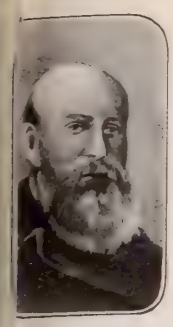
* In a sermon published in this journal on April 20, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., showed what salvation meant to a community or a nation. In this sermon he shows what it means to the individual. The text is Acts 16: 30, 31: "What must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Kidnapped in Morocco



N H PERDICARIS

VERY serious trouble has arisen between the United States and Morocco, over the kidnapping by Moorish bandits of Mr. Ion Hanford Perdicaris, a natural-born American citizen, resident in Tangier. According to the cable reports, the capture was plotted and carried out by Raisuli, a noted bandit leader. Cromwell Varley, Mr. rdicaris' stepson and an English subject, was abducted the same time. Raisuli had on more than one occan enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. rdicaris, who is a man of great alth, a famous entertainer, and the ner of a palatial home, which was merly one of the Sultan's palaces. isuli is holding his principal cape for ransom, and has demanded a ge sum, failure to pay which may an death to the abducted men.

The fact that Mr. Perdicaris is an nerican, and that numerous influenl friends, also Americans, are maki every possible effort for his lease, has had the effect of arousing e State Department to vigorous tion. The British Government has so taken action in behalf of its subt, Mr. Varley. If Mr. Perdicaris l his stepson are not promptly liberd, two full squadrons of American rships may be sent to Tangier under ders to make a display of force. The uth Atlantic Squadron, consisting three ships, the *Brooklyn*, *Marie*, and *Castine*, commanded by Rear dmiral Chadwick, which is due at the naries, will be ordered to Tangier, he prisoners are not set at liberty.

Rear-Admiral Jewell in command the European squadron, when he nches the Azores, will be ordered join Admiral Chadwick at Tangiers, l if the occasion demands, the batship fleet will be sent to Morocco. Should the prisders be released before the arrival of the warships, eir coming will have a good moral effect, as showing e determination of the United States Government to otect its citizens, and if necessary to support its deands by force. The Moroccan Government will be ought to a sense of its responsibility.

Consul-General Gummere cabled to the State Dertment that the bandit chief Raisuli had told the oorish authorities at Tangier that the prisoners are held for ransom, but the amount demanded was not stated. The captives are believed to be confined somewhere in the mountains. In all probability they are kept on the move, so as to baffle pursuit.

Consul-General Gummere reports that he expects that Raisuli will soon make his demands definite, in order to close negotiations. Although the Consul-General believes the Moorish authorities are acting in good faith, and will pay the ransom demanded, he adds that the presence of a few war vessels will have an excellent effect, spurring the Sultan to speedy action.

The Shereef of Wagan, the most important Moslem ecclesiastic in North Africa, is to meet Raisuli the bandit chief. Mohammed El Torres, Foreign Minister and representative of the Sultan of Morocco at Tangier, has empowered the Shereef to say that the Government will grant all the demands of Raisuli if Perdicaris and Varley are immediately released. A newspaper correspondent in Morocco has received communications from both Mr. Perdicaris and his captor Raisuli. Mr. Perdicaris writes: "We are both in good health. Raisuli does his best for us. It is very encouraging to know that you and other friends are acting on our behalf. I do not know what demands Raisuli is making, but he asks nothing personally of us, and my own private impressionis that he wishes to make it a purely political business, and means that no harm shall come to us." Mr. Perdicaris adds that he and his stepson are confined in one room, and only allowed out a short time in the evening.

THE PERDICARIS RESIDENCE AT IDONIA

THE GENERAL PRISON AT TANGIER

Mr. Ion H. Perdicaris was born in Trenton, N. J., where his father, then a refugee from Greece, had settled and built up a competency. Later in life, the father traveled extensively, finally purchasing one of the Sultan's palaces in Tangier, where he wished to end his days. The elder Perdicaris married an American lady, so that his son Ion is American born and Greek only by race, his father being a naturalized, and his mother a native-born, American.

Assuming that there is nothing behind the action and demands of the bandits, more than has been stated by Mr. Perdicaris, (*i.e.* a demand for a ransom), two points may be considered as practically settled: One is that the United States will do well to secure redress, to prevent such outrages in the future, although it is not necessary to needlessly affront the Sultan, who seems well disposed and in favor of progress. The other point is that this affair offers a long-sought opportunity for Christendom to interfere, in such an energetic manner that such high-handed outrages will be stopped once for all.

It is hoped that Mr. Perdicaris and his companion Mr. Varley, may be none the worse for their sojourn in the wild fastnesses of the Atlas Mountains; and it is also to be hoped that there will be no unnecessary delay in teaching the Sultan, and the men in authority under him, that the trade of kidnapping and the bandit business, should be abandoned at once, as far as it applies to people born under the protection of the American flag.

hat is Personal Salvation?

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reations, in human ambitions and affections, in ses and trouble, in sorrow—at all these different ints of human experience I find myself fully in harny with the will of God concerning me, then I have ight to say that I am a saved man. My greatest dee is to do his will. My meat and drink is to have righteousness. My greatest passion is to love and ve him supremely. The whole man in every centre his activity must feel the thrill of the harmony of his ll and purpose with that of God. This is to be saved. How shall I know that I am saved? What is it to a Christian? It is to have heart, will, affections, nd, soul, body, all in accordance with the will of God. d the will of God can be known by any human being o desires to know it. The avenue of approach to d is unencumbered. The soul can go direct to him r enlightenment. If there is any doubt concerning v course of action, He who is all light and all wisdom ll give the soul what it needs: "Work out your own lvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that rketh in you both to will and to do of his good easure." Salvation is not simply feeling something sterious that stirs the emotions for a little while, it it is the supreme event of a whole life and carries th it the entire reconstruction of the soul along the es of conformity to God and his great purpose.

The Christian is the greatest being in the world. He far more than simply a good man. Salvation is in its llest definition the whole man, every part of his man energy devoted to the carrying out of the preme will of God in the establishment of his earthly ngdom and in the doing of his will in earth as it is in aven. It is not simply being saved for a future aven; it is being redeemed for the establishment of at heaven here and the enjoyment of it hereafter. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the ly true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." o know God, to love him, to love to do his will, to d one's highest happiness in living in companionship ith him, this is salvation. This is to be saved, both w and for the world to come.

Missionaries and the War

SEVERAL weeks ago, anxiety was expressed in certain quarters concerning the safety of our missionaries in Korea. Although THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stated at that time that they were not in imminent danger—the real field of military operations having been moved northward—we communicated with the missionaries themselves, in order that our readers might have authentic information on the subject.

Several of the missionaries have replied, assuring us that there is not now, nor has there been at any time since the war began, any serious apprehension of trouble or danger to the missionaries, their wives and families. Rev. Elmer M. Cable, Presiding Elder, M. E. Church, Chemulpo, writes under date of April 2:

I am aware that all kinds of disquieting rumors are afloat as to the safety of the missionary body. Up to the present, not one of the missionary body in all Korea has suffered any violence from either of the contending armies, and at no time have their lives been in jeopardy. The safety of the women and children in the north was thoroughly considered by the American Minister. Thanks to his thoughtfulness and wise judgment, provision was made for their transfer to places of safety in case it became necessary. Conditions have so changed now that it does not seem necessary for the missionaries to leave their work, and as yet none of the stations have been deserted. The American Minister has asked that no women travel in the interior, and a few of the women and children from the interior stations have come to Seoul, but none of the stations have been entirely abandoned. The outbreak of the war has augmented rather than handicapped mission work, and I think there was never a more fertile period in the history of missionary enterprise in Korea than at present.

It is true that the work in the northern part of the Empire has suffered not a little, being right in the line of march of the contending armies. The Christians, many of them, have fled from their homes in fear of the soldiers, and thus many of the little groups have been broken into, and perhaps some have been altogether destroyed. However, the missionaries in charge are following up those who have fled from their homes, comforting and inducing them to return.

From Seoul, the captive, Missionary S. F. Moore, writes (April 12) that:

The war has not caused us any serious inconvenience here in the capital. It was feared that battles might be fought near Pyeng-Yang, and arrangements were made to move the women and children of that station to this city; but now that the Japanese forces have advanced, there would seem to be no good reason for the Pyeng-Yang missionaries to leave their homes. If the Japanese should meet with disaster in Manchuria, and be compelled to retire to Korea, the northern part of the peninsula would become a battle-ground, and our missionaries would have to leave; but we hope this may not be. Medical and evangelistic work goes on as usual. The attendance and attention at street chapel meetings in the city, or wherever the Gospel is proclaimed in villages, or by the wayside, is unusual, and in some districts the people have been coming into the Christian chapels in unusual numbers, declaring that they wish to become Christians. I am glad, therefore, to have this opportunity to request the many readers of your paper to make special intercession for the Korean church. There is said to be unusual interest, amounting to a revival, in the work of the M. E. Mission in the district south of Seoul. I have recently returned from the Pai Chun circuit, a hundred miles northwest of Seoul. Thirty-nine leading men from eighteen villages gathered to spend ten days in Bible study, all providing their own expenses. A Bible woman from Seoul conducted a woman's class at the same time, and of the twenty-five women in attendance, thirteen had learned to read since believing. Mr. Yu, the new helper, has spent some time at the village Kijung Ju, where work began only a few month ago, and there are now forty-eight souls there who call themselves Christians.

Blessings often come in strange disguises. One result of India's famine was the turning of multitudes from their idols to Christ. If Korea, now suffering and humiliated by the war, should turn in her distress to the true God, the source of all help and blessing, the ordeal through which that ancient land is now passing, would be remembered by future generations as the spiritual turning-point of the nation. Certainly the confident and inspiring letters of our missionaries would seem to justify such a hope.

Ten Years of Helpful Work

It is ten years since I subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I have found it very helpful, and have had my sympathies enlarged, and my horizon broadened very much by its beautiful, inspiring pages, and truly can say that it grows better and better every year. MRS. IONE E. C.
Terryville, Conn.

OUR PILGRIMS AT THE WAILING PLACE

IN SAD GETHSEMANE

THE TOMB IN THE GARDEN

Our Pilgrims' Convention Ended

By MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, Our Special Correspondent

AFTER the opening address in the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem (which was described in my letter last week), the Hon. Selah Merrill, United States Consul, made a brief speech of welcome. He said that the delegates had come in such numbers, that not showers, but deluges of blessing might be expected. The Americans felt they were receiving double welcome, for they had already been present at a delightful reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Merrill.

Responses to these addresses were made as follows, each one being limited to three minutes:

America, Rev. John Potts, D.D., Toronto, Can.; England, Dr. Monro Gibson, London; Canada, Rev. Wm. Frizzell, Toronto, Can.; United States, Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.; India, Rev. Richard Burges, Calcutta; Samaria, Jacob, son of Joseph, Samaritan High Priest; Egypt, Rev. Chauncey Murch, Luxor; Bulgaria, Rev. J. F. Clark, Samokov; Trinidad, Rev. W. Scott Whittier, D.D., Port of Spain; Mexico, Rev. J. G. Dale, Rio Verde; Japan, Miss Frances Phelps, Sendai; Persia, Mrs. Margaret W. Dean, Urmia; Nova Scotia, Rev. Jacob Laton, Truro; World Tour, Dr. John B. Devins, New York, U. S. A.; Colored Work, Dr. W. S. Brooks, D.D., Chicago, Ill.; Indian Work, Rev. A. L. Riggs, Santee, Neb.

Dr. Monroe Gibson repeated the remark of a blind woman, who, on coming out of the tent after the communion service, had said: "Heaven has seemed nearer to me than ever before—even as if it were opened, and Jesus himself looking down upon us."

Dr. Frizzell, of Canada, said: "Canada is large in resources, large in Christian work, but we would serve our Master more, and we have come here to get a larger inspiration."

Mr. W. N. Hartshorn spoke of the interest Presidents of the United States have felt in the religious education of the young, notably Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt.

Rev. Richard Burgess, Sunday School Secretary of India, spoke of the great banyan tree in India, which is at least one hundred years old. With this he compared the great Sunday School work in India, commenced about one hundred years ago, by the planting of a Sunday School seed by the Carey Brothers and John Fernandez, when thirty children were gathered together, and a Sunday School organized. He said that the Sunday School banyan tree had grown so that he could now travel about it in one year.

Jacob, son of Joseph, Samaritan High Priest, said he represented the smallest and most ancient of denominations, and that he believed the coming together of this great World's Convention, was a fulfilment of the prophecy contained in Deut. 32:4. He spoke through an interpreter, Rev. J. E. Hanauer, a Jewish gentleman of Jerusalem. And so the Samaritans and the Jews have come to have dealings with each other in these latter days.

Rev. Chauncey Murch, of Luxor, Egypt, spoke of thirteen thousand children in Egypt, in the day schools and Sunday Schools connected with the American Mission, and expressed the hope that their number might be increased.

Miss Frances Phelps, spoke of Japan as a paradise for Sunday School work, because of the great appreciation of childhood in that land, and the desire of the people to make children happy.

Mrs. Margaret W. Dean, of Persia, said that in hundreds of churches there, Sunday Schools are held every week.

Dr. John B. Devins spoke of Sunday School and Missionary work in the Philippines, and in Korea. In the latter place, the Sunday School is called "The Bible Hour," because it represents persons of all ages engaged in the study of God's Book.

The regular sessions of the Convention began on Monday morning, at 9 A.M. The devotional exercises were led by Mr. F. H. Jacobs. Then followed the organization of the Convention. Mr. E. K. Warren was unanimously chosen President of the Convention. He thanked the members and briefly said: "The Gospel has been preached to the uttermost parts of the earth, and we of the uttermost parts of the earth have come together to this place, where Jesus gave the command to go into all the world to preach the Gospel, in order that we may learn how to do it better."

The first address of the morning was made by Dr. Monro Gibson, of London, subject: "The Geographical and Historical Basis of Divine Revelation." He referred to a column in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is claimed to be the centre of the world. He also spoke of a classical map he had seen, which makes Jerusalem the centre of the world. Conquests alter the balance of power, but the Holy Land is still the centre The rocky ridge which runs through it is a mighty rostrum to reach the people of the world. "O earth, earth! hear ye the word of the Lord." The Jordan is before all rivers of the world, and so Namaan would agree, after he was washed in it. Those who dwelt in Palestine were a feeble people, and had a brief record of greatness, but they produced men with whom the men of Greece cannot be compared. Leave Palestine in the ship, all the way to Rome, try to put yourself in place of Paul, consider what it was then, without wealth and prestige, for four men to plant the standard of the Cross over the lands, and then say if it is to be explained in any other way than as a part of the principle, "Lo, I am with you always."

Prof. L. B. Paton, of Hartford, Conn., gave an address on "Jerusalem in Old Testament Times." He took exception to the location modern scholarship has given Mount Zion, on the west side of the Tyropean Valley. He says it was on the east side, that by "Zion" was meant the whole of the east side, and that the temple was built on Mount Zion, that what was called "Zion," was really Jerusalem itself.

An interesting Oriental Conference was conducted by Dr. Ghosn el Howie, of Mt. Lebanon. Being blind, he was accompanied by his young daughter, Ruby. Both were richly dressed in Oriental style. The salting of new-born children was explained. To be salted by being laid on a pile of salt, and having it rubbed well in a day or two after birth, is to be given the right sort of a start in life. The seal also was explained by Dr. Howie. When a seal is attached to a bill showing payment received, and attested by living witnesses, it can not be broken. The Christian has been sealed by the Spirit. John is the witness that God is true and His Word abides forever.

Rev. George W. Mackie, Professor of Oriental studies in the Protestant Syrian College, at Beyrout, gave a fine address on the "Customs of Syria illustrating the Bible."

The next session of the Convention was on Monday evening, and was opened by a devotional and musical service, in which persons were asked to repeat texts of Scripture suggested by what had been seen in Palestine. So ready were the responses it seemed as though the whole Bible was at the tongue's end of the delegates. There were four addresses at this session:

"The Work in Great Britain," by Rev. Frank Johnson, in which was mentioned the great London Sunday School Union, the Teacher's College, and the International Daily Bible Reading Association.

Mrs. Mary F. Bryner, spoke of the work in America. She described the different departments of work, told of the one hundred field workers, the system of conventions, 1,500 having been held last year, and the summer schools and teachers' conferences.

The work in India was presented fully by Rev. Richard Burgess. He stated that the India Sunday School Association was organized in 1876. The object of the association was to emphasize spiritual truth, extend Sunday School work, educate teachers, produce suitable literature, encourage special services, and unite all Asia in Sunday School Work.

Rev. J. P. McNaughton spoke of Sunday School work in Turkey. Throughout Turkey the International Sunday School lessons are taught by Greeks, Armenians, and Turkish people, and in the mission schools a Bible lesson is given every day in the year. There are about 40,000 Sunday School scholars, among whom are 25,000 of the choicest young men and women of Turkey, who will change the tone of the home life.

The last address of the evening was on "Childhood the Hope of the World," by Mr. Marion Lawrence, International General Secretary. He said the hope of the world's redemption was ushered in by the coming of a Child, and the Child has been in the midst ever since. Childhood is the key that is to unlock the problems ahead of us. The Sunday School is the factor of good citizenship. Children should be taught to see the world as Jesus sees it.

The following table gives some interesting statistics of the Convention:

ENROLLMENT

United States	7[illegible]
Jerusalem	3[illegible]
England	2[illegible]
Palestine	[illegible]
Canada	[illegible]
Scotland	[illegible]
Turkey in Asia	[illegible]
Ireland	[illegible]
Japan	[illegible]
Wales 5, India 5, Mexico 5, Bulgaria 3, Egypt 3, Switzerland 3, Turkey in Europe 3, Australia 2, Denmark 2, West Indies 2, Austria 1, Germany 1, Madeira 1, Newfoundland 1, South Africa 1, New Zealand 1, Russia 1	[illegible]
Twenty-five countries represented	1,5[illegible]

DENOMINATION

Church of England	23
Presbyterian	1[illegible]
Other Presbyterian bodies	2
Baptists	1[illegible]
Other Baptist bodies	1
Congregational	1[illegible]
Methodist Episcopal	1[illegible]
Other Methodist bodies	6
Greek Orthodox	4
Lutheran	[illegible]
Friends	2[illegible]
Thirty-four other bodies	17
Not mentioned	10[illegible]
Total	1,5[illegible]

The last day's session was held on April 18, Mrs. Laura Winston of North Carolina, Vice-President, in the chair. The first address was on Missionary Work in and about Jerusalem, by Rev. J. Carnegie Brown. There are the Bishop's Mission to Bible Lands, for the Jews, which is mainly educational, consisting chiefly of schools for boys in Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Ramleh the German work, consisting of Schneller's Orphanage of three hundred boys; also a Kaisersworth institution, a hospital, and a school at Bethlehem, and the flourishing German Church at Jerusalem, which Emperor William came to dedicate two years ago. There are also the Christian Alliance, with branches at Jaffa, Hebron, etc.; the Scotch Mission; and the Friends' Mission at Ramleh, with which there is a training school for teachers. There are many independent Missions. The speaker said he was connected with a Society organized seventy years years ago, to reach the Jews. Between six and seven hundred Jews had been baptized as Christians, and sent into every part of the world as teachers. What did God think of the Jews? He took upon himself the form of a Jew. What do you think of

ws? What do your Sunday School scholars know out the Jews from your lips?

"The Power of God's Word," was the subject of an dress by Rev. J. E. Hanover, Jerusalem. Then fol- wed a Conference, conducted by Rev. Chauncey urch of Egypt, on the topic: "So I am with you way," in which missionaries from many lands partici- ted, giving testimony showing how they had been stained by God's providence in health, and in rela- n to the governments of the lands where they were boring.

"The Sunday School's Place in the Kingdom," was e subject of a Conference conducted by Mr. W. B. cobs of Chicago. Mr. Jacobs said: "Children will me to Jesus if not prevented. They are prevented the attitude and neglect of the Church, and by the ilure of teachers to act. When they are encouraged, lped and loved, Sunday School scholars are eager to me into the Church. When we consider our Master's surance that it is his will that not one of these little es should perish, we think he meant the little ones in r own family or nation, but he really meant as well e children in Jerusalem, in Syria, in Africa, in Asia— ery child in the world."

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts was then introduced to the onvention as the Superintendent of the Sunday School epartment of the World's Women's Christian Temper- nce Union. She spoke about the relation of the Sun- ay School to temperance teaching. She said that rong drink has a grip on the throat of the world. It , the monster evil of the ages. It is responsible for at ast nine-tenths of all crime. It is crushing home life. t is wasting resources. It is the greatest foe to mis- ons. (The speaker represented the grip by tightly losing the left hand.) What can undo the grip? The ngers of the right hand were taken to represent the ewish Church, the Greek Church, the Roman Catholic hurch, the Christian Church (the Sunday School cruise as called "The Christian Church afloat," and it was tated that the tables on the ship were white from end o end, not disfigured by wine). The thumb was taken o represent the Moslem people, through whose influ- nce millions have been kept from learning the taste of trong drink; these forces working together can undo he grip of strong drink. And let it be done through God's plan of instructing the children. And this the ork of the Sunday Schools of all nations to-day, for emperance is a world question.

The last meeting was held on Tuesday evening. The ent was filled to its utmost capacity by Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Greeks, etc. On the platform sat the Turkish Commissioner of Education and press censor. He was introduced to the Convention and spoke a few indly words. A general of King Menelek of Abyssinia, n his "glad clothes" was also introduced. He made a brief address through an interpreter, in which he said: 'The Bible is to be the light of the world." He said he ad become a Christian under Coptic influence.

There was also introduced Youssel Zia Pacha Alk- alidy, Ancient Mayor of Jerusalem. He made one emark in English: "We thought you Christians had ome to make war, but we see you are a good and easonable people." The remainder of his speech was n Arabic, and was not interpreted. He also read the 19th Psalm from an Arabic Bible.

The last number on the programme was a Consecra- ion Service, led by Dr. Bristol, of London. He said: "Our Lord Jesus Christ expects us to continue his pity, his sacrifice. Only that is consecration which has a Calvary tint and a Calvary heart. Others, who followed, said: "We never again can be what we have hitherto been." "The Bible will never be to us what it was, we shall read it with a new interest." "The green hill is no longer far away." "It is not for us to stand and gaze into the heavens, for God has said, 'Go ye into all the world.'"

From the Resolutions Committee came the following:

We reaffirm faith in the Bible made clearer by the knowledge we have gained on this trip. We rejoice in brotherly love. Our appreciation of missionary work is enlarged, and we believe it should be made more prominent in Sunday School work.

Whereas, the action of the International Sunday School Convention in regard to the teaching of temperance in our Sunday Schools has proved satisfactory and helpful, and whereas we hope for great advance in habits of sobriety and consequent morality from wise teaching on this vital theme.

Therefore, *Resolved*, that we earnestly exhort our Sunday School superintendents and teachers, not only to see that the temperance lessons are faithfully taught, but that every suitable opportunity is embraced of impressing upon our scholars the importance of temperance and sobriety from the many lessons upon these subjects found in the Word of God. (Applause.)

Resolved, that appreciating the blessings which have followed the ingathering of Sunday School workers from all parts of the world in the furtherance of international good will and fellowship, this Convention would urge all teachers of God's Word to impress upon those under their care, the duty of promoting peace among all nations, and the substitution of arbitration for the unchristian methods of war, and that a copy of this Resolution be forwarded to the Governments of the principal countries of the world. (Applause.)

Plans of teacher-training are approved and urged.

The International Bible Reading Association is approved.

Thanks to the Governor of Jerusalem for granting permission to place our tent.

Thanks to the Chief of Police for furnishing a guard.

Thanks to the Consuls for their many kind offices.

Thanks to the missionaries for valuable information.

Thanks to the Central Executive Committee for their wise plans for the Convention, and untiring zeal in carrying them out.

The whole company in the tent joined hands and sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," and "God be with you till we meet again," in which the Abyssinian general joined, also the ancient Mayor of Jerusalem and the Samaritan high priest. The blessing was pronounced by Dr. Monro Gibson.

What is to be the outcome of the World's Sunday School Convention lately held at Jerusalem? A statement concerning the people who attended may help in answering the question. Fifteen hundred and twenty-six persons signed their names on cards as delegates, but this does not represent the whole number, as there were 817 from the United States, 480 from England, New Zealand, Australia, etc.; 377 from Jerusalem, and 72 from other parts of Palestine, and still others from Turkey, Switzerland, Yucatan, etc. — from twenty-six countries in all. And they were of fifty-three different denominations, including Christians, Moslems, Samaritans, Jews, Armenians, Greeks, etc. It was truly a World's Convention.

Mr. E. K. Warren, the President, says: "In test moments every one heard in his own tongue, the Holy Spirit witnessing to all alike." This was evident from the deep feeling that at times swept over the whole congregation. They did not always understand each other, but they understood God. Mr. Warren also says, "'Love one another' and 'Love thy neighbor' have taken on a new meaning through this Convention, and that the result must be a closer unity between existing churches that will increase their power fourfold. Beginning in this world-wide manner at Jerusalem, may this spirit go to the uttermost parts of the earth."

On days before the Convention began, and during the days when the Convention was in progress, in the afternoon hours when no sessions were held, delegates industriously visited noted places in and about Jerusalem. Many took the Jericho, Dead Sea, and Jordan trips, going down in carriages, and along the way where the man fell among thieves, and stopping for a brief rest at the inn said to be erected on the spot where the good Samaritan brought the wounded man. Some bathed in the Dead Sea and then in the Jordan, and others sailed on the Jordan in small boats. The once glorious palm grove of Jericho has entirely disappeared, and even the sycamore tree which Zaccheus climbed. As to the inhabitants of Jericho, fleas are by far the most numerous.

Before visiting the Temple area, many of the delegates went to see the famous Shick models of the Temple of Solomon, the Temple of Zerubbabel, and the Temple of Herod, and the Mosques of Omar, and el Achva. They were then better prepared to understand the situation. An interesting event occurred at the temple area on Easter Sunday. A beautiful, snow-white carrier dove, which had been brought on board the *Grosser Kurfuerst* at New York, by Miss Jessie Ackerman, was set free, with this message tied under its wing, "Greetings to the Universal Peace Union from Jerusalem. Any one finding this message will communicate with Miss Jessie Ackerman." When liberated, the dove flew up and lighted on the Mosque of Omar, then it plumed its feathers, and flew toward the west. If it should make its way along the trackless waters and find the nest so dear from which it was taken, it will be a miracle, indeed.

. . .

Most of the delegates visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Russian pilgrims were there in large numbers, and their passionate kisses of the place where the Cross had rested, and where the body of Jesus had lain, as well as their deep groanings and cries, could but arouse sympathy. Most of the Russian pilgrims purchased cloths on which were printed the scenes of the crucifixion, which they laid upon the sepulchre of Christ, and then folded up to carry home, to be laid upon their own tombs. But the Garden Tomb, rather than the Holy Sepulchre, was the spot which stirred our deepest feelings. One by one we made our way to it, and lost ourselves in reverent thought. It is a simple rock-hewn tomb, with no embellishments save a simple garden in which little flowers bloom. Christians have purchased the site and walled it in. It is hoped thus to preserve it.

Again and again pilgrimages were made to the Garden of Gethsemane. It is rather a small enclosure with a low entrance, causing one to stoop. Within the outer wall is a high iron fence which encloses the old olive trees, one of them said to be sixteen hundred years old. Beautiful beds of flowers most carefully cultivated, are between the olive trees, and these are given to visitors by a monk in attendance. Open Bibles are in the hands of all who come to the Garden, which they read through tears, and often with sobbing. With closed eyes and prayerful hearts we deeply realize it all, and solemnly vow before God to deny ourselves and follow Him more closely than we have ever done before.

Heroism on the Thibetan Border

Continued from Page 495

would almost be prepared to start for Lhassa at five minutes' notice, if the way were unexpectedly thrown open.' To their oldest, and the highest mission stations in the world—Poo and Leh—the Moravians have added six more points of evangelical light. Their missionary roll, past and present, embraces Pagell and Heyde, Jaeschke, the marvelous linguist and first translator of the Thibetan New Testament; Drs. Marx and Redslob, Ribbach and Sharde, soldiers of the Cross.

"Thibet is partially encircled by missionary bands, on its eastern, western, and southern borders. On the northern frontier of Thibet proper, neither man nor beast can live. Mr. O. T. Crosby, the American traveler, who has lately returned from Central Asia, describes it as consisting of hundreds of miles of tragic and desolate wastes, where even the camels of well-equipped caravans perish of cold and hardship. Upwards of eight missionary societies have stations on other than the northern frontiers of Thibet, embracing the Kashgarian Mission (Swedish) N.W., and the Church of Scotland Mission, S., associated with the Scottish Universities Mission. The latter, at Kalimpong, in Sikkim, is worthily linked with Dr. Hutchinson's labors. The London Missionary Society's strategic base at Almora is identified with the names of Miss Turner and Miss Rutledge, the latter declaring, "We mean to be amongst those who are to be first in Thibet." Two other ladies, Dr. Sheldon and Miss Brown, have made the northeastern part of Kumoan their special field.

"On the southern border, at Yatung, near the main route to the Chumbi Valley, Miss Annie R. Taylor, of Thibetan mission fame, persistently remains at her post, though, of late, she has had a hard time from the strong anti-foreign feeling existing among the wilder class of Thibetans. In the same region, the Assam Frontier Pioneer Mission, amid the fierce Abor tribes, tells of unusual difficulties and marvelous escapes.

"While the English Church Missionary Society has stations at Scrinagar, in the far west, and at Songpan, east; the famous Thibet Prayer Union, of the China Inland Mission, east and northeast, has its centre at Ta-chien-lu, ably superintended and led by Cecil Polhill. Mr. Polhill anticipates that very shortly great changes are in store for the long-secluded country of Thibet. He writes in glowing terms that Litang, the second town of altitude in the world, and containing one thousand families, twelve days west of Ta-chien-lu, and on the high road to Thibet, is now opened to the missionary.

"Of honored names interwoven with Thibet's Christianization, Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D., takes a foremost place. This lady has returned to the land where she has previously suffered the loss of husband and child. Her missionary volume, *With the Thibetans in Tent and Temple*, a narrative of four years' residence on the Thibetan border, and of a journey into the far interior, recounts thrilling adventures such as few women have gone through and lived to tell the tale."

THE MORAVIAN MISSION DISPENSARY AT LEH

A LADAK MONASTERY

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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An Olive Branch

ALTHOUGH nothing may come of it, if the views of the diplomatists are to be believed, the action of our Government in tendering its good offices to Russia and Japan as peace-maker, is one that must afford satisfaction to peace-lovers generally. It may be that the opportune time for such an offer has not yet arrived, and that the belligerent spirit still runs too high to permit intervention to be thought of; but sooner or later, the true psychological moment will come—as it does in nearly all wars—when the olive branch extended by the peace-maker will be far from unwelcome.

But something more than an individual peace-maker is needed to settle the question at issue between Russia and Japan. Even if our offer of mediation should be ultimately accepted, and further fighting and useless waste of lives should be averted, the next, and indeed the wisest, step would be to send the whole matter to the Hague Arbitration Conference. The whole Eastern Question—that nightmare which has ridden Europe for a century, and which has been the cause of many bloody wars—is involved, and the only proper body capable of giving it the consideration it demands is either the Hague Tribunal itself, or a Special Commission to be appointed by that Tribunal.

While Japan has won much sympathy for its effort to "preserve the integrity of Asia," Russia is equally entitled to sympathy on other grounds. Her huge population of nearly 125,000,000—far exceeding that of any other European nation—seeks natural and legitimate avenues of expansion, which should not be denied. Her commerce, too, has been penned within narrow limits by the policy of those European Powers that have denied her access to the sea toward which she has long been struggling. Hemmed in on the Baltic and Black Seas, forced to the expedient of an outlet on the Siberian coast that is ice-bound more than half the year, Russia might have much to gain and nothing to lose by submitting her whole case to such a tribunal.

"Oh," says some ardent peace-lover, "if I were Czar, I would find some honorable way of quickly ending this dreadful war." But the Czar has comparatively little power in the administration of his great empire. Wolf von Schierbrand, writing from personal knowledge, says Nicholas is admirable as a man, but not as a ruler. Occasionally he is permitted to have his way. "With heart full of love for his people and all the world," he has been the victim of stronger men, who have brought the country to its present condition, and who overcame his conscientious scruples and forced the abandonment of the peace policy so hopefully inaugurated.

Japan, Russia, China, Korea were all among the signatories to the Hague Convention. Let us, as a nation, continue to use our influence in the interest of peace, and let us cherish the hope that, having held out the olive branch, it may soon be cordially accepted, and that the whole question now at issue in the Far East may be relegated to the domain of peaceful arbitration.

The Modern Quaker

THE Quakers of New York recently celebrated their 209th anniversary. Only eleven of the women who attended an afternoon "meeting for worship," at the Quaker meeting-house, were attired in the plain, old-fashioned Quaker dress, the others not being distinguishable by their costume from the most frivolous of the "world's people."

The line of demarkation between Friends and the "world's people" in speech and manner of dressing, has gradually grown fainter, until there is almost a blending of the two. Whether this is a matter to be really regretted or is merely a question of sentiment, is something which will admit of argument from both points of view. "We love our old-fashioned customs," said a prominent member of the Society of Friends, not long ago. "We love our plain meeting-houses, and the simple speech within them; the few plain bonnets, we have left—and the dear faces under them. We love our archaic 'thee' and 'thou,' and the democratic principles of human brotherhood which they represent; and we feel that if they disappear from among us we shall have parted with much that we cherish of our old-fashioned Quakerism. They are our links with the formative days of our Society—our present memories of the past, eloquently speaking to us of the trials of the early Friends, their struggles, devotion, and sacrifices."

Emerson said, "As a man begins to live more seriously within, he begins to live more simply without." This rule as applied to the modern Quaker, would seem to show that simplicity in dress is no longer of so much importance to right thinking and living; and while it may seem paradoxical, a Quaker may still be a Quaker even if dressed in the latest fashion, and though the old-time demureness of the Quaker maiden in her simple attire may have given way to the witchery of the twentieth century girl in a "picture" hat.

Concerning Backsliders

AMONG the letters that come to this office asking for counsel and guidance, there is no subject more common than that of backsliding. In many instances it is confessed with expressions of utter despair, the writers being overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, and having no hope of being forgiven and restored to God's love. In such cases the temptation is strong to go on in sin. There is a feeling that the joy of salvation being irretrievably lost, the lower joys of time and sense may as well be secured. It is surprising how ingenious the writers of these letters often are, in finding passages of Scripture, which, detached from their context, appear to confirm that idea. Doubtless, there are many people from whom we do not hear, who are under the same impression, which cannot too soon be removed.

Every Christian who has fallen into sin, and has become estranged from God, ought to realize that the wandering is his, and that the love of God still remains unchanged. As the love of a father or mother follows the wanderer into the far country, so God's love follows his wandering child, and no earthly parent rejoices more sincerely over the prodigal's return than does our Father in heaven. Backsliding ought to produce heartfelt sorrow, but never despair. He who sincerely repents, may be sure that if he returns he will receive cordial welcome and restoration. "The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away his face from you if you return unto him."

There is no limit to this mercy either in the number or degree of the transgressions. There is, however, a condition. No man is pardoned in his sins. He must not expect that God will accept him and his sin too. To come to God, asking forgiveness, and hoping that his love is so great that he will receive his child who is so weak that he must go on in sin, is to show ignorance of God's character. He is not weakly indulgent. The backslider must resolutely put away his sin when he comes for pardon. It is in that fact that the difficulty usually lies. The surrender must be made. God is fully aware of human weakness and is ready to impart the strength necessary for the conflict, but never to excuse the conflict.

Let no backslider despair; let none continue in sin under the impression that return is impossible. To all who will forsake their sin and ask in Christ's name for pardon and deliverance, the door is open and peace and safety are assured.

Brigands and Americans

IN the circumstances attending the abduction of Mr. Ion H. Perdicaris and his stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley, by Moorish brigands, there is so much to recall the case of Miss Ellen Stone, who was kidnapped by the brigands of Macedonia, and held for ransom, that it need surprise no one to hear of the determination of our Government to make such a display of naval force as will compel the Moroccan authorities to release the captives. That Mr. Perdicaris is held for a ransom by the brigand chief, Raisuli, just as Miss Stone was kept captive by Sarafoff, President of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, is significant. For a long tim past, Morocco has been distracted by internal wars, an only a few months ago the rebels were in the field force, defying the authority of the Sultan. A heavy ra som, such as would be demanded in the case of a we thy man like Mr. Perdicaris, would be a substantial a to any rebel movement now afoot. In the case of Mi Stone, the ransom was paid by contributions from th American public. Doubtless the Moorish outlaws has accepted this as a precedent, and have believed th any well-known or well-to-do American was a fair priz

Of course Morocco will pay the ransom, and th young Sultan, in announcing the release of the captive will express his deep regret at the untoward inciden But if the affair is allowed to end there, it will be sim ply a triumph of brigandage. There are many Amer can missionaries in Morocco, whom it is necessary t safeguard. What is needed, is such an example as wi penalize brigandage, not only in Morocco but in othe lands, and especially in Sicily, Turkey and Greec where it still exists. Raisuli and his band should b captured, no matter at what cost to Morocco, and pu behind bars for a term long enough to afford opportu nity for repentance. Not only the payment of the ran som by Morocco, but the swift and rigorous punishmen of the outlaws, is needed to make that country reason ably safe for Americans hereafter.

Counterfeit Christians

LOOKS don't count. Many a deception these days. Mei and money alike are often counterfeit.

I handled a queer five-dollar bill the other day. It had done a heap of good—paid the widow's rent, bought food fo the hungry, squared up three or four bad accounts that had been worse than cancers for worry, made a church treasure happy when he found it on the plate, and made the sexton happier when his back salary was partly paid by it; but in due course of time it came to the bank whose name it bore and lo! the teller threw it out.

"What's wrong?" asked the depositor.

"Counterfeit."

All its good deeds did not make it pass the bank, where its real character was discovered.

I'm thinking of another day that is yet to come. It may be that some have done a heap of good; plenty of people passed them on for genuine Christians. They looked all right; sat in the pew like saints; scattered dollars like dew; but they have no God. He does not dwell in their heart. They have his name, but not him.

There are counterfeit Christians, just as there are counterfeit bills, and both are bad, in spite of looks.

C. H. YATMAN.

He Values the "Crown Encyclopedia"

You have many testimonials from enthusiastic purchasers, engaged in literary and business pursuits, but none from us men, who work for our living with our hands. May I add one? I have read my paper and magazine much more intelligently since having the handy volumes of my "Crown Encyclopedia" beside me. JAMES O. CALVER.

Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

SAVED BY GRACE

Ephesians 2: 8 and 9
Acts 15: 11
Galatians 5: 4
Romans 3: 24
Romans 6: 23
Philippians 3: 9
John 3: 16
John 6: 47
Luke 12: 32

D. F. E.

A Large Demand

For the 900 slightly-damaged sets of the Crown Encyclopedia recently offered in these columns at one dollar, and 50 cents extra when expressage was to be prepaid, we have already received 2,805 orders, representing a demand more than three times as large as the supply. Rather than disappoint our friends who wished to purchase one of these damaged sets, we took new sets from stock and supplied the demand, again making good our claim that CHRISTIAN HERALD books are always better than advertised.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Millions in Barrels

NEVER in our national history have the vessels leaving New York for Europe carried so large an amount of treasure as those which sailed during the month of May. The payment for e rights and the plant of the Panama Canal amounted forty million dollars, besides the ten millions which r Government undertook to pay the new Republic of nama for the concession. The French company pulated for the payment of its forty millions in gold rs. It has tasked the resources of our Assay Office meet the requirement. Its normal capacity is the oduction of three millions a week, but by using up the ock of gold bars on hand it was possible to ship enty millions in a single week. The *Lorraine* of the ench line carried ten millions, and the *Kaiser Wilm II.*, the same amount. The illustration on this ge shows the scene when the precious metal, packed kegs, was being endorsed and carried away to the ers for shipment. Ten trucks were used to convey e kegs to the vessels. They were sent at different nes, and on each truck there was an armed guard to otect it on its way through the streets of the city. A ard composed of the crews of the steamships, perintended the transport to e strong rooms of the vessels. evious records of huge payents have not approached this ormous transaction. The largt was the purchase of Louisiana r fifteen million dollars. In 68, seven and a half millions ere sent to Russia in one payent for Alaska. In 1876, five d a half millions were paid to reat Britain, under the award of e Washington treaty, for ingement of fishery rights in ova Scotia. These payments e completely eclipsed by the esent transfers of ten millions a time on individual ships. If tual wealth were the true stanrd of value, we should conclude at no vessel ever carried so valble a freight as these. As a atter of fact, however, the loss one of these would not be so vere to humanity as would have en the loss of such a vessel as e *Mayflower*, or many another ip, on which missionaries were rrying the good news of salvaon to heathen shores. Gold is t the best treasure for the rld any more than it is for the dividual.

A man's life consisteth not in the abunnce of the things which he possesseth uke 12. 15).

KEGS OF GOLD IN NEW YORK FOR THE CANAL PAYMENT

he Length of a Dream

A remarkable test of the length of a dream was made cently by a physician, who is interested in psychical search, who related the facts in one of his lectures. e said that one day he went to visit a patient, and was eased to find him sleeping soundly. "I sat by his d," said the doctor, and "felt his pulse without disrbing him. I waited for him to awaken. After a few inutes a dealer's cart, with discordant ringing bells, rned into the street, and as their first tones reached e, my patient opened his eyes. 'Doctor,' he said, 'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke e, for I have been tortured by a most distressing ream that must have lasted for several hours. I eamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came nto the room with a string of most horribly sounding ells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't the power move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what ppeared to be interminable time, and I'm so glad you woke me.' The ringing of those bells for one second ad caused all of that dream, and just at the waking oment." Other instances of this kind have been cited, owing that when we lose consciousness, as in a ance, long periods may shrink to moments, and moents may protract themselves into hours and days. ime and space are clearly matters only of our present aking condition. New possibilities of both joy and misery are suggested by this fact, which shows how nearly our spiritual nature is allied to that of God himself.

One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day (II. Peter 3: 8).

An Anarchist Deported

The case of the Anarchist, Turner, who was arrested in New York early this year, has been carried to the United States Supreme Court, on appeal from the decision of the Immigration Commissioners. They held that he must be excluded, under the law regulating the right of immigrants to enter the country. Mr. Turner's lawyer carried his case to the final court, on the contention first, as to the constitutionality of the law, and secondly as to the question whether his client's doctrines, without overt acts, brought him within the category of immigrants whose exclusion was authorized by the law. The decision of the Court was unanimous on both questions. Chief Justice Fuller, in delivering judgment, declared the law constitutional, and pointed out that though Mr. Turner had committed no offense against our laws, he had stated his beliefs, which prove him to have an ideal that was contrary to the principles of our government. That ideal was precisely the one, the holding of which constituted him an Anarchist within the meaning of the law. He was, therefore, legally excluded from entering the country, or, having entered, remaining in it. Evidently the Supreme Court is of the same opinion as the inspired writer, that in estimating a man's character it is not enough to take account of his conduct. His thoughts, opinions, and beliefs must be considered.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he (Prov. 23. 7)

Crossing the Seas to Wed

The steamship *Majestic*, which sailed last week from New York for Liverpool, had an interesting passenger on board. It was a lady who was going to South Africa to be married. More than six years ago an attachment sprang up between her and a man who was employed in a store in New York. He was an Englishman, who had been only a short time on this side the Atlantic. When the Transvaal war broke out, he volunteered for service in the British army. He was too poor to marry, and the girl had family reasons for postponing her marriage. The obstacles on both sides have now been overcome, but the bridegroom-elect was unable to return to America to claim his fiancee. After the war, he obtained employment in a diamond mine near Kimberley, and has prospered. As he could not come here, he persuaded the girl to go to him, and she consented. On reaching Liverpool she will proceed to London, where she will take ship for South Africa. There her lover will meet her, and will conduct her to her future home. It is a long journey; but feeling sure that at the end of it her lover will be waiting to receive her, she will not worry about the trials of the way. It is so with the Christian's course through life. He is able to bear his troubles and vexations when he thinks of the welcome that he will receive when, having faithfully served his Lord, he enters into his presence.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord (Matt. 25: 21).

A Watch Won by a Sermon

A Cincinnati journal describes a sermon preached under remarkable circumstances in the outskirts of that city. A colored preacher was proceeding homeward after an evening service, when, in a dark street, he was suddenly stopped by three men, who held a revolver at his head. They warned him against making any outcry and bade him deliver any money or valuables he had. The preacher handed them his silver watch, the only article of any worth he had in his possession, besides a few dollars. Having done so, he asked them as a favor, as he was a preacher, to listen to a short sermon. They consented, on condition that it be brief. The preacher, then, in simple yet forcible terms, warned them of the consequences of theft, and showed them that their souls were imperilled by such crimes. At the close of his remarks, there was a consultation among the three robbers, the result of which was that they handed the preacher back his watch. From one point of view, the sermon may be regarded as a practical success, inasmuch as the preacher recovered his watch; but unless that was the beginning of repentance and restitution, the sermon failed of its purpose. Too many hearers of sermons content themselves with obeying a transient impulse, and neglect the permanent change in their lives that it is the design of the preacher to produce.

They hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness (Ezek. 33: 31.)

BRIEF NOTES

Great meetings are being held by Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army in Scandinavia. Those at Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania were attended by vast crowds.

Miss Annie Taylor is now at Yatong, within the borders of Thibet, waiting anxiously for permission to penetrate farther into the interior.

Dr. James M. Gray, of Boston, is delivering a course of lectures at the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, on the Old Testament Prophets and the New Testament Epistles, with an additional lecture entitled "Facts for use with Doubters." They are specially designed to help Sunday School teachers and lay workers.

An absolute cure of a case of leprosy is reported from the Louisiana Lepers' Home. The patient is a Creole boy born in New Orleans. His case, which developed four years ago, was a well defined case of leprosy. He has been two years under treatment, and is now perfectly cured. Five more patients believed to be well are being kept under watch for a brief period before being discharged.

The Northfield Young Women's Conference meets this year from July 12 to 19. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan will speak each morning at nine o'clock in the Auditorium, and sub-conferences, held in open tents on the beautiful campus of Northfield Seminary, will follow. All branches of Christian work, especially along missionary, Sunday School, and philanthropic lines, will be discussed by young women who are actively engaged in such work in various parts of the country.

The Orphanage at Phulera Rajputana, India, in which there are about one hundred children supported by readers of this journal, has been destroyed by fire. Providentially no lives were lost, but the books, records and furniture were burned. The work of rebuilding has already been begun, and until it is completed the children and teachers will be sheltered in tents. Patrons of children in the orphanage will understand that the lists having been lost, they will get no reports from Miss Greene until she receives from this office the new lists, which have already been forwarded.

THE HUNGARIAN CLASS

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT

A NOOK IN THE READING-ROOM

A Marble Palace Among Green Hills

AWAY up amid the hills of Vermont, is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., which probably has the most palatial home of any such organization in the world, in proportion to the small population of Proctor, the town where it is located. It has a marble structure equal in cost and appointments to Y. M. C. A. buildings in some of the larger cities, although Proctor contains but 2,000 people.

The Vermont Marble Co., at Proctor, employ a large number of young men. Realizing the need of some resort for their amusement, the Company determined to make the Y. M. C. A. a present of a home. Members of the organization who are draughtsmen, prepared all the plans for the building, which was designed especially for the needs of an industrial community. When completed, it was presented to the Association by the Company, with appropriate exercises. Although the home and its equipment cost $30,000, the Company believes the Y. M. C. A. is such a benefit to the town that it has provided a fund of $2,000 yearly towards paying the expense of maintenance.

In other ways, the Proctor Y. M. C. A. is a notable Association. It probably represents more nationalities in proportion to its numbers than any other body of this kind. At present no less than sixteen different nationalities are enrolled: — Americans, Bohemians, Finns, English, French, German, Hungarians, Irish, Italians, Swedes, Hebrews, Norwegians, Poles, Scotch, Slavs, and Welsh. All of these classes are employed in the different branches of the marble industry. The foreign-born element is apparently as deeply interested in the welfare of the Association as are the American members, for of the 425 enrolled, a large proportion were born in other lands.

The Y. M. C. A. seeks not only to increase the religious interest in the community, and to furnish the young men amusement, but it is also an educational force. Classes have been organized in the common English branches, to instruct the foreigners especially, in the langua of their adopted country. Some of th alasses have a membership of sixty Swe and Hungarians. Other branches tau are, mechanical drawing, penmanship, a crchitectural drawing. They are free every member, as are all other facilit of the building.

This energetic Y. M. C. A., has camera club which includes some perts in the photographic art, a baseball and football teams. As ma members have no time for recreati during the day, it has provided ten courts and a basket-ball groun where games can be played in t evening by electric light. Over t hundred members exercise in t gymnasium. Other forms of in cent amusement are added to t diversions. Marble bathtubs, elega ly appointed shower and needle-bat are features that are appreciated its members.

. . .

Everyone in the town ackno edges that the Association has ready become a strong moral for It is doing a fine work in maki good American citizens. An illustr tion of this fact is found in the Ita an contingent of members. Many them are married and spend the leisure time at home, instead of at t club-house, but they are proud to Y. M. C. A. members, and they p their annual dues because they s it does such a good work, and th feel they ought to be on the roll membership.

THE MARBLE Y.M.C.A. BUILDING AT PROCTOR

READY TO ATTACK PORT ARTHUR

A JAPANESE GUNNER

IT is now generally believed that Japan is resolved to reduce Port Arthur by a single bold stroke, at whatever cost. Against Togo's long-range guns and heavy artillery, and the veteran battalions of Gen. Oku, estimated 50,000 strong, it is certain that Gen. Stoessel, with his 15,000 defenders and his batteries supplemented by the guns of the fleet, will oppose a determined resistance. Japan has "made haste slowly" in regard to Port Arthur; but the fateful moment is now very near, when the fiercest struggle of the war will begin, to which all that has preceded it, either by land or sea, will seem as child's play.

Gen. Kuroki's army, after the battle of Feng-Wang-Cheng, rested there in a condition of apparent inactivity for nearly two weeks. This, it now seems, was in obedience to orders, and for the purpose of permitting the landing operations at Takushan and other points to be completed, the new army being intended to secure the line of connection southward. Meanwhile, Gen. Oku's force is being greatly strengthened on the lower peninsula, in preparation for the advance on Port Arthur. On May 26, Kin-Chow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur, was stormed and captured by the Japanese, who occupied the castle and afterwards drove the Russians from the heights, to which they had retired. The losses on both sides are said to have been heavy. The fall of Kin-Chow was naturally a great surprise to the Russians, who had believed it would resist reduction successfully.

As military experts predicted, the Cossacks now appear to be warming up to their peculiar work, both in Manchuria and Korea, and are proving a sharp thorn in the side of the Japanese. They are ubiquitious, at one time in front, and the next pounding away at the rear of the enemy. Enterprising bands of these "rough riders" have annoyed Gen. Kuroki greatly, and compelled him to reinforce the First Army Corps with reserve battalions from Japan. This, together with the heavy weather, the difficulty in moving big guns, and the danger of getting too far from the base of supplies, has contributed to retard the forward movement of the Japanese.

Among the incidents of the week were an attempt by a force of Cossacks to cut off Kuroki's communications northeast of Kwan-tien, which the Japanese repulsed, and a brush northwest of Takushan, where a squadron of Russian cavalry were driven off with considerable loss. St. Petersburg had a report of a fight on the Liao-Yang road, near Feng-Wang-Cheng, in which 15,000 Japanese were killed and wounded, the Russians losing 3,000, but there was no confirmation of the report. On the other hand, the Shan-hai-Kwan correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, telegraphs that a Japanese force, feinting retreat, drew 15,000 Russians into an ambush in the Ta-tung Pass, where 30,000 Japanese were posted. The Russians lost 4,000 in killed and wounded, and over 1,000 prisoners.

The following, from the Russian General Staff at St. Petersburg, gives an idea of the general situation:

The prevailing opinion at the headquarters of the General Staff is that the withdrawal of the Japanese upon Feng-Wang-Cheng means that the enemy has decided to devote himself primarily to operations against Port Arthur, and that the present object of Gen. Kuroki, with the First Army, supported by Gen. Nayda, with the Third Army (now landing near Takushan), is to watch Gen. Kouropatkin and prevent a move southward, which would take Gen. Oku and the Second Army (on the Liao-Tung Peninsula) in the rear. A direct attack upon Gen. Kouropatkin's main force is apparently not considered to be impending. Nothing more than outpost affairs are anticipated. Russian scouts are keeping in constant touch with the enemy, and thus far the minor shiftings of the Japanese detachments west of the Tayang River and northward of Moi-Ting-Lang are in the nature of screens.

A RUSSIAN ARTILLERYMAN

A startling charge has been made by Japan, in connection with the sinking of the battleship *Hatsuse*. It is said that the Russians at Port Arthur have set adrift mines, outside of the harbor, which are now floating across Pech-i-li Strait, and far out to sea, endangering the ships of neutral Powers. Twenty-one of these mines were found by despatch boats, far off-shore. Japan will make formal protest to the Powers on the subject. Russia, on the other hand, denies placing loose mines, and charges that the mines in question were scattered by Japan, to the peril of all.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Man of the House

HE came down the road, walking with a slow, halting step, as if an invisible weight were bound on his feet. His wife, looking from the window, was struck by his pallor. In a fleeting glimpse she saw, th eyes suddenly illuminated, that William was growing l. That haggard face, those stooping shoulders, that look discouragement, were wholly unlike her blithe, cheery sband.

William Forbes did not, as usual, enter his house by the nt door. He went round to the back, and stood at the ad of the lane, looking down and waiting for the hired n, Silas Beam, who was driving home the cows. The le delay gave Mrs. Forbes her opportunity.

"Molly," she said, "not one word to your father to-night out your new suit."

"But, mother," remonstrated twenty-year-old Molly, who d set her mind on a lovely India silk with a blouse trimmed h lace and embroidery, and a jacket sides, "how can I go to Aunt Phebe's less I get some new clothes? How n I, mother?"

"I don't know, dear. I only know you ist not bother papa this evening. I an it. Not a single hint, Molly. And u, Jack, don't ask your father for a nt."

"All right, mother," answered Jack, tting his Latin reader on the shelf d taking down his algebra.

Mr. Forbes came in. As his wife met n cheerfully, taking his hat from his nd, and drawing forward an easy chair, smiled, but wanly. In twenty-five rs of marriage, he had not failed to swer the challenge of her smile with own responsive brightness. But lat- ly, dearly as they loved one another, l complete as was their mutual com- hension, Ellen Forbes was aware that illiam was keeping something back m her; that he was not wholly at ease, that there was a distress of ne sort tugging at his tranquility. She olved to find out what it might be.

When dinner was over, the good plain ner that was so appetizing and whole- ne for a tired man, who daily carried old luncheon from home to the store, lly and Jack went to the Christian deavor meeting, and their parents re left alone.

"Will," said Ellen suddenly, "what ubles you? Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing, except that when this nth ends, I shall lose my job."

She caught her breath in surprise and may.

"Why, Will," she exclaimed, "you've en with Rice & Kildare since you re a lad."

"Yes, that is true."

"Of what do they complain? What ve you done amiss?" The wife's tone s indignant. Her eyes snapped. She ew that her husband had served his ployers faithfully, that he had not nted any labor nor scamped any ser- e.

"It is of what I cannot do that they complain, Nellie. Since l man Rice died, and Mr. Kildare senior retired, the unger men have come into power, with new methods. I too slow for them. They want me to go on the road as I ways have, two or three times a year, but they insist that I ust travel on Sunday, and I have declined."

"Certainly you could not go back on your record, mple the Fourth Commandment under foot and travel on e Lord's day. You did perfectly right to stand up for ur life-long convictions, and I'm proud of you. Never nd about securing another place. There's work enough ght here on this bit of a garden and farm."

"I'm no farmer, Ellen."

"I am. I was raised on a farm. We'll let Silas go. He n find work without any trouble. We've a little saved, a tle more, Will, than you know about, for I've always been tting by something for a rainy day. We'll all pull to- ther, and I believe you'll find there's money in garden tff and chickens and eggs. We're near enough a fine mar- t. Why, William Forbes, the whole thing rises before my es, a vision of prosperity. I am thankful those young en don't want you, and thankful for the reason. There uld be no blessing if you went against principle."

The young people came gaily in from their meeting to nd their father and mother chatting as eagerly as if they ere children planning for a picnic.

"You two are real lovers, aren't you?" said Molly, as she kissed them good-night.

"Lovers! why, yes," said her mother. "That's what makes our home so worth while. We are very happy, Molly, and we are going to be happier."

Molly did not get her dainty suit that season, but she looked like an opening rose in her old one nicely made over, and so thought young Louis Parke, who had long covertly admired her, but had feared to take on himself the responsibility of marrying a girl brought up in the great comfort and luxury which Mrs. Forbes, by good management, had always provided for her home. A chance remark of his sister's, that Molly Forbes had more economy about her than most girls, and knew how to wear a dress longer than any of her friends, decided Lewis, that a poor young man might venture to seek her for his life partner. And as Molly had liked him from school-days, love was an easy step forward.

William Forbes tried a twelvemonth of amateur farming; but he was not a shining success in this. If his wife had not developed a remarkable talent for buying and selling, as well as raising produce, they would have lost all they invested.

THE MINSTREL PILGRIMS OF JAPAN

Bound by a vow, these pilgrims pass
Along the highways of Japan,
Fluting sweet airs, and asking alms,
And meeting hardship as they can.
We, in our Christian life, may take
A lesson from their fortitude,
And sing along our pilgrim way,
For all our days, our God is good.

Here she proved herself an example of what a woman can do when she is allowed to enter an open door of opportunity. Yet the experiment was not all loss, for the out-door life and exercise made a new man physically of Mr. Forbes, who had been shut in most of his mature years, except for outings, which involved absence from home, long railway rides, nights in Pullmans, and homesick tarrying in hotels.

One day Mr. Forbes received a letter. It was from a business house in town, and offered him a position superior to his former one, both in emolument and honor. At the end of the letter there was this sentence, "We want a Christian man, one who respects and keeps the Sabbath, as we do ourselves."

"I told you, William, the hand of Providence was in it, when you lost your old job, did I not?"

"Yes," he answered, "dearest wife, you did."

Two of My Friends

AMONG my friends are Sadie and Evelyn, who work at curling feathers in a shop downtown in New York.

It does not seem to girls who have whole months to spend in holidays that one or two weeks can hold much out-door pleasure? A working-girl knows better. She knows that into her few days of absolute liberty, more genuine enjoyment can be compressed than some rich girls derive from their abundant opportunities for travel and recreation. I think I will tell you what Sadie and Evelyn and I said to one another the other evening.

Sadie said, "The best thing about a vacation is that one may lie in bed an hour later in the morning. One needn't hurry to get her breakfast and then run to the shop; and one can fold her hands all day long."

Evelyn drew a long breath. "My vacation," she confided, "means more to me than that. It means fun. I love to be where I can take time to laugh. It means bathing in the surf, and taking long walks, and sitting down to a nice table three times a day, and eating, oh, with such an appetite! Sadie and I are going to the Beach this year! It's near enough home not to cost too much for traveling expenses, and the board where we are going is very reasonable. Our room is engaged. But we both need new dresses and hats."

"Girls," I ventured to say, taking the privilege of intimacy, "why must you spend money on new clothes for your holiday? You both have pretty things now. I've seen you on Sunday afternoons, with your dainty suits and shirt waists. Let me tell you what a girl's 'must haves' are on a holiday. They are a better suit for Sunday, if you have it; and for every day several changes of underwear, a sailor hat, comfortable, broad-soled shoes, plenty of stockings, a short skirt, and a jacket for cool mornings and evenings. You don't want to miss a single bit of pleasure, a row in a boat, a sail, a drive, a walk, or any other excursion. A number of girls combining can afford trips that would be impossible for one."

Sadie blushed and laughed. "Last summer," she said, "I met a young man on his holiday, as I was, and do you suppose he would have looked at me twice if I had been dressed like a dowdy?"

"Girls are often, by the way of meeting a young man," I said. "There is always the possibility of meeting one whom you may like very much. But let me tell you the young man sees very little indeed except your bright smile, and your pleasant face, and cordial greeting. Men are not so impressed as women fancy, by millinery and gewgaws. You don't mean to tell me, Sadie," I added, doubtfully, "That you make haphazard acquaintances on trains or boats?"

"No, indeed, we don't do that," she answered. "We have no need, and our mothers would not let us."

This was true. No girls in the world are better watched and guarded than are working-girls by good mothers.

"But," said Evelyn, "the house we go to is not a nunnery. It is a home, and the lady who presides over it likes us to have our friends in for a dance, or a little music, or games, in the evenings. Our holidays are much pleasanter if there are some nice men about, as well as a lot of nice girls."

To be sure, I agree with Evelyn. Only I don't want my girls to let themselves become too deeply interested in men who may be only passing acquaintances. The man who hopes to have his summer friend an all-the-year-round friend, will ask her if he may call at her home and see her father and mother there.

Other girls, with a little more time than the two I have mentioned, may go to summer schools and conferences, and combine study with recreation. I know girls who have utilized their summer holiday by studying some branch of art, as designing, or painting on china, or who have taken a course in elocution, or in singing. A girl who cannot afford a holiday unless she works, and thus gains a change of scene, may do as Nettie did—the bright-faced, smiling Nettie—who brought my jug of hot water to my door on the mornings of a certain July some years ago. She was a farmer's daughter, attending a normal school, and she could not get any money unless she acted during a month or two as chambermaid in the summer hotel. Nettie has been teaching mathematics this year in a high school.

A SETTLEMENT WORKER.

The Shining Side of the Cross

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

LET us call the witnesses to the resurrection of Jesus: 1. The angel: "I descended from heaven to roll away the stone from the door of the tomb of Jesus, for on the third day it was appointed that he should rise again. I rolled the stone away, and sat upon it, and he came forth like a rising sun."

2. The guard: "The sound of the earthquake and the appearance of the angel so alarmed us, that we were as dead men. When we recovered ourselves, we went to the chief priests and told them that Jesus had risen from the dead. They offered us large money if we would report instead that somebody had come and stolen him away. On their promise to protect us from the Governor, we took the money and so reported."

3. Jesus Christ: "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore."

4. Salome: "With Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, I went very early, on the first day of the week, to the tomb of Jesus, bearing spices that we might anoint his dead body. We remembered the large and heavy stone at the door of his tomb, and we wondered whom we should get to roll it away. As we approached, we saw that the stone was already rolled away, and an angel sat upon it, who said, as he saw our startled look, 'Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said.' And then he took us into the tomb, and showed us the place where Jesus had lain."

5. Apostles Peter and John: "Mary Magdalene brought word that the tomb of Jesus was empty. We ran as fast as we could to the tomb to see for ourselves, and found it even so. John was the first at the tomb, and saw the linen cloths lying there, with which the corpse of Jesus had been wrapped."

6. Mary Magdalene: "I came back a second time to the tomb, and looking in through my tears, I was seen by two angels, who said, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' I answered, 'Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' Then I heard another voice beside me, saying, 'Woman, whom seekest thou?' I supposed it was the gardener, and said, 'Tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away,' for I could not believe what the angel had said was true. Just then I heard my name spoken in familiar tones, 'Mary.' I turned about, and saw that it was Jesus himself. I would have touched him to make sure that he was alive, but he forbade me. I saw him but for a moment, and he was gone. Then I ran and told the apostles that I had actually seen the Lord, and the words he had spoken. But they would not believe me."

7. Mary, the mother of James: "With Salome, I went to tell the disciples that the angel said to us on our first visit to the tomb that Jesus had risen from the dead. On our way, Jesus himself met us, and greeted us with 'All hail.' He told us to tell his disciples that he would meet them in Galilee. From them we learned that Mary Magdalene also had seen Jesus at the tomb in the garden."

8. Cleopas: "With another disciple, I was on my way from Jerusalem to Emmaus, talking about the crucifixion of Jesus and the strange report brought by the women that he had risen from the dead. We were presently joined by another traveler. He entered wonderfully into our conversation, and showed us out of the Scriptures how all things we were talking about had been foretold by the prophets. It was late when we reached Emmaus, and so we invited the stranger to take supper with us. As he broke bread and gave thanks, we recognized that it was Jesus himself! And then he left us, vanishing out of our sight. We returned to Jerusalem, to testify of his resurrection."

Illustration and Application

Our lesson story suggests three topics: 1. The resurrection of Christ. 2. Our own resurrection from physical death. 3. Present resurrections in character.

What is the nearest monument and proof of the resurrection of Christ? Remember that monuments are not all of stone. Anything that is intended to keep the resurrection in memory is a monument. Monuments and proofs of Washington's life and influence include not alone monuments in bronze and stone, but states, cities, streets and squares that bear the name of Washington, and, most honorable of all, the letter stamp that keeps his noble face before us every day. As we can go inside the Washington Monument at the National Capital, so we are now inside the nearest monument and proof of Christ's resurrection. What is it? The "Lord's Day," of course, so called every week from New Testament times (Rev. 1:10), because on this "first day of the week," our "little Easter," the "Lord" arose. The Lord's Day is not a single monument, but a long series of monuments, which, like milestones, lead us back to the very door of the empty tomb in Joseph's garden. It is not "rationalism" but against reason, to suppose that an event never occurred, which the most intelligent nations of the world have all these centuries generally celebrated, by suspending on one day in every way the two pursuits in which men naturally take deepest interest—the pursuit of gain and the pursuit of pleasure. As well say all the monuments of Washington have grown out of a myth.

And what other monuments of the resurrection are near at hand? Yes, the annual Easter, of which Keble writes:

> Thou art the sun of other days,—
> They shine by giving back thy rays.
> Sundays by thee more glorious break,
> An Easter day in every week.

There is yet another monument of Christ that we are now in. What is it? "The year of our Lord." That indeed is reckoned from the birth of Christ, but the most intelligent nations would not date all events from his birth if he had not proved himself more than man by his resurrection. The world's real birth dates from Christ's resurrection.

And there is yet another present monument and proof of the resurrection that we are in: What is it? "Christendom," which means Christ's Kingdom, and includes Christianized Europe and its expansion on this continent. The resurrection of Lazarus is not so wonderful as the humane resurrection of Europe, which at the time of Christ's death was wholly given to idolatry, and had not yet discovered the seven Pleiades of Christian humanitarianism, justice, purity, liberty, equality, charity, humanity, fraternity, that is, did not know these words in the sense that even those who are not Christians use them in the same lands to-day.

About the year 1845, LeVerrier, a French astronomer, calculated that if another planet could be found moving in a certain orbit, it would account for the disturbances of the planet Uranus. He sent the results of his investigations to an observatory in the city of Berlin, requesting that search be made on a fixed date at a certain spot in the heavens. There and then the planet Neptune was discovered, not fifty minutes from its estimated location by the astronomer Le Verrier. Similarly, from a historical view-point, the resurrection of Jesus is an intellectual necessity. There have been such historical disturbances, that, short of such a fact, there is no accounting for them.

Another monument of Christ's resurrection is Christianity, as embodied in the many-branched Christian Church. Look at this world-conquering Church, and contrast it with the little handful of disheartened disciples, who on that first Easter, awoke with no purpose beyond embalming their crucified Master. Something must have happened since then.

* * *

What one Must Believe if he does not Believe in the Resurrection of Christ

1. That Jesus lies buried in a sepulchre in Judea. 2. That eleven men were deceived as to the identity of one with whom they had been in daily intercourse for more than t years. 3. That Peter, who trembled at the careless questi of a girl, faced the Sanhedrin and prison with boldness a f days later, with no cause for the transformation. 4. Tha conscious impostor uttered the most noble and lofty ethi teaching the world has ever known. 5. That the cross, t emblem of ignominy, like the gallows to-day, became an ornament and an object of adoration, without any adequa reason for the change. 6. That an organization beginni with twelve men without wealth, or political, or milita power, in less than 300 years conquered the Roman emp without aid. 7. That hundreds of strong men and delica women went calmly to a painful death for a belief in a cru fied malefactor. 8. In a word, he must account for th marvel of history, the growth of the Christian Church, a for nineteen Christian centuries. S. A. WILSON.

* * *

Let us not delay longer upon the abundant proofs Christ's resurrection, but turn to its practical lessons, reme bering especially that Christ is not a de hero of the past age and a far-away land, b a living, present Saviour and King.

> He died!
> And with Him perished all that men hold dear;
> Hope lay beside Him in the sepulchre;
> Love grew stone-cold; and all things true beside
> Died when He died.
>
> He rose!
> And with Him Hope arose, and Love, and Light
> Men said, 'Twas Death, not Christ, died yesternigl
> And Truth and Trust, and all things virtuous,
> Rose when He rose.
>
> ROBERT R. DOHERTY.

Our own resurrection is proclaimed and a sured in that of Christ, who had taken o humanity, thus to show its glorious possib ities. We, too, in a glorified body, are to li again after death. The question we are st asking about the dead, "In what body they come?" is best answered by Paul I. Cor. 15th, a chapter referring only to t resurrection of the saints (v. 23). He sen us to nature to learn that we sow not t body that shall be, but as the seed decay and out of it grows a new body of multipli powers, so in a Christian's death there "sown a natural body," there is "raised spiritual body" (vv 43, 44). Let us not see to penetrate the mystery farther. Enoug that as in the case of Abraham, Isaac, a Jacob (Matt. 8:11), and of Moses and Elija (Matt. 17:3), our human personality is to co tinue through the centuries, and also our fe lowship with Christ, and with the good ar true. Christ glorified our human nature his birth, but yet more in his resurrection a ascension. "You are dying," said a friend a Christian woman with her, "shall I not ser for a clergyman to come and pray with you? "Oh, no; never mind," she said, "I am read to die at any moment." "But are you n afraid to die?" "No," she said very chee fully, "I am not afraid, for I belong to death Master. I am a sinner saved by grace, child of the resurrection." A young chil stood at the window, where he could see th funeral procession of his playmate go b He looked at it with fixed attention for awhil Then he turned to his mother, his face a lighted up with gladness, as he said, "Ol mamma, how beautiful it will be when Jesu says, 'Baby, come forth.'"

* * *

Spring and Summer have in all ages whi pered to man a hope of the resurrectio "Easter" was originally the name of a paga spring festival of that significance. And Jew's sermon says that the Hebrew Passover, another sprin festival, was "doubtless as much a celebration of nature' delivery from the blighting grasp of winter's dominion, as c Israel's delivery from Pharaoh's yoke." Into that Passove festival Jesus introduced the cross and the resurrection, b which spring's whisper of a future life was raised into pæan of assurance.

The most important resurrection is the present resurrec tion of character, without which there is no help for us in th resurrection of Christ, who said, "All that are in the tomb shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that hav done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that hav done ill unto the resurrection of judgment (John 5:29) We are often summoned to the present resurrection of char acter in such words as, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seel those things that are above" (I. Cor. 3:1, 2; Rom. 6:4 14:7-9). A New York artist and author took a buildin used for a stable and factory, and made it over into a mos artistic home. It was an architectural resurrection, recallin the poem

> Build thee more stately temples, O my soul
> As the swift seasons roll;
> Leave thy low-vaulted past.

Luther used to say, "When one comes and knocks at th door of my heart and asks 'Who lives here?' I reply, 'Mar tin Luther used to, but he has moved out, and Jesus Chris now lives here,'" The risen Christ comes anew to, and int those whose self has been crucified to be in them a new lif of glad service.

O joy, to Mary first allowed, when roused from weeping o'er hi shroud.
So is it still—to holy tears in lonely hours Christ Risen appears;
In social hours who Christ would see, must turn all tasks to charity

G. SPANGENBERG

"THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THE WOMEN, FEAR NOT YE"

* Christ Risen. International Sunday School lesson for June 19. Matthew 28: 1-15. Golden Text: "Now is Christ risen from the dead," I. Corinthians 15: 20.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

By MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

AND so the old house is to be opened at last," said Uncle Dan'l, as he leaned on his spade and looked across the road to the house opposite. The building was of brick, and stood back from the street, tall elms shading its front from the too ardent rays of the summer sun. Uncle Dan'l resumed his work of spading up the garden beds in the front yard of his own cottage, meanwhile continuing his musings.

"Seems as if it was but yisterday, when it was built," he murmured, "and it was forty-six year ago this spring, sence them wooden shetters was nailed up, and they've never been took down, and now their a-goin' to open it up and sell it," and the old man began to carefully loosen the soil around a large rose-bush, growing between the sitting-room windows. Very carefully he worked with tender touch. "Rest a-comin' into bloom agin', aint ye?" he said; "to be sure it is not the same bush that I planted here so many years ago, but I've been mighty careful about keepin' it, and a-trainin' the slips as like as I could to the old bush.

"And they air really a-goin' to open the old house, now that David is gone.

"He's been gone from us a good many year, and I've never ceased to wonder if Nancy did jest edzactly right to let him go. If she did, he would hev made her a good husband, for he set sech store by her; but he had her own notions of right and wrong, and so hed he fur that matter, and he stuck to 'em through thick en thin, an' as would he.

"It was jest a question of which was right, and I've never quite settled it in my mind. I can remember that June as well as if 'twas yisterday, and how proud and happy Nancy was a-singin' about her work, a-puttin' the finishin' touches to her weddin' dress, while David put the finishin' touches to the house. He built it right across the road, so as not to take Nancy away from her father an' mother an' me; for after Nancy was married, I should never leave the old folks, nor bring in any daughter-in-law to bother them. I guess they knew there was not much danger after Louisa Eldredge showed her good sense a-marryin' Zeb Carter instead of one." And the old man straightened up, and looked long and earnestly across the street at the shuttered house. Grim and silent it stood; but there was nothing of the tumble-down order about it, for it was built of substantial brick, which had withered nearly half a century of storms, and looked as if it might last another fifty years.

The windows were concealed by tight-nailed wooden shutters, and the doorways had also been boarded up. Grass grew rank and thick all around, and in the corner of the yard stood an immense clump of lilac bushes, which had grown to the proportion of small trees. Great fragrant masses of purple flowers nodded and swayed in the June breezes every year, and they seemed to say that no matter what might come, they would be faithful to their trust; for had not David whispered, as he set out the slender bush, so many years ago, "Lilacs, bloom as soon as you can, for Nancy loves ye so. Next to white roses, Nancy loves ye." But David had gone never to return, long before the lilacs bloomed. Still they blossomed year after year, and every season for more than twenty years a sweet-faced woman would come from the cottage across the street, and gather the blossoms, burying her face in their fragrance, which carried her back to that happy time so long ago; but she never entered the house, in fact no mortal foot had trod within its portals, since a man with set lips turned the key in the lock, and gave orders that doors and windows should be sealed, and never opened until he so ordered.

As Uncle Dan'l works in his beloved garden, and the breeze sighing through the elms reaches the lilacs, we will go back to that time when David Stearnes built and furnished the house, and when the day set for his wedding with sweet Nancy Hills was very near. How busily both had been for many months; how everything about the house had been planned with joy in the present, and a belief in an almost glorified happiness to come, when they should begin life in the beautiful home opposite the cottage, where Nancy and her brother Dan'l had been born. The mother renewed her youth in seeing that her daughter was well supplied with all that went to make glad the heart of a New England housewife of that day. Piles of bed and table linen grew under their busy fingers, and at last all was finished, and everything was in the most complete and perfect order in the new house.

The building was far more pretentious, the grounds larger, and the furnishings of the house more complete and elaborate than Nancy or her parents had looked for; for David was a carpenter, and worked at the bench, and while the young man assured them that he had not run in debt for anything, and that everything was certainly paid for, still there was a feeling of uneasiness upon the part of the old folks, which in time was shared by Nancy.

Finally, David said that he would tell her all about his good fortune, which had enabled him to build so fine a house and furnish it so beautifully.

"I can see them now," said Uncle Dan'l, as he carefully separated the roots of "Johnny-jump-ups" preparatory to making several clusters of this tiny forbear of our gorgeous, velvet pansies, "I can see them now as they went across the road, jest as the sun was a-settin' on that June day, so long ago. David was a likely lad, jest like a brother, always, and Nancy, well, she was always as sweet as one of them white roses she loved so; but I guess David found the briars that night, fur we never seen him ag'in. When I come to know about things, I couldn't blame him, and as it was a clear case of doing a thing honestly fur conscience sake, I couldn't blame her.

"And now he is dead and the house will be opened, and everything sold for the benefit of them distant cousins of David's away off in York State.

"How white Nancy looked when she came home in the dusk that night. I never seen David again, and Nancy never told me what passed between 'em, only that David had not come by the money honestly, accordin' to her ideas, and as he would not come to her way of thinkin', she had told him she would not marry him. And only that morning she had been so anxious that the white rose-bush should be in bloom, so that she could wear some of the buds in her hair and on her breast at her wedding, and her wedding-dress was all done, too, and everything else was ready.

"I never seen a woman who looked so sweet and gentle as Nancy, so set in her way. I tried to talk to her once, and then I give it up. I guess she and mother had some kind of an understandin', for they seemed to be a dretful comfort to each other. Mother came of one of the old Puritan families, an' I guess that accounted for some of Nancy's firmness."

Here Uncle Dan'l raised his wide-brimmed straw hat and mopped his bald head with his handkerchief. Then taking the clipping-shears, he began trimming the narrow strip of box which bordered the garden beds. "If folks ever hears me a-talkin' as they go by, I 'spose they don't know what to think, but ever sence father and mother died an' I've been alone, it seems so natural to talk to these plants, especially about Nancy, for she an' me used to work over 'em so much.

"She never went over to the sheltered house only in June, when the lilacs was in bloom, and then every evenin' as long as they lasted she would go over jest as the sun was settin' and bring home some of the blossoms; and how she did tend that white rose-bush. Them two things is all that let me know she hadn't forgot David, for she never spoke of him, and we never heard from him, only that he was a-wanderin' around furrin' parts, and that he kept the taxes paid on the house, and that it was never to be opened as long as he lived. And now David is dead, and they are a-goin' to open it. I am glad Nancy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 506

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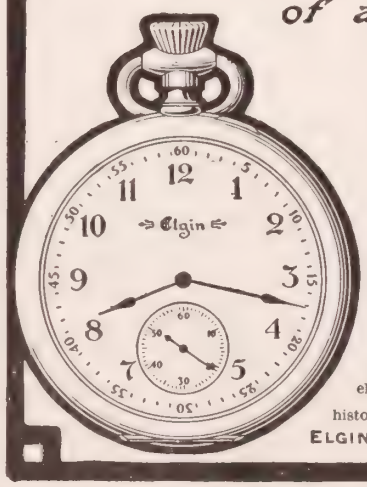

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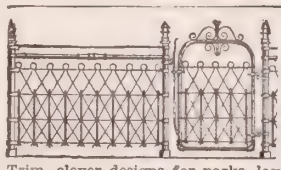

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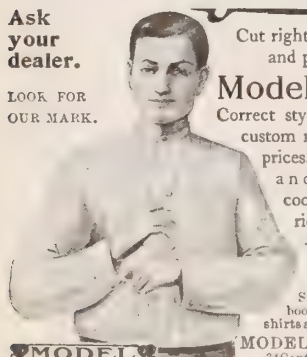

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OUR CHILDREN'S HOME REMEMBERED

Friends Across the Continent Endow Cots in Memory of Their Own Dear Dead

A GOOD many years ago, there lived in a New England University town a young girl, who wandered at will during the summer months among the hills and meadows where bloomed the shy wild flowers and the ferns. The freedom of sunshine and country air were hers by right of birth; and when she married and went to live in the city, though wealth and all the luxury that money could bring came to her, the girl-wife's heart always turned to the country. When the boys came—three of them—to bless her life, they were given all the blessings that come with wholesome country living.

Years passed on, and found the girl no longer young—widowed, and living far away from the scenes of her youth. Not so far however but that the story of Mont-Lawn and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home reached her. Two of the boys, who had made life so full of joy to her, had passed to the other life, and in memory of these dear ones, two cots have been endowed for the season by this loving mother, who says in a recent letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

My heart goes out to little ones, for I have been much with them, through ten years of teaching in orphan asylums. I send the money for two cots ($42.00) in memory of my two dear ones, who have passed on to begin life anew. I want to do something for some of God's poor little ones, who have so few of the joys of life that were once all mine; but, alas! I was not wise enough to share them as I should have done, and now I am a widow, a school-teacher, with one "live lamb" left of the dear flock. It makes me happy to send my mite, and may it let a little of God's sunshine and sweet country air into some dear child's life, for I feel that one who has not met kind Mother Nature in her country home, has not truly lived.

May you all be greatly blessed in your work, is the earnest wish of yours truly,

Sacramento, Calif. MARY E. T.

The pictures of the children in whose memory Mrs. T., sends her offering, will hang over the cots, and the little occupants will thus be reminded of the kind mother who, though her own babies are no longer with her, has made it possible that fourteen poor children may have a delightful vacation at Mont-Lawn this summer.

. . .

The ladies of East Milford, N. H., being very much interested in the Children's Home, held a fair and gave a series of entertainments for the benefit of this beautiful charity, raising $68.17, which generous gift THE CHRISTIAN HERALD acknowledges with many thanks. The committee under whose auspices the money was raised consisted of Miss Francis M. Murphy, Miss Annie Anderson, Miss Charlotte Holt, Anthony Rossi, and Miss Louise Young. At one of the entertainments, a song entitled "The Fresh-Air Fund," composed for the occasion by Mrs. T. H. Carleton, of Milford, N. H., was sung by the children, beginning:

How beautiful and strange
This world of hopes and fears,
'Tis first a ray of sunshine
And then a flood of tears.

. . .

Not long ago, a lady who has been connected for many years with mission work in one of the poorest localities of New York, spoke of the pathetic conditions in some families in her district, where the children were so poorly clad that it was impossible to give them a vacation. Some little ones are absolutely without clothing of any kind, except one ragged, dirty garment that scarcely serves to hide its nakedness; "and it would make your heart ache," said the good woman, "if you could see as I do, the efforts the poor mothers make to get their little ones in some kind of presentable shape, to send away. I know they take their own poor, worn-out dresses, and with fingers so stiff from washing and scrubbing that they can scarcely hold a needle, they will fashion in a clumsy way, a shapeless covering for the little girl or boy; and that the child may have a pair of cheap, coarse shoes, the mother will go barefoot, or will wear a pair of old shoes, ragged and broken, which she may have fished out of some ash-barrel, where they had been thrown by a more fortunate neighbor, whose husband was working and kind enough to bring home part of his pay.

"The older children, these 'little mothers' who have once tasted the happiness of life among the birds and flowers, how they regale the younger ones with wonderful tales of what Mont-Lawn is like, and what good things there are to eat, and 'real beds' to sleep in, where you take your clothes off, every one, before you go to bed, and how 'teacher' tells the nicest stories, while she helps undress the children; and it is all so wonderful, that the small auditors are not always inclined to believe all the story, and think the big brother or sister is telling a fairy tale.

"Where a family lives in one stifling, unventilated room, the children often sleep on the floor, just where they happen to drop."

Partly worn little dresses and underwear, jackets and trousers, are very acceptable in fitting out the children, and all such may be sent direct to the Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 505

ain't here. I know she loved every brick in that house, every blade of grass in the yard, and every leaf and flower on the trees and lilac bushes. I know she loved David, for when she died, mother put her wedding-dress on her, and put white roses in her hair and purple lilacs on her breast. 'Nancy wanted it,' was all she said, and though she may not have known anything about it, every June her old brother has put the same flowers from the same bushes on her grave. I know David's love was true, although he could not think as Nancy did, or he would not have wandered all over the world and never had a home, until he died—he was set in his way too. I guess we air all a little inclined that way, and ef we can't hev things jest as we want 'em, we won't hev 'em at all.

"It was fer Nancy's sake that David went away, but it was for conscience sake that Nancy gave him up, all because David drew a winning ticket in a lottery and built and furnished the house with the money.

"I have never been able to figure it out entirely to my satisfaction. Still, if David had stole the money, or got it in some mean underhanded way; ef he had cheated in his dealin's with his feller-critters, and took advantage in anyway; ef the money had been accumulated a sellin' rum, or ef David had gambled, I could make up my mind mighty quick as to who was right in the matter; but a lottery, that seems to be open to argyment. They's a number ef places in the Scripters that speaks of castin' lots, still times is different now, and people is different, and p'r'aps ef David and Nancy was alive now they would think different, and do different. Nancy might be jest a leetle less sot in her opinions, and then ag'in, p'r'aps David might give in for her conscience sake ef not for his own."

And Uncle Dan'l walked across the street and carefully cut a bunch of budding lilacs, saying to himself, "The last time, I 'spose, as the old place is goin', and a block is to be put up on the ground. Nancy shall have one more bunch of white roses and lilacs, and I will be patient a little while longer, for there is a land where David will be my brother and I shall have my sister again, and where there ain't no lotteries."

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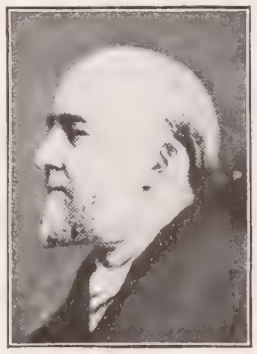
METHODISTS IN CONFERENCE

As announced in this journal last week, the result of the earlier ballots for the election of bishops by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Los Angeles, Calif., was the election of Drs. J. F. Berry, Henry Spellmeyer, William F. McDowell, James W. Bashford, William Burt, Luther B. Wilson, and Thomas B. Neely. On the fourteenth ballot, Dr. James R. Day, Chancellor of the Syracuse University, was elected to fill the eighth place on the Board of Bishops.

DR. T. B. NEELY

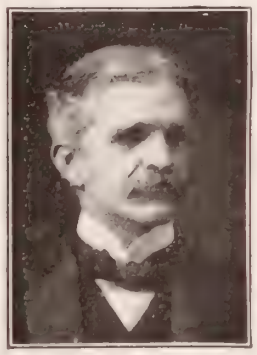


DR. JOSEPH F. BERRY

As early as the fourth ballot, Dr. Day had withdrawn his name as a candidate, but each of the following ballots had indicated the desire on the part of a large number of the delegates for his election.

Two days after his election, Dr. Day appeared before the Conference and announced that he had decided not to accept the appointment. He said:

"Since my election I have thought of nothing but my duty to the Church of which you are the representatives. Now, my dear brethren, I have reached my decision, after opening my mind prayerfully to appeals of duty from every side and to every source of help possible to me. I am not influenced by matters of material welfare. I wish to make it clear that there has been no coercion by the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University, and that financial consideration does not in any way enter into this question. I cannot conscientiously say, in view of many serious and perplexing problems, that I should take upon myself the office and work of a bishop. I feel deeply moved to continue in the work of Christian education. If I am mistaken it is not because I have not been willing and anxious to know and do the will of God, for I know there is neither safety nor success in following any but the Divine voice."



DR. W. F. M'DOWELL

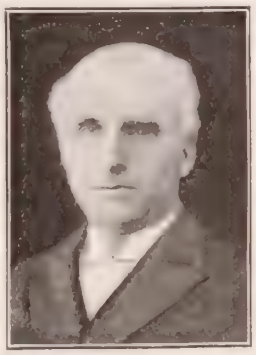
DR. J. W. BASHFORD

The announcement caused general surprise, for only once before in the history of the Church had a bishop-elect resigned before his consecration. It was, however, received with respect, as the decision had clearly been the result of careful and prayerful consideration. The Conference then resolved to postpone indefinitely the election of an eighth bishop.

The four Missionary Bishops elected were Dr. John E. Robinson and Dr. William F. Oldham for Southern Asia; Dr. Merriman C. Harris, for Korea and Japan; and Dr. Isaiah B. Scott, for Africa. Dr. Robinson's election will be especially gratifying to readers of this journal, because of the valuable services he rendered in the administration of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund during the great Famine.

An important decision was reached by the Committee on Benevolences, which reported to the Conference in favor of consolidating all the work in three great departments: First, the Board of Foreign Missions; Second, the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension; and Third, the Board of Education, comprising Sunday Schools and the Freedmen's Aid. It is expected that the report will give rise to one of the most intense debates of the whole Conference, as the colored delegates are understood to be vigorously opposed to the consolidation.

One of the most interesting reports presented to the Conference was that on the work in Africa from Bishop Hartzell. He pleaded most earnestly for financial help in the vast work to which he is assigned. A thrilling passage was that in which he described a midnight reverie in the African solitudes. He said:



DR. HENRY SPELLMEYER

I recall an hour at night during my first trip in Angola. I had been in the hammock all day, and was weary and could not sleep. Walking out of my tent and passing beyond the sleeping forms of my faithful black carriers lying on the ground, I was alone. The stillness was oppressive, and was made more so to me by the very stars, which in the tropics seem to hang out like lamps in the clear sky. A feeling of unspeakable loneliness came over me. Where was I? What was my mission? How was I equipped to do my work? And the reply came: I am in a heathen continent, and was sent to take the Gospel to its heathen multitudes; and yet to care for thirty men, women and children, a remnant of my predecessor's self-supporting work in that region, and to reorganize the work, I had the pittance of a few thousand dollars. It seemed to me as if my heart would break. But I remembered I was in the path of duty, and a great peace, that has never left me, came into my soul. Then the grip of a mighty faith in God took possession of me, and that too abides.

Bishop Warne's report of the work of the Methodist Church in India was full of hope and enthusiasm. That Church had to bear the brunt of the labor connected with the famine, and it is now reaping the reward which has come from service well performed. A large portion of the funds raised by this journal was distributed by Methodist missionaries, their stations being far the most numerous in the afflicted districts. The benevolence of that trying time has opened the way to the hearts of the people. Bishop Warne says: "Remarkable as has been the growth of our work during the past quadrennium, that alone does not measure the full depth of our reasons for gratitude. The future opens before us with brighter promise than ever before. In the beginning of our work in India we had to search diligently to find the inquirer, but now we are sought for by inquirers."

AMONG THE WORKERS

—REV. JOSHUA H. SOBEY, the veteran American missionary in San Jose, Costa Rica, C. A., writes hopefully of his work at Bocas del Toro and Panama. In the latter he has been conducting services among the laborers.

—EVANGELIST L. SHELLHORN, of Ashland, N. J., recently closed a week of impressive services in Hamilton Ave. M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J. On Sunday April 10, the entire Sunday School knelt at the altar.

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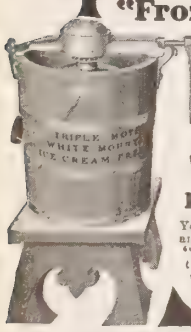

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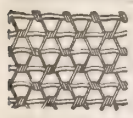

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A Parable from Japan*

"IN a certain place there was once an extraordinary dunce by the name of Chokichi. Now, there are very many dunces in this world, but this particular fellow was a most accomplished dunce. In the matter of forgetting things he was a perfect genius.

"One day his mistress said to him:

"'Chokichi, this is the anniversary of the death of our principal ancestor, and his reverence the priest will be here before long. Therefore we must have the customary offerings ready to set before the household gods. So hurry to the market and buy me some carrots, dock, wild potatoes, mushrooms, and lotus root—these five things.'

"With this she gave him five farthings, and Chokichi, with an exclamation of assent, girded up his loins and started off.

"As he was hurrying along to market on a dog-trot, he met his neighbor Chomatsu.

"'Hello, Chokichi!' said the latter; 'you are in a great hurry. What are you after and where are you going, anyhow?'

"'To market to buy some things,' answered Chokichi, as he hurried on.

"'Well, what are you going to buy?'

"'What am I going to buy? I don't know, I'm sure,' was the reply.

"So the story goes. This forgetting the important business that his mistress had sent him on, and only racing in the street—it was a great piece of folly, was it not?

"And yet this Chokichi is not to be heedlessly laughed at. For while it may not be true of this audience, yet in certain distant parts of the country there are many people who forget the essential thing, just as Chokichi did; whereas, so far as other matters are concerned, they know everything about them. If you don't believe it, ask anybody.

"Here, Hachibei! [The speaker addresses an imaginary character.] They tell us that everything born into this world has a commission from heaven. For example, take the cow and the horse—what were they born for? And Hachibei will answer, 'Why, anybody knows that! They were born to carry heavy loads and to save folks labor.' But the cock, what was he born for? Ask him that, and he will tell you, 'He was born to tell the hours.' The dog, what was he born for? 'He is to guard the gate.' But the cat, what is she for? 'She is to catch rats.' Ask anything you please, so far as general matters are concerned, and he knows all about them. Well, then, Hachibei, you yourself, what were you born into this world for? But Hachibei will scratch his head, and finally answer, 'What was I born for? I don't know. Most likely I came just to eat rice and find fault.' For us to think that man alone came into this world to wander purposeless — that is for us to belong to the foolish fellowship of Chokichi. . . . It is man alone that has not come into this world just to eat rice and to grow old. Man is called the lord of the universe; of all things he is chief. He is not like the dog or the cat. It is not for him to wander aimlessly.

"But let us go on with our story. Chokichi reached the market-place at last, but he had quite forgotten what he came to buy. And so, as he was loafing around the place, with the money in his hand, he caught sight of some cakes in a shop-window. Forthwith he bought and ate about a dozen of them. Then he loitered here and loitered there; he drank a little wine and loafed in the grog-shop. He spent every one of his five farthings, buying things in the street and eating them on the spot. And then he went home grumbling to himself:

"'It wasn't enough? Mistress didn't give me coppers enough! And so I can't get any fried eels or duck-hash!'

"Now, when he got home, maybe his master and mistress weren't waiting for him! And maybe they weren't hot!

"'Look here, Chokichi, what have you been doing? Have you brought what you were sent for?'

"When they said this, Chokichi answered, in a dazed sort of way:

"'No, I haven't brought anything at all.'

"'But what have you done with the money we gave you?'

"'Oh, the money!' said he; 'why, I spent it all for things to eat in the street; only it wasn't nearly enough.'

"Master and mistress sat completely dumb. At length they broke out:

"'Why, what are you thinking about? The five farthings—don't you understand? We didn't tell you to spend them in any such way as that! You were to buy carrots, and dock, and the rest! But instead of buying what we need, you spend them in stuffing yourself, and then on top of that you tell us that you haven't enough! You must be a perfect fool!'

"And they stormed and scolded away.

"Now, dunces are beyond redemption.

"'Why!' said Chokichi, with a look of utter amazement, 'do you want some carrots and some dock? If that is what you want, I've just been to the market, and why didn't you tell me so? That would have been the very time to get them.'

"Well! well! He was an accomplished dunce! And in the wide world one could hardly find a master that would keep such a fellow for five minutes. So in the end there was nothing to do but send him away with two or three cuffs across the head. However, it is quite useless for any of you to hear a story of this kind and merely roar over it. This is nothing less than a parable. And with the words of Confucius on our lips, 'If I see folly, I look within myself,' to-day both you and I should well consider whether we too do not belong to the company of this Chokichi.

"In the first place, we received at birth from our Master these admirable bodies that we call the five members. We were provided with what we call the five senses, far more precious than the five farthings — the five functions of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling. In our hearts, likewise, we received at birth the five virtues of love, justice, courtesy, wisdom and truth. And the real meaning is simply this: Heaven desires to have us buy what we call the five relations —the carrots and the dock, which are these five things: obedience to parents, loyalty to masters, concord between husband and wife, harmony among brothers, and a mutual fidelity in our intercourse with others. And yet, quite forgetting the essential business of the five rules or doctrines, day and night we spend our time in nothing but this buying and eating things in the street, with its, 'I want this—I want that—that will not do—or, there is not enough of this!' Why, is not this Chokichi? It was not to wander about thus purposeless that we were born."

*By permission of the J. B. Lippincott Company (Philadelphia), from Dr. James A. B. Scherer's *Japan To-Day*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. K. F. S. "I wish to thank the dear Lord for an answer to an earnest prayer, for which I am very thankful."

Mrs. R. G., Clifton, Pa. "The Lord he has kept me and helped me through my trouble, and I praise his holy name."

M. B. S., Lodi, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. H. A. N. "God has answered my prayers many times. I am still in trouble, but I will trust he doeth all things well."

Mrs. R., Elk Point, S. D. "The Lord has wonderfully blessed me. He answered a prayer for which I will thank him as long as I live."

S. A. M., Oneida County, N. Y. "I promised the Lord that if he would help me in my work I would acknowledge it. I write to fulfil my promise."

M. G. V., Millstone, N. J. "The dear Father has answered prayers for me many times. I praise his holy name."

Mrs. D., Michigan. "God has heard and answered my prayers. I ask the prayers of God's children for the conversion of my dear ones."

Mrs. N. F., Noble, Okla. "I am a firm believer in our Father's hearing and answering our prayers. I know he has answered my prayers and kept me."

M. A. G., Harvard, Neb. "Many times have my prayers been answered. I believe in taking everything to God in prayer, and he in his own way and own time will answer. This testimony, perhaps, may help others to pray."

Florence E., Lynden, Ont., Can. "I have personally proved that our loving Heavenly Father hears and answers prayer."

E. G. R., Edgetts, Mich. "I want to acknowledge answers to many prayers. 'He is faithful that promised.'"

Mrs. D. A., Lynn, Mass. "I must tell of the wonderful answers to prayer, for which I give God the glory, hoping that this testimony may help some discouraged one."

Mrs. A. W. "I wish to acknowledge our Father's goodness to me during the past six months in answering many prayers."

Mrs. D. C. G., Franklin, Tenn. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer. I was deeply concerned about a matter. I took it to the Lord. The answer came, and it was even a greater blessing than I had asked. May this encourage others."

J. S. H. "After years of earnest pleading the answer to my prayer has come. Trust and wait patiently, for he is faithful that promised."

H. K. "I was in great trouble, but I prayed for deliverance and God heard me, and answered my prayer."

H. C. "I wish to give God the glory and return thanks for many direct answers to prayer in matters spiritual, physical and temporal."

I. F. "God is ever near to me and helps me from hour to hour. He has heard my many prayers and answered many times."

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M. E. Munson, Pub., 77 Bible House, New York

Bearing Discouragement*

MANY people in former times, and in heathen lands in our own time, have wondered at the sublime heroism displayed by men and women, who were generally regarded as weak, timid and retiring in disposition. It was amazing, for example, how the Chinese converts, during the recent Boxer troubles, resolutely faced death for Christ's sake. During the horrors of the Inquisition, it was noticed that the bravest sufferers, were, in many cases, physically weak. Men and women who might be crushed by a blow, dared defy powerful tyrants. No less remarkable, is to witness the fortitude displayed in some homes. Sometimes a fierce peril will brace the nerves in a time of public excitement, and will make the weakest brave; but it needs heroism of a higher order to bear the daily taunts, the cruel sneers, the savage threats uttered in the privacy of the home. There are some women whose lives are a living death; yet they go on doing the daily round of duty, cheerful, gentle, affectionate to husband and children. How is it that they can do this? They endure, because they see Him who is invisible. "They look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." He whom they serve, gives them to eat of the hidden manna, and, in the strength that it gives, they bear and work.

Strange that faith should have such power, yet there are too many instances of it to allow of doubt. The firm conviction that Christ sees and knows, and that he approves, is the secret comfort that keeps the sufferer true and unsubdued. Rather than lose Christ's approval, pain, ignominy, scorn, are borne patiently. It is not the hope of reward that buoys up the spirit. There is no reward that could compensate for such suffering as some people endure. It is the consciousness of doing right, of the sympathy and love of Christ, which impart strength. To do his will, to be patient as he was, this is the achievement which gives peace amid the storm.

We faint not. The story of Luther's talk with his wife has been often told, but still bears repetition. Harassed by opposition from the Pope and the Roman Catholic princes; disheartened by disaffection among his own supporters, he came home almost in despair. His wife seeing him so cast down, affected to be herself in distress. She told him that she had heard that God was dead. Luther was shocked at her apparent flippancy, and told her that it was impossible that God should die. "Why, then," she asked, "are you so cast down? If God lives, can he not take care of you, and of his own cause?"

The same spirit of faith. The faith that has supported martyrs in all ages was exemplified in China by a humble convert. The Boxers seized and dragged him to a temple. There they bade him burn incense before an idol, with the alternative of death. "Kill me if you will," he said, "Jesus died for me and I am ready to die for him if he so wills, but I will never deny him." They tried to terrify him with their knives, but he was firm, and at last they struck off his head.

The inward man is renewed. An infidel in Birmingham, England, had a Christian wife, a small, weak woman, in striking contrast to her burly husband. He determined at all costs to break down her religious faith. He argued with her and abused her, but she remained firm. He was the more exasperated by her firmness in this matter, because she was usually so submissive. He tried various plans to break her spirit, one of which was to lock her in the house on the Lord's day, so that she could not go to church. He rightly thought that the words she heard from the pulpit encouraged her in her resistance to his will. To his surprise, however, he found her still determined, and though he beat her he could not subdue her spirit. God was giving her the strength she needed. Finally, he gave up the struggle, owned himself beaten, and permitted her to go her own way. He told the story himself when, a few years later, in answer to her prayers, he was converted.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 19. II. Cor. 4: 7-18.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Valley of Peace

THEY recall no more grim war's alarms,
Forgotten are shot and shell,
That rent and tore. For calmly now
In the Valley of Peace they dwell.

Long years have fled: long gone the day,
When bravely fighting, they fell,
Those soldiers true. Their strivings o'er,
In the Valley of Peace they dwell.

Near the Valley of Peace, the Hills of Joy
In grandeur arise, and tell
Of brave deeds done, ere the soldiers came
In the Valley of Peace to dwell.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

How a Gospel Mission Grew

SEVEN years ago William A. Miller, a devout Christian and an employee in the Brooklyn Post-office, opened a mission in a somewhat neglected part of that city, on Pulaski Street, near Reid Avenue, in the Eastern district. The first meeting was held in an empty store, and a deposit of two dollars was given before the place could be secured. At the end of the first year another room was added, and at the close of the second year an old stable adjoining was transformed into a hall large enough to accommodate the increased attendance at the services.

It was a story of small beginnings, that grew under constant blessings. Mr. Miller soon gathered around him a band of Christian workers, who labored earnestly in the meetings and at the street services. During the past seven years no mission in Eastern Brooklyn has been more successful or far-reaching in results than the Gospel Mission House, as it is called. It has been instrumental in doing much good. Tramps, drunkards, and the careless and indifferent, have been led to Christ, and are now working to save others. Lives have been transformed in this humble mission, whose meetings are carried on all the year round. Hardly a night passes without some poor wanderer coming forward and asking to be prayed for.

The lot on which the building stands was originally purchased for $3,600. The old building was demolished, the work of tearing it down and laying floors being done exclusively by the mission workers. Since then a combination building has been erected, at a cost of $7,000. The first story is of brick, the two upper stories frame. There is a debt of $3,500 on the building, which all are trying to clear off.

Among the most zealous helpers in the Mission are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Baker, who sing the Gospel songs at many of the services, Sunday and week days. The Mission auditorium accommodates between four and five hundred persons, and is often crowded. There is a Sunday School of about two hundred scholars, which does much good in the community. No person is paid any salary; all give their services free, including the Superintendent. J. J. M.

The Left-Handed Moros

TO judge Moros by inflexible Occidental standards of motives and morals (writes Chaplain C. C. Bateman) is to lose at once the key to the situation. The very structure of their language differentiates them from ourselves. Verbs are in the passive voice. The man who was slashed and killed provoked the trouble. The under dog in the fight is always the aggressor. The thief is not blamed for "finding" things lying about at loose ends; the man who lost the property is the real criminal—besides, he is a fool. If he were a sensible man, he would have exercised vigilance against the approach of the thief. Moros reverse everything. Like all Orientals, they venerate the past and their folklore; myths and legends abound in tales not unlike those of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment.* They turn to the left of the road, extend the left hand naturally in greeting, and the scribes write from right to left, turning the paper sidewise, as any left-handed man would do. A witty officer explained that the preference for the left was due to the desire to keep the right hand free in the event a stranger should need something done to him. The "explanation" may not be far from the truth.

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TURN OVER TIME

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"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest, and eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, these, together with the sedentary habits, were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble, which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food, and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got, and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

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The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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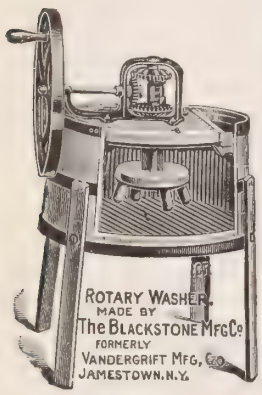

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Indians Turn to Farming

STUDENTS of Indian affairs are delighted with the recent government proclamation, which orders that so much of the land of the Camp McDowell abandoned military reservation as has not been legally settled upon, be set aside and reserved for the use and occupancy of the Mohave-Apaches, now living there, and such other Indians as the Secretary of the Interior may afterwards find necessary to place there. This proclamation fulfils a pledge made to the Indians a quarter of a century ago, and brings to an amicable close the standing dispute between the white settlers on the McDowell lands in the Verde Valley, Arizona, and a band of Indians, between two and three hundred strong, whose original home it was, and to whom the Government had promised their return after a two score years probationary period of certified good conduct. The only people who are at all dissatisfied are eight or ten Mexicans and white men, who had settled upon this land despite the warnings of the custodian, and S. J. Holsinger, Special Agent of the Interior Department. These people had made some improvements of value, but they will be permitted to move whatever is portable, and though legally trespassers, Governor Brodie has requested the Government to pay them for such improvements as they cannot take with them.

The land now secured to the Indians consists of about three hundred acres, embracing the immediate site of the old camp, containing some adobe buildings and a good artesian well, the post garden, the United States Government farm, and the lands lying north of the old camp, containing the old Government irrigation ditch and the target practice grounds.

These Mohave-Apaches at McDowell, have kept faith with the Government and their own consciences, in spite of an extremely discouraging situation.

"Over twenty-five years ago," said good-looking, matronly Mary, wife of Mohave Frank, one of the interpreters of the tribe, "when General Crook put us on the San Carlos reservation, he tell our fathers, 'be good Indians, be soldiers, scouts, whatever we ask, and bime by, maybe twenty years, you go back to your own land.' So we do as we say. We keep peace. We help catch Geronimo. We go to school. We learn to work and live as white people live. Now we come back. White people take our land, our fathers' land, and all the water. We wait long time now. We want to build houses, have stove, table, chair. Live clean like white people and own our land. We poor. No money. Sometimes we hungry. No water, no home," and she waved her hand toward the miserable brush tepee on the barren hills, where her remnant of a conquered race waited for the government to redeem its pledges. "Hungry," as she said, receiving no rations from the government, shifting for the most miserable kind of an existence, while the white and Mexican trespassers, occupied and raised their harvests on all the fruitful part of the reservation, it is small wonder, if, at times, there has been evidence of a nocturnal visit on the potato patch or cornfields of their white neighbors, or that their shaggy ponies have occasionally helped themselves to the white man's hay. But would the white men have done any better? As a rule, these Apache-Mohaves have proved themselves exceptionally honest.

Contrary to general opinion, the Apache has some excellent traits, which, wisely directed, will show good results in the next generation, if not in this. They are not loafers, beggers nor drones from choice. All they have asked, is the land promised them, with water privileges and the necessary farming implements and seeds to give them a start, and to enable them to become self supporting. Already, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Gill, who has been appointed farmer in charge of the new reservation, they have started work. The Apaches are naturally good financiers, shrewd and keen at a bargain.

The women are expert basket weavers, showing great skill and artistic sensibility in the designs and the intricacy of the weave. They are natural musicians, too, and, like the men, are able to draw plaintive melodies from the flutes and stringed instruments which they make from hollow wood. Since they have had schools and teachers on the large reservations, they have learned to make for themselves skirts and waists of gay calico, banded with red about the bottom. They bang their hair just above the eyes and cut it off square at the shoulders. They are inordinately fond of beads, and wear them in masses over their shoulders around their necks. Just at present a big jew's-harp, suspended from a string of beads about the neck, is deemed the acme of elegance, while a string of little bells, around the leg just below the knee, has the cachet of Dame Fashion, in Apache land.

A petition sent by the Mohave-Apaches to Washington, closes with these earnest words, "We desire nothing more than that we may be enabled to become self-supporting, self-respecting and independent American citizens." While the number of acres just allotted by the Government for their settlement seems small, the Rev. Mr. Gill has already supplemented it by the purchase from his own means, of 160 acres and is settling Indians thereon, and the hope is expressed by the president of the National Indian Association, that private benevolence will provide for a further purchase. With homes assured, there is little reason to doubt that these Indians will turn their hands to the plough, and soon become a happy, prosperous people.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Layman's View of the Problem of the Poor

IN your issue of May 4, you submit this question to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "How can the poor be helped most effectually?" The answer is very simple, though I doubt my ability to state it in such a manner as will carry conviction to the many. All efforts have hitherto failed to be of any permanent benefit, and all must fail until the cause of poverty is removed. The Salvation Army was the greatest, best directed, most far-reaching effort ever made, yet it must be acknowledged that it was pitifully insufficient.

What is the cause of poverty? This is so plain and palpable to me, that I cannot understand why everyone else does not see and acknowledge it. It is the foundation stone on which society, our civilization we boastfully call it, is built up—competition. A continuous, life-long fight, each individual against every other individual, except where several combine, like packs of wolves, to enable them to prey upon others more surely and more securely. And these have no heart or conscience. They commit any act of oppression and cruelty, and then say, "Oh, I didn't do it, the 'pack' did it." I might give many illustrations of this, but I am afraid of the editor's dictum, "too long—waste basket!"

We must acknowledge that this system of competition is according to the laws of nature. We find it not only in the animal kingdom, among the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, but in the vegetable kingdom also; plants and trees struggling for room, for light, for life, withering, blighting, destroying their neighbors. This is called, "the survival of the fittest," in other words, the trampling to death of the weak. This is according to the laws of nature; God made those laws, therefore they are right, and we should live by them. That's good logic, according to the wisdom of this world; but the only proof I have of the Divinity of Christ, the truth of his teaching, and, therefore, his power to save, is this—that his doctrines are contrary to the laws of nature; so far above all human thought that they never could have been conceived in the brain of man, "for the carnal (natural) mind, is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed, can be." Instead of war, Christ teaches peace; instead of self-interest, self-sacrifice; instead of contention, brotherly love; instead of competition, co-operation.

Here, then, is the answer to your question. To effectually help the poor we must change our system of competition to co-operation. How so radical a change can be effected is another question. The difficulties are so tremendous, the dangers, or apparent dangers, so great, that one is appalled. Still it must be admitted that a system that permits men, women and children to starve to death, or suffer hunger, or to be without good, wholesome food or sufficient clothing and fuel, whether from lack of work, or disability from sickness, old age or mere triflingness—such system is evidently wrong, unchristian, inhuman.

Some may call this socialism. I don't care what it is called, it is right, and no more than right in the sight of God, according to the teachings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be praise forever and ever.

Hawks Park, Fla. J. P. WILKINSON.

A Veteran in Good Works

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:—I am an old subscriber. The first thing I do after the mail arrives is to look over THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I value it next to my Bible. I am living on borrowed time, being now in my eightieth year. I erected the family altar fifty-two years ago, and during all this time the Lord has wonderfully blessed me. I have superintended a Sunday School for fifty-two consecutive years. I am old, but not too old to work for the good Lord. My wife is in her seventy-sixth year, and attends Sunday School whenever convenient. May God bless all workers engaged in the Sunday School work; we are a large army. They who trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing. A. S. RILAND.

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RESURRECTION LIFE

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR beloved Lord yielded up his life that he might take it again. He laid it down for our sakes, but, oh, the wondrous marvel th he should also have taken it again fo us! "Who was delivered for our o nces, and was raised for our justifica ti" (Rom. 4: 25). Loving hands took d n the lifeless body of the Lord, and la it in Joseph's new tomb, in a winding-sh et which he provided. And Joseph ro ed a great stone to the door of the sp lchre. But it was the burial of One wo had power to take his life again, and th stone was not to remain on the door o the sepulchre unmoved. Man's at-te pts to keep the Saviour in the grave we futile.

The angel who had terrorized the guard h a word of comfort for the women who h come to visit the sepulchre. He said t them, "Fear not ye"—let them fear—"f I know that ye seek Jesus which was c cified. He is not here; for he is risen, a he said. Come, see the place where th Lord lay." It was a wondrous mes-sa e; they had been more occupied with d th than with resurrection, for they b ught spices and ointments which they h prepared (Luke 23: 56; 24: 2; no doubt t keep the sacred body from decay. And n w they find an empty tomb, and an a el—not the Roman guard—in possess n!

Are we, like those women, occupied wh a dead Saviour? The women were e er enough to do something for him. Th is human nature. But it was a need-le task which they imposed upon them-s ves; and very much of our doing is of th order. Jesus wanted these women to believe, not to do. He wanted them to a prehend him as the Risen One, and to l rn to have to do *with* more than *for* h. And he wants us now to have our c versation in heaven; in close touch wh a Saviour in the place of power, at th right hand of God. Not taken up wh circumstances and things around us, b with what God means by them; what his plans and what his will and power for the present moment is. God would have us live looking up, and live as those who are at home where Christ is, in heaven; having really, not nominally, our conversation in heaven, from whence we look for our Lord.

Christ was not only raised again for our justification; it is Christ as our power which is also secured by the position of our Saviour, the God-man, at the right hand of God. How does that mighty working of God in Christ's resurrection affect us? On the answer to this question hangs the whole of our Christian life. It is of infinite importance. Let us look into it in much prayer, looking to the blessed Holy Spirit to make real to us what we read or hear.

When we consider how weak we are against the power of Satan over our spirit, soul, or body, and how much mightier he is than we, we may well be discouraged; but, if we fully take by faith the place which God has given us, in Christ, in the heavenly places, then we have not to reckon on what we are, but what Christ is in heaven; and to remember that God sees us in Him up there. "I cannot endure the rasping of such a Christian's spirit; I try, and am always conquered; I cannot love her, I cannot speak kindly to her; it would be hypocrisy," says one. And it is true: you cannot. But he is "far above" this trial, and he can do what you cannot. He sees in that one, so difficult to you, a soul for whom he has suffered, one whom he is bearing upon his heart before the throne. You are in him, and in him above that temptation. Look at him! He can bear with her; and you are in him. Praise him that you are in him and that she is in him, and you will find love to her kindling in your heart.

"I have insurmountable difficulties," says another. "My business is in an impossible tangle; I am getting deeper and deeper involved. I have done all I can, and am helpless." And he is on the throne, and tells you to sit with him in victory.

Our Weekly Puzzle Competition

Conducted by A. B. R. Open to all Readers of "The Christian Herald"

All Solutions must be sent in on postal cards, and no other business should be mentioned

1. Mail your answer on the Monday following the date of this paper.
2. No communication post-marked before or after this particular Monday will be recognized, hence, in the consideration of solutions and the awarding of prizes, distance plays no part whatever.
3. **250 prizes** will be awarded to the first 250 correct answers.
4. In fairness to all, no communications will be examined until ten days after the date of mailing mentioned above.
5. Of course, under these circumstances, only subscribers within the boundaries of the United States proper, and the Dominion of Canada can successfully compete.
6. The names of all who have correctly solved any of the puzzles will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether they receive a prize or not.
7. The prize for this week's puzzle will be a full size facsimile copy of *The Declaration of Independence*, all charges prepaid.
8. Address all postal cards in this competition:

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,
"The Christian Herald,"
92 Bible House, New York

PUZZLE No. XI.

ON an island in the Pacific is a famous volcano, its crater a vast pit one thousand feet deep. By a rocky, zigzag path one may descend to the centre, which is a lake of molten lava. The superstitious islanders, who named this lake Halemaumau, "the house of everlasting burning," stood in awe of the goddess of fire, and at the first signs of an eruption threw living animals into the crater to appease her wrath.

A native princess, who became a Christian, resolved to defy the goddess, and thus free the people, if possible, from this superstition. Many of her friends, having implored her in vain to give up so dangerous an undertaking, went with her a journey of one hundred miles to the crater.

Arriving, she hurled stones into the lake of lava, and said, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I have no fear of the fire goddess. If I perish by her anger, you may fear her power, but if Jehovah saves me, you must worship him." Then the company knelt while prayer was offered, and the crater rang with the music of a Christian hymn. They returned safely, not followed by the avenging wrath of the fire goddess.

A well-known English writer in one of his books pays a tribute to this princess, who is regarded as one of the world's heroines.

? **Give the name of the Princess and her Island Home** ?

ANSWER TO PUZZLE No. VIII.

IN 1864. HIVAOA, ON THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 8 have been received from Miss D. E. Brownlow, Lillian Betchel, S. C. Bartles, Mrs. W. B. Brunson, Della Davey, Helen G. Dow, Kate Foster, Adolph Krummel, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Mrs. R. L. Montgomery, Mrs. C. H. Kitchen, John H. Perney.

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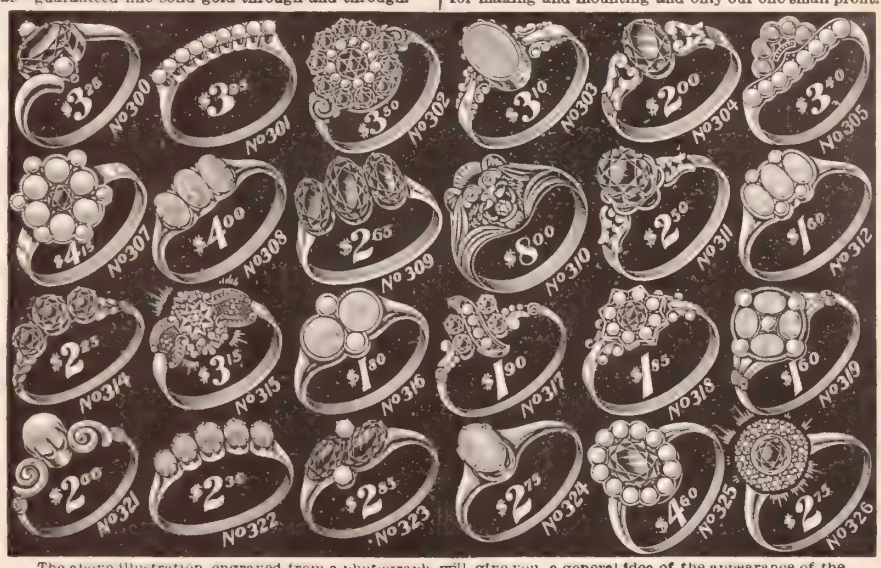

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No. 305	5 Genuine Turquoise and 5 Genuine Pearls	3.40
No. 307	6 Genuine Opals, 1 Ruby Doublet and 6 Genuine Pearls	4.15
No. 308	3 Large Genuine Opals	4.00
No. 309	3 Large Ruby Doublets	2.65
No. 310	2 Ruby Doublets and 1 Emerald Doublet.	8.00
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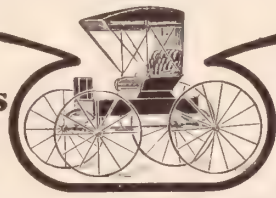

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

A Triumph of Science --- The New Tunnel Under the Hudson River

SEE PAGE 523

Questions & Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

S. W F., Cleveland, O. Will the saints eat and drink in heaven?

We know very little of the conditions of life in heaven, and cannot tell how much of that we do know is literal, and how much figurative. We cannot conceive of a disembodied spirit eating and drinking. Yet Christ's words (Luke 22:30), "That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom," and similar passages, appear to indicate the possibility of there being some kind of repast in the heavenly kingdom.

E G S., Granite Falls, Wash. A local ordinance, recently adopted, regulating the construction of chimneys, flues, etc., is meeting with severe opposition among the residents of the town, as it works hardship to the poorer class and is a gross injustice to those who have good buildings already constructed. Does it not come within the scope of *ex post facto* law as interpreted in the *Crown Encyclopedia*?

The authority of the town council to adopt the ordinance, depends upon the terms of some law of the State of Washington, which is not before me. Every State has such laws, however, and probably the Washington Legislature has already passed an Act, under which the town is proceeding. The ordinance is reasonable, as it seems to me, and not unusual. It comes under what is called the "Police Power" of the State, and would be held constitutional, as an exercise of that power. The objection that the law is *ex post facto*, would be good, if an attempt were made to punish for a breach committed before the ordinance was passed. For instance, if a man were fined for kindling a fire last winter in a stove, the pipe of which was not properly guarded, the fine would undoubtedly be remitted on appeal. The ordinance acts only prospectively, *i. e.*, on acts committed after it was adopted. But if, after the ordinance was passed, a man kindles a fire, with a stove-pipe not properly guarded, as per the ordinance, then he commits an offence to which the rule of *ex post facto* law does not apply. G. H. CRAWFORD.

C A. H., Calais, Me Is it true that in the early church the Lord's Supper was celebrated every Sunday?

It appears to have been the common practice. The expression (Acts 20 7), "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread" implies a regular weekly celebration. Pliny, describing the habits of Christians in his day (Book 10, Epist. 97), implies the same rule. Acts 2:46 seems to indicate that at first there was a daily celebration, but it is not certain.

W N P 1. Why is the Jewish quarter of New York called "The Ghetto"? 2 What part of New York is "Bohemia"? 3. Why the name of "Gotham"?

1. The name is Italian, and is borrowed from the Ghetti of Rome, Frankfort-on-Main, and other European cities where it is employed to designate the lower Jewish quarter. The first European Ghetto (and the first so-called), was established in Rome in 1556. 2. That portion of New York's population which includes a certain class of writers, artists, sculptors, musicians, and players, is known as the Bohemian element. Thus, the location of Bohemia may change, as the Bohemian element moves from one quarter to another. The name originally came from the gypsies or traveling Bohemians, who lived by their wits. 3. It is an old nickname that has stuck to New York since colonial days. It was popularized by Washington Irving in his writings.

Constant Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. I find myself confused in prayer by my ideas of the Trinity. Is it wrong to address prayer to Christ, of whom I can conceive, rather than to the Father, who, being spirit, is inconceivable?

There are probably few Christians who have not at times experienced the same difficulty. An explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity, even if it could be given, would not help you. There is, however, a practical outcome, which may be suggested. Christ is represented by Paul as an expression of God, and by John as the Word. That is he manifested God, doing exactly what you express the need of. He became God in human form, so that we might understand something of the nature of God. The Father thus showed his love for the human race in stooping to our capacities. In all that we reverence in Christ, his sweet compassion, his sympathy with suffering, his magnanimity to his assailants, he showed us something of the infinite depths of the same attributes in the Father. He was so thoroughly one with the Father, that in worshiping him we are worshiping the Father, inasmuch as he represents the Father to us. It is not wrong to address in prayer the Son or the Holy Spirit, any more than in addressing a human being you may appeal to his reason and try to convince him, or to his emotions or affections, and try to influence him. Man himself is a trinity in unity.

L. A. D., Springfield, Mass. Who was the author of the poem, "An Ode to God," commencing: "O thou Eternal One, whose present height"?

It was written by Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, a celebrated Russian statesman, 1743–1816, and translated by Bowring. It can be found in Funk & Wagnall's *Library of Religious Poetry*.

C B., Wafello, Pa. 1. What is habit? 2. What is pain in a physiological sense? 3. Is this quotation correct: "True religion resides in the will alone"?

1. Habit is tendency or inclination toward action, course or condition, which, by repetition, becomes easy, spontaneous, or even unconscious. Thus, once accustomed to a certain course of action, it becomes a second nature. In philosophy and theology, it is the trend or tendency of thought, the mental disposition. 2. The reverse of pleasure or agreeable sensation. The result of mental, nervous or material derangement, strain or other abnormal condition. 3. The apprehension of religious truth may and often does come involuntarily and as a revelation. There must, however, be the will or determination to accept religious truth. Hence the will in this sense is indispensable. The will having assented, simple faith and trust are necessary. We must seek the Kingdom as little children.

Dr. H. M. F., Penn's Grove, N. J., writes:

In the May 25th issue, G. A. O., Custer, S D., asks for a remedy for the tobacco habit. Prayer is a sure cure, if rightly employed. I was at a revival service conducted by Miss Lizzie Sharp. She particularly spoke of God's ability and willingness to have the taste for intoxicating liquors and tobacco destroyed in us by earnest, trusting prayer. I then and there asked God to remove the taste for tobacco in my case. From that hour to this, nearly twenty years, tobacco has had no power over me all desire is gone.

Subscriber, ——. 1. Is a divorced person justified in marrying again? 2. What did Christ mean by his legislation on divorce (Matt. 5:32)? 3. Do you think God would forgive a divorced person who married again, if at the time of the marriage that person intended to seek divine pardon?

1. It is evident that when one partner to a marriage is unfaithful, the other is released morally from the union, and is justified in seeking legal release. The innocent party is thus free to marry again, and is justified in doing so. It is a disputed question whether Paul's statements on the matter (I. Cor. 7:9-15) permit in cases of desertion, divorce, or only a legal separation, without the right of marrying again. The general opinion, however, now is that wilful and permanent desertion justifies divorce. 2. We believe he meant that the marriage was dissolved by the cause named, and that remarriage was justified. 3. It is not for us to limit God's mercy, but you may take it as a principle that no person has the right to do wrong in the hope of getting pardon for it afterwards.

W. A P., Brunswick, O. (1) How can a man be angry and sin not as the apostle enjoins, Eph. 4:26? (2) Does the statement (James 1:14,15) mean that a man is responsible for his own temptations?

1. If he is angry about wicked things, his anger is not sin. If you saw anyone cruelly beating a woman, or a child, or an animal, you would be justified in feeling anger. If you saw a man tempting an innocent youth to evil and taking him into wicked places, you might be angry without sinning. Acts of injustice, or fraudulent dealing with the poor might make you angry without sin. 2. Temptation is not always a man's own fault. It comes to us from without, and unless we palter with it or yield to it we are not blamable. But there are some temptations that are the result of our own conduct. If we go into wicked places out of curiosity; if we suffer the mind to dwell on the pleasures of sin; if we associate with evil companions, we are responsible, as James says.

C. M. K., Chester Springs, Pa. Is it paying a due observance to God's house, for a pastor to give his consent for a mock trial to be held in the church in which he is pastor?

Such a proceeding in the church is sadly out of place. It should be held elsewhere, if at all.

Wesley N. Peck, Mt. Carmel, Conn., writes:

In respect to the little note in THE MAIL BAG of May 18, regarding seedless apples, I would say that no apple can be originated, or its appearance, or habits of growth changed one whit by budding, although different varieties are propagated, or perpetuated by that means. Neither can an apple, by any process of grafting, be made to grow part sweet and part sour. Any experienced horticulturist will confirm this. The apple blossom belongs to the great family known to botanists as the "Roseace," of which all the flowers are in five parts. Thus it sometimes happens that one or more parts of the blossom of an apple may be fertilized by the pollen of some other variety close by, in such a manner that certain fifths of the resultant fruit retain the individuality of that variety. The rest remaining similar to the kind that the parent tree bears. This is rare, however. If a seedless apple can be produced, of good eating and keeping qualities, it is very likely to supersede the seed kinds, as the banana and navel orange have done; and the orchardist who makes a specialty of this variety will find an unlimited market, with prices at his command.

Reader, Osceola, Nebr. Do you think it is right for a Christian young man to resort to a marriage agency to get married?

There is nothing against it, but he takes a risk in adopting such a method.

S. B., Winsted, Conn. How many national or legal holidays are there that were set apart by a special Act of Congress, or by the Legislature of the different States?

The States differ greatly in their legal holidays, but January 1, February 22, May 30, July 4, September 5, General Election Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, are observed in almost all the States. There is no "national holiday"—not even July 4 or Thanksgiving, though Congress has at different times appointed special holidays.

Subscriber, Easton, O If the dietary law, as given to the Jew, was for his physical welfare, would it not be well for us to observe it, especially when we have additional light given us by scientific research, showing that those things that were forbidden are not safe food to eat, on account of trichinosis and other forms of dangerous bacteria?

The wisdom and merit of the Jewish laws governing health, and especially as to food, are now generally admitted. The complete immunity of the Hebrew from many of the diseases that afflict other races is believed to be largely due to those laws. Though in some respects too stringent for modern ideas, their observance in any land and by any people would operate advantageously to health and longevity.

Mrs. Emma M., Olney, Ill. Please tell me the names of the three men whom the star of Bethlehem led?

According to tradition, they were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

J B., Cottage Grove, Wis. What particular property or virtue is in the number seven and its multiples, that it is so often referred to in the Bible?

It is a symbolical number—the symbol of perfection. Thus, there are seven days in creation, seven spirits before the throne of God, seven days in the week, seven capital sins, seven graces seven divisions in The Lord's Prayer, seven "ages" in the life of man, seven phases of the moon, every seventh year was Sabbatical, and every seven times seven years the jubilee; the great feasts lasted seven days, and were held at intervals of seve weeks. The word seven is frequently used t signify completeness, or fullness of time measure. Seven has been aptly called "t keystone on which the symbolism of numbe depends." It is composed of two number three and four—the first representing the thre fold nature of divinity, the second the fourfo nature of humanity, and hence seven repr sents, symbolically, the union between Go and man. The symbolical use of seven w common in Persia, ancient India, Chin Egypt and Arabia.

D. A., Schenectady, N. Y. What is the populatio of the Philippines?

According to the census just completed b Gen. Sanger, the population of the enti group of islands is 7,635,426, of whom 647,7 are classed as wild and uncivilized. This the first census ever taken there, the Spani authorities having simply dealt in estimates

Mrs. L. H. B., Skowhegan, Me. Why did M decai sit at the king's gate?

He probably held some office at the roy court. According to an institute of Cyru all State officers were required to wait in t outer courts until summoned. His po therefore, may have been one of dignity.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kan. In the May 18, issue THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is an article titled "Praying amiss," by Rev. R. J. Campbe in which we read the following: "Some w pray for others who will never pray for the selves. Here, also, are disappointments, and y we read that 'Everyone that asketh, receivet Receiveth what? The very thing he asks fo Christ never said that," etc. Now how sh we harmonize that with Mark 11:24, where says, "What things soever ye desire when pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye sh have them." John 15:7, he says, "If ye abi in me and my words abide in you, ye shall a what ye will, and it shall be done unto you Also, John 16:23, "Whatsoever ye shall ask t Father in my name, he will give it you." The are also other passages of scripture that see to bring out the same meaning. He a speaks of a "foolish prayer." What might consider as such?

As the title of Dr. Campbell's article shov he was dealing with "Praying Amiss" alo and not with prayers that were in accordan with the Divine will. If one were to pray f wealth, or fine surroundings, could he ple Christ's promise and reasonably expect fulfilment? Assuredly not. Jesus said, "Se ye first the Kingdom." Our first and greate requests should be for spiritual things, and we abuse the prayer privilege, we must not surprised at not receiving what we ask f Our Father will answer our prayers in his o way and time. "Foolish prayers," as I Campbell designates them, are like the a peals of children for things that would hurtful, rather than helpful, and so they a denied, or if not denied, are granted, that lesson may be learned from the experience

Miscellaneous

Mrs. E. P. G., Palma Sola, Fla. We do not d cuss politics in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. W. D., Fort Wayne, Ind. Write to Inform tion Bureau, Navy Department, Washington, D.

William J., West Covington, Ky. Tibet a Thibet are the same. There is much variety in t spelling of many Asiatic names.

P B., Superior, Wis. No, to all the questions your letter. These things are certainly not rig and no true Christian could so regard them.

Mrs. A. D., Nemaha, Ia. The comments Mormonism have no reference to the other rival) church, which we understand has alwa been opposed to polygamy.

W. S., Grand View, Oreg. 1. Indulgences of t kind you mention are to be avoided by one who desirous of making progress in the spiritual li 2 A pleasure trip on Sunday is a desecration of t Lord's Day.

Mrs B. P. Carr, Selmon, Okla., writes: "We a trying to keep alive God's Word and work in little mountain Sunday School in Oklahoma, a are in need of a few good books. I am sure so one of the Christian organizations would be glad help us, if they only knew our need."

Wm. C. Bartlett, Antioch, Ill., writes: "T *Crown Encyclopedia*, five volumes, all in go condition, has arrived. I am highly pleased w the books. The map and index system in Vol. is worth more to me than the cost of the full s Many thanks to you for bringing so valuable work within the reach of all who care to have the however poor they may be."

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

IEF NGWANASI AND QUEEN-MOTHER | NATIVE WOMEN BRINGING ANNUAL FOOD TAX TO THE CHIEF | PET "IZINDWA," OR BELL CRANES

In the Kraals of Tongaland

The Romance of a Young Missionary who Worked his Way to Africa

ELDOM has the romance of the foreign mission field, and the strong fascination it possesses for the young heart that is fired with the zeal r Christian service, been more strikingly illustrated an in the case of A. T. Waters, whose remarkable ry is given below. It is the story of a young man, o, while still a mere boy, consecrated his life to mis- nary work, and resolutely overcame all obstacles t stood in the way of his pur- se. How he prepared for the ld, and, almost penniless, pluck- worked his way by sea and d, until he reached Tongaland, d how he labored there, he has odestly related for the benefit those who may be drawn to e performance of similar service the Master.

His youth was spent in Canada, tawa being his home. Shortly er his conversion, under Mr. oody's preaching in Chicago, in o, he decided to surrender him- f for the foreign mission field. e studied for a time at Mount rmon School, Mass., and then nt back to business as a book- eper in a large manufacturing m until he had earned money to abroad. A brief period of edical study in Ottawa com- eted his preparations. In De- mber of 1897 he joined his Gos- l yokefellow, Mr. F. E. Hedden, Columbus, O. Both were re- lved to go out as independent ssionaries and at their own charges, and they did so. They were set apart to the work by the Jefferson Street Church of Christ, Buffalo, N. Y. His only pledged support was five dollars per month, from a personal friend.

WATERS OUT MEDICAL WORK

"Even Mr. Moody discouraged our foolhardiness in going without visible support," said young Mr. Waters. "Our cash in hand was not nearly sufficient to pay our way to South Africa, so we decided to partly work our passage. From Buffalo to New York we worked our way in charge of two car-loads of horses. We shipped for Liverpool, again in charge of horses, having to feed and water them. Rough weather prevailed; we were wet most of the time and slept among the horses. The voyage lasted thirteen days and was a severe hardship, but we thanked God for it.

"A week in Liverpool and another in London were spent vainly endeavoring to book for South Africa. We were willing to do anything, even stoking coal; but every effort failed. It was finally decided that I should go on alone to South Africa, Johannesburg being my destination. After paying steerage to Port Elizabeth and third-class by rail to Johannesburg, there remained to each, when we parted company, just eighty-nine cents."

MISSIONARY LINDFELD PREACHING TO A WEDDING PARTY AT A CHIEF'S KRAAL

In Africa, young Waters had many unusual experiences. An interview with Hon. Cecil Rhodes, at his beautiful home, added interest to a short call at Capetown, which the young traveler reached, with sixty-two cents left.

On reaching Johannesburg, he took up quarters among the Kaffirs in the "Location," where he preached the Gospel to the natives, and supported himself by his medical practice among them. In the year and a half of his stay there, he acquired a knowledge of the Zulu language. He received a call, through the South Africa General Mission, to go to British Tongaland, Zululand, as pioneer missionary to that tribe, and as Government Acting District Surgeon. It took a month to get there from Durban, via Delagoa Bay. Tongaland is about fifty miles square, with a population of 10,000 or 12,000 souls. The seat of government, previously at Maputa, had recently been removed to the Lubomba Mountains, many miles distant. The young missionary was assigned a dwelling at Maputa. On his arrival, on October 5, 1899, he found only three white men there, viz: two mounted policemen and a trader. Chief Ngwanasi and his retinue came from his principal Kraal, ten miles distant, and welcomed the missionary, but much more heartily did he welcome him as a surgeon for Ngwanasi. He had a very sore foot. A blazer jacket was presented by the young missionary to the chief, in token of friendship. Ngwanasi returned the compliment later. He had forty-five wives in the household.

"Though I had enjoyed excellent health on the high veldt," writes Mr. Waters, "I immediately became subject to attacks of malarial fever, down here in the coast country. While I was weak with fever, and dragging myself about trying to fix up my new home, the Boer war broke out, ten days after my arrival. Our two white policemen and part of the native police force were called to the mountains to protect the magistracy. A few days later a native runner came in haste, bringing a message from the police, saying they were in flight before the Boers, who had destroyed the magistracy and were coming down to Maputa, and that the trader and I should flee for our lives to Delagoa Bay. My first thought was to do so, but after deliberation and prayer, I determined to remain. The trader, however, fled in the night, and did not return for a month, during which period I was the only white man in the country."

For thirteen months the general official care of the territory was left in the young missionary's hands. Chief Ngwanasi rendered good service in keeping watch of the enemy. During these troublesome times the Government added to Mr. Waters already heavy burden the two appointments of Postmaster and Border Customs Officer.

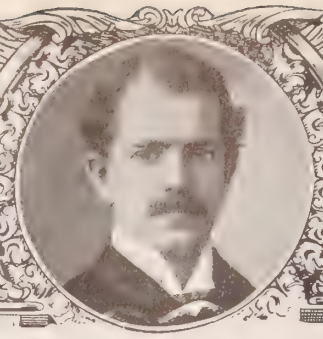
CONTINUED ON PAGE 518

MISSIONARIES AND HELPERS CROSSING KASI BAY, TONGALAND

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



The Protecting Eagle

Text—Deut. 32:11, As the eagle stirreth up her nest

THE War Goddess has crowned the eagle "monarch of the air." His throne is the inaccessible cliff, his diadem the noontide sun, his footstool the morning clouds, his playground the vast expanse of infinite space. His keenness of eye, boldness of flight, sharpness of claw, merciless destructiveness of beak, cause him to be dreaded in mountainous lands, as the huge jaws and powerful claws of the lion cause him to be dreaded in the African forests.

But though the eagle has been called the "monarch of the air," as the lion has been called the "monarch of the fields," yet the eagle, like the lion, never had royal pedigree By that word "royal," I mean a noble, brave and fearless ancestry. The eagle is not of a heroic mould. He is a cringing, fawning, contemptible coward. Though he is a raptorial bird, and loves to banquet off the quivering flesh of a newly-slain carcass, the blood which flows through his own arteries is pumped from a craven heart. In terror, this mighty-winged flyer will flee before the little king-bird,-hardly larger than a bedwarfed English sparrow. Confined in a cage with a small barnyard fowl, the domestic bird has been known to make the eagle beg for mercy, as a school-yard bully will whine before an outraged youth half his size. "Many reputations are undeserved altogether," once wrote an observant naturalist. "Let us not in this connection trouble now about statesmen, poets, or authors, but take from natural history a familiar illustration, that of the eagle. The great strength of the eagle enables it to prey upon creatures that have no power of defending themselves from his terrible swoop; but we must not allow ourselves on this account, as our fathers did, to magnify him into a type of magnanimity and courage. In true courage he is not superior to most of the smaller hawks, and certainly inferior to the falcons, which will drive away this so-called 'monarch of the air' when he approaches too near their nests. So that, really, when we remember what a fame the eagle has always had for magnanimity and for courage, it is obvious in view of the facts, that he, like many other birds and men, has obtained a reputation which is undeserved."

Parental Valor

But though the eagle is a cowardly bird in reference to his own life, no sooner does he become a parent, than he is transformed into a daring, valiant protector of his young. No sooner are the dull, white-colored eggs deposited in the nest which the twain have builded upon the tops of the dizzy heights, or upon the ledge of a precipice, than the parent birds are ready to protect those nests at any cost. I remember years ago seeing a powerful picture called, "The One Strand." A mountaineer of the far-off northeast had been lowered over the side of a cliff, to rob an eagle's nest of its eggs. No sooner was he lowered by a rope over the cliff and dangling in mid-air with the surging sea hundreds of feet beneath him, beating its waves upon the jagged rocks, than the father and mother birds saw the would-be destroyer of their home. They started for their enemy. Ay, it was a royal battle, a battle for life. The eagles were circling about his head. The sturdy mountaineer was swinging his knife round and round over his head. But once he swung the knife too far. The keen edge of the blade cut the rope all but one strand. With horror-strickened eyes, he saw that strand gradually unraveling. The whole scene was so realistically portrayed, that I could almost hear the triumphant screams of the parental birds as their human enemy was about to be dashed upon the rocks below.

Yes, yes, parental affection transforms the craven bird into a fierce, intrepid champion, capable of sublime self-sacrifice in defence of its offspring. Yet in our text we find him, in spite of that tender affection, disturbing the young birds and turning them out of their home. What does the Bible mean by comparing this strange conduct with God's providential dealing? Why does God, as a loving Father, treat his children in this seemingly rough way as the eagle bird pushes her offspring? For you must remember that we do not have to go entirely to this figure of the eagle bird, to be taught the lessons that God's hand sometimes smites a loving blow, as well as gives a loving caress. In the epistle to the Hebrews, we are taught that chastisement is one of the proofs God gives us of his affection. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." In his famous Sermon upon the Mount, Christ says there is a blessing in falling tears and in persecutions and in heart-aches and in all affliction, as well as in smiles and perpetual sunshine and iridescent joys.

First, God, like the parental eagle, stirs up our nests in order that we may learn how to depend upon ourselves, as well as upon him. He plunges us into the abyss of trouble, in order that we, as fledglings, may learn to fly on and up. He tumbles us down so that we may soar higher than the cliffs upon which we are born, higher than the mountains whose bald heads are frozen amid perpetual snows, and higher than even the morning clouds that have hovered over us in many benedictions. He treats us just as a true parent should always treat his child. Some few weeks ago, I was visiting upon the ranch of a wealthy man in California. He turned and said to me: "No young man ever amounts to anything unless he is compelled to work for his own mental and physical and spiritual development. So firmly do I believe it is the mountain upon the man, and not the man upon the mountain, that brings man to the highest development for which God intended him, that I have compelled my boys to work for every cent they have received, even when they were little children. I never give them anything without a return. If they want spending money, they must earn it by painting the fences, or cutting the wood, or gathering the walnuts. If they want a gun or a riding horse, they must buy it with their own money which they have earned. I have not told them that each year they have an $8,000 income, which was left them by a dead relative, and that at twenty-one years of age they will be independently rich. I know that knowledge would ruin them. I make them work for every cent they spend. In their working, I am developing two of the finest boys in all this part of the country."

Uses of Hardship

That earthly parent is developing his children by work. Cannot we realize God is developing us spiritually, mentally and physically by work, and hard work? Why were the old Yankees, born amid the New England Hills, and the old Highlanders, born amid the Scottish heather, of the same heroic mould? We have read that in the chivalric times the Scottish crusaders were being driven back, when an old Highland chief, took from his girdle the leathern bag which encased the heart of the dead Bruce. He flung it far into the ranks of the enemy, as he cried: "Thou brave heart of a mighty Bruce, lead us on to victory: Lead us on! lead us on!" Then the fleeing Highlanders, turned and charged where the dead Bruce would have led them. Oh, how we thrill at the story of that mighty deed. But why did the Scotchmen and the Yankees of old, belong to races of giants, and the Latin people of Central America and of the Southern parts of Portugal and Spain, degenerate into a race of pygmies? Difference of blood? Perhaps. But I believe it was not so much a difference of blood, as a difference of geographical surroundings. In the Southern parts of Europe, all that the inhabitants had to do for centuries was to tickle the soil and it would laugh with plenty. While among those Northern snow-clad hills, not only did the inhabitants have to fight human enemies, but climatic ones. Any man who wrested a harvest from the New Hampshire valleys, or from the Scottish Highlands, had by necessity to be strong of brain and powerfully muscled of arm. It was the climatic obstacles which made the New Englanders and the Scottish clans the mighty men they were and are. And it is trouble, great trouble, which always develops men. The old parental eagle pushes her fledglings off the nest to teach her young how to fly. God pushes us one and all out into the abyss of fathomless trial, to teach us how to take care of ourselves. God does not want to run a perpetual nursery. He wants to make of us men and women of fully developed powers. He disturbs us from our places of ease and comfort, and thrusts us forth into scenes of conflict and difficulty, in order that we may learn to use the spiritual powers with which we are endowed, and to teach us in dire extremity what infinite resources there are in him for every one of his children who looks confidently up to him and cries, "Our Father."

Faith Developed by Trial

God again stirs up our nests and pushes us off our eyries as the eagle does its young, to show us our limitations, as well as our possibilities. The eaglet has to learn what he cannot do, as well as what he can do. He must be taught in one sense how to depend upon himself. He must be taught in another sense how he must depend upon the parent bird. The Bible, in the beautiful figure of my text, pictures the old eagle, when the right time comes, stirring up the nest and pushing her young off the cliff. Oh yes, that is beautiful; but the next statement of the verse is just as beautiful. When the young bird drops down and down, and the fluttering wings grow weaker and weaker, then the fledgling gives a faint, frightened call for help. Then what happens? Why, the old bird at once starts to t rescue. Swifter than any sea-gull ever dropped in the waters to clutch a fish; swifter than ever a hav pounced upon a chicken in the barnyard, the old moth bird starts to save her young. How? She swoo down below the fluttering eaglet, and rising with o stretched wings, receives it on her shoulders, and bea it aloft into safety. Is not this a beautiful symbol God's care for his children. The Psalmist says, "H walketh upon the wings of the wind." Yes, that is li the eagle. He pushes us off the nest, but he does n leave us to perish. He is near, and underneath us a the everlasting arms. When we are losing our streng and cry to him, he bears us up. Do you not see t beautiful teachings of my text? "As an eagle stirre up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abro her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings."

The Lesson of Dependence

The words of the text teach us that we must lea our limitations and how to trust God, and to depe upon God, as well as to learn how to depend upon o selves. We must learn to trust ourselves to the Heaver Father's strength and care, as the eaglet trusts t mother bird. It is a lesson of dependence as well of effort. I had a lesson of this kind when, with Arab guides, some years ago, I climbed the Egypti Pyramid of Cheops. Each stone of that pyramid about five feet high and two feet wide. You give yo outstretched hands to your dusky guides. They pull a push you up. Your head is dizzy with the awful aby you can see beneath, but still they keep on pulling a pushing you up. You help them as much as you c Without your help they could do nothing, but if you c not have their help, you would be doomed. Like t body of an English tourist who, a few years ago, tri to climb the pyramid alone, your body would soon b mangled corpse below. As we must learn from t text the duty of depending upon ourselves, so we m also learn the duty of absolute dependence upon G

But there is still another great lesson from the figu of an old parent eagle stirring up her nest. After t young birds have once been pushed off the eyrie a learned their own limitations, and also learned to tr the parent, then they are ready to be taught by t parent birds, by object lessons. When the eaglet or learns that if she does not obey the parent bird, she w be punished, then she will not only willingly, but afte while gladly, obey what the mother and father b teach her to do. First comes fear, then trust, then t attempt to imitate and to do as the parent bird does.

Learning by Example

It has never been my privilege to see an old ea teaching her young how to fly, but Sir Humphr Davy, the great English chemist, once saw this int esting spectacle. He gives a full description of t scene. First, the eagles followed out exactly t picture of my text. The young birds, with fear a trembling, clung to the rocks where they were hatch But the old birds said to themselves, "This won't This won't do. These young birds must be taught fly." So the parent birds first tried to coax the you to leave the nest. Then, when coaxing accomplish nothing, they struck right and left with their bea With their powerful talons they scattered the ne Then they gave the young a big push, and off t fledglings went. Then the young were carried back the nest by the broad wings of the parent bird. T mother and father bird seemed to stop awhile to ha a little talk. They seemed to say: "Now, childr you must obey me, whether you will or no. And, you must obey me, I want you to do it willingly. want you to follow my every movement. See how raise my wings so? I beat them in the air just And now I begin to circle round and round. Con boys; come, girls. That is right. Now, try aga Are you ready? Here we go up, and up, and up. S how easy it is."

Let me describe this object lesson in almost the sa language with which Sir Humphrey Davy describ it, when he saw the two old eagles, by their actio teaching their young how to fly above the crags of B Nevis. "After the old birds had coaxed the eaglets the eyrie, they made small circles, which the you eaglets tried to imitate. Then the parent birds ma larger and larger circles in a gradually ascending spir until the birds, old and young, were finally lost to vi in the great heaven of blue." Ah, yes, the old eag teach the young eagles to fly, first, by the sharp bl of the beak and the pushing off the nest; secondly, the rescue and the bringing back to the nest; third, the object lessons, which say: "Come, children, do I am doing now. Come, lift your wings as my win

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

One Woman's Generous Gift

he People's Baths, in the Heart of One of New York City's Tenement Districts

THE People's Baths (Milbank Memorial) were recently opened in East Thirty-eighth Street, New York, and judging from the crowds of men, women and cdren, throngng the place every day since t opening, these baths were not only needed

THE MILBANK MEMORIAL BATHS

bdy, but they are appreciated by the tenemt-dwellers in the vicinity. To realize wt a boon the baths are, one only has to kw that in the district east of Second Anue, and between Twenty-third and Fiftiet Streets, there are over 50.000 people, living in 120 houses without bathing facilities. The oinary tenement dwelling has no space to spre for the luxury of a bath-room or tub.

he exterior of the "People's Baths" is remkably simple in appearance, plain and unnamented, being built of light-colored inervious brick, with trimmings of white vified terra-cotta, and the roof and cor- of copper and iron; these materials all big hard, and of a permanent character, th will absorb neither dirt nor water, but will bvashed clean by every rain. The interior is azzlingly clean, and being composed almost entirely of white marble, can remain so, despite the thousands of bathers who wash and become clean within its walls.

Bath partitions and wainscot to bathing compartments are of white marble, supported on bronze legs, and trimmed overhead with a bronze moulding, carrying the wires for incandescent lights. The whole interior, while perfectly plain, is neat and cleanly in appearance.

There are a few porcelain tubs for the use of very small children who come with their mothers, and for old people; but most of the compartments are fitted with shower baths, the temperature of the water being regulated to suit the bather. The waste water is taken off in deep drains, which have one large pipe outlet for each row of showers.

Forty-five hundred bathers can be accommodated in a day at the People's Baths, allowing each person twenty minutes time. Soap and towels are furnished for five cents, and a considerable income is derived thereby, which goes toward the support of the baths. Bathers bringing their own soap and towels have all the other advantages free. Men almost invariably pay the small fee, but women and girls generally bring their own soap and towels. And such fun as the children have under the showers! It is not always a question of cleanliness with them, but of a chance for a good frolic under the showers, and judging from the squeals of delight, in different keys, which issue from the compartments when the children are splashing about, their anticipations are fully realized.

Mothers come with their little ones, who are too small to be trusted alone; boys besiege the place in droves; while workingmen refresh themselves after their day's toil, with the exhilarating showers. There is no doubt that these baths will prove one of the greatest of blessings to the dwellers in this crowded section of the city. Many little ones can be saved from illness and death during the torrid heat of summer, and much comfort and strength will be given to weary mothers and hard-working fathers. Tenement-house life at best is hard, and especially in summer, when the crowded rooms are stifling with heat and overcrowding. These beautiful memorial baths, erected at a cost of nearly a million dollars—for the ground on which the building stands is immensely valuable—are the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, to the people of New York. Mrs. Anderson is a woman of many and large charities, who does not wish to become a "well-known philanthropist," and so her good works are done modestly and quietly.

When the People's Baths were formally transferred to the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Mrs. Anderson's representative said in a speech before the board of directors and other members, that Mrs. Anderson wished the people to accept the gift as merely an act of hospitality extended by her to her neighbors, and not as mere charity, which, to say the least, was a very delicate method of conveying so rich a gift, and indicative of a beautiful spirit of philanthropy. These baths are the largest and finest equipped of any in the country, and while there are a number of similar baths in New York, none have the same capacity or luxurious appointments. The city government has done much to facilitate the good work, all taxes have been remitted, and the bath officials are paid by the city.

In speaking of the good accomplished by these public bath-houses, Mr. William H. Allen, general agent for the association mentioned above, says, that while there are now eighteen of these free baths in Greater New York, that they are yet inadequate for the needs of the "great unwashed" of the city, and that there should be at least thirty such places. Mr. Allen further says that the popular demand for free bathing is on the increase, and that if baths were built in sufficient numbers, so that people could reach them without traveling too far, that the number of bathers would be greatly increased. As it is, during the warm weather the capacity of the baths are taxed to the utmost. In a recent article on Fresh Air Work, Mr. Allen says: "We can never hope to restrict the summer temperature to eighty degrees and under, but we can look forward to a time when we can mitigate the distress due to summer heat, by providing Fresh Air Parks and Playgrounds, by securing better ventilation in homes, and by inculcating better standards of living, which will fight heat with cleanliness, fresh air and nourishing food."

That "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is an old saying, and during the long summer there will be no excuse for those who wish to be clean remaining unwashed, as the "Milbank Memorial," and all the other public baths in New York, will be open the year around. The tinkle of the spray on the marble will be heard, as the sparkling water, free to all, falls in reviving showers at the free public baths.

IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE NEW PUBLIC SHOWER BATHS

THE PROTECTING EAGLE ☙ Continued from Preceding Page

fl , and go up and up." God teaches us how to fly, b ushing us off into the great abyss of trouble. He rcues us by the infinite power of the Atoning Cross. I then teaches us how to go up, and up, and up, by tl object lessons of Christ's earthly life.

Iave you and I ever stopped to fully consider how C ist's earthly life was meant to be an object lesson fo sinful men, as the flapping wings of the old eagles a meant to be visible object lessons to teach the y ng eagles how to fly? God did not tell us how to b good merely in the abstract; but he tells us to be good a Jesus Christ was good, because Christ was born h e of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and suffered as w suffer, and was tempted as we are tempted. Thus, C ist's life is an object lesson to us in all our trials. V must do as he would do if he were in our place.

He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless strivings day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray,
He knows. He knows.

ut there is still another lesson to be learned from tl old eagle stirring up her nest. She pushes out her y ng, in order to make room for the next batch of fl glings. If she did not do this, there would be only o brood hatched in the nest. Thus the eagle's offs ng, would only consist of two, or three, or four y ng. But no sooner does the old eagle finish raising o family, then she prepares to raise another batch of fl glings.

Iave you ever considered how soon this old earth wld be overcrowded and an unfit place in which to li , if God did not push the generations on and up. T s is an age of the slaughter of the innocents. Life i mortal combat for life. The earth is soaked with bd. The guillotine never stops its endless chop. E ry lullaby has a corresponding death-rattle. Every c lle implies a grave. So rapidly can shell life propate, that one tiny cell can reproduce itself one thous d million times in a month. A common codfish lays bween eight and nine million eggs every year. A comn queen ant lays eighty thousand eggs in a day. Herbert Spencer declared that if the cattle propagated themselves as rapidly as the insectile world, the cattle would die of starvation in a week. But though the human race does not reproduce itself as rapidly as the insectile world, or even as the cattle, yet if allowed to live on this earth uninterruptedly, it would soon be impossible for the growing members of the human family to exist.

New generations come, and room must be made for them. The infant leaves the cradle to a successor, and becomes the youth; the youth passes on to manhood, and on to old age, and the younger generations tread upon his heels at every step. At last he passes on into eternity. What then? The Apostle says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we know enough of that life to be full of hope. To those who through Christ have made peace with God, there is the promise of continued development. "They that wait on the Lord," says the prophet, "shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." In that heavenly state there shall be neither hunger, nor pain, nor weariness, nor sickness, nor death. Even the eagle, long-lived as it is, grows old and dies, but there we shall live forever. And the love of our Father in heaven is eternal. The eagle's affections are transferred from one brood to the next, but nothing can separate us from the love of God, whose heart is large enough for all his children.

Would you have such a future to anticipate? Then let that power which God promises to impart, come even now into your life. The only thing that can blot out that prospect is sin. Dread sin as you would dread the bite of a serpent. Theodore L. Cuyler, the grand old man of the Brooklyn pulpit, graphically describes a scene which I have carried in my memory for many years. A peasant, living upon the mountain side, was on his way home in the evening hour. Tired after a hard day's work, he turned to look down the valley, which as a panorama stretched away at his feet. Suddenly, he saw a mighty-winged eagle begin to lift itself from a distant cliff. Higher and higher it rose, gorgeous amid the fires of the setting sun. Suddenly its movements became labored. It struggled and fought in mid air, and seemed to be gasping for breath. First one wing became helpless, then the second wing. Then the huge bird, like a stone, shot through the air and fell dead almost at the peasant's feet. The peasant could not understand the cause, until he went to the side of the bird and picked up the still warm corpse. Then to his horror, there wriggled from between his fingers a tiny serpent that had fastened itself under the bird's wing and sucked the life out of the "monarch of the air." So sin, as a venomous, clinging serpent, tries to fasten itself upon us. The mightier winged we are, the more anxious that satanic serpent is for our life's blood. But God will to-day not only save us, as the mother eagle does its young, but he does more. Christ has given us his life, in order to overcome the power of the serpent. He has died, in order that we might live. In this text of an eagle stirring up the nest of her young, cannot you feel the touch of a saving Christ?

I would send this Gospel message everywhere. The Episcopalian rector reads the Scriptures on the Sabbath day, upon a lectern made up of the outstretched wings of an eagle. Some writers declare that these eagle's wings symbolize St. John's inspired vision, which beheld the heavenly glories, as the eagle's eye looks into the light of the dazzling sun. Others assert that those eagles symbolize the flight of the Gospel message over the world. The last interpretation to me is the most beautiful. May this sermon not only have in it the message of God's love, but may it have the speed which every Gospel message should have—the speed like the lightning, which can bring to every sinful heart not only salvation but emancipation from sin. May God bless us to-day as we use the eagle's eyrie for a pulpit.

And as on eagle's wings we soar,
To see the face of Christ once more,
May heaven come down our souls to meet,
And glory crown the mercy-seat.

How We Helped Stricken Kwangsi

THROUGH the courtesy of the State Department in Washington, we have received a most interesting report from U. S. Consul-General McWade, at Canton, China, giving a general statement of the famine relief work in Kwangsi Province. It will be remembered that the readers of this journal contributed a fund for this benevolent work, which was most wisely expended under the direction of Consul-General McWade, assisted by the American and British missionaries in the Province, and also by leading merchants. Consul-General McWade's report is addressed to "The Subscribers of the Kwangsi Famine American Relief Fund." He writes:

DISTRIBUTING RICE TO THE FAMINE STRICKEN IN KWANGSI

The assistance received locally was rather small compared with the contribution received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, which amounted to $25,000 gold, besides other small individual contributions received from the United States, etc. Besides the 13,800 piculs of rice sent to the famine-stricken districts in three different expeditions, 200 sacks of American flour, the gift of C. E. Richardson, was also included in the second expedition. The boat hire for the third expedition is not included in the account now presented, because it was paid by His Excellency, Tsen, Viceroy of the two Kwangs, by whose order the boats were detained in Kwangsi for over a month, and who personally assured me that he would defray the transportation expenses.

The accounts have been very courteously audited by Rev. Robert E. Chambers, American Southern Baptist Convention Mission, Rev. Andrew Beattie, Ph. D., American Presbyterian Mission, and Major William Dana Shelby, M.D. After paying all accounts presented, there remains a balance in my hands of $4,941.01, which will be expended in case of a recurrence of famine in Kwangsi this year. If there is no famine, I suggest that this balance should be donated to the Rev. Andrew Beattie, Ph.D., American Presbyterian Mission, for the distressed lepers of Canton and its vicinity, who amount to over 20,000.

. . .

I am grateful to the American and British missionaries, male and female, who generously took charge of the distribution of the rice in the stricken districts, and who, in their characteristic self-sacrificing way, endured without complaint many hardships and inconveniences whilst succoring the needy. In my despatches to the Hon. the Secretary of State, I have named them all, personally and appreciatively.

A LEPER WOMAN CARRYING AN UNTAINTED CHILD

Appended to Consul-General McWade's letter is the following statement:

1903		GOLD	MEXICAN
April 23.	Total amount of subscriptions received by Consul General McWade		$ 1,802.00
May 9.	Contributions received from CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y., through State Department	$ 5,000	12,084 54
June 8.	Contributions received from CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y., through State Department	10,000	
"	Contribution received through State Department: Rev James Murray, Worsham, Va.	15	
"	Contribution received through State Department: Mr. D.T. Reed, Pittsburg, Pa.	3	24.285.98
July 7	Contributions received from CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y. through State Department	10.000	24,242.37
August 1.	Contribution received through Minister Conger. Mr. Marston Niles, N. Y.	5	11.10
" 8	Contribution received from the "United Christian Society," of Vancouver, B. C., through Rev. C. A. Colman		100 00
" 20.	Contribution received from Daisy Y Boroman, Wildwood, Ia.	1	
" 20.	Contribution received from E. H. C. King, Dresden, Germany	2	6.60
	Cash received from Rev. H. K. Shumaker		0 40

Mexican, $62,532.99

We have examined the vouchers and accounts and found them correct. [Signed] R. E. CHAMBERS,
" ANDREW BEATTIE,
Canton, China, April 12. 1904. " W. D SHELBY.

The Consul-General also makes special acknowledgment of valuable assistance received from the Hon. Gershom Stewart, of Hong Kong, Lieutenant E. A. Anderson, Commander, and Midshipman Frank W. Sterling, Executive Officer of the U. S. S. *Callao*, which convoyed the relief expeditions from Canton to the ports for distributing relief on the West River, Mr. A. M. Place da Silva, Chief Clerk of this Consulate General, who volunteered to keep all the accounts gratuitiously, and make all disbursements of money. He adds:

Words of praise and thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, for its munificent charity, and to the individual contributors to the relief fund, fail to convey my profound appreciation of their humanity. Truly, in their abounding charity, they and the missionaries, and all other participants in the relief work, recognized the fact t true charity knows no nationality, no s They fed the starving.

In conclusion, I have the hono add that this report would have b completed and presented almost im diately after the end of the famine, b had to be deferred until His Excelle Viceroy Tsen, had made a final se ment of the accounts of the boatmen junk owners. This was done on Sa day, March 26, 1904, when I received check therefor from the Sin How C That check was immediately paid to Mr. Chan, of Poh Cheung, an Ar ican native Bank in Canton, thro which all of the arrangements for purchase of the relief rice, charterin the junks, etc., were made, and car to a successful completion.

To Hon. Francis B. Loomis, As tant Secretary of State, Consul-G eral McWade writes: "You will that the Relief Fund and its accou vouchers, etc., have been audited found correct by a Committee con ing of Rev. Robert E. Chambers, Ar ican Southern Baptist Conven Mission; Rev. Dr. Andrew Bea American Presbyterian Mission; Major W. D. Shelby, M. D., surg American Canton-Hankow R. R.

"The balance, after paying all penses, amounts to Mex. $4,941.01 I am desirous of turning over balance to the Rev. Dr. Andrew Beattie, Ameri Presbyterian Mission, for the purpose of alleviating distress and misery of the thousands of unfortu lepers in Canton and its immediate vicinity. Al all of these afflicted natives are in a state of starvat and it would be a charity indeed to turn over this ance for their relief. The Rev. Dr. Beattie, a w personal friend of mine, has for a number of years ministering to them. No matter how loathsome be their appearance, he cheerfully looks after their sical and religious wants. Of our self-sacrificing sionaries he is assuredly the best type. I feel conv ed that the use of this balance in his hands woul beneficial in every way, and that it would be judicio expended among the stricken people. Will you ki place this statement before THE CHRISTIAN HER of New York, through whose munificent charity Relief Fund was largely organized and through wh many thousands of human lives were saved."

ONE OF THE RELIEF STATIONS

IN THE KRAALS OF TONGALAND

Continued from page 515

Preaching and teaching were conducted at the station and at the kraals — the native homes. Day school was opened, and twelve pupils were accepted, though fifty men, women and children were present on the first day. Seven months after opening the school there were five young men and boys who could read intelligently and fluently in the New Testament in Zulu, though at the opening of school they had not an intelligent idea of what a book was for. Having heard the Gospel often in school and on Sundays during this period, some of them had "turned to the Lord," and were now going among their own people and tribesmen, reading and explaining to them the Word of God. Thus the missionary soon had helpers in his spiritual work, and also in his school. As soon as a pupil learned the vowels, he was considered sufficiently educated to teach another who did not know the vowels. Nothing was given gratis, excepting the Gospel, and as a result they appreciated the opportunities presented, and responded after a fashion most encouraging to the missionary. The use of civilized clothing was discouraged among them, rather than encouraged, but they would get them and wear them.

For two years the young worker continued alone in this new Gospel field. Though nigh to death from sickness on several occasions, his many duties, and the cares devolving upon him, made the time seem brief. The mission finally sent to him a companion, a Mr. Lindfield, to take charge of the itinerating work in Tongaland. He remained six months, and then left for Durban by ox-cart, intending to marry and return to Tongaland. But while on the outward journey, in crossing a lake, he was attacked by a crocodile, and so horribly mutilated that he died the next day.

Again Waters was alone. He telegraphed to his old traveling companion, Mr. Hedden, who was then in Capetown, inviting him to join him. Three months later he came.

Meantime, the Church of Christ in Tongaland continued growing in numbers and grace. "As the responsibility of evangelizing their tribe has been urged and placed upon the disciples, without financial help from the white man," Mr. Waters writes, "they are responding to their duty and privilege; and it is expected that soon one or more members of the First Church in Tongaland will go forth as teachers and evangelists among their own tribesmen in other parts of the country, supported by their own Christian brethren. My engagement of nine months was prolonged into ne four years. I was a physical wreck when, at last, successors arrived. They are Mr. Geo. F. Gale experienced and able missionary, who took up the w of the Gospel, and Dr. L. E. Hertslet, who is dis surgeon, and helps in the station Gospel work. bade farewell to the people, whom we had learne love, and started for home. Mr. Hedden left with To reach the railway, two hundred miles distant traveled through both British and Portuguese To land, over the Lubomba Mountains, through Swazil and into the Transvaal, and for the first time in years saw a village and railway train. The jour occupied twenty-six days, five of which I was confi to bed in Swaziland. We traveled with donkeys mules. Mr. Hedden remained in Carolina, Transv to preach the Gospel. Pretoria, Johannesburg, Capetown were visited again, and then I sailed England, where, in London, I went into hospital treatment, which proved very successful. And a six years' absence, and half a year on the re journey, I arrived home. I purpose returning to So Africa as soon as my book is published, and the L opens the way."

VISITORS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

AND still they come, thousands and thousands, from every State in the Union, and from every country under the sun. They all find much that is interesting, and few are so traveled that they cannot confess to astonishment as well as pleasure at this magnificent array of all the wonders of the world. ot the least interesting feature of the great Exposition is the crowd itself. Repreitatives of all nationalities and religions are to be met, all blending in a kaleidospic effect, as they move backward and forward along the walks and avenues.

The Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee, of New York, report that their orts have been very successful in warning young women who are to visit the ir at St. Louis.

Leaflets and circulars have been sent out broadcast, and through the good fices of churches and kindred associations, have reached the class for whom the rnings were designed.

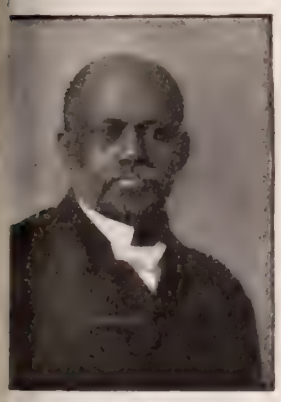
Directions, plain and full, have been given to young women going alone and protected to St. Louis, and every precaution possible has been taken that when a young woman reaches that city, she may not fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons who would lead her into harm.

Agents of the Travelers' Aid Committee are at the station from early morning until late at night, watching the arrival of all trains.

Ten thousand cards of warning have been posted in railway stations and other public places, and the report comes from St. Louis that the young girls now come in groups of two, three, and more, and nearly all of them are chaperoned, comparatively few traveling alone, and these are carefully looked after on arrival. The Committee have secured rooms and board for friendless girls who may become stranded, and will see that they are cared for until friends can be heard from.

All this work, of course, means the expenditure of money, and as the effort must be kept up until the close of the Fair, and as the Committee depends entirely upon voluntary contributions, it would seem to be the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of our young girls, and who can do so, to contribute toward so noble a cause. Contributions may be sent to Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee.

Bishops for Mission Fields



BISHOP I. B SCOTT

VERY impressive were the services at Los Angeles on May 26, when the eleven Bishops elected by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference were consecrated. Portraits of the four new Missionary Bishops we are enabled to publish by the courtesy of the *Christian Advocate*. Bishop Isaiah B. Scott has served for some time as the Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. His work in that ıpacity and in the Conference encourage the high-t hopes of his usefulness in his new office. There as naturally some concern lest the election of Dr. cott for Africa might in any degree affect the work at Bishop Hartzell is conducting there. Dr. Buck-y, however, explained that the Committee on Epis-ıpacy had thoroughly considered that question fore recommending the election of another Bishop r Africa.

The need for two Missionary Bishops for Southern sia was due to the loss of Bishop Parker by death on after his election, and to the fact that Bishop hoburn has been laid aside by accident, which must capacitate him for duty for some time, and, it is ared, may enfeeble him for some time to come. r. Robinson's election as one of these Bishops was foregone conclusion. No man in the Methodist inistry better knows the condition of India and its needs The ability he has displayed as the editor of the *India Witness*, and in all the offices he has filled, marked him out for this new office, in which he is sure to do valuable service.

Bishop Oldham also is a missionary of wide repute in his chosen field. He was one of the delegates to the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in 1900, in New York. The breadth and clearness of his utterances at that Conference impressed all his hearers. His subject was, "How to present the Gospel to non-Christians so as to persuade and win." Missionaries not only from India but from other fields listened intently to his suggestions on the best methods of working among the heathen. As the adviser and guide of young missionaries, he is singularly adapted to his duties, and will without doubt aid materially in promoting the efficiency of Methodist missions in India.

There was some question as to the wisdom of appointing a Bishop for Japan and Korea, but none as to the man to be appointed if one was chosen. Dr Merriman C. Harris has fully proved his capacity for the difficult duties that are committed to his charge. It was held by some of the speakers at the Conference that the election of a Bishop might retard the movement toward the union of Methodist churches in Japan; but the feeling in the Conference was that it would tend to give the movement a wise direction, and would have no injurious influence. In any case a Bishop was needed in Korea, and was desired by the Methodist missionaries there, so that, if not permanently needed in Japan, his services would be acceptable in the other part of his field.

Dr. Harris was for several years a missionary in Japan, and since that time has been superintendent of Methodist Episcopal Missions among the Japanese on the Pacific Coast and in the Hawaiian Islands. His familiarity with the language and with Japanese character render his election eminently appropriate, and most hopeful for the success of mission work in Japan and Korea.

BISHOP M C. HARRIS

BISHOP JOHN E ROBINSON

BISHOP W. F. OLDHAM

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Should Old Saints Be Laid Aside?

ONE of the most significant acts of the recent Methodist General Conference was the retirement of six Bishops from active work. One—Bishop Merrill—was superannuated at his own request; the other five Bishops—Andrews, Foss, Vincent, Mallalieu, and Walden—were retired, it is generally understood, without their desire or consent.

There has been a rising feeling through several General Conferences, that there should be a better understanding upon the part of the membership and the Bishops themselves as to the relation of the Episcopacy to the Church. It is the popular impression that the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church, like that of some other churches, is a higher order of the ministry, and that that order implies authority unchallenged and lifelong. There is a feeling among many leaders that the public mind should be disabused on the subject, and that it should be understood that the Episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church is not a higher order, only a higher office—that of General Superintendent—and that its duties and authority are determined by the people themselves in the action of their delegated Conference. The wholesale retirement of Bishops is construed by many to be a protest against the imperial power of the Episcopacy for life.

But the strongest reason for the laying aside of the five Bishops, doubtless was, that the delegates honestly believed them to be superannuated—to be so disabled by age as to be unfit for the strenuous duties expected of them. Whatever difference of opinion may exist elsewhere as to the wisdom of this action, there was evidently no difference of opinion upon the part of the Conference, whose vote in the Committee on Itinerancy, and in open Conference, was two-thirds for superannuation.

It was claimed that in justice to the work, the men of seventy or over should step aside and make room for younger ones. It was held that as the Bishops had compelled the involuntary superannuation of so many ministers in the Conferences, reminding them of the fact that the people did not want old men as pastors, and urging them to be "brave and resigned" under the disappointment, and to "sacrifice self for the good of the cause," it was nothing more than right for the Bishops themselves to endure some of the sacrifices they had felt it their duty to suggest to others.

Methodism will gain in certain directions by the retirement of her old Bishops, but she will lose in others. There will be a loss of elements not easy to define or handle, or put in the balances to weigh, but like gravity, light and heat, most potential elements in the Kingdom of God—character well rounded by years and comely with virtue; the maturity of faith, hope, love and service. Young men are needed to climb the mast and furl the sails in the storm; but the ship will go to wreck unless some man with a keen eye and level head stands at the helm and guides the vessel. Young men are needed to do the hard marching, to charge bayonets and scale ramparts, but not more than old leaders in Senates to furnish the sinews of war, or mature statesmen in Cabinets to direct the policy of the campaign. "The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force," and yet the most powerful weapon against moral evil in this world is the self-denial and cross-bearing of Christ's followers. The symbols of the progress of the church are not the blare of brazen horns, the beating of bass drums, the crash of chariot wheels, or the fluttering of flags in the wind; they are the seed growing into the yellow harvest, the leaven in the meal, the morning dawn driving away darkness and calling up all creatures into service and song. This is the kind of influence that would be lost to the church by a premature retirement of God's aged servants.

Competition is the law of trade. It is fierce at the present time in all the callings of life. It is a question, however, whether this law of competition should be allowed to exert itself so practically in crowding ministers, full of years and piety, out of the ranks, simply to make room for younger men. Christ plainly taught that competition is not the law of the Kingdom of God, but that unselfishness is. It would require a large economic gain to atone for the spiritual loss which the Church must suffer by unfair, unkind, or indifferent treatment of its aged ministers. Religion is not simply silver and gold, or church buildings, nor organized congregations, nor the survival of the fittest, nor mere cold-blooded practicality. It is sentiment, sympathy, love—a thing to be cherished. Reverence for age, regard for character, appreciation of long-suffering and service, love of spiritual excellences and respect for authority, are all a part of the religion of the Master. The old saint is the most precious human heritage the Church possesses.

The Value of Vacations

MR. RUSSELL SAGE recently expressed himself as not being in favor of vacations. They were unknown, as we understand them, in the days when he was young, early in the last century.

Mr. Sage is a very wise man as regards ways of accumulating vast amounts of money, and if that were the sum total of all human achievement, perhaps the average young man or woman would do well to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel of Finance. But it is the wiser man, with hundreds in his employ, be he merchant or manufacturer, who gives his employees a season of rest during the heat of summer. He will get better service, more willingly rendered, than were he to keep the workers at their posts with no time for recuperation.

But if the workers, those who toil either with brain or body, or both, need time for recuperation, what of the little children dwelling in the city's slums? Some in damp and foul-smelling basements, some under roofs upon which a fiery sun pours its cruel rays all day long, making the cell-like rooms on the top-floor tenements like ovens. What about these little ones who, pale and listless, get through the day somehow, and gasp away the nights, sleeping where they happen to fall in their weariness? What about these little ones, whom Jesus loved, and commended to our care, who never see a blade of grass, unless it is with a sign above to "Keep Off," who never saw an uncaged bird, or held in their tiny hands a flower all their own? There are hundreds, aye, thousands of such children in this city, and we do not believe that Mr. Sage could find it in his heart to say that they shall be denied a vacation, no matter what his views may be with respect to other classes.

It is for such children that Mont-Lawn stands open, ready to give ten days of healthful, happy living to all it can hold. Here, in the beautiful country, the children's eyes grow bright, the color comes to the pale cheek, and many a life is saved. Shall we not be true to our trust, and make this the "banner year" for the Children's Home? It costs so little, and means so much; only three dollars for each child. Twenty-one dollars endows a cot for the season, and means an outing of ten days each for seven children.

Trapped in the Old Way

THE extraordinary confession which was made by an aged millionaire in New York City last week, is a revelation of wickedness and folly which would be almost incredible if it had not been told by the infatuated man himself. According to his own story, he formed the acquaintance of a designing woman some eight years ago, when he was of the mature age of seventy-six years. He had been in business but had retired with a fortune of about a million dollars. His acquaintance with the fascinating woman continued in secret, he says, for some years, during which he lavished large sums of money upon her. By professing ardent affection for him, she cajoled from him larger sums every year, until he began to weary of the continued calls for money. Then her demeanor changed, and her coaxing turned to imperious demands, accompanied by threats of exposure. Hoping to avert the disgrace of a scandal, and the shame of his family, he yielded, until the total sum he had paid the woman amounted to nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. Still sh was not satisfied. Then, feeling sure that sh meant to strip him of his last dollar, he took a fir stand, refused to pay more, and has appealed to the la to aid him in recovering some of the money he ha parted with.

The story is an old one, and differs from many othe only in the advanced age of the victim and the exte of the amount obtained. From the days of Samson the present, men have been befooled through the affections, and have lost character, property, and som times life itself, through the wiles of the temptres It is not long since a statesman of world-wide fame, c whose brilliant genius and consummate skill his cou try's hopes of independence were based, fell in a simil manner, lost the confidence of powerful friends, ar was stripped of his own power to serve his count further. This, too, when the labor and suffering of lifetime seemed about to be crowned by success.

There is an old legend of the "Were-Wolf"—a reler less brute, which hovered around the home, and seize and devoured the most brilliant member of the famil but no wolf is so much to be dreaded as a woman wh befools men, and makes them untrue to their bett selves. Even the greatest and wisest of men, lik David and Solomon, have fallen through the sam temptation. "She hath cast down many wounded: ye many strong men have been slain by her." Is it to much to hope that this modern instance, proving th fact of the perpetuity of the peril, may serve as warning to some who are in danger of falling? Th rock on which so many gallant vessels have bee wrecked, ought surely, at this late day, to be avoide by the mariner. But it can be done only by shunnin the first approach to it. Once under the spell, the cu rent is too strong to be stemmed. If at the beginnin men would but realize the acute suffering, the burnin shame, and the heartfelt misery that awaits them i the end, they might escape. Let none be deceive There are many paths that lead to ruin, temporal an eternal, but in none of them is the prospect so allurin at the start, and so dark and stormy at the clos In none of them so surely as in this, does it prove tru that, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

For Independence Day

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, th Magna Charta of the English-speaking race, has bee removed forever from the people's reverential gaz It has suffered very seriously from the rough treatment t which it was exposed in the earlier years of the Republi and has never been on exhibition at any of the great Fai since the Centennial Exposition. It was returned to th State Department in Washington in 1877, and since then ha never been out of the Department Building. For more tha two years past it has not been on exhibition, even in the D partment. Hereafter, in accordance with a report of a con mittee of the National Academy of Science, which wa appointed to examine the document, it will be kept in th dark, and as dry as possible, and never placed on exhibitio

. . .

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, deemed it fittin last year to place within the reach of its every reader a **life size facsimile of the Declaration,** and with it the story o how and by whom it was written, and how given to th world. This book contains a complete history of the grea document, biographies and portraits of the signers, an beautiful engravings of famous pictures which illustrate th preparation and adoption of the Declaration.

. . .

Last year we sold nearly 20,000 at 75 cents each, but no to close out the very small lot which we have on hand, w will, upon receipt of **25 cents,** send immediately both th life-size facsimile of the Declaration, together with "Th Story of the Declaration of Independence," and "The Histor of our Flag," fully prepaid—that is, **25 cents for the tw** The stock on hand is very small, and the promptest actio will be required to take advantage of this bargain. If th supply is exhausted when your order reaches us, we will r fund your money at once. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD alway refunds the money if the purchaser is not fully satisfied.

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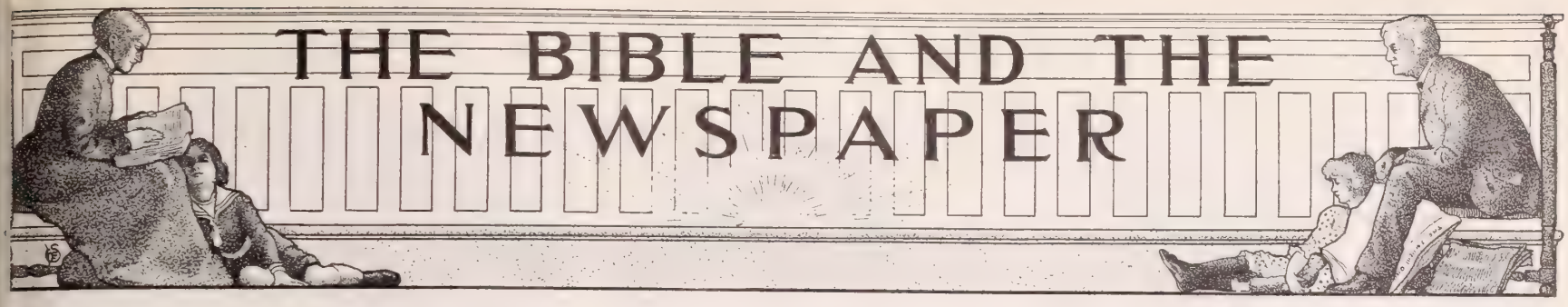

Held for Ransom

STRENUOUS efforts are being made by our Gov ·) ernment, to obtain the release of Mr. Perdicaris, who, as stated in this journal last week, has, with l stepson, Mr. Varley, :n captured by the)oorish bandit chief, Jisuli, and held for nsom. Admiral Chad·:k, on the cruiser *ooklyn*, supported by t· gunboats *Marietta* :d *Castine*, has :ched Tangier, and ls notified the Sultan Morocco of his hav·i; come to see that jtice is done. The ltan has opened ne·iations with his re·l lious subject, and is ting to obtain the re lse of the captives.]· protests that time st be allowed for dip·hatic work, as Raisuli teatens, if force is ap·ed, to kill both men. e presence of our siadron at Tangier, has evidently served to quicken t: Sultan's energies, but he declares that Raisuli's enands cannot be granted without imperiling the pres·te of the Government. Raisuli requires the payment $55,000 in cash, and also that America and England jntly pledge themselves to secure for him, from the ltan, forgiveness of all his enses, the withdrawal Moorish troops from l district, and perpetual im·nity from the payment of toute or taxes to the Sultan of Drocco. Raisuli refuses to ac·ot the Sultan's promise of tse concessions unless the Uited States and Great Bri·th undertake that the Sultan lep his promise if it is given. Jis difficult to see how the two Jwers could enter into such an dertaking, but the arrogant hdit declares he will not re·de from his demands, and teatens to kill both his cap·es if the concessions are not mptly made. Appeals have en made by Mr. Hay to the Ench Government to use its od offices to effect the release the two men, and it has cor·dly promised its aid. French resentations are more likely t n any others to be success·f as the Sultan is aware that lance is seeking a pretext to ahex his country, and Raisuli kows that his interests would sfer if the lax rule of the Sul·t were exchanged for the premacy of France. For the sent there is a deadlock, vich is full of peril to the two otives. They are doubtless in gat anxiety. If a money ran·n would satisfy the bandit they could easily raise it, h it is not in their power to comply with his other de·nds. Just so helpless was the whole human race ven Christ came to its relief, and gave his life as a nsom for its redmption.

A MOORISH CHIEF

will ransom them from the power of the grave· I will redeem t n from death (Hosea 13 · 14).

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A Japanese Mistake

The interest taken in American life by the Japanese· led to a curious blunder due to the hasty conclu·sn of a transient visitor from that land. He has been ·ting for a Japanese journal his impressions of Amer·. and among other things, he mentions seeing in w York a custom similar to that of Orientals. It ·s that of suspending outside certain houses brilliant·lluminated cards, which he said were evidently prayer-cards. "They are," he said, "in one form and are not unornamental. They seem to be used by all classes, but are more common in the crowded districts. I have even seen them on store fronts. Sometimes they remain out only for a few hours; sometimes for days. There appears to be no rule regulating the time of display. Each of the prayers is a crimson square, with a singular, graceful, and rather complicated character, made up of curves, in the middle of the card. This character is of pure white. From what I could learn it has some deep religious and mystical significance. Its presence, however, has no restraining effect on those in its vicinity." An American in Tokio, who had read the article, at once recognized the illustration accompanying it as a reproduction of the card that householders hang out when they have refuse which they want the Street Cleaning Department to remove! Though the Japanese was wrong in supposing the card was a prayer, the householder who puts it out might be reminded by the act that there is much in life that might be removed through really earnest prayer to God.

As far as the east is from the west so far hath he removed our transgressions from us (Ps. 103 · 12).

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What a Man is Worth

A judge in Colorado has been called upon to decide how much a man is intrinsically worth, apart from his possessions. The man whose value was to be estimated was sixty-eight years of age. He had been killed on a certain railroad, and the company did not deny their liability for his death. The lower court thought he was worth four thousand dollars to his two sons, who made the claim, but the company appealed the case, on the ground that the estimate was excessive. In giving judgment in favor of the company, the justice called attention to the fact that the only basis for the claim of the sons, was, that they had been deprived of their shares of money that their father might have earned if he had not been killed. As at his age it was not likely that his savings, if he had lived, would have amounted to four thousand dollars, the verdict of the lower court could not be sustained. In other words, the value of a man must be estimated by his power to earn money. It is well for us that God has a different standard by which he estimates the value of a man.

I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee since thou wast precious in my sight (Isa. 43 : 3).

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A Ship Saved from Wreck

One of the narrowest escapes from marine disaster on record is related by the captain of a vessel trading between Philadelphia and the Orient. He said that during one of his voyages he was sailing during a dark night at half speed, on account of the darkness and his unfamiliarity with the coast. Suddenly the man on the lookout forward heard a confusion of sounds resembling the humming of millions of bees. The headway of the vessel was at once checked, and then the noise resolved itself into the voices of birds. "In the succeeding moments of fear and doubt," says the captain, "the ship was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to pierce the intense gloom of the night. Then the anchor was dropped. When morning broke, an astonishing spectacle greeted us. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away was an immense towering rock, which, had the vessel struck it, would have dashed her to fragments in an instant. Stranger than all, the vast granite pile was habited by myriads of white birds, which reposed on its barren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the night, which had saved the steamer." How thankful the captain must have been that he heeded the warning so strangely given! If men were as ready to heed the warnings of God's Word, how many might be saved from eternal destruction!

A MENDICANT MOOR

He that taketh warning shall deliver his soul (Ezekiel 33 · 5)

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Killed by Dust

A prominent medical journal in New York calls attention to the fact that street-sweepers furnish more consumptive patients than any other class in the city. Though they are examined by the city surgeon when they enter the service and pronounced sound, a large proportion develop tuberculous symptoms before they have been five years at the work. The journal believes that the disease is produced by their occupation. It says: "It is not the air, but the dust in the air, which renders New York such a dangerous place, particularly in summer, to people predisposed to pulmonary troubles. While, as a natural consequence of being in closer proximity to the dust, the street-cleaners are the first to suffer, the citizens at large who are obliged to remain in New York during the summer months suffer also to a considerable degree." Being surrounded by water on all sides, the air in New York should be exceptionally pure, and it would appear from this medical authority that it is so; but it is spoiled by the earthy impurities that it absorbs. It is so with all kinds of evil. The good things that God provides for us are turned into evil by worldly associations. Only when we have his protection are we kept from moral infection.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil (John 17 · 15).

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THE BAY OF TANGIER, WHERE THE U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" IS STATIONED

BRIEF NOTES

The Carlisle Indian School is to be removed from Carlisle, Pa., to Helena, Mont. The land selected is on the north of the city, and comprises seven hundred acres.

Dr. John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides, has just commenced, in spite of his eighty-one years, a long tour in Australia, to arouse interest in his mission field.

Religious Work in a Southern Mill Town

By MAY WILKINSON MOUNT

THE EPISCOPAL BOYS' CLUB

THE OLD-FASHIONED MILL WHEEL

THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

IN the outskirts of the city of Columbia, S. C., lies a town made up of three villages, grouped about and named in honor of three cotton mills—Olympia, Granby and Richland. In this town, with its population of 5,000 souls—all mill operatives—are being solved two of the greatest problems of our country; the evolution of the negro into a useful citizen, and the true relations of capital and labor.

The Olympia mill represents $2,500,000 capital, and is the most expensively built mill in the South, and, it is said, in the country, as well as being the largest cotton mill in the world. Architects and mill owners have argued and laughed at the vast unnecessary expense of much of the work upon this building; but the man who spent the money for it, had a definite object in having the mill architecturally beautiful, with pressed brick and terra cotta and marble; with handsome towers with clock and belfry; with interior finish of marble and brass and Venetian tiling. He had the ceilings built eighteen feet high, and the walls filled with big windows; handsome lavatories were provided, and a passenger and freight elevator for the operatives. He claims that to so surround the working classes with things that are clean and pure and beautiful and comfortable, cannot fail to elevate them. That they are taught the value and pleasure of beautiful surroundings; the necessity and comfort of cleanliness; and their health is improved by having abundant air and light and space room.

. . .

The man who thought out the value of environment in the labor problem is the same who, after working harder than any of his operatives all the week, attends their Sunday afternoon services—both white and colored—to encourage them to go to church; and never fails to attend weddings with suitable gifts. He has taken a long step towards improving labor conditions.

After going through this mill, it appears no more than natural to wander into a large town with wide streets, set out with young trees, where the houses have from three to six commodious rooms, with piazzas back and front, and often around the side; where large grounds for gardens surround each home, and artesian water, of the purest quality, and electric lights are furnished the cottagers, with abundant hydrant water for washing purposes and for sprinkling the streets and lawns.

In the place are two superintendents; one to keep a constant supervision over the houses and see that they are kept in perfect repair and comfortable; the other to keep the yards and streets clean. Carts go through the town daily, removing every particle of refuse of every description, and sprinkling lime where regard for sanitation makes it advisable. Housekeeping is made easy to the mill women. Delivery wagons call at every house daily for orders and to deliver goods. A wood-yard is maintained by the mills, where cheap fuel may be had, and a large and handsome store is equipped with everything for use or wear. It is not obligatory upon any one to buy at these places, but most people do so, because they get cheaper and better goods than can be had in the next town. A free doctor; a large and beautiful park; two public schools, a kindergarten and three churches, are among the good things belonging to this model mill town. The Episcopal and Baptist churches are new and handsome red brick and stone edifices, and the land for all the churches, together with half the cost of the buildings, was given by the mill.

. . .

Rev. Wm. B. Sams and Deaconess Graham, of the Episcopal Church, have done good missionary work in Olympia. There are two Sunday services and one week-day service held in the church; two Sunday School services and regular services held in the Baptist Church by Rev. Vernon I'Anson, and in the Methodist Church by Rev. B. R. Turnipseed. Both these churches have larger congregations than the first named. The Episcopal Church has established a successful Friday reading room, a boys' reading club, a girls' society, and classes for children, an industrial class, and a mothers' meeting. Much local missionary work is done by the churches.

Those who minister to the spiritual needs of these mill operatives, say that they are "nice, quiet, gentle, genial, polite, hospitable people;" one even declaring that she had ever met." They are unanimous in praise of the women as a "fine, a splendid set of devoted mothers." These people dress neatly, according to their means; have neat furniture in their homes, with sometimes a parlor organ, and have nice-looking beds, especially in their parlors, where some families have a well-decorated bed which they do not intend shall be slept upon, if it is possible to prevent such a desecration of its beauty.

Yet, with all this, there is a sad and pathetic element in this little Southern mill town. The people are polite and gentle, and never resent any intrusion, nor yet do they give much ground for believing that the visits of those interested in church work have made any deep spiritual or educational impression. Again, some of the families are hopelessly ignorant and many of them very poor. They are—many of them—in the clutches of the furniture instalment leeches, and are, with all th natural desire for neat things, ignorant of the right w to obtain these things. They have facilities for keepi chickens and cows, yet few of them do so.

Some parents force their children to work in the mi as soon as they are able to understand how to do a work at all; and there are fathers who drink and lo and compel their wives and children to work at loc and spindle, to provide them with bread and a hon They are not noisy or disorderly, but simply lazy, a they are as a stone wall against the mental and physi improvement of their families. Then there are fath who are sick, and whose families must work. It is s prising to find how many sick men there are amo mill operatives. Many have worked hard and be poorly fed, and the close confinement of unaccustom work in the mills has sapped what little vitality th had. These three classes of families fill a mill to with subjects for charity, and the church workers Olympia have their hands full. Part of the work teaching the women how to cook, an art in which so are sadly ignorant. Children in the Olympia mill—a children are not encouraged to work there—work h a day, and play or go to school half a day; but th are other mills where children work from six o'clock the morning till seven at night, and amid very differ conditions.

The simple religious work undertaken in this li community is far-reaching, if, perforce, slow in effects, and the good already accomplished is with computation.

Banana Raising

It is interesting to know that a crop of bananas is h vested every fifteen days in Honduras. Each banana pl has many suckers or stalks growing from a single root the same time. One or more bunches of the ripening f is cut from a single stalk, while the other stalks grow from the same roots are left untouched, and in fifteen d another of the stalks is shorn of its fruit. This process c tinues without cessation throughout the year. In July August the ripening bunches are cut off every ten days, only once a month in December and January.

SOME OF THE DWELLERS IN THE MILL TOWN

THE NOON HOUR AT THE MILLS

Twin Tunnels Under the Hudson

A WONDERFUL FEAT OF MODERN ENGINEERING

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago such a feat of engineering as that required in completing the tunnel under the North ver would have been an impossibility, at ast so it is said by men well versed in the owledge of such work. To-day the tunnel almost complete, and the work is done, as r as making the long passage which cots the two cities, New York and Jersey ty, is concerned.

Some fifteen years ago, an English comny contracted to build this tunnel, and suceeded in making an excavation until a point is reached where the river broke through bed, flooded the tunnel, and drowned a mber of workmen. When the present mpany, of which Mr. Charles M. Jacobs is e head engineer, took charge, the flooded nnel was pumped out. This done, all the onderful aids to a work of this kind, which re the result of applied modern science, re brought into requisition. Starting from point in either city, so accurate were the gineer's calculations, that in time the two ds of the tunnel squarely met and were ned together.

The processes by which this stupendous rk was completed are intensely interesting. Operations have been carried on not only under the river, but under the river's bed, which, unlike its watery level surface, is very uneven, and jagged in outline, and as a great deal of the substance was solid rock, and a mixture of clay and stone almost as solid, the undertaking was one of much difficulty. In bridge-building, where the foundations must be laid away under water, caissons are used, under which the men work in excavating. These caissons are like an inverted dish, and are held down by great weights and pressure, the men being supplied with air from shafts, down which the breath of life is forced by engines upon the surface. The earth and rock dislodged by the men is shoveled under other shafts, where the suction from above is so great that it is all carried to the surface. But in excavating for the tunnel under the river, the work had to follow horizontal lines, necessitating a caisson which worked on the same principle as that used in bridge building, but with different adjustments. As fast as the men blast, dig, and disentegrate the earth, they are followed by a tub-like arrangement, with doors (which would be in the bottom if it were a tub), through which they creep to and from their labors. Another aperture gives egress to the accumulated earth and rock, which is shoveled through and taken away on cars to the mouth of the tunnel and hoisted to the surface.

In turn, this tub-like caisson is followed by men who are riveting in their places great, heavy segments of the finest steel, which, put together, form the whole lining of the inner circle of the tunnel. As the caisson advances, in some places masonry is built around it, to be in turn covered with the steel segments, and in others, the solid rock makes this work unnecessary.

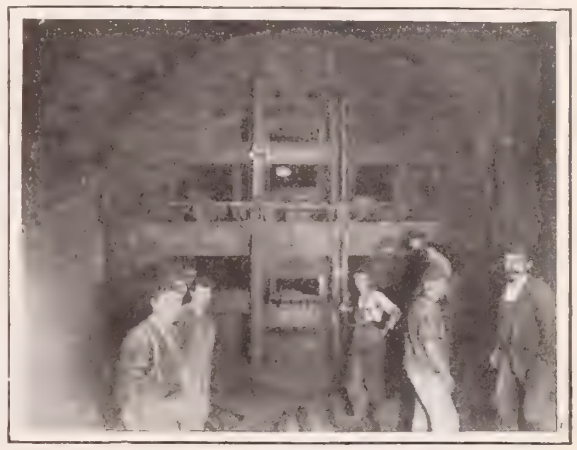
Sometimes difficulty is encountered, where the bed of the river sinks almost to the level of the tunnel. At one time, it looked as if the experience of many years ago was to be repeated; but when the water began to percolate through, the men sprang through the man-holes, locking the doors, and thus their lives were saved. These locks occur at frequent intervals throughout the length of the tunnel, and make the work much less dangerous, as each section can be closed independently. The leak from above was stopped by dumping scow-load after scow-load of clay and stone in the river, and filling up the depression in the bed. Then the flooded compartment in the tunnel was pumped out and work resumed.

The caisson is kept in its place and pushed along by compressed air as the excavating allows. There never will be danger of anything from the outside penetrating the steel lining of the twin tubes, the engineers say, or of anything from the inside getting out, except by way of the entrances at either end, for this heavy steel lining has tremendous resisting power.

In his office on the surface of the ground, and directing the movements of his workmen behind the caisson, who are delving into the bowels of the earth below, sits the man whose brain directs the great engineering work in every detail. The air pressure, and all the mechanical arrangements, are regulated by telephone calls between the office and the workmen. But who are these men behind the caisson? Not mere diggers and delvers, such as may be seen by the thousand, toiling in the city streets, grubbing and ditching. These men in the tunnel are skilled mechanics, trained workers, inured to hardships such as those who have never worked under or behind a caisson little dream of. They must not only understand their business, but they must know when to quit, for even their strong and vigorous bodies would succumb to the dreaded "caisson disease," which is the inevitable result of too long a stay in the compressed air, in which the work of excavating must be done. Four hours is the limit of a day's work. There have been no accidents since the tunneling has been under its present management. The electric lights in the tunnel are sufficiently powerful to turn the darkness of the interior into daylight. The tunnel will be completed and opened to the public in about one year, when from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand passengers can be transported daily between the two cities.

The tunnel is about one mile in length, and will cost about $6,000,000. It will be equipped with the latest improved electric cars, running at frequent intervals through the twin tubes, and the moving throngs who daily journey between New York and New Jersey will find ample and safe transportation.

VISITORS INSPECTING THE TUNNEL



EXCAVATING BEFORE THE "SHIELD"
The most dangerous work in constructing the Tunnel

The Progress of the War in the Far East

The Battle of Kinchow and Nanshan Hill -- Fighting Near Liao-Yang -- Kouropatkin's Plans -- The Siege of Port Arthur

FROM eye-witnesses who saw the operations of the contending armies at the battle of Kinchow Neck, a reliable account of the most sanguinary engagement of the war has now been received.

On May 26, over 40,000 Japanese troops were massed a spur of Mount Sampson, near the sea, slightly der cover of two nearby peaks, and within a mile d a quarter of the outer Russian entrenchments. The panese advance began at night, during a thunderrm. After a severe fight, Kinchow Castle was capred, and then a heavy fog set in, preventing the use artillery. Early next morning, the entire artillery ce and the gunboats in Kinchow Bay shelled the ssian positions on Nashan Hill. At nine o'clock Russian fire had fallen off a great deal, and the panese infantry began to make short charges against e enemy. For hours the most desperate fighting contued, the Japanese charges being repulsed one after other until the hillside looked like a shambles. In me of the charges every man in the Japanese advance e was either killed or wounded.

Russian gunboats, under cover of a fortified island Liushutong, began shelling the Japanese left. The ssians landed troops in five launches, but they were ven back to their boats. Four nine centimetre guns uth of Nanshan Hill, fired steadily on the Japanese lt. The Japanese artillery returned the fire, but with- apparent effect. The upper part of Nanshan Hill very steep, and upon it the Russians had erected perinent fortifications, while the slopes were protected mines and barbed wire entanglements. The Russns had seventy guns and many quick-firers. The panese artillery poured a heavy fire into the enemy; t the defence was very obstinate, and the Japanese re unable to penetrate the Russian lines, which were engthened by two batteries on Nanshan Hill.

A stroke of fortune was the discovery and destruction by the Japanese of the electric wires leading to nes at the eastern foot of Nanshan Hill. This prented the Russians from exploding these mines when Japanese infantry crossed the ground where they d been placed. It is possible that the fortunes of day hinged upon these mines. If the Russians had been able to explode them at the right time the losses among the Japanese troops would have been tremendous, and it is possible also that the Russians would have been able to hold the hill.

The Japanese were now running short of shells, and the infantry was compelled to make fierce charges, regardless of the losses they sustained. The first division charged bravely, but was checked by a fierce fire. It was in a tight place, when a gunboat in Kinchow Bay opened fire on the Russian left, and the Fourth artillery joining in the fire, they silenced the Russians. Then the fourth division charged the Russian left flank, and reached the first line of defence on the heights. The other division joined in the advance, charging over heaps of dead, and pierced the Russian lines, fiercely bayoneting the enemy, who fled, leaving the hill in possession of the Japanese The Russians retreated to the south in disorder. They blew up their magazines at Tafangshang. The Japanese troops were in the highest spirits, and repeatedly shouted "Banzai" in celebration of their victory. The Russians lost one of their division of field artillery, two batteries, and a great number of other guns.

Gen. Oku reported the Japanese losses at 713 officers and men killed, and 3,469 wounded. Gen. Stoessel placed the Russian losses at 30 officers and 700 men killed. On the Russian side 12,000 troops were engaged in the defense against fully 40,000 Japanese.

After the engagement at Kinchow and Nanshan Hill the Japanese occupied Dalny, unopposed. Very little material damage had been done to the docks or buildings by the Russians, but there had been much looting by Chinese bandits.

Gen. Oku now began his preparations for the siege of Port Arthur. Reinforcements arrived in large numbers from Japan, 50,000 landing at Takushan, the greater part being added to Gen. Oku's force investing Port Arthur; while detachments landing at other points advanced northward to reinforce Kuroki.

Previous to the battle of Kinchow Neck, Gen. Kouropatkin, it was reported, had been urged by the St. Petersburg authorities to make a strong effort for the relief of Port Arthur. He accordingly sent a force of 30,000 troops, under Gen. Stalkenberg, including several thousand Cossacks, southward, intending to make a dash through the Japanese lines, but the fall of Kinchow and the continuous arrival of fresh Japanese troops caused the abandonment of the Russian general's daring project. Kuroki now had a strong military line across the peninsula, and his force was being daily augmented. Gen. Oku's troops had destroyed all railroad and other communications for a considerable distance north of Port Arthur, making a dash by a relief force impracticable.

It was estimated that on June 3 there were not less than 200,000 Japanese troops in Manchuria, but as Russian reinforcements were regularly arriving at Harbin at the rate of 2,000 daily, it was expected that Gen. Kouropatkin would soon have an army of sufficient strength to assume the offensive. As rapidly as they arrived, the Russians were sent to Liao-Yang.

Meanwhile, severe fighting between the outposts was of almost daily occurrence, with varying results, though chiefly favorable to the Japanese, owing to their superior numbers. There was also considerable Cossack raiding reported in Korea.

Immediate interest now centres on the fate of Port Arthur, where Gen. Stoessel has probably 30,000 men available to withstand a Japanese assault. Gen. Oku will have a force of fully 100,000 troops for this tremendous undertaking, the failure of which is still confidently predicted by Russian military leaders.

In a dispatch from Rome dated June 3, it was stated that the Japanese had occupied the outer line of the defences of Port Arthur "after a feeble resistance," and that four divisions of Japanese had taken up a position on Kwang-Tung heights, on which they had placed heavy artillery, entirely dominating the town.

Food and fuel are both reported to be short at Port Arthur, and the garrison is said to be on half-rations five days in the week. The channel, according to the latest Russian reports, is again clear, and when the critical moment arrives, the fleet will make a dash for liberty, as did the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera at Santiago. They will attack Togo's cordon of warships and try to break through, and should they fail, the last of the squadron will go down with flags flying, rather than surrender.

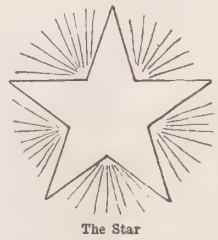
Christ's Life in Pictures

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF CHRIST

AS we look at the *star*, let us together repeat the verse: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." Who sang a song in the skies when Jesus was born? Where did the shepherds find him? "Wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a *manger*." When Jesus was forty days old, why did Mary and Joseph take him to the temple? "To present him to the Lord." What did the wise men from the East do when they had found him who was born King? "They fell down and worshiped him, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." What did Joseph do when the angel came and told him that Herod would seek to destroy the little Jesus king? "He took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt." A picture of a Bible roll may be used to make us think of Jesus growing wise when he was a little boy. In what three ways did Jesus grow? "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." When Jesus had grown to be a man, to whom did he go to be baptized in the river Jordan? To John. When Jesus was baptized what did he see? "The Spirit of God descending like *a dove* and lighting upon him."



The Star

The Manger

Where did Jesus go after he was baptized? He was "led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." The words of what book were like a shield to him? The Bible. Let us look at the words, "five friends." How many of you can name five men who were the first disciples of Jesus? John, Andrew, Peter, Philip, Nathaniel. Let us look at the picture of the *water-pots* of stone. In what place did Jesus turn the water into wine? "This beginning of his miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee." When Jesus found men in God's house selling sheep, and oxen, and doves, and changing money, what did he do? "He made a *scourge* of small cords and drove them all out of the temple." Let us look at the *water jar*. What did Jesus ask of the woman of Samaria who came to the well to draw water? "Give me to drink." What kind of water did he say he could give her so that she would never thirst again? "Living water."

Water-Pots

In what town did Jesus first begin to preach? "He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up." Were the people pleased with the preaching of Jesus? "They led him unto the brow of the hill whereupon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." What did Jesus do? "But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." When Jesus preached to the crowds of people on the seashore, what did he do? He sat down and taught the people out of a boat. Let us remember that Sabbath day in Capernaum when Jesus cured Peter's wife's mother. Did he cure any one else on that day? "All they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him. And he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them." To what man did Jesus say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," also, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house?" A man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. (See "Forgive.") Who did Jesus say is king of the Sabbath? "The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath." (See *crown*.) What did he say it is right for us to do on the Sabbath? "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days."

Dove and Bible

Scourge

Can we tell the apostles' names? "Peter and Andrew, James and John, Philip and Nathaniel, Matthew, Thomas and Simon Zelotes, and James the less, Jude and Judas."

Royal Crown

What are the words of the *Golden Rule?* "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Who gave this rule? How can we become sisters and brothers of the Lord Jesus? "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Who put John into prison? "Herod had laid hold on John and bound him and put him into prison." What is the "seed," which is planted in our *hearts?* "The seed is the Word of God."

What is the name of the sea where Jesus loved so much to be? Galilee. In what river was he baptized? The river Jordan. To what great city did he often go? Jerusalem. What kind of darkness does the sun in the sky drive away? The darkness of night. Because Jesus drives away the darkness of sin out of wicked hearts, what name is given to him? "The Sun of Righteousness." What did the girl who danced ask of Herod? "Give me by and by, in a charger, the head of John the Baptist. Let us count the *loaves* in the picture at foot of page. How many people did Jesus feed with only so many loaves and fishes? "Five thousand men besides women and children." What kind of bread did Jesus offer to those same people on the next day? Jesus said unto them, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall not hunger." (see "bread" in heart). Whose son is Jesus? "He is the Son of God." Why did God say: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him?" "Because Jesus is our King, and we must obey him" (see *crown*). Why does God give his angels charge over little children? "Because it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Who is your neighbor? Everybody who needs our help. What did Jesus say about loving our neighbor? "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Because Jesus gives the light of love to all our hearts, what is said of him? He is "the Light of the World." Because Jesus has the *key* that unlocks death, what did he say to Lazarus when he had been dead four days? "Lazarus, come forth." See the pile of money. When a rich young man came to Jesus and asked him how he could get into heaven, what did Jesus say? "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." What kind of rich people cannot get into heaven? "Them that trust in riches." What will keep us from loving riches better than heaven? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Who was it climbed up in a tree to see Jesus? "*Zaccheus*, chief among the publicans." Why is Jesus called the friend of publicans and sinners? Because he "came to seek and to save that which was lost." When Jesus rode like a king into Jerusalem, what did the people do? "Many spread their garments in the way; others cut down *branches* from the trees and strewed them in the way, and they that followed cried out, saying, 'Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" Jesus told his apostles the story of a man who had a vineyard. How did the men who rented the vineyard treat the master's servants? Very badly, "beating some and killing some" when the master sent to get his grapes. What did they do to the master's son when he was sent? "Killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard." Why were the people angry to whom Jesus told this story? "They knew he had spoken the parable against them." Jesus has said he will come back again to this world, can we tell by the clock when he will come again? "Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." What does he want all his to do while they are waiting for him? "Take ye heed; watch and pray." Before Jesus went back to heaven, why did he tell his friends to eat the *bread* and drink the *wine* of the Lord's Supper? "This do in remembrance of me."

Figs and Leaves

The Lamp

Illustration and Application

Centuries ago, workmen might have been seen dragging a great marble block into the city of Florence. It was long and heavy, and was intended to be made into a statue of a great prophet, but when Donatello, the sculptor, saw it, he refused to accept it, as it contained some flaws. So there it lay in the yard of the Cathedral in Florence, a useless block, despised and rejected. One day Michael Angelo was passing, and his eye caught sight of the block. There rose before his vision a thing of beauty. He would make a statue of it! He took a long time, and allowed no other hand to touch it. A friend said that he was only spending days and weeks of his time upon trifles. "Trifles make perfection," he replied. Two more years passed away, and at last the statue was finished. On the twenty-fifth of January, 1504, the great artists of that day assembled to see what Michael Angelo had made of the despised and rejected block. There were Monciatto, Cosimo Roselli, Botticelli, and San Gallo, and Leonardo da Vinci, Filippino Lippi, and Pietro Perugino. The marvelous work was unveiled. The artists' judgment was unanimous. It was a masterpiece. It must stand in the public square. So, there for centuries it stood, though they have since placed it within walls to protect it from decay. And to-day, if you will go to the Academia delle Belle Arti, you will see the very statue that was once a valueless block, the far-famed "David" of Michael Angelo. It represents the Shepherd King in the strength of his ruddy youth. The eyes are full of sweet perceptiveness, the right arm poised so as to hold the sling, the body agile and strong, a sculptured poem of strength. So the Son of David, Jesus of Nazareth, despised and rejected of men, has become the head of the corner, the Corner-stone of Christian civilization on earth, as he is the glory of heaven.

* * *

The pastor of Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore, recently preached a sermon that might be expanded into a full review of the life of Christ as one great panorama of unselfishness and self-sacrifice. The sneering remark of the high priest as he stands beside the cross, "He saved others, himself he cannot save," was the text. The bystanders overhear it, and a citizen of Jerusalem exclaims, "Indeed, he did 'save others,' for I saw one of my blind neighbors saved from life-long blindness. This very man on the cross put clay on his eyes and sent him to the pool of Siloam to wash, and ever since he has rejoiced in the light of day." A Gallilean says, "He has 'saved others,' many of them up our way; one, a palsied man, borne by four friends on his bed to this man, from whom he came back to his home bearing his own bed, and leaping with joy. A traveling man chimes in, "I travel among the cities of Decapolis selling goods and I was nearly killed by a crazy demoniac but this Jesus came along and that crazy fellow is a new man, quiet and industrious, a joy to his home." A man of Bethany says "Greater than all your stories, this Jesus saved Lazarus of our town from death when he had been long buried." But in contrast to all this it was indeed true, though in a deeper sense than the selfish high priest could understand "Himself he cannot save." This is one of the can nots of character. He could not save himself from the cross because if he did he would cease to "save others." "Christ must needs have suffered," that whosoever will may be saved.

PORTRAIT OF CHRIST BY SCHMICHEN

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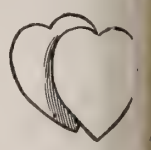

Hearts

Childhood

Mrs. F. R. Feudge relates that a little Chinese boy, Ah Fung, had been taught at one of the mission schools at Ningpo to read the Bible, and to go to Jesus in prayer whenever he was in need of help. When he was about nine years of age, his father took Ah Fung with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Korean capital. By some mishap, while there, the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who presented him to his wife. She made him her page, and he would often attempt to tell his young mistress of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but without avail, until one day death took away her baby girl; and then, in her great loneliness and sorrow, she recalled the words of her little page about Jesus and his love, and asked him to tell her the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk of the Saviour, until she, too, came to love this same Friend.

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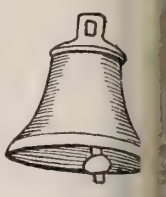


Gospel Bell

Youth

I want to introduce you to a beautiful Roman maiden young, and of high birth, whose sublime heroism is a pattern for all Christians of all time. Her lovely face and charm of character attracted to her a host of admirers. Yet, though many wooed, no one won that proud heart. "Their words are fair," said she, "but words are so easily spoken. What of their deeds? Not one of them loves me well enough to die for me, or do a great and splendid action for my sake. I wait to give my heart's love to one who would love me even to death." "You will wait long for that," said her father with a sneer. But he was mistaken. She had not long to wait. Through a slave, who acted to her as lady's-maid, she heard the good news of the Saviour who died for us. "Do you say it was for love of us he died?" she asked again and again. "Indeed it was," answered her handmaiden. "Then I am pledged to be his," said the beautiful girl. "I vowed to give myself only to one who would die for love of me." Her heathen father insisted she should give up her new faith; but she answered, "The Son of God loves me; he died for me; I cannot deny him." "Renounce his religion or you die; choose," said her parent, decidedly. We are told which she chose. The love of Christ constrained her to follow her Lord, even unto death.

Sacramental Cup

A young man who was offered a packet of infidel publications, declined to accept, saying: "If you have anything better than the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan; or if you have any better code of morals than the Ten Commandments; or anything more consoling and beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm; or anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament, send it along."

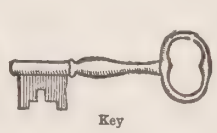
The Cross

* * *

Age

Someone said to a white-haired old man, over ninety years old, "Do you love Jesus?" His whole face lighted as he answered "I know something better than that. He loves me! For sixty-seven years I've known him as my Saviour, and I've never tired of saying, 'The Lord loves me.'" George MacDonald writes: "I do not feel one atom older than I did at three-and-twenty. Nay, to tell the truth I feel a good deal younger, for then I only felt that a man had to take up his cross, whereas now, I feel that a man has to follow Him; and that makes an unspeakable difference

Loaves



Key

Crown of Thorns

*Christ's Life in Pictures. International Sunday School Lesson for June 26. Review of the Quarter. Golden Text: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." Philip. 2: 9.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Ladies' Luncheon

A FAVORITE form of graceful hospitality is the ladies' luncheon. To this fete the hostess invites her friends, suggesting to the men of the house if they happen, as a rule, to come home to a mid-day dinner, that on this occasion they may kindly find entertainment somewhere else. Whatever the season, the luncheon served to women is composed of delicate and dainty viands, beautifully arranged, with the best linen, the best china and the richest silver the house affords. During spring and summer, flowers in variety may be utilized for the centre of the table. A bowl of roses, carnations, nasturtiums or sweet-peas, is always very decorative and beautiful. Use only one kind at a time. Of course the flowers selected depend on the month in the year, trailing arbutus for the spring, pond lilies for August, golden rod for September, chrysanthemums for October and holly for Christmas. The chief necessity is to have something distinctive and attractive in the way of color for the middle of the table. About this time last year, a New York hostess gave a luncheon to her friends, in which the floral decorations were sacs in white and purple. A great mass of them in the centre of the round table made the room fragrant and was most restful to the eye. For a wedding luncheon, white roses and ferns are very appropriate, and, so far as possible, everything on the table should be in white and silver. At such a luncheon, the company would be mixed, both men and women, and should sit around the room instead of at the table. For a ladies' luncheon, the menu may perhaps be

STRAWBERRIES *au naturel*
(These should be served in little mounds of sugar)
CREAM OF CELERY SOUP
SALMON CROQUETTES
OLIVES AND RADISHES
BROILED CHICKEN WITH CREAMED POTATOES
LETTUCE AND TOMATO SALAD
CHARLOTTE RUSSE
CREAMED CHEESE AND TOASTED CRACKERS
COFFEE

Another good and easy menu would be

CREAM OF CORN SOUP
BROILED CHOPS, AND BAKED POTATOES
GREEN PEPPERS, STUFFED, BAKED TOMATOES
LETTUCE SALAD, MAYONNAISE DRESSING
LEMON PIE
COFFEE

One may vary her menu, and have it simple or elaborate to suit herself; but everything should be good of its kind, and a hostess should never attempt anything when she has company that she has not previously tried in the bosom of her own family.

In order to have any festival pass off pleasantly, one must choose guests who will be congenial. I have been at parties which were far from pleasant, because the guests were misfits. You cannot entertain all your friends at one time, and you should be at pains to invite those who know one another, or who probably will have a good deal in common. The guest of honor is seated at the right of the hostess, the intimate friend of the family takes the seat opposite the hostess. Group the others in whatever way will probably be most agreeable to them. If you have place cards with the names of the guests upon them, they will easily find out where they belong. Among the most delightful functions are the annual breakfasts and luncheons given by women's clubs, to which a bid is considered a compliment, and where the club's guests usually sit at a table on a raised platform, a step or two above the rest of the room, overlooking the round or square tables where the club members sit. These functions are usually followed by a programme of music and by witty after-luncheon speeches, in which many women in these days excel. The droll story, bright incident, and gay repartee are greatly prized when adorning a narrative at a ladies' luncheon.

The Family Sewing

Though most of us have regretted the long, cold spring, yet it has given the prudent housekeeper a fine opportunity to forge ahead with the family sewing. By this is not meant those tasks of the needle that are always to be expected, such as the weekly mending, and the making of slips for the baby, or a new frock for little Susy, but the regular campaign that confronts us every spring and autumn. There is now a chance to buy ready-made garments and underclothing at tempting prices, and of this many avail themselves. Yet the conscientious woman does not buy, for principle's sake, those articles which are obviously sold at so low a rate that their makers must have received a starvation wage, and really elegant and beautiful raiment comes high. The home needlewoman can save money by doing the family sewing at home.

A method preferred by some judicious managers is to devote a month to this work of making or renovating, to engage a seamstress, if needful, or a dressmaker, and then, making a business of it, get the season's sewing out of the way. By this means the mother of six savs she has time to spare for much reading and study, for church work, and for visiting. And when hot weather lays its enervating spell upon the land, and one ardently longs for repose, there is no burden of sewing that must be done, that unduly taxes the vital energy.

"I SPY!"

Peer into the thicket, children, there is something there to see,
A bird on the nest, and under her breast
Are fledglings two or three.
Or it may be a wee white rabbit, who is hiding from you and me.

Commencement Days

JUNE, the month of weddings and of roses, is also the month of Commencements. Every summer a great company of young men and young women, carefully trained and nurtured in the finest learning their alma mater can give, go forth to undertake the world's work. They are graduated from schools of technology and of medicine and of law, from other institutions as well, and bright, eager, strong, they set forth with the gay courage of youth, to attack whatever lions may be in the path. The great commanders of the future are to-day in the government schools for army and navy, mere lads, but they will order the onward marches of civilization and direct the warfare of sea and land before many years. The great surgeons are stepping forth from their class-rooms now. In fact the biggest people of to-morrow are enrolled among the youthful people of to-day. We are forever passing on, and the high-water mark of no generation is reached until its sons are attaining their majority. Then they advance and the former generation retires.

There is nothing but joy in all this. It is as it ought be. Ring, merry bells. Blow, silvery bugles. Beat, gallant drums. Wave, proud banners. For, all abloom with the glory of the morning years, blithe of heart and of foot, well-equipped for the fray, the lads are coming who shall sweep everything before them. "All the blue bonnets are over the border!" The young fellows who fling off cap and gown, and leave the cloistered calm of their colleges, spring alert and dominant over the world's border, ready to vanquish whatever enemy lifts a hostile spear.

And the girls, who at Commencement, so modestly, yet so fearlessly accept their well-earned diplomas, they are worthy of all honor. They will do wonderful deeds for humanity. But the most successful girl of the ten thousand girl-graduates will be the one to accept domestic life and duty, who marries the man she loves, and becomes a contented and honored wife and mother.

Not every girl will find her life comrade waiting for her. Some will be needed to teach others; some to nurse the sick; some to be physicians, missionaries, business women, journalists, to engage in useful work and serve the present age. Blessings on the girls who may be graduated, whatever they elect as the calling of their future.

Some of us, stout, prosperous, middle-aged, or elderly, go back to Commencement, that we may meet old friends and classmates, and witness the triumph of our sons and daughters. Not so long ago, that plump matron was herself a slim maiden in a white frock; that bald-headed gentleman, a rollicking youngster who had not even a bowing acquaintance with dignity. Forgetting that time has wrought changes in ourselves, some of us marvel that A. and B. have grown old. But old or young, we have jolly times at Commencement, and the blessing of June, rose-hued and fragrant, falls on our heads.

Who Brings Up the Children?

The sons of a man well known in public life have turned out as men exceptionally successful in their business careers. They are strong, upright and noble; good citizens, good husbands, and generally respected members of the community.

"My wife brought up my boys," was the comment of their father. "While I was busy with the affairs of the nation, she was moulding and shaping their characters. If they have attained to distinction it is wholly due to her faithfulness, her daily care and her excellent judgment."

A noted author, whose books are read everywhere, and whose name is a household word in America, bears a similar testimony to the training his wife has bestowed upon the children of the home. "I never had time to spend on them," he said. "I have lived in the constant grind of production, and my unreal people have been with me more truly than those whom I have met and with whom I have mingled. Their mother it is who has made our children what they are."

An evangelist, whose rare spirituality and consecrated eloquence brought thousands into the kingdom, once said reverently. "There is a little woman in my home, whose voice has never been heard outside our doors, and she has been the mainstay of our household. One by one, she has impressed her own courage, faith and sincerity on the children as they have come under her care. She, not I, must have the credit for what our sons and daughters may amount to in the world."

EDUCATION FOR MATRIMONY

Leading American Women Praise the "Iowa Idea"

THE following letters from a number of leading American women, were written in response to a request for an expression of opinion relative to the measure lately introduced in the Iowa Legislature, providing for the appointment of a State Director of Marriage and for instructions in and diplomas for Domestic Science.

A Department for "Making Good Husbands" Very Desirable, Writes Kate Upson Clark

THE idea of a Director of Marriage for each State, and of instruction in Domestic Science in all our institutions for women, is excellent. It should especially be urged that a department for making good husbands should be established in each of our universities for men. Our leading lawyers agree that four-fifths of the divorces are caused by the desertion or disloyalty of husbands, and it is the determined and incorrigible bachelorhood of our men which necessitates the spinsterhood of so many women. No amount of preparation for marriage, nor of desire for marriage on the part of our young women, can promote their marriage. Young men are not looking for the best prepared wives, and especially they are not looking for those maidens who are most anxious to marry. No doubt they will shun those most conspicuously unfit, and those who aggressively oppose matrimony (unless they are very handsome); but a pink-and-white complexion, and a willowy figure, enkindle a man's affections far more ardently than any amount of knowledge, even of domestic science.

By all means, let us educate our girls in that department, for the information will not come amiss, wherever their lot may lie; but especially let us have Professors of Matrimony in our universities, to teach young men how to be good husbands, and to imbue them with a wholesome horror of bachelorhood. Works by Charles W. Eliot and Theodore Roosevelt will make good text-books, and doubtless those gentlemen, and many others, will assist in endowing the proper professorships. KATE UPSON CLARK.

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The "Iowa Plan" will Lessen the Divorce Evil, Writes Alice T. Bartram

MATRIMONY, as yet, is not an exact science, and there do not appear to be any well-regulated laws that govern it. I am somewhat in the dark concerning the exact curriculum that the "Iowa Idea" would advocate; but I am, however, heartily in favor of any sane and sensible project that will result in the lessening of the divorce evil. Scientific and accurate housekeeping is an important feature in domestic happiness. A well nourished, comfortable family, is apt to be a cheerful and contented one, and the cheerful, contented family is apt to have a well satisfied man at its head. I am of the opinion that poor cooking is responsible for much intemperance, and a shiftless and extravagant home has ruined many business enterprises. On the other hand, an early and improvident marriage has more serious results for a woman than for a man, and it would appear wise, if young men could be taught exactly how much it costs to establish and care for a home, before they undertake the responsibility of one. Domestic Science as taught in the public schools of France, has not solved the divorce problem for that country. Love has ever laughed at locksmiths, and I fear it may smile at legislators, but a diploma in Domestic Science, is, after all, the best forerunner of the marriage certificate that I know.

ALICE T. BARTRAM.

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Restore the Old-time Exalted Ideal of Family Life, Writes Mrs. Darwin R. James

THE introduction into the Iowa House of Representatives, of a bill asking for the appointment of a State Director of Marriage, and for instructions in and diplomas for Domestic Science, is encouraging. One cannot without pain, read the opinions of leading Christian Statesmen, that "we are rapidly going on to the pass to which the Rome of Livy had come, and of which he said that the evils were so great, that they could neither be cured nor endured." The proportion of divorces to marriages is astonishing and sickening, not only in the newest States, but in the oldest Commonwealths—destruction of the family and lowering of the ideal of home, goes on unceasingly.

One hears and reads similar utterances, with nevertheless a clinging to the hope that the great heart of America still beats true to a high moral tone, and that she will return sooner or later to her old-time exalted ideals of family life and the sweet graces of the typical American Christian home. God grant that this may be the case, and that the Iowa idea may be a precursor to the return to better conceptions of the sacredness of marriage relations. To bring about this return, a more thorough Christian education in the home, may be well followed by such education in Domestic Science as must be possessed to make marriage a success.

How to manage on a certain income, so that money may be saved for sickness or casualties, and yet something laid aside for the future; how to prepare digestible appetizing food; some conception of house sanitation and drainage, and other practical knowledge, with careful instruction in the physical science of wedlock, would do much toward preventing friction and discord in the very close relations of married life.

Iowa's undertaking will be very closely watched by other States, and if successful, followed; and we wish her unbounded success. MARY E. JAMES.

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The State Cannot Regulate Marriage, Writes Mrs. Truman J. Backus

AT first idea, the Iowa plan seems attractive and plausible. Half the crimes and social anomalies which deform the news columns of our day would be preventable by a deliberate, honest acceptance of the marriage relation, with its normal consequences and reciprocal obligations. Among the dependent and criminal classes the regulation of marriage seems a crying need. Some penologists would prevent it altogether. We have the best authority for believing that a healthful, comfortable home, well managed in those practical details which depend upon the housemother's knowledge and skill, is likely to be a centre of morality and patriotism. This is especially true among the laboring classes; where good cooking and good ventilation prove the best antidotes to the drink evil. On the other hand, the student of sociology must view with alarm our rapidly growing tendency to substitute legislation for the trained sense of individual responsibility, which Dr. Von Holst accounts the foundation-stone of our Republic. We are putting more laws upon our statute books which are in themselves difficult of enforcement, and which repress personal initiative, without taking into account the hereditary tendencies of our complex and cosmopolitan populations. No "blue law" works successfully under democratic auspices. One cannot but fear that State effort to control and administer marriage would prove as painfully nugatory as the Maine liquor laws or the Sunday closing ordinance in Greater New York.

MRS. TRUMAN J. BACKUS.

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Fit Our Women for Homemakers, and Our Men for Breadwinners, Writes Varina F. Cox

ALL our schools are for the purpose of fitting children and youth for their life work. What more important work can come to any than the establishing and proper maintaining of a family? The family is the national unit. The individual is only a fraction. If, then, the family be the national unit, the character of the families composing the nation will determine the character of the nation. If the families are corrupt and weak, the nation will be corrupt and weak. Every nation that has died, died of moral corruption. The increase of divorces in our country is an indication that something is wrong with the family. It behooves us to inquire into the cause of the trouble.

There is no doubt that a large proportion of young people enter the marriage relation with wrong ideas. Few women marry with the intention of being what God designs a wife to be, a helpmate. Every wife should be a homemaker. A mere housekeeper cannot be a homemaker; but a homemaker must be a housekeeper. If a man marries, expecting his wife to minister to his pleasure only; if he is not willing to bear any share of the burdens which must, of necessity, come; if the wife be ignorant of household duties and impatient of the restraints of the home life; if the care of the house and children be irksome to her, is it any wonder if such a marriage ends in a divorce?

In Paris there are nearly one-half as many divorces as marriages each year, and the death rate is in excess of the births. The fear of national extinction has led to the introduction into the national legislative body of bills for the increase of population. Families of certain sizes are to have their taxes remitted. As prevention is better than cure, why should not our country try to prevent such a state of affairs as exists in Paris, by requiring all schools that are supported wholly or in part by the State to have a course of study in Economics, which shall fit women to be homemakers and men to be breadwinners? There should be provision for courses of lectures which would give to both sexes a true knowledge of the duties and responsibilities incident to marriage. The State certainly should have such a supervision over marriage as to prevent persons physically, mentally, or morally unfit, from burdening the State with their imbecile offspring. VARINA F. COX.

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Teach Our Daughters the Dignity of Domestic Science, Writes Mrs. A. McD. Wilson

THE "Iowa Idea" has much to commend it in seeking to check the divorce evil, which is sapping the moral purity of American home life. As to the College of Matrimony, the plan itself seems worth the trying, but might not that name form an embarrassment, and possibly a point of attack from those whose pleasure it is to turn to jest and ridicule all that savors of reform?

The Bill before the Iowa House of Representatives, asking for the appointment of a State Director of Marriage, and for instruction in and diplomas for Domestic Science, is a step in the right direction, but only a step. Until laws shall be enacted prohibiting divorce, except for Biblical reason and parents realize their own responsibility to God and man no amount of outside instruction or direction will qualify the children for higher moral responsibility than has been accorded them by precept and example in the home.

Teach our daughters from infancy the dignity of Domestic Science. Elevate Domestic Science to an art, and accord its followers the same appreciation and respect given those who lead in the fine arts. Make Domestic Science as much a part of the school curriculum as the three R's. Let a woman feel that it is more honorable to be mistress of her kitchen range than to stand behind a counter, or fill a position in a business office, and far safer.

Woman's rightful place is in the home, and as home maker she fills the highest position God has called her to fill, for to her is committed the subtle power to rule and sway by her charm, and in the home she is queen indeed with no one to dispute her sovereignty.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.

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Educate Our Young People for Happy Marriage, Says Mrs. Margaret Bottome

THE "Iowa Idea" is a big one; but what else could you expect from the land of tall corn? Well, if education is needed in any direction, it is needed in the direction of educating young men and women for happy marriages. For woman to know even how to cook, has much to do with happy marriage. I can see myself now, as a young wife, sitting on a low stool by the side of an old stove, and opening the oven door every two minutes to be sure that that roast of beef was rare, because that was the way my husband liked it. I need not tell you that it was cooked to death.

That "Iowa Idea"

> Threw a narrow floodgate back
> That let in memory's tide.

A College for Matrimony! I declare I almost feel like saying: "Now, lettest Him thy servant depart in peace, for at last, we have reached common sense!" It is interesting to get at the sources of things. I am always interested in seeing the sources of rivers. A child can step from stone to stone at the source of Niagara—but the rapids are not far away, and the whirlpool is near.

Oh yes, educate in every way our young people for happy marriages. The home is at the foundation—it is the foundation of our Republic. MARGARET BOTTOME.

THE GOSPEL IN CANADIAN WILDS

ABOUT two hundred miles north of Duluth is Mine Centre, a depot and hotel in a region of woods, lakes, mines, Indians, and men of many nationalities. In a single camp one man is from Los Angeles, one is a "Stundist," one a Doukhobor; one boy is from Ohio, two from Ireland; there is one Indian, some French Canadians, and some men from nowhere in particular. A camp was recently established in the forest, where the temperature often ranges thirty-five degrees below zero. Men and horses spent many nights out in the open. There is no town for about two hundred miles south, east or north. Port Arthur and Fort William lie east. They will yet become one, and form a mighty lake port. The population is increasing rapidly. They are the headquarters for all who work "in the bush," and their hotel often shelter 1,500 lumbermen. Each hotel has a bar.

The great and crying need in Port Arthur is a real home for her young men—a place with moral influences, and whose surroundings would offset the attractions of the saloon. But at present we are in the bush, and it may be truthfully said that

> The sound of the church-going bell,
> These valleys and rocks never heard.

As I write, I can see, outside, an Indian dog-team on the way from the little store at the "Centre." I see, too, a Chippewa and his squaw. On the counter in the store are many pelts of timber wolves. These sell at about $2.50. The storekeeper speaks readily in French and the Indian dialect. A venerable Indian enters my room uninvited, sits down and looks around in almost sullen silence. I give him a piece of pork; his stolid visage relaxes, and he shows some musk-rats just taken from his traps.

In the camps around here hundreds of men are employed. Good plain food is provided. The tables are plain boards and the dishes are all enamel. Car-loads of beef, pork, hams, etc., are disposed of with marvelous rapidity. Eggs, milk and fish are lacking. Moose meat is sometimes enjoyed. The "sleep camp" is apart from the "cook camp." Bunks, each holding two, are built in tiers. No springs or mattresses are supplied; only blankets, and possibly a little hay. A large stove, around which are hung mittens, socks and moccasins, is in the centre of the room. Here sleep choppers, sawyers, swampers, teamsters and others. There is no privacy. Sickness and accidents play their part. A doctor, often a medical student, visits each camp. For this the men have to pay about one dollar per month.

Pocket-knives, scissors, needles, thread, tape, laces, simple medicinal remedies, plasters, cathartics, salve and ointments, would be most helpful to the boys away from home; also testaments, etc., in English, French, German, and Russian; up-to-date magazines, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and all good reading matter. Pray for these wanderers, for whom so few seem to care.

HERBERT E. PROBERT.

Port Arthur, Ont., Can.

WHILE YET IN THE WORLD

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

"IT is a good thing," said Brother Nash, as they sat around the stove before prayer-meeting opened, "that Christians will get a reward in the next world, for they don't near always get the best of it."

"Well, I don't know," said Deacon Long, "it depends on how you look at it."

"No it don't," spoke up Sister Kelley, rather sharply; "there ain't any way you can look at it, but it's just as Brother Nash says. The wicked, lots of times gets the best of this world. Now, there is Cy and Lyman Toliver. There never was a better man than Brother Cy, and he's worked like a dog, and they just barely get along, and his farm has been mortgaged ever since I can remember. But Lyman always was mean and stingy, and hard-hearted, and besides, he's an infidel. He has got a fine house and servants and thousands of dollars, and just everything a body could wish for. No, sir, you can't make me believe the good people always get along the best in this world." Then she added with a sigh, "but, of course, it will be made up to them in the next."

* * *

Lyman sat by the Pullman window watching for something familiar in the landscape. He was trying to recall the scenes and faces of twenty years before. He had vowed, when he left home, that he would not return until he was a millionaire. He was not an old man yet, but his closely cropped mustache was white and there was gray about his temples. But he was still straight and his eyes were keen and cold.

He had kept his word, and was going back the first time a millionaire.

He was greeted at the station by a hearty hand-shake and a broad, cordial smile. It was Cy, hearty and good-humored as ever. The same old Cy, except a little stouter and his hair a little white. He had heard that Cy was poor, but it had not marked him with much care. His eyes were twinkling, and every line in his face indicated happiness.

It was a plain country house with plain furniture, but everything was sweet and clean. They took their chairs out on the porch, shaded by a honeysuckle vine and climbing roses. The breeze swept in from the south, cool and refreshing, after the drive in the sun.

The girls, Mary and Jane, came in with their arms full of flowers. They were decorating in his honor, but he had come sooner than they expected. They greeted him a little timidly, but with evident pleasure, as Uncle Lyman. The boys, Jim and John, came in from the field at noon, and they, too, gave him an awkward but hearty welcome.

"I haven't enjoyed anything as much in twenty years as that meal," he said to Cy as they returned to the porch after dinner.

In the cool of the afternoon they went over the little farm and looked at the meadows, and the growing corn, the sheep and the cattle. Cy seemed to love every piece of ground and every blade of grass, and pointed with pride to the color of his corn and the size of the stalks.

"When you see corn a dark green like that, with thick stalks, you're sure of a big crop."

"It seems like a good little farm," said Lyman. "How much did it cost you?"

"I was to pay four thousand, but it is still mortgaged for seven hundred."

"When is the mortgage due?" he asked.

"Oh, it's been due for seven years," laughed Cy. "I keep the interest paid, of course."

"Why doesn't the party who holds the paper close you out?" asked Lyman, in surprise.

"Close me out? Why, Brother Davis, one of my nearest neighbors, holds the mortgage. He wouldn't any more think of closing me out than he would of robbing a train."

"I was just smiling," said Lyman, "to think how long my next door neighbor would let a mortgage on my house run after it was due."

That evening neighbor Evans came in. After the usual introduction, talk about the crops and the health of the family, Evans remarked:

"We're going over to help clean out Brother Cox's corn to-morrow. Guess we can count on you, Cy."

"Yes, me or one of the boys will be over."

"What is the matter with Cox?" asked Lyman, when the neighbor was gone.

"He's been down with the rheumatism and is behind with his work. Ten or fifteen of us are going over to-morrow to plough his corn."

"Why doesn't he hire it ploughed?"

"Isn't able."

"But don't you need the time on your own crop?"

"Oh, yes, the wet weather has put us a little behind; but it isn't like as if we were sick. We'll come out all right."

Lyman sat thinking for a long time. He remembered Clevenger, one of his neighbors. Clevenger was a good fellow, but he got on the wrong side of the market, and he had bankrupted him. "Meant fifty thousand to me, but was a little hard on Clevenger," he said to himself.

"There is Dawson, just watching every move I make, and a dozen others, all waiting like a pack of hungry wolves for my first slip."

Another neighbor, Egerton, had been sick when the mortgage was foreclosed, and he and his family put out of their home. It was business, of course, but somehow Cy did not seem to think so much of business as of his neighbors.

There was always a merry time evenings, in fact there were few times during the day when there was not a laugh somewhere about the house. After supper they all gathered in the sitting-room, and read and chatted, and told stories. The girls were sweet, bright girls, and the boys intelligent fellows. Lyman thought of his own wife and daughters, proud, haughty society leaders. He met them sometimes once or twice a week. He usually ate alone. He always spent the evening alone unless he went to the club.

Sunday evening Cy asked Lyman if he would go with them to church. He was on the point of making a cynical reply. It was his habit to speak of religion as a worn out superstition. His thought was to tell his brother that he had long outgrown such trivial sentimentality; but a question in his mind checked him.

"Have I?"

He had discovered to his surprise that his brother was a better informed man than he. There was no question of the times on which Cy had not read more and thought more. He found that his mind had been running in a little groove, while Cy had been growing broader by wide reading and careful thinking. Why should he say he had outgrown what his brother still believed? Yes, he would go.

The little country church, the same he attended when a boy, was filled. It was as plain as ever, but there was something worshipful in its very atmosphere. The preacher took one of the old texts, and preached a simple, direct sermon. Eloquent only in earnestness.

Lyman studied the preacher and the congregation. He saw that the preacher believed every word, and so did the people. Their faith was not clouded nor complicated. They took that all for granted—it was part of their faith.

After the benediction there was a general hand-shaking, and everyone was talking. Everyone in reach or who passed, shook hands with Cy and had some neighborly greeting. He seemed to be a friend to everybody. To some he replied seriously, to others laughingly; his warm heart shining in his face all the while.

As they went home, Lyman was very thoughtful.

"To work during the day; to rest at night; in love with one's family and one's neighbors; to believe God watches, and will guide and keep," that was his brother's life. His—

"To watch everlastingly, lest some man rob him of that which he had taken from others. To—" well, that was all—the rest was incidental.

"Cy," he said, as they neared home, "I would give every cent I have if I could live like you."

"Why don't you?" asked Cy.

"That is the miserable part of it. I can't, and I have lost so much of myself that I would not be happy if I did."

Our Population in 1910

In a letter defending the estimates of population, recently issued by the Census Bureau, Director North incidentally gives an estimate of the population of the United States, under the census to be taken in 1910, placing the figure at 89,041,436. The director says that this indicates a percentage of increase of 17.2, as compared with 20.7 in the decade of 1890-1900, but he acknowledges that there are possibilities in the future development of the country which may greatly change this estimate. He thinks the estimate is likely to prove too small in cities of exceptionally rapid growth.

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WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food

A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty, I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience, and also from personal observation, I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream, and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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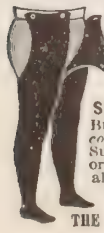

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Mont-Lawn Ready to Open

MANY letters are being received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, showing that the poor children of the tenements are not forgotten. As warm weather approaches, friends are sending their offerings to be used in giving the little ones, who otherwise would be penned in the hot city, a vacation at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. Time flies swiftly, and before we realize it, the sultry weather of midsummer will be upon us, sapping the vitality of the strongest.

Every preparation is being made to have the summer of 1904 a "banner season" for the entertainment of the poor children of the slums and miserable tenements, who for at least ten days may know the joy of living in the beautiful country, where God's pure sunshine and fresh air are free, where good, wholesome food and plenty of it, put strength into the little bodies, and clean white beds ensure the sweetest rest. Of course it takes money to do all this, and it is hoped that friends of the work will be generous with their offerings. There is something in the suffering of a little child that touches every heart. They are such helpless little creatures, so at the mercy of older people, who have the power to make or mar the future lives of the little ones; and the children of the poor are so many.

A letter from Colorado Springs, Colo., encloses money for one little child, to be sent to Mont-Lawn, and very pathetic is the reference to the fact that the sum was "painfully earned by a dying girl, in order that it might be spent in the Lord's work. She has now gone to glory and left this with me. I thought more good might be done with it—immediate good—by sending it to Mont-Lawn, as she wanted it spent for children."

Another letter, dated Mulberry, Ind., encloses $6, to send two children to Mont-Lawn. The writer says: "How I would love to see the children out at this beautiful place! All I know is what I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and my prayer is, that God will raise up more workers to help in this great work in saving the children." The Ladies' Aid Society of the Trinity Reformed Church, Skippack, Pa., sends $25 to "give an outing to as many children as it will pay for." "Aunt Jerusha Maria" writes: "I have $5 for the Lord, so I guess I'll send it *via* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to be used for Mont-Lawn." A very touching letter comes from Vermont, in which a dear sister sends $3. She says: "I have wished for some time that I could do something to earn money enough to give one dear little boy or girl a ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. At last I have earned the three dollars, doing mending for one of my good neighbors. It has been earned through much weariness and many aches, but I am glad I have earned it all myself. I have been very sick, so have been working slowly, and have been able to go out but little. How I wish I could see the dear little children at Mont-Lawn. May God richly bless them, and all who are doing so much for them."

Earned in weariness and pain—how much this $3 will count in the sight of the Father. And when the little child is told the story of the lady so far away, who toiled so lovingly that it might have such a good time, how grateful the little heart will be. What a lesson of unselfishness this kind act teaches.

One sad-hearted mother, whose only son was drowned, sends $10, which belonged to her boy, whom she feels sure would wish the money spent to give to some other boy a happy time at Mont-Lawn. So the gift will be doubly blest, in bringing comfort to the mother's own heart, and in helping other mothers, who have not the means to give their boys the happiness they will find during a visit to the Children's Home.

It costs but $21 to endow a cot for the whole season, which means a ten days' vacation for seven children, and $3 will give the same to one child. Children's half-worn clothing of any and all kinds will be gratefully received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

Oh, Hear Ye the Call!

OH! hear ye the call of the Master!
Go work in my vineyard to-day,
Go bring in the fruits you would gather,
The harvest is passing away.
Tarry not till the day-beams have faded,
And at evening hath sunk the bright sun,
Nor meet the dear Lord empty-handed
When there is so much to be done.

Go work with a hand that is willing
And a heart that is loving and true,
In the field of the blessed Redeemer
You all can find something to do
In caring for those who would perish,
Or fainting, be lost by the way,
But for someone to tell them of Jesus
And keep them from going astray.

Go forth with a balm for the weary,
And carry a smile to the sad,
Sing sweet songs of hope to the mourner,
And anthems of peace to the glad.

E'en tho' but a cup of cold water,
Or the poor and the hungry to feed,
O, go, and do something for Jesus,
And thou shalt be blest in the deed.

Go, bearing kind words to the wayward,
Who are wandering out in the cold,
Go bring in the lost ones to Jesus,
And shelter them safe in the fold.
With your armor, the "sword of the Spirit,"
In the name of your Master and Lord,
Toil on till the harvest is ended,
And abundant shall be thy reward.

Oh! hear ye the call of the Master!
Go work in my vineyard to-day,
Go bring in the fruits you would gather.
Arise! and no longer delay.
Give the Saviour your time and your talent,
No matter how small it may be,
Linger not till the shadows have gathered,
For the Master hath need e'en of thee.

Plainwell, Mich. EDWARD J. ARCHER.

Books Received

India, and Christian Opportunity, by Harlan P. Beach. A book for the use of volunteer mission students. Pp. 308; illustrated; cloth covers. Price 50 cents. Student Volunteer Movement, New York, publishers.

The Heart of Rome, a Tale of the Lost Water, by Francis Marion Crawford. A very romantic and interesting story. Pp. 397; paper cover; price 25 cts. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

What Jesus is Doing, by J. F. Shorey. This volume is a collection of testimonies, of how regeneration by the Holy Spirit destroys the appetite for strong drink, beginning with the life story of the author. Published by Alfred Holness, 13-14 Paternoster Row London, E. C.

The Louisiana Purchase and the Exploration, Early History and Building of the West, by Ripley Hitchcock. A timely, succinct and convenient book, which gives a clear and simple history of events which every American ought to know. Pp. 349: illustrated; cloth covers. Price $1.25. Ginn & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

New History of the United States, by Edward Eggleston. Up-to-date and freely illustrated with maps, etc.; about 450 pages; cloth covers. *Steps in English* (Books I and II); illustrated; *Spelling by Grades*. *Carpenter's Geographical Reader*; illustrated; are all issued by the American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati & Chicago, publishers.

Stories from Life, by Orison Swett Marden. A volume of "eclectic school readings," containing sketches from the lives of successful men. The author's object has been to show young people that no matter how humble their birth or circumstances, they may make their lives such as will be held up as examples to future generations. American Book Company, Publishers, New York.

Women's Ways of Earning Money, by Cynthia Westover Alden. This volume is full of suggestions for women, who, from choice or necessity, are facing the problem of how to earn a living. Mrs. Alden is a woman of wide experience, which she does not hesitate to draw upon in illustrating the necessary equipment for certain lines of work. The suggestions are definite and practical, and therefore cannot fail of being very helpful. A wide field of activities is covered in a very interesting way, and no glittering generalities are indulged in. From cooking for sixteen farm hands, on a Western ranch, to an editorial position upon a big New York daily, seems a far cry, but this is what the author gives as part of her own work in life, with many intermediate stations, embracing teaching, singing, matron, superintendent, Custom House inspectress, and street cleaning department secretary. Small 12mo., cloth, illustrated, $1. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

CONCERNING HELL

II. Peter 3:7 to 12
Revelations 6:15, 16 and 17
Revelations 20:10 and 15
Revelations 21:8
Luke 12:5
Luke 16:23 to end of chapter
Matthew 23:33
Matthew 25:41
I. Peter 4:17 and 18
II. Peter 2:9 and 17
II. Corinthians 5:10 and 11 D.F.E.

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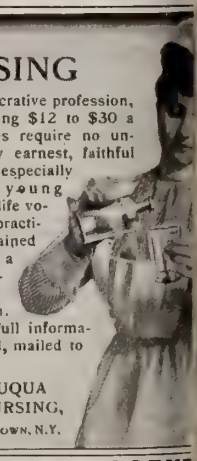

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Hopes of the World's Peace

Judge Gray's Address at the Mohonk Conference

UDGE GEORGE GRAY, the well-known Jurist and former Senator from Delaware, presided at the Conference i International arbitration, recently held Lake Mohonk, N. Y. Judge Gray was member of the Peace Commission in aris, in 1898, and became a member of e Joint High Commission at Quebec, in e same year. In 1900, he was appointed e of the four American representatives the International Court of Arbitration the Hague. As president of the an-racite strike commission two years ago, took a conspicuous part in settling the eat conflict in the coal regions. At the cent Conference in Washington, looking the negotiation of an arbitration treaty th Great Britain, Judge Gray was pres-t and took a prominent part in the pro-edings. In his opening address to-day, dge Gray said in part:

It was a noble effort of a few noble men ten ars ago, to lead the public opinion of the untry in the direction of international ar-ration. It is true they represented the vanced thought of our time, but advanced ought meets with many discouragements, atesmanship was indifferent and practical litics hostile. Good people the world over tened to the dreams of the dreamers, but ey thought they knew better than to ex-ct that those dreams should ever be alities They did not see, or did not recog-ze, the spiritual ferment which was every-ere stirring the minds and hearts of men; d so to-day we are following rather than ding public opinion toward the goal of aceful arbitration of international differ-ces, and to a realizing sense of the waste d folly of international war.

The economic waste consequent upon the intenance of the great and increasing mili-y and naval establishments of the world eginning to make its due impression upon e enlightened conscience and intelligence increasing numbers in all countries. Altru-m is no longer to be banished from national licies and national conduct, and there is a owing recognition of the truth that the ligations of the moral law are imposed on nations as well as upon individuals. blic opinion is no longer fenced in by tional boundaries It has o'erleaped them and now an internatioual public opinion making itself felt from one corner of Chris dom to the other, and, through the instru ntality of a free press, forecasts and con ls the conduct and policies of kings and onets.

The establishment and continued existence the permanent Court of International bitration will make it more difficult in the future than it has been in the past for nations to engage in war. I believe that its influence will grow slowly but steadily, and that each resort to its decisions will tend to form and strengthen the habit of looking thitherward to settle international difficulties by an appeal to reason instead of by an appeal to arms.

As for ourselves, we are bound by our own past. There is no more glorious page in our history than that which records its lists of arbitral agreements and establishes its leadship in upright diplomacy and peaceful settlement of international difficulties. That international law is no longer the sport of kings and a mockery of the hopes of humanity, is largely due to the assertion of its obligations by the statesmen of our formative period. "The parliament of man and the federation of the world" is emerging from the mist of poetry to the sunlight of the practical world. When American diplomacy secures an open port from China it is not for American commerce alone, but for the commerce of the world. A selfish, sordid, aggressive or merely a self-starving national policy will be more difficult to maintain in the future than it has been in the past. Our own national conduct must more and more conform to the enlightened conscience of the country, and will more and more have applied to it the test of morality as well as of self-interest.

Judge Gray then referred to the submission by the United States and Great Britain to an arbitral tribunal of the difficult questions arising out of the disputed Alaskan boundary, which had so long vexed the diplomacy, and menaced the peace of both countries, and to the submission to the Hague Tribunal of the claims urged against Venezuela by two or three of the most powerful nations of the world, as two notable triumphs in the cause of international arbitration since the last meeting of the Conference. In conclusion he said:

I trust that I am not too optimistic. I fully realize that there are yet many difficulties to overcome and that stout hearts and a firm purpose are necessary to the accomplishment, even in part, of the object we have in view. But we have passed through the stage of indifference, and contest now with those who oppose would only strengthen our cause. The growing civilization of our time, the broader humanity and more catholic spirit that characterize the generation now on the stage, the diffusion of intelligence and the freer intercommunication of thought between the peoples of the world have brought to our side the most generous impulses and pious aspirations of the day in which we live. We hail the oncoming years of the new century with high hopes and renewed faith.

ONCE A LABORER, NOW A PRINCE

The Romantic Story of Michael Hilkoff's Career

HE emancipation of the serfs by the great Czar, Alexander II, grandfather of the sent Emperor, ruined the father of Prince hael Hilkoff (or, as it is spelled in Rus-n, Khilkov), and sent the son forth into le. A bitter quarrel followed between her and son, as a result of which Michael lkoff renounced his ancestral titles and ates, resigned his office at court, and sailed America as a common emigrant He ded at Philadelphia, and his poverty was great that to secure employment was an mediate necessity.

The first opening that offered was a job nding a bolt-making machine, at wages of a day

"Your name?" asked the foreman, when he orted for work.

"Mi-kale," began the young Russian slowly, tongue hesitating when it came to English.

"Magill, heh?" snapped back the busy fore-n. "Well, what's your first name?"

"John," answered the Prince, deciding on moment that that would do as well as ything And so he was fitted with a new me, which served him for a good many rs.

After a year or two in the machine shops, ring which the Prince was studying me-anical engineering, he found a place as keman on a freight train. Later he be-ne a locomotive engineer, and he added to practical knowledge acquired in that way horough technical and theoretical knowl-ge acquired by study after hours.

resently he was promoted again. This e he became superintendent of a railroad n in South America. There, also, he ved several years, when, finally, a longing his old home in Russia seized him, which was not able to resist. He went back, still concealing his princely name and station, and sured a place on one of the Russian rail-roads. It was an obscure place in an obscure Russian village, but Michael Hilkoff, or John Magill, was not destined to remain in ob scurity.

Presently an emergency arose, connected with the movement of trains at the junction point where he was stationed, and in that emergency the technical skill and practical training of Hilkoff showed itself in a way to attract the attention of his immediate superiors, and to win, in the end, even the notice of the Czar himself. Under orders from headquarters he was promoted as rapidly as he showed capacity for a higher place. Finally, under close questioning, he revealed his identity as a Russian Prince, and as a former officer in the Guard of the Russian Empress Then followed the story of his romantic and inspiring career as an emigrant to America, and of his work there as a railroad man and student. The Russian Emperor was delighted to find that the young man who had displayed such great capacity and skill was one of his own subjects. He restored to the master of railroading all the princely estates which he had voluntarily given up years before, and he added other and even more desirable marks of his personal favor. Presently Prince Michael Hilkoff was made Imperial Minister of Railways and Transportation, and became a member of the Cabinet of the Czar.

Hilkoff's masterwork and the monument by which he will be longest remembered, is the great Trans-Siberian Railroad, to the construction and equipment of which he, next to the Emperor, lent the greatest impetus.—*H. M. Hyde, in The Technical World, Chicago.*

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applied on an old leaky shingle, tin or felt roof will make it absolutely waterproof. Stops the rusting process in tin or iron, and stops warping or rotting of shingles. Will add ten years to the life of a new or old roof.

¶ ROOF LEAK is the most durable sun or winter proof paint or coating possible to make. Does not crack in winter or soften in summer. Easily applied. Imparts no taste to water.

¶ ROOF LEAK SHINGLE DIP renders the wood absolutely weatherproof, and when the shingles are nailed on the roof, they become cemented together so tightly that warping, which causes cracked shingles and loose nails, is positively prevented.

¶ ROOF LEAK is shipped in the heavy liquid cement form, and is applied as received on worn and leaky surfaces. It is reduced with one quart of boiled linseed-oil to each gallon, if used as a durable paint on surfaces in good condition. Shingle Dip is shipped ready for dipping.

¶ ROOF LEAK COATING AND ROOF LEAK SHINGLE DIP are made in Black, Maroon, and Dark Green. Five gallons up to any quantity, 75c. per gallon, freight paid east of Denver. Returnable at our expense, if not approved.

¶ ROOF LEAK is sold by up-to-date paint and hardware dealers. Those who try to sell you something else are not doing you justice, because "there is nothing else like ROOF LEAK."

¶ Liquid samples, together with an interesting booklet showing its various uses, will be sent on request, or to enable you to give it a practical test, we will send you for $1.00, delivered free to your door, one gallon, which is sufficient for cementing 100 square feet of leaky surface, or painting 200 square feet. One gallon of Shingle Dip covers about 400 square feet shingles, both sides.

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We have successfully treated thousands that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R-5, Lebanon, Ohio.

Africa's Missionary Problems*

MANY and diverse are the problems of the African mission field. We are now only beginning to realize how difficult they are. Happily the minds of able and experienced men are concentrating upon them and are waiting on God, as the source of all wisdom, for power in their solution.

One of the most serious and embarrassing problems is the effect on the native mind of the treatment the natives receive at the hands of the white representatives of civilized and professedly Christian governments. It is difficult to make them understand what right European nations have to partition their continent among themselves. Still more difficult is it to explain to them the horrible brutalities practiced by the Belgian rulers of the Congo. As they look at men and women whose hands have been chopped off for not bringing in enough rubber, or for some other offence, it is no wonder that they are prejudiced against a religion which does not restrain men supposed to possess it, from such outrageous cruelties. Then, too, they see their people demoralized by the intoxicating liquor the white man has introduced. They see their people being driven like cattle to work for the white man's profit and being ruined by his vices. How can the missionary cope with prejudices produced by such causes?

Another serious problem is the capacity of the people themselves. This differs widely. In the northern, or Mohammedan sections, there is more intelligence than in the central districts. Dr. Laws' account of his effort to get a boy to learn to read is one of the most impressive stories of discouraging work ever penned, and it applies to all central Africa. Then there is the moral problem. How is it possible to convince a man whose ancestors from far away times were polygamists, that he ought not to have many wives and ought not to treat them so cruelly?

We are thankful to learn that while these problems still remain, and while there is still the awful difficulty of the climate, that kills the white man with such fearful certainty, an advance is being made. Dr. Hartzell's report to the Los Angeles Conference, and other reports from missionaries of other faiths, prove that souls even there are being won for Christ.

⌀

Progress in India†

OUT of affliction is coming good. Never in the history of India have the missionaries had so many grounds for encouragement as they have had since the two terrible famines of 1897 and 1900. From the many correspondents that this journal has in that land, there come letters of good cheer. Districts which rejected the missionary, now welcome him, and Bishop Warne mentions in his recent report, with thankfulness, that, as an almost unprecedented thing, applications have come spontaneously from native communities for Christian teaching. This is doubtless due in part to the magnificent generosity of the Christian lands to the people of India in the time of their sore need. The leaders of their own faith were generally indifferent to their suffering. The starving were left to die unpitied and unrelieved. It was from the Christian missionary that they received food, and he explained to them that the beneficence was the effect of Christ's principles working in the hearts of his followers. A religion which impels its believers to relieve suffering, demonstrates its superiority and commends itself to public esteem. Our readers had much to do with this work, and have a right to thank God for the privilege of which they so generously availed themselves.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 26. Isa. 19: 19-21.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for June 26. Ps. 22: 22-31.

Another most encouraging sign, is in the result of our orphan work. It is now evident that a very large majority of those five thousand children whom our readers are supporting, will leave the orphanages sincere Christians. The missionaries who have charge of them, report that those who have already been received into communion, are showing by their lives that they have understood the principles of Christianity, and that they will so manifest them among their people as to win souls to Christ by example and precept. Who can tell what the result of five thousand young Christians being sent out into the villages of their land may be?

Among other hopeful signs in India are the large numbers of educated Hindus now inquiring about Christianity. The lower castes are thoroughly permeated with the truth, the sweeper caste having already given 100,000 converts to Christianity. Now the weaver caste, two million strong, is asking for teachers, and on all sides there are signs of spiritual harvest.

⌀

The Czar's Daily Drive

If his governmental system makes him the most absolute head of a State in Christendom, the Czar is personally the least assuming monarch imaginable, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Sun*. His children drive in a pair-horse open carriage down the Nevski with their governess, about three o'clock every afternoon. Coachman and footman wear no livery, merely the black hat and long drab coat usual in a private citizen's equipage. The Czar's mother, with her lady-in-waiting, were driving recently in a pair-horse sleigh not distinguishable from any other good turnout, but for the great-bearded Cossack standing guard behind them. And the Dowager Czarina, by the habit of the country and the code of the Greek Orthodox Church, comes before the Czarina in every form of influence and precedence. The Czarewitch constantly uses his private droschke unattended on busy streets, and looks a much robuster man physically and mentally than his imperial brother. This unescorted passing about among the people of members of the Czar's family is not what common report would lead the foreigner to expect here. On the footwalk there are, of course, secret service men every few yards and all day. They, alone, are about to counter the movement of which some may think but nobody speaks, and in plain truth the Czar's ally, the French President, moves among the public with more display of his high office than the Czar does here.

⌀

Cuban Converts Start a Mission

How Gospel work multiplies itself is strikingly shown in the case of a little mission, which has lately been established some six miles from the town of Gibara, Cuba. In Gibara there is a thriving parent mission, which has been supported by the American Friends Board of Foreign Missions and conducted by its trained workers. A number of the converts in the Gibara Mission felt the call to active service, and concluded they could do no better than to found and support a mission of their own, which they have now done. It is in the little village of Potter, Mo., where such a work was greatly needed. A faithful member of the Gibara Church walks seven miles to the new mission, with his wife, to attend divine services. On a recent afternoon the church was crowded with worshipers, who listened attentively for two hours to a sermon on the seven sayings of Jesus on the Cross. The sermon was preached by Juan Francisco Galvez, a native Cuban. The converts have organized committees, and visit the homes of the people, inviting them to the special services and distributing Gospel tracts. A flourishing Christian Endeavor Society and three Sunday Schools are kept up by this church. All the work is in the Spanish language. Rev. Sylvester Jones is pastor of the Friends' Church at Gibara, with general charge of the work.

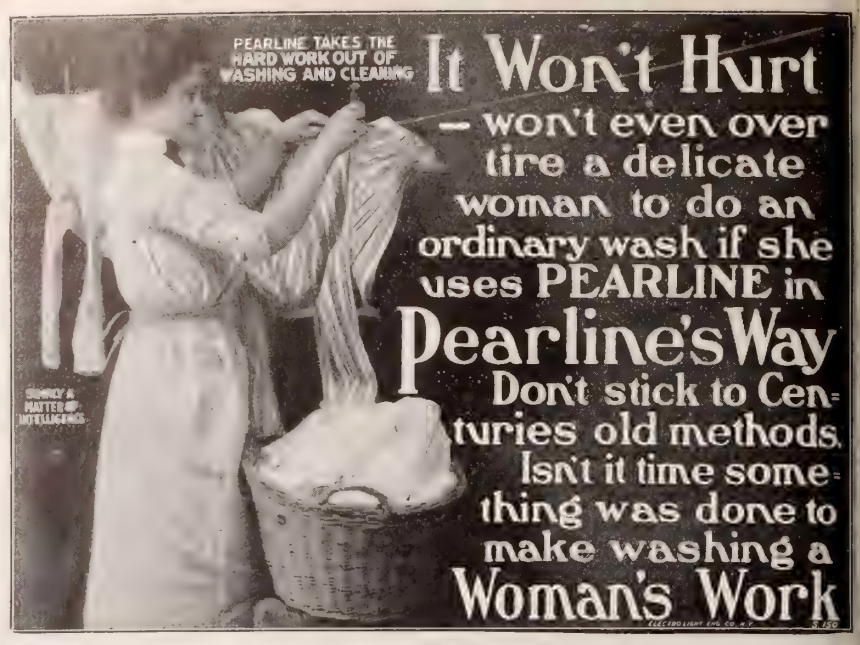
⌀

Appreciation from South Africa

Dear "Christian Herald": The Red Letter Bible and Testament with *Butterfly Calendar* arrived, after going nearly 10,000 miles, in splendid order, speaks well for the packing. The Bible and Testament is splendid. They are all good value. *How I Worked My Way Around the World* is a most interesting book. It is difficult to know how you can give away such good premiums.

(REV.) R. WODEHOUSE.

Umtalia, Rhodesia, S. A.



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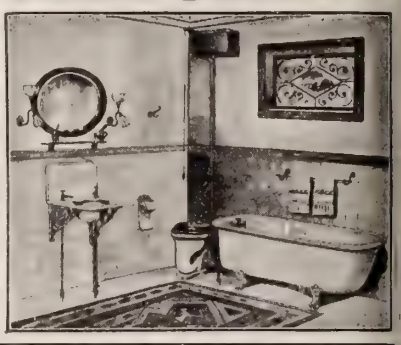

HAS TRIED BOTH

Travel for Health vs. Dieting

A man who was sent to Europe for his health and finally found permanent relief in a little change in his diet, says:

"I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years, and two doctors here in Kenosha that treated me for over a year, both told me there was no help for me. Then I had an expert from Chicago, but still received no relief; then followed another expert from Chicago who came to our house two times a month for four months. He gave me up like all the others and told me to take a trip across the ocean, which I did in the year 1899, and came home about as bad as when I started. The doctors told me my stomach lining was full of sores. Then I began to study my own case, and learned of the diet recommended by the Postum Cereal Co., so I gave up coffee, pork and all greasy foods and began using Postum Food Coffee. Gradually I got better and better, until I am well now as I ever was in my younger days, have no trouble, and eat anything fit to eat.

"Sometimes away from home I am persuaded to drink coffee, but I only take a sip of it, for it tastes bitter and disagreeable to me, but the longer I use Postum the better I like it, and the better I feel. I could say a great deal more of my experience with Postum, but think this will give everyone a good idea of what leaving off coffee and using Postum can do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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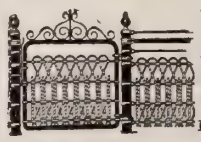

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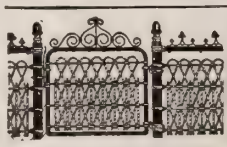

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CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

By MRS. M. BAXTER

T seemed at one period of our Lord's life, as though a movement had commenced which would end in his proclaiming himself the chosen Messiah, and restoring again the kingdom to Israel, according to the many prophecies of the then written Scriptures. But, although the multitudes acknowledged him, there was already a strong party, which determinately set themselves to oppose Jesus of Nazareth. This manifested itself first at Nazareth (Luke 4: 28-30). After this a system of espionage was established, and our Lord could go nowhere without being followed by criticizing Pharisees and doctors of the law, who came out of every village of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem." What was the reason of this? When the Lord Jesus had testified to the multitudes concerning John the Baptist, "the people, when they heard, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected for themselves the counsel of God, being not baptized of him" (Luke 7: 29, 30). He who rejects the messenger whom God sends to call him to repentance, has no eyes to see him who has come to save.

Thus, among those in power, the kingdom and the King whom God had exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins (Acts 5: 31), were rejected by the authorities of the Jews. The kingdom might have been restored to Israel, but the same people who had wanted a king in Samuel's time, that they might be like the nations, rejected God's chosen King, his own Son, when he was offered to them.

But his disciples must see and understand who he was, and on the Mount of Transfiguration Peter must see that he had not been mistaken in his confession that Jesus was the Christ, and the chosen three must hear the voice of the Father from heaven saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him" (Matt. 17: 5). On the mountain, the converse between him and the glorified Moses, and Elijah was of "his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem;" and he handed back the kingdom to the Father, until he should have fulfilled all that is meant in his title: "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the Word."

From the Transfiguration, all pointed to Calvary. The mission of the seventy was to prepare his way in that last journey up to Jerusalem. He had already taught the parables of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 13), a kingdom with an unseen King; a kingdom of God which is within, and most of his teaching of the kingdom from this time refers to this hidden kingdom, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 13: 17). His life became more than ever a life of prayer—claiming the promise, and of watchfulness. As we learn in the prodigal son, the heart of God the Father is towards the wanderer who had destroyed himself, and we think of the words: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help" (Hos. 13: 9). Only in the Cross, where our Lord took all human nature in his own person to be condemned and executed, could there be a righteous salvation for guilty man; a way home for the sinful, selfish prodigal.

And this lesson of the Cross we see in the Passover—that last Passover which he so earnestly desired to eat with his chosen ones before he suffered, and he would no more eat thereof until it was "fulfilled in the kingdom of God." Oh, the memory of that night! How could those disciples ever forget it! And when, after he was risen, he opened their understanding to understand the Scripture, how they must have wondered at the unutterable love and patience of him, the true Passover Lamb, who had borne with them in their ignorance and hardness of heart, when he saw what was coming upon him. He was taken up with the awful load of the world's sin, and they were striving who of them should be the greatest.

War and Arbitration

UDGING from the readiness with which nations go to war for trivial causes, the people are evidently departing further and further from God. Wars usually settle a great principle. After the useless shedding of much blood, the vanquished are forced to accept the terms imposed on them, and that is all there is of it.

Wars usually have their origin in a lack of knowledge of God. Isaiah (5: 13) says: "Therefore my people have gone into captivity because they have no knowledge." Hosea (4: 6) says: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The nations of the earth generally stand in need of the following: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple" (Ps. 119: 130). "A good understanding have all they that do his commandments" (Ps. 111: 10). But so long as sin remains on the earth, just so long will some restraining force be necessary to prevent wars.

Arbitration, substantially on the following plan, appears to be the best means that can possibly be devised for preventing wars:

I. All the nations of the earth (about seventy-three nations in all) should enter into a league that all questions of variance must be settled by arbitration.

II. Each nation shall select a proper representative to serve a suitable length of time, say four years. Some central point is to be selected, and the necessary buildings provided for the accommodation of said representatives.

III. The said representatives shall be convened once a year, and remain in session a suitable length of time, say ten months. During the continuance of said session they will act as a Court of Arbitration on all questions that may be submitted.

IV. Any question of variance that may arise between two or more of the several nations shall be submitted to said Court of Arbitration, which will proceed to examine the same in all its details. After proper time has been given for adjustment, the matter shall be decided by a majority vote of all the representatives.

V. Any decision that may have been rendered shall be final. No appeal.

VI. If any nation, contrary to the regulations of said Court of Arbitration, engage in acts of war and thereby cause the loss of a single life, the Court of Arbitration shall impose a sufficient fine on the offending nation to cover all damages.

VII. With arbitration firmly planted on the above or some similar basis, an advancement in the cause of Christianity will then be possible.

"I hate that drum's discordant sound
Parading round and round and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields
And lures from cities, farms and fields,
To sell their country for the charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when ambition's call demands,
To fight and fall in foreign lands."

Carthage, N. C. BRYAN TYSON.

A Philanthropic Hint

A charitable enterprise was carried on last summer, which may be suggestive to the philanthropist. A lady, whose beautiful residence close to the Riverside Drive, has usually, like most such New York houses, remained untenanted during the long summer, determined last year to make it useful to others. Stripping the principal rooms of their furniture and ornaments, she placed them at the disposal of the parish of Christ Episcopal Church for four months, to be used as a home for invalid children from the tenement-houses. The result proved most satisfactory, and, in many cases, deeply gratifying. The children, many of them between the ages of two and five years, came from the hospitals, convalescent after serious illness, or from the clinic, or from the unwholesome and dangerous conditions of the tenement-house in summer. They have gone out from this temporary home—some after a few days, some after many weeks of abundant fresh air and loving care—wonderfully benefited, and in most cases fully restored. The experiment was successful in another point, which might have been open to doubt. The children never once trespassed on the front stairway or other parts of the house which were not for their use, and no damage of any significance was done to the house. The question may well be asked, Why may not others make like use of their city homes in summer? M. B. C.

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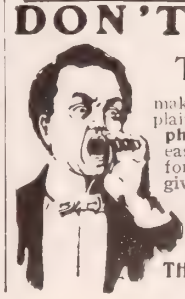

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NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1904

VOL. 27—NO. 25. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

THE INQUISITIVE HOUSEKEEPER

Questions & Answers

Correspondents are asked to remember that we cannot examine poetry for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that we cannot return such MSS. when unsolicited.

B. E. S., Biloxi, Miss. In a recent conversation with an acquaintance, he claimed to be able to come out of the body, and appear in spirit to others.

You must have misunderstood him, or he must have been talking nonsense. That is the most charitable construction we can put upon such a case.

W. L., Idaho Falls, Idaho. 1. Have the necessary funds for the Peary Expedition been raised? 2. What is the correct date of Paul du Chaillu's birth?

1. We believe so. 2. Paul du Chaillu, according to the *Crown*, the *Britannica* and the *New Century Encyclopedias*, was born in 1835.

W. A. W., Central City, Ia., writes:

I have been in Christian work, now, some nine months ... making a house-to-house canvass, distributing tracts and conversing with people. Have succeeded in persuading thirteen (in about four days), to make a start in the Christian life. They signed a pledge to that effect.

Here is an example of work that can be done by many who may have a desire to be in active service. To lead some poor, lost soul to the light, or some wandering backslider back, is a great privilege and blessing. A word, a kind act, even a tract, may be the turning-point. See Ezk. 3:18, 19.

Mrs. J. H. F., Canada. What was the origin of the Christadelphians? What are their distinguishing doctrines?

The Christadelphian body originated in the work and teaching of Dr. John Thomas, who came to America, from England, in 1832. He was originally associated with Mr. Campbell, the leader of the Disciples of Christ, but in 1836 the two separated, and, though Dr. Thomas was afterwards allowed to preach in some of the Churches of the Disciples, the bulk of them repudiated him. He continued his work by preaching, and publishing magazines and books, until his death, in 1871. One of his most prominent doctrines, which is still held by Christadelphians, is that the soul is not inherently immortal, but that men derive immortality through Christ, and that the wicked are annihilated, or have no resurrection. He taught the personal reign of Christ, and that Christ's people would occupy the world after the millennium and would live forever. They have no organized churches or any regular ministry. Baptism is by immersion only. They accept the Bible as the Word of God, though denying that Christ is divine, in the orthodox sense.

Mrs. W. V. P., Waldo, Fla. I was very much interested in the article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on dancing, condemned by the Methodist Conference. I see ahead a great danger to the young people in this respect. Will you make a special appeal to ministers of all denominations to investigate the condition of young members of their churches? I have a son twenty years old, working in a Southern city. This is a sentence from one of his letters: "You caution me about dancing. Will say that the young men or women who refuse to dance and play cards, though members of the church, are very few here. All do so mostly." Something is creeping into the church that will break down the very stronghold of sacredness, if this wholesale dancing and card-playing is not stopped.

The condition of affairs you complain of is all too common among church members, both in city and country. It is an evil that should be fought earnestly by the pastors and by all of God's people in the churches, who desire progress in the Spiritual life. Indulgence in worldly amusements is sapping the vitality of many churches.

Subscriber, Ravenna, O. 1. Is it right to attend communion when you have been sinning? 2. Is it right to go after the mail on Sunday?

1. Not if you have repented, and, asking God's forgiveness, have put the sin resolutely behind you. 2. If it be not a matter of absolute necessity, or a work of mercy, then it should not be done on the Lord's day.

Reader, Trenton, N. J. Have we any accurate scientific data upon which to form a reasonable conclusion as to the nature of the surroundings in the region of the North Pole—whether it is surrounded by land or by sea?

In the current issue of *The National Geographic Magazine*, Prof. R. A. Harris, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has a very interesting article on the subject, in which he quotes from the observations of many explorers in support of the theory of a polar island, about 100 miles in diameter, separated from the coast by a shallow strait seventy-five miles wide. The Eskimos have a tradition of a visit by some of their people to this island, the travelers telling their adventures on their return. It is said that Capt. John Keenan, of Troy, N. Y., master of a whaling vessel, clearly saw the polar island some thirty years ago, but did not attempt to reach it.

Mrs. W. J. C., Aurora, Ill. Where was the country called Arsareth, mentioned in the Second Book of Esdras?

It is supposed to have been a region beyond the river Euphrates, apparently of considerable extent. It is not mentioned anywhere except in the passage mentioned.

Emma S., Saugerties, N. Y. 1. What is the population of Morocco? 2. Of what race are the people? 3. What is their religion? 4. Are they civilized or barbarous?

1. The population is variously estimated at from 3,000,000 to 9,000,000, no census ever having been taken. The former is Dr. Rohf's estimate and is probably nearest the

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION, AT CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

THE twenty-first annual meeting of the International Missionary Union closed on Tuesday evening, June 7, one of the best series of annual sessions in its history. The Union is generously and delightfully entertained for a full week every year at Clifton Springs, a gracious and fully appreciated hospitality. Its president, Dr. Gracey, was present, though unable to preside. Fourteen foreign Missionary Societies and eighteen foreign countries were represented. Seven young persons present are under appointment by their respective societies, and soon to go on service abroad. There were thirty-nine persons expecting to return to their fields during the year. From the meeting of recognition and of welcome to the last tender farewell, the tone was that of full, glad consecration to the common service of Christ for human redemption. There was no hint of denominationalism, no personal ambition, no assumption of any kind. There were earnest discussions of those vital missionary problems which are met with on the several fields. Six two-hour sessions were devoted to discussions by experts, of the relation of Christianity to the several forms of religion with which its heralds come in contact in the far-off lands. Men testified of the things their eyes had seen and their ears had heard. When such men as Dr. Ashmore, of China; Dr. Nassau, of Africa; Dr. Scott and Dr. Boggs, of India; Dr. Bingham, of Micronesia; or, among younger men, Dr. Huntley, of China, or Dr. Wanless, of India, are on their feet, those who are so happy as to be in the audience (there were sometimes five hundred persons present), require no spur to their attention.

G. F. HERRICK.

the agricultural, mineral and other resources of the country are almost wholly undeveloped. Their language and literature, too, have become degraded.

J. C. Williams, Junction City, Ark. If the heathen who have never heard the Gospel may be saved, as you appear to think, why send them the Gospel at all?

We have never stated, or implied, that the heathen may be saved without the Gospel. Neither have we said that they would be lost. It is not for any man to limit God's mercy. He will be just. You may be quite sure of that. Our part is to do our duty and leave the rest to him. Jesus bade us preach the Gospel to every nation in the whole world and we are surprised that you should ask "Why send them the Gospel at all?" Is not his command a sufficient reason? Besides, the Gospel has something more in it than the salvation of the soul. It makes men better and happier in this life. It is so great a blessing, that we should be wickedly selfish if we did not take it to the heathen. There is no doubt that it increases the responsibility of those who hear. As Paul said (II Cor. 2:16) to some, it is "the savor of death unto death," but with that we have nothing to do. The ought to have the opportunity, as far as we are able to give it them of accepting the offer of the Gospel which is able, as any Christian who has felt its power will tell you, to transform and ennoble the lives.

E., Royalton, Pa. In what ways has the name Mary, and its variant been the synonym of misfortune?

The name comes from a Hebrew word meaning "bitter." Its variants are Maria, Marya, Maryan, Miriam, May, etc. Many bearers of the name have been marked by the tragical lives. Among them are Queen Mary (known as Blood Mary), and Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Still the name is the one most honored among women throughout the world, being that of the mother of the Saviour of men.

The Inquisitive Housekeeper

(See illustration on first page)

WITH forgotten duster tucked under her arm, the maiden in the illustration is so absorbed in the book she has taken from the library shelf, that she has evidently become oblivious to everything except the fascination of the page before her. Dusting and putting the room in order are of secondary importance, as the girl slips her finger between the pages, ready to hurriedly turn the leaf as her interest in the tale increases. The absorbed expression upon the girl's face indicates that she will not be likely to lay the book down until her curiosity is satisfied, and she has read the last word.

A very charming composition, the work of the well-known artist, F. J. Boston.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. IX.

(MICHAEL SIMPSON CULBERTSON)

Correct answers to puzzle No. 9, have been received from Miss Eva R. Ambler, C. A. Coleman, Helen G. Dow, Flossie De Jong, Mrs. J. P. De Jong, Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Margaret E. Verkuyl.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

HON. JUSTICE GRAY — CONFERENCE HEADQUARTERS AT MOHONK, VIEWED FROM SKY TOP — BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD, LL.D.

FOR THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

The Work of the Tenth Annual Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., Reviewed

NO lake is framed in lovelier hills and valleys than Mohonk, and nowhere has a Conference met that was more worthy to be called the anguard of humanity. This year the Conference has id a much larger representation of diplomats and isiness men than ever before, the very reinforcements eeded to ensure accelerated progress on practical ies. All sects and sections are here in heartfelt ison. The presiding officer, Judge George Gray, is member of the Hague Court, and was president of e Coal Strike Arbitration Commission. Senor J. M. amboa, of Mexico, who spoke of Mexico's hearty mpathy with this reform, is also a member of the ague Court. Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States upreme Court, was one of the original enezuela Commission. Another speak-, Mr. J. H. Ralston, has presided over ne of the mixed Commissions that ad-dicated the various claims upon enezuela. An Italian member of one these Commissions also spoke, and eclared Italy's sympathy with the re-rm. Although all partisan references the present Eastern War were de-arred, Baron Kentaro Kanoke, ex-ember of the Japanese Cabinet, spoke ith the utmost good taste of Japan's yalty to arbitration since 1875. Among her jurists who spoke were Supreme dges of Rhode Island, Connecticut id the District of Columbia—J. H. tines, Simeon E. Baldwin and T. H. nderson.

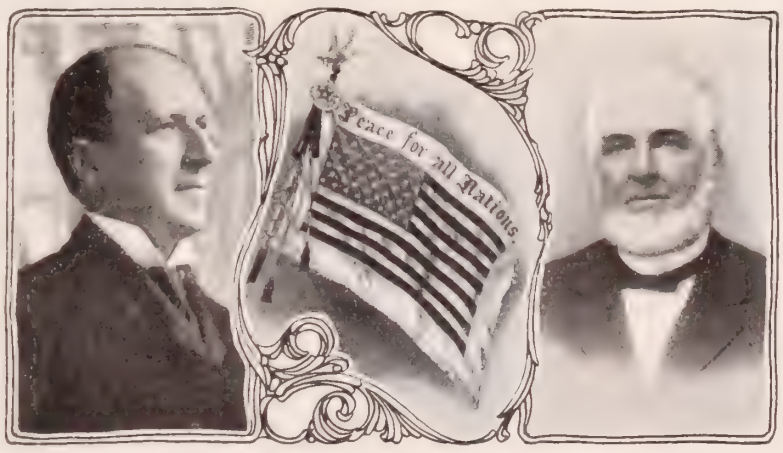
Sixteen delegates from Chambers Commerce and from kindred busi-ess associations condensed tremen-ous messages into five minute speeches, iat showed very conclusively that ar anywhere is the foe of business erywhere.

. . .

There was only one test of mem-ership—a desire for the increased use international arbitration, but those us brought together, proved to be, with hardly an ex-ption, active Christians, who followed the opening ayer of each day with manifest reliance upon "the od of peace," more than all else, for the success of eir cause. The roll of the Conference was so notable, at it will stand as a token of the progress and rength of the movement. The ideals of international oncord were confidently held up and approved in ap-lause of faith and hope Mr. Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, quoted, and the audience again approved:

God will make divinely real,
The highest form of thine ideal.

The goal set up by this Conference was not the doctrine of non-resistance. As Dr. Lyman Abbott said, the Conference would rather unite on Herbert Spencer's word, "Non-oppression." The Conference was not a Quaker meeting, though of Quaker origin. It was not a peace conference, but distinctively an "arbitration conference." About half its members, chiefly newcomers, showed sympathy with the doctrine that "big armaments are a guarantee of peace," whose absurdity is seen when the theory is applied to individuals. There



HON. H. B. F. MACFARLAND — THE PEACE FLAG — ALBERT K. SMILEY

was scarcely any open advocacy of absolute peace, or even of the early disarmament of nations, although probably half the Conference, especially its veterans, believe that nations may and will do exactly what individuals have done in putting off their "burdensome armor," and referring all their disputes to legal adjudication.

The avowed ideal of the whole Conference was an International Court, to which all nations will ultimately agree to refer all international quarrels that cannot be settled by diplomacy. Mr. Justice Brewer declared that although the Hague Court was imperfect, it was "the beginning of the end." Mr. J. B. Henderson, Jr., argued that the International Court should be "a permanent court," its judges always ready for judicial action, lest delay give popular passion and demagoguery opportunity to precipitate war. Mr. Horace White, cited as such a case, the alliance of England and Turkey in the Crimean War. Prof. John Bascom Moore urged that the International Court should have an international police, for which precedents were found in the Peking relief force of many nationalities, and in the mixed force that executed the decrees of an International Court in recent years in Egypt; but the general sentiment was that the "international public opinion," which has enforced every one of the two hundred arbitrations thus far held, might be trusted to enforce those of the future. Prof. Moore and others urged, with the concurrence of the whole Conference, that the dangerous exception in the Olney arbitration treaty with Great Britain, for "questions affecting the national honor," should not hereafter be made, since almost any international question could be considered one of "honor." He recalled that the Geneva arbitration of the Alabama Claims, repeatedly spoken of in the Conference as "the high water mark of arbitration," was delayed for years, because Lord John Russell declared that the matter was "one affecting Her Majesty's honor, of which Her Majesty's Government was the sole custodian." Prof. Moore and others thought that the exception usually made in arbitration treaties for "vital interests," that is, questions of life and death to the nations involved, would have to be allowed, at least for the present.

Another new feature of the ideal, first advocated this year by Hon. J. I. Gilbert, and approved by the Conference in its "platform," is that there should be an "Advisory International Conference," in which official representatives of all nations desiring to co-operate should meet and talk over their common interests, and make recommendations to their several Governments. Ex-Congressman Coombs proposed also, that the time

CONTINUED ON PAGE 539

A STONE IN THE PATH

A Sermon by REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.*

THE occasion of this admonition was an act of intolerance on the part of the disciples, and particularly of John the Beloved. He had come to Jesus saying, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." And Jesus said, "Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." He then proceeded to emphasize the importance of helping and not hindering those who are trying to do their best. "For whosoever," he said, "shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward; and whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea."

The word rendered "offenses" is *skandalon*, which we have in our English words scandal and scandalized. Its literal meaning is a stumbling-block. Its significance, in this connection, is due to the fact that life is an uphill journey. One of Christina Rossetti's poems begins in this way: "Does the road wind up hill all the way? Yes, to the very end!" If that be so, how important it is that we should help and not hinder those who, worn and weary at the best, pursue the journey of life.

"It must needs be that offenses come." We oftentimes do harm and impede the wayfarer without intending it. Influence is an automatic thing; it does not ask to be exerted, it exerts itself. No man liveth to himself, and, alas! no man dieth to himself. It is a serious thing to live, because our lives are so inextricably linked with other lives. We are like Alpine climbers, bound to one another, ever helping up or dragging down those who journey with us.

"But woe to him by whom the offense cometh!" Let us pause a moment here, lest the matter be pressed too far. You may offend a man's vanity, his ignorance or his prejudice; which is not a bad thing to do. Light is a stumbling-block to darkness. Truth is an offense to error. It is written of Christ himself that he was "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense." His preaching was so full of "hard sayings" that he was moved to utter the caveat, "Blessed is he that is not offended in me." His manner of life gave constant offense to the bigotry and self-righteousness of his enemies. He made no apology for his disciples when the Pharisees took umbrage at their plucking the wheat as they walked through the fields on the Holy Day. His Cross is a perpetual occasion of offense to the ungodly. It is written, "We preach Christ crucified; to the Greeks foolishness and to the Jews a stumbling block; but to them that are saved, both Jews and Greeks, the wisdom and power of God."

Right and Wrong Hindrances

We conclude that it is no sin, but rather a virtue, to offend the evil propensities of human nature. The sin lies in offending what is right and noble and divine in every man. For no one is so abandoned that he has not scruples and compunctions of conscience and longings for that which is highest and best. See that ye offend not those! It was with this moral sense of humanity in mind that Paul said, with reference to the meats which had been offered on the idol-altars of Corinth, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." Had this abstinence involved the sacrifice of any moral principle on the part of the apostle, it would have been manifestly wrong in him to consent to it; but inasmuch as his own conscience was not pained by the sacrifice, while the weak consciences of the Christians of Corinth would have been grievously offended by his indulgence, he assumed an attitude of noble self-denial in protesting thus that he was willing to do all, suffer all, surrender all, in behalf of their welfare. To persist in any procedure which is wrong in itself, or which, while indifferent *per se*, gives offense to the weak consciences of others, is to antagonize the spirit of Christ. Wilfully, deliberately, persistently to do that which offends the sense of righteousness or hinders the spiritual weal of any, is to part company with him who "emptied himself" in the behalf of men. It is the part of those who follow him to lend a hand to every one that is toiling up the steep way. As for him who deliberately gives occasion of stumbling, "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were thrown into the depths of the sea."

I. A Man may be an Offense to Himself; that is, he may lay stumbling-blocks in his own path.

A quick temper, a prejudice against truth or sound morals, an evil habit of any sort, may be an obstacle in a man's progress toward the higher life. He may thus "stand in his own light" and be "his own worst enemy." It is such offenses that the lord had in mind when he said, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." The eye of Eve offended her when she looked upon the fruit of the tree and "saw that it was good." The eye of Achan offended him when he looked on the golden wedge and coveted it. The eye of Lot offended him when, seeing that the Valley of Jordan "was well watered," he proceeded to pitch his tent toward Sodom. If thou hast an envious eye, a wandering eye, a lascivious eye, pluck it out and cast it from thee; it were better for thee to go blind through life, than having two eyes to be cast into the fire of hell.

And the Lord continued, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." The hand of Adam offended him when he took of the forbidden fruit and ate it.. The hand of Judas offended him when he clutched the price of treachery. The hand of Cranmer offended him when he signed the recantation of his faith. "Burn, thou unworthy hand!" he cried, as the flames of martyrdom curled about him; "burn, thou unworthy hand that didst betray me!" This was in pursuance of the teaching of Jesus: "It is better for thee to enter into life with one hand, than having two hands to be cast into the fire of hell." Wherefore let no man place stones of stumbling in his own path, but rather "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset him, that he may run with patience the race that is set before him."

II. The Followers of Christ may Offend those who are Without the Church.

Christians are a watched people. They are "compassed by a great cloud of witnesses." The galleries are full of those who scrutinize their walk and conversation; wherefore, it is of the utmost importance that they should live circumspectly, lest they inadvertently mislead others.

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.

They may do this by an assumption of overmuch righteousness. It is a serious mistake to give the impression that the Christian life is a monotonous routine of cross-bearing. To follow Christ is, indeed, a serious matter; but it is also the most delightsome thing in the world. "At his right hand are pleasures forevermore." To serve him consistently is to enter into the peace which passeth all understanding.

Our Lord rebuked the Pharisees for "binding heavy burdens and grievous to be borne," for making the Sabbath intolerable by unnecessary exactions, and for frowning upon innocent pleasure. A similar charge is made against the Puritans by one of our historians, who says, "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." All this is

Contrary to the Spirit of Christ

who, when at the marriage in Cana, turned the water into wine, as if to indicate the blessed transformation of duty into pleasure which comes to all who rightly apprehend his interpretation of life. If God is our Father, if Christ has suffered for our salvation, if by faith we have entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God, why should we not make merry and rejoice in him? Tasks there are, great duties and heavy responsibilities; nevertheless his yoke is easy and his burden is light.

Christians not infrequently give offense, also, by the inconsistency. It is rumored that there are some who names are on the church roll in good and regular stan ing, who do not pay their honest debts; some who a not strictly honest in business transactions; some who word is not above question; some who obliterate t deep-drawn lines which separate between the world a the kingdom of Christ. My brethren, these things oug not so to be. In the reproof which Nathan addresse to David in the matter of Bathsheba, he said, "By th deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies the Lord to blaspheme." In a like reproof which Pa addressed to the Roman Christians, he says, "Th therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not th self? Thou that preachest that a man should not ste dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should n commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Th that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrileg Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through brea ing of the law dishonorest thou God? For the name God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you

Deplorable Indifference

And Christians offend, also, by their apparent indiffe ence to the danger of those who continue in sin. Th profess to believe that the impenitent are under t doom of spiritual and eternal death; yet how often th utter no word of warning and lift no hand to rescue t perishing. The natural inference on the part of the unconverted friends is that they do not really believe the teaching of their Master as to the inevitable co sequences of persistence in sin. It was only yesterda that in this city a fireman climbed to the roof of a bur ing building and let himself down at peril of his life save a woman who was clinging to the cornice and cr ing for help. If Christians mean what they say, suc heroism as that should be common among them. B when they refrain not only from strenuous effort, but ev from uttering words of warning and entreaty, they pla a stone of stumbling in the path of the impenitent really as if they lifted up their voices to say "Peac peace!" when there is no peace.

Nevertheless, when all is said with reference to Chri tian inconsistency, it remains that the impenitent a wholly without excuse; since the true example of God ness is to be found not in Christians but in Christ hi self. We do not set ourselves up as exemplars, but on as strugglers, doing their best, and quite imperfectly, attain to a holy life. But back of the church and ba of all fallible believers, stands the Perfect One. T reasonable course is not to look askance at our brok lives, but rather to gaze on Him in whose life and cha acter there was no guile. So long as Titian copied t works of Bellini and of Giorgione he was but an ind ferent artist; but when he gave up the imitative meth and went out to study nature itself, the fields a mountains, the sunsets and floating clouds, he ma himself immortal. Why should thinking people tu their eyes on men whose breath is in their nostrils wh the truth incarnate is before them? *Ecce Homo!* Christ are all the graces of character and of the nobl life. Look to Jesus, chiefest among ten thousand a altogether lovely!

III. Those who do Not Believe in Christ are in constant danger of Offending his Little Ones.

So much is said about the inconsistencies of Chri tians that we are likely to overlook this side of the ma ter. Yet here was the special reference of Chris "Woe unto the world because of offenses," that is, t stumbling-block which the world is ever placing befo the feet of the weak and impressible, the unsophis cated and unsuspicious. How tenderly and gracious he refers to them as his "little ones." He is ve jealous of them and will not suffer them to be wronge with impunity. "Woe to him that offendeth then It were better for him that a millstone were hange about his neck and he were thrown into the midst the sea, than that he offend one of my little ones."

Negative Hindrances

At the time when this admonition was given, the i fant Church was just beginning to suffer from grie ous persecution. Thanks to the influence of Christia civilization the era of sword and faggot has passed b But those who inquire the way to Bethlehem must sti face the finger of derision. In the case of many man it requires more courage to stand before a bur of laughter than to march to battle in the face of a advancing foe.

The false teacher has much to answer for. It is n necessary to say, "I do not believe in God;" simpl live as if there were no God and your lesson is taugh You need not say, "I have no faith in prayer," or " doubt the inspiration of the Scriptures;" refrain fro prayer and from reading your Bible, and others wi take knowledge of it. You need not join the multitud who lead Christ to Calvary with shouts of "Crucif him! Crucify him!" hold yourself aloof from thos who accept him as their Lord and Saviour, and yo attitude will be perfectly clear. It is not necessary f

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York. Text—Matt. 18:7: "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

In a Great Military Garrison

GOSPEL WORK AT THE PRESIDIO IN SAN FRANCISCO — ITS OPPORTUNITIES AND LIMITATIONS

REV. S. R. WOOD

MISS H. E. LINCOLN

MRS. HUMPHREY

"MOTHER" LANE

CHAPLAIN C. C. BATEMAN

THE Presidio of San Francisco, Calif., is one of the largest military stations in the country, and possesses probably the poorest facilities for religious work of any. A special correspondent of this urnal has visited and examined e place, and writes the result of s observations: "The Presidio situated just inside the Golden ate on the San Francisco penin-la, and has been garrisoned ntinuously since Spanish times. ie neighboring heights bristle th the heavy ordnance of coast tillery, while field artillery, cav-y and two full regiments of in-ntry, swell the permanent gar-ison strength to more than three ousand men.

"Through these gates a great my has passed and repassed ice the beginning of the Span-h War. Here regiments have en organized, recruited or mus-ed out. Here troops land on eir return from the Philippines, r a few days' or weeks' rest ter the long voyage, and from e army dock troops are distributed far and wide. ie General Hospital is a large establishment, capa-: of accommodating five hundred patients. The ildings of the General Hospital are conspicuous in e middle foreground of the accompanying photo-aph, near the right-hand corner.

"The building occupied by the Y. M. C. A. (formerly a ard-house) is in charge of an earnest Secretary, Rev. ephen R. Wood, who, with limited facilities and cir-mscribed quarters, battles valiantly as one against nd and tide, for the spiritual rescue of the soldiers. ry recently a large gymnasium, costing $40,000, has en opened by the army; but nothing has been done r many years to recognize the spiritual side of a ldier's life.

"On this large reservation there are three very small apels, all exclusively used for Roman Catholic ser-es, and apart from the Gospel Tent erected by Mother' Lane and Mrs. Humphrey, and maintained them for the past two years wholly by voluntary bscription, the Protestants have absolutely no place worship. The work within this humble tabernacle ie Gospel Tent), however, has been phenomenal. Every night for two years, this small assembly-room has been warmed and lighted, and these devoted women have been in attendance to direct the singing and to conduct the prayer service when no chaplain or other minister was present to preach. Many soldiers have found peace with God through Christ at these services.

THE PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO — THE GOLDEN GATE TO THE LEFT

"'Mother' Lane has been a well-known figure in Christian work at the Presidio for six years. Mrs. Humphrey has been her chief support for the past four years. Both are greatly beloved by all who know them and their work.

"Mrs. Lincoln, a deaconess of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives her entire time to the sick of the General Hospital. She and Miss Elizabeth Rawles assist in the Sunday School for Protestant children, at the Y. M. C. A. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is interested in this Sunday School, as it has endeavored to support two little India orphans, Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Rawles aiding this noble undertaking.

"Protestant services are conducted in the dining-room of the General Hospital. One sees THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Red Letter Testament in daily use in the wards of the General Hospital. One thousand of these Testaments were distributed at one time to sick and convalescent soldiers here.

"Chaplain C. C. Bateman, a veteran of the U. S. Army, is active in every good word and work, though keenly sensible to his limitations. His regiment, which saw much fighting, and performed a vast amount of manual labor in constructing roads in the Philippines, returned last January, and was given station in the infantry cantonment, where not a building exists suitable for a reading-room or chapel. But the chaplain is hoping for better things.

. . .

"It is said that the California Senators and Congressmen are primarily responsible for the barrenness of life at the Presidio, in that they have never exerted themselves to obtain adequate appropriations. The artillery and cavalry are fairly well housed, but the lot of the two regiments of infantry suffers much by comparison. In consequence, discontent among the infantrymen has been marked, and desertions are reported to have been numerous.

"There is always a demand for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is read with eager interest, alike by sailors and soldiers."

THE GOSPEL TENT, PRESIDIO

A STONE IN THE PATH Continued from preceding page

ie who would destroy his neighbor's garden to break rough and tear up the fragrant plants; let him erely toss a handful of thistle-seed aloft and the wind ll do the rest.

Unconscious Influence

In any case, the force of silent example is a savor of e unto life or death unto death. A farmer on his ay from the house to the stable on a snowy morning ars a voice behind him calling, "I'm coming right ong, papa," and looking back, he sees his little son ting his little feet and carefully planting them in his otprints. Thus, no man liveth unto himself. Our ildren, our friends and neighbors, are coming "right ong after us." See, therefore, that ye offend them ot. A man may be willing to take his own chances in enying truth and living an unholy life, but let him onder well the fact that he is the centre of a coterie; at he is living or dying for others · that his children's ildren are coming after him.

But there is a positive side to all this. If by virtue of the silent, tremendous, self-propagating power of influence we are ever in danger of injuring others, by the same token we may be constantly doing good. It is for me to say whether my hand shall lay the stone in the path or be stretched forth to help. Blessed be God, there are multitudes of people who are unconsciously making their lives a blessing to all who witness them.

In our Museum of Art there is a picture by Gabriel Max called "The Last Token." A maiden stands in the arena, awaiting death for her devotion to Christ. On her left is a group of lions sated with flesh and unconcerned; on her right, a ravenous beast with eyes aflame is just issuing from its cage. The galleries are filled with eager spectators. At the feet of the young martyr a rose has fallen from above. She stands with her hand upon a pillar, and her eyes, soon to be closed on earthly scenes, is lifted to the balconies. They are searching for the hand that has dropped this token of kindness at her feet. Thank God, such simple deeds are possible to all.

Opportunities of Service

There are many about us whose temptations are greater than they can bear and whose burdens are breaking their hearts. O friends, lend a hand! Put yourselves into a position where your influence will tell.

Come over on the Lord's side and follow him, of whom it is written, "He went about doing good." Bind up the wounds of the man who has fallen on the Bloody Way; put the cup of cold water to thirsty lips; speak the word in due season, which is like apples of gold in baskets of silver. Live so well that you shall be blessing others without knowing it.

O the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!

The Proposed Rest Home in Chefoo

MORE information has come to hand respecting the project explained in this journal on April 6, of building a Missionary Home in North China. It is gratifying to learn that friends of missions the world over, are taking an interest in the enterprise, and are sending in funds for the erection of the home. It is remarkable how clearly prayer is being answered in the matter, for as each step is taken, and the need of money is laid before God, the funds necessary for that particular step are supplied. No sooner was the site chosen and the price arranged, than the money required was contributed. It is worthy of notice, too, that much of it came from persons who, either by their own experience or by observation, had become familiar with mission work in China. They, better than others, knew the urgent need of such a Home, and realized how much good it will accomplish.

The site, now bought and paid for, is near the Sanatorium of the China Inland Mission, and, in spite of the efforts of some scheming natives to prevent it, extends to the sea, thus securing bathing and boating facilities. Consul-General Fowler, who has taken a warm interest in the enterprise from the beginning, has seen to it that the title is secure, and has it duly stamped and sealed through the United States Consulate.

Mr. Gordon, an eminent architect of Toronto, having heard of the enterprise, has drawn the plans for the building, and has presented them to the trustees as his contribution to the work. They have been placed in the hands of a contractor, who has made an estimate of the cost at $12,000 in United States values. Persons familiar with building in that locality, regard the estimate as fair, and advise that it be accepted. The committee, however, have determined that there shall be no debt on the home, not even in mortgage, and therefore they are awaiting the receipt of funds before making final arrangements.

PROPOSED HOME FOR MISSIONARIES IN CHEFOO, NORTHERN CHINA

Dr. Hunter Corbett, of the Presbyterian Mission, who is chairman of the committee, and Rev. John A. Stooke, of the China Inland Mission, who is secretary, have written an eloquent letter to Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, thanking him most heartily for his contribution of $1,000, which has greatly encouraged them, and expressing the hope that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD also will be led to assist in the enterprise. At present there is $4,250 in the treasury toward the $12,000 needed for the building, and after th there will be the cost of furnishing. T committee pledge themselves to ackno edge all contributions through this jo nal, and to have the accounts, both receipts and expenditures duly audited.

The committee are fully convinced th when the Home is built and equipped, will be self supporting. A very sm charge for accommodation and board, w within the resources of the missionari will suffice to cover all running expens At present, the missionary in China w is suffering from the effects of the clima which is very trying to Americans a Europeans, is obliged to undertake journey home, at a heavy cost both money and time. If he goes to Chefo he finds there no accommodation but hotels intended for wealthy merchan where the expenses are beyond his mea The China Inland Mission, has found th its Home at Chefoo has been the mea of saving much loss and probably ma valuable lives; but as it has seven hu dred and fifty missionaries in the field, institution is nearly always full, and t managers have often been reluctan compelled to refuse to receive missio aries of other boards, whom, had it be possible, they would have been glad welcome.

There can be no doubt that the erecti of this undenominational Home will be boon to these worthy, self-sacrificing m and women, and we most earnestly ho the funds will be contributed for its co

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS "IKON"

"PORT ARTHUR to be saved by an Ikon," was the mystifying headline that confronted the newspaper-reading public recently. Few knew what it meant, and the text did not explain. To the Russian, the ikon (Greek *eikon*, an image), plays a most important part in the round of life.

A Russian family landing at Ellis Island,

RUSSIAN PRIEST BLESSING THE IKONS

without one or two or three ikons in the miscellaneous baggage, would probably be regarded as a curiosity. In the Russian interpretation of the term, an ikon is "a holy picture," that has been blessed by the priest, and is regarded with the same awe and reverence, and prized as highly as the talisman or fetich of the Arab. In every Russian home, the ikon has the place of honor. Half hidden in a wreath, or behind a crucifix, the "holy picture" is to the Russian family what the shrine is to the Italian.

With the frame removed, these pictures would not be very different from the images that are considered abhorrent by the Greek churchman, for many of them are fashioned of metal, and are really metal images framed as pictures. Some are beautifully done by metal-workers, and are really works of art. Others are ordinary pictures of the cheap variety, worth little intrinsically, but having been "blessed" by the priest, and so raised to the dignity of ikons, they are beyond price, in the estimation of their possessors.

The Russian churches in America are just now thronged at every service, by patriots praying for the success of the arms of the Czar. Two features of the worship would strike the American visitor as strange. One is that no chairs are provided for the worshipers; the other, that on walls, altar, and sometimes suspended from the ceiling, are pictures, large and small and on a variety of religious subjects, giving to the place the appearance of an art store of the kind where popular prices prevail, and the names signed to the pictures are not the first things criticized. The presence of the pictures is explained partly, by the fact that at many services the people carry pictures for the blessing of the priest. The pictures are sometimes carried away after being "blessed," and sometimes left hanging in the church until the family moves away, when they are removed to the new place of residence.

Just as Catholics are accused by their enemies of being image worshipers, so the members of the Greek Church are accused of picture worship. To see the Russians walking up to the pictures of the Virgin in the church, or in the home, kissing them fervently, in token of love, and knocking their foreheads against them in token of submission, is to cause the onlooker to conclude that the picture itself is the object of worship. The defenders of the Greek Church worship, however, assert that the kissing of the picture is prompted by the same love that causes relatives of a deceased person to kiss her photograph. The ikon sent from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur to raise the spirits of the soldiers, has probably been kissed many thousand times over.

Every Russian regiment has its special ikon. The soldiers firmly believe that it will bring them good luck, and they will fight with much better spirits if the ikon is borne into battle with them, or carried aloft by the priest, as the regiment moves toward the firing zone. If he falls, the soldier dies contented, provided the ikon is brought to him that he may kiss it with his last breath. Should he be wounded and confined to hospital for a long period, his chief source of consolation during the tedious days of recovery, is an ikon. It may be merely a cheap four-by-five picture, but so long as it has been "blessed" by the priest, the ikon is regarded as an outward and visible aid to worship, and to deprive wounded soldier of his little picture, would be like taking from the Catholic warrior his crucifix. Should the soldier take a turn for the worse and die, the little picture that has comforted him during his life-time will be placed by the attendant on his breast, where the eyes could regard it if alive, and at the burial, the ikon will be left in the same position.

IKON IN A RUSSIAN CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA

This proneness of the Russian to pin his faith on a picture, is defended by thc who have traveled in the country a witnessed the services in the church on the ground that if men of the men calibre of the subjects of the Czar a left without visible aids to spirituali they will neglect religion altogether, be lost in theoretical distractions.

With his idea of the mystery of t

IKON IN A RUSSIAN CHURCH IN AMERIC IN MEMORY OF THE "VARIAG'S" HERO

religious life of the church crystalliz in a picture, and that picture carri with him into battle, the Russian soldi believes he need have no care for t flying bullet or shrapnel. The Russi military authorities see to it that the re mental ikon is always around with proper guardian, in his place in t battle-line.

Bringing Thousands into the Kingdom

THE meetings conducted by Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander in Great Britain, are producing a marked spiritual impression in every city in which they are held. Even the largest halls are too small to accommodate the enormous crowds which flock to them, and sometimes several overflows are held in nearby churches or halls. Many are converted at these overflows.

Many of the upper classes are taking a practical interest in these matters. In nearly every place I have gone I have found the best people of the community in the very forefront of the meetings. Take Birmingham, for example. No name is better known than that of Mr. George Cadbury, whose princely munificence and generous treatment of his employés have won for him esteem and admiration. Mr. Cadbury was on the platform to welcome Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander when they reached Birmingham, and until the end of the meetings his sympathy and support were manifested in various directions. Among others closely identified with the work were Lord Overtoun in Glasgow, Sir W. Henderson in Aberdeen, and Lord Kinnaird in Dundee.

DR. TORREY ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN, AT COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

In the course of almost his first sermon in Dublin, Dr. Torrey said: "I have just received a postcard, in which some poor fellow writes, 'You don't believe in that old played-out doctrine of hell, do you?' No, I do not believe in a doctrine of hell played out, but I believe in a doctrine of hell taught by the only One that ever came down from heaven to earth to teach men the truth. I believe the doctrine which was taught by Jesus Christ of Nazareth." Many persons were brought to a fuller realization of the truth of the Bible through Dr. Torrey's preaching on the subject. The mid-day addresses on the subjects, "Why I believe the Bible to be the Word of God," "Did Jesus Christ rise from the dead," and "Infidelity, its cause, consequence and cure," covering a period of ten days, seemed to be the backbone of the mission. The daily newspapers printed full reports. One man cycled thirty miles to tell Dr. Torrey how eagerly the reports were received in his locality.

Many touching incidents of conversion occurred in the meetings in Dublin. A young fellow from Scotland was converted one night. He immediately wrote to his mother apprising her of what he had done, and asked her to send him the Bible that he used to throw out of his traveling bag every time she placed it there. He received from her a beautiful letter, saying that her heart was overflowing with joy at the step he had taken. The young man immediately arranged to go to the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and took passage that same week, and he is now a student there, fitting himself for Christian work.

A letter from Dublin says: "At one of the afternoon meetings, you asked the mothers who had unsaved sons to sing the chorus, 'Oh Lord, send the power just now.' My boy was a backslider, and I wanted him brought back to the Lord, and so, as I sang the chorus, I believed the Lord would answer my prayer. That night I brought him to the meetings, and when Dr. Torrey asked those who would take Christ to stand up, without my saying anything to him, he just said to me, 'I will stand up to-night,' and he did, and went up to the front and confessed Christ. He is greatly changed since then, and is trying to bring others to the Lord.

As the result of the whole work, it is reported that over three thousand people professed conversion.

After a week's rest, Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander began a month's work in Bristol, under very favorable circumstances. The hall seated between four thousand and five thousand people, and from the first, overflows had to be held in another hall and a near-by church. On some nights, three halls were packed and thousands outside; but, nothing daunted, they formed themselves into an open-air meeting. On the last week, the crowds were so large that it was found necessary to have two meetings at night—one at 7 for women, and one at 8 for men. Earlier services were also held, making four services per day in Colston Hall itself, and each service crowded. Mr. Alexander got hold of the people in a remarkably short time, and had them singing to perfection. He had a very large choir, and after several severe coachings, he had them do his bidding. More than that—he won everybody to him by his short talks, brimful of common-sense, and when he spoke, every ear was open and ready to hear what he had to say. Many a person who had never won a soul, received an incentive to begin work for Christ by his encouraging words.

One of Alexander's hymns, "God is now willing, are you?" was wonderfully owned of God at Bristol. It was sung again and again, and it left an impression on the indifferent that they could not rid themselves of. I spoke to a man one night who said he was saved the night before, and his face looked it. He said he could not forget the words of the song:

If you refuse him, O what will you do?
God is now willing, are you?

One Sabbath morning, Mr. Alexander called for volunteers to distribute far and wide tens of thousands of cards on which were printed in red, "GET RIGHT WITH GOD." His call received a hearty response, and in the evening, when he asked how many of them were saved through reading that little card, seventeen arose.

At the close of the Bristol meetings it was found that 3,800 names had been handed in of those who had made a public profession of Christ. In consequence, those who had the work in charge, as well as the entire church who love to see the Lord's work prosper, are rejoicing greatly.

J. RAYMOND HEMMINGER.

For the Peace of the World

Continued from page 535

...d come for an official International Convention to ...dify the now uncertain rules of international law, of ...hich much is officially recognized as a part of the ...mmon law by England and the United States. Congressman Bartholdt spoke of similar but unofficial conferences of officials. The Inter-Parliamentary Union, begun in Paris in 1888, in a voluntary meeting of thirty French legislators with ten members of the British Parliament, for the promotion of arbitration, whose membership has now grown to hundreds, and includes legislators of many European countries and of our own, who will hold their twelfth annual meeting this year at St. Louis. The sentiment of this Union was given in the words of a French member, "To make war as rare and as difficult as possible." "Our hearts are large enough," the same leader had said, "to love not only our own country but all humanity." Mr. Bartholdt then presented as the first practicable step for our country to take, viz: the passage by Congress of the following pending resolution:

WHEREAS, enlightened public opinion and the spirit of Republican institutions alike, demand that differences between nations should be adjudicated and settled in the same manner as disputes between individuals are adjudicated, namely, by the arbitrament of courts in accordance with recognized principles of law; and

WHEREAS, the Government of the United States has always recognized the principle of international arbitration, and should therefore take the lead in a diplomatic effort to secure its universal application: Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That the President be requested to invite the governments of the civilized nations to send representatives to an international conference, to be held at a time and place to be agreed upon by the several governments, and whose purpose it shall be to devise plans looking to the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the United States and the different nations, and also to discuss the advisability of, and, if possible, agree upon a gradual reduction of armaments.

A still nearer step was that suggested by Hon. H. B. F. MacFarland, of Washington, D. C., who spoke from manifest knowledge of the sympathy of Secretary Hay and President Roosevelt with his proposal (the latter telegraphed his accord with the general purpose of the Conference later), namely, that treaties of arbitration with France and Great Britain might be made and ratified in next winter's short session of Conference if, by public meetings, letters and otherwise, the President and Congress should before December be assured that public opinion is ready for the next logical steps in the arbitration movement.

The Platform of the Conference expresses gratification that eleven nations—five of them ranking among the great Powers—have appeared before the Court at the Hague and submitted their controversies to its adjudication; it regards the increasing development of commercial communications between countries as tending to the advancement of universal peace. It urges all the people to give their influence to the adjudication by the Hague Tribunal of all disputes between nations substantially as in disputes between parties in civil cases. It appeals to all in diffusing such a righteous sentiment and feeling towards all classes, conditions and races of men, that international arbitration will be resorted to as the best means of securing international justice whenever diplomacy fails. It urges our Government to take the initiative action in negotiating treaties with all nations, whereby they shall agree "to submit to arbitration by the permanent Court at the Hague all differences which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations." It favors the coming together of representatives of all nations, as an "International Advisory Congress."

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER
United States Supreme Court

The Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau of Washington, D. C. (your correspondent), was called upon to conclude the discussions of the Conference, by showing how the members of the Conference could inform and arouse public opinion and express it to the President and Senators and Congressmen, by petition, letter, telegram and deputation, with a view to carrying the next advance movements, the arbitration treaties contemplated for the next session of Congress, and the pending resolution looking to an International Advisory Conference or arbitration and gradual lessening of armaments.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Progress Toward Peace

"OUR hearts are large enough to love not only our own country but all humanity," said a leading speaker at the Arbitration Conference recently held at Mohonk Lake. This was the key-note of the great gathering, which was the most distinguished that has ever assembled there to discuss subjects that are closely allied to the happiness and prosperity of the whole world.

Such gatherings as that at Mohonk afford a most effective answer to those pessimists who look hopelessly into the future and see nothing but despair. Each is a distinct step toward the goal which, in our Heavenly Father's own good time, the world some day will surely reach. Here and in Europe, Peace and Arbitration are making progress. Statesmen and people are slowly learning to recognize the folly and wickedness of war and the desirability of settling international disputes by arbitration. That our own country should be privileged to lead in this movement is a matter that should stir the heart of every true American.

Reduced to the briefest terms, the ultimate object of the Mohonk Conference may be stated as follows:

1. An International Tribunal (or Supreme Court of the Nations), for the hearing and adjudication of all international disputes that cannot be settled amicably between the disputants themselves.
2. An International Convention for the codification of international laws.
3. An International Advisory Board, to consider mutual interests and pave the way for necessary legislation concerning the same.
4. Treaties of Arbitration between all the great Powers.

Here is a programme worth working and praying for—a programme of reform so wide and far-reaching that its success, even in part, would be a cause for universal joy. It is demanded, as Judge Gray observed in his able address at Mohonk, "by the growing civilization of our time, the broader humanity, the more catholic spirit, which have brought to our side the most generous impulses and pious aspirations of the day in which we live."

Onward, the Army of Peace! May God speed the day in which its triumph will be complete, and when all rulers, and cabinets, and statesmen, and diplomats will esteem the preservation of the world's peace and the promotion of its happiness and prosperity as the noblest service they can render to mankind.

The Long Vacation

THE schools will soon be closing, and the tired teachers and pupils are looking forward to some weeks of well-earned rest. Nobody who is in the least familiar with the requirements of schools in our day, doubts the necessity of a summer's break for the teacher, and few regret that the scholars, too, are set free for awhile from task-work and school discipline. A teacher, to the outside world, begins her work at nine in the morning and finishes it at three or four in the afternoon. But in reality she begins it when she arises from her bed, she wakens with the consciousness of it pressing upon her, she is at her desk in advance of her class, and remains long in the schoolroom after the children have joyously departed for the day. A faithful teacher is a very hard-worked person indeed, and deserves well of the community. She is impressing the young with noble ideals, holding them to diligent work, training them to be responsible and intelligent, and our thanks and love should follow her. Let none wish the teacher's summer holiday even one week briefer than it is here in the East, where it starts in June and closes in September.

Some mothers do question whether two or three months of play are needed by the children. Some urge, with no little show of reason, that too prolonged idleness is no advantage to the growing mind and body. These thoughtful parents say, and who can deny their wisdom, that when grammars and algebras are laid aside, it does no harm for a lad or lass to take up a nature-study, botany for example, or astronomy, while fathers contend that the boys are the better for having some share of manual labor in vacation, morning and evening duties on the farm, errands to run, something to do besides just to while away the time.

Every home must decide for itself about this; but we plead for plenty of holiday for boys and girls, leisure to fish, to build dams and bridges, to explore caves and picnic in the woods. The teacher must, if it can be managed, have a change of scene. Well for her if she may pack a few things in a suit-case, step aboard a slow steamer, and spend her vacation-weeks abroad.

Three or four young women combining and traveling together, may easily spend from eight to ten weeks, inclusive of the voyage both ways, in European travel, at a cost to each of something less than two hundred dollars. Four young women, a year ago, traveled through England and Wales, with no superfluous clothing, and with every comfort in the grip-sacks with which they sailed from New York.

Bread Upon the Waters

WORK done for God and humanity multiplies itself. We sow the seed, and lo! the Divine goodness blesses it with a double harvest. This has been illustrated in very striking ways in almost every benevolent and spiritual enterprise in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have been engaged, and it constitutes one of the peculiar charms of work of this character. In the outcome, something is always superadded which makes the result both delightful and memorable. In India, our aid rendered to the sufferers during the great famine was followed by a spiritual awakening of such proportions that it surprised the missionaries. Similarly, the relief work in Shansi and Shensi, in northern China, had a marked effect in clearing the way for Gospel extension on a broader scale than before.

Consul-General McWade's report to the State Department relative to the relief work undertaken by our readers in Kwangsi Province, a year ago, shows that the same rich and abundant blessing has followed this charity also. As a result of the Consul-General's excellent arrangements, three relief expeditions loaded with food and convoyed by American naval vessels, were towed up the West River, and, with the co-operation of the missionaries, the famishing population of a large number of villages were reached and fed. Consul-General McWade warmly thanks the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their munificent charity, "which knows no sect and no nationality," and he adds that through that charity, "many thousands of human lives were saved."

Since then, so the missionaries assure us, the homes and hearts of the people of Kwangsi have been open to the Gospel as never before. Truly, the bread cast upon the waters is returning, after many days, with bounteous blessing.

The St. Louis Exposition Again

FROM every side we hear gratifying reports of the good work done in connection with the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee. It is evident that the evil designs of wicked men have received a check, that vice, recently so unblushing in its brazen cupidity and shocking effrontery, is hiding its head for a time. Parents are on their guard, and young women arriving at the beautiful city are armed against danger by knowledge, and meet friends in the agents of the Travelers' Aid Committee so soon as they step off the train. Though much has been done, there is much to do, and to relax vigilance now would be a blunder, especially as this is the vacation season, when girls are at liberty to go on a trip in search of recreation, or when they wish to add to their stock of money by some extra work.

The headquarters of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee in New York, are at 96 Fifth Avenue, where Dr. Anna L. Brown, Secretary and Treasurer, will answer all inquiries, and furnish Travelers' Aid Identification Cards in quantities as they may be required.

Three Dollars for One

AT this season of the year, many enterprising publishers make special introductory propositions entailing great financial sacrifice to themselves, with view to gaining for their publication admittance int new homes, confident that when once fairly introduced regular annual subscriptions will follow, and thus compensate them for the financial loss temporarily sustained

Experience has demonstrated that it takes fully si months for a publication to do full justice to itsel and therefore July 1 has been fixed upon as the dat best adapted for Trial Subscriptions, because:

First. It brings these Trial Subscriptions to a term nation on January 1, the time when people naturall determine on the papers they may wish to read durin the coming year.

Second. The latter half of the year lends itse better to rich, special issues, and of course includes th Thanksgiving and the Christmas issues, either c which frequently is worth the price of a whole year subscription.

Third. A Trial Subscription at this season of th year usually proves decisive, as a subscriber whom th choicest issues of the year cannot hold, evidently doe not want the paper, and his decision may be considere as final.

It is a good sign when a publisher has sufficient fait in the merits and drawing qualities of his publicatio to make him willing to entail upon himself heav financial sacrifices in order to introduce his paper, b offering trial trips at a **nominal figure,** and the publi as a rule, appreciates the enterprise that puts withi its easy reach, for perusal and examination, public tions, which, but for the facility thus afforded, must hav remained unknown to them.

Hence a publisher who adopts this liberal plan, find his public already predisposed in favor of his public tion, and, in the end, the venture is more than likely t prove a profitable venture to him, provided, of cours his paper is adapted to his public.

July 1 is near at hand, and this year we have a mor liberal proposition than ever before. Having arrange with two other publications for a six months' trial trip a greatly reduced price, we are enabled now to subm the following

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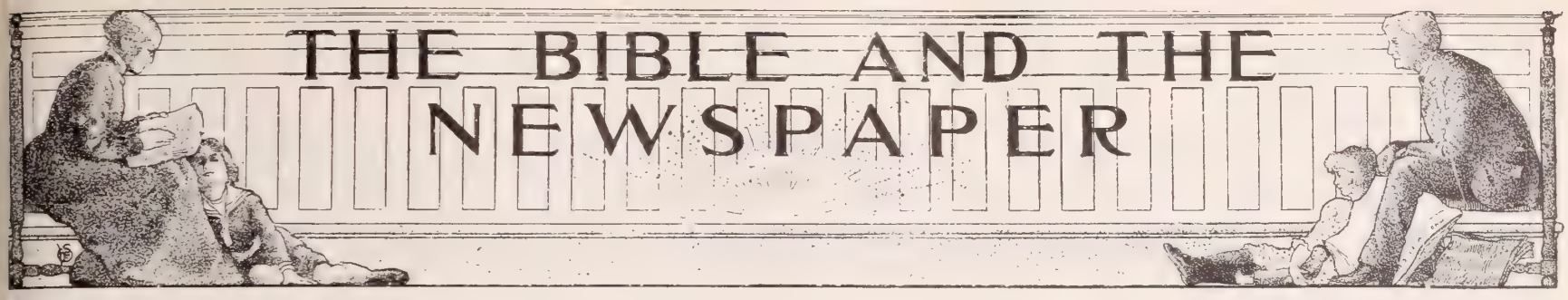

The Beleaguered Port

AFTER the battle of Nanshan Hill, described in this journal last week, the Japanese forces were rapidly reinforced for the attack on Port Arthur. By June 10 they were reported to be within ght miles of the city. The Russian commander ap- ars to have anticipated their approach and to have engthened the defences on the land side. Intrench- ents, fifteen feet deep, were dug and surmounted by avy guns. Mines also had been laid at a considerable stance along the roads by which the Japanese were ost likely to march, and other preparations were made r a stubborn defence. Repairs were pushed forward the ships in the harbor, evidently with the intention trying to save them in the event of the fall of the city. hree large vessels, one of which was the *Czarevitch*, ere lying in the inner basin. The Chinese, who have en allowed to leave the port, came out in their junks, the number of two thousand. They report that the panese war vessels are shelling the port daily, and at on the land side the forces under Gen. Nogi have

JAPANESE INFANTRY ON THE MARCH IN NORTHERN KOREA

BIDDING GOOD-BY TO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS LEAVING MOSCOW FOR THE FRONT

cupied a position from which, with their long-range ns, they can reach the city. Gen. Kouropatkin, with e Russian army, was at Liao Yang, awaiting reinforce- nts. He is unable, with the force at his command, cut his way through for the relief of Port Arthur. en. Stackelberg, also, who made the attempt, was re- lsed with heavy loss. It is the general impression, en in Russia, that Port Arthur must fall, but it is pected that it will be heavily bombarded by sea and id before the final assault is made. The blow will be heavy one for Russia, especially if, with the port, she ould lose the vessels now lying in the harbor. The miliations she has suffered at the hands of the brave le nation which has proved her superior in strategy well as in fighting capacity, both by land and sea, ist make her wish that she had taken the advice of e wise king:

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbor hath put thee to shame (Prov. 25:8).

Bride Disappointed

Among the immigrants who arrived in New York on ne 4, was an Armenian girl, of singularly attractive pearance. She was very gay for, as she told the Im- igration Commissioner, she had come to be married, d her lover would meet her for the purpose. As the w is very stringent in these cases, she was requested give his name and address. She did so, and he was t for. When he arrived at the Island, the girl was led. She looked at him critically and shook her ad. "I like him not," she said to the Armenian priest who had come to perform the ceremony. "It is several years since I saw him. He has changed, and he is no longer good to look upon. I will not marry him." She was told that if she did not marry him she must be deported, but that threat did not move her. "Yes," she said, "I will go back to my country. I no longer love him after looking upon him." She went back to the immigrants' quarters and the man went away disconsolate. It must have been a grievous disappointment to both. After the long journey through life, the Christian need never fear such an experience.

I shall behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with beholding thy form (Ps. 17:15, R. V.)

A Mother's Mistake

In a police court in Newark, N. J., the judge had a curious argument a few days ago with a woman, who was apparently an immigrant, unfamiliar with our modes of judicial procedure. Her son, sixteen years old, had been summoned for assaulting another boy. The case proceeded, and the prosecutrix described how her son had been set upon, and brutally beaten by the defendant. The defendant's mother was voluble with the other side of the case, contending that her son was not the aggressor, and alleging strong provocation. In the course of the argument, the judge addressed a question to the youth with her, who had been silent while his mother had been pleading. The boy replied that he had not touched the other boy, and the judge reminded him that his mother had admitted the assault. The mother replied that the youth with her was not the defendant, but his brother. The defendant was at work, and she had brought his brother, thinking he would do as well. The judge tried to make her understand, and reminded her that he might have to send the defendant to prison. "His brother here would do anything for him," said the mother, and the youth confirmed her. The judge would waste no more time in argument, but told her peremptorily to go and fetch the defendant to court, for he would not be satisfied with a substitute. Evidently there must be a strong affection between the brothers, but it could not avail in a human court. Happily for us, at the bar of God, our Divine Substitute is sure of acceptance.

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them (Heb 7:25).

Boys Save a Train

A train on which there were three hundred passengers was saved from wreck on June 8, by the efforts of two boys. The New York Express was approaching Great Barrington, Mass., at a high rate of speed, when the engineer noticed the two boys standing on the track and wildly waving a red shirt. He brought his train to a standstill with such promptitude as to throw many of the passengers out of their seats. It was only just in time. The pilot of the engine, when it stopped, was on the edge of a washout twenty feet wide. A terrific storm had swept over the Berkshire hills a short time before, and a torrent of water had rushed down with a force that carried everything before it. The ballast under the track had been washed away, just beyond a sharp curve which prevented the engineer seeing the danger. The two boys, Stephen McCue, twelve years old, and Raymond Perdrizet, fourteen years old, both of Great Barrington, had seen the washout, and realizing how fearful might be the consequence, had given the signal that caused the train to stop. They had waded waist deep into the water, to reach a point at which they could be sure of being seen in time for the train to be stopped. The passengers made a collection for the boys, which realized twenty-seven dollars. This was an average of nine cents from each passenger. Considering how many of those passengers would have been killed if the boys had not given the signal, the reward was not very munificent. As a rule people place a much higher estimate than that on their lives, though they often act as if they set no value on their souls.

They made light of it and went their ways, one to his farm another to his merchandise (Matt. 22:5).

BRIEF NOTES

A branch of the Naval Young Men's Christian Association has been opened at Pensacola, Fla., for the men of the squadron during their several weeks' visit to that port.

Successful evangelistic meetings have recently been conducted in Joplin, Mo., the two Presbyterian Churches of the city uniting under the leadership of the Rev. Claus Olandt.

An effort is being made by the Baptist Church to raise an endowment fund of $500,000 within five years, with which to educate a native ministry in foreign lands. This is the wisest scheme in missions ever projected.

A tract of 170 acres of land has been purchased near Jamaica, L. I., for a Jewish colony. It will be divided into 2,400 building lots, and will be sold to Jewish settlers on the instalment plan. The plot cost $200,000.

The American Sunday School Union's record for the fiscal year is 2,542 new Bible schools established; 9,724 conversions have been reported in these schools, and those previously established by the society; and 133 churches have developed from schools organized by the Union.

Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., in a recent address, stated that Henry Ward Beecher had in his possession, during his unhappy trial, documentary evidence which would have completely vindicated him, but refrained from producing it on high moral grounds.

Dr. Winfield Ayres, of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, has announced the discovery of a cure for Bright's disease, which has hitherto been regarded as incurable. He has already effected a cure in forty-three cases, in which the disease was treated in its early stages.

From Hot Alleys to Cool Mont-Lawn

A PICTURE OF LIFE IN THE SLUMS AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR

SOMETIMES we are asked if the pictures of life in the city slums are not overdrawn, and at others we are reminded that there are a great many advantages given freely to the poor by the city government.

The answer to the query is, No; it would be impossible to exaggerate the conditions of poverty and misery one encounters in some localities in New York, and although the city does a good work in making life less miserable for the very poor, there are still thousands of women and children who cannot take advantage of public parks, recreation grounds and other fresh air charities.

One instance will suffice to illustrate: Down in the lower part of New York, not far from Trinity Church, is a narrow street, but two blocks long, where poverty and wretchedness dwell in the miserable tenements which line this wretched thoroughfare. Here crowds of poor little children swarm the sidewalks and overflow into the gutters, it is the only bit of out-of-doors within their reach. In one of the wretched houses lives a woman with three children, one less than a year old. The mother is not very strong, and makes her living by scrubbing and cleaning offices in the tall business buildings nearby. Three dollars and a-half per week is all she can earn, for this work must be done before and after business hours. From this slender wage, eight dollars must be paid every month to the landlord for a room up three flights of dirty, rickety stairs, where the family lives. This leaves but a small sum for food and clothing. No wonder the little ones are hungry and ragged.

At four o'clock, one hot, stifling afternoon last week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S representative succeeded in finding Mrs. Sherman's home, if such a place can be called home. The search had been a weary one, for the street is obscure, and is almost lost amid the crush and roar of down-town traffic. On the steps of an unoccupied store were grouped fifteen or twenty women, poor weary souls.

To be sure they were draggled as to dress, and uncombed as to hair, and some of them were barefooted, but almost without exception each woman held a baby in her arms.

These poor mothers had left their sweltering tenements to catch what fresh air they might and were taking as good care as they knew how of the little ones held to their breasts, and of the other children sitting on the sidewalks, or wandering about from one spot to another. as children will, who have nothing to interest them and nothing to do.

An inquiry about Mrs. Sherman, elicited a response from a hard-featured woman, but with a kindly eye, to the effect that Mrs. Sherman lived a "bit down the street" and she, the speaker, would be willing to "show the lady the way."

"These be her childer,' ma'am," she said, as a little girl, with the blackest of hair and eyes came up, dragging by the hand a shy boy, smaller than herself, "and I am mindin', them," continued the woman," while their mother does the bit of work. Poor thing! she's not well at all, an' she's havin' a hard time. Yes, this is her baby, ain't he a darlin'?" And the baby was held up for admiration, poor little mite, he was "a darling."

TYPICAL DWELLERS IN THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS

Down the street went the little procession, the woman with the baby leading, then THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative, then came the brother and sister "Mollie" and "Dewey," hand-in-hand. Pausing at the door, the woman turned, saying: "Here, Mollie, take the baby, and mind you take good care of him until I get back; and you Dewey, you stay with Mollie." Then up three long, crazy flights of stairs the two women climbed; poverty, misery and dirt on all the landings. On the top floor, the woman leading, paused. "She's not very well, ma'am," said she, "but she's a good woman, and has worked herself a'most to death."

And the sick woman was so patient and hopeful. "I'm sure, I'll get well," she said, "I'm not so very bad, you see;" although her short, panting breath (she had just climbed the three flights of stairs after finishing her work), told only too plainly that her neighbor's words were true.

"I sometimes have to climb ten and eleven flights of stairs to reach some offices, that I get to after the elevator stops running, that is harder than the work; but I am glad to have the work, for ever since John was hurt and had to go to the hospital, I've had to work harder than ever, but he was a good man, and I'll work for him when he comes home, for they say he'll never be able to do much any more, but"—and here her dark eyes shone with a light of trust and faith—"there is nothing too hard for God to do."

When asked if she could not rest awhile as she had but the baby to care for, she said she could, as she had a chance for a few days, but there was no room for Mollie and "Dewey." "His name ain't really Dewey, miss," she explained, "but he was born on Dewey Day, and we always call him that," and the shy little boy hid his face in the folds of his mother's dress, for the children had come up—the baby in panting Mollie's arms; how could they stay downstairs when a lady was visiting mamma?

When Mrs. Sherman was told of Mont-Lawn, and that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would take care of her children for ten days, her gratitude was really piteous. The children did not know what it all meant, but were sure it must be something very nice, since mamma and the "neighbor woman" seemed so glad; and as Mollie looked up into the visitor's face, her black eyes shining, and "Dewey" peeped out from the folds of his mother's skirt, showing his little, white, even teeth in an appreciative smile, the visitor thought, "Thank God for Mont-Lawn, and the good it accomplishes for such as these."

This is but a very imperfect sketch of the conditions in which many poor children in New York City live; the half is not told, nor what was seen in this brief visit. The great and crying need of such charities as that extended by Mont-Lawn, through the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is seen on every hand, as one makes a tour of even the shortest street in certain localities where the wretched poor are huddled, but where the mother-love is often as strong as that watching over the daintiest lace-trimmed crib.

Three dollars means a ten-days' outing at Mont-Lawn for Mollie, and another three dollars gives the same to "Dewey." Twenty-one dollars endows a Mont-Lawn cot for the whole season.

A Sunday Proposal Binding

JUDGE A. S. SWARTZ, of Norristown, Pa., has achieved a certain degree of fame somewhat unexpectedly, by a decision which he rendered holding that a promise of marriage made on Sunday cannot be evaded as not wholly binding when the person who made the promise, by his subsequent acts, recognizes the contract as existing. The case was that of a Lutheran pastor, who entered a demurrer in a suit filed by a lady of Allentown, who sought to recover for breach of promise. Judge Swartz's opinion, which is of general interest, is as follows:

"The plaintiff's statement sets out a solemn engagement between defendant and plaintiff on Christmas Day, 1898. She further alleges that the defendant solemnly promised that he would marry her some time in the month of June, 1903, and that such promise was made in September, 1902, and that both she and the defendant then and there mutually promised to marry each other, and that the said defendant, in consideration of plaintiff's promise, entered into his engagement of marriage. She also alleges that the defendant presented her with an engagement ring. The demurrer raises the question whether the contract is binding because made on Sunday, the 25th of December, 1898. If this Sunday promise were the sole contract in the case, it would be necessary to pass upon the validity of a promise of marriage made on Sunday. But this is not the fact, according to the statement. Even if both promises were made on Sunday, the defendant, by his subsequent acts and conduct, recognized the contract as an existing one. This is sufficient to sustain her action. The fact that a contract of marriage was made on Sunday, cannot avail the defendant where there is evidence of its subsequent recognition by him. Giving and accepting the engagement ring is a clear recognition of an existing contract to marry."

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Mothers and Daughters of Japa

WRITING from Kyoto, Japan, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Miss Florence Learned, missionary of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, says:

"The work everywhere is most encouraging, the only drawback being that of workers and means. I wish you could all see the encouragement and the needs as we do who are here. Would that we all were as zealous as the women of Japan, whose husbands and sons go to fight for their country.

"There is an old-time custom in evidence again. It is believed that the soldier who wears a girdle in which are a thousand stitches sewed in by a thousand women, will be protected from harm. The wife or mother sews in a stitch, and gets the relatives and friends to each add one, and then stands on the street asking each woman passing by to put in a stitch, until one thousand have each taken a stitch in that girdle, which becomes the warder away of all harm from the loved one.

"In January we had a touching experience in the death of one of our Sunday School children, a little girl about ten years old. She had taken a cold, which soon ran into pneumonia. We had not known that she was sick even when a messenger came to announce her death, and ask if we would come and conduct a Christian funeral servive at the house. The family were Buddhist; but the little girl had been so devoted to the Sunday School, and impressed by what she had learned there, that even in her delirium, she talked of the pla and the teachers and of heaven, where she said she was going, and begged her moth to go and hear about Jesus, and they wish to have the burial service a Christian o for her sake, though they had never attended Christian service, and did not know what o was like. We gladly assented, and it w held accordingly."

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WOMEN AND SELF-SUPPORT

HOUSANDS of women are anxious either to support themselves, or to find some work to do at home which will bring in money. The married woman who wants to supplement the family income lives on the ranch in California, on the avenue in New York, in the fisherman's cottage at Nantucket, in the mountaineer's cabin in Tennessee. She is everywhere in evidence. She knows perfectly well that if only she has a chance she can earn something, and though it may ot be very much, it will mean an immense amount to r, both in enlarging her ability to do for others, and in ving her the complete assurance of money in her purse. One young wife is anxious to help pay off a ham- ring mortgage on the farm. A mother desires pay for her daughter's lessons in music. A grown- daughter who is keeping house for her father, d brothers, and sisters, her mother being dead, ngs for a little more freedom, and has hours at r disposal which she might use to profit, if she uld discover an opening to her talents.

What nearly all these women lack is the quality initiative. They don't know what to do, or where begin. It seems impossible for them to effect entrance anywhere.

. . .

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, has lately written ook, entitled, *Women's Ways of Earning Money*, d to most of those who are in a quandary on e subject it treats, it will prove a real friend in ed. In one extremely entertaining chapter, Mrs. lden tells of odd and original ways in which women ve found gold mines, so to speak, at their own ors. It reminds one of a brilliant lecture, "Acres Diamonds," which some of us have heard delivered a brilliant Baptist clergyman, who vouches for e authenticity of his illustrations.

If women mean to earn money they must not afraid of hard work, nor ashamed of any work. young woman wrote to this paper last week, and id she wanted to obtain a certain situation, but "I ill not take a similar one near home," she added, s I want my friends to suppose that I am going vay on a visit for the summer." Nobody who els and shows such false pride as this will ever ake a success of anything she undertakes. She is t quite candid, and she will be fatally handicapped om the beginning of the race by her lack of sim- e candor.

. . .

Another important and indeed indispensable ing, is to know how to do what you attempt do. The woman who would sell butter and eggs ust know the secrets of the dairy and the poultry rd, understand the value of her products, and be ithin easy distance of a market. The woman who ises cats of a superior breed, or takes pet felines Board while their owners travel abroad, must be ast mistress of her line of business. The woman ho does glove-cleaning or fine mending, must be eat and deft-handed. The woman who shops for ut-of-town customers must have made a study f that complicated and very exacting line of work.

In order to earn money, one must have fairly good ealth. Invalids and nervous sufferers will have too any interruptions. Strong, physical health is in it- lf a splendid capital which a woman should greatly rize, and for which she should strive. By working too trenuously over superfluous tasks, by staying up too te at night and abbreviating her hours of rest and leep, and by eating improper food, many a woman loses ealth, and slips into the ranks of the half-well, or often l, without any excuse except her strange wastefulness nd want of thrift.

. . .

To the young girl who is thinking of her future, and lanning to take up some congenial work, I would give his bit of practical advice. Don't stint your prepara- ion. In these days the woman whose training is horough, whose mind has been disciplined, and whose ange of all-round knowledge is widest, will be the oman who succeeds. You cannot become a finely quipped teacher, or a nurse, or a good stenographer, r an artist, a photographer, a masseuse, a dressmaker, a kindergartner, a housekeeper; you cannot become anything worth the consideration of those who hire business and professional assistants, without preliminary hard work. Time spent on training is time well spent.

Summer Fruits for Winter's Store

The currant bushes, where the ruby fruit hangs in beaded beauty; the cherry trees, with their delicious load; the berries of every name, and the apples, plums, pears and quinces which, in turn, will enrich the orchards; the grapes in some future day to grace with purple clusters the trellised vines, all hold tempting possibilities out to the notable housekeeper. This catalogue is by no means complete, for it has not included the apricot and the peach, which are among the housekeeper's old and trustworthy standbys for the winter table. No house is well provisioned for the cold days that will follow summer and autumn unless it have on hand a bountiful supply of conserves of every description. Jellies, jams, preserves, canned fruit, marmalade, and sweet pickles, into the composition of which fruit often enters, are useful and healthful articles of diet for cold weather. Indeed, they seldom come amiss at any time. It takes a little trouble and forethought, and perhaps it may cost a little money, to stock the pantry with these toothsome dainties, but they will save doctor's bills and illness later on.

LEO AND I

We are great playmates, old Leo and I;
Little care we though the clouds roll by.
I'm never lonesome, by shore by sea,
Here is my comrade—watch Leo and me!

Among the ways of earning money at home which some women have found profitable, this branch has not proven the least successful. In most small villages, matrons put up their own preserves, but in cities there are many women who have not had the requisite early training, or whose engagements do not permit them to enter into the mysteries of the preserving kettle. These ladies are often glad to purchase real home-made preserves from the makers. Some of the larger groceries carry in their stock lucent jellies and beautiful canned fruits, which come to them from country homes. There is an art in doing such things well, in picking the fruit at the right stage, in bringing it to perfection over the fire, in using the precise amount of sugar or spice, and in properly sealing the jars. Fruit in glass is much more attractive than in tin, which should very seldom be used. Certain forms of marmalade and jam, and the several fruit butters which are made by a process of long stewing and simmering, are well bestowed in earthen crocks. Nothing is nicer for breakfast than the apple butter of which Pennsylvania housewives know the secret. It is an indispensable article, once you have learned to like it.

For the children's school luncheon, sandwiches spread with fruit-jelly are appetizing, and afford an agreeable variety. Much oftener than we do, we should eat fruit with our meals. There are still housekeepers who feel that a dinner without pie is no dinner at all, and, here and there, on a breakfast table in the country, one is helped to a triangle of pie; but it must be confessed that dyspepsia is apt to flourish on this diet. Tough pie-crust is indigestible, and its opposite, the flaky kind of crust that melts in the mouth, is almost equally perilous to health and good looks. But nobody need be afraid to eat plenty of fruit, either in the natural state or when cooked with sugar and served in delicate syrup.

The Convalescent

WHEN a person has been very ill and turns the corner on the road that leads to recovery, those who have had experience know better than to expect a rapid improvement. After a serious attack of fever or any prostrating malady, nature takes her time to rally. You measure the forward progress by stages of a week, not of a day, and there is no use in having the least impatience, for convalescence is a thing that cannot be hurried.

Still an air of joy pervades a home when the doctor announces that the patient is out of danger. There has been so much strain, such anxiety, about the dear one—father, mother, husband, wife, or sweet child—who has been at death's door, that when the tension is over, one seems to walk on air. The man goes to business without a black shadow in the background, and a weight as of lead on his heart, and the affairs of life move on in the family circle as if timed to soft music. Sometimes we hardly knew how anxious we were, till the bound of the great relief made it real to us.

The temptation to let the convalescent overdo is very great. Visitors call, and possibly feel aggrieved if not permitted to enter the sick-room. Yet very often the invalid is too weak and has too little strength in reserve to enjoy even friendly calls, and the excitement of meeting others than the familiar home group should be spared. "I was deeply wounded," said a young woman, "that I was not permitted to go into the room of my dearest friend, when I was assured that she was getting well, and I knew she had seen a girl friend the day before."

The attitude that permits one to feel offended in such circumstances is a proof of weakness. The nurse in charge is the responsible person, and she must decide who may or may not step across the threshold of the guarded chamber. Convalescence has its fluctuations, and while one day may bring so much strength that several people may be entertained with safety, the next day may be one when the utmost quiet must prevail. No one who is sensible takes umbrage at a refusal to be admitted to any sick room.

When at last the ordeal is over, and the convalescent restored to health and activity, goes forth once more on the daily round, the joy should take some special form of thankfulness. Where God has blessed a household with ample means, a gift might appropriately be made to a hospital, or a rescue work, or a fresh air fund; some tangible token, thus showing that God's great goodness is recognized. If poverty be our lot, we are not debarred from making our thankoffering, though it may take the form of some personal service to another; some act of self-denial, or some loving deed that springs from the heart.

We ought never to let a signal mercy of our Lord pass by without owning it in some way more significant than mere words. As the violets will soon dot the borders of the woods, and the birds come back with their sweet songs, so our praises should spring, fragrant as flowers, melodious as song, in the path of our days.

A Word in Behalf of the Shawl

Queen Victoria, the good and great sovereign of England, used to keep on hand an endless supply of costly Indian shawls, one of which she always bestowed on a bride who was her personal friend. It was the Queen's favorite wedding gift. Shawls are not now in vogue, and one seldom sees them except as they are worn by old-fashioned elderly ladies, who do not feel compelled to conform to every caprice of the changing fashions. When grandmother was a girl, every woman relied upon a shawl as a most important part of her costume. These articles were of many varieties, from the fine soft shawl of plaided wool, which has not been superseded in comfort by the railway rug or golf cape of to-day, to the Paisley shawl, with its solid centre of black, red or white, and its deeply wrought border of quaint and intricate design, from the shawl of India, wrought by hand, with dim, rich colors melting into one another like a dream, and a design of arabesque or flower eloquently speaking of the Far East. These latter shawls were often cherished heirlooms handed down from mother to daughter, and originally costing anywhere from five hundred to a thousand or more dollars. Among the gentlewomen who read this page, there are those who cherish among their choicest possessions white crepe shawls, deeply embroidered, brought for them by loved ones from Eastern lands in the days when sailing vessels cleaved the ocean wave, and men brought home in the sea-chests garments rich and rare which women prized. The Chuddah shawl still holds its own as a wrap for the summer evening, and its price is anywhere from twenty to thirty dollars. It is of marvelous length and softness as well as lightness, and as warm as a shawl of coarser and greater weight.

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A Friend, Mt Vernon 2
Friend, N Y C....
A Friend, N Y C..
A Friend, Ossining
A Friend, Pt Jervis
Friend, Rochester.
Friend, Sanborn..
A Friend, W Chazy
2 Friends Jamest'n
Three Friends, Canastota 1
Symp Friend, Kingston .....
Friends, Auburn .. 1
Friends, Canajoharie
Friends, Turin ...
I H N, Albion 5
I H N, Amsterdam .
I H N, Bklyn .....
I H N, Glens Falls.
I H N, Hornellsville
I H N, Moores Mills
I H N, Prospect ..
I H N, Rochester ..
I H N, Albany .....
I H N, Catharine...
I H N, Newville ...
I H N, N Brookfield
I H N, Norwich ..
I H N, Norwood ..
I H N, Poughkeepsie .....
In Jesus Name, N Y C .....
Reader, Amagansett
A Reader, Dewittville .....
Reader, Binghamton
Reader, Patchogue.
A Reader, W New Brighton .....
Symp, Cobleskill..
Symp, Utica .....
A Sister in the Lord —— .....
A Wellwisher, Bklyn
Countrywoman, L I
Mother & daughter, Lyndonville .....
A Small Helper, Marilla .....
One who loves to help, Medina ...
Charity, Oneida ...1
For-love of the Brethren, Saratoga....
A Disciple, Tuscarora .....
The Lords Tithe, Watertown 1
1st Summit B Ch, Charlotteville ...1
Bapt Ch, Mahopac Falls .....
Presby Ch, Seneca
Pres Ch, Seneca...5
Free Meth Ch & Cg, W Kendall...1
Pres S S, Whitney Point .....
Un C E S, Dairyland 1
W C T U Fredonia.1
Miss Band Prse Ch, Lyons .....
Y P S C Cong Ch, Nyack .....
Jr C E Soc, Plattehill .....
A Subr, Tonawanda
Sympathizer, Tarrytown .....
Sympathizers, Ogdensburg .....
Sympathy, Canastota .....
Golden Rule, Lodi.
Sympathy, Schenevus .....
Refd Ch, E Williamson 1
C E Soc, E Fiskkill
W M Soc, Kingsboro Ave Pres Ch, Gloversville ....
C E Soc, Millerton
Adirondack Gunlis A, Saranac Lake.1
Camp Mem'l Ch, N Y City .....

A MOMENTOUS CHOICE

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE spirit of '76 in America, was the same as the spirit of 975 B.C., in Palestine, being based as that was, on a question of taxation. The lesson of "the Kingdom Divided," is therefore appropriate for the ay before the Fourth of July, especially as we, too, have our ehoboams and Jeroboams in public life.

The Prophet Shemaiah shall tell us how the Kingdom of ehoboam came to be divided: "When King Solomon died, ehoboam, his son, succeeded him, at twenty one years of e. Solomon had been about the same age when came into the Kingdom. But what a contrast in e start of these two young kings! Solomon asked sdom of God, that he might rule righteously, and od gave him great wisdom and great riches as well. ehoboam left God out altogether in his plans. He d not even counsel with me as God's prophet, but ught guidance of men, first of the upright old men, d then of the young men who were his evil compan- is. He certainly needed wisdom above his own ien he took the throne, for a rebellion among the ople seemed imminent. There was a man named roboam, who had made King Solomon not a little uble, by stirring up dissatisfaction among the ople. He was a superintendent of workmen un- r appointment of King Solomon. He had been d by the prophet Ahijah, that there would some- ie be a division in the kingdom, and he would be uler of ten of the tribes. His ambition became own to King Solomon, and Jeroboam fled to ypt to escape punishment, and remained there til the death of Solomon, when he returned to Pal- ine. At once Jeroboam asserted himself by gath- ng the people of the northern tribes together, and nging them into the presence of King Rehoboam, h the demand that he should make their taxes l civic burdens lighter than his father, King Sol- on, had done.

I heard the king say in reply: 'Come to me ain after three days, and I will give you an swer.' I did hope that it was his intention to e counsel of the Lord. Instead of that, he first led the wise elders together, and counselled with m. They advised that he should promise to ke these people's burdens lighter, and so win ir loyalty, and make them his grateful servants ever. Then the king turned to his boon com- pions, young men like himself. They advised to get everything out of the people that he could, l make them feel he was a king to be feared and obeyed. new from the first which advice he would take, for he was ud, and would want to exceed the splendor of his father, g Solomon. He had inherited a kingdom of considera extent, and had a large income. The shields of his body- rd were of solid gold, as were also the table appointments is palace. I knew the young man was too proud to be sfied with anything less, even though it could be sustained y through the sacrifice of his subjects.

I watched him closely all those three days of grace he l asked. I did not once see go aside to pray, as King vid and King Solomon would e done. He did not even con- the thousands of wise proverbs father had written and collected cially for him, some of which e exceedingly pertinent in this ergency. He threw himself, ier, into wilder orgies with his ng companions, avoiding any her consultation with the elders. the end of the third day, Jero- m and the people of the north- tribes again appeared before g Rehoboam, and his answer s defiantly given as fol- s: 'Whereas my father put on a heavy yoke, I will add to r yoke. My father chastised with whips, but I will chastise with scorpions.' I heard the ans of the people. I saw the k of grim determination settle n the face of Jeroboam as he ed the people to their tents, ch was virtually a declaration var. The tribe of Judah refused oin the rebellion, and remained er the rule of Rehoboam, but others rebelled and formed a 'Kingdom of Israel.' Even n the revolt had begun, Reho- m continued his blunders. A hated above all others, oram, who was at the head of the or system, was sent, most un- ely, by King Rehoboam to de- nd the very taxes that had sed the revolt. We can not whether his motive was to pla- or to force the people, presum- the latter, for the people ied him to death when he ke to them King Rehoboam so alarmed by this result, that left Shechem, where he had been crowned king, in ost haste, and fled to his stronghold at Jerusalem."

Illustration and Application

ld testament stories, which were written not so much for orical as for illustrative purposes, are of perpetual value, only because they reveal the divine nature, showing the in which a perfect God deals with imperfect men in a gressive religion, but also because they reveal human na-

* International Sunday School Lesson on "The Kingdom Divid e for July 3, I Kings 12: 12-20. Golden Text: "Pride goeth be- destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Proverbs 16: 18.

ture, which is essentially alike in all ages, so that a story like this of Rehoboam, serves as an old mirror of the folly and wickedness of the young man in every age, who rejects the Christian advice of wise elders, to follow, instead, the wicked and foolish advice of young companions, to his own great loss and that of others—in this case of his whole country. This gives us for our two related and ever timely themes, to-day, advice and choice.

I. ADVICE.—Be careful what advice you give. Be more careful what advice you take. Most of all, be careful what advice is given and taken, when it may turn the whole course of a young life, or of a whole nation.

"KING REHOBOAM CONSULTED WITH THE OLD MEN"

II. CHOICE.—Remember that a moment's choice may influence not only a whole life, but an eternity; and not one life only, but many.

* * *

There has just come to light a most impressive parallel and contrast to the lesson story, so far as it relates to advice, in the published statement that Herbert Spencer, some years ago, advised one of the ruling spirits of Japan, that his country should be very careful not to repeat the experience of India, by letting the stronger white race get too much control of commercial and political life, which would inevitably result in the loss of native self-reliance, and so of independence. Leading English papers criticized him severely, but there are many white men in the British Empire, as well as elsewhere, who will frankly recognize that in giving such advice, he rose above national and race prejudices into a true humanitarianism, and they will see the vindication of his advice, which Japan has adopted, in the fact that for the first time in modern history, one of the tinted races is making successful resistance to the "land hunger" of the white races.

Such national and international bearings of the lesson, the older classes may well consider on this "Independence Sunday," when, if we are citizens of the Kingdom of God, we shall not be kept by any narrow patriotism, from being also "citizens of the world," loyal to the brotherhood of man. It is a good time to remember the great word of a Japanese Christian, who said recently in a prayer meeting, "If all men are brothers, then this war of ours is a family quarrel." The whole nation, abstaining from the usual wild exultation of victors, rebukes Christian nations by its comparative freedom from "jingoism" and "militarism."

But the moral battles that are always at hand, especially when the Fourth of July is at hand, should have largest attention, especially in classes of young people—in classes of parents also, for the first word to be said about moral advice is to those who should give it. It is not enough to "give good advice." It should be given at the right time and in the right way. Advising must not become mere "nagging." Some mothers spoil their advice to both husband and child, who both need it, by pouring it over them in season and out of season, in public and private. Richter said he would have the name of God spoken to a child only in grand moments. Important advice also should be reserved for impressive hours. Usually it should be spoken softly, however earnestly, where no third party but God can hear. The subject of advice is particularly timely just now, when so many are coming back from general conferences and assemblies, bringing to Christians, young and old, in resolutions and otherwise, advice as to divorce, drink, the Lord's Day, gambling, amusements, and the like. In church and State alike, "law makes it easier to do right, and harder to do wrong." If inexperienced young people are to be left to "their own conscience" and their own ignorance in the translation of the Bible into ethics, they should be left to themselves in the translation of it into doctrines also, which would mean an anarchy of belief, like the anarchy of ethical practice we have in churches, which have no ethical "rules"—not even an authoritative statement of ethical "advice" to put into the hands of new members, sincerely wishing the guidance of more experienced Christians. Every church, as well as every home, we believe, should give its young folks not only advice but rules, for home and church should be schools of law, to train young citizens to the great art of obedience to authority.

Robert Burdette says to those who would measure the influence of advice on a boy, "Put your forefinger carefully into a pail of water, and then slowly draw it out, and see how much of an impression is left." There would be more of an impression if the advice were impressively given, and at a timely moment. And in home and church and school, there are many things that should not be put into rules, but rather into advice, as material for self-development, just as the best civil code leaves abundant room for voluntary action.

But even more important than giving advice, is receiving it, and this lesson itself, on the disastrous folly of Rehoboam, affords sufficient illustration of that. Note that the Golden Text, "Pride goeth before destruction," was one of four thousand-and-five proverbs that Rehoboam's wisest of fathers wrote especially for his guidance. Another equally pertinent was, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It would be interesting to get a lively class at work a whole week, to find in the book of Proverbs other parental advice, that, if followed, would have saved Rehoboam the loss of so much of his kingdom, and the incessant wars that resulted from the secession of the ten tribes. All this trouble came from rejecting the wise advice of his father and his elders, and following, instead, the advice of his wicked young associates. He suffered for life and eternity, and his country has been perpetually harmed by that acceptance of bad advice, that rejection of good counsel.

* * *

But advice produces neither good nor ill, until the will takes it from the reason and puts it into practice. When timepieces usually bore mottoes, one had this impressive message for all who turned to it, "*Hoc momento pendat eternitas.*"—On this moment hangs eternity. Those who say God cannot punish a man eternally for the wrong choice of a moment, forget the fact, which would be impossible also if their reasoning was sound, that in consequence of such a choice as Rehoboam's, not only will one suffer loss all his life, but his people also, for ages. In giving man freedom of the will, God gave him his own image, a quality given to nothing in mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms, but only to those in the Spiritual Kingdom. But with the will power to rise into likeness with God, there went necessarily the will power to fall. What a man suffers in the next world from a wrong choice, like what he suffers in this, is rather a consequence of his wilful sin, than a punishment from God. For example—at a later period than our lesson, the Syrians came against Jerusalem, and because Rehoboam had forfeited the favor of God, they carried away his shields of gold, and he was able thereafter to put in their place on the wall, only shields of brass. So by his own wilful sin, a young man loses his shields of gold, his virile purity.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS

THE REVENGE of MISS NANCY

By GRANVILLE OSBORNE

NANCY SIMPSON stood in her back door, arms akimbo, watching the chickens pick up the corn which she had just scattered for them, with a liberal hand. The bright rays of the morning sun shone warmly down upon her face, somewhat softening its grim, austere lines, and causing a slight flush to tinge the sallow skin, drawn tightly over her high cheek-bones. "My sakes!" she said to herself, wiping her forehead, and stepping into the shade of the porch. "I b'l'eve it's goin' to be hotter to-day than yistiddy. I'll hev to get out my sun-bunnit, if it keeps on like this!"

The hens fluttered frantically about, greedily devouring the generous supply of grain that had been thrown to them.

They were a beautiful lot of fowls—a pure breed of Plymouth Rocks, with feathers delicately penciled, combs of a most vivid scarlet, and legs of that bright, clear yellow, which, to the fancier, is such a sure indication of a pure, healthy strain.

Nancy Simpson watched them with great pride and satisfaction, as they fought for the last kernel of corn.

"I shall take some of 'em to the county fair this year," she mused. "There ain't a finer lot of poultry in the hull State, let alone Bascom County. I shall certainly enter a few coops of 'em for the premium. If I don't get it, I'd like to know who will!" She glanced vindictively over her back fence into the next yard, where a brood of brown Leghorns clucked and cackled, blissfully unconscious of the jealousy they were exciting in the breast of the grim-visaged spinster next door.

"Them Joneses are a-tryin' to beat me at chicken raisin'," she thought bitterly. "I kin see that. All spring, she's ben a-watchin' my broods, an' when them fifteen chicks come off the nest last week, she went right away, and pulled down the curtain to her winders on the side next to mine, an hain't had 'em up since. She needn't think she kin bother me in that way, for I never did fancy red hair, an' now I shan't see so much of it, thank goodness. But if I ever see that Jimmie of hern, throwin' stones at my Plymouth Rocks again, I'll——"

Nancy Simpson had long been known in Hagersville, the county seat, as the "breeder of fine poultry," as an advertisement in the Bascom County weekly read. In fact, her eggs and chickens constituted her main source of income, since the death of her mother ten years before. The old lady had left her the little cottage in which she lived, with a good, big yard and barn attached. It was from a nucleus of a half-dozen scrubby hens of no particular breed that Nancy began her poultry raising. Gradually she had weeded out the mongrels, until her strain of Plymouth Rocks was considered the finest in Bascom County.

All the spring it had pestered "the old maid," as she was popularly called by the townsfolk, to see a rival poultry establishment springing up in the next yard. The Joneses had not been in Hagersville very long—coming from nobody knew where. That they were desperately poor, the half dozen wretched, half-clad children would tell, even if it was not known all over town that Pete Jones, the sire, was more often drunk than sober. It was Mrs. Jones who had first found out that "chicken-raisin'" paid, and it was from the money earned at her washtub that she purchased the first half dozen brown Leghorn hens and rooster with which to begin business. She had tried to be friendly with "Mis' Simpson" at first, but made little progress, even before the rival chicken establishment was started. Mrs. Jones' brown Leghorns were of just as pure-blooded stock as Nancy Simpson's Plymouth Rocks, and it irritated that lady not a little to be obliged to confess this. That her rival was doing a good business, she knew, for many preferred the brown Leghorns even to her matchless Plymouth Rocks, because of their averred superiority as egg-producers.

Presently Mrs. Jones' family began to assume a more tidy and comfortable appearance, Jimmie strutting about in a new suit, and Katie parading up and down in a bright plaid gown, while the mother, attired in a new black bombazine, with green shawl and beflowered bonnet, astounded the residents of the little village by her changed appearance. Little Susie, the baby, was the only one of the family upon whom fortune did not seem to smile. Utterly neglected, dirty, ragged and unkempt, the little tot wandered around the yard, picking the weeds, and the few flowers that managed to grow amongst them, chasing the chickens with a long switch, peering with a dirt-begrimed face between the pickets of the fence into the next yard, and watching with big, fearsome blue eyes, the tall, sun-bonneted figure that stalked about, never deigning to notice her little face pressed against the palings. Nancy Simpson never could bear children; but somehow the woman heart in her was at last stirred to pity by the sight of the ragged, distressed-looking little piece of humanity, who needed so sadly a mother's care and love.

Gradually little Susie grew bolder, and quite a friendship sprang up between the two, so that it came to be a regular thing for Nancy to lift the little tot over the fence in the morning, when she fed the hens, letting the dimpled, baby-hands reach into the basin with her, and scatter the yellow corn, "to ze boo-ful kikys."

Mrs. Jones resented the familiarity which had sprung up between "Susie and the old maid," and was not at all backward in expressing her disapproval of "such goin's on!"

"If you please, Mis' Simpson, I kin manage my children without any help from you, or anyone else!" she came to the fence to say, one morning, after Susie had been returned to her own yard, with her face washed, and her beautiful, silky, golden-brown hair curled in clustering ringlets beneath her dingy little blue sunbonnet. "If my baby's face is dirty, that ain't none of your business, as I know of, an' I'll do the washin' of it myself, if you please!"

Nancy Simpson had made no reply to this tirade, except to say—"I can't bear to see an innocent child's face dirty, when soap is so cheap, an' water so plenty. Susie is as purty as a pink when her face is clean, an' her hair is like spun gold."

After that the irate mother took especial pains to keep the child indoors, and once, when she ran away and climbed through a loose paling into the next yard, was pursued by her angry parent, and cuffed and slapped all the way home, whereat Nancy Simpson's wrath was stirred within her, and her gray side-curls under her sunbonnet trembled ominously. "I'll get even with that woman!" she exclaimed to the chickens—as there was nothing else to relieve her feelings upon—"yea, if it takes me ten years. It's enough to make any one's blood boil to see a baby like that abused. I'd like to ——" Whatever she would like to do was left unexpressed, as was usually the fate of Nancy's threats.

As the time for the County Fair drew near, great excitement reigned in Bascom County. When the Bascom County weekly announced the prizes, rivalry grew keen, and interest deepened.

Nancy Simpson was gratified to read among the reports of premiums, that a special prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best coop of fowls, the number being limited to a trio—a rooster and two hens.

"One hundred dollars! My sakes alive! That's a big premium!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen it above twenty-five dollars before. I shall try for it with a coop of my Plymouth Rocks. I wonder if Mis' Jones will send a coop of her brown Leghorns? Likely as not, she will—but I'll see that she don't win. You just wait!"

Mrs. Jones at that very moment was also reading the Bascom County weekly.

"Look a-here, Jimmie!" she exclaimed, pointing with a somewhat dirty finger at the interesting paragraph. "One—hundred—dollars! Do you see it? One—hundred—dollars—for the—best—coop of fowls exhibited! Why, that's more than your pa makes in a whole year! Now, if we kin get someone to make a coop for us, a fine one, you know, like they have—maybe it'll cost five dollars to do it—I'll try for that prize. It's worth tryin' for, the Lord knows, with six youngsters to feed and provide for—an' a good-for-nothin' man into the bargain."

Fair day drew near. Hagersville always did herself proud during this yearly fete, and this year everybody declared she was going to outdo all previous efforts. Nancy Simpson had already received several flattering notices in the paper, and smiled complacently to herself, as she read: "Our own estimable friend and neighbor, Miss Nancy Simpson, will prove a strong competitor in the poultry department. Bascom County cannot show up a better breed of fowls than her famous Plymouth Rocks!" Mrs. Jones also read this, and her face reddened in anger. "I wish that old maid an' her Plymouth Rocks was in Bungy! If it wasn't for her, I would stand a good show to win!"

She went outside and looked at her brown Leghorns. They were a beautiful lot of fowls, and the rooster, resplendent with gorgeous, golden plumage, and graceful, sweeping tail feathers, was really a more striking bird than the somewhat sober-colored Plymouth Rock in the next yard.

Nancy Simpson had already observed this fact, much to her chagrin and annoyance. She had a beautiful coop made, of white maple, with red cherry slats, fastened with silver headed nails. It cost her ten dollars, and was intended to set off her Plymouth Rocks to perfection.

Only two days before the opening of the Fair, she found her prize Plymouth Rock rooster dead on the floor of the hen-house, underneath his perch. His neck had been broken—but how, or by whom, she could not tell, until she found a woman's tell-tale footprint in the mud, beside the hen-house door.

The death of this fowl ruined her chances of winning the premium, she knew full well, for all the rest of her brood were too young to enter.

With bitterness in her heart, she thought of a dire vengeance on her neighbor's hens. It would be easy to mix some cornmeal together, with warm water, and a little rat poison sprinkled over the mass. It would be possible to slip the pan underneath the back fence unnoticed, and then, when the hens had eaten, to get it again without being observed. While this was passing through her mind, she saw a carriage standing at the door of her neighbor's house. She knew it well.

"It's Dr. Powell's buggy—wonder who is sick?" she thought.

A fear smote her heart. She remembered that Susie had not been at the window for several days. Going down to the gate, she waited until the doctor came out.

"Good mornin', doctor!" she said. "Who's sick at Mis' Joneses?"

"It's the baby, Susie. A very bad case of scarlet fever! Luckily, all the others have had it. She is a frail child, and I am afraid cannot recover, as her mothe is too careless to give the medicine prop erly, and is a poor nurse. It would be a act of neighborly kindness and Christia charity, Miss Simpson, if you could dro in once in awhile to see how things ar going. Good morning to you!"

After he had driven away, Nancy Simp son took her rocking-chair and sat a lon time on the porch, rocking—rocking—bac and forth, thinking—thinking of so man things.

In her hand she held a well-worn brown, leather-covered volume, and sh wiped her eyes often, for the tears hid th words she was trying to read: "Whc soever receiveth a little child in my nam receiveth me, and whosoever shall humbl himself as a little child, the same is grea est in the kingdom of heaven."

Then she put on her sun-bonnet an went over to the next door and rappe Mrs. Jones came to the door wiping he eyes, red with crying, on the corner c her apron. Not waiting for an invitatio Nancy stepped inside the doorway.

"I'm sorry Susie is sick, Mis' Jone I've come over to help ye with the wor It's hard to hev sickness in the fambl 'specially when it's a large one like your Now, I'm goin' to take off my sun-bunn an' make myself at hum. You need t rest—I can see you're clean played ou Go right an' lay down, while I set wit Susie, an' give her her medicine!"

Mrs. Jones was so taken by surpris that she offered no protest; but, tired o with watching, did as her caller suggeste

That was but the beginning of Nanc Simpson's revenge. When Mrs. Jon woke up after a refreshing nap, "the o maid" still sat by Susie's bedside.

"I've been thinkin', Mis' Jones, th it 'ud be a pity not to use my new coop. hed it made 'specially for my Plymou Rocks, but my rooster died, an' so I shar try for the premium. If Jimmie wants use it, he kin put in two hens an' a roost of your brown Leghorns, and mayb he'd win the prize!"

Again, Mrs. Jones made no prote Jimmie brought the magnificent new coo over that very night, and the next mor ing, bright and early, a passing farm was hailed on his way to the fair-groun —a friend of Nancy Simpson's, who toc the coop of fowls and entered them f the prize in the name of "Jimmie Jones Of course "The Brown Leghorns" wo the first prize, and the hundred dolla did much, under Nancy Simpson's advic toward making the Jones' home neat an comfortable.

Susie recovered, thanks to the caref nursing of her devoted admirer.

"You'd better let Susie come and li with me awhile, Mis' Jones," Nancy sai one day after her charge was nearly we "I'll do well by her. I'm all alone, an' somehow, I've come to love Susie. I ye think you kin spare her?"

The mother of Susie bowed her he on her hands and cried bitterly—not th she was unwilling to let one go fro among her numerous flock, but becau of a shameful confession that her hea told her she must make.

"Mis' Simpson—I—I killed your Pl mouth Rock rooster—I'm awful sorry an' ashamed—an' miserable—an' if you take my brown Leghorn—you kin h him—an'—welcome!"

"Lord, bless me! Who cares about a old rooster or two? Susie's well, an' I happy, so don't ye mind it at all. The there," and she smoothed the head la prostrate in contrition and shame on t table.

And when Susie went to live in t vine-covered cottage with Nancy, and run about the big yard with the Plymou Rocks, Hagersville rubbed its eyes in a tonishment, and remarked, "Well, ain't s the queerest old maid ye ever did see!"

ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE

By PROF. LEWIS SWIFT, F. R. A. S.

THIRD ARTICLE — JOSHUA'S APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN AND MOON — Joshua 10: 12, 13 and II. Sam. 1: 18

NO passage of Scripture, having an astronomical bearing, has received a discussion so immense and prolonged, as has the idea that God, at the command of Joshua, stopped the rotation of the earth on its tis. It is there stated that the story was an extract from e book of Jasher, and, therefore, not a statement from an spired writer. Many similar extracts are found in the ible, and in every book published and newspaper printed. oseph said: "I have dreamed that the sun and moon and e eleven stars made obeisance." Does the Bible say he d? No; it simply says Joseph said so. It is in the Bible at Christ was a fellow, an impostor and a blasphemer, but oes the Bible say he was? No; only that his accusers said . It is in the Bible that the n and moon stood still, but oes the Bible say it did? No; it that "the book of Jasher" id it did.

The book of Jasher says: "And bade them teach the children Judah the use of the bow. Behold, it is written in the book of sher." The translators being able to see what possible thing uld be taught about a bow, except how to use it, so they transted a word "use" that meant ong." The Revised Version es it correctly, saying; "He ught them the song of the w." We have had songs writn on the steamboat, the locootive and telegraph, etc.

In those days, it was customy to compare any extraordinary currence that was beyond exanation, to the sun standing ll for an hour; but when any ent transpired surpassing anying tradition or history mened, it was customary to comre it to the sun and moon anding still for a day. Here e event which called it forth as the unheard-of series of vicries achieved by Joshua, with od's assistance, defeating the e kings and their combined mies. So some poet wrote a ng, comparing it to the sun d moon standing still for a y, and published it in the poical book of Jasher, an extract which was borrowed by shua, who, like an honest man, ve the book credit.

In ancient times, the Bible was t divided into verses, as we ve it. What it says in the latr part of verse 13, does not ter into this discussion, for I re not whether they stood ill for an hour, a day, or a eek, the essence of the whole ory is, did they stand still at all? My object in writing this is to nvince others of the fallacy of sparaging the Bible, by conding that Joshua does say e sun and moon stood still nen he does not. Here is one ace where infidelity claims to ve achieved a victory, but inlelity and its deistical teachgs are dead, as far as claiming triumph here is concerned. Asonomy has come to the rescue d, without a telescope, has seen e downfall of infidelity and it is ried in the tomb.

. . .

Of course, the only way the sun d moon could be made to and still, is to stop the rotation the earth on its axis. Was ere anything to demand it? s advocates allege that it was ne near night, in order to prong the day. Joshua's last vicry had been achieved, and God sisted him by raining hail, hich slew more than Joshua d slain. The advocates admit at God did perform the mirle of the hail, and at the same me accuse him of having made mistake, and on seeing the mistake, stopped the rotation of the rth — a great globe nearly 8,000 miles in diameter—instead of stopping the battle by the wave of his hand, and striking the armies blind or dead.

I wish the reader would pause a moment, and reflect on what disastrous consequences would result should the axial rotation of the earth cease. In my last article (No. 2), I spoke of the form of the earth as a spheroid, instead of a sphere, which resulted from its rotation when in a liquid condition, producing an expansion at the equator thirteen and one-fourth miles in thickness, thus making the earth's equatorial diameter twenty-six and one-half miles longer than its polar diameter. The waters of the oceans are rounded up there from the same cause. Should the earth's rotation cease, the piled-up equatorial waters would rush towards each pole in a stream nearly 25,000 miles wide, carrying death and destruction in its path. And when the rotation was resumed, the waters would return again to the equator. What a slander against the Creator, to accuse him of such widespread destruction of life when there was no cause for it.

. . .

The reader is reminded that the entire passage relating to the sun and moon standing still, is poetry, borrowed from a book of poetry, and we must consider it as poetry, often abounding in beautiful ideas, figurative expressions, choice imagery and rhyme, but seldom in facts of precision, of which the following beautiful stanza is a striking example:

There is no flock however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair

This is beautiful beyond expression from Longfellow, yet there is not a word of truth in it. There are millions of flocks of sheep without a dead lamb, and millions of homes without a chair made vacant by death.

Now I will, for a moment only, assume that Joshua did command the sun and moon to stand still, and that they obeyed him. I do so to prove from the Bible, that instead of his having done so near nightfall, to prolong the day, he must have done it in the morning, in the month of May, June, or July, and that the moon was in the western sky, of a gibbous phase. I wish every reader could consult a good map on the Holy Land, to show that I am correct.

The first battle was fought at Gibeon, some five miles north of Jerusalem; the second at Bethhoron, northwest of Gibeon; the third at Azekoh, west of Gibeon, and the fourth and last at Makkedah, southwest of Gibeon, where the miracle of the hail was wrought.

Now I ask the reader to bear in mind that Gibeon was north of east of Joshua, and he says: "Sun, stand thou still upon (over) Gibeon, and thou, moon, over the valley (not the city) of Ajalon," which is a valley on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and west of Joshua, and Gibeon north of east where the sun rises during the three summer months. How could he command the sun to stand still over Gibeon, being east of him, and thus, as alleged, prolong the declining day at sunset? The record also says it stood still in mid-heaven, well up in the eastern sky.

At first sight it seems as if Joshua had made a mistake in quoting poetry from Jasher, but at a second examination it has a different aspect. Gibeon was a large city, and had made peace with Joshua, which angered the king of Jerusalem, and he persuaded four other kings to join him to punish the city, which Joshua prevented. Gibeon stood firm, which so pleased Joshua that he desired to honor the city, and he borrowed from the poem the famous apostrophe: "Sun, stand thou still over Gibeon."

Marathon, N. Y.

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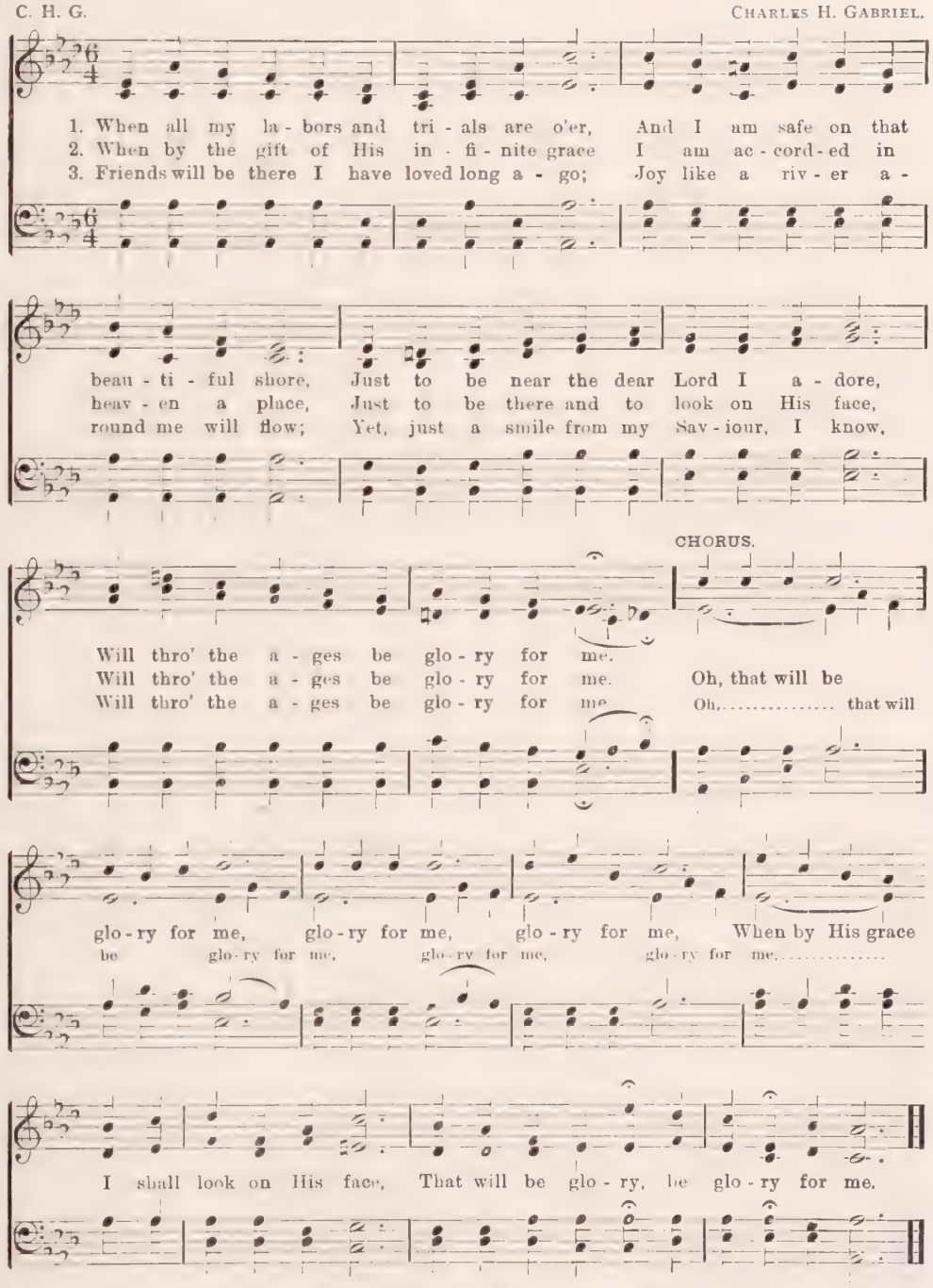
THE FAMOUS "GLORY SONG"

Oh, That Will Be Glory

C. H. G. — CHARLES H. GABRIEL.



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[This is the great revival hymn which has been sung with remarkable effect by Prof. Alexander, the evangelistic associate of Rev. Dr. Torrey, in all the great gatherings in other lands during the last two years. The chorus has been sometimes swelled by as many as ten thousand voices, in these great Gospel assemblages.]

Assimilate the Indian

In an address before the Baptist Ministers of New York, Col. C. R. Pratt, U. S. A., Superintendent of Carlisle Indian School, said: "Indian schools on reservations are weak and inefficient, because they are lacking in practical experience, association and competition. The Indian must be pushed into the actual life of the nation. Let the Indian be helped less from Washington and taught to use his own right arm."

From Many Mission Fields

Missionaries in Korea Busy and Hopeful

FOR only a year and a half preceding February 22 last, was I in the work of the Syen Chyun Station. Before that I had been in Seoul, to which place I have returned, because some of us had to leave Syen Chyun.

Syen Chyun, with its groups and rows of brown or yellow-thatched houses (you would call them huts), and before the war with its several thousand inhabitants, lies near the northwest coast of Korea, in a cozy valley, with hills and mountains distant and near. The main road from Eui-Ju to Seoul, more than 300 miles to the south, passes through Syen Chyun; so this town is a marching route for the army. The mission houses are a little off this road, almost against some of the hills, at one end of the town. When our company of missionaries had to be divided on Feb. 22, it was a sad day for both Koreans and Americans. Only five days before the men's class had been opened, and by Saturday evening nearly 500 names had been enrolled. A number had traveled many miles, and had to be told on Sunday to go home to their families, because it was known that troops were coming through, and that the class must close with that day's services.

For several days before, horses and oxen with loads, men and women with boxes and bundles on their backs, had been going out to country places; and the Christians who had not already gone, were advised by the missionaries to take away their wives and children. A note of March 18, from a missionary still in Syen Chyun, says: "There are many broken homes here these days, and the Koreans are longing for peaceful times again."

Of course, the Koreans are called upon to sell or give up much of their grain and other supplies for the use of the soldiers or horses passing through. The Korean officials who receive the price of the goods do not always hand it over to the persons to whom it belongs.

One day a great deal of "sool" (Korean liquor) was sold to the soldiers, which of course made them drunk. Next morning the missionaries and church officers met and considered together the evils and dangers of such sales, but were puzzled to find a remedy. The sympathy of some of the prominent citizens was aroused, and quite a body of men—foreigners, Christians and non-Christians—waited on the official in charge, and presented their case. The official was interested, and at once wrote a notice that anyone selling or even handling "soöl" would be severely punished.

After the battle at Chyung Ju, the Syen Chyun people were for three hours momentarily expecting an encounter on their own soil, but were happily spared. The Christians at Kwak San had collected material for a church building, but lost their lumber in spite of all efforts to save it. They were paid for what was used for firewood, but the balance was destroyed on the retreat from Chyung Ju, when most of the village also was burned.

A note of April 23 says: "It is quiet here now. The hills are beginning to get green, a welcome sight. Couriers have carried frequent letters between Pyeng Yang and Syen Chyun, but the first pony load since the beginning of the war, sent to our missionaries there, left Pyeng Yang on April 12, accompanied with a permit from the Japanese Consul. Those who remained were glad to take over the provisions and supplies of those who left, as it was known that transportation would be difficult for an indefinite period."

Our programmes for women's classes were not carried out because of the war. Most of the women "search the Scriptures" with intelligence and earnestness. Some of the divisions are led by the missionaries, others by a Korean—one of the church officers. The class at Syen Chyun is usually the greatest convention of the year. Of course, we were all sorry that our plans were interfered with, but doubtless we needed to learn the lesson that our plans are not always necessary or the most important.

A class held at one of the out-stations, Nap Chun, in January, 1904, was a very great pleasure to me. These women had been eager to have the Bible-woman and myself make a visit to them, and right royally did they make our week's sojourn among them one to be remembered. Besides earnest women who knew the Lord as their saviour, were others who came in to see the "foreign woman," or to ask questions and learn more about the doctrine of Jesus. After one meeting closed, Kang Si (the Bible woman), and others of the women, had a special evangelistic service for the "strangers within the gates." One young woman particularly interested me. Her brother had been a believer, but gave up when his father died, and offered sacrifices. The mother and this girl can both read, and have been somewhat interested in the religion. The girl bought two books and wanted to believe. While she yet dreaded the opposition of her family, she was afraid not to believe. Most Korean girls have little opportunity for independence.

May the Lord's work prosper "in all places in his dominion." ESTHER LUCAS SHIELDS.

Seoul, Korea, May 4.

Missionaries at Pyeng Yang Safe

Possible danger to the missionaries might have come from two sources. First, the rising of the Tone Haks—the Boxers of Korea—who were very active this winter, and whose avowed purpose is to put an end to all foreign invasion of the Hermit Kingdom; second, the coming of a foreign army. Especially did we dread the coming of Russian troops, and, of course, most of all, the coming of both armies to Pyeng Yang. Our community met several times to discuss the situation. Definite plans were made for the removal of women and children, and for the final leaving of the men when conditions made such movement necessary. But such conditions never came. With the Japanese victories at sea, and the coming of the Japanese army, the Tone Haks quieted down. Our danger from that source, for the present at least, is over.

There was a time when we expected a battle here. Talking with Japanese officers, I find they fully expected the same. But the battle did not come. The nearest to it was on Sunday morning, February 28. Before daylight I was awakened by some noise. It stopped, then came again. Then I went to the door, and distinctly heard what I took to be the rattle of musketry. All grew quiet, and I went to bed again. Three Russian scouts had met five Japanese soldiers about a mile from the west gate of the city. They exchanged fire a few times, then each went his way in peace. These were the first shots exchanged by the troops, and the affair was reported as a battle. From that time the Japs have been pouring into Pyeng Yang, and passing on north.

At least 40,000 splendidly equipped troops have passed through. I doubt very much if an American army would have gone so quietly and caused so little trouble. Now there is only a garrison to guard the large stores gathered here. In passing north they have had several small encounters with the Russians.

Will these dangers come again? In case of a great Japanese defeat north, the field of battle likely will be Korea. With Japanese power destroyed, we would have reason to fear an uprising of the Tone Haks. At present we do not look for either to happen.

As to our work: on the direct line of march it was somewhat injured; in other places, scarcely at all. At one meeting we held, I never saw a more earnest group for a beginning. They brought out whole piles of fetich, in the shape of clothes dedicated to the evil spirits. Our work has not stopped, as some seem to think. But just now we need harder work, more careful work, and more of it than ever. Our need of help and reinforcements was never so great or imperative. I am glad and thankful to be able to say we are in no special danger now. May we not be sure of your continued prayers and help in bringing the Gospel to these needy people?

Pyeng Yang, Korea. JOHN Z. MOORE.

Chinese Treasure

"Can you help me? I want your assistance." The speaker was a quiet, unobtrusive, stolid-looking Chinese tailor, and the person addressed was a missionary.

A look of mystery mingled with anxiety, was depicted on the yellow-skinned face, as he stepped to a small cupboard, and brought out a little roll of blue cloth. Carefully unfolding it he produced six dollars, saying: "Yesterday, when it was mentioned that at this Centenary of the Bible Society, an opportunity would be given to show our appreciation of the blessings we have received from the Bible, I felt it would be impossible for me to show my gratitude. Last night I tried to thank the Lord for the unspeakable blessing the Book had been to me, and if I had ten times more I would gladly give it, in recognition of God's goodness. Will you help me by taking this small thankoffering, and sending it on to the Bible Society?" With a heart overflowing with wonder and joy at what grace had accomplished, the money was received. Just then the wife of the tailor entered, saying: "Will you please do me a favor, by sending on these four dollars to the Society, as a little token of gratitude for what the Gospel has done for us?"

A few minutes later the same worker was surrounded by a group of Mission School-children, who came bringing their ten-cent pieces—their only pocket-money for the year—and with beaming faces, said: "Teacher, please send this to where the Bibles are printed." The teacher's head was bowed, for the heart was too full to find expression in words.

The scene was changed. The missionary stood in a little Chinese blacksmith shop, where worked a young man of about thirty, earning a little over ten cents per day. Begrimed with soot and dirt, and perspiring

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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'There is no doubt coffee gave me rsal catarrh. The ceptim in my nose vs all gone and the catarrh was eating i way, getting hold of the main bone of t nose. It also affected my sight very rch.

'My nose was constantly dripping ! ody water but in two weeks time after luit coffee and used Postum Food Cof-f in its place, I could see my way vy well, the dripping from my nose spped and my nose finally got perfectly ll and healthy as far as is possible for t ceptim to grow back.

'There is no doubt it was a case of cfee catarrh and it was ended entire-lby changing from coffee to Postum. Te rest of my family took up the new dnk and Postum relieved my wife and lle boy of frequent headaches and vat is called 'coffee headache' is not kown in our family any more. Our sep is so much more refreshing.

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From Many Mission Fields

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

freely, he could not be called prepossessing; yet under that uninviting exterior there lay one of the Lord's most precious jewels. It was but recently that he had become an inquirer, and, desirous of being able to read the Word for himself, he spent his leisure moments in learning to read. Now he may be seen every week, with that courage which characterizes true Christians, shutting up his shop, hanging out the sign: "This is worship-day," and trudging to Church, with his Bible carefully folded in his handkerchief. By a gift of four dollars to the Fund, he testifies his gratitude, yet still more by a transformed life.

(Rev.) William J. Doherty, C. I. M.
Hsinchang, Ningpo, China.

From the New Hebrides Mission

Let me most cordially thank the readers of The Christian Herald for the $20 they have so kindly given by you for the support of our New Hebrides Mission. May our dear Lord Jesus abundantly reward and bless them and you with an ever deepening joy in himself, his salvation, and his service, till each of you gets his own promised welcome to the glory and unending joys of heaven.

The last mail from our islands shows that the work prospers at each of our mission stations, though now our natives have many temptations and hindrances by French and traders from other nations going and settling down among them, who allow them to have no rights in common with white men, but treat them with great tyranny and oppression, in taking from them by deception and force many of their plantations and much of their best land, and robbing them of the crops on them, on which they depend for food, and have shot one and threaten to shoot others if they give any opposition, and in all they do the French men-of-war uphold them and oppress the natives, and they have no redress. Then the settlers complain that they cannot get cheap labor, and to supply it a number of ships of one kind and another are kidnapping the natives, and purchasing all they can from the heathen for rifles and ammunition, which the heathen only want to shoot each other, as they have no hunting. The natives so got they take away to other islands than their own, and sell them to the planters and settlers, who keep and work them as slaves, and they have no redress, no civilized nation having yet any protectorate over them. We report their grievances, but have almost no redress as yet.

Melbourne. John G. Paton.

From the Deep Sea Mission, Canada

Your letter, enclosing five dollars for the work, has arrived, after six weeks traveling. Though it still freezes with us at night, winter is going, and already two small schooners have arrived from the south, to buy seal fat and skins. They flit from harbor to harbor every time an offshore wind gives them a chance to reach another place of safety without being nipped. The people are now busy with their fishing boats and nets, getting ready for the fish which we hope are even now swimming towards our shores.

The hospital here has been open for a couple of months, but we are yet very bare of fittings. My first patient, an old lady of fifty-eight years, came sixty miles, hauled by her two sons and a team of dogs, to have her leg taken off. Have just seen her getting up, ready to go out. My second was a child with a broken thigh. The little fellow is now well again. One of my trips this winter was 300 miles with relays of dogs. On this trip I had forty-five sick folk, ending with a poor little cripple girl, still, thank God, in a curable stage. I have had 550 sick since Christmas.

Nr. Newfoundland. Wilfred Grenfell.

How Perdicaris was Captured

FROM A MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENT

Tangier, Morocco, N. A., May 23, 1904.

On the night of May 18, at ten o'clock, we heard the clatter of many horses' feet coming up the mountainside and passing swiftly by our home at full speed. Then a short time intervened, and another company of fifty mounted soldiers passed by at full speed. Later on, fifty soldiers on foot went running by, and at short intervals, small companies of Europeans, all well armed, rode up to the top of the mountain. All were going as fast as they could to the summer home of Mr. Perdicaris, which is located three miles from Tangier, on the mountain and near the sea.

At eight o'clock, when Mr. Perdicaris and his family were dining, the house was suddenly surrounded by a large number of armed men, who bound the servants, threatened, and ill-treated the ladies, cautioning them not to call for help. They then kidnapped Mr. Perdicaris and his stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley, and made off with them. The band, which proved to be that of Raisuli and led by him in person, is reported to be over two hundred strong and well armed with Mauser rifles.

The news that Raisuli and his band were at Mr. Perdicaris' mountain house was brought here by a native (as the telephone wire had been cut), and rapidly spread throughout the town. The United States Consul-General immediately demanded a force from the local authorities, and at once proceeded to the spot. Their hurried riding was the cause of the noise we heard on the mountainside when they swept by at full speed.

It was about 10 P.M. when Mr. Gummere, United States Consul-General, reached the mountain home of Mr. Perdicaris, only to find that the bandits had gone with their two captives into the more remote mountain regions, where they are now prisoners in the hands and at the mercy of their cruel captors. Raisuli left at the Perdicaris home a letter addressed to Sid Mohammed Torres, stating his terms. He stipulated at the outset that the Bashaw who has been searching for him for sometime should retire to Tangier at once, and that the troops should be withdrawn. Then, he added, negotiations for the release of the captives could be begun. Mr. Perdicaris being an American and his stepson an Englishman, the British and American representatives are pressing the Moorish Minister to secure the early release of the captives, Sid Mohammed Torres taking upon himself to carry out all measures necessary for this object.

All classes feel much sympathy for Mr. Perdicaris. His active part in public affairs, coupled with his liberal and genial disposition, having placed him prominently before the public for many years past.

We hear that three warships have been ordered to this port. It remains to be seen how things will turn out. There is much excitement all through the country again this summer. We are praying and trusting all will soon be adjusted for the best.

F. Weiss.

Raisuli's Demands Granted

As the cable has now brought the news that the Sultan of Morocco has acceded to the demands of Raisuli, the probability is that before this issue of The Christian Herald reaches our readers, Mr. Perdicaris and his son-in-law, Mr. Varley, will have been released. Raisuli demanded $55,000 in gold, personal freedom from taxation and immunity from arrest, the privilege of naming a new Governor for Tangier, and that Britain and the United States should guarantee the fulfilment of these pledges by the Sultan. To this last proposition our Government has given a prompt refusal, as to assent would be to countenance brigandage and blackmail.

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Our New Gospel Battleship

She is the Little Missionary Steamer "Sunbeam," for Duty in Micronesian Waters

SOMETIME during the present month there will sail from Boston the latest addition to the Gospel fleet, which the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions has sent to Micronesia. This gallant little missionary vessel is now known as the *Sunbeam*, but later on will probably have her name changed to *Morning Star No. 5*, and thus become in name as well as in fact the fifth and latest of the most famous fleet of missionary vessels the world has known.

THE NEW MISSIONARY STEAMER, "SUNBEAM"

The *Sunbeam* is 140 feet over all, and thirty feet beam. Her net tonnage is 403. She has two masts, on which sail can be carried when necessary. Her average speed is ten knots an hour.

The little steamer was built four years ago. She is of wood with copper sheathing, and is stanch in every way. The Board paid $20,000 for her, barely the cost of her fittings, for she was elaborately furnished for the accommodation of observers of the International Yacht Races off Sandy Hook, last year.

Captain George F. Garland, who has commanded the Board's vessels in Micronesia for twenty years, is her master, and will sail her to her destination, accompanied by his wife, two children, and two women passengers. She will make her loug journey via the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. Her departure will be signalized by a Sunday School demonstration, for the Sunday Schools of the United States practically pay for the vessel.

Micronesia is the group of small islands just north of the Equator, 5,000 miles southwest of San Francisco, including the Marshall, Gilbert, Caroline and Ladrone Islands. Guam, in the Ladrones, belongs to the United States, the Gilberts to Great Britain, and the other groups to Germany. The Marshalls and Gilberts are low coral islands, producing little for the support of human life except the cocoanut and bread-fruit. On this account foreigners, accustomed to other modes of living, cannot reside there permanently. On the higher islands, the range of vegetable products is much greater, and therefore the mission schools are maintained there, the natives being brought from the other island groups to be taught. The missionaries use a seaworthy vessel of light draught to convey them and their pupils from island to island. Three years ago *Morning Star No. 4* became unfit for service and was sold. Since then the missionaries have used two little schooners; but the results were unsatisfactory, and the purchase of the *Sunbeam* followed.

Justice Brewer on the Bible

IN the course of an able address to the students of the Bible Teachers' Training School in New York, a few days ago, at the Commencement Exercises, the Hon. David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, paid an eloquent tribute to the value of the Bible and the work of all who are helping to extend its influence on the people. He said:

"A lawyer in the pulpit may seem out of place, but it occurs to me that if there were more Gospel on the bench, and perhaps more law in the pulpit it might be better for us all.

"No nation is better than its sacred Book. In that book are expressed its highest ideals of life, and no nation rises above those ideals.

"No nation has a sacred book to be compared with ours. This American nation, from its first settlement at Jamestown to the present hour, is based upon and permeated by the principles of the Bible.

"The more this Bible enters into our national life, the grander and purer and better will become that life. How shall this be done? One way is by circulating copies of the Bible. It would be a great blessing if a Bible could be put in the hands of every dweller in this country. If you put the Book as it is in every man's hand you have made more than a beginning.

"But there is something more than putting the Book into every man's hand. We have an illustration of what I mean in a political campaign. Orators and speakers are sent out to awaken enthusiasm and to get the people to read the documents that are distributed. It does not follow that if you put a book in a man's hand that he will read it. You have to do something to draw his attention to its value and impress upon him that there is in the book something which is for his country's good; so the sending out of teachers of the Bible, competent to explain and illustrate it, makes it potent as a force in the land. The one who is engaged in bringing this Bible to the people is a patriot.

"If it were possible for any organization or number of organizations so to take this Bible and send it through this land that its teachings and precepts could be brought home to the people, the results would be grander than all the victories won in all the wars since the beginning of time."

The Bible Teachers' Training School at the Commencement Exercises of which Justice Brewer made the above remarks, is now located on Lexington Avenue, at Forty-ninth Street, New York. Its president, Dr. Wilbert W. White, was able to report substantial progress during the year. There have been 212 students, of whom seventy have been in residence. They represent nineteen States and seven foreign countries. They belong to fifteen denominations. Full information as to studies, terms, etc., may be addressed to Dr. Wilbert W. White, 83 East Fifty-fifth street, New York.

Christian Work in Cuba

AT the close of the war with Spain, immediately after the raising of the blockade, the Rev. Alfred de Barritt, then pastor of the Congregational Church at Marshfield Hills, Mass., went to Havana for a vacation. While there, he found a wide field for Gospel work, and through the generosity of Christian friends, a building was engaged, and nightly services begun. Mr. de Barritt found a most energetic and consistent co-worker in Senorita Amanda, who was afterward in charge of an orphanage, in which she was aided by readers of this journal.

At the time the State Orphanage was closed in Cienfuegos, large numbers of children were left without suitable provision. Thirty of these were cared for by Mr. de Barritt, who afterwards found homes for them in the States. In addition to the regular church work of a pastor, Mr. de Barritt, at the request of the city council, acted as chaplain for unfortunate women, many of whom were redeemed from a life of misery and sin. The young people of the church sung in the hospital and prison Sunday afternoons, and distributed literature in the Spanish language to people found in these institutions; but this part of the work is crippled, and has been from the beginning, by the lack of Christian literature in the native language. Spanish Bibles, Testaments and hymn books, are most eagerly sought. In the many meetings where Mr. de Barritt has spoken, often aided by the songs of the Cuban children, he has earnestly pleaded that Christian benevolence should be extended to Cuba.

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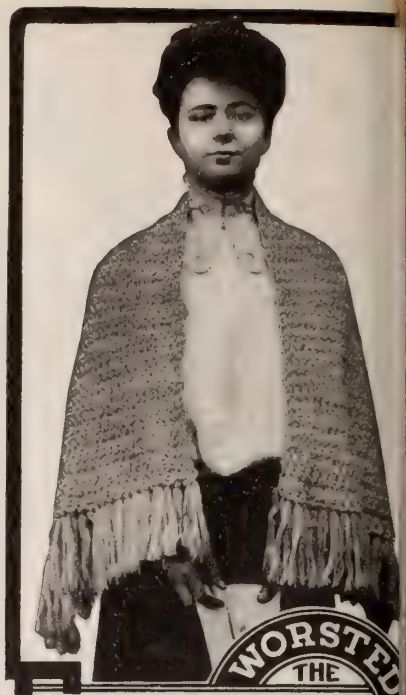

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CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM*

WHEN the two apostles, whose injunctions, on the subject of Christian citizenship are associated with the Topic, wrote their letters, it must have been difficult to obey them. Little reason truly had Christians to honor the king that was then on the Roman throne. But the apostles did not wish their converts to be mixed up in rebellions and plots, or to do anything that might bring upon them the wrath of the government. They were to be law-abiding citizens, giving no occasion for blame or reproof. Following too literally their instructions, which belonged to a different age and applied to different conditions, some modern Christians have believed it their duty to hold aloof from politics and make no effort to improve the national policy. They were conscientious in that course, but it was detrimental to the nation. When good men refrain from exercising their rights, bad men have undisputed control, and the government is likely to have little of the righteousness which alone exalts a nation. For the sake of our beloved land, in fulfilment of the trust bequeathed to us by our fathers, and for the sake of our children, who have the right to expect us to defend their liberties, Christians are bound to do all in their power to purify and elevate the political conditions.

It is true that the only way of having a Christian nation, is to have a nation of Christian people, but it is possible before attaining that ideal to have the policy of the nation conducted on Christian principles. It is in laboring toward this end that the Christian may do valuable service. If Christian men would unite, it would be possible to exert such an influence in the primary and in the State and National Conventions, that in our State legislatures and in Congress we should have men of high moral character, who would bring to the consideration of every problem an educated conscience as well as political sagacity. Not that it could ever be expected that Christians would belong to one or other of the political parties. There are conscientious men in both, but it would be a distinct point gained, if, in each party, through the vote of the Christians in it, a bad nomination became impossible. It is now by no means uncommon in many States to hear that this or that legislator is open to a bribe. Yet the man was probably elected by the votes of men who would themselves scorn to receive money or office for the betrayal of a trust. Not until Christians do their duty in strenuously opposing improper nominations can we hope for greater purity in legislation.

We have a right, too, and it is our duty to study the problems which are now perplexing the nation and endeavor to solve them. The principles of Christ, intelligently applied, are the real means to that end. The distribution of wealth, the hostility of capital and labor, the condition of the colored race, the restoration of the criminal newly released from prison to a place in society and the provision for him of an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood, the eradication of the gambling evil, and the suppression of the dens of vice, are only a few of the problems that call for the wisdom and the earnest effort of the Christian citizen. We pray that Christ's kingdom may come and God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven, but not until we take hold of such problems and in Christ's name attempt their solution, will our prayer be answered.

The neglect of these duties, the attitude of complacency, the indifference of the Christian public, is largely responsible for the evils that afflict our nation. We have a right to boast of our national eminence and to rejoice in the gratifying recognition of it now being witnessed on every hand, but we are still far from an ideal condition. There is still much ground to be possessed; but we shall never reach a higher plane until men of sagacity and Christian principle will forget their own affairs for a time, and devote themselves to promoting the national welfare. In no country on earth is there so magnificent an opportunity, and in no country would success do so much for the moral benefit of the whole world.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for July 3. Rom. 13: 1-7; I. Peter 2: 13-17.

National Ingratitude

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ISRAEL never rose to their high privilege of nearness to God; they lapsed into idolatry in Egypt. Then God brought them out of Egypt, and put them under law, and they made a golden calf to worship. Then, under Moses, Joshua, and the Judges, they fell into sin after sin, and yet, as soon as ever, they, as a people confessed their sin, and turned to him, he heard their cry, pardoned them, and delivered them out of the hands of their oppressors, whom he had permitted to punish them.

But this people of God's choice, far from showing gratitude to God for all his grace towards, and patience with them, came with a request which was the deepest insult to the father-heart of God, that they might have a king to reign over them, that they might be "like the nations." A spirit which is intolerant of the presence of God cries out for someone to come in between; someone who is not so holy. Those who are not prepared to break definitely and forever with sin, and themselves at home in a religion which does not not require them to have anything personally to do with God, but who have to take everything from a man who professes to transact their business with God. Setting themselves free from God's rule, they come under man's rule. They have their desire to be "like the nations," for any religion in which priestcraft exists is like the heathen religions—it is all outside, and does not require that man shall be born again of the Spirit of God, and be made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Israel got her king, and became like the nations; she sinned, but she ceased from confessing her sin; the tabernacle was neglected (I. Chron. 13: 3), and had not God raised up David, the man after his own heart, to be king, Israel would have become altogether demoralized. David reigned, and brought back the people to God. Solomon began well. In answer to his prayer God gave him "a hearing heart" (R.V.), and wisdom beyond any other human being. He abounded also in riches and honor, and yet, through self-gratification, this wise man fell into grievous sin, and the kingdom, the chosen nation of Israel, became more and more a failure, and the last days of Solomon were days of judgment for his sin, and of humiliation. The man to whom all the earth had come to hear his wisdom, because of his fame "concerning the name of the Lord," fell into idolatry.

And now Solomon was dead, and the kingdom passed into the hands of his son, Rehoboam, who had no such wisdom as his father, and who came to the throne at a time when unrest and discontent were rife among the people. God had been angry with Solomon "because his heart was turned from the Lord, who had appeared to him twice" (I. Kings 3: 5; 9: 2), and declared to him that he would rend the kingdom from him, and give it to his servant, and that Solomon's son should have but one tribe, and he had sent the prophet Ahijah to meet Jeroboam, and to tell him how ten of the tribes should be given to him because of the idolatry of Israel (11: 20-36). Solomon heard of this, and sought to kill Jeroboam, who escaped into Egypt. If Solomon knew of this, surely Rehoboam would know, too, and it would have been his wisdom to inquire of the Lord. But the poor young man followed the last ways of his father, and his heart was never really turned to God. In the crisis of his life he did not seek guiddance from God, but from his friends.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SEE PAGE 564

IN NATURE'S GARDEN

Questions & Answers

I. Q., Diamond Hill, R. I. 1. What reply should be made to one who says he should "like to see a Christian, for he had never seen one yet?" 2. Why do so many persons ask if it is right for Christians to dance and play cards? 3. When people say "they are saved," what do they mean?

1. He is a scoffer, and unworthy of attention. 2. They are probably encouraged to make such inquiries by seeing some professing Christian so lax in regard to improper amusements. 3. They simply mean that those people have taken Christ as a personal Saviour and have publicly confessed him before men. They are no longer in sin or under the law, but under grace, which miraculously transforms the sinner's nature, giving him strength to resist temptation and keeping him from falling back into sin.

G. F., New Canaan, Conn. Kindly give the origin of the expression "Before you can say Jack Robinson."

Grose, the famous antiquarian, says the phrase had its birth from a notable social personage of that name, who was extremely volatile, and used to pay flying visits to his friends, but was no sooner announced than he was off again. Another explanation of its origin is found in an old play (cited by Halliwell), in which the lines occur:

A worke it ys as easie to be done,
As tys to saye "Jacke! robys on."

G. W. D., Lakeside, Mich. What did Christ mean by telling Peter (John 13: 10) that he whose feet were washed was clean every whit?

The saying like the act was symbolical. A different word is used in the original to express the washing, in the phrase "he that is washed," from that in the other phrase about the washing of the feet. The former refers to the bath, or the washing of the entire body, while the latter refers to the rinsing of the feet, as of one who had soiled them in walking from the bath. The body having been washed, he was clean every whit, when the dirt subsequently collected on the feet was removed. The teaching is obvious. The Christian who falls into sin does not need another regeneration, but the cleansing of these later sins.

H. M. W., Baldwinville, Mass. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 18, 1904 (page 430), you state that John the beloved disciple died a natural death at Ephesus. Will you kindly write, or print in the next issue, what authority gives this account?

The date of his death is conjectual, but according to Lampe and other writers it was between A. D. 89 and A. D. 120. Jerome, Irenæus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and others make mention of the closing days of John's life in Ephesus. Clement, of Alexandria, and Jerome, record anecdotes and incidents in connection with "the last acts of his life." In one of the Agustinian writings, it is related that John, when he felt death at hand, gave orders for the construction of his own sepulchre, and when it was finished he calmly lay down and died. Apart from these there is probably no existing record of ancient date. While tradition may be mingled with fact, in the older writers, the statement that John died a natural death at Ephesus has never been successfully challenged.

H. M. C., Elmer, Mo. Is there any authority scriptural or secular, for the statement that one of the apostles was crucified, head downward?

There is a tradition given by Origen, who wrote about the year 212, that Peter was so crucified. He says that being condemned to crucifixion by Nero, and deeming himself unworthy to suffer as did his Lord, he asked as a favor that he might be crucified head downward, and that it was granted.

Mrs. R. J. H. Kendola, W. Va. Do you not think that if the Japanese conquer the Russians, it will be a victory for paganism, as they, the Japanese, are idolatrous?

Japan has been much more tolerant of Christian missions than Russia, and the probabilities are that Gospel work in Manchuria would make better progress under Japanese than under Russian rule.

Daughter, Louisville, Ky. I contend that ladies now dress their hair much more sensibly than in former times. Am I not right? Can you give me any facts in proof?

The sixteenth century fashions are an illustration of your contention. Ladies of those times wore a wire frame on their heads curving outward from the sides, and often a yard high. The hair was trained to cover the frame, which was shaped like a balloon and was stuffed with horse-hair and sometimes with rags. It required so much skill and labor to fix it properly, that it was not taken down when the lady retired to rest, and people of small incomes would not disturb it for weeks because of the high fees the hair-dressers charged. The fashion led to serious uncleanliness.

N. H. E., Montclair, N. J. Your article relative to the measure lately introduced in the Iowa Legislature, providing for the appointment of a State Director of Marriage, and for instruction in and diplomas for Domestic Science, interested me greatly. Have I not seen a notice of books for this object recently, in your columns?

You probably refer to *Earl's Housekeeping*, a book of instruction in domestic accounting, published at 1223 Bible House, New York. Price 25 cents.

G. S. P., Harmony, Pa. Do the Scriptures teach that a soul once saved can afterwards be lost?

You are of course aware that this question has been the subject of debate between Calvinists and Arminians for many generations, and it is no nearer solution than at the beginning. We have on the one side the warning to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation: we have Paul's fear lest he himself should became a castaway, and the passage in Heb. 6: 4-6 and I. Peter 2: 20, impiying the possibility of falling away. On the other hand, we have many assurances of the certainty of salvation to all who have once put their trust in Christ, and the statement that God never forsakes his children but will perfect the work he has begun. A more profitable use of the question is to draw from it the lesson of constant vigilance. Even if we are convinced that restoration for the believer is certain, and that he can never be finally lost, experience shows that he may fall into heinous sin, which will cost him bitter remorse, and perhaps bring reproach on Christ's cause.

Inquirer, Philadelphia, Pa. Is it right to ask in prayer for definite blessings, or ought we simply to ask God to give us what he deems best?

There are many passages, such as John 16: 23, which warrant definiteness in prayer. Indeed, if a man needs something very badly, and is sure that it would be a blessing to him, he would show a lack of faith if he did not pray for it. There are many, however, who shrink from praying for definite blessings, after a painful experience. They have prayed for some blessing, and God has heard them, and granted their request, and it has proved to be a curse. We know one case of a man, so fully convinced that something he wanted was absolutely essential to his happiness, that he was very importunate, praying day and night for it for months. It was given to him, and before a month had passed he discovered that he would have been better without it, and from that day to this he has had reason to be sorry that God answered his prayer.

Emerson said, in a passage which we cannot find, but the gist of which we quote from memory, that all prayers are answered, therefore we ought to be very careful for what we pray.

Reader, Scranton, Pa. Who was the first producer of cut glass?

No one knows. The ancient Egyptians were proficient in the art, as is proved by articles found in their tombs, which may now be seen in our museums. Rome received part of its tribute from Egypt in glass, and soon was able to rival Egypt in its manufacture. The art appears to have been lost for some centuries, but was revived early in the seventeenth century. Caspar Lehmann, of Prague, was the most famous leader in the craft, and is believed to have been the first modern to produce fine work.

L. E. S., Albany, N. Y. Who was the originator of the phrase, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry?"

It is commonly attributed to Oliver Cromwell. Blacker's *Ballads of Ireland*, contains a poem in which the phrase is used, and a footnote is appended, saying that on one occasion Cromwell addressed his troops on the bank of a river, which they were afterwards to wade through. The Protector's address, as was usual in the Puritan army, was more of a sermon than a martial speech. His practical sense, however, showed itself in his concluding words, which were: 'Put your trust in God, but be careful to keep your powder dry."

E. H. S., Evans Mills, N. Y. Am I right in inferring from Dr. Shannon's sermon in your issue of April 6, that spikenard is made from attar of roses?

No, Dr. Shannon simply showed by comparison, how costly perfumes might be. Spikenard is made from a plant of the Valeriana family, growing in India. It is extracted from shaggy stems or spikes, branching from the base of the plant, hence its name. A pound, which Mary used at once, would have been considered sufficient for many anointings.

Anxious Enquirer, Middletown, N. J. I am anxious to secure a situation. Will you kindly state in "Questions and Answers" some occupations for a young woman, and also a good business school in New York or Brooklyn where such occupations are taught?

Write to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. for prospectus, which will give all information necessary, regarding trades and occupations for women, also time required in learning, and cost of tuition.

Concerning the relief of the deserving poor, H. L., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

Strong drink is undoubtedly one of the principal causes of poverty, but there are numerous others. I have no doubt that the buying of costlier goods than they can afford, because they can pay for them in weekly or monthly instalments, keeps many people poor, especially because they often have them taken away after having paid considerable them. But I think that speculating in land, what might more properly be called gambling land options, is also one of the greatest sources poverty.

J. A. I., Alderson, Ind. Ter. As we ha repeatedly said, THE CHRISTIAN HERA is not responsible for the views or opinions its individual contributors, no matter w they may be. There are occasions when i not necessary that we should either endo or disapprove of such views.

Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y. Reading your rep of the General Conference at Los Angeles am at a loss to understand why a man elec to so high an office as Bishop, should af wards decline it, as Dr. Day did. Why was

There are many who feel the same difficu in understanding it. The most intelligent a satisfactory answer comes from a minis who was in Los Angeles at the time. I formed the opinion from Dr. Day's o speech and from what he knew of the fac that Dr. Day was sincerely desirous of follo ing the leading of the Holy Spirit in doing he did. His election was a mark of co dence and esteem, naturally welcome a gratifying to him after the bitter attacks ma on him within and without the Conferen but, after it took place, he realized all tha involved. God has blessed him so signally his difficult work at the university, and h made him so useful there that he hesitated leaving duties for which he is eminen adapted for a new sphere so different in ch acter and requirements. He made it the su ject of earnest prayer, and manfully obey the leading he received.

Miscellaneous

I. M. P., Jewell, Ia. Apply to your State Co missioner of Fisheries for all information.

Reader, Monmouth, Ill. These are all matt which you will find in any good almanac or cyc pedia.

Miss Nina O. B., Chariton, Ia. We know of such society, and would warn you against imp tors and humbugs.

W. H. E., Julesburg, Colo. We don't know a thing about the games you mention; but if there in them anything of a gambling nature, you will well to let them alone.

Anxious Ida, Rialto, Calif. No. If a wife w her property to her husband conditionally dur his lifetime, with a reversion to her child, the h band has no legal right to place a mortgage other encumbrance on the property.

Cora, A. D., Auburn, N. H. Prof. Hilprecht, believe, is still engaged in deciphering and tra lating the great mass of tablets found during recent excavations. Several years may be requi in the work of deciphering and classification.

J. L. W., Sewickley, Ala., writes: "Concern the Peace Congress, the best thing would be apply earnestly the doctrine of the law, and h all things common, with brotherly love. God as liable to walk the beautiful hills and dells Alabama, as the green valleys of Ohio."

Reader, Buffalo. The marriage of first cous though not illegal, is usually regarded as inadv able on physiological grounds. The children such unions are apt to be degenerate. Cons guinity, or blood relationship within certain degrees, is held by the Church of England to be impediment to marriage.

J. W. C., Arlington, Ia. I am an old, blind ma and a little girl of twelve years is writing for m With regard to the Peace Conference to be held Boston, we can see, as did the prophets of old, th though the world cries "peace," there is no pea Peace was offered to the world, but the wo would not have it and killed the Messenger Peace. So we, who are the children of God, mu not expect peace from the world, which is lost trespass and sin. The world is merely trying deceive God's people when it cries "Peace."

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Acts 20: 32
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James 1: 18 and 21
Mark 4: 23. 24 and 25
Psalms 119: 9. 18. 72. 99. 105. 130 and 162

D. F. E.

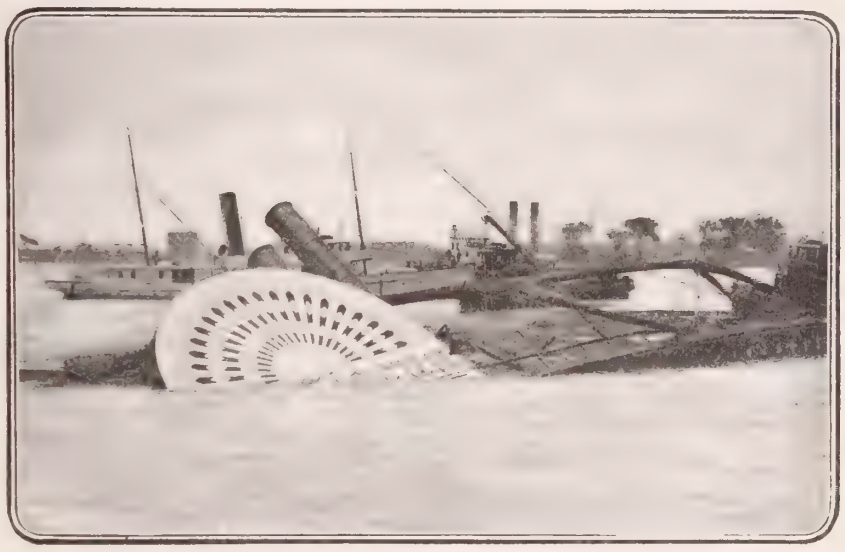
NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

SOME OF THE RESCUED

THE "SLOCUM," WHERE SHE SANK AFTER THE DISASTER



BRINGING BODIES FROM THE WRECK

New York Plunged in Sorrow

Nearly 1,000 Sunday School Excursionists Perish in a Steamboat Disaster---The Worst Calamity the Metropolis has Ever Known

JUNE 15 will long be remembered in New York as the darkest day of disaster the metropolis has ever known. Nothing in its history has ever occurred to equal in horror and suffering the holocaust in the pleasure steamer *General Slocum*, in which nearly 1,000 Sunday School excursionists, mostly women and children, perished in the flames or by drowning.

It was the summer outing of the members and friends of the Sunday School of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, on Sixth Street, which is usually an event of considerable social interest in that quarter of the populous East Side. At 8.30 A.M., the big, wooden three-decker steamed up to the recreation pier, at the foot of East Third Street, and then the mothers and children, with a fair sprinkling of young folks of both sexes, began to crowd the boat. There were comparatively few men, but the mothers and children kept coming in a steady stream, until some 1,500 souls in all were aboard. The Rev.G.C.F. Haas, pastor of the Lutheran Church, was there with his wife and daughter, and his assistant, the Rev. J.S. Schultz, welcoming all comers. There were several policeman on hand to keep order. When the last of the pleasure-seekers was aboard, and the gangplanks were hauled in, Captain Van Schaick,commander of the *Slocum*, looked with fatherly interest over the great throng of women and babies. On the upper-deck, a brass band was already filling the air with the popular melodies. All the decks were crowded, and when the steamer started, the band struck up "Eine Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott," and everybody settled down to anticipations of a delightful day.

This was about ten o'clock. It was an ideal day for pleasuring, and there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the multitude, who looked forward to a long, pleasant time at Locust Point on the Sound, the *Slocum's* destination. People on shore looked longingly after the excursionists, as they sailed on the gayly-decked steamer to the swelling music of the band.

When the big boat had reached a point in mid-channel, almost opposite 130th Street, something happened that was totally unexpected. From somewhere in the forward hold of the steamer—in the lamp-room, where kerosene, benzine and other inflammables were kept —there came a sudden puff of smoke. This was followed by a muffled explosion, and a sheet of flame. Men on passing boats and dredges saw the smoke bursting from the *Slocum*, just forward of the double smoke-stack. They suspected danger on the big boat and their steam whistles began to give forth shrill warnings.

NEW YORK'S EXCURSION HORROR—MOURNERS CROWDING THE EAST SIDE STREETS

But still the *Slocum* went right ahead, never stopping, though Capt. Van Schaick and his crew could not have been unaware of their terrible peril. When at last Edward Flanagan, the mate, turned on the fire alarm on the excursion steamer, the flames were already reaching out on the port side and panic had begun to seize the nearest passengers.

Soon the terror-stricken excursionists were no longer under control. Though the officers and crew shouted to them to keep quiet, they were wild with fear, and ran about hither and thither, vainly seeking a piace of "shelter and safety." The screams of the women were now incessant, and mingled horribly with the roar and crackle of the conflagration forward, where the contents of the oil and store-room had added fuel to the flames. The fifteen hundred passengers swayed back and forth from side to side of all three decks like sheep in a panic.. White-faced mothers held their babies tightly to their breasts, or feverishly clutched the arms of the little toddlers at their sides, as they dashed forward in blind eagerness to escape the awful death that now confronted them. Many grasped the rail and prepared to leap overboard, preferring rather to risk drowning than to await certain death by the fire. Repeated attempts to calm them failed. Reason had fled, and the multitude raged like mad beings. Frantic mothers who had been separated from their children, were pitiful in their vain attempts to find them. The boat was a pandemonium. Pastor Haas tried in vain to stem the tide of panic.

It needed but a few moments to convince the captain and his crew that the fire, whatever its origin, was not easily to be conquered, and it was decided to land the passengers quickly. The *Slocum*, still under full headway, was now opposite 135th Street,and the fresh breeze that came down the East River was fanning the flames into appalling fury. All the passengers were ordered to the rear of the boat, and the captain shouted to Pilot Van Wart at the wheel, to "beach her on North Brother Island." The island was still a good two miles off and the fire was momentarily threatening to engulf the entire boat.

With a crash, the starboard rail gave way under the pressure of the excited crowds, and in a moment several little children were forced overboard. A mother, frenzied at the sight of her darling struggling in the water, uttered a piercing scream and leaped after the child. Others, infected by her madness, sprang across the broken rail, and soon the foaming wake of the *Slocum* was dotted with human beings, surging and tossing in the waves and struggling for their lives. It was a

PICKING UP BODIES AT NORTH BROTHER ISLAND

ANXIOUS CROWDS IN FRONT OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH

heart breaking sight! As seen by spectators on boats on the river, the people seemed to leap overboard by hundreds, and they rose and fell like little black specks on the broken, foaming swell, churned up by the steamer's big paddles, which still kept turning.

Half a score of tugs and steamboats were now trying to overtake the blazing vessel, for the purpose of rendering assistance and saving life. The red fire was leaping high above the *Slocum's* framework, and its long, red tongues shot thirty feet in the air, and again swept down parallel to the decks, as if eager to devour their trembling victims. Scorching belts of flame licked the edge of the huddled masses of passengers, and many caught fire in their clothing, while others, blinded and breathless, fell fainting to the decks, to be trodden under foot on the next wild rush of the mob.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, the *Slocum* reached a point opposite 138th Street, and headed across the river for North Brother Island. As she swept around, the port rail of the after deck gave way with a crash, and several hundred passengers, chiefly women and children, were forced overboard to join those already struggling in the waves. Women in white dresses, children in gay holiday attire, and babies in long robes, dotted the seething waters in the steamer's wake. Several boats had now reached the scene and began the work of rescue, but the tide was strong and the current swift, and many a poor creature sank in sight of help. There were few who could swim.

As the big boat neared the shore, a black mass of smoke shot up from her forward part and sparks and flames quickly followed. This was due to an explosion, which added new horror to the situation. In the very centre of the boat there was now a deep chasm, where part of the framework had collapsed. People began to throw children out into the stream. Mothers, driven to insanity, flung their little ones into the water and leaped after them, many of them to certain death. Many a young life went out with a prayer to God. Mothers, when they saw death to be inevitable, cried out in their agony, and went to their fate with a supplication for Divine mercy on their lips. How many were engulfed in the fiery abyss after the collapse may never be known.

As the burning steamer rounded the point of North Brother Island, Pilots Van Wart and Weaver, who had stuck to their posts, were surrounded by flames on every side. Then began a work of rescue that was full of heroic incidents. The steamers *Massasoit* and *Franklin Edson* saved many lives. The fireboat *Zophar Mills* brought the police reserves from the Alexander Avenue Station and they, too, did splendid service, several policemen performing acts of bravery that stamped them as true heroes. The nurses on the island, and even the consumptive patients, formed "living chains" and reached out into the shallow water to bring in the bodies of the living and the dead. One young ward helper, Mary McCann, swam out four times and each time returned with a living child, saved from a watery grave.

But on the steamer there were still several hundreds in peril, and so dumb with terror that they were utterly incapable of action. Some prayed and sought shelter wherever they could, only to be driven back again by the flames. A little boy of six or seven years climbed the *Slocum's* flagstaff to get away from the furnace-like heat, but the staff fell back, and the brave little fellow perished. Pastor Haas was rescued from the water, but his wife and child, his mother-in-law, and his wife's sister, were among those who perished.

REV. G. C. F. HAAS
Pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church

For hours the work of rescue went on, the fleet of steamers tugs and rowboats increasing, until the whole river in the neighborhood of the scene was patrolled by the life-savers. Those who survived, were taken care of temporarily on North Brother Island; the injured were sent to the various hospitals, and the dead—who now far outnumbered the living—were laid in rows upon the beach at the island to await the coroner.

* * *

In the city, the news of the disaster spread like wildfire. East side streets were densely crowded. In St. Mark's parish the people were frantic over the loss of their friends. All day long pitifully quiet, white-faced crowd of men, women and children, stood in front of the German Lutheran Church in East Sixth Street. They were gazing with strained eyes at the bulletins, which were put up from time to time, containing the names of those known to be lost or saved. The former list grew ominously larger, while that of the latter was piteously small. Men with red eyes and haggard faces pressed their way through the crowd, past the policemen at the church gates, which opened to admit them to the vestibule. Here a row of newspaper men at long tables were tabulating names as fast as they received them—the names of those definitely known to be lost or saved, and the missing.

Up and down the streets the crowd surged, congregating at the near-by stations of the elevated road, which was bringing home the few survivors, who were almost mobbed by anxious people, striving to gain some reliable intelligence from eye-witnesses of the awful scene of death.

* * *

There was no shrieking or loud wailing in the crowd about the church. Big, bearded men stood patiently waiting, with the look upon their faces that there is no mistaking—that of helpless, hopeless, grief. Women sobbed, but not loudly, and still the throng outside the church grew in numbers, until the street, for a block or more, was a solid mass of humanity. When the bulletin announced that Pastor Haas was among the saved, it seemed to comfort a few, who caught at the straw of hope, that, if the pastor was alive, perhaps others, in whom they were interested, might have been saved.

One man, who said that his wife and seven little ones had gone on the ill-fated excursion, as he gave this information, toppled over in a dead faint, and was carried out from the church vestibule to the street.

Two boys, brothers, stood shivering in a corner of the vestibule, overlooked by the crowd that was surging around the reporters' table.

"I didn't know my brother was saved," said one of the boys, in reply to a question as to what he knew of the disaster. "My mother and two sisters are gone. Oh, I'll never forget it all! Everybody went crazy, and no one could help themselves or anyone else. I tried to help a woman. I didn't know where mother and sisters were, but I wanted to help someone. I took hold of her, and the next I knew I was hit by something in the back, and we were both pitched into the water. Then I lost my senses, and knew nothing more until I found myself on the deck of a tug. When I got ashore, I came down here to the church, where I found my brother. He thought I was lost.

"One little boy," he added, "clung to a post as he sat on the railing of the *Slocum*, and the fire was all about him. He was not crying or screaming, but just looking up to the sky, and the flames all around. I looked until his hair caught fire, and then his face seemed to melt away, and he was gone."

The brother, who had stood silent, was asked how he was saved.

"I jumped and swam," he replied, "and, when I w near the shore, some one pulled me out of the wa with a hay-rake. It caught me by the hand;" and held up the bruised and scarred member. "I guess was 'most gone, I don't remember much, only the aw flames, the cries and shrieks, and the water full women and babies."

The boys' faces were drawn and haggard, their ha dried clothing clung to their shivering bodies, while s fused eyes, and dry, choking sobs, as they tried to t their experiences, testified to their sufferings.

"O, my little girl! My little Bessie! Her father home, crazy; they would not let him come out in t street," sobbed a sweet-faced young German woman, she crouched on the stairs leading to the church g lery. I let her go with my sister-in-law, and her fatl is wild since he heard the news. How can I go ho to her father without Bessie?" she sobbed.

* * *

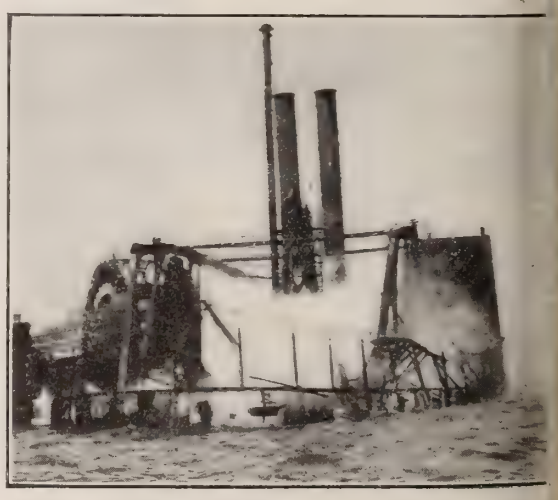
An examination of the lists of the dead and missi shows that a great majority of the victims were wom and children of German birth or descent. In ma cases, whole families, with the exception of the fathe were wiped out, the mothers having taken all th little ones on the excursion. On Sixth Street, and deed all through the district known as St. Mark's P ish, blinds were drawn on windows and the emblems death were hanging on doorways so thickly that o might have thought some dreadful plague had decim ed the population. On almost every block from Thi Avenue to the East River, and from Third Street Ninth Street, half-masted American flags, draped sombre black, were hung out, some blocks having the funereal banners so numerously, that they looked li a continuous line. The streets were thronged a "dead wagons" and funeral coaches were so numero as to render them almost impassable. Little groups men and women stood talking and mingling their tea together, while little children stood by sobbing over t loss of their playmates. In two tenements on Six Street the tenants were mourning for eleven dead mostly children. Hundreds of funerals were taki place for days after the calamity. Every block had i groups of mourners.

In one house, a flat of four rooms was locked ar silent. "They all went on the *Slocum*," said a weepi neighbor, "and none of them ever came back."

* * *

Ten thousand frenzied men, women and childre swarmed into the city Morgue shortly after the bodi of the victims began to arrive. At the pier, hundrec of poor charred corpses had been landed, and we lying in rude pine boxes. The first boatload of thir dead reached the Morgue about 4 P.M. Others rapid followed, some being from the burned steamer an others from the river. All the bodies were wrapped i blankets or covered with tarpaulins.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 467



THE "SLOCUM" AFTER THE FIRE HAD DONE ITS WORK

From the Sinners' Benches

By OWEN KILDARE

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave.

I BELIEVE there are very few among us who have not heard and do not love this hymn, written by Fanny J. Crosby, our grand poet laureate of Gospel song, and W. H. Doane. And let us hope that, in spite of its refined sweetness, both words and melody have found within us the permanent echo, which is generally only produced by the thundering avalanches of harmony.

It is a good and blessed hymn for everybody, but especially for the men and women who are the heralds of the message "Come unto Me." To those who have never heard it or have forgotten it, that hymn could almost be called the text-book of rescue work.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of writing about what I consider the shortcomings in our present rescue work methods. Elsewhere I have written about work among the fallen, and have been right lustily "roasted and broiled" on the spit of criticism. I am inclined to believe that most of the letters which reached me were inspired by a misunderstanding of my position in the matter.

"Among the crowd . . . sit many men ragged and demoralized"

When the day comes that you can step up to me and say: "I can prove you have lied when you wrote this," and do prove it, I shall break my pen into atoms, shall be willing to have my lying hand hewn from its wrist, and shall do your bidding in my atonement.

I am not yet so long removed from the days of my iniquity, that I have lost the right to call myself an honorary member of that Great and Unfortunate Order of the Wicked, and I, as their representative, will present our side of the case, that you may either prove us wrong, or else help us to that which we desire.

Put yourself in the place of one who knows naught of religion. He knows that there is such a thing as religion, because he sees churches and has heard of clergymen: but he knows no more about their nature and work, than that they are for betterment, and esteemed by more righteous people than himself.

"Oh, I can stand this no longer"

The time comes when that fateful whisper also reaches his ear, and he hears "Come, come unto Me."

He heeds the message, and, feeling that he would not fit into the picture as presented in the church edifice, he seeks the humbler proxy, the rescue mission, to make it the scene of his compact with the Master.

Of course the routine of the service will not halt for him, and, until the time comes when he can kneel and send his plea up to the throne, he listens to the words and songs. The discourse surprises him. It so happens that the speaker is a so-called undenominational radical, one who cannot speak without disparaging regular churches and clergymen. He criticizes the tone and text of sermons; the church methods; their supposed aloofness; yes, even their coldness toward the unfortunate sinner. He speaks as if an inimical spirit existed between church and rescue mission work.

Some time ago I heard a man say this from the platform: "Thank God for these missions! (Amen to that!) I'm a Christian, and will stay one if all the churches vanish and only these rescue missions are left. I do not go to church on Sunday; I come to a mission where I can hear the Word plainly and simply, and not as they preach it in the pulpits."

I ask you in all fairness, is that the sort of talk to give to men and women who only know of the existence of religion by the steeples of its temples? Is it then a hindrance to one's salvation to have the message presented with the sweetness of a Henry Ward Beecher, or in the heart-burning words of a DeWitt Talmage?

Here is a duty to be performed by leaders and superintendents of missions: Be censors of what shall be said from your platforms. You are pledged to bring your sinners nearer to Him, right to his very feet, and would not permit to have them puzzled and thrown into doubt by well-intended, perhaps well-founded, discussions of existing conditions.

Would you consider it a convalescing remedy to picture the horrors of delirium tremens to the drunkard, just released from the alcoholic ward in Bellevue? Would you not rather strengthen his unnerved mind and will by cheerful geniality and caring kindness? The man was sick, a victim of the most dreadful of diseases.

Why then should you throw the doubting and disbelieving sinner, right at the very threshold, into a sea of doubt and partisanship? Tell him rather the truth, which is, that, were it not for the churches, and the clergymen and congregations worshiping in them, we would have fewer missions, and they would be more hampered in their work.

Let us concede, for the sake of argument, that the churches are not sufficiently aggressive in rescue work. Is there not a parallel to be found in college and university settlement work? The Alma Mater is not directly active, but is responsible for the impulse, the doctrine, the theory, which finds an outlet in most practical and intelligent work. Is not that what the church does, and perhaps in a larger, broader, more embracing way? Is not the church the stimulus which creates in us a love for our fellow-men, and the desire to help those less blessed than ourselves? And as to the clergymen, why, one has only to spend a day with a city pastor to learn what a busy life his is. Why sneer at the pastors of our fashionable churches? Would you wish the "fashionables" to be without spiritual guidance, or do you not think, with a spreading public opinion, that they need the prop of religion more than the less fashionable? I am not rich, but I think that riches honestly earned, may be the means of saving many from breaking hearts, and averting bitter regrets and bitterer repentance.

That many missions owe their very existence and support to a maternal church seems to be only too often forgotten. I have sat on the benches facing the platform, and I know that we, the unsaved, were not especially edified by hearing slighting allusions to churches and ministers.

. . .

The most interesting service ever witnessed by me in a rescue mission was one I attended at my very start in the sunny life. The speaker's earnestness was evident, and was enhanced by his thorough knowledge of the Bible. He was as sure of his Biblical personages and data as the professor of history is sure of his kings and legendary battles. There was a convincing definiteness in his discourse which made us all sit up and listen, until we forgot that we were listening with suddenly awakened faith, to events and miracles at which we had often laughed in our superior unbelief. Then came the lesson from it, and from that the deduction that the God of then was the God of to-day, ready to forgive and to receive the sinner of this moment, as he had been ready to forgive the blood-stained warrior of a score of centuries ago. It brought it to our callous, sneering, filthy hearts that we had listened to the Gospel of an all-forgiving love, and each man felt that on that mighty bosom a place for his weary head was waiting for him.

Yes, that man could speak, and speak persuadingly. And that is what is needed on rescue platforms. But on how many can it be found?

No one among us, who has cleft a place for himself or herself among the productive workers of the day, has done so without some self-training. The fireman who risks his life in saving yours, must undergo the drill of weary months before considered efficient for his duty. If you are in the work of saving men's lives from a worse fate than flames, should you not train yourself also?

Faith, yes, you must have that, and abundance of it; but your results will be greater if you add efficacy to faith. And it can be had easily.

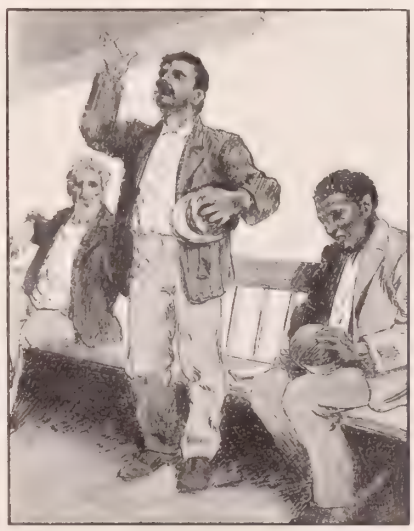
A mission superintendent told me that his salary was very small and his work very trying. But no matter how small the salary, books are very cheap and make the work easier. At times, when I step down from the speaker's place at churches or other assemblages, I feel ashamed of myself for having left so much unsaid and for having said the thing so feebly. Were I trained for speaking, these shortcomings would be remedied or at least improved. If the manner of speaking were unimportant, seminaries and training schools would not give it its important place in the curriculum. Text-books of rhetoric are very cheap, and you owe it to yourself to speak the message to the fallen as intelligently as you can learn it to speak. Among the crowd before you sit many men, ragged and demoralized, but educated and intellectually equipped and it lies with you to incite their respect, which will be followed by conviction.

All this does not imply that we of the sinners' benches expect a display of oratorical fireworks. We do not! We expect simplicity, the simpler the better, but we ought to have distinct utterance, a rational succession of facts and convincing peroration. There is a lot of shallow scepticism, bred in lodging-house rooms or gin-mills, in the cobwebbed minds before you, and their life has narrowed down to such a pessimistic level that nothing but facts will convince them. And in the giving of facts you should have no trouble, for have you not the blessed chronicle of his works beside you?

The tenor of the testimony part lies with the leader of the meeting. As a whole, all testimonies are helpful, but converts intuitively will take their cue from the leader as to whether having the personal note prevail or to submerge it and sound His glorious harmony instead. The right kind of a testimony, rightly given, is of untold value. You can hear them in all meetings, and I never listen to one without shaking the convert's hand and telling him that I feel honored to know a true man.

A part of the service, managed with varying degrees of effectiveness in the different missions, is the singing of the hymns. I do not speak of the special song services, but of the singing at the regular meetings.

Modern science has proven that music is a mighty agent in swaying our temperamental emotions. Why, then, do we not make a greater effort to have the Gospel songs put us into a receptive mood?



Giving Testimony

Live but for a day the life of an outcast, apparently buffeted by men and fate alike, and you will understand the mellowness which a sweet melody can bring to that quivering heart.

Sometime ago, I sat in the midnight mission in Doyer Street. A wise leader, noticing the effect produced by his plain, straightforward talk, asked a lady to sing a solo, while he went among the men to make a canvass of their consciences for the sake of their souls.

"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" was the lady's choice, and it was sung with no more striving for artificial embellishment than she would have employed at her piano in her own home. But the strains of the simple melody floated through space, stopping just long enough at the heart of every man to knock at the door of his treasure vault of memories and not a move, barely a breath, disturbed the singer for a long time, until—a draft may have caused it—a chorus of sniffing and suspicious coughing made itself heard, while many noses were blown with a too emphatic fervor. Most heads hung low; but on the faces I could see that the traces of sin, lust and degradation were, for the time,

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The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The WAITING CRISIS

TEXT—Exodus 14: 13: "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord"

TO fall back, in order to go forward; to retreat, in order to advance; to evacuate, in order to conquer; aye, that is the course most great military chieftains have had to take, at least once in life, before they won their ultimate triumphs. Such a line of tactics won for our nation that independence, the anniversary festival of which we are soon to celebrate. George Washington at Yorktown would never have been possible, had there not first been a Washington's retreat from Long Island. When General Mifflin, with a small detachment of troops acting as sentinels over wooden guns, deceived the British army while the American troops, in dense fog, quietly paddled past Lord Howe's fleet, and slipped through the fingers of Sir Henry Clinton, America's liberties were rescued from almost certain strangulation. Had Washington stayed to obstinately hold his ground after the bloody battle of Long Island, the American army would have been annihilated or captured. It is not always a good plan for a general to cut his bridges behind him. Had there been no retreat from Bohemia after the battle of Kolin, and no evacuation of Berlin after the slaughter of Kunersdorf, there would have been no humiliation of a Maria Theresa, and no Frederick the Great, whose name has been the marvel not only of Prussia, but of all Europe and the civilized world. Nathaniel Greene, the mighty military leader of the Revolutionary War, second only in power to George Washington, was aptly called "The Great Retreater." He never won a decisive battle in his life. So it has been with other military chieftains. There is strategy in eluding a foe whose strength is superior. Many a general has kept the field and worn out the patience of an enemy by avoiding a decisive battle, and in the end has proved victorious.

Fortitude in Waiting

There may come times in the battle of life when a man is to fight, and times when a man is to run. There also come other times when a man is to be like a Moses "encamped before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea over against Baal-zephon." On the one side of him was the Red Sea; on the other side of him were the pursuing hosts of the Philistines. He could not run. There was no place to run to. He could not fight Pharaoh. He knew he would have been annihilated in the conflict. He could do nothing but wait. He had to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Moses was like Sir Henry Lawrence, entrapped in the residency of Lucknow during the Sepoy rebellion of 1857. For three long months the little English garrison, surrounded by a hundred thousand murderous demons, had to do nothing but wait. They just kept on waiting for the rescuers, who fought their way up from Calcutta under the leadership of that hero of heroes, Sir Henry Havelock. Moses was like Gen. Charles George Gordon, who for ten long months just had to wait and continue to wait in the besieged city of Khartoum, and then gave up his life only a few days before the English rescuers hove in sight. Moses was like the foreigners, praying and hoping, and hoping and praying in the missionary compounds of Peking, waiting for the allied troops to deliver them from their impending fate during the Boxer uprising of China in 1900. They were too strong as a body to have to surrender. They were not strong enough as a body to fight their way to the English ships. And so, hemmed in and driven in on all sides, they just stood their ground fighting for their existence by day and sleeping on their guns by night. They were waiting—simply waiting. They were standing still, to see the salvation of the Lord.

Sanctified Patience

Very easy it is for most of us to go forward in the battle of life when the Divine command is given clearly and distinctly, "Charge. Let the whole line charge!" Easy it is for most of us to retreat when the command is given clearly and distinctly, "Fall back. Let the whole line fall back!" But it is another matter for us to stand still. It is another matter to patiently wait. Yet waiting is a very great element in spiritual success, as it is in temporal success. How much a factor is "The Waiting Crisis" in the successes of life can be well learned in the words which Dr. Cuyler taught a few years ago, when he said, "I have been conversant in my time with thousands of failures of talented men, both in New York and Brooklyn. And I can bear testimony that ninety-nine hundredths of all those failures were, without doubt, due to the lack of patience, both in a spiritual sense as well as in a temporal." It is to teach the important lessons of sanctified patience that I am preaching this sermon.

The waiting crisis comes to thousands upon thousands of faithful men and women in the struggle for a financial existence. It comes not to the lazy, good-for-nothing human beings, who think the world owes them a living, and, therefore, they do nothing. It comes not to the tramps, the loafers, the dead-beats, who, as derelicts on the great highway seas of life, are a menace to all with whom they come in touch. But it comes to the young man who gets up promptly at six o'clock, and goes to the store punctually on time. It comes to the conscientious lawyer and doctor and mechanic, who are striving with all their power to do right. It comes to men and women, who, in every sense, are noble, who always seem to be on the verge of making a great success and yet never seem to be quite able to reach the goal.

The Superstition of Luck

These men are true and good men, but unfortunate men. They are what worldly people call "unlucky." We know there is no such thing as luck. Men are not lucky or unlucky, but there are some who seem to have more misfortunes than others—who, through no fault of their own, miss the good things of life. The strong man triumphs over them, but as the world witnesses his struggles under successive strokes of adverse fortune, it calls him "unlucky." When old Anselm Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the famous banking-house of Frankfort-on-the-Rhine, was dying, he called his children about him, and gave to them this parting advice: "First, my sons, never plan any great movement without first consulting your mother. Secondly, never have anything to do with an unlucky man." Mark this! Anselm Mayer Rothschild did not say: "Do not have any business dealings with a dishonest man." He took that for granted. But he did say, "an unlucky man." You know who is that unlucky man. He is yourself. You are unlucky in the fact that, just as you were about to go to college, your father died, and you were taken out of school and had to go to work. You are unlucky in the fact that, just after you had saved up a little money and put it in the bank, the cashier became a defaulter, and you lost all. You are unlucky in the fact that, just after you had learned to be a good draughtsman, and had a fine position about to be offered, you fell and broke your arm, or had your fingers cut off, by having them caught in the cogs of a factory wheel, and you had to start life all over again. You are unlucky, because just as you were about to be appointed to a certain position, an enemy lied about your character, as an enemy lied about a young friend of mine, who was about to become pastor of a prominent church in the East. Though your character, in one sense was vindicated, yet the damage was done. Another stepped in and got the place, even as the poor invalid, at the pool of Bethesda, was pushed aside by others again and again, when the angel of health "went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the waters." After having been repeatedly struck down by misfortune after misfortune, you are to-day on the verge of complete despair. You are saying to yourself: "Oh, I am always unlucky! What is the use of my trying any longer?"

The Opened Way

Discouraged, are you? "Yes," you mutter, "fearfully discouraged!" You have conscientiously done your level best? "Yes, I have done my level best. I can do nothing more." Oh yes, you can, my brother. You can let God now come and do the rest. You are simply "encamped before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon," God is going to open a way for you through the Red Sea to escape the pursuing Philistines. How? I do not know. This, however, I do know. God will rescue you if you are patient, only patient. He will, if like Job amid the tragedy of a wrecked home, and amid a ruined fortune, and in the agonies of physical as well as mental pain, you can say, and still continue to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." God will show to you a direct means of escape if you will only stand still just where you are, and continue to look for the salvation of the Lord. You may not now think it; but all things, even amid the greatest discouragements, all things are working together for good to them that love the Lord. After the darkest of nights, there always comes the brightness of a light-giving dawn. Amid the blackest of troubles, there will always come a pillar of fire to lead God's children to a Promised Land. Trust him, brother. Continue to trust God. Be patient. Just go on and continue to do your level best. All things will ultimately come out right if you do. That is the teaching of this grand old text. "Stand still, and see the salvation o the Lord."

But there is another class of hearers I find to-da encamped among the Israelitish hosts near Pi-hahirot They are the men and the women who are not necess rily struggling for a financial existence, but who a unhappy and dissatisfied with the fields in which Gc has compelled them to labor. They know they coul do better work amid other surroundings. Or they a saying to themselves, "I do not know why it is that a my labors should be misconstrued and unappreciate If God does not open to me another field of work soo I shall drop this position anyhow."

Promotion for the Faithful

Going to give up your present position? You s you are not happy in it? Don't you do it, my brothe What you need in life in this waiting crisis of yours, a great big invigorating dose of patience. Stand st just where you are, and do your work the best way yc can and see the salvation of the Lord. God does nc as a rule, call his workmen from nothing to somethi great, but from a small position of influence to a high position of influence. When Christ wanted to sele his cabinet and to fill the apostolic positions of t "Fishers of men," he did not go into the market-pla where he could find the loafers idling around. H went down to the shores of Lake Galilee and four two stalwart men casting their nets into the sea. H said to Peter, and Andrew his brother, "Follow me, ar I will make you fishers of men." It is nearly always hard struggle for a man in a small position to climb u into a higher position. But it is nearly always almost impossible struggle for a man out of a job to l called to a fine position. Christ uttered sound philo ophy when he said in his parable, "Take therefore t talent from him and give it unto him who hath ten t ents. For unto every one that hath shall be given ar he shall have abundance; but from him that hath n shall be taken away even that which he hath." It easy enough for the pastor of a successful church New York to be called to a prosperous church of Ch cago. But a minister without a pulpit, though he be giant among preachers, has an almost insurmountab undertaking to be called to any strong pulpit. Th man without a job is a man whose failure is stampe upon his brow, and every one looks at him with su picion. Be patient. Everything will come out a right. Just be patient.

Discontent a Sin

But there is still another reason why I do not wa you to give up that position which seems to fret yo As far as I can make out, you are getting in life ju about as much as you deserve. Instead of complai ing, you ought to get down on your knees and than God for the position which he has given to you. Wh should you expect God to make you his favorite chil and allow you to rest upon a bed of roses? Are yo any different from any of his other children? Are yo so smart, or so good, or so humble that you have right to expect more than they? Instead of grumblin about your small position, you should see men, every way your superiors, physically mentally an spiritually, occupying smaller positions than you. B patient in that work God has given to you. Most c us, ay, perhaps all of us, have all we deserve in lif and more too. If God wants us to go higher, he wi open the way. If he does not open the way, then le us do what he wants us to do. You and I are not s important, or so brilliant, or so perfectly sanctified a some of us think we are. In order to impress upo you this fact, I would read to you a quaint piece c poetry by James Whitcomb Riley. It has helped an encouraged me much in life. I hope the reading wi make you contented in the field of labor to which Go has called you to work.

The signs are bad, when folks commence
A-finding fault with Providence,
And balking 'cause the world don't shake
At every prancing step they take;
No man is great, till he can see
How less than little he would be,
If stripped to self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctrine is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers, that counts just the same,
I've allers noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less.
And it's the man who does the best,
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

But roaming in and out among the Israelitish hosts encamped at Pi-hahiroth, I find the ranks of the Mosaic army cursed and retarded with hangers-on. There were many brave men in that army. Men there were like Joshua and Caleb; but there was also a host of lazy good-for-nothings, as in every army, who expected others to do all the work. When the tents were to be lifted, they were not there. When the manna was to be collected, they were like the five foolish virgins, who wanted to borrow the oil of the five wise virgins. And so to-day, when I see a strong, willing man, I inevitably see a lot of human leeches clinging to that man, as barnacles stick to a ship's hull. Furthermore, to-day, I see scores and hundreds of you hard-working men and women, rebelling at the injustice by which others are trying to live off the results of the sweat of your brow.

Let me illustrate my thought by drawing a verbal picture of what we all know to be true: There are four of us boys, all brothers, born in a humble farmhouse way back in the country. Two of my brothers and myself are just happy go-lucky boys. Oh, yes, we work hard when we work; but we work just as little as we can. And when we have a dollar, we always spend the whole dollar. If there is a country dance, my two brothers and I always go there. If a leisure hour, you can always find us loafing around the village store, or playing pranks upon the boys. We are not bad; we are just ordinary, happy-go-lucky, every-day boys. We are like most of boys. We do what we are told to do, and do nothing more.

But I have a brother Jack. The young folks say he is queer and mean and stingy. Some people say he is crazy. My brother Jack is not lazy. He works just as hard as we do; but when he makes a dollar, instead of spending that dollar as we do, he saves it, or goes and buys some books. Instead of loafing about the village store in the evening, Jack is always home studying. If he is not crazy, Jack is certainly queer. One day Jack comes in and tells us he is going to teach winter school in order to go to college. We think then he is crazier still. After awhile, Jack, by working all his summers and all winters, gets through college, and then comes home and tells us that he is going to the law school. We think he is crazier still. After awhile, Jack, by years of self-sacrifice and hard work, is graduated. Then he goes to New York City. After awhile, my brother Jack pushes his way to the front of the New York bar. What is the result? Do we boys praise Jack for his labors? Do we say, If we had worked as he worked, we would be where he is?" Perhaps. But that is not the general rule of the average family. We immediately begin to complain, because Jack does not send us money, and help to support us. We take from him all we can get. And so, when any man honestly tries to make a success out of life, he immediately has a lot of indigent, selfish, lazy folks about him trying to live off the results of his hard-earned toil.

Someone listening to me says, "Yes, that is so." Then you turn and say, What shall I do about my drunken brother's family? Shall I pay any more money to let him keep on drinking?" What shall I do about my daughter?" says another. "I do not want her to leave her husband, and yet I certainly do not want to keep on supporting both of them in their foolish extravagances." What shall I do about my wayward boy?" says another. "Shall I let him go to the dogs, and not support him any longer?" "What shall I do in reference to that lazy partner?" says another. "He won't work, and yet he expects half of the profits." "What shall I do in reference to my husband?" says a troubled wife. "He is always loafing around, or entering into wild-cat speculations, which bring us in nothing to support the family." "What shall I do in reference to my wife?" says a troubled husband. "She spends my money right and left. She is more interested in euchre parties than in the economy of the home. Shall I leave her?" What shall you do, my friends? Well, I am not here to tell you in detail; but this I do assert in general: do not let the injustices of the past blind your eyes to the pressing duties of the present. Because your kith and kin and business partners have been and are now doing wrong to you, do not you do wrong to them. Be patient. Be careful, and if you must err, let it be upon the side of mercy. God does not tell you to weigh the past, so much as to conscientiously solve the pressing responsibilities directly at hand. "Stand still" before you snap the golden cords of affection, which bind you to that wayward sister, that wayward brother, that wayward child, that wayward husband. "Stand still," if you do not know what to do. "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

Be very patient when sickness comes and old age comes and the wearing faculties of mind and body seem to unfit you for the active duties of life. Be very patient when you seem to be like an old, worn-out horse turned out upon the commons, to eat a little and sleep a little and live a little longer and then die. Some of us with great gusto in the days of our youth, used to sing in Sunday School that old hymn:

Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

But when the advancing years pass on, and by sickness or old age we seem to be laid away upon the shelf as useless, by a busy world, then most of us do not appreciate the petition of that song-prayer. We do not want to be "nothing, nothing." We want to be "something, something," and have that something a very active "something." Sometimes at the funeral of a strong man, we see a suggestive floral tribute in a broken column. That means the man died in his prime. That means most of us say, "Is it not too bad that he had to go when he had so much to live for." But I do not think it takes nearly as much divine grace to die in your physical and mental prime, as it takes to live on in physical invalidism, or in decrepit old age. In the first instance, a Christian man like a warrior, is struck down at a blow. In the second instance, a man is like an aged veteran in a soldier's home like a Job's war charger smelling the battle from afar, and yet not able to answer the bugle call for the grand charge. The saddest scene during all my stay in the West, was, when in the Methodist Episcopal Conference, five noble men, who had served their church as Bishops long and faithfully, were retired and placed upon the superannuated list. But as God has placed some of you upon the great 'waiting list" as physical or mental ineffectives, be patient. Trust him. Even in your retired field of waiting, you have a work to do. It will all come out right. Yes, sick one and aged one, it will all come out right. You may not be able to understand God's ways now, but it will all come out right.

Thus, to-day, as the "waiting" lesson is the hardest of all Gospel lessons to learn, I am going to close in the beautiful words of one whose poem has been very near and dear to me. I am preaching against my own impatience just as I am against yours. I know that a parent can never bring his child up right, unless he teaches that child to learn to trust him and wait. Therefore, no child of God can ever trust God, unless he is at times ready to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." These verses embody the whole thought of my text:

When my boy with eager questions,
Asking how and where and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again,
Questions oft to which the answers,
Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
Wait, my little one, and see.

And the words I taught my darling,
Taught to me a lesson sweet,
Once when all the world seemed darkness,
And the storm about me beat,
In the children's room I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiding,
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me still, "wait and see."
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father in his wisdom,
Gently bids us "wait and see."

"All There was Left of it"

PASTOR.—"Why, whatever made you use your Bible so shockingly, Mr. Truman? What have you been doing to it?"

PARISHIONER.—"It's all the result of your preaching, sir. When I went home from church each Sunday, I cut out of the Book that which you had criticized in your sermon of that day. That verse on the Trinity was an interpolation; so out went the strong verse. Then the canonicity of this book and that was doubtful; so out went this book, and that. John did not write the Gospel of John; so out went what was called the Gospel of John. This bit of history was not history, only allegory; so out went that false and deceiving thing. Positively, sir, I have been faithful with my shears, and this is all the Bible I have left—the two covers and a few tatters."

PROGRESS IN HEATHEN LANDS

AT a meeting of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, held in New York recently, the Rev. Arthur J. Brown, who recently made a missionary tour of the world, made an address, in the course of which he drew a very interesting contrast of missionary lands a generation ago and at the present time. He said: "Africa was closed to the missionary until Livingstone lay dying in his tent, in 1873. Now there are forty-six steamers on the Congo; the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad is half completed; the missionary may ride into Uganda in a railway train, and a great society of British scientists will next summer hold its meetings at Victoria Falls. A Russian minister has declared that when the railroad is completed, we shall be able to make the journey from St. Petersburg to Peking in fourteen days. I fear he has not asked permission of the Japanese."

The most wonderful railroad of them all, Mr. Brown declared, was the Anatolian Railroad, which, starting from Constantinople, passes through the spot where Jacob wrestled, through Haroun-al-Raschid's old capital, through Nineveh and Babylon.

"All the heathen nations are now partitioned up among the Christian nations," he went on. "Our influence is to be paramount. What are we going to do with it? In Japan, I found them weaving Australian cotton on German machines. In Korea, in a village which a white man had never visited, we found the natives carrying water in Standard Oil cans. In the apartments of the Empress Dowager of China, I counted forty-one foreign-made clocks; and in the Emperor's study, three organs, a globe and maps, all English made. American lamps are used everywhere by the Chinese. The brother of the King of Siam is the president of a bicycle club of four hundred members—and the bicycles are all American, too! After traveling for a month up the Meinam River, in Siam, we got out one day to rest ourselves, and hearing a familiar burring in a hut, went to see. It came from an American sewing machine. Our sewing machines have penetrated to the most remote corners of Asia. We are sending agricultural implements and padlocks to Persia; our locomotives are pulling trains up the hills of Japan and India; our bridge builders have thrown a bridge over the stream where Cambyses was swallowed up; from the pyramids forty centuries look down, not on French soldiers, but on American manufactures.

"It is sometimes objected," said Mr. Brown, in concluding, "that the Chinese do not want Christianity. What of it? What of it? Does the world anywhere want Jesus? The question that confronts us is not whether the heathen wants Christ, but whether they need him."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Holocaust on the River

GHASTLY in its horrors, heartrending in its pathos, is the story told on another page of the awful calamity which befell New York on June 15. When we read of a thousand men being slain in battle, the slaughter does not seem so terrible, because the soldier knows he is liable to be slain and he is himself intending to slay others. But in this case the victims were women and children, belonging chiefly to the class whose pleasures are few and who were expecting to enjoy one of their rare holidays. They were, too, in no way responsible for their sad fate. When people knowingly run risks, or by misconduct, or carelessness, or the defiance of God's laws, show their disregard of Providence, and are overwhelmed in disaster, our pity has to include considerations of contributory negligence. But these poor victims were distinctly identified with religion, and their connection with a Sunday School was the occasion of their sad death. It is sorrowful in the extreme, and their fate is one of those mysteries of Providence which in this life we can never solve.

For the bereaved we have the most profound sympathy. God alone can comfort the men who have lost wives and children. He alone can support them in their appalling desolation. May his grace, which is sufficient for every need, come into their hearts and enable them to look to him for succor, and in their bitter sorrow cling still more closely to him!

Doubtless there will be searching inquiry into the management which could admit of so fearful a calamity. There ought to be measures taken which will render the recurrence of so terrible a tragedy impossible. Owners of boats, which are almost daily crowded during the summer, should be compelled to substitute metal for thickly-painted and varnished wood in the construction of their vessels, even though it might diminish their profits. The boats and life-preservers ought to be in good order and easily accessible, and the officers and crews men who do not lose presence of mind in a panic and who are not more intent on saving their own lives than the lives of others in a disaster. Legislation may do these things and others, to prevent a repetition of the horror; but, alas! for the past, there is no remedy.

It may be hoped that those who perished had profited by the lessons that were taught by the devoted pastor and the teachers in the church and Sunday School to which they belonged. There is that consolation in the trouble, that they had heard the Gospel and had identified themselves with Christ's cause in the world. For all who had really given themselves to him, we sorrow, not as those who have no hope. They are in his keeping with whom there is fulness of joy and blessings for evermore. With what thrilling tones does the calamity of their sudden taking off utter its warning to all: "Be ye also ready." What for them, in that sad hour, were all their possessions, their occupations, the education the children had been receiving, and all the interests which make so important a part of our daily lives? The one question of paramount concern for them was whether they had committed their souls to Christ's keeping, and could count on his salvation. None can know how soon, by disaster or by natural causes, that question may become of the intensest interest, and therefore it should have immediate attention. Then "whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

William Penn's Peace Plan

IT is a cheering sign of the strong vitality of the Peace Movement that, at a gathering so distinguished and representative as that which lately assembled at Mohonk Lake, N. Y., the tone of the addresses should have been so optimistic and full of confidence.

In these times of frequent Peace Congresses, especially in our own land, it is interesting and instructive to recall the fact that over 200 hundred years ago, or in 1693-94, when Europe was convulsed with war, William Penn published his famous "Peace Plan," which, though it doubtless found many to approve, was derided by the governments and potentates as visionary and impracticable. Yet the grand old Quaker's idea might well have served as a model for the Hague Conference. Penn thus elaborated his plan for concerted action:

Now if the *Soveraign Princes of Europe*, who represent that Society, or Independent State of Men that was previous to the Obligations of Society, would, for the same Reason that engaged Men first into Society, *viz: Love of Peace and Order*, agree to meet by their Stated Deputies in a *General Dyet, Estates* or *Parliament*, and there Establish Rules of Justice for Soveraign Princes to observe one to another; and thus to meet Yearly, or once in Two or Three Years at farthest, or as they shall see Cause, and to be Stiled, *The Soveraign or Imperial Dyet, Parliament, or State of Europe;* before which Soveraign Assembly, should be brought all Differences depending between one Soveraign and another, that cannot be made up by private Embassies, before the Sessions begin; and that if any of the Soveraignties that Constitute these Imperial States, shall refuse to submit their Claim or Pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the Judgment thereof, and seek their Remedy by Arms, or delay their Compliance beyond the Time prefixt in their Resolutions, all the other Soveraignties, United as One Strength, shall compel the Submission and Performance of the Sentence, with Damages to the Suffering Party, and Charges to the Soveraignties that obliged their Submission. *Europe* would quietly obtain the so much desired and needed Peace, to *Her harassed Inhabitants;* no Soveraignty in *Europe*, having the Power, and therefore cannot show the Will to dispute the Conclusion; and, consequently, *Peace* would be procured, and continued.

Has the world in these two centuries come any nearer to the realization of Penn's vision of universal peace? Notwithstanding the overshadowing war clouds, there is sunlight behind. Friends of Peace are to-day a thousandfold more numerous and more influential. Arbitration has been successfully adopted in the adjustment of some of the gravest international disputes. Yes, we have progressed materially. Amid the passion and strife of the earlier time, the gleam of light and hope kindled by Penn was quickly extinguished and forgotten. Let us hope that the general progress of the nations in education, in fraternal sympathy and in humanity, may keep alive the rekindled flame on the altar of Peace, until it illuminates every land under the sun.

"I Was There With You, Too"

TO be followers of Christ in the great battle he is waging and is sure to win against all that hurts, all that degrades, all that pollutes, all that destroys this world which he loves, and for which he died; to be a soldier under Jesus, with Jesus in this holy war—think what will be the glory of it by and by.

A few years ago, a distinguished general of the Civil War was delivering an address on an occasion when many of his old soldiers were present. Just in front of him sat the gray-haired, battle-scarred veterans, listening with trembling lips and shining eyes, while their old leader recalled a certain summer morning. He described the blue sky, the green fields, the buttercups on the grass, the gray fences, the white tents. Then, as he went on, they heard the neighing of horses, the distant bugle-call, the shouts of officers, the tramp of men. Now they saw the lines formed, the charge begun, the smoke, the enemy on the hill-top. Then followed the reverberating roar of cannon, the rattling of musketry, the whistle of bullets, the crash of shells—all the noise and confusion and thunder of battle. And then came at last the wavering and the breaking of the hostile lines, the shout of triumph, the ecstasy of victory.

Immediately in front of the speaker sat a grizzled old soldier, eagerly drinking in every word. At the very climax of the vivid description, he cried out with bewildered rapture, "I was there with you, too!"

When the warfare of life is over, and the Captain of our salvation stretches forth his scarred hand to tell of the heroism of his church, of the conflict and the victory, will it not be worth far more than all the sacrifices and sorrows and tears of earth, to be able to stand in our place before him and say, "Blessed Saviour, I was there with you, too!"

OUR NEW SERIAL

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 27 will appea the opening chapters of a new and brilliant Seria Story, written expressly for this journal by the wel known author Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Chaplai United States Navy. Chaplain Brady has already wo high honors in the literary world as the author of "Th Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," and othe tales, which have made his name known far and wid as a writer of the first rank.

His new serial, which is entitled

The Two Captains

A Story of Bonaparte and Nelson

is by far the most attractive and fascinating story tha has yet come from his versatile pen. It is a histori tale of the days of Napoleon Bonaparte and Admira Nelson, and these two characters figure in it prominentl throughout. The action of the story takes place in th years 1793 and 1798. The historic incidents cente around the siege of Toulon in Southern France, i 1793, in which Bonaparte first attracts the attention c the world to his military genius; and the epoch-mal ing "Battle of the Nile," in the Bay of Aboukir, i Egypt, in 1798, in which Nelson forever shatters th Frenchman's dream of Empire in the East.

Both of these great captains are introduced in th romance in the earlier periods of their careers. Th story revolves around the love of Captain Robert M cartney, an officer in the English navy, under Nelso and Louise de Vaudemont, granddaughter of Vic Admiral de Vaudemont, a great Royalist noble an officer in the old navy of France before the Revolutio One of the leading characters is Brebœuf, a silent Br ton sailor, who interferes at critical points to promot the welfare of the young lovers.

The scene shifts from sea to shore in rapid alterna tion. The coast of Provence, the land of the minstr and the troubadour; the city of Toulon, grim-walle cannon-circled; the blue waters of the Mediterranea the sandy shores of Egypt, the ancient city of Alexa dria, the Bay of Aboukir, are the successive settings c the dramatic story. General Bonaparte and Admira Nelson both take part in the story, and are describe with fidelity and accuracy.

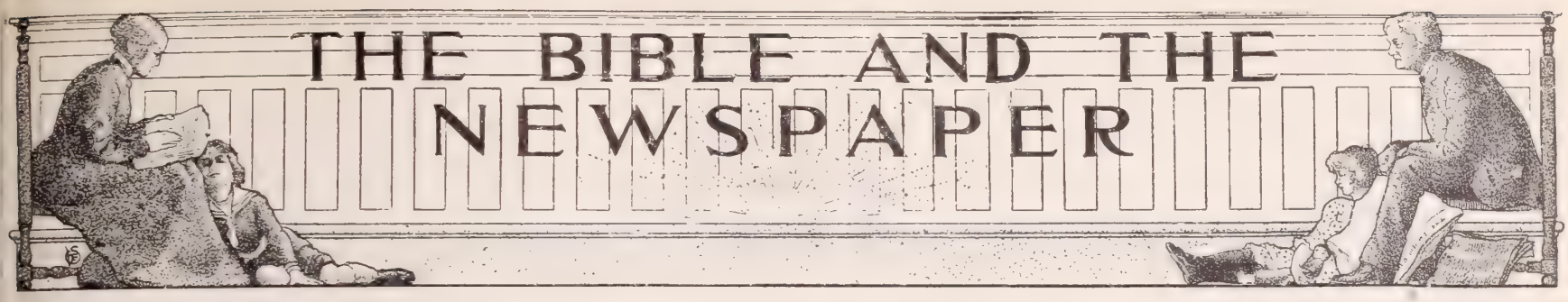
Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shoul see to it, that the rare literary treat which this brilliar historical romance offers is enjoyed not only by his ow immediate family circle, but by some friend or acquain ance who is not now a reader of this journal. Th opportunity to subscribe now, in order that they ma enjoy the complete story of "The Two Captains" fro the very first chapter to the last, is one not to be ove looked. Urge them to subscribe now, and join wit the great CHRISTIAN HERALD family in the enjoymen of Chaplain Brady's splendid, pure, historic, and ro mantic story.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON has just closed a de lightful series of meetings at Fallon, Nev. A large numbe confessed Christ, and as there was no church in the town, a organization was effected, and money raised for a buildin and a pastor secured.

—EVANGELIST H. D. SHELDON, has recently closed tw weeks of successful work in the Methodist Episcopal Church Oneonta, N. Y. More than a hundred enrolled themselve as seekers. Many were converted, and fifty-two united wit the Church on probation.

DR. C. C. VINTON, General Secretary of the propose Conference of missionaries to be held in Korea, Septembe 18 to 25, next, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that "a extensive plans have been given up for this year. Ver likely they will be renewed for another year, in peace time.



Cheap Immigration

OVER a thousand immigrants are now detained at Ellis Island, New York's immigration depot, awaiting special inquiry as to the propriety of admitting them to the country. There are besides these, a large number in the hospitals, who were in urgent need of medical treatment when they arrived. There is a probability that a large proportion of these detained immigrants will be sent back to the countries from which they came; for those who do not satisfy the Commissioners on their first examination, often fail to pass the special inquiry which is ordered. The causes of exclusion are generally disease, mental incapacity, poverty and illiteracy. The law in illiteracy is not stringent, but it does require that the immigrant shall be able to read and write in his own language. As to poverty, the law is liberally administered, but more care will probably be taken in future, as the Commissioners are receiving applications for relief from immigrants who have failed to make their way here. No less than 729 such applications have already been received this year from immigrants who have been here less than two years.

It is expected that during the summer there will be an enormous increase in the number of immigrants owing to the rate war now being waged between the various transportation lines of steamships. It is now possible to cross from Liverpool to New York in the steerage for $9.60, and some of the lines are offering special rates from Antwerp, Rotterdam, Boulogne, Hamburg, etc. When the news of the cheap rate reaches the people of the poorer classes in Northern Europe, Italy, and the Balkan Provinces, there will be probably an enormous number of immigrants, and a more rigorous examination will be needed. Some of the early comers have already arrived, who have not a cent in their pockets, and have no relatives here who can support them while they are looking for employment. That with their low state of intelligence and their inability to speak our language, they are liable to become a public charge, is obvious. Apart from that liability there is also the difficulty of assimilating them, which is greater in the case of the more ignorant comers. Doubtless many who come will have to be sent back, and their disappointment will be severe. It is much to be wished that there was a similar eagerness to enter the kingdom of Christ, from which none are turned back on account of poverty or ignorance.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out (John 6: 37).

Red Tape Protracts Suffering

Half an hour of acute pain was endured by an injured man in New York, a few days ago, through strict adherence to the rules of the hospitals. A truckman, who was hauling a box from his wagon to an elevator shaft, lost the grip of his hook, and fell backwards down the shaft. He was seriously injured, and, when he was lifted out, one of the passers-by telephoned to a hospital for the ambulance. The official at the hospital replied that they never sent an ambulance except at the call of a policeman. Search was made for a policeman, but he could not be found. A telephone message was then sent to Police Headquarters, and a call for an ambulance was sent to the hospital from there. A kindly truck-driver put the injured man on his wagon, and drove him to headquarters, where the ambulance found him. The surgeon went in and examined him, and, hurrying to the door, called to the driver of the ambulance to bring him some bandages, but the driver declined, saying he was hired to drive, not to carry bandages. A policeman, hearing the reply, procured them and took them in. Eventually, after a delay of more than half an hour, the sufferer was taken to the hospital. It may be hoped that no serious mischief will result to him from the delay. There is sometimes a similar disposition manifested in our churches, and laymen fail to speak the word of warning or encouragement to one in spiritual need. It is not, however, only to the clergyman, but to every earnest and sincere Christian that the promise of reward for such service is made:

Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins (James 5: 20).

A Finger Sacrificed

In a recent speech on heroism displayed in scenes other than those of a battlefield, an incident is related of a railroad employe who displayed not only self-sacrifice, but singular presence of mind. The man was a switchman at a station near Reading, Pa. While attending to his duty in the tower in which he was stationed, he had to move a certain switch to prevent a disastrous derailment. The action of the lever revealed to him that something was out of order, and hurrying to the switch, he found that a pivot bolt had dropped out and disappeared. The train was moving rapidly, and to save it, a substitute pivot was instantly and absolutely necessary. The switchman thrust his middle finger into the empty hole, signalled to a companion in the tower and the switch moved. Then he found himself fastened tight, so close to the track that a second's delay meant his death beneath the advancing train. He did not delay—he gave one hard pull and walked away, leaving his finger behind him. The improvised pivot served the intended purpose, and the train passed safely. It was a dreadful alternative—that of losing his finger or his life, but he had the courage to choose the wiser course. Unhappily people are not always so heroic when it is a question of giving up some beloved habit, or some enjoyable association that is exposing the soul to peril, although Christ warns them of the consequences of not making the sacrifice.

If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

THE DETENTION PEN FOR IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK

REJECTED IMMIGRANTS WHO WILL BE DEPORTED

Obeyed the Gong

Early pedestrians in New York on June 15 saw an amusing instance of animal fidelity to old habits. At the fire-engine station in Broome Street there was an alarm on the gong. The double doors were flung open, and in a minute the engine and tender emerged and went at a wild pace toward the Bowery to answer the call. A dejected-looking horse was across the street attached to a milk-wagon. At the first notes of the gong, he pricked up his ears and stood sniffing and trembling. As the engine passed him, he pawed the ground and in an instant started in pursuit. The man in charge vainly tried to check his speed. As the light wagon sped along, rocking violently, there was the crash of bottles and the clang of overturned tins, and the milk made a wide track along the street, but the horse held on his way, his nose touching the rear of the tender. Not until the engine had reached the scene of the fire did the horse stop, and then he stood perfectly still. It was easy to understand his feat. He was one of the superannuated horses that the Fire Department had sold, and the force of old habit still asserted itself. How well it would be, if the call to duty had a similar response from every Christian! When there are souls in need of spiritual help, their cry too often falls on deaf ears, and the help that should be given is not rendered.

No man cared for my soul (Ps. 142. 4).

A Heroic Engineer

A press dispatch from Providence, R. I., reports the daring rescue of a child by an heroic engineer. He was in charge of a passenger train on the Wrentham branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road, and was speeding south, when he saw a child playing on the track. He knew that he could not stop the train in time to save the child, so he applied the brakes and ran along the footboard at the side of the boiler to the lowest point on the pilot. Getting a firm hold on the framework of the pilot with one hand, the engineer threw his body as far forward as possible, and, as the locomotive came upon the child playing between the rails, he lifted her from the the track and carried her in safety to his cab. Everyone admires such a deed of heroism, and honors the man who would put his own life in peril to save that of a child; but how few there are who are moved by the story of One who actually gave his life to save sinners from going to eternal death.

Who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him (I. Thess. 5. 10).

BRIEF NOTES

Miss Jane Addams, the beloved head of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago, is to become LL.D., by grace of the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have begun revival services at Brighton, England. Their work at Bradford led to a very large number of conversions.

The Korean Emperor has ordered the expulsion of all sorcerers from the court, on the ground that they are the sole cause of all the trouble that has come to the nation.

The British Museum contains 1,750,000 books, not counting single sheets or parts of works that are accumulating. The shelving of the library exceeds sixty-nine miles in length.

There were thirty thousand delegates present at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in London. A deputation of them had an audience with the King and Queen at Windsor Castle.

Miss Florence Nightingale the pioneer in the work of nursing soldiers wounded in war, recently celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday. It is fully fifty years since she served in the hospitals of the Crimean War. She still takes a strong interest in all enterprises of humanity and charity.

MODERN IDOLATRY

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ISIS

JEROBOAM might have been great if he had not been wicked. He was brave, and so industrious and skilful a workman that King Solomon made him the superintendent of all the workmen of the tribe of Ephraim. God promised him promotion by the prophet Ahijah, who said to him that he should be king of the ten tribes of Israel. But the head and the heart of Jeroboam were both turned by prosperity. He lost sight of the fact that his kingdom rested upon God. He acted as if it rested upon the people; for no sooner was he made king than he began to scheme how he should keep the people loyal to him. And, strangely enough, he sought to establish their loyalty to him through disloyalty to God.

He did not dare to trust his people to go up to Jerusalem to worship God at the time of the great Passover, and other feasts, lest they should give back their allegiance to King Rehoboam. So Jeroboam built two other places of worship, and set up a golden calf in each for worship, saying: "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem." First in Dan, and then in Bethel he took upon himself the office of a priest, and offered sacrifices to the calf idol. The people followed his lead, and became idol worshipers. It is passing strange that they should have disregarded the fact that they must often have heard about, that their fathers had been punished for worshiping a golden calf, by the death of three thousand of them in one day (Exodus 32). God's eye was upon Jeroboam, and even while he was officiating as high priest of the calf a rebuke came to him through the prophet Ahijah, who told Jeroboam that the Lord was against him for what he had done, and that his kingdom should be cut off. And God caused the altar to break in pieces that Jeroboam had set up, and the fire and ashes in the altar fell out upon the ground. King Jeroboam was so angry with the prophet for rebuking him in the sight of the people—he was still thinking only of their loyalty to him—that he reached out his hand to strike the prophet. At once God stiffened his arm so that he could not move it, and he appealed to the prophet to call on God for help. God was merciful, and the arm was restored, but the heart of Jeroboam remained as stiff, and hard, and sinful as before. He was still disloyal to God, and went on teaching his people idolatry, in the hope and expectation that they would therefore be more loyal to him.

"And the days which Jeroboam reigned were two and twenty years, and he slept with his fathers." But his evil influence remained to make trouble for his country for many years.

JUPITER OR ZEUS

Illustration and Application

This story bristles with practical lessons. First of all, in reviewing the revolt against unjust taxation that made Jeroboam king, we note that the sufferings of the people of Palestine from excessive taxation, which Solomon put upon them to support his wicked luxury, and which the publicans of New Testament times continued as the chief feature of Roman oppression, buying the privilege of collecting a tenth, and really extorting a fifth, are still continued by the Turks, as was strikingly proved when a delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem last April, saw a Turkish officer compelling the leper beggars at the roadside to pay him a tax, which they dug out of their ragged clothes, amid flowing tears, with the stubs of arms, from which the fingers had dropped away. But let it not be overlooked that the heaviest tax burdens in our own land are the self-imposed taxes that our moral lepers put upon themselves for lust, and liquor, and gambling. There is a lesson for those critics in every age who are readier to condemn others than to correct themselves, in the fact that Jeroboam, chief critic of Rehoboam, for his arrogant unfaithfulness to his people, presently went him one worse by unfaithfulness to his people and to God in the establishment of idolatry. This lesson may be further impressed by a modern story of a war-office clerk, who said to a fellow clerk: "Just look at that Government workman on the roof over the way. I've been watching the lazy beggar for half an hour, and he hasn't done a stroke of work. That's the way they cheat the Government." At the same time the workman was saying to his fellow workman: "Just look at that clerk down there. I've watched him half an hour, and he's done nothing but stare out of the winder all the time. That's the sort of chap we have to pay taxes to keep."

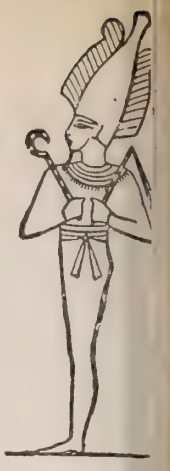
Yet another lesson comes from the fact that Jeroboam, raised providentially from a lowly position, forgot to be grateful to God. At Munich, begging children are arrested, photographed in their rags, and then committed to a children's home, where they get clean clothes. And when the child has been educated and trained for a nobler life, as he goes forth, the picture taken in his beggary is given to him to keep, that he may also keep a warm feeling of gratitude for what has been done for him. There is also a story of a Persian vizier, the premier of his king, who devoted one room of his palace to memorials of his early days, before royal favor promoted him to his high estate. Jeroboam should have had such a picture in memory, such a chamber of memory, that he might not forget how God had raised him from a foreman among tribal workmen to the great opportunities of the throne. In short, the things we are proud of as if our own achievements, we should rather be grateful for as gifts from God.

The calves, which were no doubt set up, as idols always are at first, not as gods, but as symbols through which to worship God, suggest the danger in every age of allowing

COLOSSAL FIGURE OF BUDDHA, IN CEYLON

religious forms to hide instead of revealing God. Many persons, for example, are quite regular, and even particular, about receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, who show no signs that they really know the heart "communion" with God, of which it is a symbol. A young lady who manifestly sought first, not the kingdom of God, but selfish pleasure, to which she was as devoted as if it were her God, even giving many of her Sundays to pleasure, amazed her associates by refusing to go one Sunday because it was "communion day." They exclaimed in a surprise that should have cut her conscience to the quick: "Are you a communicant?"

And this brings up as another appropriate illustration of Jeroboam's calf worship, the cheap hypocrisy of those who excuse their Sunday excursions, in flat violation of God's law, in Isaiah 58: 14, that they can worship God in the mountains, and by the lakes, and in the woods. They can but they don't. Those who use the and they know it. "cant" about all days being equally sacred, are the very ones who make no day sacred. "Nature worship" was the very thing the calves stood for, and it is as selfish and sinful to-day, as a substitute for obedience to God, as in the days of Jeroboam. And even going to meeting may become, no less than going to mass, a mere form, taking the place of practical Christian living, within and without, as the false basis of a hope of heaven, which recalls the story of a dog who went with his Presbyterian master to church, and slept regularly in front of the pulpit till the service was over. H master died, and a Baptist deacon became his master; b when the family passed by the Presbyterian church the fi Sunday, after a look of surprise and reproach, he went ir his own church, "and remained faithful to the very end."



OSIRIS

This lesson in idolatry may well be made a missiona lesson, an opportunity to show the suffering in this wo that devil gods of terror bring to millions, with a practi home thrust at our own idolatrous propensity to give mon or pleasure the first place in our own lives. Jeroboam's c worship, like Aaron's, was borrowed from Egypt, where life was considered a part of God, and was therefore w shiped. The educated priests of Egypt, and Jeroboa also, would have said: "We do not make the calf a God, b we worship God as life in this symbol of masculine life." the Museum of Egyptian antiquities, at Cairo, there is room devoted to skeletons of sacred bulls, taken from i mense stone coffins, too heavy to move, in the Serapeum Memphis. When Cambyses invaded Egypt, then the mig iest of nations, he took advantage of their idolatry to c quer them. He armed his soldiers with crates full of sac cats as cartridge boxes, and when the Egyptians saw t they could not kill their foes without killing their gods, th ran in terror, and surrendered their country to the invad foe; a significant instance of the great injury to nations well as individuals that has been wrought by superstiti from which Americans even are not wholly free. Har better than calf worship is the talk about lucky and unluc days, and numbers, and the consulting of clairvoyants a fortune-tellers, and the dependence for healing upon gray spider, and the bullet that has killed a beef, and the pocket potatoe, and horse chestnut.

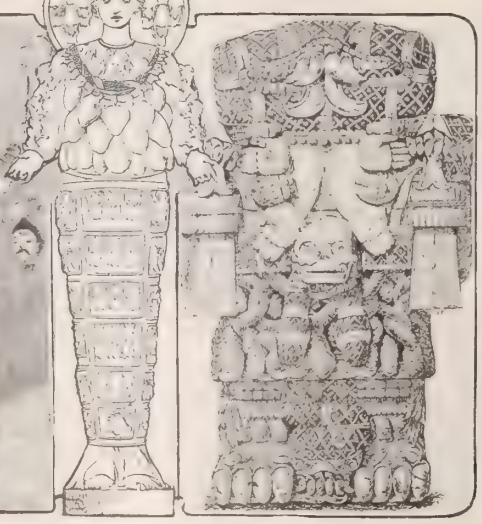
THE BAMBINO

But let us especially seek to deliver those countries in which such fears of devilish gods and hidden hoodoos cast a pall over nearly all the people day and night, making a present hell, which should have greater emphasis in our missionary talks, as interpreting the words of Jesus: "The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost." These people are "lost" already, every noblest thing about this life is "lost," and even if in some way we are sure they would have a chance to be saved in the future world, it would not lessen our duty to save the millions who need to be saved from the present hell of fear, and poverty, and tyranny, and lust.

The very worst idols are those whose worship is impurity, of which we can only hint. After Venus and Astarte and their successors, comes Kali, goddess of murder, whose special devotees are the thugs t used to garrote men as pleasing sacrifices to this godd which is usually made much larger than a human form, painted blue, with a red tongue reeking with relished blo and a necklace of skulls. In one hand she holds a swo in another a severed head dripping blood, while another n is being trampled to death beneath her feet. Thousands mothers kill their girl babies as a sacrifice to Kali, and her w shippers often sacrifice their own blood by wounding th selves, sometimes cutting off parts of their own bodies. It n be well for us to remember that if not love of blood, lov money has set up an evil in our own land that might wea necklace of skulls. One of the most popular idols of to-da to be found in Rom the church of the A coeli, meaning "the to heaven," which is cated on the Capito Hill. It is called "Santo Bambino," is a figure hardly two high, carved out of w from an olive tree Gethsemane in fifteenth century, to r resent the infant Ch It was solemnly crow by the Vatican cha on May 2, 1897. Bu little more than th years before that, J 18, 1894, Pope Leo I mulgated a prayer t said in connection v the Bambino, which repeated daily, wo secure one hundred d indulgence to souls Purgatory. The fa herein given are ta from the back of a c which has on the f of it an elaborat colored picture of Bambino.

CONGO FETISH

HINDU GODDESS KALI



DIANA

MEXICAN GODDESS

TOTEM POLES

*International S. S. lesson for July 10, on Jeroboam's Idolatry. Golden Text: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." I. John 15: 21.

A BRAVE GIRL

By Margaret E. Sangster

GIRLS," said Dean Morgan, "I want you to know Miss Lucy Pease. She has just come to college all the way from Iowa, and I hope you will make her feel at home among us."

The Dean went into her office and closed the door. The group of girls in the corridor smiled on their new acquaintance, one of them saying pleasantly, "If you've never been in Winsted before, I'll show you around Elmore Hall. There'll be time before supper. I expect you'll be at our table."

"I don't know," said Lucy Pease, "I'm to wait on the table. I'd much rather cook, but the Dean says there is no chance for that. You see I've to pay my own way."

"Lots of girls do," replied the one who had taken Miss Lucy Pease under her charge. She happened to be the daughter of a Senator, and the class beauty, with plenty of pocket-money and the distinction of a charming manner. Dean Morgan had observed Elsie Raimond in the company when she introduced Lucy, and had felt sure she would do the honors cordially. Elmore Hall prided itself on being democratic. A girl with brains, pluck and ordinary good health, could take care of herself in college if she chose.

"I am not a girl," said Lucy Pease quietly. "I am thirty-two years old. I took my entrance examinations here at Elmore fourteen years ago, before we all moved to Iowa, when father lost his money."

Elsie expressed no surprise. The social tact which was her father's special gift and which endeared him to a wide constituency was hers also.

"If you haven't grown rusty in fourteen years and have kept up your studies at home, Miss Lucy, you are a wonder. How have you ever done it? They say the standard is raised every year. Why, my father and mother both tell me that when they went to college it was easy compared to what it is now."

"I have taken the examination again and have passed, with only one condition, that is in Greek prose," said Miss Lucy. "But it was harder work than hoeing corn or doing a day's washing."

"I believe you," and Elsie almost stared at the straight, small figure, with golden hair already powdered with gray, twisted into a tight little knob at the back of a large head. Lucy Pease was dressed in a skimpy black alpaca and her shoes were coarse. Her hands were mute witnesses of a life of toil. They were the hands of a woman who had done hard work. A wave of pity went over Elsie. At the same time she privately speculated on the motives that had induced Miss Lucy to come to college. One thing she noticed, that Miss Pease had a particularly sweet, soft voice, with liquid Southern intonations; the voice that belongs to open vowel sounds and slurred consonants. They walked together on the long veranda, and Elsie showed her companion the quarters of the rival literary associations, the Alpha Sigma and the Phi Kappa, and incidentally took her into her own cozy nest, the prettiest room in the Hall.

Lucy admired everything she saw. She had the air of one who has achieved something she had long striven for. The supper bell rung, and Dean Morgan coming toward the girls, said to Lucy: "Your duties will not begin for a day or two. Come in to tea."

Lucy Pease hung back.

"I'd rather not eat with the crowd. I'd like to eat by myself," she murmured entreatingly in an aside to the astonished Dean. "Please, ma'am," she said, in the old-fashioned phrase that falls so sweetly from the Southern tongue, "Oh, please, ma'am, let me eat by myself or in the kitchen. I am not used to a crowd."

"Nonsense," replied the Dean, positively. "You'll not eat in the kitchen at any time; the waitresses have a table of their own in this dining-room. Elsie, you present Miss Pease to the teacher at your table, and see that she gets her supper in comfort."

The newcomer's pale face crimsoned, as she was seated between Elsie Raimond and another young girl, both trim and dainty in their white shirt waists and modish stocks. Suddenly she realized that she looked nearly old enough to be the mother of these gay girls; the arrogance of their youth oppressed her. She sat there, with her red and knobby hands, her homely dress, her tightly-knotted hair, self-conscious, and inclined to be hysterical. The room, with its many tables all surrounded by pretty girls, its hum of conversation, its merry clatter, almost whirled around her. Lucy Pease, in her embarrassment, put out her hand to clutch a glass of water, but her eyes were blurred. She upset the glass, and the water spilled and rippled in a stream over the white tablecloth. Without a word, she sprang up and fled from the dining-room, only to discover, in the bewilderment of a strange place, that she had lost her way, and could not find her own room.

She stepped out of an open door, and scarcely knowing whither she went, wandered over the campus, sinking at last upon a bench at the remotest corner of the grounds.

"I may as well go back. I've come here fo'teen years too late," she said, unaware that she was speaking aloud. She did not cry, but there was a lump in her throat, and her heart thumped in her breast. Then, all at once, her purpose that had been shining before her during the slowly passing years, rose up and challenged her.

"What," it cried, mockingly. "You'll give up, and go home and tell the neighbors that you were afraid of the girls, and didn't know how to behave in company. Lucy Pease, your mother'd be ashamed of you if she were alive and could see you. Didn't you always tell her you'd go to college yet; and now your pa's married again, and given you the chance, Lucy Pease! Lucy Pease!" said the inward voice, "I'm ashamed of you."

"Why, Lucy Pease!"

"WITHOUT A WORD, SHE SPRANG UP AND FLED FROM THE DINING ROOM"

It was not the inward voice at all, but a familiar home-sounding voice that spoke her name; familiar, though she had not heard it for ten years. She looked up. Coming toward her over the green grass, under the yellowing maples, was a woman of the same type as herself, a woman, small, bent, bright-eyed.

"Miss Kezia! Did you call me?"

"To be sure I did. You didn't expect to find me here, Lucy, did you?"

"I might better say the same, Miss Kezia. You must be paralyzed at seeing me."

"Not at all. You told me a long time ago that you meant to go to college, and I knew you'd do it when you could. Why did you not come sooner?"

Lucy began her story, speaking in a colorless monotone. "When I was ready to enter college, Ma died. Then I had to take care of the other children. Pa said, wait two years till Milly is old enough to manage the house, and you can go. But Milly was so pretty and so delicate, I couldn't let her do hard work so soon, and by the time I felt I could, Jack Elderkin came along, and Milly was married to him before you could turn around. Then Paul wanted to go to college, and it was more important for him to go than for me. Besides, we were so dead poor that year Pa couldn't keep a hired man, and I worked in the fields as much as in the house."

"But Paul went?"

"Yes, Paul went to the State University. He graduated with honors after awhile, and he's a doctor now. Doing splendidly. I'm so proud of him."

"Then, tell me what came after Paul went?"

"The children kept on needing more and more things, and I couldn't be spared from home. I just couldn't desert my father. I studied nights and mornings, and tried not to forget a single thing. When Cousin Luther died and left me two thousand dollars, I thought I'd come then, and hire help for father. I'd never been so situated that I could hire help till that time. But father was dreadfully down-hearted, for the farm was mortgaged, and beside he wanted to buy more land. He allowed it was selfish in me to use that money on an education; bein' a woman, and not likely to marry, he thought I might better set the home free. So I did. And then, Miss Kezia, Pa met a lady he could love, and he was married last June, and I've come away."

"Did they want you to come away?" asked Miss Kezia in a queer voice, a little choked.

"No, they wanted me to stay and do the work. Mrs. Pease isn't very strong; but I thought mother'd say, I'd done my share, so here I am, and I'm to pay my way mostly by what I can do to help along, if the Dean'll let me stay. It's nice to see an old friend, Miss Kezia."

"Come back to the house and have tea with me, Lucy. You know I'm a teacher here, don't you? Oh, here's Elsie Raimond looking for you."

"I've carried your supper to your room," said Elsie. "You weren't there, and I've been hunting for you for the last fifteen minutes."

"I couldn't find my room."

"It is puzzling, so many rooms, isn't it, Miss Kezia?" said Elsie consolingly. "But don't worry. A night's rest will set you up, and the Dean sent word you could be excused from chapel this evening."

It is never quite simple for a woman past thirty to fit into a niche among schoolgirls, as one of them. She is so much farther on the road. Even if she feels as they do, if she is as young as they, under her mask, they do not understand it and shut her out. Kezia, hovering over Lucy with motherly touches until she was safe in bed, knew more about the future than Lucy could dream, seeing it in the light of her own past. She went to the Dean with a petition.

"Lucy Pease is a heroine!" she began.

"Indeed! Well, that may be, but she has the soul of a mouse, my dear!"

"If you had that thought, why did you encourage her to try this uphill task?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 564

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A BRAVE GIRL

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"Because I am soft-hearted. When I set the difficulties before her, she was resolute; when I said I thought there was no room for even one more self-supporting student this year, her eyes filled with tears and she looked as though she would die on the spot. She told me she had walked a good deal of the way from Iowa to Wisconsin. She didn't mind it in pleasant weather!"

"I knew her years ago. I was the minister's sister in the place where she lived. Lucy Pease is the most unselfish woman in the world, and she loves books as a miser loves gold. She's never had a chance. I want her to have one now, But she'll not succeed in waiting on the table. Let her try cooking."

"It's harder; and what can she do?"

"She can make bread that won't be sour or soggy. Let her try her hand there."

It was so arranged. The girls saw little of the shy student, whose loaves and biscuits were like puffs of snow, and who was seldom seen outside of her classes She roomed alone, and joined in none of the games and festivities. It was wonderful how well she did her work, tossing it off as if it were play, and expanding with the joy of it. The class grew proud of her. She was its ornament, and did "stunts" that nobody else attempted. But she kept aloof from society, stole in and out of chapel like a shadow, and made bread day by day, the like of which Elmore Hall had never tasted.

Lucy's people had come from Mississippi, and as her father belonged to the contingent who never got on, they had known a good many changes. Her childhood in Wisconsin had been brightened by the visits of Southern cousins, beautiful, graceful girls and gallant, high-bred men, who satisfied the poetry of her nature, and gave her noble ideals, which the shy, reserved child kept to herself. Only her mother read her aright, and only she understood Lucy's hunger and thirst for an education. She told her, with almost her last breath, "Daughter, be firm. Carry out your plans." After the family went to Iowa, and the mother died, the Southern cousins ceased to come, though cousin Luther always wrote periodically to the little girl to whom he later left a legacy. In the Iowa home poverty had been the rule and ease the exception, so Lucy had learned every sort of household work, and of society she had known little, the minister's wife and sister being the only ones who sought her out and tried to help her in her daily tasks. It made Elmore Hall home for her at once when she found Miss Kezia there.

Lucy Pease could not afford to go home for holidays. When the spring vacation came, and most of the students hurried away to their homes, she, with a few others, remained. The great building with its many rooms, at this time had its annual cleaning. Lucy went to the matron.

"Couldn't I help clean house, Mrs. Somers?"

The matron looked at her. The small, erect figure was slight but strong, with muscles like whipcord.

"There is scrubbing to do, Miss Pease, and there's cleaning paint, and washing windows, and I need another woman very much. The pay is a dollar a day. But the women I've engaged are colored. You might not wish to work with them."

Lucy smiled. "I won't mind them, if they don't mind me, Mrs. Somers." And she earned her dollar a day. There was good stuff in Lucy Pease. She felt that a gentlewoman cannot demean herself by honest work. The colored women treated her as if she were a princess gone astray, and they were aghast at her undertaking to scrub and scour, but did their own work better for seeing how well she did hers. As for the few girls who were staying over the holiday, they vied with each other in paying Lucy little attentions. One of them said, "she'll be somebody yet, and we'll be telling people we were in college with her when she washed windows and took Latin prizes in the same year."

Yet, but for an accident they never would have known the real Lucy at Elmore. The midsummer term was nearly over, and the whole college in the throes of the annual final exams, when Elsie Raimond was taken down with scarlet fever, and had to be quarantined. It was a peculiarly malignant variety of the disease. Her parents had gone abroad, and there was not a trained nurse in Winsted.

The doctor was about to telegraph to Cincinnati for one, when a quiet little figure in a print gown and white apron stood at his elbow.

"Let me nurse her, doctor, please let me. I know as much about nursing as any hospital nurse you can get. I'm here, and I'm not afraid of the fever. I pulled six brothers and sisters through it one year."

"I ought to tell you, if you are connected with the college," said the physician, looking keenly into the alert, eager face, and at once giving this woman his confidence, "that this will be a long illness, and likely a slow convalescence. If you are a student, you may miss a good deal of time, maybe you'll miss a year."

"Never mind that, doctor. I waited a good while before I came, and I'm not afraid of a tough job. Let me nurse Elsie. I want to, because she is so pretty."

She won her point. In the fierce battle that followed, she watched, and struggled, and fought as only the born nurse can. She put aside her ambition, her books, her hope to graduate, and took care of Elsie Raimond, and Elsie Raimond recovered, thanks to the Lord and Lucy Pease.

"You called that girl a heroine," said the Dean to Miss Kezia, "and I doubted you. Now I call her a saint."

The years drifted by as years do. When the day came on which Elsie Raimond and Lucy Pease were graduated, Lucy gave the valedictory. No one of the whole class had so many bouquets. No one so much applause. The quiet little woman was the most popular member of the class.

"I'm coming back," she said happily, to the Dean, "after my vacation is over, to see if you haven't some steady work for me, if it is only bread-making. I would like to spend the rest of my life here, and I will if I can."

Even as she spoke, a letter was placed in her hand. It was from home. "Come back, Lucy," wrote her father, "come as quick as ever you can. Your ma has had a stroke. We want you."

So she went back and carried sunshine to the invalid and the worried father. But later on, when God made the way plain, Lucy did return to the college she loved, and married a gray-haired professor, and became the guardian genius of many young girls.

IN NATURE'S GARDEN

SEE COLORED ILLUSTRATION ON FRONT PAGE

I LOOKED where the roses were blooming,
They stood among grasses and weeds;
I said, "Where such beauties are growing,
Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor things faltered:
"We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But the Master gives us room.

"Slaves of a generous Master,
Born from a world above,
We came to this place in his wisdom,
We stay to this hour from his love.

"We have fed his humblest creatures,
We have served Him truly and long;
He gave no grace to our features,
We have neither color nor song.

"Yet He who has made the flowers,
Placed us on the self same sod;
He knows our reason for being,—
We are grass in the garden of God."

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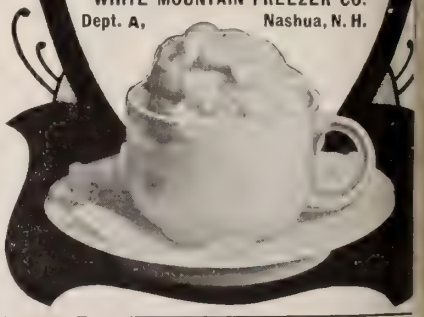

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Our Royal Guest From China

WHILE the United States has, at various times, been visited by distinguished members of royalty om Europe, yet a high prince of true perial blood and lineage from the Orit has very seldom visited our land. Within the last few weeks, the United tates has been honored by a visit from rince Pu Lun, nephew of the reigning mperor of China, accompanied by his umerous itte of attendants. his member of Orital royalarrived at an Franisco, by eamer, direct from ina.

Prince Pu un is the econd of yal blood om the inese Empire to visit is country. hefirstwas rince Tsai en, a coun of the mperor, o came ere some ears ago. Lun is e junior of Emperor else he uld have en the nd Oriental potene himself. He comes re as the authorized Imperial represenive of the Chinese throne, to act for the mperor at the St. Louis Exposition. ith him is his instructor, Wong Kai ah, who acts as Vice-Commissioner to Prince at the Exposition. He is a aduate of the Class of 1883, at Yale ollege

. . .

Owing to the Russo-Japanese war, and e peculiar relations the Chinese Empire ars to the belligerents, the coming of ince Pu Lun is a matter of much interational significance. The Prince is about rty years of age, of medium height, and the first Imperial Prince of China to present his royal uncle, the reigning Emror of the Dragon Empire, at a foreign Exposition, or any other international function. He is a very clever botanist, and a well-read student of history. Only a few months ago, Pu Lun was suddenly made to realize his deficiency in the knowledge of English, and proceeded to instruct himself; but he found his time too short to permit him to master the language. He, however, learned to write his name in English, and apparently delights in inscribing it beneath the Chinese characters that designate his lofty rank in the royal family of Peking. He does not speak English, but his interpreter and tutor, Wong Kai Kah, is a master of English and a ripe scholar.

PRINCE PU LUN
The Chinese Emperor's Nephew

On the Prince's arrival at San Francisco, a reception committee, headed by the Chinese Consul-General Chung Pao Shi, met him. Before he left for St. Louis, he was given a number of public receptions and shown distinguished honors. All Chinatown was ablaze with dragon flags and countless yellow streamers, and San Francisco's Chinese residents united in making extravagant, patriotic demonstrations in his honor. Prince Pu Lun is a very quiet, unassuming youth. The photograph shows him without his brilliant and rich robes of office—just in plain, every-day attire. When dressed in the full robes of state, the Prince wears a coat of yellow satin, and trousers of deep, gorgeous purple. From his cap depends the royal peacock feather, with the three great diamond eyes. On his left breast is pinned a magnificent jeweled badge, representing the "First Order of the Rising Sun." The visiting prince from the Orient will only make a short stay in this country. J. M. B.

The Future of Manchuria

UNITED STATES Consul Miller, of New Chwang, thus writes of Manchuria, the present battle ground of Japan and Russia, in the *Geographic Magazine:*

The year 1903 was the best that Manchuria has ever known as to its production. Crops were unusually good, and prices were also good. Both Manchuria and Mongolia are marvelously rich, and, under a good government, with transportation provided and its timber and mineral wealth developed and added to its agricultural resources, Manchuria will prove one of the greatest markets for United States goods.

Notwithstanding wars, the country continues to grow in productiveness and commerce. Its people are largely industrious, frugal, and capable, and need only an enterprising, substantial and honest government to insure them great prosperity.

Manchuria is not yet thickly populated, and farms are mostly in large tracts of 100 to 200 acres, and even more. The great commercial development has come as a result of its agricultural development and the settlement of the country by agricultural people from other parts of China.

"Although the country is extremely rich in minerals, including coal, iron, copper, silver, gold, and other kinds, these have only been worked in a small and crude way by the natives. When the mineral wealth is developed and worked by modern methods in a manner fitting its economic possibilities, Manchuria will prove to be one of the richest sections of Asia.

"It has the happy combination of a splendid variety and vast quantities of minerals, valuable forests, great agricultural wealth, and an industrious, capable people, whose labor is, perhaps, the best in the world for its cost. In addition, it has good waterways and easy grades and a country in which railway construction and operation is very economical. All of these advantages are combined with a healthy, invigorating climate, where crops never fail."

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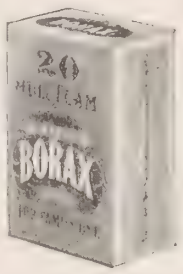

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From the Sinners' Benches

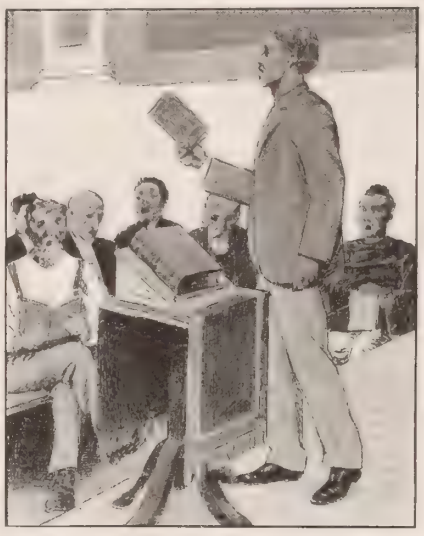
By OWEN KILDARE--CONTINUED FROM PAGE 557

veiled by a reflection of the thoughts within. Decades and scores of years were lived o'er again in those few minutes, and nearer to his God felt every being in that room.

"Oh, I can stand this no longer!"

The wail came from a youth, who rose from among his fellows and staggered to the door. He did not get beyond it. I need not tell you the story he told me. A variation of that discordant theme, moaned and groaned by the many along the highway of the wicked. He is home now; the splendid son of a splendid mother and a worker among the weeds. Had it not been for that song, we would have never met, which I would have regretted, for he is a true man, who had turned the wrong corner and had landed in a dirty alley.

All this is an old story. That blessed old tune is responsible for having steered many wandering boys home again, and it is a good proof of my assertions that our hymns could be greater factors in the work. If the great multitude can memorize the ever-increasing "popular songs of the day," and their inane rhymes, with marvelous exactitude, why can we not do better in our beautiful hymns?



"The song service is the real magnet for many"

I do not claim to be a critic of poetic effusions, but the words of most of our hymns are very full of meaning in their unpretentious metres, to my humble mind.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Yes, we all can sing it, but, just for a test, how many of us can recite it? And is it not worth memorizing? Sing that hymn, reading every word of it, and it will come fuller from your throat.

I do not wish to force my taste and judgment upon you, but I would like to submit to you whether a hymn, with the words of the following should not be sung as if we meant it:

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From his lighthouse evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning.
Send a gleam across the wave.
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

As I see it, there is divinely inspired poetry in that verse. Is it not true, that imagery of the writer? Is not "this lighthouse brightly beaming," and have we not the "keeping of the lights along the shore?"

Take any hymn-book, glance through it, and you will be surprised at the nobleness and purity of the verses. Is it then just to the men and women who have put their best inspirations into rhyme, to sing their words without a true appreciation of their meaning? Perhaps I am wrong in assuming all this, and to convince myself, I shall ask the very next professing Christian I meet to recite the Doxology to me. Let me suggest to you to do likewise, and you may find a few surprises awaiting you.

So, taking the merit of the hymns as an accepted fact, you should not undervalue their effect on a crowd of sinners. I know that the song part of the services is the real magnet for many of the men. Their lives are stripped bare of everything refining and beautiful, and we all know that in every heart a little corner is reserved for the beautiful things of life. Some like pictures, or stately buildings, or flowers, or even beautiful animals, and a great majority like music.

I have sat among crowds of weary, disheartened men, but with the intonation of that grand battle hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," there came a straightening of backbones and a braver flicker into bleary eyes.

Let me ask you, in the name of my brethren of the highway of the foolish and wicked, to sing your hymns as you have never sung them before, and to make every word in them tell. You will do both, give pleasure and prepare the soil.

Speaking of the beautiful things, you would be surprised could you see, as I have seen, how very little it takes to make life brighter for those still in darkness.

To have emanated from the slums does not oblige me to forget them, and I have an afternoon of every week to spare to visit those still down there. My means do not permit me to be too lavish, and, beyond a small stipend furnished to me weekly by some unknown friend, I do not care to become the dispenser of funds contributed by others. Better equipped agencies than I are organized for that purpose.

During the holidays, I set myself to having a lot of has-beens scrubbed. Verily, they needed it. And I believe that a clean body is the first step to righteousness.

Marching to the baths with my gallant band, we passed a notion store. Job lots of slightly shopworn Christmas cards were displayed in the window. While my fellows scrubbed and splashed, I could not stop my thoughts from reverting to those cards. My brigade cleansed and discharged, I went to the store and bought twenty-five cents' worth of those cards. I told the dealer what I intended to do with them, and he doubled the amount, until I had quite a goodly lot of finely and weirdly tinted miniature works of art in my pockets. The very first little chit of a girl repaid me. The grimy little fingers closed over the card, and yet, carefully, instinct emphasizing the contrast between her filth and the beauty of the bit of pasteboard. Out of twenty-five children, only three preferred the offered penny to the card.

I tell you I felt good that day, and remembered that when I was a kid I had often longed for something bright and beautiful, but nobody ever—but that is an entirely different story.

What did my kiddies care for your Raphaels and Messoniers? Had they not green and blue and red cards, which, honestly and truly, "beeslonged" to them?

Do you think they entirely outgrew all this in the years to come? Take a peep into some of the "single rooms" of the lodging-houses, and you will find little bits of bright things and "cut out pictures" stuck to the wooden partitions. The Master made the beautiful things and gave us the longing for them. We must not stifle it.

Looking back at my "whence," I can understand the hardness of the work among the unfortunates. It is disheartening labor to drill through the accumulated layers of callousness, so disheartening that the callousnessness sometimes, although rarely, becomes infectious. But look at the reward! Not only the one above, but the one right here! To see a smile creep over a wan little face at your gift of something bright, to note your words finding a grasp in some besoddened mind, to lead the hymn with a responsive enthusiasm, ah, it is great reward. And it all can be made the means to

"Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

"Listen"
said the Dueber watchman
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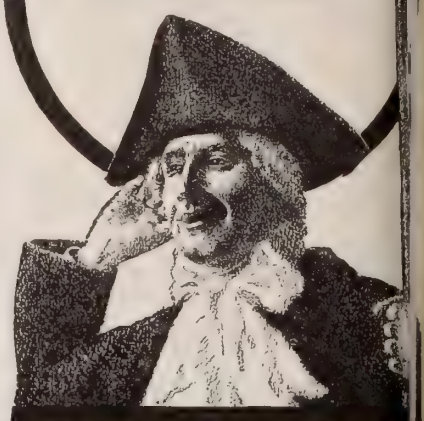

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New York Plunged in Sorrow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 556

For days after the disaster, the Morgue as thronged by those who came to iden-fy the dead. In that time there were ver 30,000 visitors. The bodies lay in nastly rows. There were many exciting enes. Some of the visitors fainted on nding their lost ones; others wholly lost eir reason and were led away raving aniacs. Several women, on finding their ead, became violent and attempted to ll themselves, crying, "Let us die too! hy should we live?" A man who had st wife and children, after he had visited e Morgue and hospitals in vain, went ome and took his own life. Another dis-acted husband lost his wife and eight ildren. One fine-looking young man ho had gone on the excursion with his trothed, found the girl's body. His ief was pitiful.

. . .

Of course, there will be an official in-stigation of the disaster, and an effort ill be made to fix the responsibility. here are many severe criticisms on the tion of Captain Van Schaick in running e burning steamer two miles, when he ight have made a landing much sooner d thus probably have saved many lives. iver men say he could have beached the *locum* on a course a mile shorter than e one he took. Mayor McClellan and veral other city officials visited the pier d the morgue on Thursday, June 16th, d were stunned at the extent of the lamity. The Mayor afterwards ad-essed a letter of condolence to Pastor aas, of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, pressing the deepest sympathy with his ople in their affliction.

At the Church of St. Mark's, an infor-ation bureau was opened for the benefit the crowds of inquirers who kept com-g to ask for news of the missing, and lletins were posted outside. The pastor as utterly prostrated by the disaster hich has swept away a large part of his ock and his own family. In scores of hurches the disaster was the subject of ecial prayer at the Wednesday prayer eetings.

Divers began work on the wreck of e *Slocum* at North Brother Island the ay after the fire. The wreck soon began break up. North Brother Island oked like a battlefield. Swollen bodies om the river and charred and disfigured orpses from the steamer lay on the shore, eir faces covered by white cloths. By hursday night, many mangled bodies ad been taken out of the wreck, and the eath-roll was steadily increasing. It as estimated that from 800 to 1,000 ad perished, either by burning or drown-g; 562 bodies had been found by Fri-ay noon, of which 521 had been identi-ed, and 448 were still missing; some of hose, it was hoped, would turn up alive. was proposed to explode dynamite to orce the East River to give up its dead.

Investigation shows that the *General locum*, one of the largest and most pop-ular of New York's excursion fleet, was wretchedly equipped for any dangerous emergency. Many of her life preservers were rotten and would not float. The fire hose, too, is alleged to have been rotten, and to have burst when an attempt was made to use it in checking the fire. The life-boats were rendered useless almost as soon as the flames got under headway. There was no attempt to utilize the fire-drill, at which the crew should have been expert. It was charged, too, that there was an absolute lack of discipline at a time when it might have done much to-ward saving life. All these and other equally serious allegations, will be sifted during the official inquiry.

. . .

Capt. Van Schaick, shortly after the disaster, made a statement, while tears rolled down his face. He said, brokenly:

"I did the best I could. I ordered Van Wart to beach her, and we started for shore at 134th Street. But the shore there is lined with rocks, and I was afraid we'd founder. There the captain of a tug warned me off. He shouted that the steamer would set fire to the oil tanks and the lumber. Then we started for North Brother Island.

"Flames came up on the port side first, and then on the starboard side. We put her on the beach four or five minutes later.

"Flames were all around us then. We had to close the windows of the pilot-house to keep them off. And then we had to run for it. My clothes were burning. The hat was burned off my head.

"Van Wart and Weaver got off ahead of me. I jumped through the flames on the starboard side. I hit the bottom, and hurt my leg. Some nurse helped me on the bank, and then the dominie grabbed me. 'Thank God, you're safe,' he said.

"I can't tell you how it happened. I superintended building the *Slocum*. I've been in command of her thirteen years on the 25th of this month. All the old women and men I took out to-day have known me for years. I've taken them out many, many years."

While many of the victims were of the poorer class, it is evident that there were many well-to do on the ill-fated steamer. In the coroner's hands are jewels, watches, rings, diamonds, necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, brooches and pins, rough-ly valued at $150,000, awaiting owners. These belonged to the dead.

The unidentified dead were buried in the Lutheran Cemetery at Middle Vil-lage, N. Y.

. . .

There is a feeling of universal sympathy for the survivors. With the view of aid-ing the needy ones, the Mayor of New York has formed a relief committee to take charge of contributions. The pro-prietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has forwarded $100 to the relief fund.

Progress of the War in the Far East

A SHARP engagement occurred be-tween 3,000 Russians and a smaller orce of Japanese, on June 11th, in the iungyo Mountains, near Tschichao. The apanese made a feint of retreating, and rew the Russians into a trap near Yaotung ass, where they were attacked by a su-erior force, and 800 killed or wounded. he Russians retreated in disorder.

Admiral Skrydloff recently sallied out om Vladivostok with the Russian squad-on of battleships and cruisers, and began o harass Japanese vessels in the Corean ulf. The fleet encountered three Japan-se transports — the *Hitachi*, the *Sado*, nd a third, the *Idaumi*, which escaped in afety. The others were attacked by the ussian warships, and the *Hitachi* was unk by the fire of one of the cruisers. The laughter was terrible. The *Sado* was as also attacked and fired upon. Her rew took to the boats, but returned to the essel, as the enemy withdrew suddenly. bout a thousand lives were lost. The Tokio press charges that the Russians fired upon drowning men.

It is said the Czar has expressed his determination to sacrifice a million men, if necessary, to defeat Japan.

Gen. Stakelberg, with a Russian force for the relief of Port Arthur, was com-pletely routed by three Japanese divisions, part of the army of Gen. Oku, at Wafan-gow, one hundred miles north of Kinchow. The Russians lost all their guns and some 300 prisoners and 1,000 dead and wounded. The Japanese losses were also severe. It is reported that Gen. Kuroki may at-tempt to block the retreat of Stakelberg's forces, and thus compel their surrender, shutting them up between his own army and that of Gen. Oku.

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RUSSIA AS IT IS TO-DAY*

Political, Commercial, Social and Religious Conditions in European and Asiatic Russia

HOW little is generally known about the vast empire which holds and governs so large a part of Europe and Asia, will be realized by every reader of Geoffrey Drage's comprehensive and exhaustive work on *Russian Affairs*, just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York. Mr. Drage had exceptional opportunities of producing such a work, in having been a student at the University of Moscow, and in having traveled during the past twenty years over much of European and Asiatic Russia. He has evidently been a close and careful observer, and has studied closely the social, political and commercial conditions of the people. He must also have had access to authoritative statistics, which he quotes as the basis of his philosophical reflections, and has grouped with remarkable skill.

Though, as an Englishman, Mr. Drage might have been expected to take a hostile view of the traditional enemy of his own country, his comments are fair and he is economical of them, evidently desiring to present facts and give information of actual conditions, rather than to criticize, or excite prejudice. His book, therefore, is exceptionally valuable, and will doubtless be used as a text-book by all students of European civilization, who have long needed such a work on this particular branch of the subject. Mr. Drage had completed his book before the outbreak of Russia's war with Japan, but he apparently foresaw the possibility of the conflict. His chapter on Russian rule in Manchuria, and her movements in Korea, have therefore now enhanced value in the light of recent events.

The motto Mr. Drage puts on his title page is Count Mouravieff's statement of Russian belief in the destiny of the Russian people, which is one of the most astonishing things in the book. It is so directly contrary to the general opinion that Americans hold of the Russian nation, as being, with the exception of the higher nobility, in need of being taught and civilized, rather than of teaching and leading the rest of the world. Count Mouravieff says: "I believe that Russia has a civilizing mission such as no other people in the world, not only in Asia, but also in Europe . . . We Russians bear upon our shoulders the new age; we come to relieve the tired men." The idea of Russia civilizing Europe is somewhat ludicrous, in view of the tremendous work she has yet to do within her own boundaries, besides that needing to be done in the dependencies she has acquired during the past century.

It is an instructive survey that Mr. Drage makes of Russian history from the accession of Alexander I, in 1801, to the present time. It is a story of alternate liberalism and reaction, the concessions of one monarch minimized and curtailed by his successor. It is pitiful to read of the large-minded reforms conceived and executed by Alexander II, which aroused so much hope and enthusiasm among the intelligent patriots of the country, being neutralized and rendered abortive by the bureaucracy that surrounded his son, and which still exercises power in spite of the liberalism of his grandson. As an illustration of its might, Mr. Drage quotes the instance of the recent treatment of Finland. He says:

The most reactionary event in the annals of modern Russia is the abrogation of the constitution of Finland, by which act the Czar has thrown away the love and loyalty of a nation. . . . No shadow of disaffection had ever fallen on Finland; no excuse could be found in the condition of the country, which was the one contented and prosperous part of the Czar's dominions; but the atrocious measure was carried out all the same, the real reason being the hatred of freedom entertained in the bureaucratic and military circles in Russia.

The present condition of the Russian people is, in our author's opinion, one of the most dangerous in modern history. "The patience of the Russian people," he says, "is now strained to the breaking point; and the inevitable change, which, though it may still be delayed, has never seemed so near, will, if not made from above with a good grace, be surely accompanied by an outburst from below, exceeding in horror anything that history records of the French Revolution."

Some of the most remarkable statistics quoted are those that refer to education.

There is no uniform system of education. Schools are established by different Government Departments, by local bodies, and by private effort, but the general control of schools, when established, is placed under the Ministry of Public Instruction. In the schools established by the Synod, instruction is confined to the Russian and old Slavonic alphabets, the church catechism, and the rudiments of arithmetic. Schools are few in number, and staffed with teachers whose annual salary averages about $30. The number of children receiving elementary instruction in schools of all kinds during 1898, the latest year for which statistics are available, was 4,200,000. This implies that only a little more than a quarter of the population of school age receive instruction of any kind. In Great Russia, at the present time, the proportion of illiterates among the adult population is ninety-four per cent. The ignorance which prevails permits superstition of every kind to flourish among the peasantry. Belief in magic, possession and the power of spirits, is general, and often produces acts of cruelty toward the supposed victims of demoniacal possession.

The great preponderance of the Russian people are engaged in agriculture. Of the whole number of adults constituting the working class in Russia proper, estimated at 35,700,000, no less than 29,000,000 cultivate the soil; 2,000,000 are engaged in the lumber industry; 1,000,000 in hunting and fishing, and about 1,000,000 in the rearing of sheep, horses, etc. Thus ninety-two persons in every hundred of the working class are engaged in rural pursuits. The industries so far developed are those of cotton manufacture, woolen goods, linen goods, coal and iron, naphtha, sugar refining, and the manufacture of arms.

The Russian persecution of the Jews has of late years been the subject of world-wide interest. Mr. Drage estimates the number of Jews in Russia proper at 3,500,000. The greater number of occupations are absolutely closed to them. They may not be employed on railroads nor in railroad construction. They must perform military service, but can never rise from the ranks. They are also restricted in education. The law limits the admission of entrance to public middle schools, in which the proportion of Jewish to Christian children must never be more than five to ten per cent., and in the higher schools from three to five per cent., and in the universities, two per cent.

From 1887 to 1890 all Jews resident in rural districts were harried from their homes and forced into the Pale. . . . Deprived of every means of livelihood, and crowded in the cities of the Pale, the Jews quickly showed signs of deterioration. Many died of starvation. Men who were enrolled as artisans to pursue the vocation of watchmakers were expelled because they had sold watchkeys. . . . Tailors were expelled because the buttons which were sold on the clothes were not manufactured by them. "The Russian persecution," says Mr. Lecky, "stands apart from the other forms of the anti-Semitic movement, on account of its unparalleled magnitude and ferocity, and also because it is the direct act of a government, deliberately, systematically, remorselessly, seeking to reduce to utter misery millions of its own subjects."

Mr. Drage has separate chapters on Siberia, Poland, Finland, Manchuria, Turkestan, etc., and their people, administration, and general conditions, all of which are full of interesting facts, which must be new to many readers.

**Russian Affairs*, by Geoffrey Drage. Pp. 738, with numerous maps. Price $6. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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June Sunrise at Mont-Lawn

ANYTHING more beautiful than an early morning in June at Mont-Lawn would be difficult to imagine. The view of the Hudson is superb from the balcony of the main building, while back, and at the right, stand old Rockland's green hills, reaching around in a semi-circle or crescent, as if to protect this Home for little children from the north winds, and bringing into beautiful contrast the blue of sky and water.

Life awakens to new glory on these beautiful summer mornings. At the first break of day the robins and their feathered kin begin to peep and chirp, but the glad song of the later day, but a sort of sleepy, comfortable little twitter, as if the silence of the dawn must not be broken too hurriedly. A thin, silvery mist, like a gray veil of finest gossamer, is spread over river, valley, and crest, which gently melts and disappears as the sun arises from his gorgeous eastern couch. The trees, all a-glitter from the last night's shower, take on a most vivid green. The roses raise their drooping, sleepy heads: the very grass springs up anew; while daisies, clover, and "black-eyed-Susans"—the latter like an army of suns in miniature — arise, to greet the coming of day. The river sparkles and mirrors the morning beams, reproducing their golden glory in a thousand glittering waves, and, back of all—the grandeur of the everlasting hills.

O Rockland hills, all glory crowned,
And covered o'er with green,
Ye stand like sentinels around
To guard the beauteous scene.
Upward ye lift your towering heads,
Like giant monks at prayer,
While God's blue sky its glory sheds
Around you everywhere.

To this lovely place soon will come the sad children of the tenements, trooping to the broad, smooth roadway, two hundred at a time, to spend a joyful ten days. There they may run and romp to their heart's content, and here they are taught by careful, loving friends, that it is all the gift of a dear Heavenly Father, who has put into the hearts of the generous people to provide these lovely things for them.

Miss Collins, the Superintendent of the Home, says that it is wonderful what a spirit of comradeship and how little quarreling there is among the children. "They are all too busy and happy for ill-natured feelings, and there is so much room for them to play, they seem to have no inclination to disagree. And they are so pleased with their new clothes," she added. "We provide many of them with a complete outfit from clothing sent us, for which we are very grateful."

Miss Collins told the writer a touching story of a little boy, who was in a ragged and miserable condition when he came to the Home. He was a fine little fellow of about four years, with large, blue eyes and yellow, curly hair. He came in charge of an elder brother, who was very careful of "Dickey." The good Superintendent, struck with the sweet, gentle face of the yellow-haired baby, took him upstairs, where she had in safe-keeping some clothing which had been contributed by a mother who had lost her little boy—a full suit of black velvet, ruffled shirt, and patent leather shoes. She brushed his wavy locks until they shone like gold.

"Oh, such a picture as that child made!" said she. "You would not have believed such a change possible. I took him down-stairs to his brother, who ran to him exclaiming delightedly, 'O Dickey! O Dickey!' And poor little Dickey fell in a dead faint at his brother's feet. The doctor was called. 'Over-excitement,' he said, 'that is all; nothing serious,' and that was all."

Children's clothing may be sent to the Matron at our Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Gifts to the Fresh Air fund may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.

IGNORING GOD

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN men work out things in their own hearts, without taking any counsel from God, it is very evident where their confidence is placed. They are suspicious of God, either that he cannot, or that he will not, take up their cause and carry it through. Most people have so little confidence in God that they think it a great risk to place things in his hands; they believe it is contrary to common sense. It would be so if God were an idol; we do not wonder at heathen sceptics. But there are devoted heathen who trust their false gods far more than so-called Christians venture to trust the God who made them, and who holds their souls in life to this day. Our wisdom, if we are God's children, is to look invariably at God's side of everything. Let us deal with God as One who is absolutely to be trusted, and who is responsible for all the results of our obedience to him; and life is wonderfully simplified; anxiety goes out of it.

We are not told who were the counsellors of King Jeroboam, who advised him to set up idols, but from the result we can see that the counsel given was not from above, but from beneath. It resulted in his making two golden calves, one in Dan, the frontier of Syria; and the other in Bethel, the frontier of Judah. The golden calves were no doubt an imitation of the cherubim on the ark, so that the people who were not spiritual, might easily be induced to believe that they were, in a way, worshiping the God of Israel, while their religion demanded no more obedience to the holy law of God than that of the heathen around them. This was abomination in the sight of God; it was the beginning of a national departure from him, and he speaks of it as "the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin" (I. Kings 15: 34; 16: 19).

God did not leave Jeroboam without warning, for his own sake and for the sake of the people. But Jeroboam would not recognize this as a message from God; he would deal only with the prophet, he would treat him as being guilty of high treason and apprehend him. So he put forth his hand from the altar and gave command, "Lay hold on him." But God in very mercy gave him an indubitable sign in his own person; the hand which he had stretched out against God's messenger remained stationary and dried up. He and his false prophets and idolatrous people must be convinced that the true God had spoken. And now the stricken king must humble himself to seek a favor of the God against whom he had sinned. But he could not bring himself to urge his own petition, he must get the man of God to pray for him.

Why did not Jeroboam himself pray for healing when he had such manifold proof that God's power was present. The king's heart was not broken; he was not really ashamed of his sin, nor was he ready to abandon it; he wanted the use of his hand again; he was quite aware his golden calf could not give it him; and he was glad of the help of the man of God to pray for him. "Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God," he says, "and pray for me that my hand may be restored me again." Not a confession of his sin, no sign of humiliation. His hand was restored, but the grace of God which should have humbled him, only hardened him; he "turned not from his evil way."

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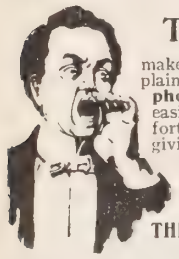

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FINLAND'S TYRANT SLAIN

THE SENATE HOUSE AT HELSINGFORS, SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION

TO those who have been observant of the recent course of events in Finland, the news of the fatal shooting of Governor-General Bobrikoff can hardly come as a surprise. According to a St. Petersburg despatch, General Bobrikoff was shot and mortally wounded on June 16, at the entrance to the Finnish Senate at Helsingfors. His assailant was a young man named Schaumann, son of a distinguished Senator of that name. Three shots were fired; the first two inflicting slight wounds in the neck and chest, and the third making a dangerous wound in the abdomen. After shooting down his victim, young Schaumann immediately committed suicide. Bobrikoff died the same night.

This is one of those tragedies that are the direct result of tyranny. A leading Finlander in exile in London, in explanation of the event, says: "We were freemen for 700 years, we are now Russian serfs." When Russia decided to reduce Finland to the level of a Russian province, General Bobrikoff was appointed to carry out the task, and proved a willing instrument. In his hands, the power reposed by the Czar became an iron despotism. Under his administration, many of the most distinguished men in Finland—persons eminent in public life, in literature, art, science and education—were expelled from the land of their birth. His decrees were irrevocable; there was no appeal. Private homes were invaded, and men were arrested, torn from the bosom of their families, and from their business or profession, and compelled to leave the country within a certain number of hours, or days. Such arbitrary and brutal exercise of authority, while it brought ruin to the victims, seemed to give especial gratification to the despotic Governor.

Under Bobrikoff, the "Russification" of Finland proceeded with a harshness and severity that recall the treatment of Poland. All semblance of independent self-government was taken away from the Finns. The Finnish army was disbanded, or absorbed, by imperial instruction, in the Russian army, and all the solemn pledges given to the Finns by Czar Alexander, in 1809, and renewed by each of his successors, were violated. A country which was one of the best governed and most enlightened in northern Europe, was degraded under Bobrikoff to the level of Russian Poland. Newspapers were suppressed; passports to intending emigrants were forbidden; military service by all young men was made a rigid rule, and when the people, resenting these tyrannical acts, publicly protested, Cossacks were ordered out to clear the streets and to knout the citizens, which they did unmercifully. Riots followed in consequence.

It was apparently the fixed purpose of General Bobrikoff to break down, at whatever cost, the spirit of the Finnish people, by depriving them of their ancient liberties and of all that they held dear in their native institutions. He opposed the convocation of the Finnish Diet, and for over a year past it has not assembled. Now, it is believed, that the killing of the Governor-General will result in the permanent prohibition of the Diet, as a further punishment of the people.

THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL BOBRIKOFF

Personally, Gen. Bobrikoff was haughty and austere—a man of iron determination. With the patriotic and cultured element in Finland he has always been unpopular. Many remonstrances against his despotic rule have been made to St. Petersburg, but all were unheeded. Last year he was invested, by two imperial decrees, with dictatorial powers. He could discharge public officials, close hotels, shops and factories, banish any Finlander without trial or explanation, prohibit private meetings, dissolve associations, etc. Within a year many of the wealthiest and foremost men in the country have been banished. Among those recently exiled by Gen. Bobrikoff were several members of the Finnish nobility, capitalists and professional men. The failure of the Finns to illuminate their houses in honor of the war with Japan was punished by a proclamation forbidding people to go to bed before ten o'clock. Persons who "darkened their windows at unusual hours" were punished by Gen. Bobrikoff's orders.

Schaumann, the assailant, was an official of the Department of Education and a member of the Nationalist Party. His father, two years ago, protested strongly in the Senate against the policy of the Russian Government in Finland.

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MODERN IDOLS*

HOW far have this age and civilization left idolatry behind? We are not so foolish as to worship idols of wood or stone, but there s no doubt that the spirit of idolatry is till with us. It would be easy for any ne to apply a test to himself. Is there ny one thing in a man's life that occupies ne place of a god to him? That thing ay be different from the thing his rother cherishes, but it may be no less n idol. We are apt to take upon us an ir of superiority in discussing another's aults and failings. We could never fall nder the power of the intoxicating cup, s our neighbor has done. Nothing ould tempt us to falsify business books nd appropriate the firm's money. We ity the man whose moral fibre wilts hen he is near the door of a gambling aunt. But are we really more free from ne bondage of sin? God does not exect impossibilities from us. He expects s to love our children, to have a natural ppreciation of the comforts of life; but e expects from us the first place in our omage, which is his due. He who exalts ome other being or thing into that place, guilty of idolatry.

Conscience, if we listen to it, will reveal ne idol. When there is a collision beveen duty and interest; when the adhence of our hearts to principle will inolve the loss of property, or stand in the ay of gaining a fortune, and we sacrice our principle for the sake of the oney, we set up a golden idol and give our fealty. We are idolaters. When e have some friend, whose influence we now to be injurious, but when to surrender that friend seems like rending our earts, and we refuse to make the sacrice, we become idolaters. When some abit has so firm a hold upon us that we ould not give up its indulgence, even at od's command, we are acknowledging a ower over us, higher and stronger than od's, to which we yield superior allegi nce. It is our idol.

Many persons who, by their consci nces, are convicted of idolatry, grieve ver the fact and are at heart desirous of eliverance. They have two natures, of hich one hugs the idol and the other ids them give it up. The struggle is most istressing, and is often long continued. ometimes the victim resolves that at the rst opportune moment he will shake himelf free, and when the opportunity comes, e does so. Then comes desolation, misery, nd a most insistent yearning for the surendered idol. The released victim knows e has done right and that at last he is free; ut can he continue? He is incapable of ork; he cannot sleep, cannot give attenon to anything; his thoughts are perfetually on the beloved object, and with ll the strength of his nature he craves it. his is the crisis. If at this moment the pportunity of return is presented, the robability is that he will grasp and take gain upon him the bonds that have been haken off. If he could only have been laced, at that crisis, where he could not eturn, he might have held to his better esolution. But few are able to do that. f some power could lay hold of him and ompel him to be firm; if the resources of is own nature could enforce obedience o his better judgment, all might be well; ut the poor, weak creature finds all fail. t is then that, if he retains his faith and ill pray, God gives him the strength he eeds for the conflict. Then he may yet tand with those who have overcome hrough the power of Christ.

How many there are, all around us, who re secretly making this struggle! Is it ossible to help any one of them? The rst and chief resource is in prayer. God nows the suffering, sympathizes with the oor, weak creature, and is ready to reond to his cry for help. The best eapon is that which Bunyan describes s giving the victory to Christian—the eapon of all-prayer. Next to this is the enefit of work. The man who sticks teadily to his occupation, and will not indulge in reverie and idle meditations, will find relief. Every day will bring a little relief, and after a time the conflict ceases. Then, there is the strength that comes from the assurance of victory. It is not a hopeless struggle that he is waging, but one in which, to the sincere and brave fighter, victory is promised.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union or July 10. Luke 12. 15-21; Phil 3. 17-19.

Gospel Work in Liberia

Rev. L. C. Curtis, a missionary worker in Africa, has been laboring on the west coast for the last eight years. He has returned to the United States to raise a fund for an industrial school which he has built in the interior of Liberia. "There are thousands of native children," says Mr. Curtis, "on the west coast who need civilization and Christianity. When I am able to open the school I can get more native children than we can care for. Any assistance given in this work will be gratefully received and properly applied." Mr. Curtis, who is at No. 61 Bible House, New York City, is very cordially indorsed by Bishop Derrick, of the A. M. E. Church.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. X.

ROBERT MORRISON, CHINA, 1807

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 10 have been received from D. J. Butts, Mrs. A. C. Burnham, George W. Ball, Henry Beets, Rev. A. Darms, Helen G. Dow, Mrs. (Rev.) R. Davey, Howard E. Edmonds, Earl C. Eshelman, Theodore B. Edmonds, Rev. Peter G. Evans, Hattie Foster, Miss Ella E. Greeman, Susan Hahnman, Mrs. L. D. Hill, Mrs. Alfred Horton, Henry Hepburn, Mrs. Isabel Halket, Mrs. A. Hannah, Mrs. Howard M. Jugham, Miss B. S. Jordan, Nettie R. DeJong, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Mrs. W. B. Kenredy, Martha Lamoreaux, Miss Marcia Lundy, Miss Kate Lipscomb, Lottie M. Latimer, Mrs. A. M. Lefebvre, Rev. E. E. Mathes, Emma M. Maffett, D.H.Miller, Narcissa S. Pinkham, John H. Perney, Eleanor B. Platt, Ruth Peters, Mrs. M. E. Ranney, Arthur S. Randall, Miss Ethol L. Schuman, K. J. Sundstrom, B. R. Schultz, F. Schemerhorn, Walter Sitz, Miss Kate Sunderland, John W. Stone.

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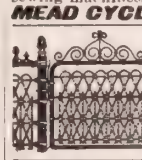

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 582

Once Famine Waifs, now Bible Women, Helping to Save India

Questions & Answers

W. C. B., Middleburg, Va. Have we any assurance that Simon of Cyrene, who bore Christ's cross, was a negro?

He was a Hellenistic Jew, born at Cyrene, on the north coast of Africa. Mark speaks of him as the father of Alexander and Rufus. He was present in Jerusalem either as an attendant at the feast or as a settler there. There is nothing in the records to indicate that he was a negro.

Alex. McI., Martintown, Pa Is it Scriptural, right and proper, to attribute to God occupation?

In a sense, it is. See Christ's own language in John 5: 17, and many similar passages in the Gospels. See also Genesis 1: 31 and 2: 2.

Subscriber, Pittsburg, Pa. What is the population of the world and the number of male and female?

The world's population is roundly estimated at 1,400,000,000, females being slightly in excess. This figure is quite arbitrary, however, as there are many countries in which no census has been taken, including Thibet, Persia, Asiatic Russia, Mongolia, many parts of South America and Africa. The actual enumeration would probably make very little material change in the estimate, which is the result of calculations by the ablest authorities on the subject of population.

I. W. B., Kewaunee, Ill. 1. Was that Jewish Talmud which contained references to Jesus Christ, written in the first century? 2. Is the name of Christ mentioned by Pliny? If so, please quote the passage?

1. Yes, but it is no longer in the Talmud, having been expurgated by order of the Jewish Synod of Jaroslav, Little Poland, in 1631. 2. Pliny the Younger (the nephew and adopted son of the Elder Pliny), is doubtless referred to here. He was a cultured pagan and was born in A.D. 61 or 62. He bore testimony concerning the Christians of Bithynia, in his letter to Emperor Trajan, written forty years after Paul's death, which deals almost wholly with the subject of Christ and Christianity. The principal passage, referring to some who had apostatized from the new faith, says: "They all worshiped your (Trajan's) image and the statues of the gods: these also reviled Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their fault or error lay in this—that they were wont to meet together and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ, as to God, and bind themselves by an oath not to the commission of any wickedness," etc. Pliny goes on to describe the religious customs of the Christians, and how after he had put two of them (two women servants in his house), to the torture, he discovered nothing "besides a bad and excessive superstition." He tells Trajan how the new faith has spread throughout the country, and suggests lenity and pardon to those who will abandon it and return to the pagan worship in the temples. This letter is considered one of the most valuable secular testimonies to the existence and character of Christianity in the first century.

Clara H., Aurora, Ont., Can. I do not know how nor when, I formed the habit of thinking (I fear I have inherited it) that because Christ was so very poor, I have no right either to be anything but poor. By riches, I mean possessions (honorably procured) of land, goods, money; by poverty, the lack of these things. Now, if you would be kind enough to tell me whether II. Cor. 8: 9, means that the poverty Christ lived in, here on earth, was the means to our riches, (riches as defined above) as well as spiritual riches, you will set at rest a whole world of anxiety in my mind.

If you will accustom yourself to regarding the possession of wealth as a sacred trusteeship, to be managed conscientiously for the glory of God and the good of humanity, you will find release from much of your anxiety. It is a tool with which you are to work, capital you are to utilize, not by hoarding or by selfish indulgence, but by wise, humane, beneficent methods, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth. The possession of means makes one a power either for good or evil; we must see to it that it is for good. This has no reference to "unrighteous riches," which are never justifiable and invariably brings a curse to the possessor. The passage in Corinthians means that Christ, for our sake, put off the majesty of heaven for the poverty of earth, and dwelt among men in order that they, through his sacrifice, might win eternal riches.

Mrs. E. P., Liberty, Neb. Would it be wise and right for a Protestant Christian man to marry a Catholic girl, each to retain their own faith, and neither willing to give up? Could there be any happiness in such a union?

Union with one of a different faith is apt to cause lasting regret. Even if the parents could agree to differ, there would be an impassable barrier between them, and a lack of that perfect sympathy and confidence which are essential to happy marriage. Perhaps the most serious trouble of all would arise in connection with the religious training of the children. Such marriages usually turn out very unhappily.

C. L. Stuart, New York, writes: "As a corollary to the answer in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, respecting Gotham, the following paragraph under that heading will appear in the new *Globe Encyclopedia*: *Gotham*, a Nottingham village, England, whose people, to avoid the expense of entertaining royalty, turned King John from building a castle there, by designedly stupid acts. Courtiers called it a village of fools, and, though the people said, 'more fools pass through than dwell in Gotham,' 'wise man of Gotham' became satirically synonymous with stupid. Irving called New Amsterdam (New York City under the Dutch), Gotham."

Here is a unique suggestion from a reader, in connection with the "Problem of the Poor."

C. O. C., Binghamton, N. Y. True charity is to help men to help themselves. The greatest hindrance to men in their struggle to gain homes and avocations, other than simple day-labor, is interest, called in the Bible, "usury." How many thousands there are, struggling to pay off the mortgages on their homes and farms, and who never will succeed. They do well if they pay the interest, and many cannot even do that. An object-lesson could be furnished to charitable capitalists, by the Christian Church. Supposing 10,000 men contribute $10 each, or, 100,000 $1 each, to a fund for this use. It is a small amount for each, but it would provide a comfortable home for 100 families, and I venture the prophecy that 99 per cent. of them would be paid for in twenty years, when the money would be available for the help of others.

Reader, Canmer, Ky. 1. What, when, and where was the Joint High Commission? 2. What, when, and where was the Joint Electoral Commission?

1. The Joint High Commission for the Settlement of the Alabama Claims; appointed by United States and Great Britain, 1871, met in Washington and Geneva same year. England paid the award ($15,000,000) in 1873, and the distribution was made in 1876. 2. The Joint Electoral Commission was appointed by Congress in 1877 to count the electoral vote in Presidential contest of 1876, which resulted in the seating of R. B. Hayes as President.

A. McL., Pittsburg, Pa. A friend contends that the ancients (and especially the heathen) spent sums far in excess of any modern expenditures in the equipment and decoration of their temples. Is there any foundation for such a statement?

We believe it is quite true. There is no means of knowing the extent of the Egyptian or Chaldean temple display, but it is recorded by Herodotus that the temple of Belus had ornaments, stones and shrines representing fabulous sums. On the top of this temple, Queen Semiramus placed three golden statues of Jupiter, Juno and Rhea, weighing 2,800 Babylonish talents of gold. These were enriched with sceptres of precious gems, and there were, besides, tables, goblets, censers, vases, and other vessels of great size, all of solid gold. The total value of this monarch's tribute to idolatry was estimated at $600,000,000.

Miss S. B., Canton, O. Is it a bad sign for a robin bird to come down the chimney, stay in the room all night and early next morning wake me with singing up over my head; then fly across the room, come and light on my bed and look at me within a foot of my face, and then fly to the window? When I went to get it it didn't resist me. I let it out of the window, and it turned and sang to me. This never happened before

Talk of "signs" is nonsense; but we should regard the incident in question as a very pretty and pleasing one. Naturalists write of many such instances of the tameness of birds. It may have been frightened, or lost its way. At all events it evidently felt safe and in the presence of a friend. There are some nature-lovers who possess a rare attraction for birds, and in whose presence the helpless little creatures show no fear, but perfect confidence.

TELLURIDE, COLO., THE CENTRE OF THE WESTERN LABOR WAR

THE town of Telluride has become noted because it is the principal centre of Colorado's "labor war," as it is termed. It is situated in a valley in the San Juan mining district, one of the most extensive producers of gold and silver in the West. For several months, Telluride has practically been an armed camp. The civil officials have in most cases been deposed, and the local government administered by the military. Most of the mines are on the hillside adjacent to the city, and as each has been provided with a strong guard to protect it from injury during the strike, and to protect the few non-union workmen, nearly a regiment has been on duty in and about the community. In the so-called "bull pen" at Telluride, has been confined Charles H. Moyer, the officer of the Western Federation of Miners, who is accused of being one of the principals in the labor difficulty. He was a prisoner there when the State authorities were recently ordered to produce him before the United States Court in St. Louis, and show cause why he should be held as a prisoner. The little city, also, has a reputation in the West for its snow-slides or avalanches. Located at the foot of some of the principal peaks of the Rockies, avalanches have several times overwhelmed buildings in the suburbs, burying scores of persons. In one disaster, over twenty were killed or fatally injured, while a large forest was completely destroyed by the force of the slide.

Miscellaneous

Robert F., Vesta, Minn Certainly not.

Abe L. W., Bristol, Tenn. We do not know it; but if you are in doubt about it, it is a very good plan to let it alone.

W. H. A., Troy, N. Y. Any kind of labor, except that which is of necessity or of mercy, is a desecration of the Lord's Day.

B. H. Hodgson, 200 Morton Street, East Liverpool, O., requests some reader to send him a copy of the poem, "Christ in the Garden."

M. F., Delaware, O. The words are pronounced *de-tro*, *fee-ong-say*, *mays-all-yangs*, *pa-say*, *sa-vwar-fare*, *par-lay*, *frong-say*.

T. E., Shamokin, Pa. Either the foreclosure of the satisfaction of a mortgage should be done by a lawyer, so that it may be in proper legal form.

C. M. K., Chester Springs, Pa. No, a mock trial is not a suitable programme to give in a church. It is in bad taste to make the Lord's House a vehicle for amusements of such a character.

Mildred C., Davis, Mich. A very proper and womanly sentiment is that conveyed in the poem referred to, viz.: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." We believe it is to be found in the collections of temperance songs.

H. C. T., Roma Lake, N. Y. All sins are an offence to God and all equally under condemnation, although all may not be equally heinous. Paul made this distinction; when referring to himself he said (I. Tim. 1: 15), "Of whom I am chief." There are depths of wickedness, as there are heights of spirituality.

N. D. M., Sylvania, Ala. 1. Never heard of it. 2. The "Murcheson letter" was received in October, 1888, by the British Minister at Washington, from Charles Murcheson, a naturalized citizen of England, asking how he should vote on the Presidential election, Blaine and Cleveland being the candidates. Lord Sackville West, the Minister, advised him to vote for Cleveland. Sackville West was recalled for his interference in American politics

NEW YORK JULY 6, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTING BUSINESS BY 'PHONE ON A PULLMAN CAR

HEARING THE SERMON IN HOSPITAL

TELEPHONING FROM THE CAB ON A MOVING TRAIN

PREACHING BY TELEPHONE

A Philadelphia Hospital Audience Hears the Service, and Joins in the Singing--Other Novel Uses of the Instrument

CLEARLY and sweetly the words of the famous old hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," came to the ears of the patients in the Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday. Dr. Russell Conwell had caused the hospital to be connected with the Baptist Temple by means of telephones. With megaphones strung in front of the pulpit, and receivers in the hospital wards, the singing of the splendid chorus and the words of the sermon were distinctly heard by the patients.

This idea came to Dr. Conwell while his daughter was a patient in one of the Philadelphia hospitals. At that time it was made possible for her to hear the services while they were being held in her father's church, by rigging up a temporary megaphone and telephone connection. The monotony of hospital life was so agreeably relieved by the innovation, that Dr. Conwell determined to carry the idea out on an elaborate scale. Following upon this successful experiment, telephones were placed in all the wards of the Samaritan Hospital, of which Dr. Conwell is the president, and a string of megaphones was hung in front of the platform at the church. For those patients who were too weak to hold the receiver to the ear, head attachments were provided, so that without the slightest exertion on their part, the services at the temple could be plainly heard. The voice of the preacher came strongly and clearly, every word being caught by the megaphones and carried to the delighted patients at the hospital. The singing to the accompaniment of the great organ was so realistically close that many joined involuntarily in the exercises, scarcely realizing that they were a long distance from the scenes of the services. Telephone communication with the hospital will be a regular feature of Dr. Conwell's services hereafter. Other hospitals will be connected with the church if the trustees should desire to do so. Another innovation in telephonic usage is the communication between conductor and engine-driver on moving trains, and the connecting of the train with business houses at stations where a temporary stop is made, so that passengers may talk to friends or customers without the necessity of leaving the train at all.

PREACHING BY TELEPHONE TO AN INVISIBLE AUDIENCE

Rev Dr. Conwell preaching through the Megaphone in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia. The Choir also sings through the Megaphone

This idea, tried as an experiment on a Western road, and successfully carried out during a recent trip of officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, promises to come into general use on the railroads of the country. Thus, a commercial traveler who has but a few connections in a small town, and thinks he can do better by going straight on to the next, but still desires to give his customers a chance to know of his presence on the train, can do so by having the car telephone switched on to their office 'phones, and talking to them freely. In this country of long journeys, it frequently happens that a business man remembers at the last moment that matters of importance have been overlooked which should be attended to before his return. Under existing conditions, this means a long interval of mental anxiety before the train stops at a telegraphic station, where the wire can be used to remedy the oversight.

With the telephonic apparatus on the train, the traveler can communicate with his office direct from the train at the first stopping-place. As a means of having a last word with friends and relatives, the train telephone will be a great boon. "Good-byes" may be said until the train moves out. It will be much more satisfactory to the railroad men than the good-by on the platform; for instead of beseeching appeals to the friends and relatives to make haste, the train men will merely sever the wire connection and the conversation must cease.

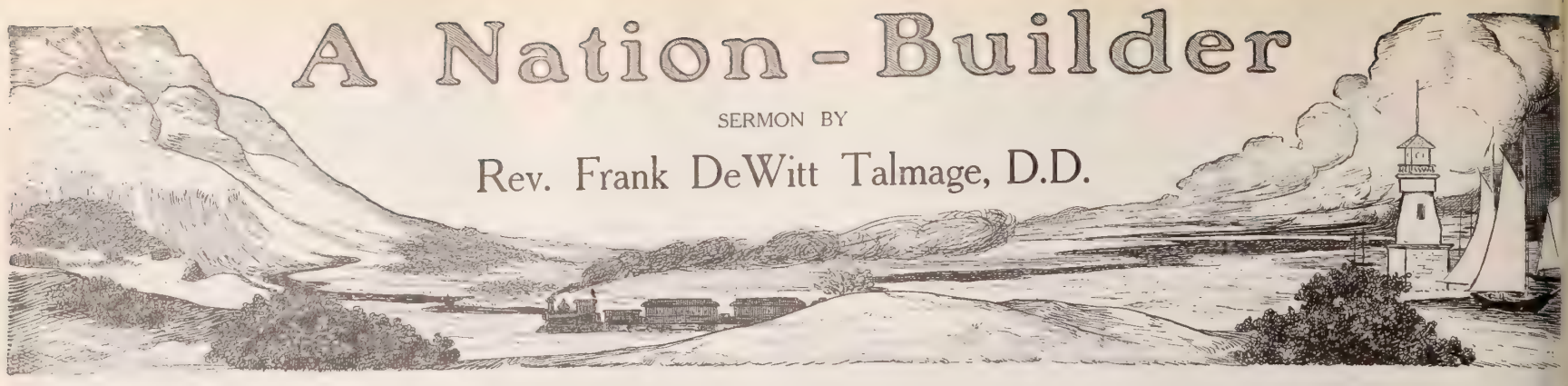
Still another new idea in telephone business is the calling of early toilers and those who wish to catch trains in the small hours. There is no alarm clock to beat the telephone, for it continues ringing until the sleepy one gets out of bed and silences it by removing the receiver from the hook. Then the operator knows that his duty is done and stops ringing. One of the telephone companies has found this branch of the business so profitable that a regular department has been organized for the express purpose of calling customers in the morning.

A telephone of the ordinary commercial kind is placed close by the bedside, and the simple process of "calling" is to keep ringing at the hour agreed, until the response shows that the alarm has served its purpose.

A Nation-Builder

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



EVERY Fourth of July it is the custom of patriotic speakers to eulogize the names of George Washington, and Samuel Adams, and James Otis, and Joseph Warren, and Patrick Henry, and DeWitt Clinton, and John Adams, and John Hancock, and Robert Morris, and Benjamin Franklin, and John Witherspoon, and Thomas Jefferson, and Nathaniel Green, and Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay. These were the mental giants who hewed out of the new world's quarries the titanic stones which became the foundation layers of our national government. But these were not the only men in those early days of our national history to whom we, as a people, are indebted. We ought to be careful lest the glory of those luminaries blinds us to the grandeur of character of patriots less conspicuous, whose courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice helped to establish our liberties, or to extend our opportunities. To-morrow we shall celebrate our national holiday; let me present to you to-day a name that ought to be familiar to us all, but which is seldom placed in the rank it ought to have on the roll of the nation's heroes. While we honor the men who cleared away the debris, and dug out the foundation stones of our national capital, let us spare, too, a few words of praise for a man to whose daring and perseverance it is due that at least one, if not several, stars were added to those that glitter on our national flag. I place my wreath of immortelles to-day on the grave of Marcus Whitman, who practically, single-handed, saved the States of Oregon and Washington to the Union. To the heroes of Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Yorktown we owe it that our Eastern shores are lapped by the waters of the Atlantic; to Marcus Whitman we owe it that we hold on our western shores the crystal gates of the Pacific.

A National Benefactor

Can America afford to forget its debt to this hero? Some few years ago, Richard S. Storrs, proved that it could not, in an address which he delivered before the American Historical Society of Brooklyn, with the title, "The Contributions of Three Uncelebrated Men to the Development of the United States." The first name Doctor Storrs chose was that of Eleazar Wheelock, an humble minister, who founded Dartmouth College, the intellectual cradle of a Webster, a Choate, a Chase, and a George Ticknor. The second hero's name was Manasseh Cutler, through whose godly consecration and patriotic zeal, the reproach of negro servitude never obtained a foothold on the Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan or Wisconsin soils. The third hero whom Dr. Storrs eulogized in that remarkable speech, was Marcus Whitman, who is the inspiration of this anniversary discourse. From Dr. Storrs I learned how grand, how noble, how patriotic was this early pioneer, and as I studied his life for myself, I realized how inspiring were the lessons of that wonderful career. Let us consider some of them this morning, and may our study lead us all to become better citizens, ever ready at any cost to ourselves, to serve the highest interests of our beloved country.

How did Marcus Whitman save Oregon to the United States? First, by heeding the Macedonian Gospel cry of helplessness. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, he obeyed the direct summons which came to him in the voice of many thunderings to carry Christ's message of salvation, unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Marcus Whitman and Samuel Parker dared cross the American continent, because, from the far off Willamette Valley, came the story of the bitter need there was for the Gospel of peace to be preached to the Indian war chiefs, with scalping knives and tomahawks at belts, who, by their actions said: "We need the white man's Book of Heaven; we need the white man's Christ."

To describe how that Macedonian cry of helplessness came to Marcus Whitman, let me transplant you in imagination, back to the little frontier town of St. Louis, Missouri, and, like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz, turn back time until the year of 1832. St. Louis, at that time had a population of only a few thousand. There the gambling dens and the dance halls, and the low variety shows were in full blast. There were collected many of the dissolute characters, which, always as Satanic emissaries, infest every frontier town with a leprous, immoral infection. We will suppose, in order to make the wild, weird scene we are about to describe more vivid, that the old Indian fighter and territorial governor, up to 1821, and the United States Superintendent of the Indians, from 1821 to 1838, General William Clark, is spending a social evening with two of his old friends, who followed Lewis and himself on their famous journey of the far Northwest. Suddenly, a messenger raps at the door. In answer to the gruff call, "Come in," there enter four Flathead Indians. Two of them are aged warriors; two young stalwart braves. "Where are you from my men?" asked the general, eying them from head to foot. "From the murmuring waters of the Columbia? Impossible. From the Pacific shores? Nay, nay, that cannot be. For what did you come? For the white man's Book of Heaven? What, didst thou have to travel 3,000 miles to hunt up the white man's Book of Heaven, when the representatives of the Hudson Bay Company have for years been buying your furs?" "Yes," answered the Nez Perces Indians. "We have come three thousand miles for the white man's 'Book of Heaven.' Will you give it us?" But though the three wise men coming to seek the New-born King in the Jerusalem Capital never made more stir than did the four Flathead Indians, coming to find the white man's Christ in the Missouri frontier town of 1832; yet even there in that St. Louis frontier town, they could not find the white man's Book of Heaven. These Flathead Indians found there the white man's sins, but not the white man's God.

Disappointed Indians

Let me now read to you the strangest valedictory ever given at any place. The two older Indians, who came on this mission of seeking the white man's God, had died. When the two younger braves were about to depart for their own far-away wigwams, one of them, in Indian eloquence, spake these words, which were published in the little frontier paper of that time: "I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people who sit in darkness? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep by your great water and wigwam. They were tried in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of the Good Spirit and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people after one more moon in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men, or by our young braves. One by one, they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in the darkness and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book, to make the way plain. I have no more words."

A Missionary Pioneer

It was the publication of these words copied in the Eastern newspapers, that made Marcus Whitman heed the call of the Nez Perces Indians. It was the publication of these words that nerved Whitman to consecrate all his life to giving the Flathead Indians the white man's "Book of Life." It was that resolve to go in the name of Christ to the far Northwest, which made it possible for Marcus Whitman to save Oregon to the Union. Oh, my brothers and sisters, shall we not heed the call of Christ whenever and wherever it comes, as Marcus Whitman answered Christ's call to the Willamette Valley? Shall we not say as did Whitman, "Lead, thou King of kings. And wherever thou leadest there may I be found ready to do the duty nearest at hand no matter what that duty may be." Marcus Whitman did not go to the banks of the Columbia to save Oregon for the Union. He went to the Northwest save the red men for Christ. When God calls us one sphere of work, he will always open for us oth spheres of labor, if we will only obey his first call, whi says, "Come! Come! Come now."

A Christian Patriot

But Marcus Whitman was a statesman, as well as humble Gospel missionary. Like Livingstone in Afric he saw how much could be done in that land by t resources of civilization. His prophetic gaze travel on through the centuries, and he longed to have that fa region under Christian influences and prospering und the white man's skill and industry. He could hear t tramp of the oncoming generations, as well as t creaking of his cart wheels by his side. Therefo when Marcus Whitman, on the famous Fourth of Jul 1836, with his young bride, spread the blankets up the top of the Rocky Mountains, with Mount Hood a Mount Jefferson standing afar off as guarding sentine and dedicated that Western soil to God and his nati land, like Paul, he was surrounded by a great cloud witnesses. In inspired vision, he could see the farme of 1904, planting their seeds in those valleys. He cou see those mighty forests changed into homes, and fa tories and stores and libraries and schools and churche He could hear the singing of the mowing machines a see the white-winged ships like great sea-gulls floati in those harbors. And as Columbus took possession the New World in the names of Ferdinand and Isabell who fitted out his small fleet, Marcus Whitman de cated this Western soil to his two masters: to his G and to his United States Government.

He dedicated this Western soil in spite of the fa that all that could be said to discourage settlers, h been said in calumnious disparagement. The Hudso Bay Company wanted it left in the undisturbed posse sion of the wild animals whose skins they were turni into gold. They wanted it for a perpetual hunti ground. Therefore, they declared it to be a land barr by impassable ranges of mountains; a land of undrai able morasses, pestilential and malarial, unfit for t residence of white men; a land given up to barbaris and Indian savagery. So persistent were the falsehoo disseminated by these greedy, selfish capitalists, th before Marcus Whitman's advent, Oregon had be lying like the capstone of the Jerusalem Temple, whi the builders rejected, but which afterwards became t chief of the corner.

An Unappreciated Treasure

Why, so useless was this Oregon region considered 1842, that Daniel Webster, then premier of Preside Tyler's Cabinet, was willing to barter off to Lord As burton the whole of the far Northwest for a few priv eges for the American sailors to fish for cod off t banks of Newfoundland. A few years before this, prove his utter ignorance of the intrinsic value of th land of the Northwest, Daniel Webster, then the mo powerful member of the United States Senate, unco troverted by Clay and Calhoun and Benton, made th astounding speech: "What do we want with this va worthless area, this region of savages and wild beas of deserts, of shifting sands, and whirlwinds of dust, cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ev hope to put these great deserts, or these great mounta ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base wi eternal snows? What can we ever hope to do with t Western coast of 3,000 miles, rock-bound, cheerless, a uninteresting, and not a harbor on it? What use ha we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vo one cent from the public treasury to place the Paci Coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now." Ah, m Am I going beyond my right in declaring that Marc Whitman, kneeling upon the top of the Rocky Mountai on the Fourth of July, 1836, and taking possession of th Western coast for God and the United States, was inspired statesman? Am I wrong in stating that a m to be a good Christian missionary should be a nob Christian patriot also?

But Marcus Whitman had more than inspired visi and opened ears. He had a consecrated, noble Chr tian heart, as well as a clear brain. He was a Gosp missionary, who was ready, if necessary, to die, if, h his death, he could only accomplish the work whi God had given him to do. In order to save Oregon f the Union, in midwinter, alone, he rode straight acro this continent. He defied the warning elements as w as savage tribes; the terrors of the snows, and the p cipices, and the colds, as well as the Indian tomahawk

But as I take a step further in my study of t

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* Text: Matthew 21: 42, "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

remarkable nation-builder, I find, as with Marcus Whitman, the greatest of men are always the gentlest of men. Furthermore, I find that the seemingly unimportant incidents of their lives, which they did out of the pureness and nobility of their hearts, have sometimes had the most far-reaching effects in their ultimate triumphs.

Not only do we admire Marcus Whitman as a patriot and a hero, but as a lover and a husband, and it is a remarkable fact that his public success was in no small degree due to the qualities he displayed in his private life. Do you ask how the one could contribute to the other? I answer, by rapidly drawing three verbal pictures. Scene the first: We are now standing in the little village church of Prattsburg, in the central part of New York State. It is in the winter of 1836. February is the month. A rather short, heavily built man of reddish hair and beard, with determination marked upon every lineament of his face, is the bridegroom. Dr. Marcus Whitman is his name. A sweet-faced young lady, Narcissa Prentiss, daughter of Judge Prentiss, is the bride. In the presence of their village friends, the young couple become one. The congratulations are spoken. The words of farewell are now said. The bride and groom turn their faces West and the long bridal trip of three thousand miles commenced.

Scene the second: We are now at the frontier station of Fort Laramie, of the Platte River. The little caravan of transcontinental travelers are here told that they must unload their wagons and strap all their goods upon pack mules and horses. No wagon had ever yet crossed the mountains and no wagon could. Up to this year no white woman had ever crossed the Continent. There were two brides in that party. The one was the young wife of Marcus Whitman. The other was the bride of his missionary associate, Rev. Samuel Parker by name. "I tell you that wagon cannot go through," I hear one of the rough members of the caravan say. I now see a set look upon the face of Dr. Whitman. His jaws snap shut with the grip of a steel trap. Then a glint comes into his eye as he says, "But I tell you that wagon will go through. These ladies, my wife and Mrs. Parker, must not be compelled to ride horseback all that way." A muttered oath comes from the lips of the rough man at the fort, as he says, "All right. We will try to pull it through." And pull and push and lift that wagon through, those men did. They dragged it over the mountains and across the prairies to lighten the journey of two young women, who, as brides, accompanied their husbands to far-off missionary fields.

Scene the third. It is the year 1843. We are now standing in the White House of our National Capital. The President of the United States is John Tyler. He is smooth-faced, tall and spare of frame. The second member of this notable group has a huge, massive body, a leonine face. He is one with looks expressive of the description given by a famous English jurist: "He is the most magnificent physical as well as mental specimen of his day and generation." He is the questioner. He is Daniel Webster. The third member of the group looks like a rough mountaineer. He is clad in skins. His hair is uncut. But he is one of the immortals of his day. He is Marcus Whitman.

As we stand in the corner of the room I see a strange scene. Tyler and Webster, the two leaders of the American Government, are being driven back and back from their old positions of statecraft by this seemingly-untutored man of the backwoods. "Bah," exclaims Daniel Webster with scorn, "what is the use of Oregon to the Union? That land is wholly inaccessible. A wagon road could never be built across those mountains." Then as Richelieu turned upon his king, I see Whitman turn, and hear him triumphantly say: "Mr. Secretary, that is a grand mistake that has been made by listening to interested persons. Six years ago I was told that there was no wagon road to Oregon, and it was impossible to take a wagon there; and yet in spite of pleadings and almost threats, I took a wagon over that road, and have it now." "Is that so," said Webster, "then Oregon must be saved to the Union." And so I find in these few words that the devotion which Marcus Whitman gave to his wife by compelling the men to carry his wagon over the Rocky Mountains, was one of the mighty means of helping to save Oregon to the Union. It proved that the far Northwest and the East were not separated by impassable barriers. And it furthermore proved that all men's greatest and truest successes are always dependent upon their faithfulness in the common duties of ordinary life. Marcus Whitman's love for his country is to-day associated with the pure love which he bore Narcissa Prentiss. The true successes by which we will be able perhaps to do some great act for our country, will be dependent upon how we fulfil the little duties of every-day domestic existence.

How shall we close this Fourth of July eulogy upon a great nation-builder and the saviour of the far Northwest? Like Abraham Lincoln, God took him away to his heavenly reward as soon as that work was done. The Indians, whom he came to save, incited to bitterness by the baffled foreigners, killed this noble man and his noble wife. At Walla Walla their bodies lie buried. May our lives be devoted, patriotic lives, as were those of Marcus Whitman and Narcissa Whitman. May our deaths, like theirs, be a heavenly translation. And may our neighbors, as did theirs, feel the world is better, not only because we have lived for our country but also for our God.

You know the rest. In the book you have read,
That the British were not a year ahead;
The United States have kept Oregon,
Because of one, Marcus Whitman. He
Rode eight thousand miles and was not too late,
In his single hand not a nation's fate
Perhaps: but a gift for the nation she,
Would hardly part with to-day, if we
May believe what the papers say upon
This great Northwest that was Oregon.

And Whitman! Ah, my children, he
And his wife sleep now in a martyr's grave
Murdered! Murdered, both he and she,
By the Indian souls they went West to save.

Such is the tragic story of the life's work of the great nation-builder, Marcus Whitman. He was the missionary of 1836—the Christian patriot of 1842—the martyr of 1847.

Heavy Fighting in the Far East

AS was stated in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, the battle at Telissu (or Vafangow), between the forces of Gen. Oku and the Russian Army sent to the relief of Port Arthur, resulted disastrously to the Russians. It proved to be the bloodiest engagement of the war, thus far, the losses exceeding those of the battle at the Yalu and that at Feng-wang-cheng. On June 15, Gen. Stakelberg advanced on the Japanese position, for the purpose of driving back Oku's army and forcing a passage southward. The theatre of battle was a hill country, and the fighting, while it was very largely an artillery affair, was marked by many desperate infantry charges up bullet-swept heights. In one of these charges, the Russians had to cross a stretch of open land between two small hills and two shallow valleys. The Japanese concentrated a deadly fire as soon as the Russians reached the open. The Russians rushed from point to point, dropping and firing, until they gained a hill, where they halted. The Japanese threw shrapnel over the hill with deadly effect. Some squadrons had every officer killed and half their men wounded. The Sixth Company of the Third Russian Regiment got to within twenty paces of the Japanese intrenchments. They lost all their officers and half of their men. The battle now became a hand-to-hand fight with stones and rifle-butts, and the remainder of the Russians, taking advantage of this, gained a neighboring ravine, but were unable to hold it in the face of the hail of shrapnel from the Japanese batteries.

RUSSIAN TROOPS PRAYING BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE

The Japanese heavy guns silenced the Russian artillery. Thirteen Russian guns were smashed to atoms, the horses killed, and a majority of the gunners killed or wounded. The guns were literally shot to pieces. The remainder of the artillery retired to Vafangow.

The Japanese then delivered their main attack against the Russian centre and right flank. Two regiments rushed to the assistance of the Russians. They rolled back the Japanese advance, but Gen. Oku poured in fresh troops, regiment after regiment. The Russian commander saw he was being enveloped, and retired. An hour later (at 6 P.M.), the Russian position was occupied by the Japanese, after a nine hours' battle.

There are many different estimates of the losses at Telissu. *The Jiji*, a leading Tokio journal, asserts that 15,000 Russians were killed or wounded. St. Petersburg despatches conservatively place the losses at 4,000, while in other well-informed quarters it is stated at 6,500. The Japanese lost in killed and wounded 2,000. They took 300 prisoners, and buried 900 of the enemy's dead, left on the field.

On June 22, it was reported that there had been a series of skirmishes between Hai-cheng and Kai-ping, in which the Russians and Japanese both lost heavily.

Admiral Skrydloff, after the raid in the Corean strait (mentioned last week), during which he sunk three Japanese transports, succeeded in returning safely to Vladivostok, his fleet having outmanœuvred Admiral Kanumura's Japanese squadron, which was chasing the Russian warships.

Port Arthur still holds out, the Japanese being apparently not yet fully prepared for an attack in force, Hector Fuller, the war correspondent of the Chicago *News*, who managed to gain entrance to Port Arthur, has cabled to that Journal from Chefoo, an account of the condition of affairs in the besieged fortress. He writes:

I landed at daybreak on the morning of June 10, without detection. I could see that every hilltop near the shore was alive with soldiers, busily engaged in strengthening the already formidable fortifications, which occupied every point of vantage.

So the next day I set out on my return to Louisa Bay. I had not proceeded far from this village when I came upon a small party of sappers. In order to avoid them I made a dash up a hill, only to run into another regiment engaged in digging entrenchments. Instantly I was surrounded. The officer in command detailed a guard to take me to Pigeon Bay. There I was searched, stripped to the skin, and all my garments subjected to the closest scrutiny. My money was taken, and all the papers in my possession were examined. I was blindfolded and marched to Port Arthur. In spite of the bandage over my eyes, I was able to note that the road is of admirable construction, along which troops and artillery could move easily and rapidly.

Port Arthur was full of life and gayety, quite out of keeping with the stories of distress that had reached Che-Foo. Indeed, nothing of this sort was observed. There seemed to be an abundance of supplies, and fresh supplies were coming in from Chinese sources. The Japanese blockade has not been effective. The harbor entrance has been freed of obstructions, the battleships have been repainted, and the fortifications are constantly being made stronger. The garrison is larger than outside information had led me to believe. The troops are in excellent condition, and the general health conditions of the city are good. There seemed to be no fear that the city was likely soon to fall.

That night the city was lively, as the officers were giving a ball. After examination I was lodged in prison, directly opposite Golden Hill. From the window of my cell I had a good view of the inner bay, and could see distinctly the repaired battleships lying at anchor. In the same prison were confined one hundred Japanese, captured from the blockading expedition. Several had become insane.

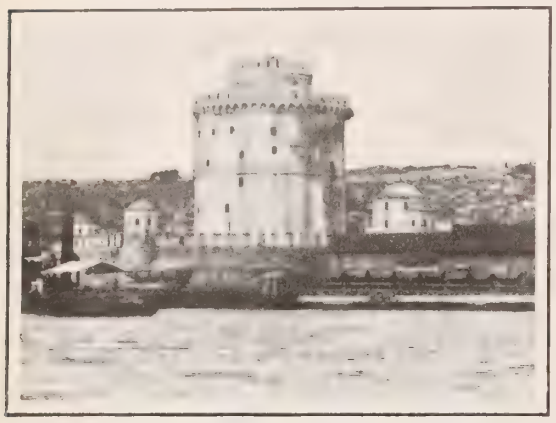
After five days in prison, I was taken before the Commander-in-Chief. I made a straightforward statement of my purpose in seeking to penetrate the Russian lines, and gave a detailed account of my trip. At last he was convinced of my good faith. He said: "You Americans must be crazy." Gen. Stoessel decided that I was to be allowed to leave Port Arthur on condition that I promise never to return. I was sent away then on a junk along with a host of Chinese. On the whole, while I was in the hands of the Russians I was kindly treated.

THE FIRST BUILDING ON THE FARM

SOME OF MR. HOUSE'S ORPHAN CHARGES

THE FARMHOUSE NEAR SALONICA

An Industrial Experiment in Turkey



THE "WHITE TOWER" OR CITADEL OF SALONICA

NEAR the ancient city of Thessalonica, now called Salonica, are beginnings of a Christian Agricultural and Industrial Institute. Fifty-two acres of land have been purchased for its site, about five miles to the southeast of the city, on rising ground, a few minutes' walk from the sea. It overlooks a scene of entrancing beauty—a spur of the Thermaic or Thessalonian Bay—and beyond, on the opposite shore, rises Mt. Olympus, the mythical home of Zeus and the ancient Greek gods.

Every foot of the land purchased is tillable, and especially good for wheat and the vine. The land lies in one of the most healthful portions of the suburban districts. An artesian well, some 275 feet deep, furnishes excellent drinking water. Eighteen months ago, the site was bare of trees or buildings. The first building erected was a little shanty for the aged caretaker. At one side of the building he put up a chimney, which furnished an open fireplace, and in the fresh mortar he wrote, practically the words, "The American School," in Greek letters. Now the little shanty has given place to a well-built farmhouse of adobe brick, consisting of one story and a basement, and measuring 37 feet x 20 feet. Adjoining it is a barn 30 feet x 20 feet, and a brick oven for baking bread. These buildings were built under the direction of Mr. Gratchauoff, one of our pastors, who had received instruction in carpentry in the Industrial Department of the Collegiate and Theological Institute, Samokov, Bulgaria. In charge of the buildings are a Bulgarian farmer and his wife, both sincere evangelical Christians. Under their care and that of a native teacher have been placed ten of the older orphans, for whom and the other Macedonian sufferers the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have so generously contributed. The younger orphans have been left in Monastir.

Upon the farm there are now two yoke of oxen, a horse, a donkey, and some simple farm implements. Four hundred and twenty-two mulberry trees have been planted for silk culture, and fourteen or fifteen acres are under culture, the growing crops comprising oats, Indian corn, vetch, water and muskmelons, potatoes, alfalfa, and garden vegetables. These are the humble beginnings of the Institute. Something like $1,000 must have been spent, but all has been done without debt.

It is the idea of the founder to have, in a simple way, something like Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., always keeping in mind those trades and industries which are suited to the country, such as agriculture, carpentry, blacksmithing, silk culture, pottery and others. The need of industrial education is of the most imperative nature to our Christian communities. The prevailing opinion is that all agricultural and industrial labor is menial. In order that one may belong to the "intelligentia," one must get away from the farm and the trades. Some years ago a prime minister of Bulgaria said to the writer: "We shall have 400 graduates from our gymnasia this year and we do not know what to do with them. They all want office or employment under the government. They are the ones who make the government trouble." Among our Christian communities we feel that we must, by all means, counteract these baneful ideas, by showing in our school the true nobility of labor. This we believe is the true missionary education. It will bring to the young men self-respect as they labor for what they receive, and will hasten on the day of self-support in missions. Model Christian farmers and laborers at the trades will furnish an unanswerable argument for the missionary work.

We must have for our Institute two Americans skilled along these lines, and native assistants who will be in training for the skilled teachers of the future. We need, also, buildings and their furnishings for teachers, scholars and the work. We believe your readers will recognize here the fine opportunity of doing permanent missionary work in this institution, not only for the orphans already under our care but for all our Christian village boys, and thus help us in leading them to the life of self-respect, thrift and true Christian civilization.

(REV.) A. HOUSE.

Hastings-on-Hudson, New York.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF SALONICA, FROM THE SEA

The Glorious Fourth at Mont-Lawn

THE "Fourth" is always a red-letter day at Mont-Lawn, and the enthusiasm of the children is something delightful to witness. For days previous, they have been coming in groups of twenty-five and fifty, until the capacity of the "Home" is taxed to the utmost. The programme for the celebration is always such as children love, including good things to eat, games and frolics out of doors, and fireworks as soon as dusk appears. The main building and its surroundings are trimmed with the National colors, and beautiful flags float from different points of the spacious grounds. The Abigail Mission Kindergarten Band, which goes up early, when the Home is first opened, is a very enjoyable feature of Independence Day, and it never tires playing the martial airs, suitable for the occasion. The music of this band awakens the greatest enthusiasm among the children, as they listen to the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and "The Star Spangled Banner."

As usual, there were a number of visitors to the Home, who seemed scarcely less happy than the little folks, whose joyousness is contagious. Could the kind readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have made this outing possible, see for themselves the beautiful place in its gala attire; if they could hear the joyous voices of the little ones, as with pale faces alight, they dance and skip about the winding walks and spacious lawns and playgrounds, we are sure that the givers would feel doubly blest in the giving.

When dinner hour comes, at tap of drum how the children scamper to fall in line for the march to the great outdoor dining-room, where, sheltered from the sun's rays they do ample justice to a bountiful meal. There are always after-dinner speeches to which the children listen with the greatest attention, especially to the kindly words of Dr. Klopsch, who is in his happiest vein when speaking to the little ones, whom he so dearly loves.

Of course there is nothing to quite equal the fireworks display, in the estimation of the children, and the 1904 exhibition aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the tiny spectators who watch with delight the brilliant rockets and set-pieces which are set off in turn. When night has settled down, the outline of the hills grows sharp and dark against the starry sky, the river flowing softly by reflects the lights along either shore, and the tired little revelers in their white beds, sleep the dreamless sleep of childhood. Good-byes are said by departing guests, and the quiet night reigns over all at Mont-Lawn.

THE ABIGAIL MISSION KINDERGARTEN BAND

How Grandfather Pettingill Celebrated

By SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

"On with your holiday rig, and come along," he cried

GRANDFATHER PETTINGILL opened the big farmyard gate and stood patiently waiting for the gray team and surrey to pass through. It was very early in the morning, for the sun was just making his appearance over the eastern hills, painting the sky in splendor, but Grandfather Pettingill's son John, Mrs. John, little Miss Carolyn and Master Horace, were going to the very grandest Fourth of July celebration ever held in Cameron, some twelve miles away, and they had planned to get an early start.

As the carriage rolled through, Mrs John called out in her shrill, rasping tones: "Now, Grandad, don't go to napping and forget to look after the chickens. I wouldn't have them get into my flowers for a pretty penny. There isn't much for you to do, so you can just sit and watch them. The cream's in the churn all ready; it won't take long to bring the butter, but mind you, work it well and get all the buttermilk out. Your dinner's on the pantry shelf. There's a piece of pie and some jelly in a glass for your bread. I didn't get up any extra fixings, seeing we were going away. I knew you didn't care what you ate so there was plenty of it."

"And I wish you'd just fill up the trough with water for the stock, father," said Mr. John, checking the grays a moment. "I hadn't time to see to that. And you might look after the garden a bit, seeing you like to putter around. It needs weeding the worst way."

"And, Grandad, don't you dare forget my canary," interposed little Miss Carolyn pertly; "I couldn't tend to him, and he hasn't a mite of seed nor a drop of water."

Grandfather Pettingill's face twitched and he laid his hand on the carriage wheel detainingly.

"I wish you'd stop and take Mary Ann and the boy along, John," he said anxiously. "It's long since they had a bit of pleasure, and they live a hard life, a hard life."

"My goodness, Grandad, have you taken leave of your senses?" exclaimed Mrs. John, with an ill-concealed sneer. "The very idea of our stopping for Mary Ann and Ross! Why, it would take us full half a mile out of our way, for one thing, and then we should have to wait for them to get ready. Such nonsense! You know very well that Mary Ann has no time for pleasuring, as she has her living to make. If I was in her place I'd want to put in my time, even on the Fourth. It is a good way to celebrate, anyway—working to keep independent of one's friends." And Mrs. John Pettingill laughed; a biting, sarcastic laugh, that made Grandfather shrink sensitively away. Still, he ventured to argue the case.

"Mary Ann is extremely quick; it wouldn't take her ten minutes to get ready," he said, clasping his old hands together nervously in a pathetic way. "And the boy is no trouble, no trouble at all. You know you said yourself, John, that the boy was no trouble."

"No trouble!" repeated little Miss Carolyn scornfully; "I'd like to know what you call being crowded to pieces, Grandad. There isn't a speck of room for them. I should think you might see that without being told. With Horace and papa in front, and mamma and me behind, where is the room, I should like to know? Besides, Aunt Mary Ann looks so queer; she hasn't anything fit to wear, and it would mortify us to death to take her and Ross to Cameron." And Carolyn smoothed her frills and ribbons with an air of conscious pride.

"Tut, daughter!" said Mr. John, in a voice of the mildest reproof, gathering up the reins; "however, father, I guess we'd better leave them at home this time. It's a goodly distance, and going to be hot, and there's load enough for the horses as it is. You may as well turn the brown mare out in the lower lot, as there's nobody to use her. And it isn't at all likely we'll get home until after night, so you had better get the milking and other chores done."

Away rolled the rubber-tired carriage swiftly down the long stretch of road, which looked in the morning sun like a long white line, and after it went the old man's eyes, with enough sorrow in them to break one's heart.

"I don't so much care how they treat me," he murmured to himself, as, with drooping head, and a cloud on his fine old face, he finally closed the big gate, and walked listlessly away in the direction of the barn. "I've got kind of used of being given the go-by, and it doesn't so much matter, as I'm pretty nearly through life in this world anyway. Sixty-nine is but a step or two this side the grave. But Mary Ann—to have her and her boy slighted, that sticks!"

He sat down upon a pile of lumber in the barnyard, and looked slowly and thoughtfully about him. Three years had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of that once beautiful and shady old place. The grass used to be thick and green and smooth as a carpet; the barn itself, the perfection of neatness, with well-swept floor, every tool in the shed in order, the machinery all housed and cared for, and an air of thrift and comfort pervading everything; now the soft turf had been rooted and torn by the hogs and calves and colts; the shade trees, so many of them, had been ruthlessly cut down and their stumps half burned; the yard was littered with lumber, old rails, tin cans, broken glass, and a little of everything; the barn-floor was piled full of barrels and boxes and tools out of place; the shed was a sight painful to orderly eyes, and the splendid mowing machine and reaper were left out in the weather, to rust and decay.

The old man sighed heavily. John had proved a miserable farmer and a cruel disappointment, and Mrs. John was a veritable "thorn in the flesh." He had never intended to be taken possession of and subjugated by them as he had been. But when they came to him, it was at a time when his heart was stricken and in want of sympathy, and his hold on life weakened by the sudden death of his beloved wife; and when they had offered to close up their affairs in the way of business and housekeeping in the city and established themselves with him upon the farm, he had acquiesced without much thought or care about the matter, except that it was kind in them to think of caring for him in his trouble and loneliness. It did not take them long, however, to make themselves master and mistress, not only of the farm, but also of him, and to so insinuate themselves into his affairs, especially his finances, that he could not rid himself of them without open rupture and bitter resentment; and as the old man was of a most peaceful disposition and abominated family discords, and as he could not bear that his friends and neighbors, who thought it "wonderfully good and unselfish for John and his wife to leave their own home to come out in the country just to look after him," to find out the wretched truth, he chose to keep still rather than to speak and assert his rights. So he allowed himself to be set aside and snubbed and treated disrespectfully by Mrs. John and the children, and looked on with a weary, sinking heart at the ruthless changes made in house and furniture and everything about the place; the extravagance and waste and pitiless destruction, and made no protest at being treated as if he were a dependent old parent without a penny in the world, instead of the owner of a prosperous farm of more than two hundred acres.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" cried Mrs. John

But when Mary Ann, the daughter of his second marriage, John being the son of the first, returned from the far West, widowed, with a lovely boy of nine or ten years, the aspect of things changed. The old man made a vigorous struggle to restore things to a proper basis, and make an amicable settlement, but John and Mrs. John did not look upon Mary Ann and her boy with a friendly eye at all, and tightened their grip upon his possessions, and grew daily more arrogant as they felt an increase of power, so that Grandfather Pettingill found innumerable hindrances to every plan made for his daughter's comfort. More than two years reckless extravagance had involved him in many grievous money troubles, also, so that he was greatly handicapped, but he managed to settle his daughter in a cottage belonging to him in the village of Hamilton, two miles away, where she cheerily set to work as a dressmaker to make her living, to the old man's great distress.

"And I with a home and plenty to give her, if everything wasn't tied up in this knot," he would lament, twenty times a day. "She is the one who ought to keep my house for me, and bear me company. I could be happy and care-free with her—my own old independent self; but they've got me into this snare and they mean to keep me there and get out of me all I've got, and it looks like they were going to do it, for I haven't got the spirit of a mouse any more. I'm that mean-feeling, and that crushed and ashamed that I can't look folks square in the face any more." He picked off a pine splinter from the pile of lumber, and chewed it thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't have believed that anyone could make such a child of me," he went on musingly. "Independence Day, and I, a man of means, treated as having no rights, and I keep mum. I just keep mum, so as to have peace and keep the world from knowing what a contemptible son I have. These things are hard to bear; it all hurts worse on the Fourth than any other day, too. If I could think out a way—if I could get up the grit—if Mary Ann and the boy—." Here he paused, and the sun climbed higher and grew hotter as he sat and thought while he chewed his pine stick.

Suddenly he rose, and the bent shoulders straightened and the faded eyes kindled with renewed youth. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed; "I'll do it, no matter what comes. It's got to be done sooner or later, and it may as well be to-day and now." And away he strode with the energy and vigor of a man of forty.

He pumped the big trough full of water for the stock, and fed the canary, but the cream was left standing in the churn and the garden unweeded, and the chickens held high carnival in the flower-beds, while he arrayed himself in his best clothes, locked up the house, and, instead of turning the brown mare out in the lower lot, hitched her to the little wagon and drove toward Hamilton at a good round pace. He looked as he had not once since the death of his wife. His head was erect; there was a smile on his face, and an air of resolution to his whole man to which he had been a stranger. When he reached his daughter's neat little house he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 589

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Is Peace a "Child's Dream"?

THAT was a very remarkable statement to which ex-Governor Frank S. Black, of New York, one of the leading orators at Chicago, gave utterance, a few days ago. In striking phrases, he drew a bold picture of the war spirit of the world to-day. He said:

The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial authem, and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray, but peace will come here to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men.

This sounds more like a paragraph from some pagan orator than the language of a public speaker in our enlightened age. Brilliantly eloquent, and, true in part, it is yet wholly sophistical. War is no longer regarded among the civilized peoples as a desirable thing, but is rather mourned as a calamity. Mankind has at last begun to recognize the fundamental truth that no principle is ever settled by violence, and that there is no difference or dispute between nations which is incapable of being adjusted by reasonable process, under international law and without resort to war.

"War is hell!" Sherman's famous characterization, and its counterpart by Grant, "Let us have peace," found an approving echo in the heart of every thoughtful American. The peace-lover is neither coward nor poltroon; he is perhaps the truer patriot, who labors not to involve his country in quarrels but to honorably preserve its peace and its material happiness, by employing the divine gift of reason instead of rushing into violence. For war is not only ruinous in a material sense, it is the complete subversion of the moral sense, the triumph of the brute nature over the intelligent mind and the sympathetic heart. It is the reversion of man to the old conditions, when society was based upon the logic of force alone. It is harking back to barbarism.

In one of the national galleries abroad, there is a famous picture—"The Conquerors." In the foreground, over a broad highway, are seen advancing a company of figures on horseback. A closer view reveals the features of nearly all of the world's great warriors, whose glorious deeds have thrilled the ages. But their faces are sad beyond expression, and as we follow the direction of their gaze, we see that the plains on either side of the gray highway are lined with an innumerable host of the sheeted dead. Such is the history of military glory throughout all time. "The two saddest things in the world," sighed Wellington, "are a battle lost and a battle won."

We do not believe there are many who indulge in "the child's dream" of peace, to the extent of anticipating an early fulfilment of the universal hope. But all things point to its ultimate realization. And we believe our people, in common with the whole human race, cherish that universal longing for peace which the prophet Isaiah foretold, which seers, philosophers, philanthropists, statesmen, and even parliaments and congresses have foreshadowed, and toward which mankind is steadily and hopefully marching.

Sabbath Observance

FEW questions of conduct occasion more doubt and difficulty than that of the observance of the Lord's Day. Is it right to do this or that on the day? Is it sinful to perform certain duties, or to indulge in certain recreations on the day? are questions continually asked, and to which very varied answers are given. The reason is, that in the New Testament no definite manner of observing the day is prescribed. The Jew knew exactly what was, and what was not, permissible on the Sabbath, and the law laid down in the old Testament was so fully and minutely elaborated by the Scribes, that there was scarcely any act, personal or domestic, that was not duly labeled and assigned to one category or the other. But under the new dispensation, the Christian passed from law to grace, and with his greater liberty came increased responsibility. The Christian in this, as in other matters, is put on his honor, and is no longer tied and bound by minute rules.

As Christ showed, when discussing another commandment, this freedom entailed a higher rule of life than the law could ever produce. In the particular instance he was dealing with, he pointed out that the righteousness of the Christian must exceed even that of the Scribes and Pharisees. With them it was sufficient if they refrained from overt violations of the law, but the Christian was recreant to his duty, if, while he did not commit the actual sin, he had a desire for the sin. He was left free, but deeper and more thorough purity was expected of him.

Paul's simile of the law as a schoolmaster, belongs to the same line of thought. The boy, under the schoolmaster, was required to obey the rules of the school. When he grew to manhood he was free from those rules; but if he had profited by them, he would do voluntarily and spontaneously the things he had previously done under compulsion. The boy must be instructed to honor and obey his mother; the man needs no such command. He naturally and freely shows her that tender affection and loving reverence which are more beautiful than enforced respect. Thus it is with the holy day. The minute restrictions are removed, but the more intelligent and deeper-seated observance of the day is voluntarily rendered. This is "the law of liberty" which is the rule of the Christian's life.

We have, therefore, to ask ourselves why we devote one day of the week to God's service, and to seeking spiritual good. We do so because God is entitled to that portion of our time, and because so much is necessary to our own spiritual progress. We ought to serve God, to praise him, and pray to him every day; but we need to be released from worldly business and concerns on one day, so that our minds may be entirely free to dwell on divine things, and to render active service in Christ's cause. Thus, though the Jew would break the Sabbath by lighting his lamp, or kindling a fire, he did not break it by sitting at home reviewing in his mind the business of the past week, and planning new enterprises for the coming week. The Christian may light his lamp or kindle his fire without offence, and do many things forbidden to the Jew, but he would violate the spirit of the day by giving his attention to his business concerns.

It is not necessary, therefore, to the Christian to have any hard-and-fast rules of Sabbath observance. If he honestly and sincerely uses the day for its legitimate purposes, he will be sure to keep it holy, even though some work of necessity or mercy, that involves a technical violation of form, is done. His conscience is his guide, and as the apostle said, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

The Child with the Pink Rose

ONE of the most pathetic and touching incidents connected with the recent *Slocum* disaster, was the finding of a tiny baby girl, whose little body remained unrecognized and unclaimed. Dressed in a white robe of finest muslin, with a pink rose fastened in her baby cap, the child's body was one of the first taken from the wreck. "The child with the rose," she was called at that gruesome place—the Morgue—where she lay for days, awaiting identification. Yet no one came to claim the mite. Poor little baby! No one knew who she was, and no one even asked about a baby that would fit her description. Yet she must have been somebody's darling! Perhaps both father and mother are lying under the cruel waters that dash and swirl so madly at Hell Gate. They must surely be dead. The care taken with her dress, the little touch of affectionate admiration, indicated by the rose, showed that she had been the pride, the darling treasure of some father and mother, the sunbeam of their home. If, in her play, she had strayed away and been lost, we can imagine how anxiously she would have been sought—what tears would have been shed, and how tirelessly every street and avenue in the city would have been explored, until she was again safe in her mother's arms! Yet, there she lay, lovely in death, unrecognized, unclaimed!

Oh, the pathos of it! No one to care for the form so precious only a few weeks ago. No one to take up the dear dust and lay it tenderly in its last resting-place. A mere number in the long list of unidentified dead. But He who when on earth so loved little children, has surely garnered that young soul, and has taken it where neither sorrow, nor temptation, nor sin can ever hurt it. Perhaps we ought not to grieve. One who had in her face such promise of womanly beauty, might, if she had lived, have come to harm on life's dangerous path. It is the loveliest and most precious of the children who do encounter the greatest dangers. Rather than dropping tears over the tragical fate, can we do nothing for such children to save them from a doom infinitely worse than was that of this "child with the rose?" They are all about us, growing up amongst perils, and are passing daily and hourly into a condition which when we see it, we say, "better she had died in her innocence." Let our pity, our concern go out to the living. In a few years we can do so little for them. Reform, reclamation, the weary, almost hopeless, work of rescue will be all that is left for us. But now while they are young, cannot the Christian do more than is being done to obey the Master's last injunction, "Feed my lambs"? Cannot these bright, blithesome, innocent little creatures be brought under Christian influence and saved from falling? In the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn there are every year specimens of this time of crisis, children, beautiful and docile, who show by their words and manner how easily a little kindness and tactful teaching, at the right moment, may save them from evil. It is a shame to us that they should be lost. Can we not, each in our own neighborhood, make ourselves the friends of the little ones and gather them into Christ's kingdom? They are worth saving. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Chaplain Brady's New Story

AT this time, when the United States is taking a foremost place among the nations of the world as a great naval power, the new Sea Romance, "The Two Captains," which begins in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 27, will be read with intense interest and appreciation. Chaplain Cyrus Townsend Brady of the United States Navy, the author of the story which we have now in preparation, has woven around the brilliant careers of Nelson and Napoleon a tale so charming and so thrilling that it is the very romance of history. It is a story that is both fascinating and educational; it enchants while it instructs. Chaplain Brady has made such a study of these two men as has enabled him to present them in a way that gives to the reader a delineation of character vivid, life-like and accurate to the last degree. He has brought out their nobler qualities without extenuating their weaknesses.

The time of the story is that period which includes the siege and capture of Toulon in 1793, and Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt in 1798. Among the great historic incidents are the Battle of the Nile, and the defeat of Brueys by Nelson at Aboukir Bay. But the action of the story is by no means confined to the sea for Murat, Kleber, Junot, LaSalle, and other celebrated soldiers, all appear upon the canvas. On the British side, King George III, his court and Lord Chatham are among the picturesque characters introduced. Through the whole, like a thread of pure gold, runs the romance of the young and beautiful Louise de Vaudemont and Captain Macartney, who pass through many extraordinary perils and adventures.

It is a delightful story, pure and uplifting, full of exciting situations and most agreeable surprises, and should be read in every home in the land. Urge your friends to subscribe now, and thus share the general enjoyment of Chaplain Brady's fascinating story from the opening chapter to the very last of the great historical tableaux.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

WITH a unanimity rare in our political history, the Republican National Convention has chosen its standard-bearers for the Presidential campaign. The choice was a fore-one conclusion. For several months past, it was ident that President Roosevelt would be nominated, nd such doubt as there was about the candidate for e second place on the ticket had been gradually dis-ppearing. The decision must be extremely gratifying the President, as it is unprecedented for a President ho was elected as Vice-President, to so conduct his lministration during his term, as to win a nomination om his party for the first place. It is a tribute to him, iat a man so familiar with political history as he, will e able to appreciate. No reliable forecast has yet een made of the candidates who will be nominated by ie Democratic National Convention, which meets to-ay at St. Louis, but there is a probability of the choice illing upon men similarly high-minded, and so we may ok forward to a clean nd honorable cam-ign, conducted not personalities but principles.

The record of both ie Republican candi-ates is so well known, iat a brief summary f the chief events is l that is necessary in is place. President oosevelt is a member f a family which ame to this country om Holland in 1649. he son of its repre-ntative at that time ecame one of the Al-ermen of New York, nd members of the amily served in the Var of the Revolu-on. President Roose-elt was born in New ork City, Oct. 27, 858. He studied at private school, and t the age of eighteen ntered Harvard Uni-ersity. After his raduation, in 1880, he pent a year in travel. n his return, his dis-ict elected him to ie Assembly, and he as twice re-elected. Ie spent his vacations the far West, and ecame passionately ond of hunting big ame. In 1886 he was Republican candidate for the may-ralty of New York, but was defeated by Abram S. Iewitt. President Harrison, in 1889, appointed him a Civil Service Commissioner, which post he held until 895, when he resigned, to accept the office of Police Com-issioner under Mayor Strong. In 1897 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but resigned, to enter ctive service in the war with Spain, as Colonel of the egiment of Rough Riders, which he organized. His ravery in the charge of San Juan Hill has been often lescribed. In 1898 he was elected Governor of New ork State. Two years later he was elected Vice-Presi-dent, and succeeded to the Presidency on the death of President McKinley, September 14, 1901. President Roosevelt was married in 1883, to Miss Alice Lee, who ied two years later, leaving one daughter. In 1886 he narried Miss Edith Kermit Carow. They have five children, of whom four are boys.

Senator Fairbanks is an Ohio man by birth, and comes of Puritan ancestry. He first saw the light on a small farm near Unionville Centre, May 11, 1852. His early years made him acquainted with poverty, but the boy was bent on getting an education. All summer he worked on the farm, and helped his father in his trade as a wagon maker; but in the winter he studied hard in the district school and at home. By the time he was fifteen, he had saved $41, and decided with that sum to enter college. His parents were Methodists, so Ohio Wesleyan University was the institution selected. During his college term, he eked out his small capital by work in a carpenter's shop, and in vacations he was busy on the farm. He graduated in 1872, and went to Pittsburg, Pa., to begin the study of law. Later he entered a law school at Cleveland, O., and in 1874 was admitted to the bar at Columbus, O. In the same year he married Miss Cornelia Cole, a college friend, and went to Indianopolis, Ind. to begin practice. He succeeded from the beginning, and soon became prominent in politics. In 1897 he was elected United States Senator, to succeed Daniel W. Voorhees, and was re-elected last year. The Senator is an active Methodist, and a liberal giver to Methodist causes. Mrs. Fairbanks is President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is the mother of five children, one of whom, a promising boy, is studying at Yale.

We are thankful to know that both men are identified with the Christian Church, and not among those who consider that religion has nothing to do with politics. If, as is probable, the Democratic Convention nominates candidates of the same kind, the Christian patriot will have no apprehension as to the result of the election. But it becomes everyone to pray that God will take the destiny of our beloved country into his charge, and will so influence the voting, that the successful candidates may be like those men of old, of whom it was said:

They were men who had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do (I. Chron. 12:32).

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HON. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

Visits His Reputed Grave

A man has just returned to his home in Lawrence County, N. Y., from his annual visit to the grave where he is supposed to lie buried. It has been his custom for many years to go to a small town near Akron, O., on Memorial Day, and listen to the speeches and take part in the ceremonies. To a fellow-traveler he said that he had served in an Ohio regiment during the war and in one of the last battles he was severely wounded. He was still in the hospital when peace was proclaimed and afterwards was sent West by a contractor, who made his acquaintance and took him into his service. After some years he drifted back and settled in New York State. He had no relatives left then and did not make himself known. Being in Ohio a few years later on Memorial Day, he went to the cemetery where many of his comrades were buried, and there, to his surprise, saw his own name among others on the memorial shaft. He said, "I could have applied for a pension, but after hearing the orator's speech on that Memorial Day it seemed a poor exchange. You see, he made me out so much better than I was, that I got to feeling that myself as I might have been, lay buried there, and I let it all go." It was a sad reflection. How many of us might have a similar feeling! There are very few who are what they might have been; but those who have put their trust in Christ, have the Apostle's hope to solace them.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him (I. John 3:2).

The Slocum Horror

It is probable that criminal prosecutions will be instituted against some of the persons who are considered responsible for the awful sacrifice of life described in this journal last week. It is now believed that by a conservative estimate, not less than 1,086 persons, chiefly women and children, were drowned, or burned to death, or crushed under the feet of frantic men, on board the *General Slocum*, on June 15. The number of bodies already recovered is 912. The number of persons who are still missing and have not been found among the dead, is 290. Some of these may yet be found alive, but of that there is little hope. The evidence at the inquest shows that the life preservers on board the boat were old and rotten and, therefore, useless. It is also proved that the hose that was to be used in case of fire, was of that cheap kind that was of no service in an emergency. The crew appear to have been concerned only about their own safety. One man acknowledged that he had not put a life preserver on any of the women and children. He had put one on himself and came safe to land. Another admitted that he had jumped from the burning steamer into a boat alongside, which was already crowded, and after he had been warned not to jump. He said, by jumping, he had unfortunately capsized the boat, but had been able to swim ashore; but he had not attempted to save any of the people who had been thrown into the water by his selfish act. There are other instances of gross barbarity on the part of the crew. It is also alleged that the company who owned the boat had neglected to take obvious precautions to insure the safety of their patrons. If these statements are true, the authorities would be recreant to their duty if they did not try to have the guilty persons punished.

If thou do that which is evil, be fraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil (Rom. 13:14).

BRIEF NOTE

The New York Foreigners' Mission, which has done very successful service among the Chinese, Syrians and other foreigners in the city, is offering opportunities for students who are preparing for work in missionary fields abroad. Almost every nationality under the sun has representatives in New York and an effort is being made by the mission to give them the Gospel. Intending missionaries, by connecting themselves with the mission, are thus brought in contact with people of the races among whom they expect to labor, and can learn the nature of the difficulties they will have to encounter. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Miss Helen F. Clark, 21 Mott Street, New York.

Our Famine Orphans Visited

THE REV. JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS, D.D., GIVES A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE GREAT WORK HE SAW WHILE IN INDIA

Dr. Devins, during his stay in India, will visit several of the orphanages wholly or partly supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Committee, and will, I am sure, meet with the heartiest co-operation on the part of all those in charge. While thus engaged, Dr. Devins is the personal representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will therefore be entitled to all the information to which this paper or the writer would be entitled.

WITH such an introduction from the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the reception accorded me is easy to imagine. In the Government House in Calcutta, the private secretary to Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, remarked as he read the letter:

"Well, you know what we think of Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work for the famine orphans of India. The Kaiser-i-Hind medal just sent to him is the best evidence of our appreciation that we can give."

The officers of the Government in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, all joined in this expression of gratitude to the editor and the readers of the paper who have used it as a medium for saving the lives of many thousands of orphans.

It is said that a boy went to a circulating library, and asked for a book which would tell him how to get educated and how to stay so. The feature of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S benefactions which has impressed itself most deeply upon the minds of all classes in India—English officials, Christian missionaries, Indian gentlemen, and the orphans themselves, is this: Life has been saved and then maintained. Sentiment may be enlisted in saving lives, but principle is needed to enable the work to be effective. The conclusion which I have reached after nearly three months in India during the present year, in which time thousands of CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans were visited, and reports received from many hundreds of those whom I could not visit, is this:

Five thousand children have been saved from suffering and starvation; they are being maintained at slight expense, with sanitary surroundings, and they are being trained under influences which will inevitably lead the most of them into Christian life and character; further, a bond of sympathy, human and divine, has been formed between patron and beneficiary, as helpful to the former as to the latter. In this conclusion, Mrs. Devins, a former missionary in India, who visited the orphanages with me, heartily concurs.

In the visitation, three points were kept constantly in mind: 1. The present condition and system of operations of orphanages; 2. The possible spiritual outcome of the orphanage work, and 3. The future of young girls in India, especially the three thousand now being educated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In subsequent articles, these subjects and others will be treated somewhat fully.

We entered India at Calcutta, after visiting the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China and Burma. As we sailed up the treacherous Hooghly on our way from Rangoon and came near our landing-place, we had our first glimpse of the poverty existing in the great Empire. Mrs. Devins called my attention to an object in the "sacred" stream. The body of a man, the limbs burned off at the hips, was lying face upward, with the hands crossed as if in prayer, and being carried by the swift current out to sea. Later we were told by the attendant in charge of a burning ghat that it had probably come from a similar ghat in the country; it is not uncommon, he said, especially in famine time, to begin the cremation of a body and then to put out the fire after the burning has begun, in order to save the wood, pushing the charred remains into the stream. "Of course," added the attendant, "that is never done at this place. We never take a body to burn unless the full price is paid; this enables us to use enough wood to make the cremation complete, but where the people are poor, they are not so particular, you know."

The principal orphan work in Calcutta assisted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund is under the direction of the Woman's Union Missionary Society and the Bengal Mission, carried on by the Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Lee. In both of them we saw the children as well as the missionaries; we saw them in their rooms as well as at play; and we saw them at their meals also. The inspection was by no means a formal one. Whatever we desired to see was shown without a moment's hesitation, and many suggestions were made which aided us in seeing how the work of the orphanages is done.

A PAIR OF "BASKET BABIES"

It is Sunday morning in Calcutta. At six o'clock I rise, and after a hasty *chota hazri* (a "little breakfast" of tea and toast), start for Wellington Square, where I am to meet Mrs. Lee, to accompany her to the Sunday School in a much-neglected part of the city. Mr. Lee and some of the workers go in another direction, as the two Bible women, Mrs. Lee and I start for the one assigned to us that morning.

A ride of two or three miles brings us to the school, and early as it is—about seven o'clock—and cold as it is, for them—the second Sunday in January—the rooms where the school is held, are already well-filled. But children keep coming until the school is closed. Many come from the houses in the neighborhood, not a few from one of the zenanas—little wives, so young, that Mrs. Lee says their husbands, if they know anything about it, do not believe that they are old enough to receive any harm; and yet they are old enough to be married. Mrs. Lee is a member of a committee organized to protect young children, and if a husband threatens to make his child-wife live with him, the law is invoked; a child may be married at birth, but the government seeks to protect the girl until she is entering her teens—unless she has Christian friends this protection cannot be secured.

A BAND OF INDIA BIBLE WOMEN SETTING OUT TO WORK

These devoted Christian women, now trained to service, were famine orphans

Mr. and Mrs. Lee believe that the orphans shou have something to look forward to as they grow old and so they have purchased a piece of land near t school, and are beginning a few simple industries, whi will serve now to produce a slight income and lat provide for several families, as it is probable that t famine boys and famine girls will pair off at a prop age.

The famine boys and girls have grown so that t Lees suddenly find themselves surrounded with a nu ber of young men and wome Those who came to them thirte or fourteen years of age, wit out ever having seen a book, c now, with the exception of t or three, read their Bible, wri and cipher. About ten of the bo are earning wages, and save th money. The missionaries ta out that which pays for th board and clothes, and a few cer for pocket-money for them, a put the remainder into the bar each of them having his ov bank-book. Some of them ha already saved fifteen and twen dollars. They work in the pri ing press, as letter carriers a office boys; others at trades. N a few are bricklayers, and son will soon become good carpe ters. Others are in the dai and poultry business, just beginning their work. T older boys are beginning to plan for a little hor of their own, and are wooing the dusky maidens fr among those who shared the same sad famine expe ence, and came from their own part of the land. takes a little tact and wisdom to guide them throu this, of all time, the most serious in any boy or gir life. But they come to the missionaries with all their plans, and find loving help and sympathy, whi binds them closer and closer to one another.

A young boy of marriageable age, in the missionary employ, said to the cook: "Learn to cook well, for am fond of good things, and when you come to r house to cook for me, I want you to know all that t ladies can teach you."

This was considered a proposal, and the missiona arranged for the young couple to meet at suitable tim and places, and one of the first Indian courtships, c ried on in an American mann culminated in the marriage of t couple.

After inspecting the buildin and walking over the "farm" three acres, we return to t school and see the offering; r many coins among the gifts, t a great deal of rice is poured ir the measure, by the little girls pecially. In many cases it mea a sharing with the Lord a part the child's breakfast—sometim the entire breakfast allowan goes into the measure for t Lord's poor, by those who a really at the point of starvati themselves.

Observing a peculiar mark a child's head, I asked the mea ing:

"She is a wife," replied Mrs. L

"How old is she?"

"Between six and seven. The are five wives in the Sund School to-day, between the ag of ten and five years."

"But they are not really wives

"I have seen a child of t years the mother of a baby se eral months old," was the answ received from this missionary.

Children like those shown in the basket picture this page may be the offspring of such a marria "Little Girlie," as the one at the left is called, was fou on the street and carried to the orphanage, while Pr (Beloved) was found in a rubbish pile. That the basket children may be leaders among their peop even as Moses, another "basket baby" was, is the pra er of those who look into their little brown, wonderi faces.

There are seven Sunday Schools going on in C cutta to-day under the direction of the Lees. In sor of them the teachers are rescued orphans, so quickly the children develop not only physically, but mental and spiritually as well. Seven hundred childre

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

cluding the orphans in the home school, are under in-ruction. Thirty-three villages are reached by the orkers every week—here, again, the famine people are mong the helpers. Ten boys have just been trans-rred to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

One famine boy, who is the keeper of the missionary ow, interests us very much, and we learn his story. He ame from the country with a large company of famine oys. A lad younger than himself seemed to be his rother, and over him the older boy kept a careful eye. fter they had been in the home a short time, the "lit-e father" said to Mr. Lee:

"Are we going to stay here?"

"Yes, my son; why do you ask?"

"And they are not going to separate us?"

"Why, no; why do you ask?"

"You won't send us away?"

"Why, no, my child. You are going to stay here. Vhy are you disturbed?"

"If I tell you something, you won't put us apart?"

Receiving every assurance that could be given, the oy confided a great secret to Mr. Lee.

"Say, she isn't a boy, she's a girl. She isn't my rother, she's my sister."

"How does she come to have short hair, and wear oy's clothing?"

Told in a faltering manner, this story was given:

"Well, our parents are dead, the famine killed them, nd she and I are all that are left. I heard that you ouldn't take girls here, and I couldn't leave her be-ind to die, so I cut her hair myself, and put on a boy's lothing, and nobody guessed my secret. But I thought we were going to stay here, I would just tell you."

In the mission buildings in Wellington Square I take reakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Lee and some of their orkers, after their return from the several Sunday chools. Then a visit is made to three classes of chil-ren, with an address to each of them. When Mr. Lee ells the children that the speaker represents THE HRISTIAN HERALD, a smile lights up every face mong the older children, and at Mr. Lee's suggestion, hearty vote of thanks is sent to the editor of the aper, and another to the kind friends who are making possible for these bright children to have hope in is life, and in another one, too.

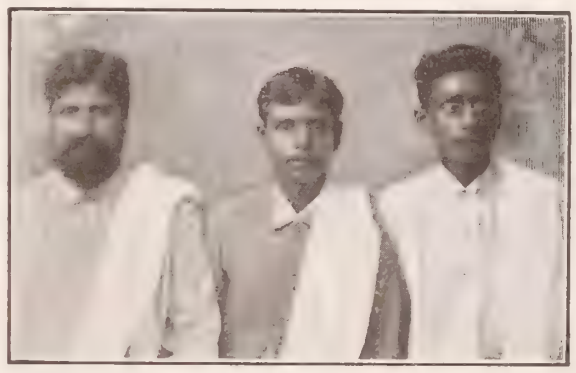
But who are the Lees, of whom I am speaking with oving appreciation? The readers of THE CHRISTIAN IERALD have not forgotten the fearful disaster at)arjeeling, in the Himalayas, in September, 1899. In violent rainstorm, lasting about forty-eight hours, the ainfall was more than two feet. The falling of earth nd rocks about the house in which six of the Lee hildren were spending the latter part of their vaca-on became so threatening that they tried to escape; ut failing in their effort, the house was swept from the illside, and the six young and promising lives were arried into eternity. One boy was found in a dying ondition, and he lived only two or three days; the ody of another child was found, but the bodies of the ther four, and the house itself, were as completely ost as if the earth had swallowed them up. Not a limpse of the house was ever seen again. I saw the ill in Darjeeling on which the house had stood. Nature as removed all trace even of the site of the house; vines and bushes covering the place where the tragedy occurred.

A sorrow that would have crushed most hearts turned the hearts of the parents to the suffering children about them. With a consecration beautiful to behold, they began to live for the orphans deprived of parents, as they had been deprived of their bright, happy, Christian children. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has been a valued agent in this work, and the faithful workers are extremely grateful for the assistance given.

"If I had known you were coming," said the head of one of the schools, not in Calcutta, "I would have had all the children present."

"I came unannounced purposely to see the work as it is, not as you would wish it had been after I have gone," was the reply. "Where are the children who are not present?"

"About twenty-five have gone to neighboring villages to see their friends and relatives for a week during the vacation. You know that many of the orphans have relatives; sometimes there is a mother or a father who



A TRIO OF BENGALI PREACHERS

They are now sowing the seed among their native brethren

escaped starvation; occasionally a brother or a sister was found alive, having been kept from death by a relative. It seems wise, where it is possible to do so, to keep in touch with these relatives, as our children will soon be growing up and will need friends and companions. In the meantime they are able to exert a good influence over them, teaching them what they themselves have learned."

The Woman's Union Missionary Society has an orphanage in Cawnpore, as well as the one in Calcutta. In the Cawnpore School, we saw the dear girls gathered for evening prayers. Very sweet and winning did the little ones look as they listened attentively to the few words that were spoken and joined heartily in the hymns that were sung. It was not surprising after seeing these children and those in the Calcutta School to hear the missionary say:

"There has been a spirit of inquiry among many of our girls, and a degree of interest in spiritual things that is encouraging." The strain upon these devoted missionaries—physical and mental—can be understood better as one studies their problems with them on the ground. In speaking of deaths from plague in Cawnpore last year, Miss Lillian E. Dietrich, the head of the Mary A. Merriam Orphanage, with fifty CHRISTIAN HERALD children under her care, sent this word to her managers:

"The ravages made by the plague cannot be estimated. Six thousand people left the city, and 130 are buried each day. Our missionaries and native workers are untiring in their efforts to comfort the sufferers and point them to the Lord, but the helplessness of it all weighs upon us, when we realize that many are passing away, without hope for the life hereafter."

And while this consecrated worker is giving her life to save the lives of the orphans under her care, no word of complaint is made. More than she herself knows, the work is taxing her vitality, and greater than she would probably admit, is there need of reinforcement in that station. If a reader of these lines, interested in the work of child saving is able to send an assistant to this orphanage to aid Miss Dietrich, he would be doing much to conserve and lengthen a life which the orphans of Cawnpore will sorely need at its best for many years.

Sad as is the lot of the Indian orphans, when one thinks of the love and care bestowed upon them by the missionaries and their assistants, representing in part the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and compares their surroundings with those of the children not orphans, he sees that there is some recompense. Look at this picture drawn by Miss Roderick, another worker among the children of Allahabad:

"Bengali babies are to be pitied; their wardrobe consists of a few garments like short primitive night-dresses, and one dress for best. In nearly every house is to be seen a low cot or swinging cradle in which the baby takes its mid-day nap. Within the last few years, it has been thought necessary by the Bengalis to educate their daughters, but they are not willing to spend any money for it. The old system was to train girls to be housewives, not scholars, though tradition gives a few names of women who attained to great eminence as such. Bengali girls are quick at learning, and it is not their fault when they arrive at the age of womanhood only partially educated, for, if allowed to attend school, they can only do so up to the age of ten, for at that age they are married, and then, if of high caste, on no account appear in public. In character, the Bengali girl is gentle and quiet, pleasant and graceful in manner and lovable on the whole.

"After death, no loving memorial is reared in memory of the departed. The body is carried by the nearest relatives for cremation to the banks of a river, and the ashes are thrown into it. The religion of their forefathers, which they cling to so blindly, has no comfort for them when the hand of death casts its dread shadow over a household:

"'And are they dust, and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home?
And live anew beyond the waves of time?'"

It is not possible for CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans, trained as they are, ever to express such a hopeless yearning as this poor Hindu woman has done in these lines.

J. B. DEVINS.

A GOSPEL CAMPAIGN IN TENTS

IN the summer of 1899, the Presbyterians of Philadelphia, inspired by an address of the late D. L. Moody, undertook a series of evangelistic meetings in tents in various parts of the city. The success of this work was so great that similar movements were inaugurated in many cities throughout the United States. These facts being brought to the attention of the General Assembly, that body appointed an Evangelistic Committee, whose work in every section of the country where the Presbyterian Church is established, has been a vital and quickening influence.

Thorough and elaborate plans have now been made for the sixth season of this work in Philadelphia. It has been carried on with increasing scope each summer, until, from three tents in 1899, the movement last summer included seven tents, with open-air meetings at many other points; twenty-nine different locations being occupied, with an aggregate reported attendance of 415,152, at 1,412 different meetings. Eighty ministers and evangelists took part in proclaiming the Word, and seventy-three other helpers were actively engaged.

Tent and open air meetings were arranged for the week commencing June 19, at Twenty-fourth and Wharton, and Twenty-third and Montgomery Avenue, Eighteenth and Fitzwater Streets, and Race Street Pier. Other locations to be occupied during the summer for Tent services or as open-air preaching stations, are Seventeenth and Wolf Streets, Belgrade and Neff Streets; Frankford Avenue and Cambria Street; Starr Garden Park, McPherson Square, Penn Treaty Park, Independence Square, City Hall Plaza, and various other points. Among the evangelists engaged in the work are Rev. E. L. Hyde, Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe, Rev. A. H. Kaylor, Geo. W. Jacoby, Rev. Thomas Houston, Rev. John H. Elliott, and Rev. Daniel S. Toy. The Committee has been fortunate in enlisting the aid of the Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., President of Princeton Theological Seminary, to speak at several meetings.

Evangelist S. H. Hadley, of the famous Water Street Mission, New York City, Rev. E. L. Hyde; Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe, evangelists and singers, are enlisted in the work. Among the Philadelphia churches which devote some of their services to the interests of this work, are Walnut Street Church, Rev. S. W. Dana, D.D.; West Hope Church, Rev. Charles E. Bronson, D.D.; Northminster Church, Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, D.D.; Bethlehem Church, Rev. John R. Davies, D.D.; St. Paul's, Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.; Greenwich Street, Rev. Wm. Hutton, D.D.; Westside (Germantown), Rev. Wm. Porter Lee; Holmesburg, Rev. John Van Ness; Seamen's, Rev. H. F. Lee, and Puritan, Rev. J. M. Wicker.

IN FRONT OF THE HACKENSACK GOSPEL TENT

No collections are taken at any of the evangelistic meetings held under the auspices of this committee. The expenses (which amounted last year to about $14,000), are met by personal contributions, and the merit of the work and its great results should appeal forcibly to all interested in the progress of the kingdom. The committee this year consists of the following Presbyterian ministers and laymen, representing the Social Union and the two Presbyteries: Chairman, John H. Converse; vice-chairman, Rev. Wm. P. Fulton, D.D., treasurer, Wm. H. Scott; secretary, Rev. J. B. Howell; general superintendent, Rev. James B. Ely, D.D.; Revs. Wm. Hutton, D.D., J. Gray Bolton, D.D., H. Clay Ferguson, Wm. B. Lower, D.D., Robert Hunter, D.D., Joseph W. Cochran, D.D., Charles A. Dickey, D.D., J. B. Laird, G. Bossard, W. P. White, D.D., W. P. Lee, W. W. McNair, C. A. R. Janvier, E. Trumbull Lee, D.D., J. S. Dickson, Messrs. George W. Bailey, Philip E. Howard, Francis B. Reeves, Henry C. Gara, O. LaForrest Perry, Richard H. Wallace, M. H. Harrington, Charles H. Mathews, Horace D. Reeve, I. Layton Register, Louis Wagner, H. W. Lambirth, John Wanamaker, T. Elliott Patterson, Dr. G. H. West, Bernard Gilpin, Josiah Linton, and Homer L. Pound.

HORACE DISBROW REEVE,
Chairman Committee on Literature.

Gospel Tent Work in Hackensack, N. J.

A SUCCESSFUL Gospel work in the open air has been conducted in Hackensack, N. J., during the month of June, in a series of tent meetings, which closed June 26. In these meetings, Evangelist George H. Palmer and wife, of Newburgh, N. Y., have been assisted by Miss Emma Ward, of Cornwall-on-Hudson. They have preached to crowds in a large tent in the centre of the town, adjoining the Armory. Many have heard the Gospel proclaimed on the street corners, as well as in the tent, by the local pastors who have co-operated in these meetings. A string orchestra made the musical features of these meetings very attractive. Visits to factories were made at the noon hour. The jail and the various city institutions were also visited. Among the many who heard the Gospel preached during these meetings, there were some who made public confession, thus furnishing evidence of the fact that work had been owned and blessed to the saving of souls.

Triumphs of Faithfulness

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

A GOGI OF INDIA

IN some lands, the mother of a reigning sovereign is called the "queen mother." It is a position of large power and influence. Si Ann, of China, is an illustration of this in our time. Maacah, the great granddaughter of King David, was the queen mother during the reign of Abijah, the son of Rehoboam. But when Asa, her grandson, began to rule, she was brought down from her high pedestal, because she had set up idols in the land. Asa cut down her idols (II. Chr. 15:16). He had been ridding the whole land of idols, and did not stop short at the royal household. He not only broke down the idols, but bade the people return to the true God, which they did, and God gave them the blessing of peace and prosperity. In these times, however, it seemed necessary to be prepared for defence, and so he organized an army of five hundred and eighty thousand men. After ten years of peace, King Zerah, of Ethiopia, with his host of one million men and three hundred chariots, came against King Asa. The Ethiopians numbered almost two to one, but Asa was not dismayed; he set his host in array, and called upon the God of battles for help.

> Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.

And he did not call in vain, for the Lord smote the Ethiopians with defeat.

Illustration and Application

This story presents four great themes: 1. Triumph over bad heredity. 2. Triumph over popular idolatry. 3. Triumphs of prosperous peace. 4. Triumphs in serious war.

Sunday School teachers can not wisely ignore the fact that some children of bad parents have a most dangerous heredity. The tactful teacher will not say so directly to those thus handicapped, but will seize such an opportunity as this story affords to show that a son need not repeat the sins of his father. Asa's grandmother was a promoter of idolatry, and his royal father was either wicked or weak, and therefore made no resistance to her wrong-doing.

How Asa came to be such a strong and righteous young man in spite of such blood, we can not explain. Perhaps he had a good mother or a good teacher, or both. He destroyed not only outside idols, but also those in his own royal household, and put out of office his grandmother, who had ruled as "queen mother," because of her sin. This throws important light on the commandment, "Obey your parents in the Lord." In every community there are children who must choose between obeying a righteous God or unrighteous parents. Not in heathen lands alone, but in every place the warning of Christ is needed by some. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." No one can excuse his own wrong-doing by saying, "My father or my mother told me to do it." "Everyone shall give account of himself to God." Abraham and Gideon, as well as Asa, are our exemplars in repudiating family idols to stand with God. Missionary history abounds with instances of that heroic act.

One of the most perfect parallels, since idolatry in Asa's day, often included the sin of impurity, is the case of Khama, a Christion chief of the Bamangwato people of South Africa. His father lived and died a heathen, but Khama learned of the great salvation through a native Christian, and was afterwards further instructed and baptized by a Moravian missionary. British missionaries taught him the way of Christ more perfectly, until his countenance came to be expressive of great refinement and intelligence. His heathen father was displeased by his change of religion. He bought him a second wife while the first still lived, and said, "Take this woman." The son replied firmly to the command of one who was both his father and his king, "I refuse, on account of the word of God. Lay the hardest task upon me, to hunt elephants for ivory, or any service you can name, for a token of my obedience, but I can not take the daughter of Pelutana to wife." His father sought to kill him. In turn he had opportunities such as David had to kill Saul, to retaliate, but did not. When his father's death made him chief, he became widely known as a "wise and brave Christian ruler." Idols were of course destroyed. Trading and traveling on the Lord's Day were stopped, and a prohibitory liquor law against beer as well as rum, was made and enforced, despite most earnest efforts to break it down by bribes and smuggling. His example and efforts led very many of his people to be earnest Christians. He might be called the King Asa of South Africa, and his story might well bring the blush of shame to many a civilized ruler and citizen, who has followed a parent's bad example or sacrificed home or the Lord's Day or temperance, for the sake of pleasure or money or power.

Missionary history also affords striking parallels to Asa's rescue of his whole nation from idolatry. In the Fiji Islands there was a great stone, at which human sacrifices were offered for many years by the cannibal idolaters, who dashed the heads of the victims against the stone, and leaving the blood there for their god, carried away the body for their own feast. Thousands were thus sacrificed; but for a whole generation no blood has stained the stone, and it has of late been taken into the great church at Bau, and used as a baptismal font, the top having been hollowed for this purpose—a slight symbol of the change wrought in those transformed islands, where public bells ring the daily call to family worship, which is offered in almost every house.

As Henry Drummond was steaming away from the New Hebrides, after having visited the missions there, he was asked by a fellow passenger, who had been visiting the Islanders for a very different purpose, what good the missionary had been to those people. "My dear young man," said Drummond, "only for the missionary, you and I, instead of being in this cabin, would probably, by this time, have been inside some of those savages, as you call them, who waved us such an affectionate farewell from their shores."

Even Matthew Arnold said: "Show me ten square miles outside of Christianity where the life of man or the virtue of woman is safe, and I'll throw over Christianity at once."

It took great courage in Asa to attack idolatry, for it had become the popular religion. A like case was that of a British missionary who ventured alone into the interior of Arabia, where he was seized and detained by the retainers of a Mohammedan chief named Johar. Presently the chief himself came with an excited crowd. He said to the missionary: "You are come into the land of the Moslem. Here are no Christians; we do not allow them; we are taught to kill them. I ask you to give up your religion and become one of us. What is your answer? Repeat the witness: There is no God but God, and Mahommed is the prophet of God." After a moment of silent prayer for courage, the missionary, seven hundred miles from any other Christian, made answer: "If you were in the land of the Christians, guest of our queen, and she bade you give up your religion, would you do it?" "No, not if she ordered my head cut off. Again, which do you think best to do—to please God or man?" "To please God." The chief, nevertheless, went away much displeased, and the missionary was told by the chief's attendants, that he was in great danger. But on further consideration the chief seemed to appreciate the missionary's brave words, and in a few days sent him away safely to Jerusalem, in his own caravan.

Our incentive to work for the overthrow of idolatry, next to God's command, should be, that we can thus save o brothers from the present hell of superstitious fears, and p hope and joy in their place. Let me give some samples the bodily misery that the *Gogis* of India inflicts on the selves, to please their cruel gods and to win sainthood a charitable support.

Here is a man, who for months has tied one of his arms a pillar or tree, until quite withered. There is another w seats himself on the open road, between four or five fires the hottest months of the year; his skin on his chest a arms hanging down in flakes. There is another who perfor the water penance, by standing, in the cold season, in t river up to his waist, from midnight till dawn. Another h taken a vow of never rising from his knees; the result be that his thighs and legs are reduced to the size of sticks, a his knee-caps abnormally enlarged. Another is seen loac with heavy chains, and wandering about with these where he goes. The railway company, objecting to his surp luggage, have him weighed with the chains, and charge h extra fare. Another slashes himself with a knife, and thre ens to commit suicide in front of a shop, unless the sh keeper gives him not less than a rupee (about one shill and fourpence). When asked why they suffer these t tures, the answer is, "To kill the ten members of the bo and to gain merit." The best English equivalent for t expression would be, "To mortify the flesh." Very f among them would do it to attain to a state of holiness. T cannot be achieved until the last member is "killed," a that is, the greed for money. As long as they accept mo for their penance, the *Gogis* cannot attain to a higher gree of holiness; but a few refuse to take money, and thereby (according to their religious beliefs) entitled to er a higher stage, called the stage of "indifference," in wh the devotee shows himself quite indifferent to hunger a thirst, heat and cold. He is then termed by the Hin *parmhans*, which means "a great swan" (an Indian sac bird) because, in their opinion he soars higher than ot human beings. He worshiped by his co ligionists, while the p ple prostrate themsel before him. Most of th *Gogis*, however, sp their ill-gotten gains drinking and smok most obnoxious and toxicating things; fleecing many of simple peasants, come as pilgrims fr great distances to t sacred shrines, and admire these so-ca saints and holy men their deeds.

"*So they built and p pered.*" The wh Christian world sho pray and work for pe between Japan and R sia, which, if left to fi t out their quarrel, probably have the blo iest war in history. V not again charter *Grosser Kurfurst*, time for a round- world cruise in the in est of peace, to ask nations to become a United States of World, with a supr court at the Hague which all countries s agree to refer all t quarrels, just as indi uals in civilized c munities have substi ed law for war? begin with, let all Cl tians frown on the s low fallacy that big maments are a "gua tee of peace." As well say a bar-room full of rowdies wh boots are full of bowie-knives and whose hip-pockets crowded with revolvers, is a "guarantee of peace."

An interesting use is made of one of the warships of British navy. Laden with cocoanuts instead of cannon-b she is cruising among islands of the South Pacific, plan the nuts and other fruits on all islands which are in lac them. The idea is that groves of cocoa palms will serv guides to navigation, and will afford some shelter and tenance to shipwrecked crews, besides, of course, increa the value of the islands, and their fitness for colonization

Great Britain's motto, "God and my right," might give place to a motto for every nation, "God and my du It may sometimes be both our duty and our privileg sacrifice "rights,"—though never right—for the sake of p and the general good. Mazzini urged on contending w men this same thought in his *Duties of Man*. He w have the workingman first of all do his full duty, and h he can more reasonably talk of his "rights." Joseph in s ery and even in prison, did his duty as a workman, th he got no wages at all. That proved the shortest roa getting his rights. Let us pray and work for both indus and international peace, to be secured through Him wh cradle coronation song, that was never sung in vain, "Peace on earth."

But in Asa's time, good men believed that war was so times necessary, and it is instructive to see how in wa relied not on the "strongest battalions," but on the omn tent God. It is by no means true that the strongest arm navy has always won.

"LET US BUILD CITIES AND MAKE ABOUT THEM WALLS AND TOWERS, GATES AND BARS."

*International Sunday School lesson for July 17, on "Asa's Good Reign," II. Chronicles 14:1-12. Golden text: "Help us, O Lord, our God, for we rest on thee," II. Chr. 14. 11.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Is the World Growing Worse or Better?

IF we read the daily newspapers, and see in a single week the story of a foolish old man who has squandered a great fortune on a wicked woman; ıe desperate quarrel of a rich and highly educated arried pair, each violently striving to possess the poor ttle children who belong to both, and the murder or ıicide of a reckless man who had wandered into life's orst labyrinth of vice, to say nothing of other dark impses, we shall fancy that the world is growing worse. Ve forget that our present means of communication and publication, enable us to look at the panorama of the evil's doings as we never could have done at any revious time in the Christian era.

So long as human nature exists on this earth, and ntil the promised millennium arrives, there will be pub- greed and private cupid- y. Rapacity will stalk to nd fro, great nations will ay a great game of grab r great stakes, wars will be aged with fury, and peace ill be bought at a terrible ice of blood and treasure. nfamy and treachery will rk in uncanny places and ab their victims as surely the assassin stabbed the ng who sat in his summer lace away back in the early nals of the Old Testa- ent. But look at the other le of the picture.

. . .

Never has there been a ne when so many agencies r alleviating human suffer- g were as active and well uipped as at this very day. ospital nurses and doctors the battlefield; hospitals the great cities; fresh air mes for the little children the crowded towns; asy- ms and orphanages without mber; dispensaries and in- maries for the poor; a nign charity everywhere ercised, and kind hearts nd hands dispensing alms ith generous haste.

. . .

Never were missions so erally sustained, nor so niversal as at this hour. verywhere on the globe ere is an open door for e Gospel. The missionary, acher, evangelist or physi- an, finds an entrance in old nds where heathenism has en for ages firmly intrenched, and from those old nds, eager youths come thronging to ours, that they may taught in our schools, and breathe our atmosphere. he word of God is translated into every known dialect nd language. A cordon of true hearts around the rth, is devoted to the service of the Lord.

. . .

No matter what we read, or see, or hear of vice and ame, there are homes beyond our country where mestic tranquillity is never broken, where contentment igns, where love is the supreme motive and children e trained in all that makes for good citizenship and norable maturity. Perhaps the combats are fiercer nd the issues more tremendous than in an elder day, it knightly men and gentle women still live, still set od examples, and yet brook no stain on their es- tcheon.

. . .

The world is growing better, not worse. We have no ason for aught save a cheering optimism. Life is full grand opportunities. Patriotism is not dead. We ve our country and our homes and our God, and the lk of the nation and of the world is with us, and though there may be episodes of discouragement, on the whole, the hosts of Jehovah are winning in every hard-pressed fight.

If You Take Summer Boarders

If you have decided to take summer boarders, and they are coming from the city, bear in mind that they simply loathe and detest flies. Many a beautiful country home that opens its doors to paying guests, people who expect to spend money generously, and do not naggle over terms, never secures the same party a second time, from this cause alone. Flies in the dining-room make the very nicest meal a horror. Flies in the milk pitcher or in the coffee cannot be tolerated by dainty folk, whose city homes are screened so well that flies do not invade them. Flies walking over one's face at dawn are an abomination. I am not sure that mosquitoes are a worse torment than are flies.

Screen every door and every window with wire netting, or else with mosquito netting. This is precaution number one, and the advice is worth its weight in gold to the country hostess. Mosquito netting is not expensive, but it means comfort, and even luxury, to those who occupy the bedrooms, as well as to those who sit at the table.

. . .

About the beds; let them be good of their kind. Every bedstead should have a spring, and the mattresses, though perhaps not made of hair, should be elastic and clean, sweet-smelling and inviting to refreshing sleep. Feather-beds and straw-beds are still found in some parts of this country. They are not fit for sleeping on, and should not be offered to boarders. Every bed should be provided with sheets large enough to fold well in at the bed's foot, and wide enough to fall below the sides of the bed, and for other cover there should be either light wool blankets, or light spreads. Plenty of water and plenty of towels, renewed daily, are another necessity.

The table should be furnished with neat white table-cloths and napkins, and with whole china, washed with scrupulous care. An elaborate bill of fare is not essential, but good tea, good coffee, good bread, and good butter are indispensable. Note the adjective. Sour bread, poor butter, mediocre tea, and muddy coffee find a place on some tables, and boarders groan, suffer, and leave as soon as possible.

Never mind whether or not you have rich pastry. Let your meats be the best you can secure, your chickens tender, your vegetables fresh, and serve rich milk and thick cream. Your guests will celebrate your praises far and near, and you will fill your house another season.

MORNING PRAYERS IN THE FAMILY OF SEBASTIAN BACH

Praise unto Him, our gracious King, whose Name all noble minstrels sound;
To whom the harps of heaven ring — who makes each home a holy ground.
Here, old and young uplift the voice, and in Jehovah's sight, rejoice.

Woman's Hair Her Glory

A PRETTY story is told about the great Duke of Marlborough. Magnificent soldier as he was, victorious on many a hard-fought battle-field, he had at home an antagonist who gave him much trouble in the meeting her various moods and tenses. His wife was a shrew, a fiery termagant, with a sharp tongue and a choice vocabulary. Yet he loved her deeply, and was very proud of her radiant beauty. His especial delight was her long, rich, and splendid hair, trailing around her like a silken mantle, when unbound, and piling on her head like a coronet when arranged for state occasions. One day, in a fit of passion, to spite her husband, the Duchess of Marlborough seized a pair of shears and cut off her hair, leaving it where the Duke would see it when he came in. No doubt she had her after-regrets, shorn of so much loveliness by her own rashness, but if she thought to be reproached or scolded, or to receive any word of comment from her lord, she was justly punished. Never, till the day of his death, did the Duke so much as seem to know what had happened. He did not even look as though he missed the lady's golden tresses. But when death had taken him hence, the story of his silent self-control was manifest. In a drawer of his desk, where he had kept it under lock and key, was found the shining coils of the hair that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had cut off, that she might give him pain.

Speaking of beautiful hair, why do you, dear lady, so often cut that of your little daughter? You probably fancy that frequent cutting will add to its length and thickness when she is grown. This is a mistake. Hair darkens in hue and coarsens in texture if too often cut, and a monthly clipping at the ends is enough to keep it vigorous, as a rule. The great necessity is to brush the hair well, and to cleanse the scalp thoroughly. Dirt on the head is as deleterious as dirt on the body. To wash the head too often is unwise, as it takes away the supply of natural oil, but it should be given a daily and very thorough brushing, to maintain its strength.

If the hair is turning gray earlier than is desirable, use a lotion made by steeping dried sage-leaves, as you would steep tea. This may be bottled and kept on the dressing-table. Gray or white hair is really a beauty when the face is still young, and it positively softens and beautifies an old face. An elderly woman looks more distinguished, and therefore more pleasing with silver hair than with raven locks. If the hair is conspicuously thin, and the parting shows too much of the scalp, a lady should, by all means, adopt the graceful fashion of wearing a square of soft lace, not a cap, but rather a head-dress, and she will thus meet time half-way and disarm him, ere he attempt to despoil her of charm.

An old family formula for falling hair is: yellow dock-root, one pound, boiled in five pints of water until reduced to one pint. To this may be added an ounce of pulverized borax, a half ounce of coarse salt, three ounces of sweet oil, and a pint of bay rum. A little lavender may be added, or a few drops of rose-water, by way of perfume.

Accidents and Precautions

Many accidents, of which we read in the daily papers, are obviously due to the foolhardy recklessness of our people, who take risks without proper thought. In the frantic rush for a boat or train, no heed is taken of the automobile or car hurrying on one from the side concealed from view, as one alights from his own conveyance. Every summer the list of accidents on the water, to swimmers and bathers, is formidable, and there are few days in city life when unidentified persons are not carried to hospitals, maimed or dying.

Each of us going about in a large town, or traveling anywhere, should carry on the clothing or in the pockets the names and addresses of friends to whom word may be sent in case anything happens. This is an easy thing to do, and it may save untold anxiety to those who love us, if we meet some unforeseen disaster.

WOMAN'S LIFE IN MOROCCO

LIFE presents strange contrasts in Morocco's capital, with its palaces and its poverty, its beautiful gardens, and filthy, narrow streets. So ancient is the city of Tangier that its origin is lost in the ages that have past since Morocco was magnificent in its grandeur, its architecture, and the splendor of its riches. Its history can be traced back to more than eight hundred years. It was then a city of great importance and size, containing upwards of 100,000 buildings, and now it is no more than a straggling, half-ruined town.

There is a condition of continual revolt in some parts of the empire. In the villages, women welcome the traveler with a shrill cry, made by quickly moving their tongues between their lips, and boys shout after the Christian, "May Allah burn your grandfather and grandmother," so great is the contempt of this people for the foreigner. They have no ambition, no desire for education, and most of the schooling which the young Moors get is a knowledge of the Koran, which is literally drummed into them by the old *thelab*, who, sitting cross-legged, shouts verse after verse, and woe to the unlucky urchin who makes a mistake in repeating, for he gets a smart blow over the head, or wherever the stick happens to strike. The Moor says this education was good enough for his father and grandfather, and they were good men. Why should he want any thing different?

The Moorish countrywoman's dress consists of skirt and body hanging from the shoulders, caught there by two silver brooches, joined by a silver chain hanging across the chest. The garment is fastened at the waist by a colored band, either of silk or cotton, and over all is worn an outer garment, called a *haik*, made of woolen cloth. The costume of the townswomen is much more gorgeous, their garments being of silk and brocade, while their ears and necks are hung with silver and gold jewelry, the weight of which would seem overpowering. The hair is worn in two long plaits, lengthened by interwoven black thread, while lips and cheeks are thickly coated with paint.

The gardens are very beautiful, and from the turrets on the houses of the wealthy, there are views in some directions so lovely, that one seems to be overlooking a city of gardens. In another quarter, lie masses of white, flat roofs, covering the dwellings of the poor. The scene from the Sultan's palace is indescribably beautiful. Away beyond the gardens, lie the plains, the forests of pine-trees and the snow-capped mountains. While the Sultan sits in splendor in his palace, his subjects, many of them, are most abjectly poor, ignorant, dirty and ragged; but they do not seem to care. Indifference to everything, except the advent of a Christian, is their chief characteristic.

When the Sultan goes forth on state occasions, it is in great magnificence and with splendid pomp and ceremony. He is a handsome man, very dark-skinned, with jet black beard and mustache. His hands are small and well shaped, and his every movement is majestic. The ladies of the harem are very stout and not beautiful, according to our ideas. The dancing girls are very graceful and go through intricate movements, balancing a set of tea-things upon their heads. Tea in Morocco is made in a peculiar way. The pot is filled with sugar; a handful of green tea is thrown in, and then boiling water is poured over the mixture. It is left to stand a minute, then the first glass is thrown away and the host drinks the next, to show the guests there is no poison in the decoction. A sprig of mint or lemon verbena sometime lends an added flavor. It is etiquette to drink at least three glasses of tea.

The mountaineers surpass the lowlanders in physique, being cleaner and more picturesque. They live by stealing cattle, and pay no taxes. There are no marriages, as the members of one band are constantly stealing the women of another band. Their women are taught to dance, and are clothed most gorgeously, with golden beads, chains, bracelets, and anklets. Their silken head-scarves are very beautiful, and they do not hide their faces. They are far better treated than Moorish wives in town.

A BRIDE'S WEDDING FINERY — A MAIDEN OF TANGIER — A TANGERINE MATRON

The Case of Mr. Perdicaris

Raisuli, the Moorish brigand, who kidnapped Mr. Ion Perdicaris, and his step-son, Mr. Varley, a few weeks ago, and who still holds them in captivity, makes an interesting, an ingenious defence of his act. He says in substance that he does not hate Christian Europeans, and does not want to drive them from Morocco. After declaring that "such speaking is lies," Raisuli says:

The cause of the present trouble between me and the Government is the house of Abdsadh, Governor of Tangier, who is now deposed, and his uncle and relations, who have held the governorship of Tangier for generations. Abdsadh and his people have for years persecuted with fire and sword my tribe, killed our young boys, mutilated our children, robbed us, and disregarded all the principles of our religion. For a long time I considered the advisability of raiding Tangier and retaliating on the Governor, but I saw difficulties owing to the presence of a large number of foreigners of all nationalities assembled at Tangier. Not wishing to offend the Powers, I decided to go to Tangier and carry away a European (foreigner) of standing.

I expect the new Pasha to stand between me and the people. He must be a just man, for if there is no justice with the new Governor I warn the Government that there is danger of a renewal of the present trouble. Mr. Perdicaris is well and safe. He wants for nothing except to see his wife.

Raisuli, or more properly, Rais Uli the first name being a sort of title, meaning chief or leader—is an astonishing sort of man, or would be, if he were not a native of a country that has been standing still, or retrograding for centuries. It is certainly very much out of the ordinary brigand way to rush into print in explanation of his high-handed doings which certainly have little of the earmarks of twentieth century progress.

Missionary Weiss writes from Tangier, under date of June 8, as follows:

Yesterday, June 7, the *Prince of Wales*, one of the newest battleships belonging to England, arrived at this port. She was saluted by the port officials and also by the American ships in port. News comes from Rabat, a seaport town not far from Tangier, that a Spaniard was shot and killed there by a fanatical Moor, who bought the gun for the purpose of killing a Christian. To-day, a Spanish fleet is expected at Tangier, so altogether things look very warlike here. News came last night from the mountains that Mr. Perdicaris was sick, and means were tried to get a doctor to go and see him; but up to this time no one has gone. I went to the office of Mr. Gummere, our American Consul-General, to get his advice about remaining on the mountains, for we do not live so very close to Tangier. He told me I had better bring my family in. I may send my family to Gibraltar for a time, while I remain in Tangier.

Later dispatches bring from Tangier, the assurance that all arrangements have now been made for paying the ransom demanded by Raisuli. A spot has been selected where the Moorish prisoners demanded by the brigand may be turned over to him, and where $20,000 of the ransom will be paid in cash. The remainder of the ransom of $55,000 will be paid in checks on the Tangier bank. The place designated for the exchange of prisoners is about six hours' journey from Tangier, and the plans are carried out, and there is no treachery on the parts of the brigand band, Mr. Perdicaris and his step-son will soon be among their friends. The naval officials are upon the lookout for any act of treachery.

SUNSHINERS IN CONVENTION

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the International Sunshine Society recently held in New York was most successful, and fully 800 officers and delegates from all over the land were present. The meetings were held in the Waldorf Astoria. In the evening a reception was attended by fully three thousand persons. This was followed by a musical under the direction of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Chairman of the Board of Directors. It may interest Sunshine members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch to hear of some of the work done by the Society as reported at the annual.

States represented by State leaders in the receiving line were as follows: New York, three division presidents; Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, New Hampshire, Vermont, Wisconsin, the Republic of Panama, and 2,800 branches were reported as active and in good standing.

Interesting features reported as already established by the different branches are as follows: Libraries for Alaska; Sunshine Rest Home for women at Hot Springs, Ark., organizing for a Consumptives Home in Arizona; preparing for a Home for Consumptives in California; Sunshine Exchange Bureau in Denver; District Nurses' Association in Derby, Conn.; supporting a hospital ward in Hartford, Conn.; the Fresh Air Home for children in Bridgeport, Conn.; Canada has libraries for the deep sea fishermen, and boys' clubs and reading rooms; Women's Rest Home in New Orleans; the Maine State Wheel Chair Circle and Hospital Work; Cripple Children's Home in Malden, Mass.; kindergartens in Boston and free libraries in towns and headquarters in Massachusetts; Michigan has flower missions established throughout the State; Minnesota, Rest Home for women; Emergency Bureau, St. Louis, Mo.; Nebraska has free libraries and rest rooms for country visitors; New York State, a Sunshine Kindergarten, Hillcrest Sunshine Lodge at Livingston Manor, N. Y., open all the year round; Albany Sunshine Playgrounds; Oklahoma Territory free reading tables; Sunshine Toy Mission in Pittsburg; Sunshine Home for aged men in Memphis, Tenn.; lunch rooms for working girls in Memphis; lunch rooms for girls in Louisiana: Sunshine Home for the blind, in Brownsville, Texas; Sunshine Library, Brattleboro; Sunshine Kindergarten for the blind babies in New York City; Golden Hour Home for girls, New York City (Industrial School), and free libraries furnished in almost every State of the Union; Sunshine Rest Home in Southern Pines, N. C.; free box libraries in Virginia.

Mrs. Alden, in her address of welcome, said:

"It is impossible for me to express to you how happy I am to welcome you again to the great Metropolis. We thought last year that the sun was shining about as bright as it could, but this morning the happiness and good cheer I see expressed on the faces before me, indicate that although some of us have passed through great sorrows, our hearts are more aglow with the true spirit of sunshine than ever.

"The reports that you will hear to-day will prove that our progress has been truly wonderful. You will notice that some of the branches have handled quite as much money as that which passed through general headquarters. This is because each year more responsibility is thrown upon the Circles, and headquarters is left with more time to devote to correspondence, which sometimes amounts to five and six hundred letters a day.—letters asking for general information.

"Instead of having lost any of my army of workers, I find that daily the ranks have been added to, and I take this opportunity to thank you all for the hearty co-operation demonstrated during the last year.

"Especially am I grateful to the members of the press, for without their assistance the Society would be crippled indeed. We now have forty-one States, with leaders. Seven or seven towns in Canada are organized, represented by five delegates. The President of the Branches in England reports great progress. We have with us to-day delegates from Panama and the West Indies, as well. Delegates have come from as far West as California, East as Maine, North Canada and South Florida, so you see our Sunshine has reached all parts of the world."

The membership report was sent in by Miss Emily Elwell, of headquarters. Over one hundred thousand members are enrolled in one cabinet, but large junior Branches are simply enrolled by their Branch presidents.

Aunt Jerushy's Letter

Dear Liddy Jane:

YOU'LL never know jest how glad I wus tu hear frum yu *via* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Now, is it possible, yu rly du know them air good peeple, what is a fdin' the hungry and a clothin' the naked? t yu wait till I git forehanded enough tu tu New York. Won't we go tu that air lwery Mission meetin?

But, Liddy Jane, yu wouldn't bleeve how erested Sary Lisabeth is a gittin' since she scribed fur that air CHRISTIAN HERALD. ny, 'twas jest t'other mornin', as I sot down my rockin' chair by the winder tu rest a f minutes, I looked out and saw her a nin'. "I wonder what now," sez I, for er since she sent for and took the paper, s's ben a studyin' of it every odd chance—she never read so much in her life. But, I was a sayin', in she cum, and sez she, unt Jerushy, I most wisht I'd never gone t took that air paper, fur I'll be poor as 's turkey before the year's out, sure's yu l."

Why, Sary Lisabeth," sez I, "what on rth du yu mean? Surely one dollar and a-lf paid fur a paper big as that, and that yu fifty-two times a year, can't impoverish greatly."

No," sez she, "'taint that I'm alludin' tu; t that air paper jest goes around this airth untin' out all the poor, naked, oppressed, rvin' critters, and then tells about them in n a harrerin way that yu can't help your-sf, and it fairly makes yu feel guilty if yu nt to spend a dollar for anything yu can du hout as well as not, only yu think yu'd le tu have it."

For my part," sez I, "I was a thinkin' I'd id a little sumthin' tu the work at Mont-wn, that air place where they take the poor tlement children in the summer tu give them reath of fresh, pure, country air, and a few od square meals. Tu be sure, I can't send y much, but I can help give a cup of cold ter tu a few, and I guess they are glad tu even that. And anyhow, it only takes ee dollars tu give a child a trip to Mont-wn, so, Sary Lisabeth, don't yu think yu id I can manage between us, tu make up t amount and send it right away, so as tu one more of the poor little souls have a te of what, tu them, will be paradise for a days."

Well," sez she, "I've ben a savin' up my money tu git a few little notions I thought like tu have, though of course I can du hout them; and when I come tu think it er, I s'pose it would hardly be right tu go spend it for things I don't rally need, ile so many of my feller-critters is a sufferin' the necessaries of life. I've got a dollar and ten cents saved, and I might as well give it tu yu now, for I have it in my pocket, tied up in the corner of my handkercher. I guess 'tis no use tu try tu squirm out of it, as long as I read that air CHRISTIAN HERALD, so here it is. To be sure, a dollar and ten cents ain't much, but 'twill help tu stay their stummucks a little while, so take it and send it right along with yours. If them air hens had a layed a little better, I might a had more, but they're a gitten kind of old. But du yu know, Aunt Jerushy," sez she, "there's many a dollar wasted that had better go for some of these sort of subjects? Why, I was into a house jest t'other day—I might as well say right out—'twas Tom Hirten's. I was a tellin' somethin' about what I'd ben a readin' in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I kinder hinted plain 's I dare, about them givin' a little sumthin', but I was very soon given to understand that they had enough tu du tu feed and clothe their own family, and I declare if I didn't see enough wasted while I was there tu keep a half dozen poor children from starvin' for a week; tu say nothin' of the feathers and flummery them air Hirten girls fly when they go out.

"Yes," sez I, "I know, Sary Lisabeth, they air a very extravagant family, from the oldest tu the youngest, and care little for the cry of the poor. They may yet cry themselves, and not be heard. But they're not the only ones, Sary Lisabeth, that might, by a little contrivance and forethought, have sumthin' tu give. I'll jest tell yu, but yu needn't say nothin' about it. I was asked over to Mahaly Ellen's last Christmas time tu stay a week, and du yu know, I jest felt like sayin' sumthin', when I see what a lot of money was wasted in Christmas presents that was of no airthly use. And they not very well tu du, nather. But I thought the most rediklous of all, was the present they giv the old grandmother, on the father's side, who lives there. Now what du yu s'pose it was?"

"I dunno," sez she, "less 'twas a picture hat."

"No," sez I, "twasn't that, but 'twould a-been jest about as useful to the old lady if it had ben, but sure's yu live, if they didn't go and make her a present of a bottle of sozodont, and she ninety-three years old and not a tooth in her head, not even a false one."

But I must write my letter before the mail goes out, so's tu git the money there soon's possible, "fur, Sary Lisabeth," sez I, "yu know, sumtimes the King's business requires haste."

Well, she went home, and I writ it, and I 'spose they've got it before this.

And now, Liddy Jane, I must close, hopin' tu hear from yu soon.

I remain your lovin'

AUNT JERUSHY MARIAR.

The Boy Giant, Joseph Schippers

OW and at all times and by all nations, fairy tales and romances have played a y important part. Thus the Bible tells us Emim and Enakim, as also the giant Go-th. Well known are also the giants and clops of Grecian mythology, besides the is of the giant Burr, Asen, Odin, Wili, and e. The most prominent figure in German thology is the giant Rubezahl, and in ederick Ruckert's tale, *The Giants and the varf*, we read, "The giant's daughter went, t for a joke, to the high castle, where ther Giant sat."

There are even now people far above the normal size. The Chinaman Chang-Yu-Sing, who visited Europe in 1878, was 2.36 metres high. After him, and a centimetre taller, came Joseph Drasal, from Holleschau, in Mahren. Bigger than he was Marie Wedde, born in Benkendorf, in Halle. She was 2.56 metres high. The Arabian, Hassan Ali (discovered by Henry Moller), also made a remarkable showing, being 2.40 metres in height, and the giant boy, Karl Ullrich, from Grossmohnau, at the age of fourteen, was 1.87 metres tall. A metre is equal to 39.37 inches.

The latest acquisition of the Berlin Museum is "Big Joseph." Joseph Schippers (his father's name was also Joseph Schippers), was born in Munchen-Gladbach, April 15, 1888, and is the son of a butcher. At the age of twelve he had to be kept out of school on account of his height. He was at that time 1.90 metres tall. Now he is 2.17 metres (about 7 feet 1 1-2 inches) tall, and if all signs do not deceive, he will yet have the honor of being the tallest person in the world. He is apparently normally developed otherwise. Dressed in a blue sailor suit, with a youthful face, fresh, ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, and blond curly hair, he does not make an unfavorable impression. He is the only one of his family who has grown to this height. His parents, as well as his brothers and sisters, numbering ten, are all perfectly normal.

"BIG JOSEPH," 7 FEET 1½ INCHES TALL.

Called Higher

Mr. Samuel Bridgman died Feb. 27, 1904. He lived a consistent Christian life for over forty years.

Mrs. Sarah Glessner, of Budd Lake, N. J., passed from this life, April 17, a triumphant Christian, with an undimmed faith in Christ and hope for the future; Mrs Glessner was sixty-four years of age

Mrs. Louisa Orlena Eves died at the home of her parents, near Port Matilda, Pa., on Monday, April 25, of throat and lung trouble. The deceased was a daughter of Mr and Mrs. Wm H. Williams, and was born September 10, 1876, and at the time of her death was twenty-seven years old.

If your hands become hard and chapped from frequent washings, examine carefully the soap you use. A cheap toilet soap, you will find, is greasy, harsh and does not rinse easily. Ivory Soap makes a profuse lather that removes the dirt and yet rinses readily. The natural oil of the skin is not removed and the skin is left soft and smooth.

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"Certainly this is the greatest food I ever struck. It gave me strength, and ambition, and courage, and I try to do all the good I can telling people what it has done for me. Many of my neighbors use it and are doing fine.

"I had the grip the latter part of the winter, and for four weeks ate absolutely nothing but Grape-Nuts, and came out of the sickness nicely. That will show you how strong and sturdy I am. Truly it is wonderful food to do such things for one of my age." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS*

NEWS that another papyrus containing more Sayings of our Lord, had been found at Oxyrhyncus, was published in this journal several weeks ago. The American branch of the Oxford University Press has now issued a small booklet, containing a facsimile of the papyrus and a translation of the Sayings, with a critical commentary by Dr. Bernard P. Grenfell, Lucy W. Drexel and Dr. Arthur S. Hunt. With these is the text and translation of a fragment of a lost Gospel, which was found at the same time and place.

It will be remembered that in 1897 Drs. Grenfell and Hunt found at Oxyrhyncus, while excavating under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund, a large quantity of ancient papyri, one of which contained eight Sayings of our Lord. That now discovered contains five Sayings, with an introduction, stating that they were addressed to the Apostle Thomas and some one else, whose name has disappeared from the papyrus. There are many other words also missing from the papyrus, the edges of which have been worn or torn off. The editors suggest in some instances the words that are lost, and give their reasons for thinking that they are correct.

The Sayings are written on the back of a document containing a survey of various pieces of land, a practice common in the earlier centuries of our era. The character of the writing of the survey indicates that it was written first and that it was probably of considerable length. The editors have no doubt that both were written prior to 300 A.D. This is about the same date as that of the manuscript discovered seven years ago, and though the new fragment is shorter than that, its value is enhanced by the introduction, which intimates the source of the report, though it does not appear whether Thomas or the other disciple was the one responsible.

Each of the Sayings is introduced by the words: "Jesus saith." The editors believe that the peculiarity of tense was deliberately adopted by the writer to give greater impressiveness to the Sayings, and that it indicates an original report, rather than a quotation from some earlier Gospel. It would appear, however, that there were other sources for some of the Sayings. The first, for example, which is similar to the expression in Matthew 7:7, "Seek, and ye shall find," etc., was contained almost exactly in the lost *Gospel According to the Hebrews*, as we know from a quotation by Clement from that Gospel.

The second Saying, which is the longest in the collection, is mutilated in several places. It is as follows, the words in brackets being those suggested by the editors as being probably the lost words:

"Jesus saith [ye ask? Who are those] that draw us [to the kingdom, if] the kingdom is in heaven? . . . the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea [these are they which draw] you, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. [Strive therefore] to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the [Almighty] Father; [and] ye shall know that ye are in [the city of God], and ye are [the city]."

The resemblance of this Saying to the words of our Lord (Luke 17:21), "The kingdom of God is within you" will, at once be apparent and it may have been another version of the same Saying. The third Saying bears a similar resemblance to Mark 10:31, and the fourth resembles Matt. 10:36. The fifth Saying is so illegible that the editors do not attempt to reconstruct it, but it is evidently similar to Matt. 19:16-22, though from the new papyrus it would appear that the questions Jesus answered were put by the disciples.

There is also in the book a translation of some fragments of a lost Gospel which was evidently in the hands of Clement when he wrote his Epistles. They belong also to the third century and are believed to be part of the Gospel, according to the Egyptians, but they are so mutilated as to render positive identification impossible.

**New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel*, edited with translation and commentary by Dr. Bernard P. Grenfell, Lucy Wharton Drexel and Dr. Arthur S. Hunt. Pp. 47. Price 40 cents. Published by the Oxford University Press, 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

How to Study Literature, a guide to the study of the masterpieces, by Prof. B. A. Heydrick (Harvard). Pp. 151; cloth binding. 75 cents. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

The Self-Cure of Consumption, by C. H. Davis; M.D. An interesting and helpful book. Pp. 176, cloth. Price 75 cents. E. B. Treat & Co., New York, publishers.

Richard Gresham, by Robert Morss Lovett. A story full of action, and entertaining from first to last. Pp. 302; cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Crisis, by Winston Churchill. A popular edition of the famous war story. Pp. 522; paper covers. Price 25 cents. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Physical Laboratory Manual, by S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M. An excellent text-book for schools or private tuition. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers.

Kindly Light, by Florence Kingsley. A dainty little volume, containing two simple, touching tales. Illustrated by E. M. Nagel. Price 50c. Published by Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Five Hundred Bible Studies. A collection of high-grade Bible outlines classified for preachers and writers. Pp. 63; limp covers. Price 25 cents. Evangelical Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

Ethics of Household Economy, by Mrs. E. Mc-P. Parsons; tells how to live within one's means, and how to live on a small income. Pp. 222; cloth covers. Price $1. Published by the author, at 5927 Ohio St., Chicago.

The Worth of Words, by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell. (Third edition.) A book that is pretty sure to be useful to all who would speak and write good English. Pp. 336; cloth covers. Price $1.25. Hinds & Noble. New York, publishers.

He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick, by Rosa Pendleton Chiles. A little booklet of verse, for the encouragement of the helpless and the shut-in. Pp. 54; paper covers. Price 35 cents. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va., publishers.

The Conqueror; being the true and romantic story of Alexander Hamilton, by Gertrude F. Atherton. Deserves to rank among the most readable of our later historical novels. Pp. 546; paper covers. Price 25 cents. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Story of the Gideons and *The Transformation of Tate*, by E. E. Bayliss, 703 Tremont Temple, Boston, can now be obtained from the author, in pamphlet form. They appeared originally in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1902 and were remarkably successful.

The American City, a Problem in Democracy, by Delos F. Wilcox, Ph.D. A compact and instructive volume on the problems that arise in municipalities; replete with valuable information. A timely handbook on civic affairs. Pp. 423; cloth covers. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Men Who Have Made Their Mark. A dainty little booklet, giving short sketches of the lives of famous men, who, through their own efforts, have made a mark in the world of statesmanship, finances, manufacture, and mercantile life. Published by the Pittsburg, Pa., Bank for Savings. A copy of the booklet will be furnished free to any person writing for same.

The American Book Company of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, has issued a uniform edition of Shakespeare's Plays with notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe, L.M.D.; illustrated. The volumes already issued include *Julius Cæsar*, *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, etc. These are in very convenient form for the use of students. Each volume has an explanatory introduction, and there are comprehensive notes and glossary appended. Price 56 cts. per volume.

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How Grandfather Pettingill Celebrated

Continued from page 579

aped out of the wagon like a boy and n in with the gleeful shout, "Come, Mary nn, you and the boy, and help grandther celebrate his independence."

"Why, it's grandpa!" cried Ross, setting e to a whole bunch of firecrackers in the citement of the moment.

"Why it is father, bless his dear old art," echoed Mary Ann, jumping up om the sewing machine and running to eet him with outstretched arms.

"That's it, that's it, deary," cried the old an, kissing her heartily. "Give us one, o, three, and a buster! Now away with ur work, my dear, on with your holiday , and come along home with me. And me to stay. Do you hear? You are come to stay! There shall be no more this; I have made up my mind to 'liby or death.'"

"But father——," began Mary Ann.

"Don't, don't, don't stop to talk," interpted the excited old man. "Get ready d shut up the house (we'll see to these cks of furniture afterward), and come ong home with me. And while you are tting fixed, Ross and I will go down wn and see what we can find."

. . . . . .

"What in the world is going on?" said rs. John that night, as, weary and cross, ey drove up to the farmyard gate. "Has andad gone completely crazy, is the use afire, or what? Let me out, quick, hn; I'll read him the law, the old fool." Well might she exclaim and wonder. ne house was brilliantly illuminated from p to bottom; flags streamed from ridgele and windows and fluttered in splenr from the balconies; rockets were ooting toward the sky, pin wheels and oman candles buzzing and sputtering in hundred different colors, cannon cracks bursting, and a happy, boyish voice outing, with an old man's tender tones ingled joyfully therewith.

Mrs. John strode forward aflame with assion. "I want to know what this means?" she shrieked rather than said. "A pretty thing it is if we can't go away for the day without having the house turned upside down. Have you taken leave of your senses, old man Pettingill?"

Grandfather, sitting on the lawn in his old armchair, surveyed her quietly. The hour had come to strike the decisive blow, and though weak and tremulous for the moment, he spoke up grandly, for Mary Ann and the boy were both beside him.

"What does it mean, Mrs. John Pettingill, ma'am? It means the declaration of my independence. It means that I have taken full possession of my own home and affairs, and that I have brought my daughter and her boy here to live with me and help me take care of things."

"You have taken possession! You have brought Mary Ann! What right have you to say or do anything, I should like to know?"

"If you insist upon it, I will take you to the court-house to-morrow and give you an insight into my rights," replied the old man firmly. Then, seeing that she was cowed, he went on gently:

"Let us settle this without any more words, Margaret. John and you have almost ruined me, but I am willing to let bygones be bygones, if you will consent to be reasonable. I do not want people to know there has been trouble between us; allow them to think that you are tired of farming and mean to return to the city; it will appear natural enough that my widowed daughter should keep house for me, and I will help John into something he has more ability for than farming. I should like you to go as soon and as quietly as possible. Now, Ross, this is the last rocket, son. Let it go, and then three cheers for Old Glory and Independence Day!"

The rocket soared upward and broke into a blaze of brilliant stars, the cheer was given heartily, and Grandfather Pettingill's independence was re-established forever.

eventeen Outgoing Missionaries

RECENTLY an interesting Conference was held in Cincinnati, between the seventeen outgoing missionaries and the officers the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, nder whose auspices they will begin work ry soon. Of the seventeen, eight are rerning to their fields after rest on furlough; ne will go out for the first time.

This company, as all similar ones, was comsed of rare men and women, because of eir strength and devotion. Strong in faith, rong in intellectual endowments and equipents, strong in high and holy purposes. One the characteristics of the gathering was e abounding joy of the missionaries; they ere glad in the Lord, and joyful in the antipations of entering into his service in forgn fields. The joy of the experienced misonaries, too, was just as great as that of ose only preparing to go the first time. othing was said about "sacrifices" which e missionaries would make; but all were as heerful and happy as you might expect had ey been starting out as ambassadors to me proud earthly court, under princely salries. One of the most joyful sessions was at, in which twenty-five missionaries and eir friends sat down to a long, well-stocked ning-table, in the home of Secretary F. M. ains, to commune in social fellowship.

The following missionaries at home on rlough, attended this Conference: Mr. nd Mrs. W. P. Bentley, of Shanghai, China; Ir. and Mrs. Frank Garrett, of Nankin, hina; Miss Bertha Clauson, of Osaka, apan; G. L. Wharton, Jabalpur, India, and Ir. and Mrs. Layton, of Bolengi, Africa (who ill be transferred to China). The newly-ppointed missionaries in attendance were: Ir. C. S. Settlemyer, Mr. D. E. Dannenberg, Ir. Justin E. Brown, Miss Meacham and Iiss Nancy Cockrell, who go to China; Mr. . D. McCoy, Mr. W. H. Erskine, and Miss 'irginia Stewart, who go to Japan; and C. . Bulehr, who goes to India. All these, oth old and new, go to their fields of labor 1 September.

S. T. WILLIS.

Answer to Puzzle No. XI.

KAPIOLANI, HAWAII

Correct answers to Puzzle No. 11 have been received from Nellie J. Allen, Roy Abbott, Edith Alexander. Mrs. Laura E. Bates, Miss C. B. Bechtel, Ruth A. Bohr, Mrs. W. S. Bothsworth, Mrs. George W. Brown, Clarence A. Biery, Miss Anna Balcke, Rosina Deeg, Guy J. Doty, Georgie Doty, Miss Lula Dow, Mrs. D. A. Easterbrook, Miss Lottie Gorton, Chlorus McGrew, Merrill Gaddis, Mary B. Harlow, Mrs. Isabel Halkett, Bessie Hillman, Miss Bertha Hoersch, Henry Hepburn, Ledrew Higginson, Mrs. Gertrude McKaig Harden, Martha DeJong, Mrs. N. C. Johnson, Minter L. Jay, Grace A. Lewis, Miss F. A. Lake, Lena Loomis, Henrietta McDermott, John Muntz, Mrs. A. A. McKenney, Mrs. Lizzie Murphy, Mrs. R. L. Montgomery, Mrs. Julia H. Maston, Owen Hamman, Mrs. C. T. Harthorn, W. H. Pritchett, B. Platt, Clarence C. Parks, May Porter, Ellen W. Robertson, Edith Rose, Charles B. Richael, Arthur Smith, Susie E. Spencer, Herbert Sitz, Carl E. Sheldon, Mrs. Emil Sitz, Clarence Sherwood, Emma Schoechert, Henry E. Schultz, Fred Taylor, Ida S. Templin, Emma T. Templin, M. C. Warnock, Edward Wichers, E. Winans, G. Young.

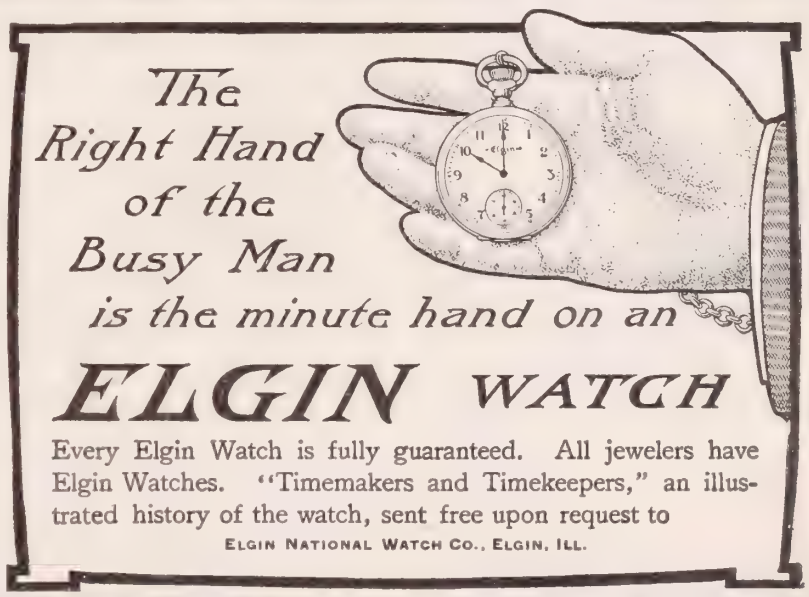
The Violet

VIOLET, sweet violet,
Thy shy blue eyes are wet, are wet
With the tear-drops of the night
And thy heartfelt griefs; but yet
God doth give the morning light,
And his shining clear and bright,
God cares for thee, violet.

Violet, blue violet,
With a sweeter fragrance yet,
Thou shalt rise with added grace
(For thy heart with God has met),
All his tenderness to trace
'Mid the comforts of his face;
God still loves thee, violet.

Violet, dear violet,
All thy griefs wilt thou forget,
In a sweet and glad surprise;
God will shine in beauty yet,
Through the dewdrops in thine eyes,
Like the rainbow in the skies,
Till thy face no more is wet.

W. Brattleboro, Vt. JENNIE M. CHENEY.



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Anacostia, D. C.

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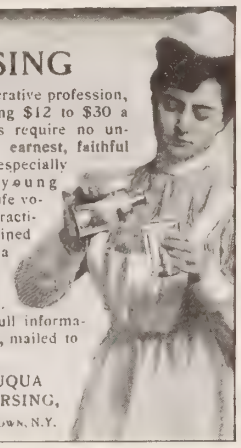

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Universal Peace*

WAR, glorify its heroes as we will, is in its essence a disgraceful thing. It is necessary at times, but it is always deplorable. So long as we have to do with nations who cannot understand any argument but force, and who will not behave themselves, until compelled to do so, there must be wars. As in private life we do not argue with a drunken man and do not plead with a man infuriated with passion, but use force to subdue him, so there are some nations who will remove their neighbors' landmarks, or get up a quarrel in order to rob a neighbor of territory, and with these, there is no remedy but to fight. The most peaceable man in the world would be justified in knocking down a man who was rushing, axe in hand, into a crowded schoolhouse, intent on committing murder. We applaud the captain of a ship who, in a disaster, takes his revolver and threatens to shoot men who persist in filling the boats, to the exclusion of women and children. So there are times, as in the India Mutiny, when for the preservation of life, it is necessary to take life. But the necessity is always a matter of regret and reluctance.

In former times, when a noble charged another noble with treachery, or any other disgraceful thing, or when one man insulted another, it was the usual course to arrange a duel. The duel never vindicated a man, nor proved his guilt; it simply showed which of the two was the stronger or the better skilled in the use of weapons. We have realized that fact, and now we expect men who have quarrelled to take their case into court, and there let the question in dispute be decided by judge and jury. In theory, though not always in practice, the question is then settled according to its rights, and, in any case, it is a more sensible and logical way of dealing with it. But among nations recourse is still had to the antiquated and absurd method of the duel, which can never decide which nation is in the right; but only which nation has the better armies, generals and military equipment, which is not the question in dispute.

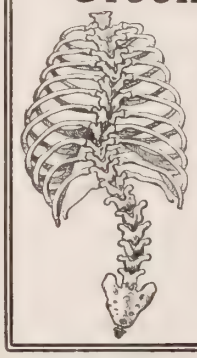
The example set by the United States and Great Britain, in the Alabama controversy, has been extensively followed since that time, and many disputes which, a century ago would have involved war, have been settled by arbitration. Many other disputes which have been settled by war, might have been arbitrated to the advantage of both Powers. Eventually, it may be hoped, the fact will be realized by statesmen, and war will become the exception instead of the rule. The advantage is so obvious, that one wonders that arbitration should not always be sought. The fearful loss of both life and treasure which war involves, is seldom compensated by the results of victory.

The difficulty at present, is that there is not sufficient confidence in the wisdom and impartiality of the tribunal to which disputes may be submitted. It is assumed that the representatives on that tribunal of the parties to the dispute, will decide according to their nationality, and that the other judges will be swayed by political and friendly relations with these Powers, rather than by the merits of the particular case to be submitted. Isaiah's conception (2:2-4), contemplates the removal of this difficulty. He sees the Messiah reigning in Jerusalem, and all the Powers of the earth taking to him their quarrels for adjudication. When that time comes, the prospect of the world at peace is conceivable. There would be perfect confidence in the righteousness of Christ's decision, and even when he rebukes many people, as the prophet says he will, his rebuke will be received humbly and meekly.

It shows how much nearer the world is coming to the spirit of Christ, that arbitration, even with our imperfect machinery, is being adopted in so many instances. The world is thus being prepared for the rule of Christ. When He comes, whose right it is to reign, the Golden Age so long dreamed of by poets and philosophers will dawn, and this world, weary of centuries of conflict and struggle, will at last be at peace.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for July 17. Ps. 46:9-11, Isa. 2. 2-4.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



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TRUST AND FAILURE

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN once we are one with God about anything, he cannot but prevail; we fight no more, he does it all. It was so in the life of King Asa, of Judah, when the Ethopians came against him (II. Chron. 14: 11-15). The enemies fled; Judah pursued, and "the Ethiopians were overthrown, that they could not recover themselves, for they were destroyed before the Lord and before his host." And the result was not only victory, not only much spoil, but also that "the fear of the Lord came upon the cities round about Gerars, and they spoiled the cities." And still more: there came a message from God by the mouth of the prophet Oded, to the king and to his people: "The Lord is with you while ye be with him; and if you seek him, he will be found of you." This victory is not an exception; it will be continuous victory if God finds in you continuous faith and obedience; but if ye forsake him, he will also forsake you. And then, after referring to the times of the Judges, and God's deliverances when his people sought unto him, the prophet concludes: "Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak, and your work shall be rewarded."

This was more to the godly king than the victory. To know that God would speak to him and encourage him was life to a man of God. "If God be for us, who shall be against us." So Asa was stirred up to cleanse the land thoroughly of all that remained of idolatry. And his heart yearned for the people of Israel. And he renewed the altar of the Lord, and gathered not only his own people, but also the strangers out of Ephraim, Manasseh, and Simeon; for they fell to him out of Israel in abundance when they saw that the Lord his God was with him. And then took place the first of four revivals in Judah. Asa was not satisfied that the people should meet together to celebrate a feast to the Lord; he called on them to make a most solemn covenant "to seek the Lord their God."

So great was the enthusiasm that they sware unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with shouting and with trumpets and with cornets. There was no fear of what the idolaters would say or of what they should suffer when they reached home. "All Judah rejoiced at the oath; for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire, and he was found of them, and the Lord gave them rest round about." It was easy to serve God at such a time; the fashion had changed. But if Asa had not stood out boldly on the Lord's side, alone but for Oded, it would have been difficult indeed for the people to make a stand. There must ever be one who will serve God at any cost, whose faithfulness breaks the way, and then followers are easily found. If the first in a family who is converted is true to God, there is hope for the rest; but if the first has only half come out from the world, there is little hope for the rest.

And now the Lord Jehovah who can send war or stay war as he wills, kept this little nation in peace for nearly twenty-five years. How was it that God did not allow the peace to last until Asa was dead? The education of his children is precious to the Lord, and there were lessons for Asa yet to learn. In the thirty-sixth year of his reign, Baasha, the reigning king of Israel came up against Judah, and built Ramah, to prevent any of his people coming to Asa, as some had done (II. Chron. 15: 8-9). No doubt there was something of religious persecution in this move, as well as political jealousy. What should Asa do? Would he not trust, who had been so delivered by God in the past? Alas! he failed just in that which most touches God. Instead of going straight to God, he goes back to human resources, and seeks the help of idolatrous Syria against God's people Israel.

If God had delivered Asa and his people from the heathen Ethiopians, how much more would he have settled the differences of his own people if they had trusted him! But, oh, what a lesson it is to us! Asa's past grace was not equal to a new emergency: we need for each test grace especially for that test, and herein this man of God failed.

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25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable.—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. Catalogue *free.*

KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.,
435 North St.,
Kokomo, Indiana.

MONEY IN BEES

and how to get it. Full information on this important theme gladly furnished free to interested persons by the A. I. Root Co., Medina, Ohio.

Greater Atlantic City

The Story of How the Popular Watering Resort is Making Poor Men Rich and Rich Men Richer

FIFTY years ago Absecon Island was a stretch of surf-washed sand on the Jersey Coast. To-day the same island is celebrating its Golden Anniversary as the greatest watering resort on the globe, the Mecca of millions of tourists seeking health and pleasure. Its wind-blown dunes have become the site of beautiful Atlantic City, with its permanent population of 35,000, and an estimated summer population of 250,000.

Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels cover the Island from shore to shore, from the Inlet to Longport, making it necessary for Atlantic City to seek a new direction in which to expand.

Wonderful Growth

Little did Jeremiah Leeds think, when paying forty cents an acre for Absecon Beach, little did his family think when selling it for $17.50 an acre, that to-day a moderate valuation of the real estate within Atlantic City's limits would total $70,000,000. Yet such is the fact.

This wondrous growth is due apparently, not to booming or speculation, but to entirely natural causes which exercise a peculiar fascination over visitors. So long as her beach is the finest, her surf the coolest, her skies the brightest, her breezes the balmiest, her boardwalk the gayest, access to her glories the easiest, so long must Atlantic City hold her sway, and so long will sweltering inland millions crowd her healthful shores. With this combination of excellences, the growth and prosperity of Atlantic City are practically as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Within ten years land in the heart of Atlantic City has risen 800 per cent., and Atlantic City is yet in its infancy. Unlike some shore resorts, as Newport, which was made by millionaires, Atlantic City has made comfortable fortunes for almost everybody who has invested in her real estate. The next ten years, in the judgment of those who know best, is bound to see as great a rise in the city's suburban property.

City Must Expand

A glance at the map bears out this opinion. There rests Atlantic City on Absecon Island as on a throne—beauteous Queen City of the Coast, but with no room for expansion. Land is just as scarce about her as water is plenty. The salt marshes, five miles in width, stretch toward the mainland, affording no outlet for growth. To build on these, is to build on mud washed by tide-water.

But Atlantic City must expand; homes must be built somewhere. There is but one direction—on the highland at Pleasantville Terrace, adjoining the town of Pleasantville. In this direction is absolutely all the natural highground unoccupied within seven miles of the city. Accordingly attention is now being turned to this section.

This large tract of highland, formerly known as the Doughty Estate, belonged to General Doughty, of Revolutionary fame, whose log cabin still stands, a relic of that stirring period. This estate has remained in the Doughty family until this spring, when they sold it, thus allowing it to be placed on the market for the first time in over a hundred years.

On the Higland

Situated sixty feet above, and overlooking the ocean, Pleasantville Terrace affords the only natural outlet for the growth of Atlantic City, and promises an opportunity to investors not unlike that which made the wealth of the early owners of property on the Island.

Here the tonic air of the pine mingles with the healing ocean breezes, making it a natural resort of persons seeking restoration to health. Here also a beautiful natural lake, one mile in length, provides boating, fishing, swimming. The woods of pine and oak afford good hunting in season, and artesian wells furnish the purest water.

Easy of Access

Access is easy, the handsome new station being just twelve minutes ride on the Reading Railroad from the famous Boardwalk. All trains, except through express, make regular stops. A trolley line runs from Pleasantville, tickets being sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. The Delaware and Atlantic City Trolley line is surveyed directly through the property, and the Washington Avenue trolley will pass nearby.

The Atlantic City Estate Company; who are the purchasers of this property, have divided in into lots, 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home-builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Since this is all the unoccupied land there is within seven miles, such an opportunity to secure a home-site suburban to the world's greatest shore resort is not likely to occur again.

The price of these lots is $25; but for a short time only $10 will be deducted from the price of every other lot. Corner lots command $5 extra, a few choice lots being valued at $35.

It should be remembered that this is within easy reach of the wonderful Boardwalk, twelve minutes ride by rail, and a five cent fare by trolley.

These lots may be had on the following remarkably easy terms: $1 down, each lot; $1 weekly for 1 or 2 lots; $2 weekly for 3 to 5 lots. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

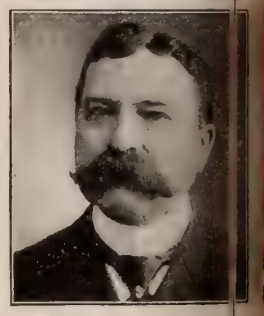
It can be readily seen that a fortune is not required to own a valuable piece of real estate. One may become an investor or a home-builder on a very small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes ride of the world's greatest Ocean Sanatorium.

Safety of Investment

So sure is the Company of the goodness of the investment, that it gives a black and white guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least *25 per cent.* within one year, or money will be refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles are guaranteed by Integrity Title Trust Company, of Philadelphia. Sh the owner of property in Pleasan Terrace die before the lots are fully for, his heirs will receive a clear c thus insuring him against risk or Should he desire to build before Sep ber 1st, half the purchase price wil returned, and every assistance given in his enterprise.

In this way men of moderate m may invest on the easiest terms and u the safest guarantee, with practicall risk. It is certainly a most unusual position. Land is the safest form c vestment. It cannot burn, be stole affected by financial panic. Pleasan Terrace is the only land convenien Atlantic City which can be bought as or on such terms.

Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atl City, was among the first to recognize the advantages of Pleasantville Terrace, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the company and the goodness of the investment. P inent officials of the Reading Rail clergymen and hundreds of business have also purchased largely. Prope sold under wise permanent restrict and to white people only.

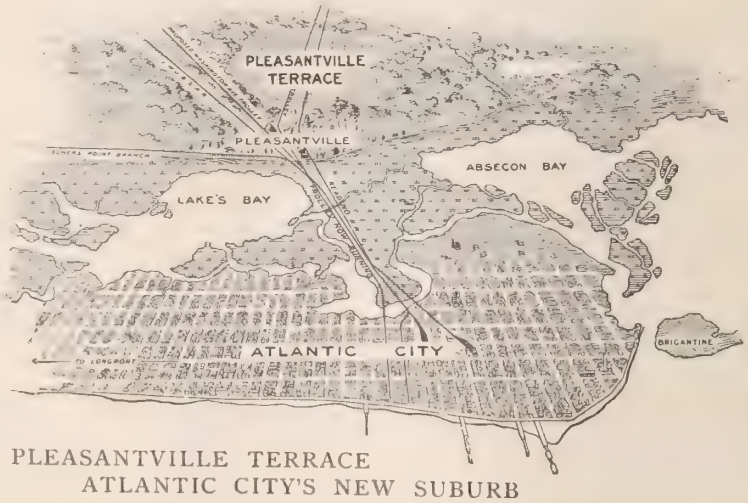


Every facility is offered for inves tion. Regular weekly Excursions ar from Atlantic City, leaving the Rea Station at 2.30 P. M. Agents fu tickets at the station, or they may be at the Company's Offices, 410 Ba Building, Atlantic City.

A New Section

To those who cannot visit the pro in person, a booklet and plans, from w to make selection, will be sent upo quest. Section B just opened.

By enclosing $1 with name and ad as many lots may be secured as desire to five, which is all that can be sold t person. Satisfaction is guaranteed o dollar will be returned. Or, send and address for booklet and further i mation to The Atlantic City Estate Victor J. Humbrecht, President. Fi delphia office, 1039-1050 Drexel Bui Fifth and Chestnut. Atlantic City O 410 Bartlett Building; or, 1615 B Walk, between Kentucky and Illinois Camden, N. J., Office, 304 Market Newark, N. J., Office, 412 Prude Building; Washington, D. C., 209 Je Building.



PLEASANTVILLE TERRACE
ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW SUBURB

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Offices: Bible House, New York

PRESIDENT FRANCIS IS SPEAKING FROM A PLATFORM AT THE MONUMENT

SEE PAGE 608

Enthusiastic Crowds Welcome the Old Liberty Bell at the St. Louis Fair

Questions & Answers

R. F. D., Pittsfield, Mass. 1. Is there any place in the Bible that tells how much Judas sold Jesus for? 2. What does Matt. 23: 9 mean?

1. See Zech. 11: 12 and Matt. 27: 6-9. 2. The words must be taken in connection with what precedes and follows them. Christ was warning men against "the itch for ecclesiastical superiority," and the vain-glory of high-sounding church titles. He wished them to remember that the Rabbi, Guide, Teacher, Master, Father—over and above all others—is God, to whom alone the love and homage of the spirit belong, and that in his sight all his children are equal.

R. F., Lexington, Ky. Was the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* original with Shakespeare, or if not, where did he get it?

He is believed to have been indebted for that part of the story which deals with the bond and the caskets to the *Gesta Romanorum*, a Latin collection of stories, published in the time of Henry VI, or possibly to a tale by Giovanni Fiorentino, published in Milan in 1558, but written nearly 200 years earlier. Some of the speeches were apparently suggested by a piece called *The Orator*, by Alexandre Silvayn (1596:) Other sources have also been recognized. Shakespeare adapted from many sources, and illuminated all with the light of his own transcendent genius.

Subscriber, New York. Is there anything in Scripture to forbid cremation? Is there anything to recommend it?

There are only two instances of cremation mentioned in Scripture, viz.: The case of Saul and his sons (I. Sam. 31: 12), and that referred to in Amos 6: 10. The latter appears to have reference to a season of pestilence, when burning the bodies was considered advisable in order to check the spread of the plague. The ancient Romans apparently favored incineration, but the Jews from time immemorial observed the practice of burial. Cremation does not seem to have been considered, consequently there is nothing found in the sacred writings specially dealing with the subject.

Anna H. L., Sellersburg, Ind. What is the Bible meaning of "saint," and also "Christian?" Have the two words a different meaning?

"Saint" means simply "a holy one," or "one of a consecrated life." Before the Christian era, it was applied to those who were eminent for piety and virtue, and whose lives showed them to be consecrated or sanctified persons. Thus the ancient Jews had their saints, one of the most celebrated being Judah Hak-kadosh (Rabbi Judah, the Holy), the author of the *Mishna*. In the New Testament, the "saints" were those Christians who were set apart by consecration or dedicated to God's service. Later, the martyrs and apostles became the recognized saints of the Christian church throughout the world.

Cheerfulness is a virtue—a greater one than most people imagine. An aged reader (Mrs. Mary E. B., of Castle, N. Y., aged seventy-seven), writes:

Here is some of my own rhyming:
What's the use, as the years go by,
To snivel up, grow old and cry.
Smooth the wrinkles! Hold up the head,
Until you are laid out for dead.

Good, simple, wholesome philosophy, which takes trouble lightly and goes bravely forward, confident in God's love and care.

A. B., Corning, Ia. 1. What do you understand by a person being self-righteous? 2. Is it best for parents to insist on the family attending church regularly, when there are difficulties and inconvenience in so doing?

1. A self-righteous person is one who is proud of his spiritual attainments, who trusts to his own merits rather than to God's grace, who is censorious of his brethren and holds himself superior to them. 2. Parents do well to put aside obstacles in order to attend church. The children should acquire the habit and should see how much importance the parents attach to the duty. No trivial inconvenience should be allowed to keep them at home. There are cases, however, in which this may be carried to an extreme. We can imagine a case of a child being sick and a mother feeling it more her duty to be at the child's bedside than at church, and she would be wise and justified in attending to her child rather than going to church. A man might be serving God better in helping to put out a fire in a neighbor's house than in being present in his usual place in his pew.

We Want 1,000,000 Names

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is planning to send out next Fall, one million invitations to Christian families likely to subscribe. To accomplish this, we require the assistance of our present subscribers. They know what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is, and they also know whether its introduction into new homes should be encouraged. We leave, without misgivings, the decision in their hands.

We want the names of one million adult, Protestant Church members, no two living in the same house, and we invite our subscribers to co-operate in the work of supplying these names. We ask each subscriber to send us the names of exactly twenty-five persons, no more, no less—all names to be written on **one side** of **one** large **sheet**—giving, *First*, Designation, Mr., Mrs., Dr., Prof. *Second*, Christian name. *Third*, Surname. *Fourth*, Street address (except in very small towns). *Fifth*, Town. *Sixth*, County. *Seventh*, State. *Eighth*, What denomination. As, for instance: Dr. John Smith, 42 Terrace Avenue, Jeffersonville, Cook County, Ohio, Methodist.

★ ★ ★ ★

While many of our subscribers, we are sure, would be glad to supply twenty-five names without any financial consideration, we feel that such kind co-operation should be recognized, and therefore we submit the following proposition, which we are quite sure will be found unusually liberal and attractive:

THIS IS OUR PROPOSITION

Send us Twenty-five names—no more, no less—conforming to the requirements mentioned above; namely, adult, Protestant Church members, no two living in the same house, and send fifteen cents in coin, or stamps, and we will **have your own name** placed on the subscription list of the **Twentieth Century Home,** the greatest monthly home magazine published, for a term of six months, beginning with the July number, on the following basis:

Twentieth Century Home, Regular Price for Six Months,		**50 cents**
Allowance for Twenty-Five Names	twenty-five cents	**35 cents**
Allowance for Paper, Postage, etc,	ten cents	
Cash to be Remitted with Names - -		**15 cents**

☛If you prefer, we will substitute **Pearson's Magazine** for the **Twentieth Century Home.**

★ ★ ★ ★

By special arrangement with Mr. John Brisben Walker, Proprietor of the **Twentieth Century Home,** and with the Publishers of **Pearson's Magazine,** subscriptions sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under the above proposition, will share all the advantages enjoyed by other subscribers.

And finally, do not forget that no list mailed after July 31 will be accepted.

IMPORTANT.—We will supply for the above purpose FREE, specially ruled paper with liberal spaces for twenty-five names. Order by POSTAL CARD ONLY, and address as below.

NOW TO SUMMARIZE

FIRST—We want one million names.

SECOND—We will not accept any name from others than our subscribers.

THIRD—No person should send either more or less than twenty-five names.

FOURTH—The names must be written on one side of one sheet.

FIFTH—The list must be signed by the sender with his full address.

SIXTH—All names must be those of adult Protestant Church members, no two living in the same house.

SEVENTH—Every separate name should contain the title, Christian name, surname, street address, town, county, state, and denomination.

EIGHTH—If you accompany the list by fifteen cents, either in coin or stamps, we will send to you for six months, from July to December, either the **Twentieth Century Home** or **Pearson's Magazine.** Whatever selection you may make, your subscription will include the Thanksgiving and the Christmas editions of the paper of your choice.

NINTH—You may designate your preference for the one or the other of these two Magazines, but in case our arrangement with the publisher of the one you select should become exhausted before your list is received, we reserve the right to substitute the other Magazine mentioned in this article.

TENTH—The list must be posted not later than July 31.

The Christian Herald Circular Department
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Reader, Paterson, N. J. Why God permits pain, and sorrow, and suffering in the world, are not problems for man's solution. We can, however, accept them with Christian philosophy, as a part of that training which becomes "perfect through suffering." In a beautiful poem, Miss Learned gives this answer to the cry of the anguished to God to take away pain:

Then answered the Lord to the cry of his world:
"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the world to endure,
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart
And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine
The Christ on the Cross?"

There is a whole sermon of consolation and spiritual satisfaction in that verse.

H. E. O'D., Watervliet, N. Y. 1. What is the result of the *Slocum* disaster inquiry? Has nobody been held responsible for this terrible calamity, which came largely through gross carelessness? 2. Do you consider it a visitation from God?

1. Four investigations have been instituted. The local coroner and a jury have already charged a number of the excursion steamship officials with direct responsibility, and they will be tried on these charges. The captain, commodore, mate and United States steamboat inspector, as well as the officers of the company, are included in the verdict. 2. Certainly not; we have heard of no one who took such a view.

Here is surely a case of an extraordinary memory. Mr. A. E. L., of Haverhill, Mass. writes:

Mrs. Sarah Chandler, an aged Christian of Haverhill, has memorized during February last, the fifth chapter of Matthew and Hebrews 2, at the age of ninety-two years. She sits in her chair day by day and reads her Bible.

Miss A. B. C., La Gloria, Cuba. Where is the following quotation to be found, "As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling?"

It is from the Book of Ecclesiasticus 27: 2 in the Apocrypha.

B. M. C., Mt. Vernon, Ia. What are the idle words condemned in Matt. 12: 36?

The word idle, in the passage, covers a wide field. It includes not only profanity falsehood and abuse, but silly and frivolous talking. It does not apply to the cheerful humor and wit by which a man tries to raise the spirits of his friends, but to mere jesting, especially on sacred subjects, by which a person who is disposed to serious thought may be diverted into merriment and idle laughter.

Miscellaneous

T. H. Knollin, Syracuse, N. Y. We never heard of it.

J. W., Wheeling, W. Va. Write to Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. F. V. A., Moulton, Tex. The best plan is to avoid any amusement concerning the morality of which you are in doubt.

Chas. H., Newark, N. J. The lines are from a long poem entitled, "Forever with the Lord," written by James Montgomery.

J. H., Ikeville, La. We believe the World's Fair to be educational as well as interesting on general grounds, and that to visit it is a distinct advantage.

Charles S. H., Safe Harbor, Pa. There is no such prophecy in the Bible. You probably refer to the "Mother Shipton prophecy," which has long since been discredited, and shown to have been a clever literary imposture.

Mrs. B. A. Loving, Persimmon, O. T., can use good literature, old periodicals and other suitable reading matter, in her mission work on the frontier. Any one who may send suitable reading matter will be gratefully remembered.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

FOOLISH TALKING CONDEMNED. WISE CONVERSATION COMMENDED

Matthew 12: 36	I. Peter 3: 16
Philippians 1: 27	II. Peter 3: 11
Philippians 3: 20	I. Timothy 4: 12
Ephesians 5: 4	James 3: 13
Colossians 3: 17	Psalms 50: 23
I. Peter 1: 15	Proverbs 10: 19

D. F. E.

NEW YORK JULY 13, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

CHAY-CHO-SI, A CONVERT

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN KOREA

MISS SATO, A JAPANESE NURSE

They Gave the Bible to Korea

N the year 1890 a Committee was appointed for the translation of the Scriptures into the Korean language, consisting of Rev. H. G. Underwood, Rev. W. B. Scranton, M.D., and Rev. H. G. Appenzeller.

After some years of translation and missionary work, . Scranton returned to the United States, and Rev. . Appenzeller was drowned. The vacancies thus ·used were filled by the appointment of Rev. J. S. ·le and Rev. W. B. Reynolds. Rev. G. Heber Jones ·s also connected with the Committee for a time, but ·i now visiting in the United States on a furlough.

As a result of their joint work, ·· New Testament has been ·nslated for the Koreans, and ·rised for publication in a ten·ive form. In the picture are · three members of the pres·t Committee, with their native ·sistants.

In the progress of Christian ·rk in Korea, the circulation of · Scriptures has had an im·rtant part. Wherever the mis·naries have gone, they have ·en and distributed the Word God, and it has been blessed the conversion of many ecious souls.

One instance of this kind was ·t of a Korean broker named ·ay-Cho-Si, who was formerly drunkard and profligate, but ·o was led by the power of the ·th to repent of his sins. He ·s been a noble witness for ·rist. At one time he endured ·eat opposition and severe per·cution ; but he triumphed over ·, and some who had opposed ·m most were led through his ample to repentance and a ·w life.

In all lands, and under all cir·mstances, the Word of God is e one firm basis for the reno·tion of mankind. Other systems of religion may ·ve some elements of good, but none can so transform e lives of men as the Gospel of Christ. The produc·n, therefore, of any new version gives reason for joy ·d gratitude. More than food to the hungry, it is the ·ord of life to souls perishing in sin.

During the war with China there were more than a ·zen Christian nurses who did excellent service in the ·panese military hospitals, and won for themselves ·uch gratitude and praise. Among them was a Miss ·ato, who had graduated at a Christian school in Tokio. She was a very earnest Christian. She was afterwards sent for to attend the Japanese Crown Prince during a severe sickness, and her faithfulness and skill were greatly appreciated.

Some time ago, Dr. Avison, of the Presbyterian Hospital in Seoul, Korea, sent to Japan for a Christian nurse, and Miss Sato volunteered to go to his assistance.

On a recent visit to Korea, I was shown through the Hospital, and there saw her dressing the wounds of a poor soldier who had been nearly killed by the accidental explosion of a cannon. Her self-possession and skill in a most trying case were truly wonderful. It was evident that the reputation and honors she had gained were well deserved.

And thus the blessings of Christianity are not only manifest in Japan, but are even transported to Korea, where there is so much of suffering and need.

Yokohama, Japan. H. LOOMIS.

Rev. W. B. Reynolds Rev. H. G. Underwood, D.D. Rev. J. S. Gale

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION COMMITTEE OF KOREA

Progress of Gospel Work in Korea

In a letter from Rev. R. H. Sidebotham, an American missionary at Fusan, Korea, the writer says there has been no anxiety there, and no interruption to mission work on account of the war. People are busy with their farming and trading. In May last, the spiritual ingathering at Fusan was the largest ever known. Thirty-one being baptized, and fifty-one admitted as catechumens.

"A Christian wedding has attracted much attention by its results. A bridegroom of seventeen and a bride of fifteen were united, being the first couple in all our work who had started together, both being church members. They knew nothing of each other, had no courtship, no happy days together to lead them to the altar, for they saw each other for the first time when they came to the ceremony. The parents had made all arrangements and only decided the wedding should take place three days before it occurred. A strange way of doing things, it is true, but thoroughly Korean! After marriage, the young people fell in love, a rare thing in this land and slower than it is rare, and this has made a remarkable impression on the Christians near their home, while to the heathen it is inexplicable.

"Should Russia win in this conflict, it is likely Korea would go to her as a prize ; and we all know how intolerant she is of other branches of the Christian Church. Our work might not all be swallowed up, yet certain it is we should be unable to keep up as aggressive a campaign as now among this peculiarly receptive people. Should Japan win, we have no fears on the line of missionary work. Whether Korea remained independent, became a dependency of Japan, or was entirely taken over by the Japanese, we expect the preaching of the Cross in our own way would not be molested, but would be protected, even if we were not helped.

The missionaries in Korea, to a man, I believe, are therefore hoping and sometimes praying for the victory of the heathen over the Christian, for we believe the heathen will prosper Christianity of a vital, forceful type more than the Christian nation.

The event is in His hands ! We wait, and work while we wait, and we enjoy even now some of the rich fruits of our labors."

NATIONAL PROSPERITY

A Sermon by REV. WM. R. RICHARDS, D.D.*

WHAT is national prosperity? There have been many views on that subject; it is important to know which view is right.

One view, and perhaps the earliest—the one commonest among rude peoples—was that a prosperous nation must be strong in war. It was the view of the old Spartans, who shaped everything in their public laws and domestic customs so as to secure the greatest possible military efficiency. The early Romans, of course, held a similar view. We must admit considerable truth in it, and that it encouraged some admirable virtues among the people, for the world will not forget that finest product of Spartan discipline, Leonidas and his three hundred at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

And yet facts have often proved this view of national prosperity defective, and that it may become terribly demoralizing. If a nation grows very strong in war, and makes a business of war, until the business has to be conducted professionally, like any other great trade, the nation may find herself at last trusting to armies of foreign mercenaries, while her own people have lost heart for fighting, and so lose the only virtue they ever had. Every one knows how complete this demoralization became in the overgrown and decrepit Rome in the time of the later empire.

Not in Wealth

Another view, increasingly influential in our own times, is that a prosperous nation must be rich. Six or seven hundred years ago Venice rose to greatness under this theory; afterwards Spain and Portugal, when they had a chance to tap the wealth of the Golden Indies; and then Holland and England;—in fact all the great sea powers. And certainly there has been some truth in this view: those qualities of industry, economy and commercial integrity, which give the foundation for permanent wealth are very desirable qualities.

And yet the past has often proved that this view of national prosperity is defective, and may be terribly demoralizing. Some kinds of wealth have been so disastrous to a nation. Those tainted streams of gold, for instance, that used to pour into the treasury of Spain from her American Colonies. And, indeed, any very great wealth, after it is attained, has been found likely to sap and kill the very virtues which contributed to its attainment; the old-time frugal industry gives way to luxury and to crazy speculation, and then farewell to national greatness, and soon farewell to the wealth also.

Still another view of national prosperity would connect it with the possession of just laws and a well-framed system of government. A theory which was very firmly held by many earnest men in the eighteenth century. It was the ruling thought in the minds of the leaders of the French Revolution; and also of our American Revolution. And certainly there is a vast deal of truth in this view; and yet the world ought to have learned by this time that good laws are not identical with prosperity, and that by themselves they are not strong enough to create and secure prosperity. The French Revolution itself, with its reign of terror, will always start up like an apparition to warn us against trusting to this legislative scheme of national safety and welfare. The same lesson was taught long before in the sacred history of the Jews. A law furnished them by divine inspiration, and most admirably adapted to the condition of their people; yet that law could not save them. By the works of the law they could not be saved.

Not in Religious Institutions

Still another view of national prosperity would connect it with a suitable establishment of religion; a national church; some kind of national creed. And certainly you and I believe that this view was aimed toward a great truth; but as certainly it does not quite hit it; for almost all the dead and buried nations have had such a religious establishment at some time in their history. It did not save them. And to refer once more to the sacred example of the Jews, we have been taught that their religious establishment, like their law, was divinely furnished to them; and in the course of time they became proud of it, and passionately devoted to it; yet it could not save them. Its most strenuous advocates were those Scribes and Pharisees against whom our Lord pronounced his most terrible denunciations.

We might speak of other views of the subject; as, for instance, the old Athenian view that a prosperous nation must be a knowing nation: that enough schooling will solve the whole problem. But the later history of the Greek States was a sufficient refutation of any view they might hold on the subject; so, without more delay, I wish to call your thoughts back to the view advocated by the old Hebrew Prophets, and expressed in our text: "Thy people shall be all righteous." This is Isaiah's view of a prosperous nation. "All of them righteous." It bases the prosperity of a nation on the individual characters of the people.

*Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue, New York. Text: Isa. 60: 21. "Thy people also shall be all righteous."

Of course, with this foundation, other things will follow. If the people are righteous, they will do the right thing, whatever that may be. If ever the national duty should be war, a righteous people will do good fighting. In time of peace, you may expect them to display the industry, economy and honesty which result in increase of wealth. At all times you will expect such a people to devise reasonable forms of government and just laws. You will certainly expect them to appreciate and secure the advantages of education. Look at the 16th century Dutchmen founding their Leyden University. Look at the New England Puritans of the 17th century building their district schools and their Harvard College. A righteous people will love wisdom. Above all, a righteous people will believe in a righteous God, and give proper expression to their faith by right institutions of religion, So all those other elements of national prosperity that we spoke of will be regularly appearing among a righteous people.

It is a magnificent picture of visible material prosperity that Isaiah draws in the chapter from which our

REV. WILLIAM R. RICHARDS, D.D.

text was taken. The strongest poetic figures are used for declaring that the very things which men had always counted best worth having, shall come in large measure to this favored people of God. But the foundation fact—on which all else rests—is this. "Thy people shall be all righteous." The righteous characters of the several Israelites supply the foundation which will have to hold up the prosperity of Israel. You know Isaiah was not peculiar in this opinion. This was the one sermon of all the old Hebrew prophets; they might use a great variety of text and illustrations, but it was always for the preaching of this one sermon.

And that is always a good sermon for any people: it is a good sermon for us Americans to hear and heed. For we have been so strongly tempted at times to accept one or another of those other defective, demoralizing views of national prosperity.

Modern Tendencies

That our nation must by all means be strong in war, for instance. I do not think this has been, generally, a besetting error with our people, but for the last few years there has seemed some danger that it should become so. If once we should enter into that kind of competition for the strongest fleets and armies, there will be some Americans who will think success in that success enough. Then, if any John Baptist should lift up his voice in warning against our national perils, these people would answer by pointing at these forts and battleships. Give us a very few ships more, they say, or a few more thousand soldiers, and our country will be safe. Welcome any Hebrew prophet, or other preacher, who could guard us against so disastrous a mistake as that.

And then the theory that wealth is true prosperity, that a nation rich enough is certainly well off, and nobody can doubt that this has been a besetting error with our people. The temptation is very strong this way, for we have been growing rich so fast, and there seems every reason to believe that for a while longer we shall go on growing rich so fast. And the color of gold, when there was enough of it, has always dazzled men, bewildered them. If a man knows that he could easily buy out his neighbor, it seems natural for him to think that he must be more of a man than his neighbor, worth more. It is easy for nations to fall into the same way of thinking, and if the time should ever come, as it seems likely to come, when our nation could easily buy out any other nation in the markets of the world, it would be easy for us to think that we are therefore the greatest and best and safest of people; yet for a long time, perhaps, this same easily gotten wealth had been robbing us of those old-fashioned virtues of industry and prudence which were the beginning of our wealth. We were growing luxurious and extravagant, and so while boasting of our riches, we were preparing for universal bankruptcy a little further on, when the yellow Chinaman, or some other frugal people, might move in and buy up what was left of our wasted inheritance.

And then there was some danger that we should trust in good laws to make us prosperous; some of us had inclined to that opinion. You know how Dickens and other foreign critics used to laugh at our American habit of boasting of our "institutions," as if good laws would save. It would seem that our own past history had been enough to undeceive us on that point. America ought to know, by this time, that something more is needed than good laws to make a nation prosperous.

Righteousness the True Test

And yet some of us have not quite learned that lesson. Some still cherish the idea that a little more improvement of laws would save us. Get a law on the statute book against polygamy and divorce, and men will be pure; a law against gambling, and men will no longer risk their money on a bet; a more stringent prohibitory law, and men will no longer drink liquor. It is hard to keep the fact in mind, that even the best of laws are only the expression of the will of the people; the law does not create the right will of the people, but the right will of the people must create the laws. The real foundation of national prosperity is back of the laws, back of the national constitution, back of our wealth, back of our army and navy. All those visible tokens of prosperity might be present in largest measure, while really our nation was on the brink of ruin, or in the actual process of ruin. Righteousness: that is the foundation. How much of what God himself knows for righteousness is there in the hearts of the people?

There was once a good deal of it. It is no vanity to say so. As nations go, there was once a great deal of righteousness in American hearts. No other land was ever settled as this land was. Of course, they were not all saints, those early settlers, and the best of them were not altogether saintly. I have heard of those shiploads of convicts. I have heard of those great troops of younger sons and other adventurers, crowded out of their old home, who came over to try their fortunes here. But among those settlers there were also a goodly number who came for conscience sake. French Huguenots, Scotch Covenanters, Irish Presbyterians, English Puritans and Quakers. Men and women who had been well settled in their old homes, who longed to stay there, and could have stayed there if only they would have renounced or concealed certain unfashionable religious convictions of theirs.

Founders of the Nation

I do not know how large a proportion these were of all the settlers; not very large probably, but these emigrants for conscience sake were of a sort to exert an influence out of all proportion to their number. Such men ought to be weighed, not numbered—and these emigrants for conscience sake did very largely determine the tone and color of life in the American Colonies. They fastened the words of this Book in the minds of the people; they made the Lord's Day a very real American institution. They bred a race of public men able to take the lead, when the time came, in the great crisis of our war for national independence, and in the establishing of our government—the most extraordinary group of men in some ways that has ever appeared in any nation, not unsuitable companions for their leader Washington, whose lofty motive, and the simple disinterestedness of whose patriotism have lifted him to a unique position among the great men of history.

Yes, as compared with the nations generally, there was once a large degree of righteousness in the hearts of our people, and time has shown that it was a good foundation on which to build any superstructure of national greatness that God might be designing for us.

But this kind of foundation has to be not dead but living. It cannot be laid once for all; as some of Pharaoh would lay the great stones of his Pyramid, to stand from that time on while the world lasts. The stones in this temple must be living stones, "living stones," as the apostle calls them. The ancient virtue

of he Pilgrim Fathers, or of our great Revolutionary le ers, can no more save America from her Twentieth Ctury enemies than the faith of Abraham could save Jusalem from Titus and his Romans. If ever a time sluld come when this old-fashioned American righteo ness shall have died out in the hearts of the Ameri c people, it will mean that the foundation stones h e been drawn out from under the structure of our nional prosperity; that the great house towering to wd heaven stands only on a quicksand, and then the gater the house, the more terrible the fall.

I do not know how any thoughtful American can fail tgrow anxious as he thinks of these things. Whene existing sources of supply for some important cmmodity threaten to give out, we do grow anxious. I ve learn that the lumber men are clearing away our gat forests too fast; and that we are threatened with flod and drought and failure of timber, we do grow a ious; and we pass forestry laws and appoint forestry chmissions to ward off the peril. If a city should lern that its water supply was being diverted or wasted opolluted so that the people might be left with no fit wer for drinking, the citizens would grow anxious and apt measures and cheerfully spend their money to wd off the peril. If there were danger that our coal fds should be exhausted in the near future, the source osupply of power for our ships and railroads and nls; you would see signs of the deepest anxiety aong the people, as they bestirred themselves to ward o the peril.

But what if the previously existing sources of supply orighteousness in the hearts of the people should give o?

Take, for instance, the institution of the Lord's Day. I m not touching now the question of any divine cmmand for keeping it, or any sin secularizing it, but s ply the relation of cause and effect between the Sday as our fathers observed it, and the degree of rteous principle discoverable among them. The c nection was very close. For one day in the week tl secular work of these men stopped (and they had no n spapers to bring its details still before them), the plic sentiment frowned upon most forms of amusemnt, so men were compelled to give their thoughts tsomething else, and the customs of the time made it ntural and almost inevitable that many of them should ge some thought to holy things. Those of us who r remember a New England Sunday of thirty or forty years ago will know how a child in those days was almost compelled to face those great questions of right and wrong which lie at the basis of things.

Now, if this day is to be secularized, made like other days, can you tell me what other channel is going to convey these same serious thoughts and influences into a boy's heart? A child who has been encouraged to spend a large part of his Sunday traveling about the country, amusing himself, or reading sensational accounts of Saturday's amusements, what is going to supply to that child such elements of righteous character as used to come to his father when he would be still for a while on the first day of every week, and know that there is a righteous God, and that man's chief end must be to glorify and enjoy Him?

Then take the farms and country villages of our older States as they were a generation ago. Some of you remember the kind of atmosphere that pervaded those quiet, rural homes, and the kind of men that grew up in them. It is where a large part of the strong men in all our great cities have come from. These innumerable little springs back among the hills are what have been feeding the rivers of civic righteousness. But now, when you travel about the country, have you not grown anxious to see how many of those springs seem to be running dry; how often the village life has lost the intelligence and character of other days; how the old farms have passed into the hands of aliens, and the old church on the green stands almost empty. If the springs dry up, how long will the rivers flow?

And even in the cities, do we not grow anxious to see how often the healthful community of other days seems to have been cut in two? In olden times there might be some accounted poor, and some accounted rich, but the most of the people lived between those extremes, and the different grades of prosperity merged imperceptibly into each other. Nowhere could you draw any sharply separating line. The people all owned something, and nearly all expected to do some work. But to-day we can hardly close our eyes to the fact that a line of separation has been drawn, or a gulf of separation, which threatens to grow wider, leaving two distinct classes; as if something had dropped out between. But there is reason for grave anxiety lest that thing which has dropped out between was what used to be a chief source of national virtue and strength.

In France, you remember, when Louis XIV revoked the great edict, most of the Huguenots had to flee the country; they were the intelligent, prosperous class of artisans, and after they were gone France was left with little or nothing between the wealthy nobles, who owned the land, and the ignorant poor who sweated in tilling it. Something had dropped out between, and they discovered too late that that something had been the source of a large part of the national virtue and wealth; the loss of that something was the ruin of France. No nation can do without righteousness in the hearts of the people: but the supply of righteousness is likely to run out if ever the time should come when nothing is left us in our great cities but two divided and antagonistic classes of the rich and the poor.

I need not go on mentioning those many occasions for anxiety on the part of every American who cares for his country. It is enough to remind you that they exist.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: If we do care for our country, then we must loyally sustain those influences which will still work righteousness in the hearts of our countrymen. A nation's fate will not be determined by the issue of some great battle, but by the issue of the character of the people, the righteousness or unrighteousness of the several men and women. But the influences that work such righteousness in the hearts of the people are without observation; they do their work quietly, steadily, without much noise of trumpets: The godly home, the school, the church; some plain colporteur leaving a tract at a door, or a Bible on the table, or going in and teaching a father to pray with his household. Some good woman in the village drawing the children into Sunday School, teaching them the sweet story of Jesus. Some home missionary in the West riding from station to station of his big parish, calling little groups of people together to pray and to hear these words of God. So, little by little, innumerable tiny seeds scattered over a great field; innumerable tiny drops of rain making fruitful the soil of a continent; little by little, with much patience and waiting, working for men, women and children, one by one. It is only so that any people can be made all righteous, that any nation can be saved.

You and I, as good Americans, want to claim our share in that kind of work for the saving of America. We ought to be working at it every day of our lives in our homes, in our shops and offices, in the activities of our church, by all the power of our living example. May the God of our fathers show each of us here and now what our own share of that great work is.

International Women's Congress in Berlin

THE International Council of Women meets every five years, and owes its ogin to American, French, al English women, who in t year 1888, met at a Congss in Washington. The nvement had no promince, however, until 1893, wn following an invitation fm the Woman's Division the World's Congress in Cicago, it had its first forl meeting there at that te. Delegates from more tn thirty nationalities took pt, and upon their return t he homeland they found- individual societies, and tse united with the International Council of Women. day there are more than nineteen National Societies, sead over the entire universe, and with a membersp of between seven and eight million women. The oman's Society of Germany, which sent out invitatns to their Congress held recently in Berlin, belongs t this International Council.

The International Council of Women has no other tive than the furtherance of woman's interests, which is shown by their motto: "All that you should wish t people should do to you, that do you also to them." ly delegates who are elected by them belong to the tional Society. In Germany, these are Frau Marie itt of Dresden, Chairman of the Society of German omen; Frauline Anna Pappitz of Berlin, and Mrs. Helge V. Foster of Nurnberg. e President of the Interional Council of Women i Mrs. May Wright Sewall Indianapolis, but she will y remain in office until expiration of her term, the rules of the Society that a new President ust be elected every five ars. She received her ademic education in the rthwestern University. e was the first woman enforce the inspection of blic schools in America. The Vice-President is Lady bel Aberdeen, who is a scendant of the old Scotch family of the house of Aberdeen. Growing up among the people, she early learned to do her utmost in the way of helping the needy and the oppressed. The founding of a society for the welfare of her people was her first work. Other similar societies soon followed, their object being the elevation and self-support of women. Especially in Canada, where her husband was for five years Governor-General, and where she was beloved by all, she did much for woman's efforts. Because of her literary ability, she received the title of Doctor from the Queen's University of Kingston. The Treasurer is Mrs. Helene Lange, who has earned high honors for the furtherance of woman's interests.

Among the delegates were a great number of well-known women. Holland was represented by the pioneer among its doctors, Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs, who recently celebrated her twenty-fifth anniversity as a physician. From Sweden, came Mrs. Anna Hierta-Retzius, founder of a working school for children, in which the poorest of the poor, both boys and girls, are taught and taken care of, gratis, and learn two trades, so that they may be able to earn their own living. During the fifteen years since this school was founded, the number of beggars in Sweden has materially decreased.

FRÄULEIN GINA KROG
Organizer of Norwegian Society

FRL. ANNA PAPPRITZ
Assistant Chairman Local Committee

LADY ABERDEEN
President Local Committee

DR. ALETTA H. JACOBS
Holland's first Woman Physician

The neighboring land of Norway, also gave a very accomplished woman, Mrs. Gina Krog, who was the first woman speaker in Norway, and founded the first society for Norwegian women's interests. Among the Americans, special mention should be made of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is eighty-four years of age. She comes of old Quaker stock, which makes no distinction in the education of its sons and daughters.

The programme was arranged so that the Congress should give an illustration of woman's work and her accomplishment along different lines. The Empress of Germany was very gracious, and warmly greeting Miss Anthony, she said: "What a long journey you have taken! How do you like Berlin? I know your long life's work, and your position in the Council of Women." Miss Anthony replied: "I hope your husband the Emperor will vie with the United States in endeavoring to place German women on an equality with men, and that he will devote his attention to this, as well as to augmenting the commercial greatness of his country." The Empress replied, "Men are very slow to comprehend the equality of women with themselves." The American delegates made a favorable impression, owing to their oratory, their clear, concise statements, and distinct, deliberate speaking.

ANNA HIERTA-RETZIUS
Organizer Swedish Society

FRAU MARIE STRITT
Chairman German Society

MRS. M. WRIGHT SEWALL
President International Council

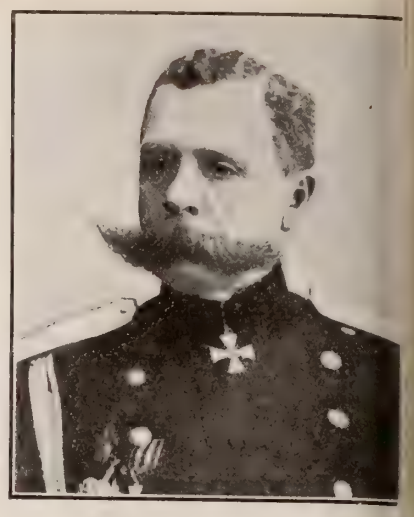
LADY ISHBEL ABERDEEN
Vice-President International Council

Battles Both by Land and Sea

VICE-ADMIRAL BEZOBRAZOF
One of the Commanders of the Russian Navy

VICE-ADMIRAL KAMIMURA
Who is watching the Vladivostok Fleet

GENERAL BARON OKU
Who is now investing Port Arthur



GENERAL RENNENKAMPF
Commander of the Cossack forces in the East

ALL the indications in the Russo-Japanese campaign in Southern Manchuria point to a great and probably decisive battle near at hand, if indeed it has not already taken place. Three Japanese armies, under Gens. Kuroki, Oku, and Nodzu, have been slowly concentrating their forces preparatory to an attack on the Russian position in the neighborhood of Tashichao, or Hai-Cheng. Gen. Kouropatkin, to oppose this powerful movement, has now a considerable army, his forces having been greatly strengthened by new arrivals. The strength of the various commands on both sides is estimated as follows:

JAPANESE	
Kuroki	90 000
Oku	60 000
Nodzu	50 000
RUSSIAN	
Kouropatkin	85 000
Stakelberg	40 000
Kellar	40 000
Total	365 000

Some estimates place the figures still higher, but the foregoing is conservative, and probably near the actual numbers. The Japanese, besides, have a considerable force investing Port Arthur, and the Russian strength at Liao-yang is unknown.

A week of hard fighting, with severe losses on both sides, made the Japanese masters of all the leading passes, which the Russians had previously occupied. Engagements, in which cavalry, artillery and infantry participated, took place at Sarganhoon, the Champanling and Waitaling Passes, Mo-tien-ling Pass, Phakhfsan, Tafang-ku, Kevitsiaputsi, Vandiaputsi, Tuinpu and several other points, where the Russians sharply but ineffectively contested the Japanese advance. Kaichau was captured on June 26, after a hot battle lasting two days. On June 28, another Russian force was defeated sixteen miles east of Hai-Cheng. Advices from the front are meagre and confusing, but enough was known on June 28, to justify the conclusion that the main body of the Japanese advance was almost within striking distance of the Russian army, and that a general engagement was imminent. It was reported that after the fight east of Hai-Cheng, the Russians at Tashichao began a hurried retreat to the north, fearing to be cut off. One Japanese army, under Gen. Oku, was pushing the Russians back along the railroad to Kaichau, while Kuroki's troops were fighting their way toward the railroad in the general direction of Hai Cheng.

It was reported on June 30, that the junction of the Japanese first and second armies had already taken place, and that the united forces of Kuroki, Nodzu and Oku now have a fighting front of 120 miles. Simultaneously with these operations, the Japanese also continued to advance from Siu-yen and Feng-wang-cheng, threatening the Russian line of communications northward. A dispatch from Liao-yang states that in the last week of June, the Japanese were advancing on that place in three divisions, and that Gen. Kellar was preparing to give battle. It is apparently Gen. Kouropatkin's purpose to retire with his main force on Liao-yang, and to avoid a general engagement south of that point.

RUSSIAN WOUNDED ARRIVING FROM THE FRONT, IN MANCHURIA

Tashichao, which has been prominent in the war news for weeks past, lies due east from Yinkow, the port of New Chwang and on the railway. Almost due north are Hai-Cheng and Liao-yang. East of Liao-yang is the famous Mo-tien Pass, the control of which was so bitterly contested. Kaichau (or Kai-ping) lies south of Tashichao, on the railway. The whole country west of Feng-wang-cheng to the railway is a series of hilly ridges with narrow valleys between. When Kuroki seized the Mo-tien Pass, he endangered the Russian rear. It is not even yet clear how a general engagement can be avoided, except by a precipitate retreat northward beyond Liao-yang, or westward into Chinese territory, across the Liao River.

On June 23, the Russian battleships *Peresviet*, *Poltava*, and *Sevastopol*, and the cruisers *Bayan*, *Askold*, and *Novik*, made a sortie from the harbor at dawn, l by steamers used for clearing the mines. A 11 A.M. t battleships *Czarevitch*, *Retvizan* and *Pobieda* join them. All the ships then advanced, endeavoring to c pose of the mines laid by the Japanese, but they w hindered by two Japanese torpedo boat destroye which had been guarding the mouth of the harbor. 3 P.M. one of the Russian destroyers was set on fire a retired. Subsequently the Japanese decoyed the R sians out to sea, and awaited an opportunity to begi general action, but between 8 and 9 P.M. the Russ Admiral changed tactics and steel straight for p while the rest of fleet also made the harbor. The J anese torpedo b destroyers and t pedo boats cha them, and at 9.30 livered the first tack. During night eight separ attacks were de ered, lasting u dawn of Friday. one of these assau according to miral Togo's rep the *Chiratata* tw torpedoed a bat ship of the *Peres* type, and sank A battleship of *Sevastopol* type, a cruiser of the *ana* type, were abled and to away. There considerable loss life, but no det have been receiv

Russian reports the sortie make mention of any to the fleet. Surp was expressed in val circles at the s cess of the Russi in repairing their ships, and in clear the harbor entra of mines.

On Sunday, J 26, after an all-y fight, the Japan forces investing P Arthur succeede capturing the three Keekwan forts, viz.: the Chik-w shan, Chit-an-shan, and So-cho-shan forts, southeas and a part of the Port Arthur defenses. So-cho-s was captured first, after a hot artillery duel, and e others fell soon afterward. The Russians retrea west, leaving forty dead on the field and several g The Japanese losses were still heavier, though no offi figures are given. Russian reports mention the los one fort only, viz: Guin-san-chau.

Fighting at the port has been continuous both land and from the sea. It is stated by late refug who have reached Chefoo, that Gen. Stoessel has 000 troops, 12,000 sailors, and about 700 guns; ther plenty of food, and the men are in good spirits. not improbable that the capture of the Keekwan f may result in making the harbor untenable for Russian fleet.

NORTHFIELD'S SUMMER CAMP

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER BELOW "CAMP NORTHFIELD"

A GREAT deal has been written about the Bible schools, the preparatory schools, and the Summer Conferences established by the late D. L. Moody, but it is not generally known that he orginated one of the most frequented and characteristic summer camps in the New England mountains. He first thought of this camp while in Mexico, and even before he returned to this country the initial arrangements were under way. He wrote then, that he should like to see five hundred men camped each summer on the mountain-side, back of Northfield. This was in 1895. Seven years later, his wish was fulfilled; for in 1902, the camp register reached the 500 point, and last year the total enrolment for the summer was 525. From the beginning of hot weather in June, until the cool days in September, men from the cities or the colleges leave their offices and their studies, and flock to the mountains and rivers around Northfield. Some pack their trunks for an all summer stay—others, less fortunate, come for a month or so—while still others bring their tennis rackets and golf clubs for their two short weeks' vacation.

Life at the camp is very attractive. Where several hundred men are gathered together in one place and all bent on having a good time, there is sure to be "something doing," and at Northfield there is every facility for doing it. Immediately in front of the slab dining-room, is a fine tennis court, and a short distance away are a half dozen more. Tournaments are arranged between different players and different schools.

To those who are eager to get more from their vacation than a thorough rest and a sound body, the privileges of the Northfield Summer Bible Schools and Conferences are frankly extended. These religious assemblies for years have given tone to Northfield as a summer resort, and many young men who have come to Northfield for tennis and golf, have remained for the meetings. In fact, one of the Conferences—the Student Gathering—July 1–10, is dedicated entirely to young men. It is under able and experienced young men leaders, such as John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer. It handles young men's questions, and is attended by a thousand or so of the best young men in the East.

During the Summer of 1904, in addition to the Student Conference, there is the Young Women's Conference, the General Conference, and several Bible schools for

TRAINING SCHOOLBOYS IN CAMP

specific study in Missionary work, in Sunday School methods, and for training in general Christian work. The Bible courses are given by some of the most noted Bible instructors in English and American Theological Schools. They are planned to meet the common needs and yet are technical enough to be valuable. A slight registration fee is charged at some of these Summer schools, and many young men and women who are interested in Christian work annually enrol as students.

Social life at Camp Northfield is democratic and free. One big dining-hall, protected from the weather only by a roof, serves for all. Meal time is a joyous, noisy occasion, with no formality and not much fastidiousness. Some are given the opportunity of waiting on the table for their board, and all the cooking is done by students of Mount Hermon School. Each tent accommodates four persons. Firm friendships frequently follow this intimate relationship.

The programme of the day is very comprehensive. Immediately after breakfast, a short religious service is held in the centre of the pines, at which some of the leaders of the conferences generally speak. This is one of the most helpful hours of the day, and old campers never forget the "Morning Council," as it was held in the days when D. L. Moody and John G. Paton were frequent visitors there. In the evening, the crowd gather round the camp fire, and with the accompaniment of guitars and banjos, sing old college songs and tell stories. Frequent public entertainments are given. Sometimes excellent programmes are provided, the camp quartette doing very creditable work, and the amateur performers making up in enthusiasm what they lack in skill. Lights go out at ten o'clock. All rules are made by the campers themselves, so that as far as the majority is concerned, there is perfect autonomy. Friction is unknown. The numerous tents in the shade of the pines resemble an army encampment, but the life within the tents is more like a big happy family. This was D. L. Moody's idea when he first planned the camp. He wanted a place where young men, without much money, could spend their vacation; where there would be athletics enough to make a strong man, social life enough to make a broad one, and religious influence enough to make a Christian one.

The camp opened this summer, June 29, and does not close until September 1.

SUMMER DAYS AT CAMP IROQUOIS

SCENES AT "CAMP IROQUOIS," LAKE GEORGE

HAD visited Lake Placid, and several other beautiful lakes of the Adirondacks, and passed eastward through the beautiful Keene Valley and Elizabethtown, reaching Westport, on Lake Champlain, at twilight. I thought my trip thus far had included the most beautiful scenery of the Adirondacks, but was most agreeably disappointed, when, the next morning, the steamer *Saranac* left her dock at the town of Baldwin, and I, for the first time, beheld Lake George. It was all that glorious and peaceful, and I decided to spend two or three days at some quiet retreat there.

Camp Iroquois, a unique settlement at Glen Eyrie, on the western shore of the lake, nearly opposite the Hague, was pointed out to me. I could see from the deck of the steamer a large dining-room, standing well back in the glen, the cabin on the shore, and the tents artistically arranged, giving a most picturesque appearance, while in front were Golden Eagle and Mallory Island. Learning that young men were always welcome there, I sought its shelter.

On landing, I found that fifty young men were having a delightful experience in real camp-life, but in a comfortable way. There were tents with board floors, cots, mattresses, pillows, etc., arranged in a semicircle, with a big camp-fire in front, and a dormitory, for those who prefer living indoors, accommodating twenty-five. Fourteen States were represented by young from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Savannah, Denver, and other cities of the East and middle West. The cabin on the shore was a thing of usefulness as well as beauty, where newspapers, periodicals, and magazines were on file, with writing material furnished free, a selected library, and general office. The dining-room was decorated with cedar boughs, birds' nests and other curios of the mountains. Never did a meal taste so good—fresh eggs, vegetables, and milk from Glen Eyrie farm, home made bread, flap jacks, and real New England doughnuts, were in evidence, and fresh fish were frequently brought in by the campers. We were indebted to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Tibbitts, of Washington, D. C., for the privilege of camping in so cosy and comfortable a place.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. F. TIBBITTS

Some have purchased lots near by on the lake front and are preparing to build cabins for their own use in future holidays. Those who delight in fishing find it a pleasure easily gratified. Some climb the mountains or visit the historical points, such as Fort Ticonderoga and Bloody Pond, while others take excursions up or down the lake, fishing, cooking their own meals, camping on the islands, and visiting at leisure Paradise Bay, Dollar Island, Black Mountain, and Rogers' Slide. The campers were welcomed each evening in the great living-room of Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts' lodge, located in a beautiful and secluded nook at the mouth of the inner glen. Here the twilight hours are spent in social intercourse. Evening prayers are held around the camp-fire or else in the cabin on the shore. Each morning at eight o'clock a short Bible study is conducted in groups. I noted that almost every young man in the camp took special pleasure in these morning studies.

Two Sundays were spent in camp. At 10:30 A.M., a Gospel service was held on the cliff. It had been widely announced, and the people began to assemble at ten o'clock, many coming by boat, and others by carriage and wagon. All were comfortably seated in the shadow of the great rocks and trees. The table and speaker's chair were made of white birch boughs around which the American flag was draped. The address was a simple Gospel message which was listened to by all with the deepest interest. In the evenings, a song service was conducted in the big tent or the cabin on shore.

Any young men looking for a special summer vacation place, may secure an illustrated prospectus by addressing Mr. Tibbitts, Bond Building, Washington, D. C. Parties, or young men's Bible classes from churches and societies, can secure camping-ground free of charge, providing their own equipment, and at the same time receive the protection and influence of this unique camp without fee.

Washington, D. C. BYRON GRAY.

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The Saint or the Sinner?

IN the varied experience of our churches, in city and country, the question frequently arises whether a certain applicant should be admitted to the privileges of Christian fellowship. If the applicant for membership happens to be one who has never been a professor of religion, and still more if he be a person who has been notoriously irreligious—dissipated, profligate, "a sinner"—there will be found not a few in our churches who will raise the eyebrows and shrug the shoulders, as they remark that "So-and-So would in no way be a desirable acquisition to our membership."

Now, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has many times had just such a problem sent to it for consideration. It is of such common recurrence that we have resolved to submit the question, in its broadest and most comprehensive aspect, to the judgment of our readers. We now cordially invite them, one and all, as they are interested in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom upon earth, to unite with us in solving the problem:

Is the Church for Saints or for Sinners?

Should a man or woman be barred from the privilege of fellowship with God's people by reason of past sins? Should we receive them in the Spirit of Him who said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," or should we first demand evidence of a change of heart and life, and works meet for repentance? Is a period of probation beneficial, or the reverse? What is the true Christian attitude in the case? Where should the line be drawn, if drawn at all? Will the letting down of the barriers, and the indiscriminate admission of all who apply, result in making the church worldly, or will the church's spiritual influence be strong enough to make them godly?

We shall be glad to receive as many replies as possible to this invitation. All will be accorded due recognition in these pages, and may be the means of helping many who are even now struggling with this difficult question. Address all answers to "THE MAIL-BAG, CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York."

Our Children and the Fourth

IT was a very little country which kept the Fourth of July, when this, our nation, was first independent. It is a very great country to-day. Looking back to the time when those brave men signed the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, we understand as perhaps at no earlier period we could have understood, what a fine thing they did, and how fearlessly they counted the cost. That act of defiance is one of the most sublime things in history. Among the men who were not afraid to challenge the power of England and begin a new nation over here in America, there were farmers, merchants, gentlemen of leisure, statesmen and scholars, all moved by one common patriotic impulse.

In the early days of this Republic, it was customary to make the children familiar with that greater charter of our nation's liberties, the Declaration of Independence. The original document, now so faded by time, that it is almost obliterated, is kept among the nation's archives in Washington, where it is jealously guarded, and may not be brought to the light more than once in a generation, lest it become wholly illegible; but science has triumphed over the defacement of time, and photography has given us a facsimile of the great document, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has scattered broadcast by tens of thousands among the homes of America. As one looks at it, it is not difficult to conjure up, in imagination, the patriotic Jefferson, with eyes aglow, tracing these immortal words with swiftly moving pen. Nor was it surprising that, for many years thereafter, and always on the morning of the glorious Fourth, citizens, old and young, with the growing children, gathered in some public place to hear it read once more, and to listen to a thrilling oration on liberty. The old-time Fourth of July, in the memory of thousands who were children forty years ago, was very significant. Whole towns and villages seemed, overnight, to blossom out with bunting, red, white and blue, and flags and banners were everywhere displayed. There was, of course, a procession of soldiers marching behind the guns, and, in many places, the Sunday Schools or Day Schools had an anniversary, and followed the militia, their young faces bright with excitement, and their steps keeping time with those of the older people in the front. How the band played "Hail Columbia"! How proud every one felt!

We sometimes wish that there were less noise and less explosive concussion in the display of fire-works on the Fourth, and yet there is a certain pleasure about the cannonading and the bright and even vociferous manner of keeping the day that may be borne, when we consider that it is the spontaneous expression of enthusiam which must have vent. The small boy especially finds no day quite so splendid and so much to his taste.

Looking back to the motley crowd of ill-trained, undisciplined men, in poverty and privation, poorly equipped with ammunition, and having few resources, who set out on the eight years' battle for independence, we cannot sufficiently praise the courage, enterprise and magnificent valor of those who went before us. They builded better than they knew. Are we not sometimes in danger of forgetting the names of the great heroes of that early conflict? Surely there are some names that never should be forgotten: the names of Washington, Adams, Patrick Henry, John Rutledge, John Jay, and many another should be kept forevermore green in memory. And every American child, native or foreign-born, should be taught the Declaration of Independence.

A Moral Movement

THERE are probably few who will not hail as a wholesome sign that speaks well for public morals, the movement among large employers of labor in our Eastern cities to discourage race-track gambling. Recognizing the fact that it is an evil of almost universal prevalence, and that many thousands are unconsciously drawn into the vortex that brings them to ultimate ruin, a number of employers have united in the adoption of new tactics in dealing with the national vice. Many banks, mercantile houses and other estabments have now an unwritten law, rigidly forbidding turf gambling by employees under pain of suspension or dismissal. This example has been followed by wholesale establishments, and it promises to be adopted in many lines of business.

It is a question how far an employer may go in interfering with the amusements or recreation of his employees. Many will contend that when the legitimate service of the day, covering a certain number of hours, is faithfully rendered, the employer has no farther concern with the disposition his employees make of their time. This, however, we do not regard as sound argument. There devolves upon every employer a certain responsibility for the moral and physical welfare of all who are in his establishment. Regular hours and good habits are indispensable to thorough and efficient service in any calling in life. The youth who drinks or gambles, or frequents resorts where his time, money and strength are wasted in dissipation, very soon deteriorates morally, mentally and physically, and becomes undesirable in any capacity.

Gambling on the races is one of the most gigantic evils of our time. It is an insidious vice, which has invaded every section of society, and sought its victims by the tens of thousands, among rich and poor alike. Clerks, tradesmen, office-boys; people on small wages and employees in positions of financial trust; shopmen, and a vast multitude representing every class of labor, are drawn into the vortex. It is even more common than the old-time "policy" gambling before the lotteries were suppressed. As a fruitful source of crime and suffering it has probably no equal at the present day. Some of the most startling defalcations of our time are directly traceable to the passion for race-track gambling.

There are many other forms of gambling, it is true, but this is the worst. We welcome the new movemer against it, and trust that it may extend and result checking thousands of our youth, who are now treadir the path that leads to ruin and shame.

The New Serial

A RARE literary feast is that which the Rev. D Cyrus Townsend Brady, the famous chaplain the United States Volunteers, has prepared for th readers of this journal, in the serial story, the openir chapters of which will appear on July 27. Dr. Brac has had an experience which exactly fits him to pr duce a thrilling story of the type of **"The Two Cap tains."** His knowledge of history and his experienc of the service afloat, combine to give him unusu ability in this special field. He has chosen one of th most romantic and soul-stirring periods of history f the date of his story. It is the time when France emerging from the Reign of Terror, and the characte of the story have borne their part in those awful scene The aristocrat who has lost his son on the scaffol the Jacobin who has aided in the work of slaughte the new citizen who is hoping to see the wor regenerated by the cataclysm which has shock all hearts, and the innocent lives which are overst dowed by the mighty convulsion—all these are repr sented in the story. Besides these, there are the tv great leaders, Napoleon and Nelson, two of the mc romantic figures in history, whose characters in the early manhood Dr. Brady portrays with vivid realis With these materials he has painted a picture of t time so faithful, and so entrancing that the read seems to be living in that wonderful era.

He is equally skilful, too, in the weaving of the thre ever new yet as old as humanity, into his tapestry, t thread of the love of young manhood and pure girlhoc The two hearts which love draws so close together, y which association and race and tradition hold so sterr apart, appeal to the sympathies of every reader. Th are young people of another time than ours, but th are like us in their affection and in their ardor, and th fortunes will be followed in his chapters with delig ed interest.

Scenes of stirring warfare afloat and asho scenes of tender and thrilling emotion, follow one other in pleasing variety, and keep alive the interest young and old from the first line to the last. O readers, who have friends who do not see the pap would do them a service by telling them of the beg ning of this delightful work, which will fascinate a charm them with its extraordinary power and pathos

Among the Workers

—THE EIGHTH Annual Bible Conference at Grove Ci Pa., will be held August 4–11.

—A VERY SUCCESSFUL series of undenominational Gos meetings, has been held lately in the M. E. Church, Sea Cl N. Y., Rev. George William Carter, pastor.

—BEAUMONT, TEX., has been experiencing quite a ligious awakening. Evangelist Charles R. Scoville, Chicago, assisted by singer DeLoss Smith, recently clos a very successful series of meetings of two weeks the They reported two hundred and fifty new members to Christian Church. Evangelist A. Mulkey held at the sa time revival services in connection with both the M. Church South and the Baptist Church. A large numb of new members were brought into these churches.

—A REMARKABLY successful series of union evangelis meetings, has just closed at Benton Harbor, Mich. T churches joined in inviting the evangelist, Rev. Milfo H. Lyon, of Wheaton, Ill., to lead the movement. A cho of a hundred voices was led by his singer, Mr. Charles Coultes, of the Moody Bible Institute. A tabernacle was bu seating about seventeen hundred. Many evenings hundr were unable to gain admission. During the month, six h dred people came forward and professed to receive Christ their Saviour and Master. These included many of the m prominent business men of the city. On one day all business houses of the city, as well as the saloons, closed the meetings. Mr. Lyon is now leading a union campaign Baraboo, Wis., where a tabernacle, seating almost two th sand, has been erected.

Changes in the Cabinet

THREE new appointments in the President's official family having become necessary, have been duly made, and have been met with general public approval. The three men, whose portraits e published on this page, are well known, and will ing strength to the Cabinet. Mr. Victor Howard etcalf, who succeeds Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of ommerce and Labor, is a mem· r of Congress from California, d was serving his third term ien appointed to the Cabinet. e is fifty-one years of age, and a native of New York State. e is a graduate of Yale, and is admitted to the bar in 1876. e went to California to prac·e law in 1878, but entering olitical life, was elected to ongress. The vacancy in the abinet which he now fills, was used by Mr. Cortelyou under·king the management of the epublican campaign, in defer·ice to the President's wish.

Mr. William H. Moody leaves e Navy Department to be·ome Attorney-General in suc·ssion to Mr. P. C. Knox, who is been appointed by the Gov·nor of Pennsylvania, Senator, the place of the late Mr. Matt. uay. Mr. Moody is fifty years age, and is a native of New·ry, Mass. He graduated from arvard in 1876, and served in ongress from 1895 until he was alled to the cabinet to succeed Mr. Long as Secretary the Navy. He was one of the most popular speak·s in the House, and during his short service in the aval Department, has demonstrated his executive ility.

Mr. Paul Morton, who succeeds Mr. Moody as Secre·ry of the Navy, was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1857. is family associations with politics have been with e Democratic party, and until four years ago Mr. lorton himself was accounted a Democrat. He was, owever, opposed to the candidacy of Mr. Bryan, in 896, and since 1900 has been regularly lentified with the Republican party. lis father was Secretary of Agricul·re during President Cleveland's sec·nd term. Mr. Morton is an expert in ilroad affairs. He began his career s a clerk at the age of fifteen, and has orked his way up until he is now Vice·resident of the Atchison, Topeka and anta-Fe Railroad.

The positions which these men are alled to occupy are places of great esponsibility as well as of honor, for hey are not only the directors of their espective departments, but are the ad·isers of the President and jointly re·ponsible with him for the policy of the ation. Now that the country is coming o prominently into the family of nations nd taking the place rightly belonging o it in the affairs of the world, it be·omes increasingly important that the ounsellors of the Chief Executive be nen of wisdom and discretion. They vill all do well to heed the injunction the ncient king gave to his administration:

Deal courageously and the Lord shall be with he good (II Chronicles 19: 11)

Permission *New York Tribune*

VICTOR H. METCALF
Secretary of Commerce and Labor

WILLIAM H. MOODY
Attorney General

PAUL MORTON
Secretary of the Navy

Perdicaris Liberated

As predicted in this journal last week, Raisuli, the Moorish brigand, has set it liberty Mr. Perdicaris and his stepson, Mr. Varley. Mr. Hay's peremptory dis·patch, intimating that he was tired of excuses and subterfuges, and that the United States demanded Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead, had probably much to do with the prompt closing of the negotiations. The Sultan of Morocco apparently granted all that Raisuli asked. He released the prisoners of Raisuli's people, and paid over the ransom demanded. Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley reached Tangier on June 25, after a long ride from the place of their captivity. They were looking thin and worn. They complained of having suffered many hardships during the five weeks they had been held, but said that they believed Raisuli had done all in his power to mitigate their suffering. There was a joyful demonstration to welcome them back to Tangier, the citizens joining the personal friends of the captives in congratulating them. Mr. Perdicaris is evidently very popular in Tangier. His hospitality has been remarkable, and many foreigners who have been stranded in Morocco have been indebted to his kindness. It was a notable tribute to his character, that when it was learned that he was ill, the correspondent of an English journal, then at Tangier, offered himself as a substitute, in order that the sick man might return to his home and be nursed by his wife. The bandit, however, would not listen to the offer. The very fact of Mr. Perdicaris being so popular rendered him all the more valuable as a hostage. It now remains for the Sultan to deal with his rebellious subject, who has humiliated him. It is doubtful, however, whether the Sultan has the power to punish him, and it is certain that if a civil war should ensue, France would make it the pretext for occupying the country. The Sultan, therefore, may conclude that his wisest course is to placate Raisuli rather than attempt to punish him. It is evident that Raisuli is an astute desperado, for he could not have adopted more effective measures than those he took for securing the release of his followers, and getting the other concessions he wanted. Mr. Perdicaris, though innocent of any offence against him, has had to pay the penalty, and many a prisoner is now rejoicing in liberty through his suffering. So it often is in this world. The pity of it is, that in that greatest of all cases of vicarious suffering, so many neglect to avail themselves of the deliverance wrought for them.

The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it (Heb 4: 12).

MR. PERDICARIS AND FAMILY ENTERTAINING GUESTS AT TANGIER

Radium Photographs

A quantity of pitchblende extracted from mines at Leavenworth Gulch, about fifty miles northwest of Denver, Colo., has been handed to a scientist at Minneapolis, Minn., for analysis. In the course of his tests he discovered the presence of u anium, copper and other minerals. He called a photographer to his assistance, who has made a photograph from the light emitted by the ore. He placed it in a closed box, from which all light was excluded. With this he put a key and two coins on a dry plate. The result was a perfect photograph. The ore was four inches long and two inches wide, and an inch thick. The remarkable feature of the experiment was the fact that the light from the pitchblende was not visible to the naked eye, even in the dark, but it evidently contained the elements that until recently were supposed to exist only in the light of the sun. Thus, even in darkness, may things be not only revealed, but their presence recorded. So is it with the things of the spirit. Even our secret thoughts, and the evil in our minds that never comes to light, in word or deed, may be indelibly registered against us.

Who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart (I. Cor. 4: 5).

Mixed Fruit

A correspondent of this journal, referring to an article which appeared on this page recently, writes that there is no doubt of the fact that fruit of different kinds may be combined by the process of grafting. She says that on her father's farm, in Genesee County, N. Y., there is an apple tree which bears five varieties of fruit. Still more remarkable, there is one limb on which the fruit is itself mixed. An apple from this limb, when cut crosswise, shows part a rich yellow and the other part green. The yellow part is delicious to the taste, but the green is extremely sour. The grafting was done by a former owner of the farm and there is no record left of the means adopted, but the result is incontestable, as is proved by the apples still gathered from the tree. It is not generally known that such combination exist in natural fruits, but there would be no incredulity about the mixture in human nature. In the best of us, there are streaks of evil which only the grace of God can eradicate, while in the worst of us, there are good qualities which show the divine origin of our nature, and may become, under divine influence, the germs which Christ can use for our reformation.

If they abide not in unbelief they shall be grafted in, for God is able to graft them in again (Rom. 11: 23, R.V).

BRIEF NOTE

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan has cabled Mr. Wm. R. Moody, of East Northfield, Mass., that he has accepted a call to become pastor of Westminster Congregational Church, London. He will, however, keep his engagement for the Northfield Conference this year

EAGER TO GO TO MONT-LAWN

FROM every quarter of New York's crowded districts, come appeals for the little children that they may have a vacation at Mont-Lawn. They come from the various charitable organizations that have sent out delegations in former seasons, and from other sources. So great is the need, that were Mont-Lawn capable of entertaining 2,000 children at a time, instead of 200, it would be large enough to give an outing to only a small percentage of the needy children of this great city.

The down-town and other tenement districts teem with child-life, that in many instances only waits for torrid July and August weather to be snuffed out. A short time in the country, where they can run about, amid the flowers, and under the trees, will often restore strength to the little ones, who pine amid their stifling and unwholesome surroundings.

. . .

A Sunshine Mission manager writes:

Last year you were kind enough to give a number of the children of the "Sunshine Mission" a delightful outing, which they thoroughly appreciated. It is our intention to send the children away again this summer, and we would like to make application for some of them. The neighborhood of "Hell's Kitchen," as you know, is a very crowded one, and even with your help we did not succeed in getting all of the children away for an outing.

The call comes from various other Associations and Institutions, that have the care of the poor little ones of the city, to renew the good offices of the Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn. Mr. Arthur B. Wakeman, Secretary of Brooklyn Children's Aid Society, writes of the evidence on every hand of the real need of such work as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home is doing. Mr. Wakeman speaks of the different branches of Fresh Air Work, and says, with it all, it is still most insufficient, and he pleads for a continuance of Mont Lawn's hospitality for the children, the lives of many of whom depend upon their removal from their poverty-stricken city environment for a short stay in the country.

NEW ARRIVALS AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

Miss Harriet Irwin, head-worker at the Gospel Settlement, writes:

There never seemed to be so many children on the East Side as this year, and to get away from the tenement home for a week or more would be a Godsend to these poor children of the hot pavement. Can you make room for some of them?

From the Church of the Ascensio comes another appeal:

The children of this Parish, who were sen to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children' Home, at Nyack, last year, came back wit such an enthusiastic feeling in regard to th happy time they had spent there, that w again ask the privilege of sending some o our children to the Home this year. W do not wish you to think we are greedy but, as you know, there are Homes—an Homes; but this one was of such benefi to the children whom we sent to you, tha we would be very glad to send some agai

As if in response to these appeals come other letters enclosing contribu tions in different sums, to be used fo the Mont-Lawn work.

"May God's blessing go with th money, and bring comfort to some of hi little ones," writes the Superintenden of the Junior Society of Christian En deavor of First Baptist Church, Mor ristown, N. J. The money ($19.00), wa raised by the children, who held a fai

Another letter enclosing $6, come from the primary department of th Baptist Sunday School of Troy, N. H.

"This money," writes Miss Florenc H. Silcox, "has been earned by the littl children. They began in January, an earned it in six weeks, so the little chil dren in the city could go to Mont-Lawn Some of these little workers are onl three years' old. Indeed, they hav earned it by the sweat of their brows Two years ago we sent $3, and last yea $3. This year we have worked very hard that two little children might go. I some of the children would write to us we would be delighted to receive their letters."

These efforts of the children for the children, is on of the most delightful phases of this work. Truly "O such is the kingdom of heaven."

Three dollars will give a poor child ten days at th Home; $21 endows a cot for the season, and gives beautiful vacation to ten needy little ones. Send money to Fresh Air Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House New York City.

MORE MASSACRES IN ARMENIA

ACCORDING to cable dispatches received by London and Paris newspapers, Armenia has again become the scene of outrage and massacre by the Turks. Russia being fully occupied with her troubles in the Far East, and consequently in no position to interfere with Turkey at the present time, Moslem fanaticism has seized the opportunity to indulge its religious and racial hatred of the Armenians, by a series of atrocities that recall the frightful butcheries of 1896.

The French and British consuls in Turkey have information, said to be reliable, that twenty-eight villages have been destroyed by the Turks within a very recent time, and over 6,000 Armenians slaughtered. The villages of Darmet, Adekelpoum, Arnist, Vari, Vertok, and Mekrokon (say the cable dispatches), were sacked and burned, a great part of the inhabitants massacred and the corpses cast into the wells. "Mekrokon was pillaged by Kurds, who were accompanied by Turkish soldiers. Its church was plundered and profaned. The objects of worship were sold at auction. Every able bodied man was stabbed, most of them in the back. During the night Turkish soldiers entered houses and assaulted the women in them. On the arrival of the British and French consuls, women, streaming blood, rushed to them begging for mercy. Moush is occupied by Turkish soldiery. More than 2,000 women and children from the destroyed villages have taken refuge there. These are wretched, and wander through the streets half dead from hunger and fear."

This latest outburst of Turkish fanaticism — which, like its predecessors, will probably be permitted to pass unpunished by the European powers—is a painful reminder of the dark days of 1896, when Armenia's defenceless people in many cities and villages were almost exterminated. It is said that in that year 100,000 men, women and children of the Christian faith were slain in cold blood in the valleys and on the hillsides of Armenia, while between 300,000 and 400,000 others were rendered destitute and utterly helpless. Flame, rapine, violation and every conceivable form of outrage attended the massacres or followed in their wake, but the so-called civilized powers of Europe gave no sign, and no nation lifted hand or voice to arrest "the nineteenth century Nero," Sultan Abdul Hamid, from his sworn purpose of exterminating the Armenian people.

Armenia, or as the Turks have now named it, Anatolia, is a province of Northwest Kurdistan, having for its boundaries Russia, Persia, Mesopotamia and Asia Minor. The native Armenian population, which in 1896 was estimated at about 650,000, is now probably less than half a million. They are peace-loving, industrious, frugal and kindly. On the other hand, the Turks and Kurds, among whom their lot is cast, are bitter enemies of the Armenians. The Kurds are tribal and predatory, and live in mountain villages over the entire region. When opportunity serves, they become mere lawless brigands. For centuries they have robbed, butchered, abused and despised the Christians, and whenever a Turkish Sul tan, or some provincial Vali (Governor) desires to re duce the Armenian population in any district, he simpl turns loose upon that district the robber Kurds, and th usual result follows.

If the news contained in the cabled messages, tha 6,000 Armenians have been slain, should prove true, i will no doubt be found later, that the bloody scene of massacre and riot enacted eight years ago in Erze roum, Moush, Sassoon, Oorfa, Van, Kemerik, Moor enek, Mardin, Rusenik, Kaisarea, Harpoot, and scores of other places, have been reproduced with all their at tendant horrors. Some of the scenes of the last perse cution were truly such as "to make humanity shudder."

In some villages, all the young men were marked for slaughter, and the young girls were carried off by the Turks or the Kurds to meet a fate worse than death. At Kais area, the public baths were invaded and helpless women bayoneted there, while young girls were dragged through the streets by the hair and the feet. Infants were impaled on bayonets; in one place sixty young brides and other girls were attacked and murdered in a church, and a stream of blood flowed from the church door; whole villages refus ing to deny Christ, were put to the sword and torch; priests were hacked to pieces babes were slain in cradles or in their moth ers' arms; and native Christian teachers were murdered with cruel tortures. In Oorfa several thousand Armenians, principally women and children, were driven into a church which was then set on fire, and nearly all within perished. At Diarbekr, thousands were massacred, and at Karahissar, Arabkir Palu, and Sivas, similar dreadful scenes were enacted on a smaller scale. Thousands flee to the forests and mountains, many of them to find death by starvation. After the mas sacres had ceased, and when Turkish blood thirstiness had been temporarily glutted there was great suffering. Christian Ameri ca took pity on the plight of the refugees, and with the gifts contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sixteen relief stations were opened in Armenia, and many thou sands of the sufferers were rescued from starvation.

What the outcome of the latest massacres will be, no one can foretell. It is possible that some official remonstrance may shortly reach Constantinople from England and France.

Sunday School in the Wilderness

AN EVERGLADE SUNDAY SCHOOL

DOWN in Everglade, Florida, among the Ten Thousand Islands, there is a flourishing Sunday School, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here gather old and young, to teach and learn of the love of Jesus. The young mothers carry their babies, and the little barefoot boys and girls are not deterred by the absence of shoes and stockings from attending the Sunday gathering. "God is with us in the wilderness," writes one of the teachers, and the illustration shows a healthy, happy group, gathered at the entrance to the building.

A STREET PROCESSION IN BEIRA

STUDYING THEIR PRIMERS

SWISS CHURCH AT DELAGOA BAY

Young Zulus Eager for the Gospel

FROM north of Inhambane, in South Africa, to beyond the Zambesi, there are about 120,000 square miles of territory in the Portuguese possessions, without a single Protestant missionary for the natives, and perhaps not a single witness of the Gospel of salvation by faith. What the native population of this vast district is, which equals in area almost the whole of the New England States, and the State of Indiana, can not be said; but in no place is it a desert, and in many places it is quite thickly populated. According to estimates in other parts of South Africa, where some sort of census has been taken, the population cannot fall short of a million, and perhaps it is many more.

The natural centre and point of vantage for this great field is Beira, the principal seaport on the east coast, north of Delagoa Bay. It lies at the mouth of two rivers, which are navigable for from fifty to one hundred miles each, and along whose banks there are extensive alluvial flats where sugar and rice are already growing, but nothing in comparison with what the land is capable of producing. It is the *entrepot* of Rhodesia and all its great mineral wealth, with which it is already connected by a railway. Another railway is soon to be constructed to Senna, on the Zambesi, thus deflecting another great stream of commerce from the interior to this port.

Whether Rhodesia is the ancient Ophir of King Solomon or not, there is no doubt in the minds of archæologists that the extensive ruins of an ancient civilization found all over the land, were made by a people who were seeking gold. That much gold is yet to come out of its deep hiding-places, and that Beira, through which it must pass, is to become one of the great cities of South Africa, is a reasonable certainty.

When I was at Beira in 1891, five minutes' walk took me to the end of the dozen zinc shanties which comprised the whole town. Outside of that all was wilderness. When I was there again in 1899, I was surprised to see well-built streets, extending a mile into what was bush before. Now the principal street is about two miles long, with cemented sidewalks the whole way, and there is a steam tram with perhaps ten miles of tramway. A mile of sea wall of solid masonry has been built, and is still being extended across an inlet from the bay, which will reclaim a hundred acres or more of tide land. All these various industries draw crowds of natives, who come long distances from the interior, as they do at Durban and Johannesburg, to get work or to trade. If it is possible to get hold of any of these men and boys, and give them the Gospel, as is being done at Durban and Johannesburg, what wonderful possibilities are here for the spread of the Word on virgin soil!

I am speaking of the district north of Inhambane. From Inhambane south, there are already five or six Protestant societies at work with encouraging success. It may be wondered why such a great and needy field has been so long neglected. A recently prepared missionary map of Natal and Zululand, shows that in this small field there are already twenty-six different societies at work, on one hundred and fifty stations, and more are coming every year. It shows where stations of one society are wedged in between stations of another society with scarcely an hour's walk between. One such station has been started within the year by a new society from America. Why is this? Why do new missionaries and new societies coming to South Africa all drop down here, in Natal, where it is impossible to find a place for them without encroaching upon the field of some other society, and leave a vast field totally unoccupied? Natal is a popular field. It has one of the finest climates in the world. One may have here almost all the comforts and conveniences of advanced civilization. Beira is not a popular field. The climate, especially of the surrounding districts, is bad. It is the centre of a great malarial belt. It is not a good place to bring up a family, not only on account of the climate, but on account of the moral malaria which infests the region. Nevertheless, the fact that there are already about two thousand white people making their homes there, many of whom have their families with them, including the Governor and other high officers besides other men of wealth and influence—shows that white people can live there. Shall we, who are seeking to advance the Kingdom of Christ, allow ourselves to be surpassed in courage and endurance by those who are seeking only their selfish interests?

But there is another reason that has kept missionaries out of this field. It is a Portuguese possession, and that government is not favorable to Protestant missions. In fact, according to the laws of the country, no Christian mission is recognized but the Roman Catholic.

A GROUP OF NATIVE BOYS AT BEIRA

When I first went to Inhambane, I received a formal notification from the Governor, that I should not be allowed to go on with mission work unless I was ready to submit to the authority of the Roman Catholic bishop. I found that there is a way of getting a foothold and going on with mission work without exactly contravening the law, and now the precedent is so thoroughly established, that mission work is not likely to be interfered with as long as we proceed in this way. When I received the injunction from the Governor, I went to see him, and found that the Portuguese laws do not curtail liberty of conscience, and any man has a right to believe or worship according to the dictate of his conscience, in his own house, which privilege may be extended to all the inmates of his household, or of the houses or places over which he may have charge. In this way, mission work was begun at Inhambane, where there are now four societies at work, and later, the Swiss mission moved its headquarters from Spenloken down to Delagoa Bay, where it now has a church built at a cost of $20,000, and over 1,000 members.

I have just returned from a visit to the place, and have made a beginning in a small way; but I was fairly driven back for reinforcements, by the avalanche of work which rolled down upon me. In about two weeks, I had ninety boys enrolled as members of a night school, which proved to be a day school as well, for they would keep coming all day long, whenever they could get off from work, to learn to read. The Zulu primers I brought with me were all sold in three days, and then there was such a clamor for more, that I wrote alphabet slips on the type-writer, hectographed them, and gave them to the boys in lieu of primers. These were in evidence all over the town. Often as I was passing along the streets, I would see a knot of boys squatting in the sand, poring over one of these slips, or I would hear them going over their lessons in some back alley, "*Ba, be, bi, bo, bu.*" When I remember that we were nearly two years at Inhambane before we found a single native who showed any real interest in lessons or books, it seemed to me that this new development was something wonderful. Such enthusiasm could not pass unnoticed, and soon a spirit of opposition was manifested, which came, strange to say, not from the Portuguese, but from the English residents. One night, an Englishman came into my school, and drove all my boys downstairs, hastening their progress with the toe of his boot. Then he turned upon me with dire threats if I should proceed with my work. Another wrote to the Beira *Post* as follows:

> SIR:—From native sources I learn that a night school for our black brothers is to be inaugurated in Beira, where the three R's and other accomplishments are to be taught—some of the said b.b's having already worried their employers for a shilling, and a pass to attend. If this be true, I, with many others who are fairly acquainted with the African natives, think that the sooner it is prevented, or if started, stopped, the better it will be for the white population here and elsewhere in South Africa. Are not times sufficiently hard, and money scarce, without having domestic expenses increased by such folly? For so soon as the natives know they are our "brothers"; that they can wear boots and clothes similar to the white race; that better food and drink should be theirs; and other weak-minded fallacies are instilled into their shallow heads—such will be the inevitable result if this is permitted. . . . If this school is allowed to be established, probably day schools, with the usual vacations, churches and theatres will follow, and at last the white population will have to sit side by side with those who were and always should be our menials and our servants. Missions and schools are of inestimable value to the poorer classes of white people but an unmitigated curse if extended to the blacks.

I have felt very grateful for these distinguished notices of my work. Some might think otherwise. But I think it is because they do not understand the Gospel. They read the apostle's words, "A great door, but many adversaries." But that is not what he said. He said, "and many adversaries." We can ask for no stronger evidence that the battle is ours, than this trumpet-blast from the enemy. We must teach them to read the Gospel for themselves.

* * *

I feel strongly called to this field and I am now only waiting for our Society to appropriate or find the means to enable me to return there with my family and Zulu helpers, to go on with the work already begun. I promised those boys when I went away that I would come back, if God would let me. My wife is as deeply interested and as enthusiastic about the work as I am. We have had three years' experience at Inhambane, where the climate is much the same, and we think we know a little better now how to avoid the fever. My knowledge of the Zulu and two kindred dialects spoken at Inhambane, will make it very easy to pick up the dialects spoken at Beira. I have, besides, a considerable knowledge of the Portuguese, which comes very handy when dealing with the Portuguese authorities there. If this is not a call of God, I do not know what a call of God is.

Ifafa Mission Station, Natal. W. C. WILCOX.

Nellie's Experiment

By E. H. PORTER

NELLIE was ten. Her calico gown was full of darns and patches, and her shoes — if she wore any at all—were gray with age. Her dinners were light, her breakfasts lighter, and her suppers the lightest of all; for Nellie's was not the only mouth that the Widow Holbrook tried to feed on a scanty income from washing and scrubbing, and Nellie and her four brothers and sisters went many a time hungry to bed.

Yet it was only to-day that Nellie had discovered that she was rich. Had she not the broad fields and the shady woods in which to roam to her heart's content? Were not daisies by the dozen waiting for her eager fingers whenever she went down to the meadows back of the house?

It was from a weekly magazine given her by her Sunday School teacher that Nellie had learned that there were little girls in the world not nearly so rich as she—little girls who lived in hot brick houses or dirty streets, where there was no grass to walk on and where there were no flowers to pick. Nellie had never been to the city, but she could see it all so plainly; and, oh, how her heart ached!

Then she read on, laboriously spelling out the longer words, she learned that others were sorry for the children, too, and that there was a beautiful summer home called Mont-Lawn, which was on purpose to give these poor little city waifs a taste of the precious outdoors which she herself enjoyed every day of her life. Just at the foot of the page was a paragraph explaining that three dollars sent to the office of the magazine would take one child to Mont-Lawn for a ten-days' vacation.

Nellie was jubilant. She herself would send one of these poor little hot children into the cool Mont-Lawn fields. Of course she would! She hurried to the kitchen shelf and took down her little tin bank. Its contents jingled pleasantly. Nelly ran errands occasionally and received a penny or two. She had long been saving this money. There must be a lot there now! The bank once emptied, Nellie counted her wealth. There were just twenty-seven cents. Twenty-seven cents — and she wanted three dollars.

"Mother, how long would it take me ter earn three dollars?" begged Nellie that night.

"Three dollars! Bless you, dearie, mother herself can't earn such a lot as that without days and days of work," returned Mrs. Holbrook.

All the next morning Nellie lay out under the trees by the brook, thinking. It would take miles of errands and a whole summer of time to bring her twenty-seven cents up to three dollars, and by then it would be winter. But there was so many people in the village with such lots of money. There were old Mrs. Smithson in the big house on the hill, and Mr. Hegan, the rich banker, and Mrs. Edwards, who wore such pretty dresses, and lots of others. If all these people would each give something. Nellie suddenly sat upright with the thought that had come to her—what if they all gave three dollars apiece! Ah, then she could send heaps of children. And they'd do it, of course. Probably they didn't know there were any poor little boys and girls that couldn't walk on grass or pick flowers. If they only knew it, they'd be glad to give the money, of course!

She sprang to her feet. With swift feet Nellie ran home, and the next morning, with her brown curls carefully brushed, she started in her worn shoes and patched calico for the great house on the hill.

She was a little frightened when she rang the bell. The plate-glass panels in the great oak doors reflected her thin little face and her scanty gown in a manner most disconcerting. She was more frightened when a tall man—very grand to Nellie, but in reality Mrs. Smithson's butler—swung back the door and looked coldly into her face.

"Well, what is it, little girl?"

Nellie was speechless. Her dry lips refused to move.

"Come, come, don't keep me waiting like this," remonstrated the man, impatiently.

Nellie swallowed and choked a little.

"If yer please, sir," she faltered, "I—I want ter ask Mis' Smithson ter give—"

"Not to-day, little girl," he interrupted pompously. "We don't have anything to do with beggars, and—"

Nellie's terror suddenly fled.

"I am not a beggar!" she began, with blazing eyes; then she stopped short and the color left her cheek. "That is—well, I am kind of a beggar," she finished hesitatingly.

A rippling laugh came from the inner hall.

"James, what in the world have you there?" called a clear voice. "It's not often one meets with such refreshing candor."

Nellie's "grand man" became all deference at once.

"It's one of the Holbrook children, I think, Miss Carrol," he murmured, as a pretty young lady came to the door.

"I want ter see Mis' Smithson," announced Nellie with sudden dignity.

"So you shall!" laughed the young lady. "Come with me, my dear." And she led Nellie through the long hall, up the wide stairs and on through two richly furnished apartments to Mrs. Smithson's private sitting-room. "Auntie," began Nellie's escort again, pausing before a gray-haired lady in a handsome morning dress, "Here is a small maid who says she isn't a beggar, and yet is 'a kind of a beggar!'"

Mrs. Smithson languidly turned from her book. "Ugh!" she shuddered daintily. "Her boots are dirty, Mabel. Don't you think, dear, you were a little rash to bring her inside? She may carry germs and microbes!"

A bright red flushed Nellie's face.

"Madam, I hain't got a single one!" she flashed indignantly. "I've only got my magazine. I don't know what germs and microbs be, but I know I hain't got 'em!"

The young lady laughed outright, and even Mrs. Smithson smiled.

"Well, well, child, I hope you haven't, I'm sure," said Mrs. Smithson, in what was meant for kindly tones. Then she turned to her niece. "Mabel, do get the little thing something to eat and let her go."

"I'm not hungry," interposed Nellie; then she stopped and blushed again. "Oh, yes, I'm hungry, of course," she added, cheerfully, "but that isn't what I come for."

"Another illustration of that remarkable frankness," laughed Mabel; but Nellie did not notice. She had opened her magazine, and was now at Mrs Smithson's side, the papers spread before her.

Ten minutes later, her story ended, and the name and address of the magazine left with Mrs. Smithson, Nellie was hurrying down the hill.

"They'll send it—they'll send it—I know they will!" exulted Nellie, quite hugging herself with joy. "Now I've got one of 'em started for Mont-Lawn!"

At that moment Mabel was saying to her aunt: "There, what a careless thing I am! I let that poor little midget go off after all, without a single thing to eat; and she actually looked half-starved."

"Hm-m!" murmured Mrs. Smithson. "A strange child—a very strange child!" she added, as she turned again to her book.

Nellie's success had put new courage into her heart, yet it was with some misgiving that she entered the First National Bank and asked the man behind the iron netting for Mr. Hegan. The teller was a round-faced, good-natured man, and something in the pathetic little figure before him touched his heart.

"So, so, my little maid," he began jovially, "what in the world do you want with Mr. Hegan?"

"I—I want ter see him."

"But Mr. Hegan is a very busy man. He can't be bothered with trivial affairs."

"I'm not a trivial 'fair," declared Nellie stoutly.

"Important business, perhaps, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

The teller laughed; then his face grew almost stern.

"There, there, little girl, I don't want to be cross with you, but you really must run away and not block the window any longer. You can't see Mr. Hegan to-day, unless you tell me what your business is."

At that moment Nellie caught sight of a familiar figure at the end of the corridor. Mr. Hegan had evidently just come in from the street. Another moment and she was close at the man's side.

"Mr. Hegan—please—I want you!" she panted.

"Eh?—What?" demanded the old man, gruffly.

"I—I want ter speak ter you," faltered Nellie; then, mindful of the teller's words, she added, "on—on 'portant business!"

"Well, well, upon my word!" ejaculated the man, pushing open the door of a small room near by, and motioning Nellie to enter—though scarcely realizing what he was doing.

Nellie darted inside, spread her magazine upon the great polished table, and began to speak very rapidly.

"There, Mr. Hegan, that's where the poor little boys and girls live—where all those dirty looking houses and snippy streets are. And over here is the fields an' the woods, an' the little white beds—and that's where they eat, and—"

"What in the world are you talking about?" snarled the banker.

"Why, I'm tellin' you so you can send some money—"

"Money!" interrupted the man, his mouth settling into stern lines. "I might have known as much! See here, child, I've no time to bother with your nonsense. Run away and—"

"Oh, please, Mr. Hegan, it ain't nonsense—truly. Just s'pose you were shut up inside brick walls and—"

"Well, I am," he snapped.

"Oh, but you can get out, and they can't, and—"

"Come, come, child!"

"Just think, when you was a little boy, if you couldn't got outdoors and smell the grass and lie down 'side the brook an—"

Nellie talked on and on, but the man scarcely heard. Swift as thought he was a boy again, flat on his back in the woods, with the twitter of the birds in his ears and the flicker of the sunlight in his eyes.

What was it that made Banker Hegan's eyes grow moist? What was it that made the hard lines vanish from his lips? What was it that caused the great man to draw a check and hurriedly place it in an envelope, then address the whole under Nellie's careful guidance?

Certainly Nellie herself did not know, but she went on her way rejoicing.

It was afternoon when she rang Mrs. Edward's bell. The lady herself opened the door.

"Please, marm, may I come in a minute?" asked Nellie.

"Come in? Why, yes, I suppose so," acquiesced Mrs. Edwards, with unflattering hesitation. "Let's see—you're one of the Holbrook children, aren't you? Well, what is it?" she finished, sitting down on the hall chair, and leaving Nellie standing before her.

"Oh, I just come ter tell yer," began Nellie, opening her magazine, "that there are lots of poor little boys an' girls in New York that hain't been in the country since they was born, and if you'd send some money right away they could go to —"

"Good gracious, child!—you don't mean that you've come here teasing for money to send a lot of children I never heard of into the country?"

"You see, that's just it, Mis' Edwards—it's 'cause you never heard of 'em that come ter tell yer about 'em. They—"

"Why, child alive, it's all I can do to get my own children ready to go. The idea! There, there, run along! I've no doubt you mean well, but it's only two days now before we start for the shore and I'm driven almost to death. I really can't stop to talk a minute!"

"Yes, but don't you see?—your Freddie an' Annie have been away ev'ry summer and I knew that if you only found out that there was some little boys an' girls who hadn't ever been away, that you'd a heap ruther keep Freddie an' Annie to home this year, and let the others go."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Edwards.

"Let two little boys an' girls in New York go, I mean," explained Nellie, her cheeks pink with eagerness. "It don't matter much for Freddie an' Annie, anyhow, you know," she continued cheerfully, "they've always been — besides, this country here an' they don't need it."

"Well, I never!" murmured Mrs. Edwards, weakly; then her eyes suddenly flashed. "See here, little girl, you're altogether too impertinent. You haven't the least idea what you're talking about. You can fold up your paper and run straight home. I sha'n't give you a cent, and I can't stay talking with you another minute!" And she opened wide the door.

With hanging head and sorrowful face Nellie passed through the door and down the walk.

Mrs. Edwards went upstairs to her room with an angry emphasis on each step. Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands trembled as she began to lay out her children's dresses, suits, and undergarments ready for packing.

"The absurdity of it—keep my children home, indeed! The saucy little chit!"

But as the mounds of soft linens, muslins, flannels, and ginghams on the bed increased, the flush faded from Mrs. Edwards' cheeks and her face grew troubled. She moved restlessly from room to room, finally sitting down for a few minutes' hurried writing at her desk.

"There!" she said, rising with a sealed but undirected, letter in her hand. "I do hope that tiresome conscience of mine will give me some peace now!"

"Annie," she called a minute later, "I want you to take this letter down to the little Holbrook girl — the one with the short brown curls—and I want you to ask her to direct it for me to the magazine she was telling me about this afternoon. She will understand."

That first day of Nellie's begging was much like those that followed. Very patiently she went from house to house, leaving behind her, sometimes anger, sometimes consternation — but always amazement.

Yet after her visit, Doctor Wainwright and his wife suddenly felt that now they had found a fitting way to spend their dear, dead boy's small savings; and the Hubbard sisters discovered that much might be saved on what was perhaps needlessly elaborate trimming for some new gowns. The Smith twins, too, fell to dressing dolls and crocheting tidies for a "parlor sale" which they suddenly decided to hold; and old Mrs. Perkins found a brand-new way to dispose of part of her missionary money.

And so it went. Even for those familiar with the magazine and the Mor

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A Good Man in Bad Company

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

JEHOSHAPHAT DESTROYED THE IDOLS AND CUT DOWN THE GROVES

THE confessions of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah (see II. Chron. chap. 17-20): "I began life on the vantage ground of a favorable heredity as the son of good King Asa, and a descendant of King David. Upon reaching manhood, I deliberately decided to live up to my noble ancestry. When I succeeded my father on the throne, I determined to follow his wise policy, and so destroyed the shrines where idols were worshiped. As a result, the favor of God was upon me. The people were loyal, and bestowed many gifts upon me, so that I had riches and honor in abundance. The great number of my warriors gave me security in my kingdom from foreign kings. All went well with me until, in an evil hour, I formed an alliance with King Ahab, and with him went out to battle against the Syrians, to recover the city of Ramoth-Gilead. It is true I did not enter upon the expedition with readiness, not until after the prophets had been consulted.

"Some said one thing, and some another. I finally decided against my conscience, and went. My love of adventure made me personate Ahab in the battle. I wore his armor, and rode in his chariot. It came near costing me my life, as I found out to my sorrow that the King of Syria had instructed his warriors to aim only at King Ahab. Under the circumstances, my escape was a miracle. I reached Jerusalem a sadder and a wiser man. King Ahab himself was killed by a chance arrow from a Syrian bow.

"The Lord sent his prophet Jehu to me with a severe rebuke for 'helping the ungodly, and loving them that hated the Lord.' I was so thoroughly convicted of my wrong-doing that I tried to make amends by going among my people as a teacher of righteousness. Hitherto I had sent teachers, but I thought I must show my repentance by going myself.

"Ah, me! I come now to another dark part of my life. Surely, I sinned against great light when I formed another compact with the house of Ahab. I entered into a ship commercial partnership with Ahaziah, the son and successor of Ahab. My punishment was the destruction of our ships in a storm (II. Chron. 20 : 35-37). But I was not deterred from further evil associations. I joined myself to Jehoram, the second son of Ahab, and went out with him to invade the land of Moab. The expedition would have failed because of lack of water for our warriors. All would have perished with thirst but for the efforts of the prophet Elisha, through whose prayer to God water was caused to spring up out of the ground. Oh, how I was humiliated by the Lord's goodness and mercy to me. Evil associations, political, commercial — yes, and matrimonial, for I married my son to a daughter of Jezebel and Ahab — have been the curse of my life. Oh, why have I yielded to them, when I had the power within myself, by the help of God, to be a just and useful man? The world will hardly know whether to consider me on the whole a good or a bad man. May my besetting sin of evil associations be a warning to all that read my story." (See record of his evil alliances in II. Chron. 18 ; 19 : 1 : 2).

Illustration and Application

The lesson text gives the bright noon of a life which also had a night morning, but let us not leave out of view its equally instructive but less pleasing afternoon, repeatedly overshadowed by heavy clouds through Jehoshaphat's strong propensity for bad company—his evil alliances, political, military, commercial and social, that require us to set beside Jehoshaphat's Reform," this besetting sin, and suggest as a companion text to his, "Deal courageously and the Lord shall be with the good," Jehu's rebuke, "Shouldst thou help the wicked, and love them that hate the Lord? Nevertheless there are good things found in thee" (II. Chron. 19 : 1-3).

What is it to be good? That suggests as our lesson topics: 1. What constitutes "a good man?" 2. Was Jehoshaphat a good man? 3. Am I good? 4. To what extent is it our duty to separate ourselves from the wicked?

The word "good," means a hundred different things to a hundred different men. After visiting Helena. Mont., in its childest days, I was startled to hear a shoemaker in a near city say, "Helena is a good town." He meant that it was a good place to make money, as Shylock said, "Bassanio is a good man," and hastened to explain that he was good for his bond. But the true meaning of goodness is Godness, that is, Godlikeness in moral character. There is always in human lives a combination of mixed motives. A cabinet officer once said in the writer's hearing at a religious meeting in Washington, "The New Testament division of men into sheep and goats, lacks scientific accuracy. The dividing line goes not between men but through them. Everyone is both sheep and goat." Those of us who believe the Christ, whose classification was thus criticized, "knew what was in men," nevertheless, see the half truth in what the critic said. No man is wholly good. But Christ knew—what we all ought to keep in mind in judging ourselves and others—that although motives are mixed in men, right motives rule some, and evil motives others. It is by this test that we determine whether a man should be called a good man or a bad man. Some are disappointed that the sincere beginning of a Christian life is not the end of sinning. A little girl who had joined the Church in great joy, praying that she might never do wrong again, on finding she had yielded to sin through impatience, went quickly in like impatience to God, and prayed, "O Lord, I asked you to make me good, and why didn't you do it?" A more reasonable prayer was that of a boy who said, "O Lord, make me good, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." He was probably too patient with slow progress, and probably was not trying enough himself, like the girl who was asked if she was a good girl, and replied briskly, "Not velly good, not velly bad, just a comferable little girl."

"THE LORD HATH SPOKEN EVIL AGAINST THEE"

Jehoshaphat is but one of many cases that disprove the juvenile idea that the most comfortable life is one that is neither very good nor very bad. He found a half-and-half life, full of tribulation, as if he had been pulled strongly in opposite directions. The writer once asked a minister's little girl, "Is your brother a good boy?" She answered carefully, "Well, Tom is not as good as God; but then, Tom is not as bad as the devil." Somewhere in that wide channel, most of us are making our voyage of life. But if not as bad as the devil, most of us are at best only "goodish," or "goody," or "good for nothing." How few are bravely good, deciding habitually for God and right, when our motives battle! That is what constitutes a "good man." Phillips Brooks said: "There is no nobler sight anywhere than to behold a man quietly and resolutely put aside the lower things, that the higher may come in to him. To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which,—nay, who—is waiting always to come—this as the habit of a life is noble."

Does Jehoshaphat bear this test? Jehu said there were "good things found in him," but that is true of almost every bad man. Many who rob men or cities, or do other mean things for money, are "sweet sinners," kind to their families, generous to the poor, clean in private morals; but by the test of the ruling passion they are bad men. On the whole, their lives do more harm than good. In some, as in Jehoshaphat, good and evil alternately predominate in such a way that we are in doubt whether to call them good or bad, as in the case of Solomon, who is represented by an artist as coming up in the resurrection, and looking anxiously to the right and left of the great white throne, uncertain to which side he will be assigned. The moral is that it is hardly second to being a bad man, and known as such, than for you and me to be such half and half characters, that neither we nor others can be quite sure whether or not it were better we had never been born.

Let everyone ask, "Am I good? Can I claim the promise, 'Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good'?" This golden text profoundly suggests that courage is an essential element of goodness. "Dare to do right." It is largely through cowardice that men sin.

This brings us to that worst foe of goodness, bad company, which leads men astray largely because of their cowardice. To save the young from thus wrecking their lives, let us use the dark chapters of Jehoshaphat's life, as a surgeon would use his knife to save his patient. Away with that spirit which led a mother to ask her daughter's teacher that she might be "taught history with all the painful parts left out." God put pain in the world for a sentinel, and he must not be drugged. Even the discussions of goodness already suggested should not prevent the devotion of fully half the lesson time to the troubles Jehoshaphat got into by four kinds of evil companionships: political, military, commercial, matrimonial. Illustrations of the evil results of such associations are all about us in real life, and should be used bravely though discreetly, omitting names when they will add nothing to the point and may divert attention from the main issue.

For adult classes at this time there is a message in Jehoshaphat's wicked political alliances with Ahab, Ahaziah, and Jehoram. For the young people there is a serious warning in Jehoshaphat's matrimonial alliance for his son, whom he married to a daughter of Ahab and Jezebel (II. Chron. 21 : 6).

No wonder there is such a scandalous abundance of divorces in our own land, when even in Christian homes marriage is commonly treated as "midway between a joke and a crime," and the profoundly wise command of God, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," is scarcely recognized at all—to marry wealth, even though it involves marrying wickedness, being generally spoken of as matrimonial success, even though love, as well as character, is wanting. Every motive, hygienic as well as heavenly, should be put behind that command of Him who knows our frame and plans our joys. "Keep thyself pure." Let us teach over and over again those great maxims: "Self-denial is self love living for the future." "A good time is one that don't go off with the having." "That only is true pleasure which is pleasant to remember."

For young men there are lessons in the military alliances of Jehoshaphat that brought him into wicked associations. We suggest as a question for classes of boys and young men whether military life in our day, in war or peace, is "a friend to grace to help us on to God," and under what circumstances a Christian may rightly be a soldier. A soldier about to go to war, sitting alone with his mother, and holding her hand, said: "Mother, when I was a little boy, I used to kneel down by your knees and say my prayers. I should like to do that once more before I leave the dear old home." And so he did. The great strong soldier knelt down at his mother's knees, and prayed aloud as he had done when a little boy. That was a precious memory to leave behind him, for he died in battle.

The disastrous commercial alliance of Jehoshaphat, that resulted in wreck, have widest application to classes of boys soon to enter upon some avocation. Even among Christians, when it is hard to get the position of useful activity most desired, there is too much readiness to do whatever will pay, and whatever will pay most. It was such a motive that led Lot to "pitch his tent at Sodom," and then move in, to the corruption of his whole family. Ruskin urged workingmen never to make any harmful thing. There is need of courageous and plain application in home and church of the Word of God. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you."

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*International Sunday School Lesson on Jehoshaphat's reform, 1 July 24, II. Chron. 19: 1-11. Golden text: "Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good." II. Chron. 19: 11

SUSY PRENTISS AND HER STUMBLING-STONE

By Margaret E. Sangster

"WE all have our stumbling-stones."

Mrs. Deacon Wentworth uttered this plaintive statement with a profound sigh. "All of us," she added, "except the Deacon. He's a saint. And maybe you, Susy Prentiss, haven't got any rocks of offence. Mine is my quick temper. I flare up like tinder. The Deacon says he doesn't mind, he'd rather have my hot temper than any other woman's cold one. He don't enjoy monotony." Mrs. Deacon Wentworth leaned back in the Boston rocker, and fanned herself. She had the air of a comfortable and matronly hen, who is satisfied with her barnyard and sure that the supply of corn is ready for her chicks. It was her habit to boast of her quick temper, yet she was really a placid person seldom ruffled. She would sometimes tell the Deacon how angry she had been at somebody's shortcomings. Now terribly indignant, while as she spoke her voice was as soft as the purling of the brook before the door. The brook went purling along, singing its little song, and Mrs. Deacon went peacefully on her way, too. She liked to fancy herself rather formidable, and Susy Prentiss, who had been at school with her, smiled as she took a seat on the front door-step.

"Never having had a husband, Maria, I've had less to put up with than most," she remarked, "yet I have a stumbling-stone. It is my love of a clean house. I'm trying with all my might to conquer my dislike to dirt and disorder. I'm ashamed of being so old-maidish."

"Why, Susan!" ejaculated Mrs. Deacon, holding up her hands. The good housewives down Dingle way were notable, and they despised dirt, and prided themselves on their neatness. This regretting a virtue as if it were a vice, seemed a sign of falling from grace, and the Deacon's wife wondered what had happened to her old friend. Had she had a sunstroke? Or, was there coming on softening of the brain? Old grandfather Pollock had died of that slow malady, Mrs. Wentworth recollected.

"You see," Susy proceeded very soberly, "there's been nobody to make a litter nor disturb my home, and when I've cleaned a room, I've hated to upset it, so that sometimes I've actually slept on the attic floor, that I might not have to use my own front chamber. The minister's sermon the other day about making idols of our earthly treasures set me to thinking hard. My house, my old mahogany furniture that never had a scratch, my parlor with the long pier glass, my blue china tea-set, they are my stumbling, stones. I can't keep the house any way but the way I do, so I've come to a resolution."

"Well?" Mrs. Wentworth waited expectantly.

"I'm goin' over to the Industrial School, to see if I can get a young girl or a child from there to come and live with me, who'll appreciate a good home."

"How old did you calculate to have the orphan?" inquired Mrs. Wentworth politely.

"If I choose a very little one, I can train her up so as she'll do things my own fashion, and I can get her to love me and grow up like a daughter. If I get a girl fourteen or fifteen years old, she'll be more of a help, and I'm not so certain that I wouldn't prefer that."

"I can't say I approve your idea, Susy, but then I can't say as I disapprove," observed Mrs. Wentworth judicially. "You will find either one you adopt, for I s'pose adoption's in your thoughts, that you're shouldering a big responsibility, and you'll not have your home the spotless place it is now. And John's folks, what will they say? They'll shake their heads."

John was Susy's brother, and his farm joined her little garden. John was a good brother, but close-fisted, and he and his children might easily be annoyed, if Susy should form new ties.

"John and his people have nothing in the world to do with my taking in a poor orphan for the discipline and uplifting of my soul, any more than they would if I had married Abner Hulst when he asked me last year."

"First I ever heard of that," exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth. "Abner wanted you? Surely the good Lord guided you when you refused him, the old curmudgeon. He treated his first wife most meanly. But he didn't grieve over your declining his proposal, did he, for he's married now, safe enough; married to Helen Jenner. She's equal to keeping Abner in order, but you wouldn't have been. At your time o' life, it's not likely you'll change your condition, is it?"

"I cannot be sure," replied Susy Prentiss, who was forty-three and very comely. "If an orphan doesn't help me over my stumbling-stone, I may marry somebody yet!"

Mrs. Deacon Wentworth gasped, then laughed until her shoulders shook. Then she went home to prepare supper for her good man.

Susy Prentiss brought home a golden-haired, blue-eyed scrap of a little girl from the Industrial School, and found herself very busy in making clothes for the child, teaching her the catechism, and generally fussing over her. The house ceased to look spick-and-span. A doll blinked seriously from the corner of the living-room sofa. Little Maud ran about like a flash of light, and only rebelled when Susy, clinging to her traditions, daily fitted a tiny thimble on her rosy finger, and insisted on teaching the baby to sew.

"I fink I tan't sit still," the child would say, pouting. But Susy was firm.

"I fink I'd be gooder if I had my fwend here, too," solemnly declared Maudie, when one day she had been shut for ten minutes in the closet, for stamping with her foot on the strip of cloth on which she was learning to hem, and losing her thimble under the lilac bush. It took her half an hour to find the thimble; but Susy, gentle as a dove, was determined, nevertheless, and find the thimble in the grass Maudie did, before she was permitted to play again.

"Who is your fwend?" Susie was holding the little maid in her lap, and forgiving her for her naughtiness. A big tear quivered on the golden-brown lashes.

"My fwend is Fanny. She's so good, you'd love her."

"I love you Maud, even when you are bad," said Susy, in whose heart an unsuspected fount of mother-love had suddenly gushed forth with sweet waters.

But she made an errand to the Industrial School before many days, and brought home another orphan girl, little dark-eyed Fanny. Her neighbors were aghast, and John's folks deeply resentful, but Susy kept right on.

She grew younger and prettier as the children, who called her "Auntie," stole farther and farther into her heart. And, as they worked in their little gardens, and after awhile strolled to school with luncheons packed in dinner-pails, she forgot her old desire to have a house like a shrine. The house was still sweet and clean, but it had now become a home, where children romped and played and love reigned supreme.

"A gentleman's at the door, Auntie," said Maudie one afternoon; "he asked for you." Susy stepped into the passage. At the door stood a stranger, tall, bronzed, smiling. He held out his hand.

"Do you know me, Susy?"

"Arthur Ellis! Arthur! Where did you come from, after all these years?"

"From Seattle, Susy. I've come for you: to take you back with me. You said 'No,' when we were girl and boy, and I was such a fool I accepted it. But you are not to say 'No' again. This time, it must be 'Yes.' Susy, will you marry me?"

This was poured out in a breathless torrent as they stood by the door. The man's arms went around the woman. He stooped and kissed her lips. She did not withhold them. Tears rushed to her eyes as he still held her closely.

"Oh, Arthur, I did love you," she stammered. "But you would whittle chips in the best room, and I couldn't stand it. And you played tricks on me, and tied my braids to the back of a chair."

"I'm ashamed of myself, Susy, for I'm an untidy chap yet. But I've reformed. I'll do nothing you don't like. Marry me next week, dear, and come away into the big world. Come to Seattle, Susy. You'll feel alive there."

She had drawn him into the sitting-room. The two children were scampering about under the apple-trees. He looked into Susy's eyes with a glance of perfect satisfaction.

"You are prettier than you were twenty years ago, Susy," he said. "Let me kiss you, darling. I've starved for you so long."

Again he embraced her, till, blushing, she drew herself away. What had become of the years? They were gone, and these two were young again.

"What shall I do with the children?" she said musingly, after awhile.

The man looked puzzled.

"What children?"

"My two little daughters; adopted, you know."

"You took them because you were so lonely, dear?"

"I took them, because I found a house with nothing in it but chairs and tables could not feed an immortal soul. Arthur, are you a Christian man? You know the old trouble between us, because you neglected the church, and were rude to the minister." She spoke wistfully.

"I am not the man I would like to be," said Arthur Ellis; "but in the years I have been working alone, in mines, in forests, I have learned to know the Lord, and I am his servant. I'm glad you have the little adopted girls, dear, for I have two little lads, children of my partner, who died, and I'm their guardian. We'll have a house full of bairns, and plenty to do, and, thank God! plenty to do it with."

So Susy's stumbling-stone proved a bridge, over which she stepped to happiness and joy. She married her old sweetheart, and went West with him; but she did not at once take the little girls. They were left for a year in the little home, a maiden cousin taking charge of it and them. Later, the little girls went West, where the adopted brother awaited them.

"Strange," said Mrs. Deacon Wentworth to her good husband, "are the ways of Providence. Strange and mysterious, indeed. Who'd ever have fancied that Susy Prentiss and Arthur Ellis would have found each other after so many years."

The two were sitting at the breakfast-table as they chatted.

"They missed a good deal of sunshine by not marrying when we did; but it's better to find happiness late than not at all."

"Yes, dear, better late than never," agreed Mrs. Wentworth, handing a cup of coffee across the table.

THE CHILD BESIDE THE POND

If I could swim in the water, Dolly,
As the geese and ducks do, wouldn't I try!
But if you and I should go swimming, Dolly,
I know that mother would certainly cry.
For we'd be drowned, as quick as a wink,
So we'll stand and be safe on the pond's green brink.

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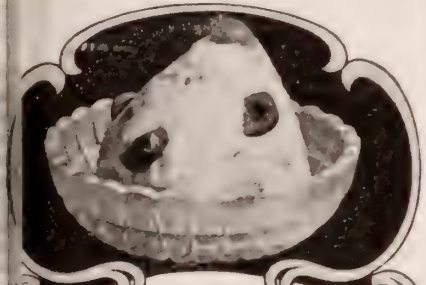

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THE Pennsylvania Germans are classed as a most wonderful race, being mostly what might be called "born agriculturists." They invariably follow the life of farmers, and in this vocation they have been most successful.

Abigail Knetz, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George and Eva Moll, was born in the village of Huff's Church, Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1817, at the time when that village consisted of only five houses. Mrs. Knetz is the only surviving member of a family of eight children, and the mother of four children. She has also nineteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Born of parents who were farmers, she, at the age of sixteen years, left her home to work as a hired girl for other farmers during the summer months. For a few months each winter, she attended a village pay school. The studies were all in the German language, and the "three R's" were the only branches taught; nevertheless, she was a close student and became an excellent German reader. She married an industrious farmer and they tilled a two-hundred-acre farm, erecting on it a stone dwelling house and other buildings. This property is now owned by one of her daughters. In the immediate vicinity was another large farm which they also bought. Her husband died in 1879, and the widow stayed with a daughter who still resides on this farm. Seven years ago she felt a desire to again live in the place where she was born.

MRS. ABIGAIL KNETZ

In 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Knetz had bought themselves a German Bible. Two years later, Mrs. Knetz had the misfortune to fall and break an arm. While nursing the fractured limb, she began the perusal of this German Bible, the contents of which became so interesting, that ever since the Bible has been her inseparable companion. She has read it from beginning to end thirty-three times. Early this spring, when reading it for the thirty-fourth time, and just as she had completed the contents of the Old Testament, the Bible slipped from her lap, and as the leaves were loose, the book fell upon the floor in a confused mass and could hardly be rearranged. She procured a new one, and is now finishing the reading of the New Testament for the thirty-fourth time, which task she has nearly completed.

Mrs. Knetz, like most Pennsylvania German women, is still well preserved, and able to do her own housework. Every Sunday she walks to church to hear the Reformed and Lutheran pastors preach. She has been a life-long member of the Lutheran denomination. She retains all her faculties and is fluent in reminiscences of her early life. The incidents she relates of the members who came great distances—some as far as thirty miles, to attend services, sixty, yes, even seventy-five years ago, on horseback and in large four-horse farm-wagons—are indeed most interesting.

H. WINSLOW FEGLEY.

Hereford, Berks County, Pa.

Nellie's Experiment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 604

Lawn Home, the subject gained new interest as it fell from Nellie's eager lips.

The child had reserved Miss Whitcomb—the village dressmaker and Nellie's particular admiration — until the last. Miss Whitcomb listened with shining eyes to Nellie's now oft-told story, and when it was finished, she drew a long breath.

"O, Nellie!" she cried, "I wish I could send a hundred dollars!"

"There — I knew you'd feel like that! But you can't, 'course—you ain't rich like some of the rest, Miss Whitcomb; but — well — I wanted ter ask," — Nellie was blushing painfully—"er—you see, I've got twenty-seven cents, Miss Whitcomb, an' I want it ter go. I could sent it alone; but it looks so little, and—I wondered if you wouldn't give 'nough ter make it up ter the three dollars an' send it in all together!"

Miss Whitcomb had already heard much of Nellie's daily trips throughout the town, and the little dressmaker's note to the magazine must have contained some mention of this (besides the three dollars), for a few days later Nellie got a letter bearing a New York postmark.

"My dear child!" it read, "We want to thank you for all you have done for our Mont-Lawn Home, and we want to tell you that because of many 'three dollars' sent from your little town, just twenty-four boys and girls will have ten happy days in the country."

Nellie had a dream that night. She saw a huge green field dotted all over with buttercups and daisies; while rolling and tumbling in the flower-grown grass were hundreds of boys and girls.

Taylor University Commencement

Taylor University at Upland, Ind., has just closed a very successful year. The annual commencement week ended June 8. President Winchester preached the baccalaureate sermon Sunday morning, June 5. Other meetings took place on the preceding Friday and Saturday evenings, respectively. The trustees held a very harmonious and delightful session Monday and Tuesday. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gold prize contest and the Moony diploma contest were the order for Monday afternoon and evening. Class day exercises came off Tuesday forenoon. Tuesday afternoon and evening were given to the alumni business meeting and banquet, at which the first of $40,000 was pledged toward an alumni endowment fund. A very fine programme was rendered by the school of music Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon witnessed the graduation of a class of six for the College of Liberal Arts and the awarding of diplomas to sixteen others, representing the other departments. Everything promises a glorious future for Taylor University, under the new president, Dr. Winchester. Unless all signs fail the attendance for the year beginning June 14 will be very large, far larger than in any former year.

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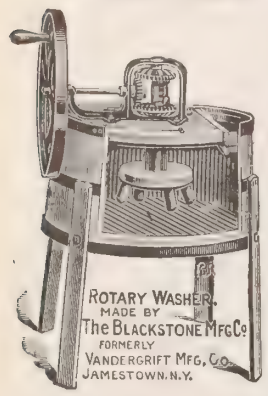

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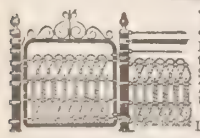

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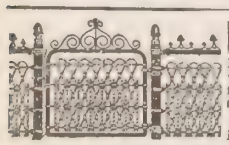

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The Liberty Bell is old and broken, a big wide crack extending nearly its whole length. The voice which told the glad news of freedom so many years ago, is now silent, and the bell is but a battered relic of those stirring times when our forefathers fought so successfully against tyranny. We are living in an age of seeming frivolity, of devotion to the glory of gold, and the glamour of worldly prosperity; but it needs but the sight of some such a reminder of what our beloved country really is, and at what a price liberty was bought, to arouse the sentiment of patriotism, always alive in the American heart, ready to come to the surface in cheers at sight of the flag, the Liberty Bell, or upon any other occasion where the key-note is love of country.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT THE FILIPINO VILLAGE

Elaborate ceremonies have always attended the ancient bell upon its travels. It has been escorted by guards of honor, and beautifully decorated at different stages of the journey with silken tricolors and flowers. This precious relic of stirring revolutionary times—when it is not upon one of its triumphal marches across the country—reposes in state in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Wherever the bell goes, old and cracked as it is, it is greeted with an almost reverential feeling. One writer has said, in describing the bell, "Beside other bells, it may be clumsy and unsightly, its workmanship poor and defective, and its tone cracked and rasping, but they cannot forget that it once awoke, with its deep clangor, the spirit of liberty in the breasts of men, and gave the nation an impulse toward that destiny which, under Divine guidance, has made it a beacon-light for freedom among the nations of the world."

FAMINE IN BRAZIL

COMMUNICATIONS from a number of different sources have been forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—some of them through readers of this journal—calling attention to the prevalence of famine in a large part of the South American republic of Brazil. Rio Grande do Norte, one of the northern States of the republic, is subject to frequent droughts. The present season has been one of unexampled dryness, and the whole country is parched and vegetation killed. In March, which usually ushers in the rainy season, there was no precipitation and the last hope vanished. Dr. Juvenal Lamartine, Lieutenant-Governor of the province, has made a public appeal in behalf of the suffering population, in which he says:

"It means the certainty of a slow death by thirst and starvation of the population of the interior of our State. . . . Hundreds of thousands of our countrymen are struggling with the greatest of miseries—famine."

In response to a telegram of inquiry, the Brazilian Minister in Washington wired the following message:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30.
"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City:

"Some of the population of the interior of the State of Rio Grande do Norte afflicted by severe drought, but government has taken measures for relief.

"(Signed) FERREIRA."

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Notes of the War

The wet season has set in in Manchuria, and the armies can now only move with great difficulty.

The Czar, on June 29, inspected the Baltic fleet, destined for the Far East, and expressed satisfaction with its general condition.

A Kiel dispatch says Emperor William and King Edward have decided to take the first opportunity for mediation in the war between Russia and Japan.

The Russian submarine boat, *Delfin*, while being officially tested in the Neva, June 29, suddenly sank at her moorings, taking down with her, Lieut. Cherkasoff and twenty men, who were drowned. The accident was due to overcrowding the boat, and the attempt of one of the crew to escape while the manhole was being closed. The *Delfin* was raised after the accident. She is Russia's best submarine, and was successfully tried in 1903.

A Rome dispatch states that at a cabinet meeting in Tokio, June 30, "it was decided that, after the fall of Port Arthur and the evacuation of Liao-yang by the Russians, Field Marshal Oyama should address an ultimatum to Gen. Kouropatkin, asking him to surrender, to avoid further and useless bloodshed. A copy of the ultimatum is to be sent to the Powers. Should Gen. Kouropatkin refuse, the Japanese anticipate that they will be able to annihilate his forces.

Russia and the Jews

M. de Plehve, Russia's Minister of the Interior, has proposed an important project for the repeal of the law under which Jews are forbidden to reside within thirty-two miles of the frontier. Some years ago the Jewish Pale was drawn back from the border. The new departure is considered to be one of the important steps in the execution of Emperor Nicholas' ukase, issued in the early part of 1903, promising freedom of conscience to subjects. The Emperor considered the present time auspicious for the inauguration of this reform.

A SILENT PILOT.

Nothing helps so much in the enjoyment of your vacation than a good map. It shows you the streams and lakes you can fish, the mountains you can climb, the places of interest you can visit and the roads you can wheel or tramp. The Lackawanna Railroad has just issued a set of colored maps on a large scale, showing the territory reached by its lines in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. These maps give every highway, postoffice, trolley line and railroad, and are so bound that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. They are invaluable to automobile tourists and travelers and should be owned by every one who wishes to be informed on the geography of these three states. The entire set in a neat cover may be had by sending ten cents in stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City. The Edition is Limited—Write To-day.

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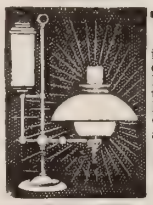

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Persecution of the Stundists

By COUNTESS ELISABETH GROEBEN*

OUR German Mission to the East was led some years ago into the large field of the Stundist movement in Russia. erhaps there is hardly any field in the whole orld where the Gospel has made such won-rful progress as in south Russia, where the undist movement originated in a great re-val which began fifty years ago among the erman colonists, and spread noislessly over ge provinces of the Russian Empire; and rhaps there is no other field where the ospel is so much hindered, as it is hindered ere by the systematic persecution organiz- by the Russian church.

By the providential leading of the Lord we re put in touch some years ago with the ntres of this revival through our mission-y, Rev. A. Stefanowitsch, who is a Russian birth, and though trained for the ministe-l calling, has served in the Russian and lgarian armies, thus coming in touch with e people. Since his conversion he has oored in the Protestant Church, and has

PASTOR STEFANOWITSCH

len blessed of God in his efforts to spread e knowledge of the Gospel in Russia. Com-ssioned by us, Mr. Stefanowitsch has visit-the Stundist communities in Russia and s made acquaintance with a great many of ese persecuted Christians. He has given a clear insight into the terrible straits of ese people, who are treated very cruelly der the Russian laws against those who l away from the orthodox church. They e at the same time in great danger of being l away from the sound teaching of the Gos-l by irregular and fanatical sectarians, as the educated leaders of the Stundist com-nities have been sent into exile by the ssian government. It has been laid on our art to take up the work of bringing effect-l help to the Stundists for: (1) We have en how desperate the situation of the Stun-ts really is; (2) We have seen that no really ficient help has been brought as yet to the undists in Russia and out of Russia by any angelical church, and (3) We are convinced at there are ways and means by which the undist movement can be upheld and engthened and kept from many errors.

It is our earnest wish to found in Berlin a minary for young Russians from the Stun-st circles, in order to prepare them to be-me leaders of their communities. These ung men ought to keep to their secular lling, but they ought to be well taught in e Bible and in church history, so as to be le to keep the evangelical communities in e sound doctrine of the Gospel.

The history of the Stundists is, on the one nd, a lamentable record of injustice and naticism, and on the other of faithful cling-g to the Lord Jesus, amid terrible suffering d relentless persecution. The punishments flicted on the Stundists by the Russian overnment are persecution, exile, separation parents from their children, of men from eir wives, and enormous fines.

Some facts related by Rev. A. Stefano-tsch, as coming under his own observation, e startling. He says:

"About ten years ago a law was given in ussia, that Stundhist children were to be ken from their parents. There was a fam-in the neighborhood of Charkow, which as punished for adherence to Stundism, by e parents being exiled to the Caucasus, and e children being made over to an aunt, who as a drunkard. This woman ordered the children, a girl nine and a boy seven years old, to cross themselves, which was the only way of saying her prayers she knew. The children said their parents had another way of praying, they did not cross themselves, and they would follow the example of their parents. Thereupon they were beaten almost daily by their aunt. One day, coming home intoxicated, she dragged both the children before an image of a saint, and with clinched fists forced them down on their knees, commanding them to make the sign of the cross. On their refusing, she cut off the fore-finger and the middle-finger of the right hands of both children, telling them that as they did not use the fingers to make the sign of the cross as she ordered, they did not need the fingers at all. I have seen both these children in the Caucasus. They had been rescued from their cruel aunt by a kind Stundist friend, who had taken them to their parents.

"Another victim of persecution was Osif Semerenko, a laborer on the estate of Mr. A. Mazow, in the neighborhood of Ploskaya. He heard the Gospel through the man-servant of his master, who sometimes read to him passages from the Bible, and recognizing himself a sinner and in need of salvation, he was converted to the Lord Jesus Christ. His wife also having come to Christ, they began to serve the Lord in spirit and in truth; they could not any more worship images, and the wife took the images down and put them out of the house. Her sister coming to see her, noticed this change, and was much astonished at the explanation she received, and was not slow in spreading the news among her kinsfolk. Very soon Osif's brother Iwan, who had official duties in the district, came to inquire why they had no saints' images in their house. His sister-in-law explained the matter to him, and spoke about the uselessness of image-worship. This made Iwan very angry, and he denounced his brother and his wife to their master, who, not wishing to have Stundists in his employ, put them out of their work and home.

"Osif and his family took refuge in their own house in Ploskaya, but Iwan and a troop of peasants attacked them, and forcing an entrance, fell upon Osif and beat him. When he recovered from a swoon he was covered with blood and quite alone, the cold wind coming in through broken doors and windows. His wife and children had been taken in by his mother-in-law. It was impossible for him to get work, and beside he had to hide from the peasantry, who also wanted to beat him.

"After some time, he was called to appear before the local authorities. There he found, beside his brother, the priest of the district and an orthodox missionary. These two priests admonished him to return to the orthodox faith. 'Why will you not worship the holy images?' asked the priest. 'I might paint them myself,' Osif answered, 'and it would be very stupid of me to pray to my own paintings.' For this answer his brother condemned him to fifteen strokes with a rod, and this punishment was inflicted on the spot. After two weeks he again received fifteen blows, and a month later, having once more to appear before the judges, he was again beaten, and his brother called for paraffin oil to pour over him, so that he might be burned to death. But someone else said: 'The smell of this will be too bad; we can manage differently.' They had tied his hands to a rafter, and while he was hanging there, they struck his back with a red-hot iron and applied their lighted cigarettes to his bare body. Eventually the strings, which fastened his hands to the rafter, were cut through, and he fell down, striking his head severely on the floor. Osif was enabled to escape to Bulgaria, where I met him two months after his cruel treatment, and his wounds were not yet healed. We helped him to go to England.

"Latterly the priests have taken to a new way of persecuting the Stundists. They find out where these brethren meet at night for Bible-reading and prayer, and send some people to join them who, when leaving the house, slyly put fire to it, and the Stundists are accused of burning down their own houses.

"As to myself," says the pastor. "I have had very great difficulties while traveling in Russia to preach the Gospel. Of course I could not travel as a preacher, I had to hide. For instance, I once had to hide under a large heap of soiled linen; and another time, in an enormous basket filled with hay.

"But it is so necessary for true evangelists to go to the Stundists; their leading men have been banished, the mass of the Stundists, numbering about two millions, are like sheep without a shepherd. They have no catechisms, no tracts, no commentaries to the Bible; and most of them are not even able to read, so that the Bible is a closed book to them.

"They need evangelists; they need men and women, who living among them, leading their own simple life, can read to them, pray with them and teach them. But these men and women must be instructed, and this cannot be done in Russia; they must come out for some time, say two to four years, then return when they are able to take up the Lord's work."

*Countess Elisabeth Groeben, of the German ient Mission, Berlin (W. 10), will answer all in-uries that may be sent to her concerning the work the Mission.

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"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

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FATAL ALLIANCES

By MRS. M. A. BAXTER

SINCE the time of David, no king had reigned who had so much at heart the cause of God as King Jehoshaphat. His father, Asa, had learned to trust in God, and he had put away idolatry, and brought his people into a covenant that they would serve God. To make a covenant with God, and fail to learn of him in his Word, leads often to disappointment and grievous failure. But Jehoshaphat went farther. He also strengthened himself against Israel, and put away idolatry and sin; but he moreover sent his princes to teach in the cities of Judah, and with them Levites and priests. "And they taught in Judah, and had the Book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah and taught the people" (II. Chron. 17:38).

Now, let us note the result of Asa's building fenced cities, and raising an army, and of Jehoshaphat's organizing instruction in the Word of God. Asa had the army of the Ethiopians come against him, but Jehoshaphat was rewarded in that the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat. Thus, the knowledge of God's Word, and the keeping of his commandments, proved to be a better defence than an army and fortresses.

Having thus joined interest with the living God, he built castles and cities of stone, and he had mighty men of valor. Then came the king's first wrong step. He had riches and honor in abundance, and joined affinity with Ahab. How seldom marriages are undertaken with the one aim that God may be glorified! Probably the unhappy union between Jehoshaphat's son, Jehoram, and Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab, was brought about from political motives, as a preventative against war between Israel and Judah; and the sin of an alliance with a king whose state religion was the worship of the golden calves, does not seem to have struck Jehoshaphat. Was it not to awaken him to this that God allowed him to get entangled with Ahab's war, and very nearly to lose his life?

Having made an alliance with Ahab, it became necessary that Jehoshaphat should visit him. He had put himself into a false position, which entailed unexpected difficulties. Very often the greatest difficulties we meet with are the result of some false step which we have taken without the Lord, and until we become aware of it, and retrace our steps, everything seems to go wrong. Let us never pity ourselves or expect sympathy from others when circumstances seem to be all against us. He who maketh **all** things work together for good to them that love God has most surely something to say to us; and when we understand it, and get into step with him again we shall find ourselves, with him, above the circumstances which appeared so difficult. Ahab entertained Jehoshaphat royally, but it was to lay him under an obligation, and at last his purpose came to light. "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth-Gilead?" Wilt thou, Jehoshaphat, servant of the Most High God, be at the disposal of him who is in open enmity to thy God (II. Chron. 18:1-3)?

Jehoshaphat was in a dilemma; either he must break the alliance and, as he may have thought, injure his country, or he must make common cause with the wicked Ahab. Oh, how near-sighted we may be, when we are, in any measure, off the right track! God could surely care for Judah more than Jehoshaphat could, and would not the king's action in putting the claims of Ahab before the claims of God prevent God from continuing his blessing on Judah? Jehoshaphat fell into the snare, and said, "I am as thou art, and my people as thy people, and we will be with thee in the war." But at once his conscience smote him, and he besought Ahab, "Inquire, I pray thee, at the Word of the Lord to-day." And Ahab gathered his false prophets, who all assured the king of Israel that God would deliver Ramoth-Gilead into his hand.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L.E.W., Martel, O. "I want to publicly acknowledge God's great mercy to me also in answering my prayer. I prayed to him that he would grant that I might hear from a dear boy, and he has wonderfully answered my prayer."

A Reader, Michigan. "I wish to acknowledge in the answered prayer column that I am certain that God answers prayers."

F. D., Canada. "I have had many prayers answered, and I am going to ask the readers to kindly pray for a friend who knows not Christ."

A Reader, Canandaigua, N. Y. "I have recently had prayer answered in a manner not to be mistaken. God came to my help when there seemed no help."

N. B. S., Louisa, Va. "Many times I have asked Him for some special thing and He always hears and answers my prayers. I hope by my acknowledging this that it may help others to pray more faithfully and earnestly to God."

Mrs. A. E. S., Waterbury, Conn. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God to me in the past in answering prayers and also for present blessings."

E. S. H., White Plains, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering one of my prayers that I have kept before him for several years. I thank him for all his tender care over me from infancy to old age."

Alice G. S., West Stockbridge, Mass. "I wish to thank God for answered prayers."

E. T. C., Phila. "I desire to publicly acknowledge the goodness of God in answering my prayers for the recovery of a sick relative. His promises are ever faithful and true. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. B., Augusta, Me. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer for a very dear one, I would acknowledge it. He has answered that and many others."

A Constant Reader, Pittsburg. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered my prayers, and I feel that he will always hear if we ask in faith."

M. K., New York City. "Your column of answered prayers has been a source of great comfort to me. Will you kindly ask, through your paper, the prayers of those who have acknowledged answers to their petitions, for a family in great trouble."

E. J. M., Kimball, Minn. "I promised that if my prayer was answered I would publicly acknowledge it. My faith was as a grain of mustard seed. I wish to acknowledge not only answer to this prayer but to others."

O. K. S., Germantown, Pa. "I want to bear my testimony to the fact that prayers are answered. I prayed—really prayed—for the first time in my life four weeks ago. That prayer was answered. Since then I have prayed many times, and I know every time they have been answered. I believe prayer—that is, real prayer—is always answered."

L. D. A., St. Louis, Mo. "God has answered my prayers in time of need and sore distress. He has abundantly blest me both spiritually and temporally."

Mrs. M. S. D., New York. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayers. Not always has he given everything for which I have asked, nor do I, as a parent, give everything for which my little ones ask, but what I know is best, so I ask that I be given such a child-like trust and thankful heart."

THE LOVE OF GOD*

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Were every shrub and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see,
A pen to write withal;
Were all that ever lived on earth,
Since nature first received her birth,
Most skilful scribes, to place
In clearest light that wondrous love
Found in the heart of God above,
Towards Adam's ruined race;
Were each Methuselah in age,
And every moment write a page,
They'd all be tired and die;
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be filled within—without,
The ink be drained all dry,
And then to show that love, oh, then,
Angels above as well as men,
Archangels e'en would fail;
Nay—till eternity should end,
A whole eternity they'd spend,
And not have told the tale.

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THE SPIRIT OF CASTE*

STRANGE how alike the ages are! That passage from the Epistle of James, which is associated with the topic, is an exact picture of e conditions prevailing at this day in any of our churches. Only last week, a an who had once been wealthy, but is w working as a car-conductor in New ork, was urged to go to church. His swer was: "No, neither my wife nor I uld go. We have not clothes that are We tried it one Sunday, and the hers sent us to a back seat in the gal-ry, and, even there, the people in the at drew away from us, as they looked at r shabby clothes. I have seen the time nen going into a church, I would be ken to a good pew, and would be wel-me there, but not now. The missions e the places for us, and I do not care r them." There are many churches in nich dress does not count, but the man d evidently been to one in which it did. nere ought to be no such church in ex-ence, for the spirit of Christ was funda-entally opposed to any such distinctions. A prominent preacher uses a very strik-g illustration of the principle. He says at Christ's dividing line is vertical, not rizontal. The world divides society to the upper and lower classes, but rist divides it according to character. n the one side the line, as on the other, e rich and poor, cultured and uneducat-. These distinctions do not separate en in his sight. The difference that es separate, is whether men have been anged by his grace. The man who is ing in sin and loving it; the man who is ing for himself and caring nothing for y one else; the man who has no love for d and righteousness, is on one side the e, whether he be poor or rich, of high of low birth. Character is the only stinction he recognizes, and even to ose who are on the wrong side the line, offers the grace which would bring em on to the other side. Christ's con-otion of his Church was of a brother-od, and he emphasized it by instituting Supper, in which, by partaking to-ther of a common meal, his people ould show their equality.

It has surprised foreigners coming ong us, to find how potent are the ss distinctions, which are familiar to em in the Old World, but which they pected not to find here. We have the stocracy of wealth, the most vulgar of kinds of caste. It is illogical, too, for child can see that the man who has gain-a million, is no more of a gentleman d no better a man, but often a worse, an he was when he had not a dollar. he aristocracy of birth has no better ndation, for the sons of noble and an-ent families often bring disgrace on nored names. The aristocracy of cul-e, has more reason in it, for between en of the same order, conversation and mmunity of thought and feeling are pos-ple, as they are not between the refined d the boor. But even in this, the distinc-n is often mere veneer, and the man thout it, may be heroic, generous, self-nying and true, while the refined man, y be at heart a scamp. It is a bur-que of our institutions, that society in present day in America should be so nsitive as it is on mere externals.

In no place on earth, is caste so abhor-nt as in the Christian Church. It shows at men do not know Christ, or know emselves. If they knew Christ, they uld be so impressed with the immense stance between him and themselves, at the difference between man and man uld fade into nothingness. Neither do ey know themselves, otherwise they uld be aware that they have in their n souls capacities for evil, which, if ey had not had the advantages of envi-nment and training that they have had, uld have developed the character that ey now scorn. To the boy of six, his other of twelve seems a prodigy of strength and learning; but set the boy of twelve among grown men, and he is a child. So, the Christian who spends much time in communion with God, comes into association with other Christians, impressed with his own unworthiness, humble and conscious, not of his merits, but of his defects. He learns to be tolerant and charitable with the faults of his brethren, and eager in his own humility to help them as he has been helped. "All ye are brethren."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union July 24. James 2: 1-9; Matt. 23: 8-12.

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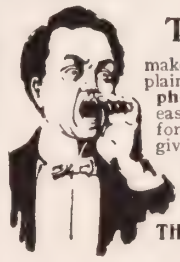

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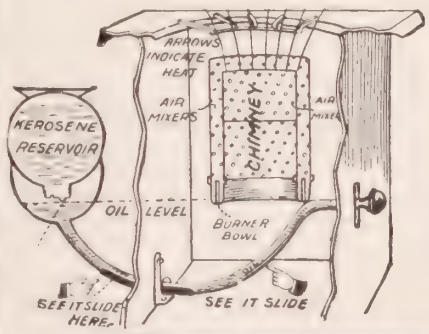

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

DR. KLOPSCH OPENING THE EXERCISES

SEE PAGES 622-623

"The Children's Temple" Corner-Stone Laying at Mont-Lawn

The Nominating Conventions

The Democratic Candidates

Photo, Davis and Sanford
ALTON B. PARKER

HENRY G. DAVIS

The Prohibition Candidates

REV. SILAS C. SWALLOW

GEORGE W. CARROLL

For President *(Democratic)*

HEARTY congratulations are pouring in on the Democratic Party, even from Republican quarters, on the choice which its National Convention has made of a standard-bearer for the Presidential campaign. Seldom in our history has a nomination for that high office been made, that has commanded such unalloyed and unstinted approval from political opponents.

Alton Brooks Parker at present holds the office of Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York, to which he was elected in 1897. He is in his fifty-fourth year and has been prominent in political life for upwards of a quarter of a century. He was born at Cortland, N. Y., on a farm owned by his father, who had also been born there. His great-grandfather had been a Massachusetts man and had fought under Washington in the War of the Revolution. The patriot's son settled on the Cortland farm in 1803 and it is still in the possession of his descendant. The boy's ambition was to enter Cornell for a college education, but the family finances were not equal to that strain, and he contentedly worked on the farm in the summer and went to the district school in the winter. At the age of thirteen he entered Cortland Academy for a three years' term. He had already determined on being a lawyer.

To get the money necessary for a legal education, he decided to teach school if he could get an appointment. Without saying anything to his family, he hired a horse and buggy at the close of his term at the academy and drove to Virgil, where he had heard a teacher was wanted. He secured the place and drove home in triumph. The young man loyally served his term at Virgil and then obtained an appointment at Binghamton, after which he went to Rochester, where, although he was only twenty years old, he was made Principal of the public school. He was able during his term to save enough money to cover a two years' course in the Albany Law School, from which he graduated in 1872.

Young Parker's stay at Rochester led to the romance of his life. He met there the young lady who afterward became his wife. She was Miss Mary Lee Schoonmaker, the daughter of parents of Dutch extraction, having influential connections in the neighborhood. One of the members of the family was a lawyer at Kingston, and with him and his partner Mr. Hardenberg, Mr. Parker took service as a clerk, until he was called to the bar. Through Mr. Schoonmaker, he became connected with politics. Mr. Schoonmaker had failed to secure re-election as County Judge, and Mr. Parker took up his cause with energy, and succeeded in having him elected State Senator. The ability and skill he displayed in that campaign attracted the attention of the leaders of the Democratic Party, who nominated him for Surrogate. He was elected, and at the end of his term was re-elected in spite of a vigorous opposition. His success in every contest he had entered, deeply impressed the chiefs of his party, and when Mr. Hill was nominated for the Governorship, he urged Mr. Parker to manage his campaign. Again he won the fight, Mr. Hill being elected by a plurality of 11,000.

Mr. Hill soon had an opportunity of showing his gratitude. In 1885 Judge Westbrook, of the Supreme Court of New York, died, and Mr. Hill appointed Mr. Parker to fill out his term. So ably did he conduct the business of the Court, that he was nominated for the full term of fourteen years, and the Republican party put no one in nomination against him. In 1889, however, the Second Division of the Court of Appeals was created, and Mr. Parker was transferred to it. This Division was dissolved in 1892, and then he was appointed to the General Term of the Supreme Court, the appointment being made at the express solicitation of the other judges. In November, 1897, he was elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals by a plurality of more than 60,000.

In person, Judge Parker is tall and vigorous. His manner in court is dignified, but urbane, and he is noted for his kindly treatment of young lawyers who are beginning practice. His only son, a boy of seven, died some time ago. His daughter is married to Rev. Charles Mercer Hall, rector of Kingston, whose children are the favorite guests at Judge Parker's beautiful home of Rosemount at Esopus, on the banks of the Hudson.

For Vice-President *(Democratic)*

LIKE Judge Parker, Ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia, who was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic Convention, began life on a farm. He is a native of Maryland, and is in his eighty-first year. He lost his father in early life, and went to work on a plantation to help support his mother. On the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, he entered its service as a brakeman, and was successively promoted to be conductor and station agent. After fourteen years in railroad work, he joined two of his brothers in opening a general store at Piedmont, and secured an interest in a coal mine. This was in 1858. His prosperity from that time was phenomenal. His savings were judiciously invested in land in West Virginia, and he soon became deeply interested in the development of that State.

Mr. Davis' political career began in 1865, when he was elected to the House of Delegates of West Virginia, and he afterwards served two terms as State Senator. In 1871 he was elected to the United States Senate. He was re-elected at the end of his term, and might have had another re-election, but declined. During his service in the Senate, he was a persistent advocate of the remonetization of silver, and contended that it was the best remedy for financial stringency. Mr. Davis has several times been urged to accept a nomination for the Governorship of West Virginia, but has always refused. He was a member of the Intercontinental Railway Commission, and was chairman of the American Delegation to the Pan-American Congress. He is the president of several railroad companies, and other commercial enterprises.

Mr. Davis' wife, whom he married in 1853, was Miss Kate O. Bantz, of Frederick, Md. They had five children, one of whom was accidentally drowned a few years ago. One of his daughters is the wife of Senator Stephen B. Elkins.

For President *(Prohibition)*

AT the Prohibition National Convention, held in Indianapolis in the closing days of June, Dr. Silas C. Swallow, of Pennsylvania, was nominated for President, and George W. Carroll, of Texas, for Vice-President. Both nominations were made unanimous.

Dr. Swallow has for many years been prominently identified with Prohibition, and it is said of him by those who know him best, that "no more loyal Prohibitionist lives." He is known as a man of rugged honesty and stanch principle. He was born at Plains, Pa., in 1839, his parents being George and Sarah Swallow. He received his education at the Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., and Taylor University, Fort Wayne, Ind. From the latter he has received the degree of D.D. He was united in marriage to Miss Louisa Robbins in 1866. All his life Dr. Swallow has been an active Methodist, and he is at the present time editor of the Pennsylvania *Methodist* and superintendent of the Methodist Book Rooms. Dr. Swallow has long been known in politics as the "Fighting Parson." He was fearless in his attacks on political corruption in Pennsylvania. In 1897 he made a bold charge, and the retaliation was an attempt to defame Dr. Swallow's reputation. It was a charge that worked like a boomerang against his accusers, and resulted in a triumph for Dr. Swallow. For this expose he was sued, tried and triumphantly acquitted. In 1897 he was nominated for State treasurer on the Prohibition ticket, and received 118,000 votes, and the next year being nominated on the same ticket for Governor, he received 132,000 votes. He was again a candidate for Governor in 1902. He resides in Harrisburg, Pa. Dr. Swallow's career has been marked throughout by willing service and sacrifice for the cause of Prohibition—a sacrifice "not of the kind that kills but the kind that sanctifies." He is a man still in the prime of life, active and vigorous, and one whom Prohibitionists will support with enthusiasm and a clear conscience.

For Vice-President *(Prohibition)*

GEORGE W. CARROLL, of Beaumont, Tex., Dr. Swallow's "running mate," is also an ardent Prohibitionist, and a Christian gentleman of marked ability, and with an admirable record of public service in the cause. He is a prosperous business man of the "New South," an alderman of his home city, and was acting-mayor when he was informed of his nomination. He has made a name for himself as a law enforcer, and one who makes no compromise with the iniquitous liquor traffic.

In 1902, he became prominent in the Prohibition Party as the nominee for governor in Texas. Although the son of a rich man, he had to make his own way in the world, for as soon as he had become of age, his father gave him an eighty-dollar clerkship in the Beaumont Lumber Company and left him to work out plans for getting more. On this modest income Carroll married and set up a home. Some time later, he pledged $500 for a new Baptist church in his home town. There was one particular lot desired for the church, which could not be secured unless the whole block was purchased, so Carroll purchased the whole block—on credit—and donated the lot to the church. He sold the rest for enough to pay his $500 pledge, to pay for the lot and to buy 2,000 acres of land which turned out to be valuable, rendering him a prosperous and wealthy man. To-day, Mr. Carroll is a Christian gentleman of forty-eight winters, whose judgment is widely respected by business men in Texas. Recently he gave a $75,000 Science Hall to Baylor University, and he has made many other large gifts besides.

The Prohibition platform declares that the destruction of the infamous liquor traffic is the paramount question in American politics; that the two great parties have refused to recognize this, and permitted the traffic to dominate national, state, and local government; that all existing methods of dealing with the traffic have proved abortive, and that prohibitory legislation and the election of a Prohibition Administration alone will meet the emergency. It demands the impartial enforcement of all laws; the application of just principles to combinations and organizations of labor and capital; the adaptation of the initiative and referendum; international arbitration; reform in divorce laws; the extirpation of polygamy; the reformation of the "social evil" in our cities; the establishment of a mental and moral qualification for suffrage; an omnipartisan tariff commission; election of United States Senators by the people and an honest, reformed civil service.

NEW YORK JULY 20, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE HILL PAGODA

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, AT WUHU

THE "PAGODA OF 10,000 YEARS"

A Day Among Buddhist Temples

By REV. Z. CHARLES BEALS, China

MUCH has been written about Chinese temples and pagodas but thus far I have read nothing about the picturesque ones we have here in Wuhu. One of our famous old pagodas is noted not for its beauty but for its age. If you were to ask any of the natives its age, he would say, "ten thousand years" or more; but the fact is it is only a little over nine hundred years old. It is surrounded by old Chinese houses and huts, and is near the mouth of the small river which empties into the Yangtz, at Wuhu. The pagoda is in a dilapidated condition. Trees are growing out through the roof from seeds dropped there by birds. The inside is filled with birds' nests and with nuts, and is altogether a dirty place.

Then there are the Hill Pagoda and Temple, about a mile out of the city. This pagoda has charge of the *fung shui* (necromancy), meaning that it has in its keeping the peace and prosperity of the city. It has a fine appearance, and the temples at the base are kept in good order. At the Hill Pagoda there are tiers on tiers of idolatrous temples, some of them very beautiful. The idols here are large and expensive. One temple was thoroughly furnished, idols and all, by Li Hung Chang, just before he died. A large number of Buddhist priests look after the temples and perform the duties connected therewith.

Not far from these temples, at the foot of the same hill, is situated the Buddist Temple for Nuns. It is fitted up very attractively, and has a rather imposing appearance. There are about a dozen nuns living here. The one shown in the photograph, sitting on a small table, is the Mother Superior. These nuns, as well as the priests, are of a low order, and their virtues are rarely spoken of. Expressions of contempt and reviling can be heard on every side.

THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE FOR NUNS AT WUHU

BUDDHIST NUN AND MONK OF WUHU, CHINA

These are the Mother Superior of the Nuns' Temple and her Assistant

The Confucian Temple in Wuhu, has a very beautiful gateway, but the temple itself in the rear, is plain and somewhat dirty within. Teachers are supposed to come here and worship the tablets erected to Confucius.

The place has a musty smell, and visitors do not care to tarry long.

From here, it is but a short distance to the city Temple. This is a Buddhist Temple, and here one may get an idea of the Buddhists' hell. Commencing at the right, one notes the Buddhist conception of judgment and the punishment of lighter crimes; but further on are devils of all descriptions, tormenting women. By the way, apparently all are women who go there, according to the Buddhist theology.

The devil is represented in mud images with ugly faces, which make one shudder to look at. In delineating these hideous forms, the intention has been to frighten the worshipers so that they will do as the priests direct them, and thus appease the wrath of the idol.

From the city Temple we cross over the river and visit the temple just opposite Wuhu. It is well laid out, and on a hot summer day there always seems to be cool shade and a refreshing breeze. It is most picturesque, and is visited by more foreigners than any other place.

We go these rounds at times, to preach and talk to the priests and others, who gather to drink tea, for every temple has a place where one can order tea and also sweetmeats.

Many times, in speaking to the priests, I have told them their idols were false and could not help them, and in every case they have assented: "Yes, that is so." "Why, then, do you continue to use them?" I ask. They always say—"This is our living."

Although these temples are quaint and picturesque, yet we long to see the time when they shall be turned into school-buildings or preaching halls, where the people can hear the true Gospel.

I am truly thankful to say that I have had two temples given to me for this purpose already. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is spreading in China. I trust the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will do all they can to spread the Truth, and help "speak a word to bring back our King."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD house-boat has been kept going on the river, and is a great blessing. Like everything else it costs to run it, and I trust your readers may help us to keep it going. I had the blessed privilege of baptizing nine young men on the last trip, just two weeks ago. I have ten or more to baptize at Chao Hsein next week, when I go again up there in the house-boat. I praise God for what he is doing up that river. In another town where we have begun work, we have many inquiries.

We have the war up north, but it does not affect us in the least, and if it were not for the papers, we would not know there was a war going on at all.

God bless you and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Pray for us and the work under our care.

Wuhu, China. Z. CHARLES BEALS.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

MAN'S GREATER WORKS

TEXT — JOHN 14: 12:
"Greater works than these shall he do"

MAN increases not his Gospel faith by lowering the standards of the Cross. You might as well expect water to run up hill of its own accord, or violets to grow during midwinter in a snowbank, or daylight to follow after the sinking of the sun in the West, or the flush of health to be seen on the pale cheek of a corpse, or a humming bird to voluntarily make her nest in the dark labyrinths like a ground-mole, as for a radiant faith capable of transforming character, to exist in any temple, unless the chief corner-stone of that temple is Jesus Christ. "And I, if I be lifted up from earth, will draw all men unto me," said Jesus Christ, just a short time before his crucifixion. "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me," speaks our resurrected Redeemer to the Gospel workers of the present day.

Let it be clearly understood at the outset, that by no word or thought would I seek to depreciate the power and influence of Christ's personality and work. He it is who fills all created things, he it is who gives life, natural, mental, social. He is the inspirer, the spring from which come all our triumphs. But I want to show you that the promise which he gave to his disciples, "Greater works than these shall he do," has been fulfilled and that man, inspired with his spirit, has with the natural forces at his disposal, done more for uplifting humanity, as Christ said he should, than did Christ himself. Man has taken hold of the power which Christ bestowed and has applied it, beyond the opportunities which Christ had, to complete the work that he initiated. Christ fed the multitudes. Christ opened the blinded eyes and straightened the crooked limbs. Christ assuaged pain and stopped the chronic issue of blood. Christ was a great preacher and drew the multitudes about him. Christ fought against the heathenish doctrine that "might is right." Christ was the greatest of all workers of wonders that the world had ever seen. There was only one Christ. There will never be another. Yet there are senses, natural as well as spiritual, in which his promise has been kept to his followers, and they have been enabled, through the power emanating from him, to do works which surpass those he did in his life on earth. But let it never be forgotten that these "greater works" which man has done, have been accomplished only because Jesus has lived and Jesus' prophetic words have been fulfilled. In order to get a better grasp of this theme, let me read to you the full verse in which the words of my text are found. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father."

Christ's Miracles

Jesus Christ was the amazement of amazements to the people of his day and generation, as a worker of natural phenomena. He seemed to his time superior to all natural laws. When he went out to visit his disciples in their ship, he did not have to use the land as other people had to do. He stepped upon the crystal pavement of lake Galilee, as easily as an Alpine climber might rest his foot upon solid rock; as easily as a hind's feet might glue themselves to mountain crag. When he spoke, the homage of obedience was rendered to him, not alone by men in the synagogue, by beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, but by the winds and the waves. He called to the Galilean tempest, "Peace be still." At the glance of his eye, the "conscious water blushed to see the face of its Lord" at the wedding in Cana, of Galilee. At a word from his lip, the fig-tree dried up and withered away. All he had to say was, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever." At his call, came whole schools of fish to be caught by the Galilean fishermen. By his touch, whole ovens-full of bread seemed to be miraculously created. After the sermon upon the mount, he fed the multitudes by simply breaking five loaves of bread into pieces. He kept on breaking those pieces again in twain, until at last all were fed with bread as much as they cared to eat. Christ was a wonder worker in natural phenomena. He could tell Peter just where to go and catch a fish which had in its mouth the "piece of money" by which the disciples should pay the just taxes to the Roman Government. In the hour of his suffering and death, the earth trembled and the sun was shrouded in darkness. In him was the power which the Psalmist ascribed to the Most High, "He looketh upon the earth and it trembles; he toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Wonderful were those triumphs over natural laws and forces; but what triumphs has man achieved since that time by compelling those natural laws and forces to serve his purposes, and by harnessing them as his servants! What wonder can be greater than for man to speak in a telephone-receiver, as I have done, in Chicago, and have my voice heard in New York City, one thousand miles away. I do not consider it any more of a wonder, than for Theodore Roosevelt to start the great ponderous machinery in the World's Fair at St. Louis, by touching a simple button. Christ walking upon the waves of Lake Galilee excited the wonder of the spectators, but how

They Would Have Wondered

could they have seen that marvelous submarine boat constructed by an American inventor, which he supplied with such wonderful mechanism that it can sink to the bottom of the sea, and support life there for twenty-four hours; or, if they could have known how a spark, as a mermaid, could carry man's message, by running along the pathway of a Pacific cable from Vancouver to Australia; or, how a great iron hull could be made to battle against storm and tide and carry thousands of human beings, besides tons upon tons of freight, from New York to Liverpool. Christ feeding the multitudes, with the five loaves and two fishes, to me is wonderful; but man, making the dry desert blossom as a rose, by the stored-up waters of irrigation; man making rain descend in regions, where, for centuries, nature as a forbidding angel of the Edenic Paradise, has said: "Thou shalt not"; man making the fruits of the Asiatic climes to mate with the fruits of the California hills; man making street cars to run without horses, and steam engines to shriek through a Gothard Pass and disappear into a Housatonic Tunnel; man making his air ships lighter than the atmosphere we breathe; all these are triumphs over natural forces so wonderful, that I say, as I compare them with the phenomena of Christ's life, how truly has the promise been kept, "Greater works than these shall he do."

When I see an Edison making an electric light blaze and burn upon the tip-end of a dirty piece of carbon; when I see the marvels of machinery, born with everything but a soul; when I see ice frozen in the tropics, and when I know that nations, separated by broad seas, are brought into speaking distance by wireless telegraphy, I know that one of the fulfilments of my text has come: "Anything which excites wonder, surprise or astonishment, in the broad sense is a miracle," wrote the lexicographer. Surely Christ was alluding to man's triumphs in the world of natural phenomena, when he said: "The works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

Triumphs Over Disease

Not only did Christ astonish the people in his day, by his power over the forces of nature; he revealed his divine nature by showing his power over physical diseases. He tried to convince the people in his day of his power as a healer of spiritual maladies, by proving himself the cleanser of leper spots, the opener of blinded eyes, and, the only one of his time, who could send the sluggish blood of health coursing through the withered limbs of him sick with the palsy. Yet, to-day, as I study Christ, the Healer of the sick, I see that the work he did has been taken up by his followers, and its triumphs multiplied. By the word of his power he gave sight to a few blind men; but in our day, the Christian surgeons by their operations are giving sight to thousands. The virtue from his garment stopped one issue of blood; but in our day, the Christian physician, with his medicaments, is stopping thousands of issues. Christ's touch relieved a few sufferers of pain; but in the hospitals of our time, thousands pass painlessly through suffering which, in former times, would have racked them with excruciating torture.

If you would learn some of the marvels of man as a healer, read Professor White's marvelous collection of facts, in his book, entitled, *The Wonders of Modern Surgery*. Up to 1870, eighty per cent. of all those who had fractured leg or arm, with the bone protruding through the skin, died. Now, through the discoveries resultant from the life's work of Sir Joseph Lister, practically all those with fractured limb-bones get well. Once when a gangrened leg had to be amputated, a shrieking, yelling patient, was held down by main strength, and the leg cut off as quickly as possible, as a butcher with his axe would chop meat. Then the bleeding stump was seared with boiling pitch. Seventy-five per cent. of those patients died. Now such operations are considered practically harmless. A whiff of ether, a breath of chloroform, a deep sleep, a painless operation, and the heavy eyelids open. All the horrors that operation are a blank. Our uncles, our aunts, o parents, our grandparents, died by the hundreds of i flammation of the bowels. Along comes surgery, a says: "Down on the table; quick! Out with that a pendix." And, to-day, clubs could be formed by t hundreds of those who would have died of appendi tis, unless death had been driven back at the poi of the surgeon's knife.

But to-day, are the "Wonders of Modern Surger any more marvelous than the "Wonders of Mode Medicine?" Is the power of modern medicine to cu disease any more marvelous to-day, than the power modern bacteriological investigations to prevent d ease? You see Christ stopping here and there to op a blinded eye, or to unstop a deaf ear, or to loosen t heavy and labored breathing of the asthmatic suffer But to-day

The Achievements of the Healer

include more than here and there a cure. I s the lights in thousands of hospital windows gleami like the stars in the heavens. I see the white-rob nurses and the doctors coming forth as did the ang of health, who troubled the waters at the Pool of Be esda, crying to the sick everywhere: "Come and cured of your ailments!" I see thousands and tens thousands of strong men and women, who would ha died twenty years younger than they are now, had th lived and been sick in the days when Christ lived, a he had seen them not or touched them not. Christ, the physician of the body was a wonder-worker. E man to-day, as a curer of physical ailments, is acco plishing far more than Christ ever did. Man is r only opening the eyes of those born blind, but he making by the thousands and the tens of thousands t deaf and the dumb speak, until this ancient miracle h ceased to be a wonder, because of its commonness.

Now, study Christ from another stand-point. Wh did Jesus come down upon earth to do? He came save the world? Oh yes: He came to save the wo by drawing men unto himself and banding them gether as Christians. That means, men were to beco followers of himself. Yet, after he came to earth a was born in the manger and lived in Nazareth, he lit ally became the "despised and the rejected of me After he had lived and suffered, preached and work on and on until the day when he was crucified, the c verts he had won were only a little handful of follow at the foot of his cross. If I should take you to a co try pastor and say: "Rev. Mr. So and So, how large your church?" He would say: "Oh, very small. W have only six score members all told. But we are p of the great Presbyterian Church, with its hundreds thousands and millions of members. Therefore, are proud to belong to the great body of this chur militant." But Jesus, when he died did not have a great church. He was only the humble Nazarene w one hundred and twenty disciples all told, in Jerusale From a worldly stand-point, Christ's life seemed to an abject failure. Do you wonder that Christ said his disciples in the words of my text, "He that believ on me, the works that I do shall he do also; a greater works than these shall he do." How has t promise been fulfilled in the great preachers and org izers of the Chrstian Church? Inspired by his life a teaching, men have arisen, whose achievements, as as they can be measured by numbers, have surpass a thousand-fold those of their Divine Master.

Christian Organization

Compare if you will the rapid advancement of Chr tianity during the century just past with the seemin paltry number of one hundred and twenty whom Chr gathered about him in Jerusalem during his earthly m istry. In 1844, George Williams, of London, organiz the first Y. M. C. A. Association of the world. For six years later, as a direct outgrowth of his work, th were 6,625 different Y. M. C. A. Association Societ with their enrollments of 650,000 members, with pr erty worth over $26,000,000. In 1865, William Boo an humble Methodist minister, stepped out of the chur of his birth, and in Nottingham, England, organiz the "Christian Mission," the outgrowth of which is t Modern Salvation Army. In thirty-five years th army, as a direct result of William Booth's work, had eleven thousand officers stationed in all parts of t world, holding annually over 2,000,000 meetings. a possessing their own printing presses, scattering fo 43,000,000 pamphlets and papers of Gospel news, a with an income of nearly $4.000,000 per year. In 18 Francis E. Clark, a comparatively unknown minis

rganized his young people into a band of Christian workers, called the "Christian Endeavor Society." He s called "Father" Clark now; not, however, because e is an old man, but because he was the father of a novement which, in twenty years, had a Society with early 4,000,000 members. Consider the work of John Vesley. Compare the first band of one hundred and wenty members with the conversions under the power f the Holy Ghost of Whitefield, Finney, Moody. These hen led the people by the tens of thousands to kneel at he foot of the Cross. Tell me, in reference to the cri-erion of number, has not man as a preacher and an rganizer, done "greater things" than did Christ?

But, again, in this world-wide sweep of man's "greater orks," we must see how man is everywhere overturn-ng the heathen doctrine that "might makes right" ather than "right makes might." We must see man s the defender of the weak man, the hope of the elpless man, the friend of the bereft man, and in one ense the rescuer of the lost. Christ comes as the riend of the friendless. But, oh, how friendless and elpless he himself became. James Morrison, in a onderful review of the works of Christ's life, pictures im as a mighty conqueror. Said this mighty pul-piteer, "He strode on to victory. From his elevated tand-point he saw as the consequence of his triumphal scent to his Father, the overthrow of Phariseeism and adduceeism. He looked farther, and saw the over-hrow of Roman and Grecian and Scythian idolatry. He looked farther, and saw the destruction of slavery. He looked farther, and saw the establishment, on the ne hand, of home missions extending to the hundreds f thousands who have lapsed, and the establishment n the other hand of foreign missions, sending the Gos-el of His grace to the ends of the earth in hundreds f tongues." But though Christ in his exaltation and rophetic vision may have seen all this, yet like Moses, ith his eyes overlooking the verdant fields of the romised Land, Christ was to have no direct physical ontact in the consummation of the world's salvation. All India was yet to give up its widow-burning, and e tossing of its helpless girl infants into the Ganges be eaten by crocodiles, and the heathen worship of lols, but Christ was not, in body, able as a man to set ot on the soil of India. William Carey and Alexan-er Duff and Bishop Thoburn were to do that Africa, ith its murder and rapine and cannibalistic orgies, was build its altars to the worship of the "True God;" at Christ, as a physical man, was never to penetrate to those dark missionary fields. A Livingstone, a Taylor and a Hartzell were to do that. Europe at that time shaking under the tread of the Roman legions; North and South America utterly unknown to civiliza-tion; the islands of the sea, most of them unvisited—all are yet to bow to Christ and come under the reign of love and gentleness and purity and truth. These are to be won through the instrumentality of men. Men ener-gized by the Holy Spirit are to gain the whole world for him. Truly as we look at such a conquest and compare it with the work that he accomplished in Pal-estine, we see what he meant when he said, "Greater things than these shall ye do." Christ saw all this future conquest of the world, but as a man he never went away from the Palestine Hills. He grew up in Nazareth. He journeyed from Nazareth a few times to Jerusalem. There at the Davidic capital he was at last led as a guilty criminal out to the Calvary heights to ignomini-ously die. To his followers he left the stupendous task of evangelizing the world, promising that he would be with them to the end, and that through his power they should be able to win more souls than he had done.

But, though we have been praising man's "greater works" we would have you bear well in mind this one tremendous fact. No work of man is truly greater than Christ's work, because all of man's greater works are the outcome of Jesus' work. If you read the verse in which my text is found, you will find the whole trend of the thought in the one word—"because." "He shall do greater works than these, 'because' I go to my Father." Because Christ is in God and God is in us, is the reason man is able to accomplish greater works than did Christ.

Never be deluded by the idea that man, in his own strength, is able to do anything apart from God. This idea seems to be running riot among many weak brains. A short time ago, I stood upon one of the Pasadena hills and looked off upon the mighty peak of Mount Lowe, lifting itself above the clouds. There in the valley at my feet were the California orange groves, and the flower gardens and the trees, which have made this land famous all around the world. "Do you see that little hill yonder?" said a gentleman by my side. "Yes," I answered. "That hill," said he, "looks much lower than we are." "It certainly does," I replied. "That hill must be at least three hundred feet below us." "But it is not," he answered. "That hill seems lower because yonder lofty mountain is back of it. Water from that hill flows down to this hill. That hill yonder is much higher than we are." So some people, standing upon man's "greater works," seem to think man's throne is higher than Christ's throne. But it is not. Only as Christ's life in its influence touches our lives, are we able to do the "greater works" which are given man to do.

"Oh, no," says some one, "that cannot be. Some of the greatest inventors, some of the greatest statesmen, some of the greatest of American men have been agnos-tics, and did not believe in Christ at all. How then could they get their power from God?" By the law of association. The influence of Christianity is an elevat-ing, civilizing, inspiring power. Even those who are personally strangers to it are affected by the atmos-phere it produces. Have you not noticed that nearly all inventions, nearly all true progress, nearly all the world's best blessings are found in Christian lands? Methinks God blesses the just and often the unjust in a Christian land, because Christ's work and sacrifice have been blessed in that land. Therefore, my brethren, the only way for man to achieve his greater works, is by spreading abroad, as far as he can, the works of Jesus Christ, upon which all men's greater works are depen-dent. When Christ goes up, man goes up. When Christ goes down, man goes down.

Oh, what could Moses' rod have done,
Had he not been directly sent,
The power was from God alone,
And Moses but the instrument.

To-day, will you not feel that you can only accom-plish the greater work Christ has given to you to do, by living and working in Christ? When Marshal Ber-nadotte, who afterwards became King Charles the XIV. of Sweden, was a young man, he was a revolutionist. At the beheading of King Louis the XVI. of France, in order to show his hysterical joy, he had tattooed upon his arm this sentence: "Death to all kings and royal tyrants." Bernadotte, afterwards was himself raised to a throne. He closely guarded that tattoo-ing from the eyes of his people until he was dead. Oh, my friend, marked with the signs of infamy upon your heart, marked with the signs of rebellion against Christ, will you not change your belief, as Bernadotte did, to become an enthroned king? You bear on your soul the marks of sin, but if you will come to him, he will take you into his employ and will send you forth to bless and help the world. As the apostle bore on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, so you may wear the badge of his service, and in his name and by his power carry on the work that he began. To you, too, the promise is given: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works then these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

DEATH OF THE LEADER OF THE ZIONISTS

ISRAEL throughout the world is mourning to-day the loss of the leader who, more than any other since the dispersion, inspired the chosen people with hope of restoration to the Promised Land. Theodor Herzl is dead—dead in the prime of his life, nd with the great work he commenced still in its ini-al stages. Multitudes of Jews of every tongue deplore is passing away, and ask sorrowfully, "Who, now, will ke up his work, and with his energy and far-sighted tatesmanship carry it on to a triumphant issue?" It eeds devotion, self-sacrifice, intense enthusiasm, and plomatic skill, and there are few even in that brilliant ce to which he belonged, who unite in themselves ose indispensable qualities. But we have Scriptural uthority for the belief that God has not cast away his eople. He who raised up Moses, and Ezra, and Ne-emiah, and the Maccabæan brothers, and Theodor erzl can bring forth another leader, and be with him he was with Moses. The seed which Herzl planted ill yet grow into a mighty tree, and under its branches ill the weary sons of Jacob find rest and peace.

Theodor Herzl was a native of Budapest, born in 860. His parents were in moderately wealthy circum-ances and gave him an excellent education. He raduated from the University of Vienna with the egree of Doctor of Philosophy, and began the study f law. He was, however, attracted to literature and on abandoned his aspirations after a legal career, for uthorship and journalism. He joined the staff of the *Neue Freie Presse* in the Austrian capital, and speedily ade his mark on that able journal. His articles were ot related to Jewish subjects, but were political, social nd critical. In 1891 he was sent to Paris as a corre-pondent for his paper, and there came in contact with en of his own race, who were prominent in art and tters. Until that time, he had taken little interest in ewish matters and was practically ignorant of Jewish terature, history and religion. The tide of Ante-Sem-ism then running to flood in the Dreyfus case, the pectacle of the crowds of Russian Jews fleeing from Muscovite oppression on their way to America, and the ocial ostracism which Paris, following Russian models, as adopting, stirred the racial spirit in the young jour-alist, and set him studying the Jewish question.

Dr. Herzl's mind combined the ideal with the prac-cal, and his study of the subject led him to the con-usion that the solution of the difficulty was the found-ng of a Jewish state. Not that he dreamed of all the ews leaving the lands in which they had settled and becoming citizens of one state, but of there being a centre, a nucleus, a home, under Jewish rule, to which the Jew of every land could look as the headquarters of his race. Sacred association pointed out Palestine as the proper site, and the promises of restoration

THE LATE DR. THEODOR HERZL

uttered by inspired prophets, encouraged the belief that the enterprise would have upon it the blessing of God. The result of his meditations was the issue of *Judenstadt*, a brilliant work, in which he exploited his scheme of restoration. He believed that, although the Sultan might not consent to cede Palestine to a Jewish nation, he might be induced to lease the land to a responsible Jewish syndicate, able and willing to pay him a larger revenue than he was deriving from taxa-tion. Once established under Turkish suzerainty, and under secure conditions, he believed that Jews from many lands would be attracted to such a state, and that a thriving, prosperous colony would develop.

The practical result of the circulation of Dr. Herzl's book was the first Zionist Congress, held in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897. There, for the first time in nine-teen centuries, a representative body of Jews gathered to consider the Jewish problem. As one member after another of the race uttered his views, the wisdom of Dr. Herzl's plan was demonstrated. It was discovered that the Jews did not constitute a church, there being deep lines of cleavage in their religious belief, but that the ties of race and common interest were firm and strong. Love of their own land also was passionate and reverential. The idea of restoration took hold of the imagination and appealed to the heart. But senti-ment alone was not the key-note of the Congress. The practical difficulties in the way were discussed with the keen intelligence of business men, and the conditions were outlined which were indispensable to the organi-zation of a Jewish state. Max Nordau, Israel Zangwill and other eminent Jews, brought their practical good sense to the councils of the new society that was formed, and the Congress adjourned with strong hopes of ultimate success.

Five Congresses have been held since that time, at each of which Dr. Herzl reported the progress of the movement. He had audiences with the Turkish Sul-tan, in which he tried to win concessions from that slippery potentate, and he endeavored to enlist the sup-port of the German and English governments. Societies were also formed for the promotion of the scheme, the collection of capital, etc. Of these there are now a thousand in Europe alone, besides about two hundred in this country. A fund of about three million dollars has also been raised, ready for a capital whenever arrangements can be made with the Sultan for taking possession of the land.

So far the movement had proceeded, when the world was shocked last week by the report of the death of the great leader. His loss is severe, but it will not be fatal. His plans were sagacious, and were worked out to the smallest details. They will surely be executed, and the world will no longer be able to point to the Jew as "the man without a country."

The Gospel at Coney Island

IN past years, Coney Island, the great seaside resort of the crowded metropolis, was also the resort of vicious characters of every description. Vice was flaunted along its thoroughfares, and on Sundays and holidays there were sections of the Island that were little better than a Pandemonium. Its pervading lawlessness was a continual source of trouble to the authorities; many of its amusements were depraving in character, and among the swarms of habitues who made the Island their stamping-ground, were crooks of almost every description known to the police. Its gilded attractions drew the multitudes, who knew little of the dangers around them. But Coney Island has undergone a remarkable metamorphosis. It has been morally purified and cleansed; the old-time dens are gone, with their lures, and the vicious and criminal element has disappeared. Scores of beautiful structures have superseded the old, noisy, vulgar-looking places that were an offense both to the eye and the ear of the visitor. The Island is now as well-regulated and as thoroughly under police control as any resort on the Atlantic Coast.

Major Fred. Gardner — Evangelist T. C. R. Horsfield

EMPLOYEES AND VISITORS AT DIVINE SERVICE IN THE THEATRE AUDITORIUM, CONEY ISLAND

There is still another change which conduces, in a very large measure, to the happiness and well-being of the place. Coney Island has now come under the influence of the Gospel as never before in its history. For several weeks past, through the kindness of the President of the Dreamland Company, the Brooklyn City Mission Society has held Divine services in a large and well appointed hall, for the benefit of visitors and employees. These early morning services (they are held from 10 to 11:30 A. M.) have become, more and more, a pronounced factor, and are proving an immense blessing in the general life of the Island. At the service of Sunday, July 3, Rev. I. Howard Melish, Rector of Holy Trinity, delivered an eloquent Gospel sermon. He held the large audience in close attention throughout, as he described dishonesty and the train of evils following the desire for dishonest gains.

At the first of these Gospel services, the Rector of St. Ann's, Dr. Allsop was present, and since that time Rev. Jas. M. Farrar, D.D., Rev. J. Howard Melish, and other prominent pastors, have preached in the Auditorium, so kindly set apart for this Gospel work by ex-Senator W. H. Reynolds. The City Mission Society, at the outset of this movement, delegated two of its evangelists, Major F. Gardner and L. C. Roberts-Horsfield to have full charge, and later Major Gardner assumed the position of chaplain, and as such comes in close contact with many of the visitors and employees. Immediately after each Sunday morning service, these two evangelists adjourn to the beach, at the junction of West Fifth Street and Surf Avenue, and there hold open-air services to large audiences, gathered from the constant stream of visitors as they come from the railroad depots and trolley cars. Evangelist Horsfield's powerful voice in song reaches the people, arresting their attention, and this, together with the strains of an organ, always used in these meetings, reminds t pleasure-seeking multitude of the Lord's Day, and ca them to Divine service. Major Gardner presents t simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and his preaching h been signally blessed.

In addition to these services, Rev. W. Bradfo Williams, another of the City Mission Society's eva gelists, holds open-air services at the same locati every afternoon during the week. The distribution tracts and Testaments, etc., is constantly going on, a through the activity of the City Mission Society ma thousands of pe ple have thus be reached with t Gospel at Con Island.

Thus it is th good governme and good citize ship have work a completechan for the better Coney Island. the past, the su gestion of visiti there was regar ed by people li making a voya into iniquity. Th impression h changed co pletely, and t dark clouds whi once hovered ov the place, thre ening the mor of the young a inexperience have been d pelled. To-day is a clean ar wholesome reso a place of rec ation for the m ses. Thousan upon thousan are carried there daily by the trolley and steamboat lin Always a popular place of recreation, its tone is n elevated, and the visitors are cared for morally a spiritually, and when the many thousands of visit are wearied of the surf and of sightseeing; when th have admired the architecture of the beautiful str tures, the fine towers and pagodas, the tropical garde the zoo, the canals, and the many other attractions the place, they can spend a restful and helpful hour the Gospel meetings, from which none may go aw without some seed of living truth having been sown the heart, where it may yet bear precious fruit.

The Recent Massacres in Armenia

DR. GRACE N. KIMBALL

THE telegraphic reports from the Moosh - Sassoun region of Armenia, coming last week by the way of Paris and London, brings back with ghastly vividness the horrible deeds of 1894, in that same locality. We can but hope that it is an unfounded or at least a grossly exaggerated report. So we hoped in 1894; until, with our own eyes we saw the homeless, hunted, sword-scarred refugees, and heard at first hand, things that no newspaper report could ever adequately portray.

Ten years ago the central government of Turkey, began the campaign of extermination against its most valuable subjects, the Armenians. A more short-sighted, heinously self-destructive policy was never inaugurated. Among all the nationalities held under the rule of the Ottoman Turk, there is no one so capable of being solidly and increasingly contributive to the economical welfare of the government as are the Armenians.

Estimated before their depletion by massacre, and by consequent emigration of large numbers of the survivors at about four million, they constituted *par excellence*, the farmers, artisans, merchants and financiers of the Empire. Their mercantile abilities made them the great trading class, and their acquisitiveness and shrewdness, furnished both the capital and the capacity, whereby they have always been the financiers of the Turkish Empire. Why exterminate such a race? And yet it may be asserted beyond a peradventure, that extermination and nothing short of it, has been the only remedy which Turkish statesmanship could devise these past ten years, for the discontent and protests of the Armenians.

The causes of this discontent and protest are known to all, especially to the many thousands who have contributed their money and interest and tears to succor the woes of a persecuted people. It is a long and sad list. Justice in the courts not only denied, but replaced by most flagrant injustice, oppression and extortion; facilities for carrying on their legitimate pursuits withdrawn more and more, while in every other country on the globe, these facilities were being marvelously increased. In proportion as business and labor were hampered by government restrictions, and by local lawlessness and injustice, taxation was increased, and not only the legitimate rates increased, but a free hand was given to extortion on the part of tax-collectors and police, whereby the taxes in countless instances virtually amounted to one hundred per cent.

Thus, not only were the Armenians ruined financially, but these very officers and agents of the government joined with Mohammedan neighbors, Turks or Kurds, in freely committing every crime against manhood and womanhood which their evil passions and propensities suggested. Rapine, murder, violation, abduction have been for years the common lot of the Armenian.

In 1894–'95–'96, a careful and conservative estimate of the number killed by massacre was 75,000, chiefly able-bodied men. In the eight years since then, murder has been even more rife than usual, in a country where to kill a Christian, was to a Mohammedan little more than killing a dog. And now, if this report from Moosh is true, it would seem that a revival of the process of wholesale slaughter was at hand.

As no pen is adequate to portray the sufferings of these poor people in those terrible years of massacre, so no human words can ever suffice to tell what comfort of heart and what physical salvation was brought to these poor, terrified, homeless, bereaved, sick, wounded and hungry creatures, by the gifts of Christian sympathy and love.

The richest experience which life has ever brou or can bring to me personally was the privilege of a ing as almoner of some of these gifts. Never shal forget that New Year's Day of 1896, when, in the f away Armenian city of Van, there was handed me cablegram from Dr. Klopsch saying that I could dr on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for $10,000!

It was utter destitution face to face with what seem inexhaustible succor! In a few months' time o $18,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD passed throu my hands and was distributed to the necessities thousands and thousands of sufferers—chiefly wom and children, widows and orphans, driven from th homes in the villages, and wandering in nakedne hunger and cold in the streets of the city. Had it n been for this and similar outside aid thousands wo have perished. As it was I did not hear of a sin death from hunger. At one time and for months T CHRISTIAN HERALD was feeding in Van 20,000 peo daily. What a table that was to spread in His Name furnished forth by thousands who read these words!

As I said, the newspaper clipping under date of Ju 27, 1904, telling of a massacre of some 6,000 persons the Moosh region, I seem to be reading one of t scores of such reports published ten years ago. I sh der to think that yet again when Russia is so busy the Far East, when England is still burdened with t debt of her African War, when the people of the B kan States are taking breath, Turkey may seize the o portunity to carry another hideous campaign of ext mination.

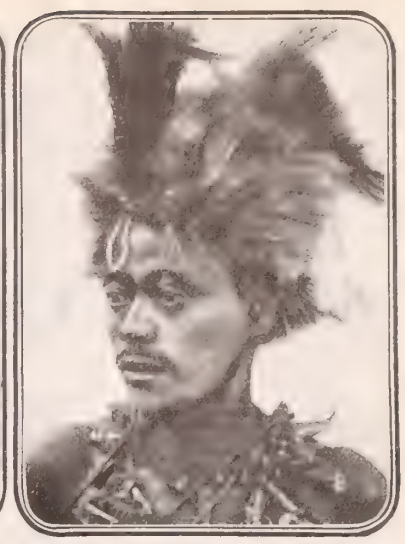
If she does, let us not be weary in well-doing— hopeless. Let us remember that these poor victims a men of like passions and necessities with ourselves, a that, if we cannot prevent the disaster we can, a Christian duty and charity demand that we do, mi gate the results and succor the suffering survivors. be homeless, to be in terror of life, to be weeping f those nearest and dearest, cut off by horrible murd to be naked and cold and hungry—who of us are sorely beset?

GRACE N. KIMBALL, M.D.

JOHN L. DUBE

WORKSHOP SCENE IN THE ZULU INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

A ZULU "MEDICINE MAN"



Industrial Work Among the Zulus

REV. JOHN L. DUBE, founder of the Zulu Christian Industrial School, is at present visiting America in behalf of his work. Mr. Dube is an energetic and ducated Zulu. In his early years he came under the influ- ice of the American Zulu Mission, and attended a mission hool at Amanzimtoti. Here he got converted, and, later , he came to this country with Rev. W. C. Wilcox, who ok him to Oberlin, where he studied and worked his way rough school. He has since established a mission on the mkomas Valley in Natal, but seeing the need of industrial ducation among his people, he came to America for further udy, preparatory to opening the Industrial Mission.

While studying, he gave addresses in different churches, d told the people of his desire to return to his native land preach the Gospel and to establish an Industrial School. e visited Hampton Institute in Virginia, and also Tuskegee, d saw the meth- ls used there for e training of ne- oes in America. committee was rganized and oney collected, d then Mr. Dube turned to South frica. Upon his turn, he visited ominent chiefs nd natives, and ld them of his an. Some gave oney, and others ntributed labor, d a building was on in course of ection, a farm of o acres having en acquired for he purpose. A oard of trustees, comprising six natives and one European, was organized to work hand-in-hand with the American committee. This building was intended only for fifty boys, and when opened there were twenty-five applicants more than could be accommodated. Some, rather than go back to their heathen homes, and give up the opportunity of receiving instruction, lay huddled together at night on the floor of the schoolroom, until additions were made. The boys contributed most of the labor in these new buildings.

These boys come from all parts of South Africa. There are now more than 200 pupils. Girls come only as day scholars, for there is no dormitory for them. The boys are taught farming, carpentering, building, stonecutting, road-making and printing. A weekly paper in Zulu, printed and set up by students, does much good among the educated Zulus by putting before them Christian ideas.

"Recently," says Mr. Dube, "we had evangelistic services and 75 per cent of our boys and girls professed conversion. We emphasize to them the need of their going out as missionaries among their people, who have not the advantages of the Gospel, to tell them about Christ, and also to show them how to cultivate the soil, work at a trade, and become honest and self-supporting.

Rev. Sydney Strong, D.D., of the American Deputation to South Africa (1903), writes: "I have the pleasure of stating that while on the work of the Deputation to the Missions of the American Board in South Africa, Mrs. Strong and I several times met Mr. Dube and visited the school of which he is the head. We found him to be one of two or three leaders among the Zulu people, who are shaping the course of the life of his race. He probably stands foremost. From the very first we were drawn to him, and all that we observed and heard of him and his work strengthened the belief that he is a very capable and consecrated man, and that his work is very important. We believe that it would be a calamity should it fail for lack of sympathy or support. We take real pleasure in commending him and his work. He is called the 'Booker T. Washington' of South Africa."

Any reader of this journal interested in the work may address Mr. Dube, at 350 Broadway, Kingston, N. Y.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF THE ZULU CHRISTIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

A TRAGEDY OF DRINK

A Rum-Crazed Bridegroom Batters in His Wife's Skull Because She Wouldn't Drink With Him

MARTHA DENNISON lay near death at Governeur Hospital all day yesterday, ays the New York *Sun* of July 7. George Dennison, her husband, lay in a cell in the ombs all that time and groaned and prayed loud that the good God would not let her ie. George beat Martha over the head with n iron bar early yesterday morning because e would not drink whisky with him as cheer- lly and blithely as he thought she should.

Three weeks ago Martha was a young idow for whom all the young men in her other's boarding house were contending. he had two children. The young men idn't care. She was so altogether sweet and irlish that they were willing to assume the wo babies as a marital handicap if they could nly win Martha. George Dennison won her. Ie was an electrician. He got better wages han anyone else employed in Martha's moth- r's house. He was better looking than any f the other boarders.

Last Monday the couple went to 319 Water itreet to live. The landlady there observed t the time that George was very drunk and hat Martha was quite unhappy. Martha told he landlady that the two babies were in a ome where George, "who wasn't turning out ery well," couldn't get at them.

Tuesday night George Dennison came into he place and called up the stairs for his wife. Martha would not come down. He went pstairs and staggered around on the landing t front of their door and shouted for her ome more. Still she paid no attention to him. George kicked in the door. A moment later e half stumbled, half fell down the stairs, ragging his pretty young wife after him.

"You think you're too good to drink with me!" he howled. Then he threw her down three or four of the steps of the stairs and cursed her and shouted again: "You will be too proud to drink with your husband!"

The woman didn't say anything. The other folks in the house peeped through the cracks of their doors and went back to bed and said nothing.

. . .

Early next morning the Dennison's came in again. George was still cursing his wife for not drinking with him. He threw her against the wall again and again, as he thrust her up the stairs ahead of him. No matter how often he struck her, apparently he never let go of her skirt. She moaned a little now and then, but made no coherent outcry. The door of their apartment slammed. The house was quiet for a little. Then there was the sound of a fall.

"Hey, somebody!" shouted George Dennison, on the landing.

The landlady went up stairs. She found the Dennisons' door open. Martha Dennison was lying on the floor in front of the door. Her hair was all undone. There was a growing pool of blood around her head. George Dennison was sitting on a chair not three feet from his wife's body, looking at her with a sullen grin.

"You wouldn't, hey?" he said to himself. "You wouldn't! You would be better than your husband."

He looked up as the landlady looked into the room. He pointed at his wife's bloody head with a bloody iron bar he had been swinging between his knees.

"Say," he said, "fix her up and wash her so she won't look so like hell."

The landlady turned on her heel and walked downstairs.

George Dennison leaned over the rail and shouted to her.

"Say!" he called. "I meant for you to do that now. I can't stay in the room with anything that looks like this. I'll pay you. But hurry up about it."

The woman below hurried her pace to a run. Out in the street she found Policeman Doyle, who first telephoned for an ambulance and then went upstairs.

He could not find Dennison. With the ambulance came Detectives Raynes and Maher. They searched the house. They found Dennison on the roof, looking over into Water Street.

"I'd jump," they heard him say to himself as they walked up behind him, "except that it would hurt."

They told him to come to them. He whirled around and struck at them with the iron bar which he still had in his hand. They tripped him and wrested the bar away from him and beat his head with their short clubs. They handcuffed him between them and took him downstairs. As soon as he was overpowered, he began to weep noisily. When they reached the landing of his own rooms, the ambulance surgeon and the driver were bringing Martha Dennison out. The detectives had to wait. Dennison leaned over the railing.

"Hey, Martha," he called to the unconscious woman, "you won't tell 'em nothin,' will you? I didn't mean to hurt you as bad as I did. I only did it to teach you to be better company with your husband."

At the hospital it was said that the woman would probably die as the result of her hurts. Her skull was broken in two places.

A Missionary's Appreciation

FROM Rev. John A. Stooke, the well-known missionary in North China, comes the following spontaneous letter of appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"It has been very refreshing to me in this far-off corner of the world to make the acquaintance of your valuable paper. I do not write puff letters, but I should like to make acknowledgment of a fact. When I turned to your page of Questions and Answers, I said to myself, 'Here is where I shall find out whether the paper is loyal to the grand old Book.' I am pleased to say I was not mistaken. You put matters so straight and clear that your words would cheer many lonely workers in China. I wish they could all have it, but there is very heavy extra cost of living in this country, and I fear that many who would like to have it will at present be unable to afford it. I know of several who would like it. In these times, when dangerous nostrums are deluding men and women at home, and even in the missionary field, I am glad to see that you are not among those who 'sit on the fence.' You are loyal to conviction, and I am convinced that wherever the paper goes it will do good. I cordially wish you all success."

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Twenty Thousand Children

THERE are certain delightful occasions that come but rarely in a lifetime, and which all things, animate and inanimate, seem to conspire to make perfect and enjoyable in the highest degree. Such an event was the recent celebration of the tenth annual opening of our Fresh-Air Home at Mont-Lawn, and the laying of the corner-stone of The Children's Temple, which is henceforth to be the spiritual centre of the work. The story of this celebration, in which a large and brilliant company participated on the nation's holiday, is told elsewhere in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Among the hundreds of guests present on that occasion, there were many who have been stanch friends and patrons of our Children's Home ever since its foundation.

Our absent friends—the thousands of noble-hearted men and women who, by their continued support of this beautiful benevolence, have demonstrated the genuineness of their love and sympathy for the poor children of the tenements—were not forgotten at this gala celebration. They were with us in spirit, and their mighty influence as a contributive factor in the growth of the Home and the success of its mission among the neglected little ones, was recognized by speakers and audience alike. Faithfully and lovingly, they have stood by the work from the time of its inception; and now, at the passing of the tenth milestone, they can contemplate with satisfaction the progress that has been made. Twenty thousand children have enjoyed their generosity; twenty thousand pairs of little lips have remembered them many, many times in prayer; twenty thousand young lives have been brightened and made better because of their benevolent friendship.

Many of the children who were our guests in the earlier years of the Home are now grown to manhood and womanhood. We frequently hear from them. Some have now homes of their own and are making a brave struggle to lead true Christian lives. And a great proportion of this multitude recall their sojourn at Mont-Lawn as the brightest and most helpful episode of their juvenile years, and in many cases as the moral turning-point of their lives.

In the face of such evidence, who shall say it was not "worth while," to reach out a hand of sympathy and encouragement to the waifs of the tenements? We may not all be called to do valiant service in the eye of the world; we may not possess either the talents or the opportunity for certain grades of Christian work; but there is not one of us in all this great land of ours who is so poor or so weak that we cannot help a child. Thus, in the simplest and most direct way, we may win recognition from Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

A Candid Critic

ONE of the subscribers to this journal sends us a letter dealing with the question, Why men do not go more regularly to church? The problem is a serious one, and statistics show that it is becoming more serious and more urgent every day. No one is more vitally concerned in it than the minister himself, so that this answer from the pew to the question merits attention. The writer, of course, speaks for himself alone, but it is possible that other people share his opinions, and that the causes which make his attendance irregular, may be keeping other people away, too. Our correspondent says:

Do you think a pastor is doing his duty to his people when his sermons are made up of exhortations to attend church more regularly and to contribute more liberally? Did you ever hear of a theatre manager telling his patrons that they ought to come more regularly to his house and pay higher prices for admission? If the owner of a store were to harangue his customers with arguments why they should pay more for the goods he has to sell and try to impress them with an idea that it was their duty to buy more from him—would that store prosper? I tell you the churches would be more nearly empty than they are if the congregation had not a clearer idea of duty than their pastor has. I say to the preachers, Preach how to live. Preach the Gospel; and the church and your salary will take care of themselves.

Our correspondent seems to have been unfortunate in his choice of a church home. We believe there are few churches in which the pastor's sermons are made up of such exhortations as he describes. It is true, that occasionally a pastor feels it his duty to remind his hearers of their obligations, and, with all due respect to our correspondent, it must be said that there are some Christian people who need to be so reminded—but few preachers make a practice of devoting their sermons frequently to that topic. Those who do, may profit by his hint.

We are not sure that his comparison of the church with the theatre and the store is quite fair. Men go to the theatre to be amused and entertained, and to the store to obtain goods at market rates, or below those if it is possible. They go to church to worship God, and it is quite within the minister's province to tell them that it is their duty to be regular, and to support the means of grace. The theatre manager and the storekeeper have no such duties.

In principle, however, there is justification for our correspondent's complaint. There are too many instances of a preacher being out of touch with his flock. A man who has been surrounded by temptation all the week, who has had to fight hard to maintain his Christian consistency, goes to church on Sunday morning, hoping to receive help. He wants to hear something which will tone up his principles. He wants to do right and he needs encouragement. He has to go into the world during the coming week and he needs to have his spiritual strength reinforced. The problems of life perplex him, and he needs light and to have his faith in God invigorated. Losses come and he fears he may be reduced to poverty, and he needs to be directed to Him who has promised to keep them in perfect peace who trust in Him. All such persons would be disappointed if the sermon was on the duty of regularity of church attendance and of liberal giving. They have the right to complain, because the benefits that the church was organized to confer have been withheld.

Many pastors are away from their churches now, taking their annual vacations, and might find it profitable to consider the complaint thus voiced.

The New Serial

IN next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will appear the opening chapters of the famous new Serial, *The Two Captains*, by Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady. Our readers will then have an opportunity of enjoying the most finished literary production of one who is, by general consent, recognized as America's foremost author in the field of historical tales, and who is now at the zenith of his fame.

As we follow the development of this wonderful story of the sea, it impresses us with its reality. The two great historic characters, Nelson and Napoleon, whom we are wont to think of as giant leaders in war, are shown to be very human after all, and not so different from other men, except as conditions and circumstances combine to raise them so high above their fellows, where intellect, courage and high ambition found field for exercise.

But it is around what would be called the minor characters of the story that the greatest interest clings. The greatest charm of Chaplain Brady's story is that it is a touching romance of filial devotion. The love of Louise de Vaudemont for the old Vice-Admiral, her grandfather, is one of the purest and most beautiful affections in fiction. The loyalty of the Breton peasantry—one of the finest racial stocks in the world—is exemplified in the character of Brebœuf, an old sailor, who does not say ten words in the whole story, yet who is always in evidence and who plays a deciding part in one of the great crises of the tale. "Silent Brebœuf" is a character who will win his way into the hearts of our readers.

No one should miss reading this tale of the sea and its battles, and of the land of love and romance—the masterpiece of a masterly writer.

Important Notice

The following offer will be positively withdrawn

On July 31st, 1904

No order mailed after that date will be accepted.

THIS IS YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY

Three Dollars for One

AT this season of the year, many enterprising publishers make special introductory propositions, entailing great financial sacrifice to themselves, with a view to gaining for their publication admittance into new homes, confident that when once fairly introduced, regular annual subscriptions will follow, and thus compensate them for the financial loss temporarily sustained.

Experience has demonstrated that it takes fully six months for a publication to do full justice to itself, and therefore July 1 has been fixed upon as the date best adapted for Trial Subscriptions, because:

First. It brings these Trial Subscriptions to a termination on January 1, the time when people naturally determine on the papers they may wish to read during the coming year.

Second. The latter half of the year lends itself better to rich, special issues, and of course includes the Thanksgiving and the Christmas issues, either of which frequently is worth the price of a whole year's subscription.

Third. A Trial Subscription at this season of the year usually proves decisive, as a subscriber whom the choicest issues of the year cannot hold, evidently does not want the paper, and his decision may be considered as final.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a good sign when a publisher has sufficient faith in the merits and drawing qualities of his publication, to make him willing to entail upon himself heavy financial sacrifice in order to introduce his paper, by offering trial trips at **nominal figure,** and the public, as a rule, appreciates the enterprise that puts within its easy reach, for perusal and examination, publications, which, but for the facility thus afforded, must have remained unknown to them.

Hence a publisher who adopts this liberal plan, finds his public already predisposed in favor of his publication, and in the end, the venture is more than likely to prove a profitable venture to him, provided, of course, his paper is adapted to his public.

July 31 is near at hand, and this year we have a more liberal proposition than ever before. Having arranged with two other publications for a six months' trial trip at greatly reduced price, we are enabled now to submit the following

Unprecedented Introductory Offer

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Current Literature (monthly, at $3.00 a year) for six months,	**$1.5**
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Our Butterfly Calendar, with dates for 1904 and **1905,** 300 square inches, 15 colors,	**.2**
Total,	**$3.0**

Send us One Dollar Only for All

Conditions Governing this Contest

1. All subscriptions expire January 1, 1905, and service will cease on that date.

2. This offer is open to everybody, whether or not now subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

3. Renewal orders from present subscribers to either Pearson's or Current Literature cannot be accepted.

4. The various papers may each be sent to a different address without extra charge.

5. Service to foreign countries requires extra postage.

6. No substitutions of other magazines may be made, nor can any other variations of this offer be considered.

7. The offer must be accepted in its entirety. It is an "all or none" offer.

Address To-day

The Christian Herald Book Department

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

The Bible and the Newspaper

Morocco's Prophet

ONE of the most impressive illustrations of the corrupt condition of the government of Morocco is the position occupied by Sheik Malain, whose picture, with that of his guard, appears on this page. Sheik Malain is the head of a powerful tribe, whose depredations are dreaded by the Moors and by European and American travelers on the outskirts of Morocco. The Sultan of Morocco practically admits that he is powerless to restrain the lawlessness of the tribe. With the principles of Oriental despotism, he resorts to a compromise. Sheik Malain receives an annual gift from the Sultan, which he characterizes as tribute, in consideration of which he undertakes to keep his ferocious followers in order. His influence over them is unbounded, and though he does not fulfil to the full extent his obligation to the Sultan, he acknowledges his accountability to him, and refrains from hostility against people whom the Sultan has taken under his protection. His followers entertain a religious veneration for the Sheik and regard him as a person of great personal sanctity. He never appears in public without a green veil over his face, to screen him from the gaze of the unbeliever. It is now probable that France will put an end to the anarchy by establishing a protectorate over the country, which will practically supersede the despotism of the Sultan. It will be a change for the better, even for the Moors themselves, who are now so unprotected by their government that they neglect to cultivate their fertile land, or to engage in commerce to the extent that they would do, if they could be assured of protection and of justice in the administration of law.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn (Prov. 29: 2).

A Lover Dismissed

In searching through the heaps of papyrus in Lower Egypt, among which Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt found "The sayings of our Lord" described recently in this journal, other interesting documents shedding light on the life of people eighteeen centuries ago, were discovered. One of them was a notice served on a lover, by the father of the girl to whom he was betrothed. It informs the young man that, "Forasmuch as it has come to my ears that you are giving yourself over to lawless deeds, which are pleasing neither to God nor man, I think it well that the engagement between you and my daughter Euphemia should be dissolved. . . . Wherefore, for the security of the said Euphemia, my daughter, I send you this deed of separation and dissolution." There are parents in our time who know something of this trouble that this father underwent eighteen centuries ago. It is not, however, all who have his decision of character and are more careful about the moral character of their daughters' suitors than about their financial rating. But the apostles' advice is still sound:

Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness (II Cor. 6: 14).

Producing Life

An extraordinary claim is made by an eminent scientist at Anderson, Ind. It is that he has actually developed living creatures from chemicals. He has been experimenting for several years with the object of discovering the source of life, and he believes that at last he has succeeded. At his invitation a number of scientists met on June 29 in his laboratory, to witness a demonstration of his method. A few drops of milk-white fluid were put in a glass, which was placed in an air-tight case. A microscope disclosed black objects arising from the fluid and fluttering about wildly. The experimenter withheld the analysis of his compound, but declared that he first prepared a compound as near to protoplasm as possible, to which he added a saline solution, including ammonia and alcohol. The union of two compounds, he said, arrested and controlled vibrations of luminiferous ether and produced the animal life. Insects and other forms of animal life produced, he declares, can be nourished into a higher culture to ascertain what they may propagate. This is the secret so long sought by the ancient alchemists, but we shall need better evidence than that yet produced before believing that it has been discovered. There were probably germs of life that he did not know of in the scientist's materials before he applied his chemicals. Life comes from God alone, and no man can create it.

Who hath brought life and immortality to light (II. Tim. 1: 10).

Russia's Admiral

The one man in the Russian service who has given evidence of real ability during the conflict with Japan is Admiral Skrydloff, whose portrait appears on this page. It is noteworthy that this genius should have appeared in the department in which a great leader was not expected. At the outset of the war it was thought that Japan would be victorious at sea, but would fail on the land, owing to the military skill of the Russian generals. Hitherto, however, the Japanese have proved the superior of Russia in strategy, as well as in military prowess. It would appear that if the tide is to be turned, the merit of beginning the new order of events will be with the sea forces under Admiral Skrydloff. He is reported to have fallen in with a Japanese squadron consisting of a cruiser and a number of torpedo boats, which were convoying a transport off Gensan. The Russians attacked the squadron and, according to their own report, they captured the transport and sank or drove away the protecting vessels. The Vladivostok squadron, which is under the Admiral's orders, has made its mark by its boldness and daring. The crews also seem to be a match for the Japanese in marksmanship and in the skill with which they manœuvre their vessels. This is due to the fact that Skrydloff is a strict disciplinarian. He is also a daring fighter. Had he been in command at Port Arthur at the beginning of the war, the Russian disasters, which lost them so much prestige, would probably never have occurred. It is evident that in him, Kamimura has an adversary of no mean order, of whose skill and daring he will do well to be on guard. A dispatch from a correspondent on board the Vladivostok fleet indicates that the Russians have at last taken heart after their long series of disasters and, having confidence in their Admiral, are fighting with new hope and courage. The Japanese, on their side, flushed with their past victories, will undoubtedly fight desperately to maintain their predominance at sea, and there will probably be fearful loss of life in the near future. It is a grievous prospect, for which there is no hope of remedy but in God's interference, which will ultimately put an end to all such tragedies.

THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth (Ps. 46: 9).

THE VEILED PROPHET OF MOROCCO ON HIS WAY TO FEZ

BRIEF NOTES

A striking illustration of the need of Christian work in Equatorial Africa is the fact, stated recently by a missionary, that ten packets of hairpins are considered a fair price there for a wife.

The Toronto Bible Training School announces the beginning of its next session on September 20. Intending students should communicate with the Secretary, 110 College Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Among recent deaths from the plague at Cawnpore, India, was Miss Marvel, M.D., physician at St. Katherine's Hospital. She contracted the disease by devotion to the plague-stricken patients in the hospital.

Cardinals have been notified that they must present to the Pope no visitors who are unwilling to kneel at the presentation. Some Protestant visitors lately, have omitted that sign of reverence, much to the Pope's annoyance.

A meeting was held recently in the Presbyterian Mission Rooms, New York, to bid farewell to nine missionaries, who are sailing for their new fields in West Africa and Syria. They are Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Lippert, medical missionaries; Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Dager, Rudolph Hummel, and Miss Elizabeth Mosher. The Syrian party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Ira Harris and Miss Nellie Thorn.

The Resolution on Marriage and Divorce passed by the recent Presbyterian General Assembly, which has been incorrectly reported in some journals, was as follows: "That, recognizing the comity that should exist between churches represented in the interchurch conference, acknowledging, as they do, the law of Christ alone as supreme, we advise each minister under the authority of this assembly, to refuse to unite in marriage any member of any such church whose marriage is known to such minister to be prohibited by the laws of the church in which he holds membership, unless such minister believes that in the peculiar circumstances of a given case, his refusal would do an injustice to an innocent person who has been divorced for scriptural reasons."

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF

A DAINTY LITTLE AUDITOR

GATHERING ON THE LAWN FOR THE EXERCISES OF THE DAY

LISTENING TO THE SPEECHES

OUR CHILDREN'S HOME at beautiful Mont-Lawn has just passed through the rare and delightful experience of a triple celebration. On July 4, it celebrated, in a single day's programme, the Glorious Fourth, the opening of the tenth year of the Home, and the laying of the corner-stone of The Children's Temple, which is to be henceforth the focus of all its activities. It was a day long to be remembered, and the great lawn, dotted with pretty tents and crowded with happy children and delighted visitors, presented a picture so full of bright color and movement that it would have delighted the heart of an artist. Never had the place looked so beautiful.

In preparation for the great occasion, the Home buildings had all been gayly decorated with flags and bunting. Early in the forenoon, the visitors began to arrive, some afoot and many in carriages. The Home stages met those who came by train to Nyack, and carried them up the long, sloping highroad that leads from the village to Mont-Lawn. Long before the exercises of the day were fairly begun, the wide piazzas of the main building and the lawn were crowded with visitors.

It was a perfect day, with the bluest of summer skies, and a cool, refreshing wind to temper the summer heat. When the formal exercises began at 3 p. m., there were between 500 and 600 present, including the children. The latter were seated in a wide semicircle on the grass in front of the main building, and immediately in front of the "speakers' stand," which was a little platform of turf, leading from the gravel path down to the lawn. Here chairs had been placed for the speakers and the principal guests of the day. All around sat visitors, some on benches, others on chairs, and many on the smooth grass. Overhead the great pines swayed in the summer breeze, and afforded cool and refreshing shade.

At three o'clock p. m., Dr. Klopsch opened the exercises in a brief speech of welcome, in which he explained the object of the assemblage. He said, in part:

> We are gathered here to take part in the exercises incident to the laying of the corner-stone of the Children's Temple. In obedience to the divine command laid down in Isaiah 54:3. "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," we have taken the first step in the direction of permanency, by planning a stone building, and it affords me more gratification than I can express, that this, the first stone edifice erected here, should be dedicated to the service of God. It expresses, in a practical manner, the fact that over and above all, we, of the Children's Home, regard as of paramount importance, the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to our care.
>
> In times like ours, when religion seems to be at a discount, when commercialism invades the pulpit and the sanctuary, deadening spiritual life, making it subservient to temporalities, it is a refreshing and encouraging instance to find this model Children's Home so full of pleasure, of happiness and of joy; mindful, first, of the importance of the never-dying souls of its little guests; and successful in making its church services as attractive to the children as are its sports and its gymnasium. Ask the children whether they would have the evening prayer service, the Sunday School sessions and the good-night prayers around their little cots discontinued, and a unanimous and emphatic "No," would be the response.
>
> Luther, at one time, dreadfully discouraged at the slow progress the Reformation was then making, was walking with Melancthon along the streets of his city, giving expression to the disappointment he felt, when they came to a chapel, from which the happy voices of the children were heard in cheerful song, and Melancthon, turning to Luther, said, "As long as the children sing our songs, our cause can never be hopeless."
>
> I believe that when the church has thoroughly apprehended the secret of making religion attractive to the children, the cause of our Lord and Saviour will experience an uplift that will culminate in a world-wide revival, resulting in the ingathering of millions, making good the hopeful prophecy, "A nation shall be born within a day."
>
> May God grant his blessing upon this undertaking.

After the opening prayer by Rev. Dr. Iglehart, a hymn, very appropriate to the occasion, was sung, all joining with a will in the following words, to the tune of "Old Hundred":

> The perfect world by Adam trod
> Was the first temple built by God:
> His fiat laid the corner-stone.
> And heaved its pillars one by one.
>
> He hung its starry roof on high
> The broad expanse of azure sky;
> He spread its pavement, green and bright,
> And curtained it with morning light.
>
> The mountains in their places stood,
> The sea, the sky; and all was good,
> And when its first pure praises rang,
> The morning stars together sang
>
> Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
> And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
> But in thy sight our offering stands,
> A humbler temple, "made with hands."

This was followed by a responsive reading from the 132d Psalm, after which came the Scripture lesson from 1 Cor. 39:23. Addresses were next in order. Dr. Klopsch introduced to the assemblage the Honorable Clarence Lexow of Nyack, Ex-State Senator from Rockland County, who made a most eloquent and patriotic address. He drew his hearers' attention to the fact that 128 years ago, on that very day, the American people laid the corner-stone of another temple—the temple of Liberty—which meant freedom of thought and speech for all, rich and poor, and gave the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. It was eminently fitting, the speaker said, that this day of all days should have been chosen to lay the corner-stone of the Children's Temple. These little ones—the children of to-day—were to be the American citizens of to-morrow. He referred to the lasting influence of the Children's Home and its work upon the life and character of every child coming to Mont-Lawn, and paid a glowing tribute to the founder and management of the Home. His speech throughout was most brilliant, patriotic and scholarly, and he was frequently applauded.

SENATOR LEXOW ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLAGE

Rev. Dr. F. C. Iglehart, of Peekskill, N. Y., was next introduced, and made an eloquent and appropriate address. The beautiful scene, the blue sky, the waving foliage, and the flowing Hudson were an inspiration to the speaker, as he carried the thoughts of his hearers from nature up to Nature's God.

Hon. A. S. Tompkins followed. "It is fitting and appropriate," he said, "that the laying of the corner-stone of this building, to be erected and dedicated to God and the religious training of children, should take place on the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone upon which has been builded the American Republic, dedicated to political and religious liberty." Judge Tompkins spoke of the two most interesting anniversary days, December 25th and July 4th, and of their significance, and predicted that the spirit of charity and good-will, and not the spirit of war, would be the dominant spirit of the future in our country. He spoke of the many noble charities of the present day and of the spirit that prompts them. Concluding, he said: "It is the same spirit that prompts this noble man to give his time, energy, and money to maintain this beautiful country retreat for the boys and girls born and reared in the crowded tenements of the great city; and if one single life is made brighter, happier, and better because of the influence of this Christian home, then indeed, will his work not have been in vain." His speech, which was admirable throughout, was warmly applauded.

Rev. C. H. Mead, who gave the closing address, placed himself on very friendly terms with all by his felicitous manner of telling a story with which he prefaced his speech. The good Doctor, at a Summer resort, became acquainted with a very winsome lady, who spoke of her son—whom she always referred to as her "lovely boy." Afterward Dr. Mead was visiting the city where she lived, and, remembering her invitation, called at her home. The lady welcomed him most cordially, saying, "I am so glad, Doctor, now you can meet my lovely boy." When the child came in, there came over the mother's face an expression of pure affection, which seemed to transfigure her. As to the boy, "Well," said Dr. Mead, in telling the story, "I tkink, without exception, he was the homeliest child I ever saw. His hair was red, his nose snub, and if every freckle upon his face had been worth a dollar he certainly would have been a multi-millionaire." "Isn't he a lovely boy?" asked the fond mother. Now the good Doctor was in a quandary. To have told a lie, would have been outrageous to his principles; and, to have told the truth, would have grieved the mother's heart, so the tactful clergyman replied: "Madam, I never saw one like him." This was the truth, and was also satisfactory to the mother. Many years afterward, Dr. Mead said, he was visiting a distant city, and, one Sunday he listened to a sermon which made a most profound impression upon him. He sought the preacher to thank him. It was then he discovered that this magnificent

OUR CHILDREN'S TEMPLE

SENATOR CLARENCE LEXOW

REV. FERD. C. IGLEHART

SINGING THE DOXOLOGY AT THE CORNER-STONE

REV. C. H. MEAD

HON. A. S. TOMPKINS

oung orator was none other than the freckle-faced, ub-nosed boy of years ago. "Where did you get it?" sked the Doctor of the young preacher, "such elo- uence, earnestness and true feeling, where did you et it?" "Do you remember my mother?" said the oung man; "well, she just loved it into me. All that I n able to do to-day, and all that I hope to do, I owe my mother." The application was o obvious, that even the children un- erstood it—how love for them had rompted and carried out the plan of e Children's Home, and the many essings that go with it; and now it as love that had dug the foundation, id was now laying the corner-stone The Children's Temple, and which ould cement the stones together, hen the Temple was finished and nsecrated.

This and similar felicitous anec- otes evoked the heartiest appreciation om children, and from adults also.

The ceremony of the laying of the rner-stone was most impressive. Dr. lopsch took from the table in front the little grass-covered platform on which the speakers stood, the pper box which was to be deposited the corner-stone of The Children's mple. He then announced that it ntained the following articles:

Copy of the Certificate of Incorporation of The Children's Home.
CHRISTIAN HERALD Life Subscription Certificate in the name of Mary Klopsch.
Full set of newly minted coins of 1904, from a cent to a dollar.
Copies of Nyack *Star* and *Journal* of June 6, with description of The Children's Temple, and print of architect's design.
Copies of Nyack *Star* and *Journal* of July 2, containing programme of corner-stone ceremonial.
Copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing description and design of Temple, and also plan of Life Membership Fund.
A Red Letter New Testament.

"If it ever should happen," said Dr. Klopsch, "in me far off future day, that the descendants of the esent generation should examine the corner-stone and contents, they will have no difficulty in determining e exact time of the erection of The Children's Tem- e." He then handed the box to Mr. George H. San- son, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD editorial staff, who as designated to deposit it in the corner-stone. The atform party, followed by a ge number of the visitors, en marched in procession to e chapel foundation at the st end of the lawn, and Mr. ndison laid the box in its ce in the corner-stone, on e southeast extremity of the ndation. Taking up the owel he applied the mortar, d then, while the entire par- stood with uncovered heads, erently pronounced the sol- m words: "In the name of e Father, the Son, and the oly Spirit, I pronounce this rner-stone well and truly d."

The exercises then closed th the doxology and bene- ction, the latter being pro- unced by Rev. Dr. McPher- n, of Jane Street Church, ew York City.

On this occasion there seem- d but one thing more to be sired, and that was the pres- ce of all the kind patrons of the Home who have made this grand work possible. If all the readers of this journal who have contributed toward the support of this veritable "Children's Paradise," could have been there and beheld the throng of happy children; if they could have listened to the inspiring words which fell from eloquent lips, telling of the love that prompted it all, it would have painted a scene upon their memories which neither years nor sorrow, joy nor grief could ever have dimmed. A goodly number of the patrons of the Home, however, were present, together with many who had never visited the spot before. All were loud in praise of the beautiful work accomplished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in providing this quiet haven of refuge for the heat and noise-tormented children of the tenements.

After the children's noon meal, a bountiful lunch was spread for the guests under the big marquee tent. Ice-cream and cake was served later, to both children and guests, and the perfect day closed with a fine display of fire-works, that never-failing source of delight for young and old. Soon after the last rocket had soared aloft, the faithful teachers gathered their flock together in the cool, clean dormitories, and every white bed was very shortly tenanted by a weary but supremely happy child, who needed no lullaby to soothe to slumber. And as darkness and quiet fell on Mont-Lawn, and the lamps of heaven were lifted in the skies overhead, over all brooded the Spirit of Love, divine and deathless, which fadeth not away.

THE SCENE AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

. . .

A Corner-Stone Hymn

Following the laying of the corner-stone, these verses were sung, the entire audience present joining heartily:

On this stone now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim
And for sinners to atone,
Bless with thee, this corner-stone.

May thy spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown
Where we lay this corner-stone.

Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor
(Who can call no house their own)
Where we lay this corner-stone.

. . .

Endowed Beds at the Home

Passing through the dormitories at the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, one is struck by the number of neat frames hanging on the walls over the cots. These frames contain the names of donors who have endowed the beds for the season. They number ninety at present, and we are hoping to make it one hundred. Some are in memory of little ones who have passed away, others contain the names of classes in different Sunday Schools, and still other cots have been paid for by the united efforts of different bands of young people who have held fairs and sales, that these little ones might have the happiness of a visit to the "Children's Paradise." But whether these little white beds are supported by individuals, churches or Sunday Schools, they represent the most beautiful thing in the world—the love for little children, and the charity which "vaunteth not itself and is not proud."

One frame contains the pictures of two little boys whom their mother so loved that they seem ever near to her, although they went away many years ago. In their name she sent $42, inscribing on the pictures, "From two little boys who dearly loved the country."

It costs but $21 to support one of these beds for a whole season, and by that means seven little ones can have the benefits and happiness found at Mont-Lawn, for ten delightful days, and ten quiet, restful nights. $3 will send one child, and perhaps be the means of saving its life.

OUR CHILDREN AT THE NEW OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM AT MONT-LAWN

Wise and Unwise Builders

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE Kingdom of Israel had thirty years of misrule in the reigns of Omri and Ahab, father and son. Omri reigned twelve years, and Ahab twenty-three. In the lives of these kings evil gained momentum, so that it was said of Ahab, "he did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him." His name and the name of his wife, Jezebel, are synonyms of all that is base and despicable. Both Omri and Ahab were builders. Omri built a gorgeous capital, named Samaria, located on a hill of the same name, 1542 feet in height. He had bought the site of a man named Shemer — hence its name — and paid for it two talents of silver, equivalent to $1,076.60 when money represented much greater buying power than now. Samaria was the capital of the ten tribes for two hundred years until Israel was taken into captivity, 721 B.C. King Omri built this city for his own glory, and the prophet Isaiah afterwards called it "the crown of pride," in prophesying of its drunkenness and destruction. (Isa. 28 : 1).

King Ahab also was a builder. He might have emulated King Solomon and built a temple for the living God, but instead, he built temples to Baal and Astarte. His queen, Jezebel, maintained four hundred prophets of their vile, so-called "religion." That anybody ever considered vice a virtue might seem incredible if we did not have right in our own land the latest of these Thalic religions assuming to be the true Israel, and calling all disciples of chaste religions "gentiles." Modern Elijahs are already summoning its deceiving prophets to their Carmel trial and overthrow.

Illustration and Application

All that the Bible and nature and history have to say about wise and unwise building may serve as illustrative light and shade for this story of two unwise builders, who were prompted by pride and pleasure to build beautiful cities and temples, but who built their characters on the sand and mud, for certain overthrow (Matt. 7 : 27).

Omri's motive was pride—not so low a form of selfishness as the sensuality that made his successor yet more wicked; but pride is very sinful and very foolish. The sin of pride consists in giving to self the worship that belongs to God, and in displacing gratitude with egotism. Let it be said over and over again, the things we are proud of are usually the things for which we should be grateful.

Character is the autograph mark or image made by an engraver. A man's character is, therefore, his Maker's autograph and image, cut deeper and deeper day by day by his acts, his thoughts, and especially his choices.

I have read of a sculptor who for seven years had been trying to carve out of a piece of marble the statue of a king. He had completed the work, with the exception of some delicate touches about the eyes. Great crowds of specialists had come and looked on this wonderful piece of art. His name had been heralded abroad as being the finest sculptor of the age. But as he was putting on the finishing touch his chisel slightly slipped, and destroyed one of the eyes. The whole figure was ruined.

Omri in character building spoiled his own eye, which, by fostering instead of suppressing pride, turned inward instead of upward when he recalled the things he was privileged to do. His city of Samaria, with its beautiful buildings beautifully placed like a crown on a beautiful hill, seemed to be flawless, but its fault was that it did not point the people's eyes upward, recalling the psalm,

"Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it,

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Fine buildings, beautiful cities have the same danger to-day in that they so often promote a foolish personal or national pride when they should only prompt gratitude. At the jubilee of the Yale class of '53, Mr. Charlton T. Lewis said: "If I could sum up in one word the burden of the hour, it would be a call to the generations of Yale never to subordinate manhood to work. It remains no less true to-day than of old and forever that in this universe there is nothing great but mind." Let us not think alone of beautiful cities and grand scenery, but seek to see, aye, to be, grand men and women. And the way we use our leisure hours influences and reveals character even more than the way we work and study under constraint. Our very "castles in the air" unconsciously built in day-dreams out of our unconscious innermost desires, show most clearly whether pride or passion or altruism and faith are our master-builders. This brings us back again to the definition of character as our innermost nature, the characteristics that have been cut into our very being by heredity and God and our own habitual choices. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull has developed impressively the significance of character out of its literal meaning, in the following words: "The word 'character' is primarily the scratch, or stamp, or sign, by which an engraver marks his work as his own. It is the distinctive token by which a thing is distinguished from every other thing. The person as a person is what the man appears to be, in his ordinary exhibit of his characteristics before his fellows. The 'person' is, in its etymology, the actor's mask, the large-mouthed cover of the face through which an old-time actor was accustomed to speak—*per* and *sonore*, to sound through. The character as a character is what a man stands for in the sight of Omniscience; it is what will be disclosed in the day of universal disclosure, when the man will

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE IN SAMARIA

be known by all as he has been and as he is. Jesus Christ is declared, in Hebrews, to bear 'the express image'—or, more literally, the distinctive 'character,' impress, or distinguishing mark of God's substance, of God's individuality. The true character of Jesus was therefore the God-like character. And those whose characters are conformed to the character of Jesus approach more and more nearly to the image of God in which man was originally created. Dr. Johnson's character, for example, was not shown in his habit of nervously twirling and twisting his fingers, and of whimsically laying his hand on the top of every post which he passed in the street. Those were his eccentricities, his oddities. But his character was shown in his standing with bared head for hours out in the cold rain, at the old book-stall in Uttoxeter market, in self-imposed penance for his disobedience to his father long years before. 'Deeper than the judgment, deeper than the feelings, lies the sea of human character—in that which is the mystery of all beings and all things, in what we call their nature, without knowing where it lies, what it is or how it wields its power.' In the long run a man's conduct must conform to, and so will disclose, his character; but this does not by any means make character and conduct identical. Conduct is one of the means by which character is made known to others; but many things are to be considered when judging of a man's character from his actions. Nor is reputation character, although the two terms are often used interchangeably. 'Character lies in or pertains to the person, and is the mark of what he is; reputation depend upon others, and is what they think of him.'"

In the words of another, "Reputation is what men an women think of us; character is what God and angels kno of us." One of the largest stones ever quarried, until r cently, in this country was the monolith for the Gener Worth monument erected in New York. This shaft weighe one hundred and seventy-five tons when quarried. After was all ready for erection, having been quarried at an eno mous expense, it was found to contain a defect, and the co tractors were obliged to furnish another. It is not enoug to seem right. Probably men will find out our faults at las however hidden, but in any case God will reject th defective character, cherishing wilful sin when fo giveness and a new life might have put it away.

Character building, good or bad, goes on constantl in us, whether we will or no.

Little builders, day by day, building with the words we sa
Building from our hearts within, tho'ts or good or tho'ts sin.
Building with the deeds we do, actions ill or pure and tru
Oh, how careful we must be, building for eternity.
Building, building, every day, help us, Lord, to watch a pray.

Ahab's character building had more than ment defects. He showed a bad character and made worse by marrying Jezebel, high priestess of Astart the Syrian Venus, in whose groves the lowest vice w sold as worship for temple revenues. The next ste was to substitute her corrupt groves for the altars the true God all over the land. Not alone evil ac but evil words if only heard, and evil thoughts if n quickly driven away, build in us such temples of si ful pleasure as drove all true joy out of the lives Ahab and Jezebel for both worlds.

Let us not be content with negative goodness, wi not building temples of evil. Let us, like Nehemia in spite of opposers, build or rebuild our Jerusalem noble character. The great words of Oliver Wend Holmes, in "the Chambered Nautilus," quoted in pa in a recent lesson, should here be given at length:

Build thee more stately temples, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea

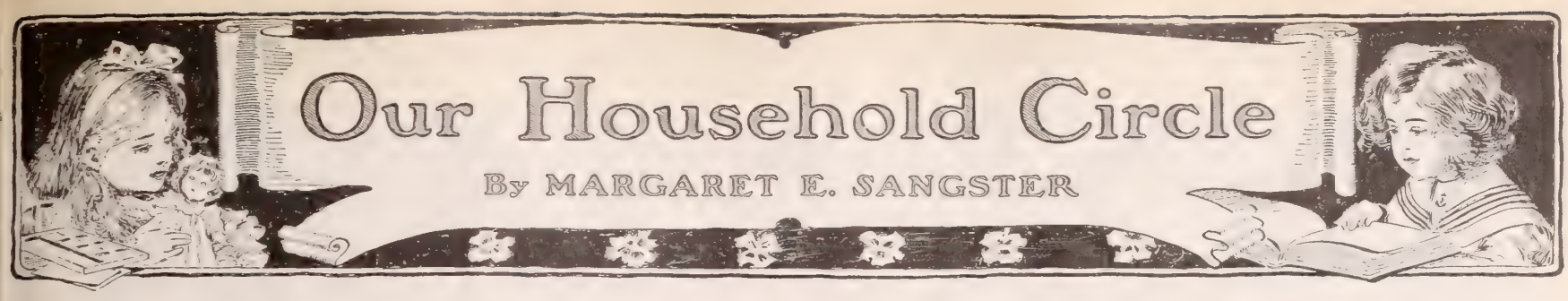
We cannot alone build such a character. Its "Ma er and builder is God." It is not by the old motto "Try, try again," but by the divine one, "Love, trust a obey, for there's no other way," that we return from ca tivity and build up the new temple of a Christlike charact

"Building for eternity!" That is the peculiarity of char ter building. Much of our building is intentionally tran tory. We pitch our summer tent for a week or two. T World's Fair buildings, with all their brave show, are n stone but "staff," intended to stand but a few months. The is such transitoriness in much of our character building. man secretly resolves to be good till he has secured the pro erty of his good father, who might disinherit a wild son. he holds his sins in check lest he lose his business positi resolving to "make up for lost time" when he can do as likes. Such goodness is built on shifting sand, and manife ly will not abide because it is not founded on the rock innermost preference for good, the new nature that Chr gives. That new nature, if ch ished and protected by rig associations in people a books, becomes "second n ture" at last, and so eternal p manence of good charac often becomes fixed even in t world. Habitual inward pr erence for evil, even thou overruled temporarily by t will for selfish ends, also comes permament and fixed many lives long before dea Whenever such fixedness character comes to that sc the judgment day has alrea come, and the awful sentenc self-imposed, "Guilty of eter sin." You are, therefore, ev now building an eternal pris or an eternal mansion for everlasting habitation, and t eternal building of charac may be completed any day final choice of good or e This is the profound mean of the can nots of character which man grows like God w "can not deny himself."

The only safety is to see it now that your good cond is founded, not on the sand prudential considerations, s as "honesty is the best polic but on "rock-firm God tru which true followers of Frœ seek to make the foundation life from the very kindergart A philanthropic woman w had given and raised money a "Children's Refuge," came with her plans to a business m for counsel, but it was only one more illustration of proverb, "We ask advice when we mean approbation." found she had a beautiful and well-arranged building in architectural plan, but was expecting to put it on the grou with no foundation, and he could not persuade her that building would not be safe in such severe storms as wo sometimes test it. All went well for a time, but at len the rains descended and the winds blew and beat upon house and it fell. Young men will laugh at her "woma folly" and then repeat it in more serious character buildi

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CITY OF SAMARIA

*International Sunday School lesson for July 31, on Omri and Ahab, 1 Kings 16 : 23 33. Golden text: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people" (Prov. 14 : 34.).



The Prize-Winners

THE family whose sons and daughters carry off prizes in school and college, has a right to be proud and complacent. As a rule, a good deal of faithful home-training is back of the successful student. A good foundation has been laid. Habits of application have been fostered, and the child has been accustomed to taking hold of work seriously with diligence and thoroughness. Occasionally a very brilliant boy makes a fair showing in examination papers, even when he is not a plodding or very earnest student through the term, but in such a case, though he win a prize, it is probable that he will fall behind in life's competitions. To have all one's goods in the front of the shop window is not a great advantage. There must be something worth having and holding in stock if one is to do well through the strifes of the coming years.

In a certain home the parents have made it their rule to accompany the children, step by step, through their preparatory work. Every evening when the supper is cleared away, the household circle is gathered around the lamp, and the tasks for another day are taken up with purposeless intention. The boys have never carried imperfect lessons to school. The girls have stood at the head of their classes. As a direct consequence, in college the children of this home have come out ahead of others less sedulously trained, have achieved distinctions, which are rewards of merit, and, having left college, have at once taken front rank in the encounters of business, or in their chosen professions.

We hear a good many flippant comments on the futility of prize-winning. It is true that some precocious students exhaust their brain-power too soon, waste the oil in their lamps, and are not ever able to replenish either the physical or intellectual stamina they have lost. Yet these are exceptional. The rule of nature is progression, and those who begin well are likely to continue bravely in the race. While we must not despair of the man who is near the foot of his class, it is folly to discount the attainments of the man who is at the head, and our congratulations are in order when our friends, the Browns or the Robinsons, tell us of the laurels won by their clever and painstaking sons and daughters at school.

A Needed Point in Home Training

In home training, vigilance should be exerted against negligent heedlessness. Children are permitted to do every possible careless thing, and when they say "I didn't mean to," the excuse is accepted. Probably very few of us, whether young or old, engage in acts of deliberate mischief. This is fitly regarded as malignant and wicked. But many of us, every day we live, are wilfully careless, and it is a wonder that dreadful results do not follow our folly oftener than they do.

For instance, a woman cleans a soiled garment with naphtha or gasolene in the same room with a lighted stove. A boy experimenting with his camera, takes a lighted match into a closet full of combustible chemicals. A man forgets to unload his pistol, and later, supposing its chambers free, shoots himself or somebody else. A person sweeping the stairs leaves a dust pan on the steps, three removes from the bottom. A daily record of the heedless things done and passed over in any home would open the eyes of the housemother, who cannot shirk her responsibility in the matter.

The other day an elderly gentleman slipped on a banana-skin on the sidewalk, thrown there by a thoughtless boy. Three days after, he died of apoplexy, and the doctor said it was caused by a jar or shock that had weakened the thinning walls of the arteries, and made ready a big break at any moment.

. . .

What had this to do with the housemother? Why, the bearing of cause on effect is obvious. The lad who threw the banana-skin had not been trained well, or he would have found another way to dispose of it. In most towns in this time of excellent town-housekeeping, there are receptacles here and there for all sorts of debris. If none is near, a person who eats bananas in public (for anybody of good proceeding a doubtful proceeding), should find somebody's kitchen range, and ask the owner's consent to burn up the troublesome rind.

> Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart.

Train the children not to consider mere thoughtlessness a venial sin.

Boys and Housework

Boys are the better for having a practical acquaintance with housework. There is no reason why a boy should not learn to cook, to make coffee and tea, to sweep a room and to make a bed properly. If a mother is delicate and often tired, why should she not call equally upon her sons and her daughters to give her a lift in the domestic drudgery. The lad who learns what energy and skill and outlay of strength are expended in the simplest routine of the simplest home, will have more appreciation of woman's work than the one who is never allowed to take a hand and help along. The young man who has had experience by actual doing with his own hands some portion of the kitchen work, will make a good husband bye and bye, and will relieve his wife, or aid her, when domestic cares become burdensome.

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JAPANESE CHILDREN CELEBRATING
THE FEAST OF THE EMPEROR

We who are little people, in the beautiful Sunrise Land,
Care ever for our Emperor, and we are a loyal band;
We'd live to serve our Emperor, and for him gladly die,
And so we keep this festival, beneath our native sky.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—PANSY. Use plain white note paper. Fanciful stationery is not in the best taste.

—W. M. Introduce a gentleman to a lady. In presenting your relatives to other people give their names distinctly. My cousin, or my aunt, is rather indefinite.

—LEONIE. Powered orris-root spread between layers of very thin China silk, or soft tissue paper, and laid in your bureau drawers, will impart the perfume of violets to your clothing.

—LUCY. Never send a present if you cannot afford it. The case you mention, of a man's pawning a watch that he might send a girl a wedding gift, is interesting, but extreme. He would better have sent only his good wishes.

The Lad in Business

"GENE went to college, and what has he ever amounted to? He has never been worth his salt."

This argument against a liberal education for the son of the house is constantly heard, enforced by the illustration of some boy who has made a failure in his manhood. The people who urge it lay the blame, in good faith, at the door of the college, where it does not belong; not at the door of the boy, where it does. A weakling in character, a useless, incompetent, lazy or vacillating person, whose will is as brittle as glass, will inevitably make no mark among men, not because he has had advantages, but because there is nothing in him. A pint cup cannot be made to hold a gallon.

Granting native ability and resolute determination to succeed, the lad who has been trained in a good school, or a fine college, will take hold of business better and reach promotion more rapidly than the one who steps out of the grammar school and works his way up. Yet it is, after all, just a question of the boy.

In a certain large and prosperous business, three years ago, a place was made for a young man, fresh from a New England university. He had maintained a fair standing in his class, but had carried off no special honors. The Dean called him a good all-round average student. To-day, so rapid has been his advancement, owing wholly to his own merit, that he is manager of the business.

A few years ago, an ill-dressed, hungry-looking lad applied for a place in a law office in Manhattan. He was just out of the high school. Whatever drudgery of sweeping or dusting or copying or running errands there was, he did not shirk it. Not a moment of this time was unemployed. Being a wideawake lad of force and energy, he picked up law as chickens pick up corn; he studied in the office, and has recently passed the rigid tests of the State examinations, and been admitted to the Bar.

The problem must be solved in the personal equation. If your boy amounts to anything, the very widest and deepest education you can give him will help not hinder him. Collaterally, the university furnishes a man with the manner, and the ease, and the *savoir-faire* of a gentleman. It also gives him the open sesame to cultivated society, and supplies him with friends who may help him in his career. But if the boy cannot have what the college has for her sons, he need not despair. The strong man is bound to climb. It depends on pluck, unselfishness, energy, and a clear aim set before one and steadily sought, whether in this world we succeed or fail.

Adjustments

A young woman, unhappy at home, where her chief complaint is that she has a mother who dislikes company and a father who hates music, fancies that she would be perfectly contented if her environment could be changed. In common, with others like her, she feels that she is misunderstood, that her innocent longings are crushed in the bud, and that she has no room for her being's flower and fruitage to expand and develop. Her preparation for a battle with the world has been imperfect, and she has an undisciplined mind, hysterical or emotional. Yet this girl offers herself as companion to an invalid or elderly lady, and looks to that situation as the peri looked when standing by the gate of Paradise.

A mother who dislikes company is of course rather trying, especially if her dislike extends particularly to boys and young men who are somewhat given to late and lingering calls. A father who wants the piano shut and frowns upon the mandolin is an irritating personage, though his neighbors doubtless bless him behind their own doors. Who that has suffered from the pounding, beating, hammering and strumming of the average girl on the average piano, has not in moments of desperation wished that piano and girl might be wafted to the ends of the earth, or set down in the middle of a vast wilderness? Who that has passed the twenties has not wearied of the sentimental youth who never knows when to take leave? One's sympathies go out to the parents of the young lady though one sees her point of view very clearly.

But elderly ladies are generally more difficult than parents. They have set ways of their own. They require no end of personal service. They do not engage a companion as a parlor ornament. The pretty girl who goes out as a companion, is often in an anomalous position, with society neither above stairs nor below. Invalids are capricious and exacting, and tax the patience of the skilled care-taker: much more the strength of an inexperienced attendant. The question of adjustment is often a most puzzling one.

The bond of friendship should not be easily broken. Blood is thicker than water. Our own people, the homely folk we have lived with our lives long, with all their faults we love them still. We criticise them now and then, but we spring to their defence if others do so. There are worse things than querulous relatives, though even they may be annoying enough at times.

Questions & Answers

Mrs. D. V., Housatonna, Mo. Which is a Christian woman's duty—to attend Sunday School and church while the husband needlessly stays at home, or stay at home with him, and try to win him to Christ by that means?

We do not believe she does wisely to neglect her own religious privileges because her husband neglects or despises his. She should go to church, and thus give him the example of a consistent Christian life. Talk with him, pray for him, and entreat him; but let him know that you love God's house and Word too much to neglect either.

A S., Dunklin, S C. Will you kindly explain the significance of the term, "Sealed orders," which is so often quoted by different writers? for instance:

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her course would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery.
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders,"
To be opened out at sea.

"Sealed orders," as the words clearly convey, are instructions given under seal (which is the sign of a sacred trust), to the commander of a vessel, the nature of which he will not know until he breaks the seal and opens the letter, in presence of his official subordinates next in rank, at some given point at sea. The purpose of this secrecy is (1) that there may be no interference with the mission before its departure and no attempt to change its destination, since the latter is known only to those who gave the orders, and (2) that the commander, when he opens the orders far out at sea or in some distant port, may proceed to carry out the same without such danger of interruption as might have been anticipated had his destination and object been known. The orders, therefore, are simply designed to keep the purpose absolutely secret until the moment for action arrives.

Did you send a request by postal to forward to your address, a specially ruled sheet for **Twenty-Five Names** of adult Protestant **Church members,** which list would entitle you to an allowance of 35 cents, enabling us to place your name on the subscription list of **The Twentieth Century Home** (regular price 50 cents for 6 months) from July to December, both inclusive, at an expense of only 15 cents? If you have not done so, be sure to read our announcement in last week's issue, and send at once. You will be delighted. If you prefer, we will send you **Pearson's** Magazine, instead of *The Twentieth Century Home.*

John I., Dallas, Texas. Does the Bible teach us that the world is to grow better, as time goes on, or worse?

It teaches that, though sin will continue to prevail among men, the true Church of Christ will extend in spite of persecutions and tribulations. "Better," and "worse" are relative terms, and can hardly be properly applied here. The Divine plan and purpose may at times be apparently obscured; but it goes on steadily and irresistibly nevertheless, and God is surely leading the race forward to that time, when, under Christ, it will be ready to be lifted up to the full privilege of perfect spiritual reconciliation and union.

F. B. A. Sharon, Mass. Yours is the old question of the origin and authorship of evil, in a new form, but the conclusion is pure sophistry. The Creator has laid down certain laws to govern his universe. Fire, air, water, in their own proper places, are not destructive but harmonious agents; but when man, in contravention and defiance of the simple laws of nature (as we sometimes call God's unwritten statutes), does things which destroy this harmonious action, it is not the law but the law-breaker that is to blame for the results that follow. In the *Slocum* case: (1) inflammables were recklessly exposed to fire; (2) boats, life-belts and other recognized protective apparatus, were criminally defective; and, (3) the blazing boat, instead of being beached quickly, was driven two miles in a fresh breeze, which fanned the conflagration. Thus, at every point, the natural laws, divinely established for man's protection from danger, were set at naught. Had they been observed in the first place, there would have been no fire and no loss of life.

A. B. B., Austin, Pa. 1. How can a man best overcome a besetting sin? 2. Is it harder for a backslider to return, than for a sinner to be converted?

1. It depends somewhat on the nature of the sin. In general, the best way is for the man to study the situation, with the view of discovering the circumstances which lead to its commission, and avoiding them. If certain places, certain society, habits of eating or drinking, habits of reading and thinking, can be definitely recognized as producing an inclination to the sin, or a decrease in the power of resisting temptation, those things should be shunned. A man in such case is bound to do all in his power for his own deliverance. His main reliance, however, is on God's help, for which he should pray. His own effort, only shows his sincerity. 2. It is useless comparing them. If the backslider was sincere in his profession, and was really a Christian, he will easily return, because he will be unhappy in sin, and will be drawn by the Holy Spirit and the memory of past joys, which he has lost. His return may be painful, but it will be in harmony with the principles of his nature, and remorse will be relieved by the joy of pardon. The conversion of the sinner is affected by so many conditions as to early life and his own nature, that there is no basis for a uniform opinion.

A. O. C., Penfield, Pa., writes:

Permit me to call your attention to a question and answer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 8, which was asked by R. E. P., Campbellsville, Ky.: "Plant your potatoes in the light of the moon." As a farmer I may throw some light on the subject. "The light of the moon" is by us thought to be the time it shines all night or nearly so. Now, if I plant my potatoes, or anything else, so that they will come up in that period of the moon when it does not give any light at night, the young plant, being in the dark, will rest at night and grow in the daylight, and by the time the moon again gives light all night, or nearly so, it will be strong enough to grow without a rest. On the other hand, if I plant so the crop will come through the ground when the moon gives light all night, it will grow all the time, which is too much for the young plant, its roots not being strong enough to furnish it with sufficient nourishment. It will probably turn yellow and look sickly, which condition will last until the dark nights come to give it a rest.

Earnest Inquirer, Johnstown, Pa. Under what authority can a Supreme Court Judge pronounce an observed law of the State "obsolete?"

I assume that by "Supreme Court Judge" is meant a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and not of the United States Supreme Court. Cases where a law is disregarded or ignored because it has become "obsolete," are relatively very rare, and usually the fact will turn out to be that a later law has repealed the law thus regarded, by implication. Judges will sometimes say that a law is "obsolete," when they really mean that it has been repealed by implication, or superseded by a later law covering the same subject. Strictly speaking, no established law can cease to have effect until it has been repealed or superseded, and superseding a law is only one form of implied repeal. In New York State perpetual leases of land were lawful before the Revolution. For seventy years and more after the first Constitution (1777), the legality of such leases was in dispute, and there was frequent litigation. Finally the courts settled down in favor of the illegality of such leases, on the ground that they were contrary to public policy, and that the law which originally sustained them had become obsolete. The real reason was, however, that perpetual leases were of feudal origin, and the policy of the State was against them. G. H. C.

S. D. Nelson, S. C. Why did Christ tell the blind man to whom he had given sight (Mark 8: 26), not to tell any one how he had been cured?

The people were only too ready to think of Christ as a mere wonder-worker. On the other hand, he was anxious that they should regard his miracles merely as evidence of his spiritual commission. They were his credentials. He did not come into this world to work miracles but to lead men to God. He would have liked the blind man and those who witnessed the cure, to be so impressed by it, that they would have sought spiritual sight at his hands. He would have been disappointed if the only result of the miracle was to bring him a number of other sufferers seeking healing. Probably he foresaw the latter result, and sought to avoid it by the prohibition. Another reason may have been, that the notoriety it would bring him might stir the opposition of the envious scribes and Pharisees, and cause a premature end of his life and work.

Mrs. A. H., Detroit, Mich 1. Where and how did Pilate die? 2. Also give me some information in regard to Herod's fate.

1. In the traditional and apocryphal writings there are various accounts given of the death of Pilate. One is that he was summoned to Rome, tried before the Emperor Caligula, and condemned to be confined for life in a cave, and that he was accidentally slain by an arrow, shot by the Emperor. Another is that he drowned himself in Lake Lucerne, where a certain promontory—Mont Pilatus—still bears his name. Josephus says he committed suicide. 2. Herod was a titular appellation, like Czar or Emperor, and there were many who bore it. The Herod of the Bethlehem slaughter of infants died in Jericho B. C. 4, aged 69, of a loathsome disease.

John K., Selma, Miss. 1. Among the earliest known historians and biographers are Herodotus, Pliny and Plutarch. You would do well, however, to read standard histories of Egypt, Greece and Rome, which you can procure through any bookseller, if a library is not available. 2. Josephus is regarded as the greatest of Jewish historians: He wrote of the historical events of the world from the beginning up to his own time (A. D. 37—100); but gave special prominence to all matters relating to the Jews. He wrote several books, the greatest being his *Antiquities of the Jews.* 3. There are many, but probably Edersheim's *Life of Christ* would be most suitable for your purpose.

C. R. Aspen, Colo. Are all nations called "Gentiles," except Jews?

The word, in the Hebrew, originally meant "a people," or a crowd, and was used in a general sense of any people. Later, however, the Jews, regarding themselves as a nation set apart, applied the term generally to all other peoples, implying that they were semi-barbarous, idolatrous and unclean. In the New Testament, it simply denotes non-Jews of any race or tongue.

We have still a number of the life-size copies of the **Declaration of Independence** and Henry Mann's story of how the Declaration was prepared, and the **Story of the American Flag,** all of which we will send you, **charges prepaid,** for **Twenty-five Cents, regular price Seventy-five Cents.** Send your order at once and we will refund your money if you are not more than pleased.

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Miscellaneous

I. B., Cottage Grove, Wis. It is believed that it was given over to relatives for interment, but there is no official record on the subject.

A. C., Wilmington, Del. *Garage* is a word of recent importation, from the French, and means place of storage for autos and vehicles of that class.

Mrs. E. W. L., Philadelphia, Pa. You will find the dietary laws in Leviticus, and Josephus in his *Antiquities* also has much to say concerning them.

C. L. S., Felton, Del. There are no limits to Omnipotence. It is useless, therefore, to speculate whether God can or cannot do certain things, absurd or otherwise.

Etta D., Newark, N. J. We should say such a find was fortunate for all but the loser. If you can find the loser and restore the property you will have the satisfaction of doing a good act and will make another happy. You can do this through a local advertisement.

Mrs. M. A. L., Cutlips, W. Va. The sect you mention is evidently of recent growth. We know nothing of them, but if your description is correct they are probably simple, earnest people, whom it would be wrong to condemn without fuller knowledge. All cannot think alike, though all Christians should agree on essentials.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

We are not Children of God by Nature, but by Adoption, through Trust in Christ

Galatians 4: 4, 5, 6, 7	Luke 10: 22
Galatians 3: 26	Ephesians 1: 5
Romans 9: 7 and 8	Matthew 13: 38
Romans 8: 14	I. John 2: 23
John 1: 12	I. John 3: 1, 2, 8, 10
John 14: 6	I. John 5: 1

D. F. E.

Dynamite in Deadtown

By REV. C. H. YATMAN

CHURCHES, cities, and citizens are much alike. Some need Sunlight; others Dynamite. You cannot sweeten a cesspool with cologne, nor thaw out frigid indifference with tepid water, even though it be religious.

C. H. YATMAN

The Rev. Mr. Lightheart, pastor of the First Church of Deadtown (of whom we have heard before) was celebrating his fifth anniversary as chief shepherd of that flock. The record of a half decade was enough to satisfy any ordinary mortal in the ministry—but, you see, he was not ordinary.

Instead of delivering a long discourse, eulogistic of the five years and its fine fruitage, to the immense crowd, he said: "I have been spending the past week in close study of Deadtown Christianity and its Relation to the Beatitudes of Christ and the Ten Commandments. And this is the opportune moment of telling you the truth.

"It is possible that both the officials of this church and its members may want a change in the pulpit after I have spoken; be that as it may. Listen to me now. Outward conformity to church law is not proof of inward Christian life; many of you love the church and love me, but the Love and Law of God does not dwell in you.

"I have the positive proof; before me are men who contribute well to our church expenses, so we show a clean balance sheet, with no bills unpaid, but your workmen are poorly paid; their wives and children complain to me of their bitter lot in life. And I find it to be true; awfully true. No man can oppress the poor and be a real Christian; understand that.

"Again, many of the women of this congregation are as void of the spirit of Christ as apples of Sodom are void of nourishment. Your church life is like a garment you are able to put off and put on. The element of sacrifice—the positive human proof of your new birth—is lacking. You do nothing wrong, maybe; but neither do you do any good.

"You keep the weeds of wickedness down, but there is no harvest of good works to glorify your Father in Heaven. Plenty of fuss and stir and doings that call attention to you or your church, but little or none of that soul sacrifice begotten of Him that gladdens the pent-up prisoner in some kitchen, or visits the sick. Many and many an hour you have regaled yourself in the church, when you should have been taking care of someone's burden that they could have filled your pew.

"You recite the creed and commandments well, and read the Scriptures, too; but neither recitation nor reading of them is of any account unless you live them out.

"How many of you this hour have a deep, intense hunger to be good—that is, is blessed—who thirst after righteousness? He said, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' but you rush to bargain counters that are breeders of sweat shops and makers of white slaves. You men buy labor as you buy logs, and back of the discontent of our day among the multitudes is the fact that 'the strong shall help the weak' is not applied. You read it on Sunday and bolt it on Monday. I have seen with mine own eyes the shades of the Hebrew merchant's store pulled down on Sunday, and you Christian men flying your window advertisements with glaring boldness on that day. For shame! For shame!"

Words like these came pouring from the big preacher's lips like coals from the furnace. I confess I became so intensely awakened to the real conditions of the town, its Christians and myself, that much of the moral dynamite he flung out burst above my hearing. I called myself back to listening with huge effort. I noted scarlet faces about me, and frowns and tears were on many cheeks. I saw many hands on the backs of the pews in front of them, eager listeners, not willing to lose one word.

Two men over by the second iron pillar of the south aisle had risen up; they were unconscious of it; you could tell that by their faces. I heard a suppressed groan from a director of our leading Trust company.

How long he preached I cannot tell. There was no hymn following the discourse. You can sing out many a truth. There is a time for song, but it does not come after such a message. They had expected Sunlight, and lo! he gave them Dynamite! When everyone expected "a review of the great work of our church," he dealt sledge-hammer blows, not against men of straw, but against us! He did not deal in generalities, such as would have pleased us, but Nathan's "thou art the man" was no more direct than his truth to the men and women before him. It was hard to tell whether he had used the pruning knife or the hoe that pulls up the very roots.

When he had finished preaching, there was a pause of a full minute, his head fell low till his chin touched his breast, his hands were on the Bible he had closed with his last sentence. I think he prayed—for the life of me I cannot tell; then, lifting his face, he said:

"The mid-week anniversary service will be devoted to business of importance. You are asked to come," and pronounced the benediction.

In my opinion the organist wanted to play the "Dead March from Saul," but the keys were silent, by the pastor's orders.

. . .

The Big Preacher never put a ton of announcement to a pound of fact in his work, so the mid-week anniversary meeting had more than the large church could hold. No one had seen him on the street or elsewhere since Sunday. He evidently knew the power of seclusion and silence, little known nowadays.

"Business of importance!" I rather think it was. A preliminary hearing to the judgment day is not easily forgotten. I was glad I was forced by the crowd out of my regular seat in the middle aisle to one in the gallery. I could see both the preacher and the people. What psychological law had been at work making our people come dressed more modestly and in keeping with worship, I don't know. We were noted for "our style."

There are queer laws in this old world. No one had told it; the preacher himself had given no inkling of it, but as sure as you can tell the oncoming of day, so that crowd felt the approach of power, of duty or doom, of a resistless energy that works on human hearts as sunlight works on seed in the soil for golden grain.

The vestry door opened, and some elders came in, but no preacher. What was the matter? Deacon Shaw said the pastor begged to be excused from the opening exercises, which consisted of hymn, Scripture and prayer, followed by an anthem from the chorus choir. All this done, there was evidently nothing else for Mr. Shaw to announce. He and the elders and the congregation looked longingly to the vestry door. It opened quietly, and in he came, pale and nervous, but calm.

I said at once, "That man has been fasting, weeping, too—look at his eyes!" He did not bow his head for prayer, but with a simple "Good evening" to all, he handed his Anniversary Address to the church clerk for reading. It was a brief, concise, interesting document of church history as made by the work of the workers.

The clerk sat down, and he arose. How he began it would be difficult to describe; the fact is, I don't believe he began. His "beginning" was long before he entered the church door that night. Another fact is, the whole thing was without beginning and certainly without end.

There was a true setting forth of why Christ came into the world, and what he came for; what it meant to the individual, here and hereafter; what his church stood for and meant to civil government and society; its relation to him as Bride, and the character it must possess to be thus related; its membership, and their relation to commerce and the community.

"The sins of this city are dreadful;
The government of this city is baneful;
The piety of the city is doubtful;
The corruptors of this city are powerful;
The pleasures of this city are questionable;
The reputation of this city is hateful;
The morals of this city are sinful;
And the church in its membership has social, financial and political power enough to change it all, and it does it not!

"It professes the presence of One who came to destroy the works of the devil, and lo! our young folks are devoured like sheep by wolves.

"We declare the abiding aid of the Holy Ghost, who is both omnipotent and omnipresent, and yet wickedness—open and disgraceful, secret and damning—is rife.

"Harken, my people and friends! It is all so, because we are so.

"Hundreds of you women are society gamblers: business men before me, in corporate capacity do astounding things of swindle and robbery; parents permit pleasures that our pilgrim fathers would pronounce indelicate and indecent, and neither culture nor usage have altered their real character nor their bad effect on the young.

"The deadness of Deadtown has crept in on us till thousands think it right to do wrong; others are hard on that way—and wish it were.

"Separation from the world is called silly; firm principles and religious fervency are called fanaticism. Restoration has swallowed up retribution. Love has displaced all law, and the goodness of God means an abridgement of the Ten Commandments, at least to the diminishing point of 'don't steal if it won't pay,' and the guilt is in being found out."

A woman fainted in the middle aisle of the main floor, but apart from a friend with her, no one paid any attention.

Then came from the preacher's innermost soul words that will never be forgotten. Never!

"The people in this house, this hour, are partners in all this. Saint and sinner live precisely alike. The Bible has given way to the novel and magazine; its fundamental truths are doubted. Family prayer is neglected; patriotism suffices for piety; communion with God by his Spirit is a lost art.

"'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we—oh bother to-morrow; let us live to-day,' is the rule of life; and I assure you, moral chaos with eternal anarchy will follow it all.

"We are satisfied with a few hundred converts, who soon partake of the nature of the moral atmosphere they breathe. When the absolute need is a revival that will change both the character and conditions around us. The church itself, with indifference and sin, is an abhorrence to Jehovah. His wrath will be enkindled against us unless we repent. Hear what he says:

"'To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?' saith the Lord: 'I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and the Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you. Yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood.

"'Wash you. Make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil. Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.'

"Hear my final words. If the officials and members of this parish will join me in a ministry that means purity of life, peace of conscience, both toward God and man; power from on high to sacrifice to save the city, as well as our souls; to live and do—not what he would do if he were here, but what he would have us do because we are here. If you will join me thus, I will remain and serve you as best I can; but if you will not, then I leave you, for I will not be partaker of these sins, to answer with you at the bar of God, who will hold each of us to account for the deeds done in the body.

"Before each one is the balance of life, death, judgment and eternity. I have decided irrevocably for myself. So must you."

What it will be to stand before a great white throne to be judged by the Almighty, I cannot tell; but that hour, that crowd—myself included—stood within hearing distance of it, without doubt.

He bowed himself on the pulpit and wept. His suppressed sobs were thunderbolts of love. I knew then how Jesus felt when his lamentation over Jerusalem was made. Three men rushed up by the communion table, the leader our wealthiest pewholder.

"Oh, pastor, don't leave us! Don't! We are lost if you do. Hell has an awful grip on us; but it will swallow us up completely if you go!"

"Stay by us! Stay by us! Oh don't leave us! Don't! don't! don't!"

Scores rushed forward. The aisles were crowded. Then the pews became penitent forms. Once the preacher looked up and around, then he sobbed louder than ever; but it was not the same. I cannot tell the difference. I do not know; only I knew there was a change; bitter tears are not like blessed ones.

It was morning before all had left that house of prayer. Some went home and then came back. Many, very many, heard of the happening and went to the church doors and looked in. Conviction seized hold upon them. They went in, and they, too, were converted.

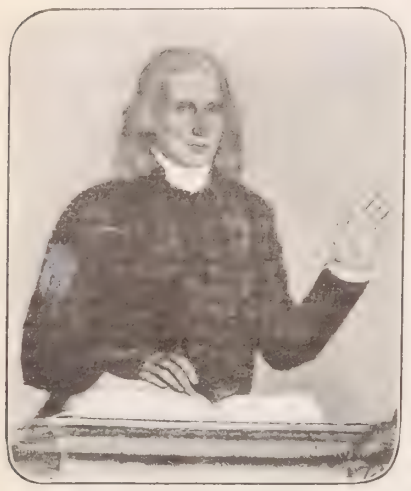
Individuals would break out in a most pitiful cry of repentance. Some hidden sin came up. Some agonized over the necessity of a surrender that meant the paying back of ill-gotten gains. Hundreds knew what they must do to be saved, and to meet the conditions they prayed for God's help for hours.

Saloons closed for lack of trade; brothels were empty as Sodom after the destruction; old feuds and family quarrels were buried beyond a resurrection; dirty shows shunned the town as if it had the plague; there was no gambling, for the gamblers, fashionable and otherwise, were either converted or confounded. Politicians found that insincerity was nothing more than "playing the double," and to do it was to be politically doomed. Taxes were lowered, insurance rates went down, property sold better. Streets were cleaned; strikes ceased, and a fine library went up.

Lo! It was discovered that it was not fable but fact, that when He—the Christ—came, it really meant "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The Oldest Pulpit In America

ONE of the first sermons preached by Bishop Wilson, of the Methodist Church, after his elevation to his present office, will be memorable in the history of this denomination, for the reason

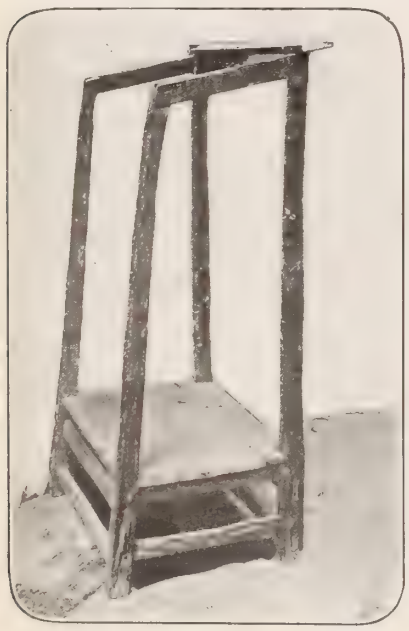


BISHOP ASBURY
From a very old painting

that the Bishop occupied what is probably the oldest pulpit in existence in the United States—the one in which Robert Strawbridge stood when the Methodist Episcopal Church of America was organized in 1766.

This venerable pulpit is very simple in construction, consisting merely of four upright posts, connected at the top by side-pieces and a board, which was used as the resting-place for the Bible and hymn book. The posts are fastened into a platform, standing about a foot above the ground, and the enclosure is hardly large enough for a man of generous proportions. The wood is hickory and the pulpit bears many marks of age.

It has had a very interesting history, for it has not only been tried by time but



ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE'S PULPIT

by fire. As is well known, the meeting which resulted in the formation of the church was held at the home of John Evans in Carroll County, Md. Until a few years ago, the pulpit was stored away in the old Evans' house, until accidentally found by Rev. C. D. Smith, pastor of one of the churches of the neighborhood, who brought it to Baltimore for safe keeping. About the same time, one of the oldest known paintings of Bishop Asbury was found in Baltimore, covering an abandoned fireplace. The family, not knowing the value of the picture, had cut a hole in it, in which to place the stove-pipe passing into the chimney. Pulpit and portrait were stored away in the Methodist Hall, with a pair of saddle-bags used by Bishop Asbury when he was a circuit rider. During the great fire in Baltimore, the Methodist Hall was reduced to ashes. Rev. E. L. Watson, pastor of Harlem Park Methodist Church, remembered that the venerable relics were stored away in the building, and hastened to the place with Rev. C. W. Baldwin, just in time to prevent them from being destroyed. Rev. Mr. Watson procured a wheel-barrow and wheeled the pulpit to the post-office, where it was kept until the danger was over; but so narrow was its escape from destruction, that the wood was actually scorched in places by the heat.

Work Among Latin Peoples*

LYING nearer to us than the famous mission fields of India, China, and Africa, the work among the Latin races has never attracted the interest of the American church in the same degree. One reason for this is probably the consciousness of the hold the Roman Catholic faith has obtained, and the fierce opposition to Protestantism which the attempt to effect an entrance develops. The reports, however, which reach us from Mexico and the countries of South America, show that there is need as urgent there for Gospel work, as among the heathen of the South Seas. It is not the Roman Catholicism of our own country that prevails there, but an ignorant and superstitious type, which has little hold on the men, and a debasing hold upon some of the women. Of true, vital, intelligent knowledge of the Gospel, there is little in any of those lands, and it is only at the risk of persecution that it can be imparted.

In Mexico, thanks to the firm rule of President Diaz, the missionary is protected, but the social prejudice against his work and the indifference to his teaching renders the field exceptionally difficult. In Brazil, Mr. Reginald Young and his devoted wife are laboring with great success and with ever widening opportunities of usefulness. Other missionaries also are working, but all too few to reach the population of nearly eighteen millions in that land in which the converts number less than eight thousand. In Peru there has been fierce persecution, and the Bible Society's agent has been imprisoned and the venerable Dr. Wood has been in danger. Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, nominally Catholic, have an aggregate population of ten millions, yet at last accounts, the number of missionaries was about one hundred. It is not really Catholicism that opposes them, so much as agnosticism and a religious indifference, which is the product of intelligence rejecting Catholicism and not knowing of the pure Gospel. The field is wide and the laborers few.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 31. Ps 72: 10 17.

AT SUNSET

DOWN the long avenue we're looking to-day,
The vista of long gone years;
While lengthening shadows lightly play
With mem'ries of joys and tears.
Down the long avenue when years were young,
And life a page unread,
Did the spirit of prophecy ever tell
Of burdened days now fled?

Down the long avenue faintly sounds
Sweet songs of long ago,
Floating on breath of summer air
In soft and rhythmic flow.
Down the long avenue the western sun,
With crimson, slanting rays,
Foretells a morrow yet to come,
Promising glorious days.

When silent ones shall sing again
The wonderful songs of yore,
And in rapture list to harmonious strains
From those who ne'er sang before.
When Right shall appear in garments of grace,
And Wrong be buried from sight,
While Beauty and Love walk hand-in-hand,
And Sin be banished with night.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

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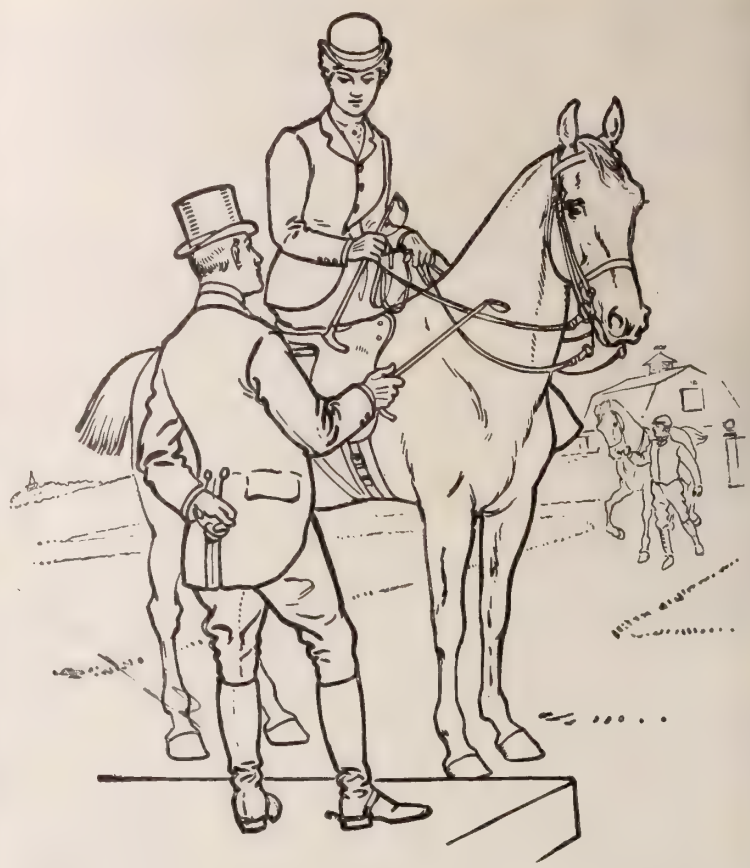
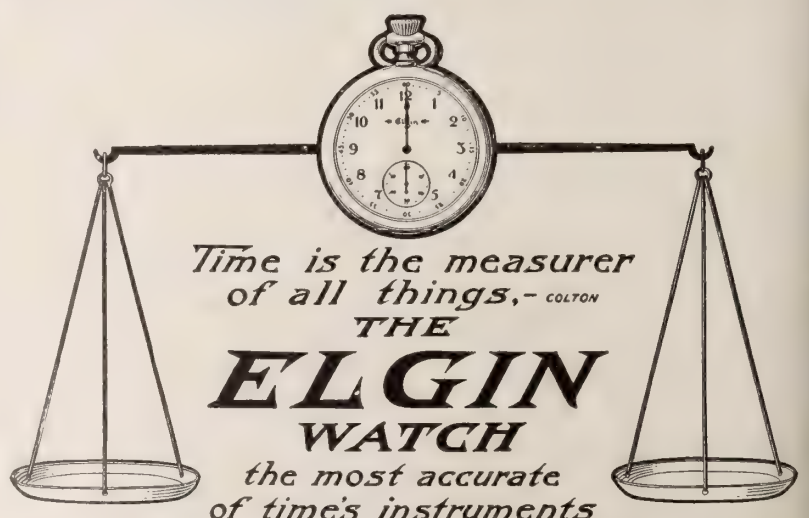


Gall sores and blisters cause the horse much pain. They come from heat and friction under the collar or saddle. The parts should be carefully cleansed with a pure soap that will not smart. Ivory Soap with warm water, is excellently adapted to this purpose. This soap is peculiarly efficient where it comes in contact with sores, as it is mild and pure. While cleansing thoroughly, it also soothes and heals.



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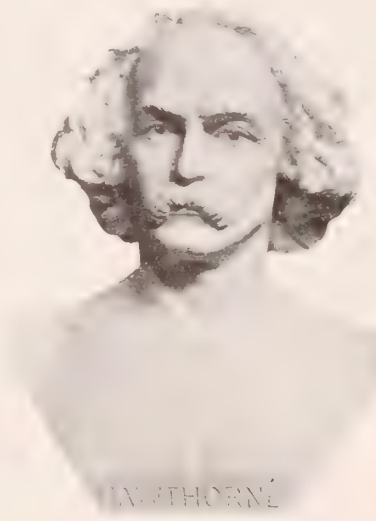
The Hawthorne Centenary

IF Nathaniel Hawthorne had lived until July 4, 1904, he would have been 100 years old on that day. Yet, so swiftly does time fly, that it seems but a few years since the greatest romancist America ever produced, was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, at Concord, Mass. Here, in the days of Hawthorne's simple living, in the Old Manse, he used to wander under the grand old pines, weaving in imagination the beautiful thoughts which afterward took definite shape in his writings. This habit of taking long walks alone was his from early boyhood, and he used to declare to his mother that sometime he should go so far away that he never would return.

When preparing for college, young Hawthorne amused himself by publishing a manuscript periodical, which showed much vivacity as well as talent. Quite prophetic was his answer, when, asked by his mother what profession he would like to follow. Speculating upon this, he said in a letter to her, "I do not want to be a doctor, and live by men's diseases; nor a minister, to live by their sins; nor a lawyer, and live by their quarrels, so I do not see that there is anything left for me but to become an author. How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with *Hawthorne's Works* printed on their backs?"



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
From the sculpture by J. S. Hartley

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., where his centenary was recently commemorated, as it was also at Concord, and at Bowdoin College, where he graduated in the class of 1825. His life was one of great and interesting contrasts. He was a shy and sensitive man, and the need of appreciation came to him, comparatively late in life, after a number of his works had been published, and scarcely noticed. For years he was employed in the Custom House in Salem, and it was here, standing in front of an old, high, wooden desk, that some of his greatest tales germinated, and were worked out, in intervals between the prosaic tasks of weighing and measuring coal, salt, and other bulky commodities, on foreign vessels.

The great body of the reading public almost ignored Hawthorne's first writing, and his first public recognition came from England. One of the editors of the *Athenæum* republished three of his characteristic tales. In 1837, S. G. Goodrich brought out a collection of the author's writings, under the title of *Twice-Told Tales*. Longfellow, a fellow-student and life-long friend, generously reviewed this work, recognizing that it came from the hand of a genius.

It was not until the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*, in 1850, that Hawthorne became famous. He afterward wrote the *House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and other tales, but his fame rests upon that study of what might be termed the dark days of New England, the tragic story of Hester Prynne. Born in the town where the narrow streets were eloquent of the narrow minds which made the burning and hanging of so-called witches possible, it seems but natural that the author should have become the interpreter of certain of these Puritan characteristics.

In 1842, Hawthorne married one of his earliest and most enthusiastic admirers, Miss Sophia Peabody. Their domestic life was most beautiful, and Mrs. Hawthorne always remained her husband's devoted worshiper, though it must have been very trying to the good New England housewife, when, after months of frugal living, her husband would come home joyfully bringing an oil-painting under his arm, for which he had expended the greater part of the money that his wife was depending upon to settle the bills for household and other necessary expenses.

Thoreau and Emerson were often Hawthorne's companions. Hawthorne's genius was of an order most delicate, he regarded and so spoke of himself, as the most obscure man of letters in America; but reputation came at last, though belated, and the author found himself hailed as among the men of genius of his day.

The writings of Hawthorne deal with some of the most subtle and elusive phases of the life of the soul, and they show keen insight into motives which control the actions of men, of whom he was a keen observer. Lacking only the accomplishment of verse, he was a poet in the highest sense, and his writings possess grace, charm, and exquisite purity of diction, ranking second to the work of no other American writer. He died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864.

Gospel Work in Burmah and Siam*

MORE than ninety years have passed since Burmah became the scene of the labors of that devoted missionary, Adoniram Judson. Several missionaries had preceded him by about six years, but they were prevented doing effectual work, and few inhabitants of the country had heard the Gospel. The story of Dr. Judson's labors, of his long imprisonment and torture, of his heroic devotion to the cause, and of his final triumph, has been often told. After six years unremitting labor, he baptized his first convert. That was in the year 1819. Time and again he was driven away, his converts were persecuted, and he had to remove from place to place to escape his enemies. But he never deserted Burmah, and for thirty years he lived and labored and prayed for the conversion of its people. The thriving Baptist mission with its many stations and its thousands of Christians, is the outcome of the work he commenced. Not only the Burmans proper, but the neighboring tribes of Shans, Karens, and Pakus, have been evangelized, and recent reports indicate a most hopeful prospect of further progress.

Like Burmah, Siam lay in the undisputed possession of the Buddhists, and the demon worshipers, until the arrival of the Christian missionaries. In 1828, Dr. Gutzlaff, of the Netherlands Missionary Society, and Mr. Tomlin, of the London Missionary Society, began work in the country, but both were obliged to abandon the field after a brief period. The American Board then sent Dr. Abeel there, and the Baptist mission spared an American missionary from Burmah, Rev. J. T. Jones, to labor in the field. Three other missionaries were sent out shortly afterwards by the American Board. One of these the Rev. Jesse Caswell, made the acquaintance of the heir to the throne, and through his influence was able to gain concessions for the missionaries, which have led to most beneficial results, opening the way to a widespread propagation of the Gospel.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, and Baptist Young People's Union for July 31. Isa. 35 : 1-10.

Reaching the Non-Church Goers

Rev. Walter Reid Hunt, a pastor of Orange, N. J., has a novel method of increasing the influence of his pulpit. Those who for any cause, are at present cut off from church affiliation, receive by mail, once in two weeks, a sermon, a report of some interesting conference, or a list of new books. Once in two months a printed pastoral letter is sent by the minister to the members. Once each year, a full, printed order of service, hymns and prayer, is mailed, and all are asked to read it at the same hour. In these ways he hopes to stimulate the feeling of brotherhood and unity among scattered and lonely lives. On the part of members, he expects that each will write him at least four times a year.

A BACK LICK
Settled the Case With Her.

Many great discoveries have been made by accident and things better than gold mines have been found in this way, for example when even the accidental discovery that coffee is the real cause of one's sickness proves of most tremendous value because it locates the cause and the person has then a chance to get well.

"For over 25 years" says a Missouri woman "I suffered untold agonies in my stomach and even the best physicians disagreed as to the cause without giving me any permanent help, different ones saying it was gastritis, indigestion, neuralgia, etc., so I dragged along from year to year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again.

"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for a while and use it, which I did.

"So for three months we had Postum in place of coffee without ever having one of my old spells but was always healthy and vigorous instead.

"Husband kept saying he was convinced it was coffee that caused those spells, but even then I wouldn't believe it until one day we got out of Postum and as we lived two miles from town I thought to use the coffee we had in the house.

"The result of a week's use of coffee again was that I had another terrible spell of agony and distress proving that it was the coffee and nothing else. That settled it and I said good bye to Coffee forever and since then Postum alone has been our hot mealtime drink.

"My friends all say I am looking worlds better and my complexion is much improved. All the other members of our family have been benefited, too, by Postum in place of the old drink, coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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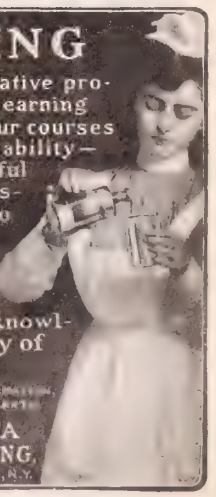

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"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"At the present time I am preparing a paper for 2 medical journals in which I mention my own case and speak particularly of Grape-Nuts, great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians will save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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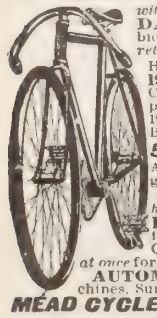

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SUMMER CHURCH-GOING MADE COMFORTABLE

THERE seems to be no longer any well-grounded excuse for staying away from church, at least in the State of New Jersey. A nursery has been opened by Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the famous inventor, for the care of babies, in connection with the Orange, N. J., Methodist Church. Many mothers find it impossible to attend church, because there is no one to stay at home and take charge of the babies. So Mrs. Edison, who is superintendent of the primary Sunday School, and president of the Woman's Guild, concluded that the children could be brought to church, and cared for in a special room.

There may have been a quiet purpose in this project, to leave the father bereft of his last rational excuse for absenting himself from church, as he could not plead that he was obliged to stay at home and take care of the baby, so that his wife could go. There would seem to be a field for such nurseries in other places besides Orange, and in other States than New Jersey.

One of the preachers that stick to their pulpits during the hottest weather, is the Rev. Robert M. Aylsworth, pastor of the Simpson Methodist Church, Jersey City. He says that experience has told him that one of the reasons why men do not go to church, is that they hate to dress up in suits of solemn black, with stiff, starched shirts and high collars, when they can stay at home and be comfortable in cool neglige. Not long ago, putting his idea into practical form, the pastor posted this notice in the church vestibule:

With the opening of the heated term, the pastor will be gratified if our ladies attend public worship, especially in the evening, without their hats, and gentlemen would be in good form should they adopt neglige costumes, that all may worship in comfort

Dr. Aylsworth says: "I have been preaching the gospel of common sense in these matters for years. At first, church attendants and other preachers were inclined to poke fun at my little reform, but I persevered, and the results have rewarded me. My congregations sit in comfort, their minds on what I am saying, full of religious contemplation, while in other churches, squirming, suffering audiences mop their brows, fry, sizzle and hope the preacher will cut it short."

Songful Christians

Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song

Not long since, a small party of friends were climbing a mountainside with the purpose of conducting a prayer meeting at the home of a family who are in a way "shut in." The day was warm and the climb hard and tedious; but one of the climbers kept singing on the up grade. Another member of the party, referring to it afterward in a joking way, spoke of the singer as one who could sing climbing a mountain. But are not all Christ's true followers trying to climb the steeps of life. And may we not all say: "He has put a new song in my mouth." If we are seeking the higher levels of life, let us sing, no matter how hard the way.

New York Contributions to the Bowery Mission

THIS ALSO INCLUDES CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE FOOD AND SHELTER FUND

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Alvord, Helen L	1 00	Hearn, J A & Son	20 00	Smith, C H	5 00
Anderson, A J C	10 00	Henry, Wm	5 00	Smith, E D	5 00
Arnold, Mrs M	1 00	Herrman, Miss E	5 00	Smith, Edgar J	1 00
Backus, A L	1 00	Hess, Mrs W L	1 00	Smith, Fleming	25 00
Bailie, H M	1 00	Hill, Grace E B	1 00	Smith, Miss N A	1 00
Baldwin, Eli	5 00	Hillman, Carrie E	1 00	Soule, J S	1 00
Baldwin, Kate E	1 00	Hine, Mrs F E	3 50	Spencer, M L A	20
Barnes, Mrs D S & Geo	1 00	Hoag, Mrs H	4 00	Starr, Miss S A	1 00
Barton, Mary	1 00	Hollub, Mrs L deW	3 00	Steers, Wm D W, Bible Class	6 00
Beacon, L H	1 00	Hubbard, Mrs T S	1 00	Stowell, I R	1 00
Beltz, Harry A	2 50	Hunter, Chas	1 00	Strong, Harriet E	10 00
Billings, Fred K	10 00	Hunter, Harold	50	Struble, L B	1 00
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Bliss, Ernest C	25 00	Irwin, D S	1 00	Sweet, A P	1 00
Bloodgood, J H	10 00	Jesup, Morris K	25 00	Taber, M A	1 00
Bloomingdale, L G	5 00	Johnson, S	1 00	Tag, Casimir	5 00
Bogert, E C	50 00	Johnson, T S	5 00	Taylor, H E & Co	10 00
Bonn, Peter	50	Jones, A H	5 00	Thomas, Mrs J	1 00
Bostwick, Geo W	10 00	Kastner, H	50	Thorn, Mrs E F	1 00
Boyd, Mrs M J	2 00	King, Rev Fredk	5 00	Tibbals, Mrs S J	5 00
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Broman, Sarah J	10	Knight, Misses & B	1 00	Tompkins, W W	15 00
Bramley, Annie	1 00	Knowles, Mrs J R	1 00	Trowbridge, J A	10 00
Brinkerhoff, Miss E	3 00	Lawrence, Mrs J E	1 00	Tuttle, L S	5 00
Brissel, Marcus	1 00	Lawrence, W B	25 00	Underhill, H B	4 00
Brown, Lewis H	1 26	Lent, Alletta	5 00	Underhill, Mrs T F	1 00
Brown, Miss M	1 00	Lewis, Mrs F F	2 00	Van der Poel, Mrs G W	5 00
Brown, Thos M	1 00	Lewis, M R & H A	2 00	Van der Poel, Mrs S O	5 00
Brownell, Miss EM	1 00	Lumbard, R C	1 00	Van Sanborn, A T	20 00
Brundage, C A	50	Lyon, E	5 00	Wade, Miss	50
Bulmer, Anita L	1 00	McFarlane, Mrs J	1 00	Ward, Edith	50
Burns, C S	2 00	McHenry, E R & O A	1 00	Ward, W E	1 00
Butler, H E	10 00	Magee, Mrs Jean	2 00	Washburn, H C	1 00
Cady, Mrs H P	50	Many, H M	20	Waterman, H L	50 00
Chatfield, Mrs C W	25	Maxwell, B	1 00	Whitehouse, Mrs J	20 00
Clapp, Geo S	10 00	Mead, C	1 00	Williams, C S	2 50
Clark, Edw S	100 00	Merrill, Mrs M	1 00	Williams, Mrs R W	1 00
Clark, Mrs N D	1 00	Metcalf Bros	10 00	Williams, Thos	2 00
Clark, Miss S M	1 00	Miller, A	5 00	Wilmarth, Mrs P E	50
Clay, Lorene A	1 00	Miller, W S	1 00	Witter, Mrs A F	1 00
Colegrove, M C	1 00	Montgomery & Corbin, Mr & Mrs	2 50	Wood, Mrs H A	1 00
Compton, Mrs O	5 00	Moore, Miss A	1 00	Wood, Mrs H B	1 00
Cooper, Mrs E	25	Moore, Mrs H K	1 00	Woodhouse, Mrs L	10 00
Cowles, Rev Philo	1 00	Moore, Mrs Silas	1 00	Woolever, C	1 00
Coxe, Mrs Davis	100 00	Morten, Alex	5 00	Wyman, O T	1 00
Crane, Mrs A C	1 00	Nicholson, Miss	1 00	Wyman, Mrs O T	1 00
Cumming, Milo	50	Norton, Mrs C W	1 00	Yost, H & Mrs	2 00
Dale, Mrs J F	5 00	Oglesby, R A	1 00	Zimmerman, Mrs J	5 00
Davis, John W	5 00	Owens, Mrs H H	50	Faith, Jamesville	1 00
Day, J S	25	Palmer, Mrs C	1 00	E M M & Mrs J C, Akron	1 25
Deland, Mrs C W	1 00	Parker, Mary T	10 00	V C, Albany	2 00
DeLemos, T W E	2 00	Payne, Jesse F	1 00	A L P, Bklyn	1 00
Demorest, W C	10 00	Pearine, Mrs J B	50	E L M, Bklyn	1 00
Denew, Mrs Clara	50	Pickering, A E	50	E & B L, Cath'ne	1 00
DeVinne, Theo	5 00	Pike, Mrs E M	1 00	E L, Cato	10 00
Dickerson, Mrs L B	5 00	Pratt, Mrs Thos A	1 00	R A B & S C S, Cayutaville	1 00
Dikeman, Miss A	100 00	Prior, Electa J	2 00	J E W, Goshen	2 00
Dimick, Mrs J	1 00	Putney, John W	1 00	E E L, Hancock	1 00
Dodge, Chas C	25 00	Randall, R	25	J L H, Ithaca	2 50
Dollings, Julia	1 00	Randolph, Mrs E H & Mrs Sivest	1 50	E B G, Jamestown	25
Durkin, Mrs E	1 00	Read, Miss E	50	R W W, Jefferson Valley	1 00
Eaton, Frank D	5 00	Reed, Edwin	1 00	Mr & Mrs J C, Lafayetteville	1 00
Edmunds, Mrs C M	30	Richmond, Mrs H C	2 00	T D H, Lowville	1 00
Edwards, Melvin	25	Rider, C L & Mrs	3 00	L L L, Morrisville	1 00
Ellis, Mrs Edw	5 00	Roberts, G V	1 00	E C R, N Y C	1 00
Ellis, Wm D	5 00	Robinson, Mrs J L	25	J E O, N Y C	1 00
Erbsloh, R	5 00	Rockwood, Geo G	1 00	J T, N Y C	1 00
Faber, A N	5 00	Rogers, A	10 00	M S D & M A T, N Y C	2 00
Field, Miss Jos	50	Rogers, J	75	N, Oneida	1 00
Fisk, Mrs Geo R	5 00	Rogers, Mrs J V	1 00	J W M, Oswego	1 00
Flugal, Celia	1 00	Ropes, Mrs R	5 00	L W C, Rensselaer	1 00
Frint, A	14	Rosa, T A	1 00	M A D, Sanborn	50
Frisbee, E P	2 00	Rushmore, Mrs R	5 00	R A Y, Selkirk	2 00
Garre, Jennie	2 00	Schellinger, L L & Mrs	2 00	L L B, Whiteshoro	1 00
Gibson, Mrs John	1 00	Schermerhorn, Mrs & Miss	2 00	S E B, Wyomanock	1 00
Gillette, John E	5 00	Shawerman, Mrs S	1 00	—, Albany	1 00
Greegan, Emily D	3 00	Shoemaker, L & Mrs	2 00	—, Albion	1 00
Green, Mary W	50	Simkin, Ellen	1 00	—, Hoosick	50
Gregory, Mrs C R	1 00	Simonds, Miss S A	1 00	—, Ithaca	2 00
Guild, C E & Mrs	2 00			—, N Y C	10 00
Hackett, C H	10 00			—, Long Isld	2 00
Hall, Jas S	1 00			—, N Y C	10 00
Harpending, E B	1 00			—, N Y C	10 00
				—, N Y C	1 00
				—, N Y C	2 00
				—, N Y C	5 00
				—, N Y C	50 00
				—, N Y C	5 00
				X, W Brighton	10 00
				—, Yonkers	50
				—, —	50 00
				—, —	25 00
				—, —	1 00
				Cash, N Y C	5 00
				For Christ's Sake, N Y C	2 00
				For Christ's Sake, N Y C	1 00
				For Christ's Sake, N Y C	1 00
				Fr'd from Ossining	1 00
				Freind, Pleasant Ridge	30
				Fr'd, Richfield Spgs	2 00
				A Friend, Bridge Hampton	2 00
				A Friend, Buffalo	50
				A Friend, Corfu	1 00
				A Friend, Durhamsville	50
				A Friend, Holley	10
				A Friend, Laurel	1 00
				A Friend, Lyons	1 00
				A Friend, Lyons	70
				A Friend, Manchester	2 00
				A Friend, N Y C	1 00
				Friend, N Y C	1 00
				A Friend, Oneida	25 00
				A Friend, Oneida	11 00
				A Friend, Oswego	1 00
				A Friend, Poughkeepsie	30
				A Friend, Round-Lake	10 00
				A Friend, Sanborn	1 00
				A Friend, —	2 00
				Friends, Turin	20
				I H N, Amsterdam	1 00
				I H N, Bklyn	3 00
				I H N, Lyons	1 00
				I H N, Newburgh	1 00
				I H N, N Y C	1 00
				I H N, Olean	1 00
				I H N, Plattsburg	1 00
				I H N, Yonkers	2 00
				I H N, —	1 00
				I H N, —	5 00
				Reader, Auburn	1 00
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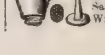

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National Degradation

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ALL the kings of Israel, without exception, were idolaters; all followed the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. Omri, the founder of the fourth dynasty, built Samaria as his royal city, and this is the only thing which has made his name notorious, except his exceeding wickedness. Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him. For he walked in all the ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, and in his sin wherewith he made Israel to sin, to provoke the Lord God of Israel with their vanities. God says to Samaria and Jerusalem by the prophet Micah, who lived one or two generations later, speaking of his own time, "The statutes of Omri are kept, and all the works of the house of Ahab, and ye walk in their counsels, that I should make you a desolation, and the inhabitants thereof a hissing" (Micah 6: 16). And yet God did not leave himself without witness. During these reigns God sent prophet after prophet: Ahijah, the Shilonite, who spoke to Jeroboam; Shemadiah, the man of God, who spoke to Rehoboam; a man of God out of Judah, who also spoke to Jeroboam; Iddo, the seer, probably Obadiah; Elijah, who spoke to King Ahab, and Micaiah, the son of Imlah, besides Jehu, the son of Hanani. These kings of Israel were not left in ignorance; they might have known the true God.

Ahab outdid even his father, Omri, in sin. He reigned twenty-two years in Samaria. "And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him." "The statutes of Omri" imply that this king must have instituted an idolatrous system of government in direct opposition to the statutes of Jehovah. It was open warfare with God and with all which was holy. But Ahab went further and took for his wife "Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshiped him." Jezebel, from the allusion to her in Rev. 2: 20, as "that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, was probably a priestess of Baal, and a woman having great power over Ahab, who was a weak man and who had sinned greatly in yielding to her." God taxes him with the responsibility, thus: "And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal." He brought this influence from beneath into the Lord's land, and God was provoked to anger.

Having gone thus far in sin, he could not stop. On and on Satan drives his slaves, from one wickedness to another, and men who yield to him lose power over their own will, and cannot stop at their own pleasure or exercise self-control. Oh, how much evil comes from one wrong step! Jeroboam could not trust God to keep his people loyal to him, and so he made the golden calves, and eighteen successors followed in his ways, and two hundred and fifty years idolatry among the people of Israel, God's chosen sons grew out of that one act of unbelief and disobedience. How awful sin is! At the great white throne, when Jeroboam stands to answer for his sin, how many generations will rise up and call him cursed, and how awful it will be for this man to meet then the hundreds and thousands whose eternal loss lies in great measure at his door! The Lord, in loving mercy, warns us of the beginnings of sin! And let us watch unto prayer, lest we be tempted and fall unawares.

Things went from bad to worse. Under the influence of his wicked wife, "Ahab reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria." Probably this was in distinct opposition to the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. "And Ahab made a grove. And Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings which were before him." It seems to have been a time of open defiance of Jehovah. Baal-worship, with all its abominable rites, was the state religion. And this was in Israel, the people whom God had chosen, and separated from the nations to be his peculiar people! "Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" (Jer. 5: 8, 9). And this was the king with whom the pious Jehoshaphat had made affinity, and it was Athaliah, the wicked daughter of the wicked Jezebel, who had married Jehoram, Jehoshaphat's son!

Answered Prayers

Mrs. L. L. L., New Hampshire. "Not long ago I had a direct answer from the Lord in what seemed an impossibility. May I never doubt my dear Lord and Master, for he surely answers when we of our earnest heart ask him."

Mrs. A. W. H. "I was in trouble and the Lord had compassion upon me, and I believe he will fully deliver me out of my distresses."

Mrs. W. H. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. Let us pray for each other. I am praying for those who asked to be prayed for through the 'Answered Prayers.'"

A. S., Roy, Wash. "If any are doubting God's answering prayer, let them try and do as he tells them in his Holy Word in reference to this subject, and I assure them he will answer every time. Praise his holy name for his many answers to my prayers."

M. G., Mississippi. "Praise his dear name. He does hear his children's cries. He has answered my prayer for a loved one."

R. O. "Have been greatly helped by your column of 'Answered Prayers,' and want to add my testimony. I know my Heavenly Father does answer prayer."

Mrs. M. E. B. "I wish to acknowledge many prayers answered. I have often been encouraged and comforted by prayer."

Mrs. Allie C. "I wish to add my testimony to answered prayer. My desires for loved ones to return to the Christian life have been answered. Also for help for physical infirmities for myself."

A Believer. "God has, in answer to prayer, delivered me from a great trouble. I could not see my way through, but he lifted the shadow and restored my happiness and peace of mind."

Mrs. W. H. R. "The Lord's blessings have been without number to me. He answered a prayer, for which I will thank and acknowledge him as long as I live."

S. C. L. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many of my prayers, and kept me when seemingly I was utterly forsaken by earthly friends, in a time of trouble."

W. P. O. "I was in great trouble; I called upon the Lord, I plead his promises, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.' Praise his holy name; he heard and answered me."

Mrs. Barton M. "In reading the answered prayer column, I have been greatly strengthened and comforted, and I praise Him that he has answered my prayers. I ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that they will join in prayer with me, that God will convert my loved ones."

Mrs. N. E. M. "I was in deep trouble; I earnestly prayed to God for help, and the prayer was granted."

Mrs Julia E. N. "I wish to acknowledge how the Lord has answered my prayers. I prayed to him in times of trouble and he has heard. Take everything to the Lord in prayer."

J. L. W. "I wish I could express to suffering humanity what God has done for me, through prayer and supplication. My heart is full."

Miss S. F. C. "I have had many prayers answered. I was released from an awful trouble, and I am still praying for another burden to be taken away. I have faith, and know that the dear Lord will hear and answer my prayers."

Mrs. E. B. O. "God has wonderfully proved to me, when in great trouble, his willingness and power to answer prayer. It is sweet to trust in Jesus."

Naomi. "I want to tell of God's great love for me and the loving kindness he has shown in answering my prayers. I come to him for guidance in everything, and I feel that he will lead me in the way that is best."

S. W. W. "I am seventy-two years old; was taught to pray in early childhood. It has been a great help and a comfort to me all through life. I have had some very signal answers to prayer."

Chas. F. M., Lambertville, N. J. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer in time of difficulty. All who come to him in faith will be helped."

Mrs. E. M. C. "I have, many times, proven the efficacy of 'earnest prayer.' I have tested its divine power, in dark hours of affliction and intense suffering, as well as in health, with its attendant blessings."

S. E. B. W. "I promised the dear Saviour, if he would restore me to health, I would publicly acknowledge his goodness. He heard my prayers. I am praying earnestly for greater faith in him."

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SEE PAGE 644

London's Monumental Charities and their Distinguished Patrons

1 Princess Beatrice 2 Duchess of Argyle 3 Lady Aberdeen 4 Lady Somerset 5 Princess Christian 6. Miss Agnes Weston 7 Lord Avebury 8 A Tenement Group in the "East End" of London

Questions & Answers

Reader, Bridgeport, Conn. If Christ was perfect when he came into the world, what is the meaning of the statement in Heb 2: 10, that he was made perfect by his sufferings?

There can be no doubt of Christ being perfect. His life in the flesh proved that. But in order that he might be specially prepared for the work he is now doing, as the Head of his Church, the High Priest of his people, he had to undergo temptation and suffering, that he might be able to help the tempted and comfort the sufferer. What they bear, what their struggles are, he could learn only from experience. That he did learn, that he bore all so nobly, was a proof of his being perfect. The man who has encountered temptation and has triumphed, belongs to a higher order than the innocent man who has never been tested. His holiness has been proved by his trial. The physician who knows how to treat yellow fever, is better able to deal with the disease after he has passed through an epidemic of it, than he was before he put his theories to a practical test.

Embarrassed Christian, Brooklyn, N. Y. Three years ago I became engaged to a young lady who is a teacher in the Sunday School in which I have a class. For about a year past I have realized that the engagement was a mistake. I am not attracted by any one else, but I have ceased to love her and I am not happy in her society. Ought I to break the engagement or abide by my promise?

You are in a painful position and need to exercise extreme care and delicacy. A perfectly frank talk with the lady may relieve you of your embarrassment. There must be some reason for the change in your feelings, unless your engagement was made before you knew her well. Perhaps the cause of the change may be removed by an explanation. Certainly it would be folly to marry her if you have ceased to love her. Better for both of you to separate now than to enter on a loveless marriage.

J. S. M., Wichita, Kans. 1. Why did Christ tell Mary not to touch him when he appeared to her after the resurrection? 2. Can a Christian know when he is sanctified?

1. The question has often been asked, and is not easy to answer. We can imagine, however, that Jesus wished Mary to understand that the old relations of familiar intercourse were changed. When he ascended to the Father there would be a close fellowship, but of a different kind from that which had subsisted in the past. Christ's body was a spiritual body after the resurrection, different from the fleshly body in which he had mingled with his friends. The same body, but spiritualized, and to be treated with reverence rather than with the freedom of ordinary association. 2. He may know it by his power to resist evil, by his growth in grace, by his humility and devotion to service. If he is proud and Pharisaical, he has good reason for doubting whether sanctification has even begun in his soul.

M. F., Walla Walla, Wash. How many soldiers all told are there in the United States army and navy, respectively?

In the army, there are in active service, under the Act of Congress of Feb. 2, 1901, a total enlisted strength, staff and line of 59,866, exclusive of the provisional force and the hospital corps. The Act referred to limits the army to 100,000. The total enlisted force of the navy is 28,644 men, exclusive of the marine corps.

L. P., Macon, Mo. Did the law of Moses provide that judges should be recompensed for service rendered in that capacity? How much were they to be paid?

The judges were chosen from among the patriarchal seniors for their moral fitness. (See Ex. 18:14—24; Josh. 4:2-4; and 22:14, and 24:1). They were invested with princely and almost royal dignity, and being usually chiefs of their tribe or house, they were doubtless already wealthy. The office of judge was one of honor rather than emolument, and often came as a reward for special service to the tribe or nation. It was akin to the position of *Emir* among the Arabians, or *Khan* among the Persian Tartars. The judge was usually assisted in his duties by the chiefs of families and other subordinates who formed his council, in matters of State policy, and aided in carrying out his decisions in civil and criminal cases. The office of judge was held during life, but was not hereditary. The judge could enforce, but not enact laws. There was no income attached to the office, nor any appropriation for expenses, but it is probable that the incumbent was generally allotted a large share in spoils of war, or in tribute coming as gifts to the tribe or nation (see Judges 8:24). Moses in his long farewell exhortation to the Israelites (see Deuteronomy), which Josephus gives very fully, enumerates the functions of the judges, but makes no mention of salary being attached to the office.

R. L. C., Hominy Creek, N. C. 1. Is the belief that Jesus is the Son of God all that is necessary at the beginning of a religious life? 2. Is the Holy Spirit given at conversion or at a later period in the converted person's life?

1. No, it is not all that is necessary. Many persons believe it without entering on a religious life. If a man starts with that belief and proceeds to the logical inferences from it and acts upon them, it may be the beginning. Thus: Christ, being the Son of God, must have had a purpose in coming into the world and suffering and dying; that purpose was to save sinners; I am a sinner in need of salvation; I will place my case in his hands. 2. The Holy Spirit convinces of sin and leads men to conversion. But that is not all he does. After conversion he sanctifies and leads men into the truth and to holiness of life. He also endows them for service. We gather from your letter that the gift to which you refer, is the latter. If so, it is received after conversion.

L. M., Ceryl, Nebr. Are lightning rods a sure protection against a stroke of lightning? Is it advisable to rod our buildings?

Exposed buildings in the suburbs or the open country always should be protected by rods. Where they are shaded by tall trees, it is not so important, as the trees act as conductors. In nineteen cases out of twenty, properly placed rods will protect a building.

L. C. R., Toronto, Ont. I gained considerable light from your answer to a correspondent who asked about prayer for definite blessings. I would like your opinion about a special case. I need money for a certain proper purpose and am about to ask a person to advance it to me. Am I right in praying that God would influence his mind to accede to my request?

There can be no objection to your doing so. The spirit of our former answer to which you allude, would, however, rather lead you to lay your difficulty before God in prayer and ask that he would supply your need. This would be better than settling on your own plan for getting relief and asking him to bless that. He may influence the person's mind as you wish, or he may send deliverance through another channel, or he may see that it is best for you not to have the money at all. The best way is to put your difficulty in God's hands and trust him to deal with it as he will.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Viewed from a spiritual standpoint alone, is the world growing better? 2. I understood a preacher to state in his sermon "there is not a heathen temple in all Europe" Is this true?

1. See answer to John I., Dallas, Tex., in July 26 "Mail-Bag." 2. Turkey in Europe is filled with the temples and shrines of the Mohammedan faith, which, though recognizing God, is yet practically heathen in form and teaching.

E. W. P., Salem, Ore. We do not believe that undraped figures are necessarily "high art." The finest productions of the greatest masters in painting and sculpture are, almost without exception, artistically draped and are pure and chaste in sentiment. There is a class of art, it is true, which takes the opposite view, but it violates good taste and social convention by dragging into public gaze that which properly belongs to the artist's studio or the life-class. There is no more reason why such art should be paraded in public than there would be for holding a medical clinic in public. Besides, to the young and untrained mind, there is a danger which it is our duty to guard against, and for their sakes, if for no other reason, all art that is in the smallest degree liable to suggest wrong ideas, or to excite abnormal feeling, should be excluded from public places, and from the home.

Reader, Newark, N. J. In some of the letters published in your recent interesting symposium on "The Problem of the Poor," the writers mention the "instalment plan" as one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of the honest poor. Do you so regard it?

While the instalment plan is certainly a great boon to many a one who cannot pay outright for his purchase, it is true that it is a heavy burden on the debtor. One who buys on instalments usually pays from 25 to 50 per cent. more than he would pay in cash. This is asked by the dealer to cover the risk of losses by fire, evasion of liability by buyers who change their places of residence, etc. In a large instalment business, such risks are considerable and must be taken into account, otherwise the dealer would lose heavily. While buying on the instalment plan is doubtless a convenience to many, those who buy for cash, or "do without," are the better off.

Workingman, Kansas City, Mo. Why do ministers flatter the rich in these days, instead of condemning them as Christ did?

Christ did not condemn the rich. He said their riches made it hard for them to enter the kingdom, and he warned them not to trust in riches. When he bade the rich young ruler sell all he had and give to the poor, he was merely showing a man who thought himself perfect that there was a defect in his character. He wanted him to see that there were things he valued more than his salvation. Ministers of the Gospel have no authority to condemn the rich on account of their riches, but they are justified in condemning them if they do not make a proper use of their wealth. It is character, not possessions, which determines a man's standing before God.

Jessie D., Rahway, N. J. What do the words "shan," "chen" and "cheng," which we read in the foreign dispatches, mean?

"Shan" is hill or mountain; "chen," a market, and "cheng," a town. "Hien" means town of the third rank; "chan," one of the second rank, and "fu," one of the first or highest rank.

Inquirer, Pittsfield, Mass. Does the prohibition of adding to or taking from in Rev. 22: 18 apply to that particular book or to the whole Bible? If so, have not the revisers disregarded it?

It applies to the book of Revelation, as is shown by the reference to the plagues. It would not be likely to apply to the whole Bible, because it is improbable that all the Bible was completed at the time that verse was written. The Epistle to the Hebrews and the Gospel of John are two books that give evidence of a later date. Any one who tampered with any part of the Bible would, however, incur an awful responsibility. The revisers are not affected by the prohibition which did not apply to a translation. The revisers did good service in trying to render the original more accurately into English.

Golden Treasury for the Children of God, By Bogatzky

HERE is a book, of which millions of copies have been sold, and which has been a spiritual comfort to millions of people. It has been translated into nearly all European languages, and with the exception of ***The Pilgrim's Progress,*** no book outside of the Bible has been so largely circulated or so widely read.

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The Christian Herald Book Dept.,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Miscellaneous

L. Woodruff, Binghamton, N. Y. Biographic sketches of the Prohibition candidates for President and Vice-President appeared in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Inquirer, Richmond, Va. The Presidential vote from 1884 to date was as follows:

	Rep.	Dem.
1884	4,848,334	4,911,0
1888	5,440,216	5,538,..
1892	5,176,108	5,556,0
1896	7,104,779	6,502,0
1900	7,207,923	6,358,.

Dr. D. M. Gillespie, Clay Centre, Kan. writes:

In your "Mail-Bag" of July 6, I notice what you call an "unique suggestion," from C. O. C., Binghamton, N. Y., in which he proposes the raising of funds for the purpose of providing homes for the poor. The idea is not altogether new. The Christian Co-operative Association has this as one of its main objects; but it will aim to keep in possession the ownership of all real estate, charging the users a nominal rental for same, to be used in providing homes for others; as most people given a home or other property, would be unable to hold it, being inexperienced in the battle of life. This society also has a beneficiary feature in which by which it will aim to assist those in need.

The Late Asa W. Twitchell

Asa W. Twitchell, the well-known artist, passed from this life, on April 27, 1904. Mr Twitchell was born at Swanzey, N. H., but for over fifty years made his home in Hurtsville, near Albany, N. Y. The artist's work consisted mainly in portrait painting, in which he was most skilful. One of Mr. Twitchell's pictures entitled "Moses," won him much distinction, a reproduction of this was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some years ago. The artist was an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and exhibited many pictures in New York. Mr. Twitchell was a most conscientious worker, as may be gathered from a remark of his, in speaking of portrait painting, "A portrait should give the person who looks at it an idea of the most prominent traits in the character of the subject, to accomplish this is a light task. Few understand how the artist has to work with his brain before he can interpret the characteristics of a person, as they are expressed by his features." Mr. Twitchell was a man of Christian character, and much beloved for his genial manner and pleasant personality.

NEW YORK JULY 27, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PLOUGHING IN CEYLON — GATHERING THE HARVEST — REAPERS IN THE FIELD

WHEN A CEYLONESE GIRL WEDS

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

URING the same year in which Martin Luther nailed up his theses to the church gate at Wittenberg, the Christian religion was introduced in Ceylon, "The Shining Land," through the landing of the Portuguese at olombo. The Portuguese held more or less complete control of the coasts of eylon for one hundred and fifty three years. The chief results of their occupation ay be found in the numerous Portuguese words incorporated into the native nguage, and more especially in e wide prevalence of Catholicism. wo hundred and forty-six years ave elapsed since Ceylon came nder Protestant rule, yet to-day ere are more Roman Catholics an Protestants in the island.

After the Portuguese came the utch, who ruled the coast provces one hundred and thirty-eight ars, or until 1796. The Dutch ere greedy for gain; but at the me time they were ardent Proestants, so they attempted to amp out Catholicism, and to esblish the Protestant faith, largely y force. A regulation prescribed at no native could hold office nder the Government unless bapzed into the Dutch Protestant urch. The Hindu temples in me parts of the island were deroyed, and the people were forced attend church at the point of the ayonet. This fact explains the istence of those immense stone urch buildings, the remains of hich are still seen here and there roughout the lowlands. In many aces these old buildings have en repaired and are now used missionaries.

Permanent advancement may be id to have begun with the Engh occupation of the island in 1796. is true, under the religious eedom granted by the English, indu temples have been rebuilt d old-time customs re-estabshed; but it has been a free contest between conservatism and progress, and the eat advancement which has been made has all the marks of permanency.

In Jaffna, the northern district of Ceylon, the advance, though slow, shows couraging signs of solidity. When the American missionaries arrived in 1816, but tle had been accomplished, e English Wesleyans having rived only two years earlier. ow there are many self-sus- ining churches, with neat one houses of worship built the people themselves, the istors entirely supported by eir congregations, and the neral business of the churchconducted without help om the missionaries. The nefits of the church are ing extended to outlying stricts through a home misonary organization. A forgn mission society, called the udent's Mission, has opened rk in a needy district over India. Educational interests ave been developed, until ere is now a network of hools over the district, ranging from the lowest grade, up through the high school to the B. A. course in Jaffna College. If the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could see the loyal work done by the college boys in their Y. M. C. A., they would think with us that there was good hope for the future of Christianity in this part of Ceylon. Besides the American Mission, also the English Wesleyans and Church of England, are carrying on extensive and successful work. In their social and domestic life, the Ceylonese are still remarkably primitive. In agriculture and all that relates to the affairs of the household, the ancient usages still prevail. Ploughing and reaping are done after the manner of centuries ago, and the great variety of industrial occupations peculiar to the country have undergone little if any change in the passing generations.

A NATIVE WEDDING CEREMONY IN CEYLON

Marriages in Ceylon are conducted after the manner that has been followed from time immemorial in Hindu lands. Bethrothal is as binding as marriage itself. From the day a girl is betrothed she can no longer be seen with propriety by any man save her father and brothers.

The marriage ceremony is tedious. All the rights are performed in Sanscrit, which is recited by the officiating priest with great rapidity. The marriage is usually solemnized in the house of the bride's father. Thither the bridegroom proceeds, attended by his friends, and from thence conducts the bride to his home in a grand procession, usually by night, with torches and rejoicings. On both occasions considerable expenditure is incurred in feasting the friends and relatives, and in providing ornaments, music, processions, and illuminations. The wealthy spend freely, and the poorer classes often incur debts which burden them for many years.

Writing of marriage in India and Ceylon, Rev. E. Stoarow (a missionary), says: "In Ceylon, as in India, parents look out for suitable marriage alliances among their neighbors and friends; but since their opportunities for this and acquiring all necessary information are very limited, the services of the *ghatuks* (or matchmakers), are engaged—a class of women and men who make it their business to gather all the information possible of eligible brides and bridegrooms, keeping, in fact, a kind of registry office of all such cases for a whole neighborhood, for its convenience and their own profit. When the most eligible person on the list is selected, negotiations are commenced by the *ghatuk*, and then by the fathers or some other members of the families, until all the tedious and intricate conditions as to time, ceremonies, and expense are settled, or the negotiations broken off. The actual marriage may be delayed for months, or even years."

ASHORE THRO' THE SURF

A NATIVE BARBER

WHAT WE OWE TO THE BIBLE

A Sermon by the Most Rev. Randall T. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury*

ET there be light. It is at once the motto and the condition of all progress that is worthy of the name. From chaos into order, from slumber into wakefulness, from torpor into the glow of life—yes, and "from strength to strength," it has been a condition of progress that there should be light. God saw the light, that it was good. That surely is the thought which is ours to-day. We thank God for his revelation in the Bible, and specially to-day, with thousands who in other lands are gathered like ourselves, we are thanking him for this—that he is making these joint prayers and praises possible, and practical and intelligent by means of our having in our hands throughout the world, "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born," the written record of the story of our Father's love. That is our special thought this morning. Not the infinite marvel of the Gospel message; not the significance of the cradle at Bethlehem, and the uplifted Cross on Calvary, and the open grave, and the Pentecostal gift; but something more limited than that—the deliberate recollection and the thankful acknowledgment of what we owe to the written record—humanly compiled, but divinely ordered and guided—the record of that stupendous fact in the world's story, and of the preparation, and the discipline, and the prayers which had gone before.

Divine in its Origin

It is just in proportion as the divinely ordered record has been known and read of all men—just in proportion as those on whom rested the responsibility of guidance have let it make its way and do its work, and bear its message straight to the heart of gentle and simple, of the learned and the ignorant, that its power has become patent, and that its fruitfulness for good—inexplicable otherwise—has proclaimed to every thoughtful observer the Divinity of its origin. And yet in the checkered story of the Bible's life, since first as a written Bible for the people's use it was delivered and expounded to the listening crowds of men, and women, and children from Ezra's pulpit of wood, "in the broad place that was before the water-gate" at Jerusalem, at sunrise on a September day, 2,350 years ago—since first that happened it has again and again been true to say that men, consciously or unconsciously, have loved darkness rather than light, or, at least, that the light has shined in the darkness, and the darkness apprehended it not.

Go back in thought, and picture the scene enacted upon this very spot less than four hundred years ago, when on Shrove Sunday, 1527, a great platform was erected in the nave, whereon sat the high potentates of English Church and Realm. Opposite the platform, over the north door of the cathedral, was a great crucifix, a famous image, and at the foot of it, inside a rail a fire was burning, with a multitude of condemned books ranged around it in baskets, waiting for the flames. What were those books? They were the "Testaments" in English, the very translation of which forms the basis of that which we have read to-day.

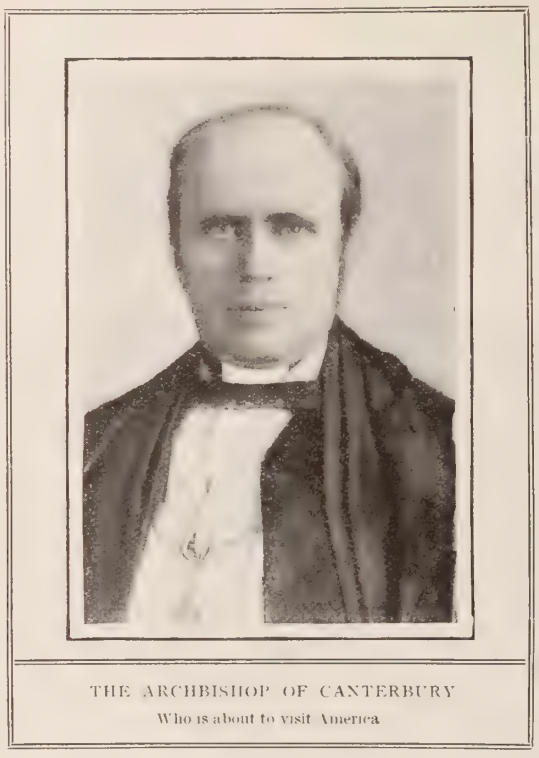
The Burned Books

We are not met here now to pass judgment upon the opinions or the prejudices of other days and other men, They may have been as conscientious as our own. But at least we can thank God for the ampler light. The baskets were cast upon the flames, not because those who burned them wished to withhold from any man the Word of God, but because they honestly believed the form of these vernacular translations to be erroneous, or their circulation to be misleading, and, therefore, harmful. What stood in the way was darkness and prejudice, rather than any deliberate intention to mar the Divine purpose or to withold the Divine message. Princes—our Sovereign himself had health allowed—princes and clergy and people meet to-day within these walls to thank God for the distribution to every nation under heaven of just such Bibles for the use of man and woman and child as those which so good Christians as Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More committed with solemn censure to the flames. By degrees the light spread, and "God saw that it was good."

We are all, I imagine, persuaded in our minds that among the means of extending that light, the Bible itself has for centuries taken the foremost place. But with man's proneness to distort or misuse even the grandest of God's gifts, this very privilege has had a peril of its own. People have forgotten, in the using of it, the manner in which the book, under the guiding hand of God, came to take the form in which we know it now, and have neglected the help thus given to us for understanding how to use without abusing it, how to accept it as both human and Divine.

Some here will remember a notable sermon by one of the greatest preachers of our own or any age, in which he compares the double aspect of Holy Scripture, as the Word of God and the word of man, with the two aspects in which his contemporaries looked upon the earthly life of the Lord Jesus Christ himself—"The Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." But some taking the lower view asked, "Is not this the carpenter?" You may dwell on the human side; you may dwell on the Divine. Realize one of these alone, and you will fail to apprehend him aright. And the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God—the living Word—has its parallel in the mystery of the inspiration of the written Word of God.

The Bible is God's Word. "As truly and as certainly as in Jesus Christ dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, so truly and so certainly in the hearts of those who gave us this Book dwelt the Divine Spirit of God." God, who speaks to us in the Bible, spoke first in the souls of those whom he stirred to give us these words.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who is about to visit America

They are, therefore, their words as well as his. God was speaking through the lips of real men. "It was the tender thought, the glowing aspiration, the lofty hope, the trembling fear, the solemn awe, the stern indignation of men moved to the very depths of their nature by the power of God working in them, that shaped the words which live and burn in the pages of scripture to this very day, and which stir our hearts because they first stirred the hearts of those who uttered them." It is because men, it is because teachers in the Church of God, have forgotten this, that half our perplexities about the Bible have arisen.

The Church has sometimes so insisted on the true Divinity of the written Word that she has almost forgotten its humanity. And hence men have trembled at reasonable, intelligent, reverent criticisms, which seemed to them profane, "instead of meeting them by the simple, straightforward admission that they are, in many cases, at any rate, quite valid, but that they only prove to us what we knew already, that this Word is truly human, and that, in spite of them, we hold it to be also truly Divine."

Mistaken Inferences

"Let there be light." No man, I suppose, will admit, probably no man ever did admit, even to himself, that in these matters it is daylight that he fears. But has it not been true, nevertheless, and true of many of the best and most devout souls, as the Christian centuries have run their course, that—albeit unintentionally or unawares—they were setting themselves, however, impotently, to thwart the Divine purpose. "Let there be light." What else can we say of the persistency with which—untaught by past experience—the guardians and champions of orthodox belief as based on Holy Scripture have, times without number, on the authority of their own interpretation of the Bible, denounced as presumptuous or even blasphemous error, the discoveries and aims of scientific men?

It was on the strength of Biblical text that t scheme of Christopher Columbus was condemned the Spanish Junta in 1490 as vain and indefensible. 1616, Galileo's teaching that the earth moves round t sun was formally censured by the consulting theolo ans of the Holy Office, "because expressly contrary Holy Scripture." A generation or two afterwar English students were warned by high authority agai the investigations of so true and profound a Christi thinker as Sir Isaac Newton as being "built on fallit phenomena, and advanced by many arbitrary presur tions against evident testimonies of Scripture." A the lives of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, of Kepler, and many more, down even to our own day and to incide fresh in the recollection of many of us, suggest to t thoughtful student of Holy Scripture the imperati need of a reverent and humble-minded caution in o attitude towards every controversy of the kind.

Religion and Science

We have been oftentimes reminded that it is only t foundation of God that remaineth sure, and on th foundation have been built also the irrefragable conc sions of science. We are not, indeed, required to a cept at once every unproven hypothesis, or to mista for absolute science mere assertions about that whi is unknowable. Some of the votaries of science ha had as little right to speak in its name as theologians speak authoritatively and finally in the name of G True science and true religion are twin sisters, ea studying her own sacred Book of God, and nothing b disaster can arise from the petulant scorn of the or or from the timidity or the tyrannies of the other. "L there be light." From the Father of light cometh eve good and every perfect gift.

And as with the scientific knowledge which has be so strangely supposed to be contradictory to Scriptu rightly used and rightly understood, so, too—must not say it to-day?—so, too, with every reverent a honest investigation into the history and the charac of the sacred volume itself. "Let there be light." wonder sometimes whether those who find themselv depressed or distraught because the investigations modern students, as devout and honest as themselv have suggested a re-setting of some of our traditior opinions about the dates and composition of the ancie Hebrew books of our Bible, and who feel such res ting to be audacious, if not profane, have ever ask themselves quietly and with real deliberation, up what authority it is that they base their firm beliefs to these questions of authorship and date—nay, as the contents and the limits of the Scriptural can itself. Upon what authority, for example, do you dr the line which includes the Book of Ecclesiastes, Esther, and excludes the Book of Wisdom, or whi includes the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and exclud the Epistles of St. Clement? I am not for a mome disputing the correctness of the line we draw. I l lieve it to be perfectly right. But who drew it? Wh is the authority upon which you rightly trust it.

New Light on the Bible

To ask ourselves such questions is helpful, I thir as a reminder to us that upon some of the largest a deepest problems of date, or of authorship, or of what called canonicity—in which we perhaps accept a par cular theory as a matter of course, and are even shock if it be challenged—we can hardly claim divine or i fallible authority for the answer which, on the basis our present knowledge, we rightly and even unhesit ingly give. As regards the Old Testament, we ha had access in these latter days, under the overruli providence of God, to a wholly new range of fac about the dawn of civilization in the ancient nations the world. Egypt and Assyria now vie with each oth in their once undreamed-of contributions to the elucid tion of our Sacred Book. And every fresh discover every new disinterment of significant tablet or cylind or inscription from its resting-place of literally thc sands of years, seems, to me, at least, to do somethi more towards the strengthening and deepening of o belief in the genuine inspiration of the written Wo of God, and in the distinctive glory of its divine ordered message. We can give a new application the Gospel sentence, "If they hear not Moses and tl prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though o rose from the dead."

"Let there be light." If it be true, as one sometim fears it is, that there is less of the deliberate, prayerf devotional study of the Word of God in our homes a on our knees than there used to be in days gone by, is certainly true, I think, to say, that there never was time when so many people as now were bringing tl whole power of trained intelligence, and of culture thoughtfulness to bear upon its every part. And th sustained effort cannot but be fruitful, cannot but rea in its turn—and react healthfully for us and for o children—upon the other mode of Bible study, th

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at the celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Text: Gen. 1: 3: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good."

WORSHIPING BY THE SEA

OCEAN GROVE'S SUMMER PROGRAMME DRAWS MULTITUDES TO THE GREAT RELIGIOUS RESORT

OCEAN GROVE, the beautiful "Mecca by the Sea," is this year crowded with a vast multitude of worshipers and more are constantly arriving. Bishop Fitzgerald preached a soul-searching sermon to a large audience at the opening service of the season, "Sanctify yourselves" being his theme. The summer programme is full of interest. Prof. Tali Essen Morgan, seeing the possibilities of making the Grove a leading musical resort, as well as encouraging the spiritual life, has within the last five years achieved a great success. He organized a permanent orchestra of sixty-five pieces, and a choir of from five hundred to eight thousand voices. Oratorios have been sung, as well as simple choruses, in which all the congregation have been able to join. The concerts are attended by a large audience.

On Sunday mornings, at an early hour, hundreds wend their way to Mr. Yatman's Young People's Meetings. On the outside of the Temple these words meet the eye:

And the hour shall be filled with music,
With songs, and praise, and prayer;
And the burdens of life be lifted
For all who enter there.

Over the great platform Mr. Yatman has placed these words in large letters:

Sow a thought, reap an act;
Sow an act, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a destiny.

Thousands gather in the Auditorium to hear the new Bishop of the Methodist Church, preach. Luther Barton Wilson, D.D., is the youngest Bishop in the M. E. Church (he is forty-five years of age), and one of the most popular. He is a Baltimorean, but has been assigned to Chattanooga, Tenn., as his official residence. His text was from Matt. 12:12. He gave God's estimate of man. He paid an eloquent tribute to the heights of attainment to which man may come. He said: "I believe that Ocean Grove has a sane idea of what a man is worth, and is adapting itself to develop the best in man." He deplored the fact that the aged mother, or the old soldier—both worn in service—should have the question asked of them so often: "What are they worth?"

ONE OF THE MUSICAL CLUBS OF OCEAN GROVE

The "Beach Meetings" too, are attended by thousands. Dr. Ballard is in charge, and Rev. C. H. Yatman is usually one of the speakers. He told of a man who had emigrated to California, from the East, in order to make a living. He secured three acres of land, which he planted with cabbage. A friend came out to see him, and looking out upon these fields of cabbage heads said: "Why man, what are you doing?" He answered, "I am trying to make my living by raising cabbages." The other laughed, and told him: "Why, what do you mean? Do you know that you are in a gold country, and with little effort you could realize a fortune? Give me a spade"—and turning up a handful of earth, he showed gold-dust enough to pay for all the cabbages. Mr. Yatman said: "Harken, men, many of you are only bringing to perfection cabbage heads, while you ought to be digging in the mine of gold—even the blessed Word of God, and shaping your characters thereby."

One of the recent features was a patriotic oration of General O. O. Howard, which was prefaced by the reading of "The Declaration of Independence," by Dr. Fred. S. Shepherd, Principal of the Asbury Park Schools. Seats were reserved for the Grand Army of the Republic in front of the platform.

On July 22, 23, and 24, the Silver Jubilee of the National Temperance Society was celebrated. Among the speakers announced were Bishop Fitzgerald, Rev. D. S. Dodge, Rev. O. R. Miller, Rev. Hervey Wood, Rev. T. L. Poulson, and Rev. Dr. Locke.

The regular meetings at the Grove will occupy the days to come. Bishop Fitzgerald has charge of the Holiness Meeting, nine o'clock every morning. The Sunday School Assembly began July 5, and continued ten days. Rev. Dr. Munhall, of Philadelphia, has charge of the Sunday Afternoon Bible Class. Mrs. Skirno is at the head of the Primary Department. The oratorios of "Stabat Mater," "Elijah" and "Messiah," will be sung during the summer, with Professor Morgan as leader. A Musical Festival will be given by the children, Aug. 11, when a thousand children are expected to take part. The Temperance, Foreign, and Home Missionary Societies will hold their meetings in August. The ministers and laymen who will take part in the services at the Auditorium are Rev. R. I. Cooke, Governor Alexander, Bishop Bashford, Rev. Cortlandt Myers, Fred. I. Stanley, Secretary of the American Sabbath Union. A Bible Conference will be in session four days July 26, and the Spiritual Culture Society, August 15. August 19, the great Camp Meeting will begin, and will close August 28. Elim Cottage, a home for ministers and their families, is in a flourishing condition, under the new management of Mrs. Raymond. The Elim Association is composed of the leading ladies of Ocean Grove, Mrs. Rev. Alfred Cookman being President. Many a tired minister, missionary, and Christian worker, finds rest in this sheltered home by the sea.

The labors of the Ocean Grove Association have been blessed of God, and with grateful hearts we see his purpose in opening a resort where music in its influence, eloquence with its force, and above all spiritual power, may be brought in touch with the people, without the evil that is in the world.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

THE COOL, QUAINT ELIM HOME

OCEAN GROVE'S MUSICAL LEADER, PROF. MORGAN

WHAT WE OWE TO THE BIBLE

Continued from preceding page

mode which shapes itself in prayer. For this surely is unquestionable—he who sets himself in faith and hope to evoke from the Bible such secrets as it will disclose about the story of its structure and its growth, will find himself, so to speak, forced to his knees by the very divineness of the message of guidance and of revelation which it will impart to his inmost soul.

A Living Message

If there be, here and there, a "removing of those things that are shaken," it will be in order "that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." Bring to the study of God's Word every implement which you possess of intelligence and education to aid you in the task, but remember that what, after all, matters most, is that you should learn how God meant, through that life of other days, to speak to your own life now. It is in the truest sense a "revelation," an unveiling of some One who is now alive and near, and who has, every whit, as truly as in Bible times, a message for your daily life.

It is in order to make the learning of that supreme lesson, the realization of that Divine presence, more possible in the households of every land that the great society, for whose centenary we give thanks to-day, has applied itself single-heartedly to the task of placing within the reach of old and young the opportunity of possessing for themselves the written message of the Word of God. Various teachers will in different ways interpret that message, and from widely different standpoints will bring its lessons home. From every corner of the mission field—from every kindred and people and tongue—comes the grateful recognition of this elemental provision of the material or the weapon on which each Christian teacher must rely. As we trace the story of the Bible Society's successive conflicts for a hundred years with the giant obstacles of poverty and distance and language, we look upwards and outwards and onwards. We thank God and take courage. The object of it all is one—"That they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent."

I end with words spoken from this pulpit fourteen years ago, by the most eloquent, perhaps, of its countless occupants:—"As we drift—along the swift, relentless current of time—towards the end of life; as days, and weeks, and months, and years follow each other in breathless haste, and we reflect now and then for a moment that, at any rate for us, much of this earthly career has passed irrevocably; what are the interests, the thoughts, ay, the books, which really command our attention? what do we read and leave unread? what time do we give to the Bible?

The Incomparable Book

"No other book, let us be sure of it, can equally avail to prepare us for that which lies before us; for the unknown anxieties and sorrows which are sooner or later the portion of most men and women; for the gradual approach of death; for the passage into the unseen world; for the sight and sounds which then will burst upon us; for the period, be it long or short, of waiting and preparation; for the Throne and Face of the Eternal Judge. Looking back from that world, how shall we desire to have made the most of our best guide to it? 'O Lord Thy Word endureth for ever in heaven; Thy Truth also remaineth from one generation to another.'"

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book One—On the Rocks of Provence

CHAPTER I

THE MARQUIS AND THE PEASANT

THE marquis stepped daintily through the narrow wicket door, walked a few yards, drew a short line in the ground with his cane, and waited. The man clambering up the rocky eminence toward the marquis carried a bit of white cloth in his hand, which he waved as he drew near.

There was a great contrast between the man and the marquis. The latter was dressed in the very height of a fashion that had passed. Nothing had been so thoroughly revolutionized by the revolution in France as the fashion. "Other times, other clothes," was a Republican maxim. The marquis and the man were cases in point. The man approaching was a tall, burly, rough-looking person, with a sinister cast of countenance which was not without some evidence of courage and force, although utterly devoid of any kind of breeding or of kindness.

He was clad in a coarse, ill-fitting, long-skirted uniform of blue and red, with white trousers and black gaiters. From a belt over his shoulder depended a formidable ship's cutlass. Another belt around his waist carried a brace of huge pistols. On his head, in place of a hat, he wore a kind of knitted cap, a Liberty Cap, it was called.

Peasant was writ large all over him—but peasant free! Unfortunately, his liberty had blossomed, as liberty often did, into excess. The marquis, who had been surveying him with a mixture of amusement and contempt, broke the silence.

"You can come nearer, Jean Garron," he said loftily. "There! Plant your feet on that line."

In spite of himself, the man moved forward to the place indicated.

"Yes, Monsieur le—" He recovered himself just in time. "Citizen Vaudémont," he said harshly.

"Pardon," said the marquis, "you will address me as you started out or our conference terminates immediately."

"The Republic," growled the man savagely, "has abolished all titles, cit——"

"Not that!" interrupted the older man.

"Oh, as you will," answered the other, with affected carelessness; "there are none to hear anyway, and where no one knows there is no harm in breaking the law."

"That, doubtless, is a convenient code of conduct for Jean Garron; but you did not ask this parley to give me your views upon ethical questions I infer, and as I do not wish to hold any further conversation with you than is necessary, you would better state your business, if you have any, and retire."

The manner of the marquis was intensely aggravating. Swallowing his wrath as best he could, Garron began:

"Yonder are my forces. There are two hundred brave sansculottes, patriotic, liberty-loving citizens of the Republic——"

"I have observed those worthy citizens," interrupted the marquis caustically.

"I have received word from General Carteaux that Admiral St. Julien has sent me a battalion of marines, with a field-piece. I am a captain in the navy of the Republic, cit—Monsieur L'Amiral——"

"The Republic must be in desperate straits to make you a captain, monsieur."

"You can call me 'citizen,'" growled Garron; "'tis the order of the Republic."

"I shall call you anything I want, Garron," responded the marquis contemptuously. "You a captain! You on the quarter-deck! You are not fit to take charge of a cock-boat! You are just what you always were, an insubordinate, insolent, common sailor! I have not forgotten that I had you well flogged on *Le Tonnant* on our last cruise."

The marquis did not mince words. What he thought that he said, and his speech evidently was not agreeable to his auditor.

"No," cried the other fiercely, "and I have not forgotten it either! I'm going to see that you pay for it now!"

"I always strive to discharge my debts," replied the marquis equably, taking snuff as he spoke, "and my only regret is that my obligation to you is not heavier. I let you off too easily. Do not step over that line!" he added sharply.

"Why not, pray?"

"Well, really, I do not see that any explanation need be made you. My wish should suffice. But possibly

"See!" Cried Garron, pointing down the Valley

I can serve my king and country better by allowing you to live and fill that position to which your talents have elevated you, than by having you killed."

"I don't understand," interrupted Garron.

"It is very simple. You can do more harm to the Republic in command of one of her ships than you can dead. Therefore, I again advise you not to step over that line."

"Why not? In two bounds I could be on you, and you would be nothing in my hands."

"Before you took those two bounds, however," continued the marquis suavely and imperturbably, "or, to be more accurate, between the first and second leap you would be dead."

"How?"

"Shot!"

"By you?"

"Cast your eyes to the right, Monsieur le Capitaine. There!" said the marquis pointing, "the sunlight fal upon it. Do you mark it?"

"A gun-barrel!"

"Yes."

"And behind it?"

"The best marksman in France."

"Brébœuf!"

"Just so. And he has orders to fire if you cross tha line! You were never nearer death than at this mo ment, Jean Garron. Yes, you may well shrink back.

"Curses on you!" cried the man. "I trusted to you honor."

"You did well. But if I had trusted to yours Pouf!" The marquis smiled and made a little air gesture. "I know you, you see, Garron. Honor i France died with the king, God rest his soul!" sai the old gentleman, lifting his hat. "Is the intervie over?"

"Name of a dog, no! I have not sai anything that I intended to say."

"Yet, my good Garron, you hav talked not a little and you have occupie some time. The conversation is tire some to me, and my time I woul devote to other things to better advar tage. Unless you have something t say of importance I will bid you *a revoir*."

"I have something important to say, answered Garron, "and I will say i bluntly. You have a granddaughter."

"I suppose," said the marquis reflect ively, "that there is no way by which can prevent you from speaking abou her. But I give you my word that i you had not trusted to my honor would run you through like the dog yo are, for daring to mention her name.

"Talk," said Garron sapiently, "break no bones. I am here to say somethin and say it I will!"

"Go on."

"I love your-granddaughter."

If the earth had suddenly opened be neath his feet the marquis would no have been more astonished.

"You!" he cried.

A thousand years of overwhelming overpowering, assured domination wa packed into the monosyllable.

"Even I," answered Garron, boldly "Why not? I am a man if I was born peasant. I am a man if you did flo me at the gangway. The Republic——"

"Someone," interrupted the marqui in unconscious prophecy, "will blov that Republic of yours out of existenc with a whiff of grapeshot some day."

"That may be. It stands firm enough at present. It will last my time, I fancy It has made us all equal. Indeed, i there be any favored citizens they ar the patriots, who, like myself, hav bared their breasts to the enemy for it defense."

The marquis laughed. He had re covered his imperturbability, and th situation even seemed humorous to him

"You may laugh, monsieur," ex claimed Garron hotly, "but your fate i in my hands. You are an *émigré* wh has returned to France. Sentence o death has been passed upon you an your whole brood. I stood by *la mèr guillotine* when the young captain d Vaudémont had his head taken off. I dipped thi rag in his blood," he cried, drawing forth a grimy ominously stained piece of cloth from his breast an throwing it at the old man's feet. "I have kept it t show you. 'Twas I who laid information agains him."

"Brébœuf!" cried the marquis sharply, infuriated a this terrific exhibition.

There was a sudden movement of the gun-barre through the loop-hole in the wall.

"Monsieur," cried Garron, "I trusted to your honor!"

"Do not try me too far!" said the marquis. "Sa what you have to say and be gone!"

"'Tis this. You and that brat of a boy, your grand son, shall be beheaded, the woman I shall take for m wife when I have taken the tower. Now, I offer yo and the boy and anybody else you may have within those walls, saving one, life, a boat on the shore in

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

sheltered cove below here—your own boat, for I have taken St. Martin; he's feeding the fish now. You may go anywhere you will and I will honor the woman by marrying her. Otherwise——"

"Have you done?" asked the marquis quietly.

"Yes."

"Hear me, you dog. I would kill her with my own hands rather than see her fall into yours! As to taking the tower, you have tried for a week."

"Not with a field-piece, monsieur. See!" He pointed far down the valley to an opening in the mountains. A little cloud of dust hung over the wood. Through it the sunlight gleamed on spear-points and bayonets. "There they come! Be advised. Give me the woman. I will——"

"Brébœuf!" called the marquis in a loud voice, "I am going to count ten. If, when the count is completed this person is not half way down the hill I order you to fire."

"But—" began Garron.

"You have heard," said the marquis. "One!"

Garron hesitated, his face a picture of rage. He glanced from the marquis to that threatening gun-barrel.

"Two!" said the marquis.

The man shook his fist at the old gentleman and turned on his heel.

"Three!" said the marquis.

Garron started down the hill.

"Four!" said the marquis.

He quickened his pace.

"I said half way down the hill," cried the old man, counting five.

The rapid walk broke into a run. The marquis counted ten, but Garron had almost reached his camp before the number was completed.

The marquis picked up the bit of cloth at his feet, glanced contemptuously at the flying man, apprehensively at the approaching soldiery, and then quickly retraced his steps and re-entered the tower through the wicket gate.

CHAPTER II

THE SILENT BRÉBŒUF

THE Chateau de Bollène had been a famous stronghold five hundred years before. For centuries its barons had levied tribute on land and sea. The abrogation of the feudal privileges of the great provincial nobility had brought about the abandonment of the rude pile of stone upon the edge of the Mediterranean. It had been dismantled, and was, in 1793, little better than a ruin. Indeed the only portion of it left habitable and consequently defensible, was the low tower into which the marquis had just entered.

Within the tower, which was about twenty feet in diameter and circular in shape, there was a single large room, with a low, heavily beamed ceiling. The walls were pierced with loopholes on all sides. A dilapidated stone stairway led to a second story. On the roof there was a crumbling parapet in which an improvised flagstaff had been fixed for the temporary support of the white banner of France. There was no furniture of any sort in either the upper or lower room. The lower was dimly lighted from the loopholes and from the opening in the ceiling for the stairs. There were windows in the upper room, but the openings gaped as empty as the family fortune.

In the room there were three people. One of them was bending over his gun, which was still thrust through a loophole nearest the spot where the marquis had parleyed with Garron. This was an elderly man of gigantic build. He was dressed in the peculiar and distinctive costume of the Breton peasantry, save that he wore shoes instead of sabots. Out of deference to the other occupants he had removed his hat, and his long gray hair fell upon his broad shoulders. He neither turned, moved, nor spoke when the marquis entered. Bending slightly, the better to see through the narrow opening, he kept his eyes fixed on the enemy.

Musket in hand, at another loophole some distance from the man, stood a woman, tall, sturdy, powerful. She wore a small cap upon her head. Her short dress disclosed a pair of stout limbs and heavily shod feet. Her sleeves were rolled up and her naked arms looked almost strong enough to match those of a man. As the marquis entered she allowed the butt of her musket to drop on the stone floor, and turned to look at him.

In the middle of the room, also gun in hand, stood a second woman. She was not quite so tall as the other and was cast in a finer mold. In cut and fashion her dress was like that of her humbler sister although more elegant. In material it was much richer. From her appearance she might be eighteen years of age. She had by no means attained her full development, but it was evident that she bade fair to become a tall and beautifully proportioned woman when she had reached her appointed stature. What she lacked in mere physical strength as compared with the other she made up in nervous force.

The older woman at the loophole was excited and trembling. The weapon in her hand shook with her agitation. The younger, in the centre of the room, was as calm and composed as the marquis himself. Indeed, in many ways she resembled her grandfather, although he was not so tall for a man as she bade fair to be for a woman. Waiting to be spoken to she said nothing; only the relief in her eyes, and their eager, questioning look proclaimed at once her satisfaction and her interest. The marquis glanced at her with natural pride. Then he turned.

"Watch your loophole, Aurore!" he said sharply.

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis," she responded volubly, glad of a chance to speak. "I thank God, Monsieur le Marquis comes back alive from his interview with that *méchant* Garron."

"I was in no danger, my good Aurore," returned the marquis smiling, "so long as Brébœuf attended to his duty."

"Oh, the immaculate Brebœuf!" rattled on the maid, who, being her young mistress' foster-sister, was a privileged character. "He always attends to his duty."

"He does," retorted the marquis dryly. "Now do you attend to yours."

There was a shake of Brébœuf's broad shoulders, a sort of silent laugh, which showed that he at least appreciated the retort of his master. Abashed for the moment, Aurore lifted her gun and turned once more to her station.

"Mademoiselle," said the marquis, bowing low to his granddaughter—he was quite as courteous to the women of his household as to those of any other—"allow me."

As he spoke, he slipped off the laced coat with its blazonry of orders that he had worn, and laid it carefully in the portmanteau.

"The Republicans," he remarked lightly, "have abolished distinctions and decreed extinctions not only of the gentry but of the noble family of valets as well. Every man is his own lackey——"

"Let me, sir—" interrupted his granddaughter.

"By no means," said the marquis quickly. "I did but jest, Louise. I am a sailor, accustomed to wait upon myself—if I have to. If that were all the Republic had done for France we might forgive it."

As he spoke he donned the plain blue naval uniform with its red facings, exchanged his buckled shoes for a pair of serviceable boots, picked up his musket from the wall where he had rested it, and stood shorn of all his finery save his jeweled sword.

"Now," he remarked, "I am ready for them again. Were you alarmed, like Aurore, for my safety, my dear?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, then you trusted to the honor of Monsieur Garron?"

"No more than you did, sir; I trusted to your tact and courage."

"And Brébœuf's marksmanship."

"Of course," answered the girl, looking at the broad shoulders of the ancient servitor with a faint smile of approbation.

"Could you hear what was going on?"

"You gave me no permission, sir. I did not listen."

"That's well! Should you like to know what Garron wanted?"

"If it please you, sir," said the girl, inclining her head.

Again her grandfather looked upon her with pride and satisfaction. These were the manners he liked. The ancient deference of a child for father, or grandfather, the unquestioning obedience of youth for age, the respect of tender years for rank and position. The submission of femininity to manhood—already old-fashioned in France.

"My dear child," he said, "he came to offer terms."

"Terms, monsieur?"

"Yes. He will let us all go if we yield to him the woman whom he designs to make his wife."

"Give me leave, my lord," cried Aurore, who was keeping a better watch with her ears than her eyes, at the same time dropping her gun to the stone floor with a tremendous clatter and coming forward with arms akimbo, "I would do anything else for you, but marry Jean Garron I won't!"

"Not even to save me, woman?" asked the marquis quietly.

"Oh, as to that," said the other halting lamely, "well, I—I will agree to even that for you and mademoiselle. But leave me your pistols, Monsieur le Marquis, that I may kill him and myself in the bridal chamber."

"I will not have Aurore sacrificed to that brute, grandfather," interrupted Louise.

"Oh, mademoiselle, for you I——"

"Peace, woman!" said the marquis sternly. "Keep to your loophole! He does not want you!"

"Not me!" gasped the woman with her mouth open. "Who can it be——"

"'Tis mademoiselle," said the marquis suavely, "upon whom he deigns to bestow the honor of his name."

"Impossible!" cried the girl.

"It is even so."

"Why didn't you kill him where he stood."

"I was inclined to do so, but he was under the safeguard of my honor. One must keep faith even with these assassins."

"Monsieur!" called out a boyish voice from the roof above; "a body of men in uniform have joined the camp. There are horses among them. The sunlight shines upon a cannon."

"You keep good watch, Honoré," returned the marquis raising his voice. "Garron told me he expected a field-piece. It has come. Report to me anything further that you may see. Do not expose yourself needlessly."

"Very well, sir, I shall be careful," replied the young count.

"Poor boy!" said the marquis softly. "Do you see anything, Brébœuf?"

The old man was chary of words? He turned his head and nodded.

"Has the boy seen correctly?"

Another nod.

"Go you to him above. Watch with him there. You served me faithfully a moment since," he added, as the man withdrew his gun and marched toward the stairway, saluting his master as he passed him. "But then you have served me faithfully all your life. I suppose your fingers itched to pull the trigger?"

Brébœuf, nodding a third time, mounted the stair.

"Well, some day, please God, you may have a chance at that dastard," continued the marquis.

"Grandfather," said the girl, "if they have a cannon they can batter down this crumbling old tower. You said yourself after the attack of yesterday, that if they had a heavy gun we could no longer defend the place."

Another man would have dissembled to another woman. Not so the marquis. Gentle blood in France had faced too many appalling dangers in the recent past to quail at the thought of another, however imminent and terrible.

"You are right, my child. If they put a field-piece on that hill just out of range of our muskets they can knock the tower to pieces."

"And then?"

"Then we can die as become nobles of France, servants of our king."

"Oh, if Captain St. Martin were only here! He swore he would be here with a boat. We have come across the width of France from Paris through every danger without mishap, thinking to find a boat to take us to Italy, to Austria, anywhere, to safety, only to be trapped at last! Has Captain St. Martin proved a traitor?"

"My dear child," said the marquis quietly, "he has proved his fidelity with his life. Garron learned of the plan some way. He seized our friend, killed him, scuttled the boat, or at all events made off with it, and, *voila!* here we are."

"Is there no escape?"

"None."

"What did you say to Garron's proposition, monsieur?"

"I gave him just ten seconds to get down that hill," answered the old man grimly. "You should have seen him run!"

"Monsieur," said the young woman earnestly, coming closer and laying her hand on his shoulder, "you are one of the great nobles of France. A vice-admiral in her navy, a man of experience, ability and courage. You bear a great name and have a rank and position upon which to rally adherents to the support of our boy king, Louis XVII. I am only a girl. My life is of value to no one. I will go to this Jean Garron. I will agree to his terms. I will consent to be his wife. What said Aurore? Our marriage day shall witness his death and mine."

"Oh, mademoiselle!" cried her foster-sister deprecatingly.

"Not even for France, my dear child, would I consent to that," said the marquis. "I despair of the land we love. The people have gone mad. I am an old man. There is but little I can do. If I could not attend my king to the scaffold, at least a death here will not be unfitting. What is there to live for?"

"Another king; a king dies but royalty lives. The land changes masters, but it is still France. For you, and for France, I will go to Jean Garron and——"

"Louise," said the old man drawing from his breast the blood-stained piece of cloth, "you cannot even pretend with him. This man is immediately responsible for the death of my son. To sate his inveterate hatred of the family, he dipped this in the blood of your murdered father at the guillotine."

"Alas! my father!" cried the young comtesse, shrinking away from the grewsome object in the old man's hand.

"You see it is impossible."

The girl hid her face in her hands and shuddered. Aurore burst into sobs where she stood.

"Come, my child, no more of this," said the old man tenderly. "There is nothing else to be done. We must face death as we have faced life, with smiling countenances."

THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

CHAPTER III.

THE COMTESSE TAKES COMMAND

"GRANDFATHER," cried the boy from the room above, "they are running the gun over to the hill nearest the tower."

"I suppose so," said the marquis, stepping over to the loophole and glancing hastily through it.

As he spoke, there came faintly into the room a muffled roar. An instant after the sound was followed by the crash of a heavy shot against the upper wall of the tower, which fairly shook the place.

"A heavy gun!" exclaimed the old man coolly.

Aurore screamed, but the comtesse said nothing. There was a rain of stone upon the floor from the impact of the shot.

"Brébœuf!" called the marquis sharply, "come down you and the comte, at once!"

"Can we do nothing at all, sir?" asked Honoré.

"At present, nothing but wait. Have all the pieces charged, and if the rascals make a practicable breach in the walls, and any of us survive the process, we can give them a warm reception when they attempt to storm the tower!"

While the guns were being reloaded by the careful Brébœuf, by the direction of the marquis, the two men retreated to a position where the stone stairway which happened to rise on the side which was receiving the battering, gave them some additional protection, where, indeed, save for the flying pieces of stone, they were reasonably safe until the inevitable attack was delivered. Brébœuf and the marquis stood withdrawn from the probable line of fire, but at the loopholes, whence they could see what was going on and be in a position to fire should the enemy approach within range of their small arms. By his grandfather's side young Honoré took his post.

For a time no one said anything. The siege gun was served with accuracy and rapidity. The battering on the tower wall was practically continuous. It was a terrific strain for the inmates to remain in quiet inaction and see their only bulwark of defense battered to pieces. But there was nothing else to do. The way they severally bore it was in consonance with their characters and dispositions. Brébœuf stood resting upon his musket, with a gloomy, saturnine countenance, expressing nothing. Aurore sank down on the stairs and whimpered piteously. The boy was quivering with excitement. The old marquis was as composed as if he were attending a levee at Versailles or St. Germain. Once he took out his snuff-box from his pocket, elaborately helped himself, stepped over to his grandson and offered him a pinch with a profound bow. He had noticed the youngster's emotion, and the simple action reassured and strengthened the boy, and he emulated his grandfather by taking a pinch. To take a pinch of snuff gracefully under any circumstances was a part of the marquis' religion, and he narrowly watched the comte to see how he acquitted himself. He smiled with approval when he found that his grandson did it extremely well, with a manner exactly like his own.

Then the marquis, with unheard-of condescension, turned and offered the snuff-box to Brébœuf. The old seaman started back in surprise, waving his hand deprecatingly.

"We live," said the marquis, "in the days of the Republic, my good Brébœuf. All men, so our friend Garron informs us, are created equal. There are no longer gentle and simple in the world outside. They all belong to the aristocracy. Inside let us be of the fashion. If fidelity and long service are forgotten, and loyalty is an unregarded virtue in France, I, at least, am not unmindful. Brébœuf, will you honor me?"

With a gleam of pride on his craggy countenance, Brébœuf thrust a huge forefinger and thumb in the dainty box, helped himself to a generous pinch with a gesture singularly like that of the marquis, bowed before him, straightened himself up, struck the barrel of his gun with his hand and resumed his watch.

"Grandfather," said Louise, "will it be long?"

"Not long, my child. See! The wall is already crumbling. A few more shots like that last and we are open to the enemy."

There was a silence in the room for a space, and then the voice of the girl broke it.

"We have no priest. Would you consider it impertinent, sir, if I said a word of prayer?"

"Prayer always becomes the nobles of France," said the old man gravely, removing his hat, while the voice of his granddaughter uttered the prayer. Before it was completed, however, a final and well-placed shot striking the weakened and shattered wall at exactly the right spot, tore out a large section of it. Bits of stone and mortar almost as hard flew in all directions throughout the place. One of them struck the marquis on the forehead, hurling him to the floor. Enough of the wall had fallen to afford an easy entrance into the room. With a cry the girl went to the side of the old man.

"They are coming!" cried Honoré, who had run to the nearest loophole without noticing his grandfather's condition.

Brébœuf looked uncertainly at the young girl. The marquis was senseless. Naturally the leadership fell to her. She rose to the emergency in an instant.

"They will fire no more with the cannon," she cried. "We will go to the upper room. Brébœuf, do you carry your master. Come, Honoré. Come, Aurore."

Lifting the old man tenderly, the seaman bore him up the shattered stairs. The upper room was a ruin. Large sections of the wall had been knocked to pieces. The roof gaped to the skies. By some lucky chance, however, the parapet from which the flag fluttered, yet remained intact. Heaps of debris on the floor gave convenient concealment to the men, the boy and the two women. Gently laying down his burden, Brebœuf knelt behind the natural barricade, musket in hand.

"The marquis!" cried the girl, who had been the last to come up. "Is he dead?"

Brébœuf shook his head.

"They are coming, Louise! They are coming!" cried Honoré.

After a momentary glance the girl dropped to her knees by the side of the sailor. If her grandfather was dead he was spared assassination. If he were yet alive there would be time to succor him. Meanwhile she had one life at least left in her gun. Another in the weapon at her waist.

The Republicans were scampering rapidly over the intervening ground toward the tower, brandishing their weapons, and filling the air with their cries. In the lead was Jean Garron, who, to do him justice, was no coward. As he came within range Brébœuf took careful aim at him. Fate was kind to the Republican leader. Just as the Breton pressed the trigger, Garron stumbled and fell. The man immediately in his rear pitched forward dead.

"You got them both, Brébœuf!" screamed Honoré, wild with excitement.

The old man shook his head.

"Missed!" he growled.

He had seen Garron scramble to his feet. He snatched a musket from Aurore and fired again. Another man fell. Now Comte Honoré's piece cracked. Less skilful than Brébœuf he only struck his man in the arm. The old sailor stepped back and took the marquis' gun. As he did so, Louise pressed the trigger of her musket. Before Brébœuf could fire a third time, however, the roar of a heavy cannon from seaward burst in their ears through the torrent of shouts and cries and crackling musketry.

Two men were struck dead by an eighteen-pound shot, that came tearing through the huddled men now close by the tower. Before the Republicans could recover from their consternation at this extraordinary intervention, the first shot was followed by a second, a third, a fourth. The last one dismounted the field-piece. The ranks of the assailants halted in confusion, and at this opportune moment Brébœuf discharged his last musket-shot into the hesitant men, snatched the pistol from Aurore's belt, fired it, received another from the hand of the young comtesse, and with it counted for still another enemy.

By this time the Republicans were in full retreat. The besieged scarcely realized what had happened. That they were safe for the time being was all they knew. So soon as the assailants retreated, the girl fell on her knees by the side of her grandfather. She wiped the blood from his face. Aurore bravely ran to the room below for some water, and soon the old man opened his eyes. Another shot boomed out from seaward.

"A ship's gun!" murmured the marquis. "A heavy piece."

"A ship, a ship!" shouted Honoré, who had run to the other side of the tower and was gazing out to sea.

"What ship?" asked the old marquis faintly.

"An English ship by the flag, sir. Boats are putting off from her."

"We are safe," said the old man; "yet I had rather it were any other than an English ship. I do not love the English. What of Garron and his mob?"

"They are running down to the river bank, below the tower," cried Honoré. "Boats are pulling for the shore," he continued, turning his gaze to seaward again. "The men are landing. They are fighting! They run!"

"Who run?" asked the marquis.

"The Republicans."

Brébœuf had been busy charging the weapons. He fired them in rapid succession at the enemy. One final shot gave him especial satisfaction.

"Winged!" he cried, in hoarse triumph.

"The English are mounting the cliff toward the tower," cried Honoré, who was recklessly exposing himself that he might see the action. At the same instant there was a battering on the door below.

"I will go down and admit them," said the comtesse, "Honoré, do you and Brébœuf stay here and protect me with your guns. Come, Aurore," continued the girl springing down the stair.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP

HAD the wind been other than it was the shi would have been perilously near the land. Th weather, however, was settled, a steady lan breeze was blowing, there were no shoals to b feared, the water was deep under the cliffs, an there was always a chance for an exchange of shot with a French battery or an opportunity to turn loos a broadside upon some Republican camp. Conse quently they hugged the shore.

That portion of the Mediterranean littoral alon which they had been running since they left Naple was peculiarly gloomy, forbidding and desolate. Bac of the shore line rose the summits of the towerin mountains? No evidences of habitations were visibl save here and there a few wretched fishermen's hut in some sequestered cove near the water's edge.

The coast to starboard and before them trende sharply to the southward in the shape of a long, rock tongue of land, about half a mile ahead of the shi This promontory shut off the view in the direction c their present course. The handsome ship-of-the-lin under easy sail was slowly drawing nearer to it. Th time had about arrived when a touch of the helm an a pull of the braces would be necessary to swing he head away from the present course, so that they coul give the cape a wide berth as they passed by it to di cover what lay beyond.

The quiet of the morning was broken by the muffle report of a cannon. The noise instantly awakene every man on the ship to alert attention. The seame in the gangways and on the forecastle crowded to th weather side of the ship, looking eagerly in the dire tion of the sound. The desultory conversation amon the officers on the quarter-deck stopped; one or tw ran for glasses, and the others approached nearer t the windward side, a place reserved by immemori custom for the officer of the watch, as they stared an stared toward the shore.

Above them all the little captain, who had been lea ing listlessly against the rail, suddenly straighten up, and walked rapidly to the break of the poop. H surveyed his ship for an instant, a flush of pri mantling his cheek. He had said that the *Agamenno* although not a new ship, was the finest sixty-four the service, and certainly he was a judge.

At first glance the little officer looked like anythir but the captain of the ship. He was about five fe five inches in stature, and his fragile, delicate habit body made him seem even smaller than he was. Thi not to say emaciated, with a pallor in his face, h appearance gave no promise whatever of bodily vigc

He had taken off his hat a moment before and pass his hand across his brow. Had anyone been near observe he would have seen a great mass of dark hai a careless "shock" his friends called it, pushed ba from a noble forehead. His eyes were deep set ar hollow. They were changeable eyes, sometimes so melancholy, appealing, almost feminine; again har cold, brilliant, almost terrible. His thin but youthf face, unhealthily pale, was somewhat marked wi lines, whether of suffering or of decision a casual i spection could scarcely determine. His nose w slightly aquiline and decidedly strong. His lips we full and pouting and subject to the same change as h eyes. Sometimes they entreated, as those of a chi might have done; at other times, they straightened a contracted under pressure into a thin, rigid, resolu line. There was not much humor or merriment in t face, which was, nevertheless, appealing and strange attractive.

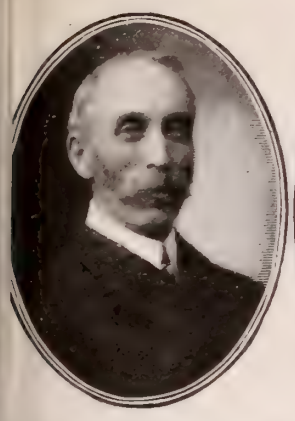
There was something womanish about the appea ance of the whole man. That he was variable, chang able, whimsical, a shrewd student of physiognor would have instantly divined. That he was vain, in harmless, innocent way, and therefore susceptible flattery, was apparent.

Only the eye of keen intuition or wide experien could read beneath all these things another ma When the exigency demanded, the frail and feel body became suddenly able to sustain fatigues and e dure nervous strains that might have crushed a gia The gentle, vehement, half feminine, sensitive natu took upon itself characteristics at once of baresa fury and Viking courage, and the variable, hesita habit gave place to a determination as persistent as was invincible. In the crisis of danger he became cool in his fighting as if he had never heard of nerv

A creature of contrasts, he, with his womanish ey his child's lips and his lion heart, the captain of t *Agamemnon* looked no hero, though no man cou better claim the title. He seemed no heaven-bo commander, although no one now questions his rig to the highest place. But no Viking that ever lord it over the narrow seas had more of the real man him than the little captain of the *Agamemnon*, star ing upon her deck that sunny morning surveying h ship. For this was the greatest man of his class th the world had ever seen.

TO BE CONTINUED

Bible Training in Canada



V. ELMORE HARRIS, D.D., PRES

JOS. N. SHENSTONE, ESQ., TREAS

THE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL, TORONTO

REV. JOHN MCNICOL, B.D.

REV. WM. STEWART, D.D., PRINCIPAL

THE past fifteen years have witnessed a greatly revived interest in Bible study. Not only has the Word of God been introduced as a text-ook in many colleges, but special schools have been stablished for training young men and women in the nowledge and use of the English Bible. One of the ost successful of these is the Toronto Bible Training chool, which was opened ten years ago with an enrol-ent of twelve students.

Since the opening of the school, an abundant bless-g has continued to attend the work, and certainly e results are such as to call forth devout gratitude to od. During these ten years, 376 different students ve been enrolled in the Day Classes, and 1,120 in the vening Classes. Already more than 140 have gone rth to definite fields of labor. This is exclusive of ry large numbers who are engaged in Sunday chools, Missions, and other branches of church work their own localities. Sixty-five have gone to the oreign field under ten different missionary societies; venty-six have entered the Christian ministry in anada, the United States and England; eight have een working among the aborigines of the Dominion; ven became Secretaries of Young Men's Christian ssociations; while several others are now em-oyed as Pastor's Assistants, Catechists, Bible Women, ity Missionaries, and in similar departments of Chris-an and philanthropic work. Foreign missionaries have one from the school to China, India, Japan, Jamaica, ast Africa, Nigeria, Palestine and South America.

In the day classes the full course of study extends ver two years. The instruction is Biblical and practi l, and has as its special aim these three great ends: A consecrated Christian life, an adequate knowledge of the Word of God, and effective use of Holy Scripture in Christian service. The following subjects are carefully and systematically presented and studied: Outlines of the Books of the Bible, Scripture Doctrines, Christian Evidences, Inspiration and Canon of Scripture, Old and New Testament Exegesis, including the careful study of certain books and passages, preparation of Gospel Sermons and Addresses. New Testament Greek is taught to those who can profit by the study. Instruction is also provided in vocal music and the elements of medicine. Lectures on methods of Christian work are given by missionaries, pastors, professors, Sunday School specialists, evangelists, and other successful Christian Workers.

The students do a large amount of evangelistic and city mission work during the session. Several places outside Toronto have been supplied with preaching, and on some of the fields gracious revivals have been experienced, resulting in large additions to the membership of the churches. During the last session an evangelistic band was formed by a number of the young men, who conducted successful services in different churches of the city and neighborhood.

The School was organized in 1894, and incorporated in 1898, when a new building on College Street, admirably adapted for its purpose, was opened free from debt. Its evangelical and interdenominational character has been prominent from the beginning. On the board of Incorporation, the General Council, and among the officers, instructors, examiners and students are representatives of ten different Christian denominations, and yet all have been "one in Christ Jesus," and have worked together throughout in perfect harmony. The school is not intended to be a rival to any theological seminary, but is designed for those who have been called of God to Christian service, and who, from age or other reason, cannot pursue a full collegiate and theological course of study.

Members of any evangelical church who have a real desire for Christian work are welcomed as students. They must come recommended by their pastors, churches, or other responsible persons, as possessing an approved Christian character and giving promise of usefulness in the Lord's service. They must have acquired a fair English education, although in special cases instruction is provided for those who are deficient in the ordinary branches. Tuition is free, only a small fee being charged for incidental expenses. Students can obtain board in Christian homes at from three dollars a week upward, and there is also an outlay of three to five dollars for books. The school is maintained at a cost of about $4,000 a year. In providing this amount the officers of the school trust that many of God's people will be prompted to have fellowship with them. The next session will open on Tuesday, September 20, 1904, and continue till the end of April, 1905. All correspondence about entering the school may be sent to the Principal, Rev. Dr. Stewart, 110 College Street, Toronto, Canada.

FIFTY BEAUTIFUL YEARS

HOW MR. AND MRS. STEPHEN MERRITT CELEBRATED THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

REV. STEPHEN MERRITT

THE WONDERFUL CARVED CHAIR

MRS. MARY ELIZA MERRITT

ON June 7, 1854, Stephen Merritt and Miss Mary Eliza Shuraget were married in the old Bedford Street Methodist hurch. The young couple took pass-ge up the Hudson, on their bridal ip, to Albany, on the steamer *Isaac ewton*. The boat was new, and Mr. nd Mrs. Merritt were the first couple o occupy the bridal stateroom. From lbany they went to Saratoga, and ter visiting a relative in another own, they returned to New York, for," said Mrs. Merritt, in speaking f this bridal trip of so many years go, "you know we could not stay way from New York too long, as tephen must get back to Class Meet-ng, he being the leader." And the ood lady smiled, proudly and fondly, t the recollection of the fact that not ven a bridal trip could take prece-ence over her young husband's relig-ous duties.

"Now tell me, Mrs. Merritt," said the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "all about this second bridal trip -this golden wedding journey. Did you go over the same round, stop at the same places, as on the first trip?"

"Pretty nearly," she replied. "Of course, we couldn't go n the same boat. The *Newton* would be very antiquated ow, if it were in existence, but it was the pride of the Hud-on then. We were a little undecided how to celebrate our olden anniversary. Our house would not begin to accom-odate our friends, and we did not want to leave any out; o we decided to go on a golden wedding journey, and it was ather a curious coincidence that we should take passage on new steamer, the *C. W. Morse*, and be the first couple to ccupy the bridal stateroom, as was the case on our original rip. We intended to go over the same ground, but changed our plans somewhat, on account of a dear little grandson, who is at school in Williamstown, Mass. The little fellow ent us a letter, in which he said, 'You and dear grand-nother were married a long time ago. I think fifty years a ong time. . . . I found Saratoga Springs on the map. t is not very far from Williamstown. Come down and see ne and my goat before you go back home.' Could a grand-ather and grandmother refuse such an invitation as that, specially when the dear little boy sent us in the same letter ifty hugs and fifty kisses? So our way diverged from that f fifty years ago, and we had a most delightful visit to the school after leaving Saratoga. The old hotel at that place, where we stopped at first, was gone; but we stayed at one as near the original spot as we could.

"We've had delightful letters of congratulation from our friends, and many beautiful remembrances. One son-in-law said that the bride always got all the presents, so he gave the groom this beautiful carved chair, Stephen and I are a pretty good-sized couple, but I guess we could both sit in that chair at once. I'm going to make a handsome cushion for the seat," she added, smiling. "One of the loveliest remembrances of the day was a bunch of magnificent roses, fifty of them, accompanied by a sentiment which is most lovely; there was no name, but I found out who it was that sent the gift. The note read:

To Stephen and Mary Merritt, June 7, 1904.

Fifty roses, not half as beautiful as the years they typify; years full of sharing and forbearing; years full of love, kindness and tenderness, each to the other, and to both from God! May the fragrance of these blessed years, sweeter far than the scent of these roses, permeate and pervade the many years which we all hope are yet in store for you. This is the earnest wish of many sincere friends, and among them THE WRITER.

"We sent the roses to a hospital in Albany," continued Mrs. Merritt, "because we had so much love and blessing that we felt we must share it with others, and I thought how much comfort those lovely blossoms would bring to the sick. A dear friend sent a purse of shining gold half eagles, and I know you will admire this pin, which one of my daughters gave me."

The writer was shown a pin of amethyst and pearls, a combination of jewels that seemed especially appropriate for the wearer, with her snowy hair and soft blue eyes.

The ladies of the Five Points Mission sent a beautiful palm, indicative of the green spot held in their hearts for their good friends.

Nothing could better express the beauty of the fifty years which Stephen Merritt and his wife have spent together than an extract from a granddaughter's letter, written from college:

"To think," she writes, "that the day has come which sees my dear grandmother and grandfather married fifty years! Could anything be lovelier than such a long life together? I was telling one of the girls about you two—your great love for each other—how dear and noble you both were, and how vigorous and active, and she said: 'Oh, Mollie, no wonder yours is such a happy family, if you've had such a spectacle of love and happiness before you all.' And that's what I think. You have given us something we shall never lose, an appreciation of things we could not otherwise have had, but for growing up with two such loving grandparents near us. . . . No one ever had such a beautiful, sweet and young seventy-one year old grandmother, nor such a funny, vigorous, adorable grandfather."

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt live, where they have made their home for many years, in the pretty village of Nyack-on-the-Hudson, and where they are universally loved and respected, and where all echo the wish that they may live to celebrate their diamond anniversary.

For many years the Rev. Stephen Merritt and his Christian work, as preacher and philantropist, have been well known to the readers of this journal. His name, among thousands of the poor of New York, is a familiar one, and his ceaseless efforts, through a long lifetime in behalf of the unemployed and neglected men and boys of the metropolis, are widely known. By his activity in every form of religious work, his earnest preaching of the Gospel and his abounding charity, he has become endeared to multitudes throughout the land.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Hands Off the Temple!

FROM a press dispatch to a New York journal, we learn that a novel and ingenious plan has been devised by the minister of a church in a Western city, to solve the problem of obtaining money for church purposes. The church was in need of renovation, and the requisite funds were not available. The minister, doubtless impressed with the enterprise of the merchants and manufacturers of the neighborhood, offered them the privilege of advertising their wares on the interior of the walls of the church. The offer was so extensively accepted that sufficient money was obtained from this source, not only to decorate the church but to lay an asphalt walk around it. We are not told whether the advertisers were satisfied with the result of the speculation, or whether the increase in their business traceable to the advertisements, compensated them for their outlay. That, of course, was a business risk; but the church collected the charges, and its treasury was filled. It would have been interesting to learn, too, whether the minister was satisfied with the experiment. If his hearers were reading the advertisements while he was trying to get their attention to his sermon, we can imagine that he must have been annoyed, but perhaps the thought of the new decorations and of the asphalt walk, which would come from the money paid for the advertisements, may have consoled him.

What could have suggested this scheme to the mind of its originator? Is it possible that it was an adaptation of the course of the officials of the Temple in the days of Christ, who permitted bankers and venders to set up their stands in the outer courts of the sacred edifice? It belongs to the same order and is an application of the same principle. Perhaps business men in that day did not advertise, otherwise they might have done their business at their own stores and so escaped the castigation they received at the Master's hands. The modern method is certainly more orderly and decorous and avoids the noise of bargaining, which would disturb the services. Their course was more vulgar and unblushing, but the result was the same. The people who came to worship could purchase their commodities on the spot, while in the Western church, they were merely notified where they could be purchased. Perhaps if the custom is generally adopted, it may be further developed, and dry-goods merchants and tailors may, for an additional sum, have the privilege of distributing samples of their goods. A system that will provide funds to decorate a church and lay an asphalt walk around it, is one that has endless possibilities of development.

How must such a scheme appear in the eyes of the Master of Assemblies? His promise was that where two or three were gathered in his name, he would be among them. Would it please him to see on the walls of a church dedicated to his service, an announcement of a bargain sale, or an invitation to the people who had come to worship, to visit some grocer's establishment? It is sufficiently difficult for the worshiper to withdraw his thoughts from business concerns while he is in the Lord's house, without the minister assisting the evil spirit to distract the attention of his audience. There is not a word to be said against legitimate business, or the system of advertising which attracts business, but in the name of all that is reverent and devotional, let the advertiser keep his hands off the Lord's house and refrain from an attempt to turn the worship of God into a means of business revenue.

The Value of Criticism

IN the voluminous mail which reaches this office every day are many letters of cordial appreciation, which it would be ungracious to pass by unacknowledged. There are also letters from friends having the warmest sympathy with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its wide field of religious and philanthropic work, and who occasionally afford us material aid by their kindly and well-meant criticism. We value all of these communications, since all are written in the same frank and helpful spirit. It is a high privilege for a journal to enjoy the confidence and respect of its readers to the extent to which we believe these are enjoyed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They are sharers with ourselves in every spiritual and benevolent enterprise; they enter with genuine heartiness into all our plans for religious and humanitarian work, and they have given us not only continuous stimulus by their timely letters of cheer and encouragement, but to them we are indebted for many hints and suggestions that have proved of practical service to the great world-wide family circle of readers, of which they form a part.

Thus, we value their well-meant, candid criticism as highly as their approbation, and we trust that no reader will ever hesitate, through motives of delicacy, to communicate at any time his views or opinions concerning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or its contents. We would be pleased to hear from them all, when occasion arises, and the more frankly they write, the better we will like it. Time may not permit us to reply to such letters individually, but all will receive due consideration, and our readers will thus have the assurance that their labor has not been in vain, as the practical outcome will result in benefit to all.

Krueger

ONE of the most pathetic passages in the life of Paul Krueger, the "grand old man" of the Boers, who recently passed away in exile, is that which relates how, when his country was on the verge of bankruptcy, the news was brought to him of the great gold discoveries. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "now my country is saved!" The reverse, however, proved to be true; for the story of the fabulous wealth of the mines was quickly spread, and the gold, the discovery of which he had so gladly welcomed, ultimately became the means of his country's undoing.

That Krueger was a patriot, brave, fearless and sagacious, and a statesman of great natural abilities, the whole civilized world now acknowledges. "The South African Lion" unquestionably had his limitations; but these should be laid more largely to the account of lack of early opportunities for the culture that broadens and refines, than to natural disposition. He had no love for the "outlander"; but it should not be forgotten that his whole career, from the day he joined the "great trek" into the Transvaal, until the last expiring struggle of the little inland African republic, a few years ago, had been a series of embittering experiences.

While the scattered remnants of his people will mourn for him as for a beloved father and patriot, the world at large will remember him as the stern, old Bible-loving preacher-president, who, like another Moses, led his people through many trials successfully, and founded in the Central African wilderness a government on lines of almost patriarchal simplicity, which would in all probability have been flourishing to-day, had gold never been discovered in the Transvaal.

Queens of the Home

HOW much the mother means to her home is never better exemplified than in the tenement house life of New York. On the crowded East Side, where families live in close proximity, yet where each little apartment of three or five rooms may be, and often is, a self-respecting home, the mother is the dominant influence in the family. To her the wages of father and children are brought as a matter of course, and she takes care of the income, pays the rent, buys the food and clothes, and saves whatever can be laid aside for a coming rainy day. If the father be a drinking man, the mother has the harder task; but she accepts it without complaint. She takes wonderfully good care of her daughters; the East Side young girl is looked after with as judicious and loving care by her mother as is the portion of the millionaire's daughter in a luxurious home. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, this hard-working mother is up washing and ironing the neat shirt-waists and crisp skirts in which her girls go to the business office, or, if it be a holiday, to the picnic or boat trip, which means so much when one has few outings.

The mothers who were suddenly snatched from their children when the *Slocum* took fire, were of the thrifty, capable, loving type, who have left a great loneliness behind them. No one who has talked with the grieving sons and daughters who are left to mourn, can fail to have a new conception of what motherhood means among the poor.

The mother is the court of last resort. "She decided everything," said one young girl, "I always asked my mother what was right." She nurses the children in sickness, cooks their food, makes their clothing, goes with the boy, or the man, when he buys a suit for Sunday, and is the general caretaker. If she is a religious woman, whatever her creed, the family life is pervaded by her reverence and her goodness. If she is bright and merry, there is laughter at the simple board. Many a "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" resides in down-town tenements in the big metropolis. If she is obliged to go out to work, and she often must, she undertakes this cheerily, hoping for the better day when the children will grow up and her way will be easier.

A thousand homes have reason to mourn when such wives and mothers as have lately perished are taken suddenly away.

The Mission of Wealth

IT is a wonderful and inspiring story which we publish to-day, from our London correspondent, describing the vast and far-reaching charities of the English metropolis. It reveals the fact that a great commercial nation, amid all its busy enterprises at home and its distractions abroad, still considers it a prime duty and a delightful privilege to help, in a thousand different ways, to make life happier and more worth the living to the multitudes who are born among surroundings of poverty and suffering.

In every great city on the civilized globe, the continued multiplication of public benevolences proves that ours is an age of increasing thoughtfulness and care for "God's poor." Wholly irrespective of all other considerations than those of humanity and a common brotherhood, the possessors of abundance are making progress in the practical realization of the great truth that wealth is a sacred trust, to be used not for self-aggrandizement or indulgence, but for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. Great fortunes that once were jealously hoarded, are now generously poured out in varied benefactions, that bring joy and blessing to thousands.

In our own land, this idea is taking firm root, and men and women are realizing, in their own lives, the rich spiritual gain that comes from a recognition of this great principle. "Wealth," wrote Miss Helen Gould in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several years ago; "is a sacred stewardship," and her admirable example in making her own great fortune a means of enduring benefit to others, material as well as spiritual, has since then been followed by an army of consecrated men and women in many States.

Remember the poor; reach out a helping hand to those who are in need; do something to gladden some cheerless life; bring a ray of sunshine into a heart that is heavy and sad; transform sorrow into joy; make the smile chase away the tears.

The rich who use their wealth for such purposes disarm envy and win the love and gratitude of those who are struggling under poverty's heavy burdens. They inherit, too, the blessing of God, whose message by his prophet was: "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness and thine obscurity be as the noonday. The Lord shall guide thee continually and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

Among the Workers

—THE GOSPEL TENT EVANGEL is again open in New York, and largely attended evangelistic meetings are being held regularly. Rev. G. W. McPherson is in charge.

Fighting in Thibet

LATE news from Thibet shows that the negotiations between the British and the Grand Lama who rules Thibet, have failed. The armistice agreed upon pending the effort to secure peace, ended on July 5th. It was found that in the interval the Thibetans had re-occupied the fort of Gyangtse, which they had surrendered, and were remounting their guns. The fort, which stands on an elevation of 13,000 feet, commanded the British camp in the plain below, about a mile away, and the Thibetan guns opened fire upon it. Before sunrise on the following day the British forces began climbing the rock to attack the fortress. The artillery firing over their heads, bombarded the walls on the west side, the other sides being impregnable. Late in the afternoon the upper part of the wall swayed and fell. The Indian troops, led by a British officer, clambered up the wall and swarmed in through the breach. They found the Thibetans on the housetops, from which they fired on the troops below, and flung down heavy stones. There was prolonged hand-to-hand fighting, but before midnight the houses were cleared, and the British held undisputed possession of the fortress. On July 13, the march toward Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, 120 miles away was commenced.

Inquiries have been made by our Government as to the British objects in invading Thibet. The answer received was courteous, and is said to be satisfactory to Secretary Hay. The British Government disclaims any intention of a permanent occupation of the country. It promises to retire as soon as the Grand Llama fulfils the promises made in the treaty of reciprocal trade. He is also required to receive the official representative of Great Britain at Lhassa. Our Government's interference was based on the stand it took four years ago, when Mr. Hay insisted on the integrity of China, which Great Britain conceded. The pledge to retire from Thibet as soon as the purposes of the expedition are achieved, fulfils, therefore, all the conditions. The Grand Llama doubtless believes that the expedition is sent to conquer and annex his country. If he could be convinced that no such purpose is contemplated, but only the arrangement of peaceable mercantile relations, he would, unless he is utterly foolish, take the course which our Lord described:

While the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an embassage and desireth conditions of peace (Luke 14: 32).

Butchers on Strike

A strike which appears likely to affect the whole country, began on July 12. The employees of the meat-packing industry in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, and other cities laid down their tools and left their work. Their example was speedily followed in New York and the chief centres of the trade throughout the country. In one day no less than 45,000 men were idle and the business of supplying the people with food was paralyzed. It appears that the matter in dispute was a question of wages. Unskilled laborers were being paid eighteen and a-half cents an hour. The leaders say the men could have lived on that wage, if they had regular employment, but there were periods when they were working only half-time, and in some months they had only thirteen hours of work in a week. A demand was made on the employers for a minimum rate of twenty cents an hour. It was met, according to the report of the strikers, by a reduction to fifteen cents. Efforts to settle by arbitration failed and resort was had to a strike. A panic has ensued in the great cities and a fear is prevalent that a meat famine will be caused, as, at this time of year, there is little stock on hand. The price of meat has already been advanced twenty-five per cent., and as purchasers are making up the deficiency by ordering fish or poultry, the prices of those two substitutes also have been raised. As to the merits of the dispute, we shall doubtless hear more as the struggle proceeds, but to the outsider it does seem that a basis of agreement might have been reached had

THE LATE PAUL KRUGER

there been a disposition on the part of the disputants to come to terms. A strike is always deplorable, involving loss to both sides. There is in this day more than any other need for the prayer of the Psalmist.

Incline my heart to thy testimonies and not to covetousness (Ps. 119: 36).

Paul Krueger Dead

One of the most remarkable men of our time passed away on July 14, when Paul Krueger, familiarly known to his people as "Oom Paul," breathed his last. He was living quietly at Clarens, in Switzerland, when he was seized with pneumonia, and after a week's illness succumbed to heart failure. He was seventy-nine years of age, and his health had been broken by the troubles he underwent in his later years. The death of his wife shook him severely, and he mourned the death of several grandsons and other members of his family, who were killed in the war. Though he had an enormous fortune, variously estimated at from five to twenty-five million dollars, it seemed to give him little comfort. He was prohibited by Great Britain from returning to South Africa, and he could not be happy anywhere else. He was born there on a poor Dutch farm, and during his early years struggled under many hardships. He was in the great trek of 1836, and took a prominent part in politics under the early Presidents until 1880, when, after the shocking battle of Majuba Hill, he was himself chosen President. The events of the great war, in which, though he did no personal fighting, he was the leading spirit, are well-known. Small concessions made before it broke out would have averted it, but Krueger was stubborn, and he underestimated the power of England. When he was beaten, he fled from South Africa, a broken-hearted man. The Republic he had labored so hard and so long to build up had lost its independence, and he had nothing left to live for. He brooded over his misfortunes, and never ceased to denounce the men whom he held responsible for them. All is now ended, and he shares the condition which, as the ancient preacher pointed out, is the lot of even the greatest of men:

Their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished, neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun (Eccles. 9: 6).

THE FORTRESS OF GYANGTSE, IN THIBET, RECENTLY STORMED BY THE BRITISH

Father and Warden

In a recent article on prison discipline, a magazine writer tells a pathetic story. He says that the warden of a prison in Connecticut employed his son, a bright young man, as his clerk. It was his duty to keep the prison accounts and draw the checks for expenses. Notwithstanding the many examples he witnessed of the consequences of dishonesty, the young man became a defaulter. His system was to raise the amount on the various checks passing through his hands and keep the difference between the sums for which the checks were originally drawn, and the sums to which he raised them. He was detected, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. As he entered the gates of the prison with the other prisoners, he looked anxiously into his father's face, but the father, who, as warden, was waiting to receive the prisoners, did not show that he recognized his son. To him the young man was only one of the prisoners committed to his custody. With the customary signal of a wave of his hand, the warden turned the file of handcuffed men over to the deputy, who led them away to shave and bathe them, and measure them by the Bertillon system. Within an hour the young man was learning the lock-step with the other prisoners. It is said that he is bitterly disappointed. His father had been a loving and indulgent parent, and the son had unbounded faith in the continuance of his affection. He forgot that his crime had placed him in a new relation to his father, whose duty to the State required him to treat him as a convict and not as a son. There is reason to fear that many people are cherishing similar hopes as to their eternal future. While it is true that God is love, it should not be forgotten that he is also just.

Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you I know not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity (Luke 13: 26).

BRIEF NOTES

Liquor dealers must, in future, not confine their hostility to the church. There is a movement begun to exclude them from the Masonic fraternity. The Iowa Grand Lodge of Masons at its recent meeting in Sioux City, declared that no liquor dealer, except a druggist, can hereafter become a member of the Order in that State.

The Tent services at Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, New York, have been resumed. Rev. G. W. McPherson is the Superintendent. Among the ministers who have promised to preach are Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Dr. Louis Albert Banks, and Dr. John Robertson.

HOW LONDON TAKES

The Amazing Story of the Monumental

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
Head of Association for Friendless Girls

CROWD AT KILBURN CHURCH, LONDON, SEEING FRESH-AIR CHILDREN OFF

PRINCESS OF WALES
The Patroness of Many London Charities

LONDON is a mass of humanity, pitchforked together by a seemingly careless fate. Every man is a stranger to his next-door neighbor. Yet in no city in the world, so much as in this very heterogeneous London, does public charity manifest itself on so liberal a scale, or in so many varied forms. At this season of the year, every citizen, from the king to the humble clerk, puts his hand in his pocket and gives.

LONDON WAIFS AT PRINCESS MARY VILLAGE HOMES

COTTAGES AT THE PRINCESS MARY HOMES

Charity in London is, indeed, a business led by royalty, and followed up by the masses.

That this is the busy season in the business of providing for the poor, is evident even to the casual eye of the tourist. In the principal streets, banners, just like American political banners, are stretched from house to house. In the houses of the rich, charity concerts are held almost daily. Bazaars are now being held in many great public buildings, such as the Crystal Palace and Albert Hall. A dozen Fresh-Air Funds (like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home work), are being applied to sending children of the tenements to the country and the seaside. Hospitals are making good their annual deficits, and orphanages are raising funds to extend their operations. Princesses are acting as saleswomen at bazaars, and women of the middle class are passing around linen bags, to be filled with anything you choose to give for the needy.

First of all, I shall show that this wholesale giving to the poor on the part of Londoners is an absolute necessity; second, that the manner of enlisting public sympathy is not haphazard, but admirably businesslike.

As to the necessity. In this centre of the world's business, there are more abjectly poor people than can be found in all the remainder of Great Britain. The returns for the last week in June show that 109,494 London paupers received aid during the year. On a single day the number of vagrants relieved was 1,200. On "Hospital Sunday" an announcement read in the churches showed that the number of patients treated during the year reached the stupendous number of 2,289,578. To take care of all the poor in England and Wales alone last year, the enormous sum of $70,000,000 was spent. This does not include $3,000,000 for loans. This is at the rate of nearly $2.00 a head for each person in the population of England. For poor relief last year the British taxpayer paid the sum of $12,000,000. All the vast remainder of the $70,000,000 for the poor came in the form of voluntary contributions.

Now for the businesslike manner in which the voluntary contributions are raised. It must be remembered that practically all the hospitals, orphanages, homes, relief funds, shelters, rests, etc., are not under state or municipal control, but that these enterprises act independently. Hence the necessity for independent appeals, precisely like those issued by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is most interesting to note that the principal method of appealing by the various independent institutions is by advertising—a method employed by this journal in times of famine or widespread distress. In magazines and newspapers, both religious and secular, I see from day to day the advertisements of all sorts of charitable enterprises, setting forth their purposes, and appealing for funds "urgently needed," or, as they sometimes read, "painfully needed."

The principle of this form of eliciting public sympathy is that the money spent for advertising yields a far larger return than any other method of appeal, and is therefore not only a practicable business method, but a paying one.

In response to these advertised appeals come not only contributions in the form of mites from those who give of their little all as a Christian duty, but contributions in the form of vast sums from Christian philanthropists, many of whom give thus of their plenty while they still live, instead of leaving the money by will. The total f such philanthropic gifts last year exceeded $7,000,(Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who the other day celebra her ninetieth birthday, has endowed in the course of life no fewer than three bishoprics, nine hospitals, f orphanages, five children's homes, six homes for wor and probably a score of charitable instituions of a r cellaneous character. All appeals sent to her for ass

TEA-TIME AT THE PRINCESS MARY HOMES

A SCRAMBLE FOR SWEETS

ance are examined by trained hands, and if their repo are favorable, the help is sent. I am told that some the most prized treasures in her home are the gifts the grateful poor.

The list of charitable bequests in *Whittaker's Alm nac*, for 1904, occupies a whole page, and it includes o gifts of $50,000 or more. Thus gifts pour in for eve form of public beneficence in London; for every insti

A DORMITORY IN ONE OF THE BARNARDO HOMES FOR WAIFS

IN THE PASSMORE-EDWARDS' "SAILORS' PALACE"

CARE OF ITS POOR

Charities of the British Metropolis

in for curing disease, alleviating suffering, relieving e indigent, or soothing the later years of those who ve seen better days.

Most active, in the sense of personal attention and rsonal gifts, in caring for London's poor, are the King d Queen. The King, especially, takes a particular in- test in discoveries of a re for cancer and tuber- losis; and if ever such re is discovered, it will due, in a large measure, the encouragement he s given to research into e causes of these mys- ious diseases. As for e Queen, her name ap- ars as principal patron at least half of the insti- ions named in the offi- l list of London chari- s. She opens fairs, buys m the stalls, makes ngs to be sold, visits spitals and homes; and, ging from the course her daily movements as conicled in the *Court Circular*, she certainly es the most of the hours her active day to the or. While the Salva- n Army Congress was session here, the Queen ted one of the halfpenny restaurants conducted by Army, ate the halfpenny dinner, and said she liked . It is reported that the King once said that when- r he saw the Queen looking through the newspa- s, he knew that she was reading either about a Chil- n's Home or a hospital; and that the happiest ments of her Majesty's life was when she could dis- er some new institution for the help of the poor, or the cure of sick children. Last week the Queen ned the great charity bazaar at Albert Hall, the great- charity event of the season. She herself was a con- utor, not only of money, but of a book-cover which painted, symbolical of the volume, *The Christian Year*, for which it was made. Moreover, the Queen en presents a Prayer Book or Hymn Book, with the r worked or painted by herself, to those charitable itutions of which she is patron. Last week, too, the g presided at the anniversary festival of the Orphan orking School, and while chatting with two of the s who stood behind the royal chair, he said: "I e you and your friends enjoy the holiday I begged you."

The Prince and Princess of Wales are no less active th their august sires. Yesterday they gave a garden ty for the benefit of the League of Mercy, raising t day about $50,000. Not long ago their Royal High- ses gave an entertainment in aid of the Lifeboat nd. Again, they journeyed far from town to open the Sanatorium in connection with the Hospital for sumptives. Once more, they very quietly and un- ntatiously visited the workmen's dwellings at West- ster. And every time these distinguished visitors ear at an institution, the visit signifies Royal appro- and induces funds from Christian England.

After the Prince and Princess of Wales comes the ity of the King's sisters. Foremost among these is Princess Christian, her favorite institutions being the yal School of Needlework, the Windsor Nursing me, the Royal Infant Nursery, the Cripple Boys' liday Home, and various Fresh Air enterprises like your own Mont-Lawn. Then comes two more of the King's sisters, the Princess Louise and Beatrice. Both have endowed many homes for children and shelters for women, and philanthropy may be said to constitute their lifework. Other members of the nobility who are active in charity work are Lady Somerset, who has of late devoted her time to establishing Temperance Rests, or Restaurants, in the poorer sections of the city, to offer counter attractions to the public-house, for the poor wage-earner; the Countess of Aberdeen, an indefatigable worker in the cause of women breadwinners, and the Duchess of Sutherland, who is the "Angel of the Hospitals." Lord Avebury, formerly Sir John Lubbock, the scientist, now gives his attention to the improvement of conditions surrounding working-girls. In this list, we must not forget Miss Agnes Weston, who has established practically all the Sailors' Homes and Sailors' Rests throughout England.

All these princesses and duchesses, noble men and ladies, and rich people in private life, labor in person unceasingly among the poorer classes. Some confine their work to poor girls, fallen women, etc., and hence the present movement for the establishment of more Homes for working women and friendless girls. The good Samaritans of London now perform their work for friendless girls through the Pimlico Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls. This Association has established many Preventive Homes throughout the city, where servants and shop assistants out of work may live until they get a fresh start. Nurseries are maintained by the Association, where mothers are given a home until they can find work whereby they can support themselves and their babies. The task of keeping in touch with the girls who pass through the Homes is the most arduous part of the work, but each girl is made to feel that the ladies are friends to whom she can always turn for practical sympathy. These Homes are the special pride of the Duchess of Bedford.

I referred in a previous paragraph to linen bags that were left at the doors of London households. This work is conducted on an extensive scale. Not a house is neglected; there is not a door at which a linen bag is not left, to be filled by the inmates.

In my house at the present time is one of those linen bags; it was left here a few days ago, and will be called for in due time. I am supposed to fill it with anything I don't want—such as old coats, shoes, hats, underwear, books, etc. This is a provision made for the poor of London by the Society for the Destitute. The bags are all taken to a central headquarters, where the contents are sorted and laid out for exhibition, just as goods in a department store. To this store come the needy to buy, for a penny or two, anything they want. The pennies thus gathered pay all expenses, and the pride of the poor is sustained by the thought that the article is paid for, even though the sum paid be ever so small.

Now, mark the wisdom of this charity. Not a thing is sold in summer, when all the other charities and Fresh-Air Funds are doing so much for the poor. Not until October is the store opened. Winter is then approaching, and a new coat, or a new pair of shoes, is needed. The poor then buy, for a penny or two, clothing for which they could never pay elsewhere. I went to the store, or depot, as it is called, to ask about this useful charity. The manager told me some incidents worth repeating. One day, there came a poor girl with a timid request "for an old nightdress for my mother—she's dying of cancer." How the thin, anxious face brightened when she found that two half-worn night garments, formerly the property, apparently, of some rich lady, could be purchased for the modest sum of one penny. Then there came an old man, who earned, he said, a scanty living as a crossing-sweeper. "But why have you not been to the mission lately?" asked the manager. "Because," said the poor man, "I know it would be disrespectful to appear in God's house in these rags, and for some weeks I have had nothing better. But now I have come to try to get a new coat." He got the coat—a nice

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DISTRIBUTION OF BAKED MEATS, AT GUILDHALL, TO LONDON'S POOR

FRESH-AIR CHILDREN AT SPURGEON SEASIDE HOME

THE "ROYAL SAILORS' REST"

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE BAR (COFFEE AND TEA-ROOM)

THE ALEXANDRA DINING-ROOMS FOR THE POOR

The Passing of the Kiss

SOME years ago it was not uncommon to see women kiss one another in public. Friends meeting in the street, or the church porch, or in somebody's house, greeted not only with the hand-clasp, but with the kiss, fully given on the lips. Later, a foreign fashion came in, and acquaintances, if they kissed, presented the cheek for the salute of love. To-day, people seldom kiss when meeting or parting casually, and mere chance encounters in shops and other public places are never thus signalized, a pleasant word being sufficient to fulfil every requirement of such an occasion.

If one's beloved are going across the ocean, or leaving home for a stay of months or years, kisses are properly exchanged. A mother then embraces a daughter, and sisters, brothers, wives, sweethearts, whatever be the friendly name and tenure by which affection marks the bond, may appropriately give and take a kiss of farewell. In the pages of romance kisses linger yet, and are often fervid, but every-day reality finds them superfluous, except behind the guarded doors of the home, and between members of the same household.

. . .

Kisses are often distrusted as unhygienic and dangerous. It was a mother's heartbroken kiss pressed on the lips of a dying child that cost the Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's dearly loved daughter, her life, for the child had diphtheria, and the mother took the disease. Before we knew so much as we now know about the deadly contagion of tuberculosis, many a consumptive patient innocently communicated the fatal malady which was sapping life and strength, to those who were caretakers in the case.

. . .

It is perhaps natural to kiss babies, with their velvet skin and peachy bloom, the very flowers of humanity, but no sensible woman permits everybody to kiss her darling. A kiss on the dimpled roseleaf hand may do no harm, but strangers and visiting kindred should not kiss the baby's face.

. . .

In the intercourse of society, a warm and friendly grasp of the hand is worth quite as much as a kiss, especially if the latter be perfunctory and cold; the mere peck of a bird's bill, as most feminine kisses exchanged on street corners used to be.

One is thankful in chronicling the kiss as passing away, that there is no probability of its ever coming back. It will never pass away from the place where it sacredly belongs, from the home, where wife and husband daily kiss one another when they separate in the morning, or are reunited at evening; where parents kiss the little ones for good night; where the kiss is the fitting expression of entire confidence, unbroken tenderness, and unflawed esteem. Kisses are not to be made light of, and bestowed upon those whom the heart cares little for, nor are they, even among relatives, to be discounted in honor, by thoughtless exchange in public.

Men of Anglo-Saxon lineage seldom kiss. The Latin races, more demonstrative and less restrained, do not find it strange when stirred by strong emotion, that brothers and friends, stalwart and bearded, fall on one another's necks. With the northern races this ardor of expression is almost impossible, though there may be love as true and feeling as profound in the crises of life.

Judas in the garden, met his master and betrayed him with a kiss. "Whomsoever I shall kiss," said the most execrated and infamous of mankind, "that same is he." To have subordinated to his wicked purpose the tenderest act of daily life, and thus to have played the traitor, was to show how base human nature, left to itself, may become.

MARY'S PET

"Sweet" oh! "Sweet!" Sing a song for Mary!
There never was a dearer bird, that anybody ever heard,
Than "Sweet," my own canary.

Thunder-storms

Summer is the season of thunder-storms. Considering how fond we are of fire-works, and how we enjoy their display, it is curious that we do not take more vivid pleasure in those marvelous and glorious exhibitions of power, which the Almighty hand shows in the summer sky. The day is hot, humid, exhausting. Clouds hang low, or, it may be, in the vaulted blue above us there is not even a cloud. Evening draws on, and the heat, seemingly as torrid as ever, gives no hint of abating. Suddenly there is a low roll, a grumble, as of a wild beast in a thicket. A fiery flash shoots across the heavens. The roll grows deeper, louder; presently crash follows crash, and the sky is a sheet of wavering flame. Then the clouds break, and down falls the rain in a splendid cataract, cooling the air till the furnace blasts of the day are forgotten, and night brings sleep and gentlest refreshment.

To those who are timid in thunder-storms, and some who read this have been in bondage in the fear that hath tormented all their lives, shuddering and hiding their heads in dismay whenever lightning flashes or thunder rolls, it may be said that the bolt which kills strikes without warning. If you see the flash you are safe. Ordinary precautions are not amiss. One need not stand under a tree to watch a thunder-storm. But one should not yield to cowardly terror if one can avoid it, for the thunder, as some one has said, is but God's voice, the lightning only the glance of His eye.

Conversational Blunders

One of the fatal conversational blunders, and one often witnessed, is the telling another person's story. If a witty anecdote or bright jest has been once told at the table; if a droll incident or a funny saying has been described or quoted, it is, at that particular table and in that place, the property of the narrator. To filch it from him or her, and tell it yourself is a theft, as truly as it is a theft to steal another person's spoons. The original narrator owns the story. It is not to be told by somebody else in his presence, or in his absence to his especial audience, without his consent.

Another blunder is made by the impatient listener who, noticing a sudden hesitation, takes the word from another's lips, and then completes another's sentence. Still another is the habit of commenting derisively on what a friend is saying, as for instance: "B is nothing if not on the opposite side." "C talks just to hear his own voice." "D is misled by a vivid imagination."

People who make such lapses as these will never be popular.

Superfluous Flesh

A TENDENCY to redundant size is very disagreeable to a woman who wishes to be symmetrical, and who dislikes to put on superfluous flesh too soon. Too much adipose tissue is a foe of health and beauty, and undue corpulence brings in its wake rheumatism and other distressing diseases. Turkish women, it is true, enjoy being fat, for the reason that in their country only the plump woman is admired. With us, while one dislikes being lean and scrawny, she equally fears the encroachment of the flesh.

A very stout woman finds herself hampered in going about. She is likely to be short of breath, and to dislike taking exercise because it tires her, while she finds it difficult to choose her dress gracefully on account of her size.

The woman whose tendency is to be too plump should be very careful about her food. She should especially avoid indulgence in sweets, candies and appetizing luncheons between meals. Coarse or gluten breads are better for her than the finest of the wheat. So far as possible, she should avoid all foods which contain very much starch.

Beyond careful attention and scrupulous obedience to the laws of health, it is well for the stout woman to take no risks. Various remedies that are said to reduce flesh quickly, reduce health and strength, too, and produce disaster in the end.

A woman who is stout and who suddenly loses a great many pounds is apt to look wrinkled and old. The stout woman should not wear a very tight corset, or squeeze herself into dresses which fit like coats of mail.

Not long ago the writer saw in a street-car in New York a woman, whose weight must have approximated three hundred pounds. She was dressed in a tightly-clinging gown of black satin, much ornamented with glittering jet. It seemed as if every breath she drew were painful, and the tightness of her gown accentuated her size. She resembled a mammoth beetle, poor lady!

Another very stout woman who has found it impossible to reduce her size, has devised a charming costume of her own. She wears no corset, and all her gowns hang loosely from the shoulder. Her ordinary dress is what one would call a Mother Hubbard, and for occasions of splendor she has variations of this model, some of which are extremely beautiful. One does not at once think of her size, but rather of her beautiful manners, exquisite hands, and lovely, abundant hair.

A doctor who has studied the subject, says that the stout woman should drop cream and sugar and most of the cereals from her menu and should substitute for them fresh fruit. Bananas, peaches, melons, prunes, and grapes are not to be recommended for her; but apples, oranges, currants, plums, sour cherries figs, dates, nuts, and raisins may be freely indulged in. All meats, except pork and veal are safe, and so are all green vegetables especially spinach, tomatoes, lettuce, and watercress. Salads are excellent for both luncheon and dinner.

The same authority states that much self denial should be used with regard to liquids. To drink water freely during meals, is to offer an inducement for the rapid increase of flesh. If possible, drink no water during meals, and take only weak tea or black coffee after them. If, however, one finds, notwithstanding all her care, that her flesh increases she would better not distress herself too greatly about it, but accept it as a condition which is not agreeable, and yet must be endured.

We do not love our friends or dislike them because of their looks, but for quite other qualities which have to do with mind and heart.

Home Industries

As one goes about the country one finds in out-of-the-way neighborhoods, either the survival or the revival of some interesting old-fashioned home industries. For instance, in the Green Mountains, there are little cabins tucked away among the trees, where silent women still weave on hand looms rugs and curtains, which are the delight of city visitors, who gladly buy them. In the Southern mountains women weave in delft-blue, and moss-green, and rose-pink bedspreads, and lounge-covers, and floor-cloths, which are veritable works of art. Patch-work is not now so common as it used to be; but among plenishings of a recent New York bride, were a half dozen dainty quilts, pieced in exquisite and intricate patterns, and finished in quilting that was as delicate as the finest embroidery. Each was enclosed in an envelope of white linen and tied with satin ribbons, and the whole was the contribution of a Southern grandmother.

Girls were formerly taught to sew beautifully by hand. A few young women possess this rare accomplishment now and if possessed of needlecraft, they are sure at anytime of knowing how to earn a good livelihood, for really fine plain sewing commands a high market-price.

Mountaineering in the Saddle

The Story of a Memorable Ride across the Kentucky and Virginia Hills

By Maj.-Gen. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

THE anniversaries of institutions of learning, beginning in May, usually run through to July. The one of Lincoln Memorial University, situated in the heart of the mountains where three States corner—namely Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky—had its anniversary from the 14th to the 19th of May, inclusive. The baccalaureate by a clergyman from Cincinnatti, and the address to the students by the Hon. Mr. Sargent, of Knoxville, were very able and full of interest for the students and the mountain people, which includes the small villages round about, especially that of Cumberland Gap.

But I do not intend, in this article, to call attention so much to the University as to a journey through the mountains. This is the fifth of my trips through the mountain country round about Cumberland Gap; by this I mean the "cut," or depression in the mountains over which the armies went backwards and forwards so often during our Civil War; where the Morgan of Ohio met the Morgan of the South.

Grant-Lee Hall was our place of departure. Fred. J. Chamberlin, Esq., a lawyer of Boston, and the writer, with Robert Barnett, a mountain youth, who has been several years in the University, constituted the party. Robert was guide, and led us on by a beautiful "Four Season's" highway, which Civil Engineer Waring laid out many years ago and which is still in fairly good condition, a mile and a-half to the little village near the Gap. The village has improved wonderfully within a few years. You no longer see the pigs in the street, and the sidewalks are growing better. Some dreadful old shanties remain, but they will disappear before many days, for I believe that the first high wind will demolish them. A fearful storm crushed the Methodist Church not long since, and they have very

THE START FOR THE LONG RIDE

hands through the bars for the leaflets which I offered them, but not one in that distance could read. They answered, however, at every place, "We will get some'un to read hit to us." "Hit" belongs to every mountaineer.

We skirted the long range of which the pinnacle mountain is the most famous peak, following substantially what is named "Clear Creek." This creek sends down to Cumberland Gap into the cave and out to the people as good water as that from Poland Springs. The region we then came to was a little more settled, houses as near together as a mile or half a mile, with more open and cultivatable land. This was called the "Clear Fork of Yellow Rock." Where two roads met was a store, and behind it a small farmhouse. These belonged to Preston Turner. His wife kindly prepared us as good a dinner as she could. My party enjoyed the eggs and bacon, if not the corn bread. The corn bread is always palatable to me.

We ascended gradually for five or six miles, till we came to the farm of James Denny. In every direction you encounter a continuous forest. Finding only Mrs. Denny and one of her daughters at home, we concluded to ride down to some open ground from four to five miles distant, where the Denny family were clearing up land, burning bushes, ploughing and planting. Here the young men and the young women were working together in the fields. After receiving a hearty welcome from Mr. Denny, we turned back and all gathered at the house.

Mr. Chamberlin's note is, "Mr. and Mrs. Denny and thirteen children, eleven now living, nine children at home." He was very much interested in Mrs. Denny's spinning, using an old-fashioned wheel. He caught sight of some wool, cut from the mountain sheep, which was soaking in a large kettle in the yard; soon it was wrung out and dried in the sunshine.

Mrs. Denny said when she first saw us, "We ain't got much, but whatver we has is yourn, if you can put up with hit." When my friend tried to get her picture, she bluntly refused, and said she couldn't afford to have it taken in such a poor old dress.

Squirrels were playing about the establishment, being kept habitually in a pen made of bark. They were as tame and gentle as kittens. Mr. Denny has plenty of land, and raises large crops. He has one son, Robert, who came to us at Lincoln Memorial University, and acquired a very fair education. Robert has hired a farm not far from his father's, and is trying to lay by something for the future.

Mr. Denny kept us over night; when we tried to offer him something in payment, the blood came in his face and neck, as he generously said, "No, no, you are welcome to what we have."

The next day (Friday), we left Mr. Denny's after an early breakfast, going down the mountain side and following paths that were rugged enough, till we arrived, at ten o'clock, at the Cubbage Post Office, having coursed along Cubbage Creek. Every settlement goes by the name of the creek which is nearest to it. In fact, the settlements are built along the creeks, with the mountains rising abruptly from both sides of the narrow valleys. At this post office we had a meal of victuals furnished us, and our horses were well fed; but the people would take no compensation. We found that day many houses vacant, and were told that a large company was buying up the coal lands, and so had induced the farmers to migrate to some other part of the wilderness. We arrived at Calvin Hensley's at 5:15 P.M., and stayed the night. We had beautiful weather in our mountain travels, but now the rain was coming on, and we could see the range of different showers coursing along the mountain sides, some of which came to us in a lively way, though none lasted long.

Hensley's sixteen-year-old boy remarked to Mr. Chamberlin: "Hain't got edication enough to tell how many letters is in father's name," and Mr. Hensley said that

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMBS

A WEE MOUNTAIN WASHERWOMAN

he had worked hard to save up what little he had. He was proposing to sell out to the coal company, and thinking that he might go to Iowa, where farming was easier. I couldn't help thinking that it would be a very hard undertaking for him to take his family to the far West. His wife, however, had lived in a village, and had acquired more education than her husband. She dressed up her little girl of ten years very neatly, and the child made a beautiful picture.

During this day our lives were put in jeopardy, for I had been mistaken for an officer of the Government hunting for a man-slayer who had run away from Mingo mine. Mr. Chamberlin had arranged to have any telegrams which came to Cumberland Gap, sent forward to us by a speedy messenger. Hearing that such a messenger had passed on ahead of us that day, Chamberlin galloped away from Robert and me with speed. As he rushed along to overtake the man with a telegram, he was watched from many secret places, and when he asked a question nobody dared to tell him the truth, even concerning the messenger ahead. I noticed a woman washing by the side of the road, and she looked up to me and asked me a question or two about what I was doing, and when I told her that I was simply riding through the mountains to see the country, and to get acquainted with the people, and to distribute some books and pamphlets concerning our educational enterprise, she appeared greatly relieved, and then told me that her husband's brother was the man that had killed another at Mingo mine, and that the people were afraid that we were on the chase. It is marvelous how quickly the news of

ensibly gone over to the Congregational edifice to worship, where there is nothing now but good fellowship among them all.

We passed up through a winding way, something like that described by Dante, till we came to what they call Hell's Half-Acre." It is like a terrace, where the houses are built; there is always mud on both sides the street and usually pigs galore bathing in it, or sleeping contentedly in some door-yard after wallowing in the mire. There are many, many children in this singular place, where the houses are nothing but poor board shanties of one or two stories. Of course the people are very poor; but wonderful to tell, many of the little girls came out of this impoverished neighborhood tidily dressed and as clean as could be, to take part in the anniversary exercises from our Lincoln Memorial Harrow-School division. I found often that a little one had but one respectable dress, and that was kept tidy somehow for such occasions.

We passed to the top of the mountain range into Kentucky, which is only a stone's throw from the Half-Acre. After passing over the range we turned to the right, and went into the ruins of a fort whose remains still give a clear indication of some defenses of the Civil War. The views from this point are beautiful whichever way you gaze. We passed along northward, finding several tenements. At the farmhouses, if we may call them so, along the route there was an average of from four to six little ones. Or twelve miles we met them, some in the fields at work, sometimes on the fences, sometimes sticking their

GRANT-LEE HALL, FROM HAMILTON HEIGHTS

a manslaughter will fly through that country, till every family knows all the details, and yet there was but one place in our first three days' travel that we found a newspaper at a mountain home.

After we left Hensley's and passed the deep roaring grist mill, we wound along from creek to creek, passing houses of which I furnish you a specimen marked, "A Front Yard." The families were very much like those which I have described. We found large numbers of children, who were very rugged but always respectful. One little girl about ten years old courtesied and said "Good morning." Naturally she was bare-footed, but had on a clean dress and a pretty white sunbonnet. She said she lived with her father and mother on Chestnut Hill.

"Are you going to school?"

"No, sir," she answered, "there ain't no school hereabouts. My mother learned me to read."

At the next house we found a young wife who had belonged to a fairly prosperous family. She had married an industrious young man and they had set up housekeeping. She did not seem to be happy, said that she was not well, and was very, very lonely, as her husband was obliged to go to a distant farm to work for wages. I asked her if she could read and she said, "A little," but evidently she did not have the relief which papers and books afford a lonely wife. Not one book there.

Suddenly, we began to follow a winding way up the Black Mountain. From some high points there appeared to be long, parallel ranges. This Black Mountain fell into one of the ranges, but was more abrupt and pointed than usual, rising to considerable height above the level of the creeks. From the top of it there were many beautiful vistas; one took in the County Seat of Harlan County; the whole Black Mountain range is mainly in that county.

I rode on ahead of my companions, who had stopped to take pictures, till I reached the crest. Here I found an immense boulder over thirty feet in height, broad and craggy at the top, and broader both ways at the base. Near it I saw a young man, evidently a mountaineer, rather under size, with a gun over his shoulder and a fine specimen of hunting-dog looking up into his face. There was no other person within a mile of us. I asked the young man what he was doing. He said that he was hunting rabbits. While we were talking there I had remained on my horse. After a little space another young man appeared whom we had met before, and who was then coming from the nearest railroad station of the L. & N. R. R., having behind him on a rapid-walking good-looking mule, a young lady altogether too well dressed for an inhabitant of that region. The hunter spoke to him and they passed on; then he said to me that the young man was taking the young lady to a house not far distant beyond the divide, where she was to be married. In fifteen minutes, there came along a third young man, perspiring freely, carrying his coat on his arm and his straw hat in his hand. He smiled, and called my companion by name, and then asked him what he was doing in that desolate region.

"Oh," he said, "I am chasing jack-rabbits."

The walker laughed aloud and said, "I reckon so," and strode on. The hunter then told me that this youngster, who increased his pace after he had gone by, was the bridegroom, and that when he reached the house, the marriage with the young lady who had passed on the mule would take place.

Of course I took this simple narration as the actual truth, and something within the hunter's knowledge. Afterwards I found that the young lady was a teacher, returning home after the spring term of her school in the mountains, and that the marriage part was a romantic invention for my benefit.

There was something weird and curious to me in the fact that on this mountain I could hear words of conversation three or four miles distant, down the steep ravine about which the ascending trail wound its way.

The very centre of information in all that country is found in the postman, who rides from the nearest railroad station across the several ravines, through that singularly populated wilderness, down over the Black Mountain to Harlan town and back, every day. The distance is seventeen and a half miles; this gives him a ride of thirty-five miles every day, except Sunday. The bearer of the mail overtook us while we were descending the mountain, and my companion took a picture of the meeting near the Pansy Post Office. It was the postman who corrected the imaginative story of the hunter regarding the wedding-party.

The ways grew better, and the farms more extensive and better cultivated as we approached the county town. We found a very agreeable reception at the hotel. The proprietor himself had met us at the outskirts, and conducted us to his house. During the morning (Sunday) I visited the Harlan Academy. It was vacation. The Presbyterian pastor invited me to be present at the Sunday School and morning service. The academy itself was barely furnished, showing want of almost

GETTING THE MAIL AT A MOUNTAIN POST OFFICE

everything for the convenience and aid of the pupils. It was, however, a good structure, and in term time is well supplied with pupils. The congregation at the academy was as well dressed and as intelligent as any in our villages of New England. I told the Sunday School concerning our work for the mountain youth at Lincoln Memorial University, but I found that they already knew much concerning the enterprise; in fact, before we had been long in Harlan town, we found six of our students there waiting an examination preparatory to teaching in different parts of the extensive Harlan County. This provision of proper examinations in Kentucky I found prevailing in several counties, and it is having a wonderfully good effect in uplifting the youth of that region, and through them, of course, more or less, the families who have been so wedded to old prejudices and doings. In the afternoon, and again in the evening, the three churches, the Presbyterian (which meets at the Academy), the Baptist, and the Methodist, met at the Methodist Church, which has the largest auditorium. An aged circuit-rider preached on both occasions. Mr. Chamberlin and I had met him early in the morning of Sunday when we were going up to the top of a beautiful hill crowned with a grove. Just before ascending, we overtook a man of fifty or upwards with a Bible in his hand, walking up and down. It was the circuit-rider, and he was preparing his sermons.

I had so often heard these old ministers preach that I was not surprised when he began in a conversational way, and gradually enlarged his scope till he became very earnest, fervent, and at times eloquent. His hearers, some shouting, were soon in very complete sympathy with him. It was an old fashioned proclamation of the whole Gospel, as men did in the days of Eliot and Williams of New England. His voice was much like that of Abraham Lincoln, on as high a key as Lincoln's in his most searching periods, and as far-reaching. He gave no hope to those who persisted in sin, and he painted the joys of heaven so that they passed beyond any paradise of earth.

On Sunday evening, Dr. Walker, a tall man of slender build, a dentist, who had his office opposite the hotel, came to me, and invited us to breakfast. His house was a revelation, showing the presence of education and culture. He had married a very beautiful and accomplished woman in Virginia, and brought her to this village to live, and be no small help in its social life.

I was surprised the day before to find so many people by the name of Howard living in the village. The first gentleman whom I met was Judge Howard. He had been for a long time a prosecuting attorney for the state or district. He and his family gave me a pleasant reception at his home, just before the evening service. There I met his brother, Elijah Howard, who had a large family in the country.

Later, I encountered a pleasant-looking gentleman of strong build who said that his name was Moses Howard. During our morning walk we came across a man above sixty, who told me that his name was Samuel Chittenden Howard, and that he had named one of his sons for me long ago.

Before seven o'clock Monday morning we were on our way, descending the right bank of the Cumberland River. As we left the village and had just crossed the great river we began to see home-made hives, filled with bees, near the farmhouses. Riding along ascending a gentle slope we saw two lads playing together, running backwards and forth across the way. One of them, a little fellow without stockings, shirt partially outside of his trousers, looking up into our faces, said, "Hello, boys!" I said, "Who is the other child with round face and curly hair?"

He answered, "Hit is Burt Howard."

"Well, what is your name?"

"Hit is Harry Hall."

Bright, active, healthful, fearless are these lads from the farmhouses.

At Wilson's, at the end of our first half day, we met at Turner's store Hiram Howard, Jr., a young man who was selling fruit trees from his nursery. I asked him if he met with any success. "Yes," he said, "I sell a heap of them." I told him that I should pass his father's house on Monday and he invited me to spend the night there.

We reached Mr. Hiram Howard's farm at 11.45 A.M. The father met us and gave us a cordial reception. He had five daughters and two or three sons. He had a fairly good farm and his daughters were all well educated. Four of them were teachers. They played the cabinet organ and sang well. They set us a table and gave us as nice a dinner as we could have wished.

It is not the Howards in this section of Kentucky that were remarkable, a few years ago, for family feuds. Mr. Hiram Howard's family is a decided exemplification of what can be effected by proper education. Everything about that home had in it all the elements of modern civilization, with its conveniences and comforts. After dining and resting we went on ten or twelve miles further and stopped for the night at the home of a prosperous farmer by the name of Hampton Lewis. *En route* we came across the famous "Seven Sisters"—immense rocks —rising, perpendicularly, a hundred feet or more.

Meeting everywhere with singular kindness and offers of hospitality as we passed along, we recrossed the Cumberland at a deep ford and made haste, reaching the town of Middlesboro about midday. This time I made twenty-four miles in less than five hours without dismounting.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,
Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army (Retired)

PATTI AND KING LUDWIG

IT was more than thirty years ago, when Europe was ringing with the fame of Mme. Patti's matchless voice, that Ludwig II, the mad King of Bavaria, set his heart on hearing the diva sing in his private theatre in Munich. He wrote letter after letter begging, even imploring, her to sing to him and offering her extravagant sums of money; but Patti, dreading the experience, persistently refused his offers. At last Ludwig tempted her with a fee so enormous that she yielded.

When she reached Munich on the day appointed (says a writer in London *Tit-Bits*), she found to her disgust—for she was accustomed to being received everywhere as a queen—that not even a carriage had been sent for her, and she and her maid made their way as best they could to the nearest hotel. She had scarcely finished luncheon when a gorgeously attired officer was announced, who handed her a letter from the king, with the curt information that he should expect her at 7 o'clock punctually, at the palace, where Mme. Fischer, who would sing with her, would give her further directions. With the letter was a programme by the king

This cavalier treatment of the "Queen of Song" was more than she could bear, and Mme. Patti, stamping her foot in anger, exclaimed, "I have never been treated so rudely in my life! I will not sing—never! never! never! and you can tell the king so!" And it was some time before the messenger, with all his diplomatic arts, could smooth her ruffled plumes. But the crowning indignity was to come, for just as madame had recovered her equanimity her eyes fell on a postscript to the letter, which had escaped her notice at the first reading. It ran thus: "The king commands Mme. Patti to appear in pure white, without any color whatever, and not by any means to wear a satin gown, but soft wool. Silk is painful to his majesty."

For once the great prima donna had no words to meet such unparalleled insolence, and she fell back into a chair in helpless amazement. When she recovered her speech it was to declare point-blank that she could not and would not appear in white—"and that ended the matter." However, in time her sense of amusement and the officer's pleading triumphed over her indignation, and she promised to obey the royal instructions.

Before 7 the royal carriage arrived, and Patti was driven to the palace and conducted through the long, dim corridors and rooms to the auditorium, which, to her amazement, she found in absolute darkness save for the fitful light of the moon.

As she stood on the dark stage, and an unseen orchestra began a soft prelude, she fancied she saw through the gloom a white face from a box opposite to her. "It was horrible," she afterward said; "the great black, empty hall, the strains of music coming from I knew not where, and that one white face, the only suggestion of life anywhere, looking at me from out of the darkness. When I opened my mouth to begin the aria, not a sound came from it."

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more trying even to a person of the strongest nerves. The king, when he failed to hear the expected voice, rose excitedly from his seat and leaned forward out of the box, the moonlight falling on his spectral face. The growing horror of her situation seemed to rouse the singer out of her stupor of fright, and with a mighty effort her imprisoned voice rang out, flooding the empty building with sweetness. "It was the effort of my life," she said later. "I was desperate; but when I found my voice I put my head back and sang as I have rarely sung before or since."

As she was waiting the signal to sing again a messenger appeared, with the announcement that the king had had enough music and had gone to his apartments. For a moment Patti was stunned, and then, seeing the comical aspect of it all, she laughed heartily and prepared to return to her hotel. On the following day the court chamberlain called at the hotel with an autograph letter of thanks from the king and a present of costly jewels, and later she learned that Ludwig had spent days in blaming himself for being lured by the magic of her voice to listen to Italian music, and thus prove disloyal, even for a few moments, to his beloved Wagner.

BREAD FROM HEAVEN

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE Brook Cherith is purling on to-day as in the days of Elijah, so ancient and yet so fresh and sweet. A company of seventy-five Sunday School pilgrims saw it on April 12, in a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was a five hours' drive, diversified by a walk of nearly a mile, where it was too steep and too rocky to ride in carriages with safety. When about two-thirds of the way toward Jericho we came in sight of a deep rocky gorge, and alighted from our carriages that we might ascend a hill and look down into it. We would have thought it inaccessible for anything but winged creatures, if we had not observed a picturesque monastery about half way up the cliff. The monastery was so close to the cliff that it seemed to be a part of it, and may have been cut into it. The cliffs were chalky white, with slight tinges of yellow here and there, reminding one of alabaster. For Elijah, the whole place was one of God's temples in alabaster. The little monastery had of course been built to commemorate Elijah fed by the ravens. Numerous descendants of those same ravens were flying about, croaking, as if boasting of their ancestors of two thousand, nine hundred years ago. Elijah was there by God's appointment. In punishment of Ahab and Jezebel and Israel for idolatry, God had sent a famine on the land, and he had said to Elijah, "Hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. Thou shalt drink of the brook and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." And the ravens did God's bidding, for they brought Elijah bread and meat, morning and evening. Where God's storehouse was we are not told, but the ravens knew. It would have been a lonely place for Elijah if God had not been with him.

When the brook dried up, God saw it and said to him, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath and dwell there." Elijah had probably been living in the rocky fastness by the brook for about one year. Did the Lord promise that the ravens would follow him to Zarephath? No, God said, "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." Obediently, trustingly, Elijah arose and entered upon his journey of more than one hundred miles. At the gate of the city he saw a widow gathering sticks to make a fire. God gave Elijah to understand that he was to be his provider. As Elijah looked at her and saw that she was a poor woman, he might naturally doubt her ability to take care of herself, much more of a stranger. When he asked her for a little water and bread, her reply was not reassuring, for she said she had only a little meal and a little oil in her house, and that she was gathering two sticks, in order that she might cook it for herself and for her son, and then both would starve and die. But Elijah bade her make bread for him, and gave her God's promise that so long as the famine should last, she should have meal and oil to cook for her household. She must have been a woman of faith, for she went and cooked all the meal and oil she had, and brought it to Elijah. She deserves to rank with the widow of the New Testament, whom Jesus commended for giving her two mites. She was fully repaid in fulfilment of God's promise, for Elijah dwelt in her home two years, during which "the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail."

Illustration and Application

It was at a time when wickedness was at its height in Israel. Ahab, more forceful than any ruler in Palestine since Solomon, built beautiful cities, and for himself a palace of ivory; prosecuted important wars energetically and successfully; and formed important alliances; but he also excelled even Jeroboam and Omri in wickedness, as might be expected when he had for his wife such a "bloody Mary" as Jezebel, who was the inquisitor of the first religious persecution, and also the patroness of impurity. The saints she drove to the caves, the sinners she made priests in her temples of vice. It seemed as if the true God was dead. But suddenly God provided the man for the times, who springs into history with no biography except that is carried in his name, "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." A rough and obscure country birthplace, like the cradle of so many of God's leaders! One of the greatest proofs that there is a God who guides this world, is the way such men for the times arise, with no adequate explanation of their power in heredity or environment like the Luthers and Lincolns of the world's great epochs. We should therefore never despair though Jezebels seem to be controlling society and pleasure; and Ahab, business and politics. God will provide a new and true Elijah for every time of rampant wickedness.

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

God will provide a hiding place for his own, when judgments fall on the wicked. Elijah obeyed God when told to "hide," just as he obeyed God when told to show himself to the king who sought his life. In the shaded gorge of the Brook Cherith, water would remain longer than anywhere else, and in the blistering heat of the famine, the gorge would be like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. How beautiful this pictures God as our refuge; first, from sin, then from sorrow.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Moses hidden three months from the wrath of Pharaoh; the child Jesus hidden for years in Egypt from the wrath of Herod; Caleb and Joshua hidden in Jericho; Paul hidden in the basket and let down from the wall. What other hidings of God's imperilled friends are recorded in the Bible and in history? And what promises that we may hide from sin and danger and sorrow, does the Bible contain? And to whom is it promised that they shall vainly call on rocks and hills to hide them in the day of wrath?

* * *

God will provide bread from heaven, material and spiritual. The story of Elijah fed by ravens at the brook, may well illustrate the truth that God feeds us by the processes of nature, and the story of the widow may illustrate that it is God no less, who feeds us when it is done through human agencies. And as the Cherith story will illustrate spiritual bread received, the Zarephath story will illustrate how we increase our spiritual supplies by ministering to others. God always sends the bread, whoever brings it.

THE MONASTERY BY THE BROOK CHERITH

We see the hand of God when he fed the Israelites with manna and with quails, and supplied water out of the smitten rock; also when God fed Elijah, first by the brook and then in the widow's home; also when starving Samaria was fed in the time of Elisha, by the miraculous scattering of the foes that besieged it, and when Jericho's bitter waters were sweetened; also when Christ fed the multitudes twice on the shores of Galilee; also when he filled the nets of his fisherman disciples. (Are there other miracles of feeding besides these ten?) But were these any more the act of God, any stronger tokens of his care than his feeding of Adam, by preparing in advance mineral substances for the vegetables to feed on, and vegetable substances for the animals to feed on, and vegetable and animal substances for man to feed on? And does the potato cease to be God's gift, because he gave man skill to improve it by cross-breeding and cultivation? And does bread cease to be God's gift because we must follow back from mother to baker, and from baker to farmer, and from the farmer to the ground, before we find the Giver of this and every good and perfect gift? In these days when thoughtless people curse "the weather man" because of the heat, let all intelligent people thank God for every hot day, that smelts a million dollars in our country alone in golden corn, every stalk of which points the grateful heart up to God. A field of golden grain should symbolize the glory of God in his goodness, no less than the golden lining of Tabernacle and Temple.

* * *

The kindness of the ravens to Elijah, points us to two great flocks of facts. One flock consists of the natural humane acts of animals to other animals, and to man. For example, just as we are writing this lesson, the daily press brings word of a little dog whose front paws had been crushed by a passing carriage. Some children saw it wailing by the roadside, went to it for a few moments of pity, and passed on. Others, men and beasts, looked at it and passed on. Then came the good Samaritan, a St. Bernard dog, who took it up in his mouth as if it had been one of its own pups, and bore it up some high steps and laid it on the door-mat of a human, and let us hope humane habitation. Many such an act of kindly beasts and birds, rebukes man's inhumanity to man and beast.

The other flock of facts is yet more closely related to our lesson—the modern instances in which God has used birds and animals to accomplish providential deliverances. Only a few days since, the writer read of a fierce dog, usually chained, who came bounding joyfully one Sunday toward a man who feared him, and followed him all day till in the evening this man was attacked by a robber, from whom the dog saved him, and then went back to his kennel. Another case was that of John Craig, a Scotchman, condemned in the days of John Knox, to die at the stake. He was in prison at Rome, and in some excitement was let out of prison by rioters, only to find himself in danger of dying of starvation. Praying in the edge of a wood, he heard steps, and saw a dog approach and lay something gladly at his feet, which proved to be a purse, that saved his life and enabled him to complete his escape. Sir Henry Wyatt, a knight, imprisoned, suffered from lack of warmth and food, both of which were supplied by a cat, that ventured into his dungeon and learned to love him, and so warmed him by its fur and fed him with many a pigeon. Krumacher tells of a closer parallel to Elijah: a singing bird that flew into a Christian's home, who was distressed about a debt he could not pay. The bird seemed to sing, "Fear thou not when darkness reigns." Shortly the owner came seeking the bird, and paid as a reward enough to cancel the debt.

* * *

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Many a hungry man needs a word even more than bread, a word with the bread that shall lift him out of beggary. And many who were never hungry for food are hungry for words of guidance and comfort. Those benevolent people who think only of giving bread and what it stands for, and fail to give themselves in neighborly counsels and the uplift of strong personal influence, make as great a mistake as those Jews, who, after the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, wanted more loaves of Christ to save them from work, and turned away in crowds when they found that, having fed their bodies, he wished to give their souls the bread of heaven.

On a certain Sabbath, in 1642, a young man, in frail health and deep despondency, heard from an obscure stranger who occupied for a single Sabbath, the pulpit of Dr. Edward Calamy, a sermon on the text, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?" It was just the bread he needed. It put a new courage, almost a new soul, into him. He went to work with noble Christian aspiration, rose to great honor in Church and State, became Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and had among his pupils John Locke, William Penn, Dr. South, Dr. Whitby, Sir Christopher Wren, and other great men. He was Rev. John Owen. But he could never learn anything more of the strange preacher to whom he owed so much. And probably that preacher went home supposing he had accomplished little or nothing by that sermon.

The story reminds that not alone the Word of God, but the words of noble men also, become bread of heaven to build up manly, Christian lives. "Give alms of the things that are within," is the Bible's high-water mark of charity.

A missionary in India had been speaking about the "Water of Life," and pointed to a fountain close by, where people were drinking and filling their pots. A Moslem bystander said, "Your religion may be compared to a little stream of water, but Islam is like a great sea." "Yes," replied the missionary, "but there is just this difference; men drink sea water and die of thirst, while they drink of the living water and live!"

God will provide a friend in need. So the widow in Zarephath found. A poor boy, son of a widow, once said to his mother, "Seems God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel." Those who have tried this "lending to the Lord" most thoroughly, are most ready to make new investments because of the dividends in joy, if not prosperity also, that such giving has brought them.

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*International Sunday School lesson for August 7 on God Taking Care of Elijah (I. Kings 17 : 1-10). Golden Text: "He careth for you" (I. Peter 5 : 7).

It is
ROYAL
Baking
Powder
that makes the
Delicious Biscuit,
Griddle Cake
and Doughnut

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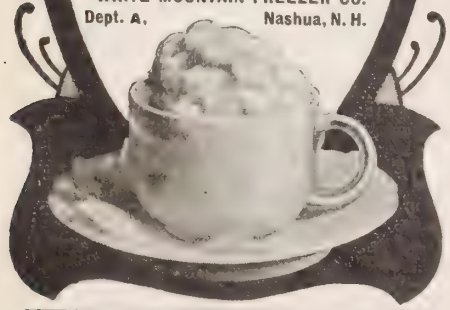

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How London takes Care of its Poor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 645

black frock-coat, not much the worse for wear—for two-pence, and the next Sunday he appeared at the mission, and walked proudly up the aisle.

As for orphanages and orphan schools for boys, girls, and infants, there are over 150 of these in London. Take the Stockwell Orphanage as a type of all. It was founded by the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, of beloved memory, and the president to-day is Thomas Spurgeon, and the Vice-President Charles Spurgeon. It affords a home and school for five hundred boys and girls, and aids, besides, in the maintenance of the Spurgeon Seaside Home during the summer months.

Every branch of charitable work has its own particular organ, the total number amounting to nearly a hundred. One of the most unique of these publications is the *National Waifs' Magazine*, written, edited, and published by waifs of London, who have come into the shelter of one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. These Homes are incorporated as "The National Waifs' Association," and they are far the most important charity for homeless children in all London. The Association now provides a Christian and industrial training for nearly 7,000 poor children. In the various Homes, since their foundation forty years ago, over 50,000 destitute boys and girls have been rescued. The Homes comprise 11 mission branches and 95 separate Homes, including 49 cottage homes for girls in the suburbs; also a Home for little boys at Jersey; a Home for babies called "Babies' Castle;" not to speak of a hospital for waif children, an "open-all-night" refuge; a labor house for destitute youths too old to enter the boys' homes; emigration houses at Toronto and Peterboro, Canada; an emigration farm of 10,000 acres in Manitoba, Canada; and thirteen other branch institutions in London, under the common name of "An Ever-open Door." There is no other institution in England which does so much good for so many children, and, so far as I personally know, the only work for children that can compare with it for extent of operations, is the work of supporting 5,500 orphans in India, by the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The chief patron of the Waifs' Association is the Queen. It is the unofficial Waifs' Society for the whole nation and all the churches. It admits waifs who have been rejected by every other society. It has nearly 1,300 suffering little children in its care, the number being more than the aggregate of child patients in the four largest hospitals in London. It maintains nearly a thousand babies, thus constituting the largest infant orphan asylum in the world. To all the boys capable of learning trades, careful technical instruction is given. The Association has placed nearly 16,000 trained children in Canada.

Another admirable work for children is that of the Princess Mary Village Homes for little girls, at Addlestone, in Surrey. This is one of the most picturesque as well as useful institutions for the training of girls. It is not a summer institution, but permanent, all-the-year-round work. These Homes constitute in themselves really a training-school for servants, for here they are taught all the arts of housekeeping, cooking, cleaning, waiting, etc. I took the train out to Addlestone, and found the girls living in twenty delightfully situated cottages—180 girls in all. They were chiefly the children of prisoners and of others in unfortunate circumstances. To me, this seemed the happiest colony in all England.

This is now the season for the numerous charitable enterprises which have for their object summer relief for the children of London. Foremost among these schemes, of course, are the various Fresh-Air funds—called here the "F. A. F." One never knows just which F. A. F. a newspaper refers to, but we do know that wherever those letters appear in an appeal for funds, many little children are to be taken from the tenements into the country, or to the seaside, for a change of air and for rest, just as two thousand children are now received yearly as guests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home at Mont-Lawn. The principal F. A. F. this year has given over 25,000 children a one-day's outing in the country. This particular F. A. F. is supported entirely by the poor themselves.

In order that even the Jewish children of London may have the outing also, the officials of one F. A. F. have arranged to supply such children with *kosher* rolls, during the trip. These rolls are wrapped in little bags, on which a notice stating contents is printed in Yiddish and English. I stopped one day, at what is called the F. A. F. retreat. There I saw an immense pile of eggs. "These eggs are all hard boiled," said the matron, "and they are for the Jewish children, who prefer them to the *kosher* rolls."

The greatest F. A. F. of all has provided, during the last twelve years, no fewer than 1,050,000 poor children with a day's outing, with plenty to eat and drink. Over 150,000 will be added this summer.

But, besides the F. A. F.'s, there are scores of Homes, like Mont Lawn, where the children are kept for a week or two. The Spurgeon Seaside Home has already been mentioned. Hundreds of children are taken there during the summer. Then there are numbers of Homes where as many as 500 children are taken at a time, on a kind of camping expedition. The girls included in these expeditions are quartered in neighboring farmhouses, but the boys camp out, in rough style, in tents, in the open fields and in the woods.

Then there are the country Homes for "Nobody's Children." These include the Fresh-Air-Homes for news-boys, venders, beggars, and the like, who in all the world have no kith nor kin. These poor boys, and girls too, are taken at their own word as to being "Nobody's Children," and are sent to the Homes as vacancies occur. Many are sent out of the city to farmers on the "boarding-out" plan. One of the advertisements of "Nobody's Children" is worth quoting. I treads: "Sunshine on the face of a slum child at the seashore costs less than one penny per hour. Hundreds of wistful little faces are waiting to be lit up. How much brightness can you afford to give?"

After the children, come the factory girls, who have for their benefit the "Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund." This fund sends girls to the country not only in summer, but throughout the year. The number of women and girls sent away thus last year was 3,600. In London, there are altogether more than 2,000 charitable enterprises. These provide for every conceivable form of distress or need, and the workers who give their services in the various causes form a great legion.

Besides these there are "Ambulance Brigades," Nursing Homes, Discharged Prisoners' Societies, Invalids' Homes, Vigilance Societies, and no end of associations of all sorts for all whom one can possibly think of as needing help. There are at least a dozen "Associations for Distressed Gentlefolks," which provide small pensions for ladies and gentlemen who have seen better days and are now destitute. These distressed English "gentlefolks" may be compared to the class which Dr. Klopsch, in his reports from Cuba in 1898, referred to as "Silent Sufferers;" that is, needy persons whose pride would not allow them to beg, and whose distress would never be heard of if the world waited for the direct word of appeal from them individually.

Further, there are associations for the aid of governesses and teachers, a pension fund for newspaper men, and even a fund, and a large one, for distressed or old literary workers. There are Homes for the dying, houseless poor societies, surgical aid societies, and endless "Rests" for servant girls and old people.

Finally, we must not forget the work of the Charity Organization Society. It is conducted on the same lines as the one in New York, and is known as the Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity. The present most important work of the Society is that of directing public attention to the evil policy that permits children to beg on the streets, thus teaching them the very calling that all this monumental charity of London is seeking to obliterate—namely, begging.

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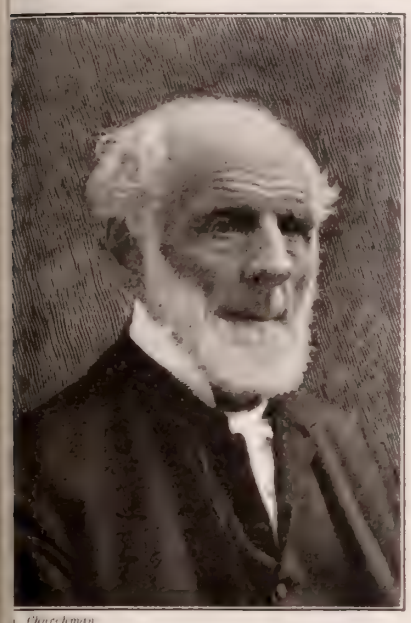
A VETERAN AT REST

HALE and strong to the last, clear and vigorous in mind, Bishop F. D. Huntington has paid the debt f nature in his eighty-sixth year. While pending a few weeks of rest at the farm



Chickering

HE LATE BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON

h which he was born, he caught cold and neumonia developed. At his age he was able to rally from the attack, and on ly 11 he died. By a singular coincidence, his elder son, a professor at Dartmouth College, passed away on the same day, at the age of sixty-four. He had been ill of typhoid, and was in an extremely weak condition when the despatch announcing the death of his father was received. He felt the shock severely and gradually sank from that moment, and died in a few hours.

Bishop Huntington was brought up in the Congregational Church. His mother was famous in her day, owing to her trial by the church with which she was connected on the charge of holding Unitarian doctrines, and she was excluded from the church. Her son followed her into the Unitarian Church. He studied at Amherst and in the Divinity School at Harvard, and subsequently became a professor in the latter university. Lowell and Longfellow were members of the faculty at the same time. For some time he was pastor of the South Congregational Church. In 1860, however, he withdrew from that denomination and was ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His charge was the Emmanuel Church of Boston, Mass., of which he was rector until 1869, when he was elected Bishop of Central New York.

The Bishop was a man of abounding energy, and took a deep interest in public affairs, especially those affecting the condition of labor. His sympathy with the burdens of the working man and his efforts to alleviate them were unwearied. It was humorously said of him that "it might be hoped he would have rest and pleasure in the next world, for he had enjoyed neither in this." He was a frequent contributor to the press, and the author of several popular religious books

DIVINE GUIDANCE

HOW many men in the presence of a great calamity, or when seeing the triumph of some monstrous justice, have asked the question, "Does od really care about what goes on in is world?" The theory back of this estion is that God has set the world ing, much as a man might wind up a ck, and then left it to run its course, thout check or interference. There e many circumstances in life which lend lor to such a theory, but that is only cause we have so imperfect a knowge of them. We see a good man beset misfortune, and all his schemes failing. nother man, evil in life and vile in purse, succeeds and becomes wealthy. It uld seem that in a world under the ntrol of a righteous God, the good man ght always to prosper.

But would such a method of governing e world be really wise? Would it develop the highest kind of character? It uld be practically a system of bribery, which a man would receive pay for ing things that he ought to do without y. No strong, noble character would produced under such a system. Men ust never expect to be guided so as to cape adversity. They must not conude, when adversity comes upon them, at God did not guide them. He may ve led them into that very path in der that they might undergo the discipline that he saw that they needed.

How may we obtain guidance? When o ways are open and we know not which take, and ask God to direct us, how are to gather the indications of his will? me people open their Bible at random d expect to get light from the first pasge that meets the eye. But it is not by ch means that God reveals his will. Let person who is undecided, pray earnestto be led aright. Then let him use the ulties which God has given him, to igh the merits of the two courses. ke care that no unworthy motives inence the mind, consider the advantages d disadvantages of each course, to ers as well as to yourself, and then cide, asking God to bless the course osen. The result may not be the one ex-

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society. Epth League, and Baptist Young People's Union Aug 7. I. Chron. 29: 10-12; Luke 12: 1-7.

pected, but if there is reliance on God and confidence in his wisdom and love, there can be no doubt of its being the course that he wishes us to take.

In thine hand it is to make great. At the battle of Crecy, the Black Prince, who was leading the van of the English army, was hard pressed by the enemy. He sent a messenger for help to his father, the king, who was on a hill overlooking the battle. No help was sent, so the prince sent another messenger with a more urgent appeal. To him the king answered: "Go tell my son, that I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when succor is needed; nor so careless a father, as not to send it at the right time."

To give strength unto all. "What a rough time I am having," said the young oak as the winds blew against it and bent it. "I wish I was in a more sheltered place." But the winds continued to blow and the storms raged and the young oak said, "Since I am here, I must adapt myself to my situation and as the storms will come I must prepare for them." So it sent its roots deep into the soil and spread them around on every side. When the storms raged they could do nothing against it, for its anchorage was firm and the oak grew strong.

All that is in heaven and earth is thine. A business man was considering an opportunity of removing to another city. He was fairly prosperous where he was, but the prospects seemed brighter in the other location. He prayed earnestly for guidance, and finally decided to go. The result was financial disaster. A man who knew him taunted him with his trust in prayer having misled him. "Wait and see," said the ruined man, "this may not be the end." He was brought very low and was in great straits, but an opportunity of doing Christian work opened. It was of a kind he was peculiarly fitted to do, and being idle, he embraced it. It was greatly blessed, and though he never regained prosperity he was abundantly useful and contended that thus God answered his prayer.

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know the advantage of having always on hand a perfect cream for general household purposes. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream and being preserved and sterilized keeps for an indefinite period. Use it for coffee, tea, cocoa and all household purposes.

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ESKAY'S FOOD modifies cow's milk by breaking up the tough, leathery, cheesy masses into soft, flocculent, and easily digested curds. It is the most convenient, economical, and efficient modification of cow's milk known. The egg supplies the albumen or tissue-building element; sugar of milk supplies the heat and energy producing elements; and the whole assures a perfect nutrient, especially for weak stomachs. No other food compares with it. It nourishes so perfectly that no baby is so ill or sickly as not to be immediately helped by it. Babies fed upon it thrive during the hottest weather and teethe without trouble. It has been frequently prescribed exclusively in severe cases of cholera infantum with uniformly successful results.

If you have a baby you ought to know about ESKAY'S FOOD. Write us to-day for a generous sample and our invaluable book, "How to Care for the Baby." They are free on request.

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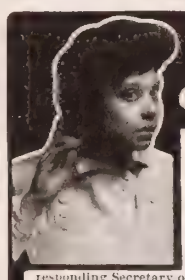

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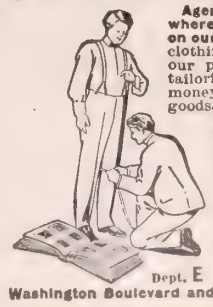

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A man who thought his race was run made a food find that brought him back to perfect health.

"One year ago I was unable to perform any labor; in fact, I was told by my physicians that they could do nothing further for me. I was fast sinking away, for an attack of grip had left my stomach so weak it could not digest any food sufficient to keep me alive.

"There I was, just wasting away, growing thinner every day, and weaker, really being snuffed out simply because I could not get any nourishment from food.

"Then my sister got after me to try Grape-Nuts food, which had done much good for her, and she finally persuaded me, and although no other food had done me the least bit of good, my stomach handled the Grape-Nuts from the first, and this food supplied the nourishment I had needed. In three months I was so strong I moved from Albany to San Francisco, and now on my three meals of Grape-Nuts and cream every day, I am strong and vigorous, and do fifteen hours work.

"I believe the sickest person in the world could do as I do, eat three meals of nothing but Grape-Nuts and cream, and soon be on their feet again in the flush of best health like me.

"Not only am I in perfect physical health again, but my brain is stronger and clearer than it ever was on the old diet. I hope you will write to the names I send you about Grape-Nuts, for I want to see my friends well and strong.

"Just think that a year ago I was dying, but to-day, although I am over 55 years of age, most people take me to be less than 40, and I feel just as young as I look." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

It is almost cruel to wash those tender little bodies in hard water. The harder the water, the less cleansing, the more it irritates and roughens the skin. BORAX in the bath SOFTENS the water—makes it cooling, soothing, refreshing. Nothing else is so bland and pleasant to the skin, and yet so powerful as a cleanser, as BORAX-SOFTENED WATER.

A daily BORAX bath is the very best treatment for prickly heat and nervous eruptions that are so prevalent in the summer time.

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OUR "LITTLE MOTHERS" AT MONT-LAWN

ONE of the pleasantest features at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn—and one that is very gratifying to the visitor — is the evident care which the teachers have taken to impress upon the boys, the idea that they should pay a certain deference to the girls. Especially is this shown when the Superintendent, Miss Collins, strikes the big gong on the piazza of the main building, as a signal that the children are wanted. It is a pretty sight to see them running from all directions, deserting their play, the swings and gymnasium, the ball-field, and all the other places where they find their recreation:

"Little mothers" gather their brood about them, carrying the smallest child, if it cannot run fast enough, and soon they are forming into a long line in front of the house.

MARCHING FROM THE DINING-TENT FOR A ROMP ON THE LAWN

Along the walk which leads to the big dining-tent, the boys stand in couples, and at the end of the line that of the girls begins. One might naturally think that by this arrangement the boys would take precedence. By no means. At one tap of the bell, all come to order; two taps, and the boys step out into two columns, in single file, while between them the girls march sedately, accepting this escort as a matter of course. When they have passed, the boys close up and march to their places at the long tables. Here all stand, both boys and girls, until a little grace is sung, beginning

God is great, and God is good,
And we thank him for our food

Then, at another tap of the bell, in the centre of the tent, the two hundred little ones seat themselves and fall to with appetites whetted to a keen edge by the pure country air, and the various phases of open air life and healthful surroundings. There is no hurrying, no "gobbling," such as one might look for and easily excuse; but each child seems to be confident that there will be plenty to eat, and sufficient time in which to eat it. And they are never disappointed, for the fare is bountiful and wholesome. Some of the children have evidently been used to a diet of dry bread and tea, and anything different from such miserable fare is such a surprise that they hardly know how to receive it. But they soon learn.

Our illustration on this page shows the girls as they are leaving the tent—a jolly, happy crowd, ready to break up into groups some of them singing, others telling stories, or listening to the teachers who read and talk with them; while still others, in twos and threes, with entwining arms, wander about the grounds, those who have been at Mont-Lawn before, imparting to the new-comers the delights that await them.

One little girl attracted the writer's attention by furtively wiping her eyes, when she thought no one was looking. On being asked what was the matter, she replied:

"Oh, night is coming and my mamma will want me, and—and—(it was her first night at the Home) I shall want her."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked a black-eyed, curly-haired little girl, who had been expostulating with the tearful one. "Her mamma has got seven other children at home, and I came away and left my mamma all alone. My papa is sick and in the hospital, and my mamma said, 'You go to Mont-Lawn if you get a chance, and you just be happy,' and"—here the black eyes took on a most solemn expression, and clasping her hands over her heart and looking at the other girl most reproachfully, she added, "and if you have any trouble, or feel bad, you just keep it in your own heart, and don't be making other people unhappy."

This seemed to be a new view of the situation, and the two girls were soon as merry as could be, forgetting all care and trouble, which come to the children of the poor very early in life, as they whirled around in the flying swings.

* * *

Many very interesting letters are coming to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but for lack of space, only a few can be published, although all contributions will be acknowledged through the paper. One letter is dated at Lakewood, N. J., and says:

Please find enclosed a check for $124 and a money order for two dollars from the Sunbeams of Lakewood. These Sunbeams held a fair one very stormy day in April, and the little girls composing the Society were anxious, lest they should be unable to send as many little children into the country this year as they did last; but Fresh-Air Work has many friends in Lakewood, and in spite of the storm they are able to send forty-two children to Mont Lawn, which is seven more than they sent last season. The Sunbeams send their best wishes for the happiness and well being of these little ones, and hope you will find the poorest, and also some cripples, so that they may have a good time, for at least ten days. With best wishes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we are

THE SUNBEAMS OF LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Helen Disbrow, President; Harriet Harrer, Vice-President; Ethel Wright, Secretary; Ramona Sampson, Treasurer; Marie White, Cecilia Emerson. Helped by Paul Emerson, Bowdoin Plumer, Lester Wright, Winfred and Harold Fowler.

The thanks of all the good people interested in the work at Mont-Lawn are certainly due these young people for their very generous gift, and the fact that the "Sunbeams" earned the money themselves, is surely worthy of another credit mark. If each "Sunbeam" could see the happiness which their gift will bring to only one child, they would be very much gratified; but when this joy is multiplied by forty-two, there would seem to be no end to the far-reaching influence of their generosity. May each "Sunbeam" shine the brighter for her loving thought of the poor.

Twenty-one dollars endows a cot for the whole season at Mont-Lawn, and thus ensures a vacation for seven children. Three dollars will send one little one for ten days.

* * *

A little booklet, published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, beautifully illustrated, describing Mont-Lawn and the work done there, will be mailed free to anyone sending their address, or that of a friend who might be interested.

Many of the children who go to Mont-Lawn have scanty clothing, and that of the poorest kind. Especially is this the case with some of the boys. A ragged shirt and a pair of well-worn "overalls" oftentimes make up the sum of their wardrobe. Kind friends of the Home have been generous in sending boxes of half-worn clothing, packages which it does one's heart good to see opened, but most of the clothing is for girls, and so, like Old Mother Hubbard's dog, the poor boys get none. Any articles of clothing for children, especially blouses, suitable for boys from five to ten years of age, will be very gratefully received. Address packages and boxes CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

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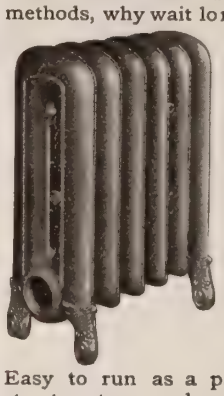

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The "Volunteer Organist" Dead

Victor H. Benke, Musical Leader of The Bowery Mission, Passes Away

VICTOR H. BENKE, the well-known organist of the Bowery Mission and the composer of many well-known, beautiful Gospel hymns, died in the Presbyterian Hospital, of spinal meningitis, on Friday morning, July 15.

In addition to his duties as organist of the Mission, Mr. Benke for the last twelve months has acted as assistant to the Rev. F. H. Jacobs, Superintendent of the old Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. Whilst Mr. Jacobs was absent at the Sunday School Convention in Palestine, the full responsibility of the Fulton Street Meeting, together with all the office work connected with the Twentieth Century movement, devolved upon Mr. Benke. Although suffering severely for several weeks, he bravely held on to his duties until May 17, on which occasion the last of the winter concerts at the Bowery Mission was given. No one present at that concert will ever forget the wan and pathetic expression on the sufferer's face, as he went through his onerous duties for the last time.

THE LATE VICTOR H. BENKE

During his long illness at the hospital he was unconscious most of the time, but in his lucid intervals he gave every evidence of his unfailing interest in his beloved work of saving souls, and of the fact of his thorough reliance upon God in his dire extremity. The same steadfast faith in God upheld him in all his conscious moments.

Mr. Benke was born in Ratibor, Austria. His father was of Polish descent and his mother a Frenchwoman. Mr. Benke passed with credit through the High School of the city and was trained for a civil engineer. The family was an intensely musical one, and Mr. Benke, Sr., although an amateur, gave his two sons a splendid training in all the branches of the art. The elder son, Ernest Benke, became one of the most prominent violoncello players in Europe, occupying the position as soloist in the two great orchestral bands under Sir Charles Halle and Sir Augustus Mann. He died some twelve years ago, in Manchester, England. The other son, Victor, came to this country a few years after his father's and mother's death. Landing in New York and falling in with evil companions, he soon spent the money he had brought with him, and became one of the great army of homeless men on the Bowery. In the summer of 1894, his dramatic entry to the Bowery Mission took place—the story of which is already familiar to our readers—and almost ever since then, he has acted as organist of the Mission.

In 1898, he was introduced to Mr. Moody, and in all of the latter's great meetings during the last few years of his life Mr. Benke always acted as organist. He became installed as one of the Gospel Song composers of which Mr. Ira D. Sankey was the principal, and in many recent publications of sacred songs Mr. Benke's music have prominently appeared.

Some five years ago, he organized the Bowery Mission Male Quartette, he himself taking a part. This Quartette has sung in nearly all the prominent churches in the Eastern States. Mr. Benke was also in great demand for organ recitals. During the last two winters he gave a weekly concert in the Mission for the special edification of the residents of the lodging-houses. These concerts were attended by upwards of thirty thousand men.

For several years past Mr. Benke was one of the regular leaders of the Bowery Mission, and was greatly blessed as a soul-winner. He became an eloquent speaker, and had a great fund of quiet, dry humor. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of the great Bowery masses, who found him in all things a thoroughly devoted and consistent Christian. Hundreds have been won to Christ directly through his instrumentality.

Arrangements were made for the funeral service at the Mission, to be conducted by the Rev. F. H. Jacobs, Dr. Klopsch, Mrs. Bird and others being among the speakers, and the principal hymns being from Mr. Benke's own compositions.

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The Luther Statue at Speyer.

Hon. Charles A. Schieren, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, announces that all arrangements for the unveiling of the Luther Statue and dedication of the Cathedral at Speyer, Germany, have now been completed. The festivities promise to be a notable event. Several Protestant princes and other dignitaries are expected to be present, also representatives of ten universities and over twenty high dignitaries of the Lutheran Church in the German Empire. Contributors to the Statue Fund who desire to participate in the celebration will receive a hearty welcome and will have special attention from the Committee. Applications for cards of admission should be made as early as possible, either on arrival in Europe, or before departure from America. Address all communications to Prof. Guembel, Chairman of the Committee, Speyer am Rhein, Germany. It is hoped that a large delegation of Lutherans from America will be present.

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A Church's Rapid Growth

On Sunday, July 3, an unusual scene was witnessed in the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, Calif., of which the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage is pastor. One hundred and twenty-five new members stood up before the altar and united with the church, being the largest addition at any one time in its history. At the last communion ninety-nine new members joined, making 224 added to the church since Dr. Talmage became its pastor in January last.

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The War in the Far East

Viceroy Alexieff, on July 12, telegraphed to St. Petersburg a report that the Japanese had lost 30 000 men in an attack on Port Arthur on Sunday and Monday, July 10 and 11. The report is discredited.

Japanese continue to advance in the land campaign, notwithstanding the rains. Three armies, under Kuroki, Oku and Nodzu, are apparently closing in upon Kouropatkin. The Japanese have occupied Yinkow, the port of New Chwang, and the occupation of the latter is imminent.

A SILENT PILOT.

Nothing helps so much in the enjoyment of your vacation than a good map. It shows you the streams and lakes you can fish, the mountains you can climb, the places of interest you can visit and the roads you can wheel or tramp. The Lackawanna Railroad has just issued a set of colored maps on a large scale, showing the territory reached by its lines in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. These maps give every highway, postoffice, trolley line and railroad, and are so bound that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. They are invaluable to automobile tourists and travelers and should be owned by every one who wishes to be informed on the geography of these three states. The entire set in a neat cover may be had by sending ten cents in stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City. The Edition is Limited—Write To-day.

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"Someone suggested that I try cereal coffee, but I remembered what insipid drinks we used under that name during the Civil War, and so without ever looking into the subject, or realizing what progress science has made in this direction, I just wouldn't give Postum a trial, until finally the W. C. T. U. in our city started an exchange where there were so many calls for Postum, it was served regularly, and many were thus induced to try it, myself among the number. How delighted I was to find it so agreeable, delicious and satisfying. As I had suffered from nervous prostration, a change from tea and coffee was imperative, but all these troubles disappeared after I had used the Postum faithfully for a few weeks.

"A sister and a son-in-law were converted to Postum at the same time, and now we all enjoy it as well as we ever did coffee, but instead of making us nervous, like coffee, we enjoy steady nerves, sleep sound, and are in every way better for the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

This lady found what she thought was natural nervousness was only due to an acquired taste for coffee that is to some people a sure destroyer of nerves and health. Like her, anyone who cuts off coffee altogether and uses well boiled Postum in its place, will be greatly benefited after a few days and the return to health is a joyful journey.

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God's Messenger

By Mrs M. Baxter

ELIJAH is mentioned sixteen times in the New Testament. The first mention of him is in the first verse of our chapter: "And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the sojourners of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word" (R.V.). How came it that this man, of whom nothing is mentioned before in this book of Kings, should come thus suddenly upon the scene, and reprove royalty with his one credential: I stand before Jehovah? Men do not, without thought and purpose, thus risk bringing down upon them the wrath and enmity of the powers that be. The apostle James gives us the clue. He tells us that Elijah was a man of like nature with us. And he prayed with prayer that it might not rain, and it rained not upon the earth for three years and six months (James 5: 17, R.V., marg.). And he introduces this statement with the words, "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working" (ver. 16, R.V.)

What could have induced Elijah to pray thus for a drought which could not but bring famine in its wake? He saw Israel given to idolatry; he saw his God "a stranger in the land" (Jer. 14: 8), of which he had said, "The land is mine;" and the burden of the Lord came upon his heart, and filled him with a zeal for the Lord who was dishonored, which consumed him. He was jealous for his God, and he pitied his people. Therefore, Elijah gave himself to prayer.

God had said (Lev. 26: 19, 20) to his people, if they would not hearken unto him, but broke his covenant, "I will make your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass, and your strength shall be spent in vain; for your land shall not yield her increase, neither shall the trees of the land yield their fruit." He had sent them word by Moses (Deut. 11: 16, 17) that, if they turned aside to idols, the anger of the Lord would be kindled against them, and he would shut up the heaven that there be no rain; and again (Deut. 28: 15, 23, 24), Elijah knew these Scriptures; he saw his God rejected, and the people, which had departed from him, wretched in their sin, and in its consequences. He had no power to awaken them, and they were perishing; idolatry had taken root in the land; the children were educated in it; what was to be done? He saw in Lev. 26: 40-42, that when judgment has done its work, and the people shall accept the punishment of their iniquity, then God will remember his covenant and the land.

And Elijah prayed; he dared to pray: "Lord, send this judgment; there is no other way; fulfil thy Word; make heaven brass; shut heaven that there be no rain." And God answered him. But a man who is so yielded up to God that he can thus reason with him, must be utterly at his disposal. Elijah must take this message to the court? And his declared authority was that he was already a member of a higher court, where he had audience of the King of all other kings. Men might mock at him, but, face to face with his God, he feared not nor cared what man should say or do. But, Elijah, hast thou considered that if a king upon his throne shall feel the pinch of hunger when no rain comes, much more thou, a mere sojourner from across Jordan? Such considerations would not have been entertained by Elijah, although there is little doubt that the enemy plied him with them.

But God sends none of his servants a warfare on their own charges (I. Cor. 9: 7). The word of the Lord came to him again; but this time it was not to give him some great prophetic message; it was in fatherly care for the instrument that he was using: "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there."

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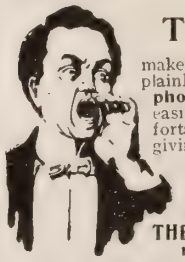

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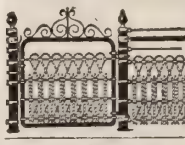

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You will find that if you invest your money through me it will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety.

I am a young man.

I expect to be in active business for the next 25 years.

And even if I wanted to sell you something worthless; even if I wanted to misrepresent the value of this stock, I couldn't afford to do it.

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Just the Real Estate Department of my business is worth $1,000,000.

At least it pays me good interest on that amount.

It took hard work, energy, enthusiasm and square dealing to build it up to its present size.

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If I were not sure it would be one of the best investments you could make, I could not afford to offer it to you.

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Isn't this irrefutable proof of my faith in this enterprise?

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Will you let me send you full, interesting and convincing particulars?

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If he calls for something which I do not consider all that it should be, I will not buy it for him, no matter what commission is offered.

I want you to invest your savings through me.

It makes no difference whether you have $10, $100 or $1,000 a month to invest. Let me show you where your idle dollars will safely earn large dividends.

Write me to-day (a postal card will do) saying simply, "Send information about investment as advertised in The Christian Herald" **Do It Now**

W. M. Ostrander, ***INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT,***
161 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA

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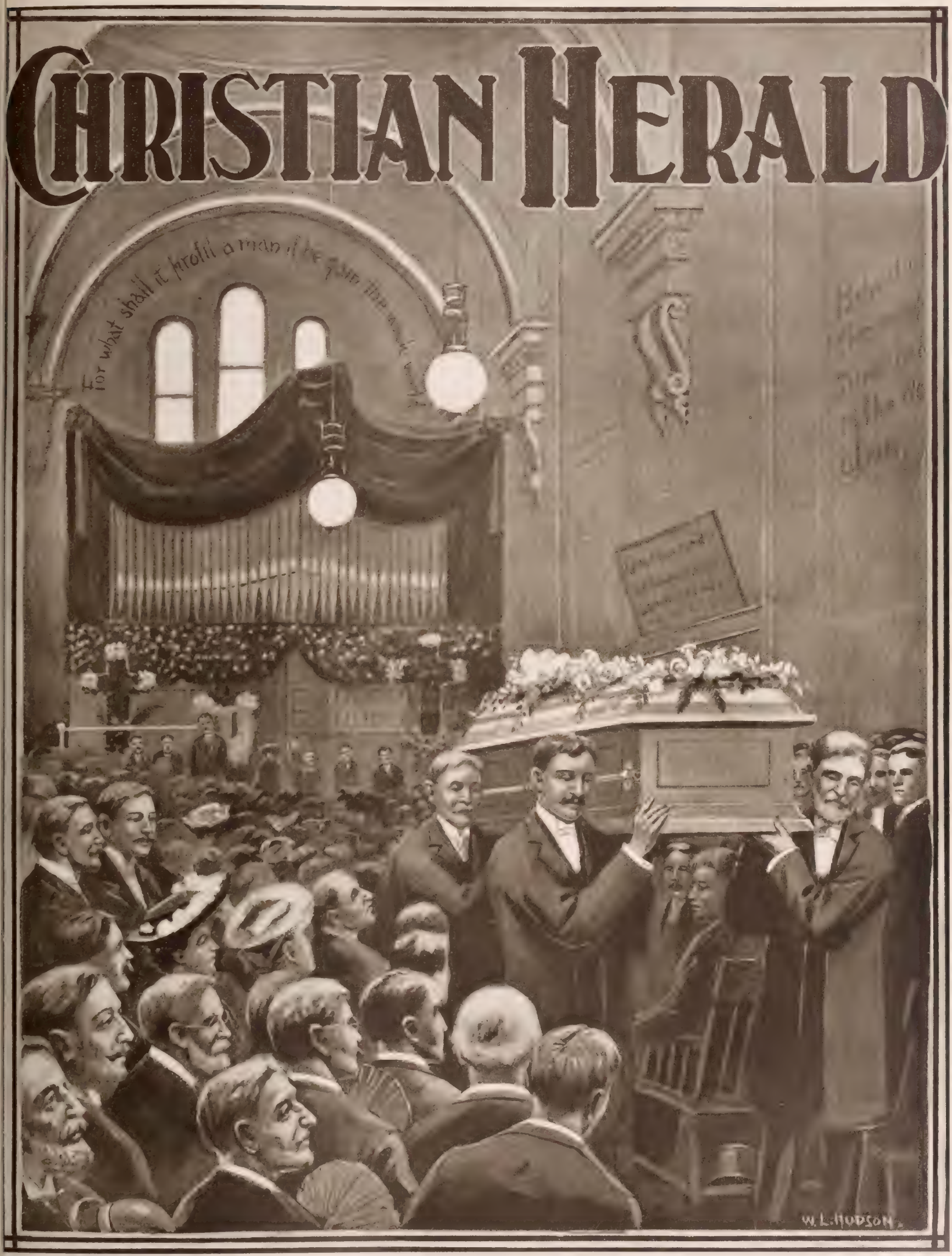

SEE PAGE 662

Funeral of "The Volunteer Organist" at the Bowery Mission

OUR MAIL-BAG

IS THE CHURCH FOR SAINTS OR FOR SINNERS?

OUR invitation to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to freely express their views on this question has brought out a very large number of responses, showing the general interest in the topic. We give a number of these letters below:

The Apostolic Rule On the Subject

I THINK the Apostle Peter has settled this question aright, when, by the Spirit, he said, "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." This is in harmony with the teaching of our Saviour, who said, "I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Jesus established his church, and expressed in his own words and through his inspired apostles the conditions on which the people were to be received into it. These conditions, in brief, are faith, repentance, formal confession and baptism. This is being born again, or "fearing God and working righteousness." All who comply with these conditions, without regard to nationality or previous station or condition of life, should be immediately received into the full membership of the Church, and entitled to all its privileges. This was the practice of the apostles who preached the Gospel under the last commission of the Saviour, and this teaching and practice is a safe rule for us to follow.

St. John, N. B., Canada. J. F. FLOYD.

Even the Prodigal is Welcome

FORTUNATELY our dear Lord himself has answered this very question in no uncertain words in the beautiful parable of "The Prodigal Son." His father saw him when yet a long ways off and ran to meet him. He didn't wait for the son to prove that he was truly repentant and put him with the servants for six months on probation, but gave him a robe and a ring at once, and made him so welcome that he doubtless wondered how he could possibly have stayed away so long and also to vow never to go away again. Is the servant better than his Lord? It is the duty of the Church to gather in the sinners, out of whom God makes saints.

Philadelphia, Pa. C. R. B.

Drawing the Line

AS in the first century, so now, "The Church" is a company of believers in Christ "called to be saints," who are banded together under certain rules or statements of faith, for the purpose of advancing Christ's Kingdom in the salvation of sinners. It is impossible to conceive of a church organized for this purpose composed wholly of "sinners," the unregenerate; and equally impossible to conceive of a church efficient for such a work composed of half saints and half sinners. In the elements of its life or bearing, therefore, the Church is composed wholly of those who have at least professed to have passed from death unto life. But the Church thus constituted and organized, is for a specific purpose—the advancing of Christ's Kingdom on earth in the salvation of sinners. So, certainly, it is the pre-eminent responsibility of the Church to engage in this work everywhere, and for all time. A. R. DARROW.

Buffalo, N. Y.

No Sinner Should be Turned Away

THE Church is for both saints and sinners. I can easily see how a self-righteous, worldly Church might bar the sinner from its doors. But I cannot imagine how any Church, accepting the life of Jesus as its guiding star, can refuse admission to any one, no matter how sinful they may have been in the past, if they come asking admission in the right spirit of meekness and humility, and thenceforward live good Christian lives. We must remember the Church is not a heaven, a paradise on earth, but a place to prepare for that heaven above; a place to learn the way of salvation; and so, let us take in our sinful brothers and sisters, and teach them the way of salvation so kindly and efficiently that they may gladly sing with the hymn-writer. PARKER KNAPP.

Leonia, N. Y.

For Part Saint, Part Sinner

IT is for neither; but for a class that is "part saint and part sinner." No one should be excluded, as long as there is the least evidence of a desire to change heart and life. But no one should be put into prominence, save as their life shows fruits of their profession. E. E. DEMPSEY.

Newark, N. Y.

"Probation is a Good Plan"

IF Jesus can forgive sins and own sinners as his own, after they repent, can not we, the professed followers of Christ, forgive them? If God can bring them into his kingdom, can we not let them enter the Church? God has no respect of persons; he loves us all, and there is room in heaven for all. I believe it is right in the sight of God to let any person enter the Church as a member, after he repents and is baptized, confesses a newness of heart and promises to live a new life, and by God's grace to keep from sin as far as he can. I believe that a period of probation is a good plan, and is beneficial. MRS. GRACE HOOK.

Pinkerton, Pa.

"No Admittance" for the Sinner

THE Church is for saints. The unbelieving, irreligious sinner should not be admitted to membership in the Church of Christ. He would be a stumbling-block and a cause of offence. All should be allowed fellowship with God's people who have repented of their sins, and have made restitution. A period of probation is necessary to test and prove their worthiness to become full members. The true Christian attitude is God's love for his children, in provision given through the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Lord. Which is salvation to all who will come, believing and accepting Jesus as their personal Saviour, Redeemer and Sanctifier. The line should be drawn in the world between the flesh and the spirit, in Jesus' name. In earth between the Christian Church and the self-righteous, through the Holy Spirit, in the Lord's name. The letting down of the barriers, and the indiscriminate admission of all who apply, will result in making the Church weaker, if the Church is not spiritually strong enough to make them godly. The Church is the fold of spiritual safety for God's children, and all who have accepted him through Christ in the spirit, should be received in love, and fed as his lambs and sheep. I do testify to having fed, in the Church of Christ, his lambs, in the spirit and in love. MRS. FRANCES I. MCCREA.

Sheridan, Mont.

To Admit Sinners Would Depreciate the Church

THE admission of the unconverted into the Church, would defeat the purpose for which it was primarily established. The Church should stand as the world's ideal of all that is elevating, pure and noble. Since this is true, the qualifications prerequisite to membership should be based upon the scriptural standard, if the Church is to survive. Any departure therefrom is certain to be attended with unsatisfactory results. The Church is safe in the world, but not with the world in it. If one sinner is admitted to the Church, why not all? The evil emanating from such a course would far outweigh the good. The Church would be looked upon in a depreciatory manner, instead of that reverence which has ever been its portion. Once in, he might be lulled to sleep and lose all interest in seeking to attain the new birth, the only way, according to the teachers of the Bible, by which one can be saved. ALEX. H. WYNN.

Crewe, Va.

Let the Repentant Ones In

UNDOUBTEDLY the Church is composed of the two elements! Have we not all sinned and fallen short? And is it not, therefore, our duty as professing Christians, to extend a helping hand to a weaker brother, who gives evidence of sincere repentance, encouraging and strengthening him to look to the alone Source of Help to know an overcoming of evil, Such repentant ones should, I think, be received into church membership, remembering, "There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons which need no repentance" (Luke 15: 7, R. V.). How encouraging is this! We ourselves need much mercy, so let our hearts be imbued to show mercy to the fallen. H.

Philadelphia, Pa.

An Aged Christian's View

ABOUT seventy years ago I united with a Christian Church. My experience teaches me that the Great Head of the Church intended His Church should be composed of those only who are saved by his grace. Our daily life should be such that sinners will see we are Christlike, and anxious for their salvation. When the spirit moves in answer to our prayers, they will be brought under its divine influence, and thus partake of the nature of Christ and become fit subjects for the Church, and should be received into full fellowship. JOEL G. RAYMOND.

Ulysses, Pa.

"Make no Concessions"

IF we admit everyone who applies for membership, we would admit many sinners, therefore probation and critical examination before admittance is advisable. Past sin, however enormous, if truly repented for, and for which restitution has, so far as possible, been made, should not be allowed to form a barrier to the admittance of the returning prodigal son to the table of the Lord and the fellowship of his people. Make the sinner feel that he is perfectly welcome to the use of the pews in your church, that his attention to the sermon is appreciated; give him a hearty handshake when the service is over, and whenever you meet him, illustrate to him by your social conduct, that it is good to be a Christian; but make no concessions as to membership.

Brewster, N. Y. LEON LEWIS HADDEN.

No Warrant for Exclusion

I BELIEVE the church was established to make saints out of sinners, therefore the sinners must enter the church to hear the Gospel of the Lord preached, and become saints. I find in the Bible that "we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no, not one." Such being the case, I see no reason why any number of persons should exclude anyone from going to church.

Sharon, Mass. ONE ATTENDANT.

Welcome the Outcast

OF course, some rule must be laid down If one who applies is known to be actuated by a wrong motive, he should be refused membership. But if there is doubt, give him the benefit of it. An exclusive Church degenerates and loses its spiritual power, and does not attract the lost. A "glorious Church without spot or wrinkle," should appreciate the value of a soul, and not draw lines which conflict with Christ's words. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The exclusiveness of some Churches suggests that either Christ's words are untrue, or that Church members do not really believe them. In a sense, there are no degrees of sin, for "we are sinners all." Sin being universal, no Church has a right to demand of the sinner that he wait and prove himself sincere. When man does this, he judges his fellow-man. Who can fathom a human life and know the motive of the heart, save God? The outcast should be accorded the immediate and full fellowship of the Church. Shall we heed the complaints of those, who, like the older brother, refuse to rejoice in a brother's salvation? Certainly not. ULYSSES G. WILLIS.

Webster City, Ia.

An Example in Point

I THINK the example our Saviour set us at the well of Samaria ought to assist us in deciding this question. Although the woman was very low, as far as morals were concerned, he was willing to receive her. Much depends on the saint than on the sinner. I remember the last religious awakening we had in our church. The evangelist in a few plain words told us what our position should be toward those who were to unite with the Church. He warned us against manifesting the same spirit toward them that they did in a certain church where he held a revival. A young man had been given to theft before his conversion and for that reason they decided to take him on probation for six months. The members would come into the church Sabbath morning and see this young man standing in a certain aisle, and would avoid him by going up some other, as much as to say, "When we are satisfied you are not given to stealing any more, we will then take you into full communion," but they never had the opportunity. He went back to the world, as he naturally would under such treatment.

West Bloomfield, N. Y. JAMES ELTON.

What Would Jesus Do?

LET us ask: what would Jesus do, if a poor, defiled sinner were to come to him and ask for admission to the kingdom, would he turn him aside, because of his load of sin and a dark past life? Ah the poor saint that would draw his robes aside lest he come too near, had better "take heed that the light that is in him be not darkness." What God has cleansed we have no right to call unclean. I write because I have had my heart touched in the house of God by a proud "saint" nudging me with her elbow and saying, "There comes such a one to Church. What will we do?" My remark was simply, "Jesus died for them as well as us. Let them come." (MRS.) S. E. SOWERS.

Henryetta, I. T.

Keep the Church Pure

LET the churches—the sanctuaries—the Temples of God be open to saint and sinner alike, but keep the Church membership as pure as possible, admitting none but those who acknowledge repentance for sin, and gladly, willingly and submissively subscribe to the Church membership requirements. Past bad deeds honestly repented of should be no bar to Christian fellowship, and the saint's business on earth is to help the sinner along in the path of the "Highway of Holiness." But Jehovah gives his loyal and true sons and daughters of earth full wisdom and discretion in all such matters. The Church's influence is to enlighten the world and the sinful so that they may have a "change of heart," and thus be fit to become members and a part of the Church of the Lord Jesus — by whatever denominational name the Church may be otherwise known. MOSES H. SYDENHAM.

Kearney, Nebraska.

The Church is "for Saints Only"

IN my opinion, the Church is for saints only, if it is thereby meant persons eminent for piety. Saints are simply sinners saved by grace, who, having sincerely repented of their sins, and having been born again, or regenerated, are thus made new creatures in our Lord, by the power of the Holy Ghost. All who do not show by their lives that they have had their sins pardoned, and have forsaken them, and have come squarely out on the Lord's side, are indeed barred by Christ himself. Any other class of persons than such as is herein described, are aliens to the commonwealth of Israel or the Christian Church. Now, this non-conversion point is the critical error which causes the great trouble in the Church, and is the tap-root of the lack of strong Christian influence in the world to-day. Our churches are filled with unregenerated persons; man-made Christians, in other words sinners, whose carnal natures, spirit and passions still control their lives; and as a natural result, we have a weak sickly, unfaithful, powerless church, as an agent or force, to advance Christ's Kingdom in this world. JOHN W. EWING.

U. S. Treasurer's Office.

No Probation in the Early Church

UNDER the apostolic preaching, repentance toward God faith in Christ, and baptism, were required to make one a member of the Church. There was no probation. They were added to the Church daily, sometimes thousands in one day. If at any time it should be found that the person did not live up to his profession, or that he had joined the Church for an unholy purpose, that person should be turned out of the Church with a reprimand, as Peter did Simon.

If a man comes to join the Church, saying he has accepted and fulfilled the Apostolic requirements, what right have I, knowing nothing to the contrary, to refuse him admission

Greene, Iowa. IRA A. CHAMBERLAIN.

. . .

[On account of the great quantity of correspondence on this topic, we are obliged to defer to a future issue the publication of many letters.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A HOME WHICH RENTS AT FIFTY CENTS A MONTH

A PIPELESS AND OVENLESS CHARCOAL STOVE

DOING THE FAMILY WASHING OUTDOORS

Little Housewives of Porto Rico

HOW THE NATIVE GIRLS ARE BEING TRAINED ON AMERICAN LINES FOR LIVES OF USEFULNESS

O the mind of the average citizen of the United States, the greatest boon conferred upon Porto Rico by its transfer to our possession and occupation, is the establishment of public schools. t we have also learned, at no little cost, that the blic school is not a panacea for all the ills that afflict urch and State, and this is especially true in a land ere it lacks the prestige of time-honored custom, d among people whose poverty we can hardly realize. attend the public schools at San Juan, for instance, ertain amount of respectable cloth- , including shoes and stockings, st be worn by the children, yet for ndreds of children, the obtaining of ese hitherto unknown luxuries is a actical impossibility.

Moreover, other influences are need- before the beautiful Island is fitted take its rightful place in the ranks civilization. The grade of a nation nnot be permanently raised, unless e lever is first placed under its mes. This can be done but indi ctly through the public school. And st this gives the opportunity for ivate and church philanthropy, ough the establishment of Indus- al Homes and schools.

In San Turce, just outside of San an, is the George O. Robinson In- strial Home for Girls, under the re of the Woman's Home Mission y Society of the Methodist Episco l Church. In general characteris- s, scope of work, and possibilities, is typical, not only of what has been ne in other parts of the island, but what may be, and ought to be mul- lied many-fold. The girls come m a variety of dwelling-places— ey can hardly be called homes. ey range from huts of cane, covered th the long fronds of the cocoanut lm, to shelters built of packing boxes, tin cans, and ces of corrugated zinc. Some of them would make ssable shelters for hens and chickens; they are so v that a grown person cannot stand upright inside, t women and children live in them. True, they are ed chiefly for sleeping, as the cooking and other rk are done out of doors, and the meals are taken the doorstep, or sitting on a log, or on the ground. e women do laundry work, as a rule, spending their ney before it is earned. Doubtless the older women this class are incapable of learning American ways methodical work, and comfortable, cleanly living. But the children amply repay the teaching given in an Industrial Home, where cleanliness, truth, and uprightness displace filth, deceit, and immorality.

The girls of this typical Home, under the instruction of a few teachers, not only have lessons in books, but do all the work of the large house. The supervision of the faithful superintendent, Miss H. M. Hegeman, renders the entire building fit for inspection at any moment. The girls learn by doing. They sweep, wash, scrub, sew, mend, make beds and bread, set tables, wash dishes, and, in short, do whatever they may be expected to do later, as American women in principle and method, though of Porto Rican birth.

MARKET DAY AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

Add to this the Christian training, an essential part of the care and teaching of the Home, and it is easy to see that the housemother of a family of fifteen or more girls—and girls coming out of such conditions—has her hands full.

The holidays are a time of endless delight to the girls in the San Turce Home. The marketing for the holiday dinner is an important duty. Fresh vegetables are to be had all the year round, but especially on a holiday, the early comer at the market gets the choice things.

Such dinners usually consist of rice, yams, and a salad of cod fish, sweet oil and tomatoes, besides some fowls, usually purchased with money sent by Northern friends, and tenderly cared for until the day of the dinner The girls enjoy themselves thoroughly.

These are the girls who, under God, are to help make the new Porto Rico a land of Christian homes. Any of your readers who would like to know more of this work will receive full information by writing to Mrs. May Leonard Woodruff, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY

. . .

Our correspondent sends some very interesting photographs of humble life in Porto Rico. In a land where, for climatic reasons, even the houses of the well-to-do are very sparsely furnished, the homes of the less fortune-favored are quite bare. Domestic life and its duties are simple in the extreme. The meals served are the same,day by day. In better-class homes, these meals are prepared over long brick or tile "ranges," with a series of square depressions, each holding a handful of charcoal fire for cooking its individual dish. The poor, in their little houses of palm-bark and thatch, content themselves with a cook-stove made of a wooden pail lined with fire-clay, and a single cooking utensil. *Baccalau* (cod fish), *pemientos* (peppers), *las ajo*, (a sun-dried beef resembling, in appearance and flavor, leather shoe-strings), some rice; a little garlic and oil, with such other ingredients as are at hand, go with the stew-pan, and the visitor is hospitably invited to partake.

In hotels and better-class houses, there are beds of wire, covered with a comfortable, sheet, and an adamantine pillow; but in the *casita* (little shacks), usually wooden-framed, canvas covered cots, or, better yet, hammocks, are used.

A great spiritual change is taking place in the island. Under Spanish rule, the spiritual condition of the population was deplorable—the result of long generations of neglect. Now, from various parts of the island comes the glad news of souls won and lives newly awakening under the influence of the Gospel. Eugene Vonstad, writing from Mayaguez last month, says many Porto Ricans have been won over by merely reading the publications distributed by the American Tract Society. At the June communion twenty-five new members were received and there were others in preparation. Similar results have been reported at a number of places. The spiritual campaign is a general one, and nearly every Protestant denomination is represented in the field.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Side-Tracked Usefulness

TEXT — MATT. 8: 22:
"Let the dead bury their dead"

NEVER make the mistake of treating half truths as if they were whole truths. Half legs are not whole legs, but only parts of legs. The microscope clarifies the vision of the bacteriologist. From the structural make-up of one little bone, the biologist, in his mind's eye, may see a whole skeleton, perfect in formation. But after all, truth in part is never equal to truth in whole, unless it is flanked by truths and has truths in its rear as a reserve corps, and truths ahead of it, to guard the picket lines. With his spade the farmer may cut a worm in two, and then each of those two parts will form a whole worm to wriggle off in opposite directions. But truth is not a worm, headless or tailless. In the study of truth we must not consider an individual atom as a complete whole. "Half a fact may be a whole falsehood," once wrote Colton. "Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth. No opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer as those that are sometimes right."

What is true in laboratory investigations is also true in reference to Bible study. We must not study the words of my text with a microscope. We must not isolate this sentence from all its connections. We must compare this passage with other passages, this chapter with other chapters, this book with other books. "I cannot understand why Christ should have trampled upon the filial affections of his disciple, who wanted to go back and bury his dead father," said a gentleman to me, some years ago. "This young man evidently intended to be a devout disciple of Jesus; but surely he had a duty to his home as well as directly to Jesus. There, in the old homestead, lay the corpse of his earthly parent. It was natural for a dutiful son to want to be present at the funeral. Yet, when the young man said: 'Let me, I pray thee, first go and bury my father, and I will follow thee,' Christ showed no sympathy with his natural feeling, but practically said: 'Let the neighbors and the strangers come in and close the eyelids and wash the cold flesh. Let the neighbors sing the death-chant and dig the grave. Let strange hands wrap the motionless corpse in its white shroud, and carry it to its last resting-place. You must come with me at once. Shut your eyes to the past. Let the dead bury the dead.'"

The Trial of Filial Love

That way of regarding the incident utterly misrepresents it. Never suppose for a moment that Christ demands that any man should show his reverence for him, by slighting, or neglecting, or deserting an earthly parent. Why, the last human being for whom Christ provided when he was dying upon the cross, was his mother. He turned and looked toward the gentle John, the beloved disciple, sobbing at his feet, and said to him: "John, look after my old mother. Now that she is friendless and alone, she will need your love and sustenance." Then he looked at the agonized face of his mother, as he said: "Mother, let John take my place, and be a loving son to you." These are Christ's exact words: "Woman, behold thy son!" "Son, behold thy mother!" Those were not the words of one who disregarded filial duty. His body was racked at that moment by excruciating agony; yet his thoughts were not of himself, but of her, who, by his death, would be left dependent. It was she for whom he was concerned, even in the hour of his dissolution. His own conduct in that crisis, proves that when he spoke to the young volunteer the words of my text, he was not insensible to the claims of natural affection. In the words of Henry Ward Beecher, Christ was enunciating the great truth that the primal duties of life should not be side tracked, or pushed to the rear, on account of the secondary, or the more unimportant duties. "It is not that you desire to avoid right things, but you say, 'Suffer me first to do the inferior, and then I shall be ready for the superior. Suffer me first to take care of myself. Suffer me first to take care of my household. Suffer me first to look after this enterprise, and then—' No! This constant habit of humbling the higher and making it subordinate to the lower; this constant preference of the inferior to the superior, works demoralization. A man does not need to throw away his Bible, nor defy his God, nor sell his soul voluntarily. He only needs to say: 'Suffer me first to do the lesser thing!' The moment that is done, there will be another 'Suffer me first,' in its place. And so we shall put the inferior duties in the place of the higher duties, and go through life and fail at last." This comprehensive view of my text is, I am convinced, its true interpretation. These words of Christ need to be remembered in other situations than beside the bier of a dead parent. They have a warning lesson for any man who is postponing his duties to his Lord until he has fulfilled his obligations to the world, or to society—to any one who fails in his higher duties through selfishness or sloth.

Side-tracked obligations to God! We see them everywhere. We see them first in the excuses which the young man makes when he is fitting himself by education to enter the battle of life. I enter the theological seminary, where thirty or forty young men are gathered into a class-room. They are bright, intelligent young men, eager for knowledge, intent on getting thorough equipment for the work they have undertaken. I put to each student this question: "Young man, where do you go to church? In what Sunday School are you teaching? What mission work are you doing for Christ?" Some there will be, who, in order to pay their way through college, are performing some duties by which they earn a little money. But the others, in nine cases out of ten, will answer: "Oh, I am not attending any particular church here. I am not teaching in any Sunday School. I am now studying to be a minister, and therefore, each Sunday I go to hear a different minister in the town." The result is, that nine-tenths of our young theological students, and I think I am not overrating the proportion, do practically nothing for Christ while they are living within seminary walls, unless they are paid for their services. What is the result? With a critical, censorious spirit, they go from church to church. They pick flaws in this minister; they find fault with that minister; and all the time they belong to the great army of religious tramps, whom I call the "Go-rounders." During these years of study, their own religious life is ebbing away. By the time the young man who pursues this course, graduates from a theological seminary, he is on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy. Why? Mainly because, in the three long years of mental preparation for the ministry he has neglected to do personal work for Jesus Christ.

Sacrificed to Ambition

It is a common subject for regret that the religious life in our colleges and universities is at a low ebb. The spiritual energy of the students is depleted, and there is less real holiness and growth in grace among them than in young men outside. The reason for this deplorable condition, I believe to be that so many of them are devoting themselves to study or to athletics, and doing no personal service for the Master. They are making the same excuse for themselves that the young disciple of my text made to Christ when he said: "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." That young man who is now the leader of his class in the law school, was once the Sunday School superintendent in the little village church where his father and mother now live. As a country young man, he was always thinking and planning how he could interest the children for Christ. The interests of the school occupied the first place in his thoughts and he would take any trouble to give pleasure to the children and attach them to the cause of Christ. Now, he never enters a Sunday School. He is preparing to be a lawyer. After he once gets his diploma, he intends to go back to church work; but now he says: "Lord, suffer me first to get an education, and then I will follow thee."

That young girl living in Chicago, away from home, is now studying in a famous musical college to cultivate her voice. She was once the leader of her father's choir. Her father is a minister and is spending the savings of a life-time in giving his daughter a musical education that she may be the better able to serve Christ. But though there are hundreds of struggling little churches within a short distance of where she lives, which would be blessed by her singing, she now never enters a prayer meeting. She rarely enters a church. She says: "Wait, Lord, until I have acquired proficiency in the art and then I will sing for thee."

Business Opposed to Religion

But these words of my text not only apply to the young people who are side-tracking their Gospel duties to make way for their preparations for a profession; they also apply to the busy men and women who, in the prime of physical strength and mental power, are like tired peasants, staggering along the highways under greater burdens than it seems possible for them to bear. When I speak thus, I mean that this text is applicable to nearly all men and women in mid-life. Why? Because most people are overworked in the struggle of life. Yet this text, oh man, oh woman, in the prime of your physical and mental strength, applies to you. No right have you to side-track your duties to God. No right have you to say to Christ, "Lord, suffer me to do this or that, and then I will follow thee." Christ should be first, not last. Christ's command, no matter how or when it comes, should be heeded or obeyed; then all other duties will fall into line in their right places.

Christ's command: "Follow me," comes to the ti merchant, the worn-out merchant. It comes to y even in the whirl and the bustle of business life. "(no," you say, "I have no time for Christ. My busin absorbs every atom of my energy. I am so tired fr my week-day tasks that I am too weary to go to chu on Sunday." You are an overworked man; but h much of that labor that so fatigues you is voluntar undertaken? Have you, as a Christian man, the ri to give to your own concerns, to your business and world, the whole of your time and energy? Have y forgotten the claims that God has upon you? Bet leave undone some of the work you are now doing, t you may have strength to serve him. Why should y not be willing to drop some of that business drudge Do you not know that much of that grinding, usel selfish toil is making a failure out of your life? The t poral necessities of life are very small. Yet thousa of people plod on, and on, and on, in a treadmill f mercantile drudgery, as though their very happin depended upon raising their store from a four-story a ten-story dry-goods emporium.

The Cost of Success

Sometime ago a lady visited an old school friend w had married a merchant in one of our Eastern cit That night, when they were seated together for a q chat, she said: "Clara, how is your husband get along?" "Miserably," answered the wife. "Why, i is that? Is he not making a lot of money? Is not palace of a home your own? Is not his name wri high as one of the great financiers of this city?" " yes," answered the wife, "John is making a lot money. He is already what some people call r But I certainly call him poor. When we started ou life we did not have much money, but we had enough all our necessary wants. Besides, we had plenty of t for each other, and for our friends, and for our chu John then only had a small store. He would get h for supper on time. Then all the evenings w ours. We read together. Our Sundays were alw spent together at church and in the home. But John has sold himself to his work. I rarely see h He works all day. He works part of the night. always has some business engagement on Sunday. makes lots of money, but then he only puts that mo back in the business, and therefore it is not his to He has to keep on working the harder, to look a the bigger business. I certainly think that John making a failure out of life. He is a perfect slav work, and we rarely see each other for any of our good times."

Tired merchant! are you like this "John," a spiri failure? You know just as well as I know that all the w you are doing you do not necessarily have to do. are making the secondary duties of life more immi than the primary ones. You are saying, "Lord, s me to look after business first." And then, instea working for a competency, you are working to buil the hanging gardens of a Babylon which have bec higher and dearer in your eyes than the cross of Je

Crippled by Remorse

What I have said to the busy, tired merchant, I w also say to the busy, tired mother, with a large b of little ones. I would speak the same words of ad to the anxious, wearied, half sick professional man; lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, aye, to the mini himself. I would also speak the same words of war to the mechanic, the clerk, the commercial traveler the servant in the kitchen. You say, "I have no t to serve Christ." You know that the reason you h no time is that you devote to worldly concerns portion of your time which properly belongs to Ch

But this text has still another application. It word of reproof to people who waste their time strength in useless remorse over their undutiful c duct to parents who are now dead. Many men women have side-tracked their direct duties to God switching them off to a family plot. I remember s years ago, after I had spent four years in the We went to Brooklyn to find my mother's grave. Tho I had lived over a quarter of a century in Brook yet by the new system of car lines established th since I went to Chicago, I could not find Greenw Cemetery, until I had been put off three different c But though here and there one person, by l absence, may be unable to find their mother's gr there are thousands and tens of thousands of pe who have become blinded to the living duties of because they will persist in tarrying by the fa plots where sleep their dead. Useless regrets for dead may have a great part in the side-tracking of duties to God. Who was this young disciple to wh Christ spoke? I do not know. The Bible does

ention his name. But perhaps he belonged to that reat multitude who spend one-half of their life in ousing and neglecting the living, and the other half in ourning and sobbing over the dead. Their love and rief is purely Carlylean. Perhaps this young man of y text was one of those who had ill-used his father hile he was alive, and now that he was dead, he anted to give him a big funeral. Do you wonder, if is was so, that Christ said, "Let the dead bury the ead?" Post-mortem eulogies can never atone for nte-mortem injustices.

A Neglected Mother

In Virginia, a young woman was left a widow with ur small children. She taught school, and painted d stitched, and took in washing, and worked all day d far into the night, in order to send her boys to col-ge, and to give her two girls a fine education. After hile these children grew up and went out into the orld, and left their old mother alone in the cottage here they were reared. Being finely educated, they rew ashamed of the mother who had done so much r them. Her speech was not as classical as theirs. er hands were callous with toil, and in her looks she as very commonplace. Finally, worn out with work, e was dying, and all her four children gathered about er bedside, conscience-smitten with their ingratitude; ey now realized how they had neglected the best iend they ever had. Then one of her boys, now a ominent lawyer, took her in his arms and said: Mother, you have been a good mother to us. You ave made it possible for us to be what we are." Then e woman's tired face lighted up with a smile as she swered, "Oh, Willie, why did you not tell me that efore?" Such praises come too late. I tell you, they e too late. If we are to praise our loved ones, we ust praise them while they are living, and not when ey are dead.

Perhaps this young man was one of those poor delud-d sufferers who wanted to hug his grief as a luxury. ome people are never happy unless they are misera-e. Their smile is a tear. Their laugh is a sob. They ever enjoy themselves unless they are moaning over a rpse twenty years old. To Evergreen Cemetery of rooklyn, for many months, there used to go a widower, ho everybody said was crazy. He did not bury his ife in a grave, but placed her body in a vault. There this tomb he had all his wife's furniture and nick-acks. He had her pictures hung upon the wall, and her chairs by her casket, and her books upon her book-shelf, and her work-basket and table by her side. Then every day this widower used to go early in the morning to that tomb and stay there until late at night. He would sit in her chair and read poetry to her deaf ears, and talk to her as though she were alive. You say that man was crazy? He was no more crazy than thousands of people, who day in and day out, go to the graves of their loved ones and weep and lament over the past, instead of going out into the world with Christian courage and doing as the dead, or rather as the redeemed spirits of their dear ones would have them do. Christ, in the words of my text, is not telling that young man to be disrespectful to his dead sire. He is, however, enunciating the tremendous fact, that a young man does not honor a dead parent so much by weeping over a grave, as by living the true, honest, noble Christian life which that dead father would have him live. "Let the dead bury the dead" might be translated into the words, "Let the dead one's precepts live in the living, and let the living fulfil the mission of the dead."

Claims of the Unconverted

But I think there is another reason why Christ spoke the words of my text. Jesus is here not only enunciat ing the fact that the primal duties of life should never be made subservient to the secondary, but also the great truth that a man has his duty to the world at large, as well as to his father and mother, his wife and child, his brother and sister and friend. Because men and women are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, that is no reason why we have not a duty to our fellow-men who are not akin to us by blood. Duty to your fellow-men, and to your fellow-men's children, whom you have never seen. A man never learns this lesson more easily than when he is a soldier. I remember some years ago, during the Spanish-American war, we were encamped in the old Fair Grounds of Springfield, the Illinois capital. Dewey's guns at Manila had spoken. The troops were being hurried to the front. Our regiment was to move South within a couple of days. The surgeon of our regiment came to my quarters one night and said: "Chaplain, read that." It was a letter from Chicago, telling him that his wife was hovering between life and death, as the result of a very serious operation, and she wanted to see him just for a few hours before he went South. "Why don't you run up to Chicago to-night, and come back to-morrow?" we asked. "You will be here in plenty of time." "The Colonel won't let me. The orders have come down that no leaves of absence can be granted," said my companion, quietly. "For the good of the service, I must obey orders and go with my regiment. My duty to my country is now even greater than my duty to my dying wife." "Yes, Surgeon," said I; "you are right. There are duties in life even greater than those we bear to our loved ones, dear though they may be. God help you in this your hour of trial." So Christ, in these words of my text, was enunciating an infinite and omnipotent truth. Jesus is practically saying, "Young man, higher than your love for father or mother, or wife or child, is your duty to me, and to the great world at large. Come with me and help save the millions, who are dying in their sins. Come with me, and bring back to a life of purity and love those who will never know me, unless they see me as a result of thy guidance. Come with me! come with me!" This sentence, "Follow me, and let the dead bury the dead," is only another wording of the same thought, which Christ spake unto his disciples. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." Yes, there comes certain times in life when our duty to Christ and to our fellow-men should have precedence over our desires to be with our dear ones in our own homes.

A Death-bed Vision

But though these words of my text may seem to separate some of us for a little while from our loved ones on earth, is it not a sweet and treasured thought that Christ will never separate us, his children, from each other in that "Better Land." During the last illness of Dr. George Grey, Chicago's great religious editor, he had a wonderful vision. He seemed to be a boy again, standing upon the banks of the Ohio River, where he was born. He used to see far-off, rising over the trees the smoke pouring out of the funnels of the river boats, that would come and take away his friends. So in vision he saw, rising over the hills, the smoke of the "Boat of Death," which was coming to take him, not away from friends, but to the hundreds of dear ones who had preceded him beyond. Thus, according to Christ's great laws, we may believe that the separations of earth are only for a little while, and that these earthly separations ultimately mean the reunion in heaven, if we only trust Christ and accept Christ for our Saviour.

Camping Among the Cool Pocono Pines

AT THE DOOR OF THE LITTLE CABIN

A CENTURY and a quarter ago, General Sullivan, of the Revolutionary Army, crossed the Pocono Mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania, for the relief of the settlers of the Wyoming valley, after e terrible massacre. They had but little od, and many perished by the roadside. ne of those men lies buried at "Hungry ill," 2,000 feet above the sea. Not far from is grave (now surrounded by a rail fence d decorated each year by the G. A. R.), on ther side of the "Sullivan road" is the site the Pocono Pines Assembly. On an evated plateau, amidst a clump of pines erlooking Lake Naomi, is the Assembly m. This was the headquarters of the Broth-hood Camp Conference, which was held the st week in July. The Brotherhood of An-ew and Philip is now sixteen years old; it is entered over twenty religious denomina-ons, has gone into most of the States and erritories, has crossed the line into Canada, is sailed the ocean into Japan and Australia. Last year the Camp Conference was insti-ted, and the Federal Council was anxious measure its success by the second confer-ce of this year. The attendance justified pectations, nearly all who were present last year returned this year, some bringing their wives, and many bringing friends as well. The total number present was about double that of last year.

Accommodations had been provided for this larger number, the Inn being filled, and large numbers finding shelter in the log cabins and tents. A large field of many acres was completely surrounded with tents. Mornings and evenings were given over to meetings, and the afternoons to amusement.

The programme of this year differed from that of the year before, in being both richer and more systematic. Next year, along this same line, the name will be changed to "Camp Conference and Training School." The first of these new features was a series of Lessons on the Bible, conducted by the Rev. E. W Rice, D.D., of Philadelphia, Secretary of the American Sunday School Union—a man most competent to teach about the Bible. In these few lessons, with fairness, clearness and discrimination, Dr. Rice brought the Bible very much nearer to those present, and gave them adequate reasons for faith in its teachings. In asmuch as these men are to teach the Bible to others, it was good for them to be thus fortified.

Another new feature was a series of talks on 'The Training of the Personal Worker," by Mr. C. G. Trumbull, the editor of the *Sunday School Times*. Mr. Trumbull gave many useful ideas along the line of Brotherhood work and its rule of service.

At one session, the Rev. James B. Ely, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee, gave an account of the tent work in Philadelphia, in which the local brotherhood men have been so actively engaged.

THE WOODS NEAR BLAKESLEE HALL

Special mention should be made of the inspiring musical services conducted by the Rev. R. J. Pilgram, a missionary pastor of Baltimore. Brother Pilgram carried a song with him wherever he went. In fact, all who were present entered into the spirit of the occasion: they were not sad in their religion, but healthful and natural, full of life and fun, but full also of earnestness and kindness. It was an inspiring and wholesome gathering.

Sunday was a day of privilege, and the Rev. Conrad Clever, D.D., of Baltimore, was at his very best when he preached on "Surrender for Service." Dr Clever has been a welcome visitor at all Brotherhood Conventions, and added to his laurels on this occasion.

The address of the last platform meeting was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pohlman, of Philadelphia, a former missionary to Africa, and now a successful home missionary pastor.

On adjournment, some went to Canada on the north, and others to Baltimore on the south—men of many different denominations, but only one Master, and all promising to return next year for another mountain-top of privilege and inspiration.

A MORNING GATHERING BY THE LAKESIDE

Mourning at the Bowery Mission

THE LAST SAD TRIBUTES TO THE LATE VICTOR BENKE, "THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST" -- A MEMORABLE FUNERAL SERVICE

ON Monday afternoon, July 18, the old Bowery Mission was crowded to its utmost capacity. This great throng had assembled to pay a last tribute of love and respect to Victor Hugo Benke, the young man who for ten years had been the organist and musical director of the Mission. Mr. Benke died of spinal meningitis, after a seven weeks' battle for life, at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, on Friday morning, July 15. On the following Sunday morning, the service at the Mission was largely devoted to singing hymns composed by Mr. Benke. The men told how, hopeless and wretched, they had wandered into the Mission, drawn by the strains of music which came floating out to them as they walked past. As they tried to speak, their voices were choked with the grief they could not master. In the evening a private service was held at Mr. Benke's home, in upper New York. The room where he had written many of his compositions was draped in black; his piano was shrouded in the same mournful hue, while in the centre of the apartment lay all that was mortal of the beloved musician.

MR. BENKE AT THE MISSION ORGAN

Mr. Hallimond, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, conducted a very simple service. The singing quartette Mr. Benke had trained to work in the Master's service, gathered about the casket, and sang one of their dead leader's favorite hymns, "No Sorrow There;" a heartfelt prayer was offered, and silently and sadly the friends stole away, leaving the husband in the keeping of the nearest and dearest till the morrow, when the public service would be held at the Mission.

At 2 P.M. next day the Bowery Mission Hall was filled with a characteristic audience. In the auditorium were hundreds of the men of the Bowery, bowed and sorrowful over the loss of their friend, while in front, and on the platform were many prominent in mission and church work in New York and other cities. Among those present were the Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., the well-known temperance evangelist, the Rev. F. H. Jacobs, leader of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, Mr. Hubert P. Main, the well-known composer of many popular hymn tunes, the Rev. Dr. F. W. Troy, of Brooklyn, the Rev. Josiah J. Munro, Chaplain of the New York Tombs, the Rev. Dr. G. A. Gates, President of the Pomona College, California, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the beloved "Mother of the Bowery Boys," Dr. Louis Klopsch, and others. There was a double quartette to lead the singing.

Floral Tokens of Love and Esteem

The organ was draped in black and royal purple, the lower bands being almost entirely hidden by cut roses and fern leaves. A touching feature of this decoration, known to but few, was the fact that all the black drapings were composed of long veils, which "Mother Bird" had laid aside from time to time during the long period of her widowhood, and now brought out for the funeral of him whom she loved to call her "boy." Beautiful floral tributes hid the lower part, while against the organ doorway, through which the form of the organist had been seen during so many years as he swayed the listening throngs with his wonderful playing, stood a floral lyre, the gift of Mr. Hallimond. A large cross composed of rare flowers and foliage was sent by Dr. Klopsch. Mrs. Bird's remembrance was a large pillow of white asters, with the word, "Victory" in the centre, in purple flowers. This was placed at the head of the casket. The men of the Bowery laid their token of love on the casket in the form of a beautiful floral cross.

Mr. Hallimond opened the services by calling upon Mr. John Wyburn, superintendent of the Water Street Mission, to lead in prayer. The double quartette then sang at the casket, after which the audience sang, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

After a portion of Scripture had been read by Rev. Dr. Troy, Mr. Hallimond spoke, paying a heartfelt tribute to the worth of the dead organist. He dwelt upon his consistent, faithful Christian life, his untiring effort to help the poor and homeless, his zeal in all good works, which made him forget that there were physical limitations which even his strong and vigorous body could not withstand, and which resulted in his being cut off in the very flower of his manhood. It was not sermons, or books, or theology that had brought him to Christ, but the kindly touch of a loving Christian woman's hand—the hand of Mrs. Bird.

Mr. Hallimond continued:

"I wish on behalf of the workers of the Bowery Mission, and on behalf of an untold number of men who regarded Mr. Benke as their friend and helper, to offer a tribute of the tenderest affection and regard.

The Men of the Bowery Loved Him

"Few people outside the group of regular workers here, have any idea of what a teemingly populous parish ours is. At our very doors, on the right hand and on the left; in the lodging houses and hotels, there live, night and day, between fifty and sixty thousand men. To a vast proportion of these men, the Bowery Mission is their temple, and Mr. Benke, for ten years past has been not only their organist, but their brother and friend. With the most pathetic kind of pride, they have looked upon him with a feeling of particular proprietorship. They have known how, when tempting invitations have been held out to him to take positions in brighter and more pecuniarily profitable places, his loyalty and devotion to them has every year drawn him nearer to the homeless and cheerless men of the Bowery.

"It is impossible to compute the number of transient visitors to the Bowery Mission who have been drawn within these doors during the past ten years and have gone off again, to all parts of the world, bearing with them the memory of the strangely beautiful music that, under the touch of his gifted fingers, has come from this old organ. In the name of the tens of thousands of sorrow-stricken and dejected men, I desire, here and now, to thank God for the gracious, uplifting and soul-thrilling influences for good that have come out of the life and service of this dear, devoted boy.

"The Bowery Mission has for many years been run under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It has been supported financially, not only by Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor, but by an exceedingly large number of the readers of that paper. To them the name of Victor Benke has become a household word. Dr. Klopsch is present and will speak on behalf of this large constituency, in acknowledgment of their gratitude to God for this redeemed life."

Mrs. Bird Tells of "Her Boy"

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird was the next speaker. She said:

This is the first time during the ten years of Victor Benke's life that he was ever a silent guest in our family gathering. We miss his voice, as he has told us of his struggles and temptations with sin. We miss his soul-stirring music from that organ; but he is speaking in deeper notes to-day than ever before, having fought the good fight. He is our brave Victor—for his victory is now complete, having conquered the last enemy, even Death itself. Oh, how we love him! Oh, how we miss him! When he sought refuge in the Bowery Mission fold ten years ago, he did need friends. And I did feel so proud that he honored me with the name of "Mother." Our interests were so interwoven, and but one thought seemed to permeate our little talks together. One, day, out of a clear sky came a great cloud of sorrow; for our beloved superintendent, Mr. Hallimond, was very ill. During those days of deep anxieties we were much together in prayer, and turned to each other naturally, for comfort. At this time, Victor Benke talked much of death, and we were brought to make some sacred pledges to each other, in case either went first; and I feel that to-day I must give my message left, to the world. Victor Benke wanted the boys, and all the world, to know that his friend, John G. Hallimond, had been more to him than any other living person; that this sacred friendship, example, life and teachings had brought him into a deeper spiritual life, and a closer walk with God. How little I thought that I should live to give this message from Victor Benke! for I assured him that I would be at the beautiful gate to welcome him; but such is life. May we learn to say, "Thy will be done."

Dr. Klopsch followed, in words which made a most profound impression upon his listeners. He said in part:

"On occasions like this we are brought to a clearer understanding and better appreciation of those qualities that constitute the real true and abiding value of man. In the presence of death, the qualities which, in the bustling activities of business life we are, alas, too apt to overestimate, sink into deserved insignificance, while those which our strenuous life leave but little opportunity to cultivate, command that greater respect to which they are justly entitled

"Here lies a man who knew nothing of the arts of trade, never accumulated wealth, never directed to himself the admiring gaze of the multitudes, yet who, like John, was great in the sight of God.

"Rescued from the depths through the instrumentality of dear, good Mother Bird, his feet were firmly planted on the Solid Rock. From the very moment that the light entered his soul he followed his Lord and Master with unswerving loyalty, and delighted in his service. No offer of high salary from influential churches could ever tempt him to leave the place of his new birth. His time, his exceptional talent, his means though slender, and his whole life were consecrated t the blessed work of uplifting the fallen, and pointin those ready to perish to the Lamb of God that taket away the sins of the world.

"He aimed for true immortality, and we who knew hin and loved him, and labored with him, feel that what h so earnestly strove for has been verily attained. Riches and honor, and fame, in the light of this accomplishment, are but mere evanescent baubles. Victor Benke chose the better part, and gained the victory. Many men who have given their lives to the accumulation of wealth, who labored for that which perisheth, have gone down to their graves unwept, unhonored, and unsung, but the passing away of this man gathers around his bier hundreds of sympathizing friends, many of whom he helped by precept and e ample, to a better, nobler life, and who are eager t honor the memory of one who loved them, and by the was loved in return. He has entered upon his reward May God who now solemnizes our hearts, help us t look up and fix them upon higher ideals, and grant th we may make this simple but useful life an inspir tion to higher and nobler achievement in every goo and perfect work. Then shall the lesson of his deat be unto us another of Benke's sweet, tender and bea tiful songs, that shall echo from our souls beyond th limitations of time, into an endless and blissful eternity

THE LATE VICTOR H BENKE

Sympathy for the Bereaved Family

Rev. Geo. Gates, Principal of Pomona College, Ca followed, speaking along encouraging and upliftin lines, showing how in many points scientific investig tion and religion were joining hands in the great truth of immortality.

Rev. F. H. Jacobs, of the Fulton Street Prayer Mee ing, referred to the feeeling and sympathy that h been displayed by the previous speakers. H told what a faithful worker Mr. Benke had been taking entire charge of the Fulton Street Prayer Mee ings while the speaker was away with the Sunda School Convention in Jerusalem. Numberless were th letters which he wrote, and many other duties which h performed with the faithfulness so characteristic of th man; forgetful of self and only remembering the tasl which were his to perform. He referred to Mr. Benke hymns and his musical compositions and then talke with much feeling and pathos of the irreparable loss his family, and closed with an earnest prayer in beha of the bereaved widow.

Two members from each of the two male quartett which Mr. Benke formed and trained, sang the hym "No Sorrow There," and "Sleep On, and Rest," bo being Mr. Benke's compositions.

Borne to the Grave by His Comrades

After the closing prayer, to the soft and solemn ton of the "Dead March in Saul," the mortal remains the Volunteer Organist were borne upon the shoulde of those who had been his companions and co-worke for so long, down through the aisle, where he had often knelt to pray for hopeless men about him, and o through the doors of the Mission. Hundreds lined th sidewalk and street about the place, and followed wi uncovered heads and tearful glances the funeral corte as it took its way through the throngs of humani which swarm in that part of the great city. The buri was in Lutheran Cemetery, at Maspeth, Long Island.

Victor H. Benke was born in Austria, thirty-o years ago, on the 10th of July. His parents were we to-do, his father occupying a prominent official positi in the town. Victor entered the army, and havi served the necessary time, he came out (to use his ow expression), "dissipated and good for nothing." He d not want to go home, feeling that he was not a associate for his family. His father furnished hi with funds sufficient to start life, he embarked f America. Landing here, like many another, he f among thieves, was robbed of his money, and soo found himself adrift on the Bowery, the "Highway Folly." Too proud to write home, and speaking English, Victor found the downward path—apparent the only one open to him—and he began to play th

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AGAMORE HILL, THE ROOSEVELT SUMMER HOME

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EVERYONE is familiar with the simple home life of President Roosevelt, whether at the White House or at Sagamore Hill, his old home in Oyster Bay, Long Island. At the latter he throws off cares of S.e, and with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children, enjoys out d.r life to the full. He rides, walks, and drives, and camps .o with his sons occasionally, or goes fishing. He does not d.ain, after a day's tramp through the woods, to help cook thevening meal at the camp fire. His love of family and h.e amounts to a passion. Once, when he was describing t.elights of life on the Western plains, a listener expresse.onder that he ever could have settled down in the hum d.n East, and when he was asked if he didn't wish he had b.n born and reared on a ranch, the President replied, "No, b.use"— "I know," said one of the ladies of the party q.kly, "Why?" he asked. "Because you would not then h.e known Mrs. Roosevelt," and straight from his heart c.e the answer, as he glanced at his wife with an expressi. that could not be mistaken. "That was what I was g.g to say." The President's eldest son, Theodore, Jr., t.hes a Bible class every Sunday when the family are at .Cter Bay, and holds the attention of the boys while he e.ounds, in simple language, the lesson of the day.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY

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1. Theodore, Jr. 3. Miss Alice 5. Kermit
7. Quentin 4. The President 6. Archie 2. Mrs. Roosevelt 8. Ethel

JUDGE PARKER AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY

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4. Rev. Chas. Mercer Hall. 6. Mary Metcalf Hall. 2. Mrs. Parker. 3. Mrs. Chas. Mercer Hall. 1. Judge Parker. 5. Alton Parker Hall.

ROSEMOUNT, THE PARKER HOME AT ESOPUS, N. Y

ABOUT a mile from the little station at Esopus, N. Y., is Rosemount Hill, the home of Judge Alton B. Parker. The house is not very large, is square and white, with dark green blinds, and a generous veranda stretches across its front. The main part of the building is stone, and was erected before the Revolution. It is said that Judge Parker did not have a telegraph operator in the house during the Convention because there was no room for him. A little cottage or porter's lodge was used for this purpose. There are fine plants and shrubs on the Rosemount lawn. Trees are plentiful but they do not obstruct the view of the Hudson, flowing at the foot of the hill. Should one visit the place early in the morning, he is likely to see the Judge, clad in a bathing suit, go down the path from the house, and plunge into the river. Fifteen minutes later he is on his way back to breakfast. At Esopus there is a church called the Mission of the Holy Cross. Here preaches the Rev. Charles M. Hall, son-in-law of Judge Parker. The Judge is a vestryman of this church, and attends regularly, passing the contribution plate as one of his duties. Alton Parker Hall, son of the Judge's daughter, is a fine healthy boy, with rosy cheeks and brown eyes and makes no end of diversion for his parents and grandparents.

HOME-LIFE AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Our Editorial Forum

B J FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Coming Peace Congress

IT is time that our churches were bestirring themselves, if it is proposed to make the approaching International Peace Congress which meets in Boston on October 3d, a representative body, capable of accomplishing some definite purpose. It is not enough to have a great assemblage that will meet simply for the purpose of free sympathetic expression on the wrongs of the age and the proneness of the great nations to disturb the peace of the world, and to go on in their career of heartless ambition, conquest and slaughter. The time has come for a more active peace propaganda, and for the organization of the Peace Movement in the United States on a vigorous working basis that will make its influence felt in State and national councils. Hitherto, the movement has been largely a matter of sentiment; but now, thanks chiefly to the energy and devotion of a gallant band of Peace-lovers in New England, it is no longer a skeleton organization, but one that is daily growing more and more compact and capable of effective service.

We would urge upon our churches of every denomination to extend active co-operation to the coming Peace Congress: (1) by writing to the Secretary and securing representation in the Congress; (2) by forwarding memorials or other communications for suitable action by the Congress. It is not enough to adopt resolutions in general terms condemning war. They should urge our own Government to take steps, whereever practicable, in the interest of peace.

While we would not counsel unwise or undiplomatic meddling with the affairs of other nations, yet it should not be forgotten that there are many opportunities which this country might improve in the interest of international peace and good-will. It is highly probable that at no distant date, such an opportunity will arise, when either Russia or Japan, or both, will be ready to welcome the proffer of friendly mediation. Again, the frightful condition of affairs on the Congo, the barbarous enslavement of the natives, the disruption and scattering of the Congo villages, and the shocking but well attested stories of mutilation—a state of affairs equivalent to the worst form of civil war—constitute a legitimate subject of activity by the Peace Congress. Our country has treaty rights which would justify it in bringing the whole Congo question before the Hague Conference, and it is entirely within the province of the Boston Peace Congress to urge the adoption of this course in the interest of humanity and for the restoration of peace and security in an African state to which, by virtue of treaty, we stand in the responsible relation of a sponsor.

Here, then, are two living issues for the Boston Congress to deal with. They are more urgent and infinitely more practical than disarmament, which is still very far off. We shall be glad to hear from pastors, church officials and church members generally as to the duty of the Peace Congress on these and other matters. All communications and suggestions relative to the work of the Congress, forwarded to us, will be placed in the hands of the proper official of that body at the opportune moment, for the action of the delegates.

Making Life Hard

IN *Harpers'* for July, Mr. William Dean Howells has a thoughtful paper on the general subject of preparations, as compared with performances. He speaks of the amount of time and strength essential to the simplest journey, or the most ordinary migration from home. The article is suggestive.

How much of our time and strength are spent in simply getting ready to live! How many of us so order our homes and our lives that we have little to show at the day's end beyond the actual work we have put into the day! Many a housekeeper reaches Saturday night, tired in every drop of her blood, utterly exhausted and spent with her cleaning, cooking, sewing and mending, while during the whole week she has not had an hour for quiet meditation, for easeful reading, or anything that can be called simple enjoyment. The worst of it is that we get deeply rutted in the habit of feeling that work is the only thing right and proper in life, that we do not rest gracefully. When we sit with folded hands, conscience reproaches us, and we think we ought to have something to occupy us, and are not comfortable until we hunt up a task. It may be a wholly needless task, but we peg away at it and feel virtuous.

A man who had been engaged many years in strenuous business, retired, expecting to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he had earned; but the habit of business was so strong upon him, that instead of taking pleasure in his new leisure, he was really exceedingly unhappy. His wife said of him mournfully: "I never knew that a man could be so fidgety, interfering, and exacting. I have managed my house without the least trouble, and to his perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years, but now that he is at home much of the time he finds something to criticise, or meddle with, every hour in the day. He prowls about looking into the closets, finding fault with the maids, and generally making life a burden to himself and all the rest of us." She smiled, but the smile was followed with a sigh. The trouble was that the good man had developed only one set of faculties, and that he had no resources beyond these on which to draw.

In the very common matter of entertaining our friends, some of us devote so much time and energy to preparation, that when the visitors arrive we cannot take pleasure in their society. The shelves groan with good things, the beds are freshly spread, the house shines with cleanliness, but at the end of it all we are too tired to give the best of ourselves to those who have come within our gates.

It would seem that a better balance might be struck between the essentials and the non-essentials; between what we must have, and what we may easily omit.

Victor Benke

EVERY life has its mission—its purpose. Not to seek the world's applause, nor its riches, nor its pleasures and gratifications, but to strive for the fullest and freest development of the noble, God-given qualities that stir within us; to make our lives replete with blessing to others; to enrich our own minds, that we may better aid those less generously endowed; to be loving, kind, patient, considerate; to train our desires and our bodies to seek the highest good; to live simply and sanely; to speak, think and act as becomes immortal beings—this is our mission and nothing less. Unshaken fidelity to this high ideal, and absolute truth in our recognition of its requirements, can come only by ceaseless effort; but every step in the right path makes the rest of the journey easier and more delightful.

These reflections are suggested by the recent death of Victor Benke, known far and wide as "The Volunteer Organist" of the old Bowery Mission. In his early manhood, he had "passed through the fire," but with the spiritual awakening which dawned upon him when he came to the Bowery Mission, there also came to the young convert the revelation of a high and beautiful ideal, to which all his later years were consecrated. He became, to a very large extent, the life, the soul and the song of the work. He radiated praise and happiness; he moved in an atmosphere of spiritual enthusiasm and encouragement, and his fine example became the means of winning many from lives of sin. The men of the Bowery knew that Victor Benke had suffered as they were suffering, and that he had endured the same hardships and faced the same trials and temptations. He was one of themselves, and they rejoiced in his triumph, and in his rich spiritual and artistic life, which made itself felt downward and outward, as well as upward.

In the tributes that were paid to the dead organist at the recent obsequies, there was not one that was overdrawn. They gave conclusive evidence of the sanctifying and ennobling work which divine grace can perform in a human soul, and how it can transform a man's life, and make even of the poorest outcast a bright and shining light, to guide fallen humanity upward and onward to better things.

The Saint and the Sinner

IN the large volume of correspondence which we have received, in response to the question, "Is the Church for the saint or the sinner?" the first instalment of which we publish in the present issue, there is much to interest members of all religious denominations. Viewed from many different standpoints—from the ultra-conservative to the broadly liberal—the problem clearly possesses a vital interest for church members and congregations everywhere. That the non-members and even the non-church-goers are also keenly alive to the issue is apparent from the number of letters received from that class, roundly opposing exclusiveness. There is much to be said on both sides of the controversy, and it is one that cannot be decided, even approximately, until both sides have been fully heard.

We should like to have the clergy themselves take an active part in this open discussion, since it promises to do much toward clearing the atmosphere, and is certain, besides, to have a wholesome and profitable influence. Pulpit, as well as pew, should have a share in the symposium, and the voice of authority should mingle, in all frankness and candor, with that of the layman. There are certain questions concerning which, though there may be a wide divergence of opinion on non-essential points, the great majority coincide upon essentials, and we believe this to be one of that character.

Let the pulpit speak. We shall be glad to give its views the widest publicity in these pages.

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Russia Seizes a British Ship

WAR between Great Britain and Russia was a menace which disturbed the whole world last week. The Russian steamer *Petersburg* seized the Peninsular and Oriental Compa-'s steamer *Malacca* in its voyage through the Red ea, hauled down the British flag, put a Russian crew command, and took the vessel to Port Said as a Rus an prize. The pretext for this high-handed procedure as that the *Malacca* had arms and ammunition on oard, which, the Russians contended, was designed r the use of the Japanese forces. The British, how-er, say that it was marked with the broad arrow, hich indicated that it is the property of the British overnment, and they explain that it was being con-yed to Hong Kong for the use of the British station ere. A second cause for complaint, apart from the izure of the *Malacca*, was that the *Petersburg* had assed as an ordinary merchant ship through the Dar-nelles, which is closed by treaty against warships, d that once outside the strait, her character was anged to that of a warship, with the right of search. he British contend that if the *Petersburg* was not a arship she had no right to overhaul the *Malacca*, and she was a warship she had no right to pass through e Dardanelles. A vigorous protest was sent to the ussian Government, and a powerful fleet was dis-atched to the Red Sea. Both in the British press and he Parliament a strong war feeling developed, and for day or two war seemed to be inevitable. It was, owever, reported later in the week, that the Russian mperor had personally interposed, and had ordered at the *Malacca* be immediately restored, and com-ensation be made for her detention. If this report roves true, and the steamer is given up, British honor ill be satisfied, but otherwise hostile measures will robably be taken. The situation is delicate, and un-appily our own government may be involved. Ameri-an vessels laden with meat and other food stuffs are ow on their way to Japan, and more are getting ready start. In the event of any of them being seized by ussia, a question would arise, which might not easily e settled. There has always been a difference of pinion as to whether cargoes, under a neutral flag, onsigned to private merchants in a belligerent's coun-y, are liable to seizure, and the suggestion is made at the question be submitted to the Hague Court for ecision. It is extraordinary that Russia, which finds so hard to deal with one enemy, should arouse the nmity of other nations. She may yet have to regret er disregard of the wise king's warning:

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, there re leave off contention before it be meddled with (Prov. 17 14).

eeking the Sunlight

A remarkable movement of a plant is described in a ientific journal. It grew in a pot which was placed in he window of a house in Castle Valley, Pa. The owner was proud of it and watched its progress with interest. It was a vine, which curled around a stick two feet in height in the centre of the pot. The vine was about four feet long. It was so placed as to catch the rays of the sun. It happened, however, that through an oversight, one day, an outside shutter was partially closed, shutting the sun's rays from the vine. A foot away was the sunlight, but the vine was in the shadow. Four days afterwards the owner, entering the room, noticed that his favorite vine had uncurled itself from its supporting stick, and, passing along the window-ledge, like a living thing, had reached the sunlight. It is a pity that Christians do not always follow the example of this plant. They too often cling to worldly support instead of seeking Him who is able to give light to their souls.

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life (John 8 12).

A Father's Self Sacrifice

An interesting story of a father's self-sacrifice is told by a Colorado mine-owner. When he developed his mine, he erected houses for his employees, and built a school for the exclusive use of their children. One day a ranchman in the neighborhood visited the mine-owner, and told him that he had five children who were growing up in ignorance because there was not a good school within reach of his ranch. He begged for permission to send them to the mining school, and offered to pay liberally for the privilege. The mine-owner said, however, that it could not be done. He had been obliged to make it an inflexible rule that no children should be admitted but those of the employees in the mine. The ranchman pleaded, but without avail. Finally, he offered himself as a miner, and being a strong, stalwart man, he was accepted. He is now working in the mine for daily wages, in order that his children may be eligible for admission to the school. He doubtless finds the work hard and uncongenial, but his children will profit by his doing it, and that fact is a consolation to him. We admire a love like this that leads to self-sacrifice, but we too often forget that the whole human race owes its opportunity of attaining eternal life to such love.

Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant (Phil. 2 : 6)

An Ancient Hoodoo

The arrival of the lid of a mummy case of remarkable beauty at a museum, as a relic of ancient Egypt, has suggested inquiries which have elicited an extraordinary story. It seemed so likely to be received with incredulity that the relator has obtained the corroboration of the leading persons connected with it. Some years ago a party of American tourists stayed with Lady Duff Gordon, at Luxor. While there, an Arab brought the lid of the mummy case, and offered it for sale. It represented the form of the woman who had been put in the case, and was apparently a life-like effigy. She had been a priestess of the Egyptian deity, Amen Ra, and was reputed to possess supernatural power. Her features, as depicted in the effigy, had peculiar malignancy. The lid was purchased, and was sent to the home of the purchaser. From that time, according to the story, a series of misfortunes befel every one who had anything to do with it. The original purchaser was accidentally shot. The heir to his estate, who inherited the lid with the other property, went insane and committed suicide. A photographer who undertook to photograph it, fell down dead. A collector of curiosities, who became its next owner, was drowned. Finally, the strange list of tragedies was associated with the possession of the relic, and the person to whom it would have fallen by right, refused to receive it, and has sent it as a gift to the museum. There are thousands of people who, hearing the story of this extraordinary series of coincidences, which is probably exaggerated, would not be induced by any bribe even to touch that ancient relic, lest the malignancy of the dead priestess should prove fatal. Would that there were similar dread of sin, which much more surely leads to eternal death.

The end of those things is death (Rom. 6 21).

BRIEF NOTES

At least four-fifths of the 1,900 counties of China are almost entirely unprovided with Gospel preachers

THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES

STREETS AND ARSENAL AT THE GOLDEN HORN

Radcliffe College receives $100,000, Tuskegee $50,000, and Berea College $2,000, from the estate of the late Mrs Henry Whitman, of Boston, the artist.

An appeal is made in an India journal by a Hindu to his people not to send their children to Christian schools. He says the teaching they receive there sticks to them all their lives. We are glad to have that testimony.

Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Seiss, of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent of Lutherans, is dead, having attained the ripe age of eighty-two years, forty-six of which were spent in a pastorate in Philadelphia,

The police, on examining the room of an old man who had died from starvation at Zurich, found in every nook money, notes and shares, and on an inventory being made it was found that the miser had left 1,000,000fr. ($200,000).

There is no sign of a decrease in the demand for the Word of God. On a single day, recently, eighty-one cases, aggregating nine tons of Bibles and parts of Bibles, in twenty-eight different languages, were despatched from the warehouses of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

At the eighth General Council of the International Alliance of Presbyterians holding the Reformed system, which met recently in Liverpool, the opening address was delivered by the President, the Rev. William Caven, D.D., of Toronto. The Rev. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren," also addressed the delegates.

Another Gospel tent has been added to the number already in successful operation in New York. It is called "The Beacon Light," and held its first service July 10, at Manhattan Avenue and West One Hundred and Ninth Street. Services will be held in the tent every evening in the week, except Saturdays and Mondays, and will be in charge of C. H. Edwards, the evangelist.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, has attended conventions in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, as well as in various European countries. In South Africa a union service of the Dutch and English societies was arranged to greet Dr. Clark, this being the first gathering of the kind since the war. In Paris, during his visit, a French National C. E. Union was formed, with Rev. H. M. D'Aubigné as the first president.

Christian Women in Conference

THE TWELFTH EASTERN CONFERENCE of the Y. W. C. A. AT SILVER LAKE

UPON the western shore of Lake George, in a spot so beautiful that it is a benediction of peace to visit it, the Twelfth Eastern Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations has just been held. 646 college women were in session from June 24 to July 5, and 200 young women from the Eastern cities from July 8 to 19. The power bringing these young women again and again to this Conference, is more than the natural beauty of the place, or the joy of renewed fellowship. God has given here, in the past, true inspiration for service, and every year he opens fresh opportunity for helpfulness. The programme and all details keep these objects steadily in view.

THE CONFERENCE GROUNDS AT SILVER BAY

One of the favorite speakers is always Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York City. No one helps more than he to bring the vision and the joy of Christ to the delegates. Mr. John R. Mott, of the World's Student Christian Federation; Dr. John Timothy Stone, of Baltimore; Dr. J. Douglas Adam, of Brooklyn; Dr. R. M. Russell, of Pittsburg; Dr. Pleasant Hunter, of New York, and Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, of New York, were among the preachers on Sunday and at platform meetings. Dr. Stone and Dr. Johnston also took daily Bible classes, as did Dr. O. W. White, of New York, Professor C. S. Beardslee, of Hartford, Miss Charlotte Adams, of Pittsburg, and Miss Mary L. Babcock, of New York. Miss Janet McCook also held a Bible Class for students in secondary schools. The idea of the Conference is the idea of Bible study—to ground in faith, to reveal Christ, and to prepare for teaching in classes during the coming year.

Never before have foreign and home missions been more forcibly presented. Mr. Willis R. Hotchkiss, of Africa, spoke at both conferences. Dr. Ra Hume, Miss Mary B. Hill, and Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, represented India. Mrs. R. G. Pierson pleaded for the Ainus, of Japan, and Miss Mary Goodrich for the mountaineers in the "Laurel Country." Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, of the A. B. C. F. M., and Miss Dorothea Day, of the S. V. M., conducted the daily missionary conference, at which the college missionary meetings and systematic giving to missions were discussed by dozens of wide-awake delegates from many colleges. The missionary career as a life-work was brought home in personal interviews, and many of the abler college women have begun to consider when their life investment will bring the richest returns for God.

Daily conferences were conducted by secretaries of the American Committee, under whose auspices the conferences are held, and by leading State Secretaries of the Young Women's Christian Associations. Ninety colleges participated in the student conference, and discussed religious meet ings and Bible stud work among new stu dents. At the same hou the alumnæ met to re port on lines of churc work, Sunday Schoo and mission activitie that had claimed thei time since leaving co lege. Many had take heavy responsibilities i city associations. An other conference wa devoted to the lines o Christian work taken u in secondary and privat schools. In the city cor ference, one of the mos fruitful hours was take for discussion of th problems of new build ings, the extension o work into factories and great industrial centres, educa tional classes for young women in cities, and all tha goes to make up the work of a city Young Women' Christian Association.

A conference like this is not a place for mere girlis enthusiasm. There were present Mrs. J. S. Griffith, o Chicago, Chairman of the American Committee; M Robert E. Speer, of New York City, also a member o the American Committee, and Chairman of the Stu dent Conference; Miss Helen Miller Gould, Presider Caroline Hazard, of Wellesley College, and many othe faculty members, heads of schools and presidents o city boards. Procession Day, and College Day, wit their bands and songs and photographs, are always feature. The Vassar College delegation was th largest; ninety-eight students and alumnæ being i attendance. The excursions to Paradise Bay, and F Ticonderoga, and the little trips to Tabe's Pond an Sunrise Mountain, leave in the mind a pleasant reco lection; but the impression each young woman take away, is the deeper knowledge of Christ and the highe consecration of her life to his service.

The Pastor's Morning Service

By Margaret E. Sangster

"WHY don't you preach an old sermon, John?"

"I can't preach old sermons, Molly."

"If you'd take a new text, nobody would know that the sermon was not new."

"That may be true, dear wife, though it isn't very complimentary. But I should know it, and I should lose my own interest. I could not stand before my people and give them the same discourse I had given this time last year, without being self-conscious and tongue-tied."

"This time five years, John, just after we were married, you preached some perfectly beautiful sermons. I have never forgotten them. I felt so proud and happy, sitting in the pew, and looking up at you. Why not repeat one of them?"

"Molly, Molly, won't you agree that a man may grow in five years! Why, sweetheart, I hope I've gone on since that beatific summer! No, dear, I must keep on grinding at the mill, and give my people the best the dear Lord gives me. There is no other way. And you say you haven't forgotten them, don't you, dear?"

Mrs. Voorhees had been her husband's wife long enough to know when it was not worth while to insist on a course he did not intend to take. So, brightly smiling, though her heart was a bit heavy, as she looked at his tired face, she left the study, and tripped with her light step to the sitting-room. Here little Ruth, rosy and dimpled, was asleep in her basket-carriage. Her mother had drawn it up and down the garden walks in the intervals of weeding her petunia beds, and making bouquets of roses and geraniums for the flower mission, until the baby had dropped off for her morning nap. Then she had brought Ruth, carriage and all, into the shaded room indoors. As she entered, a lady rose.

"Good morning, Mrs. Voorhees."

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Cleaves. I did not see you when I came in. The room is rather dark."

"No, I rapped, but you did not hear me, so I stepped right in. I believe in being very friendly in my minister's house. May I see the minister?"

Mrs. Voorhees hesitated.

"It is Friday, and he is busy in the study. Wouldn't I do?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Cleaves, positively. "I particularly desire to talk for ten minutes with Mr. Voorhees on a matter of importance. If he cannot be interrupted, never mind; but I am going to the seashore this afternoon, and I won't be back until fall. Dr. Van Emburgh used to be so accessible, he spoiled me for anybody else."

"If you are going away my husband will of course prefer to see you. Will you go straight to the study? You know the room, over the porch."

Mrs. Cleaves lost no time in interviewing her pastor. She was a middle-aged lady with pronounced views about everything, and she was a self-constituted, unofficial pastor's assistant.

Mr. Voorhees stifled a sigh. He had just conquered the first inertia of the pen and was becoming flushed and eager in his writing. Why, he wondered, had Molly suffered a visitor to dissipate his morning glow? He quickly reflected that Molly probably could not keep this visitor out.

He offered his hand genially, nevertheless, and placed a chair for his guest. She cast a disapproving eye over the confusion of the study, but Mr. Voorhees was happily unaware of anything amiss.

"I ventured to call," said Mrs. Cleaves, "because I thought you ought to know that Ed Larkin and Jack Shaw do not like your sermons. They are over their heads. And of course lads of their age are of the greatest importance, and the minister cannot afford to antagonize them."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cleaves, but I preach to a good many people besides Ed and Jack, and if I limit my sermons to boys of fifteen, some of the older ones may go unfed. If the boys are attentive they will find something they can understand and carry home from every service."

"Well, you know best. I thought it was my duty to give you a hint. One must obey her conscience, Mr. Voorhees. There is no other way. Mrs. Emory Perkins is ill, and the family would appreciate a call, I am sure."

"I have called twice on Mrs. Perkins." The minister's tone was a little less cordial.

"There is some trouble at the Gibsons'. I don't know what. But if you'd drop in casually, they might like to see you."

Mr. Voorhees, as it chanced, knew all about the trouble at the Gibsons'. He did not explain it nor satisfy the curiosity of Mrs. Cleaves who, having effectually ruined the morning, if not the sermon, complacently sailed away down the street.

Mr. Voorhees picked up a book, read awhile, gave hi attention to the "sweetness and light" of a favorit author, and then began to write. He was interrupte now by the imperious ringing of the telephone bell.

"Hello!"

"Is this Mr. Voorhees?"

"Yes, who wants me?" It was James Pell, the statio agent, who answered, with information to convey.

"A couple at the station are coming to be marrie They have a license, but as they must catch the fir train north, they'll have no time to waste. Please b ready for them. They are in the hack now and hurryin toward you."

Mr. Voorhees had visions of an eloping couple, an scruples as to marrying runaway boys and girls. Wh must this particular pair have sought him? Docto Sloper, at the other end of the village, married anybod who came along, and never worried over the future.

Molly, to whom the minister stated the situatio hustled Ruth's carriage and Ruth still asleep, into th back veranda, and called the maid to come in as the ac ditional witness.

"Such fun!" she said, etting a little sunlight into th sitting-room, which was parlor, library and living roo in the parsonage. "I do hope the fee will buy me new bonnet. Now, Mr. Voorhees, don't be absur Here's the hack, and the bride and groom are of age.

They certainly were. The two turned out to be si ver-haired persons, the man sixty, the woman fift years old. They were wedded, and left a nice fe and caught their train. Molly's eyes danced when sh saw the gold piece.

By this time luncheon was served.

"Don't look so blue, dear," said the minister's wif "You may write your sermon this afternoon."

"I have to speak at three o'clock at the laying of th corner-stone of The Miriam Archer Home for Age and Indigent Females. I must make calls, and I'v Delta Sigma on for to-night. We meet at Haskins,' i Beverly, you remember. So I'll not be home until ten.

"To-morrow will be another day, dear." The mi nister's wife kissed him.

"Saturday! Well, I'll trust Divine Providence tha I'll get at my sermon then."

Notwithstanding the barriers in the way, the sermo was written at last, and carried its message to old an young. Mrs. Cleaves was absent. The pastor's wi rejoiced thereat.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

BOOK ONE—On the Rocks of Provence

CHAPTER IV—Continued

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP

He manifested on the sea in the performance of various duties that fell to him, a breadth of mind that enabled him to penetrate the most secret designs of his enemies; an ability to put his finger upon the weakest spot in the opposing plan; a faculty for approaching the crucial moment in the best possible way; a capacity for following up the faintest clue; a determination which nothing short of the complete destruction of his enemies could satisfy, which marked him as unique among seamen as Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon were among soldiers. He was thorough to the point of annihilation. Here was no bluff old seaman, no stubborn British bull dog, but a man of the highest science.

He was the first to apply the art of war to engagements on the sea, as the great strategists and tacticians applied on shore. His combinations and manœuvers resembled those of a master of the art of war setting his squadrons and moving his armies on the field. His cruises were campaigns, his battles demonstrations. He made his own tactics. In one battle he revolutionized naval warfare. His example, like Napoleon's must be followed; it cannot be surpassed.

There was something about the man which calls to mind one of those rare and delicate-seeming blades that were made by the armorers of Damascus and Toledo; as flexible, as elastic, as beautiful as a woman, yet than which no weapons have ever been so deadly and terrible.

But life and fame to him were in the womb of the future. The captain of the *Agamemnon*, standing there on the deck of his own ship, had not yet opportunity to prove what he would become, although the time was not far distant when the world would rub its eyes and open them upon that new epoch in sea fighting.

And the name of the epoch would be Nelson!

CHAPTER V.

ENTER THE AGAMEMNON

"CROSS-TREES there!" cried the officer of the deck.

"Ay, ay, sir," came faintly from the dizzy heights above his head.

"You heard that shot? Do you see anything?"

"Seems to come from yonder, sir," answered the man, pointing toward the headland.

"There it goes again!" burst from the little group on the quarter-deck, as the sound of a second shot was heard faintly in the still morning.

"Mr. Berry," said the captain, speaking directly to him, "set the light sail, sir, and get around that point in a hurry. If there is any fighting going on I want to take a hand."

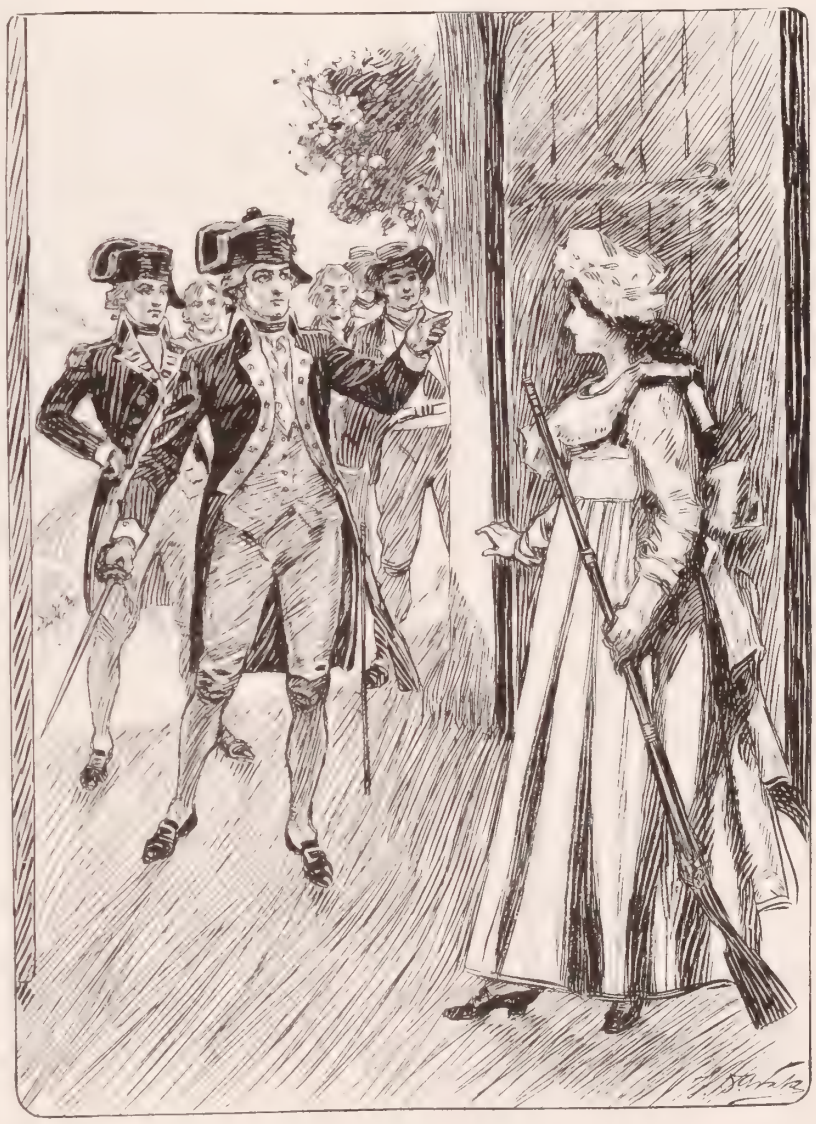
"Ay, ay, sir. Boatswain's mate, call all hands," cried Berry.

"Mr. Macartney," said the captain, as the first lieutenant of the ship came leaping up the companion way to take the deck at the call of "All hands!" "Leave Mr. Berry in charge. I want a word with you."

By the ready handling of the sailors and the nice seamanship of Berry, the *Agamemnon* swung to port, and with her speed greatly accelerated by the additional sail which had been set, coasted along the point at a broad angle to her former course. As they ran along the shore they speedily drew abreast the end of the promontory. The captain and first lieutenant were busily engaged in conversation on the poop, but nothing ever took the captain's mind from the ship he commanded.

"Mr. Berry," said the captain, "give that point yonder a wide berth before you brace up. I don't know what sort of jagged reefs it may terminate in. When you have cleared it run into the bay yonder."

It was quite easy now from the position they had attained to see that the promontory was the edge of what formed one side of a wide, deep bay. As they drew swiftly past its narrow apex, they could see at the head of the bay, perhaps half a mile away, a ruined tower standing upon a high cliff on the very edge of the water. On one side a rivulet flowed into the sea over a short stretch of sandy beach. From the flagstaff on the tower a white flag fluttered gaily in the breeze. On one of the hills inland a short distance from the tower, a cannon was planted, and as they watched it they saw a puff of smoke from it followed by another report. Around the gun was a group of men. The glass disclosed that many of them were soldiers.



"Mademoiselle," said the startled lieutenant "where is the garrison of the tower?"

"What can it be?" asked the captain. "A white flag? A surrender?"

"I think, sir," said Lieutenant Macartney, who was staring at the banner through the glass, "that it's the old flag of France, the royal standard."

"Why, so it is!" said the captain, looking through the glass in his turn. "There's no thought of surrender there. I have it! They are holding the tower against those rascally Republicans! We'll take a hand in this game. Mr. Macartney take the deck. Run in within a cable's length of the shore. You needn't anchor. If the wind holds we shall be able to heave to. I will send off a boat party and see what we can do."

"I am to take charge of it, I suppose?" asked Macartney.

"Of course," answered the captain, as Macartney descended the ladder and received the trumpet from Berry.

"Hadn't we better give them a shot or two when we get near enough, sir?" asked Macartney.

"Ay," answered his commander, "send Berry and his division to the guns. Let them cast loose and provide."

The *Agamemnon* was swiftly approaching the shore while this conversation was taking place. Presently with nice seamanship, Macartney, to whose judgment the captain had left the determination of the matter, headed the great ship to a spot whence she was equally distant from the enclosing sides of the bay and in such position that she had a clear way to sea, and her natural drift, while hove to, would be in that direction. The light sails were furled, the mainyard swung, and the ship stopped with her starboard broadside bearing on the shore.

All this time the gun on the hill was blazing away at the tower. No reply appeared to be made. There was not a sign of life about the tower except the flag fluttering bravely from the staff surmounting it. Just as the ship completed her movements and came to a rest, the watcher on her decks observed the men clustered around the guns running toward the castle. They were near enough to distinguish the shouts of *"Vive la République. À bas les aristocrats!"* which broke from the charging men.

The captain instantly realized that a breach had been made in the castle and that the assailants were about to take it by storm. As soon as the yelling soldiers came within range of the tower, however, puffs of smoke, followed by the sharp crack of muskets, protruding from loopholes, indicated that the defenders were alive. Here and there a man fell, but the fire from the tower was so feeble and so slow that there was no appreciable check to the advance of the mob, which had begun to empty its muskets at the defenders.

"We must stop that!" said the captain quickly. "Mr. Berry!"

As he spoke there was a puff of smoke forward on the main deck of the ship followed by the roar of a heavy gun. As the smoke cleared away they could see that the well-aimed shot had fallen into the midst of the attacking party, several of whom it struck down. The assailants stopped, amazed. The tower had hidden the approach of the ship, and in the excitement of the charge which took place as the *Agamemnon* had become visible, they had not marked her arrival.

"Well done, Berry!" cried the captain. "Give them another!"

Other guns in the battery were fired. The French turned and fled instantly, seeking concealment behind the broken rock at the foot of the hill whence they had come. A lucky shot from the *Agamemnon* just then shattered the field-piece. Meanwhile, three heavily-armed boat-crews had been called away, and three of the ship's cutters, loaded to the gunwales with seamen and marines, pulled for the shore.

In the stern-sheet of the first and largest boat was Lieutenant Macartney, who had command of the party. With him, explaining that he had come simply as a visitor, sat the little captain, who said he had a fancy to see the shore. In truth, when there was any fighting going on it was difficult, if not impossible, to keep him out of it.

As soon as the French perceived the boats pulling away from the ship, their leader, who seemed to be a man of courage and not without address, led his men forward under cover of the rocks to the opposite side of the river mouth from that on which the tower stood. There they opened a hasty and ineffective musketry fire upon the boats.

The men on the ship-of-the-line could not fire at the French for fear of hitting their own men, now close

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

to the beach. Indeed it was not necessary for them to do so, for as the first boat grounded on the shingle at the foot of the cliff, the marines leaped out and instantly took cover on the bank of the river and returned the fire of the French on the other side. They were reinforced by those in the second boat and presently by the bluejackets from the thwarts. The third boat, in obedience to a signal from Macartney, moved to port and landed her men in such a position as to take the French on the river bank in the rear. Their position was untenable, and they broke and fled precipitately, leaving some of the number dead on the shore. Their line of retreat took them in easy range of the tower. As they ran, the garrison thereof opened fire upon them again. The last to retreat was the French commander. He gave way reluctantly, stopping to shake his fist in the direction of the tower. As he did so, a well-aimed shot from the tower struck him and shattered his arm.

Having cleared the beach of the French, Macartney next moved toward the castle. The river mouth had evidently been used as some sort of a boat-landing by the inhabitants of the tower, for there to the right was a natural flight of stairs cut in the stone leading up the cliff from the dilapidated remains of a wharf. Up this stairway, Macartney, sword in hand, sprang. Close beside him was his captain, who had, true to his statement, taken no part in the operations save that of a looker-on. Following these two came the seamen. The marines were told off to cover the landing-place and protect the boats in case the French should seek to reoccupy their position on the other side of the river. To gain the top of the cliff required but a moment. There they found themselves confronted by an enormous door in the tower. With his sword-hilt Macartney beat upon it.

"Open!" he cried in French, which he spoke perfectly. "We bring rescue."

A voice came faintly through the thick old planking. "Who is there? Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Robert Macartney of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Agamemnon,* Captain Horatio Nelson. Strange, that sounds like a woman's voice," he said to the captain. "How can I reassure her? Ah, I have it! *Vive le roi!* Open the door."

The young officer heard someone fumbling with the bolts and bars. Presently the latter were drawn, and the two enormous doors creaked on their hinges as someone strove to pull them open. No one thought of the wicket, in the excitement of the moment.

"The doors are unbarred, monsieur," said a voice from within; "but we cannot open them."

"It is a woman's voice, by Jove!" cried Macartney. "Stand clear!" he shouted. He put his shoulder to the doors, and after a violent effort forced them open. Such was the strength with which he had thrust that he almost fell into the lower room of the tower when the doors gave way. Recovering himself as best he could after his unceremonious entrance, Macartney found himself face to face with a tall, slender girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age.

"Mademoiselle," said the startled lieutenant, taking all in in one swift glance, "where is the garrison of the tower?"

"The tower is held by my grandfather, my brother, our two servants, and myself, monsieur."

"And your grandfather?"

"Is wounded. My brother, a boy, attends him upstairs. The other servant keeps watch toward the camp. We are the rest."

"Your name, mademoiselle?"

"The girl bowed gravely toward him.

"I am the Comtesse de Vaudémont," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICE-ADMIRAL GOES ABOARD

FAITH, mademoiselle," said Macartney, smiling at her, "you must pardon us for the abrupt way in which we precipitated ourselves into your presence."

"You came in the very nick of time, messieurs."

"I am glad to know that. What is the cause of the trouble?"

"I am—at least we are, for the king. My grandfather, the Marquis de Vaudémont——"

"Is your grandfather the Vice-Admiral de Vaudémont?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"I know who he is. I was a midshipman under Admiral Hughes in the West Indies a dozen years ago. I fought against him. Mademoiselle, you are honored in your ancestry."

"I have always known that, sir," answered the young woman proudly, "my father, Comte Honoré de Vaudémont, *capitaine de vaisseau,* was recently beheaded by the Republicans. My grandfather and his servant—our one remaining servant, monsieur—got my brother and myself out of La Conciergerie. We were escaping from France. This ruined tower belonged to the de Vaudémonts. It is the last of our possessions. A captain of the French navy, formerly an insubordinate sailor whom my grandfather once punished, followed us here. We have held the tower until to-day. You came at the right moment, messieurs. My father fought against the English. We do not love them, but I am not unmindful that we owe our lives to you."

"I am not an Englishman, comtesse," returned the young man promptly.

"How, monsieur? You are——"

"An Irishman, mademoiselle."

"'Tis the same thing, sir."

"Sure an' if you said that in Ireland, God bless her, you'd find that it wasn't at all!" replied Macartney, with a smile upon his handsome face.

"Monsieur, is there a surgeon with you?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, on the beach, attending to some of our men who are wounded."

"I should like him to look at my grandfather."

"Certainly, mademoiselle. Mr. Nesbitt! Pass the word to Dr. Scott to come here as soon as he can."

"Now, Macartney," said the captain, who had been a silent but fidgety spectator, "what has this amazingly pretty girl been saying to you? I have been studying French for five years and I can't make out half a dozen words. Who are these people and what do they want? We can't stay here all day, you know."

The young girl's face flushed a beautiful crimson at this blunt speech from the captain of the *Agamemnon.*

"Monsieur," she said to Macartney in French, pointing to the little captain, "who is this person?"

"'This person,'" laughed the lieutenant, "has the honor to be the captain of the ship that has had the good fortune to rescue you."

"Sir," said the young woman in perfect English, turning to Nelson as she spoke, "I do not love the English but I speak their language. I thank you, sir—I understood all you said—I thank you for the compliment you have paid me. 'Tis evidently as sincere as it is frank."

Nelson flushed like a schoolboy as he bowed with much embarrassment.

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, "why a man will be such a fool as to be certain that no one speaks his language but himself. Mademoiselle," he said aloud, "I spoke truly, though I did not intend—ah—in short, I am glad to have been of service to you. Ah. Dr. Scott, there is a wounded man upstairs. A French naval officer. Do what you can for him. Now, mademoiselle, what can we do for you?"

"We desire to escape from this place. Can you take us away on your ship?"

"Certainly, I can and will," answered Nelson promptly. Hulloa, what's this?"

"This," was the silent Brébœuf, supporting on his arm the slighter form of the marquis. Fortunately, the old man had sustained no serious injury. His forehead, which had been badly cut, was bandaged. He looked a little paler than usual. and had lost much blood, but was quite his imperturbable self again.

"This," whispered Macartney, "will be the Marquis de Vaudémont. The French vice-admiral, you know."

"Oh, I see," returned Nelson. "Sir," he said in English to the marquis, "do you understand the English language?"

"I do, sir," answered the marquis, speaking with no less precision than his granddaughter. "I have learned the English tongue from the lips of women and the defiance of men. I have heard the language spoken by your guns."

"You gave as good as you sent, sir," said Nelson politely. Like most English seamen of his time, collectively he hated the French, individually many of them won his respect and affection. "I am honored at meeting such a distinguished officer of the Royal Marine of France. My ship is at your service. We are going to Toulon——"

"Toulon!" exclaimed the noble.

"Yes, have you not heard? It has declared for your king."

"Thank God that loyalty is not everywhere dead in France!" exclaimed the marquis.

"Lord Hood, with a fleet of twenty-two English ships-of-the-line, and Vice-Admiral de Langara, with seventeen Spaniards, are in the harbor. The Republicans are besieging it, but the place is impregnable. Shall we have the honor of taking you there?"

"Indeed, yes. I could ask nothing better than this. To be in a position to strike a blow for King Louis XVII., God bless him!"

"How many are in your party, sir?"

"What you see, Captain Nelson. My granddaughter, the Comtesse de Vaudémont"—Nelson bowed deferentially while the comtesse dropped him a sweeping courtesy—"her foster-sister, my servant Brebœuf and ——" He lifted his voice—"Honoré, you may withdraw from your post now. My grandson, Comte Honoré de Vaudémont, Captain Nelson," he continued as the boy made his appearance. "My son died, like his king, on the scaffold a few weeks since, sir."

"I gathered as much," said Nelson lifting his hat. "Sir, you have my sympathy. Yet, 'twas a brave death."

"Thank you," said the marquis gravely. "His Majesty did not lack gentlemen to bear him company even to the guillotine."

"Monsieur," interrupted his granddaughter, "this gentleman led the attacking party which rescued us. His name is——"

"Robert Macartney, Monsieur le Marquis," answered Macartney in his perfect French, "an English naval officer, first lieutenant on the *Agamemnon.* But, harkee, born an Irishman, sir."

"There have been many Irish gentlemen in the marine of France, sir," said the marquis smiling.

"Yes, monsieur. You will always find them where there is fighting and love-making going on."

"There will be plenty of fighting but little of the latter in the French navy, sir," said the marquis. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, sir."

"Ay, Macartney," said Nelson who was following the conversation, but with some difficulty, "you did the thing handsomely. I was simply a volunteer, my lord. I did not interfere with his plans. I shall report his actions to Lord Hood at Toulon. Now, sir, have you anything to take with you?"

"Only these portmanteaux," said the marquis, pointing to his mails.

"Macartney, will you see them safely aboard the boats? This way, sir." He offered the old man his arm.

"Mademoiselle," said Macartney, after directing some of the bluejackets to take the luggage, "allow me." He offered her his hand which she instantly accepted.

When they arrived on the little stretch of sand, Captain Nelson called Macartney to him and bade him despatch one of his boats to the ship with a command to Berry, the ranking officer on board. Bidding Macartney turn over the command of the two remaining cutters to Lieutenant Frazier, the *Agamemnon's* fourth, the captain took the vice-admiral, his grandson and granddaughter and Macartney in the sternsheets of his gig, which had been sent to the shore after him. Brébœuf and Aurore, with the marquis' baggage, found room forward in one of the cutters.

As the gig slowly made its way to the ship in the wake of the other boats, the marquis stared silently toward the shore. The Republicans had seized the tower when they could safely do so, and as the old man gazed upon it a thin column of smoke curled above the broken parapet.

"The villains have set fire to the tower at last," said the little captain, following the other's glance. "Was it yours, my lord?"

"The last holding of my house, 'Tis a poor remnant of former ease and comfort, yet it sheltered me well in time of need," answered the marquis slowly.

"I will have a few shot thrown among them when we reach the ship. Perhaps that will stop them."

"Not so, sir," said the marquis. "Leave it to the fire. I had rather it were consumed than that it should give shelter to the enemies of France."

"Yet they are French, marquis," said Nelson.

"They are the enemies of the king, and with me, sir, the king is France."

By this time the gig shot alongside the ship, and Nelson motioned the marquis to precede him to the deck. As he set foot upon it, touching his hat to the flag, the boatswain and his mates trilled their silver calls—piping the side the ceremony was called—the marines presented arms, the drums ruffled, and forward the first gun of a vice-admiral's salute went thundering over the still waters of the bay.

The face of the old man beamed with pleasure. He sniffed the rolling cloud of smoke and the acrid, familiar smell of the burning powder with animation.

"Sir," he said turning to Nelson, "this is most handsome of you."

"Sir," replied Nelson bowing, "you are very welcome to the *Agamemnon.* We are allies. The ship is yours, sir. Gentlemen," he added turning to his officers, "I present you to the companion of Admiral de Suffren, Vice-Admiral de Vaudémont."

"Don't forget the young lady, sir," whispered Macartney, who stood close by.

"Certainly," said Nelson. "And gentlemen, allow me to present to you the Comtesse de Vaudémont and Comte Honoré de Vaudémont, her brother, with your permission, admiral. I said, mademoiselle, that the ship was your grandfather's, but in truth I am afraid you will command rather than either of us. We are all at your service."

The young woman courtesied deeply, while the gentlemen of the ship bowed profoundly before her. Her appearance, indeed, created much more of a sensation than that of the marquis. Those brave sailors could see vice-admirals any day. A woman like Louise de Vaudémont was a rarity at any time. Nelson spoke truly. From the moment she stepped upon the deck the whole ship, with its officers and men, would belong to her and her only.

"Three cheers, men!" cried Macartney at this juncture, "for Vice-Admiral de Vaudémont!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Shall Married Women Earn Money?

IN a recent interesting discussion, several gentlemen, Professors of Political Economy, in prominent universities, expressed their views as to the propriety of wives who had worked before marriage, continuing thereafter to be wage-earners. They thought that at least every wife who desired to do so, should have the privilege to continue her work.

The home would, in many cases, gain in material comfort if the income were doubled by what a wife might earn in addition to her husband's wages. But there are two sides to the shield. A woman working all day long at her desk, at her loom, or in a shop, and coming home as weary as her husband, would not then be able to cook, to prepare a supper and a breakfast, or to clean the house. If the two, away at work, should employ domestic help, there would be waste in the wife's absence, and if children are born, the mother will suffer before they arrive, and later be compelled to neglect them if she is obliged to go on with wage-earning work outside her doors. The poor would be made poorer, not enriched, by this means.

A wife may incidentally earn pin-money, if she can do it without leaving her home, and domesticity will not suffer, but the domestic ideal is likely to be flawed, if she give to a business career the whole-hearted attention which is demanded if she would succeed.

Should wives to any great extent become wage-earners, they would necessarily have to accept the conditions which now accompany labor. Probably the much vexed relations that exist between capital and labor would become increasingly and perplexingly complicated. But the real objection is not in the wrong or the right of the thing, but in the convenience of it and the peril to the home, if it be forsaken all day by its presiding genius. Unless we are to have families without children, the idea is not admissible. Babies require brooding and children training, and they cannot receive either in a home where there is no mother with whom they are the first thought.

PLAYING GRANDMA

And, who is this,
In cap so white,
With look demure
And eyes so bright?
She's robed like age,
But blooms like youth,
I do believe
It's daughter Ruth.

MAMMA'S HELPERS

Willing little helpers,
Many steps they save,
Keep the house like wax-work,
And no wages crave.
Glad when helping mother,
Little women they,
Who will be home-makers
In a coming day.

About Insomnia

How tired one is after a night spent in fighting insomnia. Whatever the cause, sleeplessness is a foe to be dreaded, and is the bane of middle and old age. Children and young people usually sleep well, falling asleep as soon as their heads touch the pillow, and sleeping soundly through every sort of noise and disturbance. But children know little of perplexing care. Their lives are ordered for them, and food and raiment are provided, so that they may rest without anxious thought.

Brain-fag, the result of continual attention to business, and nervous dyspepsia, a malady known to our hurrying people, who do not take time to eat or to rest after a meal, are the frequent occasions of a sleepless night. The habit of insomnia established, the victim finds himself a prisoner unable to break his bonds.

The temptation to take some powder or potion which will induce sleep, should be resisted. Narcotics are very subtle, and their tendency is to make what at first is an experiment, a fatal necessity. A friend, who was wakeful in the anguish of a great bereavement, asked her physician to let her take morphine. "I shall be insane if I cannot sleep," she said. "You will be insane if you acquire the morphine habit," the doctor replied. In not a few cases, under pressure of extreme pain, or in the agony of loss, or the bitter solicitude caused by some living troubles, women resort to opiates to induce sleep, always with peril, often with dire consequences. Men, saddened by business reverses, unable to sleep because of notes that must be paid, harried by anxieties, walk the floor when they should be asleep, and then take something to drown care, a foolish and shortsighted proceeding.

Others, overworked and ill at ease, rise and read for an hour or two, or write letters, or in some way turn night into day. The trouble is, that if one rises at one o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, he will have it to do so again on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

A gentleman who has long suffered from insomnia, has found relief by taking, in the middle of the night, a cold plunge in the bath-tub, which he leaves filled for the purpose before he retires. Another has been aided by bathing face and hands in cold water, and still another has found dipping the feet in very hot water an excellent remedial prescription. A hot-water bag at the pit of the stomach puts one nervous woman to sleep, when nothing else serves to do so. Something to eat, a thin slice of bread, or a cracker, a bit of chololate, or a glass of milk, will help some sufferers to a good night's rest. If one go to bed hungry, one need not expect to sleep soon or well.

An ill-ventilated room is one of the chief producers of insomnia known to civilized man. Why are we so afraid of fresh air? Pure air and plenty of it will almost certainly insure adequate and refreshing sleep.

Physicians send the victims of lung disease away from home, to some dry climate, and tell them to sleep out of doors. A wise doctor said: If only people, in any climate, would give up their terror of a draught, and sleep with abundant fresh air, they would sleep, not toss about and have bad dreams.

If one cannot afford every luxury, if fine furniture and elegant rugs, and rich silver and cut-glass and china are beyond the reach of the purse, let one choose where to expend money, and let it be expended on beds. A good bed, in a clean, well-aired room, is a defence against insomnia.

Thus far, we have dwelt on the material bulwarks of sleep. Spiritually, a good conscience has a tonic effect here. If one has injured another, or is at feud with a neighbor, or is harboring a grudge, he need not expect to sleep. If one is in debt, and living beyond his means, sleep will fly his pillow. The Christian, child or man, should kneel and say,

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep

The Christian may say, "I laid me down and slept, for the Lord sustained me."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

GERTRUDE.—If in doubt as to which fork or spoon to use first at the table, cast an eye on your hostess and imitate her.

SALLY.—It is not allowed a girl, by good form or common sense, to make acquaintances with unknown men or women when spending a day on the train. Never exchange visiting cards with strangers. The man who offered his was not excusable.

—EVA D. You may clean your gloves at home by the simple process of putting them on, and washing your hands in gasoline. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, in her new book, *Women's Ways of Earning Money*, gives a good recipe for this purpose: a mixture of deoderized benzine, into a quart of which is mixed a dram of sulphate of ether, another of chloroform, and two drams of alcohol. This will clean ten pairs of gloves. A young woman like you could turn an honest penny by cleaning gloves for her friends. Mrs. Alden's book is filled to the brim, and runs over with useful hints to the every-day woman.

Getting Past the Servants

TO a man whose business it is to sell the wares of a certain excellent manufactory, I said, "I suppose you have a good many customers here?" "Oh, no," said he, "not many. My trouble is that I cannot see people. I cannot get past the servants. They take me for an agent or a pedler, and I don't get into the presence of the house mistress." A bright little lady, who has supported herself for several years by selling to housekeepers some admirable domestic articles, a polish for silver, a patent pie-board and the like, sighed as she confessed to me that this was her difficulty too. "People are not like you," she said. "They have a prejudice against anybody who brings goods to their doors."

Thinking the matter over, it seemed to me that there is an unfairness in our attitude to the woman with the satchel and the man with the grip-sack. They are merchants in a small way, and they relieve us if their wares are what we want, of the trouble and bother and wasted time spent in sauntering through big and bewildering shops. Why should they not have their innings? Why should we suffer them to be rudely turned away from our doors by maids who survey all pedlers from a lofty height, and whose refusal is often most discourteous?

The man in the central business office, like the lady in her drawing-room, is guarded from intrusion by persons whose orders are to keep outside the pale advertising agents, book agents, solicitors, etc. By ruse or perseverance, canvassers and others sometimes elude these wardens, and get into the presence-chamber. They are not always successful even when they gain admission, but they do not mind rebuffs from headquarters as much as from underlings.

Whatever be the excuse for guarding one's privacy and protecting one's purse from the individual call, it would seem as if we owed something to the struggling brothers and sisters who are trying bravely to win a foothold, and who are sure in nine cases out ten, that they would succeed if only they could pass the servants. Usually these humble bread-winners have people who depend on them—wives, children, or aged parents, whose daily comfort hangs upon their sales. Next time we are tempted curtly to dismiss a persistent book agent, let us try to put ourselves in his or her place, try to realize the miles walked in rain and sun, the frequent disappointments, and the true-hearted endeavors that belong to this unenviable lot in life.

AUNT MARJORIE.

"She Supports the Family"

The words fell from the lips of a woman who was sitting in a ferry-boat and they were tinged with a certain scorn, they formed a sort of commentary in a recent discussion of some learned men to the effect that a married woman, if the family were poor, might properly help support the household, to which conclusion most of the disputants leaned. Now, if a wife may assist her husband in wage-earning and win praise for so doing and smooth his pathway, why should she be blamed if she undertook the whole task? Clearly, it is not supposed to be a woman's duty to go out and earn the bread and butter, the rent, the taxes, and the children's clothing. If a woman should be seen digging in the fields while her husband sat by the window seeding or shelling peas, or making a pudding, she would be pitied and he would be regarded with the contempt the frontier settlers feel for a squaw-man. He would be a Miss Nancy, a feminine, or perhaps rather an effeminate specimen of manhood, whom nobody would tolerate.

If a man be hopelessly a cripple or an incurable invalid, then his wife, if she can, may support the family, and all sympathy will be with him, and all honor with her; unless there be the excuse of ill-health for him, a stigma will fix itself on his reputation, if he allow his wife wholly to sustain the burden of the home maintenance.

The fitness of things is conserved only when the balance is held even, and justice underlies the home living.

Concerning Handwriting

A man's signature should be legible. The object of writing is to be easily read, and therefore all vagueness and blindness in writing is to be avoided. Very elegant penmanship may miss the mark, because it is hard to decipher. Among women, there are styles of writing that are equal to Chinese puzzles in their extreme and baffling uniformity: all sharp angles and hair-lines, and faint coloring of palest ink. Part of a gentlewoman's education should be not only to write a graceful and interesting letter, but to write it in a firm and distinctive hand, that taxes neither the eyesight, nor the patience of the fortunate person who receives it.

Courage in Word and Deed

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

WE will let Elijah tell this story: "When the Lord had sustained me in the home of the widow at Zarephath for two years through the never-failing barrel of meal and cruise of oil, I received the new orders from God: 'Go thou thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth.' I had just crossed the border into Ahab's kingdom, when I met Obadiah, the superintendent of Ahab's palace. He told me that he was searching for grass that the king's mules and horses might not die. He said that the king himself had gone on the same quest in another direction. Obadiah did not seem altogether glad to see me, and when I told him to go and tell his master that I was come, his half-cordial manner turned to fear, as he said: 'Why do you ask so hard a thing of me, for I have been a faithful servant of the Lord, when all around me in the king's palace are idolaters? I even saved from death one hundred of God's prophets, by hiding them from Queen Jezebel in two caves, and giving them food and water.' His fear was that when he should bring the king to meet me, I would have suddenly disappeared. But when I reassured him, he went to bring Ahab. I did not have long to wait. Ahab's frame was strung to the highest tension with indignation. His greeting to me was: 'Art thou he that troubleth Israel?' Nothing daunted, I replied: 'Thou art thyself the troubler of Israel, because thou hast forsaken the Lord, and hast followed Baalim and taught the people so.' He winced under the accusation, and I saw my opportunity. I proposed a test by which the people should see for themselves which was the true God, whether Jehovah or Baal. Towering just above the place of my meeting was Mount Carmel. I demanded that he should appoint a day when the people of his kingdom should gather together on Mount Carmel, also the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal that were sustained by Queen Jezebel. He did not dare to refuse, for he knew well that I was but uttering the command of the God he had so grievously offended, and who had punished him and the people with famine. He turned and left me to execute the order. His whole mien had changed. His highly-strung muscles had become relaxed, and I could read in every movement that he was setting out on a most disagreeable errand. Even Obadiah looked as if he were the king by comparison, for he was buoyed up by the hope that the God whom he had been serving in secret was about to be vindicated."

Illustration and Application

The one pre-eminent theme of this story is, Courageous Christian Testimony in Word and Deed by Preacher and Layman. It is not the first time we have considered the duty and privilege of courageous testimony, nor will it be the last, for the double reason that courage is frequently presented in the Bible in example and precept, and is greatly needed in our own times. A minister who had preached the same sermon on three successive Sundays, on being remonstrated with, said he intended to preach it until his people practiced it. To repeat that course, would be to crowd out all other virtues that need attention, but courageous testimony should be often urged, until it is oftener heard in public and in private from preachers and laymen. Elijah's heroism prompts a consideration of fearless preaching and teaching, while Obadiah's lay testimony in courageous deeds is all the more instructive, from the fact that he shows in this lesson his natural tendency to fear. Even Elijah, we shall see, was "a man of like passions," and of like fears with us, and yielded to them, when even for a little he forgot he was under the eye of the Mighty God.

Biography is a great text-book of courage, especially Bible biography. The cowards are mostly forgotten. It is the heroes we delight to honor. The man who is honest enough to confess to himself that he is a "natural coward" should turn to Bible heroes to see how he may become a supernatural hero. "The glorious company of the prophets" will be his best exemplars. The false priests all through the Bible, with only a few exceptions, represent the preachers of every age who have said in their hearts, "Put me into the priest's office that I may eat a piece of bread." Some of them had heroic ideals when they took their vows as young men, but they soon reached what Robert Louis Stevenson profoundly calls "middle-aged cowardice." He recognizes that it is a disease likely to settle on writers and doers as well as talkers. The ministerial heroism of the Bible is found mostly in the prophets, who cared less for ritual than for righteousness. But it should be noted that even the prophets were not under any divine compulsion to be brave. Some of them, like Balaam, were half spoiled by covetousness. Many of them were less anxious to please God than to please the crowd or the king. Again and again we catch a glimpse of hundreds of cowardly prophets who missed some great opportunity (II. Chron. 18: 5; Jer. 29). Not even the names are given, save a few, and those the world willingly forgets. But even those men of to-day who in business, and politics, and pleasure are not brave themselves, and when with the Romans, do as the Romans do—a coward's motto—admire, and honor, and cherish, as household words, the Bible heroes who dared to be in the right with two or three, or even to stand alone under the hero's motto: When you are with the Romans, do as the Romans ought to do. Such men were Noah, and Abraham, and Elijah, Jeremiah, and Daniel, Luther, and Knox, and many more true prophets, not foretellers all, or chiefly, but speakers for God, as the word prophet means. They were heroes because they were "seers"—seers of God, and so had no fears of man.

A big Highland soldier in the Boer War, who had the moral courage to be a Christian in the army, which every soldier knows is greater than military courage, being asked to say a few words in a soldier prayer meeting, propounded this question: "See here, chums, why didn't the lions eat Daniel?" After a pause he replied, "It was because Daniel was three parts backbone and all the rest gristle." The soldiers who had been hiding their prayers knew what he meant, and some became ashamed of their shame, and opened their windows toward Jerusalem. Not less than "the goodly fellowship of the prophets," does "the noble army of martyrs" prompt our coward hearts to seek courage in Christ. On the corridors of a house in Prague, two English followers of Wycliffe, long ago, painted Christ's lowly entry into Jerusalem as an uncrowned spiritual King, before whom went the cry, "Behold the King cometh unto thee, meek," and beside it, by way of contrast, the Pope in pompous procession, decked with a triple crown. A devout, but thoughtful young priest, saw the pictures and said, "It is strangely different. Methinks we must be wrong." He went home to study the Bible as translated by Wycliffe, and was fully persuaded that Romanism was a perversion of the simple faith of the New Testament. He found peace in Christ, and proclaimed him as the only Saviour. For that brave testimony John Huss was sentenced to be burned at the stake.

"Oh, cursed Judas!" So spake the enemies of John Huss, taking the chalice from him. "We take from you this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ." "I hope, by the mercy of God," answered the martyr, with shining face, "that this very day I shall drink of his cup in his own kingdom." "We take from thee the robe of righteousness," was said, as they divested him of his purple garb. "I shall this day don the garments of salvation," bravely and undauntedly replied John Huss. "We place thee with the devils," was chanted, as on his brow they placed a cap of paper painted with frightful figures of demons. "Most joyfully," said Huss, "will I wear this crown of shame for Thy sake, O Jesus! who for me didst wear a crown of thorns." Then rising, the Archbishop pronounced the impious sentence: "I devote thy soul to the devil." "And I," quietly replied John Huss, raising his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into Thy hands, O Lord Jesus! for thou hast redeemed me."

We do well to tell over to each new generation, the stories of the martyrs, not alone to prompt gratitude for the liberty they bought for us with their blood, but also to prompt us to seek courage where they found it, lest we dishonor God and ourselves by cowardice, when we have to face not fires, but only sneers; not death but only loss of honors, offered at the price of dishonor.

Lest those who are not preachers or talkers, may think they are not expected to show the courage of Elijah confronting Ahab at God's command, let us turn to study the courage in deeds of the layman, Obadiah. Was he much of a hero after all? He was very much afraid when Elijah told him to bring Ahab. Yes, and that magnifies the courage of his deed when at the risk of his life he dared to hide one hundred men of God whom Jezebel had devoted to death. It is the man who feels fear and overcomes it who is bravest of all. Obadiah, a saint in Ahab's household, and the "saints in Cæsar's household," when Cæsar was Nero, with Moses and Joseph in Egypt, and Daniel's band in Babylon, assure us that one can be a Christian anywhere God puts him. Only let us not, therefore lead ourselves into temptation, nor go to Babylon of our own choice, for few withstand an evil environment. Really most of the Bible heroes were laymen, like Lord Shaftesbury, of England, and B. F. Jacobs, of the United States those we call prophets, were mostly statesmen or business men by regular occupation, who, nevertheless, found abundant opportunity to speak effectively for God. Noah was a preaching ship-builder, and Abraham a great ranchman, who spoke chiefly by example, setting up God's altar in Chaldea and Canaan, where all the households were idolaters. And Joseph, the statesman-premier, was not much of a talker, but a faithful doer alike when slave and regent. And Moses was another statesman premier, while making God's first Bible. And Daniel, too, was a premier preacher—indeed, all the prophets were statesmen as well as preachers, most of them advisers of king and people in affairs of state as well as affairs of soul Amos, was herdsman for a living while shepherding Israel as a fearless prophet. And all the apostles were self-supporting business men reminding us of Carey, the Columbus of modern missions, who said his business was serving the Lord but he made shoes for a living.

The greatest human need of the Church to-day is more of such unprofessional lay witnessing "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets." And we need not alone to have more real speaking for God in meeting by laymen, with soul-filled message (not cold doses of cant to "fill the time"), but we need cheerful Christian conversation still more, and most of all, a new book of Acts the winsome witnessing of fearless deeds.

If in some way the Church could make it felt by its own people that moral courage is as honorable as military courage, we should see in the Church more cases to parallel the fearless Japanese spies, who asked and got their request—that when they were shot, it should be with hands unbound and eyes unbandaged.

A young officer who had been in the Peking relief army and in other wars, being asked by his brother on a home visit, to name the bravest scene he had ever witnessed, replied that it was the act of a young British ensign who, having borne the Union Jack fearlessly at the very front of the British troops as they marched through a breach in the wall of Peking, facing a horde of infuriated Boxers fell on his knees when they had entered the city and victory was assured, in the presence of all his comrades, and still holding the flag in one hand, thanked God for the deliverance he had wrought. Many pale cheeks of the rescuers were moistened, and many eyes of the rescuers were in a mist of tears at the sight of that act of Christian courage which even those too cowardly to do it themselves, instinctively admired.

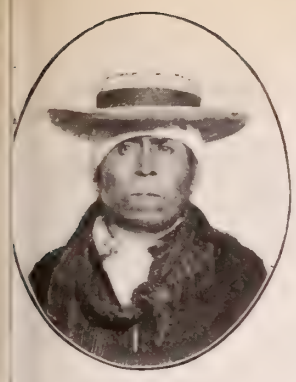
"Christ's service effeminacy! Nay, try those flashy spirits with their own weapons. Ask them whether Cromwell's Ironsides were brave; whether Scott's Cameronians were brave; ask them whether Havelock and General Gordon were brave; ask them whether Nelson's Methodists were brave."

. . .

With a World's Peace Conference just at hand, to be held in our own land, let us consider whether in the very illustrations of preachers and teachers, as well as in the school histories that magnify wars, we are not keeping up the war spirit that has so long cursed the world, and hindered the fulfilment of the promise that Christ should bring "Peace on earth." Let us more and more exalt civic courage.

MOUNT CARMEL, THE SCENE OF ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE

* International Sunday School Lesson for August 14 on Obadiah and Elijah (I. Kings 18: 1-16). Golden Text: "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth" (I. Kings 18: 12).



A QUICHE MAYOR

Triumphs of the Gospel

Missionaries in Central and South America Report Glorious Progress in their Work

A GUATEMALA WOMAN

CENTRAL and South America has been known for many years as "the neglected field." Gospel progress there was slow, and there were many discouragements to the workers. In the two letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, published below, it is significant and cheering that the writers, though far apart, should not only coincide so remarkably in their record of the triumphant advance of the Gospel in these distant lands, but should both exclaim:

We praise God and take courage!

The opening letter is from Missionary C. F. Secord, of Chichicostenango, Guatemala, C. A., who writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

In December last, we completed the mission station, upon which we had been laboring, and now have a commodious place, consisting of a dwelling, a dispensary, a preaching room and a hospital. The latter, however, is not yet quite fitted up. Thus we now have a permanent headquarters in the central town of Quiche-land. About 500,000 souls compose our field, and until about three years ago, when my wife and I settled among them, they knew nothing of the Gospel.

To suppose that the Indians are Romanists is a great mistake. While many of them frequent the temples, they do so chiefly to have a sheltered place in which to worship according to ancient customs, placing flowers, fruits and candles on the floor and swinging incense pots. Regular worship is also carried on in the mountains, and near here are many altars, where offerings are made to the gods of their fathers. The ancient worship is under the direction of wizard-priests, who are greatly respected and feared, and to whom are attributed supernatural powers. The worship is a mixture of demon and fire-worship. Many times have I seen Indians kneeling at their altars to catch the first rays of the sun as it rose over the mountains.

In many of the Quiche towns sewing machines are in use, and in all, without exception, the people are highly industrious. Many of the towns in our vicinity are very high, as we are on the Andes range. Corn (the principal food), oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, etc., are grown in abundance. The small grains are all threshed out by horses and mules, who tread it out on dirt floors. Fine pottery and cotton and woolen goods of all kinds are made, and are carried into neighboring republics by the Indian merchants, who return with merchandise to sell here. Sunday is the great market day, and the busiest of all the week.

The Gospel is beginning to make headway among the people at last. Numbers have not only put away their idols, but are demonstrating by changed lives that the Holy Spirit now dwells where ignorance and darkness formerly ruled. We praise God and take courage.

One of our converts destroyed a very valuable idol, in spite of great opposition; but his wife, who was not then clearly in the light, kept one of its shoes as a remembrance. She gradually learned more truth, and not being able to withstand an awakened conscience, burned the shoe also. The native believers are active workers, and wherever they go, bear a testimony to the truth. One young Quiche visited an Indian town some distance from here and stirred up such an interest that a deputation came to visit me, seeking more information of the Gospel. In many places little companies meet to listen to the Scriptures, as some one of their number reads to them, and several towns have invited me to visit them and to hold meetings. Just recently I had the great privilege of preaching the Gospel to some twelve of the leading men at a little place near here. One of the things taught the converts is family worship, and it is delightful to know they are teaching their children the truth at home.

"Holy Week," or more appropriately named "Unholy Week," is a time of unrestrained revelry. In one small temple I saw the Indian youths gambling on the floor, with rum bottles at their sides, and in a near-by town, at this time, a great feast is made in honor of a famous god, who possesses a large herd of cows. The cows are thrown down and forced to eat fish, and drink chocolate, etc. It is believed that if this is not done, the god would bring down misfortune.

BEGINNING WORK ON A NEW MISSION STATION IN GUATEMALA

Our medical work is greatly blessed of God, and many are the doors opened to the Gospel by it. In fact, whole towns have become friendly after witnessing the restoration to health of sick ones, and medicines and care are given free of charge, and A. E. Bishop and other missionaries from Guatemala City, who have visited us, are extremely pleased with this important branch of the work.

In a letter to this journal from San Paulo, Brazil, Mrs. Kate H. Young, an American missionary, gives some encouraging news concerning the spiritual progress of that country. After acknowledging funds forwarded, she writes:

Our first meeting here was attended by seventeen persons (Sept. 1900) and only through much prayer, and assiduous house-to-house visiting, were we enabled to gather about us congregations to hear the Word. Little by little the work grew. Before long we had some good workers amongst the natives, and so, by degrees, God has blessed us with a strong people here in San Paulo—not in numbers, for we are only about 150, but in quality—washed from their sins and endowed with at least a measure of power from on high.

We have entered now five States in this republic, and have ten congregations in as many different places, all under the care of our native helpers. With the exception of one Englishman, all our workers are of the Latin race, and very good and efficient they are. We number about 400 in all.

One of our native co-laborers, Signor Samuel Mello, was one of the most notorious gamblers in South Brazil. This man, leaving literally all to follow Jesus, has become a missionary of extraordinary power, and has led many into the Gospel. He established a good congregation of new converts in Paranagua, and used the last of his means to build a church and pastor's dwelling there. That finished, placing another pastor in charge, he has now started for a new Gospel campaign in the State of Goyazo. We have the privilege of sending the first missionaries into the unevangelized States of Goyazo and Matto Grosso.

Sns. Camillo Roig and Theodoro Aranjo traversed the primeval forests, riding over 1,500 miles to Cuyaba, capital of Matto Grosso. On the way they met wild Indians, who, however, treated them in a most friendly manner. In a very crude way, they talked with the Indians about Jesus, and passed on. In safety they crossed swollen rivers and encountered wild animals, snakes, and many dangers, until God brought them to their destination in the very heart of South America. There they followed out our system of work—open-air preaching, house-to-house visiting, selling Bibles, and indoor preaching, and the results are a substantial little congregation of believers.

We are convinced that the great solution of the missionary question, instead of importing foreigners, who rarely, if ever, master the language, and who often do not comprehend the racial peculiarities of temperament and training (or lack of training), is for us, as pioneers, to educate and prepare the converts to carry on and develop the work.

So far, this has been crowned with most remarkable success, and we thank God, and take courage and go forward.

K. H. Y.

Mourning at the Bowery Mission

Continued from Page 662

piano in the cheap resorts which line a part of this notorious thoroughfare. He was only twenty-one—a mere boy—yet he drank deeply of the bitter cup of poverty and humiliation before his memorable first visit to the Bowery Mission which marked the turning-point, and from which dated the consecration of his life and his talents to the service of God.

The Turning-point of His Life

One Sunday morning he was sitting, miserable, alone and almost starving, upon a park bench in the upper part of the city. A man, a German, sat down by him, and Benke ventured to ask him if he knew of a place in New York where he could get a piece of bread. The man replied that he had heard of a place called the Bowery Mission, where a lady gave out sandwiches and coffee to poor men on Sunday morning, "but," said he, "that is two or three miles from here." I would walk five miles for a piece of bread," said the penniless youth. The stranger directed him, and he, knowing the Bowery only too well, soon found his way to the Mission. That particular morning found the Mission with no pianist, and Mrs. Bird, who led the meeting, asked if there was any one in the audience who could play. Down the aisle came the young man who had walked so far for a bit of bread. Seating himself at the instrument—the first touch of the keys seemed to electrify the player as well as the listeners, all of whom craned their necks to see who was bringing such wonderful music from the old instrument—chords and harmonies such as had never been heard within those walls before.

That was the beginning of a new life for Victor Benke. He soon was brought to acknowledge the Christ to whom he owed his salvation, and devotion to his cause early became the aim of his life and labor. Aside from his gift of music, which amounted almost to genius, Mr. Benke possessed wonderful power in speaking, in pleading the cause of Christ. He soon became proficient in English. His words and arguments were always simple, direct and most convincing, and when after an eloquent plea that the men before him who were so wretched, would only accept the Christ who had saved him and made him so happy, he would sometimes supplement his words by a melody so tenderly brought from the organ by the love in his soul and the magic of his fingers, that many a hardened sinner was brought to his knees for the first time. When Mr. Moody first heard Benke play, he was so charmed that he instantly engaged him to play at the meetings of the convention then being held in New York.

He was afterward associated with Mr. Sankey, Hubert P. Main, Fanny Crosby, and other prominent musicians and poets, in the composition of Gospel music, and many of his hymns appear in different collections. During the last few winters, the old Bowery Mission walls have resounded to some of the best of classical music, both instrumental and vocal, and the men of the Bowery have been treated every Tuesday evening to the finest kind of musical and literary programmes. Many a tempting offer has Mr. Benke had from different churches to occupy the position of organist, but nothing could lure him from his loyalty to the Mission and the good friends he had found there.

He died in the harness. On the occasion of his last concert at the Mission, it was with difficulty that he could carry out the programme, and although suffering the most exquisite pain, he kept up until the close, when his fingers dropped from the organ keys, which never again felt their loving touch.

The Bowery Mission has lost a devoted worker, the musical world a shining light, and hosts of friends mourn his early death; but his influence lives, and no one may say in what far-off corner of the globe, or how many years from now, will be remembered, the "Volunteer Organist" and his ten years of faithful work for the souls of fallen men.

A Memorial to Organist Benke

IT is the earnest desire of the workers of the Bowery Mission to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Benke, by the erection of a suitable tablet on the walls of the Mission. It will tell in simple language of his remarkable conversion ten years ago, of his self-sacrificing and devoted labors, of his unswerving loyalty to his homeless brethren on the Bowery, and of the tender regard in which he was held, not only by them, but by the large circle of Christian friends that he had formed in this country. Subscriptions are being received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to defray the cost of the memorial tablet; and whatever amount is subscribed in excess of the cost will be handed over to the widow.

It is quite possible that amongst the many readers of this paper who have known Mr. Benke personally, or who have heard of his wonderful usefulness through our columns, there may be those who, as a token of their gratitude to God for this splendid trophy of Divine grace, may wish to subscribe to this fund. From such we shall be glad to hear. The following have already been received:

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird	$50 00	THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	100 00
Mr. and Mrs. Hallimond	40 00	P. B. Bromfield	25 00
Mr. and Mrs. Long	25 00	Three Friends	3 00
Mr. F. N. Card	5 00	H. S. M.	1 00
A. Foster Higgins	50 00		

The Land of the Top-Knots*

MANY of the most revered, common, and firmly settled of the customs and superstitions of the people of Korea are, as it were, woven, braided, coiled and pinned into their top-knots, on which, like a hairy keystone, seem to hang, and around which are centered society, religion, and politics. The pigtail of China is nothing like as important, for it is really a mark of servitude, or was such in its origin, a badge laid on the conquered by the conquering race. But not so the top-knot, which is many centuries old, and which, according to ancient histories, pictures, pottery and embroideries, goes as far back as the existence of the nation.

When a boy becomes engaged, or is on the point of being married, a solemn ceremony is performed. In the presence of proper witnesses, and at the hands of proper functionaries (among whom are astrologers or soothsayers), the hair, which has hitherto been parted like a girl's, and worn in a long braid down the back, is shaved from a small circular spot on the top of his head, and the remaining long locks combed smoothly upward, and tied very tightly over the shaved place. They are then twisted and coiled into a small compact knot, between two and three inches high, and about one in diameter. An amber, coral, silver, or even gold or jeweled pin is usually fastened through it. The *Mangan*, a band of net bound with ribbon, is then fastened on around the head below the top-knot, and above the ears, holding all stray hairs neatly in place (when a man obtains rank a small open horse-hair cap is placed over the top-knot), and over all the hat, which (being also of open work, bamboo splints, silk or horse-hair), permits it to be seen. Fine new clothes are then donned, especially a long coat, and the boy has become a man. A feast is made, and he goes forth to call upon and be congratulated by his father's friends. Either on that day or the following he is married, although, as has been said, some boys have their hair put up when they become engaged.

No matter how old one is, without a top-knot he is never considered a man, addressed with high endings, or treated with respect. After assuming the top-knot, no matter how young, he is invested with the dignities and duties of a man of the family, takes his share in making the offerings and prayers at the ancestral shrines, and is recognized by his ancestors' spirits as one of the family who is to do them honor, and whom they are to protect and bless. And right here, to digress a little, it is interesting to note that so intimately is this custom concerned with their religion, that many of the Christian converts are now cutting off their top-knots when they become converted, regarding that as the one step (after destroying their idols) which most effectually cuts off the old life and its superstitions, and marks them as having come out from their family and acquaintances as men set apart.

They have begun doing this quite of their own accord, with no suggestion from the missionaries, and in some cases in opposition to the advice of some of us, who dislike to see them laying aside old customs needlessly. But it is growing more and more general among new believers to sacrifice this dear object of pride and veneration, and one young fellow told my husband it was impossible to break away from his old evil associates until he cut his hair. They then believed he was in earnest and let him alone. But it costs much, and in these cases is done quite voluntarily, not in forced obedience to the mandates of conquerors and traitors, which is a very different matter.

Again, far down in the social scale, lower than the boy with the pigtail, whom every one snubs, ranking next to the despised butcher, who daily defiles his hands with blood and gore, and with the touch of dead bodies, is the Buddhist priest who wears his hair shaved, a creature so low that he was not at that time allowed to defile the capital city by entering its gates. To this grade were all the sons of Korea now to be reduced. Tender associations of early manhood, honored family traditions, ghostly superstition, the anger and disgust of ancestral spirits, the iron grip of long custom, the loathing of the effeminate, sensual and despised Buddhist priests, all forbade this desecration. Their pride, self-respect and dignity were all assailed and crushed under foot. Sullen, angry faces were seen everywhere, sounds of wailing and woe were heard continually in every house, for the women took it even harder than the men. Farmers and carriers of food and fuel refused to bring their produce to market, for guards stood at the gates, and cut off with their swords every top-knot as it came through. Men were stationed also in all the principal streets, cutting off every top-knot that passed, and all public officials and soldiers were at once shaved. There was a voice heard, lamentation and mourning and great weeping.

It was a cruel blow at personal liberty, which Anglo-Saxons would die rather than suffer, and which the helplessness of this weak nation made the more pitiful and inexcusable. It was struck shrewdly too, at one of the specially distinguishing marks of Koreans, setting them apart from Japanese and Chinese, designed, we could not help thinking, as one of the first and important parts of a scheme to blot out Korea's national identity, and merge her into one with Japan; but if this was the intention, never was anything more mistakenly planned. It was hotly resented to the very heart of the country, and added still deeper dye and bitter flavor to the long-nourished hatred Koreans felt for their ancient conqueror and foe.

*From *Fifteen Years Among the Top Knots*, by L. H. Underwood, M.D., missionary in Korea. A remarkably interesting book. 299 pp.; cloth, illustrated. Price $1.50. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Love Among the Ruins, by Warwick Deeping. An enchanting tale of mediæval chivalry. Pp. 294; illustrated; cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

Glorious Praise. A new Book of Sacred Song for Church and Meeting, by W. H. Doane and W. J. Kirkpatrick. Price 35 cents. 250 pages. Harvey & Burnett, Louisville, Ky., publishers.

Going to College, by Waitman Barbe, A.M., M.S., with the opinions of fifty leading educators on the advisability and advantages of a college course. Bright and suggestive. Pp. 104; cloth covers. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

American Problems, by Joseph A. Vance. Among the subjects treated are: The Negro, Labor, the Liquor Question, Municipal Government, the Vice Problem, etc. Pp. 252; cloth covers. Price 75 cents. Winona Publishing Co., Chicago, publishers.

Socialism. The Nation of Fatherless Children, by David Goldstein. This book, as the author describes it, is a compendium of Socialistic data. It deals with the origin and history of Socialism, discusses the great questions of the day from that standpoint. Pp. 374; paper covers. Price 50 cts. Union News League, Boston, publishers.

A Practical Course in Spanish, by H. M. Monsanto and Louis A. Languellier, revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. A very thorough and convenient manual for the use of students of the language. Equally suitable for private instruction or the class-room. Pp. 398. Cloth binding. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The People, the Land, and the Book. The July number of this Hebrew-Christian Quarterly contains an attractive variety of contributions, including one on "Zionism," by Max Nordau, and another on "German-Jewish Jargon," by Fabius Schack, besides articles of peculiar interest to students of Jewish literature and prophecy. $1 a year. B.A.M. Schapiro, 169 St. James Place, Brooklyn, publisher.

Race Track Infamy, by Anthony Comstock. A timely exposure of the gambling evil in New York State. Price 25 cents. Published by the author at 140-142 Nassau Street, New York. This is the most thorough and inspiring expose of turf gambling that has yet been published. It shows how the evil drags down men and women in all classes of society, how it affects politics and city officials, and what dark and awful tragedies have been caused by it. Mr. Comstock also sheds light on the gamblers' methods of evading the law through collusion with corrupt officials. Pp. 37. Paper covers.

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena, by Isaac K. Funk. This is a somewhat remarkable book. The mite in question was loaned to Dr Funk many years ago by the widow of the late Henry Ward Beecher, the borrower wanting to make an engraving of it. He directed that it be returned, and was surprised, long after the incident had been forgotten, to have it recalled at a "spiritualistic seance," when, as he relates, he was informed that the loan had not been returned, but was in a certain place in his office. He discovered this to be the fact. Upon this incident and the many explanations of it which come from different sources, the book is chiefly based, although it discusses incidentally almost every known phase or aspect of psychic phenomena. Dr. Funk distinctly disclaims any belief in spiritualism. Pp. 538. Price $2; cloth covers; illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

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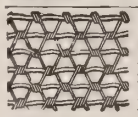
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Tonic for the Sick

Neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is our strength.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong.

Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. Your joy no man taketh from you.

Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

Unto ye that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day

In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me.

He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him: but when he cried unto him he heard

But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.

For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit.

L. A. T

A Western Pastor on Peace

Dear Christian Herald —I noticed in your issue of May 25 an article entitled, "The Peace Movement." Also another setting forth some of the arguments and reasons for the inauguration of an aggressive and permanent peace tribunal, to be organized at the coming Peace Congress, to be held in Boston in October 3.

I herewith (being myself a minister of the Gospel), hasten to express myself as decidedly in favor of such a movement, and endorse all you have said on the subject. I am thankful to Almighty God that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presented to the World's Sunday School Convention, in session in Jerusalem, such a memorial, and best of all that it was unanimously adopted. I emphatically believe the time is ripe for a practical Peace Tribunal, led by the United States of America, to enforce the settlement of any and all differences arising between nations, by arbitration and without war. There is, according to Holy Writ, a good time coming, when we will beat our swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning hooks; when the Lord will be our God and we his people.

Let us have no more child's play in this matter, but let us organize and institute a court that will mean to maintain peace and will do it. If any one nation, disposed to war, were sure that all other nations were honorably combined to enforce peace, that nation would readily desist.

Burrough, Calif. R. P. EDMUNSON.

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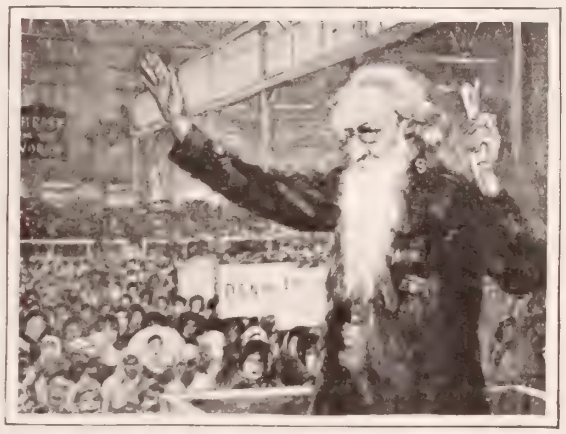
THE GREAT RECEPTION HALL IN LONDON, WHERE THE CONGRESS MET

The Salvation Army Congress

THE Salvation Army International Congress, which has just closed in London, was held in a great hall specially erected, in the Strand. Six thousand delegates, representing forty-nine countries, attended. Gen. Booth opened the Congress in person, and made a brief dedicatory address. The great iron building, with its metallic mediæval gateway, from the sham battlements of which fly the banners of the Army, was filled during the meetings with the most remarkable assemblages ever seen in London.



GEN. BOOTH OPENING THE SALVATION CONGRESS

Men and women of various races and nationalities in quaint and picturesque costumes, were there gathered for the International Congress of the Salvation Army. In front of them, over the platform, were the words, "The World for Christ"; behind them, "Christ for the World."

The immense congregation burst into cheers now and again, as some foreign contingent marched in with banners flying; but the great outburst came when the aged "General" stepped forward—a long continued roar of welcome to which the bass drum thundered an accompaniment, a most impressive Salvation Army general salute. General Booth is now in his seventy-fifth year, having been born in Nottingham, England, in 1829. He founded the Salvation Army in 1865, and it is now strongly represented in every known land under the sun.

A Poet's Tribute

JUST as the funeral service of Victor Benke, the "Volunteer Organist," was commencing at the Bowery Mission, a lady stepped quietly within the Mission doors and asked the Superintendent to lay a flower upon the casket for her. She also handed him the following verses, which she had composed in memory of Mr. Benke:

The song is ended and the singer is
With God's redeemed. The hand that message wrought
From organ-keys now sweeps celestial lyre.
The organ that seemed very voice of God
When touched by this man's wondrous skill to life,
Is silent now and sad; for not again
Will come its well-beloved friend, who wove
Such symphony from its white keys and black
That wearied men, sin-tired and weak, found rest
And faith and strength from its rare cadences.

The song is ended and the singer is
With God's redeemed. And yet there comes this hour
A benediction memory of the song
And dear remembrance of the singer, like
The melody that, lingering, entwines
Round golden harp-strings for the after-days
The singer's theme, the brotherhood of man;
The theme of song, the dear All-Father's love
Enwoven of the "Peace on earth," and faith
In Calvary, and Resurrection morn

The song is ended and the singer is
With God's redeemed. Our human will bows low
To the Divine. We bring in memory
Our love for him, told in sweet fragrant flowers
And goldem emblem of life's harvest now.
We go our way, made better by this life
That is with God. May we, too, find the Cross;
May we take up the song that was more dear
To him than life itself; and may we win,
As did he, others to the Lord's redeemed.

MARGARET ISABEL COX.

Called Higher

Died in Bozeman, Mont., on Friday, May 27, 1904, Alonzo Reynolds, aged seventy-seven years and seven months.

Crossed the River of Death, June 5th, Mrs. Helen Pace, aged forty-seven years. She was a loving and devoted mother and a most kind and thoughtful neighbor. She lived a faithful Christian life every day

Mrs Esther Parks fell asleep in Christ, June 3, 1904. She had for a number of years been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Her Bible was her joy. She was a loving, gentle mother, and her children hope to live to meet her "at Home."

Mrs. M. I. Curtis, of Wheaton, Ill., died Oct. 27, 1903. She gave her heart to the Saviour in her childhood and was a faithful follower of his, and loved by all who knew her.

MY MOTHER SLEEPS

My mother sleeps; how sweet the rest
That now is her's, beyond the wave,
Beyond the storms that wildly rage
She sweetly sleeps, and she is blest.

Mrs. Melissa Phelps Dodge, born in Hartford, Conn., March 3, 1809. Her father's ancestors were among the first settlers of Connecticut. From an old English family in Staffordshire, embarked at Plymouth, 1630; settled first at Dorchester, Mass., then at Windsor. Her father removed to New York about 1813, and lived in Beekman Street, near old St. George's Church, where she was married to William E. Dodge, June 24, 1828, by Dr Gardiner Spring, of the old Brick Church. She was the youngest member of this church when she united with it at the age of thirteen, and, at her death, she was the oldest member of the same church in its present locality. From early life she was interested in benevolent and charitable organizations and in all forms of Church work. She was connected with numerous religious and other organizations—the "City Tract" and "Bible" Societies, "House of Refuge," "Colored Home," Missionary Bodies, Indian Associations, and efforts for women and children, the Negro race, etc. She was a prudent and liberal giver, and untiring in seeking out worthy objects of charity. For more than fifty years she has lived at 225 Madison Avenue. Her husband died twenty years ago, and for some years she has been a partial invalid but retained her full mental powers. Every pleasant Sunday she eagerly attended her church, only two blocks distant. She exemplified old-fashioned piety, and lived a loving, lovable and useful life.

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Makes Roofs Last Ten Years Longer.
Will Make Your Old Roof Absolutely Waterproof and Look Better Than a New One and Save the Price—Will Add Ten Years to the Life of Any Roof—Guaranteed.
Liquid Samples and Book Showing Various Uses Sent Absolutely Free on Request.
It is useless to go to the expense of putting on a new roof when you can make the old one good as new in point of service, have it look better and save the price. ROOF LEAK will do it—Guaranteed. It will make an old leaky roof absolutely waterproof. It will add ten years to the life of any roof, new or old. It stops and prevents rusting in tin or iron roofs, and arrests and prevents decay in shingle roofs.
ROOF LEAK is put up in heavy liquid cement form and is applied as received. You will be surprised to learn how cheap you can make your old roof new or make your new roof last a lifetime It will not crack in winter or soften in summer. and is highly FIREPROOF.
ROOF LEAK has been made and sold since 1898, and is increasing in popularity and use at an enormous rate. It is being used on the houses, barns and granaries of the farmers of the land, and on the beautiful homes and cottages of our cities. The roofs of mills, elevators, store buildings, factories, depots, roundhouses, hotels, churches and schoolhouses throughout the length and breadth of the land are being beautified, made whole and durable by ROOF LEAK. Has been adopted by the United States Marine Hospital Service, prominent railroads, and steel works. It gives equally good service on tin, iron, felt or shingles. When you buy it, you have the assurance that you are not only saving the price of a new roof, but that you are getting a roof that will last longer, look better, and be better than anything else you could get. It has been tried and stood the test.
There is but one ROOF LEAK, and is sold in our original kits, bearing our signature and trade-mark, *not sold in bulk*. Anyone having a roof that he wants to get ten years more service from without the expense of a new roof, should write at once and get liquid samples and interesting book, showing various uses, all of which will be sent, absolutely free, on request. Write to-day and save the price of a new roof, or insure the prolonged life of roofs in good condition.
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MANUFACTURERS OF FINE VARNISHES

WELL SPOKEN
A Chat About Food.
"Speaking of food," says a Chicago woman, "I am 61 years of age and was an invalid more than 14 years.
"Was 5 years in the Presbyterian Hospital on diet most of the time. Had an operation for a dilated stomach, a very serious operation performed by a famous physician.
"After the operation of course, the doctors ordered Grape-Nuts as the most nourishing food, and easiest of digestion. That's how I know the stomach will digest Grape-Nuts, when it will absolutely refuse all other kinds of food. It has also done wonders for me to brighten up and strengthen my nerves and made me feel a desire to live, for I can enjoy life. What seems so strange to me is that I have never tired of this food since, but like it better all the time. I find it especially good in any kind of soup or broth.
"I have a sister who is an invalid from indigestion and she has been greatly benefited by Grape-Nuts which she eats three times a day and a bowl of milk and Grape-Nuts just before going to bed, in fact she lives on this food, and I also have two nieces who used to be troubled with indigestion but used Grape-Nuts with grand results, and so I could go on and name many others who have been helped in the same way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Grape-Nuts food is used by hospitals and physicians very largely, for no food known is so easy and perfect for complete digestion while at the same time it is a concentrated form of nourishment of the highest grade and the stomach will handle it when everything else is refused.
"There's a reason."
Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

Easy Wash-day
Fels-Naptha cuts wash-day in half. Doubles the life of clothes.
Doubles the life of your clothes, besides.
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A Visitor's Impressions of Mont-Lawn

Far Beyond the Power of Pen, she says, to Describe the Beauties of OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

THE pictures of the Children's Home in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are good, but one cannot form an adequate conception of the buildings, the grounds, or the scenery from the pictures. Every feature of the Home was a delightful surprise. Fresh breezes from the Hudson made the place cool, and the view of the river is superb.

The clean, airy room or dormitory across the hall, with little pure white beds and large framed mottoes on walls, is certainly an ideal resting-place for tired little waifs from the hot, dusty streets and alleys of New York City.

From this large building we walked on the fine driveway to "Tibbal's Cottage," a fine new building, smaller in size, with inviting piazzas in front.

Opening from this, is a pretty little room for one of the teachers; but the principal attraction is the large, airy dormitory, with its twenty-nine beds, each one the perfection of snowy whiteness; the white iron bedsteads clad in pure white spreads.

One of the young lady helpers was just finishing her task, making the beds, at the same time teaching two little girls the art of putting on the pillow-slips. Beautiful large mottoes spoke from the walls, pleasing the eye, and cheering and inspiring the heart. A wee lad of four years, clad in blue overalls, was introduced to me as "Little Frank." He was asked to sing "Abide with Me," to which he responded in such a shy, sweet way. But the tune! I think it was of his own manufacture, and cannot be reproduced. But dinner hour is approaching, and we must go to the large tent, situated in the most charming spot, overlooking the Hudson.

This tent is not an ordinary one; it is very large, comfortably accommodating two hundred and twenty-five children. The floor is of boards joined and fitted; the sides or framework is of wood, not rope, and the thick canvas covering shelters from sun and rain. Imagine the many tables covered with pure white table oil-cloth and set with two hundred and twenty-five plates, mugs, etc. From this breezy dining-hall, open on all sides to the beauties of sky, trees, river, etc., we were ushered into an adjoining room, or kitchen, screened around with green lattice-work, and otherwise open to the heavenly breezes. While the various processes of dinner preparation were going on, loud "Hurrahs!" and other sounds of welcome were heard from many young throats. There is great commotion and joy among this army of children. What's the cause? Looking down the shady road, a carriage is seen ascending the long hill, and soon Dr. Klopsch appears with his friends. There is no uncertain sound which greets his ear. Two hundred and twenty-five voices make the air ring with welcome, if not with music.

But the dinner! Fresh from the gardens appeared potatoes, juicy beets, string-beans, and with beef, bread and rice-pudding, there was no lack, but bountiful provision. As a crowning climax, Dr. Klopsch brought several bags full of chocolates, which were carefully divided and put at each plate.

The forming in line of boys and girls, the marching to the tables in military order and, when seated, singing an appropriate hymn, all was noted with delight.

Not the least enjoyable of the many privileges was the meeting with some of the teachers, the "housemother" or superintendent, and other workers. All are God's chosen ones, who have the best interests of the children at heart.

Scripture lessons are given daily in the Chapel. A new, larger Chapel is now being built. Seeds of truth are thus being sown in the tender hearts of hundreds of little ones, who it may be, for the first time in their lives, are hearing the Saviour's voice--"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

E. M. MASON.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST

By MRS. M. BAXTER

HAVING learned his lessons in the house of the widow of Zarephath, Elijah was fit for other and further tests and service. "Go, show thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth." And, without a word, Elijah went to meet the king who had set a price upon his head, and he went, to human sight, alone. On his way he met Obadiah, one of the king's courtiers, who was nevertheless a godly man, and was now on a mission from the king to search through one half of the land to find grass for the royal horses and cattle, while the king in person had undertaken the search in the other half of the land.

Obadiah fell on his face before Elijah. No doubt he had heard his words to Ahab, more than three years before (I. Kings 17:1), "Go and tell thy lord," said the prophet, "Behold, Elijah is here." And Obadiah was in terror, not for the safety of Elijah; that did not seem to occupy him, but for himself. "Wherein have I sinned that thou shouldest deliver me into the hand of Ahab to slay me?" Ahab has been seeking thee in every nation and kingdom, and made them swear that they found thee not; and now thou puttest the responsibility on me to know of thy whereabouts, and no sooner will my back be turned than "the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not," and Ahab will slay me. And, to recommend himself to Elijah, he told his story of how he had sheltered, hidden, and fed one hundred of the Lord's prophets in a cave. Elijah proved the truth of his profession, for he was without fear, while poor Obadiah, who was not in any real danger, was in terror of his life. What caused the difference? God was everything to Elijah. He had put his God to the proof, and he had let God put him to the proof; he had found God faithful, and he knew he ran no risk in obeying Him; and God had found Elijah faithful, and had confidence in him.

Obadiah's religion was of another order. He was undoubtedly a God-fearing man, but, nevertheless, was not prepared to give up his position in a heathen court: he wanted the world and God, too. Willing to be a benefactor to God's prophets, so long as he did not suffer for it; very philanthropic, but Ahab's courtier still; and evidently much trusted by him, as he had been chosen to share in the royal errand to seek grass, at that time more precious than gold. Oh, how many are there in this present time who are religious just far enough to hold their own as regards income, position, and reputation in the world! They have never gone so far as to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow Jesus, and yet he says, "Whosoever will come after me must do this, and without it no man can be my disciple." A real conversion to God does not consist only in believing, but repenting of and turning from sin, receiving pardon through believing, and yielding oneself unreservedly and for ever to the Lord. No conversion is thorough which has left a man master of himself in any way. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are God's" (I. Cor. 5: 19, 20).

Obadiah knew Elijah when he met him, but he was not in fellowship with the prophet. One might have thought that, coming from such a court, if he had had the honor of God at heart, Obadiah would have been grateful to have exchanged a few words with a man who lived so near to God. But, instead of that, only personal considerations absorbed him, and he yielded to an imagination of possible danger to himself, and was in no way ready to be at the service of God. With such a man, any good deed he has done plays a great role. Instead of listening to any words of God from such a man, he tells his story: "I, thy servant, fear the Lord, from my youth. Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid a hundred men of the Lord's prophets by fifty in a cave and fed them with bread and water?" "And now thou wilt risk the life of such a philanthropist." Oh, how little this man stood before God!

SHIPPING EMPRESS TSI-AN'S PORTRAIT TO ST. LOUIS

The portrait of the Dowager Empress of China, painted by the American artist, Miss Carl, is now on its way to St Louis, and it is here shown packed and in transit from Peking to Tongku. It was wrapped in a yellow satin covering bearing strange devices. A special line was constructed to carry it from the Palace to the station in Peking, as the Empress would not allow it to be carried by cooleys. The soldiers on guard at the various stations through which the train passed went on their knees and covered their heads.

The Bible in Africa

THE teachers in Uganda (says a writer in the New York *Sun*), have had wonderful success. About 50,000 natives can read and write. Many may be recognized as "readers," by the little cloth or skin bags, in which they carry their precious books around with them. Only recently has the quantity of printed books been sufficient to supply the demand, but the opening of the railroad made it easier and cheaper to buy books. As long as they were carried from the coast on the heads of men, they were very expensive and in limited supply. A thousand cowries, which will buy five weeks' food for one man, were often given for a school reader or a copy of the New Testament. When a fresh supply arrived, the reed walls of the house in which they were stored, sometimes threatened to give way under the pressure of the crowds. At last there is an abundant supply of books at low prices.

The work of translating the entire Bible into Luganda was completed in 1897. In the first few editions, the book was ugly in appearance, three inches broad, and of the same thickness, and was called "the biscuit tin Bible"—for it was said that the Book was made to fit into one of the two-pound biscuit cans which were then plentiful in Uganda. The shape of the Book was, however, accidental and temporary, though the tins were largely used to protect it against white ants and other book-loving insects. The entire Bible was translated in six years, a fact considered remarkable.

BUNCH TOGETHER

Coffee has a Curious way of Finally Attacking Some Organ.

Ails that come from coffee are cumulative, that is, unless the coffee is taken away new troubles are continually appearing and the old ones get worse.

"To begin with," says a Kansan, "I was a slave to coffee just as thousands of others to-day; thought I could not live without drinking strong coffee every morning for breakfast and I had sick headaches that kept me in bed several days every month. Could hardly keep my food on my stomach but would vomit as long as I could throw anything up and when I could get hot coffee to stay on my stomach I thought I was better.

"Well, two years ago this Spring I was that sick with rheumatism I could not use my right arm to do anything, had heart trouble, was nervous. My nerves were all unstrung and my finger nails and tips were blue as if I had a chill all the time and my face and hands yellow as a pumpkin. My doctor said it was heart disease and rheumatism and my neighbors said I had Bright's Disease and was going to die.

"Well, I did not know what on earth was the matter and every morning would drag myself out of bed and go to breakfast, not to eat anything but to force down some more coffee. Then in a little while I would be so nervous, my heart would beat like everything.

"Finally one morning I told my husband I believed coffee was the cause of this trouble and that I thought I would try Postum which I had seen advertised. He said 'All right' so we got Postum and although I did not like it at first I got right down to business and made it according to directions, then it was fine and the whole family got to using it and I tell you it has worked wonders for me. Thanks to Postum in place of the poison coffee, I now enjoy good health, have have not been in bed with sick headache for two years although I had it for 30 years before I began Postum and my nerves are now strong and I have no trouble from my heart or from the rheumatism.

"I consider Postum a necessary article of food on my table. My friends who come here and taste my Postum say it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

SALESMEN WANTED

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The Cost of Obedience*

HOW glibly men are apt to speak of obedience and self-sacrifice! We admit it to be our duty to obey God in all things, to surrender our own will, to sacrifice our passions to our principles; but how bitter, how heartrending, sometimes is, to put our theories into practice! We desire so intensely, we long so ardently, that to yield to what we know to be our duty, seems worse than giving up life itself. Human nature is so weak on one side, so gigantically strong on the other, that there seems to be an irresistible compulsion to choose the easy path. There are few lives in which there come no such crises. Happy is he who can take to himself the promise given to him that overcometh.

The narratives of those ancient heroes, such as the one associated with the Topic, were set down for our encouragement. What a struggle he must have passed through! To be the victor in such a conflict entitles him to the name he bears, as the Father of the Faithful. Who that has stood by the bed of a sick child whose life has been trembling in the balance, has not tasted of that cup, before he was able to say, "Thy will be done?" Who that has seen the prize he has most coveted in life drifting from him, and has realized that one small sacrifice of principle would secure it, but has felt the agony which noble life involves? Who that has become aware that he ought to sever a friendship which has entwined itself about his heart, has not shrunk from the pain he must feel and the pain he must cause by obeying the voice of his conscience? Yes, it costs to obey, and it is intended to cost. If duty were always easy, where could be the glory of doing it?

Yet victory is always possible to the brave soul. God places within our reach power which we can use, if we will only avail ourselves of it. He who in that night in Gethsemane "sweat as it were great drops of blood," sees his poor weak fellower when he is hard beset, and sympathizes with him, and the angels that ministered to Him will come to the victor and sustain him.

One of our great novelists tells the story of a great moral conflict of this order. The hero had placed in the hands of a friend the savings of his life, receiving as security a certain property, which was intrinsically worth more than the sum advanced. The time came when owing to the collapse of his business, it was necessary to realize on the security. Then he discovered that although he had not over-estimated its value, it was so situated in the grip of a great railroad corporation that it was practically worthless except as that corporation chose to deal with it. He realized that he was ruined. On the day of his discovery some English capitalists who knew nothing of the railroad complication, made him a liberal offer for the property, by which he would recover the whole sum he had advanced upon it. He had only to keep silence about the drawback, to regain his fortune. The offer was pressed upon him, but after a night of struggle he won the victory and told the whole story to the would-be purchasers.

A young man recently wrote this journal telling the story of a bitter struggle in his life. He had formed the acquaintance of a beautiful girl who was alone in the world. They grew to love one another passionately. He was never happy out of her society, and she clung to him with a tender affection. The time for their union was drawing near, when, in the course of conversation, the girl let fall a remark which showed that she was utterly hostile to religion. Some past experience had embittered her so violently that she would not enter a church or open a Bible. How it was that the young man had not discovered it earlier he did not explain, but so it was. To give her up was worse to him than death, but he knew that was his duty. He pleaded with her, argued with her, prayed for her, but to no purpose. Finally, he broke the engagement, at the cost of suffering which was like a martyrdom. Not even the girl knew how he had to fight for his victory, but he won, and the two saw one another no more. Those who overcome in such a struggle deserve a crown.

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THRICE blessed are they whose giving
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Unwittingly, possession
Of inward growth is wrought,
For, lo! 'tis through expression
That gifts divine are caught.

'Tis thus the higher glory
Shines in o'er brain and heart,
Writes on the soul its story,
And blends with life its part.

EVERETT H. HASTINGS.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug 14 Genesis 22: 1-8.

AN AWAKENING IN WISCONSIN

A GREAT spiritual awakening has come to the beautiful city of Baraboo, Wis. For some months past, the pastors and prominent men and women in the churches felt that the time was ripe to make a tremendous effort for the salvation of souls. The churches and pastors in this movement are: The Congregational Church, the Rev. Isse Sarles, pastor; the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. S. Munneke, S. T. D.; the First Methodist Church, the Rev. F. Ross; the South Side Methodist Church, the Rev. Mr. Jones; the Baptist Church, the Rev. Williams; the Advent Church, the Rev. Mr. Peters; the German Methodist Church, the Rev. Mr. Meck, the German Evangelical Church, the Rev. Mr. Eilert. These churches organized various committees, and invited the Rev. M. Lyon, of Chicago, with his singer, Prof. L. Coultes, from the Bible Institute, Chicago, to lead the undertaking. A large tabernacle was constructed for the meetings. Outsiders wondered, and ridiculed. Many even of the good people in the churches stood "far off" and said, "It can never be done; we never can raise the money to meet these expenses." But the pastors and the committees were bound to go on, and they triumphed gloriously!

REV M H LYON

PROF C I COULTES

From the first, the tabernacle was crowded with anxious hearers. Hundreds did not miss a single service through the whole series. For the first ten nights the evangelist spoke on the Ten Commandments, and closed the series with a sermon on "The Wages of Sin is Death," Then he preached Gospel sermons, and invited the people to give up their sins and definitely surrender their lives to Christ. Mr. Lyon is an eloquent and an intensely earnest speaker.

A class of personal workers was organized, and every night they were laboring with men and women, persuading them to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. It was a stirring sight to see fifty people going up and down the large audiences and pleading with them. Many of these workers had never before spoken to any one about their soul's salvation. They now are ready to keep up this work, and the churches will be greatly blessed.

Prof. Coultes got together a large chorus, and in a short time had them well trained. During these meetings about five hundred people have confessed Christ, some of them being prominent business men. There is rejoicing in many homes because of loved ones having come back to God.

The last night of the meetings the great tabernacle was filled to overflowing, so that many people had to stand outside. The last Sunday afternoon service for men was especially memorable. Many men came to the front with tears and called on God for mercy.

From here the evangelists go to Chicago, where they are to conduct the summer tent campaign on the north side.

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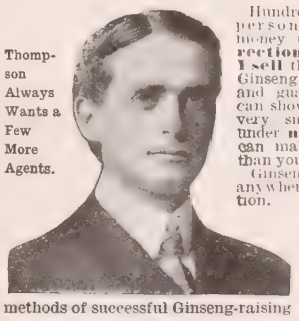

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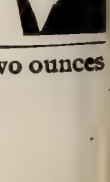

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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AFTER PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

SEE PAGE 683

At Moukden, Manchuria's Ancient Capital, the Russian Military Base

Questions & Answers

J. D. G., Gardiner, Me. Is it true that a lost coin was recovered through a medium, by means of a message from what seemed to be the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher?

No one knows, not-even the man who recovered the coin and who relates the incident, whether the whole affair was not a gross piece of humbug, or a mere optical illusion. Dr. Funk tells the story in his book, *The Widow's Mite*.

J. P., Millbury, O. The Scriptures make faith the first step in the Christian life. Have men this faith by nature, or does God give it to some and not to others, or does he give it to all who seek it?

When a man hears the Gospel message it is open to him to believe or to disbelieve it. There is nothing mysterious about that, and we do not ask as to any other offers whether his belief comes by nature or by God's gift. If you heard that some philanthropist had offered to send any bright boy to college and pay his expenses there, you would not stay to inquire whether your faith in his offer came by nature or grace. If you wanted to go to college, you would go to the philanthropist and ask him to send you. The vital question would be, Do you want to go to college? And will you be prepared to study hard while there and fulfil the other conditions of the man who sends you? Do you want to become a Christian? Do you want to have your sins forgiven and lead a godly life? If you do, all you have to do is to go to God, pleading the name of Christ, and ask him to receive you. You show your faith by doing this, and it does not matter how you got it. The first question of all is whether or not you want the blessing; if you do, you can have it. God will keep his word.

Elmer, West Detroit, Mich. What is the Anti Profanity League and how does it operate?

The League was organized a little over two years ago in Massachusetts and now is operating in forty States, two Territories, Canada, England, Scotland, Switzerland, and South Africa. Some of the most distinguished pastors, thousands of Christian workers, and a host of young peoples' societies are allied with it. It pledges members not to swear and to reprove swearing in others, and employs buttons, slips, cards, mottoes, etc.

M., Detroit, Mich. Who was Abgarus, and what were the circumstances of his correspondence with the Saviour?

According to ancient writings (by Moses of Chorene and others), Abgar Ucomo (or "the Black"), was the fifteenth king of Edessa, in Armenia, and reigned from A.D. 13 to A.D. 50. Having heard of Jesus, he wrote him a letter, entreating him to come to him, and heal him of his disease. Some of the writers believe him to have been a victim of leprosy, contracted in Persia. According to the legend, he received a letter in return, in which Christ announced that he would send one of his disciples to heal him. He afterward sent Thaddeus, through whom the promise was fulfilled.

Reader, Olathe, Kan. Does gunpowder ignite with the blaze proper of a match, or does it require a spark from the match or cap to cause the explosion?

It will ignite either with a blaze or a spark. It ignites when a portion of it begins to develop light and heat. Thus, a single grain of granulated powder is ignited by contact with fire (either spark or blaze), and its component gases are instantly liberated. This condition is communicated from grain to grain with the utmost rapidity, the successive ignitions seeming almost simultaneous.

W. B., Baltimore, Md. Was our Lord baptized as an example to his followers? Is there any statement in the Bible explaining his baptism?

The answer of Jesus to John (Matt. 3: 15) is the only clue we have to the meaning of the baptism. He did not deny the truth of John's objection, but said, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." It could not have been in his case a symbol of purification or cleansing of sin; but a desire to identify himself with the race, to be in all things as his brethren. It may have been, too, a public renunciation of sin on his part, a declaration that he intended to live a pure life. Though he was not a transgressor, he was thus "numbered with the transgressors," as Isaiah had predicted.

F. C. P., Greer, S. C. Will you kindly inform your readers what is the signification of the term, "Yankee," and give us the historical application?

"Yankee" is an American-Indian corruption of the word "English" into "Yenghees." In 1713, Jonathan Hastings, a farmer at Cambridge, N. Y., first used the word in the sense of genuine American-made, and the students adopted the phrase, which soon spread and became a popular expression in New England.

E. P., Poplar Ridge, N. Y. 1. What is the present condition of Babylon? 2. Is Dr. Edward Everett Hale, now chaplain of the United States Senate, a Unitarian?

1. Research has partly succeeded in identifying the site of Babylon about five miles above Hillah, on the opposite bank of the Euphrates, where there is a great mass of ancient ruins. Scattered over the country are a number of irregular mounds, the most striking being that known as Birs Nimroud, 2,000 feet high, which many regard as the tower of Babel. Another great mound is thought to have been the temple of Belus. There is, however, no positive or indisputable identification of any of these places. The best literature on the subject is by Layard, Loftus, Fergusson, and Rawlinson. 2. So we understand.

Anxious, Iowa. Owing to financial reverses, a person has been placed in debt to "the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker," and feels that every cent he earns really belongs to them, until they are paid; and yet his heart yearns to help relieve the suffering poor and to help spread the Gospel. Would the said person be justified in giving of his wages to these causes before his debts are liquidated, or would he really be giving other people's money away?

"Owe no man anything" is as good Christian advice to-day as when Paul wrote it to the saints in Rome. To defraud your creditors in order that you might give to the poor, is to give that which is not yours to give. If you are really anxious to help, you will find some way—some sacrifice or self-denial—that will enable you to accomplish your purpose honorably and with a clear conscience.

L. C. F., Clear Lake, So. Dak. Was Paul a member of the Sanhedrin? If so, was he a member at the time of the crucifixion of Christ?

This was answered in a recent issue. The only words that might indicate membership were: "And I gave my voice against them" (Acts 26: 10); but this cannot be regarded as conclusive. Paul's expressions concerning marriage have been taken as proof that he was not a member of the Sanhedrin, as all members were married men.

A. A. S., Wapella, Ill. When a man is so far gone in drink that his salvation is like rescuing a drowning man, is there hope even in such an advanced stage?

Yes; there is hope even for the drunkard. Where all human remedies have failed, God's saving power has been made manifest in the reclamation of many who were just such as you describe. Write to John Hallimond, Superintendent of Bowery Mission, New York, on the subject.

M. A. W., Pontiac, Mich. 1. When the vail of the Temple was rent at the Crucifixion, could the people see the Ark in the Holy Place? 2. Did the glory of the Lord fill that temple as it did the one built by Solomon?

1. There was no ark in that temple for them to see. When the Roman general went into the Holy Place at the taking of Jerusalem, he found it quite empty. 2. There is no record of any such manifestation.

A Subscriber. Will you inform me where and by whom the first American flag was made?

The first American flag was made by Betsey Ross, at her home, 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia. A sketch of the flag they wished made was submitted to Mrs. Ross by General Washington, Robert Morris, and Col. George Ross. The design was thirteen stripes, in alternate red and white, together with thirteen stars set in a field of blue, the same to be set in circular form. The official adoption of the flag took place August 8, 1776.

Mrs. M. S., Bethany, Ill. 1. How wide and deep will the Panama Canal be made? 2. Will other nations have to pay for the use of the same?

1. In the present condition of the plans it is impossible to tell. The French plans may be discarded and the Culebra cut abandoned. 2. Very likely toll will be exacted.

M. B. L., Oakville, Ont. Does a deed on the Lake front entitle the holder to land as far as low water mark? Can he prohibit any one from trespassing on the lake shore of his property?

This question is too general. Let inquirer state specific facts—name of lake, whether it is navigable, and the language of the deed.

L. A. T., Westminister, S. C. Did Judas eat the Lord's Supper with the eleven disciples?

Until comparatively recent times, the belief was prevalent that he did. Modern critics, however, think that he did not. They say that the ceremony, which Jesus adapted as a memorial for the Lord's Supper, came in the regular order of the Passover at the close. The ceremony of the sop to which John refers (John 13: 26, 27), came earlier. John says that after receiving the sop Judas went out. If the regular order of the Passover was observed, therefore, Judas was away when the part of the ceremonies was reached, when the bread and wine were distributed, and the Lord's Supper was instituted. Nothing absolutely certain can be stated, however, on the subject.

Enquirer, Langston, N. Dak. 1. Would a will be legal if drawn up by the party making that will without the aid of a lawyer? 2. If a person died without leaving a will, what would become of the property if there were no children to claim it? 3. If a couple should marry, and one of them under a false name would the marriage be legal?

1. Yes, if properly executed according to law, and if the provisions of the will were legal. 2. Ask a lawyer in the State where party dying is domiciled. The States differ. 3. Yes; a wrong name would not invalidate the marriage. G. H. C.

Mrs. Annie H., West Brook, Mass. When a American, a native of the United States, marries a Chinese or Japanese woman, does the wife, through this marriage, become a citizen of the United States?

Chinese and Japanese are not white persons, within the meaning of the naturalization laws of the United States, therefore, women of those races are not capable of being naturalized. The citizenship of legitimate children born abroad, follows that of the father.

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Miscellaneous

Mrs. E. S. G., Bath, N. Y. Write to Revell Co., publishers, N. Y.

Mrs. E. A. D., Ames, N. Y. Write to Secretary Cooper Union, N. Y. City.

S. F. E., Maryville, Mo. Write to Secretary Chautauqua Association, Chautauqua, N. Y.

F. A. H., Savannah, Ga. His biographies contain no information on the subject. They only mention one marriage.

W. A. S., Vienna, Ill. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is first found in the sacred Hindu book called the *Berattha*, in the last Mishna of Sola.

M. A. H., East Brookfield, Mass. The story about the firm of U. Ketcham and I. Cheathem is an ancient joke. There probably never was such a combination anywhere.

W. D. F., Lexington, Ky. We are assured that the Brazilian authorities that relief has been sent to the famine sufferers. Only a small section of the republic was affected.

A. H. M., Grove, Ind. Ter. *Mah-hah-bone* is not found in any work of reference. It may, however, be a form of the Hindu word *Maha* (great) as in *Maha-maya*, *Maha-kali*, *Maha-devo*, etc.

Reader, Ohio. The poem, "Be kind to thy father," is a familiar one and can still be found in many collections of household verse. We do not think a published report would meet the purpose.

The Moorestown, N. J., Peace Association of Friends will furnish, free of charge, literature advocating peace, to any one sending a postal to Miss Grace Evans, 205 East Central Avenue, Moorestown, N. J.

NEW YORK AUGUST 10, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE LITTLE PRINCESS EVDOKIA

THE ROYAL PALACE AT SOFIA, BULGARIA

MRS. B. J. KASUROFF

A Latter-Day Florence Nightingale

The Story of Mrs. Bakhmiteff, an American Girl, who became the "Good Angel" of the Poor and the Distressed of Bulgaria

By EVANKA S. AKRABOVA, Philippopolis, Bulgaria

A NAME which will be engraved in golden letters upon the pages of Bulgarian history, and which will always be an inspiration in the Bulgarian heart toward truer, higher aims of life, is the me of one of America's daughters, Mrs. Mary Bakh-teff, wife of Mr. G. Bakhmiteff, the present Russian iplomatic Agent at Sofia, Bulgaria. Mrs. Bakhmi-f's father, Gen. Edward Fitzgerald Beale, attained stinction in the Mexican war. Her mother, who sur-ved her husband, died in the spring of 1902, while rs. John R. McLean, Mrs Bakhmiteff's sister, is one the eminent residents of Washington, D. C. During n. Grant's presidency, General Beale was appointed ited States Minister to Vienna, and there Miss Beale t Mr. Bakhmiteff. Since their marriage, her hus-nd has served his government as military attache the Russian Embassy in London; later, as Sec-d Secretary of the Embassy in Athens, Greece; harge d'affaires in Lisbon, Portugal, and to-day as Diplomatic Agent at the court of Bulgaria.

Born in one of America's beautiful homes, and ught up in Washington society, Mrs. Bakhmiteff ssesses qualities of mind and heart which have abled her to exercise great influence in high social cles of Europe. The few years of her life in Bul-ria have their eloquent story to tell. As soon as e entered the country, this American lady showed mistakably her interest in the life and character the people, and made them feel in every way ssible that she did not intend to remain a stranger ong them. She opened her elegant home to the ince, the statesmen, and the women prominent in ciety, and included them all in her generous hos-ality. Prince Ferdinand well appreciates Mrs. khmiteff, and respects her judgment on important estions. Rarely is a banquet given at the palace ere she and her husband are not among his guests honor.

Although much beloved and admired by those in higher walks of life, she finds the greatest delight relieving the needy, rescuing those that are ready perish, and in comforting and uplifting the op-essed and downtrodden The Bulgarian people ickly recognized Mrs. Bakhmiteff's magnanimity soul. As she was visiting the Alexander Hospital Sofia, one day, by invitation, she was shocked at e condition of some of its wards. Inquiry revealed t this was due mainly to insufficient funds. Lay-g the matter to heart, she turned to Russia for help securing competent nurses from the Red Cross. Seven rses were speedily sent by the Dowager Empress and e Czarina; five of these entered the hospital wards, d the remaining two served as instructors of young lgarian women, who took the course in nursing. ore than thirty graduates are already blessing the hos als and homes of the land with their services, while ee have recently been sent to the Far East, with two rgeons and all the equipments for a camp-hospital, r the relief of the Russian wounded.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff's visit to the Alexander Hospital not ly revealed the need of better care of the patients, t also the fact that there was no children's ward, no ecial beds nor clothes for the little sufferers. To supply this lamentable lack, she promptly suggested a ladies' sewing society, to meet the needs of the neg-lected children, at least as far as their clothes were concerned. The ladies willingly met her suggestion. They quickly organized themselves as a society for hospital aid, with forty members, wives of the most prominent men of Sofia. Their second meeting was held at the residence of the first lady-in-waiting at the court, Mrs. Petroff Chomakoff, and the third, at the Russian Consulate. By a unanimous vote, Mrs. Bakh-miteff was elected president, a position she still holds.

Prince Ferdinand, on learning of the newly organized society, which had taken the name of his first-born daughter, Her Royal Highness Princess Evdokia, at once sent one thousand francs to its treasury. Fifteen

MRS. MARY BAKHMITEFF

small bedsteads were quickly ordered from Vienna, and the first ward for children was opened in the hospital. Now there are five wards, with sixty children's beds, all daintily furnished, and clothing for as many little patients. Only the poorest children are admitted. The government doctors and nurses attend them, thus re-lieving the society from all expense for these services. The ladies find great pleasure in visiting the children, and their president allows no day to pass when she is in Sofia, without blessing the small patients with the sight of her loving face and the sound of her voice.

When she learned that the largest number of sick children came from the poorest quarter of the city, where they lived in unwholesome dwellings and had no suitable food, Mrs. Bakhmiteff proposed to the society to open a day nursery in that section, and thus help to give a good start in life to as many children as possible. The society gladly acted upon this suggestion also, and the first day nursery in Bulgaria was opened last year, providing accommodations in the beginning for fifteen children from six months to three years of age. No charge is made for any child. The membership of this philanthropic society of Bulgarian women now num-bers 135, and its yearly income is six thousand francs. In token of his appreciation of the services which Mrs. Bakhmiteff has rendered to his nation, Prince Ferdi-nand has decorated her with a beautiful cross.

When, two years and a half ago, Miss Stone, the well-known American missionary, was captured by brig-ands in Macedonia, who held her for ransom, it was Mrs. Bakhmiteff, who, under God, finally became one of the indispensable factors in her rescue. When Miss Stone was given up for lost, because all en-deavors to find her put forth from the time her capture had become known, had up to this time, ut-terly failed, it was this able-minded, tender-hearted American woman, mistress of the imposing estab-lishment of Russian diplomacy at Sofia, whose heart became strangely moved on behalf of the captive. She had never heard of Miss Stone until that time, and as she read in the daily papers of the kid-napping, her heart began to burn within her to help to save her suffering countrywoman. She chanced to meet an acquaintance of the captive, who inter-ested her still more by the terms in which she spoke of her, and at the same time mentioned the fact that the court stationer at Sofia, Mrs. B. J. Kasuroff, a woman of fine character and great in-fluence, was a former pupil of Miss Stone, and also a dear friend of hers. Mrs. Bakhmiteff lost no time in making an errand to the court stationer, to obtain the information for which she was now eager. Finding Mrs. Kasuroff, she plunged into the subject which lay so close to her heart, and was soon revealing to her the absorbing desire of her soul. "I am almost insane," she exclaimed; "I can-not eat, sleep, or think of anything else but of that unfortunate!" meaning Miss Stone.

Mrs. Kasuroff, who had neglected her home, busi-ness, social duties, everything, in her anxiety to do something to save her lost teacher and friend, received the diplomat's wife as one divinely sent to her. No pleasanter task could have been asked of her than to give information of the one she almost reverenced. Hope sprang up in her soul that, somehow, this American woman of rare ability, might become the means of rescuing the beloved suf-ferer. She, therefore, eagerly acquainted her ques-tioner with all the facts about Miss Stone's life and work.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff had felt great pity for Miss Stone, but now admiration for her was awakened. She visited Mrs. Kasuroff daily, often several times a day, to talk the matter over, and to try and contrive some means to reach the captive to find out whether she was alive or dead. "If only she is alive, she will be saved!" said she to her Bulgarian friend, showing how determined she had now become to rescue her. As for Mrs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 681

DIVINE ENTHUSIASM

A Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, Topeka, Kansas*

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON

A RECENT article in a New York magazine, written on the New Evangelism, takes the ground that the Church of the present time has been a practical failure in preaching the Gospel demanded by the particular age in which we live. Comments on this article by men like Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia, and Dr. William S. Rainsford of New York, practically acknowledge the truth of the statements made in the article. I do not believe myself that the facts in the case would prove the Church of this generation to be open to such sweeping indictment as the writer declares. But the impression prevails among average men, especially in the manual world, that the Church is composed of men and women who are not in sympathy with the great struggle of humanity, and this impression, even though it may be to a large degree not founded on the facts, is something which cannot be changed until the Church of Christ has made it absolutely plain to the world that it is here in this world on purpose to bring Christ into every part of men's lives. In other words, the passion of the Christian to save the world must be more apparent in more directions than it is now before the men of the world will be convinced or converted. I want to talk to-day about the need of Christian enthusiasm in establishing the kingdom of God on the earth.

The greatest thing in the world is the soul of a man. It is worth more than all the gold and silver. It is of more value than all the riches, machinery, agriculture, crops, industries, armies, navies, palaces or inventions of men. The man himself is greater than anything he ever makes, of more value than the things he discovers. The crowning act of God was the creation of a man in his own image. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his soul?" The Christian has no other ground on which to stand to do his work except this, and he cannot do the work of a Christian in the world unless he has a tremendous conviction that life is the most valuable of all things in creation.

The Church Indicted

Where is the passion of the Church of Christ to save men? Where does the world see this passion illustrated? According to Charles Booth, who has written a most intensely interesting book about London, the Churches of that great metropolis have not even held their own in the necessary conflict with sin in that boiling centre of humanity. They have, according to his careful estimate, gone backward. He suggests no remedy of any kind in his book for anything. It is simply what he calls a statement of facts. If what he says is true, both the Established Churches of England and the Free Churches are under indictment in both pulpit and pew, for not putting the Gospel of Christ into the lives of the unchurched masses of London. If the souls of men are of more value than countless wealth, has not God a right to expect that those who have been made in his image, and who profess to call themselves by the name of his dear Son, shall exhibit in some way to the world an illustration of their belief. And it is no more than fair that we should ask ourselves as a Church, at what point are we displaying to the world our professed belief in the value of humanity?

I think it is safe to say that every disciple of Christ who has really caught some true vision of the Master, has felt his heart burn within him over the great problem of life, and the inevitable question has arisen: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It is unthinkable that so great a tragedy as that of the Son of God should be enacted on the face of the earth, and not leave its lasting impress on the hearts of men who have anything Godlike in them. And it is appropriate at the present age of the world, and at the present time of the age, that the Church, as a whole, should draw close enough to the Master to ask: "What is amiss with us that the kingdom of God does not grow with more manifestation of power?"

One of the answers to this question may possibly be found in the great need of a larger measure of responsibility on the part of God's children. The carelessness with which otherwise good people discharge their religious obligations, is one of the heart-breaking things in the history of a life which otherwise would be crowned with majestic glory. Members of churches take solemn vows when they unite with that body to support its work, to be faithful to its service of prayer, to engage in some specific task, to do their part in the great whole; and then with what seems like unforgivable carelessness, to all outward appearances, neglect the opportunity to grow in the grace of the Lord. Duties which were plainly visible to the member when he joined the Church, gradually fade away and vanish out of sight. The world, with increasing clamor, demands insistently more and more time. The commonest excuse Church members make for not being faithful to their duties, is the worst excuse of all: "I have not time."

An overburdened minister in a manufacturing town went in succession to six different leading members of his Church and asked for a simple service in the mission work which he was carrying on, and each man in turn declined the opportunity for service, on the ground that he could not give the time to study the Sunday School lesson on account of pressing business engagements. It is an astonishing thing that some of the busiest men of our Churches have been found to be among the most earnest Sunday School teachers, mission workers and city missionaries, while other business men who belong to Churches never for one moment think they can give any time to such work. The fact is, the soul that is not fired with the thought of the needs of dying humanity, and the needs of living humanity as well, can always find excuses enough to shirk the most necessary work of the world. I believe one reason why the Church is continually shorn of its power and registers partial failures in the place of overwhelming successes, is because it is not realized yet to the fullest extent what it means to promise to love God and keep his commandments. The prayer-meetings of our Churches ought to number every week at least half the Church membership.

Amusements Preferred

Somehow or other the members of the Churches manage to go to things where they are interested, no matter what the weather, no matter how tired with business, no matter what the occasion or the hindrances. Let us be frank about this, and say without hesitation that the reason the prayer service of the Churches all over the world are not attended by half the Church membership, is because their hearts have never been fired with the divine enthusiasm. "For where the treasure is, there will the heart be also," and where the heart's love goes out, there will the bodily presence be found. I do not wonder myself often at the scarcity of young men entering the ministry, when I remember that in the best Churches that we possess to-day there is in many ways a heart-breaking failure to respond to the spiritual appeal, and a total lack in many cases of any feeling of responsibility for Christian duty.

The statement was made a little while ago that a group of young people had promised definitely to do a certain clearly defined Christian service to one of the heads of departments in our own Church, and when the day came no one appeared, and there was no excuse sent, no reason given for non-appearance—the whole matter evidently entirely forgotten and carelessly relegated to the rear. The person to whom this promise was made could not understand the absolute lack of responsibility shown, and no wonder. Talking with a business man on the street the other day, he said one of the most vexing things that touched him in his business life was the failure on the part of men to keep their promises, a total lack of appreciation of one's word. I heard one man say to another on the avenue, "You can have the money without any note. I'll trust your word for it, just as much as if you had signed it on a piece of paper." The other man said, "I appreciate that, but of course I want you to take the note, in case of my death or sudden accident or anything unexpected," and insisted upon it as a business transaction. Nevertheless, he said, speaking of it afterwards, "I have never had that said to me by any one before, and appreciate to the full what it meant, coming from the man who made the statement." The fact is this man had never disappointed anyone in a verbal promise and was absolutely trusted. Yet, is it not true we who profess the highest calling of all as children of God break our promises to him unblushingly and fail to keep tryst at the sacred meeting place, where God promises more than anywhere else to bless his children?

The Church's Protest

If the Church is really under indictment to-day for failure to win the battles of the Lord and establish the kingdom in the earth after these two thousand years of Christ, the failure is one which ought to occasion great searching of the heart and sane answers to the questions which must necessarily arise around so great a possibility. And we are reluctantly compelled to say that there is not only a lack of responsibility on the part of Christian disciples, but also in many cases a failure to comprehend the scope of the kingdom of God and its far-reaching authority. The writer of the article I mentioned which brings this charge against the Church in general, claims that the Church of the present time has no message to the prevailing sin of the age; that it sometimes grows indignant over child labor, that it becomes aroused on the question of Sabbath observance or temperance or gambling, but that it has little to say along the line of the Gospel to the rich sinner, or to the transgressions of corporate life. The indictment is too sweeping. There is no voice bei raised anywhere in the world to-day against these pr alent sins of the age to compare with that which ari everywhere out of the Church. Where else is th any prophet voice to be heard by way of warning the sins of the great Babylon of the metropolis? I at its best, the voice is not loud enough nor inspir enough, to make the impression it should.

Religion in Business

It seems as plain as noonday that the Christian m in business should apply the same principles to money getting as he does to his home making or religious life at any point. Yet it is an unmistakal fact that men in the Church to-day, very many of the have apparently determined on a set of rules for th conduct in public life which would not for one mom bear the test applied to the life of the home or t religious life. In some ways the curse of a dual act ity blights the true life of the Church in the wo more than anything else. Not only a lack of respor bility, but a lack of consistency mars the perfect p gress in the development of the Church.

I think nothing is more obnoxious to the sight God, than a professed Christian who prays, a preaches, and acts the pious life on Sunday, and th breaks the Golden Rule, the Decalogue, the Sermon the Mount, every other day in the week. If there any stumbling-block which has kept men and women of touch with the divine life, in all the ages, it has be the stumbling-block of inconsistent, unspiritual, worldminded Church members. Enthusiasm, divine enthu asm for serving God, can only spring out of a soil wh is watered constantly with spiritual showers fr heaven.

The real source of a live coal is a burning fire sor where, and the seraphim can never get any live coal bear to any life, except from the altar of God. All culture of creation is of no value whatever to inspir man to do the will of God; all the power of the wo is powerless to drive any engine of service: all wealth of the universe is poverty to put any lever under the burden of sin, unless the whole thing is agl with fire which comes down from above. The sou of the Christian's enthusiasm is to be found in divine nature. The earth on which we live has fi within it, deep down, and the manifestations of th heat which is intense, is generally of a destruct character. It breaks out through the volcano, it dev tates through the earthquake, it pours its boil springs and its muddy upheavals from the rumbl darkness to waste the fair fields and kill the landsca There is heat enough in the way of passion, deep do in the life of a man, but it is the fire of destruction rises to overwhelm, it glows to burn up.

Power from Above

Over the earth is the benignant sun which touch with its light for the purpose of healing and grow Its beams find their way into the damp, dark plac and beauty and food for the earth, and joy for men the result. Like the sun above us is the fire of G All the best things we know anything about come fr above, not from beneath. The fires of individual p sion in the soul; the destructive forces which domin so much of life can never heal nor help. But the li and life of God's spirit which is above us, is the o real source of lasting strength. The Church of Chr will never rise to do its God-given work, until it has spiritual life drawn from the sources above and beyc its own human weakness. We may expend mounta of strength in building up systems or encourag methods, or systematizing details, in elaborating cos rituals, in formulating exact plans of work; but if fire from off the altar is absent, the whole thing will a weariness of the flesh.

I think what our church members need more than a thing else, is to get close to God, to know him throu personal, knowledge, to love him with passionate eag ness so that it is meat and drink to do his will. live our lives at such high speed, with all the dema of business and social calls, and everything else, th we do not take time, or think we cannot take time, nourish our spiritual existence. It is very much as i man should spend the largest part of his strength a skill in laying out beautiful walks for his garden, a then let the things he had planted, flowers, vegetabl food, be choked with weeds. The main thing ab life is not beautifully bordered walks, but the thi that grow for beauty or power. There are lives Christians in our Churches that are so cumbered w social engagements, so choked with numerous earth cares, so loaded down with engagements which purely conventional, that there is no time left to poor, burden-distracted soul to practice what has be called the presence of God. There are members of Churches who belong to so many organizations th they have no time to give what belongs to the right work and worship of the Church.

It was said of Joshua that he left nothing undone all that the Lord commanded. If our Church membership did as well as he, there would be a rising of ent

*Text Isaiah 6: 6, 7, 8: "Then flew one of the seraphim to me, having a live coal in his hand . . . and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

astic service which would instantly make itself felt on e sin of the world. The Church is certainly suffering -day from the fact that its members, many of them, e more interested in a score of things which have thing to do with their spiritual uplift. I would like ask the members of this Church how much time they end in communion with God every day. You say you e busy, and you are, and the Lord wants you to be. ou are busy with your business; you are busy with ur household work; you are busy training up the ildren in your family circle; you are busy getting an lucation; you are busy with books, with literary socie-s, with social duties. God does not quarrel with ese things in themselves. He does not ask us to ad the Bible all the time. There is a wonderful riety to life, and God wants his children to enjoy it. e does not say, "You must not belong to this club; u must not join that society; you must not read so any books; you must not have so many duties." He ys to his children, "Enjoy the beautiful, wonderful, teresting things of the world. They are all mine. hey are like the pictures that hang on the walls of the use, each one different, each one having its own auty and value. Enjoy them all." But God does say his children, "You have no right to take these things d let them so fill your life that you have no time left think of me, and worship me, and love me."

The busiest of men take time every day to read e daily papers. This world would be a far better rld if everybody in it took half the time they spend reading their daily paper to read their Bibles, and en a good part of the time took the other half to ay, commune with God, and learn of him. I wish to phasize this fact, that the Church as a whole can never pect to make any great conquest, or leave any impres-n worth talking about on the world of sin, until its embers are acquainted with God, until they know mething of him from personal knowledge, gained in ays which are clearly pointed out by him.

The fire from the altar of God will be brought to us the seraphim when we have reached the point where are ready to do what the Lord wants us to do. The nsecration of one's whole being to the service of od is a mark of discipleship. If there is any part of e life that is held back and reserved for any purely lfish purpose, that means a life that is not wholly ven to God's service. That is not what God requires a human being. He wants all of the life. The com-and is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy art, mind, soul, and strength." God is a jealous God, is not content that a child of his should give him ything less than the whole. What would you think one of your own children who obeyed you half the time, or obeyed a certain kind of command and disobeyed other commands, or of a child who was obedient one day and disobedient the next—kind, and loving, and thoughtful, and gentle, and good on Sunday, and hateful and cross and cruel and disobedient on Monday? All earthly parents who are good parents in any sense want the undivided affection of their children. How can we think God has any other thought of his children? The church of Christ needs to be baptized with the fire of consecration. This means in very great measure volunteer service, the thing which is sadly lacking in very much of the organized work of the kingdom.

Where is the Christian discipleship in our Churches which springs for the hard things, which bears the cross without complaint, which rejoices to be counted a sufferer with Christ. The late William E. Dodge, of New York, used to tell about his father, David Dodge, in conversation with a devout Quaker, who, like Dodge, was intensely eager to see the triumph of the kingdom of God. They were talking about the apathy of the Church people, the strange dullness and sluggishness of Church members as to the salvation of souls and the non-progress in general of the kingdom of God. They both agreed, it is said, in the need of vastly more zeal and enthusiasm, and more prayer and consecration, and finally the Quaker broke in with, "Friend Dodge, suppose thee and I make a beginning." That is the only way it will be done, by disciples in the Churches, without waiting for the millennium, or for any mysterious or miraculous moving of the Spirit, begin to consecrate themselves to a higher service, and be ready to say with him who saw the seraphim take the live coal, "Here am I; send me."

What is consecration but the offering of one's self to whatever God may choose to have done. The children of God have always been a peculiar people. That is, they have been his own people. They have not been like the men of the world. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate," said the Lord. It is the glory of the Christian that he is not like other men. If he is a real disciple, he is willing to suffer, to endure, to serve, to meet with loss, to spend much time in the presence chamber of the Divine, in order that the greatest thing in the world may come to pass, and that is the redemption of mankind through the work of the Church.

The world is not the same place now, and never can be the same place again as it was before Christ came into it. The entrance of that life changed the thought, the purposes, and the standard of humanity. A man who knows anything about the Son of God, or who believes in him in any real sense, cannot live on a lower plane than the highest, without being conscious of a certain rejection of the Holy Visitor who has knocked at the door and begged to enter. The Church, as time passes on, cannot be satisfied with externals. It cannot be at ease with the outward forms of worship or with social customs which have outworn their usefulness. There is throughout Christendom the permeating presence of the Spirit of God surely and insistently felt. There have always been in all the ages some who have kept alive this fire from the altar, some whose lips have been touched by these living coals. It is impossible to quench this divine passion since once it had a place in human thought.

I would not have you bear away from this service the impression that I am hopeless concerning the ultimate power of the Church in the world. With all its failures and its faults, with all its hesitation to enter upon the highest and holiest way, it yet contains the leaven of the truth, that thing which shall not perish from the sons of men. It is only with loving sorrow that those who love the Church for which Christ gave himself, note within her any lack of cheerful zeal. When the vision of life is dim, when the highest ambitions are blunted and thwarted by untold selfishness, when the faith which has made our lives know the best and highest things that we ever know is almost dead, even then there is no reason for despair if we remember the presence of the living Christ who certainly will not desert the Church for which he gave himself. But let us make his heart glad by doing all we can to make of this Church what he wanted it to be, something without spot or blemish or any such thing.

Let us see to it that we are of those to whom the seraphim with the live coal shall fly, and let us be of those who are eager to say: "Here am I; send me." The enthusiasm which is not afraid nor ashamed, the enthusiasm which is equipped, which knows how to do things, and is eager to do them, which exalts into the most honorable place the Lord Jesus Christ as King of all the earth, which recognizes no power or authority greater than his, which places him on the throne of the universe and puts within his hand the sceptre of the ages. This is our ideal, and this by the grace of God, shall be our purpose for the days that yet remain to us, in order that his kingdom may come, his will be done in earth as it is in heaven. It was the live coal from off the altar that stirred the prophet, and if our souls are in the attitude of worshipful service, he who can give to any heart the necessary measure of divine light and heat, will give us all we need, that we may give to the world and lift it up to Him who wants to redeem it, and can do so, if we will do what we can do, even as He did what He could do.

A Latter-Day Florence Nightingale

:: Continued from Page 679

asuroff, the Russian Consulate was opened to her at hours in those days of extremity, and together the o loving women worked to save the third, who was the grip of the brigands.

During those terribly anxious days, Mr. Mason, the nerican Consul at Berlin, accompanied by a news-per correspondent from the United States, visited r. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff. A bright thought flashed ross the mind of the quick-witted wife of the Rus an diplomat, and she went with it straight to Mrs. asuroff. "I am planning," she said, "to give a dinner-rty in honor of Mr. Mason, to which I shall invite all e Consuls in Sofia, and learn their opinion on Miss one's case." Queen Esther of old gave a banquet to ve her nation; why should not Mrs. Bakhmiteff give e to save her countrywoman? While the guests re enjoying her feast, the hostess introduced the sub-t of the captivity, which was then baffling the com-ned efforts of the United States, Turkey, Bulgaria, d Russia. From the discussion which followed, Mrs. khmiteff concluded that a letter must be written by meone whose handwriting Miss Stone would recog-e, but that no name should be signed; then that a m of money should be paid to someone who would k the hazardous undertaking of going to hunt in the ountains of Macedonia in the hope of finding some ces of the bandits who held the captives, and to learn the unfortunate women were still alive. Mrs. Bakh teff had decided to send the body-guard of the Con-late out into the city for this purpose.

Early next morning, the American correspondent nt to Mrs. Kasuroff, and presented the request from rs. Bakhmiteff that she should write a letter to Miss one. "Write a letter to Miss Stone!" exclaimed Mrs. asuroff, completely bewildered, "How can I write? lo not know whether she is dead or alive!"

"Oh yes, you can write one," said the correspondent, assuringly. "Just write as you would if you knew she re alive."

Mrs. Kasuroff wrote as her heart dictated, hardly ring to hope that it would ever reach her captive end. She took the letter to the Consulate, where it as read and approved by Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff. s they were agitating the perplexing question how to d a man who would dare to take the letter, a circum-nce recurred to Mrs. Kasuroff's mind which at least ggested a solution. One day a rough-appearing fellow d seemingly put himself in the way of one of her ends, and had boasted in loud tones that if money ough were given to him to make it an object, he

MISS ELLEN M. STONE
From her latest photograph

would undertake to find the brigands who held the captives! No one knew anything of the man, whether he could be trusted or not; but it was decided to risk it. When the man was spoken to, and consented to go if two hundred francs were paid to him, Mr. Bakhmiteff threw down three hundred francs, saying, "Let the man go, and go this very night."

Meantime, Mrs. Kasuroff wrote to her friend:

Particulars I cannot write you now, but it is sufficient to assure you that I have done all that I possibly could, and have felt all the time that not I was acting, but another power has moved me from within. I am only looking how God hath put it into the hearts of others who have never known Miss Stone to work perhaps the hardest of all for her to be saved. Mr. and Mrs. Bakhmiteff are trying as much as her own brothers would try if they were here. I feel that if Miss Stone is alive she will be saved.

A little later, when new difficulties appeared, Mrs. Kasuroff wrote to the same friend:

A few nights ago I could not sleep, and got up and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Bakhmiteff. She has sent it to her mother in Washington, with the request that without delay it be given to Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President.

After a waiting, which seemed interminable, the strange messenger returned, bearing a written word in Miss Stone's own handwriting! Both she and her companion in captivity, Mrs. Tsilka, were alive and well! The joy Mrs. Bakhmiteff and Mrs. Katuroff experienced at the success of their attempt was too great to be expressed in words. This was early in November, two months after the capture. Negotiations were commenced with the brigands, the ransom was finally paid, and the captives freed.

Mrs. Bakhmiteff passed on to other deeds of mercy. Terrible troubles befell the poor Christians in European Turkey, when, in the autumn of 1902, unable longer to endure Moslem misrule, they rose against the Turkish Government and fought for their rights to live as men. Instead of following the armed insurgents to the mountains, the Turkish troops and bashi-bazouks fell upon the helpless women, children and aged people in the villages, burned up their homes after pillaging them, dishonored women and girls, and massacred thousands. Those that could escape crossed the mountains and found safety in Bulgaria Destitute, cold and in need of all things, they found sympathy in this warm-hearted American woman. She was the first to go to their relief at Rilo Monastery, Dubnitza, and other points on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier. For this purpose she left her home in midwinter, and, accompanied by a government official and a corps of nurses, undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty miles by carriage, to visit the sufferers, and personally to give them, from Russian bounty, food, warmth and clothing. She heard their sad tales, understood their miseries, and with their tears her own were often mingled. The most awful things for Mrs. Bakhmiteff were the descriptions of the outrages upon women and girls, committed by Turkish soldiers, and the pitiable condition of many of the victims. For these she established, from her own purse, a refuge in Dubnitza, provided with all needful facilities, and left nurses in charge. Only a few months ago, she gave twenty-five thousand francs more from her private purse to the refugees.

Her recompense of reward is: She is not only followed by the fervent prayers and blessings of all whom she has succored, including the ransomed captives, but has gained the hearts of a people on both sides of the Rhodope Mountains.

The Great Summer School at Chautauqua

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"SEVEN THOUSAND SEATED IN AN AUDITORIUM THROUGH WHICH THE SPARROWS FLY TO AND FRO, DURING THE MEETING"

BETWEEN the opening day of the Chautauqua N. Y., Assembly, June 30, and the day of its closing, Aug. 28, the programme offers a continual intellectual, artistic and spiritual feast. Concerts daily, except Sundays; organ recitals, artists' recitals, and a Sacred Song Service every Sunday evening, are among the features announced. Lectures are being delivered on sociological and historical subjects, by men eminent along these lines. The literary world is represented by such students and professors as Judge D. P. Baldwin, Prof. Richard G. Moulton, Mr. Edward Howard Griggs and others. Pedagogical and scientific subjects are treated by Dr. Richard G. Boone and a number of equally well-known teachers. Religious topics will be treated by such eminent orthodox leaders as Bishop J. H. Vincent, Bishop Dr. J. M. Thoburn, Dr. Frederick J. Stanley, Bishop W. F. Oldham and Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. There will be an American Week, a Civic Week, a week devoted to the School, one to Missions, one to the Bible in Modern Life and a Recognition Week.

From the announcements of Chautauqua assemblies held this season, in all parts of the States, it may be seen that many of these centres of influence are proving their permanent value. The proportion of assemblies which have not inaugurated Summer School departments is very small, and the growth of Summer School facilities is one of the striking phases of assembly improvement. The tendency in programme-making is marked by the increase of special weeks or days, devoted to different topics and interests.

A noted lecturer, in speaking of the meetings in the great Chautauqua Auditorium, says: "To address an audience there, is an experience one is not likely to forget. There is a seating capacity of about 7,000, and it requires lungs as strong as an organ bellows to make yourself heard in this wide, open edifice, uninclosed on three sides, under whose roof the sparrows fly to and fro during the lecture, and where the audience, if the speaker fails to please, can softly arise, straggle toward the outer benches, and then silently vanish into the woods. But when the speaker succeeds in holding the attention of this vast assemblage, the inaudible but yet perceptible response, which like a rebounding wave rushes toward him, fills him with a sensation which fairly lifts him off his feet. There is an intense delight in the power to move, arouse and quicken other human minds, which arises from something more than pride or gratified vanity. A Chautauqua assembly audience is a sensitive one, and very discriminating, and unless one possesses the faculty of pouring forth his very soul in fluent and easily comprehended speech, a good proportion of his audience will have vanished before he has finished. If there is vital breadth and power in the speaker's words, and his personality is sympathetic, he soon touches a responsive chord. But if he fails to impress his audience, their cold faces will rise like a gray stone-wall before him."

A goodly proportion of people who attend Chautauqua assemblies are middle-aged men and women who have left their business and homes to gather something more than mere amusement; they want something which is a moral and intellectual uplift; something to serve for thought and discussion during the year.

TO WORK TOGETHER TO WIN SOULS

FROM time to time articles have appeared in these pages describing the remarkable evangelistic work in England of Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. This month Dr. Torrey is resting in Switzerland, while Mr. Alexander is spending the recess among his old friends in America. It is not an ordinary holiday he is taking on this occasion; it is a honeymoon trip, for he was married at Birmingham on July 14 to Miss Helen Cadbury, third daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, of Moor Green, Birmingham. Two days later, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander sailed from Liverpool, arriving at New York on the 23d. There they were met by Mr. A. P. Fitt, president of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

The wedding, which was attended by about four hundred guests, took place in the Friends' Meeting House, Bull Street, Birmingham, and was in the simple, old fashion of the Quakers. Side by side, accompanied by relatives or friends, sat the parties who had agreed to enter the holy bonds of matrimony together, and in simple language each accepted the other. Mr. Alexander had at his right hand Dr. and Mrs. Torrey, while to the left of the bride sat her mother and her brother, Mr. Barrow Cadbury. In presence of the congregation Mr. Alexander arose and spoke these simple words:

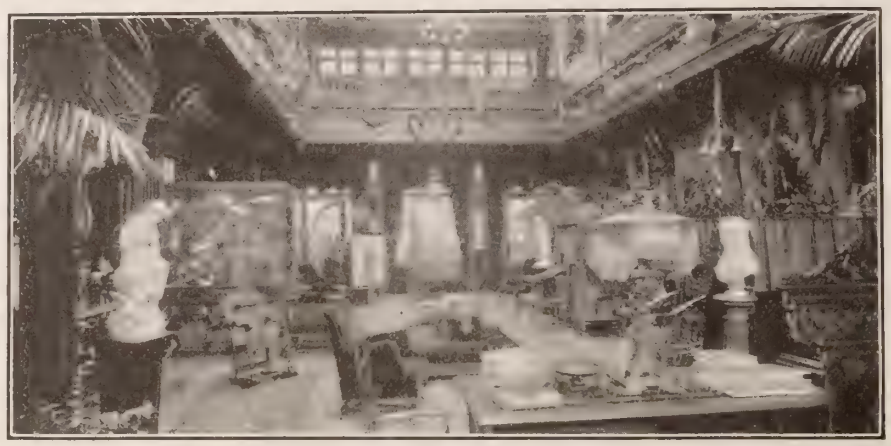
"Friends, in the fear of the Lord and in the presence of this assembly, I take this my friend, Helen Cadbury, to be my wife, promising through Divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us."

Words of a like character and significance were spoken by the bride, and in this simple way the wedding ceremony was celebrated. Other Friends also spoke.

The congregation included nearly all the members of the bride's family, and many friends of both bride and bridegroom from different parts of the United Kingdom. The bridesmaids were the Misses Margaret and Beatrice Cadbury, sisters of the bride; Miss Blanche Torrey, the Misses Dorothy and Geraldine Cadbury, and Miss Irene Clarke, nieces of the bride; and the Misses Isabel and Dorothea Cadbury, cousins of the bride. Mr. Arthur Bradley of Thornton Hall, North Chester, acted as best man. After the marriage, Mrs. Richard Cadbury, mother of the bride, held a reception at Uffculme, Moor Green. Both bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large number of valuable presents, those to the bride including many gifts from the various religious bodies and societies with which she was connected. One of these was a handsome mirror given to her by a body of little children among whom she worked and on whom she bestowed much of her love. Wishing to show their affection for their friend, the children agreed to give her a present, each of them giving a half-penny toward the cost. No coin of higher value was accepted.

Mrs. Alexander is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, who was well known for his munificent gifts to philanthropic objects. It was in Birmingham during the great missionary campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in that city that she first met Mr. Alexander. Miss Cadbury threw her energy and her talents into the meetings and became one of the most earnest and zealous workers.

The young wife inherits in large measure the characteristics and ideals of her father, to whom wealth was simply a channel through which he could be a help to others. She was never happier than when entering into all the interests of the Friends' Institute, which her father built in which to house his many-sided mission work in one of the poorer districts of the city, or when romping with shouting, laughing children over the beautiful grounds of her home at Moor Green. Mrs. Alexander, in addition to her love of philanthrophy, is an accomplished linguist and has very decided musical tastes.



THE GREAT HALL AT UFFCULME, THE HOME OF THE BRIDE

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander himself is too well known to our readers to need description here. His great gift of Gospel song has delighted and electrified multitudes. For fourteen years he has been engaged in evangelistic work, singing the Gospel into the hearts and souls of men all round the world. There is magnetism in his look and in every motion. Everybody knows how staid and solemn a ceremony is the average congregational singing. People going to the Torrey-Alexander meetings expect that the service of praise to resemble that to which they are accustomed. Quickly are they undeceived. They start to sing in the ordinary mechanical manner, Mr. Alexander is down on them at once, exhorting and illustrating, and almost before they know it, the audience have put aside their stiffness and formalism and are singing out with all the energy of a well-trained choir. He communicates his own enthusiasm to those in front of him and readily do they respond to his every movement.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have recently conducted meetings in most of the large cities in England with wonderful success. In Liverpool, the meetings were held in the beautiful Philharmonic Hall, the largest building in the city. Over 4,000 people confessed Christ during one month's meetings. Next November they will begin in Liverpool the largest evangelistic effort ever attempted in England. The campaign will last for three months. A special building is being erected. It will seat 11,000 people with standing room for at least an additional 2,000. An army of about 1,000 stewards is being organized, and the choir membership will number 3,000. The special building and all the work connected with it will involve a large outlay, and to meet the expenses a special fund of $20,000 is now being raised.

At Dundee, Scotland, the work of the evangelists was greatly blessed, and over 2,000 people professed conversion. Their Manchester campaign was another great triumph, thousands rejoicing who had previously been strangers to God. They next visited Greenock, Paisley, Ayr, Dunfermline, Kilmarnock, Dumbarton and Dumfries, all Scottish towns. Three or four days were spent in each. Then followed the great Birmingham mission. Bingley Hall, with accommodations for 8,000 people, and standing room for 2,000 more, was crowded at every meeting. There were 7,000 who confessed Christ during the month.

March was devoted to Dublin, Ireland, where great meetings were held in Colston Hall, the largest in the city. Overflow meetings were required almost every evening. Bradford, in Yorkshire, was next visited. Next Brighton and then Blackpool, another popular watering-place.

In the whole nine months there were about 33,000 professed conversions—surely a striking testimony to the power of the old Gospel to lift men and women out of sin. These, however, do not represent all, or nearly all, that has been accomplished. Hundreds and thousands of Christians have been stirred up to higher endeavor and greater zeal: churches and congregations have been materially strengthened, and great blessing has come to many ministers through taking part in the meetings.

J. KENNEDY MACLEAN

The Czar's Minister Assassinated

All Russia Agitated by the Tragic Fate of M. Von Plehve--The War in the Far East

MPORTANT developments in the Russo-Japanese conflict during the last two weeks have again brought up the question, whether, even at this late date, Great Britain, and possibly other Powers, ay not yet become involved. Notwithstanding the ported backdown of Russia after the seizure of e British Peninsular liner *Malacca*, and the intimation m St. Petersburg that the Volunteer Fleet would be dered to make no more seizures and would probably recalled, the *St. Petersburg* and *Smolensk* appear to still engaged in the same active service. Another & O. liner, the *Formosa*, was seized by the *Smolensk* the Red Sea and is still held as a prize, while a third, *Ardova*, was also seized, but quickly released. deed it is even asserted that the Russian Admiralty templates publicly proclaiming the *Smolensk* and *Petersburg* as warships, holding there is nothing in sting international laws to prevent such action.

Hardly had the excitement over the *Malacca* incint subsided, when news came from Vladivostok that e Russian fleet, under Admiral Bezobrazoff, had been rding off the Japanese coast, in the Pacific, and had otured and sunk the British steamship, *Knight Commander*. The Russian cruiser, *Rossia*, had demanded r manifest, which was refused. She was then boarded, r captain and crew transferred to the cruiser and the *ight Commander* was fired upon and sunk. She was und from New York to Yokohama, *via* Shanghai, d had a cargo of railway materials and coal. Her ew was afterward transferred to the British steamer, *inan*, and brought to Yokohama. Two Japanese sailr vessels were sunk by the Russians during the same rd, no effort being made to save the crews. The itish steamer, *Calchas*, from Puget Sound for Japan, aded with American flour, was also reported seized the Russians in the Pacific. Fears were entertained r the safety of several large American Pacific liners w afloat with valuable cargoes and specie.

t is reasonably certain that Russia's new naval tacts, which all the governments concerned unite in proouncing a violation of international law, will not be plonged. Britain, Germany and the United States ve each suffered from these seizures, and while they not decline to recognize Russia's right to stop vesss suspected of carrying contraband and to inspect nifests and other papers, they insist that, in the ent of a seizure, the question whether the vessel is or not a lawful prize should be decided by a prize urt properly constituted and not by the captain of a rship.

British and Japanese warsps are now patrolling the d Sea to prevent further zures in that quarter, and it probable that some of the ssels of the United States cific Squadron will be detled to safeguard our Pacific lers, for a time at least. Rus- will be held accountable in mages for the loss of the *ight Commander's* Ameri- cargo. On July 28 it was nounced that Russia had en to England definite assances that the whole ques- would be amicably and sfactorily settled; that she uld withdraw the Volunteer et, and that full reparation uld be made for all dam- s.

The Campaign in Manchuria

Japan's campaign in Manuria, notwithstanding all deys occasioned by the rains, s progressed rapidly during week. After much preliminary skirmishing, the nies of Gens. Oku and dzu combined and attacked schechiao, on Sunday, y 24. After a stubborn fourn-hour battle, in which the ssians are said to have lost 000 and the Japanese 3,000 in killed and wounded, Russians were driven from all the important positns, and retreated in the direction of Liao-Yang. The mbined Japanese forces are estimated at 70,000, the ssian strength being 40,000, with 100 guns. After ir defeat, the occupation of New Chwang by the ssians became impracticable, and its evacuation was dered by Gen. Kouropatkin. This was accomplished July 25, and the Japanese flag is now flying over the y. It is expected that another battle will be fought Haicheng, and probably the greatest fight of the war Liao-Yang.

Gen. Kuroki's army is reported as being very ive between Liao-Yang and Moukden, and that sevl severe engagements have taken place. It is the ject of the Japanese to secure control of the railroad, order to prevent the Russian retreat from Liaong, after the expected battle there. If Kuroki should succeed, the cordon will then be drawn tightly around the Russian army. The Russian army has been practically bisected by the troops of Gen. Oku, and Gen. Kouropatkin has now only a force of 40,000 under his immediate command, available for protecting his line of retreat. Meanwhile, it is not improbable that he may skilfully evade a battle at Liao Yang, and withdraw his forces to Moukden, there to await reinforcements.

THE LATE MINISTER VON PLEHVE
Assassinated, July 28

COSSACKS RETIRING, AFTER A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE

The Assassination of M. Plehve

On Thursday, July 28, at 10 o'clock a.m., M. W. K. Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, was assassinated while on his way to the Baltic railway station, St. Petersburg, whither he had just been driven in his carriage, intending to visit the Czar at Peterhof. A bomb was flung under the carriage, completely shattering it. The Minister was instantly killed, his body being terribly mangled. The coachman was also killed, together with several persons who stood nearby, and a number of others were injured. The murderer, who came out of an adjacent restaurant on the Zalalkonski Prospekt, a moment before he flung the bomb, was arrested. He is a young Russian, fair-haired and well dressed. When the dynamite exploded, he was wounded in the stomach and fell to the ground, and was seized by the police before he could rise. The wounded horses bolted, but soon fell dead through loss of blood.

In the cabled reports of the assassination, it is stated that the Minister was literally blown to pieces. The bomb was filled with nails and bullets, and when it exploded left nothing of the carriage but the wheels, springs and frame. Both of Von Plehve's legs were blown off, also his left arm. His face had entirely disappeared.

Various rumors were current as to the identity of the assassin, who came from the Hotel de Varsovie a moment before throwing the bomb. A supposed accomplice in the hotel was also arrested. One report was that the assassin was a Finn, another a Jew, and a third that he was a partisan of the Zemstovs, who have suffered much oppression at M. Plehve's hands. It is said the Emperor was prostrated when he learned of his Minister's fate.

* * *

Senator and Minister Wjatscheslav Konstantinovich von Plehve was universally recognized as the most powerful politician in the Czar's empire. Bold, austere and ambitious, he obtained a position of eminence which, in the case of a man of broader statesmanship and more humane impulses, might have been made a blessing to Russia; but Plehve was neither statesman nor humanitarian. He was a man of indomitable perseverance, bull-dog tenacity of purpose, narrow views and relentless antagonisms. To him, in conjunction with M. Pobiedonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, is attributed the origination and execution of the diabolical policy of Jewish persecution and extermination. He was long employed by the government as a procurator in the law courts, and though he was himself of Polish descent, he conducted a merciless persecution of the Poles that was never relaxed till the day of his death. In Warsaw, Tula, Moscow, and elsewhere he hunted down many cases of alleged treason, and was the means of sending scores to a lingering life of exile. As procurator of St. Petersburg he turned his energies fiercely on Nihilists and Jews. He organized such a system of espionage, search, inquisition and torture as have not been known in Europe in nearly a century. When he was made First Chief of the State Police his power was hardly second to that of the Czar himself. A biographer wrote:

> A reign of terror was inaugurated in Russia. Hundreds of highly educated and prosperous Russian citizens were banished to Siberia or sent to the prisons with relentless persecution. For three years the Chief of the State Police dominated the policy of the empire. The outside world summed up all his qualities and the dominant note of his policy in the word "Reactionist." Yet, he maintained his policy was Russia for the Russians, and in furthering it banished German colonists in Russia, the nobility in the provinces on the Baltic, and the Jews. One of the institutions inaugurated by Plehve at this time was the class of presidents, to whom was given authority to terrorize the people in ways they were left to devise. In 1884 he was made Minister of the Interior.

In 1901 he was made Secretary of State for Finland, and he played a leading role in the drama which took from that unfortunate land the last vestige of its liberties. He returned to Russia in 1903, and his administration since that time has been marked by a long and tragic series of riots and rebellions in Kieff, Saratov, Poltava, Cherson, and Charkov. It is an open secret that he, more than any other man in Russia, was responsible for the Kishineff massacre, and he was denounced as the instigator and the palliator of that infamy. Later, in the same year, he issued a secret circular against Zionism, putting all Jewish movements under the ban. Complaints to the Czar against Plehve's policy availed nothing, That policy, it is openly charged, was also responsible for the Odessa labor riots, which culminated in a pitched battle in the streets, when some 900 men were injured by a charge of the troops.

That Plehve represented, to the fullest extent, the principle of autocratic supremacy and military domination in Russia, and that he was a faithful upholder of the imperial policy, is unquestioned. But he was a malign influence in the dominions of the Czar. He was known as "the best hated man in Russia." His mail was burdened with threatening letters, and many plots were laid against his life. He is said to have spent $500,000 in measures for his own protection, in recent years. He kept his movements a secret, but everyone in the Russian capital knew that on Thursdays, the Minister visited the Czar to make his weekly report, and that day was therefore chosen by the assassin. While it is true that modern civilization finds no excuse for assassination, it was apparently inevitable that in a land so oppressed and distracted, one who had made himself specially obnoxious to the masses, should at last become a victim of his own policy of violence.

Our Editorial Forum

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The Lesson of Von Plehve's Fate

IF disorder and violence be the logical outcome of tyranny, then the whole world must recognize, in the assassination of M. Von Plehve, Russia's Minister of the Interior, the inevitable sequel of a policy of harsh repression and gross injustice which had already provoked a series of tragedies that are without a modern parallel. Within a comparatively short time, six remarkable events of this character have occurred in the Czar's dominions. Gen. Mezentzeff, Chief of the Third Section of Police, and Prince Krapotkine, Governor of Kharkoff, perished by assassination. They were followed by M. Bogoliepoff and M. Sipiaguine, both predecessors of Von Plehve in the Ministry of the Interior, who also fell under the hand of conspirators. Gen. Bobrikoff, who occupied the post of Governor-General of Finland, formerly held by Von Plehve, met a like fate a few months ago, and the Deputy-Governor of the Caucasus was struck down even more recently. Von Plehve's assassination was the crowning venture of those who were resolved, at whatever risk, to remove the men who stood nearest to the throne, and who were chiefly responsible for the oppressive policy of Russia, and had distinguished themselves as the relentless enemies of personal liberty and popular progress throughout the vast Empire.

* * *

But Von. Plehve was more than a mere representative of the autocracy. He was known as "the man most feared and hated in all Russia," because of his personal malignities and his heartless cruelties, his detested system of police espionage, his arbitrary exercise of authority, regardless of law or justice, and his utter lack of compassion in dealing with those whom he singled out for special oppression. He was hated for himself alone, and for the innumerable outrages of which he was the author and instigator. If he made himself cordially detested by the Finns, he was equally abhorred by the Poles, whom he had mercilessly and treacherously persecuted, and by the Jews most of all, who laid at his door the responsibility for the horrors of Kishineff. That he could have averted the massacre with a word, and thus have saved Russia from the shame of one of the darkest pages in its history, is now well understood; but the whole course of his administration was opposed to such lenity, where that race was concerned. The man who had ruthlessly hounded them from city to city, and who had herded them like cattle within the Pale of Settlement, heedless of the suffering and ruin that resulted from his tyranny, could not be depended upon to save them from an infuriated mob of ignorant peasants, goaded to excesses by official suggestion, and with his full personal approval.

It has been urged, in mitigation of Von Plehve's course, that he was faithful and loyal to his imperial master; but it is impossible to conceive of the Czar as approving of acts such as we have described. Rather we should believe what is more likely to be the truth, viz: that Emperor Nicholas knew little of the real workings and aims of those who composed the reckless, autocratic Panslavist cabal, of which his Minister of the Interior was the willing executive. He could have had no more cognizance of their plans and purposes than the Spanish ruler had of the brutalities of Weyler in Cuba, when that infamous official undertook the "pacific decimation" of the reconcentrados by starvation.

* * *

Von Plehve's fate enforces a grim and terrible lesson. It is a note of warning to tyrants throughout the world. He was Russia's evil genius, and did more than any other man in half a century to plant barriers of sharp antagonism between government and people, and to arouse enmities which a wiser man and a diplomat would have been skilful to avoid. But he was no diplomat, but rather a coarse-grained, unscrupulous detective, a modern Fouche, whom Napoleon once called "a miscreant of all colors." "Plehve's death," remarked the Berlin *Tageblatt* on the day of the assassination, "was the execution of a criminal," and this seems to be the general impression everywhere, save among the bureaucracy to serve whose interests he had committed crimes national and international. His was the influence that maintained Viceroy Alexieff's supreme control in Manchuria, even against the Czar's wishes, and supported the cabal of exploiters who involved Russia in the present disastrous war with Japan. Almost his last official act was the suppression of four Jewish newspapers in St. Petersburg, and the ruin of 1,500 Hebrews connected with and dependent upon these journals.

* * *

Political assassination is always a frightful thing, and a crime to be condemned, since no wrong or series of wrongs can be redressed by violence. It should not be forgotten, however, that in the present condition of Russia—with its host of internal troubles, its undercurrent of revolution, and its oppressed and terrorized people, worn out with vain efforts to obtain justice from those who even refuse to hear their appeals, and who, by criminal indifference, encourage their oppressors—there are latent elements of danger which may at any moment find expression in deeds like that which has just shocked the Russian capital and startled Europe. To reform this condition of affairs is a task to which the Czar and his advisers must sooner or later address themselves earnestly and wisely, if still greater calamities are to be averted.

A more liberal government, a free press, and better laws are imperatively needed. And Russia would do well, also, to give heed to the great lesson which history teaches with regard to the fate that has overtaken every nation and government that has oppressed and maltreated the Jews. Sooner or later those nations, however proud or exalted their position, have been humbled and laid low. God's promise to his peculiar people: "And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee," is still in force; and the nation that disregards it, in the face of unequivocal warnings, is surely destined to a bitter experience. God grant that, in the case of Russia, the awakening and repentance may not come too late!

Moral Crises

AMONG the mail received at the office of this journal recently, there is a letter describing a situation, which is typical of many, about which others have written for advice. It is the case of a man who knows that he has made a mistake, knows what he ought to do, but shrinks from the suffering that the right course will entail. More than this, he fears that he will not have strength, even if he takes the initial steps, to continue firm to the end. He believes that even if he had the moral courage to bear his own anguish, he would not be able to bear the spectacle of the distress which others would have to undergo through his act. He is intensely miserable, and wants to know what he ought to do.

How many in every age have been in this position! The way of the transgressor really is hard. But there can be no question as to the right course. Christ referred to precisely that situation, when he said it was better to sacrifice a right hand, or a right eye, than to lose the soul. There are some sacrifices far more painful than the loss of a physical member, and this is one of them. Only the truly heroic soul is sufficient for the crisis. To do the right, demands courage of the highest type, and fortitude in perseverance that is even more rare than courage. It is idle and deceptive to tell such a man that he will not suffer so much as he expects. He will suffer, and perhaps his struggle will be long and agonizing. But there will be compensations. There will come into the soul a self respect, a consciousness of heroic power, which will be a consolation. The approval of conscience, too, will count for much. The sweet peace which he has who does the right, may not come at the outset, but is sure in the end. More than all this, however, is the promise of divine strength. Christ promises to him that overcometh, that he shall have hidden manna. That is angels' food, and it gives sustenance that none know but they who have tasted it. The man who enters the struggle in faith, is often faint at the beginning, b he is surprised as he proceeds, by finding his spi strengthened and his arm nerved by a mysterio power, which, as he knows, is not his own. God hel men who trust in him, if they take a course dictated their conscience, when they depend on his streng They go on from victory to victory, and in the end th are honored by being made, as Christ promised, a p lar in the temple of God.

Mont-Lawn Cots

ONE of the pleasantest sights to visitors at c Children's Home, is the rows of white-drap little beds in the dormitories. These cots are in wh enamel, and everything about them is spotless in freshness and cleanliness. At first sight of the be the children hardly know what to make of them, th are so different from any they have ever seen, and th approach them with a sort of awe, hardly seeming comprehend that such beautiful couches are for th to sleep in. Then, when they read the little fram placards on the walls, containing the names of the nors who endow the cots, they ask many questic about the kind people whose generosity has given th so much comfort, and they listen with wide-open ey to the recital of how many good friends they ha whom even if they should never see, they will ne cease to remember.

Not a few of the children who come to Mont-La have never slept in a real bed. The floor, on whi is thrown anything in the shape of rags that will ma the boards a little less hard, is the nearest approach a bed many of them have ever known. Clean she and pillows many have never seen, and there is a m tery about night-dresses, for children who have ne taken off their clothing at night, but have always sl in whatever poor rags they wore during the day. this is changed at Mont-Lawn, and the joy of the cl dren, when they are undressed, bathed, and slipp into these cool, white beds, is something not to be derstood, except by those who have seen it. Mo Lawn has now one hundred and five (105) endowed c for the season of 1904. To the kind donors, the thar of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and of the poor lit ones are due, and they are given with a will from gra ful hearts. We hope to make the number of endow beds one hundred and fifty this year. The friends the Children's Home are generous, and it costs $21 to endow a cot for the season, thus ensuring nights each of sweet rest for seven little boys and gi from the crowded, stifling, city tenements.

Some Don'ts from Experience

DON'T expect large things from a little-minded m Some folk are built on the penny scale and weigh t much only.

—*Don't* laugh over others' mistakes. You may stum soon.

—*Don't* think you know it all, for you don't. One he can't hold a hogshead.

—*Don't* look for oak trees out of acorns in a day or a ye It takes time to ripen both crop and character.

—*Don't* judge a sermon by your ears. There is a vast d ference between a tickle and a truth.

—*Don't* trust your feelings as proof of piety. The "ca register" is far more trustworthy and reliable.

—*Don't* lie. For two good reasons: First, it makes yo liar; and second, it doesn't pay, long run or short.

—*Don't* worry over the criticism of brainless people. Br ing, whether by biped or quadruped, is only noise.

—*Don't* lose faith in humanity because there are so black spots. Look at the sun, and then at the looking-gla

—*Don't* quarrel over circumstances, nor fret over impos bilities. It's far better to climb mountains than curse the

—*Don't* be stingy because some of your charity w wrong. Think how much wasted mercy has been poured on you.

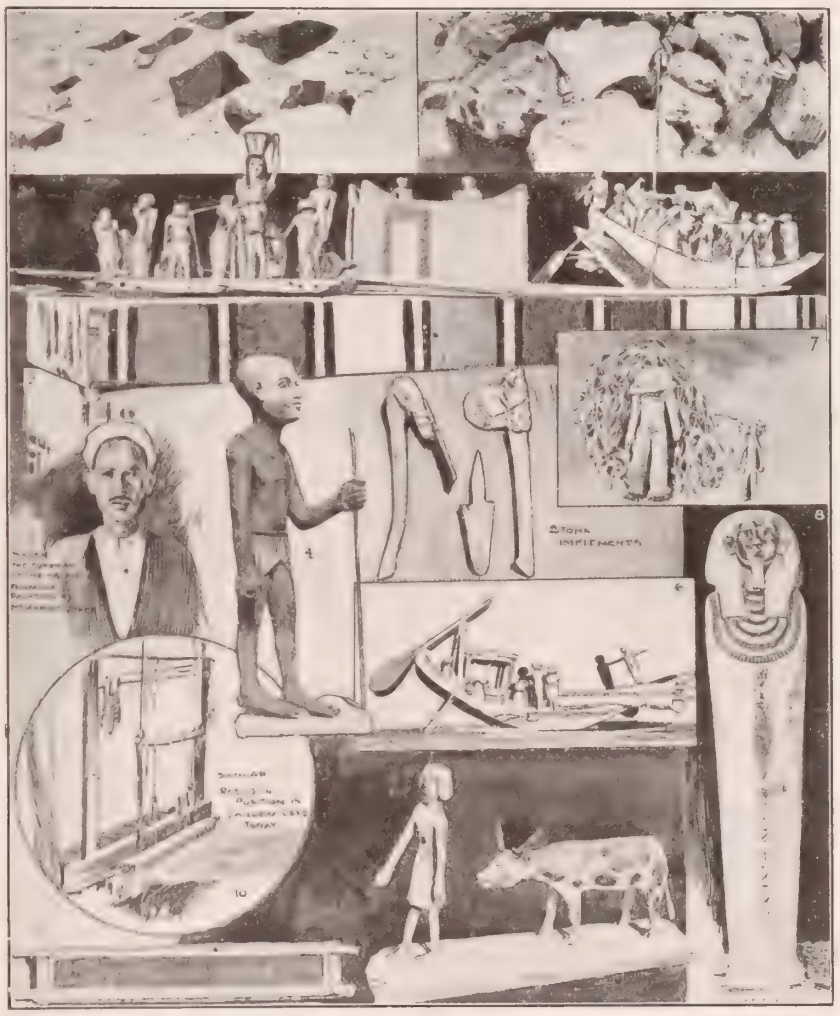
—*Don't* read these "Don'ts" and then do them, for y will suffer. I know it, for I have tried it. Some bef conversion, some after.

C. H. YATMAN

Relics of Ancient Egypt

UNDER the leadership of Mr. John Garstang, excavations have been going on for three years past in Egypt, which have now led to a remarkable discovery. A whole cemetery has been found, in the vaults of which are mummies, placed there before Joseph was carried into Egypt, and with them are a number of relics of extraordinary interest. As was already known, it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to put in the vaults with their dead, tools and symbols of the trade which the buried person had carried on during his life. With women were placed articles of household use, or models of them, and with the children were put their favorite toys. In opening these vaults, therefore, there are tangible objects depicting the ordinary life of people who lived more than four thousand years ago. Among them is a drum, several harps and flutes, metal dishes, a bronze battle-axe and a bow and arrows.

Besides these, there are a number of models beautifully carved. There is one of a war vessel, on which are figures of men holding swords and spears; models of persons making bread, of a granary, with figures of laborers and overlookers, and a group engaged in the slaughter of an ox. There is also a wooden portrait statuette of a man walking, with a staff in his left hand. In this figure the lines of the face and the marks on the figure show a marvelous attention to detail, and indicate that it was a life-like statue. There were carved objects of art in ivory, crystal and obsidian, indicating a very high degree of skill. Ivory tablets were found in the tombs bearing inscriptions referring to the persons interred. Their date corresponds in many instances to B. C. 2300. The whole collection proves that at that remote date there was a very high state of civilization in Egypt, and confirms the Bible account on which sceptics have cast doubt, of the condition of the country at that time. It is remarkable that these tombs, closed four thousand years ago, should have been opened at this time, when confirmation of Bible statements is valuable. Truth shall spring out of the earth (Ps. 85: 11).



RELICS OF ANCIENT EGYPT RECENTLY DISCOVERED

1. Entrance to the Tombs. 2. Rocks Sealing Tomb. 3. Models of Figures and Boats. 4. Wooden Statuette. 5. Director of Excavation. 6. Funeral Boat. 7. A Child's Doll. 8. A Mummy. 9. Ancient Reed. 10. Modern Egyptian Loom. 11. Model of Man and Ox.

Operating in a Fire

The heroic coolness of a surgeon and a nurse saved the life of a patient in Oakland, Cal., recently. The surgeon had been treating a lady in that city for some time, and at last came to the conclusion, that only by an abdominal operation could her life be saved. She would not go to a hospital, so the operation was performed at her home, and for the sake of quiet, the other inmates were sent out on various pretexts. The surgeon had administered the anæsthetic and had commenced his work, when he noticed a thin line of smoke outside the door, accompanied by the smell of fire. He sent the nurse to investigate, and she returned with the alarming news that the house was on fire. It would have caused the death of the patient to leave her to turn in an alarm, so the doctor and the nurse proceeded with the operation while the flames were licking the walls of the house. Fortunately, a neighbor saw the fire and notified the Fire Department. Just as the firemen arrived, the operation was completed. The room had become intensely hot and filled with smoke. The patient, still insensible, was carried out through flame and smoke, and the doctor and the nurse, with clothing scorched, made their way to a place of safety. Usually, the discovery of a house being on fire causes the inmates to instantly make their escape, but both doctor and nurse felt that they had a higher duty at that time. In staying to save the life of their patient, they gave evidence of a devotion to duty highly honorable to them. The whole human race owes its opportunity of salvation to the fact that the Son of God had in an infinite degree that sublime spirit of self-sacrifice. Even his enemies recognized it, though they did not understand or appreciate it.

He saved others, himself he cannot save (Mark 15: 31).

A Litigant's Inconsistency

Application has been made by a Southern lady to the courts, for a new trial in a case which was decided against her. She sued a wealthy man for breach of promise of marriage. He, on his side, did not deny having made the promise, but stated that since making it, he had been seized with illness, and the physicians had pronounced him incurable. They assured him that he would be an invalid all his life, and in these circumstances he deemed it his duty to break his promise of marriage. His plea was admitted, and the court absolved him from penalty. The application of the plaintiff for a new trial is based on the fact that he has since married another lady, thereby proving that the plea on which he escaped punishment at the former trial was not genuine or sincere. Unhappily, Christ has a similar ground of complaint against many people who pledge themselves to his service. The excuses they give for not fulfilling their obligations do not keep them from indulging in pleasure nor engaging in business.

The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of other things entering in choke the Word and it becometh unfruitful (Mark 4: 19).

Social Exclusiveness

A movement is in progress at the fashionable resort of Newport, R. I., which has caused some anxiety and no little annoyance in many homes. It appears that during last season there was an impression prevalent that the select circle had been too widely extended, and that many persons were included in it whose claims were not well established. The leaders of society discussed the subject, and it was agreed to arrange a function which would draw the line decisively and more narrowly. It was decided that the function should be a ball, and the attendance should be limited to two hundred persons. The leaders numbered forty, and to each, five tickets were given for distribution. Efforts have since been made to increase the number of tickets to ten each, which would bring the number of guests up to the normal four hundred. This, however, has been strenuously resisted by the advocates of exclusiveness and they have had their way. The number will be two hundred, and the holders of the tickets are embarrassed by the number of applicants whom they will have to refuse. This is one case in which money will not count, as one of the objects sought to be attained is the exclusion from select society of rich, uncultured people. Only members of the very best families have any hope of obtaining tickets. What a blessing it is that the society of the kingdom of heaven has not been so limited! The invitation to enter there could not be wider than Christ makes it:

Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John 6: 37).

Alien Pronunciation

A curious linguistic phenomenon is quoted by a correspondent of a journal in which a discussion is being carried on about the comparative power of heredity and environment. He says that when dining recently at a restaurant in Philadelphia, he noticed that the colored man who waited on him, spoke with a decided German accent. He was still more astonished when he observed that the German idiom was as noticeable as his pronunciation. Having never heard a colored man speak in that way, he asked the man if he had ever been in Germany, but he said no, but he had been reared from infancy in the home of a German family near Reading, Pa. The same correspondent mentions another coincidence of a similar kind. It was that of another waiter who was really a German, but he spoke English with a marked Irish accent. He explained that on his arrival in this country he went into the service of an Irish family and learned English with their assistance. He had no idea that he was acquiring a brogue, but it is now well-developed. So much association will do in influencing the speech. But it will do more than that; it will influence moral character and may ultimately affect the final destiny.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed (Proverbs 13: 20)

BRIEF NOTES

Uganda now contains 1,070 self-supporting Christian churches.

The Baptist Young People's Union decided, at its recent convention, to hold the conventions in future in alternate years, instead of annually.

The Deputy Postmaster-General for Queensland, Australia, was one of the organizers of the first Christian Endeavor Society in Australia, which was organized at Brisbane.

Dr. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, and Mr. Charles Alexander are planning an evangelistic tour of the great English provincial towns in the autumn, culminating in a series of meetings in London next February.

The German Government has issued an experimental order in the line of temperance. For the present no beverage is to be sold in the army canteens at Nuremberg, except tea, coffee and lemonade. If the experiment succeeds there, it is to be applied elsewhere.

A feature of special interest in connection with the International Student Conference at Northfield, has been the presence of earnest delegates from the West Point Military Academy, where a strong Young Men's Christian Association work is maintained zealously by the cadets themselves.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Two—Toulon

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMILY OF DE VAUDÉMONT

THE family of de Vaudémont, like that of de Barras, was as old as the rocks of Provence, yet they were not originally of that section of France. When the beautiful and charming Louise de Vaudémont married King Henri III., the last of the Valois, that monarch had, as was natural in view of his marital ties, extended his fortune to various members of the family of his devoted wife.

Among the younger branches of the family which he distinguished with his royal favor was one upon which high rank was eventually bestowed, and to which large domains were granted in the extreme southeastern corner of France in the county of Provence. Living in sight and sound of the sea, the de Vaudémonts had gradually elected to bear arms in the service of the king in the navy of France. From father to son for several generations they had been sailors. The success of the famous de Suffren in the East Indies had been largely due to the able seconding he had received from the Marquis de Vaudémont, his most trusted subordinate. This had been recognized at Court, and upon the untimely death of the great seaman ten years before, de Vaudémont, who had already been promoted to be a rear-admiral, was made de Suffren's successor as Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy of France, the rank he at present enjoyed.

The long period of peace had given the Marquis de Vaudémont no opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Revolution had found him, as could scarcely have been otherwise, a staunch and devoted adherent of the king. He had been stripped of his dignities and rank by the Republic; he had been proscribed and condemned to death. Fortunately, his place of concealment was not discovered by his enemies. His vast estates had been confiscated, his hotel in Paris and his chateau at Vaudémont had been sacked and gutted, and he found himself in his old age an outlaw, and practically a penniless exile at that.

Those were not the worst of his misfortunes. In the frightful days of the Septembrists after the death of the king, his son, *capitaine de vaisseau* in the Royal Navy, had been arrested, found guilty of being concerned in a plot to rescue Queen Marie Antoinette, and had been promptly guillotined. Returning to Paris in disguise, the old vice-admiral had risked his life in vain efforts to save his son. He had succeeded, through the expenditure of the last vestige of means that remained to him from the wreck of his once magnificent fortune, in securing the liberty of his granddaughter and grandson. By the aid of Brébœuf and Aurore, he had hurried these two young people from Paris to the coast of Provence, where he had arranged a boat should meet him which should convey his party to Italy, then in the grasp of the Austrian armies at war with the French Republic.

One Jean Garron, a former peasant on the marquis' estate, who had followed his master's fortunes on the sea, and who had proved himself a reckless, insubordinate, not-to-be-trusted sailor, and whom the marquis had had well-flogged at his gangway on occasion, had espoused the cause of the Republic; and, as he was a man of some ability and courage and utterly without bowels of compassion, he had speedily made himself an important member of the famous Jacobin party, which at that time swayed the destinies of France. He had actually been a member of the convention which had sentenced and executed the king.

On account of his previous sea service he had received an appointment in the French navy as captain, a post he was totally unfitted in any way to fill. In that situation, however, he was not alone. All the ranking officers of the old French navy belonged to the nobility. Almost without exception they had resigned their commissions and had fled the country. The Republic was obliged to find officers where it could.

Garron was the most bitter and unscrupulous persecutor of the family of the marquis. He had conceived a passion for the beautiful daughter of the house and wanted to marry her. His wooing, as we have seen, had been a rough one, and he had totally failed up to the present. He was an indomitable man, however, and had not even yet despaired.

The political party which at first dominated the Revolution had been the Girondists. They were not sufficiently violent to suit the Jacobins, however, and the latter, constantly growing, had assumed the reins of government by forcibly dispossessing the Girondists and putting many of them to death. Robespierre and Danton were in control of the Jacobins.

"He bent low over it and kissed it"

Against the excesses of these inhuman monsters the Girondists revolted. Lyons, Marseilles and Toulon espoused their cause. By the middle of 1793 the whole of Provence was in revolt against the convention. The Royalists seizing the opportunity, made common cause with the Girondists in the rebellion against the Republic. The Jacobins had not been idle. Lyons had been overwhelmed by the Republican forces. Marseilles had also been taken, and after its capture the Republic had been disgraced by wholesale butcheries and massacres of the most atrocious character. Toulon and La Vendée still held on.

Toulon was the greatest naval depot in France. The Republican army, flushed by its triumphs and massacres at Lyons and Marseilles, had advanced against it and had invested it, whereupon those who had assumed authority within its walls promptly notified Lord Hood, the English Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, to come to their succor and take possession of the town in the name of France.

The forces besieging Toulon had been commanded in succession by a painter, Carteaux; by a doctor Doppet; and at present by a veteran soldier, Dugommier, who had not the slightest spark of military genius in his composition. He had invested the place on the landward side in the old-fashioned way, and with the allies in command of the sea he could have remained there forever without effecting anything. The situation was satisfactory enough for Dugommier from any point of view, for by doing nothing he could at least save his head. If he risked a battle and lost it—well, the convention had an abrupt habit of sentencing a general in that position to death. Dugommier's natural caution, therefore, was accentuated by these untoward conditions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST HOPE OF THE ROYALIST

TWO days after the affair in the tower de Bollène in October, 179, the *Agamemnon*, under the influence of the flood tide and a gentle breeze, slowly moved up the harbor of Toulon to her anchorage. The batteries of the besiegers had been extended to enclose the shores of the bay on either side of the city and harbor. Opposite the two points of land separating the outer and inner roads, on reefs and piles of rocks, in the water had been erected formidable works to command the channel at its narrowest opening. Forts Balaguier and L'Éguilette on the southern projection, Forts La Malgue and St. Louis on the northern. Back of Fort Balaguier, upon the mainland which here rose from the water in precipitous hills, the English had erected a series of heavy earthworks facing the French lines, which they called Fort Mulgrave, to prevent its seizure by the Republicans.

"There, my lord," said Captain Nelson, pointing toward Fort Mulgrave as the *Agamemnon* slowly swept up the channel, "is the key to Toulon."

"Evidently," said the vice-admiral.

"When we arrived," continued Nelson, "there were no fortifications to speak of there, on the landward side that is, and the forts covering the channel might easily have been seized had there been any military talent in the opposing army."

Admiral Hood had disposed his available ships, those which were sufficiently light in draught to allow them to approach near to the shore, in such a way that they re-enforced every fort and covered every point. Ship's batteries in addition to those in the town were blazing on every hand all the time and the promontory they were besieging was surrounded with ships, whose broadsides gave efficient aid to the shore batteries.

Captain Nelson was not alone in his opinion of the importance of Fort Mulgrave, or the promontory on which it stood, which the English had made so formidable that they facetiously christened "Little Gibraltar." There was one officer in the French army, a mere boy in years, who at a council of war held a short time before, had put his finger upon that very spot on the map, and had remarked to the veteran with whom he happened to be associated in the council by a fortuitous chance, because he was the only trained artillerist with the Republican army, that there was the key to Toulon. He had pointed out that the city might assail the walls forever and in vain, but if the enemy once got possession of that point the harbor would become untenable, for guns on the promontory would command every portion of the harbor, the allied fleet would be forced to withdraw, and the town would fall at once.

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

The *Agamemnon* swung into the inner harbor to the rth pointed out to her by one of the scouting boats, opped anchor, and Captain Nelson, accompanied by e French vice-admiral, his guest, repaired to the *ictory,* the flagship of Lord Hood; the one to report d the other to pay his respects to the English com- ander. Thereafter the marquis and his party were nded by the *Agamemnon's* boat at the principal quay the harbor. Macartney had charge of the boat.

No one on the *Agamemnon* had made much prog- ss, in the two days that had elapsed since she came oard, in the acquaintance of the comtesse. Indeed, e girl had scarcely been visible. The recent death her father, the great peril she had so narrowly es- ped, the sh ck she had sustained in the knowledge at such a man as Garron had actually aspired to her nd, had unnerved her. When to this was added an imosity to the English far more unreasoning and ore bitter, for it was the causeless antagonism of outh, than that of her grandfather, it is easy to see hy she kept to herself to the great disappointment of e young sailors of the *Agamemnon.*

Macartney was a seasoned officer of thirty years of ge, neither better nor worse than men of his class. e had followed the sea since he was ten years old d was expecting every day his promotion to a frigate. A penniless Irishman, of good but poverty-stricken mily and nothing else, he had risen from cabin boy first lieutenant by merit alone. Had it not been for streak of reckless audacity and a native impatience restraint, which sometimes caused him to break out different ways, he would have been a captain long nce. In his love affairs he had always been confident at each successive woman to whom he pledged his art was the affinity provided for him by the immor- l gods. But in the case of Louise de Vaudémont it emed to him that it was different. The fickle Irish- an fell in love frequently and easily, and always at st sight. He had done it before, and therefore he d no difficulty in recognizing the symptoms when ouise de Vaudémont swept into his empty and—for e time being—ungarnished heart. Yet, in this in- ance, he felt that something was changed. Other stances had not affected him quite this way, if his emory served him.

Macartney was a gallant and handsome officer, with ish blue eyes full of merriment and tenderness on oc- sion; with curly dark-brown hair and with a mouth hose jolly, laughing curves did not conceal his deci- n and courage. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, werful fellow, as light on his feet as a cat, and in ery respect the antithesis of his little captain, to hom, by the way, he was devotedly attached.

Macartney was deeply disappointed at his inability see much of the comtesse. When he did see her on e short voyage she was never alone. The marquis, the taciturn and saturnine Brébœuf, or the pert and oluble Aurore, were always at hand. Brébœuf had me into the service of the de Vaudémonts in attend- ce upon the daughter-in-law of the old marquis. He as an ancient retainer of the family of de Croisic Morbihan, and when Mademoiselle Louise de Croi- was married to the young Captain de Vaudémont, rébœuf, who had known her from a child, came with r to Provence. Madame de Vaudémont shared her sband's love of the sea, and her daughter, strange say, was born on a ship.

"You have no fear of the sea," had said Macartney his fair young charge as they approached the *Aga- mnon* for the first time.

"Fear!" exclaimed the girl. "Monsieur, the de audémonts fear nothing but God." The simplicity ith which she made this doughty declaration, robbed of its arrogance. "And I," she continued gravely, was born on a frigate."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the young Irishman.

"Monsieur, it is certain. My mother had been visit- g in Brittany. She had gone there on my father's ip. When they embarked for Vaudémont that I ight be born in my father's chateau, the ship was ught in a storm. They were forced to run before it iles to seaward. It was a long, weary beat back to e Mediterranean, and I was born on the sea, under e flag of France, in the midst of a storm."

"The blue ocean's daughter," murmured the young an, delighted at this confession.

"Yes, monsieur," said the girl, smiling faintly, "I ve a ship. When I was a child, before I was sent to e convent in Paris, my father took me with him on any a cruise. My mother died when my brother was rn and we were much with our father when we were ildren. I can steer a ship. I have often—monsieur ill scarcely believe it—been over the cross-trees."

"You are the very wife for a sailor, mademoiselle," id the Irishman boldly.

"I shall be wife to no one," she answered gravely, live for my grandfather, for my king, for France."

"'Tis a brave resolution, mademoiselle," answered e young sailor, awed for the moment by the solem- ty of her remarks; "but 'tis one," he added under s breath, "that you will never keep." and by all the ws of war he resolved that he would do his best to mpel her to break it.

But fortune had given him no opportunity, nor had all his ability availed to enable him to create one be- fore reaching Toulon. He did not see her a moment alone until they stood on the quay to separate. The vice-admiral was occupied in greeting his old friends and acquaintances at the landing. Honoré, whose de- votion to his grandfather amounted to idolatry, stood close by his side. Brébœuf was attending to the lug- gage, and Aurore was lost in admiration of the bril- liant scene on the quay.

Macartney and Louise were alone for the moment.

"Mademoiselle," said the young man eagerly, "I have had no opportunity to speak to you alone, scarcely even to see you, for a moment. I want to see more of you. May I not?" he went on ingenuously.

"To what purpose, monsieur?"

"Does one ask why one wishes to see the roses bloom or why one longs to hear the birds sing, mad- emoiselle?"

"Roses do not bloom and birds do not sing for those who love their king in France to-day."

"Ah, there you are wrong, mademoiselle," returned the Irishman confidently. "You may kill the king and subvert the government. You may change the orderly course of events in whatever way you will, with what- ever consequences, personal or otherwise, but roses will bloom and birds will sing, if nowhere else, in human hearts. May I not come to see you?"

"To what end, monsieur?" asked the girl once more. "I am for France."

"Just that I may look upon you. We sailors are shut off from half the joys of life that womankind can bring and —"

"You must not talk so."

"I will say nothing if you will only give me leave to come."

"You saved my life, monsieur," said the girl slowly, at last. "Perhaps more than my life—" she shuddered at the thought of Garron—"and I owe you much. I would not seem ungracious, as I am not ungrateful. If my grandfather permits you may come. But I will be frank with you. It seems unkind, perhaps, but the truth is usually so, I am told. I do not love the Eng- lish people. I wish any other had saved me than yourself."

"Comtesse," said the vice-admiral turning at that moment.

The girl smiled frankly, extending her hand to Mac- artney. He bent low over it and kissed it, after a fashion already disappearing from France, and there was a fervor and a passion in his touch that in spite of herself thrilled the recipient of the courtesy.

"My compliments to your captain, Monsieur Mac- artney," continued the marquis, "if I mistake not we shall hear of him some day. He knows his ship, there is a temper in him like that in a Toledo blade. The *hôtel* which has been placed at my disposal in town is open to him, to you, and to your officers. We hope to see you there. We owe you much. *Au revoir.*"

"Thank you, my lord," said Macartney delighted at the invitation. "Be sure that I shall come, sir." Then he whispered to Louise. "You hear? I may come, then?"

"Come," whispered the girl turning away, leaving him enraptured on the quay.

CHAPTER IX.

AMID FLAME AND SMOKE

ON the night of the sixteenth of November, the Republicans, led by the young captain of artil- iery, captured Fort Mulgrave by storm. Forts L'Éguilette and Balaguier were rendered untен- able by this bold operation. They had not been built for defense against attack from the landward side. The promontory, under the artillery captain's skilful dispositions, soon bristled with guns, and by morning a rain of bullets swept the outer and inner roads.

Hood and Langara at first endeavored to overwhelm it by the fire of their heavy ships-of-the-line, but with- out avail. As the young artillery captain had said, that promontory was the key to Toulon. There was no help for it, they had to go, nor could they stand upon the order of their going.

The decision to withdraw was at once communicated to the people of the town. From a state of confident security the inhabitants passed into a condition of the direst alarm. Toulon had committed the last affront against the French Republic by admitting the English to its harbor. There was no hope but that the ven- geance to be meted out to it would be more terrible than that which had been visited upon any other spot in France which had taken arms against the Republic.

In the harbor were thirty-one French ships-of-the- line, besides twelve frigates and many smaller ships. To leave the ships intact was to hand them over to the Republican government. No objection could be made therefore, either by the allies or the Royalists to the orders which Hood issued for their destruction. Hood and Langara offered to receive on their ships as many of the inhabitants as they could carry, or at least as many as could get aboard in the short time that re- mained.

Macartney had been promoted a short time before to the command of a captured forty-gun frigate, formerly *La Topaze,* but which had been renamed the *Incon- stant,* and was ordered to attend to the burning of the French ships. In this he was assisted by a number of officers and men detailed from different ships in the fleet and by several English and Spanish gunboats. The party were provided with captured vessels, to be used as fire ships.

Meanwhile, the embarkation of the Royalists proceed- ed with frantic haste. Boat after boat left the crowded quays and wharves loaded to the gunwales with fright- ened people. The ships-of-the-line, the frigates, the transports, were crowded with soldiers of the garri- son and with the terrified inhabitants of the town. One by one as they were filled, they weighed anchor and left the harbor, running a gauntlet of fire from the batteries as they passed out to sea.

Macartney's state of mind can scarcely be imagined. He had a duty to perform of the greatest importance. To attend to that duty required every particle of skill and courage that he possessed.

There were in Toulon a number of Republicans who had been restrained from exploiting their political views by the overwhelming preponderance of Royal- ists and Girondists. They belonged chiefly to the lower orders of the city, and immediately the abandon- ment of the town began they declared themselves. Joined to them also were the *forçats,* the galley slaves, who were released from confinement to the number of several thousand. They were led by some men of tal- ent, who had divined that the best service they could render the Republic was to save the ships. In spite of all they could do at first, however, the English towed the fire sloops into the middle of the French liners huddled in the basin and successfully ignited them. They were soon blazing furiously.

As the several boat crews from the frigate and the gunboats went from ship to ship in the roads and in the inner harbor, or having landed in the navy yard set building after building on fire, they were met by a constantly increasing opposition. After setting fire to a number of ships, it became evident to Macartney that with the force at his command he could do no more. There was nothing left but retreat. The Spanish had bungled things badly and effected little. A fire-ship in their charge blew up, wrecking some of the English boats. Reluctantly the Irishman gave the order to abandon their endeavor and pull for the frigate.

Now Macartney's perturbation was caused by his incertitude as to the fate of Louise de Vaudémont. During the long days of the siege he had availed him- self of that reluctant permission to visit her which he had extorted from her on the wharf; and from each interview he had come more deeply enamored than ever. He had no resources but his sword. His pay as captain was small, but such as it was, it was the only revenue he could command. Louise de Vaudémont was even poorer than himself, but she was the grand- daughter of one of the greatest nobles of France. No one believed in the permanence of the French Repub- lic. Upon the restoration of the monarchy, de Vaudé- mont would find himself once more in the enjoyment of the princely revenues of his vast estates. He would disdain the simple captain in the navy of his dearest foe.

What mattered that? Macartney had the happy op- timism of his race. He had also much of its freedom from care for the future. He made love to the com- tesse as persistently, as openly, and as desperately as he dared—and in the pursuit he dared much.

The capture of Fort Mulgrave had been so sudden and unexpected, the necessity for the prompt with- drawal of the fleets from the harbor had been so im- portant, that Hood had summoned him to the flagship without the loss of a moment and charged him with the duty, which, under other circumstances, he would have received with unmitigated joy. So exacting had been this duty that he had no time even to go ashore and inquire about her.

One by one the boats made for the frigate, which he had placed in such a position as to render her least liable to damage from the fire of the enemy. Macart- ney had been but a short time in the frigate, but he had already endeared himself to her crew. Naturally, the captain's boat was the last to leave the French fleet. It was a heavy, twelve-oared cutter and con- tained half a dozen marines forward. Moved by a natural impulse, instead of steering the boat directly to the frigate, Macartney, who had the tiller himself, swung her parallel to the crowded quay of the city at a short distance from the shore.

The scene in the harbor was one of appalling mag- nificence. From Fort Mulgrave and the other bat- teries a constant roar of artillery was kept up. The forts on all sides ringed the inner harbor of the city with smoke and flame. The flying English and Span- ish ships swept down the harbor, their broadsides hurling death and destruction at the batteries on either hand.

TO BE CONTINUED

ELIJAH KILLING A PROPHET OF BAAL

From a picture in the Monastery of Mt. Carmel

Personal Responsibility

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON,

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

A Visit to Mount Carmel

ON April 5th, last, the writer was one of a company whom the steamship *Grosser Kurfuerst* brought to Caifa from Beyrout. There being no port in Caifa, we were landed in small boats, and found carriages awaiting to convey us to Nazareth, and beyond to the Sea of Galilee. After journeying about twelve miles, we stopped on the plain of Jezreel. Nearby, on Mt. Carmel's western slope, was pointed out the traditional site of the contest between Elijah and the prophets of Baal. We had hitherto associated that event with the eastern end of Mount Carmel, which rises 1,600 feet above the sea.

Having completed our journey to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee we returned to Caifa, and were comfortably lodged in one of the convents which serve as hotels for tourists all over Palestine. In front of the convent, less than a hundred yards away, is the blue Mediterranean. In the rear of the convent are lemon and orange groves. On the table oranges are served, decorated with orange blossoms. Here a carriage party was formed to go to the top of Mount Carmel. The roadway was hewn out of the mountain side. Nervous people felt dizzy ascending it. But once on the top, how grand the panorama!

"Nature rises in a series of great stages from sea to alp; the Mediterranean's long coast from north to south, with its hot sands and palms; Esdraelon covered with wheat; Tabor and the lower hills of Galilee, with their oaks; then, the barren peaks of upper Galilee, with haze about them; the clear snow of Hermon, hanging like an only cloud in the sky." (In this description we have adopted and adapted the words of Geo. Adam Smith). And then our thoughts were centered upon the mountain itself, and we recalled its place in history, connected with the Romans, and Richard Cœur de Lion, the Crusaders, and Napoleon. But most of all, our thoughts turned the Bible to history, and we sought the places connected with the life of Elijah.

We were invited to visit the monastery which is built over the cave in which Elijah is said often to have come for rest. We found it decorated and g i l d e d after a fashion that would have made the sturdy, rugged old prophet feel very ill at ease. We asked to have the site of the sacrifice pointed out to us, and were directed to observe a rocky ridge near by, and were told that hundreds of Hebrew pilgrims come from Lebanon every year to offer sacrifices there.

After leaving the monastery we took our way to the observatory, which is situated more directly on the point than the monastery, and there sat down with Bible in hand to read the story of what had occurred there almost two thousand years ago. We shut out the vision of the sea by turning our backs upon it. There arose a vision before us. A vast concourse of people covering the mountain, for the most part, Israelites, whose hearts had been turned from the true God to worship Baal, the sun god, and his images, and vile Astarte. In their midst the prophet Elijah, dressed in his sheepskin coat and striped overcoat; also King Ahab, having an anxious and uncomfortable look. And gathered about an altar which they had erected, four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, in a great frenzy, calling upon their "god" to send down fire to burn up the sacrifice they had laid upon the altar. He is the Sun, and had fire enough. His devotees for hours call upon him in vain.

After their failure, we see Elijah erecting an altar of twelve stones, just twelve, to remind the Israelites from whence they came. We see Elijah fill with earth the hollow square between the stones. He lays the sacrifice upon the altar, and then asks attendants to pour water upon it again and again, until the trench around the altar is filled with water. Then he calls upon God to send down fire. He calls only once, and the fire descends and consumes the sacrifice and the altar of earth and stones, and even the water.

The vision changes, the vast concourse of people fall upon their faces and declare their allegiance to Jehovah, the true God. Their hearts have been won back from Baal. The scene changes again, there is dismay and confusion as the prophets of Baal, who have taught the people that vice is virtue, are being dragged down the mountain to be slain at the river Kishon, by order of Elijah, to prevent the possibility of their ever leading the people astray again.

Again, Elijah is on the mountain, he has bowed himself down upon the ground, and is praying, not for fire this time, but for rain. He has his servant watching for a cloud which shall be the answer to his prayer. At length it appears on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand. Elijah's faith is confirmed, and he sends word to King Ahab to get down, drive swiftly from the mountain to his palace in Jezreel, lest he be overtaken by the rain. Ahab has not seen rain for three years and a half, but he cannot doubt Elijah now, and so he hastens to obey. The strength of God is in Elijah, and he outruns Ahab's horses, and comes first to Jezreel, as if he had been a herald of the King.

"THEN THE FIRE OF THE LORD FELL AND CONSUMED THE SACRIFICE"

Illustration and Application

1. The folly of idolatry. We must not miss the humorous episode in this story. "Cry aloud for he is a god!" said Elijah, satirically, while the prophets of Baal cut themselves in wild appeals to their god of fire. "Either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." So Isaiah describes the idol makers cutting down a tree to carve a god from one end and burn incense to it with the other. And the Psalmist ridicules the idols that "have eyes, but they see not; hands, but they handle not." Even a child looking at idol worshipers bowing down to wood and stone, exclaims: "I should think they'd know 'twould take a better god than that to make the moon and stars."

It is expected that the Emperor of Japan, by advice of his chief men, will officially declare that country is no longer pagan, but Christian. Its gods were about the only cheerful ones, but now as the people become educated these gods seem to be laughing at the folly of their worshipers. To put a carved fragment of creation in place of the Creator is folly indeed; but are our modern forms of idolatry, the worship of money and rank and pleasure, any less absurd for an immortal mind, putting amusement or money-making or office seeking in the supreme place in our thoughts in place of God?

2. The essence of Baalism is in those of every age of whom Paul speaks, when he says, "whose God is their belly." Baalism was nature worship, Baal, the sun, and Astarte, the moon, represented the male and female forces of nature. Many nature worshipers do not go so far as "forbidden pleasures," but they make a god of pleasure in the various forms of "creature comfort," which Gladstone, in his last days, said was the greatest peril of Anglo-Saxon peoples in these prosperous times, when the materialism of luxury re-enforces the materialism of natural science in turning thought almost wholly on visible things. The Epicureans were nature worshipers, and they have not died out, for there never were so many whose real watchword is, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." Nature worship claims all those who are dominated not by brain but by mucous membrane. The tendency of a prosperous time to reverse Paul's order to "keep the body under," and make body dominate mind and spirit, has been greatly re-enforced by materialistic evolution, that man is not free to shape his character, but is a helpless chip on the current of heredity and environment. He has no occasion to say, "I have sinned," and no power to say, "I will arise and go unto my Father." It is as foolish as image worship, this denial of our conscious freedom to choose, this denial of conscious responsibility. We know we are free as surely as we know that we see. We know we ought to choose the right, and can, and that we are to blame if we do not, whatever the hereditary tendency of our natures, whatever the temptations of environment. Amid all the foolish talk, that even prisoners seize for excuses, about the relations of skull measure to character, let every sensible man set up Chicago's motto, "I WILL." The Carmel battle to-day is to show the supremacy of will, human and divine, over all the powers of nature in us and about us.

3. Human responsibility is therefore the towering fact on the earth side of this mountain story. We need to tell again and again the answer made by the brainiest of American statesmen when asked for the greatest thought that ever passed through his mind. With great solemnity he replied, "The thought of my individual responsibility to God." Never was there so much demand as now for "personal liberty," and never less of the sense of personal responsibility. If we do not lay the blame of our wrong doing on heredity—*e.g.*, "I was trained too strictly," or on environment—*e.g.*, "My comrades led me astray"—we excuse ourselves because our political or commercial bosses ordered us to do the mean thing and we "had to do it."

Many of the Jewish people who did not really approve of Baalism adopted it, saying, no doubt, "They all do it," or saying, "When you are with the Romans do as the Romans do." To all such to-day rings out Elijah's challenge, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If Jehovah be God serve him, or if Baal, serve him." What a pity that so many whom God made to be vertebrate men are content to be jellyfish, saying, "Yes, yes" to everything.

"A weak man," says Josh Billings, "wants just about as mutch watching as a bad one, and has dun just about as mutch damage in the world. He iz everyboddy's friend and therefore he is no one's; and what he iz a-going tew do next iz as unknown tew him az to others. He hain't got enny more backbone than an angle-worm haz, and wiggles in and wiggles out ov everything. He alwuss sez 'yes,' when he should say 'no,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man."

Another has said of those who try to walk in two paths at once, that they are awkwardly limping first on one side and then on the other. "How long halt ye?" Stiffen up your staggering will, and dare to be what you believe. And when by an act of will you have chosen God, get into a state of right willing that will make right doing the persistent habit of life.

4. The essence of moral courage is in right will combined with a sense of God's presence. I think it is much harder to be courageous in little things than in great ones. In an accident or a battle many "rise to the occasion" as if by a mighty inspiration. But to do right in little things is a rarer courage.

"Let us meet here at a quarter to seven and have a moonlight coasting party!" cried Fred. Baker. "We will have supper at six, and that will give us lots of time to get here." "I can't come until half-past seven," said Will Adams, after the other boys had shouted a noisy assent. "I have to wash the supper dishes and put the room to rights." There was a chorus of derision. "Wash dishes — a boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?" "I have," said Will, quietly. "I know of three boys in the Hamilton Hotel who have to wash dishes three times a day." "Oh—but they are paid for it." "Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help your sick mother?"

5. The freewill of God an explanation of prayer. On the heaven side the supreme fact in this story is that God answers prayer, the possibility of doing which without "violating the laws of nature" is seen in the analogous fact that man's will, responding to the appeals of his children, interposes in the laws of nature every day to grant those requests. There is no doubt that discoveries of "the laws of nature," that is, of the habits of God, has created an impression in careless minds that there is no room left for miracles or prayer or providence. But man's own interpositions among the laws of nature are so many and so mighty as to make reasonable and credible all that the Bible teaches about the interpositions of God's will, with fuller knowledge and completer power, to accomplish his purposes. Man can set a wooden altar on fire; can even smelt stone, and evaporate water—why should not God do all this on Carmel?

The Suez Canal was cut and united the great Mediterranean Sea to the little Red Sea, although scientific men said it was impossible. It seemed to be inconsistent with the laws of sea levels and other natural laws. But a wise mind adapted these laws to the case, the work was done, and vessels went through the canal to return with treasures from the East. Men of science said prayer could bring no blessing from on High, but faith cut the channel and the little sea of the immortal within us was connected with the Infinite above. And so the soul sends heavenwards its prayers, and these come back argosies laden with blessings.

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
> For what are men better than sheep or goats,
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
> Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—*Tennyson.*

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* International Sunday School lesson for August 21. Elijah on Mount Carmel, I. Kings 18: 30-46. Golden Text: "If the Lord be God, follow him" I. Kings 18: 21.

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Herewith find names of ..... adult **Protestant** Church Members, **No Two of which Live in the Same House,** and **all** of which are Permanent Residents here. I am a Christian Herald Subscriber.

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State clearly the **DENOMINATION** of the Church which Each One Attends. Use **B** for Baptist, **C** for Congregationalist, **D** for Disciple, **E** for Episcopalian, **L** for Lutheran, **M** for Methodist, **P** for Presbyterian, etc., etc

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME" or to "PEARSON'S MAGAZINE," IF YOU ENCLOSE 15 cts. WITH THIS LIST AND SIGN ORDER ON OTHER SIDE

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Give Full Name and Post Office Address.

The Twentieth Century Schoolgirl

SHE is a pretty creature, the twentieth century schoolgirl, and the things she has to learn are amazing to old-fashioned people. She does not have lessons, as her mother and her grandmother had, but she has a certain amount of "work" to be done in English, in mathematics, in French, in science, in Greek and Latin, very possibly, too, in psychology. I have seen girls of fourteen gravely attacking the ethereal, elusive, baffling, puzzling work of this most abstruse subject, their brows bent into a dainty frown, while between whiles they nibbled away at fudge or chocolate cream-drops. So much work, the teachers tell one, is mapped out for a given period, so much for another period, and the schoolgirl has only to submit herself to the process, and in time she will be turned out, a finished product, the work all happily behind her.

A conservative looker-on has her doubts. Is there sufficient margin left in the scheme of today for the girl who is rather dull, and must needs go very slowly, and for the opposite girl, who is very clever and forges ahead with swiftness and despatch? The ordinary girl, who keeps an even pace, will probably get through her school work with credit to herself and to the satisfaction of her instructors. The girl who memorizes with ease, asks few questions, and does her allotted "stint" without much difficulty, comes out well on examination days. But her friend, who is perhaps a wee bit stupid, and her friend, who is a genius and not run into the usual mould, both fail when the school tests are applied. Neither succeeds brilliantly under the twentieth century regime.

One of the foremost authors of the day, a woman of marked strength of character and of wide versatility, said, not long ago: "I don't wish to be thought a fossil, but I long for a return in the schoolroom to the simple methods of my youth. My daughters were taught grammar and rhetoric in an elaborate and painstaking fashion which moves me to awe and surprise. But when they asked a rule for any usage, they came to me, whose early teaching was not in the least like theirs. I was obliged to commit the whole of Brown's Grammar by heart, and I recited it, rules, notes, exceptions, references, as perfectly as I recited my catechism. I parsed through Pope's *Essay on Man*, and Cowper's *Task*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and I learned to appreciate noble English, and to know a good style when I saw it. And I was never a nervous wreck in vacation time as many a girl is now."

Another middle-aged critic expresses her doubt as to whether the extremely careful and arduous education of the twentieth century schoolgirl is likely to be a good thing for her, physically, later on, when maternity shall make upon her its inexorable demands. Here, the doctor-looker discovers that authorities differ. Some who speak very positively, seem sure that a girl who is to be a wife and in due course a mother, does not need the severe training of schoolroom and college; needs rather her training in domesticity. Others point with pride to the college women who are shining examples of the good that is done the sex by exhaustive application during school-days and resultant mental discipline. In the last analysis it resolves itself into a question of how much the girl herself amounts to, of what she can win in the long run from text-books and teachers.

AN IRIS GARDEN IN TOKIO, JAPAN

THE Japanese, who seem to do most things exceedingly well, have brought to perfection the art of gardening. Their tea-houses stand in beautifully cultivated gardens, where sometimes a single flower, as here, enchants the guest, and sometimes the features of a wide landscape are repeated in miniature. We may learn much from the bright children of the Island Empire.

Day-Lilies

A clump of day-lilies in an old garden! They stood sweet and sturdy and faithful, and as the lady of the manor gathered them she said to a friend at her side, "There is nothing I wish for my boys quite so much as that they may be like these lilies."

"That seems strange," replied the friend. "One associates girls with lilies, but not boys. It would never have occurred to me to wish that a son of mine should resemble a lily, or any other flower. A tree, now; I might wish my boy to grow like a tree, planted by a river."

"Well," returned the first speaker, "the lily is my symbol of purity. Its fragrance is so clean. It makes me think of, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' I cannot be contented to have my sons anything but clean in every thought and word and deed."

The little conversation set one listener adrift on a tide of reflection. Do we not want of our boys and young men the stainlessness of the knight's shield, the whiteness of mind that is unsullied by any coarseness? A boy should be not less pure from every gross taint than his sister. When the child is born into the home, when the little fellow kneels first beside the bed to say his prayers, he is not in any way different from the little maid who plays with him. Nor should there be, as he grows older, the slightest affinity between the boy and the thing that is evil, that does not exist between the girl and the same thing.

One associate every boy should avoid, and that is the comrade who is furtive, who does not look people straight in the face, and who never cares to meet the home and family of his boy companion. A boy's mother has almost always a wonderful divining faculty where her son's companions are concerned.

Not that a fellow should limit his friendships to boys who are precisely in his own station, or who have precisely his social or educational opportunities. It is well to have many friends, and to have them of all varieties and grades of culture. The son of the judge and the son of the motorman, the son of the President and the son of the moulder in the iron furnace, may very properly sit side by side in school, and share the same games in the field. "Why do you like that boy so much, John," a man asked his son, who had just parted very cordially from an acquaintance. "I like him because he's the best pitcher I ever saw," was the quick reply. One may have friends in ragged trousers; one ought not to have friends whose morals are frayed and ragged.

If you take a glass of clear water, and drop into it from a filter, ever so little ink, the water is discolored. Sin has gone over it, as sin goes over a character. Once we form the habit of thinking impure thoughts, the soul is darkened; its crystal cleanliness is impaired.

Closely allied to impure thought, is impure speech. A parent should watch the words of his children, and a boy should not resent criticism, if reproved for using language which is not fit for the ears of women and little children. The moment a boy finds that other boys descend to vile speech, he would better seek friends elsewhere.

Ah, to be like the lilies, white, clean, all through.

People Who Lean

"SEEMS to me," said Aunt Betsy, "that there are just two classes o' people in this world."

"Saints and sinners?" Aunt Betsy's nephew Tom laughed as he looked at her pursed up mouth and twinkling eyes.

"If you choose to call 'em so, I think you're not far out. But I mean people who hold up their own end, and people who lean. There's far too many of the last.

"Down the street now goes Frances Ames in her fresh blue frock and her white chip hat. She looks as pretty as a flower. Her father went past the window an hour ago in his rusty black coat and threadbare trousers, with patched shoes, and a hat that came out o' the Ark. Thomas, you know well enough that Joseph Ames is an industrious, careful man; clever, too, and worth something to the firm that employs him. 'Tisn't stinginess that makes him so shabby, and 'tisn't carelessness. I can remember when he was as spruce as any young fellow in town, but ever since Frances has been grown, it's taken every cent her father can raise to dress her. Last winter she set her heart on new furs. Mr. Ames needed a new overcoat. He didn't get one, but Frances got the furs. The other day she wanted a summer silk and a white mull, and she went to Boston and came home with both. Mr. Ames made up his mind that he could do with his old suit a while longer, and as for Mrs. Ames, she never stirs out of doors, and Frances never notices why."

"Is Frances so selfish?" Tom's merry face clouded over. He rather admired the beautiful Frances Ames.

"She belongs to the people who lean."

"Why doesn't she earn her own things?"

This inquiry came from Linda Bates, who was knitting a white shawl and had just finished counting her stitches.

"Frances Ames? You don't know her, Linda. She wouldn't be a stenographer, it's too confining. She might be an artist, but she'd hate the confinement. She has no particular talent, she always says proudly, and — her parents are proud to support their only daughter, and sacrifice their own comfort. Oh, she's not singular. There are plenty like her. Plenty of people who lean their whole weight on people who'll stand still and let them do it. I," and Aunt Betsy drew herself up, "have no use for that sort of person."

Tom walked off, whistling. That evening, in her pretty rose-colored organdie, ruffled like the satin petals of a hollyhock, Frances waited for him in vain. He did not call.

The Modern Foe of Disease

Science is the sworn foe of disease in modern times. Looking back only a few years, we see diphtheria an almost incurable scourge, scarlet fever an unspeakable dread, and consumption an inexorable enemy marching on to death. In the latter malady especially it was a familiar experience that one by one, entire families were swept to the tomb by this pitiless sickness. A morbid deposit on the lungs, however slight, used to mean a fatal result, and often the caretakers were the next victims after death had cut down the young man in his prime, the maiden in her bloom, or the mother in the midst of her years. Modern science has minimized the perils of tubercular disease and taught us that, taken in time, and fought in pure air and a dry climate, consumption is curable. The same may be said of most diseases. The keen knife and the deft hand of the surgeon daringly cutting away sources of poison or dangerous foreign growths, have saved lives by the thousand, and we need only courage, faith and obedience, as a rule, to overcome disease and get well when we are ill.

TAKE THE ROAD GAILY

The road of life is sure to have
  Its rough and smooth by turns;
Our ups and downs we must accept,
  Each gets what rest he earns.
And some may walk at easy pace,
  And some bear heaviest load;
But wear a smile upon your face,
  And gaily take the road.

ESTHER WATKINS.

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The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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A Summer Camp for Boys

Gen. A. C. Kenyon, who for many years has been connected with the Children's Aid Society of New York, is engaged in summer work for boys. His summer camp at Stamford, Conn., has a successful record of twelve years as a guarantee of its usefulness. Upwards of 700 boys passed more or less of their vacation in his encampment last season.

Ocean Grove Vindicated

"The Christian Herald" Proves from the Internal Revenue Records that the Story about 200 Licenses is Wholly Untrue

FOR several weeks past, Ocean Grove has been stirred to its depths by the wide publicity given to a statement that two hundred Federal liquor licenses were in actual operation at the Grove. This startling assertion was made by Rev. Dr. Boom of Trenton, one of the speakers at the New Brunswick District Ministers' Association, on July 11, and was published in the daily press throughout the country as follows:

"In Ocean Grove and her sister city, Asbury Park, the United States has 440 good customers, paying, each of them, $25 a year for the privilege of selling rum. This is the price of Uncle Sam's silence and connivance."

Naturally, such a statement has attracted almost universal attention, the principles that govern Ocean Grove and its inflexible temperance record being well-known all over this continent. Those multitudes who have been accustomed for over a generation to regard the Grove as the purest and most moral of all the great summer watering-places and as absolutely free from the drink evil, were greatly shocked at the boldness of the attack. The Ocean Grove Association met the next day in excutive session, and Dr. Ballard vehemently denied the assertion made by Rev. Dr. Boom.

As the charge was insistently repeated, notwithstanding denials, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD decided to procure absolute evidence of the truth or falsehood of the allegation against the fair name of Ocean Grove. The editor of this journal accordingly commissioned the Rev. Hervey Wood, Field Secretary of the National Temperance Society, New York, to visit Camden, N. J., and procure the necessary authority to examine the Tax Collector's book for Monmouth County, N. J., the district in which Ocean Grove is situated. His report is a complete refutation of the scandalous charge, and as it comes direct from the only official source—the Internal Revenue records—it is conclusive, and shows that the authors of the charge against Ocean Grove were either grossly misled as to their sources of information, or were guilty of deliberate misrepresentation.

Rev. Mr. Wood's report is as follows:

"In compliance with the request of the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I have investigated the story that has been going the rounds of the daily papers, stating that 200 Special Taxes are now paid in Ocean Grove, and 240 in Asbury Park. For the benefit of your readers, I may say that the Federal Government collects a tax of $25 per year from every person who sells alcoholic liquors as beverages, and druggists have to pay this Special Tax, because they sell alcoholic liquor on a physician's prescription.

"I visited the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, in Newark, N. J., on Saturday last, and requested the privilege of seeing the Tax Collector's books. I found that Ocean Grove and Asbury Park were in the First District of New Jersey, with offices in Camden. I then went to Camden, and learned on my arrival that Circular No. 651, issued Dec. 10, 1903, forbade the collector, without permission from Washington, to allow anyone to see the Tax Collector's books. I then called up on the telephone, Commissioner J. W. Yerkes, of the Internal Revenue Department in Washington, D. C., who very kindly gave me the necessary permission to examine the books, and informed me that 'No. 10. Special Tax-Payers' Record,' contained all the names of both wholesale and retail liquor dealers in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and that I had permission to examine it.

"I examined the record named very carefully, going over it twice. I found that only two (2) persons in Ocean Grove had paid this special liquor tax of $25.00, while in Asbury Park forty-eight (48) persons had paid said tax of $25.00. The two in Ocean Grove are druggists. There is not a single liquor license, operated as such, in the entire place.

"Your investigator is not a Methodist, nor a member of the Ocean Grove Association, yet with Christian people, and temperance people all over the world, he rejoices that there is no stain upon Ocean Grove's fair name. The Tax Collector's book, showing that the story that 200 licenses are held there is absolutely untrue, and without even the flimsiest foundation in fact. It is a fabrication, the purpose of which it is difficult to conceive. Pain and shame, and much profanity have been the results of this story. It has been quoted by liquor men and haters of Christ's Church wherever the name of Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association is known.

"I desire to express my appreciation of the courtesy and kindness of J. W. Yerkes, Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, D. C., and Isaac Moffat, Internal Revenue Collector of the First District of New Jersey, at Camden, and his assistant, in furnishing me Record No. 10, containing the names of all special taxpayers in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and for their valuable assistance in finding the desired information.

"The Christian and temperance people of all denominations throughout our land will thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for producing the evidence enabling us to effectually disprove this false and unjust charge concerning the temperance and morals of Ocean Grove."

(REV.) HERVEY WOOD.

Field Secretary Nat. Temp. Soc., 3 E. 14th Street.

Foreign Mission Work at St. Louis

The different evangelical churches are making preparations to carry the Gospel to large numbers in St. Louis. At a recent Christian Endeavor Social there were present Germans just arrived from the "Fatherland," Bulgarians, Canadians, Russian Jews (Christian), and a Spaniard. The Washington and Compton Avenues Presbyterian Church recently had a Missionary Rally, turning the evening service over to Chinese Christians. This church has a school for Chinese, and a number of Chinese are regular members. On this occasion, many who are in St. Louis in connection with the Fair, were present, and there were quite a number of Chinese in the congregation. Some wore American dress, and short hair; others, the Oriental dress and queue. Rev. Huie Kin, of the Chinese Presbyterian Mission of New York City, and Mr. Young L. Fong, of the Methodist Episcopal Young Men's Christian Association of Shanghai, gave short addresses, and Mr. Wang Ching Chun, one of the Commissioners to the Fair, offered the closing prayer. There were also testimonies from visiting Christian Chinese. Some of these were in Chinese and were interpreted by one of their number, Dr. Thomas Hu. One of the prayers was also in Chinese. It may be interesting to add that two of the members of this church, and one former member, are going to China as missionaries this fall.

E. B.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Sun-Bright Clime

HAVE you heard, have you heard, of the sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty, clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

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The Jew and his Persecutors

The Blessing to Abraham and the Curse upon his Enemies holds Good to this day

IN a recent sermon by Rev. W. Bruce Doyle, of Jackson, Ala., upon "The Jew," the preacher, taking for his text the words of Genesis 12:3: "I ill bless them that bless thee, and curse im that curseth thee; and in thee shall ll families of the earth be blessed," reiewed the fulfilment of this remarkable romise through history, from the earliest ays down to the present time. We are nabled, through the courtesy of *The Herew Standard* of New York, to reprouce the preacher's remarks below:

God in this passage promises three things: will bless them that bless thee, and curse hem that curseth thee; and in thee all famies of the earth shall be blessed.

Come down the line of the peculiar people, he royal priesthood, the holy nation, and see it has not been as true as the God who ake it. The sons of Jacob were great-andchildren of Abraham. Joseph was one the younger, and his brethren hated him. hey put this meek child of Abraham in a t to die. They found that they could get oney by selling him and, true to that money-aking nature of theirs, they pulled him out nd sold him to strangers, who took him way into slavery. And those men lived to e their land scorched to a crisp by drought nd heat. They saw their cattle ready to die r want of food and water. They lived to ear their children crying from hunger, and ey became beggars of bread in a strange nd. It seems that if even a Hebrew oppesses a Hebrew he must suffer.

Joseph went into Egypt as a slave and beme virtual king. The Egyptians were kind Joseph, the son of Abraham, and God as kind to them. They raised Joseph from he position of trust to another, and God lessed Egypt and prospered her every step. y Joseph being treated well the kingdom as saved from the awful famine. Through is Hebrew, God showed Egypt the coming ars of plenty and marked out the dates of e famine. The Egyptians treated the ebrews well and God saved them both. t when this Pharoah died there arose anher king who knew not Joseph. Then the ebrews were put in cruel bondage. Then it s that Joseph no longer ruled. There was other king who knew not Joseph, and that as the turning point in the history of Egypt. From that day until now Egypt has scarceseen a prosperous period of seven years. nd in recent years Egypt has come under a stern yoke and has seen a foreign people rrying away the embalmed bodies of her cestors to make fertilizer for foreign soil. he promise was true in Egypt, "I will bless em that bless thee, and curse them that rseth thee; and in thee shall all families of e earth be blessed."

The Assyrian power under Sennacherib ppressed the people of God. They smote e land and destroyed cities and came up ar Jerusalem. They intimidated the Jews, offed at the rulers, made fun of Jerusalem d laughed at Jehovah. But they entered t the city. Sennacherib left and went back Nineveh. Second Kings says in the nineenth chapter that while he was worshiping the house of his god, Nisroch, two of his ns slew him with the sword. Assyrian hisry says that Sennacherib's death came hile he was on his third campaign to Egypt. cond Kings says, "Esarhaddon, his son, gned in his stead." Assyrian history says at he requested that one son should reign the home throne and another with some bordination should rule over the conquerground of Babylon. Now, history says, at after twenty years these two sons beme engaged in war, and while the home rone won the cause, it was greatly impaired d received a blow that gave it a downward rn, ending in its ruin. "I will curse him at curseth thee," it was spoken by Jehovah. As a wave of the sea rises upon the beach, Babylon arose as a world power. Babylon nquered people, gathered wealth, gained ound and won battles until she enslaved the be of Jews, and after that she lasted only venty years and Cyrus came for her. She ought Jews to Babylon as slaves and saw od send them away rich. She laughed at em as they wept under her willow trees, and unted them by saying, "Sing us one of the ngs of Zion." And they saw a man friendto the Jews sprinkling the blood of Babyn on the ground. "I will bless them that ess thee, and curse him that curseth thee," d Babylon found it so. It was spoken by hovah.

Forty years after the death of Jesus, Jerulem was destroyed by the Romans. The ws collected themselves and their provisns in Jerusalem. The siege lasted for onths. While Jewish men stood on the ll fighting the enemy without, the wives in e streets of the city were exchanging babies d eating them, that they might hold out the siege a little longer. Jerusalem was doomed and fell into the hands of the Romans. Hundreds of thousands of Jews were butchered without mercy, and the others were scattered to the four ends of the earth. But what of Rome? It was only a few years until the dust in the streets of Rome was moistened with Latin-blood, and Rome was buried in the grave that she was digging for herself when Roman soldiers crucified the King of the Jews at the place of the skull. She was covered in the grave that she finished when Titus pulled the last brick from Jerusalem.

In the thirteenth century the Jews in England were lying at the mercy of the natives. They were maltreated, given no voice in legislation, and getting no justice in courts of law. Finally, in 1290, they were driven from the shores by the actions of an infuriated mob. But what of England? Seven years later she saw Edward II, come to her throne —a man whose credit was not good. At twenty-four years after the expulsion of the Jews England lost in the great battle of Bannockburn, and a little later Parliament deposed the king and he was soon assassinated. "I will curse him that curseth thee."

For centuries England has been a peaceful home for the remnant's of God's race; and where is there a nation upon which Providence has bestowed more fortune? There Jews are protected by the laws of the land as other citizens, and where is a better governed nation? England does no violence now to the Jews, and who does violence to England?

The most melancholy hour of modern Jewish history was probably in 1492, when a decree came from the Crown of Spain bringing down steel and fire upon all non-Christians and Jews. As astrologers, astronomers, teachers and philosophers, they had worked prominently in making Spain in what she then was. And while the doors of most nations were closed against them, they suffered terrestrial hell. Some went to Portugal, where children were torn from their mother's breast, and enslaved to Gentiles. We said the Jews worked prominently in making Spain what she then was. And Spain was great. Spain was rich—a monarch on land and a mistress of the sea. In 1492 she laid claim to one-half the world in a single day. But that was the year that the Crown sent out a decree against the Jews. That was the decade when Spain started down the ladder of fame, down the hill of fortune, down the road of poverty, blood and ruin. Bit by bit her land was gone: dollar by dollar her money has been spent. Little by little her soil has grown poor; drop by drop her life blood has been drawn. But the Jews lived to see her fleet go down at Manilla, and her navy drowned at Santiago. "I will curse him that curseth thee."

From the first this country has been friendly to the Jews. They live here freely, dwell quietly, and are esteemed as citizens, and what nation has God treated better than our own? When did we have a famine? Our droughts have been of short duration. When have we had a great storm? Our storms have all been local. When have we lost a war? That one in 1812 was indecisive. May the time never come when this country shall raise her hand to smite the Hebrews. He who smites God's people, him will God smite, for he has said, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee."

Gentlemen, you may stop building fences and begin to use your can fruit, you may mortgage your home and turn in your insurance policy for its face value. You may hunt up your sackcloth and sit down in ashes if ever you see this country shedding Jewish blood. If you live to see this country doing violence to the Jews, you may close your store and get a spade, for it is time to dig a grave for this nation. Jehovah is yet the lover of that people, and vengeance still belongs to him, and he says, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curseth thee."

Now what of Russia? If the Almighty God does not some time curse Russia with a mighty curse, then two things are true: History does not repeat itself. And I am not right in my mind on the promises of God to Israel.

We have a way of taking all the good promises to Israel and claiming them as being made to the spiritual Israel or to the Church. And we take all the threats and curses for Israel and apply them to the real Jew. If the Church takes the blessing promised to Israel, then tell me into whose back yard we shall dump the curses pronounced upon Israel?

But there has been many secondary ways in which they have been a blessing. What was Joseph to Egypt when he saved a whole nation in a seven years' famine, and with it the Church of God from starvation? They were a blessing in Babylon. They were a blessing to Spain, and have been to the United States and to England.

These people are the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the progenitors of all that is elevating in civilization. In business they have bridged the way to financial glory. They teach business, exemplify economy, practice industry and abolish pauperism.

Jewish laws have been copied by the senates, their legislation modeled by the world, and their rules of equity are chosen of men. The constitution adopted by them at Mount Sinai, thirty-four hundred years ago, contained the fundamentals of ours drafted at Philadelphia thirty-three hundred years afterwards. They came to fill our empty treasury in the dark days of our own revolution. History testifies that they largely fought the battles, built the cities, and founded the schools of the South American continent. They did more than their part in constituting that army which vindicated the equity of the Monroe doctrine by bringing Spain to her senses and liberating the Cuban people.

Where the Bible is not read there is no light, no justice, no morality, for in it the way of earthly happiness, the pictures of a reward to follow, and the penalty for sin are fully drawn. It is the inheritance of the Jew broken up amoug us.

The two pillars standing beneath the social and moral world are the Sabbath and marriage. They stand upon the earth reaching into heaven, and upon their summits are resting the destinies of men. They are the bulwarks of home, society, Church and State. For the preservation of them both we are largely indebted to the Jew. Have they not been a blessing to all families of the earth!

To-day woman is chained and libertined in every corner of the earth where the synagogue makes no shadow. By every Gentile tribe which has ever existed she has been fettered in shame until the dawn of Jewish influence, when the cords of slavery and bonds of servitude melted away, and Israel came to reveal her virtues and purity. They teach us laws of health. The average age of a Jew is said to be ten years more than that of a Gentile. The Black Death which carried off a quarter of Europe's inhabitants, left the Jewish homes almost entirely untouched.

Not many years have passed since the peace of three worlds was hanging upon the Jewish Prime Minister of England. It was not long ago that an English Jew absolutely leased the ancient Persian Empire. The Rothschild family has arisen from a German Jew, which family now holds possibly more financial power than did ever the line of Pharaohs or dynasty of the Cæsars.

Shall we forget Hirsch, Montefiore, or Beaconsfield, for years the virtual ruler of England? Shall we not mention Mendelssohn, who was in his age the world's musician? Shall we not speak of Judah Benjamin, who was loved by the Confederate States, and afterwards became famous in the English courts?

They have been a blessing, for they have devised for us laws to elevate, politics to raise, morals to purify, and a religion to save. Their potency is felt, their latent power immeasurable, and their destiny unseen.

The proudest, the purest, the most holy race which has ever blessed the earth, has been that of the Jews; and to their father, God gave the promise: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee all families of the earth shall be blessed."

Among the Workers

—A CONVENTION of Syrian preachers and teachers was recently held at Beirut, when it was decided to speedily introduce Christian books and tracts generally throughout Syria.

—MISSIONARY JOHN PATON, the veteran founder of the New Hebrides mission, writes that he is just starting on an eight months tour among his island converts at Anewan. The whole population, once cannibals, is now Christian, and living quiet and orderly Christian lives.

—REV. A. E. BISHOP, of the Central American Mission, Guatemala City, writes that a Guatemalan dollar is worth but five or six cents American, so that a fifty-cent book costs a native about ten dollars of his hard-earned money.

—MISS ELIZABETH CLARKE, of Boston, a missionary at Samokov, Bulgaria, sometime ago opened a mission kindergarten at Sofia, the capital, which is doing excellent work. Miss Clarke is arranging to erect a building to accommodate this growing work. Those interested should address Secretary Wiggins, A. B. C. F. M., Boston, who will reply to inquirers.

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State particularly that you wish **Summer Catalogue No. 50-S** and the reduced price samples, sent free to any part of the United States.

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We are now receiving from abroad the very latest styles and fabrics for Fall and Winter. Our new catalogue is in preparation, and will be ready about **August 22d.** It will contain illustrations and descriptions of **120** styles of ladies' tailored suits from **$10 to $35,** skirts **$4 to $15,** and jackets **$10 to $25,** which we will make to order only.

If you contemplate the purchase of a Fall or Winter garment, write to-day for a selected line of **Samples** and **New Fall Catalogue No. 50-F**—sent FREE as soon as ready to any part of the United States. Kindly specify whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt or jacket, and about the colors you prefer.

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August Delights at Mont-Lawn

UNLESS one is familiar with conditions in which many of the children of the very poor live in New York City, some of the stories the little ones tell would seem almost beyond belief. No wonder many of them are so thin, pale and so stunted in size.

When the steamer *Chrystenah* starts upon her trip up the river, it carries a motley throng of little folks. They are a joyous lot, and very happy at the prospect of ten whole days and nights at Mont-Lawn. Some of the children have been there before, and it is laughable to see the air of superiority with which a boy or girl who has made the trip before imparts instruction and knowledge to the less fortunate one, who is beginning his first vacation. The veterans call the newcomers, "Spring Chickens," which is taken in good part by those, who, in a few days, will greet the fresh arrivals with the same air of importance, and of having been a long time at Mont-Lawn. Sometimes the stories the children tell—not without questioning, however—are very pathetic, as the following incidents will show.

One of the teachers, while holding a crowd of children in line before getting on the boat, and trying to keep the attention of two or three of the most mischievous by talking to them, asked one who had some pennies in his hand, what he was going to do with them. He said: "Buy some candy."

She then turning to another little boy, asked him what he was going to do with his. The child replied that he had none. The teacher asked if he was saving his money, and the boy said: "I don't have any pennies, 'cause we are too poor, and if I do get any, I always give them right to my mother, if it's only a cent."

This child had had no breakfast or dinner before starting, and had had only bread and water the night before. He said sometimes that they had some tea with their bread, but "not much, only once in a while."

The father, who is an electrician, had met with an accident, and had both hands taken off, and the mother was sick in the hospital. They had a grandmother and grandfather, but they were too old to do anything, and an older sister of eleven, who had been trying to get something to do. The grandfather and grandmother had had nothing to eat for two days. They had sent out one of the little boys the day before to get a few pennies, but no one would give him anything. He only succeeded in getting one penny.

AT THE SWINGS IN THE NEW OPEN-AIR GYMNASIUM

The teacher said she would give him some pennies, but he said: "I will have to send them home to my mother."

Some one had given the little fellow three cents, but he had run back and given them to his grandmother. "'Cause there is no one working," he said, "And I have to give her everything I get."

Many pleasant letters are being received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, regarding the work at the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. These communications show a heartfelt interest in this labor of love, Mrs. Adelia S., of La Grange, Ind., writes:

Please accept in Jesus' name three dollars, for the most forlorn waif you can find, for the ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. My prayer is, that with God's blessing many may be brought to realize the beauties of a pure, noble, Christian life, through the influence of the Home.

Another friend, in Kansas, sends five dollars, saying:

I trust the lessons taught the children while there will be so impressed upon their youthful minds by the Holy Spirit, that they may take root downward and bear fruit upward to the praise and glory of God, the Father.

Mr. John S., of San Francisco, writes:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has afforded me an opportunity of doing some good to those who are not so well circumstanced as I, by showing me that there are so many children in New York in the condition in which you picture them. The six dollars which I enclose, is just a partial return to God, of that which he has bestowed upon me.

Dr. O. W. J., of Richmond, Va., encloses six dollars:

To be used to give two needy children ten days' joy at Mont-Lawn. The blessings of our dear Lord go with this little gift. I am an invalid and a great sufferer, but I wish to do what little I can to help bring the light of eternal life into these little lives. Whatever we do we must do now, as we pass this way but once.

Mrs. Margaret L., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sends three dollars. She writes:

A few young women are willing to contribute their mite toward bringing sunshine into some child's life. I pray God will touch the hearts of many who have enough and to spare, that they may send many children to enjoy the sweet country air and the beauties of nature, suggestive of the summer-time of life. As the young women's representative. I enclose three dollars for one child.

God's Heroes

HEROES have never been lacking in the cause of God in any age of the world. There have been times of darkness, when the whole world seemed to be given over to the dominion of evil, but in no time has God been without a witness. Moses, Joshua, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezra, John the Baptist, Paul, and in later times, Luther, Knox, Savonarola, Wycliffe, and a host of others, have dared to declare themselves on the side of righteousness, against overwhelming adversaries. Their names have been crowned with honor and have gone down in history with a lustre which can never fade. Men have only to look into their own hearts, to discover the reason why such men are honored. We know whether we are equal to such a task as they undertook. There is in most men a shrinking from a stand, in which not only strangers, but those near and dear hold aloof. It is the solitariness of such a stand that chills the heart and robs a man of courage.

Yet are such men really alone? When Elisha prayed for his timid servant, a host of angelic protectors was revealed. So it has ever been with the valiant representatives of God. Angels they may not have seen, but they "endured as seeing him who is invisible." God does not always interpose to save them from suffering and death. If he did, there would be no merit in their championship. They knew that they might have to undergo torture and to lay down their lives in the struggle, and with that knowledge they took their position, determined to be faithful unto death. The records of the martyrs show that they received divine support in the conflict. Like Stephen, they saw in the hour of their death a vision which sustained them in their suffering, and turned their apparent defeat into a triumph.

If God be for us. One of the most thrilling scenes in history is that of Luther standing before the Emperor and the assembly of princes at the Diet of Worms. Huss had been burned in spite of his safe conduct, and there were men in that Diet capable of treating Luther in the same way. They had been assured that there was no sin in breaking faith with a heretic. Yet, there stood the poor monk alone, declaring simply that he could do no other, and would not retract. Happily for him and for Germany, he was snatched from their power and was permitted to complete his work.

It is God that justifieth. Knox was another heroic soul. He was blamed for the harshness with which he treated his beautiful Queen. But there was no other way of treating Mary, unless Scotland was to be betrayed. Better that one woman's heart should be wrung and one woman's tears be shed than that a whole country should be sold to the Pope. Mary was amazed at the bold front of the man. Her nobles ridiculed and scorned him, but Knox never quailed. His conscience told him that God justified him, and in the end he was vindicated, though in the galleys and in many a crisis death came very near to him.

Distress or persecution. A great writer describes a scene in the dormitory of a famous school. A new boy was there and had undressed. Some twenty big boys were laughing and talking and romping, when the new boy knelt down by the side of his bed to pray. There was instant silence as of wonder. Then a laugh at the "Young Christian" and a shoe was thrown at him. The new boy, girlish as he looked, had courage which none of the older boys possessed. He found a champion who protected him, and soon, other boys, encouraged by his example, did as he did.

More than conquerors. The story is told of a young man, who, in the days of the Civil War, was the only one of his set who did not volunteer. People looked askance at him as a cowardly citizen, and even the girl he loved turned from him with something like contempt. Yet the young man had good reason for not going, and showed more moral courage than some who were in the ranks. The time came when in the draft riots in New York it was put to proof. When a certain house was surrounded by a howling mob, who insisted on the colored servants being brought out to them, and were threatening to smash in the doors, this young man who had been taunted with cowardice, opened the door, stepped out on the stoop, closing the door behind him and there stood alone, declaring that not one of the men or women within should be given up. It was a deed of daring all the greater, because he stood solitary against hundreds, and not a soul was there to give him support.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 21. Rom. 8: 31-39.

Called Higher

Frances V. Lucas, daughter of Johanna and Francis was born in Coles county, Ill., Dec. 12, 1836, and died in Fisher county, Tex., July 15, 1904. On June 25, 1868, in Davis county, Iowa, Frances V. Lucas and Hamilton Foster were married. To this union were born nine children—five boys and four girls, of whom eight remain to mourn their mother's death. At the age of fourteen, sister Foster was happily converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ever lived faithful to God. She was steadfast in religion, and a great blessing wherever she went. Her husband says of her, "She was the most perfect Christian I ever knew."

At her old home in Person county, N. C., on June 14, 1904, Mrs. Adelia Overby entered the Christian rest. She was seventy-eight years and eleven months of age. She had been a Christian for more than fifty years. She was one of the faithful members of Virgilina Baptist Church for many years. Her life was beautiful and a benediction to others. She was ever willing and ready to do what she could to advance the cause of Christ. In all her afflictions, which were many, she never murmured or complained, but was humble and submissive to the divine will.

GOT IT

Got Something Else, Too.

"I liked my coffee strong and I dr k it strong" says a Penna. woman, telli a good story, "and although I had he aches nearly every day I just woul believe there was any connection betw the two. I had weak and heavy sp s and palpitation of the heart, too, and though husband told me he though was coffee that made me so poorly, did not drink it himself for he said it not agree with him, yet I loved my cof and thought I just couldn't do without.

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Deep, deep as the grave,
Floating out on the midnight air,
Stealing forth on the pave;
Low, low, they tell of love,
Boundless as ocean's wave.

Sweet, sweet, as a mother's song,
Pure, pure as her love,
Out on the night from the mission door,
A voice from Heaven above,
Pleads from the depths of the organ's soul,
The hearts of men to move.

Down, down, in the reek of sin,
Where tides of mis'ry flowed,
Where hopeless lives in anguish reaped
The harvest folly sowed,
The Master looked with pitying eyes,
His heart with mercy glowed.

Light, light, is the magic touch,
On each responsive key,
Hope softly speaks to weary men,
Who cry on bended knee,
"Lord, Lord, to thee I come,
Be merciful to me."

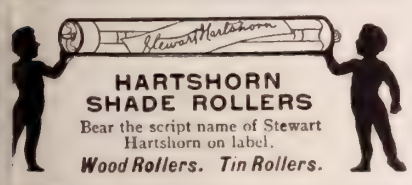
Loud, loud, peals a glad refrain,
The voice of the organ sings,
And to each penitent heart bowed low,
In trumpet-tones it rings,
While the Father, 'round each contrite soul
A mantle of pardon flings.

Mute and pulseless lie the keys,
Awaiting the loving hands
That nevermore their touch will feel—
Silent the organ stands.
His Father spoke—the player heard,
And bowed to God's commands.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

How Prayer Brought Protection

Mrs. L. G. P., Bakersfield, Vt. A little over year ago, my son was in Australia. He was ompanion to a young man for whose health long sea voyage had been prescribed. They ent in a sailing vessel. They sailed from oston, May 11, 1902, and after a short stop Buenos Ayres, they sailed to Australia by ay of Cape of Good Hope, and had a rough, erilous voyage. Constantly my heart was go- g up to God in prayer in their behalf. One ght I seemed to see Jesus walking about that essel, as in pictures I have seen him walking the sea of Galilee. and he placed his hand it, and commanded the vessel to ride safely rough wind and wave, free of reef or hidden cks, until it reached its destined haven. hen I fell asleep like a tired child, trusting y Saviour. The first letter which came from y son, written during the voyage, said: "A range thing happened when we were off the gged rocks of Cape Horn. Down in this ozen region of icebergs and blizzards, the nd had been sweeping towards the rocks such a threatening way, that for several ghts the captain said to us: 'You had tter not undress, for if anything should appen so that we have to take to the boats, ou wouldn't have time to dress.' Beside the cks, we were in imminent danger of being ashed up against icebergs. But the wind ddenly calmed down at this point dreaded all the navigators, and we had the most ghtful day we have had since we sailed. was soft and balmy like a spring morning home." Now, that beautiful calm day—the ty of my visit—I claim as my token from e Lord that our prayers were heard, for at was the locality that always seemed to me up in my mind when praying. Your cor- spondent, C. A. T., was right in thinking, whatever is to be obtained in this life is al- gether due to our own exertions," only th the whatever somewhat modified by ine providence. And, as in the material rld so in the spiritual, our own exertions ust be made. The pearl of great price is to found in the Word, but only by the dili- nt seeker.



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Tested on Carmel

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ISRAEL failed, when God, through his prophet, put to them the question: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him" (I. Kings 18:21). Not one of them stood out on the Lord's side as Joshua had done at Shechem, when he said to the peopie, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Josh. 24:15). Baal was proved to be a false God, but how should Jehovah be proved to be true, when not one man of his chosen nation, save Elijah, dared to brook the wrath of Ahab, and the unpopularity involved in bearing witness to the true and living God? Had Elijah gone through a less intense school, had he not been shut up to God for those three years and a half, had he not seen the dead raised for the first time in the history of man — he might not have been fitted for this supreme moment. It is alone with God that battles are fought against the powers of darkness. The God whom the prophet had proved in his contest with death itself, over the widow's son, would not fail him now.

Elijah had learned how to wait God's time; he let the foolish prophets go on, hour after hour, with their senseless appeals to a god who was not, until the evening drew near; and then he who had come near to the people, called them, now that they were disillusioned, to come near to him. As he had taken command of the king, he now takes command of the people; and they obeyed. In the presence of king and priests, false prophets and people, he "repaired the altar of the Lord, which was broken down." He took twelve stones, for every tribe must have its representative stone, and thus repaired the altar, building it in the name of his God and Israel's. How the people must have watched him! What searching of heart, what shame and remorse, must have possessed them, as they saw once again an altar reared to Jehovah, the God of Abraham and of their fathers! But what is he doing now, as he digs a trench about the altar, sufficient to contain two measures of seed? And as he puts the wood in order, and cuts the bullock in pieces, and lays him on the wood, and says, "Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood." What was this? Was it not fanaticism to make it as difficult as possible, indeed almost impossible, for fire to kindle on the altar? Was not this fool-hardiness? Might it not be considered tempting God? The event will show.

But the prophet did not stop there. He said, "Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water." And now we get the clue to this strange proceeding: "And it came to pass, at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy Word." This explains all. God had told Elijah how long to wait; God had told him to prepare the altar and the sacrifice. God had told him to dig the trench and to pour water over the sacrifice three times; and God is responsible for all which he commands. A prophet fears nothing which is done in obedience to God; he only fears to disobey.

Pastor Stockmayer, in his little book, *At God's Disposal*, says regarding this: "Here lay the secret of the prophet's power, and the victory at Carmel; all had been done at the Word of the Lord. We cannot compel the powers of darkness to come before us that we may fight the Lord's battles, and plead the cause of God; we should be crushed by them. We cannot provoke scenes like this on Carmel. The instrument must be prepared, everything must be ordered, all must be done at God's bidding, in his hour, in his way, and in his spirit. The instrument must be so sanctified that he will not move either finger or tongue save at the bidding of the Lord. Otherwise there will be failure, and the powers of darkness will triumph over the efforts of the Church.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Fall River, Mass. "I want to acknowledge God's great goodness to me in answering my prayers at all times. I have never found him to fail me in time of great trouble. What a mercy that we have him upon whom to lean for help and strength."

Old Subscriber, Pittsburg, Pa. "I always look for answered prayer column first. I add my testimony here. God has heard my prayer and brought back a wayward child. Praise his holy name."

V. M. J. "I am trusting in the promises of Christ, my Saviour, to remove the whole burden or he will give me strength to conquer. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee.' Sometimes I have prayed and the answer has been so direct that I cannot doubt. Work and do all you can, then pray and trust God for the rest."

Mrs. G. E. H., Amherst, N.H. "I have always been much interested in the list of answered prayers and wish to add my testimony to that of others, of a prayer hearing and answering God. I know he has answered my petitions many times."

E. C. "I wish to bear testimony to 'tangible' answers to prayer. I have received for myself and family a most remarkable answer to prayer, and in the midst of a great sorrow have received this blessing and grace and strength to bear."

Mrs. A. E., Salt Lake City. "I want to add my name to the list, as I have had my prayers answered a great many times, and I know when we trust God and believe he is able to answer our prayers."

Mrs. S. L. T., Tenn. "I want to acknowledge the goodness and faithfulness of my Heavenly Father in answering prayer. He has answered many for me in behalf of my dear children. I will still trust him. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. E. E., Huntsville, Ala. "I took my troubles to the Lord in prayer. I prayed most fervently. My burden was lifted. I feel now my Saviour heard and answered my prayer. I thank God most heartily, and will do all I can for his cause. Trust and don't give up. He will surely help us."

L. A. J., Hayesville, Ia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer. I had long been praying for the conversion of my husband. The Lord heard me and gloriously converted his soul."

P., Portland, Me. "I had a difficulty to meet, and I prayed for God's help, promising that if I was helped I would so state among the Answered Prayers. We sometimes think we are not helped out of troubles by prayer, but we are if we only have faith. The help came in answer to prayer."

G. T. "I know that God answers the prayer of faith. Being encouraged by those who have testified, I took my trouble to him. He heard, and I am well. Praise his holy name."

Della K., Amarillo, Texas. "If you keep his Commandments, read his Word, and continue in prayer, 'ye shall ask what you will and it shall be done unto you.' He answered a prayer for me that was impossible with man; but praise his name there is nothing impossible with God."

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"Well I ate some for breakfast and pretty soon the lady called to see her 'patient' as she called me and asked if I had tried her advice.

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"'No,' I said, 'I do not know as I do, the only difference I can see is I have no sour stomach and come to think of it I haven't spit up your four teaspoons of Grape-Nuts yet.'

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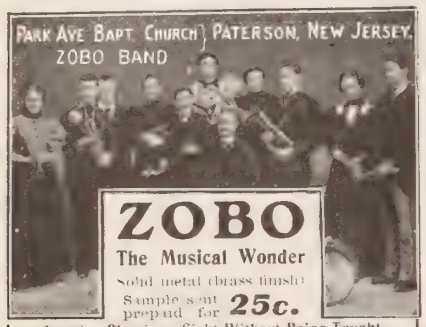

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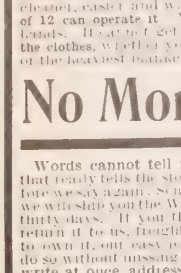

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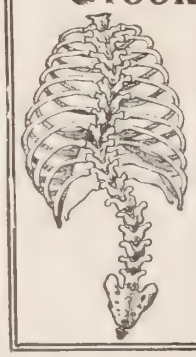

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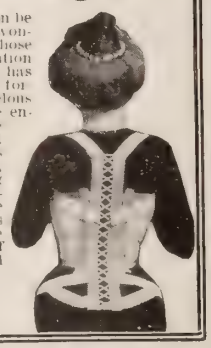

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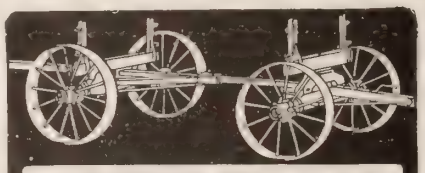

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SEE PAGE 703

Off to the World's Fair! --- Visitors Leaving Grand Central Depot, New York

Questions & Answers

Jacob K., Galton, Ill. 1. Under what circumstances did Missionary Stevens lose his life in Mexico, some twenty years ago? 2. What action did the United States take in regard to his martyrdom?

1. Mr. Stevens, the first missionary of the American Board in Mexico, was killed by a mob at Almaluco, in 1874. One of his first converts shared his martyr's crown. The Board has now a strong mission with many workers, a number of churches and large congregations. 2. On Nov. 6, 1875, a letter was received by the Foreign Secretary of the Board, from the Department of State at Washington, which had brought strong pressure to bear upon the Mexican Government. This letter stated that five persons had been executed, in compliance with the sentence which condemned them to capital punishment, for the murder of Mr. Stevens.

S. A. K., Helena, O. You refer to the kingdoms of Israel and Judah; were they not one kingdom?

They were one kingdom under Saul. There was a division for a short time after his death (see I. Kings 2 : 11). They were united under David and Solomon, but divided on the accession of Rehoboam, son and successor of Solomon (see I. Kings 12 : 1–23). Judah and Benjamin remained faithful to the House of David, but the other ten tribes seceded and made Jeroboam king, and were known as Israel.

Regarding the Problem of the Poor, this letter comes from a reader in Evansville, Ind.:

Every one knows that the problem of the poor is to gain enough to eat. Their ambition is necessarily pulled down almost to that and nothing more, except for their children, whom they hope to educate and prepare for better things. I certainly speak with confidence when I say the trouble is not drink, not land options, not buying on instalments, but the cruel fact that men are not all employed enough of the time to properly support themselves and those who are and should be dependent upon them. There is enough willing labor going to waste in this country to make it blossom as the rose, yet we hear about the waste of everything but that. Yet our leading men can find no remedy but to do something for foreign lands in the way of commerce. Until our land is a paradise, there is no excuse for helpless poverty, and the conditions to-day are a disgrace to humanity. There should be a way provided somehow so that the poor man thrown out of work to-day, would be sure of work to-morrow at living wages. When he loses a day from useful employment it is a loss to the public.

N. O. S.

R. R. D., Cortland, Ind. Are two definite works of grace necessary to salvation? A preacher here contends that a second blessing is to be expected, and no one can be saved without it.

You have probably misunderstood the preacher. The sanctification which follows justification is the blessing he doubtless refers to. When a man believes on Christ, he is justified and becomes a child of God. His salvation is assured from that time; but he has to be made holy, to be trained and disciplined and made fit for the Master's service. This blessing does not always come at once, but is often a process continuing through life.

Reader, Mulberry, Kans. Of how many warships, cruisers, torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers, is the United States navy composed? Does the United States Navy possess any submarine boats?

The United States has in commission, or under construction, 24 battleships, 10 armored cruisers, 27 unarmored steel vessels, 38 torpedo boats, 16 torpedo boat destroyers, and 8 submarine vessels.

J. M. J., Cedar Falls, Ia. 1. How many people have been massacred and suffered bodily injury and loss of property in Russia, on account of their religious belief, in the last quarter of a century? 2. Have not life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness been secure in Japan during the last quarter of a century? 3. Is not a nation to be judged by its fruit the same as an individual, to determine whether it is, or is not conforming to the Christian religion? 4. Have not some of the prominent citizens and many of the common people of Japan declared their preference for the Christian religion?

1. No accurate statistics available, but the total, including Jews, Stundists, Zemstovs, and others, must run well up into the thousands. 2. Reasonably so. There were occasional periods of opposition to Christianity during the years following the revolution of 1868, but since that time the missionaries have made remarkable progress. 3. Yes. The attitude of a nation may, however, be the reverse of that of many individuals in that nation. Japan has been growing more and more tolerant of the new religion. 4. A considerable number of high-class Japanese are among the converts. Some of the leading generals and admirals in the present war are said to be Christians. The same can now be said of a few, at least, of the leading educators. The Christian census of Japan in 1903 was 42,400 communicants.

D. M. P., Norfolk, Va. Pushkine, Nekrasoff, Derzhavin, Lermontoff, Dimitrieff, and others, are well-known to students of Russian poetry. Write to Scribner's, New York, for translations.

R. J. M., Detroit, Tex. I am in doubt as to my duty in tithing. I had to sell some stock to pay expenses of illness and funeral. Ought I to give a tenth of the proceeds?

Do not needlessly distress yourself about the law of the tithe. The Christian is left free in that matter. If his heart is right, he will give freely, and will not worry about exact divisions. He will probably give more than a tenth, but will not follow the old Pharisaic system. In the case you mention, we think a tenth is not due. You will lose the income from the stock, and will therefore be so much the poorer. You are not expected to tithe your capital, but your income.

Reader, Pemberton, Pa. Will any length of courtship compel a man, by law, to support a girl, if he has never promised to marry her?

No. A promise, or an implied promise of marriage must have been made, in order to afford basis for an action for support.

W. F. L., Fair Grove, Mo. 1. Did all the ferocious animals dwell peaceably together, and feed on vegetation before the fall of Adam? 2. Is anthropomorphism taught in the Bible?

1. There is nothing on the subject beyond what the Scriptures give in Genesis 1 : 28-31, which affords reasonable ground for the inference that all the living creatures were in pacific subjection to man, and were at peace among themselves before sin and violence entered the world. 2. It is nowhere taught, or even suggested, in the Bible. The anthropomorphites, a sect of ancient heretics, held the belief that God had a human shape and talked in human tones, because they fell into the error of interpreting the Bible in a literal sense. The Mormons are the only anthropomorphites to-day. The ascription of human attributes to Deity was the natural result of the limitations of human thought and speech, and this method has often been employed by scientists, writers, and philosophers to convey a clear impression to human minds; but it is simply to be regarded as literary license, and nothing more.

W. A. W., Central City, Ia. In Sunday School we are being asked questions about Jeroboam and other kings. Would not teachers be better employed trying to save the souls of their pupils?

The teachers are following the course of lessons selected for them by the Lesson Committee. A wise teacher will try to draw from an Old Testament subject, lessons that will be of use to his pupils in the present day. People act in our times on the principles that proved so fatal to Jeroboam, and it is well that children should be warned against them. Human nature continues the same from age to age, and if the teacher shows how an ancient king offended God and was punished, he may make the incident a warning that may lead to the salvation of souls.

J. S., Paterson, N. J. Has the experiment of a Y. M. C. A. Health Farm for consumptives in Colorado proved a success or otherwise? What are the facts? What is the cost of a tent?

It has proved a remarkable success. Mr. Danner, the superintendent, informs us that there are now forty-two tents occupied; that the total number of patients admitted to the Farm since it opened has been eighty-four, of whom thirty-two have been cured, and now occupy positions. Four sent home greatly benefited, twenty-nine now in residence and improving in health and weight, several are still in hospital, some have gone to live with friends after receiving great benefit. Only three have died since the Farm opened. The Farm is now firmly established and growing every year. Write to W. M. Danner, 1731 Arapahoe Street, Denver, Col., for all information.

Reader, California. 1. Does a child legally adopted thereby lose all claim to heirship in the property of the natural father? 2. Does the child's becoming of age affect his case?

1. No. Adoption does not deprive a child of its birthright and inheritance. 2. No.

Subscriber, Burlington, Ia. Do you not view with alarm the present influx of foreign immigration? Is it not a menace to posterity? Should we not preserve whatever advantages we now possess for our children, rather than to donate them so liberally to the thankless, ignorant paupers, which Europe and the steamship emigration agents are unloading upon us? Is our duty not to our own posterity first, then to the world? Are there any Anti-Immigration Leagues in any of our towns or cities? Where can I obtain statistics pertaining to immigration?

We do not think there is any real cause for alarm. Our immigration laws exclude the criminal, the physically defective, the insa and the pauper, as well as the anarchist. T tendency is to make these laws still mo rigid. With these precautions, all that t Old World may send, can be readily absor ed by our population without the slighte danger. Ignorance is not a crime, but a m fortune, and here, in a free land, and und better educational auspices, the illiteracy one generation is wholly overcome in t next generation.

Subscriber, Ocala, Fla. 1. Please tell me the exa date of Robert Raikes' birth. 2. When was t first Sunday School organized? 3. Wh shall I address a letter to Margaret E. Sar ster?

1. Sept. 14, 1735, Gloucester, England. In Gloucester, 1780. 3. Care of this office.

Minister, Chicago, Ill. A young man in my co gregation wishes to join the church. He is all respects eligible, and is, I believe, a co verted man; but he does not believe in the m acle of Jonah and the fish. I have argued, t cannot convince him. Ought he to be admitt while rejecting a plain Bible statement?

We would advise you to admit him. Gi him all the help you can, in his endeavor lead a Christian life, and let him aid you your church work. We know that belief this particular miracle is often treated as test question, but it is not so good a one whether a person loves Christ, and is trusti in him, and is making the law of Christ t rule of his life. To insist on his accepting statement that he does not believe, as a co dition of his admission, may do him a serio injury and deprive you of a valuable work

CHRIST AT BETHANY

THIS beautiful picture, which once graced a cover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now offered in enlarged form to a limited number of our readers at a greatly reduced price, with a view to making it available to Sunday School teachers for distribution among their class members.

With deep thankfulness, the Christian reads the brief references to the Bethany Home that are given in the Gospels. It is a relief to know that our Lord and Saviour did find at least one home in which he was a welcome and honored guest. This picture relates to the first of the visits of which there is a record in the Bible. (Luke 10 : 38-42.)

The demand for the picture, when we originally placed it upon the market, was so great that nearly the whole of the first large edition was disposed of almost immediately, at 25 cents for each and every copy.

The lot which we now offer is the balance then unsold, and at the price mentioned below they are a veritable bargain. Sent out in tubes, with undamaged delivery guaranteed, we are offering them in lots of six for **only 25 cents.** No less than six will be sold to any one customer; that is, we are offering a half-dozen pictures at the same price at which we formerly sold them singly.

If you wish to succeed in securing one or more packages of six at **25 cents** per package, order to-day, as it is needless to say such a bargain will not go begging. Please bear in mind that we fully prepay postage. Also remember that each picture is **14x18** inches, lithographed in **10 colors** and **gold,** and printed on **plate paper 17x21 inches,** especially adapted for framing.

Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Dept., Bible House, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

E. S. W., Aurora, Ind. We believe Pomero who was known as "the boy fiend," is still livin and in prison.

H. M. T., Custer, N. D. Riding astride is co sidered neither as graceful nor as hygienic as t side-saddle for women.

R. F. T., Elamsville, Va. Repeatedly answer in the MAIL BAG.

Mrs. C. A. P., Syracuse, N. Y. We know t claim has been made that Lincoln was a spiritu ist, but it has never been conclusively proved, a there is now very little likelihood of determini the matter.

Miss B. P. C., Irvington, N. Y. No, it is n where forbidden in the Bible, but marriages b tween those who are related by blood are objectio able for physiological and other reasons. T offspring of such unions are frequently degenera

Mrs. P. A. V., Amesterdam, N. Y. 1. You shou visit City Hall, Brooklyn Bridge, Liberty Stat Central Park, the Zoo, Grant's Tomb, Fifth A nue, Astor Library and various other places. We have no opinion on the matter.

Mrs. David Bellot, Fletcher, Fla., and W. Gray, Ashland City, Tenn., will send a quantity reading matter to any mission or Christian work who will pay freight.

A. H. W., Des Moines, Ia. Write to Librari Astor Library, New York.

Reader, Van Wert, O. Regret we cannot gra your request. We only print the current sermo of to-day.

Inquirer, New York. The Senate Committ meets in Utah to continue the Mormon inves gation.

Mrs. Ella S. B., West Becket, Mass. The da ger with such a movement would be the widespre tendency to imposition. It would be hard to d cide who were worthy and who unworthy.

Reader, Baltimore, Md. Yes, it is asserted Gen. Kuroki's nephew, Josake Oshima, that t general is of Polish descent, and the son of a Poli refugee, who found asylum in Japan after t Polish revolution of 1830, when thousands were e patriated by Russia.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

ABOUT PRAYER

Matthew 7 : 7, 8, 11	I. John 5 : 14
Matthew 18 : 19, 20	I. Peter 5 : 7
Matthew 21 : 22	Philippians 4 : 6
Mark 9 : 23	Hebrews 4 : 16
Mark 11 : 24, 25, 26	Ephesians 6 : 18
Luke 18 : 1	Colossians 4 : 2
Luke 21 : 34, 35, 36	Romans 8 : 26
John 14 : 13, 14	Psalm 50 : 14, 15
John 15 : 7, 16	Psalm 145 : 18, 19

D. F. E.

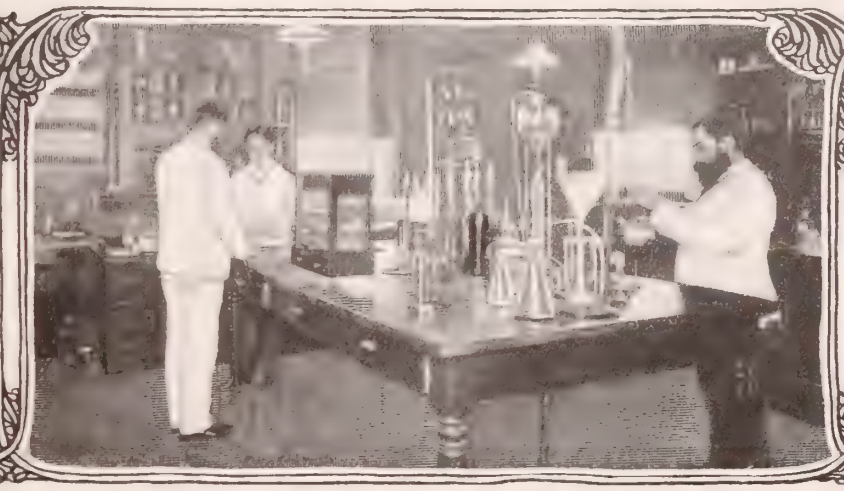
NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

PREPARING THE SERUM

CULTURE-PREPARATION IN THE LABORATORY



DRAWING THE SERUM

TO SAVE THE LITTLE CHILDREN

A New Serum Said to Have Been Discovered, which Neutralizes the Most Dreaded Scourge of Infancy

WHEN it was announced, sometime ago, that John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in America, if not in the world, almost heart-broken by the death of his little grandson and namesake from that dreaded scourge of childhood, cholera infantum, had offered a reward of one hundred thousand dollars to anyone who would discover a specific that would successfully combat this disease, the medical fraternity and scientists generally were deeply interested. It is estimated by the health authorities of the leading cities that seventy per cent of the deaths among children of five years and under are due directly to this disease, which sweeps through the land in the summer months with the virulence of a plague. So universal have been the sorrow and the heart-suffering from this cause, that it may be truthfully said, in the language of Longfellow:

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.

In all the great cities, and especially New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, the ravages of this infantile scourge form a very considerable portion of the annual mortality. Yet science, in its praiseworthy efforts to investigate the sources of disease and to avert pain and suffering, has confined its energies largely to adult afflictions, and childhood—weak, tender and helpless—has been comparatively neglected.

Quite recently it was again announced, that Mr. Rockefeller had decided to take a step farther in the direction of stimulating science to the consideration of the great problem of childhood and its sufferings, and that he purposed devoting a million dollars toward the erection of a great institute in New York, which would in fact, be a huge laboratory, covering two city blocks, with the most complete provision that could be devised for pursuing bacteriological investigation. With all the wealth and power at his command, the money king had not yet been able to crowd out of his heart the sorrow he felt over the death of his little grandson. He believed that if a part of his colossal fortune could be employed successfully in combating the great enemy of infancy, and in saving the lives of the little babes, it would bring joy to the hearts of fathers and mothers everywhere. Thus far, no detailed account of his plan has been given to the public.

But while the doctors and bacteriologists on two continents have been stirred up by the new prominence given to this special avenue of scientific inquiry, there were several who had been quietly conducting experiments of their own on purely humanitarian lines and without the slightest hope of pecuniary reward. As a result of these experiments, it is now claimed that a specific for the infantile scourge has been found and is now in use. The following, written especially for this journal by Dr. William H. Lippert, physician in charge of the Edward Martin Pasteurized Milk Laboratory, and consulting surgeon of the Christian Settlement, University of Pennsylvania, describes the discovery and the method of using it:

SLUM CHILDREN, SUBJECTS FOR SERUM TREATMENT

"A long and careful investigation of the cause of cholera infantum led Professor Simon Flexner, President of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, to decide that the specific cause of the disease was the *bacillus dysenteriæ*. Proceeding with the hypothesis that the particular bacillus, isolated by the Japanese scientist Shiga as responsible for the acute and subacute dysentery of the tropics, was the enemy to be attacked, Dr. Flexner directed the H. K. Mulford Company to prepare an anti-dysenteric serum from the blood of horses immunized against this bacillus. The treatment of these horses has extended over a period of nearly three years, and from them a curative serum has been procured, which Dr. Flexner's experiments demonstrate to be of the greatest value in saving infant life.

"The patience required in preparing this agent for the saving of child-life may be imagined, when it is said that it requires from one to two years to completely immunize a horse against the dysentery bacillus. The horse is used in the production of serum for these reasons: He is comparatively free from disease; he enjoys a high degree of natural immunity to dysentery, and he yields a fine quality of serum in considerable quantities."

After describing in technical terms the method of procuring the serum, the writer proceeds:

"During the progress of the experiments that led to the adoption of the anti-dysenteric serum as a curative agent, guinea pigs of a certain weight were injected with small and accurately measured quantities of the serum. It was proven that the serum protected the guinea pig against the dose of bacillus culture previously injected. Stronger doses of serum were found to show distinct protective and curative properties against stronger doses of the bacillus culture. Repeated experiments prove that perfect protection is afforded by subcutaneous injections of the serum of a horse immunized against the *bacillus dysenteriæ*." The writer adds: "It has been found that the earlier the serum is used, the greater the chance for complete immunity against further inroads of the complaint.

"It is reported by Shiga that anti-dysenteric serum is being used in the Japanese army. It is also being prepared for the Russian government to prevent epidemics of dysentery. It is both an immunizing and curative agent."

Let us hope that the new discoveries, which may be ranked with those of Koch and Pasteur in their peculiar fields, may yet prove a boon to humanity, and a means of saving the precious lives of many thousands of children, who would otherwise pass away in infancy.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

FUTILE HIDING-PLACES

TEXT — GEN. 3: 8:
"And Adam and his wife hid themselves"

"WHERE was the Garden of Eden?" is the theme of a never-ending discussion. Some think its site was at the North Pole. The site of the Garden does not, however, concern us so much as the event which took place there. Man was put on his trial in that Garden, and he failed. The consequences of his disobedience have come down to us, for all his descendants have been deprived of the blessings which would have been theirs had he obeyed God. I do not wonder that the sterile region around the North Pole should have seemed to many a fitting scene for the catastrophe. In the course of the ages, it may have been that the glory and fertility of Eden may have been transformed into a region of ice and snow. Many have tried to penetrate it, and have failed.

It seems as if the guardian angel, with her sword, who once stood at the gate of Eden, saying to the first ancestors of the human race, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," stands to-day with the same warning message for the children of the twentieth century. Her garments of the white "wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold," have been changed for the long flowing robes of spotless snow. She is perhaps the same sentinel, although her wardrobe of springtime has been thickened into the heavy toga of winter. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," speaks the forbidding angel to the Franklins, and the Pearys, and the DeLongs, and the Nansens of the present day. The "Dark Continent" of Africa has had its explorers; but so far the "White Continent" of the Arctics has never had its Henry M. Stanley to enter the farthermost retreats of the Polar bear and the walrus, and to open up the hermetically-sealed caskets of the mastodons, and the mammalia of the by-gone millenniums.

Where was Eden?

Some think the "Garden of Eden" was fragrant with the flowers of a continent, which once stretched between the Old World and the New. Exploring parties have gone forth, and have claimed that they have located with their sounding-lines the lost Atlantis. They assert that the islands of the New Hebrides are only the highest mountain peaks of that famous continent, which was sunken by tidal wave and engulfed by earthquake. Some claim that the "Garden of Eden" was in Persia; others, that it was watered by the onflowings of the mighty Nile; others, that it was in India; and still others that it was in Central China. But here to-day, in the words of my text, we are not concerned with the site of the "Garden of Eden," but with the conduct of our first parents after they had sinned. No sooner had Adam and his wife eaten of the forbidden fruit, than they hid themselves, as frightened hares hide themselves in the jungles of the forests from the baying hounds. The voice of God calling them to confession of their sin, was a summons to judgment which they would have evaded if they had been able.

Our first parents hid themselves after they had sinned. That is always the impulse of the conscious sinner. He shrinks from meeting the God whom he has offended. A famous writer once declared, "The sins of the Garden of Eden are as old as the dawn of creation; yet, like the rising sun, each day they are ever fresh and have new applications for each changing hour." The theological terms supralapsarianism, and infralapsarianism, and sublapsarianism — whether "God's foreordination started before man, or with the fall of man, or after the fall of man"—may offer exciting themes for doctrinal discussion in a young minister's seminary course. They have not, however, any practical interest for an American audience of the present day. What we first want to do is to find out how Adam and Eve sulked away into the Edenic jungles to hide themselves, after they had eaten of the fruit of the "forbidden tree." Then to ask whether living men and women are not now acting in the same way in trying to conceal themselves in similar hiding-places. I want to show them how vain are such attempts at concealment from the omniscient eye of God, and by the help of the Holy Spirit, to woo them from their retreats and lead them to bend in humble contrition at the foot of the Cross. There, there is pardon and cleansing for the sinner, and there may the vilest and most polluted be sprinkled with the blood which will make them whiter than the driven snow.

Modern application the first: We find Adam and Eve hiding away from God in the "Garden of Eden" when we see men and women shunning the faces of those whom they have wronged. We find the satanic retreat of the first Paradise in the skulking feet and the averted gaze and the conspicuous absence of those who, after they have injured a brother, flee his presence even as the prodigal son when he desired to do wrong, planned to take his goods and leave his father's house and go into the far country where he would not be in the presence of his parents, whose hearts the wayward boy was breaking. It is a peculiar but incontrovertible fact, that sin, no matter whether spasmodic or habitual, produces a sense of humiliation and degradation in the presence of its victims whom it has deceived or injured. Thus Herod, the tetrarch, although he was a great Roman governor, trembled when he thought the beheaded John the Baptist was risen from the dead. Thus Gertrude, Hamlet's mother, fled from the room in which she and her guilty paramour, King Claudius, saw the tragedy enacted of the death of her murdered husband. Thus the erring husband always wants to seek the companionship of any person rather than that of his wronged wife. The dissolute father feels a coward's humiliation when he looks into the clear, honest, blue eye of his son, who may not be at that time over fifteen years of age, and who could in no way injure his parent if he would.

Conscience-Stricken Refugees

Oh, sinner, let me prove to you that you are now like Adam and Eve, hiding in one of the Satanic retreats. Why do you dislike Mrs. So and So? She was the wife of one of the best friends you ever had. Has she wronged you? No. The reason you dislike her and never want to be seen in her companionship, is because that dead friend left you the executor of his estate. You mismanaged it. You criminally mismanaged it. You used her money for your own benefit. If that widow had wanted, she might have put you in jail. Now, you hate her. You never want to meet her. Not because she has wronged you, but because you have wronged her.

Why is that life-time friendship between you and your old school-chum broken up? You were both born in the same country village. You grew up together. You played ball together; flew kites together; went fishing in the old brook together; sat side by side behind the same school desk, and ate your lunches out of each other's baskets. You came to the city on the same train; lived in the same boarding-house, and went to work at the same city store on the same day. Why are you estranged? I will tell you. You both fell in love with the same girl. In order to win that girl's affections, you lied about your old friend. You circulated evil reports about his past life, when you knew that no squarer, truer man ever lived. You said his family was not respectable, when his mother used to be a second mother to you, and helped nurse you when you were sick. You hate your old school friend, not because he has done an injustice to you, but because you have done an injustice to him. By the very reason you shun men and women, who have done you no wrong, I know you have done them a wrong. "Adam and his wife hid themselves," not because God hated them. They hated God, because they had disobeyed God and eaten of the "Forbidden Tree." Beware, oh man, how you flee your innocent victims. You are now shunning them in Satanic hiding-places.

Sin to Cover Sin

But again, I learn that our first ancestors sought other refuges besides leaf and flower and clinging vine and tree trunk. But sin never tries to cover up sin by the curtain of leaf alone. Sin always tries to conceal sin behind the bulwarks of other sins. Thus, when Adam and Eve hid themselves from the presence of God in the Garden, they tried to conceal their sin with the sin of falsity. They pretended they did not hear God when he called. They tried to conceal sin by saying, "The reason we have not answered thee, oh God, is because we were unclothed, and dare not appear before thee naked as thou did'st create us." They tried to conceal sin in exactly the same way as thousands and tens of thousands of living men try to conceal sin with sin. Ah, the "poisonous ivy" behind which Adam and Eve concealed themselves was not an arbor of oak, but an arbor of lies and deceits. If they had spoken the truth, they would have said, "The shame we feel, the shame that forced us to hide ourselves from thy presence is due to our consciousness of wrong doing." But one sin involves committing another to hide it and another to hide that, until the sinner is buried under a mountain range of infamies.

How does man try to conceal his first sin behind a mighty bulwark of many sins? Here is a young man who has been brought up in a country home. He was raised up right. He had his first Gospel lessons instilled into him at the family altar, in the Sunday School, and in the church pew, where, as a little child, he used to be taken to hear the service, and wo sleep through the long sermon, clasped in his mothe arms. Away from home, he falls into bad compani ship. He gradually gets into the habit of spending evenings in billiard halls, and his Sundays on excurs trains and picnic parties. He drinks a little. He pl cards a little. He dresses a little better than he afford. He runs a little in debt. One night, while s ing some of his companions gambling, he says to h self: "Why cannot I make a little money that way?" is a collector for the store. He plays and loses. plays again and loses. He feels again for money in pocket. Now his cheeks pale and

His Hands Tremble

for his fingers have touched the envelope which longs to his employer. He says to himself: "I m win. I will borrow five dollars and pay it back v soon." He plays again and loses. Again, and lo What is the result? The next day he dare not conf so he doctors his accounts. He keeps on using ot people's money, until at last, one night, in order to c ceal his past sins, he forges. Then all the infernal gions clap their hands for joy. At last they hav new victim. The law places its heavy hand upon t young man's shoulder. A striped suit, and a penite ary cell, and a broken-hearted mother are the resul the sinner trying to conceal his sin behind a bulw of many sins.

But why invent a parable to illustrate my thoug We can, if we would, find a conspicuous illustration the history of our own country, by following the do ward path of one whose name might have been am the most honored in American history. All intellig men women and children in this audience have spo the name of Benedict Arnold with execration and c tempt. Living or dead, the sentence which this em tered exile spoke to the fugitive Charles Mau Talleyrand, who was asking him for letters of introc tion to friends in America, is true. "I am the only n born in America, who fought in the American war liberty, who has not a friend in all America. I Benedict Arnold, the traitor."

A Traitor's Fall

But, to-day, I do not see alone Arnold, the traitor. do not see merely the betrayer of West Point. I first, Benedict Arnold, the hero of Ticonderoga. I Benedict Arnold, the hero and commander of the w derful expedition against Quebec, which in 1775, midwinter, marched through the Maine woods. I Benedict Arnold, wounded before the walls wh Wolfe fell, and where Montcalm breathed his last. see Benedict Arnold of Lake Champlain and the C queror at Ridgefield, Conn. I see Benedict Arn who fought in the first battle of Saratoga and Bene Arnold, the Phil Sheridan of the second battle of S toga, who turned the ebbing tides of defeat into flood-tides of a victory, that submerged Burgoyne all his troops. Then I see this wounded hero, Be dict Arnold, wounded the second time at Saratoga, ing appointed to the command of the City of Phila phia, to rest there until his wounds healed. Then I the aristocracy of the American Capitol making a a social lion of this hero of heroes. Then I see Be dict Arnold running into debt to pay the expenses his social triumphs, and not knowing how to extric himself. Then I see him led on by sin to conceal until at last he had to do something to save him from financial as well as social disgrace. Then I him, as a last resort to conceal sin, trying to ba away the citadel of American independence, W Point. Ah, my friends, when Benedict Arnold sta on his downward path of extravagance, he never tended to be a traitor. His attempt to betray W Point, was merely the culmination of a long series attempts to conceal sin. Beware of the first glass, first lie, the first taste of the fruit of the Forbid Tree. Oh, yes. But more than that, beware of folly of trying to conceal sin with sin.

Evading Responsibility

But as we push our way through the flower gard and the hedges of Paradise, and see our guilty an tors standing before God, I find that they are not v ing to leave their hiding-places of sin, even after embowered roofs and the curtains of leaves have b torn aside, and the guilty pair are compelled to con that the fruit of the Forbidden Tree has been pla against their lips. Even now, they are both tryin conceal sin with sin. What is the man trying to Why, he is trying to throw all the blame of his upon his wife. What is the woman trying to do? is no better. They are both tarred with the same bl pitch of meanness. Why, she is trying to throw

ame of her sin upon the serpent. The man said: The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave e of the tree and I did eat." The woman said: "The ser-nt beguiled me, and I did eat." The young Adam of e present day says: "I am not to blame for my sins. am a fatalist. I believe all my evil desires were in-rited from my ancestors, and they are to blame, and t myself." The young Eve of modern times, lifting e glass of wine to her lips just before her doom, says: am not to blame. Other people drink. Every one my friends drink; therefore, they set me an example must follow. They are to blame, not myself." The ung drunkard blames the saloon-keeper for selling m the whiskey. The saloon-keeper justifies himself pleading that the voter approves of his having a ense to stand behind the bar. Just as in a great rail-ad accident, the trackman blames the switchman, and e switchman blames the conductor, and the conductor ames the engineer, and the engineer blames the super-tendent. So in our sins, we are trying to conceal sin passing the responsibility on and on and on and on, til at last we persuade ourselves that we are free from blame, and that the guilt of our sin belongs to some her power or circumstance nearly or remotely con-cted with us.

A Criminal's Complaint

I believe, in many cases, the responsibility of sin ay be placed upon other shoulders than upon the ad of the one who has to suffer. That was a terrible dictment Peter Neidermeyer, the Chicago bandit irled at the churches, when, in April, 1904, he stood der the shadow of the gallows, and said: "It is all ell enough to pray with me now, but it is too late. Who e my two companions and myself, about to die? We long to the great army of the poor, miserable, social itcasts. We grew up in the slums, half-starved and ways miserable. We work day after day like slaves, die miserably. If the churches did something more r those who need their aid in the struggle to earn a ing, they would do more good than they can by con-rting men about to be hanged." Ah, yes, there was thunderbolt of terrible truth, hurled in that one say-g by a man who was facing eternity. But, though in me cases, the responsibility of sin may be placed on other shoulders, this was not true of Adam's sin. was not true of Eve's sin. It is not true of your sin. is not true of my sin. God is willing to give you and e enough spiritual strength to resist any temptation ich confronts us, if we only go to him for help, he was ready to help Adam and Eve. And, my ends, in reference to our own sins, let us have the anliness to acknowledge them. In the courts, even a criminal earns the contempt of his fellows, when, as they say: "He pleads the baby act." The way to forgiveness is by humble confession, and there is no other way. If a man will not take that way, he ought to realize that he is dooming himself to destruction, that excuses are of no avail, and that he himself and no other is responsible. Never charge your doom upon your mother, your wife, your child, your surroundings, when you have no one to blame but your own sinful self. Do not try to conceal sin with cowardly words such as those which Adam uttered, when he said: "Yes, I sinned, but the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Inexpressibly contemptible was this cowardly excuse, and the woman caught the infection. She would not bear the responsibility for her own and her husband's sin, but attempted to fasten the entire blame on the serpent. Ah, no! Excuses and evasions wither in the presence of the Great Judge. Be open, be true, acknowledge your sins, and He is faithful and just to forgive your sins and cleanse you from all unrighteousness. It is he who tries to justify himself by accusing others, who will be condemned.

But why should our first ancestors have concealed themselves in their hiding-places of sin? Why should they have run away after the fruit of the Forbidden Tree was eaten? Why did they incriminate each other and the serpent after they were brought forth from their arboreal retreat? Did God want to destroy them, as so many seem to think? I confess that, in my younger days, I used to picture God as a tyrant, a monster, when he was seeking those two frightened, fleeing sinners. I used to think his voice was harsh and condemnatory; that the call, "Adam, where art thou?" had in it the roar of a wild African lion, starting forth at night to seek his prey. But a few years ago, my mind entirely changed in reference to this, for then I heard a great English preacher say, "This call of God in the Garden of Eden was not the call to death, but to life. God's call, 'Adam, where art thou?' was the pleading call of a sorrowing father seeking a lost and a wayward child." It is the same kind of a call the Pilgrim Fathers used when, as a searching party, they went forth into the dark woods seeking a lost child. It is the same call that you would give if your boy were lost in the jungles of the Indian hills. Then you would call, "My child, oh my child, cannot you hear my voice?" As God was calling to our ancestors to come forth out of their hiding-places of sin and they would be forgiven, God the Father, is calling to you and to me: "Come home, ye wearied and lost sinner, come home. Come home." Will you not hear his voice and heed his call?

Thus we started this sermon with a garden, we are going to end it with a garden. The Apostle Paul sees in the story of our first homestead a wrecked and disorganized animal and vegetable and ichthyological and ornithological and human world. He leads us to see how the whole creation—the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea and the beasts of the forests and the flowers of the fields—were influenced through and had their natures

Changed by the Sins of Man

Once, love reigned everywhere. Now, life is dependent upon the "survival of the fittest." The eagle begins to mount higher and higher and higher, not to come nearer to the heavens to see God, but that on account of the greater altitude, he can have a wider horizon to swoop; that with his keen eye he may see the helpless dove afar off, into which the feathered murderer can plunge that terrible beak and rip and tear and slay. Once the trees as lovers stretched forth their arms of branches, and with rustle and moan talked to each other, until for very love they trembled with delight. Then it was affection, wooing affection, and tenderness, enchanting tenderness. But now the batteries of the storms are unlimbered and the thunderbolts are aimed at their hearts. Now the mighty forest giants, not as lovers, but as dying warriors, groan and totter and fall. Once the lion and the lamb lay down side by side to sleep. But after the sin of man, the caress of the shaggy brute was the prelude to a bite, by which the helpless lamb was gashed and torn, and became a meal for its foe.

But this is not the end. The same inspired writer tells us that the time will come, when creation itself, also, "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Then shall the day of universal peace dawn, which the ancient prophet described, when not only will men cease from war, but the animal creation will cease to devour one another; and again, "the wolf shall also dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the cow and the bear shall feed, and their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw with the ox; and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy temple, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas."

Oh, my brother, will you not believe that this call of God the Father to his wayward children, may mean a paradisaic, an Edenic, and a redeemed world, glorified with love on the land, in the heavens and under the seas. Will you not heed the Father's call, which is to-day seeking you, even in your shameful hiding-places.

The Wonderful Growth of Deaconess Work

DEACONESS service had its inception in American Methodism in Chicago, seventeen years ago, when a Deaconess' Home was established, with eight members, and Miss Isabella Thoburn (who also had the distinction of being the first Deaconess in the foreign mission field), as its first Superintendent. Its history of struggle and experience is as interesting as any romance. That noble band of

A VISIT TO A SLUM HOME

women, feeling that "service is the keynote of the heavenly kingdom," struck a chord that has swelled into a mighty chorus of effort, and developed into many divine harmonies of service and succor.

From that humble beginning have grown, at home and abroad, nearly 200 institutions managed by Deaconesses, 1,224 in number. In the United States are forty-eight Deaconess' Homes, and sixteen training schools, twenty-two hospitals, where the sick and dying are ministered to, both physically and spiritually, four orphanages, three Old People's Homes, and one Home for Incurables, where the helpless are tenderly cared for; several Settlement Homes in our larger cities, and one in Porto Rico, besides one Immigrant Home, and nine different branches of work among the foreign population in as many cities. In Europe there are twenty-one homes, hospitals, and stations, and there are a number of boarding schools, homes, and institutions in China, India, and Africa.

This is only in one branch of the Protestant Church. The Lutheran, Episcopal, Evangelical, and Baptist Churches in America, and the Church of Scotland, Church of England, Wesleyan, and Lutheran in Europe, have established and maintained Deaconess work for years, and all these testify to the devotion and great helpfulness of their Deaconesses. The Congregational is the latest to adopt the movement, and has established this year a training school in Chicago, and a Deaconess Home at Pana, Ill.

What is a deaconess? Bishop Thoburn says, "She is a woman bound by no vows, shut in by no prison walls, and kept from the sunshine by no barred doors; but she enjoys the largest liberty, and engages in a work sanctioned on nearly every page of the New Testament." She is a costumed, unsalaried officer of the church, giving herself and her whole time to the work of the Master, a ministering angel of mercy to the tired, hungry, discouraged, sin-sick, longing soul. Without earthly compensation but filled with the holy "enthusiam of humanity," she endeavors not only to feed the hungry, clothe the needy, and educate the ignorant, but to bring to the sinning soul a sufficient Saviour.

The New York Deaconess Home and Training School was founded in 1889, since which time nearly $10,000 has been given towards its support. It has sent many workers to foreign fields. It conducts a Working Girl's Home on Seventeenth Street, where girls who earn not more than six dollars a week, can have a good room and board, with the influences of a Christian Home, for not more than three dollars per week. It has also carried on for the past nine years Fresh-Air Work at Long Branch, where a large and commodious cottage, given by Mr. John S. Huyler, five hundred mothers and children are entertained each season. The Training School occupies, with the Deaconess Home, a large five-story building on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-Sixth Street. Its object is to furnish to young women a thorough two years' course of practical and theoretical instruction, preparatory for Deaconess or other Christian work. The course of study in outline is: The Bible and all related subjects, such as Church History, Sociology, Christian Missions, and Evidences of Christianity; Normal work and industrial training; medicine and nursing, music and physical culture. There, under efficient teachers, the best lecturers the city affords, and the advantages of personal study of the social conditions of the poor, the student develops into a capable, costumed officer of the church, or becomes a Christian missionary, going out to do God's work among his needy ones.

IN TRAINING OF DEACONESSES

Many calls come for workers that cannot be answered, and many demands for their work that cannot be supplied. More workers are urgently needed. The fall term opens September 14th. Further information will be gladly given by application to Miss Florence Slusser, Principal, 1175 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Crisis in the War Near at Hand

JAPAN'S NAVY DEPARTMENT, TOKIO

EVENTS in the Far East indicate that the war is rapidly approaching a critical stage. Simultaneously with the tightening of the naval and military cordon around Port Arthur, several of the outer forts of which are now in the hands of the Japanese, the triangular investment of Gen. Kouropatkin's forces in Mauchuria by the armies of Gens. Kuroki, Oku and Nodzu, has been pushed home with such vigor that the Czar's troops have been compelled to retreat along the whole line. On July 28 the Russian front extended some thirty miles in a semicircle, from a point near New Chwang northward, with the railroad as a centre. Within three days, by hard fighting, the Japanese drove the Russians back at all points, capturing the important fortified city of Haicheng without a blow, and reducing the Russian semicircle one-half. On August 2, Kouropatkin's forces constituted a compact chain, curving from Liao Yang on the north to Anping, thirteen miles east of Liao Yang. With grim determination, the Russian commander had contested every inch of ground in a series of rear-guard actions, in several of which heavy losses were sustained on both sides.

Though there are no correspondents at the front on either side, as far as known—the news despatches coming almost wholly from St. Petersburg and Tokio—it is believed that the losses in this series of engagements have been heavier than any incurred in a single week since the war began. On the Russian side were 70,000 troops opposing the Mikado's united forces, aggregating 220,000.

Much of the fighting took place in a temperature of 120 degrees, both armies suffering frightfully from the heat, which followed the recent rains. In the battle at Simoucheng, in an altitude of 1,900 feet, the Russian line extended ten miles—the heights being held by two divisions with rapid-fire guns. The Japanese lines extended fifteen miles, and drove in the enemy, after repeated attempts by the latter to outflank the Japanese left. In this fight the Russians lost 400 men and six guns, and the Japanese 100 men. In capturing the Yangtsu and Yushu passes, the Japanese sacrificed six officers killed and sixteen wounded, and 950 men killed and wounded, and the Russians lost still more heavily.

In a despatch to the Emperor on August 2, Gen. Kouropatkin, admitting defeat, said: "Our troops have retired from Haicheng along the road toward Anshanchan. The movement was accomplished in perfect order, and the enemy did not disturb us. The terrible heat has caused many sunstrokes, and measures have been taken to diminish the equipment the troops have hitherto been obliged to carry." The decisive battle of the campaign is regarded as probable, if the Japanese energetically follow up their preliminary successes. The losses have been heavy on both sides. Between 6,000 and 8,000 men is one estimate given of the Russian losses. All the estimates, however, are little better than guesswork.

The Czar has Ominous News

Another despatch of a semi-official character, from St. Petersburg, says: "It is reported here that Emperor Nicholas has just received a telegram at Peterhof, containing alarming news from the seat of war. The Czar is said to be greatly depressed. It is also reported that Viceroy Alexieff, who had gone to Harbin on his way to Vladivostok, returned to Liao Yang to confer with Gen. Kouropatkin regarding the situation. All newspaper specials from the front are suspended. According to a message received from Harbin, Gen. Kouropatkin has ordered the removal from that place of all useless civilians, in order to provide the greatest possible accommodation for the winter quarters of the Russian army."

This would indicate a general Russian retreat northward to Harbin, the military stronghold on the railroad and the point of connection for Vladivostok. On the heels of this news, comes the intelligence that a fresh Japanese force of 20,000 men has landed at Yinkow, the port of New Chwang, and is marching toward Liao Yang to take the retreating Russians on the right flank. Whether Kouropatkin will make a stand at Liao Yang, or even at Moukden, is now a matter of pure conjecture. Up to the present time, the Russians hold the railroad, and it is not unlikely that Gen. Kouropatkin may succeed in withdrawing the greater part, if not all of his forces, to the north, in spite of Kuroki's energetic efforts to cut him off, by interjecting two divisions of Japanese between Liao Yang and Moukden.

It is reported that Gen. Yuen, the Chinese commander in Manchuria, has instructed his officers in charge of the Chinese troops west of the Liao River, to prevent the Russians, in the least offensive manner possible, from violating the neutrality of Chinese territory by crossing the river, in case they should be driven back by the Japanese from their present positions. The latest rumors are that Kuroki has 100,000 men north of the line of Russian retreat, effectually cutting them off, and that a stand may be made by Kouropatkin at Tieling, a strongly entrenched position, forty-five miles northeast of Moukden. This story is not corroborated, however, from any authoritative source.

One of the events of the week was the repulse of a Japanese attack on Port Arthur, belated news of which reached Chefoo through Chinese refugees. It is said that both sides lost heavily, and that a Japanese cruiser, the *Kasuga*, was sunk. One report, which is doubtless greatly exaggerated, stated that the Japanese lost 20,000 men in two days' fighting. There is no confirmation from any authentic source of the story of the repulse.

Port Arthur Nearing its Fall

A cable despatch from Tokio, dated Aug. 4, says: "The Japanese noose is gradually tightening around Port Arthur, and their guns are pouring fire into the fortress from a diminishing circle. It is believed that their fire will compel the Russian squadron to leave the harbor, and engage Admiral Togo's fleet.

"It is the current rumor that the Mikado has expressed a desire that the capture of the fortress be effected with the smallest possible sacrifice of life. Hence the care and precision in approaching the defences, and the extensive use of the larger engines of war in clearing the way. Otherwise it is considered that, as the Japanese infantry will go anywhere and refuse to retire, whatever its losses, Port Arthur could have been captured before now, but only with a heavy sacrifice of life. It is said that the Russians have been driven back to their last line of land defences, and that the Japanese have 350 guns in action.

"Twelve Russian destroyers, four torpedo boats, and several gunboats emerged from Port Arthur on Monday night, Aug. 1. The Japanese destroyers on guard before the port gave battle, and there was a brisk engagement for twenty minutes. Then the Russians were driven back to port."

A Chefoo correspondent says that the Japanese positions at Port Arthur are exposed to the fire of the forts, and that the besiegers must either advance or evacuate the positions. On the other hand, a despatch from St. Petersburg says that the Ministry of War is in possession of information, that although several thousand Russians have fallen in the recent engagements at Port Arthur, there is no immediate danger of the fall of the fortress. The forts on the northern and northwestern front are almost all held by the Russians who dealt terrible destruction upon the Japanese in their recent attacks.

ENTRANCE TO ADMIRAL TOGO'S HOUSE, TOKIO

Britain's dispute with Russia over the Red Sea raids is still unsettled. Damages have been paid by the St. Petersburg Government for the detention of one British steamer—the *Foxton Hall*—but the cases of the *Knight Commander* and other vessels are still in abeyance. It is believed that the Red Sea raids will be continued and war risks on shipping have reached very high rates in London. The Vladivostok fleet is still raiding at intervals. A German steamer and two Japanese vessels are reported to have been sunk recently by Admiral Skrydloff's warships.

One of the most interesting despatches concerning the recent land battles, is that from a correspondent, who claims to have witnessed the second engagement at Motien Pass, when the Russians made a desperate attempt to recapture it from the enemy. He writes:

The Japanese outpost companies were forced from these trenches after bayonet fighting, to the summit of the line of hills forming the highest ridge of the range where is the entrance to the Pass. Half way between the trenches and the ridges, and about parallel to them, runs the road upon which is located the temple. The fiercest fighting was focused about this temple, which the Russians held for about three hours, in spite of a rain of bullets from the opposite ridge. The Russian dead and wounded were thick about the temple.

When the sun dispelled the fog, at about 9 o'clock, the Japanese made quick work of the affair. The white coats worn by the Russian officers made them conspicuous targets for the Japanese. The Russian firing was altogether in volleys, while the Japanese fired at will. The Russian troops kept in close formation, but the Japanese soldiers deployed in extended order. It was plain that the Japanese soldiers were possessed of much greater initiative and dash than the Russians. The engagement was a fair test of the capacities of the two forces, and the result of it was that one Japanese regiment of three battalions, only two of which were on the firing line, defeated three Russian regiments, in spite of the fact that another Russian regiment was held in reserve. The Russians employed their artillery much more than the Japanese did theirs.

CROWDS CHEERING GENERAL OYAMA'S DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT

The Russian Baltic fleet of eight warships has left Cronstadt on its way to the Far East. It is surmised that some of the vessels may be detailed to watch for and seize vessels carrying contraband. Several steamers from the United States, carrying submarines for the Japanese Navy, are now believed to be on the way, and will be watched for by the Russian cruisers probably in the Mediterranean, or the Red Sea.

Mr. Frederick A. North, an American educator, who THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will doubtless remember as one whose interesting and instructive letters of travel have occasionally appeared in these columns is now in Japan. He writes from Tokio, to this paper enclosing a photograph of the departure of General Oyama and his staff from the Mikado's capital, for the seat of war, on July 6. Mr. North himself took the photograph from the vantage ground of the station roof and it is probably the only pictorial presentation of the incident secured with the camera. The same correspondent also forwards photographs of the Japanese Navy Department Building and of Admiral Togo's residence. The latter is an inconspicuous house on a quiet street. Mr. North is now on his way to the military front in Manchuria.

A FRONT VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING

PLAZA NEAR THE LIBERAL ARTS AND EDUCATIONAL BUILDING

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Midsummer Days at the World's Fair

NTEREST in the great Fair at St. Louis continues unabated. Judging by the number of travelers who throng the principal railway stations, and the number of tickets sold for the Exposition dy, it would seem as if travel in that direction would on reach its maximum. Not only is the traffic on t railroads immensely heavy, but many persons owni automobiles are making the journey westward at tir leisure, oblivious of time tables, and of the thousid-and-one annoyances inseparable to a long jourry by rail in midsummer.

One of the pleasantest features connected with the Iir is the hospitality dispensed by the various State lildings. Of these buildings that of New York stands s·ond to none. It is built upon an excellent site, on t· plateau of States, and it has been said that for l uty of architecture, splendor and appropriateness of ointments, the New York State building surpasses a the others. The building is simple but extremely nified in design, of Italian architecture in colonial tatment, every detail having been carefully carried out.

The grounds about the building have also received scial attention, and there are many beautiful beds of fwers. These, with lily-ponds and rare shrubbery, ake the place very attractive.

The exhibits of New York are many and varied. ere are elaborate exhibits from the State Departnt of Public Instruction, and the University of the ate of New York. In the public school exhibits contoutions are shown from twenty-four cities and varics villages. Every normal school in the State is resented, and many training schools and classes; so there are many interesting features from technical al trade schools. In the art department of the Expos on, statistics show that New York has very nearly e-third of the total domestic exhibit.

New York has a greater number of varieties and sple exhibits in the Agricultural Department, than a other State. It also has the largest exhibit in Hort ultural Palace, by several hundred plates, and also re than twice the number of varieties of any other State, and is the only State showing pears and grapes.

Cheap touring rates have made a trip to St. Louis within the reach of many, who, but for these arrangements, would have to forego a visit to the Fair. Many have set their faces Expositionward, and through the months of August and September crowds of excursionists will surge through the great stations and terminals, all *en route* for St. Louis.

ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF MINES

Every day the management plans something of special interest. Children's Day on August 2, was one of these occasions. Thousands of children enjoyed the day's events. The parade, in which children of every nation were represented in their native dress, was a most interesting spectacle. The Grand Marshal of the parade was a little boy, who came into prominence not long ago by stopping President Francis at the Administration Building, and asking him if he were employed there.

President Roosevelt's two sons visited the Fair recently, and young Theodore expressed himself as very much pleased with what he had seen in his sojourn at the Exposition. He said: "We have seen the entire Fair, with the exception of the State buildings, the New York building being the only one we visited. We viewed the Pike from one side to the other, inside and out."

Particular interest centres about the Japanese exhibit, which shows the remarkable progress of this remarkable people. Despite the fact that while they were engaged in a dreadful conflict, which might mean almost death to them as a nation, Japan's exhibit was the very first one to be completed and put in order, in fact, was the only one entirely finished on the day of the opening of the Exposition. The Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee, for the protection of women and girls going unattended to the Fair, has done good work, in preventing many inexperienced women from falling into the hands of unscrupulous persons. The Committee has put in circulation hundreds of thousands of circulars of warning, and directions to young women traveling alone, and is still hard at work, doing all that is possible to guard women and unprotected girls.

Copies of circulars of instruction and directions may be had by sending address to Dr. Anna L. Brown, secretary and treasurer of the Exposition Traveler's Aid Committee, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or to Mrs. M. S. Hopkins, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

LIFE AMONG CHINESE WOMEN

A LETTER FROM MRS. ANNA KRISTENSEN, KUIN-CHEO, CHINA

MY husband and I are living in the very heart of China, laboring under the auspices of the Norwegian Lutheran Mission. I have wondered whether the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has cheered us by its weekly visits, and encouraged us in our loneliness, would not like to know something of the scenes that we witness here. I send you three specimen incidents in connection with my own work among the women, which will show you how sad is the lot of our sex in this heathen land. Perhaps some of our sisters in America will remember these poor creatures in their prayers, and us, too, who are often discouraged.

My husband and myself are the only witnesses for Christ in Kuin-Cheo, a heathen city, with more than 30,000 inhabitants. Through our servant, we became acquainted with a poor Chinese girl, sister to our servant, who had been engaged to be married to a heathen boy not far from her home. The boy was known to be of a terrible temper, but as the girl belonged to a poor family, and the boy to well-to-do heathen, her parents thought it very fortunate for their daughter. In China all girls are engaged through their parents or guardians. This girl had not been married to her husband many months before we heard that she was dead. "She had taken opium," was her husband's story, but her people feared there was some other cause for her sudden death, so the mother asked me to go with her and see the dead body, which I did. A more horrible sight I have never seen. Her face and body bore marks of a cruel beating. She had been brutally murdered. But there was no redress. The husband could not be punished.

Another young girl who had been given to her mother-in-law while a child, committed suicide rather than become the wife of the boy to whom her parents had contracted her. The girl, she was not yet sixteen, and had worked hard for years for her mother-in-law. It wanted only one month of the marriage ceremony, but she could not bear to go through it, so she took a knife and cut her throat. The mother-in-law, worried over losing the useful little servant so soon to become her daughter-in-law, sent for me to save her life, but it was too late. She died that night.

A few days ago I was called out to two women, who had taken opium with the intention to kill themselves. The first one I was called to was an old lady between 50 and 60 years of age. After a long while, I succeeded in making her bring the poison up again. She got very angry when she learned she was going to live a little longer; but after some talk with her, she quieted down, and thanked me for coming and saving her life. She has been here several times, and heard about the love of God to the lost world. I pray that God may save her soul.

The other woman was a young mother, about 28 years of age. Her husband, an opium smoker and a real bad man. He was the real cause for her taking opium. But they called me too late. When I got there the woman was quite unconscious, and her face and hands were swollen up; her face and fingers were getting dark, and her breathing was very distressing and difficult, and it was impossible for her to take any antidote. The poor children—a boy of 9 and a girl of 5 years of age—wept bitterly by the dying mother's side. Poor, poor woman, her marriage was more unhappy than a slave; an untimely death, and no hope for the future. Surely this is the ultimatum of hopelessness. And the poor children left, so to speak, alone in this sinful world, with no one to love or care for them.

O! I do feel that I should like to cry into the ear of every Christian man and woman in the United States this solemn question: "Have you done all you can, by your prayers and means, to help forward the Kingdom of God in this great heathen land?" The above mentioned incidents are but a few of the many thousands of sad facts in this land, of the unhappy lifes of our poor sisters, who have no power to speak against the wrongs inflicted on them, and very few who stand up for their rights.

Then comes the sad fact of infant murder; it is terrible to see how common this is in these parts of China. A baby girl, as a rule, is an unwelcome stranger, and in thousands of cases she is killed as soon as she is born, and then her body given to be eaten by the dogs outside; how dreadful! but what else can we expect from a people who have been in darkness for nearly 6,000 years? Nothing on earth but the power of the Gospel of Christ will ever be able to make China and the Chinese any better.

The work in this place is quite new, but the Lord has been pleased to bless the preaching of Christ here. Quite a number have put down their names and are preparing for baptism. We feel sure that the Spirit of God is working on their hearts. At our Sunday services our little chapel is quite crowded, and we are hoping soon to have a larger chapel in which we could hold our Sunday and weekly meetings. It is often sad to see a crowd of men come for miles from the country to be present at our services, and when they get here, often have to stand outside the door because there is no place inside, not even to stand.

Another real need is the want of a small organ, thus making the singing at our meetings easier. The Chinese are glad to hear music, and I feel sure that it would be a means of real blessing to have an organ at our public gatherings and prayer meetings. So, dear brother, I would ask you to be so kind as to mention this to the readers of your good CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Bishop and the Saloon

THE Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York, a prelate whose many excellent and lovable social qualities have won for him the title of the "good bishop," has lately passed through an experience that painfully illustrates the truth that even the best of good men may go wrong. When the "good bishop" consented to grace with his clerical presence the opening of the Subway Tavern—a so-called model saloon, in Mulberry and Bleecker Streets, New York—he made a surrender to the enemies of society which he now doubtless bitterly regrets, as it has aroused a storm of righteous indignation about his ears.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, however, is disposed to regard the aged bishop as the easy victim of the liquor men, who have succeeded in placing him in a false position on a question concerning which there can be no two opinions among all right-thinking people, rather than as one who has boldly defied the proprieties with open eyes and in the full possession of his senses. Bishop Potter is getting old, and is no longer the keen, wide-awake cleric he was in former years. His presence and speech at the "dedication" of the Subway Tavern—which one caustic critic has aptly denominated "an underground road to hell"—made a spectacle so pitiable that it should be deplored rather than denounced. His own Church, through its leaders, has hastened to repudiate his action, and to declare that he has long since ceased to have important standing with the other bishops, or any influence in church legislation. Consequently, while they view his course with shame and humiliation, they regard it as something for which the Church has no responsibility.

But although the good bishop is irresponsible, and has proved a shining mark for the designing saloon men, the evil of his example and the influence of his extraordinary address cannot be overlooked. It was the first time in the history of our country that a clergyman had so openly and publicly lauded and defended the saloon, and spoken the reverent words of blessing over an enterprise which can have but one outcome—the moral and physical degradation of intelligent human beings. A man of God, whose vows impose upon him the duty of winning men from selfish indulgence to purer, nobler, spiritual lives, should have been the very last man in all the world to stand forth in public, flanked by an array of whiskey, gin, and brandy bottles, and to advocate the vile traffic which is to-day the greatest cause of crime, sorrow, suffering, and debasement known to the human race. Back of that saloon audience, had not his eyes been held by the wicked spiritual influences of his surroundings, the aged bishop might have seen another and vaster gathering—the great multitude of victims whose lives have been ruined by the saloon, and who fill our jails, almshouses, and asylums, or populate our cemeteries. No tavern, were its taproom as large as Greater New York City itself, could hold half that grim assemblage.

Bishop Potter knows New York well. He knows the extent of its liquor trade, and the terrible potency of that trade for crime and demoralization. Yet some of the remarks credited to him on that occasion were so extraordinary, that we might well be pardoned the suspicion that the good bishop's mental and spiritual perceptives had grown dull with the advancing years. "I prefer the word 'tavern,'" he said. "It is such a place that I can take my wife, my mother, and my sister to." And almost in the next breath, he asks, "Are you going to make the saloon and what it stands for, so excruciatingly bad, that a man cannot go into it without losing his self-respect?" He trusted that the Subway Tavern would soon have a *clientele* like that of those European drinking-places where men went with their wives and children to eat and drink according to their means. This, and much more to the same purpose; then, amid the clinking of glasses, the grand old Doxology was sung, and the singular spectacle was at an end.

Bishop Potter's attempt to whitewash the saloon and make it respectable, has excited the laughter of the whiskey men, the indignation of the friends of temperance, and the sorrow of good men and women everywhere. Too far, already, the Church has truckled to the world, and the latest attempt to make the worst vice of the age alluring and attractive and to gloss it over with the sanction of the Church, is outright sacrilege. The saloon and the Church can never go into partnership while the Church has a particle of spirituality left. In ancient times, the cloak of the Greek and Roman priesthood was a cover for Bacchanalian orgies; but we are living in a Christian age, and no attempt to gloss over vice, and accept it as virtue, can ever be tolerated now, in any right-minded community.

The path to social elevation does not lead through the saloon. The man or woman who believes, as Bishop Potter does, that the tavern is a fit place for social relaxation is heading toward the pit that is engulfing hundreds of thousands of victims yearly. Let us hope that his advice may not prove to be the means of bringing to ruin and sorrowful disruption many a home whose members accepted his endorsement of the saloon as "a family resort."

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended or made weak." Excellent advice, and as good to-day as when Paul wrote it to the Church at Rome in the first century. We commend it heartily to Bishop Potter and all advocates of the "moral saloon."

Putting God Out of Mind

MEN try to forget God, to put him out of mind, or to think of him only when by reason of sickness or calamity, or by the approach of death, they are compelled to think of him. How seldom, in our seasons of success, when all goes well with us, do we remember him!

In Shakespeare's *Henry V*, one of the characters, telling of the death of Falstaff, says, "So he cried out and said, 'God! God! God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him that he should not think of God. I hoped there was no need yet to trouble himself about that." And there, as everywhere, the great poet showed his knowledge of the weakness of men.

When the worst comes to the worst, when they can think of nothing else; when their hold on this earth has been loosened, and they are about to take a journey into some other world of which they have had no experience, and about which they have some apprehension, then men cast themselves on God and cry for his help, and send, perhaps, for a minister to show them how to cross the border line into the world beyond.

Why will men thus try to put God out of mind? Rather let us take him into our lives, and live like immortals, as he desires us to live, in the light of his countenance and his blessing, instead of as the beasts that perish.

Warnings to Workers

ONE of our medical journals, commenting on the recent death of former Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and on the death, in the prime of life, of several other prominent citizens, calls attention to the tendency of professional men in America to overwork. It says that the lawyer, the physician and the statesman, having no regular hours of work, such as the working man secures through his Union, is apt to overtax his energies and to continue the strain too long, without a period of rest. He is especially prone to do so here, more than in other lands, because with us life is more intense, and the calls on him for strenuous effort are more insistent.

The warning is needed, for the men who are falling by the way, leave their work unfinished, and their death is a public loss. They are the men we cannot afford to lose. The latter part of their lives would be more valuable to the people, because they would bring to their service that quality which we need more than energy and activity—the wisdom that comes from ripe experience. The aged man is a better counsello a wiser guide, than the young man, who is liable to b rash and impetuous. We are gradually discoverir that fact; and though young men are still demanded the front ranks of the workers, we are learning that f the wisdom that directs, and the advice that is neede in a crisis, we must look to men past middle ag When, therefore, a man so exhausts his energies in h early manhood that he dies at forty or fifty, he miss an opportunity of service, and his country loses by h death.

Probably a greater enemy to longevity than exhaus ing work, is the worry and anxiety that in our publ life are inevitable. The body will bear a great deal work without collapse, but when the work is acco plished by worry, the nervous and physical powers r bel. There come periods when the demand for re and quiet is made, and a man makes a great mistal when he turns a deaf ear to it. It is economy to he it, because a relaxation of the tension has a recupe tive effect. He does more and better work after re than he would have done in his exhausted conditic The relief from the fret and harass gives the nerves opportunity to regain their normal condition, and e ables them to bear a new strain.

There needs, too, in our public life a stronger fai than is often observed in the overruling power of Gc We should not fret and be so apprehensive of comi evil as we are, if we realized that He is at the helm, a that his care is over all his works. The prophet u tered a panacea for all our worries, when he said: "Th wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

The Vindication of Ocean Grove

The following letter has been received from t Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, relative THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S conclusive investigati and refutation of the sensational charge, that Oce Grove had two hundred liquor licenses:

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH,
Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *New York.*

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of July 19th, covering proof article concerning liquor licenses at Ocean Grove, was p sented to the Ocean Grove Association to-day, by its Pre dent, Bishop FitzGerald. After a careful reading of t same, the letter and the proof were ordered to be placed file, and by unanimous vote the Association expressed thanks to you, for the kind and efficient service you h rendered, and ordered that its Secretary inform you of t action. It affords me very great pleasure to comply w the order thus given. Yours very truly,

WM. H. SKIRM, *Secretary*

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY FRED WEISS writes from Tangier, Mor co, that the excitement over the Perdicaris case has not any degree tended to imperil the missionaries, who are doi their work as usual.

—MRS. J. ROBERTS, of Christiansburg, Va., writes us th she is about to open a Home for the Homeless in that neig borhood, where such a work is needed.

—PRIME MINISTER, Count Katsura, of Japan, has giv his cordial endorsement to the proposed work of the Jap ese Y. M. C. A. among the soldiers and sailors in the R so-Japanese war. Every facility has been extended to the workers in the camps and elsewhere.

—THE INTERNATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL for Sund School Workers opened at Winona Lake, August 1. T faculty includes many eminent teachers. No fees are quired, the school being maintained by the Sunday Sch Associations and the Winona Assembly.

—THE BLIND EVANGELIST, Rev. Thomas Houston Philadelphia, lately began a series of meetings in Te Evangel, Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, N. Y., a other evangelists have undertaken to continue preaching the same place at 4 P.M. Great blessing is attending t work this summer in the conversion of souls.

Egypt's Development

TWO aspects of intelligence from Egypt combine to arouse public interest in that country. One of these is the discovery of relics of its ancient civilization, and the other the marvelous de-opment in present order and prosperity. The public rks that have recently been inaugurated, some of ich have been carried to successful completion, ve given employment to the laboring classes of ypt, who for the first time in the history of that ntry, have been regularly and adequately paid for ir toil. The huge monuments which are found in lypt were largely the product of forced labor. From t time of the enslavement of Israel and even earlier, e oppressor's whip was the incentive to servile effort. It now the workers have gone willingly to their task, d have enjoyed an era of prosperity that their fathers lew nothing of. The country itself, too, by the econ-y of administration which the English representa-te has enforced, and by the equitable system of taxa-n adopted, is now emerging from the slough of ancial embarrassment in which it has groveled for nturies. The prospects of further advancement are o exceedingly bright. The dam now built at As-uan, will cause the waters of the Nile, on which gypt depends for its fertility, to spread over an enor-ously increased area, and will cause lands, formerly id, to yield large crops. Thus Egypt is rapidly rising t of its decadence and her government and people alike rejoicing in improved conditions.

The Khedive, whose portrait appears on this page, is young man, capable of appreciating the better times which his country has fallen. He is highly educa-l, being not only an excellent Arabic scholar, but eaking English, French, and German. As a Moham-edan he is a strict abstainer from intoxicants, and, as still more astonishing in an Oriental, he does not use bacco in any form. He is the father of four daugh-rs and two sons, and his wife, a woman of rare beau-, is remarkable for her intelligence. The Khedive's other is also an influential member of his household, d has proved an invaluable aid in straightening out e difficulties which have occasionally arisen between r son and his English advisers.

While the development of modern Egypt has thus ogressed, more light is being gained on its ancient story. Professor Naville, of Geneva, has just dis-vered in an immense rubbish heap at ancient Thebes, small temple of exquisite beauty, which was built in 00 B.C., before the time of Abraham. It had evidently en used as a place for the celebration of the funeral es of the kings and princes. Various tombs were earthed near it. In one of them was found a cake unleavened bread, and several implements of the ker's trade. No bodies were found. Either the Egyptians had not at that time discovered the process of embalming, or the bodies had been cast out by a later generation.

The rule of England in Egypt has been productive of a wonderful advantage to the material interests of the country and to a revelation of its past, of which the Egyptians themselves were ignorant. It would be a matter for thankfulness if it brought also a spiritual blessing to the country and led to the fulfilment of the prediction of the prophet:

The Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord (Isa. 19: 21).

A Wireless Inquiry

From the Cunard steamer *Campania* during its voyage to New York, a wireless message went to London a few days ago. A lady on board discovered that she had lost a number of valuable rings, a watch and other articles of jewelry. She remembered that she had them while staying at a hotel in London and could not remember having seen them afterwards. They had been put, for the convenience of carrying, in a small leather bag. The owner was greatly distressed by the loss and told the captain of the vessel about it. A wireless telegram was at once despatched to the hotel. On the following day the captain was able to tell the lady that her jewels were safe. The hotel proprietor reported that the bag had been found among a pile of empty boxes, into which it had apparently fallen while the Americans were packing. The inquiry and the reply which relieved the owner's anxiety had been cast into space, and had found the persons who alone were concerned in the matter. Such an incident would have been incredible a few years ago, but now it is understood and believed. The time is coming when prayer and its answer, at which many now scoff, will be found to be a profound verity.

I am as one mocked of his neighbor, who calleth upon God and he answereth him (Job 12: 4).

Graded by Illegibility

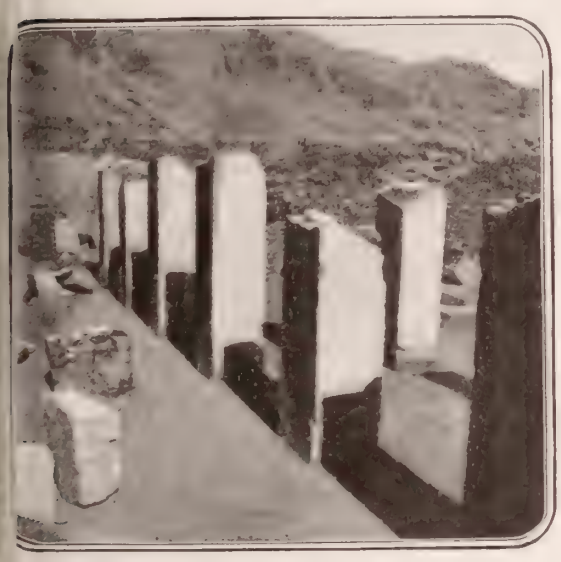
Among the curious methods adopted by the Principals of Public Schools for testing the mental capacity of children is a peculiar one, originating with a Southern teacher. It is that of getting the child to read manuscript written by a bad writer. He thinks the test is almost infallible. He says: "Many systems have been proposed for mental grading, and some ingenious instruments for measuring brain activity have been tried in the North: but I know of nothing better than the handwriting test for all-around capacity. People who have difficulty in reading unfamiliar penmanship are nearly always slow and lazy in every other respect. They may not be lacking in a certain solid intelligence, but their mental machinery runs heavily and ponderously. The power to read poor writing quickly and accurately involves the exercise of a number of faculties. One must have a retentive memory to seize and retain little peculiarities of form, and if the mind is bright and active a great many clues are picked up from the context, the general style, and the subject matter. Then, again, it requires concentration, which is sadly lacking in the majority of people. All in all, it is a capital gauge of mentality, and I use it frequently, without letting the scholar suspect what I am after." Yet it is remarkable that a similar test in spiritual matters often fails. It is not generally the scholar or the mentally gifted man, who sees the handwriting of God in the works of nature, but rather the man whose heart has been touched by the Holy Spirit.

Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them for God hath shown it unto them (Rom. 1: 19).

An Injured Wife's Plea

A pathetic scene was witnessed in the Court of General Sessions in New York last week. A prisoner was brought up for sentence for beating his wife. At the trial she had refused to make a complaint against him; but there were other witnesses to his brutality, and the man was convicted without her evidence. He had broken her arm, and her face showed the marks of his savage blows. When the judge was about to sentence the cowardly brute, the wife interposed. She admitted that he had beaten her, as she found that denial was useless. "But," she said, "I love him. We have been married eighteen years and he is a good husband to me when he is sober. It is only when he does not know what he is doing that he ill-treats me. Please be merciful to him." The judge was deeply moved by the magnanimity of the woman. He reduced the sentence of the prisoner to one year, and said to him: "You are not deserving of any mercy. Your wife asks me to treat you leniently and I will do so for her sake. But I want you to remember that it is not for you. You owe her all the thanks for what I have done." When the sinner stands at the bar of God to answer for the deeds done in the body, happy will he be if he has confided his case to the Advocate whose merits avail for all who trust in Him.

He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them (Heb. 7: 25).



RUINS OF RECENTLY EXCAVATED TEMPLE

ABBAS II., KHEDIVE OF EGYPT

UNCOVERING ANCIENT TEMPLE AT THEBES

EGYPT'S MODERN DEVELOPMENT, AND NEWLY DISCOVERED RELICS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

BRIEF NOTES

A Japanese member of the Salvation Army has been elected mayor of his native town in Japan.

The latest development of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy is the beginning of the erection of a station on the summit of Mont Blanc.

The Spurgeon orphanages have now seventy-six children under training. Since they were established by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, 2,607 children have been maintained and educated in the institution.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Two—Toulon

CHAPTER IX—Continued

AMID FLAME AND SMOKE

THE burning French ships-of-the-line were blazing furiously, sending great columns of smoke and fire into the heavens. The storehouses filled with inflammable material, the docks and other buildings, including the powder magazines, added their quota of flame and smoke to the infernal confusion of the terrible night. The place was bright as noonday. It was like the crater of a volcano. The Republican soldiers under the cover of their batteries, at last mounted the walls. Drunk with passion and enthusiasm they swept through the streets, butchering as they went, driving the helpless populace to join those already congested on the wharves and quays of the water front.

Men women and children were there. A wail of terror compounded from thousands of voices, thrilled and sobbed in the air above the frightened tumult. Those nearest the water's edge stretched out their arms to Macartney in his boat in a vain and piteous appeal; crying to him for help, begging him to take them with him in the boat, offering him anything if he would only rescue them.

"Mr. Hoste," he said to his midshipman, "isn't this awful? I have seen war in many places and in many phases but never like this!"

"The boat would hold two or three more, sir," answered Hoste, the young reefer. "We might take off that many women and children."

"My lad," said Macartney, "to approach any nearer would be instant death. They would overwhelm the boat in a second. We would be swamped. No one would survive. Yet I would give my life to take them all."

As he spoke, a half dozen men, seeing the boat pulling past from the pier-head, sprang into the water, thinking, perhaps, that Macartney would wait for them. The man turned his head away from the struggling wretches.

"You see?" he said to his midshipman.

"Yes, sir. Isn't it awful!"

"Terrible! Put some muscle into your stroke, men!" cried the captain, addressing the oarsmen; "we can't let anyone overtake us."

Even the men, coarse of fibre, rough in character and brutalized, as were the sailors of that day, were profoundly affected by the situation of the people on the quays. The cries of those nearest the water's edge were interrupted by the shrieks and the volleys of musketry, the sound of cannon shots. Above all this could be heard the fierce yells of the Republican soldiery, *"Vive la République!"*

"We are drawing past the frigate, sir," at last ventured Hoste, touching his captain on the shoulder, as he stared appalled at the ruin of the town.

"Men," said Macartney suddenly, "I know my sweetheart is in that town. I want to land at a little private wharf beyond that row of houses, provided there is no mob there. There is an alley that leads straight to the back garden of her house. I can go there and return in ten minutes. I can't order any man to do a thing like that, but I want volunteers. Will you help me?"

"We will, sir," cried the coxswain of the crew. "Am I right, mates?"

"Ye are, Jack," cried one and another. "We'll help the cap'n git his lady."

"Mr. Hoste," said Macartney, "you will take charge of the boat. If it is possible for me to land at all, I shall do so behind that row of storehouses. There is an old deserted private landing there, and I imagine the mob will have forgotten it if they ever knew about it. So soon as I land pull away a safe distance and lie on your oars. If I am not back in ten minutes make the best of your way to the frigate and tell Mr. Frazier that I am killed, and for him to get under way, and report to Admiral Hood that we burned as many ships as was humanly possibly. Explain to him how it was we couldn't burn them all."

"Yes, sir; but hadn't you better take someone with you, sir?"

"It might be a good plan," said Macartney. "Men, I want a volunteer to go ashore with me."

Everybody hastened to offer himself, but the coxswain, a veteran sailor, insisted that it was his place to go, on account of his rank.

"A horseman dashed through the crowd"

"You see, sir," he said, "I'm a sort of first luff on this yere craft, after you and Mr. Hoste, sir, and the first luff allus goes with a cuttin' out expedition."

"You shall come, cox'n," said Macartney, smiling at the quaint logic. "Look well to your cutlass and pistol."

The boat by this time had drawn past the row of storehouses. Back of them was comparative darkness. They screened the place from the light of the burning ships. Into a black, cavernous recess Macartney cautiously steered the cutter. There was a landing-place, an old and disused wharf. A flight of rotting wooden steps led to a small pier opening upon a narrow alley between high, dark buildings on either side.

"Goodbye," said Macartney, clasping the boy's hand. "Remember what I told you. Come, cox'n."

CHAPTER X

CONFRONTING THE MOB

BARING his sword and seizing a pistol in his le hand, in which his example was followed by t old sailor, Macartney sprang up the steps a moved quickly but cautiously up the dark alle Some distance ahead of the pair a fierce blaze of lig shot across the passage-way, showing the first inte secting street. It was filled with a horde of frighten people running toward the wharves. There were soldiers there yet. In the confusion Macartney a the sailor, by a quick dash, succeeded in getting acro unnoticed.

They ran another block and came to a broad street. Here a crowd of men barr their way. From their uniforms it w easy to see that they were Republic troops. An adjacent house was bur ing and the place was as light as da A swift glance put Macartney in pc session of the details of the scene.

At the corner of the street, a litt party stood at bay, confronting the m of soldiery which had abandoned semblance of order and had throv discipline to the winds. Macartne heart leaped in his breast as he reco nized the Marquis de Vaudémont. his hand the vice-admiral held a br ken sword. By his side with up-rais weapon was the young Comte Hono Slightly in advance of the two sto the gigantic Brébœuf. He clasped musket by the barrel and swung lightly in the air with a threatenin movement. Behind these three, wi their backs against the wall, sto Aurore and Louise. In spite of h greater size and strength, Aurore co ered against her mistress. The wom he loved stood erect, pistol in hand.

The crowd surrounding the litt group was growing with each passi moment. Mingled with the soldie were numbers of the wretched galle slaves, scum of society, making go use of their unexpected liberty. The marauders urged the mob to great excesses by their yells and cries.

"Down with the aristocrats!"

"To the lantern with them!"

"Give them a volley men! That end it quickly!"

"No, no, the bayonet!"

"Vive la République!"

The bayoneting of unarmed men a helpless women and children was easy pastime, but there was somethi menacing in the dauntless bearing the old marquis, even though he w practically weaponless, for his swo had been broken a few inches from t guard, and the rest of it lay in t breast of a dead man at his feet; a there was something so threatening the appearance of the gigantic Breto who had already cracked two sku with the butt of his musket, that th gave the crowd a timely pause. The hesitation would be over in a mome however. Indeed, that slow sur toward the wall which would so develop into a rapid rush had alrea begun, when Macartney and the coxswain burst up the scene.

"These are my people! Into 'em, cox'n!" cri Macartney, firing his pistol pointblank into the m and then hurling it at the nearest man.

The coxswain was as quick as he with his pist The crowd yelled in terror and gave way in mad co fusion as the two fell upon them. They were bo big and powerful men, coming forward on the run. ship's cutlass at close quarters is a terrible weapo These had been ground to a razor's edge. The co swain literally cut in two the nearest man. In incredible time they had cleared a space before t marquis and his party.

The vice-admiral, calm and serene as usual, had once perceived the diversion effected by the flank a tack of the two Englishmen. And he had not be

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

lle. Hurling his broken weapon into the face of the earest man he wrested his sword from him, and ith surprising quickness ran it through the man's ody, springing back on guard before anyone could rike at him. Honoré, too, had thrust valiantly at his earest opponent, while Brébœuf had laid about him rrifically with his empty gun. He stood with his gs far apart, swinging it like a flail. The next moent, Macartney and the coxswain ranged themselves the side of the marquis and Brebœuf.

"It's Captain Macartney!" suddenly cried the comsse recognizing him in the firelight.

"You come in the nick of time again, monsieur," id the marquis coolly; "but to little purpose, I fear."

"I can at least die with you," answered Macartney, rning his head as he spoke to let the woman he loved now that his declaration referred particularly and clusively to her.

"They are coming again!" cried Honoré.

With bayonets fixed, the mob swept down upon the tle party. No one thought of firing upon them. Ined, the muskets had been discharged long since and have re-loaded them would have been to lose time. his time they came on in some sort of order. Bayot and cutlass met each other stoutly. Brébœuf got thrust through the left arm, but still swung the barl of his musket—the stock had been beaten to pieces on human heads—with his right arm. The marquis t down the first man, but his sword was smashed by blow from the butt of a musket which knocked him the ground. Macartney instantly sprang in front him and cut down his assailant. The coxswain and ung Honoré did their parts equally well.

After a furious lunge Macartney slipped on the ones of the street and fell forward. He recovered mself by a superhuman effort, but found himself mporarily weaponless. The man in front of him ubbed his musket and attempted to strike him down. pistol cracked behind him and a man fell. Louise d fired, saving his life. Not taking time even to rn his head, Macartney stooped for his sword in the noke, seized it, and went desperately for the next an. But the defenders had been crowded back gainst the wall now, and nothing remained for them t to die fighting.

In the very extreme of their peril, a horseman shed through the crowd, recklessly scattering them ght and left, and drew rein in front of those at bay. e was followed by several other mounted officers ho ranged themselves beside him.

"Well, *mes enfants,*" he cried in a sharp, high-tched, authoritative voice, which was heard distinct- above the noise of the crowd, "what have we here?"

"Aristocrats!" cried a burly sergeant, who seemed be in charge of the mob of soldiers.

"Down with the aristocrats!" cried the little officer stantly.

"Ay, down with them! Down with them!" yelled e crowd.

"They have slain a dozen of our men, citizen cap-in!"

"Leave them to me, my brave friends," said the cap-in quickly. "I'll see they are well punished. There little to be gained from them, and there's a glorious llage further on. *En avant!*"

"Who is he that interposes between us and our ngeance?" cried a soldier suddenly. "Are you an istocrat, citizen?"

"God forbid!" said the little officer, lifting his huge cked hat. "Long live the Republic!"

"This is the officer who commanded the Battery of e Fearless!" cried a young officer near the little ptain.

"Comrades, I was there," yelled a soldier from the owd, striking his breast. "'Tis the very man."

"It's the little captain of artillery!" cried another.

"Ay, he led the assault on the promontory last ght! I was with him!" screamed a third.

"Long live the citizen captain!" roared the mob.

"General, since last night, by permission of the Con-ntion," cried one of the other officers.

The little general looked very small on his huge hite horse. He was very pale of face and slender of rson. He stared at the crowd from his bright eyes, parently unaffected by their enthusiasm and approval. There was something in his glance that moved en strangely. The yelling died away as he faced the ob.

"You know me then, my braves?" he asked at last, uietly enough. "No one serves the Republic better an I. Leave me these aristocrats. There is better lunder further on."

"Long live the citizen general!" shouted one.

"Come on!" cried another from the surging crowd s the cheer died away.

In another moment the soldiers and the people began move along the street. The officer on the white orse turned to the marquis.

"Go," he said, "while you have time! We can't op this slaughter everywhere."

There was a look of pity, of horror, of contempt, pon his handsome face as he spoke. It was easy to see what his opinion was of the laxity of discipline which permitted such scenes.

"This way," said Macartney, pointing down the narrow alley still dark.

Taking the comtesse by the hand, a service which the coxswain performed for Aurore, with Brebœuf and the boy and the marquis in the lead, Macartney urged the fugitives rapidly down the dark street. The next cross street, the only one between them and the wharf, was filled with a larger crowd than the other. They paused in the darkness on the edge of it.

"We shall never win through!" said the marquis quickly.

"We must!" cried Macartney. "Follow me," he said boldly, after a moment's thought. Before him he saw a red cap, the characteristic bonnet of the Republic, lying in the street. He took off his coat and threw it with his cocked hat back in the darkness of the alley. Then he put on the red liberty cap.

"Don't say a word," he whispered to the coxswain as they entered the street. "If you value your life, silence, and follow me!"

In a moment they were in the middle of the street.

"Who comes here?" cried a party of soldiers stopping their progress.

"Vive la République!" instantly cried Macartney in the excellent French of which he was a master. "Behold, comrades, a party of aristocrats I have captured."

The marquis without hesitation instantly gave color to Macartney's assertion by shouting *"Vive le roi!"*

"Way there!" cried a sub-officer, who seemed to be in command, "let the brave citizen pass."

The procession through the street which had temporarily slowed up surged toward the quays again, and Macartney, every sense strung to its highest tension, half led, half forced his party across the street. Just as they reached the other side the coxswain stumbled, and called out as he fell. He was heard, and suspected at once. There was something about the whole party that was suspicious.

"They are Englishmen!" roared a man, catching the coxswain by the shoulder.

The sailor balled his fist, and stopped further explanation by a terrific blow upon the jaw of his enemy. The damage had been done, however. The cry alarmed the crowd, which once more halted and faced toward the alley.

A stout, burly man, with his arm in a sling, forced his way to the front. In the light, the marquis recognized the face of Garron, and that worthy instantly discovered the old man.

"'Tis the *ci-devant* Marquis de Vaudémont!" roared Garron, "and Englishmen. At them, citizens!"

"We must run for it," cried Macartney.

"From this *canaille!* Never!" said the marquis; but the Irishman did not wait a second.

Tightening his hold upon the young comtesse, with his other hand he grabbed the smaller man by the arm, although to do so he was forced to drop his sword. Shouting to the others he plunged down the alley in the darkness. It would have been easy for the Republicans to have caught them had they known just what to do. But, instead of pursuing, those nearest the alley leveled their pieces and fired in the direction of the fugitives.

One bullet cut across Macartney's forehead, covering his face with blood in an instant. Another nicked the arm of the comtesse. Brebœuf got a third in the shoulder. A fourth tore the hat from the coxswain. The rest of the party were uninjured.

A faint scream from the woman by his side apprised Macartney that she, whom he loved, was wounded. Instantly the Irishman released the marquis and picked her up in his arms. He did so on the dead run, not checking his pace for a second. The sound of the firing had taken away from the marquis all desire to remain. His dignity was hopelessly shattered by this time in the wild flight, and he valiantly kept up with the rest.

A few steps brought them to the wharf. The alley was now filled with a mass of soldiers running toward them. The boat was not at the landing, but as they reached it she shot out of the darkness, fairly jumping forward under the eager stroke of her oarsmen.

"This way, men!" shouted Macartney. "Marines, out on the wharf! Bear a hand! For your lives!"

"Hold water!" cried Mr. Hoste from the stern-sheets of the cutter. "Stern all! Ship your oars to starboard there! Now, out with you!"

His readiness and skill had brought the boat to the landing without the loss of a moment. Before she was fairly alongside the marines leaped for the stairs.

"Give them a volley!" shouted Macartney as they passed him. "Lively!"

The alley was dark, but the light from the street behind threw the figures of the approaching Frenchmen into relief. The marines were firing from darkness to the light and their range was pointblank. The whole front of the Republicans went down before the well-aimed volley of the sea-soldiers. The discharge was in the nature of a surprise. The advance of the mob was checked, they were thrown into confusion.

Under cover of the volley Macartney had passed the women, the marquis and the young Comte Honoré to the stern-sheets. The coxswain took his accustomed place in the coxswain's box. Then the sailor called the marines into the boat. Brebœuf crowded among them, the officers scrambled aboard, and thrust the cutter violently from the shore. Macartney stood in the bow and called for the men at the oars, who were all armed with heavy pistols, to pass up their weapons. In a moment the six marines, with himself and Brebœuf, found themselves once more armed.

The Republican soldiers recovering from their surprise came running down the alley and swarmed out on the landing-stage. Beneath them, a few feet away was the boat. The men had broken out their oars and were backing lustily toward the frigate. As they drew past the storehouses they came fairly within the zone of light from the burning ships. A cry of rage broke from the soldiery.

"Fire upon them, men! Fire!" ordered Macartney lifting his pistol

The range was short, and several men fell from the volley which was delivered. The boat had swung around by this time and was fairly jumping through the water, increasing its distance from the wharf at every stroke. The mass of soldiers had previously discharged their pieces. A few, however, ran to the edge and fired at the boat. One of the marines was hit and instantly killed. One of the oars was smashed but otherwise no damage was done. Before another volley could be fired, the cutter was out of range. Macartney called to see if anyone else had been hurt, and being informed in the negative, directed Mr. Hoste to bring the boat alongside the frigate.

CHAPTER XI

THE DASH OF THE "INCONSTANT"

THE *Inconstant* was the last English ship in the harbor. From where she lay she was comparatively immune from the enemy's fire. As soon as she got under way, however, she would be compelled to run the gauntlet of the French batteries. Triumphantly Macartney gave the orders to get under way.

In a very short time after, the frigate was heading straight through the channel with the wind on her quarter, going furiously.

"Very handsomely done, sir," said the old marquis, who had stood back of the captain noting every manœuvre with the greatest pleasure.

"Thank you, sir."

"You will not get past without a shot, though," continued the vice-admiral, his glance sweeping the shore.

"Ay, sir. 'Twill be warm work for the moment. But the ship is a fast goer. We'll soon draw out from the batteries unless they should cripple us by a lucky shot."

"They are poor gunners, these Republicans."

"Yes," said Macartney. "They are learning, however. Perhaps you would be safer below, admiral."

The marquis smiled.

"I never went below on a ship in action in all my life and I do not propose to do so now. But you, Louise——"

"I stay with you, sir," answered the girl.

"Mr. Frazier," said Macartney to his first lieutenant as he handed him his trumpet, "get the men to their quarters. Cast loose and provide both batteries. Double shot the guns. We'll get it from both sides. Let the lieutenants station the new hands among our own crew. We've plenty of men!"

In a moment the grim rattling of the drum beating to quarters started everybody to activity. In a few minutes the first lieutenant reported all was ready. Macartney's glance swept the outer harbor, the entrance to which they were approaching. It would be, perhaps, five or ten minutes before they would be fairly abreast the batteries.

"Hold on as you are, Mr. Frazier," said Macartney turning toward his cabin. "I shall return in a few moments."

"You are wounded!" said Louise putting out a detaining hand as he passed her. "I have watched you—wanted to help you—but you had no time."

"'Tis a trifle, mademoiselle," answered the happy Macartney, in truth very glad that the bullet had touched him where it did.

"And you were wounded for me," added the girl. "Let me help you."

"Sure an' I wouldn't object if it had taken off an arm if it was in your service, mademoiselle!"

"Your face is covered with blood, monsieur!"

"I must be a nice looking spectacle," said the captain, feeling his cheek, on which the blood had dried.

"Won't you have a doctor?"

"He is busy with the poor fellows who were wounded."

"I have some little skill. Won't you let me——"

"But it is nothing, I tell you."

"I insist! Grandfather, I wish to dress Captain Macartney's wound for him."

TO BE CONTINUED

Ready to Enter Tibet's Sacred City

REV. A. L. SHELTON AND MRS. SHELTON

JUST now Great Britain has on her hands a "little war." An army has passed through the mountains into Western Tibet, and recently a storming party went out from Gyangtse and captured certain outlying forts. The current question is: What are Great Britain's intentions in sending Colonel Younghusband on this mission into the "forbidden land"? It is reported that Lord Curzon, who is now in England, will urge upon the British Government the importance of establishing a permanent Embassy at Lhasa, the sacred capital of the Lamas; it is the only city in the world into which foreigners are forbidden to enter.

An army may open the door in Tibet, but peace and safety can only be secured by the soldiers of the Cross. Three new missionaries are now on their way to the forbidden land. They are somewhere near the borders of inner Tibet, and are under appointment of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. They will push their way to Lhasa if possible, and in the event of the British opening that city to the world, these may be the first Christian missionaries to preach the Gospel in the "Forbidden City." They have been *en route* about twelve months, having spent the past winter in China. Early last spring they started on toward Lhasa.

The Rev. A. L. Shelton will do evangelistic work, and Mrs. Dr. A. L. Shelton will assist Mrs. Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart in medical mission work. Dr. Rijnhart (who appears in Tibetan costume, seated upon the ground, eating rice from a bowl with chopsticks), was in Tibet before. Her story is one of the saddest and most distressing in its suffering and bereavement in the annals of modern missions.

In 1894 she was married to Petrus Rijnhart, and with him started to Tibet, in company with William N. Furguson. Readers of this journal already know the history of their wonderful experiences in that strange and inhospitable country, the full record of which has appeared in these pages. While they were still pursuing their journey, amid many difficulties, Mr. Rijnhart disappeared. His fate has ever since remained a mystery.

Mrs. Rijnhart, though she lost her husband in that land of cruelty and death, yet says: "Tibet, like other lands, must have the light. The command is, 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature. The work is great—so great that beside its greatness any sacrifice involved in its accomplishment seems small. Mr. Rijnhart frequently gave expression to his one burning ambition to be of service in evangelizing Tibet—whether by his life or his death, he said it did not matter to him . . . . Remembering his consecration, I too can be strong and say, God doeth all things well—the sacrifice was not too great."

S. T. WILLIS.

* * *

The British Expedition to Tibet is now nearing Lhasa, the capital. A London despatch, dated Aug. 5, says: "The expedition, under command of Gen. Macdonald, crossed the river Brahmaputra to-day, and is, therefore, within less than forty miles of Lhasa, the capital.

"Col. Younghusband, the Civil Commissioner with the expedition, had two interviews with Tibetan peace delegates from Lhasa, who were found to have abandoned their arrogant attitude. They appealed to Col. Younghusband to stop short of Lhasa, saying that if the British should enter the sacred city the Dalai Lama might die of the shock to his religious feelings. Col. Younghusband replied that the proposed treaty must be signed in Lhasa. He promised that none of the British would enter the monasteries if they were not fired upon from them, and that the expedition would leave Lhasa as soon as the treaty was signed."

MRS. RIJNHART IN TIBETAN COSTUME

He is Missed at the Mission

AS a mother mourns the loss of a beloved son, so Mrs. Bird weeps for Victor Benke; as for a brother gone from his side, so sorrows John Hallimond, the Superintendent of the Bowery Mission; the circle of workers among whom he had toiled for so many years, look in vain for the cheer of his presence and the magic music that came from the soul within him.

The men who gather nightly within the walls of the old Mission, no longer are moved by the charm of the organ notes, or by the simple sincerity of Benke's spoken words, as he pleaded with those before him, to forsake the rough, stony paths they were stumbling along, and walk in wisdom's ways, where all the paths are peace. The poor wayfarer, shivering in the physical retribution which so surely overtakes those who throw away the birthright of decency for the mess of Bowery pottage, never more will be drawn within the Mission doors, to listen to "just one song." Never more will Victor Benke stand bravely before the listening throng, and tell the story of how he was lost, and how found. His work is done, his earthly song is ended; but he still lives in the hearts and memories of those with whom he toiled so long for the salvation of the poor, the wretched, and the afflicted.

He will never be forgotten by anyone who ever heard him speak in those wonderful meetings that are held down in the Bowery. His speaking voice was wonderfully sweet, earnest and most persuasive; in it there was no tinge of self-righteousness, no hint of cant, but plain and straightforward were the arguments he used to show the men before him that he knew just how they felt, just what the wages of sin were—he had earned them. Then would come an impassioned plea that they forsake their evil ways, and throw themselves on the mercy of the Lord Jesus, which had saved him; they would find it the same as he had. He had come for the cup of coffee, and wanted nothing else, the first time he came to the Mission; but he had found salvation, in spite of his stubborn denial that he neither wanted or needed it.

Dear Mother Bird plead with him, he said, and called him "her boy," and loved him, and told him of the Saviour. Mr. Hallimond showed him the way to his Father's house, and he entered in, penitent and humbled, his stiff-necked, stubborn pride broken, a truly contrite sinner. Then in encouragement he would say, "What did I do, I have no work; I cannot play the organ all the time; I must work; I must show I am in earnest, that I leave the old life behind. I must earn my bread and my coffee; I cannot play a dances, that is the old life, so what must I do? know. I scrub the Mission floor, I sleep on the har benches; by and by I was promoted; I make the bed in the lodging-house, and I earn $2 a week," and the with a quiet humor all his own, he would add, "whe the good people of the Mission make up their minds am in earnest, and will not be spoiled by so much pro perity, I find I can earn three and four dollars a weel I was done with the old life; I love the new; I find m self happy in working for the dear Jesus who had save me." Then after a pause, the speaker would throw a the earnestness of which he was capable into his la argument. "It was so good for me, what is the matte with it for you?"

This was a commonsense, unanswerable argument and when the man who meant all he said knelt wit those whom his words had touched, they knew hi prayer was no lip service, but that it came straigh from his heart, and many were convinced thereby, an turned from their evil ways, and there was joy in th Bowery over the repentant; and no stronger earthl helping hand was there stretched forth in brotherly lov than that of our lamented brother, Victor Benke, th "Volunteer Organist."

BISHOP POTTER AND THE SALOON

The Devil's Own Weapons

The Rev. E. Warren, of the Wylie-Chambers Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, says:

"The Bishop cannot cure drunkenness with a saloon, even of advanced pattern. He cannot fight intemperance with the devil's own weapons. Bishop Potter views the liquor traffic from the point of view of the aristocrat. Being accustomed to Club life, he has seen liquor dispensed under only the most favorable conditions, and doesn't understand the common thirst for drink. I believe Bishop Potter is seeking notoriety, and he will get enough of it some day."

Discredited by Episcopalians

Bishop I. L. Nicholson, of Milwaukee, said: "I am deeply humiliated over Bishop Potter's action, and, in my opinion, his whole connection with this affair has been disgraceful. For my part, I am ashamed of him. I am more radical in my views on moral questions than many others, and, I believe, that we should always take the highest possible ground on moral issues. I have no regard whatever for the claims made for this particular saloon. It is a bad business all the way through. It is not the first time that Bishop Potter has offended. His latest action is unfortunate, because it necessarily reflects on the Church, although it is his own individual action and the Church is in no way responsible.

"Bishop Potter is not a great man in the Episcopal Church. He is regarded as an influential man by some outside of the Church, but not in it. He has no standing with the other Bishops, and has no influence in church legislation. No action will be taken by the Church in this instance, not even the passing of resolutions of protest. It is not worth it. The only thing we can any of us do is to say that we are humiliated and ashamed."

A Ridiculous Movement

Bishop Potter has brought into ridicule the movement for a religious liquor traffic, and instead of there being a storm in the religious world because of his proceeding, there ought to be rejoicing, that by reducing its theory to an absurdity he has killed a preposterous undertaking. *N. Y. Sun.*

"An Underground Way to Hell"

The Rev. J. T. McCrory, pastor of the Third United Presbyterian Church, and head of the Sabbath Observance Association, said: "Bishop Potter did wrong. Because he takes a drink in his club himself, he should not put it in the way of other people. I consider his having the 'Doxology' sung there little less than blasphemy. I suppose that 'Subway Tavern' was called that because it is an underground way to hell."

Christ and Satan as Partners

The Rev. Charles H. Elder, of Trenton, N. J., says: "Bishop Potter's friendly interest in the Subway saloon brings Christ and Satan into disgraceful business partnership. He should take off his ecclesiastical robes and put on a bartender's apron."

Bishop Potter's Blunder

An Episcopal pastor writes to a New York paper: "Many a poor family, ruined by the curse of drink, will raise the cry of piteous despair, when they remember that 'the drinking habit,' which ruined their home, has ha the official endorsement of their Bishop. Bishop Potter had been a leading layman, th matter would have assumed a different aspec but he is a Bishop of the Church of Chris who solemnly promised at the time of h consecration, that he would 'show himself i all things an example of good works unt others, that the adversary may be ashamed having nothing to say against him.'"

Drinking is Degradation

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, formerly President the New York branch of the Woman's Chri tian Temperance Union, said: "We are abs lutely opposed to any such institution, an while Bishop Potter was acting in his priva right, he is a high dignitary of the Churc and it is a matter of regret that he should le himself to the dedication of a saloon. W object to the new tavern on the very grour upon which its vindication is attempted—th it seeks to make drinking respectable. Th principle of the Woman's Christian Tem perance Union is that drinking should be ke a thing of degradation." *N. Y. Times.*

Heroines of North Brother Island

THE TRIO OF HEROINE LIFE SAVERS

1. Mary McCann 2. Pauline Pultz 3. Emma O'Connell

AMID the many heroic incidents connected with the terrible *Slocum* disaster—when a thousand excursionists perished—not the least noble and elf-sacrificing were those that occurred on North Brother Island, where a few brave women performed work of rescue that will long be remembered in New ork with admiration and gratitude.

When the blazing boat reached North Brother sland, it was run aground near the sea-wall, and there as then enacted a scene, never-to-be forgotten by any ho witnessed it. Flames were roaring and bursting om every part of the doomed boat, and the people aping from her decks, until the waters became a eritable sea of death. One survivor said, "You could ave walked ashore upon the floating bodies." Hunreds of men, women and children were struggling in ie water, and others were hurling themselves upon ose already exhausted from their efforts to keep loat. Their struggles were observed by the people n the island, on which are situated the city hospitals r contagious diseases. Every man and woman hastned to the beach, and did most heroic work in saving fe and caring for the dead and dying. From the fficers in charge, down to the humblest scullery maid, ere was but one thought—to succor and help the erishing hundreds.

"We only did our duty, nothing but our plain duty," id Miss Smith, the head nurse, to the writer. "We did ot have time to think, it came so quickly, this awful mergency. There is where the *Slocum* went aground," aid she, "and here, on this lawn, and under the trees ear the sea-wall, we laid the bodies, leaving aisles beveen, so that the doctors and nurses could attend to he injured, and the coroner and his assistants could over and mark the dead."

The lawn is spacious, but was entirely covered with the dead in a short time. The trees and shrubbery were scorched and withered, and, in some instances entirely killed, by the intensity of the heat from the burning steamer.

No fear of fire or flame, however, kept the brave workers of North Brother Island from doing all in human power for the rescue of the burned and drowning unfortunates. The courage of the women and girls connected with the hospitals was something wonderful to witness. Hearing the screams, they rushed down to the water's edge, and several of them flung themselves into the water, wading in and out, each time bringing with them some half-drowned women or child.

Mary McCann, a young Irish girl of seventeen, thus saved six lives, and only gave up when almost exhausted from struggling with those whom she was assisting, and who, more than once, very nearly dragged her down. In telling the story, Mary spoke of one little boy, who was so frightened that he fought viciously, biting his rescuer's shoulder while she was carrying him ashore. As she was struggling with this boy, another baby floated so near Mary, that she caught him by the arm, and made her way to safety with both children.

"I had to," she said simply; "sure, he would have drowned before I could have got back again."

Three more dashes into the water resulted in the saving of three more boys. The wind drove the flames and smoke on the shore side of the boat, so that the water was hot and the air filled with burning particles which fell to the surface, painfully burning both rescuers and rescued. Half blinded with smoke, the brave girl kept at her work; all around her were people sinking, struggling and dying, their arms stretched out in what was for many a helpless appeal. As Mary was trying to single out one to help, she had swam out until the water was up to her neck, and she found precarious footing upon a slippery rock. Suddenly she felt herself clutched from below. It was a girl of about fifteen who had grasped Mary about the knees. "I tried," said she, "to loosen her hold and save her; but she pulled me down. My feet slipped on the rocks and I nearly went under. Then I screamed for help, and loosening the girl's hold, I started for the shore, bringing the girl along. I could not have reached the shore if some one had not helped me, and fished us both out. I would have gone back again, but they would not let me."

Mary McCann is only a poor Irish immigrant girl, lately landed, and was but a few days out of the hospital, convalescent from an attack of the measles. She has the soul of a true heroine. Her bravery is only equalled by her modesty. When told that she was to receive a gold medal and a purse, she said, "I'm not caring for the money, I did no more than I ought, but I'd be proud to own the medal."

Swimming out to the *Slocum*, Pauline Pultz, a slender, black-eyed girl, climbed into the paddle-box and brought off a baby girl. After getting ashore with her limp little burden, Pauline discovered that the baby's jaw was dislocated. Tenderly putting it in place, she held it there until the doctor relieved her and bound the jaw in its place. This was a most heroic rescue, as the paddle-box was at a dangerous incline and almost inaccessible to any one but an expert swimmer and climber. Miss Pultz wears a medal for having saved several persons from drowning in the waters around New York. She is a strong swimmer, and was untiring on this disastrous occasion.

Emma O'Connell is the third in this trio of young heroines, and was instrumental in saving a number of lives, going into the water several times.

While all this was going on, the Matron, Mrs. Kate L. White, and Miss Edith V. D. Smith, the head nurse, were working with the doctors among the long rows of the injured, many of whom were saved by timely treatment. Mrs. White went into the water several times, as did Miss Smith also; but in a time of such awful calamity there were many deeds of heroism which are not remembered even by those who performed them. Amid that ghastly, floating sea of forms and faces, there was no time to think, no time to watch, only time to do. It needed no command for every one to do their utmost to help.

Some idea of the stupendousness of the work done may be gained from the fact, that after having used up all the hospital supplies of bed and table linen, three thousand yards of cheese-cloth was brought from down town, and used that same night by the doctors and nurses in attending to the injured, and in covering the dead.

The burning of the *Slocum*, and the destruction of so many lives was an awful calamity; but it served to show of what metal men and women are composed when called upon to act at such a time. In all the long roster of those who faced death themselves to save others, none shine more brightly than those of the heroines of North Brother Island.

MISS SMITH, HEAD-NURSE, AND HER BRAVE CORPS OF WORKERS

A TALK ON CHARACTER-BUILDING

MAN is the only animal ever created with a character, and he lost that according to the official record; and ile many disclaim faith in the doctrine of e "fall of man," they present a worse docine of man's origin, making his beginning nultaneous with the characterless creatures jungle or bush.

The physical supremacy of man, due to his ental and spiritual nature, is a philosophy as ep as life. The realization of an inglorious rth must be the most depressing and galling rden ever borne by a human being. "Foundng," "woodscolt," or "maverick," spoken as e brand of one's beginning, places the social nit upon the unfortunate, until the real aracter unfolds and commands respect. I sent the diabolical insult that we are a race educated monkeys, having outgrown the bits of our ancestry by some process of olution, and that we ride on trains, street rs, etc., read books, newspapers; telephone d telegraph with or without wires, live and men, while our ancestors, according to e "scientific" theory, had "chimpanzee" as eir only epitaph.

I was out West some time ago on a hunt- trip. Our cook was an old pioneer of uthern Oregon, illiterate, but as witty as he was crude. An experience with an evolutionist, which he had some years before, was interesting. He described the incident as follows: "The stranger said, our fore-parents was from jimpanzys." (He added very knowingly), "Now a jimpanzy is a kind of a monkey. 'Well,' says I to him, 'you may be a son of a jimpanzy, but I want you to know that I am not.'"

I am with the old pioneer.

I asked Herr Boccius, of Germany, while abroad last fall, this question: "What do you think about the missing link?" He replied, "It is still missing."

Character-building depends upon the standard of man's mentality. Man's mentality is the battle-ground of his spiritual and physical faculties, where defeats are registered or victories won.

The formation of the brain of man is so infinitely superior to the animal life at his feet, that Agassiz's statement, "There is no possibility of a higher being than man himself," in a physical sense, is demonstrated. Man's brain is poised at right angles with the spinal cord. Perfection is attained. One step forward is impossible; one step backward means a lower order of brain force. Brain proportion to spinal cord, silences the unscientific doctrines of evolution. In fish, the proportion is as two to one; in reptiles two and one-half to one; in birds three to one; in mammals, quadrupeds, and quadrumana, four to one; in man, it is thirty-three to one. The steps of brain proportion to spinal cord are graded in half numbers. Subtract four from thirty-three and you have twenty-nine. Multiply twenty-nine by two, and between man and the highest order of other mammals there are *fifty-eight missing links.*

Man builds fires, makes clothing, digs gold, silver and precious stones from the earth, counts the stars, cuts diamonds, invents machines and mechanical devices, builds houses and cities with brick and stone. His boats navigate the seas. He reduces the air to liquids and solids, harnesses the lightning, sows seed, reaps grain, paints pictures, markets his masterpieces, and stands out in the animal world intellectually, the unapproachable giant! His endowment of artistic, inventive, mechanical and social genius is not an accident. What matchless design! Man's mind tells of a matchless Creator! This world, with its sunlight and shadows, cold and heat, mountains and plains, thorns and thistles, roses and buttercups, living and dying, warriors and rulers, art, literature, science, invention and discovery, is a university of magical resources for man's mental, moral and spiritual progress, and his character depends upon the usages of all of these means.

Mind culture and physical culture are talked of a great deal. Become a rugged thinker. Do not ask an idea into your head and starve it. Feed your mind upon good blood, made of fresh air, pure water, wholesome food, good rest and good morals; then you can offer some inducements for ideas to board at your house—and they pay well for their entertainment, If they are pure thoughts, they will ennoble your face with lines of purity; but if they are black and evil, they will trace the lines of every crime in the category of crookedness upon your face, and you will be a living Epistle, known and read of all men.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln had in his make-up all the sturdiness of the hickory, elm and oak, his boyhood companions in the timber. There are lessons deep and grand to learn from the environs of one's life—the strength, resistance and steadfastness of the forest; the sweetness, evenness and silence of the calm meadow; the rippling humor of the brooklet; the dashing brilliancy of the mountain stream; the stanch, granitic stability of the mountains; the polished surface of the city.

Character is like beautiful scenery—scarce in some places. Begin landscape gardening at home, your neighbors will like it. Character is home grown. What kind of seed are you sowing?

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

The Divine Cure of Fear

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON,

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE JUNIPER

The Confessions of Elijah

All me! I was a coward that day I fled from Jezebel. I cannot fall back on my great weariness as sufficient excuse. It is true that the encounter with the priests of Baal on Mt. Carmel was a great draught upon my physical endurance, and after that, my twelve-mile run to Jezreel. I, who was not afraid to defy the king of Israel, and the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal and the gathered throng of Israel, I quailed before a woman. It is true she was a bold, bad woman, and sent me word that she would let me live but one day more, because her priests of Baal had been killed by my command. But what was that to me! Why had I any need to fear her, with God and his angel host ever about me? Surely Satan got a grip on me in that hour, and led me to flee. It seems I had strength to flee on a ninety-five mile journey. Better I had used that strength in withstanding Jezebel. I, a weary fugitive under a juniper tree, praying to die, when I might have gone from Carmel conquering and to conquer. To what depths of humiliation a man may be brought when he forgets to trust in God! But even to that juniper tree the merciful kindness of the Lord followed me. He gave me sleep, and then food and water again and again by the hand of his angel, as I lay there under the bush, limp in body and mind. And when I had become strong again, the angel told me that I was to journey in to Mt. Horeb, when God himself would meet me. Ah, then, I, who had dishonored him, was not to be forsaken by him. He still had use for me. The journey was a long one. I was forty days on the way; but there was no weariness in it, for I was again strong in God. My spirit and body was infused with his strength. I was so sustained by him that I did not need food. I went that whole forty days and forty nights of my journey in the strength of the food which the angel had brought to me under the juniper bush. But I cannot forget that the Lord was with me on Mt. Carmel, and but for my wicked cowardice I need not have journeyed to Mt. Horeb to find him again.

Illustration and Application

This story discloses, first, the human causes of fear, and, second, its divine cure.

1. Human Causes of Fear. "Elijah was a man of like passions with us"—there is no longer any doubt about that. On Mount Carmel, in his victory as an "army of one" over the wicked king and false prophets and misled populace, he seemed a demigod, incapable of fear. But under the juniper tree, wishing to die because a sharp-tongued woman had threatened him — "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We are glad he got discouraged. Now we know that even such natural cowards as we are may supernaturally become heroes through the vision of God. But why did Elijah lose his courage? Perhaps we may learn how to help God save us from falling from Carmel's heights into such a ditch by studying the why of his fears. There was a physical as well as a moral cause.

A careful reader will see just where Elijah's courage failed him—in the last verse of the last lesson, where it says of his twelve-mile run as a herald before Ahab's chariot, that he "ran to the entrance of Jezreel." Some commentator who thinks himself bound to defend every act of every good man in the Bible, ingeniously suggests that this illustrates how Elijah combined "prudence" with courage. Jezebel was just beyond the gates, and it was "prudent" to avoid an encounter with her in the rage of defeat. The sequel shows it was not prudence but rank cowardice. And one reason was, that Elijah had worked too hard and eaten too little. After a time of spiritual uplift, there naturally comes a reaction. Ocean depths are found to correspond with mountain heights, and so great depression often follows great exaltation in spiritual life. Such reactions should be guarded against by due care of the body. Like many a preacher in revival times, Elijah forgot he was human. As if his mighty appeals to the false prophets, and to the people, and to God, were not exhausting enough, he ran twelve miles before swift horses, through the dust and heat of a famine-cursed land. We are not sure God told him to do that without any stop for refreshments. As he drew near the end of the journey, the excitement that had held him up, slackened, and in physical collapse his stomach and his courage gave way together. A measure of fasting increases one's sense of dependence on God, but extreme hunger and exhaustion makes one feel there is no God or good in the world.

God made man's body as well as his soul, and made them mutually helpful, and we must not neglect either. This lesson affords a good occasion for teaching the young, especially, how not to "put an array of difficulties over against themselves by their appetites, that are more than a match for their prayers." In a temperance lesson soon, we shall have opportunity to consider the worst wrong Appetite does to the body. And sometime in tactful delicacy, very plain teaching ought to be given as to the wrongs "lust" does to our wonderful bodies in their most godlike powers.

But to-day let us consider the small sins against the body, that because they seem small are the more common. In some cases they are like the little thieves that open the doors for the bigger ones. It is a Christian duty to eat enough, but not too much. There are some Christians who give too little thought to food. They develop mind and soul, but neglect the physical organism through which alone the invisible man can make his thoughts effective. To such, Henry Ward Beecher said, "You are too heavy for the animal you ride." Some Christians are paler than they have any business to be. There is a golden mean between the deathly white of the ascetic prophet and the sensual red of the fat priest. But that "golden mean" is not yellow. No preacher with a bad liver can fairly represent the fact that religion makes life worth living. And in every Christian home food may be a help to faith—or a hindrance.

But the causes of Elijah's loss of courage were not wholly physical. Christ, too, was feeling physical exhaustion when he was tempted, and he successfully faced the one being worse than Jezebel, the devil, by drawing out of memory, as a shield of steel, the promises of God. Elijah allowed the threats of Jezebel to get in his soul and displace the Word of God, and so the outcome was that he fled. Strangely, he forgot his own name—that is, he forgot its significance—Elijah, God my strength. A mother and father stood beside the cot of their new baby. "We must give the little one a significant name," said the father, "something that will testify to the world that after all the trials we have passed through, this sweet babe has been sent of God to comfort us. People say, 'What's in a name?' and I always answer, 'a great deal.' We know how God often changed the names of his own servants to remind them of some signal mercy. Even I have been helped by my name John, which means the grace, the unmerited mercy, of God. So we will call this child Dorothea, the gift of God. It will be a witness of our own thankfulness and faith, and may be a help to our child when she grows up." Eight years later, Dorothea, who had been taught the meaning of her name, was playing with another girl, who suggested they should do something forbidden. Dorothea said, "I should like to—but—oh, I do wish that father had not given me such a name." Her playmate answered, "What has that to do with it?" "Why, don't you see? I want to be naughty, sometimes. I want to be naughty now, very much indeed. But when I think of my name I really can't be, for how can 'God's gift' be bad?" The mother overheard the talk, and was glad. Many of us have names that wrap up a prayer of our parents that we may be like some noble person we are named after, or perhaps the name itself sets up a noble ideal we should make real. Let each one look in the dictionary for the meaning of his name, or find out the noblest thing his namesake did, and make the name as noble again, if not as famous.

Elijah not only forgot the promises of God, even the one in his own name, he also lost, for the moment, the vision of God, by allowing the vision of Jezebel to get in his heart. John Knox, in like case, rebuked the wicked Mary Queen of Scots without fear, because the face of God was ever before him, making it impossible to fear the face of man, or even woman. It is a well known physiological law that when one grasps firmly a bar, as in manual exercise, he must be all the while tightening his grip upon it, or he will lose his hold, for the simple reason that the muscles are all the while relaxin under the strain put upon them. It is not sufficient that v once for all lay hold of Christ, but day by day that grip faith must be renewed.

In spite of all the illustrations the Bible gives of the fol and sin of fear, how, like a plague, fears and cares and wo ries crowd into the lives even of professing Christian greatly to the dishonor of God; and all these bring to th onlooking outside sinners, hungry for rest and peace an joy, a false report of the good land of a real Christian exp rience, where "perfect love casteth out fear." Even litt things, the flies and mosquitoes and rain-drops and microb prompt us to sinful murmurings.

"Germs cause an enormous amount of sickness, don't they?" said the superficially informed man. "Yes," an swered the old-fashioned doctor. "If they don't get into man's system, they are liable to get on his mind and wor him half to death."

Stanley tells us that more of his men were killed by jigge than by elephants. The jigger, you know, is a little micr scopic insect which burrows in the flesh and poisons th blood. If the truth were told on tomb-stones, one-half th epitaphs would be, "Died of mosquito bites and jiggers." It is the little worries and bothers of life that irritate and wo nigh destroy us. A young lady said to a worker on tel phone lines and ocean cables, "I suppose the sea monste often damage the cables?" "No, their chief peril is fro a minute worm that eats through the insulator, exposing t wire to the water, and so breaking connection. And t greatest enemy to telegraph poles in Africa, is not the hur canes but the ants." So it is not some migh Jezebel threatening to kill us, that drives mo of us to the juniper tree, but some petty wor or fear.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little pricking thorn:
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned:
The rasp of care. Dear Lord to-day,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, O, give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

"AS HE LAY UNDER A JUNIPER TREE, BEHOLD, THEN AN ANGEL TOUCHED HIM"

2. The Divine Cure of Fear. This is a go time to hunt up the four score "fear nots" of t Bible. Nearly all God's heroes, at times, need encouragement. The apostles, even when Jes was with them on the sea, feared the wav How many times he had to say in substan "Be not afraid; only believe!" God sent angel to discouraged Elijah under the juniper tr who gave him food and drink again and agai the lack of which was one cause of his fears.

Perhaps one thing that led Elijah to forg God, was success, leading to pride rather th thanksgiving. Now defeat brings him back in h mility to God. As with Peter on the waves Galilee, so with Elijah in another sense, "sin ing times are praying times."

"Isn't it a very curious thing that the tend of a climbing plant will not turn like a leaf to t light, but away from the light to the shado Why is this? Because the shadow tells it some wonderful, mysterious way that some sol object round which it can twine is casting th shadow near at hand; whereas, if it is all lig around it, that shows that there is no solid o ject round which it can twine near at hand intercept the light and cast a shadow; a therefore the tendril has learned by experien to turn always to the shadow for support. A so your trouble will reveal to you the presen of the Mighty One, whose shadow it is, and y can lean all your weakness on his Almigh strength."

Prayer changes the life of Elijah from junip to palm and cedar. He never got under t juniper again, but cast forth strong roots li Lebanon, and flourished in the fruitful beauty courage "like the palm tree." The Divine cu had changed terror to trust.

An eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand, w brought to a physician. It was necessary to take a fe stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician w making preparations, the little girl swung her foot nervous against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mothe "That will do no harm," said the doctor kindly, "as long you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at th strained, anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much you like." "I would rather sing," replied the child. "A right, that would be better. What can you sing?" "I ca sing, 'Give, give, said the little stream.' Do you kno that?" "I am not sure," responded the doctor. "Ho does it begin?"

The little patient proceeded to illustrate. "That's beaut ful," said the doctor, "I want to hear the whole of it." A the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound, th sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, ar the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes her mother. It is a physiological fact that some expressio of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping ar groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do f us all to try singing instead? Best of all in any trouble, th song that is also a prayer.

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others: that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled?——when with us is prayer;
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

R. C. TRENCH.

*International Sunday School Lesson for August 28. Elijah Discouraged. I. Kings 19: 1-8. Golden Text: "In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard me." Ps. 120: 1.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

A Little Jaunt

"NOW, mother, here are your tickets, and you are to be quite comfy and not worry a single bit. All you have to do is to sit still in this seat till you get to Jericho, at six o'clock this evening, and there Eleanor will meet you. I wish I could have gone with you, dearest, but you know I can't leave John and the children."

"I'll try not to worry, Eunice; but it's a long way to go, and I've never been on the cars before."

"Well, you've only got to sit right still; your luncheon is in the basket, and you can look out the window and see the places flying by. The day will soon pass. I must run, now. Good-bye. The train will be off in a minute."

The young woman named Eunice kissed her mother and ran out of the car. Then she stood smiling on the platform until the train began to move slowly out of the yard. With a final wave of her hand, she walked away, as it pulled swiftly beyond her sight.

Mother was a dear old lady with "country" written all over her, from the plainly parted white hair under the simple black bonnet to the tips of her neatly shod feet. She was evidently one of those sweet, contented stay-at-home women who do not need change of scene every few weeks, and who are very happy in the trivial round, the common task of home. Eleanor, her youngest daughter, had married and gone far away to live, and now, when Eleanor needed her, mother was going out into the strange world. Her sixty years had never known a more formidable and exciting experience than this little jaunt into the unfamiliar.

The lady opposite watched her, and being impressed with the strength and sweetness of the serene old face, finally ventured to speak to her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you and I are to be neighbors for a day, and I don't know why we should both sit as if we were dumb, when I'm sure we both enjoy talking."

"Indeed I do love to talk," the old lady answered; "but Eunice gave me so many directions about not asking questions and only speaking to the conductor, that I didn't like to begin. You see, I've never been more than a few miles from home before, and always having horses, I've gone in my own conveyance when I went to Presbytery with father—he was an elder, you must know—or to weddings or funerals. Father died five years ago, and since then I've staid close by my fireside. Eunice wants me to live with her, and John Joseph wants me to come to him, and now Eleanor thinks I ought never to leave her, once I get there. But I'll stay till the baby comes and she is about and real strong, and then, please God, I'll go home."

"You are wise," said the new friend, "to keep under your roof that you've been used to. It's more independent, and you can do as you choose there."

"Yes, I like my own old-fashioned housekeeping, and my Sally, who's been with me thirty years, knows my ways. Sally doesn't find fault if I scrub floors or wash blankets, but lets me do as I please, without a word. At John Joseph's they'd like me to be dressed up like Sunday every day in the week."

Here the old lady paused. Her friend saw that she was gazing with delight at the fields and woods they were passing, and noted that her face grew very bright when they reached the outskirts of a thriving town.

"So many, many houses," she said, "and oh! so many people. It fills me with awe, doesn't it?"

"You ought to see New York, and Paris, and Vienna, dear lady," said her friend.

"I reckon I can do without seeing them. I've read about them," was the answer. "Seems to me I wouldn't want to live in great big places like the world's big cities. Seems to me heaven itself 'll be rather confusing to a person that's fond of quiet. When I get to thinking of the 'ten thousand times ten thousand,' as I do now and then, my brain reels."

"It doesn't need to reel. Jesus has gone to prepare a place for you, and for me, and in that fair land nobody will ever be homesick or confused. I'm sure of that for Jesus has told me so."

The friend had found a name dear to both. In great comfort they traveled the rest of the day. And at sunset, when they separated, the old lady was greeted with joyful exclamations by her daughter Eleanor, waiting for her at the upland station.

When Infirmities Creep On

Time so very gently lays his hand upon people as they advance in years, that they often pay little heed to his encroachments. Deafness, for example, steals on its victim so quietly that he or she does not notice that hearing is less acute, until one morning, the fact is noted that people do not speak so clearly and plainly as they used to do. "I wish folk would not mumble so," says the elderly lady, or the old gentleman, innocently resentful, while the defect is in the ear, and not in the friends who address them. The eyes do not see so well either, and the steps are slower. Yet with patient acceptance, and a resort to science, these handicaps need not be dreaded. Men and women, too, are much younger now at seventy than they once were, and a woman of eighty, who had made a long journey, not long since wrote to a cousin a little younger, "Make haste and go to Norway before you are old!" Granting health and vigor and an even manner of life, people ought to descend the westering slopes with braveness and comfort, and then, believing in God, and expecting to recover lost youth on Canaan's happy shore, they should "greet the unseen with a cheer!"

TRAVELING DOWN HILL TOGETHER

Well, wife, we've been together upon life's cheerful road,
We've faced all sorts of weather, we've halved each heavy load.
Our eyes are on the mountains, whence cometh peace and strength,
We do not mind the roughness, nor fear the pathway's length,
For you and I together, have known the Lord our friend;
God grant that nigh together, we reach our journey's end.

An Outgrown Friend

A WOMAN, who is evidently thoughtful and conscientious, writes to this page, and states a certain problem.

Years ago she went to school with a neighbor's daughter. As children, she and the little neighbor were inseparable, and the companionship did not cease in their early girlhood. But as both grew into womanhood, there came a parting of the ways. One was thrown into refined and cultivated society, and her development was in the highest sense, pure, intellectual and spiritual. She read good books. She associated with highly educated people. She traveled, and learned much about art and music. The other remained at home. Her mental growth was arrested. She mingled with persons of commonplace ideals, and her very speech became uncouth, while her aspirations were easily satisfied.

Meeting after the lapse of some years, the two discover that they have little in common except the fading memories of childish days and plays. But the first of the two is tormented by her sensitive conscience. She recoils from the vulgarities of which the other is wholly unaware. She accuses herself of disloyalty, and she wonders what she can do to lift up her former friend to a higher plane. Meanwhile the one who offends by a thousand little infelicities, goes merrily on her way, cheerfully wounding the fastidious gentlewoman without ever suspecting that she does it.

The probability is that the division of interests will continue, and that the separating gulf will widen and widen, and that it cannot be bridged. Propinquity had much to do with the juvenile friendship. As each has now her own sphere, why try to perform the impossible? There may not be a reknitting of the old ties. Kindness there may be, and helpfulness, and if opportunity comes, there may be little acts of sincerest courtesy and neighborly offices of unselfish goodwill. But the effort to lift one who prefers to be stationary seldom is crowned with success. It is much better to accept the situation, wave a farewell to the past, and make new friends in the future.

How the Rift was Made

"Celia Voorhees came home last night."

"Did she?" answered Martha Hix, very coldly, going on with her sewing, not a shadow of interest in her face.

"Yes, Abe Slocum brought her from the Springs in his buggy, as the stage had gone, when the last train came in. She looks made over. Fully ten years younger. It's queer you did not know about it, Martha. Why you and Celia used to be such friends."

"Times change," said Martha shortly.

"What's Celia done to you?"

"That's nobody's affair," replied Martha Hix, shutting her mouth like a steel trap. Ellen Lumnirs said no more. She went on her way, and called at a neighbor's, where she brought up the subject of the strange behavior of Martha when Celia was mentioned. The neighbor smiled.

"Two women don't generally love each other if both love the same man. Martha and Celia were devoted friends till Liph Jewett paid attentions to Martha. They were engaged, probably; at all events people thought so, and wherever Martha went—to choir meeting, or concert, or fair, there Liph went too. Celia was at her aunt Mandy's in town that winter.

She got back last February, when Martha was so ill with the mumps. Liph saw her, fresh as a rose, her eyes shining, her cheeks red and her hands flashing when she talked—you know the pretty, animated way Celia has; and he admired her, as who could help, and she was so gay and full of fun and accommodating, he thought her fine. Then, Martha, poor foolish thing, let him see her with her face all tied up and swollen; and that wasn't the worst, when she got better and was able to go out, she was awfully jealous and mad when he praised up Celia. If Martha had had ordinary common sense, Liph wouldn't have left her, and gone to Celia; not he. She put it in his head: then she nagged and found fault and was disagreeable, so that Liph dreaded being in her company. He'd leave her and meet Celia, always so pleasant and so kind o' flattering, and before he knew it, Liph was courting Celia."

"Then the break won't be bridged over?"

"Not likely. Even if Martha marries another man, as she no doubt will, she'll always feel as if Liph had jilted her, and it was somehow Celia's fault."

"The ways of girls are very queer," commented Ellen.

"Yes, they are. And if a girl wants to hold a man's love, she must not be exacting before she's married."

The neighbor stepped out to weed her garden. The gossip turned her face homeward. As she passed Celia's gate, she saw Liph's bay mare tied to the hitching post.

A PATAGONIAN

Gospel Work in South America

BY EMILIO OLSSON

THE evangelization of the world is the greatest of all enterprises. The great command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," must be obeyed by every true Christian who loves his Lord and who looks for the coming of the Kingdom.

South America represents, with its area of 7,000,000 of square miles, a territory nearly twice the size of Europe. It has the most magnificent rivers in the world, and a coast line 16,500 miles long, with the mighty Andes, a marvelous chain of mountains, extending for about 4,700 miles. My travels in the "Neglected Continent" have extended to about 50,000 miles. During these journeyings I have been enabled, by God's help, to circulate over 20,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, to forty-two nationalities and tribes, and thus possibly to reach about a million souls with the Gospel. My wanderings have taken me through almost impenetrable forests, where I have been surrounded by savage tribes and wild beasts, and where deadly serpents hung overhead and crawled under foot; away from home, friends and civilization. I should have died in despair, but, He who promised, "Lo, I am with you always," was ever my guide and protector.

Millions of Indians still inhabit the interior of South America, who never yet heard the story of the Cross. There are many tribes in the heart of the Continent, from Brazil to Patagonia, that are very little known to the world, and a pathetic plea comes to us from that dark land, unevangelized after nearly 1900 years of the Gospel.

In one of my journeys from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon River—a distance of over 4,000 miles—I traveled from the River Paraguay across the Bolivian *chaco* for 1,000 miles on muleback, and down the river Mamoro in Bolivia, shooting the perilous rapids of the Madeira Falls. Thence down the Madeira to the Amazon, a distance of about 3,000 miles. In that journey I did not meet with a single Protestant missionary, but I met a great number of people untaught and uncared for, in pathetic ignorance. Among the tribe of Chiquitanos, to whom I was preaching through an interpreter, I said "the Bible is the Word of God." Some wanted to kiss the book, and kissed my hand; one old man cried like a little child when I read to him John 3: 16, and another said it was "good news for him, for it was the first time he had heard it."

One day, I asked my Indian companion whether he had ever heard of Jesus Christ. He answered, "No. Who is he? Where does he live?" What a privilege to tell to these Indians for the first time the wondrous story of the love of God!

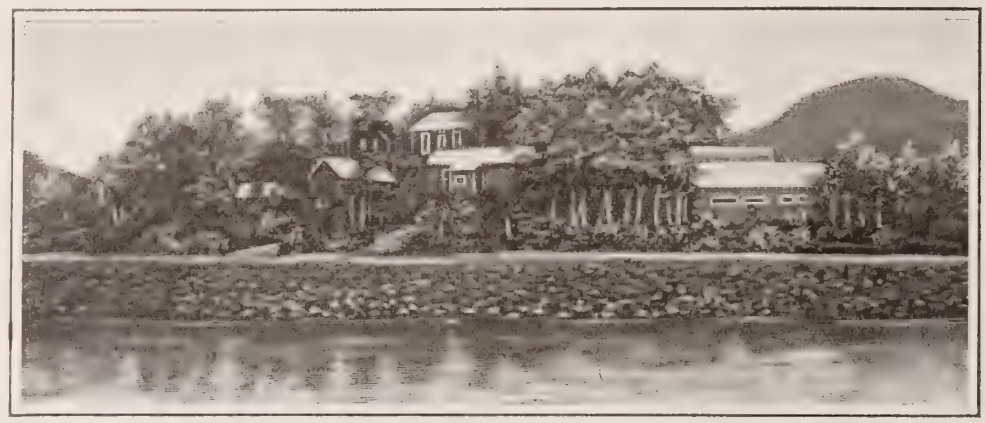
The aborigines of the Amazon live in the impenetrable forest of the upper valley and along its tributaries of th Amazon, where hardly any white man has yet penetrated and they roam about much like wild beasts, unclad an untaught. The Indian chiefs of the Amazon bedeck themselves with wonderful adornments and are fierce warriors.

The wide expanse traversed by the Amazon and its tribu taries is truly stupendous in extent. The waterway th Amazon unfolds, represents a surface of twenty or mor thousand square miles of water. Far away in the depths c a profound solitude, untrodden by white men, amid th pathless intricacies of the primeval forest, luxuriant in fol age, and gigantic in growth, we find the aborigines of th wondrous Amazon.

The difficulty and danger of attempting to reach these fa inland tribes, explains the world's ignorance of them. I takes three or four months hard traveling from the coast t reach some of the tribes, and sometimes I waited six month before a letter could reach me from my wife and family.

In northern Chili, thirty souls knelt down at one meetin pleading with God to save them. At another meeting in th Pampas, after preaching to a crowd of men from the nitrat district, I sold thirty-five Bible Every man who could read a littl bought a copy of God's Book. Th Bible is God's best missionary. never travel without carrying m precious load of Bibles, and it ha always been an unspeakable joy t me to be permitted to carry th story of salvation to so many wh have never heard it.

I hope to go back shortly to m mission field. Our permaner Mission Station is at Adrogu where God has been pleased t bless our efforts. During my at sence, the work has been going o regularly with the help of som friends, and the reports have bee encouraging. The possibility c extending our work at Adrogue i great, as we have a large territor waiting to be evangelized. Th work could be greatly advance by native teachers and evangelist trained in the interests of the Ma ter's Kingdom. If South Americ is ever to be evangelized, it must b with the aid of native workers.



A MISSION STATION IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO

On Board the "Morning Star"

JUST before the mission ship, *Morning Star*, sailed out of Boston harbor recently, the camera reproduced an interesting scene on her deck. The picture might be entitled "Good-by," for the aged man shown in

DR. BINGHAM ON THE MISSIONARY STEAMER

it is none other than the venerable Dr. Hiram Bingham, who left that same port for Micronesia on the first *Morning Star*, no less than a half century ago, as one of the pioneer missionaries to that region. By a happy coincidence, Dr. Bingham happened to be in Boston, and went on board the little craft to bid it and its company godspeed. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stated, in a recent issue, the *Morning Star* is the fifth vessel of this name which has been placed in commission through the efforts of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Her destination is literally the other end of the earth, as she will ply among the islands of Micronesia, spreading the Gospel. She is a little craft to cross the Atlantic (as she is now doing at this writing) being only 140 feet long, thirty feet beam and of 400 tons. The *Morning Star*, however, is strongly constructed, with powerful engines, and has sails to aid her as well. She is commanded by Captain Garland, who is shown standing by the side of Dr. Bingham.

Another Sammy Morris

WHO has not heard of Sammy Morris (Prince Kaboo), who, having found God in the wilds of Africa, worked his way across the sea to learn more about the Holy Spirit, in Christian America? The story of his brief life in America, and in Taylor University, whither friends in New York sent him to be educated, has thrilled hundreds of thousands of readers. He was a most remarkable man, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost" to a degree seldom witnessed. Africa has more men like Sammy Morris. Read the following letters, and see. They were put in the hands of President Winchester for reply. The last is an answer to President Winchester's response. They are given exactly as written. The President has written to him to come on, in these words: "If the Lord gives you money to come, I believe he will give us money to take care of you after you get here."

Taylor University, however, has no funds to use in this way. Who then will help? Will not some who read these words make a gift toward the education of this child of the Dark Continent? One dollar spent in educating in this way, may reproduce itself a hundredfold in the souls whom this native missionary may win to Christ after his return to his native shores. Such gifts should be sent to W. Winchester, Upland, Indiana.

Following are the letters above referred to:

MAGBELLY, T. LAND, Sierra Leone.

DEAR FRIENDS—I am ready to come if you only will except me after my arrival. I shall have money enough to pay my fair with. The question is now, are you perfectly willing to receive me to that Taylor University? Before I start, kindly let me know your mind about it. I only have one desire, that is, I wanted to be well educated for that great work of which our dear Heavenly Father has placed before me to perform. I am well acquainted with Jesus, but otherwise I must have knowledge with also. I will come instead of my dearly belovedly Samuel Morris. Although he being dead, but yet, he speak. Amen!

I do loved my precious Jesus above anything else on Earth. Greeting to all. Yours in His service.

H. B. O'NEIL.

MAGBELLY, T. LAND, Sierra Leone.

DEAR FRIEND—Your March the 22, 1904 was just has been received this day of which I will es sayed to reply immediately. My dear friend, you state that you wish to know more about me. I shall endeavour to put it in one way for which the holy-spirit shall be able to give you my view fully.

1. I wish to have an education, because the hope of Africa is it in itself.
2. I am saved by grace, not only that, but "old man" has been dead long ago.
3. Jesus is my Saviour, keeper, and healer
4. I am a native of this country, born, and raised here. I am mother and fatherless.

Jesus is all and all to me and I believe he is sending me there for the purpose of out-building his father's Kingdom. I am not coming for any other purpose, but merely to be co-worker with Him. Now, I would that you should endeavour to give me the best education for that great work which He has out here for me. In fact He has given me nearly all the means to come with. I have now in hand £16.00 already to start with. Before I shall leave here, I believe all means shall be furnishing up to come with. Oh, blessed be His name forevermore, Amen.

You must do by me, as you would wish some one else to do to you. St. Matt. 7:12: Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

God bless those whos are carry on this wonderful work. I shall ask you pray for me alway.

Your faithfully,

H. B. O'NEIL

Answered Prayers

A. W., Kalamazoo, Mich. "I was burdened with a great trouble and I prayed that it might be removed, and it has now gone from me."

L. V. W., Maryland. "The Lord has answered my prayer many, many times. If we will trust him he will always do the best for us, and if we will hold on, we will hold out. May the faith of his children never fail."

Mary H. H., Meriden, Conn. "I was in deep trouble. I earnestly prayed to God, and the prayer was granted I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me."

Elizabeth P., Eureka, Ill. "In reading the answered prayers, I have been greatly strengthened and comforted. I was in deep trouble and the Lord had compassion upon me; I believe he will fully deliver me out of my trouble."

G. H. S., Dayton, O. "I had a praying mother, who was so positive that God answered prayer, if it was for the best, that I could not help but take courage While life lasts, I could not forget it, that the good Lord answers the prayers of his children. Pray and wait; surely, 'shall not the God of all the earth do right?'"

Atlantic City. "I promised the Lord that if he would help me I would make this public acknowledgment of it. I wish to say that he has also answered many other prayers of mine for which I am extremely grateful."

L. S. M., Hagerstown, Md. "I want to acknowledge that the dear Lord does answer prayer. I praise his name. I am now asking for a greater believing heart. May I be remembered in the prayers of others."

Elim Home

"AND they came to Elim. . . . and the encamped there, by the waters."

This quotation from Exodus is graven upo a stone at the entrance to a pretty cottage o Bell Island, South Norwalk, Conn.

The Home is a resting place for Christia workers, whose limited means do not ensur them a vacation at any ordinary summe resort. Elim Home was established by Rev and Mrs. William James, two warm-hearte generous Christians, who saw the need o such a place of rest for men and women wh visit and work among the dwellers in tene ments in the slums of the city, and also fo returned foreign missionaries. The Hom has been in operation seven seasons, and wit the financial assistance of friends of Mr. an Mrs. James, it has been the means of greatl benefiting a large number of Christian work ers, who were sadly in need of rest and quie Here hearts have been cheered, souls hav been strengthened in faith and encouraged t renewed work. Every summer there is a Cor ference of Christian workers at Bell Island one having been held this season fron July 10th to the 17th. In speaking of thes Conferences, Mr. James says:

"Pastors of churches in this and othe States, returned foreign missionaries an other Christian workers, have actively parti cipated in these Conferences, and they hav returned to their work spiritually, as well a physically, benefited, and greatly refreshed."

Elim Home is pleasantly located by th water, where there is excellent bathing, boat ing and fishing, and can be reached in a littl more than one hour's ride by rail from Nev York City.

Golden Mile-Stones

The golden wedding of the Rev. Samue Pollock and wife was recently celebrated a their home in Allegheny, Pa. Mr. Pollock was born near Belfast, Ireland, in 1824. His ancestors, who were Scotch Covenanters, had emigrated from Scotland during the religious wars. When Samuel was a lad, his parents came to America, and located in Pittsburg Pa. The young man joined the Methodis Church, and became a local and circui preacher. On June 27, 1854, Mr. Pollock mar ried Miss Eliza Ann Hamilton, who was a native of Franklin Township, of Allegheny County, Pa. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pollock are in the best of health and are prominent in church work.

Young People's Studies

Heroes of the Mission Field*

MEN are apt to associate heroism with the battle-field, or with some thrilling scene on land or sea in which men risk their own ves for a great cause, or to save im- erilled lives. But Christianity has its croll of heroic names. The heroism hich a man displays who leaves home nd friends and native land to go among ne heathen in Christ's name, lacks none f the true elements that go to make up he character of the hero. He faces perils f climate, and very often, as recently in China, and Africa, and in New Hebrides. e must encounter the enmity of the very ien whom he goes to save. He is liable o be murdered, and is sure, at first, to be ated by the heathen, whose highest good e has sacrificed all he holds dear to romote. Seldom, too, does he gain the eward of witnessing the results of his abors. In every land Christianity has on its triumphs, but it has rarely happened that the hero who was the pioneer in the field has had the joy of seeing them. He has perished, often prematurely, through exhausting labor in an unhealthy climate, before his successors who have entered upon his labors are privileged to reap the harvest. Self-denial, self-sacrifice, arduous toil, poverty, and loneliness, are the elements in his lot, and he is sustained alone by his faith and love.

Our own land has the glory of sending forth many such men and women. It would be invidious to mention names, when the hundreds of pioneers, now multiplied into thousands of devoted laborers, are deserving their share of the glory. There is no church in our land that cannot boast of some mighty soldier of the Cross who has gone out to proclaim the Gospel to the heathen. Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Disciples, and other churches, have had a share in this glorious work, and have names on their banners whose glory will never fade.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for ugust 28 Heb. 11 32-40.

Church Benevolences*

APPEALS for funds are always disagreeable to make, and they do not often fall on grateful ears. Seldom indeed it is that the serv- nts of God, in modern times, have the xperience of the ancient leaders of Israel, ho had to restrain the people from giv- ig. Yet there ought to be no lack of nds for the Lord's work. While men re giving themselves and their lives to ervice, those who are not in the field, ay surely be expected to contribute their oney. The privilege of service is thus nared, and the reward comes to both.

The churches need money. The min- try must be supported, in order that the an who ministers may have his time and rength free for the Master's service. hurch buildings must be kept in repair nd the various funds for the relief of the oor and the propagation of the Gospel the home field must be maintained. esides these, the great missionary enterprise in heathen lands demands support and this it would be shameful to neglect. The men and women who have gone forth to spread the good tidings of the Gospel, should never know the lack of money for the work, nor should the missionary societies ever be compelled to miss an opportunity of entering an open field, by the emptiness of their treasury.

Christian men may reasonably doubt the reality of their conversion if they shrink from giving. There are many instances in which giving is difficult or almost impossible, but the disposition to give ought never to be absent. It should always be a pleasure to contribute to the Lord's service, and where it is so regarded, sacrifices will be made to render the gift possible. Happily, God does not measure the value of the gift by its sum, but by the ability of the giver, and a small gift may in his sight be of more value than a large one. It is the spirit of the giver, and the consecration which impels the gift, that he sees and rewards.

*Topic of the Epworth League for August 28. Cor. 9 6-9.

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The Gospel Need of Africa

REV. MR. JORDAN, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Con- ention, writing from South Africa, says:

"When one remembers the English flag as hoisted at Capetown, South Africa, in 20—the very year the Dutch boat carried aves to Jamestown, Va.—and sees the con- ast between the American negro and the egro under the British flag, he is made to el that there are to be found nowhere in all he world as intelligent, thrifty and prosper- ns negroes as are found in America. Surely od permitted our enslavement that we might ecome the source through which their lives ay be saved.

"The schools here for Africans are poor ndeed. The prejudice against the natives, nd indeed against the negro, seems to be at s worst in South Africa. No corner in merica is to be compared with it. To begin ith, there is the 'native location,' a forlorn- oking den outside of the towns and cities. here the natives are herded indiscriminately. he leading white men consider it a crime to spire hope in these people by teaching em that 'God hath made of one blood all ations.' I have seen it in print many times ere, in referring to my sermons and ad- resses, that 'he tells the natives they are ade by the same God and of the same ma- erial as the white man.' This seems to be he crime of crimes here. When I tell these aked, ignorant, superstitious people that od is able to make of them men and women ke the English people around them, they ook at me in wonder and almost in open oubt. The Gospel of Inferiority has been reached to them for years, and hope and ith have buried themselves beneath the iasma of doubt and despair.

"Thousands of these people who live in uts have neither bedstead, table nor chair. hey wrap themselves in a cotton blanket and e down on a piece of matting, made by their wn hands. We must supplant the hut by sisting on square houses, and then the bedstead and chair will come into use. In their present condition, the natives are worth little to commerce. Their wants are few. Thousands of them hate the white man, reject his religion, and only serve him from actual fear. This cannot always be so. Racial harmony and respect from brotherly love must control the actions of white and black. There must be an effort to lift these people—to help them to know that they, too, are God's creatures, and that white and black must love and serve God and be loyal to their country.

"I went from Queenstown to Qora, Idutywa, a distance of eighty miles. *En route*, I met thousands of red Kaffirs. Their kraals consist of a pen for cattle, made of thorn bushes, much like the mesquite bush of Texas, or of stone and huts, for family use. I counted from five to fifteen huts in many of these kraals. The government taxes the man $5 for each hut in which he has a wife, and collects large sums of money by saying to these poor unfortunate people, 'You can have as many wives as you wish by paying the government $5 per year for each wife.' The fifteen huts need not mean that he has that number of wives, as some of his grown children may live in the kraal. The average man has only one wife, while many have from one to four. The direct encouragement to polygamy cannot be disputed.

"The imperative need of Africa is the Gospel, and the imperative duty of her descendants in America is to give it. The only reason Africa must have the Gospel is that she cannot be saved without it. Like Joseph, who found himself elevated to Pharaoh's throne by the providence of God, to save souls, and, upon finding his brethren, father and relatives alive, but suffering in Canaan for food by reason of the famine, filled their sacks with corn and sent them home in haste to save life; so we in America, standing before the King's filled barns, should hasten to send the Bread of Life to our brethren, who are starving and dying in Africa, by reason of the spiritual famine upon that vast continent."

Few realize that the finest table linen can be made to look like cotton by using soap overstrong in alkali, which cuts the fabric and gives it a "nap." There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap. The saving in appearance and wear is very much more than the slight additional cost of "Ivory" over ordinary soap.

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North American Ginseng Co., Station C, Louisville, Ky.

When Hamlet Exclaimed "Aye, there's the rub!" could he have referred to SAPOLIO

Little Davie's Prayer at Mont-Lawn

DAVIE was about five years old, and judging from the pranks he was continually playing, and from the expression of his face, one might be pardoned for thinking, that every day composing those five years had been devoted to the study of some particular kind of mischief.

Davie's hair was black as the traditional raven's wing, and he had great, dark eyes, that, when not sparkling with some particularly new brand of mischief, would look as if they could read one's innermost thoughts.

Davie's friend, mother and mentor, was his patient sister, who never seemed to tire of caring for that delightful, laughing, provoking bit of humanity. No matter what trouble he fell into, from getting a ducking in the shallow brook, where he would wade without the formality of taking off his shoes, to the wasp-stung little fingers, which wounds Davie received when insisting upon making a prisoner of the "big fly," Sara the patient, was always on hand to comfort and console.

"Down on his knees went the night-gowned cherub"

Davie's stay at Mont-Lawn was marked by many surprises for him; he was by no means a bad fellow, but he was as full of mischief as a monkey, and he had never been taught to mind. His first lessons in this art were certainly in the nature of a surprise, and when the teacher enforced them, with a gentle but firm hand, Davie's astonishment was unbounded, but he proved an apt pupil. One of his favorite diversions, after a day full of the keenest enjoyment for him, and of the greatest anxiety on the part of his loving little sister and the kind teachers who had him in charge, was to watch his chance, after he was undressed, to secrete himself under a cot, and as he could run as fast on all-fours as on his feet, it was a merry chase he gave the teachers and other children. Truth to tell, however, they did not try as hard as they might have done, and but for the example to the other children, set by this tiny, black-eyed "Puck," they would have prolonged the frolic until he was tired.

He was such a lovable little chap, despite the trouble he caused, that he made a warm place for himself in everyone's heart; he was so sure of the good-will of everybody, from William the "chef," down to the latest arrival from the city, whom he always informed as circumstantially as his limited vocabulary would allow, of the good time he was having, and that if his mamma would come, he would live in the country always; but he would add, "ain't goin' catch no more big flies."

Davie did not like saying his prayers; not that he objected to the prayers, but after they were said then he must go to bed, and he wanted to put that time off indefinitely, for his daily stock of fun and mischief never seemed to perceptibly diminish until his eyelids fairly dropped from sheer sleepiness, as he gradually gave up the struggle in his teacher's arms. One night the teacher was telling the story of the cots, how kind friends had paid money for those nice little beds, so that Davie and the rest could sleep in them, cool, and clean, and quiet. She told how one lady had had two dear little boys, one very much like Davie; their pictures hung over a nearby cot, and that now the good lady did not have any little boys; that their Heavenly Father had taken them to live with him, and so the lady, because she loved her own boys so much, wanted to help other little boys to have a good time in the beautiful country, and had sent the money for—here Davie looked up, very much interested—"For Davie's cot?" he asked. "Yes," replied the teacher, "For Davie's bed." For once Davie forgot to be mischievous; his little hand ceased to reach up to slyly pull a stray lock of teacher's hair; his fingers no longer searched for pins or buttons, upon which so much of the neatness of teacher's dress depended; but he lay perfectly quiet until the story was finished.

"Davie say his prayers to-night," he said, suddenly, and slipping from the comforting arms of teacher, his little bare feet pattered across the dormitory, bringing him to a cot over which hung the frame he had never noticed before. Down on his knees went the night-gowned cherub, and with bowed head and clasped hands, Davie said his prayer.

"God bless the cot-lady! God bless me, and evvybody. Amen."

A scene fit for the pen of a Dickens. Could "Tiny Tim" have uttered a sweeter prayer?

The Cots at Mont-Lawn

THE following list of donors of cots endowed for the season, shows how deeply interested the friends of the Children's Home are, and how generously they have responded to the "cry of the children."

They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

One hundred and nine cots. Can we not reach one hundred and fifty? It costs but $21.00 to endow a cot for the season; this gives seven children a country holiday of ten days each.

Freddy Knox Cot
Mrs Mary E Tryon (2)
J E Baird
In memory of Mother, Mrs E B Strong
J H K, Reynoldsville, Pa
Friend Frederick, Md
James W Green
I H N, Long Beach, Cal (2)
Mr and Mrs J A Goodrich
From neighbors & friends of Mrs C M Vernon, Morristown, N J
Charles B Holmes
Judson I Wood
In memory of Mother, Ann Jane Barr
In memory of Father, Wm Barr
Irene A Cowdrey
Mrs A Miller
Mrs R T Moir
I H N, Lancaster, Pa
In memory of R K Wick
In memory of B A Wick
Mrs Thomas N Wright
The Daisy Band, Rutherford, N J
In memory of Grandpa Plumer
In memory of Grandma Almira Ide
Katherine Hughes Memorial Cot
From a friend, Passaic, N J
E J Vawter (5)
Friend, Worcester, Mass
In memory of a dear one taken
Ft Coulonge, Quebec, Can
Eliz Bailey
Alice McNulty
Jerusalem Hill King's Daughters' Society, N Y
Friend, Norristown, Pa
F E Deidrick
Mrs Ellen E Smith
Mrs N J Goodrich
Freda, Julia and Ruth Martens
J Lee Harne
Mary M Foucar
Inez, Edith and Van Wormer Walsh
Mrs E R Coles
Wm and L C Emrick
Members of Woodbourne Reformed S Sch, N Y
A T Cook
Mrs Rose McMechan
Class of girls in Presby S Sch, Sandy Hill, N Y (2)
Mr & Mrs W W Smith (4)
M A and J E H, Moretown, Vt (2)
Marjorie Dixon Vawter
Neighborhood Sewing Circle Fair, Morristown, N J (2)
S E Clark
Mrs Susie I Powell
I H N, Subr. Warsaw, N Y
Mrs J V N Talmage
H I Collins
Luola J Little
E D Phillips
Mrs W M Dunlap
Mrs J S Green
In memory of Louis P Tibbals
In memory of Father and Mother Parshall and Sarah N Wells
Mr and Mrs J S Chase
Bessie and Hazel Ketcham
An interested one, Akron Ohio
In memory of Alexander Macy Irvine
"Lamb," Ocean Grove, N J
Mrs Neil McVicar
Mr and Mrs Justin M Copeland
E F, Camden N J
Cedar Hill Jr. C E Soc., Selkirk, N Y
Misses Harriet, Belle W, and Grace Anderson
Congl S S, Dayton, Fla
Mary H, Bridgeport, Conn.
The Tidda Lee Cot
In memory of Sara Worten
R W Campbell
In memory of Ethelyn K Evans
In memory of Theodore Dwight Dimon
First Congl S S, Peoria, Ill.
L W Felter, Canon City, Colo
In the name of Mrs Mary W Kaucher
L M F, Omaha Neb
Bessie Davis
A Friend, Portland, Ore.
Mrs S G Coon
Miss M M Pettengill
Mrs L M Greeley
Thos S Strong
Friend, Belmar, N S
Mrs L C Bingham
Leonard Hillis
In memory of Willie Allan Yule
Mrs David Cousin
Emily Yetter
A friend, So Westport, Mass.
Miss Bessie W Cheney
Helen F Ford

SLUMBER TOWN

WRITTEN FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

HOW far is it to Slumber Town?
Forty winks, when the sun goes down.
Can I reach it to-night, do you suppose?
Yes, if you take the first train that goes.
That is the one for children to take,
It gives plenty of time the trip to make.

Old "Mr. Nap," the engineer,
Is a kind old man, full of good cheer.
For the little folks, he runs a special car,
It is crowded with children, from near and far.
"Nod," the conductor, tho' a little slow,
Will treat you right, whene'er you go.

The noisy brakeman, whose name is "Snore,"
Calls out the stations at the door.
Don't eat too much, when you start, my dear,
And "Nightmare" Tunnel, you need not fear.
For this a place, where goblins dwell,
And frightful witches weave their spell.

"Lullaby" is a village sweet,
Where babies are found on every street.
This train runs through the "Valley of Dreams,"
Where the fairies play by crystal streams.
It stops a while at the cave of "Rest,"
And tired ones like this place the best.

Most of the trains to Slumber Town,
Start only after the sun goes down.
For the travelers small, there are a few,
That make the trip in daytime, too.
All aboard! little folks, and shut your eyes tight,
Your train has started, so a pleasant good night. MRS. N. D. LIPSCOMB.

Heathen Lives Transformed

From Umtali, Rhodesia, South Africa, Rev. R. Wodehouse writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "There have been two deaths in the ranks of our native members; both of them died triumphantly. It is beautiful to see the light on these dark faces when they are dying. Our native members live well and die well. We have had some thrilling experiences of converts going back on a visit to their friends at their home in their heathen kraals. Every effort is made to get them to drink kaffir beer and join again in the heathen dance and evil practices, in a majority of cases without avail. Their friends cannot understand what has happened; but when the converts kneel down and pray the others get frightened, and often are brought under deep conviction merely by hearing testimony and seeing the life. Occasionally they come with their friend to Umtali, so that they may hear the Word and find life."

Mount Tabor Camp Meeting

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Newark Conference of the M. E. Church, is now in session at Mount Tabor, Morris County, New Jersey, and will continue until Tuesday, Aug. 23. Excellent programs have been provided. The services of the Camp Meeting proper, began Aug. 13; opening sermon being delivered by Rev. James W. Marshall, D. D., President of Pennington Seminary. The following services will be held daily: Sunrise Meeting, 6 A.M.; Minister's Conference, 9.30 A.M.; Preaching, 10.30 A.M., 2.30 and 7.30 P.M.; Children's Meeting, 4 P.M.; Young People's Service, 6.30 P.M.; Adult Service, 6.30 P.M. A second series of interdenominational Evangelistic service, under the direction of Mrs. Fitzgerald (mother of Bishop Fitzgerald), will commence on Tuesday evening, Aug. 23, continuing a week.

Christian Work in Constantinople

Rev. Geo, F. Herrick writes: "We are glad some of your readers have responded to the appeal in your June 1st issue, for aid to our Christian Publication Work at Constantinople. Your readers are quick to respond to appeals for help to the suffering. This appeal is for the relief of those of many races who suffer for the want of wholesome reading."

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JUST ONE DAY
Free From the Slugger Brought (
Fact

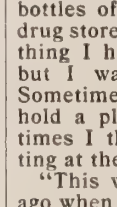
"During the time I was a coffee dri er," says an Iowa woman, "I was nervo had spells with my heart, smother spells, headache, stomach trouble, li and kidney trouble. I did not know years what made me have those spe I would frequently sink away as thou my last hour had come.

"For 27 years I suffered thus and u bottles of medicine enough to set u drug store—capsules and pills and eve thing I heard of. Spent lots of mo but I was sick nearly all the ti Sometimes I was so nervous I could hold a plate in my hands; and ot times I thought I would surely die ting at the table.

"This went on until about two ye ago when one day I did not use any c fee and I noticed I was not so nerv and told my husband about it. He been telling me that it might be the c fee but I said 'No, I have been drink coffee all my life and it cannot be.' after this I thought I would try and without it and drink hot water. I did t for several days but got tired of the water and went to drinking coffee and soon as I began coffee again I was n vous again. This proved that it was coffee that caused my troubles.

"We had tried Postum but had made it right and did not like it, but n I decided to give it another trial sc read the directions on the package ca fully and made it after these directio and it was simply delicious, so we q coffee for good and the results are wond ful. Before, I could not sleep but no go to bed and sleep sound, am not a nervous now but work hard and c walk miles. Nervous headaches gone, my heart does not bother me a more like it did and I don't have any the smothering spells and would you believe it? I am getting fat. We dri Postum now and nothing else and ev my husband's headaches have disappe ed: we both sleep sound and healt now that's a blessing." Name given Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the book, "The Road to We ville" in each pkg.



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HOW A TINY MISSION GREW GREAT AND USEFUL

REV. W. B. HAMILTON HON. W. H. CORBIN REV. GEO. P. PIERSON

ELIZABETHPORT, N. J., is this month the scene of a very interesting celebration, being the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Westminister Hope Chapel. Begun in an exceedingly humble way, amid discouraging surroundings, the work then inaugurated has extended in a most remarkable manner. The first meeting of the session, held August 9, 1874, was the first Protestant service in a section of over 400 Catholic families. By strong effort, the Sunday School has grown from thirty members to 300. The little chapel building was contributed, in other than strictly religious ways, to the advancement of the people. Through the week, the Sunday school room supplies the needs of a gymnasium and a night school. There is also a cadet room for drills, social meetings, etc. The success of this work shows unmistakably what can be accomplished by opportunities for technical training, without losing sight of the original issues involved. This mission was originally founded by the several Presbyterian churches of Elizabeth. The original building has been enlarged, and was taken, over by Westminister Presbyterian Church, of North Elizabeth, from which it derives its name, twenty years ago. The first superintendent was the Rev. Dr. George Pierson, now a prominent foreign missionary. W. H. Corbin, Attorney-General, Pennsylvania R. R., formerly a frequent visitor to Elizabeth, was one of its first promoters. The crowning success of Hope Chapel Mission is due to the personal efforts of the Rev. W. B. Hamilton. This weather-beaten missionary, superintendent for many years, has been the inspiration to bring the work out from a struggling infancy, through rugged roads, into fertile pastures, through social and physical entertainments, and by combining industrial and educational with religious training. Last fall a number of prominent women, among whom was Mrs. H. E. Mott, wife of the pastor of the Westminister, opened a class in the Mission for plain sewing and elementary house-work. This department is a feature of the Mission work. Mrs. Mott hopes to bring the matter before the public as a State Institution of Domestic Science, free to all.

WESTMINSTER HOPE CHAPEL

Hours of Gloom

By Mrs. M. Baxter

ONE of the most difficult lessons for our fallen human nature is that of our utter uselessness to God except as he in his grace uses us. If God, in his deep condescention, is pleased to use one of his children in the awakening of many, and thousands owe their conversion instrumentally to him, it does not follow that God will be pleased always to use him in the same work or in the same measure. It is much easier for us to be greatly used by him to be set aside until God is pleased to use us again. How many evangelists have become conscious of their own usefulness, and after God has spoken in mighty power through them, they have taken it for granted that they are still to do the same work, and they have used themselves to do the work of God, instead of waiting until the Lord wills to use them, and thus their appeals to the unsaved have become powerless; and where once men trembled, awestruck under the power of the Holy Ghost, who spoke through them, they can now sit unmoved under the same words through the same instrument, but who is not wholly held in the same mighty hand.

Pastor Stockmayer, in his little book, *Let God's Disposal*, says: "There is one most important and necessary lesson which we may learn from the victories and failures in the life of Elijah; it is, to know the special object and purpose of God's times and seasons; to come forward only when he calls us to stand against all the powers of darkness." To be out of sight during months and years is the preparation for this. Our school may be at the brookside with Elijah, or in the testings of our own home life, that we may be ready to come forward when He calls, and be as ready to disappear as soon as we have given our message and fulfilled our ministry. The more definite our call has been to some prominent work, the greater may be our temptation to miss God's time, and to continue our service longer than he intends us to.

Faithfully Elijah had stood for God upon Carmel, but his faithfulness was due to the grace of God, and now he must pass through another school in a most unexpected test. Ahab had "told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword" (I. Kings 19:1). It will be remembered that when the prophet had warned Ahab to take to his chariot, that the rain might not stop him, "the hand of the Lord was on Elijah, . . . and he ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." What did God want of his servant here where Jezebel was all-powerful? Must not Elijah have pictured to himself the wicked woman bowed down with shame and confusion when she heard of the answer from heaven of the Lord God of Israel? What a revulsion of feeling when a messenger from the queen met him with the words, "So let the Gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them (the slain prophets of Baal) by to-morrow about this time." Was it possible? Could Jezebel hold out against the power of God, which had brought the representatives of all Israel upon their faces, with their heart turned back again, and with the loyal cry, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."?

It was an unexpected reverse. Miracle after miracle had been in this man's experience. The tremendous tension which was upon him could not stand the shock, and Elijah must know what James tells us, that he was "of like nature with us." The mighty upholding was withdrawn, and Elijah found that he in himself was weak and like any other man.

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"Even more substantial proof of the help I got from this food was when I finished my painting and put it up for exhibition. Critics said it was a masterpiece, and I sold it a short time ago at a very good price. Before closing I want to mention the fact that my mother, in her 85th year, keeps strong and in fine spirits on her Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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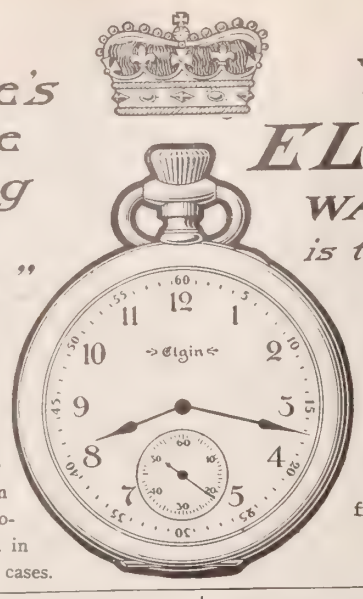

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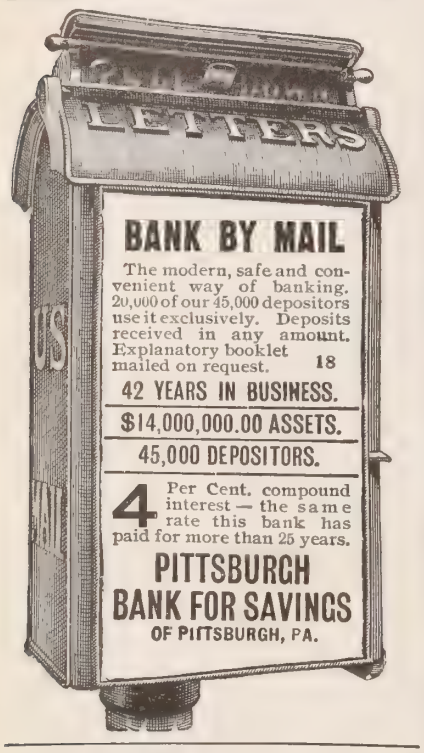

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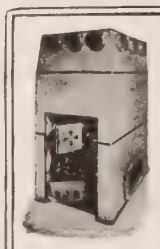

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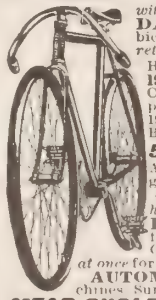

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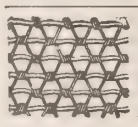

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SEE PAGE 729

A Sewing-Class at a Mission in Heathen Africa

Questions & Answers

M. E. F., Foster's Mill, Ga. Why did Jesus make Judas an apostle if, as we are taught to believe, he knew the character of men?

The question has often been asked but remains a mystery. It has been suggested with some plausibility that Judas was originally a sincere follower of Christ. We cannot conceive of Jesus appointing one who was not. Later, however, avarice and ambition gained control over him. He stole the funds of the little company and hoped to hold high place when, as he expected, Jesus would establish his kingdom. It is suggested that even in betraying Christ, he did not expect that his act would lead to the catastrophe. He thought that Christ would use his miraculous power for his deliverance. His object was to precipitate the founding of the kingdom—to force Christ's hand. When he found that Christ was going to submit, and would be killed, he realized the failure of his ambitious scheme and committed suicide in remorse.

Oscar L., New York. Who is the new governor of Finland, the successor of Bobrikoff?

Prince John Obolensky. His appointment indicates that the repression policy will be continued vigorously, and that the "Russification" of Finland will go on.

Reader, Mounds, Ill. How can one overcome the shrinking from reading, praying and speaking in public?

One of the best ways is in taking a class in the Sunday School. The habit of speaking to ten or a dozen children soon gives confidence. You need to forget yourself in your subject. Get clearly in mind what you wish to say, say it briefly and do not attempt to do more at the outset. Gradually, as you overcome the nervousness of hearing your own voice, you will be at ease. Remember that it does not matter so much what your audience thinks of you and your speech, as whether you can influence them and do them good.

Anxious Follower, Wis. In this age of combination and co-operative effort, it would be unfair to deny to workers the same privilege that is conceded to capitalists, *i. e.*, the right to combine. Union is strength, and only by uniting can any definite results be achieved. As to the abuse of the strength and influence which union gives, much might be said on either side.

J. R., Danbury, Conn. What is the cause of the present trouble between France and the Vatican?

While the whole question of Papal authority is involved, the immediate cause of the trouble is the action of the Papal See with regard to the bishops of Laval and Dijon. These prelates refused to recognize the authority of the See, and failing to respond to a summons to go to Rome, were deprived of all episcopal powers, and when they appealed to the civil powers for support, they were excommunicated. The French government refused to recognize their dismissal by the Papacy, holding them to be State functionaries, who can be dismissed only by the government itself. The present position is a peculiar one, the government continuing the bishops' salaries and upholding them in their dioceses in defiance of their own church.

D. Dekker, Edgeley, N. Dak. 1. What is known of the book of Iddo, the Seer, mentioned in II. Chron. 12:15, and other places? 2. To whom does Ecclesiastes refer in Eccles. 7:28? 3. Why are we told not to be righteous overmuch (Eccles. 7:16)?

1. Iddo is believed to have been the official chronicler or court secretary. It would be his duty to keep the official records. The writer of Chronicles appears to quote him as an authority, much as we should refer to the Congressional Record. Josephus thinks he was the prophet mentioned in I. Kings 13, as having been slain by a lion. 2. To no special person. He is in despair of humanity. When he had tested men, he did not find more than one in a thousand who was upright and worthy to be called a man. 3. Ecclesiastes set out to find the greatest good in life and he relates his experience. You must not take his expressions as a guide, because at different periods of his quest he held different opinions and, as he tells you, discovered his mistake. At this particular stage he thought that happiness might be found in an easy, moderate state of mind. The man who was not particularly good or very bad, was likely to be happy; as we should say, an easy-going man. He may have had in mind men like the Pharisees of our Lord's time, who were so worried about minute questions of the tithe and religious observance, that they neglected the religion of the heart.

L. K., Hydeville, Vt. I notice in a late issue of your paper that Russia is called a "Christian nation." By what right can we call a nation "Christian," whose laws and government permit such diabolical atrocities as are inflicted upon the Jews and Stundists? Or what can we call that "branch of the Christian Church" which requires its members to worship the image pictures, so common in the worship of Russians?

Your comment is justifiable, when we consider the course Russia has followed in the last quarter of a century. Nominally Christian, Russia is still far from the light. The same criticism, however, might be applied to other nations, nominally Christian, whose acts have been sadly out of tune with their profession.

R. B., Nashville, Tenn., writes:

Theodore S., Bay City, Wis., asked: How many soldiers took part in the Civil War on both sides? On the Northern side, there were something over 2,600,000. A gentleman, who has the records of the Confederate States during the war, has tabulated the number of men from each State by regiments, battalions, etc., in the infantry, cavalry and artillery, up to 1863, and he gives the number at 960,000, and counting the number that enlisted and were conscripted from 1863 to the end of the war, it would make a total of over 1,000,000.

G. D. T., Elroy. 1. Was it the Jews or the Gentiles who crucified Christ? 2. Are you not wrong in saying that Herod died before Jesus was born?

1. The Gentiles crucified Christ; but they did it to please the Jews. Pilate would have been glad to have avoided crucifying him, but the Jews insisted. He feared to disoblige them, because if he had done so, they might have made trouble for him at Rome, by reporting his other acts of misgovernment. He wanted their good word, and so gave orders that they should have their way in having Christ crucified. Both Jews and Gentiles were responsible, but the Jews took the initiative, and were therefore the more guilty. 2. We did not say that Herod died before Jesus was born, but that he died four years before the Christian era. The fact that he died B.C. 4, shows that the Christian era was set later than it should have been. Christ was born B.C. 5.

Mrs. A. A. B., Stonington, Conn., writes:

The *Crown Encyclopedia* received. I am highly gratified. It exceeded my expectation; but it has always been thus with all the benefits received from your house. I have been a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD over twenty years and feel I could not do without it. My husband (deceased) was a great lover of it.

A. G. Yours is a legal question. Though the facts are not fully stated, the indications are that the first wife gave her husband the money in question. If so, it belonged to him in law. The lapse of twenty years, without testing the legality of his title, is an additional and independent reason why it cannot be successfully disputed now. Still, the proper course is to see a lawyer and to state the facts to him.

Subscriber, Franktown, Va. What is the difference between the Methodist Protestant and the Methodist Episcopal churches?

They are practically identical in fundamental doctrines, and in many of their usages. The Methodist Protestants, however, have no bishops. The annual conferences elect a President, and an equal number of ministers and laymen as delegates to the General Conference, which meets every four years. This conference has the right to legislate for the Church, to devise means for raising funds, and to regulate the boundaries of the annual conferences.

H. O., Overton, Neb. 1. Was the hair on Esau a freak in nature or were there people in those days with hair on their bodies? 2. What were the Dark Ages? 3. How was the Bible preserved through the Dark Ages?

1. The word "Esau" itself, means "hairy," or "rough," and was applied to the first-born of the twins to distinguish him from his weaker and smooth-skinned brother. It is not probable that this peculiarity was so marked as to be a "freak" in the sense of a monstrosity. There are many persons born nowadays wh are more abundantly endowed with hair tha their neighbors. The Ainus of Japan a probably the best known hairy race of mode times. 2. The "Dark Ages" (The Middle Age were the era between the death of Charl magne and the close of the Carlovingian d nasty. It was the most barren age in histo as far as learning was concerned, and was u marked by any figure of intellectual prom nence. Learning declined and almost di appeared. 3. It was preserved by the ear church, which was practically the sole repos tory of learning during that period.

Reader, Dayton, O. The following tab (from *The Wall Street Journal*), shows th percentage of increase in a number of occ pations from 1880 to 1900:

	Per ce
Teachers	95
Laborers	41
Servants, waiters and stewards	48
Bankers and brokers	283
Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers	99
Commercial travelers	228
Officers of banks and corporations	386
Steam railway employees	146
Merchants	73
Carpenters	66
Miners	122
Bakers	92
Iron and steel workers	123
Cotton mill operators	45
Dressmakers, milliners, etc	105
Manufacturers and officials	252

Reader, Syracuse, N. Y. At what time did t Apostle Paul visit Rome and how long did stay there?

He went there as a prisoner, probably the year 56 A. D. He had been arrested Jerusalem and was arraigned before Fe and Festus the Roman governors. They d not decide his case, but kept him in prisc Finally he appealed to the Roman Emper as his Roman citizenship entitled him to c and he was sent to Rome for trial. Wh Luke finished writing the Acts of the Ap tles, Paul had been kept in confinement t years, but had been allowed to see his frien (See Acts 28:30). Tradition says that he w acquitted at his trial and went on anotl missionary tour, and that he was afterwar again arrested and sent back to Rome, whe he was executed.

Pilgrim. 1. When did the distinguished minist Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, die? Was he a Luth an, a Moravian, or a Presbyterian ministe 2. Is there an admiral in the U. S. Navy nan Beaumont?

1. William Augustus Muhlenberg was bc in Philadelphia, September 16, 1796, and di April 8, 1877. He was a Protestant Episcoj clergyman, and was the author of many mous hymns. 2. No.

Miscellaneous

C. H. G., Souris, Man. So far as is known, gersoll remained an agnostic to the day of his dea

E. W. C., Croton Falls, N. Y. 1. *Maru* is equivalent of *steamer* or *boat*. 2. There is no st law.

W. E. H., Parker, S. D. "Auld Lang Syn freely rendered, means "Old Times of Long Ag or "Old Times Gone."

W. T. R., Hillside, O. Xanthonius is fron Greek word *Xanthos*, meaning yellow, and word probably refers to a bird or flower of th color.

T. N. Campbell, Amherst, N. S., Can., writes that readers who inquire for the verses "Christ the Garden," will find them in the old *Americ Vocalist*, on page 333, and are there set to the tu "Gethsemane."

M. E. R., Nyack, N. Y. 1. Write to the *L Journal*, New York, for information. 2. Geo III. was born in 1738 and died in 1820. He v reigning monarch in 1763. 3. Write to Harpe publishers, New York. 4. Black is the conventi al form of mourning and expresses natural sorr over the loss of a loved one. To omit mourni would be to give the impression that one was feeling.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE INGLESIDE CLUB AT A "HEART SOCIAL"

A CARPET-RAG SEWING BEE

THE "DISTRICT SCHOOL"—AN ENTERTAINMENT

His Church a "Character Factory"

A WESTERN PASTOR'S PLAN FOR KEEPING UP THE SOCIAL SIDE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND FIGHTING THE SALOON

A FEW years ago, a young clergyman came to the town of Lawndale, a suburb of Chicago, to become pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches. He soon attracted attention outside f the congregation on account of the character of his ermons, for he vigorously preached the doctrine of elping the poor and unfortunate. During week days e practiced what he preached, devoting all of his time ot occupied with church work, studying the condition of the aboring class, of which Lawnale contains a large number. People in the town soon learned hat the minister had become so oted as a friend of the poor. here he had formerly worked, hat he was given this title in he community referred to. Bere coming to Lawndale he had ccupied the pulpit of a church Pullman, one of the largest ictory towns in the United tates, where the population is mposed almost entirely of men mployed in building passenger oaches for the railroad lines.

It is worth while to give this rief sketch of the career of ev. Granville Pike, for he has rmed a body of church work- s which probably has no parlel anywhere. While it is alled a church by the townsfolk ho are not connected with it, r. Pike and his people call it a "factory." It is moded largely upon the plan of a great industry, such as ose with which he has become familiar in his life in dustrial towns. This factory, however, is intended to eate character; so the edifice which has been erected not termed a "church" by those interested in it, but e "character factory" of Lawndale. It forms a great ntre, not only of religious, but of social activity, d this is the purpose for which it is intended.

In the church building there are many features interest. There is a gymnasium, as well as a ading-room, and apartments for various meetings a social character. There is, besides, a large wling alley, and a series of baths of various nds. The assembly room will accommodate 400, d is intended for lectures, concerts, receptions d other gatherings for the pleasure of the congation. Nearly every night in the week it is e scene of some enjoyable event, which not only e members, but anyone in town can attend without payment. In fact, it forms the centre of amusent and recreation for the entire community, here those who have nothing else to do, can spend pleasant hour or pleasant evening. This is Pastor ke's idea of a workingman's place of recreation—t a saloon nor any body-and-soul destroying ace, but a resort of healthful, innocent amusement, which combines many wholesome and attractive features. In connection with it is a large room, provided with apparatus for cooking, and frequently meals are served in connection with the entertainment.

On the floor above is a room devoted to meetings of religious societies of young people. Here the different church organizations can assemble on Sundays or on week-days at any time. This is provided with musical instruments, is attractively furnished, and will accommodate about 150 persons. On the same floor is the department for the Sunday School, which consists of a general assembly room and five class rooms accommodating about 250. Next to the Sunday School apartment, is an auditorium, where the ordinary Sunday services are held for the older ones connected with the "factory." This will accommodate nearly 1,000 people, as several apartments adjoining can be added to it by opening sliding doors, thus providing for a much larger congregation.

Another portion of the building is devoted to apartments for the mothers of the church. One of these is a room where they can assemble during the week and listen to lectures, as well as enjoy amusements of various kinds provided especially for their benefit. They can also meet and discuss domestic matters, while the little children are provided for in the nursery adjoining, which is in charge of nurses appointed especially for this purpose. Another room in this department is intended for girls and young women. Here they are instructed in house-work, cooking, sewing and other domestic duties, and, it may be added, here they have a society devoted to mutual advancement, which meets regularly.

These arrangements indicate how Mr. Pike has systematized the various phases of social activity in his church work. A place has been provided for the old and young of both sexes. Every one, from the little child to the aged man, can find a section especially for him, and where plans for his advancement are carefully considered. While one can hear the Sunday sermon or join in the singing of the Sabbath hymn in the auditorium, he can also spend the next evening in the gymnasium, or at the entertainment given in the assembly hall. Consequently, the temptation to the workman to spend his leisure time after the day at the bench, in the barroom or some other questionable resort, is counteracted by the "character factory." Here the aptness of its title is made apparent.

As already stated, the building is not intended for merely those who are laborers in the factory, but for all who care to go. All classes meet on a common level. Among those who are interested are the rich as well as the poor, but no distinction is made in their treatment, and this is one of the reasons why the "character factory" has become so popular with the working class, and especially the men and boys. The girls and young women have formed the Ingleside Club, for carrying on church work and for planning outdoor amusements for the young women of the town in general.

Church bodies in Chicago have watched the career of the "character factory" with deep interest, and some of them have already adopted plans like those Mr. Pike has originated. That it appeals especially to those who toil, is shown by the large attendance of factory operatives and their families.

REV. GRANVILLE R. PIKE

MILLARD AVE. PRESBY. CHURCH

MRS. PIKE

A "CHILDHOOD PARTY"

PROGRESS BY SUFFERING

A Sermon by Rev. George Freeman*

Text: Job 2: 10, "In all this did not Job sin with his lips"

THAT is, Job might have sinned in his heart, but up to this point no word of his lips had transgressed the law of his God, or of his own good name. Some of us have reason to be thankful for moments when the doubtful thoughts which are in each of us remain dumb. What a mercy it is that no man habitually utters all that he thinks, or all that he feels, and we ought to be as thankful for the sins that we are saved from as for the mercy that covers a multitude of transgressions. The sin in the heart we mourn and ought to repent of, but while it does not come to utterance, it remains between God and us, and we are spared the responsibility of injuring others by sinful words.

There is many a Christian who says, "Well, I don't know that I am getting on very fast, or making much progress, or have very much to cheer me." Why, my dear friend, if you only knew what you have been saved from you would cheer up for the rest of your life. We are not only saved to get to heaven by and by, where we may walk the golden pavements with throngs of beautiful angels, but every day brings us blessings, and not the least of these is that we are saved from things that are near to us. Why, we are saved from death every night. Do you know, we are told that if a man or a woman or a child takes a natural and undisturbed and long sleep, such as we take every night if we are in fair health, at the centre of that period we are said to be as near dead as ever we shall get without dying; therefore, every morning is a resurrection. Is that not something to be thankful for? To be thankful for the things that I have been saved from not doing is also a duty, as well as to be thankful for the mercy that has forgiven sins I have committed. Job would surely be thankful that he sinned not with his lips; we may be thankful, too, that when he did speak he had so much to say on a subject that concerns us, and said so much to solve a great problem for us concerning human suffering and pain and distress.

Universal Suffering

One of your greatest preachers, perhaps the greatest one whom you ever produced in this country, once said to students to whom he was lecturing at Yale University, that no man could preach a great sermon unless he started at some point of common agreement. Whatever qualifications of greatness my sermon this morning may lack, it has at least that merit, because I am going to start with an assertion which no one but a lunatic can dispute, and that is, that there is an awful amount of suffering in this world. Man that is born of a woman is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

If you are not a troubled man you are not a man, or at least the logic of that phrase means, to the measure of your trouble you are a man, or, to put it in pulpit phraseology, without discipline we should have no manhood. We are in a great sea of trouble, believers and unbelievers alike; we all get it somewhere, and somehow; we all have to suffer some sort of pain, some kind of distress, something that is disagreeable. That fact is to many a great mystery. If we are given to see a meaning in the mystery through these words of Job, we shall find a glad Gospel to our hearts this morning.

One other word of preface: This problem of suffering touches one of the commonest doubts in the minds of men. No man can think at all without having trouble in this direction. No man can square exactly the infinite love, pity and goodness of God with the overwhelming squalor and misery and sin of the world. Is not that a perplexity? Surely you cannot say it raises no difficulty to your mind. It is a profound mystery. There is God, speaking reverently, almighty in power, all goodness in nature; here is mankind, a mass of corruption, of misery and of woe and of need. How can these two things agree? The offspring of the Creator so utterly destitute, in a condition in such startling contrast to the wealth and glory of the Creator himself.

A Painful Dilemma

Well, we have two things to say of that problem, to begin with. First of all, we must never attempt to offer any apology for God. Never. We shall never have fully in this world a complete answer to that problem, and I say again if you do not call to your aid the beautiful assistance of faith, then, if you struggle with the problem at all, you will either become a Roman Catholic or an infidel. You will have to do either the one or the other. If you have faith, that is a shield that protects you from the impact of the difficulty; but the moment you begin to reason it out, you must go either to the darkness and superstition of Catholicism, or flounder in the wilderness of the mind that is atheistic and unbelieving. You must either say, "I cannot understand it; I cannot realize it; I cannot believe in it," and therefore accept the priest's presumptuous suggestion, who tells you to leave it entirely to him and he will put you right, or you will have to say with the atheist, "A good God would not permit suffering to continue, and, therefore, there can be no good God," or you may be led, as I trust you will be led, by the blessed Spirit of God to say that you do not understand the mystery, but that you trust in God, and are confident that what you know not now you shall know hereafter. Thus, in the quietude of faith, you shall triumph over these two doubts that assail the human mind.

Faith in God's Love

Next, while we do not seek at all to offer any apology for God, I believe we are oftentimes troubled because we try to bear God's burdens, whereas we are not strong enough to bear our own. He is responsible for a great deal more than we generally realize. He is responsible for bringing me into the world; he brought me, and therefore, as he has launched me in this savage world, he will take care of me, and bring me through it somehow or other to answer some great, far-reaching purpose about which I can know nothing, and I must in the meantime leave myself in his hands.

Next, in considering this difficulty, let us always rest where the Scriptures rest. "Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right?" One thing we must be careful about—we must never claim to understand fully every-

REV. GEORGE FREEMAN
Pastor of the Westbourne Grove Chapel, London

thing there is in the Bible. If I could understand this Bible, to put it plainly, then I should believe that it had a human not a divine origin. It is because I cannot fully understand this Book I know that some one greater than mankind has had to do with it, and therefore I believe it to be the inspired Word of God. As with the problem of suffering, so with the problem of the origin of evil. Now I find myself forced to believe in the existence of the devil. Some men, especially now, in the theological world, won't have a devil. Well, all I ask them to do is to displace the devilishness out of the world and then I will believe there is no devil. So long as men will stab you and rob you of your pocketbook in five minutes and steal your character for no fault of your own, so long as this world is crowded with devilishness, I say, sanity requires a man to believe that there is an evil ingenuity at work that is managing that machine; so that until we lose the existence of the effect we must believe in the awful cause.

Next, and finally before I pass to the application of the subject, don't try to understand the beginning of this mystery. Oh, if we could only get fully away from these side issues! How many have wasted their lives in trying to solve the mystery of the origin of sin! How many have troubled their heads to find out where it came from, what it was, and how and why it was permitted! We shall never understand that. No man can explain to me why God allowed sin. Do not trouble your head as to how sin got into the world. The great thing that we are to concentrate our attention on is how we are to get rid of sin now that it is here.

I know hundreds of people who want to know how sin came, and all the while they are delving in the mystery, sin is getting the ascendancy over them. Here the fact. Sin is here. That is true, and you and have to take part in the conflict with it. So we con upon the mystery of pain. It is a mystery, and I wou not belittle it. There are some people who escape it some extent and in some measure. But I am speakin the truth in saying that there are men and women wl have hardly known anything else than trouble sin they were borne upon their mothers' bosoms. Th have had distress and trial, temptation and troub morning noon and night, year after year, until th come into church, as they have come again this mor ing, saying, "I will come yet again. Though he sl me I will trust in him. Ask, oh, my soul, for sor balm. Let me hear the voice of God teaching me t meaning of this, and then I shall pass beyond its my teries into its joy and into its conflict."

Reasons for Suffering

I have four or five reasons to give you why the must be suffering or pain in this world. The first i It must be a necessity as far as God is concerned. may help some suffering one if you are led to see t truth of that. Let me put it in some figure if I ca Men and women must endure suffering if God is to veal himself to them as their Creator, as their Benefa tor, as their Ruler. That is to say, God could not ha enabled us to rejoice in this beautiful sunshine to-da if he had not before given us the darkness of nig We could not have had the one without the other. a if you and I did not have pain, we should be lumps wood and bits of chalk, instead of men and women. is a necessity to our very nature, because the law of t whole thing is this—to the measure of a man's pow to endure pain, to that measure he can endure joy a happiness. I do not enter into the question of what the physiological law behind that explanation. B there are some people so roughly built that they c scarcely feel pain; but those are not the highest ty of humanity. The savage is not so sensitive to pain the civilized man; the finer your nature the more se sibility to pain. If you writhe and quiver with a toot ache, be thankful you have a system that is sensitiv refined, well born. God must allow us to have pain we should have no understanding that we were of superior creation to the rest of the great world.

Next, do you know that it is the law of growth, th pain is indispensable to growth? No one here h grown on any other principle than that, and if y had not suffered pain, you would have been stunte you would have been dwarfed instead of being grov men and women. Let me give you a familiar illust tion. Here is a little child that just leaves its mothe or nurse's arms. That little child must learn to wa And how does the child begin to walk? That little ch learns to walk by tumbling about. If the little o knocks its poor little head on a chair, it gives it pa and the little one learns not to knock its head agai the chair again. We have had to suffer for our m takes; we have had to learn by painful experience t consequences of certain conduct; we have had to p the penalty of breaking certain laws that we can defy, and you and I have had to grow. "It was go for me," says one, "that I was afflicted." Another ti he said: "Before I was afflicted (or before I was pain), I went astray."

The Divine Sufferer

Even Christ, the captain of our salvation, was ma perfect by suffering; surely we are not to understa by that, that Christ's nature was imperfect, but Chris nature was developed. Show me the man or wom who has not had pain, and suffering, and distress in th world, and I will show you the individual that has manliness, no character, no strength. It was the o who has endured, as seeing him who is invisible, that the one who has found character, and strength.

Will you remember, too, that pain and pleasure ju alternate, one with the other in making the best com nation for discipline that it is possible for anybody know, and therefore human life, I would almost sa would be robbed of its romance, certainly of its sen ment, if this were not true, and what the world wou do if pain and suffering were eliminated from hum life, I cannot think. All branches of knowledge ha to exist upon this law.

Will you think, too, that the law of compensation always at work where there is suffering, and whe there is pain. One writer wrote that when "Ignoran was bliss, it was folly to be wise." Well, there is measure of truth in that; but, on the other hand, it true enough to life, that there is a compensation in w dom that pays for displacing the folly of ignoranc Bliss is not the true end or greatest boon in life. The are higher things than bliss for men to seek. T schoolboy finds his bliss in the playground, but we

*Preached in Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn

not let him stay too long there. If we did, he would discover when he grew up that ignorance placed him at a disadvantage, and he would have to suffer pain, harder to bear than that which he must bear now, in toiling over his books.

That is a significant statement in the Gospel of Matthew, following the account of the baptism: "Then the Spirit of God led Christ into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," to be put to pain. Would it not have been kind to have saved Christ from that awful temptation? It would in our poor way of calculation, but not for the human race. Ask the poor tempted man this morning what he owes to the awful experience that Christ passed through in the wilderness. What comfort it brings to him that he can look to a strong Lord and Saviour, who has been tempted in all points like as he is, yet without sin. Through pain, through conflict, through agony, was Jesus Christ made perfect, and you and I have to endure things if we would develop knowledge, but it is worth the endurance, because we rise to a higher point of pleasure than otherwise we could reach. I know the penalty of it is there as well, but the compensation is not far off. In the school of trouble there is a beautiful compensation always to repay you. If God takes one faculty away from you, he increases the power of the others or gives you strength to bear the loss.

Don't think I am trying to make God out to be a God of cruelty. I preach what I believe him to be, a God of profound mystery; but of all the darkness of the mystery there is the clear shining fact that God is all the while working good, especially to those who love him.

Now I must close, with just one or two more suggestions. I think I may say again that suffering is not to be discountenanced, but to be valued, because it always produces the richest and the noblest characters. In any branch of life we can prove that to a demonstration, but if we take some great achievements of men, we find that there is this consensus of opinion, that sorrow and suffering produce not only the greatest energy of endurance, by which are brought about great and mighty achievements upon the battlefield, but a nobility of character really greater than pugnacity. Was it not Byron who wrote:

> The soldier braves death for the fanciful wreath,
> In honor's romantic career,
> But he raises the foe
> When in battle laid low,
> And bathes every wound with a tear.

Thank God for Byron's idea, that although the soldier goes forth for his coveted wreath of fame, and rushes up some dangerous hill to fell the foe to violent death, he becomes nobler, more martyrlike, more instinct with manhood when his tear falls on the wounds of the man he has laid low, teaching us this, that there is no service so noble, that there is no effort so angelic, as that which is associated with the alleviation of distress.

If you just apply my little plain talk this morning to your own dealings with men and women, you will find the truth of the poet's words that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Some of us have passed through certain sorrows that we cannot speak about until we can find somebody who has passed through exactly that sorrow. Until you have lost a little child, do not be foolish enough to try to cheer and comfort somebody else who is weeping by the side of a little casket. If you have not lost a husband, you cannot understand what widowhood means. If you have not lost your parents, you do not know how awful it is. But if you have passed through that trial, you have a power of consolation which makes you an angel of consolation to your stricken brother. You have got to go through it in order to know it, and out of every sorrow there comes sympathy.

Let me close, by saying that suffering brings the choicest refinements that human nature or human life can ever know. You go into some house to-day, where they are celebrating some festal season, a wedding or a child's birth, so that the whole house is aglow with merriment and music. Nothing wrong about it. Everything right and pleasant and happy; but suddenly there comes the news that a little child is ill in the house. What happens? Well, you would not dance, would you? You would not play; you would not sing. The house would be lifted up and elevated and refined by the presence of that little sufferer in the other room.

Ah, there is something majestic! I begin to see now why it was that God permitted it. He knew how shallow we were, how un-Christlike, and, therefore, God had to bring forth in the chemistry of his own infinite wisdom this divine, lofty plan for the purifying of men and women, and for developing them, so that now it is so true that we must have pain, that we can say as one writer said long ago:

> God had one Son without sin,
> But no Son without sorrow.

Can I apply this principle more plainly than this? If you do not have any trouble, you have reason to ask whether you are a child of God. You say, where is the authority for such an awful suggestion? This is it: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Courage, then, my brother! Your suffering, which is so bitter to you, is a token of sonship. Read on and you learn that he who is without chastening is no true son. That is God Almighty's word. Comfort then. "Comfort ye my people, say unto them, Behold your God. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

In the Forbidden City

TIBETAN PRAYER-WHEEL

CABLE advices to the press announce that the British forces under Col. Younghusband have entered Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. No opposition was made after the passage of the Karola. A delegation of commissioners met the expedition and asked that negotiations might be resumed at a distance from the city, as the Dalai Lama might die of shock if the capital was profaned by the feet of the stranger. The British leader replied that as the expedition had already been halted once for negotiations, which had proved futile, and as it had been attacked by Tibetan troops, he felt it incumbent to proceed to Lhasa and have the treaty signed there.

On entering the city, the British troops showed respect for the prejudices of the Tibetans, by encamping in an open space a mile away from the sacred mount of Potala, on which the Lama's palace is built. They were informed that the Lama, with M. Dorjeleff, his Russian adviser, had quitted the city, and were at a monastery eighteen miles off. He had, however, left authority with his representatives to conclude an arrangement with the British and had also deposited the royal seals in the palace, so that the treaty might be duly signed and sealed. The Ambam, who is the representative of China in Tibet, had remained at Lhasa to take part in the negotiations.

As Tibet is nominally tributary to China, the Ambam's indorsement of the treaty, if it is signed, will give it binding force.

The city itself corresponds exactly to the plans which have been published. The surroundings are fertile, but the streets are filthy. The palace consists of an imposing mass of buildings on the mountain in the northwest quarter of the city, which commands a view of the great plain surrounded by mountains, on which cluster innumerable temples and monasteries. The rooms are richly decorated in Chinese style. There is no regularity about the streets, which divide the city proper into blocks of many shapes. In this district are the houses, huts, and shops of the common people. It can boast of only one important temple, and that is the Great Cathedral at its southwest corner. The street fronts not taken up by houses are chiefly occupied by shops, bazaars, and markets of all kinds.

Potala, the "Mountain of Buddha," on which the palace of the Dalai Lama stands, has played a most interesting part in the history of Asia. For the past 1,200 years it has been the most hallowed spot in Asia.

The Dalai Lama is twenty-eight years of age. He is the first in a century to attain that age. His predecessors were secretly put to death before they emerged from boyhood, by the Buddhist priests, who found it to their advantage to be regents under the nominal rule of a boy, rather than ministers of a ruler of responsible age. It has been his ambition to become independent of China. He contended that China ought to have gone to war with Great Britain in 1890 to prevent the seizure of Sikhim, which he claimed as Tibetan territory, and as China did not interfere, he practically renounced his allegiance. He accepted the tutelage of Russia, in the hope that Russia would protect him from the vengeance of China, and it was probably that fact which really stirred up British jealousy.

Signs of the theocratic character of the Tibetan government are found everywhere in the country. The Dalai Lama himself is reverenced more as the representative of Buddhism and the reincarnation of Buddha than as the ruler of Tibet. Around the city of Lhasa are many monasteries, in some of which there are said to be thousands of inmates. Many of these are not priests or monks, but students preparing for the priesthood. The people themselves are ignorant and superstitious. Their observance of their religious rites, in many instances, consists in little more than the turning of the cylinders which form the prayer-wheels of the country. A turn of the wheel is supposed to bring the prayer contained in it to the notice of the Supreme Being, and to be equivalent to a prayer uttered by the lips of the worshiper. The adherents of the Lama are far less intelligent than the Buddhists of Ceylon, over whom he exercises little if any influence.

THE LAMA'S CHAPLAIN IN HIS CELL

A TIBETAN MONASTERY AND FORTRESS

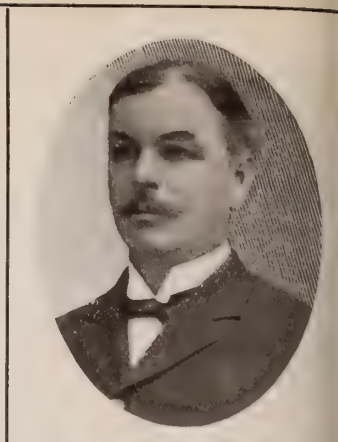
It may be hoped that if the British succeed in getting their treaty signed, it will contain provision not only for the entrance of traders into Tibet, but of missionaries also. For long years, Miss Annie Taylor and others have been waiting on the borders of the country, longing for permission to enter. The delay has been turned to account in familiarizing themselves with the Tibetan language, so that there might be no delay in beginning work when the way was open. Bibles also have been sent into Tibet by the waiting missionaries, who have found the traders willing to carry and circulate them. Thus the way has been prepared for the entrance of the missionary, and, by the blessing of God, a harvest of souls may be looked for.

REV. S. C. SWALLOW, D.D.

S. H. HADLEY

BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD

REV. F. IGLEHART, D.D



J. G. HALLIMOND

THE BISHOP AND THE SALOON

Temperance Leaders, Divines and Others, Express their Views Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Bishop Potter Fully Answered

BY REV. S. C. SWALLOW, *Prohibition Candidate for President*

YOU have asked me for a "brief expression of opinion" on Bishop Potter's sacrilegious performance in attempting to celebrate the nuptials between Christ and Belial. You ask "What should be the true attitude of the Church and of Christian people generally, toward the saloon, whether it should be one of tolerance and encouragement, along the line indicated in Bishop Potter's remarks, or of uncompromising hostility?"

In answer to this, I would say that nearly all of the Christian Evangelical denominations in this country have already put themselves on record. Several of them in their law-making bodies have gone so far as not only to demand total abstinence for the individual, and total Prohibition for the State; but have also declared that "no political party should receive the support of Christian men, which does not put itself on record, in an attitude of open hostility to the liquor traffic."

In all these denominations, therefore, every member who votes for the candidates of any political party that endorses the saloon, does that which the Church says no Christian ought to do.

But thus doing what ought not to be done, renders him un-Christian.

In answer to the question being asked by many, "Is not the tavern better than the present saloon?"

I will say yes, in the sense of being more orderly; but worse, in the sense of being more dignified and attractive, by virtue of furnishing meals to the hungry, and thus having an excuse to exist, aside from that of selling poison.

Under cover of getting something to eat, or meeting some engagement with a friend, many a total abstainer or occasional drinker will go to a tavern who would not be seen entering a saloon, and for the same reason might be enticed to take the first drink, or continue the habit already begun, because of the respectability of the surroundings.

The more respectable a drinking place is, the more respectable will be the class of the young men it will start on their journey to dram-drinking, neglect of home, and of Christian citizenship, and possibly to poverty, crime and an untimely death. It is the aristocratic place and not the low dive, that initiates our young men in their downward career.

Others are saying, in the absence of Prohibition: "Is not the Potter tavern a long step toward temperance?"

No, but rather toward drunkenness. Those of us who remember the old-time tavern, with its brood of roistering loafers, and nocturnal fights between drunken men, especially on battalion days, can see no great improvement in the so-called tavern over the saloon. Besides that, the Potter tavern is, according to all the descriptions, simply an up-to-date saloon called by a milder name, and consecrated with pious imprecations, mingled with impious libations, plus a free-lunch counter as a bribe to total abstainers to become drunkards.

The Bishop is quoted as saying in his address of desecration: "I belong to a dozen clubs. If I want to go out to dinner or a social evening, I can do so in any one of these clubs. But what of the man who lives in two rooms with five small children? He has no club. To get his glass of beer with his luncheon, he must go to the saloon. This is the greatest social movement New York has ever known. It is a movement everyone of us must take into account if you would save the republic."

Just so. And what of the woman whom that man swore he would support, love, honor and keep only unto, so long as they both should live?

If two small rooms, provided from the scanty amount saved after his liquor bills are paid, are sufficient for her comfort, and the comfort of the five children his whiskey-inflamed lust may have brought into the world, is good enough for her and them during twenty-four hours of every day, can't he stand it for twelve or fourteen hours?

"What meat does this modern Cæsar feed upon" that he must have so much better fare than his long-suffering companion? How about her "long evenings," and longer vigils? The club is too often the man-trap. It is indeed a club, with which the husband beats out the life of the one whose burdens he has promised to share.

SILAS C. SWALLOW.

An Insult to Religion

BY JOHN G. WOOLLEY

THE Subway Saloon is probably the worst saloon in America, for the reason that it has been stamped safe, innocent, respectable, and even Christian, by Bishop Potter. It was an insult to religion for him to open it in the character of a priest, and to sing as its dedicatory ode, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was blasphemy. The reflex may be good, however. The universal shock experienced by good people is a good sign. So, perhaps, God makes the wrath even of a bishop to praise him. JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

Chicago, August 10.

The Church Should Repudiate his Action

BY BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD

THE most damaging fact in connection with the part taken by Bishop Potter in the opening of the Subway Tavern, is that because of his official position it will be regarded as a representative act. He may plead that it is not such; but I greatly fear that the country at large will so regard it, and that the Church that has put such honor upon him, by calling him to his high office, will greatly suffer, unless that Church shall repudiate his action. J. N. FITZGERALD.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

A Parody on Things Sacred

BY REV. FERDINAND IGLEHART, D.D.

BISHOP POTTER has justly had a long and useful career, has done signal service for the Kingdom of God and for his fellow-men, and has earned the respect and affection of the people generally. But for some time the singular stand he has taken on the drink question; his apology for the liquor traffic, and his reported friendliness to an open saloon on the Sabbath, have led us to fear that advancing years, or bodily infirmity, may have taken the keen edge off his intellect, and weakened his judgment. What minister, whose reason had not slipped a cog or two, would ever think of consecrating the Subway Tavern, which is only a third-rate saloon, to the cause of advancement and religion? He is sincere in his opinion that the institution will do good, but that sincerity will not prevent the untold harm which will result, nor should it shield him from the censure which an outraged public conscience feels.

The Bishop has fallen into two errors. The first is, that the saloon is a necessity to the poor man. This is not true. Many men are poor because they have had too much of the saloon already. We agree with the distinguished prelate that the saloon is the poor man's club—that it skins his scalp and blacks his eye and bruises the face of his wife and the backs of his children. We object to the manufacture of any more such poor men's clubs, even in the name of religion.

Now that the good Bishop has shown us a sober way of drinking, let him continue the argument and reveal a truthful way of lying, an honest method of stealing, a virtuous form of vice, and a good way to be bad, and then call upon the congregation to sing the Doxology, and be dismissed. What a parody on all sacred things is the blackboard in front of the Subway. "Yes, this i the place dedicated by Bishop Potter. Come in. A are welcome." What colossal insolence in an institutio which is run in the interest of Satan for the mone there is in it, to ask the favor of the public because i has the sanction and sanctification of the Christia Church. FERDINAND IGLEHART.

Bishop Potter's "Ghastly Blunder"

BY J. G. HALLIMOND

BISHOP POTTER is a good and sincere Christia man, but he has perpetrated a ghastly blunde and, if he lives two or three years longer, he will b ready to put on sackcloth and ashes, when he realize the terrible and appalling havoc he has unwittingl wrought to thousands of precious lives.

To the Ocean Grove remonstrant, who telegraphe him on the day of the opening of the Bleecker Stree rum shop, the bishop flippantly replied: "This perso evidently is ignorant of the conditions of New Yor City life."

I speak for only one section of Bishop Potter's di cese, but it is one of the most populous, and contair the Pro-Cathedral, with which he has been most int mately associated, and I cannot forbear the remar that of the conditions of life in this neighborhood he most profoundly and culpably ignorant, or he cer ainl would never have resorted to such an utterly insar method of solving the temperance question as the ope ing of another house for the sale of intoxicating drinl Bishop Potter is quite right in his contention that th Church must make further provision for meeting th social instincts of the people. Surely we have all bee terribly negligent of the very clear commands of ou Lord and Master in this respect. But to do this l selling to them "liquid damnation," is just as sane method as would be an attempt to convert the Chines by opening respectable (?) opium joints.

I am a worker amongst the shipwrecks of societ They are flung here, right at Bishop Potter's doors b the tens of thousands annually--and fully ninety-nir per cent. come here through the habit of drinkin alcoholic beverages. They all began in the apparentl harmless manner, that many a bright young fello began in the Bleecker Street "Tavern," immediatel after the bishop sang the doxology the other day.

The attitude of the Church towards rum-drinkin must be one of unceasing and uncompromising hostilit J. G. HALLIMOND,

Superintendent of the Bowery Mission.

It will Make Hell to Rejoice

BY S. H. HADLEY

YOU have asked me to give an expression of m opinion about the "Subway Tavern," or "gi mill," which has been started by churchmen and ded cated by Right Rev. Bishop Potter. I have been missionary among the criminal class, mostly in th lower part of the city, for twenty-two years, and I wis to tell the half million of people who will read thes words in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that I have nev seen anything so sad, or anything I feel more like wee ing over, than this saloon, opened and dedicated by th most prominent prelate of one of the most beloved an powerful Churches in this city, with a prayer an "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Such forward step toward rendering the Church of Jesu Christ utterly impotent in her warfare against sin, sure must have caused a holiday in hell.

As soon as the Church begins thus to openly com promise with sin, and to advocate and sell alcohol, sh loses her power. The Holy Spirit will be withdraw from her, and sinners will laugh at her. The saloon

CONTINUED ON PAGE 733

OM THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY SIGISMUND GOETZE IN THE LONDON "GRAPHIC"

SEE EDITORIAL PAGE

"DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN"

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Concerning Weights

YOUNG converts frequently ask the question whether certain things that they have been accustomed to do, are permissible after they have become Christians. Is it right to dance, to attend the theatre, to read novels, to play cards? If it is wrong to indulge in these practices, the demand is generally made for reasons. Why is it wrong? Does the Bible forbid it? Sometimes it is not easy to give a satisfactory answer. Christianity does not lay down hard and fast specific laws. It lays down principles, and leaves the Christian to apply them for himself.

One of the most comprehensive of these principles is that commended by the Apostle to his converts: "Laying aside every weight." The figure is that of the racer. His whole soul is set on reaching the goal and winning the prize. He is prepared to sacrifice everything to that object. In his diet, in his dress, in his associations, he makes everything subservient to his chief aim. If he is fond of some particular food, but finds that eating it reduces his running power, he abstains from it. If his shoes are pretty and becoming, but do not adapt themselves to swift running, he changes them for some that are perhaps less graceful, but are better suited for the race. If certain company or certain places tend to distract his thoughts, and embarrass him in training, he avoids them. The question with him is not one of right or wrong, but whether the thing in doubt helps or retards him in winning the race. Is it a weight? If it is, he lays it aside.

The spiritual race is of the same order. There are some Christians who are content to be stationary. To be just saved is enough for them; but there are others who yearn for spiritual development. They want to reach the heights. Whatsoever blessings and privileges Christianity has to confer, they want to attain. The goal is to become perfect men in Christ Jesus. Having been born again, they want to come to the stature of men. It is for these that the advice of the Apostle is given. Those who desire to make progress and to become such as Christ would have them be, have to adopt this principle of the weights. For the others, who have no such ambition, it is logical to discuss the right and wrong of a practice and to keep everything that is pleasant, so long as it cannot be proved to be wrong.

There is no need to be specific as to the nature of these weights. The Christian finds them out by experience. He soon learns what things affect him. The experience of another is no guide. A habit, an indulgence, a recreation, can be measured by this standard. If he finds that anything retards spiritual growth, if he is less Christlike after it, less inclined for communion with God, if his spirit is excited or perturbed, if his thoughts revert to the past pleasure, if association with a certain acquaintance induces a worldly or debasing effect—in any of these results, he can recognize the weight, which he is called on to lay aside. The question is one of comparison. If his supreme, predominant desire is for spiritual attainment, anything that binds him to the world, that keeps his soul from soaring, is laid aside, no matter how dear and pleasant it may be. This is the condition of success. The choice rests with him; it is for him to say whether the crown, he hopes to gain, is worth the sacrifice he must make to attain it.

Save Africa's Little Children

IN the great work of African evangelization, it is of the highest importance to get hold of *the children first*. This is the principle upon which the late Bishop William Taylor worked so successfully during the closing years of his African labors. It is, moreover, the principle now beginning to be generally recognized by all who labor in the foreign mission field among the "raw heathen." The children first. Get a child into the mission, train it in the Christian faith and surround it with loving Christian example, and you have a convert who will stand firm and fast, and one, moreover, who will, in turn, become an influential factor in bringing others into the fold.

A great blessing has come to India through the adoption of thousands of her orphan children by God's people in this land. These children, trained in Christian missions, are now themselves going out by the scores and hundreds, as workers in the Gospel harvest field. In this manner, a large number of devoted men and women in America, though unable to go to the mission field and do "personal service," are represented there by proxy. Their faithful substitutes are doing splendid service in their stead.

To those who are not thus represented in the foreign mission field, a new opportunity now presents itself. In the widely-extended diocese of Bishop Hartzell, the successor of Bishop Taylor, there are many African tribes of "raw heathen" who as yet know little of the Gospel. It is proposed to take into the mission stations young children from those tribes, with the consent of their parents, and to train them to lives of practical Christian usefulness. It will cost $15 a year to clothe, feed, and educate a child under this arrangement. These children are of various tribes, and their ages range from one year to nine or ten. Every person desiring to have a share in this work, and to become sponsor and spiritual foster-father or mother to a little raw heathen boy or girl, should write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stating preference as to sex and age, and an immediate reply will be forwarded. We have the lists from the field, and would be glad to see these little dusky spiritual wards taken up cordially and promptly. Patrons will be put in communication with the missionaries, and ultimately with the children themselves, and will thus enjoy direct personal contact with the work they create.

Address all letters on the subject of child adoption in Africa to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Bishop Potter's Reply

THAT Bishop Potter already regrets his recent "dedication" of an East-Side liquor saloon, and the storm of adverse criticism it has evoked, is apparent in the reply he has just addressed to his critics. At the outset, he makes the statement that he "never dreamed of regarding the present saloon as either a blessing or a necessity. . . . I simply regard it," he says, "as an inevitable and necessary evil, until it is displaced by something better." He then proceeds to arraign the friends of temperance reform in the United States, and especially the advocates of total abstinence and prohibition, as impractical extremists. He pronounces their well-meant zeal misdirected and utterly inhuman, inconsiderate and unreasonable, since it contemplates "a law of indiscriminate repression."

But though Bishop Potter thus vigorously assails the gallant army of Christian men and women who have fought the battles of temperance in America bravely, hopefully and prayerfully these many years, he is quite willing to admit that there is a drink evil, and that it is a very real and substantial evil. He would restrain the traffic—not crush it utterly. The saloon-keeper, he reminds us, has back of him "a great multitude who regard their rights as invaded when he is attacked, and yet not one in five of whom would not own that his business is largely mischievous in its effects and almost universally deteriorating in its tendencies. Is the whole incapable of transformation?" he asks. He then proceeds to commend the problem to the practical consideration of the same American brains and genius that have transformed great industries, and urges the generous use of capital in a movement on the lines of the temperance reform now proceeding in England in connection with what is popularly known there as "The Public House Movement." He roundly denounces the American use of liquor at private tables, at banquets, on social and official occasions, and especially the "treating" custom—that "hideous freemasonry of drink"—in clubs and bar-rooms. He calls upon the "friends of moderation" to see "whether something cannot be done to restrain a traffic whose utterly immoderate and unchastened aggressions threaten the very foundations of the State and the peace and order of society."

It is only justice to the Bishop to say that his arraignment is a strong one; but, taken in conjunctio with his recent appearance as an advocate of the ta ern, it is simply incomprehensible. How are we reconcile his public praise of the tavern, as "a pla that I can take my wife, my mother, and my sister to with his later denunciation of saloon-keepers as "ha pies who prey upon labor," and whose gains are a cur and a dishonor to the community? Is it wise to te porize with such palpable wickedness?

Bishop Potter's remedy for this condition of affai is not a radical one; it is quite gentle and humane. consists of substitution. In place of the saloon, would give us the tavern, a sort of "reformed" or sub mated saloon. He would not attempt to make peop sober; he would make them drink less and stop "tre ing." The saloon-keeper—that "harpy," as he inc dentally styles him—he would reform also by son unexplained process which is to be included in th wonderful moderation movement, so that the m may have bowels of compassion for his victims. A when all this has been accomplished, respectable ci zens can take their families to these temples of mode ation, enjoy their privileges, and sing the Doxology.

For the purpose of enlightening himself concernin Bishop Potter's idea of a reformed saloon, the writ visited the tavern recently dedicated by the Bisho He found it to be an ordinary, cheap bar-room, of t type common to the lower East-Side; neither more n less inviting than its fellows; selling the regulati drinks to the average array of loungers one may see such places. Whatever special moral or elevating i fluences it may possess, they certainly were not evidence. It was simply a common rum-shop, whe the facilities for degrading both body and soul were ample as the most ardent advocate of such places cou desire. It is doing a flourishing business on the streng of the publicity given by Bishop Potter, and will doul less continue to boom until the nine days' wonder h ceased. To say that it is a place where one would wi to take wife, mother or sister, would be the wilde stretch of the imagination.

Bishop Potter has unwittingly rendered a great s vice to the cause of temperance. While, by his rece course, he has placed himself in an equivocal positic he has been the means of stirring up the whole temp ance question and focussing public attention upon t saloon evil as it has not been focussed in many yea For this signal service, the friends of temperance eve where ought to be willing to overlook all his faults a tender him their united and grateful acknowledgmen

A Remarkable Picture

SEE PRECEDING PAGE

IN the British Royal Academy, the great canvas l Sigismund Goetze, entitled, "Despised and R jected of Men," has unquestionably been one of t art sensations of the year. Writing of the paintin the critic of *The London Graphic*, says:

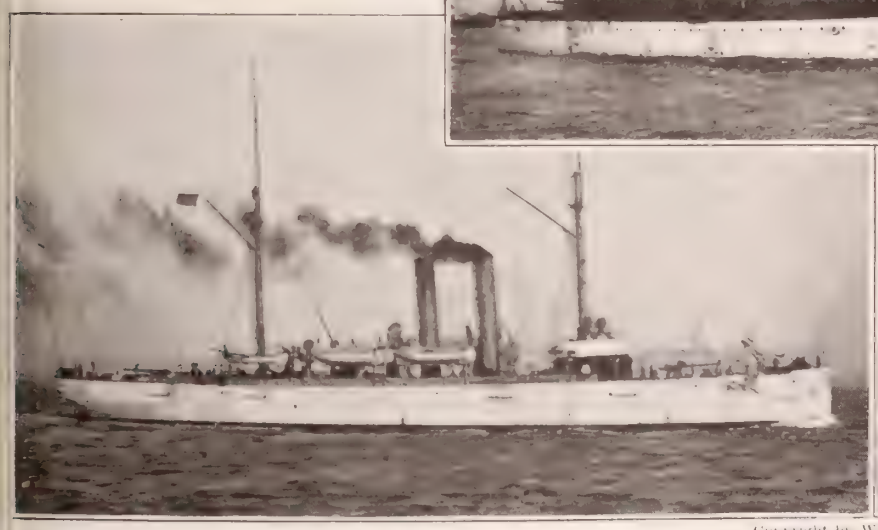
"It is the most attractive painting to the mass visitors to the Royal Academy. The allegory—if it not too realistic to be called by such a term—makes t popular appeal 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by and the manner of its treatment is well fitted to its pu pose. While the martyred Christ, the *Deus ignotus* the crowd, stands as the living sign below the symb of the Holy Grail, the people of to-day, with one exce tion, pass on unconcerned. That exception is the ho pital nurse, the heroic soul who turns and remember but sportsman and scientist, soldier and man and woma about-town, laborer and demagogue, theological di putant and even the high representatives of the Churc are all engrossed by their own affairs, deaf to the appe of inner religion, and even of charity, which calls out them from the base of the altar; while betting men a lovers prepare us for the sequel suggested by the l who cries his papers—showing how the vices of the ri corrupt the poor who batten upon them. The picture, fact, is a painted sermon, able if exaggerated in i argument; the pulpit is for once the Royal Academy

This allegory—which the critic has aptly called painted sermon,"—is applicable to conditions in a part of the civilized world. It is a picture to stu deeply and to ponder about, in order that the full for of the lesson it teaches may be understood.

Turkey Menaced

DECISIVE measures have been taken by our Government to compel the Sultan of Turkey to amend his conduct to our citizens in his Empire. Long-standing grievances have frequently been brought to the Sultan's attention without avail. Citizens of the United States traveling in Turkey have been molested, in spite of treaties, the schools established by American missionaries have been arbitrarily closed, and the privileges granted to other nations have been withheld from us. Mr. Leishman, our Minister at Constantinople, has been instructed to make a formal protest to the Sultan covering all the grievances of which our Government has reason to complain. Scant attention was paid to the protest, and Mr. Leishman reported that the audience with the Sultan, at which a reply was to have been given to his complaint, had been postponed from time to time. Our Government became exasperated by the Sultan's evasions, and finally decided to make a display of force. Instructions were sent to Rear Admiral Jewell to proceed to Smyrna with three American warships—the *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, and the *Cleveland*. The Mediterranean fleet was also instructed to remain within easy sailing distance. The arrival of the three vessels at Smyrna was reported on August 12. On the same day Minister Leishman informed the Secretary of State that he had received an intimation from the Turkish Government that "it was disposed to give immediate attention to the demands of the United States." It does not appear that the Sultan has promised to grant the demands, but it is a promise that could not be extracted from him before, that he would give them "immediate attention." Perhaps news of the arrival of the three vessels

U. S. S. "OLYMPIA"



U. S. S. "CLEVELAND"

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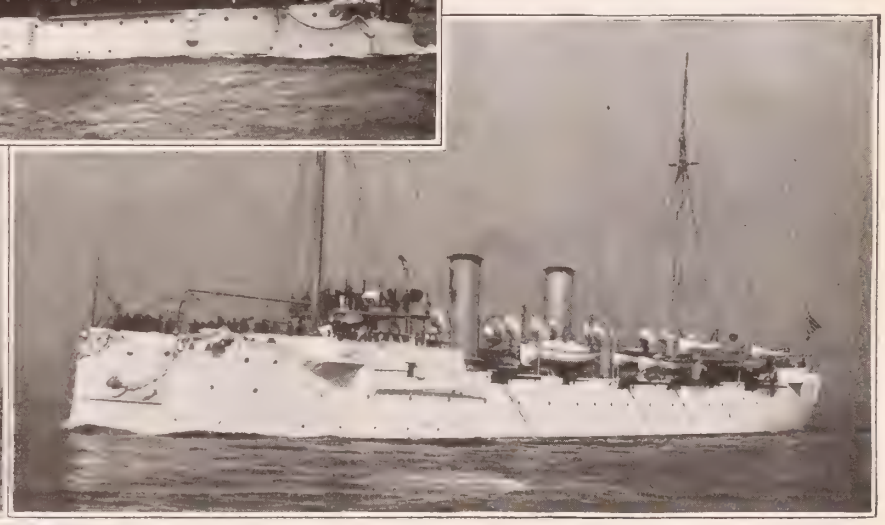

U. S. S. "BALTIMORE"

AMERICAN VESSELS SENT TO SMYRNA TO ENFORCE OUR GOVERNMENT'S DEMANDS ON TURKEY

in one of his ports may have contributed to produce prompt action on his part. Many men act in their relations to God as the Sultan has acted toward our Government, but there comes a time, as the history of the favored nation shows, when patience is at an end.

They mocked the messengers of God and despised his words and misused his prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose (II Chronicles 36: 16).

An Heir to the Czar

There is general rejoicing in Russia over the birth of an heir to the throne. The good news was communicated to the people on August 12, by the firing of cannon, the ringing of the church bells, and the public announcement at special services in the cathedrals. The news comes as a relief to public anxiety throughout the empire. It was feared that should the Emperor die, leaving no male issue, there might be intrigues and dispute as to the right of succession between the Emperor's brother and his cousins. Four daughters have been born to the Imperial couple, and the superstitious among the people thought that it was a mark of divine displeasure that no heir had been granted to them. The birth of this son is, therefore, an event deeply gratifying to the Emperor and the nation. He is to be named Alexis. It is expected that, in gratitude for the event, the Emperor will make some important concessions to the people, either in the remission of taxation, or in some other relief from public burdens. The cable dispatches report the joy of the people as ecstatic, kissing one another in the streets and dancing in their delight. Yet they do not know whether, if the child grows up and comes to the throne, he may be such a ruler as they desire. There was no such joy when One entered the world as a new-born child, of whom God had assured men that the blessing of his reign should be infinite.

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace (Isa. 9: 6).

A Father Repudiated

It is not often that a man desires to get rid of a name which has been mentioned honorably in military despatches and has been placed on the honor rolls of the army, but such an instance is reported in the records of the Supreme Court of New York. The applicant is a young man, who stated that when he was five years old his father deserted him and his mother. The mother toiled to support them for several years, but at last fell ill and died. The boy found a home with neighbors and worked for his board, but he was growing up in ignorance. Some one who saw him, related the facts to the brother of the boy's mother, who sent for him and took him into his home. He has been well educated and has proved intelligent and grateful. His uncle has grown fond of him and has had him taught a trade, at which he is making satisfactory progress. In all these years the boy has never seen his father, though during the Spanish American War, he noticed in the papers that he had distinguished himself in battle, and had been promoted. No help whatsoever had he given to the son whom he had unnaturally deserted, nor had he manifested any interest in his welfare. The young man now asked the Court to sanction his changing his name to that of his uncle, as the latter, who is becoming an old man, had promised to make him his heir if he would do so. The court granted the petition, and in future the young man will be legally known by his uncle's name, and will inherit a considerable fortune. The change is a symbol of mutual affection. It is so that the believer regards it when he takes upon him the name of Christ, rejoicing in the love that has redeemed him, and pledging his own love in return.

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine (Isa. 43: 1).

A Train Saved

A remarkable escape from disaster on the Hudson River Railroad is reported from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A woman who lives near the line, three miles north of the city, was looking out of her house a few days ago, at the raging of a severe thunder-storm. She saw the lightning strike a tree, and, in a few minutes, the fierce wind blew down the trunk across the tracks. Realizing that the Troy Express would soon be due, she seized a scarlet table-cover, and ran out in the storm to the entrance of a curve. She knew that coming around the curve the engineer would not see the heavy tree lying across the tracks. She stationed herself at a point from which she could be seen a long way off, and waved her red signal. Soon the rumble of the express was heard, and the woman watched anxiously to see if her signal would be observed. To her delight, she saw the engineer had shut off steam. In another minute, the train was brought to a standstill beside her. She told the officials of the obstruction, and men were sent forward to remove it. The engineer and the passengers crowded around the woman and overwhelmed her with thanks for their preservation. Unhappily, people are not so grateful when warned of their spiritual danger. Men often go on, heedless of their danger, even though they are frequently warned by preachers, whose appeals are based on God's Word:

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy (Prov. 29: 1).

BRIEF NOTES

The oldest minister in active work in the United States is said to be Rev. N. L. Clark, of Newton, Miss., who is in his ninety-third year, and has been sixty-four years in the Baptist ministry.

Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, one of the most famous Greek-Letter Societies in the country.

The General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, reports an increase of two thousand in the number of societies during the year, making a net aggregate of 64,758.

A World's Congress of Baptists will be held in London next July. The proposal emanated from churches in America, but the consensus of opinion was that the British metropolis would be the most convenient rendezvous for the majority of the delegates.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the head of the Salvation Army in the United States, is bidding this country farewell. He has been summoned to London to hold a more important office at headquarters. While we congratulate him, we regret that he is leaving us. His administration has been singularly successful. It is expected that Miss Eva Booth, the youngest daughter of Gen Booth, now Commissioner in Canada, will succeed him.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Two—Toulon

CHAPTER XI—Continued

THE DASH OF THE "INCONSTANT"

"BY all means," said the marquis, "Do what you can for him, my child. We owe him much."

"We'll return in a moment, sir," said Macartney, now eager to be alone with the woman he loved, if only for a second.

He led the way into the cabin. The cabin of the frigate was a spacious one, a swinging lamp from the ceiling gave plenty of light. By Louise's direction Macartney procured a basin of water, a towel and a pair of scissors from his stateroom opposite. He placed them on a table and sat down beside it. The girl stepped behind him, pressing her fingers to his head and bending it toward the light.

"Why, it's a deep gash;" she exclaimed.

"Faith," said Macartney smiling, "your fingers are more deadly than the enemy's bullet, mademoiselle. I did not feel that, but your touch is more than I can stand."

"Is this the time for jesting, monsieur?" interrupted the girl severely.

The next instant she began to cut away the hair from about the wound. The bullet had glanced upward along the cheek and passed over the temple. In a moment she had bared the place, then with deft fingers she washed it, wiped it with the towel, and looked about as if for something softer as a bandage.

"Haven't you anything better than this?" she asked him, lifting the towel, "the linen is so coarse."

"Nothing, I am afraid," smiled Macartney. "That's good enough for a sailor."

There was a sound as of some one stooping, then a sudden long and one short pull.

"It's part of my linen skirt," she said, binding the soft cloth around his head. "'Tis the best I can do."

"An angel could do no better."

"Now, monsieur, how do you feel?"

'Comtesse," said Macartney fervently, "I wish it had taken off my head—the bullet, I mean. Then you would not have finished with me so soon."

He rose to his feet as he spoke, and accidentally brushed against her arm. He noticed that she winced as if in pain.

"What!" he cried in dismay and remorse in his voice. "You were hurt, too, and I forgot it!"

"You did not forget it when you—picked me up and ran with me. Oh, monsieur, how could you?" She blushed painfully at the recollection, and yet it had been rather pleasant after all. She found herself agreeing with him, when he said boldly:

"I'd like a chance to do it again! But your wound, mademoiselle? Let me see it."

"It is nothing," she said softly. "Merely a scratch."

"Yes, That's what you said about mine, and you convinced me that it was very serious indeed. It's my turn now. Where is it?"

"There!" pointing to her left arm.

Whipping out his knife he gently slit the sleeve. There was a little nick about half an inch long in the upper part of her arm. The bullet had just broken the skin. But is was an ugly looking spot in the soft, white flesh of that round, young arm. If she had lost her arm Macartney could not have made more to-do about it. He washed it tenderly. Then in reckless daring he bent and kissed it.

"Your treatment differs from mine, monsieur," said the girl, protesting faintly.

"Faith, yes. I think it's an improvement on yours," said Macartney, "and it isn't too late to try it on me if you like the effect. Now, if I only had something to bind it up with. Here, let me give you this."

He lifted his hand to the bandage about his head.

In another moment she placed a slender piece of linen in his hand.

"How beautifully you tie knots," she said, as she noted his skilful handiwork.

"There is one—one knot I'd like to tie——"

"And that one?" she asked him incautiously.

"Is the one that would bind us together, mademoiselle."

"I am for France, monsieur," she answered shaking her head.

"This for France," he cried, slipping his arm about her waist. He stooped over, and bent to kiss her lips. She did not struggle or shrink away.

"Monsieur!" she cried.

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There was such piteous entreaty in her voice, as if he were so strong and she so weak, that he stopped. Such forbearance was a new thing for Macartney. The girl waited a second, and then her head dropped before him. He released her, and as he did so he bent and kissed her golden hair.

"You saved my life," she murmured in self-justification.

"This privilege pays for it already," he answered softly. "Besides that shot when I lost my sword! You saved mine, and it's yours always. Oh, mademoiselle—Louise—" He took both her hands in a warm, passionate clasp—"believe me, I love you with my whole soul!"

There was a noise at the door, and Mr. Hoste entered the cabin.

"Mr. Frazier says we are coming down upon the batteries very fast, sir."

"I am coming, Mr. Hoste. Go below, comtesse," said Macartney. "You will be safer there."

He turned instantly, and stepped out upon the deck. Already the batteries in the forts were firing toward the ship. The water all around her was cut into jets of spray by the glancing shot. Macartney ran up the ladder and stood at the break of the poop, where he could see everything.

"Let no one fire under pain of death until I give the order," he called out to the men in the batteries. "We'll pour a smashing broadside into them on either hand, and so win through in the smoke."

"'Twill be close work, sir," said the marquis, who had joined him.

"Ay, but we shall make it right enough, sir."

The shots from the shore were coming quicker then. One from a heavy gun, better aimed than the rest, crossed the deck and tore a great hole in the mainsail. Another carried away the forward swifter of the starboard foreshrouds. A third struck down a man in the forecastle.

"Another moment and we'll be abreast of them," urged the vice-admiral, his soul kindling at the prospect of action.

"I know it," said Macartney coolly.

The batteries on the shore were blazing furiously now. Shot was hurled upon them in every direction.

"Stand by!" shouted the captain.

As he spoke there was a crash above his head. The main topgallant mast had been carried away by shot and hung in a tangled mass of wreckage, thrashing to leeward. The wind was sweeping through the tophamper with increasing force. She was carrying all she could stand, and a touch meant a lost spar or sail. Well, there was nothing to be done but hold on now. Macartney cast one glance upward, and seeing that the damage was not so serious as it might have been, he lifted the trumpet and shouted:

"Fire!"

The frigate quivered and shivered from truck to keelson with the shock of the two mighty broadsides. Her forty heavy guns hurled a very tempest of iron toward the shore on either hand. The broadsides did much execution. The fire that was returned, as she rushed forward into her own smoke driven ahead by the fierce wind, was sputtering and ineffectual. As they raced past the promontory, Macartney put his helm down, brought the ship by the wind; and, taking a bone in her teeth, she bore up for the open sea.

CHARTER XII

THE MARQUIS SAYS "NO!"

"MADEMOISELLE!" exclaimed the captain in some surprise, as he descended to the quarter-deck, where Louise and Aurore were standing. "Were you there all the time. It was dangerous; extremely so, you——"

"Yes," answered the girl, "but I couldn't go below. My—my grandfather was in peril. I could not leave him."

"Admiral," said Macartney, "if you will take the comtesse to my cabin I will join you in a moment or two. I must first look to my ship and my men."

"Sir," said the marquis, as soon as this matter had been attended to, "there are several things I wish to say to you."

And one at least, thought Macartney, that I wish to say to you.

"Yes, monsieur," he said to the older man.

"First, I desire to compliment you on the way you handled your ship. It was magnificent. You are such a seaman, young man, as I should have been proud to have met with a ship of my own in my younger days De Suffren would have appreciated you as I do."

"I thank you, sir."

"And I am under everlasting obligation to you fo your gallant rescue of my party this evening."

"If I may make bold to ask, admiral, how came yo to be in that situation?"

"I stayed on the walls to the very last moment. Th troops with me were cut down as they fled. Not unti then, I assure you, did I retreat."

"I can well believe that, sir."

"I was on horseback, and I easily made my way pas the few Republicans who had gained the town at tha time—although the *canaille* were swarming over th walls in every direction—to my *hôtel*. I knew of th alley down which I finally came, and I hoped to escap that way. I had given orders during the afternoo that Comte Honoré and the comtesse, with their at tendants, should repair on board the ships. Judge o my surprise, Monsieur Macartney, when I found then still there!"

"We could not go and leave you, grandfather," murmured Louise, while young Honoré nodded in vig orous assent to her words

"You should have obeyed my orders, child," said th marquis severely. "For me, you could do nothing with me——"

"I understand exactly how the comtesse felt," sai Macartney eagerly, interposing to break the old man' censure. "Of course, she could not abandon you, mon sieur; and the rest stayed with her."

The marquis looked at the young man keenly, the went on.

"Well, sir, we had successfully passed the first cros street when the mob overtook us—and you know th rest. How happened you to be there?"

"I was looking for you, sir. I had received order to burn the French ships, and having completed m task, so far as I could——"

"How many did you burn, monsieur?"

"Nine of the line."

"Nine magnificent ships!" exclaimed the marquis "Alas, my poor France! Proceed, monsieur."

"I knew of the existence of this alley which led t your hôtel."

"Captain Macartney, you have proved yourself a officer of address and courage. There is but one fea ture in your conduct of which I disapprove."

"What is that, my lord?"

"Why did you cheer those rascally Republicans i the last street?"

"Not from any choice, believe me, admiral. It wa the only way by which I could win through with th com—with yourself, sir."

"At any rate you saved us."

"But I would have failed, sir, had it not been fo that young officer who interfered."

"I am loath to owe anything to a Republican," sai the marquis gloomily.

"The Republic is bad enough," said Macartney "but there may be some good in individual Republi cans. There was something about that man that im pressed me profoundly. We shall hear from hir again, I feel sure."

"He certainly did us good service. I shall see, continued the old man thoughtfully, "when his maj esty is restored to his own, that the young officer i not beheaded. I wish we had learned his name, mused the marquis. "His appearance is unfamiliar t me. Certainly, he does not belong to the *haute not lesse*. Well, monsieur, perhaps the time may com when I may show gratitude to you in some fittin way."

"You may show it now," said the Irishman, "a though I do not urge my request on that plea."

"And how may I show it now?"

"Sir, I love your granddaughter."

"What, Captain Macartney! You! An Englis man, a commoner, a sailor, have dared to love th Comtesse de Vaudémont! Impossible!"

"Sir," said Macartney stanchly, "'tis true that I a a sailor. But so are you. My present rank in th service is but two degrees less than yours. I see n reason why I should not eventually fly an admiral flag, and that sooner than you think. My family is a old as your own. I have as yet no title, but I can wi one. I love the comtesse and would fain make her m wife."

"Sir, you have told me before that you have nothin but your profession. You are absolutely penniles saving your pay, which I understand is meagre. M granddaughter, together with her young brother her is heiress to the vast estates of the de Vaudémonts."

THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

"Let me remind you that those estates are in the ands of the French Republic."

"Temporarily, yes, but that is a matter of but a hort time. No, monsieur, I am under many obliga- ions to you which I shall discharge in some suitable ay, believe me," continued the old man firmly but indly, "and there are many reasons why my grand- aughter is not for you and cannot be! Put the idea ut of your head, sir, 'tis impossible. The demoiselle e Vaudémont will have other suitors of her own rank nd her own race."

"I will have no one, Monsieur le Marquis," cried ouise, her eyes shining, her bosom heaving, "As I old Monsieur Macartney, I am for France."

"Be it so," said her grandfather gravely, "we'll not alk of marrying or giving in marriage while our coun- ry is in this unhappy state. We will wait until our ing come to his own again."

"But may I not hope then, marquis?" cried Macart- ey.

"No, my friend," returned the marquis promptly and rmly. "At least not from any word or sanction of ine."

"But, monsieur——"

"We are your guests, captain, and crave your con- ideration as to the choice of topics for future conver- ation."

"You say well," said Macartney, "as my guests you ay command me. But king or no king, France or o France, I shall never cease to aspire to the hand of he Comtesse de Vaudémont; nor to hope that in the nd she may give heed to my passion. We will say o more about it. Now, Monsieur le Marquis, what an I do for you?"

"Whither are you bound?" asked the marquis.

"I rejoin the fleet in Hyères Bay. Where do you ish to go?"

"I am told the Regent is in Westphalia. If we could e taken to the most convenient port and landed there, should like to join him with my family."

"That will be Trieste, sir, I think, since Italy is held y the French. When I report to Lord Hood," said Macartney formally, "I will ask his permission to take ou where you desire. Meanwhile, I beg you and your ite to consider this cabin as your own."

"Sir, we thank you for your courtesy. The accom- odation is all that we could desire."

Macartney had a chance for another word with ouise which he instantly embraced.

"I am for France," she said softly.

"Nay," said the Irishman, "but for me."

The marquis turned at that instant.

"Good-night, messieurs," said the captain, saluting nd stepping toward the door.

By the door stood Brébœuf. He drew up his gigan- c frame as the Irishman approached him. He was o tall that his head almost touched the top of the low abin. He knuckled his forehead like a seaman.

"A man," he said in his deep-toned voice.

It was the first time Macartney had ever heard him peak. He stopped in bewilderment, half compre- ending.

"He means," said the girl softly, "that you are a man indeed. 'Tis a great compliment from Brébœuf."

"I thank you, friend," said Macartney smiling, as he passed out on deck.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COMTESSE SAYS AU REVOIR!

MACARTNEY only stopped long enough at Hyères to obtain permission to take the marquis and his party to their destination. The long voyage to Trieste was the most maddening experience that Macartney had ever undergone. He had anticipated many a delightful *tête-à-tête* with the woman he loved, but the astute old vice-admiral so contrived that never for one moment was the young comtesse alone with him. By no address was Macartney able to get a private word with Louise.

Now no man would have been able to carry out such arrangements if the lady herself had been unwilling to co-operate in the endeavor.

"I am for France," she had said, and that, indeed, was no idle statement. It would be beyond the truth, however, to say that Macartney was indifferent to her. She had stopped him by a timely appeal when he bent to kiss her in the cabin. That he paid such instant attention to her wish, and had refrained when he might have gone on, was a source of joy to her; yet she found herself ablush with the thought that, perhaps, after all, she regretted her interposition.

All that the comtesse lacked was time and association. In the very nature of things Macartney would have won her. While he could not see her alone, and while it was difficult to express his feelings under the very eye and ear of the old vice-admiral, whose experience had made him very keen in affairs of the heart; yet the captain surrounded the woman with such an atmosphere of devotion that she drew it in with every breath she took. Insensibly, she found her interest and her affections more and more engaged by his demeanor.

Ten days after their departure from Hyères, the frigate dropped anchor off Trieste. The vice-admiral determined upon immediately quitting the ship. The preparations for the embarkation were soon completed. Like all the sailors in the English navy, the crew of the *Inconstant* had been taught to hate a Frenchman; but the vice-admiral was such a fine old seaman and gentleman that those who dwelt in the wardroom and steerage had learned to make an exception, so far as he was concerned, to the general rule.

The officers, therefore, proposed to dispossess the seamen of their places at the thwarts of the cutter, and row the old vice-admiral and his party ashore themselves. Macartney cheerfully gave his permission. The first lieutenant acted as coxswain. As the moment for their departure approached, the men were mustered in the waist, the officers in full fig on the quarter-deck, Macartney at their head. The vice-admiral came from the cabin.

"Captain Macartney, and gentlemen," he said, stopping in front of the little group, with his grandson and granddaughter by his side, "we are about to bid you farewell. You, sir, have rendered to his majesty the king—God bless him—a great service in the harbor of Toulon. You have also rendered me and mine personal services of the highest value. In the unhappy state of my poor country, the rewards which should certainly be yours, must remain in abeyance."

Macartney made a movement as if to protest, but the older man stopped him.

"Nay, monsieur, by your leave, hear me further. Under other circumstances there were no warrant for what I am about to do, but things have changed greatly, and I am sure that my master will be but too happy to approve of my action. Sir, I am a Grand Commander of His Most Christian Majesty's noble Order of St. Louis. As such I take upon myself to name you a Chevalier of that Order, subject, of course, to the proper confirmation, which I shall make it my business at once to see that you receive. And, Monsieur le Chevalier," went on the old man smiling, "if you will permit me to give you that title for the first time, I will honor myself, and I trust I may pleasure you, by asking you to wear my own cross of the Order until such time you may be privileged to receive the insignia from the hand of the king."

As he spoke, the marquis detached from his breast the cross of the Order, and fastened it to that of Macartney.

"Sir," said that young officer, bowing profoundly, hat in hand, before the marquis, "to have been of service to you—" his blue eyes shot one glance at the young girl—"and yours, is of itself reward enough. The honor you have vouchsafed to me overwhelms me. Should I be permitted, as I have no doubt I shall be, to accept this decoration by my king, I shall ever cherish it as a memorial of the happiest incidents and happiest hours of my life. That the cross has been yours makes it the more valuable, Monsieur le Marquis, and I hope when the formal investiture is made, I may be permitted to retain this," touching his breast, "as a remembrance of a brave and gallant ally, once a foeman, who has proven his courage and skill in every battle in which we have tried the temper of his sword. I ask no better fate than to have a chance like that again. Gentlemen, lads, all, three cheers for Vice-Admiral, the Marquis de Vaudémont."

"Gentlemen, I thank you," said the vice-admiral, turning to the officers and men in succession. "I thank you on my own behalf, on behalf of my family, and on behalf of my king. Monsieur Frazier," he added, turning to the first lieutenant and bestowing upon him a purse of gold—and the old man had but little treasure at his command to give away—"will you distribute this trifle among the crew of the *L'Inconstant* with Chevalier Macartney's permission, and beg them to drink in their English fashion the health of their friends, who, if war should ever come between the two kings, would like nothing better than to meet and dispute with such brave men the supremacy of the sea. Messieurs, farewell."

TO BE CONTINUED

CAMPING ON MOUNT TABOR

ONE of the most inspiring features of the Annual Camp-meeting at Mount Tabor, Morris County, N. J., is the series of spe- al Interdenominational Evangelistic services, nder the direction of Mrs. FitzGerald. These rvices began on Tuesday evening, August 23d, ntinuing for one week.

Mrs. FitzGerald's cottage, where these meet- gs are held, might aptly be described in the ords of the prophet, "This is the law of the ouse: upon the top of the mountain, the whole mit thereof round about shall be most holy." he cottage stands upon the brow of the conse- ated circle of Tabor, looking down into the abernacle. It is a substantial structure, with- t architectural pretensions, and serves the dou- e purpose of a summer home for its owner, nd a gathering-place where is spread an ample ble for souls hungering and thirsting after ghteousness.

. . .

Mrs. FitzGerald's name and her work have in uenced thousands of homes, and multitudes of rateful souls acknowledge her loving-kindness nd help in things spiritual. She came of a mily historic in American annals. Rev. Sam- l Dunlop, her maternal great grandfather, ellow of Oxford, was a Presbyterian minister, ho came to this country for the cause of Christ. e planted the first English church west of the udson River, and organized the first classical hool in Central New York. He paid the nalty of his devotion with his blood. On the onument in Cherry Valley to the heroes who fell the massacre of 1778, his name stands first.

Mrs. FitzGerald's father was a lawyer, a man of fine culture and a representative Presbyterian.

MRS. FITZGERALD CONDUCTING BIBLE STUDY ON THE PORCH

She was converted early in life, and when she married, in 1834, she became the centre of a refined and beautiful home. While exact in the performance of every wifely and motherly duty, she has always found time to be about her Master's work in church and social life.

Three meetings have been held daily during the regular sessions of the camp meeting; and for many years the Women's Holiness Association has held a week of service either before or after the annual meeting, as the trustees have directed. These meetings have always been well attended, and sometimes crowded to excess.

. . .

Some of Mrs. FitzGerald's sayings are very bright and much to the point, terse and sugges tive. She says: "Our lives should be as pure as snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain."

"Unless he obeys the Lord, my son, the Bishop, is no more to God than the man who rides the ash-cart past my door."

"I have more trouble with the heads than with the hearts of men. It is next to a miracle if a saved man goes through one of these head-cramming and heart-robbing institutions, and comes out as he went in."

"I believe in laying up my treasure where I am to live, not where I am to die."

"I have made hundreds of prayers that did not go higher than my head. It is one thing to make prayers, and another thing to pray."

A Great Sea Fight off Port Arthur

Russia's Fleet Makes a Dash for Liberty, is Dispersed, and the Admiral Slain

THE S. S. "KNIGHT COMMANDER," SUNK BY THE RUSSIANS

CAPTAIN DURRANT, OF THE "KNIGHT COMMANDER"

THE "SMOLENSK" (1) AND "ST. PETERSBURG" (2), OF RUSSIA'S VOLUNTEER FLEET

PORT ARTHUR has again become a centre of vivid interest in the Russo-Japanese war. After a series of hard battles, the Japanese on August 9, had captured all the outlying defenses and had trained their heaviest siege guns on the main defenses. In the inner harbor, the Russian fleet lay at the mercy of the enemy's guns and within easy range.

When this fact became evident, Admiral Witthoeft, the Russian Naval Commander, prepared to risk a dash for liberty. Rather than have his ships sunk at their moorings, without an opportunity for defense, he decided to force his way out under the Japanese guns and to cut a passage through the double naval cordon of Admiral Togo's ships.

At 7 o'clock A.M., on Wednesday, Aug. 10, the Russian fleet emerged from Port Arthur. It consisted of six battleships, four cruisers, and a flotilla of torpedo boats and destroyers. Admiral Togo immediately closed in with his warships and a severe battle ensued, lasting all day, and until darkness made further fighting between the big battleships and cruisers impracticable. During the night, however, the Japanese kept up an incessant attack by destroyers and torpedo flotillas.

* * *

At daybreak, according to a Tokio despatch, two of the Russian vessels, the battleships *Retvizan* and *Pobieda*, were seen steaming back to Port Arthur. The cruisers *Askold* and *Novik* both damaged, succeeded in reaching Tsungtao, a port in the German concession of Kiaochou.

A great battle had taken place off Round Island (48 miles east of Port Arthur), resulting in a complete Russian defeat. The battleship *Czarevitch* was riddled by shells, and Admiral Witthoeft and many of his officers and crew killed. The whole Russian squadron was scattered—five of the battleships being seriously damaged. The *Czarevitch* succeeded in reaching Kiaochou Bay with three Russian destroyers. They will have to leave the neutral ports when the time limit expires, or be dismantled and put out of commission during the remainder of the war. The battleships *Retvizan*, *Poltava*, *Pobieda* and *Sebastopol*, and the cruiser *Diana*, all fled back, in a crippled condition, to Port Arthur.

Admiral Matussevitch, next in command under Admiral Witthoeft, who was also on board the flagship *Czarevitch*, died after the battle, of his wounds.

Following the scattering of the Port Arthur squadron came the news that Admiral Kamimura had met and defeated the Vladivostok squadron near Tsushima, in the Corean Strait, and that the Russian battleship *Rurik* had been sunk, with great loss of life. The *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* fled northward, in a damaged condition.

The dash of the fleet from Port Arthur is interpreted as indicating that the fortress has entered on the final stage of its defense, and that its downfall may soon be expected. All the outworks are said to have been captured, and the Japanese army is now within range of the main defenses. Heavy siege guns are being mounted. Wolf's Hill, Green Hill, Shinishiying and other outlying works, were captured after fierce fighting.

There are said to be 10,000 sick in Port Arthur. A Tokio cablegram says, "Frequent invitations have been given the Russians in Port Arthur by the Japanese to surrender. On purely humanitarian grounds, the Japanese are desirous of inducing the fortress to yield before being carried by assault, and to prevent an unnecessary sacrifice of human lives." The carnage on both sides, in the recent fighting, has been appalling.

* * *

Russia's "Volunteer Fleet" consists of sixteen vessels, all named after Russian cities, viz: the *Smolensk*, with a displacement of 12,050 tons, and 16,500 indicated horse-power; the *Moscow*, with a tonnage of 11,660, and 15,500 horse-power; the *Kieff*, the *Kherson*, the *Vladimir*, the *Ekaterinoslav*, and the *Voronej*, each of 10,500 tons, but all slow save the *Kherson*; the *Kazan*, with 9,755 tons displacement; the *St. Petersburg*, with a tonnage of 9,282, and horse-power of 10,700; the *Yaroslav* and *Tamboff*, twin ships of 8,635 tons, but very slow; *Saratoff*, of 8,556 tons, and the *Orel*, the *Nijni-Novgorod*, the *Kostroma*, with an average of less than 8,000 tons each, and the *Khabarovsk*, of 2,500 tons.

Only six have sufficient speed to be available as cruisers: the *Smolensk*, *Moscow*, *Kherson*, *Orel*, *St. Petersburg*, and *Saratoff*.

The dispute over the sinking of *The Knight Commander*, by the Vladivostok fleet, is still acute. The Russian Prize Court in its findings, declares that the ship's own letter-book proved her to be carrying contraband, and that her captain admitted the charge. The English Government takes the opposite view, and will insist upon full reparation.

The Russian Baltic fleet was announced to sail on August 16 for the Far East.

* * *

During the first ten days of August, the campaign in Manchuria, though retarded somewhat by extreme heat and consequent sickness in both armies, witnessed the further tightening of the Japanese cordon around the Russian military position. St. Petersburg was alarmed over the reports from Liao-Yang and Moukden. It was represented that a strong Japanese column had appeared in the rear of the Russian line of communications toward Moukden, and that simultaneously the Japanese force recently landed at Yinkow, had marched northward up the Liao Valley for the purpose of flanking Liao-Yang. It was also reported that the Japanese, in violation of neutral provisions, was using the Shanhai-Kwan railway for carrying supplies and for mobilizing troops for an attack on Sing-min-tung, thirty miles west of Moukden. In view of these new developments and of the imminent danger of being completely cut off from his northward communications, Gen. Kouropatki began a rapid northward movement from Anshanshan. The enemy, according to the despatches received by the Russian General Staff, had not advanced farther than nine miles north of Haicheng, and there was little doubt that Gen. Kouropatkin would again be as successful in extricating his troops from a difficult position.

From the Japanese front in Manchuria, no news has been received since the fighting at Saimatze and Simoucheng. It is known, however, that there have been daily encounters between the advanced posts of the armies, though no general engagement. Just when the long-expected "decisive battle" will be fought is apparently as doubtful as ever. Field-Marshal Oyama, the head of the Mikado's armies, is now at the front and directing operations in person.

HOW PERDICARIS CAME HOME

THE TANGIER PRISON

THE Rev. Frederick Weiss of Tangier, American missionary in Morocco, sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this picturesque description of the return to the Moorish capital of Mr. Ion Perdicaris and his son-in-law, Mr. Varley, after their release by Raisuli, the bandit. Mr. Weiss writes:

TANGIER, MOROCCO, AFRICA, June 27th.

At last the captives, Ion Perdicaris and his son-in-law, have been released, and are again back in their home, near Tangier.

Mulai Ahmed, of Wazan, and those who accompanied him, left Tangier on Thursday morning, June 23, with the ransom money ($70,000), and about forty prisoners. This was the amount demanded by the bandit Raisuli. Mulai Ahmed was accompanied by a large number of armed tribesmen, horse and foot, On the other hand, Raisuli, with the captives and his own followers, were to start about the same time from their camp, to meet the ransom party half way. The meeting took place at the village of Remla in Beni-msawar, and the exchange was carried out without further difficulty. On Friday night, a runner arrived with the intelligence that the captives and party were on their way to Tangier. A large number of persons went out along the Fez road to witness their arrival. An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "A brilliant moon, a road bordered by rustic Moorish hedges, dotted here and there with villas, and sloping gradually down to the sandy plains of Swani. Beyond the hills and valleys, through which lies the road to Fez, and along which the clearness of the night allowed the eye to extend to the far-distant Atlas range; the barking of the ever watchful farm dogs was heard far and near. Occasionally, the figure of a native or Moorish guard, rising from the lower slope, stood out from the background on the moonlit hills. Suddenly a European rider in advance appeared, announcing the approach of those who had been captives, but now were free. After a while, the cavalcade itself came in sight. The firing of guns by the native retainers, the occasional shouts from onlookers, the flight of rockets; only the blast of a trumpet from the embattlements, was required to make the scene one of mediæval times."

El Minzah, Mr. Perdicaris' suburban residence, was reached at 12.30 A. M. Among those awaiting at the Minzah were Admiral Chadwick, of the United States Navy; the Hon. S. R. Gummere, United States Consul-General, several members of Mr. Perdicaris' family, and many friends. A few hurried handshakings and words of welcome, and the captives were once more enjoying the long-expected quiet and safety of their home.

FRED WEISS.

NATIVES OF TANGIER

A press despatch from Tangier says the authority of the Sultan of Morocco is fast ebbing, while that of Monohbi, the former Minister of War and leader of the Liberal element in the kingdom, is increasing daily. The Sultan's appeal to the tribes for support has not been heeded, the whole country being opposed to the Sultan's idea of French occupation for the protection of foreigners. Stirring times are expected.

South Africa's Gospel Sunrise

MISSIONS EXTENDING AND CONVERTS INCREASING EVERYWHERE
THE GREAT WORK OF AFRICAN CHILD REDEMPTION FAIRLY BEGUN

CONSIDERING its size, Johannesburg is one of the wealthiest cities in the world, but unfortunately most of its people are so devoted to money-getting, that the spirit of Christianity ...s by no means kept pace with its other development, ...d much of the work which has been accomplished is ...e to the efforts of envoys from other lands. During ...e height of the mining season, this city contains nearly ...0,000 souls, of whom nearly 250,000 are of the black ...ce. Attracted by the labor in the mines, arduous as ...is, they come from all portions of South ...rica, many of them from kraals thousands ... miles distant, merely to work for a few ...nths, and then return to their native coun... es. The permanent black population, how... ...er, is nearly double that of the white. Real... ...ng how the Gospel might be spread in ... away regions by converting these miners, ... missionaries have literally done heroic ...rk which has been indeed fruitful. Churches, ... preaching stations, have been established ...a number of the principal mining properties ... "compounds," while in the native quarter ... Johannesburg are a score of congregations ...mposed almost entirely of the mining class. ... connection with the churches, Sunday ...hools have been established, where instruc... ...n is also given during the daytime in the ...pler branches pursued at the country ...hools of the United States. It is interesting ...note that the attendance at these schools, ...well as at the church services, has been ...prisingly large. At Doornfontein, a church ...ich has been organized, has no less than 350 ...mbers, nearly all men. Rev. Gardiner Muv... ...a is the pastor. An offshoot of this con... ...gation has been established at Elandsfon... ...n, which is in a very flourishing condition. ...ese churches are under the supervision of ... American Board of Commissioners for ...reign Missions, and are among the most ...able in South Africa. In Johannesburg, ... of the largest churches is the Zulu Con... ...gational Church. It has progressed so far ... it is now entirely independent of the aid ...the missionaries.

...rom these centres of religious activity, na... ...Christians have gone into nearly every ...t of the Transvaal, who have greatly aided in spread... ...the truth among the various tribes to which they ...long. The majority of the mine workers are Zulus. ...here missionaries have succeeded in reaching them, ...y have been found ready to receive the good tidings, ...d so many have expressed a desire to labor among ...ir kind, that in the vicinity of Johannesburg fully ...y preachers are now engaged. It is not unusual ...services to be held either in some building or in ...e open air, which will be attended by from 600 ...700 men and boys, who give earnest atten... ... The majority of ...e missionaries have ...rned the Zulu tongue, ...d can address the peo... ...n their own familiar ...nguage.

...n Johannesburg, the ...jority of the white ...ple display but little ...erest in the moral or ...iritual condition of the ...tives, in spite of the ...t that they are abso...tely dependent upon ...em for labor. Race ...judice exists to a ...eat extent, and the ...ation of the miner is replete with hardship. For scanty wages, the men and boys remain over half of every twenty-four hours in the bowels of the earth, digging the quartz from the reef which contains so much of the precious metal. They separate the gold-bearing pieces of rock from the dross, when it is crushed in the stamping-mill, and perform practically all of the labor in these great plants. During the hours of service they are really prisoners, and are continually watched, lest they secrete a nugget of gold or a diamond. When they leave the mine at the close of the day's work, every one is subjected to a rigid search for treasure, and if any is found, the negro is liable to be imprisoned for a term of years. Many a toiler, earning the equivalent of fifty cents a day, has found single gems which have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the mine owner.

MISSIONARY CONFERRING WITH NATIVE DELEGATES

The importance of missionary work among these natives in the mining compounds, has been especially realized since a deputation from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions recently made a careful investigation of the field. The deputation, which consisted of Rev. Dr. E. E. Strong and Rev. Dr Sydney Strong, traveled considerably in South Africa, and especially in the Transvaal, and reported that the work is of the utmost importance, and has great possibilities of expansion.

The A. B. C. F. M. Mission to the Zulus is one of the historic missions of Africa. It was established in 1834 by six missionaries and their wives. At first, great difficulty was experienced in establishing an inland mission, owing to government opposition. Umlazi, near Port Natal, was the pioneer station. Schools were opened, a printing press set in operation, and a congregation of five hundred gathered, when the war between the Boers and Zulus brought the work to an end. Four years later the work was resumed, but the unsettled state of the country and the hostility of the powerful and treacherous Zulu king, Dingaan, decided the Prudential Committee to abandon the field in 1843. Natal then passed under British control, and the missionaries returned joyfully to their work. In 1844, the first convert, an old woman, was gained. In 1849, nine churches, with 123 members, had been organized. The language was reduced to writing; a Zulu dictionary and grammar were prepared, and the Bible was gradually translated and published. The work prospered, civilization entered, revivals occurred. In 1891 there were 9 stations, 18 out-stations, 4 native pastors, 16 churches, with 1,097 members; 142 unordained preachers, teachers, and other helpers; 1 theological school, with 17 pupils; 1 boys' boarding-school, 66 pupils; the Inanda Seminary and Umzumbe Home for Girls, 109 pupils; 29 common schools, 1,246 pupils; 9 missionaries and 19 female assistants. These have been greatly increased since.

The East Central African Mission was started at Inhambane in 1883. It is under the management of Rev. E. H. Richards, the well-known missionary, and is one of the chain of missions of the Methodist Church, under the general control of Bishop Hartzell. Rev. Mr. Richards writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acknowledging contributions from the readers of this journal to his child-redemption work, and adding:

"I have intended writing you, but have been hindered by the building of two houses, and now I am at the third. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has helped us out not a little. I have purchased four horses and lost them all, and for three years have been footing it over our stations. The walk is nearly one hundred miles, to complete the trip, and I must go each quarter, and would go twice a quarter if there was any way to ride. Donkeys are now in the land, and while they are slow, still I am inclined to try them. The 'last thing they ever do' is to die, while horses vanish like dew. I have paid out over $600 of my salary for horses and lost them all, and am willing others interested in the work should, if they approve, help us out.

"Several months

A NATIVE CONGREGATION AT CHIKORI, EAST AFRICA

CONTINUED ON PAGE 735

DIVINE AND HUMAN VOICES

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

Elijah in Retreat

WE can imagine Elijah writing some such account as this of a memorable scene in his life: "I am here in the cleft of the rock, where Moses was, when he prayed to the Lord to show him his glory. Moses' heart was stung that day by the rebellious people, who had chosen to worship a golden calf instead of the true and living God. And my heart is stung because the descendants of those people are worshiping other gods. I came to this sacred spot to be encouraged in God as Moses was. I will read again from the roll of Exodus how the Lord answered Moses' prayer (Exodus 33: 18-23), and I will pray.

"Even while I prayed, I heard the voice of the Lord saying: 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' And then I uttered my complaint, that the children of Israel had forsaken his covenant, thrown down his altars, slain his prophets; that only I was left, and my life was threatened. In the Lord's question, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' I saw my folly in fleeing from my place of duty. But God was merciful to me. He would show himself to me as he did to Moses. His word came to me to go out and stand upon the mountain.

"On the mountain I stood, and waited for his appearing. While I waited a furious storm of wind burst upon the mountain, and great masses of rocks were hurled down. I did not see God, but I saw his power in the wind. And then followed an earthquake. I recalled the time when 'the whole mount quaked greatly,' as Moses waited for God when he was to receive from him the ten commandments.

"While I waited, lightning flashed about me, and I recalled how in Moses' time Mount Sinai was like a furnace because the Lord descended upon it (Exodus 19: 16-20). After these mighty displays of God's power in nature came a 'still small voice,' which he showed me was more effective in revealing his will to the soul than hurricane, or earthquake, or fire. This was done that I might understand why the fire from heaven at Carmel had not conquered all hearts for God. It was by his word in me, and in other men's hearts and lips that the people were to learn of him most effectually.

"I heard the voice, all gentleness, ask again, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' Again I uttered my complaint. But the Lord knew I did not need comfort so much as I needed to be sent back to my duty. In unmistakable command came the words 'Return on thy way.' He had given me fresh assurance of his protecting power, by safely keeping me upon the mountain in the midst of earthquake and storm. His next word showed me that I was not to go back as a culprit, but as his chosen messenger still, for he gave me commission to anoint two kings, Hazael of Syria, and Jehu of Israel. And he sent me also to find the young man who should be my successor, when I must lay my burden down. He further answered me by saying that there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal, which was a great surprise to me, for I had supposed the whole nation had gone after strange gods.

"And after the vision, what? I girded myself for the long journey, and departed from Horeb, turning my face stedfastly toward Jezreel and Damascus. On the way I passed a field where I saw twelve men ploughing, among them the young man Elisha, the son of Shaphat, the owner of the field. The Lord revealed to me that he it was who should be my successor. I made my way to his side, and placed my mantle upon him, in token of the responsibility that was coming to him. The Spirit of the Lord made him willing-hearted, and he immediately left his plough and bade farewell to his parents. He took his oxen and offered them as a sacrifice to God, in which he invited his friends and neighbors to participate. He then joined himself to me.

"The anointing of Hazael and Jehu to be kings are my next great duties."

Illustration and Application

1. Mighty in Word. Was that scene at Horeb a rebuke of Elijah for using force in his reforms, instead of depending wholly on the word of persuasion? The writer heard a preacher so argue in support of his own theory that law and Gospel should never be combined in our day in combatting evil. What reasons refute such a theory? One is that Elijah was manifestly led by God, if not in every step of his life, certainly in his main policy, and it is inconceivable God could have allowed him to spend so much of his energy in rebuking bad kings, anointing better ones, and slaying false prophets, if it was wrong to act through and upon government, and by force.

Indeed, God himself, by that very "voice" that in this preacher's view stood for the Gospel message as against governmental methods, ordered Elijah to anoint two kings, through one of whom a government would at once change hands violently. Another reply is that God would hardly have given Elijah the second highest honor ever bestowed on a human being, to accompany Moses as a delegate from the court of heaven at the earthly coronation of Christ (Matt. 17), if his main work, his reform work, had been displeasing to God, and unworthy of imitation.

What, then, was it that God taught Elijah in the mighty drama of wind and earthquake and fire and "still, small voice?" Clearly this: That the divine and human Word is more persuasive than miracles. Elijah had supposed the miraculous fire on Mount Carmel would instantly persuade everybody, even Jezebel, that Jehovah is the true God, and must be obeyed. And when he found her unmoved he was surprised and confounded. He had, perhaps, seen that king and people also were not fully converted by the miracle. So God worked wonders in nature before the discouraged Elijah to show that the Divine message is not so clearly or impressively conveyed in wonders as in the "still, small voice."

It is an Old Testament parable of the truth Christ taught,

ONE OF THE CAVES OF THE MOUNT

"If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead." It is a new astonishment to every young preacher that funerals, even sudden deaths, so seldom cause friends of the dead to turn from sin to God. What God taught Elijah the Church needs to learn over and over again, that it is not by great spectacles, but by the Word of God, spoken by some human voice, warm from some loving heart, that souls are won to God.

A pastor, who had an eminent lawyer, a sceptic, in his congregation, prepared a sermon especially for him, hoping and praying that it might lead to his conversion. The

"ELIJAH PASSED BY HIM AND CAST HIS MANTLE UPON HIM"

lawyer heard it and, not a great while after, came to unite with the church. The pastor, delighted, asked him what part of the sermon it was that touched him. "Oh, it was not your sermon at all. I was making a brief while you were preaching. But after church, old black Aunt Chloe had hard work getting down the icy steps. I helped her along for some distance, and when we parted, she said, looking up into my face, 'O massa, I do so wish you loved my dear Jesus.' I could not get that out of my mind. I went to my office and it clung to me there. I threw myself on my knees and gave myself to him. But your sermon had nothing to do with it.'" Here is another most beautiful and instructive story about the power of a word. Next in power to the Word of God is a Christian's faithful word, and next to that is a human word of kindness and inspiration.

A widow went to a photographer for her picture. She sat before the camera wearing the same stern look that made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer said suddenly, "Just brighten the eyes a little." She tried, but the dull, heavy look still lingered. "See here," the woman retorted sharply, "if you think that an old lady that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face." "Oh, no, it doesn't! It is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer. Something in his manner inspired faith, and she tried again with better success. "That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger!" exclaimed the artist.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away. When she reached her little cottage, she looked long in the glass, and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture." When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then in a firm, clear voice: "If I could do it once, I can do it again." Approaching the little mirror above her bureau she said: "Brighten up, Catherine," and the old light flashed up once more. "Look a little pleasanter!" she commenced, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come to her. "Why, Mrs. A., you are getting younger! How did you manage it?" "It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant."

But let us not fail to hear God's voice in nature also. The lesson does not mean that "God was not in the wind" and the earthquake and the fire but that he was not so plainly revealed in them as in the Word of revelation; but when the revealing Word has come to us then God is clearly heard in all the voices of nature also. Here is a prayer to take with us in our summer walks in the fields:

Teach me, Father, how to go softly as the grasses grow
Hush my soul to meet the shock of the wild world as a rock.
But my spirit, propped with power, make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup, like a poppy looking up
Let life lightly wear her crown, like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew, and its life begun.

Teach me, Father, how to be kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon under the shady oak at noon.
Beetle, on his mission bent, tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me also cheer a spot, hidden field or garden grot,
Place where passing souls can rest on the way and be their best.

—CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

II. Mighty in Deed. God aroused Elijah to the fact that he had fled from the post of duty with the question, "What doest thou here?" The question is a summons to the inactive. Many a Christian loafing away the long summer evenings in "gregarious chattering," should take to heart the Divine challenge, "What doest thou here?" In the Sunday School boys are left with no teacher, and so tempted to run away for Sabbath breaking. To their teacher, fanning herself at home because the weather is a little warm, God cries, "What doest thou here?" Elijah promptly heard the call and started back on the busy path of duty, to anoint Jehu and Hazael, call Elisha to be his associate and successor, and to rebuke Ahab for his crime against Naboth. God gave encouragement to Elijah, by telling him that he had not been alone on God's side, as he had thought, but that there were seven thousand that had not bowed to Baal. Elijah is himself again. One reason God promised him an associate was that the next time he was despondent he might have some one to hold him up. "Two are better than one. If one falls his fellow will lift him up. Woe unto him that is alone when he falleth." That is one reason why a Christian needs to be allied with others in fellowship, and cannot safely try to walk alone.

It is instructive to note that the duties to which Elijah was sent were not merely the duties of worship. They were largely political duties, a fact worth noting in men's classes at this time when a political campaign is just beginning. And his duty in the case of Naboth is closely related to the wrong of serving the devil in business transactions. All this reminds us to perform every duty of life as a duty to God and man. When the carpenter goes forth to work at what Jesus, by his example made "the Divine trade," why should he not hear as plainly as at the sacrament, as he lifts his tools, "This do in remembrance of me"

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And strait for the children of men.

—ALICE CARY

*International Sunday School Lesson for September 4. Elijah Encouraged. I. Kings 19: 9, 8. Golden Text: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Isaiah 41. 10.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

Miss Rose

THE wide street was bordered by rows of beautiful old elms. Quite back from the roadway stood the large and comfortable homes of the village, some of them stately with colonial architecture and many rooms, others smaller, and shining with fresh paint. An air of prosperity pervaded Glenham Heights, and the inhabitants were grateful that up where they lived there was no stir of trade. Down below, by the river and in the valley, the factories clustered, and the cheery hum of machinery went on hour by hour. The operatives lived near the mills in little cottages, one exactly like another; each with its bit of garden, its tiny lawn, and its neat veranda; and they, too, had their look of comfort, which corresponded pleasantly and harmoniously to, and with, the atmosphere of affluence above them.

Miss Rose Latham dwelt by herself in the biggest mansion the Heights could show. It was a picturesque place, with spacious grounds, and acres of flowers and fruit. To keep the place and the home in order, a large force of employees were needful, and among them none was more loyal to Miss Rose than her head gardener, Aaron Webb.

He approached her one summer morning as she sat listlessly on the veranda, and stood there, hat in hand.

"What is the matter, Aaron?" Something in the man's manner struck her as unusual.

"Miss Rose," he said, with a deprecating gentleness, "the sweet peas are blooming like mad, the poppies are splendid, the nasturtiums are fairly running to seed, and the geraniums are getting beyond me. And down there," pointing to the valley, "there is a lot of children that are crazy for flowers, and Mrs. Brown's baby died this morning, and Johnny Jenkins has run off to sea."

Miss Rose Latham smiled. She knew old Aaron's way of making suggestions. "You want me to send some of my flowers to the children and the people who are in trouble. Take all you can carry, Aaron, and don't bother me. You know you needn't ask, old friend."

"Miss Rose, dear lady, I don't want you should send the flowers. I was in hopes you'd go with them yourself. Nelly Archer, she's back too, I'm told."

"Nelly! Is she, poor child? Well, well. Aaron, you gather the flowers and fill the pony cart, and I'll do as you advise. I'm a bit lonesome today. Maybe it will cheer me up to go and see people. Mother always went."

Yes, mother always went. But for two years mother's busy hands had been folded, and her eyes had been closed. She was not, for God had taken her. And her daughter had not ceased to miss and mourn for the precious one. She did not fully realize that her mother was living in heaven, and loving her more than ever, her heart having tethered itself to the grave in the cemetery. Aaron had not forgotten that Miss Rose was now occupied in recalling every incident of the final illness, and he had set himself to arouse her, and had hit upon the good expedient of getting her to take up some of her mother's ministries.

The pony-cart came to the gate, and it was overflowing with color and perfume. Aaron had cut his flowers with a lavish hand. On the seat, beside Miss Rose, he laid a delicate bunch of late roses, faintly tinted pink petals, and glowing dark ones, and in the centre a single superb specimen, waxen white, and fit for a bride.

"I'll give this rose to Nelly," thought the lady as she took it for a moment in her hand and laid it against her cheek.

At Nelly's door she stopped first. And as Nelly heard her step in the little passage, she called cheerily in a sweet, high voice.

"Come in, dear Miss Rose. You'll find me in the parlor."

Rose entered, a great pity in her face. For Nelly had returned from a fruitless errand, as the whole village knew. Heights and lowlands equally interested. She had been the best scholar in the Academy, the brightest, keenest, cleverest girl for miles around, and she had been stricken with blindness. Her neighbors had joined together to send her to the city to consult the famous oculist whose skill had made sightless eyes see in many a case, and Nelly had gone away, radiant in mind, sure that she would have her vision restored. The disappointment had been terrible. An operation had failed to give back the lost sight. Rose's own eyes were tear-dimmed as she crossed the room.

But Nelly met her with a smile.

"Oh, what an exquisite rose!" she said. "And how good you are to come so soon, Miss Rose, I've been sitting and singing all day. God is so good. The world is so beautiful. There are so many things I can learn to do! And at night when I am asleep, I have dreams in which I see—see everything lovely in the lovely world."

"What are you meaning to learn, Nelly?" asked Rose, restraining her impulse to be compassionate.

"Type-writing, and raffia-work, and music, and cake-making. Why, I've made cookies this morning with mother's help. Just one thing God won't let me do; I won't bemoan my fate. He'll hold me back from that. Why, Miss Rose! I've soldier's blood in me. My ancestor fought at Bunker Hill, and father took part in the Civil War. A soldier's daughter must be brave!"

Into Miss Rose's mind flashed the lines of Reginald Heber's stormy hymn:

> Who best can drink his cup of woe
> Triumphant over pain,
> Who patient bears his cross below
> He follows in His train!

She left the roses in Nelly's lap, and went to Mrs. Brown's house. The baby was dead, Aaron had said.

All was silent in the tiny four-roomed cottage. The baby lay as if fast asleep, its tiny hands clasped. The mother sat by the little crib with such white misery in her face that Rose shrank back, appalled. An instant later, she gathered her courage in a resolute effort of her will, and took poor Mary Brown into her arms.

"They are coming to put my baby in the coffin," said the mother. "Nobody shall touch him!"

"You will lay him in the coffin yourself," said Miss Rose, going to the door. The undertaker was there, with the little white casket. He looked relieved when he saw Rose Latham.

"She is so desolate," said the kind man, "for her husband, you remember, died just before the baby was born."

Rose Latham stayed all the afternoon with Mary Brown. The baby was laid to rest, and covered with sweet peas and geranium leaves. Few words were exchanged between the two women, but Rose did not leave Mrs. Brown until the neighbor who was to watch with her that night had arrived, and hung up her hat in the entry closet.

"My lot is easy, my burdens are light," and compared with those of her friends, they were. Rose Latham's flowers made the village children very happy that day. As she drove onward in the golden twilight, she determined that with God's help, she would carry comfort day by day to those who needed it, just where she was. There were home ministries for her; there was work that she could do; there were flowers for her to scatter broadcast on the daily path. Old Aaron, pottering in the herb-garden, smiled to himself.

"Miss Rose is her mother's daughter," he said.

"Aaron, Aaron!" she just then exclaimed, "I'm ashamed of my carelessness. I never went near the Jenkinses. And Johnny's run off, you heard. I'm too tired, and it's too late to go back; but won't you send your Peter to ask Johnny's mother to come here after supper?"

"I will that," answered Aaron.

Johnny Jenkins was the village ne'er-do-well. His father was over strict with the lad, and his mother foolishly indulgent. The boy was full of daring and mischief, and was always in trouble. Miss Rose was not sure that going to sea would harm him. A touch of stern discipline might in the end help him to manlier conduct, and captains were not always harsh, nor, indeed, were sailors devoid of humanity.

Mrs. Jenkins came, limp and broken, a weak woman who could make no firm stand against disaster. Miss Rose consoled her. She told her that God was on sea as well as on shore, and, kneeling down, she commended the whole family to the watching care of God.

. . .

When Miss Rose laid her head on her pillow that night, she was so tired that she fell asleep as sweetly as if she had been a little child.

Stereograph, copyright, 1902, by H. S. White Co.

A TEA-PARTY FOR THE DOLLIES

Little mothers playing tea,
Very happy, as you see,
Babies sitting up so straight.
Something nice on every plate.

The Summer Shops

City people have a way of saying that the streets are deserted in summer, but when the country cousin comes to town she does not find them so. To our large cities, whether inland or seaport, crowds of visiting strangers come in August and early September, and, althought the trend of travel has recently been in the direction of St. Louis, still New York and Chicago have had their share of the coming and going multitude. The shops in summer are, if possible, more entertaining than at any other season. Their counters heaped with attractive goods, and the eagerness of the buyers, although times are accused of being hard, is obvious and amusing. Mark the delight of human nature in a bargain. Mrs. Thrift will have compunction in spending a whole dollar for an article she really does not need, but if it be only ninety-eight or ninety-nine cents, she plumes herself on her economy. When goods are a trifle shop-worn or a bit out of date, the shrewd merchant marks them down, aware that if he can but advertise them as going below cost, he will not long have them on hand.

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Any Good Cause

A R Scruggs 50
A Friend, Bland, Mo. 2 00
Wm R Beckwell 84
Mrs M V Wyatt 35
Mrs Mary Woodall 1 00
A Friend, Bland, Mo. 5 00
Mrs D F McLenan... 85
G W Dean 26
Mrs S A Ayerst 75
Miss A Astquist 3 00
Mrs George Dawson 50
N S Howard 35
Mrs C H Sagle 1 00
Mary E Porter 50

Rose H. Lathrop

Mrs James Kober 5 00

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Mrs Robert Horn.... 2 00
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C W Charles 3 00
Mrs E Wilkinson. 7 00
——, Frontier, Mich (for Rev J Paton 2 00
Mr & Mrs G F Johnson (for F Weiss). 2 00
Lucy L Dean (for F Weiss).. 5 00

Home Missions

A G Mulliken..... 85

Jerry McAuley Mission

I H N, Cambridge, N Y, to be used by S H Hadley for Ira B Snyder Mem Fd....10 00

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Mrs H V Lawless and sister 2 00
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A Friend, Cape May, N J..... 5 00
Charles D Locke 1 00
A J Campbell..... 1 00
Mother and son, Petrel, Can 1 00
Wm Taylor..... 1 00

Mrs. Esterbrook, W. I.

Mrs Nellie Simms 5 00

Lincoln Mem. Uni.

Mrs A C Love 5 00

Rev. John L. Dube

Aaron Lloyd 2 00

Gen. Slocum Survivors

B F Brown 1 00

American Bible Society

Mrs John Miller..... 5 00

Miss Shattuck

Frank Gould..... 2 00
Ladies' SocCong'l Ch, Mt Vernon, N Y ..30 00

Invalid Children's Home

Contributions from the neighbors and friends of Mrs C W Vernon, Morristown, N J 75 00
Mrs John H Glass... 2 50
——, West Liberty, Ia 1 00
Jessie McGill 3 00
Mary E Sawyer 10 00
Mrs M E Maxwell 2 00

Dutch Leper Colony

A Friend, Dolgeville, N Y 5 00
Cash, Pottstown, Pa. 30
Mrs J S Gerhart..... 3 00

Rev. E. H. Richards, E. Af.

B Warren 15 02
S H Smith 15 00
Mrs B H Edmonds .15 00

Sunshine Soc., Mrs. A.

Mrs Robt Horn 2 00

The White Door

B Bradford 5 00
In memory of mother, Shiloh, O 1 00
Mr & Mrs D L Hartman 2 00

King's Daughters' Set.

In memory of mother, Shiloh, O..... 1 00
Mr & Mrs D L Hartman... 2 00

Steele Orphanage

In memory of mother, Shiloh, O 1 00
Mr & Mrs D L Hartman..... 2 00

Hull House

In memary of mother, Shiloh, O..... 1 00
Mr & Mrs D L Hartman..... 2 00

Lepers in India
(MARY REED)

Mrs John H Class... 2 00

Poor of New York City

E R Wolf 5 00
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A Friend, E Manch Chunk, Pa 5 00

Dr. G. F. Herrick, Turkey

Mrs D M Smith 1 00
Mrs E T Kilmer..... 6 00
——, Brooklyn, N Y 1 00

Ex. Trav. Aid Ass'n.

Reader, Leland, Ill 2 00

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SONG OF THE SWING

(Pictures painted at Mont-Lawn)

BY MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

I

SWING,
Swing,
Little maid, swing,
While buttercups nod and bluebirds sing,
Flashing by on indigo wing,
Swing, swing, little maid, swing.

II

Swing, swing, little maid, swing,
Clover-heads sway, and their fragrance fling,
While honey-bees drone with laden wing,
Swing, swing, little maid, swing.

III

Swing, swing, little maid, swing,
Thy winsome smile sweet mem'ries bring,
Of far-away days—life's early spring,
Swing, swing, little maid, swing,

IV

Swing, swing, little maid, swing,
Happier far, than queen or king,
No sweeter joys the years may bring,
Swing,
Swing,
Little maid, swing.

Jamie's Vacation at Mont-Lawn

THREE children had heard this Vacation Home talked of in the dingy street in which they lived. Other children had told of the good times they had had at Mont-Lawn, where "you had lots to eat, and where the teachers didn't make you study as they did in school, but told stories and read them out of books."

"Will they take me, too?" asked little crippled Jamie. "I can't run so fast as Bob, but Jennie will take care of me; won't you, Jennie?" and the little fellow looked at his sister with the utmost confidence, that wherever Jennie went he could go.

Their mother was a very busy woman; all day, and far into the night, she worked to support her little brood, and pay the rent of the one room in the big tenement house in which they lived; but such a chance as this must not be neglected. So when the children assured her that it was no "fairy tale" about Mont-Lawn, and that Izzy Goldstein, and Sammy Cohen, and Billy Maher had told them about it, and the story had been corroborated by the varied assortment of sisters of these veracious youngsters, the mother consented to go up to the Bible House and enroll the names of Jennie, Bob, and Jamie, for the next consignment of children to go to Mont-Lawn. "You see," said Jennie, "something is the matter with his back, and he can't grow, and he can't play real hard; but he'll be a good boy, if he can go."

JAMIE WAS THE PROUDEST OF THE THREE

The children were willing to have their pictures taken for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to see; and Jamie was the proudest of the three, as he tried to straighten his poor little crooked back, clasping his thin hands in front of him. It was the most important occasion of his life, having his picture "took." Never a thought gave Jamie to the fact that he was not dressed up, for didn't he have shoes? What more did he need, except his shirt and overalls? What a wonderful trip that was up the river! The little boy had never even seen a steamer before. He had never been far away from the street in which he was born, and his wonder knew no bounds when he was seated on the upper deck, and found that the "big house" was really moving, and he going with it.

When Nyack was reached, the stage and horses were waiting to take the merry, laughing crowd of children to the Home. Jamie had seen horses, great, strong-limbed creatures, that put down their heavy feet with such slow dignity as they pulled their weighty loads. Many a time had he hurried across the street, with the yell of a good-natured driver of truck or beer-wagon sounding like the crack o'doom in his ears, for if he stumbled, what would his mite of a body be beneath those ponderous hoofs and those cruel tires? O yes, Jamie knew what horses were; but to ride behind a span along the beautiful country roads, where wild flowers nodded a welcome from the smiling fields on either side. Indeed, Jamie had never seen anything like this, and when the horses pulled and tugged up the hills, and many of the children alighted and walked to ease the toilers, the little boy was one of the first to scrabble out. "Poor horses," he said to himself, "they don't want a crooked back like mine, and if they pull too hard, they might come apart."

The great thick slices of bread and brimming mugs of milk; the sweet, wholesome vegetables from the garden; the long sunny play-hours, made a heaven for the little boy; but when night came, and the tired little body lay down to rest in the white cot, the acme of happiness was reached, as Jamie closed his eyes and floated off to dreamland.

And all this beauty and happiness for him, cost but $3. The good accomplished could not be computed by thousands.

* * *

The friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, have responded nobly to the call for endowed cots, and it is with much gratitude we acknowledge the following additional names. We hope to have 150, feeling sure that the lovers of children will enable us to reach that number.

A Friend, So. Westport, Mass.
Miss Bessie W. Cheney, Troy, N. Y.
Helen F. Ford, Marshwood, Pa.
Frances H. Ford, Marshwood, Pa.
Mrs. A. M. Hemphill, W. Bridgewater, Pa.
Mrs. M. Van Houten, Spring Valley, N. Y.

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A SCENE ON HOREB

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ELIJAH "came to Horeb, the mount of God." It was a place of great memories, a fitting place for Elijah to retire to in his deep dejection, with the cause of God, which, just now, seemed to him to be a failure, so heavy on his heart. May there not have been some thought such as this in his heart: "I alone remain a prophet of the Lord, and he does not stand by me?"

Having reached Horeb, Elijah came thither into a cave, and lodged there. Up to this time he had been very distinctly and very tenderly led of God, but there is no sign that God called him to settle down in this cave, and make his home there, nursing his sorrow.

I and they, self and man, were occupying his heart as he sat alone in his cave; and it seemed to him as though neither God nor man appreciated him, and that he had made such great sacrifices for nothing. Oh, how black everything looks as soon as anything personal limits our view! As soon as we allow ourselves to dwell for a moment upon what we are, what we have done, and what is due to us, darkness comes over our spirit. And as to any merit or claim for reward because of any service we render to God or man, the privilege of doing it in the name and in the power of our Lord is our reward.

"And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord." Go out of thy narrow thoughts, revolving round thyself, into the presence of thy God. But Elijah did not go; he still remained in the cave. Oh how hard it is for one who is occupied with his own ideas to get out of them into God's presence! Elijah was in a cave where no fresh air can go through, where the same air is breathed over and over again. Oh, what a cave self-occupation is! But a new revelation of God can bring us out of our cave. No pity from others can do it, for that is most harmful and savors of the cave.

"And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice, or a sound of gentle stillness."

This was new to the prophet; he was used to the miraculous; storm, earthquake, fire could not bring him out of the cave. But that sound of gentle stillness appealed to him, penetrated, touched the sore place, not with human sympathy, which would have come down to his level, but with divine sympathy, which lifts us up to God's level and into his atmosphere. And Elijah, when he heard it, came and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" It was the same answer, but no longer from the depths of the cave; he was willing to see things differently; and he had yet to learn that God accomplishes his great purposes through the failures of men as well as through their victories. Why did not Elijah answer, "Lord, I am here that I may hearken to what thou hast to say to me?" When God speaks to us, do we shut ourselves up with the mortifying memories of our past failures? Are we occupied with our own shortcomings or those of our family, our church, our nation, and have we no eye for what God is doing?

"And the Lord said to him, Go; return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus; and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria, and Jehu, son of Nimshi, shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel; and Elisha, the son of Shaphat, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room." Thus God showed Elijah a glimpse of his plans, and that he should be still used in their execution. It was through Hazael and Jehu that the house of Ahab and the remnants of Baal worship were to be exterminated. But God was not in a hurry: He let things ripen. He might use Elijah for the first great blow, but he had purposes to carry out which Elijah did not yet know, and he must be willing to serve as an instrument in obedience and faith.

The Bishop and the Saloon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 722

the greatest enemy of honesty and virtue, and everything sweet and pure that exists to-day. The one thing which takes a man or woman into a saloon, is because they want whiskey or beer. It is alcohol they want, in one form or another—it makes little difference which. I deny that the saloon is "the poor man's club." It is not half so much so, as it is the rich man's club. It is the accursed saloon that makes the home so wretched, that this so-called club is necessary.

I was a drunkard—a hopeless drunkard for years, and fairly lived in saloons. Oh, how I tried to stop! What encouragement I got from the papers, when I read that Dr. Crosby not only drank, but advocated it. The victim of drink is a slave, and Christ alone can redeem him. Oh, let us get back to the Cross of Calvary!

Never was the Church more busy and full of activities than now, but let us renew the old-time religion, and saloons will diminish. S. H. HADLEY.

Superintendent Water Street Mission.

. . .

The Liquor Saloon's Best Friend

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

IN regard to the dedication address of Bishop Potter at the opening of a liquor saloon, I have only to say that, in my judgment, it is a shame and an outrage for a liquor saloon and a Christian Church to live in the same town, and not fight. Bishop Potter's address has given great cheer and encouragement to distillers and brewers and saloon-keepers everywhere. If he had not long since made his toleration of the liquor saloon so apparent, it would spread dismay in the hearts of all true lovers of temperance and sobriety. Bishop Potter is out of place as the friend of the saloon in America. But men will get drunk, and young men and young women will form the habit of taking intoxicating drinks just the same, even if Bishop Potter was to serve as bartender, instead of dedication orator in the Subway Saloon. The words of the Bible still remain true, Bishop Potter notwithstanding: "Look not upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it stirreth itself aright; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

N. Y. City. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

. . .

The Ally of a Great Vice

THE "dedication" by Bishop Potter of a saloon for the sale of intoxicating drinks, places himself, and inferentially his denomination, as the ally of the one great vice—destructive alike to morals and religion in both women and men, which the nation is struggling to control, and which in the past has destroyed all nations succumbing to its dominance.

A. E. BALLARD,

Pres't Pitman Camp Meeting Association and Vice-President Ocean Grove, N. J.

. . .

Other Opinions on the Saloon

The devil appears in a new role every now and then, horns and hoofs, and the blessing by Bishop Potter does not make the devil any less a devil.—REV. A. B. LEONARD, *New York.*

When Bishop Potter helped open the Subway Tavern, all the devils in hell clapped their hands with delight.—REV. W. O. BENNETT, *Stroudsburg, Pa.*

The dedication of a saloon by Bishop Potter, indicates an eccentricity of moral judgment, but it will give encouragement to the evil-doer. The Church has neither hymns nor prayers for such services.—BISHOP HENRY SPELLMEYER, *Cincinnati, O.*

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AS EASY

Needs Only a Little Thinking.

The food of childhood often decides whether one is to grow up well nourished and healthy or weak and sickly from improper food.

It's just as easy to be one as the other provided we get a proper start.

A wise physician like the Denver Doctor who knew about food, can accomplish wonders provided the patient is willing to help and will eat only proper food.

Speaking of this case the Mother said her little four year old boy was suffering from a peculiar derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys and his feet became so swollen he couldn't take a step. "We called a Doctor who said at once we must be very careful as to his diet as improper food was the only cause of his sickness. Sugar especially, he forbid.

"So the Dr. made up a diet and the principal food he prescribed was Grape-Nuts and the boy, who was very fond of sweet things took the Grape-Nuts readily without adding any sugar. (Dr. explained that the sweet in Grape-Nuts is not at all like cane or beet sugar but is the natural sweet of the grains.)

"We saw big improvement inside a few days and now Grape-Nuts are almost his only food and he is once more a healthy, happy, rosy-cheeked youngster with every prospect to grow up into a strong healthy man." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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New Courage for New Work*

REST ought ever to be to the Christian an inspiration, never mere idleness. It should be recuperation, a gaining of fresh strength to enter with more vigor the conflict with evil, a renewal of spiritual force for a more enthusiastic campaign. The Christian's work in the world is ever new, while it is necessarily old. He has the old Gospel, the old principles, the old remedy for sin; but he brings them to minds to which they are new, he can employ new methods of presentation and he can adapt them to new lines of attack. The necessity for doing so is obvious. New generations are coming into the world and the old are passing away. If Christianity is to maintain its position and to make progress, the young people must be won. The work of proclaiming the Gospel and of gaining new converts, must always go on, in order that the vacancies, which death creates in the ranks, may be filled.

There are abundant reasons for entering on the campaign with courage.. The Gospel triumphs in the past assure us of new victories. The old Gospel has not lost its power. It is still the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth. He who exercises faith in Christ, in our day, is saved as surely as in the days of our fathers and in the days of the Apostles, and the preacher has now as good reason as the Apostle Paul, to say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." To everyone who desires to be delivered from the thraldom of sin, the Christian may offer his proclamation with confidence. Satan is a beaten enemy, and though he pursues his old-time tactics, he knows that eventually his power must fail before the champions of the Cross. The Christian enters the battlefield armed with weapons that have been tried and proved and he is assured of final victory. The time will yet come when he can say, the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord.

He in whom I trust. A Christian merchant had been greatly distressed by the condition of a slum through which he passed every day on his way to business. Drunkenness and vice held carnival there. He tried to interest a clergyman in the place, and see if something could not be done to purify it. But the effort failed. The condition of the neighborhood lay heavily on the merchant's mind, until at last, he determined to do something himself. It was new work for him, and he shrank from undertaking it. His courage failed him more than once, but at last he took a decisive step. He invited the young men of the slum to a supper, and at its close, announced that he wanted to make them a present of a hundred dollars. Those who were leaving, stayed on hearing his intention. He talked with them, and proposed that the money should be spent in hiring a room which could be used as a club. If they agreed, he would multiply his gift. He talked so genially and kindly, that his plan was accepted. The club was opened, and its influence soon began to be felt. One and another young man was attracted, until a fair membership was formed. Many who had grown sick of a vile life were brought in. There were lectures, concerts, entertainments; and eventually a centre of purifying power was established, which has transformed the neighborhood.

My Deliverer. A young city clerk was returning from his office to his home one evening last March, when, to his surprise, he saw his younger brother, who he supposed was at home on the Connecticut farm, standing on the corner of the street. He crossed and spoke to the youth, who after some objection accompanied his brother to his room. "Ned," said the visitor, "you may as well know the whole truth at once. I fell in love with Louise, and when she came to the city I followed her. I have been here a week. I have not the money to be married, and I am not sure that Louise would have me. She has a wealthy friend who makes her presents. But I am under her spell and I cannot bear to leave her. I know it is foolish, but I feel as if I was bewitched." Ned knew that he had a difficult task on his hands and was not clear about the way to undertake it. But he had faith in Christ, and that night he committed the case to him in prayer. The next day, to his astonishment and relief, victory came. His brother announced that his infatuation had ended. He had seen the girl and her friend together, and in her conduct there were things that completely changed his feeling for her. He returned to his home that day, and his brother, in humble thankfulness, praised the Lord who had undertaken for him and had delivered the victim out of the hands of the spoiler.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 4. Ps. 144; Acts 28: 15.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

T. C. C. "God has answered my prayers and brought many things to pass, for which I am very thankful."

H. E. C., Elmira, N. Y. "I want to publicly acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayer. 'This is a promise fulfilled.'"

B. J. K., Baltimore. "God has anwered so many of my prayers in such a direct way, that I cannot help knowing that he is right with me, and that his blessings are upon me."

M. B. K., Winona, Miss. "I want to testify of not only one prayer being answered, but many. God has heard so many petitions, I want to ask the prayers of all these readers for my husband."

M. C. P., Cohoes, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many of my prayers, and ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that they will join in prayer with me that God will convert my loved ones."

Mary F. L., Evansville, Ind. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to a special prayer, and many others recently. I think God always answers our prayers when asked in faith. I hope this will encourage others to believe."

Mrs. E. McF., Lacombe. "I wish to acknowledge to the world what the Lord has done for me. I was in deep distress. I prayed to the Lord. He heard and answered my petitions, and I shall ever bless and trust his holy name."

Constant Reader. "I was in trouble, and I prayed constantly to God to help me. He answered my prayer, as he has done many times before, and I feel that I can never thank him enough. He will answer our prayers if we pray in earnest, believing."

S. "I wish to add my testimony to answered prayers. I had a direct answer to prayer for a loved one. Praise God. To-day I am in deep sorrow and the way seems dark indeed. To my weak vision there is no light; but I am trusting him and feel that he will bring everything right in his own good way. Pray for me."

Mrs. G. P., Guelph, Ont. "God does answer prayer. Bless and praise his holy name. Before we ask, and while we ask, the answer comes. Oh, dear discouraged ones, cheer up. Look to him. Ask him for help. He will help you so quickly and graciously, that, like me, you will not be able to express your love and thanks."

S. C. L., Danville, Ill. "Praise his holy name. He has heard my prayers and delivered me out of great trouble. The answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been a blessing and a constant source of inspiration and strength to me. I want to ask God's children through this column, to pray for our pastor who has been sent to us."

A Reader, Mich. "I pray God to bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the dear people that have had their answered prayers printed in its columns. I had prayed earnestly to God for a certain blessing; but he did not answer me, and I was doubting, and losing faith, when I began to read the 'Answered Prayers' column, and it helped, enlightened and inspired me with a new hope. At this time, my dear mother was stricken with a very dangerous illness, and I cried and prayed to God to spare her. Opening my Bible for help, my eyes fell on these words in Isaiah—'thou shalt weep no more; he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.' This promise was fulfilled to me, and my mother fully recovered. I hope this experience will help some one, as I was helped by other's experience."

For the Benke Memorial Tablet

The following subscriptions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the fund to be applied to a memorial tablet, to be placed on the walls of the Bowery Mission, in memory of Victor Benke, the organist, whose death occurred not long ago:

Mrs Sarah J Bird	$50 00	H S M	1 00
Mr and Mrs Hallimond	40 00	F H Breyfogle	5 00
Mr and Mrs Long	25 00	"Jane," N Y City	2 00
Mr F N Card	5 00	Mrs Chas K Randall	25 00
A Foster Higgins	50 00	Harriet E Strong	5 00
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD	100 00	M E R, Nyack, N Y	1 00
P B Bromfield	25 00	G S, Milwaukee, Wis.	1 00
Three Friends	3 00	Friend of Bowery Mission, Nashua, NH	50
		George A Horner	1 00

All contributions to this fund will be acknowledged in these columns.

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South Africa's Gospel Sunrise

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 729

go, we arrived at our old stations, after home visit of over one year. During e absence, growth was regular, and con-derable advance was made all round, so at while the total of our baptized Chris-ans was increased on all our stations, ir class of beginners also kept pace, and at we have now an average of four pro-itioners for each Christian. There are ree items which point clearly to the ad-ance on the part of ordinary heathen-m toward better things. The first is, the flowing of a hopeful number of outside ildren into our station schools. The ation scholar is provided with a roof, itable food, and clothing usually enough cover him. It has been exceedingly fficult in the past fifteen years, to per-ade a single native from a heathen me to come to us. But now, on one of the alphabet will be studied in that hut during the long evenings, when nothing outside is possible. The primer will enter in, and the Bible will surely follow. Perhaps it is fortunate that the native can purchase no book in his native tongue save the Holy Scriptures, which the missionary has prepared for him. He will purchase the Bible, for it is the only thing he can read, if he reads at all. These outrageously inferior lamps are getting all over the country. We welcome them, for they are the first intrusion of civilization into that hitherto dark pocket of a hut. The lamp, the chair, the table, American tinned foods, are all veritable forerunners of the schoolroom and of the Testament. There is muscle enough in the arms of the children of Africa to buy all America, and they are just beginning to purchase. This is a right step in the right direction.

INSIDE THE JOHANNESBURG COMPOUND

"A third item of interest is, that our native preachers have all blossomed out with riding donkeys. It was a surprise, and looked somewhat out of order: but after full investigation had, it appears a most reasonable thing. They rent a pair of the Arab, keep them a season or two for the increase, and then become the veritable owners of a beast to ride upon.

"Horses die upon least provocation here, but the donkey leaves that to the end. Surely it is proper for our native pastor to ride if he can afford it, and he can easily afford to do it in the manner described.

"A considerable number of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are supporting a scholarship in this field. A scholarship means seeing a lost native child, boy or girl, all the way from heathenism into clear Christianity. It is the greatest work possible on earth, with the surest rewards. It costs, in clean cash, fifteen dollars a year, and everyone able to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can afford it, and the day will surely come when they will wish they had done so. All funds for this field should be sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in New York."

ir stations, we have more than thirty of em, on others, five, ten or fifteen, and all of them some appear. These out-le children received nothing whatever om the mission, and, of course, appear ad in Adam's 'fig-leaf.' We are de-ghted to see them, and spare no pains to ake them feel it. It is a hopeful sign of al advance, and pervades the territory the mission.

"A second item is this: The common tive outside the mission stations has gun to purchase poor five-cent brass mps for twenty-five cents, and to buy orer Russian kerosene, and to have ght in his hut at night. This may not pear to some as anything worth men-oning, but that little light is real light, d he will have more of it and better uipment ere long. This means that

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MARSHALL, MO., Aug. 2, 1904.

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Gentlemen: — THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ming to my mother, Mrs. A. M. Peet, has en a weekly visitor to our home for many ars. Last Christmas we secured the *Crown ncyclopedia*, and, while we have in our rary the following sets:

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d value them all for their special merits, our "*Crown*" crowns them all in conciseness, -to-dateness, convenient size, and, most im-rtant of all to me, the complete Gazetteer the fifth volume. The public needs a new rk of this kind every few years, but how u have contrived to get it within the reach all (two dollars) is a problem I am unable solve. *The Crown Encyclopedia* should in every school and home. I keep mine y five silent teachers) in my writing desk, ere they serve me conveniently, quickly, d as fully as limited time will allow, every y. Let me thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD r making their possession possible

MRS. ALICE PEET BISHOP.

A Song of Faith

WITH outstretched arms, and heart so kind,
And eyes to human weakness blind,
O, Saviour, thou dost watch and wait
My coming to the Golden Gate.

I know my feeble footsteps stray,
And oft I stumble in the way;
But by thy grace, so full and free,
I rise and struggle back to thee.

If thou hast lov'd me, I am lov'd;
If thou hast prov'd me, I am prov'd;
If thou hast sav'd me, I am safe,
Although a weak and helpless waif.

If thou hast call'd me, I must come
Most surely to my heavenly home:
In thy good time my soul shall rest
Within the mansions of the blest.

I know that thou shalt surely keep,
And safely shelter all thy sheep;
And not one lamb of all thy fold
Shall fail to reach the Gate of Gold.

When there arraigned, my spirit stands,
I'll plead the wounds that mar thy hands,
And kneeling at thy Mercy Seat,
Will kiss the nail-prints in thy feet.

Lockhart, Texas. E. H. R.

MINISTER'S TRIAL

Coffee Hit Him Hard Indeed

A minister of the gospel writes about Postum: "I was for years a sufferer from headaches; sometimes they were so violent that groaning in agony I would pace the floor or garden holding my throbbing head for relief.

"I tried all sorts of remedies known to the allopathic and homeopathic schools, sometimes I thought it was caused by the stomach or biliousness, and again I would suspect it was purely nervousness, and treated myself accordingly, but nothing ever gave me permanent relief. Having to appear before the public nearly every night, it was sometimes almost impossible for me to fulfill my engagements. Finally I came to suspect that the use of tea and coffee had something to do with my disorder, and abruptly discontinued the use of both and took on Postum for a trial.

"From that happy hour I commenced to mend; gradually I got better and better, and now I do not have a headache once in 6 months, and all my other troubles are gone too. I am now using Postum exclusively and want no better beverage.

"I know of others who have been benefited by the use of Postum in place of coffee. A friend of mine here in Key West, a hardware merchant, suffered for years with stomach and other troubles while he was using coffee, finally he quit and began using Postum, and got well. He is devoted to Postum, and when worn and weary with business cares takes a cup of it piping hot, and in a short time feels rested and nourished.

"Some I know have become prejudiced against Postum because careless or ignorant cooks tried to make it as they would coffee, and will not allow it to boil full 15 minutes, but when they try it again, well boiled, it stays, for it is as delicious and snappy as the mild, smooth, high grade Java." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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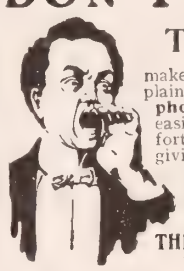

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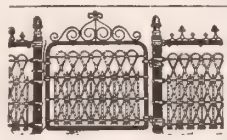

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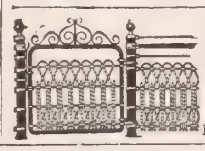

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MAGAZINE NUMBER

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SEE PAGE 755

AMID THE ROYAL GOLDEN-ROD

Questions & Answers

Vigilant, Rockaway, L. I. What is the average attendance at the St. Louis Fair up to date?

It would be difficult, in the absence of official figures, to make any trustworthy estimate. One correspondent, who made full investigation, writes that during the first 100 days, 6,000,000 people passed through the gates, but about one-third was attendants, workmen and officials. Of the 4,000,000 remaining, probably one-sixth would represent the actual number of patrons, allowing each six visits, which is a low average. Up to August 18, over 7,000,000 visitors had passed through.

Old Subscriber, Philadelphia. 1. Is there any bureau or house through which an amateur writer may promptly place a magazine article of merit? 2. When was the two-cent letter postal rate introduced? 3. When was the Postal Card introduced?

1. There are several literary bureaus, but the best and most direct way is to send an article to the magazine for which it seems suited. 2, 3. Write to the P. O. Dep't, Washington, D. C.

C. R. T., Easton, Pa. Was there more than one dynasty in the kingdom of Judah and in the kingdom of Israel?

In the kingdom of Judah the house of David continued to the end. Saul was the first king, and after his death David became king over Judah, while Ishbosheth, Saul's son, reigned over the northern provinces for two years. (See II. Samuel 2: 10). In Israel there were seven dynasties, the first kings of which were respectively Jeroboam, Baasha, Omri, Jehu, Menahem, Pekah and Hoshea.

B. W. L., Bridgeport, Conn. About how much liquor (including beer, wine, and cider), was consumed as a beverage by the people of this country in one year, say twenty years ago, and what was the population at that time, and ten years ago. Also at the last census, and about how much for each man, woman, and child?

	DISTILLED SPIRITS GALLONS	WINE GALLONS	MALT LIQUORS GALLONS
1880	63,526,694	28,329,541	414,220,165
1890	87,824,502	28,959,981	855,702,335
1900	97,248,382	30,427,491	1,221,500,100
1903	117,251,716	not recorded	1,449,879,377

The population in 1880 was 50,155,783, in 1890 63,069,756, in 1900, 76,303,387. At present about 80,000,000, estimated.

M. H. Sydenham, Kearney, Neb., writes:

What delightful reading was the description of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, by E. M. Mason, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 3, 1904! How deeply the good woman's heart was touched by what she saw on her visit to that place, which is attracting so much interest from one end of the Republic to the other, or wherever THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is read. God bless Dr. Klopsch for what he has done to make such conditions possible, and a veritable, actual reality. And may he bless all the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and others who have contributed in any way to the delightful work, which is true missionary work indeed. And may it soon be doubly, yea ever so many times increased in its usefulness to the honor and glory of our Heavenly Father and his beloved Son.

E. H. C. Who were the most prominent missionary heroes of the past century?

Mungo Park, David Livingstone, William Taylor, Robert Moffat and Bishop Hannington, Africa; J. Hudson Taylor and Robert Morrison, China; William Carey and Henry Martyn, India; Adoniram Judson, Burmah; Cyrus Hamlin, Turkey; Eli Smith, Syria; John Paton, Micronesia; Samuel Marsden, New Zealand; John Williams, Samoa; Marcus Whitman, Oregon Indians.

W. M. B., Humboldt, Kans., writes:

I was much interested in your story last week of the London charities. Born close to St. Bartholomews, in the days of Old Bartelmy's Fair, and within the sound of Bow Bells, I am a regular Cockney, and though I have been a loyal American citizen for fifty-two years, voted for Abraham Lincoln and stuck to the party all these years, yet I still love old England, and especially the little village in which I was born, which at that time had a population of a million, second only to Peking, China. I was particularly pleased to find that the King and Queen and so many noted and distinguished persons, took so conspicuous a part in the various charities and institutions for the improvement of the condition of the poor. I have frequently read of the interest taken by the Duchess of Sutherland in all charitable work, and find her in your paper spoken of as the "angel of the hospitals," a beautiful title, of which she may well be prouder than that of Duchess. At the age of sixteen, I was assistant master in Lady Byron's industrial school at Ealing near London. The next two years I attended the Battersea Normal College, and at nineteen was selected by Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, mistress of the robes to Queen Victoria, to take charge of a school on their Shropshire estate, where I continued ten years, coming to America in 1852. This is why I feel interested in the Sutherland family. I have some letters of the old Duchess and the wedding cards of the late Duke of Argyle, then Marquis of Lorne, who married Lady Elizabeth Gower, eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, who were of the same age respectively as myself and wife, and who spent their honeymoon in our neighborhood.

J. I., Newberg, Pa. Why do ministers of the Gospel display their D.D. and LL.D. and Rev.? Is this as the Master would have done when he enjoined them to call no man Rabbi?

Christ's words were a warning against spiritual pride and were to be interpreted in the spirit rather than the letter, just as, "Call no man your father on earth, for one is your father which is in heaven," was to be interpreted. It was not intended as a condemnation of every title by which church rulers were to be known, otherwise it would have equally applied to all distinctions—elder, deacon, teacher, pastor, etc., included—all of which were recognized by the early church. It was a rebuke to the "itch for ecclesiastical superiority," and a reminder that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Mrs. F. C. R., Riverside, Wash. In what States do women vote?

Limited local suffrage for women prevails in New York, Indiana, Kansas, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio and Oklahoma. Full suffrage prevails in Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming.

Subscriber, Jermyn, Pa. Do you think it right for ladies to attend divine service without a hat? Of course it is more comfortable. I have always understood that it was wrong, but lately some of the people of our church do not wear any hats. The minister's wife was one of the first.

We do not consider it wrong for ladies to remove their hats in church or in any other place of public assemblage, as wearing them greatly obstructs the view of those who sit behind. As to going hatless through the streets, that is quite another matter. Except in some country village, or at a summer resort, it is never done.

Ralph R. Bird, Oakland, Calif., writes:

Anent the interesting incident in your question department, from Miss S. B., Canton, O. (paper of July 6), is an experience of mine. Thirty years ago in the frontier of Canada (Ontario Province). I was conducting a religious service in a schoolhouse, on a Sabbath, near a piece of woods. I was addressing a houseful of mostly young people. The day was warm, and the outside and hall doors were both open. About the middle of my address, there came in a red squirrel, came on the platform to me, ran up my right side, and perched itself on my right shoulder, and, sitting on its lower extremities, faced about and looked at the audience, for probably fifteen seconds; then deliberately retraced its steps, and went out to the woods again. I was well acquainted with the neighborhood, and no one knew of a tame squirrel in the place. Of course I stopped speaking, and the congregation was completely spell-bound during the performance.

PORTO RICAN SCHOOL-TEACHERS ON THE U. S. TRANSPORT "KILPATRICK"

DURING the present summer five hundred school-teachers from our island possession of Porto Rico, have been visiting the United States as guests of this Government. They have made an educational tour of the Eastern States, and are now returning home after a short course of English at Harvard University. They made a flying visit to Washington, where they were received by President Roosevelt. They spent several days in New York, seeing the sights, before sailing for Porto Rico on the *Kilpatrick*. All the members of the party were delighted with their vacation visit.

Reader, Auburn, N. Y. 1. An aged, infirm man, once a member of a certain church, is now unable to go to church. He has not, in the past, lived up to his profession and duty. Ought the pastor and officers of the church to take any interest in him? 2. Do the words in the prophecy of Nahum 2: 4, have any reference to the electric cars, automobiles, etc., of the present day?

1. Yes; we are enjoined to search out such cases—the poor, the aged, the sick, the infirm—and to carry to them both spiritual and material comfort. 2. No, it has no relation to modern events. The prophecy was written at a time when Nineveh was threatened by foreign foes. The passage you mention describes the swift rushing of the Assyrian chariots in the streets, hastening to the defence, the glare of their polished armor being like torches, as they sweep past, flashing in the sun.

R. G. Y., Prince Bay, N. Y. 1. Have we any assurance that the animals in the Ark were peaceful, such as the lion and lamb, the cat and dog, etc., that are now generally antagonistic? 2. When and where was Grace Darling born? State other information, time of death, etc.

1. There is no evidence on the subject. As the human race was about to be punished for its wickedness, it is a fair inference that the "Golden Age" had long since given way to the age of violence, even among the lower orders of nature, and consequently that the huge collection of animals in the Ark were not peacefully disposed by nature, although their perilous and novel experience may have made them temporarily docile. 2. She was born in Bamborough, England, 1815, and died 1842. She won fame through rowing with her father (a lighthouse keeper at the Faroe Isles), to the wreck of the *Forfarshire* and saving the crew.

Old Subscriber, Urbana, Ills. 1. Don't know. 2. Missionary work in the Philippines is practically just begun. There are several denominations represented. The M. E. Church is doing a good work, with a resident American Elder in charge at Manila, and a number of American workers and native helpers distributed throughout the provinces.

Anxious, No. 2, Cedar Rapids, Ia. When a person has contracted debts through a long illness, and finds that his income is insufficient to pay them, ought he, when receiving his monthly salary, to lay aside the Lord's tenth, or postpone it indefinitely until his debts are paid?

Probably the person has made some arrangement with his creditors for payment by installments, or has persuaded them to wait until he is to able pay them. They would not expect him to devote the whole of his income to the payment of their claims. Some portion of it they would expect him to reserve for board, lodging, clothes, etc. That portion is his own, and it is that which he should regard as his income. The balance, over and beyond that is not his, but belongs to his creditors. He should tithe the sum reserved for himself, and if it is so small as to be barely sufficient for his living expenses, he should practice some self-denial in order to pay the Lord's tenth, if his conscience approves of the tithing system.

M. L. B., White Sulphur Springs, N. Y. If A purchases a farm with pension money, and pays no taxes on same, except school and road taxes, can he make a will that will be legal at his death, or will it then go back to the State?

His will transfers his title at the date of death. He may lose the property by failing to pay taxes. The State can only take the property for unpaid taxes.

Miscellaneous

G. C. R., Philadelphia. Write to the *American*, Chicago, Ill.

Reader, Findlay Co., O. You should send us the title. Your letter is too vague.

Subscriber, Hillsboro, O. Probably not. Consult a Pennsylvania lawyer. Laws on the subject vary in different States.

H. F. McM., Detroit, Mich. We do not discuss politics in these pages. We have never heard of any reflection on the moral integrity of the person named, even by his political enemies.

A Bargain as long as the Copies last

A Great Book on Prophecy

Statesmen and political observers agree that the next twenty-five years will be a critical period in the World's History. Momentous events are impending, involving the fate of nations and races. The Christian, turning to the Bible for light on the future, is often perplexed by the figures and images employed by the ancient prophets and the Seer of Patmos to prefigure the coming crisis. These are explained, and the converging lines of history traced, in a finely illustrated work by Rev. M. Baxter, of which 110,000 copies have been sold. It contains also a resume of the opinions of other expositors of prophecy, thus forming a text-book of the subject, invaluable to every student of the Scriptures. Its title is, "FORTY FUTURE WONDERS," and may be obtained (price fifty cents, including postage), from the office of this journal, Bible House, New York City.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A WELL ON A COUNTRY ESTATE

WASHINGTON VILLA, HOME OF U. S. CONSUL CHENEY

NATIVE LABORERS SHIPPING SALT

The Little City of Coral Streets

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHILE all the world, figuratively speaking, has been bending its steps, or at least turning its eyes, in the direction of the great Exposition at St. Louis, Curacao, the lonely ittle island which lies close to the coast of South Am-rica, has been holding an Exposition of its own. It is he first agricultural and industrial Exposition the island as ever attempted, and it certainly speaks eloquently or its courage, enterprise and material progress.

Curacao, as the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ell know, is the most important of Holland's island ossessions in the West ndies. Its importance ests entirely in the quaint ttle capital, Willemstad, hich owes its existence its harbor, a magnifi-ent body of water, com-letely landlocked and rge enough to accom-odate the shipping of ew York and Liverpool. or this beautiful harbor, enezuela would willing-barter an entire prov-ce; and to banish the utch flag from her oasts, she would be glad make almost any sacri-ce: for Curacao has ng been a refuge for efeated revolutionists, nd a "hatching-place," he Venezuelans assert, or endless conspiracies.

Under a wise, though onservative colonial gov-rnment, Curacao has rospered exceedingly. It as built up a flourishing rade with the neighbor-ng ports, has taught its egro population to be or-erly, and has established chools and churches and troduced many of the odern conveniences of a orthern city.

Curacao is, of course, horoughly Dutch, and as been so for more than wo centuries, though the sland was conquered and eld, for short intervals, y different nations. The streets are winding and pic-uresque, and the buildings quite as quaint as were the ld Dutch homes of New Amsterdam. Even the harbor ntrance, lined with busy quays and thronged with the oats of the negro ferrymen, seems more like a canal in Holland, than an inlet of the Caribbean. Yet the town as its own characteristics as well, and has been per-eptibly influenced by its colony of Portuguese and panish Jews, descendants of refugees from the Pen-nsula, who emigrated by way of Holland to the New World. Furthermore, its people are proficient linguists, and speak English and Spanish, as well as Dutch, which has modified their character not a little.

Besides these languages, however, Curacao can boast of another, peculiar to itself and the two neighboring islands of Aruba and Bonaire. This is Papiamento, a jargon originated by the negroes, but now in general use by all classes. It is a strange but logical compound of Spanish and Portuguese, which the Jewish immigrants taught them; English, picked up from the English and American trading ships, and Dutch, the language of their masters. To this mixture, they added a number of their native African words, and out of it all have produced a wonderfully fluent but simple idiom.

The natives of Curacao are, on the whole, intelligent, hard-working people, and are by no means to be classed with the average West India type described by so many travelers. Rum-drinking is the most prevalent vice on the island; yet seldom is an intoxicated person seen on the streets; in this respect, the city is as orderly as an New England town.

Next to its quaint architecture, the stranger in Curacao is impressed with its scrupulous cleanliness. The streets and crooked lanes are all carefully paved or covered with crushed coral, and every nook and corner is swept and cleaned as if the town were on exhibition. We pride ourselves upon our work in Havana; but Holland long ago accomplished similar results almost in sight of the fever-stricken coasts of Venezuela, with which there has always been constant communication. The one thing lacking upon the island is water. The land in many parts is rich, and capable of producing abundantly if rains were more frequent. Long droughts, however, are apt to occur, and only the irrigated lands can withstand their severity. But even irrigation is limited, by the scarcity of wells and the saline condition of much of the water. To offset these disadvantages, however, Curacao has extensive salt and phosphate of lime deposits, and the island of Aruba possesses a rich gold field.

CROWDS AT THE CURACAO AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

The Curacao natives are almost all adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, though they lack the devotion of the natives of South America. The Jews have retained their ancient faith, and support two fine synagogues. The majority of the Dutch people, however, are Protestant; but, strange to say, the Dutch Church has been for some time without a pastor, so that services are held only at long intervals. There is one American missionary on the island, Mr. V. Van Howe, who represents an interdenominational society, and acts as agent for the American Bible Society. He and his devoted wife are making a careful study of Papiamento, with a view to translating evangelical literature into that language. This is the first attempt that has been made to reach the colored people of the Dutch West Indies, and should Mr. and Mrs. Howe succeed in establishing a little printing office, as they plan, they are prepared to settle down to permanent work in this field.

One of the most interesting sights to the American tourist is the weather bureau our Government has established on the island. This is the most southern observation station in the service, and as Curacao lies on the edge of the hurricane belt, the post is an important one.

Curacao, W. I. G. M. L. BROWN.

A Tour of the "Big Smokies"

CATALOOCHEE is a mountain district of "The Smokies," which has, for many years, been cut off from the rest of the world, and to a considerable degree, left to itself. It is only within a very recent period that public attention has been called to it, and, even now, there is not much accurate knowledge of the region itself, or of the people occupying it. We are located in Haywood County, North Carolina, on the border of Tennessee. The clear rapid stream of Big Creek passes our Cataloochee mission to join the Pigeon River, three miles below. The mountains around us form a sheltered nook. They are generally heavily timbered, and many varieties of hard wood are found, such as poplar, chestnut, oak, hemlock and the beautiful balsam trees peculiar to the Southern Appalachians. But all of this is owned by a large timber company. The mountaineers have to cultivate the steep sidehills for a living, and barely make enough to supply their families with food and clothes.

In regard to this region, I quote the following from Senate Document eighty-four, Fifty-seventh Congress, First Session: "The agricultural resources of the region must remain limited, because of its ruggedness and the low percentage of arable land. Some of the slopes that are cultivated are very steep--from thirty to forty degrees—some of them too steep even for the mountain steer and bull-tongue plough, and must be cultivated entirely by hand."

It is evident that a poor country makes a poor people, and such is the case with Cataloochee. Want of means has deprived these brave, generous-hearted people of the blessings of education and religion. Hundreds of them have neither, and no opportunity to get them. The children are very bright, and learn fast when they have the opportunity. Most of them begin work in the fields before they are eight years old, and are kept there regularly, to hoe corn during the summer. They know nothing of plays and games like other children in the more favored sections of our country. As a rule, they show much timidity. They have strong voices, and with a little training make good singers.

The mountain parents are always appreciative of any interest shown in the welfare of their children. They give you a cordial welcome to their homes, and are ready to listen to the truths of the Gospel. Years of isolation, and lack of opportunity to see the good and noble traits embodied in professors of Christianity, have naturally brought about wrong ideas among these simple people. Many who say they are members of a church, have only a faint idea of what it takes to make a Christian.

Miss Annie W. Armstrong, Corresponding Secretary of The Woman's Missionary Union, Baltimore, writes: "Recently I have been in the mountain section in North Carolina and Tennessee, so I appreciate in some measure the great need that exists in these sections for missionary work. I sincerely trust that wisdom will be given to those who are laboring among the mountain people, so that no mistakes may be made, and that that part of our country may become one of God's strongholds."

CATALOOCHEE, IN THE GREAT SMOKIES — A PARTY ON "BIG CREEK"

When we came here two years ago, there were no Sabbath schools in the Settlement, and preaching was sadly neglected. The region had a reputation for quarrels and fights. A sheriff had just been shot and killed by unknown parties. "Moonshine liquor" was being made and sold. Hundreds were perishing for the "Bread of Life." Seeing the great need of the infusion of Gospel knowledge among the people, especially the young, we organized two Bible schools at convenient points. These schools we superintend regularly, and come in contact with a large number of children and young people, who soon become tidy in appearance, and give respectful attention to the teaching of Bible truths. Evangelistic services are held at various places, and for want of church buildings we use the little district schoolhouse. A day school has been taught in Cataloochee when we could spare the time. In this region, like many others, "The harvest is great, and the laborers are few."

The citizens now tell us that Cataloochee is better in every way than a few years ago. There is no fighting and killing going on as formerly. The Settlement lives a more peaceable life, and both old and young have the privileges of our union Sabbath schools. The children are giving their copper to send to Dr. Guerrant to help in the Soul-Winners League's good work. It is a real sacrifice for them to give anything at all, but they give of their little means cheerfully. Last month the offerings amounted to two dollars. These children—in fact all of the people—walk to services for want of a better way. There isn't a buggy in all of the Settlement, and horses are few.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday Schools of Newport, in union, made an excursion trip to Cataloochee this summer and spread dinner on the bank of Big Creek. We were glad to have them, and it was the first picnic in the history of the Smokies. Rev. Dr. Edward C. Guerrant, President of the Society of Soul-Winners, visited this mission last year. At that time we were without a church or school building, and were laboring under many disadvantages. Dr. Guerrant stood on a chair in the commissary building, and preached to a crowd of lumbermen, who were off duty on account of rain. We now have a building for school and church purposes, for which we are very grateful.

We missionaries are exceedingly grateful to our kind CHRISTIAN HERALD friends for their help in our work. The work is evangelical and undenominational, and is supported by free-will offerings, and no collections are ever taken in churches for the support of the work. Nothing but faith in God would undertake such work without means provided. But that is sufficient. Pray for us.

JAMES D. BURTON.

Mount Sterling, N. C.

The Gospel to Little Children

MORE than three hundred children gathered at the Union Gospel Tent, opposite the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, on a recent Saturday afternoon. A happy crowd of boys and girls, from four to fourteen years of age, responded to the invitation cards which had been distributed in advance. They were well behaved, but bubbling over with delight, in anticipation of the treat which was to follow the opening exercises. Lemonade and flowers were not every-day happenings to most of these little ones. All united in singing "America," after which a simple prayer preceded a ten-minute Gospel talk. Some children from the Little Wanderer's Home then sang very sweetly, the singing being greatly enjoyed by the little ones. Another brief prayer ended this part of the exercises.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union donated several baskets of flowers, and each child was given a small bunch. There was plenty of sweet biscuit, and an inexhaustible supply of iced lemonade. At the close, one pretty little maid came to the platform, and said: "Oh, thank you, so much. It was very kind of you to give us this treat; we have had such a good time." She no doubt represented the mind of the others in the matter.

The tent in which these services were held was erected by the Ruggles Street Church, of which Dr. A. C. Dixon is pastor. Nightly meetings were held during July, on the corner of Clarendon Street and Warren Avenue, and then the tent was removed to Ruggles Street near Washington, for the month of August. Messrs. Call and Campbell, of the Union Rescue Mission, were in charge during July. An attractive programme of speakers included Rev. E. E. Davidson and Lawrence Greenwood, Evangelists; Pastors Stockdale, Clevenger and McElwain; the Gideons, an organization of Christian commercial travelers, and Rev. Wm. Needham, the artist evangelist. Mr. Needham's sketches were very serviceable in making plain the Gospel message, the silent carbon conveying to hearts, through the eyes, what words failed to say to the ears.

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE IN THE UNION GOSPEL TENT, BOSTON

The attendance was very good, and between four and five hundred were present many nights. A great many unchurched persons were reached, the tent being placed in the heart of a densely-populated section. Many prodigals were rescued and confessed Christ in the after-meetings, and hardly a service closed without some hands being lifted by those saying "Pray for me."

The NEW PANAMA CANAL PLANS

The French Method Abandoned and the Lock System Adopted-15,000 Southern Negroes to Finish the Work in Eight Years --- Opportunities for Evangelism

ADMIRAL WALKER, CHAIRMAN

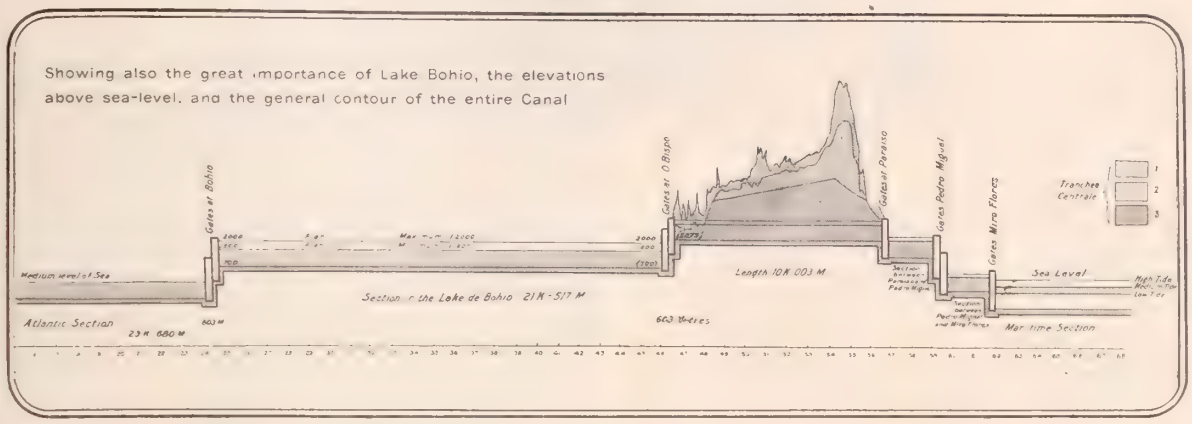

DIAGRAM SHOWING LOCK SYSTEM OF CANAL, FROM THE COMMISSIONS' RELIEF MAP

D. I. MURPHY, SECRETARY

From a Special Correspondent of "The Christian Herald"

AFTER fully considering the great Panama Canal problem in all its aspects, the United States Government has now completed its plans for beginning work in earnest, on a project which universally conceded to be the greatest engineering nd industrial undertaking of the age.

The failures of France in constructing this great engineering project, have not been without definite importance to us; for our Commission has decided to onduct its programme according to a very different ethod than that employed by Count de Lesseps, the reat French Engineer.

Investigations by the Commission have shown that he original plans of the old Company, in constructing he sea-level canal, would require probably more than vice the time that would be needed to build a canal with ocks. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now privileged to nnounce that, as a result of these investigations, the plan of a canal with locks as been definitely adopted, and the sea-vel plan of De Lesseps abandoned. The ea-level canal would have to be built of capacity to carry the maximum floods own its channel without damage. The uantity of excavation necessary for ich a system has been crudely estimat l to be about 266,228,000 cubic yards. he cost of such a canal, comprising a am at Alhajuela, and a tide-lock at Miraflores, is computed at about **$240,-00,000,** and a period covering at least **wenty-years** would be required for s completion.

The line of the new route of the canal oes not differ from the line adopted for he sea-level canal; nor do the plans of he Panama Canal Company, providing he summit level with water, differ materially from the present plans of the sthmian Commission. The initial proposition is to convert Lake Bohio into a reat artificial lake, extending through he Culebra cut, by damming the Chares River, so as to yield a water supply 10,000,000 tons. When needed, an dditional volume of water, four times hat now provided for daily consumption, an be made available by means of the lhajuela reservoir. This provisional orage of water is made in consideration the dry season, and because the quanti- used in the operation of the canal will ary, according to the amount of traffic.

The decision to adopt the lock system was not eached until the Commission had made most exhaustive inquiry, including an examination of the Kiel canal Germany, the North Sea canal in Holland, and the Manchester canal and Liverpool docks in England. The present visit to Central and South America, to inspect the work already done, was also necessary before reaching a final decision.

To the writer was granted the privilege of examining he unpublished report of the Isthmian Canal Commission. In that report, the proposed line of Canal from olon to Panama is shown to be forty-nine miles in ngth. For more than half this distance it follows the alley of the Chagres. This river is about 145 miles long, nd has a drainage area above Bohio of nearly 875 square iles. Its discharge at Bohio varies from a minimum f about 350 cubic feet to a maximum of 36,000 cubic et per second. The total discharge required to operate the canal for a traffic of 10,000,000 tons per annum found to be 1,070 cubic feet per second. The average nnual discharge of the Chagres is about 3,200 cubic feet er second. Providing for the deficiency of the dry onths—February, March and April—enough water must be stored for use in such emergencies. The Chagres is a river well adapted to the service of the proposed lock canal, and is the only feeder to the summit level.

The plan recommended by the Commission is to form a great artificial lake by the Bohio dam across the Chagres, and it is to be known as Lake Bohio. This lake has an area of 38.5 square miles at 85 feet above mean tide, and above the locks where the canal enters the lake it is for the first seven miles a broad, deep body of water with room for anchorage and navigation. Beyond this, some light excavations are necessary to provide for a flood discharge of the Chagres. The length of the canal in Lake Bohio is 12.68 miles from the locks to the point where the channel leaves the river. The section extends .93 of a mile farther, to the point where it enters the cut through the divide. The estimated cost of this section is **$2,952,154,** including **$434,400** for the upper approach to the Bohio locks. The dam at Bohio is only three miles from the head of the river Gigante, which is an excellent site for a spillway, for the overflow of Lake Bohio will discharge through this spillway into Pena Blanca swamp, through natural and artificial channels below Gatun into the Chagres, and from there to the sea, being guided away from the canal by levees. At Alhajuela, about eleven miles above Gamboa, it is proposed to build a high masonry dam across the Chagres, to assist in the storage of floods, and to furnish motive power for operating the locks and lighting the canal at night from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

THE GREAT CULEBRA CUT IN THE PANAMA CANAL

The total length of the Canal, from its beginning in the Bay Limon to its ending in the Bay of Panama, is seventy kilometers, and to give a sufficient permanent depth even at low tide, five kilometers must be added for the channel to be hollowed out in the Bay of Panama.

The proposed route begins at the six fathom line in Limon Bay, and is a channel 500 feet wide at the bottom, with side slopes, one on three, and curves to the left until it reaches a point inside the jetty built by the old Panama Company. Here it changes direction to the right, upon a curve of 3,280 feet radius and is built upon a straight line for 2,000 feet to a point 2.39 miles from deep water in the bay. This wide channel is inside the shore line for about a mile, and forms a well protected harbor. The estimated cost of this entrance and harbor is **$8,057,707,** of which $1,936,-991 is for work outside the jetty. The annual cost of maintenance is $30,000. The bottom width of the Canal from the inner end of the harbor is 150 feet. The length of this level from the harbor is 14.42 miles. Its estimated cost is **$11,099,839,** including $151,347 for levees and $299,000 for the lower approach, 1,200 feet long, to the lock. There will be a double flight of locks at Bohio, having a lift varying from 82 feet at the minimum level of the lake, to 90 feet at the maximum; 41 to 45 to each lock, the normal lift being 85 feet. These locks are to be on the location adopted by the French Company. The estimated cost of this flight of double locks, four lock chambers in all, is **$11,-567,275,** including excavation. Above the locks the artificial lake holds the channel for 12.68 miles, or until it enters Culebra cut. A pair of gates 100 feet wide will be placed near the entrance to the summit cut, so that the level of Lake Bohio will not be affected, if it becomes necessary to draw off the water from the summit cut. These gates will be at the site of a lock near Obispo, with a hard rock foundation. The estimated cost of these gates, including masonry and excavation, is **$295,434.** The summit cut is 7.91 miles long from the Obispo gates to the Pedro Miguel locks. The highest point is about five miles from the Obispo gates, where the bottom of the Canal at the axis is 206 feet below the natural surface of the ground. This is the famous Culebra cut; but the name is more frequently applied to the mile of heaviest work. This cut has been estimated on the basis of a bottom width of 150 feet, and the entire cut will be lined with masonry walls, finishing two feet above high water. Benches of masonry 38 feet wide will line both sides of the Canal, on one of which the Panama Railroad will be laid and a service track upon the other. The estimated cost of the 6.02 miles of heavy work is **$41,940,480,** and of the entire 7.91 miles between the Obispo gates and the Pedro Miguel locks, **$44,414,460,** including the upper approach to these locks. The amount of excavation in this section is 43,237,200 cubic yards; and it is thought that it would take eight years to excavate this section of the Canal alone. Rear-Admiral Walker, however, confidently believes that the entire canal will be finished in eight years.

The work on the Culebra cut, concentrated in such a small place, is without a parallel, and engineers who are acquainted with the Isthmian project, predict that several of the devices found so effective in building the drainage canal at Chicago, will be used at Panama. Modern machinery and practical application of handling material will do much to quicken the construction. The cost for excavation has been computed at eighty cents per cubic yard. The Pedro Miguel locks will be similar to the Bohio locks, and will cost $9,081,321. A level, 1.33 miles long, extends from the Pedro Miguel locks to Miraflores, the last lock. The estimated cost of this section is $1,192,286. At the end of this level will be located the Miraflores lock, with a lift varying from 18 feet high tide to 38 feet low tide. This lock and

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The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Beautiful

TEXT — ECCLES. 3: 11:

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time"

THE Solomonic writings are often epigrammatic in style. Like priceless jewels cut and polished by the lapidaries, and collected in caskets, irrespective of size or color, his verses, as verbal gems, are clustered into chapters, with but little attempt at consecutive arrangement. Indeed, King Solomon, for the most part, seems to me to be like a writer of note books. In the king's judgment hall, or on the street, or out upon the hillsides under the blue dome of the sky, when a great thought is divinely inspired within his brain, he jots that thought down in memorandum. Then at the end of the day, or the week, or the month, or the year, he collects these different thoughts, irrespective of their logical sequence, into a chapter, or a book, and has the court stenographer write them out again in full. In other words, King Solomon's verses, for the most part, are like freight cars, that can be side-tracked, or uncoupled from one car and attached to other cars. Each verse stands out as a distinct entity. An average verse is as appropriate in the sixth chapter of Proverbs as in the twentieth chapter. The verse is the car. The chapter is the freight train. They are often as unconnected as the definitions of *Webster's Dictionary*.

The modern critics tell us that King Solomon did not write the book of Ecclesiastes; that its style and diction belong to a later date. It appears to me, however, that its tone and its depressing refrain are characteristic of a man who led such a life of ease and self-indulgence as Solomon led, and that at the end of it, satiated with pleasure and study as he must have been, it was precisely the kind of book that would come from his pen, and the conclusions uttered in that book, just such as would be likely to be reached by a man who, having strayed from God, was disappointed and dissatisfied with his life. In the absence, therefore, of definite knowledge, I shall assume that the first verse of the book indicates him as the author, "The son of David, king in Jerusalem."

Harmony in Sequence

But though King Solomon was not, as a rule, a connected writer, yet in the book of Ecclesiastes he makes an exception to his usual custom. In this third chapter, for example, there is clear sequence. No man can interpret my text aright, unless he uses the words, "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time," as a glorious climax to the ten verses which precede them. Solomon is here enunciating the mighty law of sequence. He is marshaling the events of a human life as an army. Each event must have its right position. In the language of the chapter he says: "There is a time to be born, and a time to die." There is a time for a cradle, and a time when the wood of that cradle should be changed into a coffin lid. "There is a time to plant, and a time to reap that which is planted." The plough and the sickle can not have the rust rubbed off their faces at the same time. "There is a time to weep and a time to laugh." That means that a joke or a cachinnation at a funeral is a discord. A tear and a sob at a coronation are also out of place. A wedding march is never played in a minor key, neither is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" sung to the accompaniment of a "Dead March from Saul," nor is a "Christmas Carol" imprisoned behind the musical bars of a Mozart's Requiem. "There is a time to love and a time to hate." There is a time when the "Angel of Mercy" should extend the open palm of forgiveness, as well as a time when the clenched fist of Justice must defend the weak, and fight a mortal combat over the prostrate forms of Innocence and Rectitude. Then, after the author of my text has sung the changes of the "Gospel Harmonies of Sequence:" he generalizes all his statements in one great conclusion. He practically says, "All the different heart-beats of joy and sorrow, life and death, peace and conflict, hope and despair, have their purpose to serve, if they only come to man in the right way and at their appointed seasons. For God "hath made every thing beautiful in its time." This is the key-note of Christianity. Man in his sinful state is a monster of ugliness, a blemish on creation, a discord; but man redeemed, is haloed with divine beauty, and as Ralph Waldo Trine has said, "He is in tune with the Infinite." He becomes part of the universal harmony, and his thoughts are in spiritual symmetry with the thoughts of God.

We find an analogy for man's spiritual beauty in the painter's brush and the artist's easel. According to Samuel Coleridge, the English poet and literary critic, the true definition of "beauty," is "multitude in unity." When standing before a great picture, like that of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," or Murillo's "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," or Raphael's greatest picture, his "Sistine Madonna," we find that there the many lights and the shadows, the gold and the silver, and the green and the yellow, and the blue and the saffron, and the violet and the purple, all blend in one common purpose. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of times, Michael Angelo with his brush, may have touched the wall in the Vatican, where to-day is seen his "Last Judgment." But not one of all of those thousands of times when he laid on the paint, did he do so without having one great idea in his mind. "Perfection is composed of many trifles," wrote he, "but perfection in art is not a trifle." A great picture is always "multitudes of different colors in blending unity." That unity is the cause of beauty, when seen upon the canvas of the masters of old and the masters of the present day.

Beauty in Blended Color

An artist's beauty is a "multitude in unity." We know that Samuel Coleridge's definition in reference to the painter's easel is true. We see a "multitude of colors in unity," when Turner, the most brilliant artistic colorist England ever produced, makes the sea a creature of life Now it is a beautiful boulevard of gold, paving its way to the throne of a setting sun; now a perfect pandemonium of furies; now it is a burial scene, when Sir David Wilkie finds a sepulchre in the mighty deep, whose waves beat themselves into pieces on the Gibraltar crags. We see an artist's "multitude in unity" in the portraits of a Sir Anthony Van Dyck and in the mighty mountain peaks of a Bierdstadt and in the pastoral dreams of a Millet. But though there may be many different tints blending in the colors of a rainbow, or in the hectic flush of a rose, did you ever stop to realize that all colors come from but three primal colors? Just the same as all nature; all the animal and vegetable and mineral kingdoms have but sixty-six different basic elements, of which they are all composed; so in the artistic world, we find that all colors originally come from but three primary colors — the red, the yellow and the blue. Now if God can form the artistic beauty of the sky, the sea, the land, out of the simple red, the simple yellow and the simple violet, is it absurd to suppose that God can spiritually make us artistically beautiful, no matter how crude and sinful we may be, if we only allow our thoughts and lives to be combined in symmetry with his thoughts and with Christ's life. Oh, the beauty of blending colors! From the brilliant pictorials of an autumnal leaf, let us learn the spiritual lesson for man that God hath made, and can make every thing beautiful in its time.

But the musician's oratorio and symmetry of sounds have also their analogies, by which we can find man; in his spiritual beauty, "In Tune with the Infinite." In the Epistle to the Romans, Paul writes, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace and glad tidings of good things." Ay, beautiful are the feet of the Gospel messengers, but beautiful are the voices also. For to-day we find the symbol of man's thoughts in beautiful symmetry with God's thoughts, in the sweet throat of a singing thrush, in the sighing of the winds among the leaves and in the harvest-fields, in the moanings of the seas, as well as in the colors of its waters, and in all the strange, yet harmonious

Voices of the Woods

whether they be the calls of the lark or the cuckoo, which musicians declare sound the third note in music, or the shrill whistle of the bob-white, which, like the voice of the fife, is heard above every other instrument of the band, or the croonings of the wood-dove, which the California Indians used to call "majella," whose song by day and by twilight, both to mate and young, was one continuous whispering of "Here love! Love here! Here love! Love here!" Oh, the beautiful voices of blending harmonies, heard in the choruses of the woods! Who can ever listen to them, and not find a symbol of man's spiritual beauty. "In Tune with the Infinite."

But what, according to the law of sound, do we mean by being "In Tune with the Infinite?" I went hunting some time ago. As I lay in a dugout by a water-hole, hidden by the leaves, waiting for the birds to come down to drink, I asked myself this question, What is music? Why is it that all these voices of the woods have such a wonderful influence over me? Why does not the harsh call of the fishmonger hawking his food at my city door, or the deep voice of the fog-horn on ship-board off the banks of Newfoundland, or the rasp of a saw, or the whining cry of a spoilt child, enchant me as now do the voice-signalings of the pheasants, which I can now see way off under yonder trees, or the chirp of the swallows flying over my head, or the beautiful sounds that come to my ear, as the harpists of the winds finger the long, slender vines, as though they were harpstrings? I know that some of the repellent cries I have heard from the fishmonger, Richard Wagner has reproduced in his matchless operas. I know the deep voice of the fog-horn rolls and thunders and swells and dies away in the choruses of many a great musical master. I know the rasp of a saw can become part of a lullaby or of a martial march. Then why are not these different sounds at all times pleasing to my ear instead of sometimes making me grit my teeth by setting my nerves on edge?

In order to answer this question, I made a study of the laws of musical sound. Dudley Buck, the great American composer, taught me that "Sweet music was merely a succession of combinations of sound, arranged with such connection and mutual relations as to express to the ear some distinct form or train of thought, and awaken certain corresponding emotions." He told me that music is thought expressed in sound, even as a great painting is thought expressed in color. A jumble of colors is a daub, not a picture. A riot of sounds promiscuously pushing and jostling each other, even as the stronger limbed members of a stampeding mob knock down and trample upon the weaker, is merely a collection of discords. It is only when "multitudes of sounds" are marshaled together in

"Harmonious Unity"

that we have music. So when I began to know what true music meant, then I said to myself, "Yes, yes, I now know what Ralph Waldo Trine means when he speaks of man being 'In Tune with the Infinite.'" Man in himself, may be so distracted by sin as to be like a discord in music. His voice in nature may be so discordant by reason of his corrupt condition, as to rend the ear as does the shrill cry of the vendor on the street But when his nature is redeemed, his voice falls into its right place in the song of creation and of Moses and the Lamb, and becomes harmonious and melodious By the sweet voices of the woods blending in perpetual harmonies, can you not catch the meaning of my text, when King Solomon declares God hath made, and will continue to make, according to the laws of music, every thing "beautiful in its time."

The symmetries of straight lines and curves in sculpture and architecture also form analogies for man's spiritual beauty. Wandering among the famous buildings of Europe, I find that, architecturally, a great building has a symmetrical unity, just as a perfect statue is chiseled after the physical formations of a perfect man. Many years ago, there was exhumed from the buried ruins of old Rome a marble leg, broken from off one of the statues of old. That broken fragment is still preserved in the Vatican. Michael Angelo, as a sculptor, used to study that leg by the day, the week the month, and the year, "because," said the great Italian master, "I consider that piece of stone the most perfect formation of physical anatomy ever carved by the chisel of man." So symmetrically perfect may the lines and the curves of a great group of statuary be that when you look at some of the best examples of sculpture in the Louvre, the Vatican, or the British Museum, the figures almost seem as though their lungs are breathing and their lips are ready to speak.

Now, the symmetrical laws observed in true sculpture, are also found to exist in true architecture. A great builder like Christopher Wren, did not start in to erect St. Paul's Cathedral at haphazard. Every part of the walls, the dome, and the capstone were carefully and harmoniously designed and properly proportioned before one spadeful of dirt was dug out of the heart of mother earth to excavate the cellars of London's architectural pride. And the strange part of the

Masterfully-Designed Buildings

of Italy, Greece, and other parts of Europe, is how deceptive they are as to their size when first seen by the human eye. When one sees the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, lifting itself toward the skies, or the spires of the Cologne Cathedral, like the uplifted forefinger of an orator pointing heavenward, or the roof of the Milan Cathedral, peopled with myriads of saints and apostles carved in stone, the lengths and the breadths and the heights of those structures rarely impress the tourist at first. Why? Because all are in perfect symmetrical proportion. A truly great building is "multitudes of stones arranged in unity." It is thought expressed in stone, as a painting is thought expressed in colors, or as music is thought expressed in sound.

Let us loiter for a little while in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey. As we listen, the sweet bards of the English language seem to lift their heads from their pillows of dust and begin to sing, and we find man's spiritual beauty in the analogies of poetry, as

Japanese Closing in on Port Arthur

JAPANESE ENTERING A FORT OUTSIDE OF PORT ARTHUR, AFTER BOMBARDMENT

RUSSIA'S tribulations, which have been steadily increasing ever since the beginning of the present war, seemed to have reached the culminating point on Aug. 17. Following the double defeat of her Port Arthur and Vladivostok squadrons, the death of Admiral Witthoeft, the loss of the *Rurik* and several naller warships, and the disabling of a number of others, came the news that all hopes Port Arthur holding out longer were virtually abandoned, and that its surrender emed to be inevitable. It was admitted that the Japanese held all the positions that ominated the fortress. They had begun to bombard the entire front of the main dences, from Wolf Hill to Taku Mountain. Fort Hanlungtien, only a mile from the ain fortress, was in their hands. The Taku and Syadzu hills bristled with Japanese nnon. In four days' fighting, the Russians had lost nearly 2,000 men in killed, ounded and missing.

Japan's dispositions of her fleet and armies had been such as to forbid all hope of ccor reaching the fortress. Pigeon Bay (which commands the main sea-entrance), and ali-Chwang were the last to be occupied. Now, the flight of the Japanese shells from igeon Bay could be followed by the eye as they circled like shooting stars and fell in eat flashes of fire in the doomed city. Night and day the death-dealing rain of proctiles continued, the Russians seldom replying. Bursting shells ignited coal barges the docks, resulting in a great conflagration. Many of the larger buildings were deolished by the shells or by fire, and the hospitals were reported as over-crowded with e injured. Many civilians with their families had already left, but the number of nonombatants in the city was still considerable. Hundreds of civilians had joined the nks and were assisting in the defence.

On August 16, the Japanese commander sent Major Yamoka, under a truce flag, to e Russians, with an offer from the Mikado guaranteeing the safe removal of nonombatants, and also demanding the surrender of the fort. It stipulated that the Russan garrison should march out with the honors of war and join Gen. Kouropatkin, and at the seven Russian warships in the harbor, with the destroyers and gunboats, should rrender to the Japanese. Gen. Stoessel, when he received this ultimatum, is said to have own into a furious passion, and strode around an hour before he became calm ough to discuss it. The communication required an answer at 10 A.M. the following y. Before the hour appointed, Gen. Stoessel dispatched his reply, refusing either to rrender or to send out the non-combatants. When the reply had been sent, the Russian tteries resumed firing. At this time, when the defenders were still displaying the utost courage, matters were really in a deplorable condition within the fort itself. Food as scarce and ammunition far from plentiful. The battered Russian warships which id escaped Togo and returned to the harbor, made another sally, to escape the plunging e of the Japanese land batteries, but soon returned, Togo's ships being on guard outside.

A correspondent estimates the Japanese losses in the recent land fights at Port Arthur, at from 10,000 to 20,000, but Japanese accounts do not admit such heavy losses. The dead are burned in quicklime and their bones sent to Japan. The land mines have caused great slaughter among the Japanese. A large part of the population in Port Arthur are now living in bomb-proof shelters underground.

Tokio dispatches say that the Port Arthur campaign "now enters on its final stage." This is interpreted to mean, that after further bombardment an effort will be made to capture the fortress by assault. When this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, the fortress may have been stormed and taken, though at a terrible loss of life.

WAR NOTES

Russia will make a draft of 30,000 men from the population, principally factory and mill hands, to go to the war.

The Japanese rescued 623 of the crew of the Russian warship *Rurik*. All the principal officers perished.

The *Czarevitch*, and other Russian warships which took refuge in Kiao-chow, the German port in China, have been dismantled.

The Russian battleships *Rossia* and *Gromoboi*, which fled north after the fight with Kamimura's squadron, have reached Vladivostok in safety. The *Diana*, *Pallada*, and *Novik* of the Port Arthur squadron, are also believed to be *en route* to the same port.

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MARQUIS OYAMA, JAPAN'S GREATEST GENERAL

1. The Marquis, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Mikado's Armies in Manchuria, is here seen with his family. 2. Marchioness Oyama. 3. Lady Hisako. 4 and 5. Two sons.

THE BEAUTIFUL

Continued from preceding page

ell as in painting and music and sculpture and architecture. For as painting is rhythm in color, and music rhythm in sound, and sculpture and architecture are ythm in stone, so poetry is rhythm in words. Aye, oetry is more than mere rhythm. An English writer hce well said, "Poetry in the flower-garden of human nguage is the blossom and the fragrance of all human nowledge, human thoughts, human passions and emoons." It is man's most transcendent hopes and noblest nbitions, with the highest peak of the Mount of Assion for a footstool; or it is man's wail of eternal espair when, as the results of his sins, he is heading wards a Dante's Inferno, or he is compelled to join the moans of a Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

But though poetry is rhythm in words, yet words emselves, as individuals, are not poetry. Many years go, in the old village of Ayr, nigh unto the banks of e "Bonnie Doon," I heard an old Scotchman recite ohn Anderson My Jo, John," and other poems of the eat lyric poet, until the tears rained down his cheeks, id I thought those poems were the sweetest words er composed by man. But the words Burns used in s poems, and William Shakespeare used in his poems, id Longfellow used in his poems, and Whittier and olmes and Lowell and Bayard Taylor used in their oems were, for the most part, only the simple words e use in every-day life by our own firesides. The eauty of these poets' words are entirely due to their xtaposition with their surrounding words. The words hich express our thoughts, our passions, our emotions, ay not be beautiful in themselves; but if they are brought into rhythm with God's words, they not only become poetry, but they become beautiful. For then our thoughts as words are in symmetry with God's thoughts.

But, perhaps, we have lingered already too long among the artists and the musicians and the sculptors and the architects and the poets, to find man's spiritual beauty by being in symmetry with God's thoughts. Perhaps, after all, we can clinch the truth of our text best, by a short running comment upon a few of the verses which precede the words, "He hath made every thing beautiful in its time." God says that man is beautiful when he is born. Oh, yes. That means when man is born for Christ. But is man beautiful when he is born for sin?

There is a "time to die," which is beautiful. Death, if it comes in God's way, is beautiful, for then a dying saint knows death is not annihilation, but coronation, irradiation, and eternal triumph. Like old Senator Foote, when dying he can look at the rapturous glories ahead and cry, "Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!" But was the death of Nero beautiful? Was the death of Cleopatra beautiful? Was the death of Thomas Paine beautiful—one moment in prayer, the next moment blaspheming God, until his relations, in horror, placed their fingers in their ears and ran from his howling blasphemous agonies? Oh, Christian! beautiful are man's tears, and smiles, and joys, and sorrows, only as they are in symmetrical harmony with God's great hopes, and sorrows, and desires.

Are you and I ready to become part of God's beautiful creation? Are we ready to become beautiful in ourselves by becoming beautiful in Him? Even the lowest and vilest, saved by His grace and redeemed by His blood, can become a true part of Christ's beautiful life. Many years ago, when the yellow fever plague was raging in Memphis, Tennessee, a rough-looking man applied to the City Relief Committee, and said: "I want to nurse." It was at a time when most people who could, were fleeing from the stricken and desolated homes. The death carts seemed to be going everywhere. At first the physician declined the rough man's services: but as he could get no one else to do the work, this man was sent to one of the most filthy and dangerous wards of the city. Wherever he went he was a messenger of love. He would not tell his name; he said simply, "Call me John." Time passed on, and after awhile "John," whose name was now famous through the city, sickened and died. While his body was being prepared for an unmarked grave, suddenly upon his arm was found a livid mark, which proved that "John" was an ex-convict. "John" had been one of the most dangerous criminals of all the South. Once he was a murderer, but now, through the blood of Jesus, he became a ministering angel. Once he was horrible in his depraved malformation. Now he was made beautiful by bringing his life in symmetrical touch with Jesus' life.

My friends, will you not let Christ fill you with his spiritual beauty? Will you, not only in the future, be spiritually beautiful, but beautiful now, in your present life? Will you not become transformed as was John, the redeemed nurse, laboring for his Master in plague-stricken Memphis?

Our Editorial Forum

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The Sultan's Back-down

MISSIONARIES and lovers of Christian work all over the world, have a personal interest in the peaceful triumph of our State Department in the negotiations with Turkey concerning the status of American missionaries in the Sultan's dominions. There are, at the present time, some three hundred schools, colleges, training institutions, charities and missionary homes in Turkey, and for many years a large and steadily increasing educational and religious work has been conducted by Americans there. During all that time the workers have labored under a serious handicap. Although repeatedly urged to do so, the Porte has always refused to extend to the American institutions the same favor and protection it has freely granted to Catholic, Greek, and other non-Mohammedan workers, and this discrimination has been a serious disadvantage to the Americans. Knowing that their Government held our missionaries so lightly, the Mohammedan population have frequently displayed a spirit of open antagonism amounting to active hostility. Graduates from the American institutions were objects of suspicion and disfavor, and were persecuted upon the slightest pretext or upon none at all. Our missionaries were molested and harassed by petty officials, and remonstrance and appeal alike proved vain. American travelers in Turkey were subjected to annoyances from which travelers of other nationalities were exempt. Minister Leishman, when appealed to, was powerless to improve a situation which was fast becoming intolerable. The very name of "American" was to the Moslems like a red rag to a bull, and the excitable nature of the Sultan's subjects, made it highly probable that at some time this hostile feeling might find expression in open violence.

All this has now been changed, and the Sultan has been brought to his senses by the firm attitude of our Government, in demanding equal rights with other foreigners for Americans in Turkey. It is understood that not only has the Porte consented to place Americans on a plane of equality with the "most favored nation" (as France, Germany, and England are referred to in Turkish diplomatic phraseology), but that the long-pending claims against the Sultan for losses sustained by our Missions during the time of the Armenian massacres, and since, will now be paid in full.

Americans by adoption and naturalization, but who may have been born subjects of the Sultan, will also be beneficiaries under this new understanding. Many Armenians who, after residing in the United States and becoming citizens, have visited their native land, have been arbitrarily arrested, imprisoned and punished for no other offense than that of American citizenship.

It is high time that these and the various other matters involved in the new understanding with the Porte should be definitely settled, and that the rights of Americans, native or naturalized, should be established there on as firm and permanent a basis as in other lands. Abdul Hamid, however, is a slippery customer, and an adept in the art of diplomatic evasion, and if there is a loop-hole through which he can yet escape from the fulfilment of his pledge he will doubtless endeavor to make use of it.

The Czarina's Son

SELDOM have mothers the world over sympathized with any one as they have with the wife of the Russian Emperor in her hour of gladness on the birth of her son. Four little girls preceded this longed-for boy, and each was a disappointment. Undoubtedly the little princesses have been beloved children, prized by their father and mother; but the nation at large wanted an heir to be born to the throne, and until the male child came the Empress of the Russias was considered derelict in her duty. Why on earth the blame is ever laid on a mother when the sex of her new-born child is unsatisfactory, is one of those never-solved problems that baffle woman wisdom. In lofty and lowly homes alike there seems to be an eager wish that the line shall be carried on, and the name not perish from the land. And this is probably the reason why families are incomplete until sons are born.

The Czar has had such a run of ill-fortune in the Far East, and the hopes of the world have been so centred on the success of his plucky island foes, that it must be an unspeakable bliss to him, poor man, to gaze on the face of his tiny son. We all rejoice with him, but most we felicitate the mother, in whose pictured countenance we have read so deep a sadness. The superstitious and ignorant among the Russians have latterly been calling her accursed, and heaping on her the odium of causing their losses on sea and shore. As the church bells have rung and the cannon thundered at the birth of the new baby, very likely the fickle crowds have changed their minds, and the wife of the Czar will again take her place as a person favored by Jehovah.

Crime and its Remedy

CRIME apparently has its seasons of alternate activity and quiescence. We are reminded of this by the startling acts of lawlessness that have lately shocked communities in different parts of the country—acts which, occurring almost simultaneously, revive the problem so much discussed by sociologists and criminologists: whether crime in its usual development is sporadic or epidemic, or both. In one section, murders and lynchings, with law set wholly at defiance; in another, the riotous spirit has apparently sprung out of the sharp conflict between labor and capital. In New York, the hideous crime of kidnapping and holding children for ransom, has again terrorized thousands of families with the fear that a similar fate may befall their own dear ones. These, though sufficient to seriously disturb the tranquillity of communities, are unquestionably sporadic, and are capable of being dealt with successfully by the firm hand of the law, supported by the peace-loving and law-abiding part of the population.

But law, though it may repress, can never cure crime. Neither education, nor all the arts of the highest civilization, can eradicate the evil instincts that lead man to do violence to his fellows.

To effect a change in this condition of affairs, some influence must be applied that will go down to the very root of the trouble. It is not enough to shut the gates against the "criminal offscourings of Europe," or to deal still more sternly in our courts with the lawless element, or to enact rigidly repressive legislation. No community was ever made moral by statute. We might conduct a crusade on these lines for a generation, only to find confronting us then, as now, bloody crimes of violence and disorder, a widespread disregard of law, and a bold, cunning and unscrupulous section of society living in predatory fashion off the rest, whom they regard as legitimate victims.

The true philosophy of reform is that indicated by our Lord, who said, "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts," and all those crimes which shock society. The Government does its duty when it punishes the law-breaker, but he needs something more than punishment. He needs that his heart be cleansed of his criminal propensities. When that is done, and not till then, shall we have deliverance from these periodical outbreaks. For this task the Government has no aptitude. It is here that the Church of Christ finds its proper work. It knows what is the true remedy for sin. If the Church—laymen as well as pastors—would take up the work of applying that remedy in earnest, there would be hope for the world. Long enough has it built its fine edifices and held its decorous services; more should be done.

The servants of Christ should go out into the highways and hedges to seek those who are spiritually blind and maimed, to compel them to come in. Not yet has the Church awakened to a sense of its duty to the heathen at home, as it did, a century ago, to the claims of the heathen abroad. There needs to be a united and systematic effort to reach the outsiders; to get at the children and enlighten them; to relieve the pressure on the poor, which prompts them to crime; to take the criminal by the hand when he comes out of prison, and help him to an honest life. This is a gig tic task, but it is what the Church is here for. It is be a light to the world. It has done enough for t righteous man sitting comfortably in his pew, abso ing doctrinal and ethical teaching Sunday by Sund

Now let it, like its Master, who declared that h came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentan go among the sinners and try to win them in the na of Christ. They are miserable, they are being hunt and imprisoned; they would listen to men who lov them, and honestly and intelligently tried to help the There is the true secret of social reform—when t Church energetically, vigorously and thoughtfully tak it up, that day will have dawned for which we pr "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it in heaven."

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Among the Workers

—REV. GUSTAV BLOMGREN, pastor of the Finnish Eva gelical Mission Church, New York City, has been appointe a delegate in America of the Evangelical Mission in Russi

—THE TENT MEETINGS in Philadelphia, under the au pices of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee, are th year more largely attended than ever. In one week 33,0 persons heard the Gospel preached at these gatherings.

Queen Victoria's Tomb

EXQUISITELY beautiful is the effigy of Queen Victoria, now placed beside that of her husband on the royal tomb in the Mausoleum at Frogmore, England. It is the work of Baron Marochetti, who was the Queen's favorite sculptor, and the designer of all the statues executed by her orders. It is remarkable, as are his other works, for its simplicity and fidelity to nature. It represents Her Majesty in her earlier years, and was modeled before the death of the Prince Consort. The figure shows her in her royal robes, wearing a jeweled crown, and with the sceptre in her left hand. The expression of the face is that of peaceful sleep, the features lulled in calm repose. The place for it has been empty until now, since the effigy of Prince Albert was put there. The erection of the mausoleum was begun soon after his death, in 1861, and his body was deposited there as soon as the building was completed. The sarcophagus occupies the entire width of the marble floor, and after the Queen's death, in 1901, her casket was laid in it beside his, as she had desired. It is covered by the massive marble slab on which the effigies now lie side by side. For nearly forty years the white figure of the Prince had been there, waiting its companion. It is now completed by the addition of her own effigy, according to the Queen's wish. On the walls of the building is the touching inscription placed there by her orders: "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee, in Christ, will I rise again." Her pathetic resolve is now fulfilled. The effigies of the illustrious couple, so ardently attached to one another in life, lie side by side, as do their bodies under the slab, and though a long interval elapsed between their deaths, it may now be said of them, as of the ancient king and his son:

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided (II. Samuel 1: 23).

The Cost of a Theft

An incident related recently by a wealthy proprietor of a department store, contains an impressive lesson on the cost, even in this life, of wrong-doing. The proprietor and his partner had both been poor boys, and had risen by hard work and careful attention, to the head of the business. They determined to find, from among their employees, a boy whom they could advance in the same way, and eventually take into partnership. They had several conversations on the subject, and ultimately selected one who was very bright, active and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits, and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of boy, his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was instructed to watch him also, and report. He did so from time to time, and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted, and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record, his promotion would begin. Of course no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted on knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy confessed that he had stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highway of fortune. He had sold the fine position that was in store for him, and his magnificent fortune, for a quarter of a dollar. Every one will agree as to the folly, as well as the wickedness of his act; but how few realize that to sacrifice the eternal future for the sake of some worldly advantage, is just as foolish.

For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Mark 8: 36).

Robbing the Wires

A traveler in the Argentine Republic reports a singular nuisance, which is crippling the telegraph service in that country. He says that the wires in use are either imperfectly insulated, or that the climate has rotted away the insulating material. The telegraph operators have recently been annoyed by the decrease in the operating power, and have discovered that the defect results from the work of spiders. The spiders spin their webs across the telegraph lines, and as soon as dew falls or a shower comes up, every microscopic thread with which the wires abound becomes wet, and establishes a minute leak. The effect of millions of these leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines. The government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to much inconvenience. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no purpose. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario, the effect of the webs is to cut down the speed of working from three or four hundred messages an hour, to thirty. It is believed that the only effectual remedy is to put all the wires underground, which, of course, will involve a heavy expense. It is significant that so small and despised a creature, should be able to cause such an interruption to public communication, but small causes often lead to disastrous results. Many a Christian has learned by sad experience, that some sin that he regards as trivial, interrupts both his communion with God and his usefulness among men.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes (Solomon's Song 2: 15).

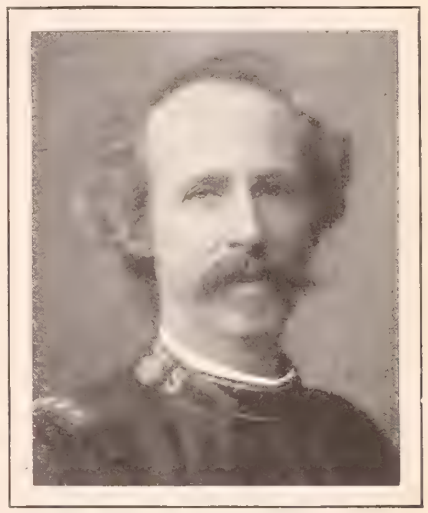
Comm'r Booth-Tucker's Farewell

As announced in these columns last week, orders have come from Gen. Booth, the venerable chief of the Salvation Army, for the removal of his son-in-law, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, from the command of the Army in the United States. The order carries with it a promotion, for the Commissioner will now take office in the international organization, which will give him higher rank. He is exceedingly well fitted for his new duties by his experience in India and later in this country. He doubtless, however, feels no little regret at parting with his associates in the work here, with whom his relations have been extremely cordial throughout, and with his many friends among the clergy and laity of America, whose hearty esteem he has won by his kindly and courteous manners. They, on their side, are sorry to lose a fellow-worker so devoted and earnest in the cause of Christ. While congratulating him on his promotion, they deplore the exigency that removes him to his Transatlantic service, and wish him most sincerely even greater success than he has had here. His successor has not yet been named, but it is expected that the appointment will be given to Miss Eva Booth, who is now chief of the Army in Canada. She is the youngest daughter of Gen. Booth, and is already well known to the officers of the Army in this country. Whosoever may be the successor of the Commissioner, we hope that the promise made to Joshua on succeeding his great leader, will be fulfilled in the experience of the new leader of the Army.

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee nor forsake thee (Joshua 1: 5).

Longest Engagement on Record

A clergyman in Massachusetts relates an incident which is probably without precedent in marriage engagements. He says that he once celebrated a marriage, the parties to which had been pledged to one another over forty years before. They were then boy and girl in a town in Maine and were schoolmates. The boy was fifteen and the girl only thirteen when their troth was plighted. The parents of course were not to be taken into confidence until there was some definite prospect of the boy's being able to support a wife, but the girl gave her promise to wait as long as might be necessary. The boy decided to become a lawyer, and in course of time he was called to the bar and went to a Western city to begin practice. Being without influence and having no faculty for making friends, he had no cases, and after a long struggle he abandoned the profession. He became successively a school-teacher, a store-clerk, and a farm-hand, but made no money at anything. At last he entered the employ of a railroad company, and there found his true sphere. He succeeded so well that after years of hard work he gained a high position. But nearly forty years had passed since he left New England and in his trials and troubles he had allowed his correspondence with his early love to lapse. Still he thought he would like to see her. He found her unmarried and with a lively recollection of him. The minister who tells the story had the pleasure of marrying them. If Christians had the patience of that woman and were as faithful in their love of Christ, they would not be so often found saying as do scoffers:



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER

Where is the promise of his coming (II. Peter 3: 4).

EFFIGIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT ON THEIR TOMB AT FROGMORE

BRIEF NOTES

Plans have been made and contracts invited for the construction of a surface railroad from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

The returns from the census in India show that there are 115,000 child-widows under ten years of age in the country.

The sleeping sickness is causing frightful mortality in some parts of Uganda, in Central Africa. In one district, one-half of the inhabitants have died of it.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Two—Toulon

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

THE COMTESSE SAYS AU REVOIR!

"GENTLEMEN," cried the first lieutenant, turning to the officers behind him, "will you be good enough to man the first cutter?"

"This is a further honor," said the marquis, as he followed them to the gangway.

Hat in hand and sad at heart, Macartney escorted them. On leaving the ship, the senior in rank always goes last. After the officers had taken their stations in the thwarts, Brébœuf saluted Macartney, for whom he had a great admiration, and, followed by Aurore, who dropped the young officers a courtesy, walked down the accommodation ladder. The vice-admiral motioned to his grandson and then turned to Louise.

The girl was very pale. She stood with her hands clasped in front of her. She was deeply agitated. Scarcely a year before she had been at school in the quiet of a convent. She had not reached womanhood, a glance revealed that; but the experiences crowded into the last year of her life had been so stupendous, that they had developed her more rapidly than five years of ordinary existence.

Macartney had come into her life. His love had enveloped her like the sunshine a flower. Was she for France after all? Things looked differently to her in the hour of parting. Did she love the man who loved her? Why was the thought of separation so bitter to her?"

The vice-admiral was keen-eyed. He read men and women as he read a book. Something of what was passing in the girl's breast he could understand. He looked from her to Macartney. The man was scarcely less pale and nervous than the woman.

The vice-admiral had not changed his views at all. He had not the slightest intention of recognizing this sailor, Chevalier of St. Louis though he had made him, as a suitor for his granddaughter, the Comtesse de Vaudémont. But if the vice-admiral knew the signs, that young man loved the young woman with a genuine passion. He was about to sever them. There was no probability that they would ever meet again. He could afford to be kind. He deliberately turned and walked very slowly aft a little space. The tacit permission was patent.

"Mademoiselle!" said Macartney, stepping nearer.

"Not now," said the girl. "I—I cannot bear it."

"Will you think of me—will you not give me one word? Can I not hope?"

"I am f—" her voice faltered. The word died away in her throat. She bit her lip. "For France," she said bravely.

"Don't!" said Macartney, pleadingly. "Don't leave me without a word! Only one!"

The vice-admiral had turned and was coming toward the gangway. In another moment he would be upon them. She did not want to do it, but in spite of herself the words trembled on her lips.

"Adieu," she forced herself to whisper.

"Not that!" said Macartney.

"Come, my child," said the vice-admiral, taking her tenderly by the hand. "Adieu, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, extending his hand to Macartney.

"Adieu, Monsieur le Amiral."

Louise extended her hand to him. He caught it, bent low over it, kissed it. Outwardly it was a formal pressure, actually through his lips passed all the feelings of his heart.

"Mademoiselle," he said softly. "For pity's sake, a word, only a word!"

"*Au revoir*," murmured the girl.

Macartney drew back.

"Thank you for that," he said softly.

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Escorted by her grandfather, Louise descended the ladder and took her place in the boat.

"Shove off," cried the first lieutenant. "Out oars! Give way! Handsomely!"

As the cutter swung clear of the side of the ship, a long lance of light leaped out from a gun forward, followed by a great burst of smoke and the report of a discharge. One shot succeeded another until the full number of a vice-admiral's salute had been fired. The frigate was shrouded in smoke. The marquis stood up in the cutter, hat in hand, while the cheers of the men came faintly to him through the commotion.

Louise, too proud to seek refuge in that womanly vent for emotion, tears, stared eagerly back toward the ship with brimming eyes; and Macartney, standing motionless in the open gangway, the sunlight flashing on his brilliant uniform, gazed eagerly after the little boat that carried his heart away to the distant shore.

There was a strange, unusual dignity about him; the pain of a great bereavement mingled with the exaltation of a great passion.

"Gentlemen," Napoleon said at last, "is all ready?"

Book Three—The Mediterranean

CHAPTER XIV

THE FRANCE OF IDEAS AND ITS MASTER

MAY time in Southern France: land of the minstrel and of the troubadour; land of love and romance; land of birds and of flowers. Sunshine and morning upon the heaving tide that washes grim-walled, cannon-circled, battle scarred Toulon. Again great ships rise and fall on the swelling seas.

Five years have elapsed since a nation killed a king struck down privileges, and sent aristocracy of birth reeling from its pedestal that aristocracy of talent might rise to the point of vantage. That Republic at which kingdoms mocked and legions struck seems more of an assured fact to-day. The poor, fatuous Regent is about to assume the royal title since the little lad, most pitiful of children in history, whom men have fondly styled Louis XVII., King by the grace of God, is fast sinking into madness and death beneath the inconceivable treatment meted out to him by the cruel, merciless Convention's order.

But nobody minds what the Comte de Provence, the Regent, does, or does not; what he assumes or what he refuses. He and Marquis de Vaudémont and their kind, in the presence of rapidly enlarging Republican France, stand dazed and futile before the steady advance of those ideas which they are so hopelessly inadequate either to understand or to assimilate. They have seen their plans fail, their hopes diminish, their dreams vanish. Their visions of the future are but baseless fabrics after all. Nothing is left them but a resignation they will not experience, an acquiescence in the grim realities of the present, which they cannot give.

There is something in this Republic then, which they have failed to apprehend. Madame Roland, mocking at liberty, has gone; Danton, with his audacity, has gone; Robespierre, the "sea green incorruptible," has gone; Marat, "friend of the people," has gone. These all made their exit by the very same way of the king, the way of the queen, the way of nobility—a *via dolorosa* indeed, and as such have ever been, the royal road. Yet the Republic remains. It has outlived them all. Will it survive everything? Is there nothing that can take the government out of the hands of the people, once they have grasped it? Democracy has triumphed for five years. Will it triumph to the end—in France?

What are the present conditions? The Directory is there, the Convention is there, the guillotine, chief instrument of deliverance, is there. The new Calendar is still unchanged. Abolished God has not been re-established by legislative enactment. The jargon of affection with which it was thought necessary to ring out the old and ring in the new, still remains, though already falling into some disuse. "Monsieur" almost stands on an equal footing with "Citoyen." Now "Madame" and "Mademoiselle" are coming back. Men are beginning to be dissatisfied.

For one thing is still the same as it was in the days when Majesty, and not the people ruled. Men must work while women weep; the world so runs away whether king or commoner is supreme in the land. The universal panacea for all human ills is not found, after all in the words, "*Liberte, Egalité, Fraternité*," be they never so loudly proclaimed.

Thoughtful men have come to realize that the destiny of France is in the hands of a certain little captain whom we met in Toulon. Men are glad of it, too, for men love the little captain. And the question of the hour is, "What will he do with France—with us, indeed?"

In command of the never-to-be-forgotten army of Italy, the little captain has recently completed the most marvelous military campaign in all history. There are no more worlds to conquer beyond the Alps and the Apennines, and he starts to-day, the 19th of May, 1798, with the very flower of the French in his train for Egypt. He will strike England in that treasure house of the ages, India and the Orient. He will bring the world of the East under his sway as well as the world of the West.

The march of ideas must go on even against the sun! In his own words, "The genius of liberty which has made the Republic the arbitress of Europe, declares that she shall be so to the most remote seas and nations."

And there in the brightness of the spring morning he stands upon the quay where the hapless old men,

and young, the matrons and maidens, the children of Toulon, had fallen under the murdering hands of the sansculottes, himself energetically, wrathfully, but vainly protesting, five years before.

A small, a slender figure. If size were a criterion he would be lost amid the brilliant staff which surrounds him. He is pale and emaciated. His long chestnut hair falls to his shoulders under his gorgeously laced and feathered chapeau. The brilliancy of his uniform would attract attention were it worn by a lesser man, but one thinks of nothing in his presence but his face, thin, well-cut, stamped with the pride and the genius of a greater than Cæsar. Had he more flesh, were he not so thin, not to say gaunt, he were as handsome as a Greek god.

Not Jove himself possessed a more majestic brow, a firmer jaw, a more massive head; not the eagle a clearer, keener, colder eye—the gray-blue eye of the masters of men! Antinous himself had not more beautiful features. The one blemish in his appearance was in his complexion, which was slightly disfigured by faint traces of the ravages of an odious and disgusting disease—the itch. And it was this sickness which kept him thin and fragile, and gave the impression of poor health that he presented. At the siege of Toulon, a man suffering that dread malady had been killed before him, and his blood, deluging the little captain, had given him the loathsome disease, which the skill of physicians had not been able, as yet, entirely to eradicate from his system.

But those who judged him physically from his appearance were sadly mistaken in their estimate of his powers. In reality the man's frame was of iron—like his will. Indeed, nature had been kind to him. In addition to all of these attributes of ambition and command, she had given him that last completing touch, without which greatness cannot be, and which, in default of a better name, men call magnetism.

The young general, for he was not yet twenty-nine years of age, stood perfectly quiet on the quay at the head of the steps to the landing, yet there was something in the very atmosphere that surrounded him that evoked admiration and caused it to burst spontaneously into acclaim.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "is all ready?"

He threw one swift glance about him, sweeping the crowd as he turned his head, and every man in the ranks behind him immediately felt that he had received a personal inspection, which had searched out even the thoughts of his heart. He looked up toward the balconied window of one of the buildings overlooking the harbor. His keen glance detected there, among many others, a woman. By her beauty and her charm she was no unfitting mate for this Olympian Eagle. He lifted his hat, threw back his head and smiled at her. His smile was as sweet as his face was strong. And Josephine bowed her head upon the window-sill and burst into tears. She was not alone in that. There were many women who wept as they gazed upon the cheering crowd. For most of them Fate had in reserve the bitter fortune of the bereft. For of all the vast multitude but few, save the little general, ever came back from that ill-fated expedition.

"Let us embark, messieurs," said the little captain, descending the stairs toward the barge awaiting him, which after he entered it, immediately pulled away from the quay toward the French flagship *L'Orient*.

As he mounted her towering sides, the yards were manned, the cannon of her batteries thundered forth an imperial salute to the captain of the armies of the Republic.

Presently, the boats were run up to the davits, signals were broken out at the masthead of *L'Orient;* capstans were manned, hundreds of brawny sailors heaved upon the straining cables, sails were dropped from the ponderous yard-arms, and slowly the vast armada of thirteen great ships-of-the-line besides numbers of frigates, corvettes, brigs, gunboats and cutters, and hundreds of transports crowded with troops got under way. Slowly they sailed down the harbor past Fort Malbosquet, past promontory L'Eguillette, where the general-in-chief had first given assurance to the world that he was a man and a soldier; passed through the outer road, past Cape Brun and past the rocky promontory of Cape Caronnè out into the blue Mediterranean, whose farther waters, beating on ancient shores, had been cut by Alexander's keels; whose waves had washed the streaks of Cleopatra's boats, or buffeted the bows of the galleys of Antony and the young Octavius. As of old, once more they upbore Cæsar and his fortunes!

And somewhere, beneath the distant horizon, cruised the squadron of Horatio Nelson.

CHAPTER XV

"FOR YOU AND FRANCE"

THROUGHOUT the teeming years crowded with such events as have been rarely compressed within a similar period of time, Macartney had borne a stirring part. He, in his staunch frigate, had made a name and a reputation for himself than which, among the lesser lights of that brilliant epoch, there were none higher.

The *Inconstant* had harried the Mediterranean and swept the narrow seas. Prize after prize had been taken and sent in, some of them of great value, and the account with the Admiralty Commissioners, to Macartney's credit in prize money, was a constantly increasing one. He never touched a penny of it, and it amounted at the opening of the year 1798 to the enormous sum, to him, of thirty thousand pounds.

The temper of the man had materially changed. He had before been a gay, careless, *insouciant* Irishman. He was become a cool, determined, persistent and ambitious man. He ruled his crews with an iron hand. There was no more efficient body of men on any ship in the king's service than those he commanded. In spite of his stern and rigorous domination of them, the officers and man adored him. In the first place, he was a brilliant success. As has been noted, the record of the *Inconstant* for prize money was greater than that of any ship in the service. In the second place, he was as brave as a lion, and if there is any quality in a commander that appeals to a subordinate, especially a sailor, it is that of courage. The man's daring was unbounded. In the third place, he was a seaman *par excellence,* in a day which produced a body of captains to which there is no parallel save in the American sea kings of 1812-15.

Nor had the career of the *Inconstant* been entirely taken up with the capture of prizes alone. She was as ready for a fight—in that at least the Irishman had not altered with the passing years!—as she was for a chase. In five years, fortune had vouchsafed her four opportunities for distinction.

She had cut out with her own boats from the Great Roads at Toulon a heavily-armed sloop-of-war. She had next captured a man-of-war brig and a heavy corvette. Macartney's brilliant seamanship had enabled him to separate the two ships, strike them alternately, and finally bring them both to a surrender. His third exploit was the capture of *La Dame Blanche,* a frigate of force slightly less than his own, although a practical match for the *Inconstant,* after a half hour of brilliant fighting.

His last and greatest achievement had been a stand-up, old-fashioned fight, yard-arm to yard-arm, with a heavily-matched French *razee, La Quatorze Juillet.* of fifty guns. The *razee* had been totally dismasted, half of her people killed and wounded, her guns dismounted, her hull riddled like a sieve, before she surrendered herself to her smaller antagonist. The *Inconstant* herself was not in much better condition. The defence of the other ship had been desperate, and her heavy guns had worked fearful havoc upon the frigate. Macartney had been seriously wounded toward the close of the action.

The two vessels were patched up somehow, and when the frigate limped into Portsmouth harbor under a jury foremast, dragging after her the sinking hull of the *razee,* England rang with the splendid exploit. There had been a baronetcy in one of the branches of the Macartney family, a creation by James II. when he was in Ireland, which had lapsed, and King George III. was graciously pleased to revive it for the benefit of the captor of *La Quatorze Juillet.*

For this Macartney was offered a ship-of-the-line, with a promise of a rear-admiral's flag at the next promotion, but he refused it. Indeed, he had been permitted to fly a commodore's broad pennant for a year. He would wait until he got a rear-admiral's flag before giving up his invaluable and beloved frigate, which was docked and thoroughly repaired for further service. And there was a reason other than the success he had won in her that made him cling to his ship.

For five years he had been pursuing an end with a singleness of purpose, a persistence astonishing to Nelson and those who had known him in years before. He was the very antipodes of the name of his frigate. Such constancy of devotion he had not dreamed himself capable of, for before his eyes daily thoroughout the period that had elapsed had been the picture of a woman. Warm in his heart, he had her lovely face as he saw it that morning when she said good-bye to him at the gangway of the ship.

Responsive to the legend beneath his coat-of-arms, "*J'Espere,*" his heart beat with hope. He loved her as he loved the light of heaven; he loved her as he loved the heaving sea; he loved her as he had never loved home, nor country, nor friends. He loved her as he had never loved man or woman. She had hallowed his ship by her presence. Until he became an admiral he would never leave it. The silent cabin where she had dwelt spoke to him of her. The decks he had trod had been pressed by her foot, in the shadow cast by the towering pyramids of canvas she had stood and marked the rush of water sparkling alongside.

For her the guns had thundered. For her the wind had sung its songs through the tracery of rigging and of spar. Unlike every other captain in the service, he had abandoned his gig, and made the cutter, which had brought her to and carried her from the ship, his own boat on all occasions. When he captured a prize it was for her. When he struck mightily upon the enemy it was for her. When he suffered from the wound which had stricken him down in the moment of his greatest victory, it was for her. When the king's sword had been laid upon his shoulders, the thrill of pride which filled his heart was for her. Everything that tended to bring him the material things of life, to give him honor and distinction, to add to his fame, to increase his station, was for her—only for her.

There was little that was tangible upon which he could build his hopes, however. He heard of the marquis but infrequently. The old man was too great a personage to be entirely unnoticed by the world. Like most of the exiles, he journeyed from land to land, from court to court, in the interests of his master. Once in London Macartney had met him at the king's drawing-room. The marquis had received the young man kindly. Was he not a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, a brother in arms and devotion as it were, for the act of the vice-admiral in investing him with the Cross of that Order had, of course, been immediately confirmed by the proper authorities. And had not Macartney been a friend in need? The old marquis did not forget his friends.

From him Macartney had learned something of the family Honoré was a lieutenant in the Austrian army, which had fought so bravely, but so unsuccessfully, against General Bonaparte in Italy. The comtesse was still unmarried.

"She has not lacked suitors, Monsieur le Chevalier," said the old man.

"I can well credit that, my lord," said the young man gravely.

"To all of them she turns a deaf ear. She has but one answer——"

"'I am for France,'" softly quoted the Irishman.

"Yes, monsieur, for France. Alas, my poor country! Who would think it! The restoration of the king seems farther off than ever. The boy king will die without ever coming to his throne. They murder him there in Paris, the slaves, the cowards! I question, sometimes, even whether he who will be Louis XVIII will ever—but no, there is a God in heaven, monsieur. The right will have its way."

"God send it may be so," answered Macartney. "Will you take a message from me to the comtesse?"

"What message, monsieur?" asked the old man suspiciously.

"The same, my lord, that I gave her on the ship," answered Macartney boldly. "The same that you refused to allow me to hope I should ever receive a favorable answer to, but for which I live, nevertheless. I love her, my lord. I have not forgotten her, nor ever shall. I have served my king, and incidentally yours, to some purpose, monsieur, and if I live I shall do more. It is all to make myself worthy of her."

"You will have to rise and do much," said the marquis proudly, "to merit to stand by the side of a de Vaudémont."

"Give me leave, my lord. Were she a peasant girl and I a king, I would strive just as I do now for name and fame and riches to be worthy of her. For the rest, a gentleman is a gentleman, the world over. There may be differences in station, but the degree is the same."

"Upon my word," said the marquis, touched in spite of himself, "you have the spirit of a brave man, *mon chevalier.* I do not bid you hope. My decision is not changed, but such constancy merits some reward. I shall take your message, sir, as you have spoken it."

"And should the comtesse marry——"

"That is as it pleases the comtesse herself," answered the marquis. "'Tis not the custom in France, but I have refused to put constraint upon her in that matter."

"Then when peace comes may I——"

"I can give you no encouragement, no permission, monsieur. Even were circumstances other than they are, I would fain not have her wed an Englishman. But of all Englishmen that I have met I still say that I prefer you."

"And I am an Irishman," said Macartney smiling.

"Yes," answered the marquis, "perhaps that is why I feel so."

Macartney had written to the woman he loved whenever occasion served, which, of course, was very infrequently, and whenever he could get her address, which was more infrequently still. Once in a long while he had received a brief acknowledgment, a little conventional note, written as if under the pressure of a powerful appeal, and in spite of the warnings of conscience. These letters breathed prayers for his welfare, carried a thanksgiving to him for his thought of her. They were more precious than rubies to him.

Once, after the capture of *Le Quatorze Juillet,* for which he had been given his baronetcy, he sent her the tricolor which he had hauled down when he had beaten the great ship to a standstill. It had been drabbled in the blood of brave men as it had lain upon the gory deck. Macartney had folded it up, with a copy of the *Gazette* giving an account of his action and stating the rewards he had received, across which he had written, in his bold, flowing hand, four words; and he had sent it to her by a special messenger, who was charged to find her if he hunted all over Europe, and spent a fortune in the pursuit.

TO BE CONTINUED

Death is Swallowed up in Victory

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

Elisha's Last Day with Elijah

WE can imagine the prophet Elisha writing some such a narrative as this on the evening of the day when his master was taken from him:

I am lonely beyond words to express. Eight years ago, Elijah found me in my father's field ploughing, and informed me that I was to be his successor in the prophetic office. He did it by throwing his sheepskin mantle over my shoulders. After a brief farewell to my parents and neighbors, I joined him, and have remained with him unto this day. And now one has been taken, and the other left! Let me recall the incidents of this day.

For a week I had noticed that my master has seemed unusually thoughtful and lost to things about him. He must have had some message from God that his days on earth were few. Others beside myself felt this change in him. The young students in the school of the prophets remarked upon it, and they even said to me: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today?" And so I kept closer to him than usual. He told me that he should go to Bethel, twenty-six miles away, and suggested—perhaps to test me—that I should remain in Gilgal. But I answered him, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." At Jericho and again at the Jordan, my master tested me in the same way, but I followed him the closer, feeling that his departure was at hand. Fifty of the students have told me since my return this evening that they stood together on the mountain side watching on our way, for they felt sure some marvelous thing was about to happen. When we reached the Jordan, and my master would cross over, he took his mantle, and rolled it, and struck the waters, and immediately they were rolled back, and together we crossed in a dry path. And then we began to ascend the mountain in front of us, Mount Nebo.

As we went, I recalled how the Lord had called Moses to the top of that very mountain to die, but I said nothing to my master. I was sure from the grand solemnity of his face, that the Lord had also spoken to him to come up hither. I was convinced of it when he said to me: "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." I replied to him out of the deepest recesses of my heart: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." His reply made me all the more determined to remain close beside him to the end, for he said, "If thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee, but if not, it shall not be so." I did not ask that a double portion of God's Spirit upon Elijah should be given me, but that I as his pupil should have twice as much wisdom as a pupil usually receives from his teacher.

Suddenly, as we walked and talked, a fiery cloud swept down between us and parted us, and then I saw the cloud arise, and my master rode upon it, and was borne upward out of my sight. I cried out: "My father, my father, thou hast been as chariots and horsemen to thy country!" In grief I rent my clothes. In his going his mantle dropped to the ground. I picked it up, feeling that it was indeed my very own, and a surety that I should be helped of the Lord to do the works that my master had done. I turned to recross the Jordan. I struck the waters as my master had done, and a dry path appeared on which I crossed over, and came back to Jericho. Upon my return I was met by the fifty young students, who bowed themselves before me, promising me the allegiance they had given Elijah.

And now I am alone, a sense of loss is deep down in my heart, but I will not let my powers be wasted in grief. The greatest honor I can do to the memory of my master is to carry forward the work begun by him. The Lord God himself has taken his hands from it, and placed my hands upon it.

"A CHARIOT OF FIRE AND HORSES OF FIRE PARTED THEM ASUNDER"

Illustration and Application

I. How much should we think about death? Death and Beyond are the natural themes this story suggests. There have been countries, ancient Egypt, for instance, where death has had more than its rightful share of thought. There the chief occupation of a king was to build himself an imperishable tomb, in which his imperishable mummy should at last be housed. In our time and land, we believe it is better to be remembered for the good we have done than to be mummified; better to build a Christian home of joy than a pyramid of pride. In former centuries, even Christians gave the future world more than its share of songs and sermons, and worked chiefly to "save a soul in heaven." Now we are learning, what the prophets taught long ago, that God seeks to save the whole man and the whole community here and now, in which case heaven is assured in God's own good time. There is a community of Trappist monks, who, like all other monks of their Order, live in complete silence. There is, however, one exception to this rule. When they pass one another, they are permitted to say, "*Memento mori*," "Remember death." But we have surely gone to the opposite extreme in these days, when neither sinner nor saint commonly desires a preacher at his death-bed. Most people think little, and say less, about heaven, and put hell out of thought, as if by some edict, Christ's awful words about it, had been revised away. In written examinations of youth above twelve years of age, that the writer secured in a dozen representative Sunday Schools of churches, not missions, a few years ago, he found only a minority able to write out a verse on heaven, and hardly a tenth able to quote any word of God in regard to hell. We ought to think much—though not too much—of death and the beyond.

The civilized word is filled with wonder to see how indifferent to death are the Japanese. Even for soldiers this quality loses its advantages when it leads a whole regiment to choose death rather than a surrender that would give them future opportunity to serve their country, if only by eating a part of the enemy's food, and diverting a portion of his troops for guards. We explain the indifference of the Japanese to death by saying "They are fatalists." But should not faith make us face death as bravely?

Let us not, in any case, so trample upon the words of Christ as to count it a matter of no moment when death summons us to the judgment bar of God, whether we have lived in loyalty to Christ or in disobedience to his wise laws. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." And in that supreme court we are to be "judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad."

> After the joys of earth,
> After its songs and mirth,
> After its hours of light,
> After its dreams so bright—What then?

Let us look, as on contrasting pictures, on two death-beds: In a scantily furnished chamber lies an aged Scotch minister, with thin gray hair and wrinkled skin. But his brow is high and broad, his deep-set eyes are bright and piercing; a smile plays round his lips; and though feeble and dying, he looks calm and happy. "Do you think yourself dying, dear sir?" "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God; if I live he will be with me." Now let us step into yonder mansion. Entering a richly-furnished chamber, we find a dignified personage, enfolded in warm robes, and seated in a large, easy-chair. He, too, is feeble and dying; but the light in his eyes is unsteady, and he looks like a man ill at ease with himself. "Mr. Gibbon, how does the world appear to you now?" The eloquent historian of the Roman Empire—for he it is—closes his eyes a moment, then opens them again, and with a deep sigh, replies: "All things are fleeting. When I look back, I see they have been fleeting; when I look forward, all is dark and doubtful!"

II. What nature intimates of immortality. There are some "bright gleams of everlastingness" even in nature, that Dr. Joseph Cook used to marshal in his lecture, "Does death end all?" It discussed the proposition whether the relation of the soul to the body was that of the harmony to the harp, or of the harper to the harp? The grip of the lecture was in showing that it is life that weaves us, and all things that live, into constant forms. He went from bones to muscle, from muscles to veins, from veins to nerves, from nerves to nervous influence, and then, back of all these forms, to the something that weaves us. Two or more of the more subtle forms may be be invisible, yet they are seen by the lens of cause and effect—actually discovered by their effects, life and God. Then he said, "I have shown you the moon and stars, now behold the sun!" and he held up the Bible before the audience, which greeted it with applause.

III. What the Bible Says of Heaven and the Way t
it. The best way to be ready to die is intimated in th
Golden Text, which carries us back to Enoch, who "walke
with God, and he was not: for God took him." Dr. (
Campbell Morgan tells of a little child who went home fro
Sunday School, and the mother said: "Tell me what yo
learned at school." And she said: "Don't you know, mothe
we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walk
with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walk
with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extr
long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said t
Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had bette
come in and stay.' And he went." Death will be no mo
a terror to us than to Enoch and Elijah, if, like them, w
have formed the habit of "going for walks with God." "Th
Emperor of China is never said to die. The 'Monarch o
Endless Years,' only 'leaves this world to become immortal
and, 'mounted on a dragon, he departs to the ethereal re
gions.'" Let us not fall behind the heathen in speaking o
death, and when a Christian, victor in a life-long war wit
temptation, has calmly vanquished the "last enemy," say, as
we were infidels, "All is over," and talk of the "deceased" an
"the late Mr. Smith." How much better to adopt as th
Golden Text of every Christian's funeral, "He was not; fo
God took him."

An old artist ninety years of age is dying. His maste
piece has been the "Valley of Shadows," in which midnigh
darkness was wonderfully brought out upo
the canvas. As he came near to the end o
life's journey, he called his servant to hi
side and said, "Bring me my masterpiec
and my brush and my paints, for as I com
near to the valley, I find I have made
mistake. It is flooded with glory, and
must change the picture." It is a valle
of shadows, it is true, but shadows ar
caused by the light, and since He walk
with us through the vale, there can be n
darkness about us, nor can there be an
thing to make us afraid.

A cultured woman just entered into
new and beautiful home, was slowly dyin
of a dreaded disease. "You have every
thing to live for," said a visitor. "I hav
everything to die for," she answered with
smile of peace.

Thirty missionaries were upon the steame
Sobraon, sailing from China to Englan
Suddenly, in the night, all were awakened b
the crash of the steamer upon a hidden ree
As the missionaries hurriedly dressed, e
pecting death was near, one said to anothe
with a firm voice and a happy face: "I thin
we are going to have the privilege at last o
seeing the King." All escaped, but the
had learned what it was to face death an
see God. One of the Scottish martyr
standing on the ladder from which the
were to throw him off, assured the weepin
spectators that he had never gone up to hi
pulpit to preach with so little fear as he ha
mounted that ladder to die—to him it was
perch from which his spirit, wearied of
world full of sin and sorrows, was spreadin
out its joyful wings for the flight to heaver
Another, addressing his weeping mothe
and sisters, who had entered his cell for
last visit on the morning of his executio
said, "Let us be glad and rejoice, for th
marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wif
hath made herself ready. Could I hav
ever thought that the fear of suffering an
death could be so taken from me. Lord!
he exclaimed, "Thou hast brought m
within two hours of eternity, and this is n
matter of terror to me, more than if I ros
to go to lie down on a bed of roses; no
that I am so near the end of time, I desir
to bless the Lord; death is to me as a be
to the weary. Yonder," he remarked o
hearing the drums beat for his execution
"yonder is my welcome call to the mar
riage. The Bridegroom is coming. I an
ready!"

In the dying words of a Christian woman of New York
"O think! to step on shore, and that shore heaven! To clas
a hand, and find it God's! To breathe a new air, and find i
celestial! To feel invigorated, and know it to be immortality!"
In the words of Dr. Maltbie Babcock:

> Why be afraid of death, as though your life were breath?
> Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!
> Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn;
> Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?
> Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead
> Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.
> Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
> Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?
> "The dear ones left behind!" O foolish one, and blind,
> A day, and you will meet; a night, and you will greet!
> This is the death of death, to breathe away a breath
> And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,
> And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
> And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.

. . .

IV. Heavenly recognition. We cannot well separate
Elijah ascending to heaven from the sequel in Matthew 17.
Elijah coming back from heaven after eight centuries, stil
holding his identity, a pledge of the heavenly recognition of
friends. Why should any one who believes in immortality
doubt heavenly recognition? To forget each other would
be to subtract memory from mind, which is so important a
part of it that the Greeks named the mind itself from the
word for memory. The sweet story is worth repeating of
the old Scotch preacher, whose aged wife said, "Robbie.
Robbie, dost thee think we'll know each other in heaven?"
to which he answered gently but quaintly, "Wifie, wifie, dost
thee think we'll be greater fules there than here?"

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* International Sunday School lesson for September 11, on Elijah taken up to heaven, II. Kings 2: 1-11. Golden Text: "He was not: for God took him" Genesis 5: 24.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

Mrs. Goelet's Jewels

THE first thought of most of us on reading, the other day, that Mrs. Ogden Goelet, of New York, had found the jewels she thought she had lost, was one of thankfulness that we had no great casket of gems to bother us. Worth two hundred thousand dollars, these girdles and tiaras and rings and bracelets and brooches of pearls and diamonds and rubies and emeralds and other splendid jewels, were supposed by their owner to have been carried, with other property, to her summer home at Newport. Missed there, the whole machinery of an acute and resourceful force of detectives was set in motion that they might be found. Clue after clue ended in a blind trail. After some weary weeks of hope deferred, it occurred to an astute adviser, that possibly, just possibly, the lady might be mistaken, that she might have left her jewel-box at home, and that it might be reposing in a safe, in her New York house. Presto! The searchers searched there, and sure enough, Madame's gaw-gaws were where she had put them, and had never been stolen at all.

Such a lapse of memory might happen to any of us. We have no amazing store of jewels; but, dear lady, three days ago, you mislaid your gold thimble, that your Aunt Fanny gave you when she came to visit you last Christmas. You insisted that you had the thimble when you were embroidering the baby's frock, and that you left it in your work-basket, whence somebody had taken it away. The impression on your mind was so very strong that it could not be shaken, nor was it, until you discovered the thimble yesterday, when you were not looking for it, in your top bureau drawer, where you had dropped it yourself.

Four weeks ago, Mrs. Jenny Brown, of Main Street, never mind where, hung up a little silk bag containing her gloves, her card-case, a parcel she had bought in a Broadway shop, and a memorandum, she avers, in her closet. It is not there. Repeated hunts for it have failed to bring to light the black silk bag. Mr. Brown thinks she must have left it on the train. Alfred Brown is sure she forgot it at his Aunt Marie's. Emily Brown fancies the Italian woman who comes around with the organ-grinder saw it lying on the porch, and carried it away under her jacket. Each member of the household has a different theory, and grandmother is quietly making another bag to replace the lost one. Probably it will presently be found in some unlikely corner of the house, where Mrs. Brown, tired and absent-minded, laid it down when she came home. There are people who do not pull out their sofas when rooms are swept, and odd things tumble down behind sofas now and then.

The moral of this part is, not to be too certain about anything.. We are all fallible, and we may be mistaken, when we are most firmly convinced in our own minds.

But there is also

MORAL NUMBER TWO

Blessed are people in moderate circumstances. Blessed are people who have a watch, and a wedding-ring, a brooch or two, and nothing else to worry about. Who wants dog-collars, and tiaras, and stomachers, and the like? A pretty woman is no prettier for all the jewelry that blazes in Vanity Fair. An ugly woman has her ugliness emphasized when she decks herself with precious stones, and rivals the sun in her aggressive radiance. When you think of it, the barbaric splendor of our present-day rich women is not much finer in its essence than the display made by her of the South Seas, who strings sea-shells for her ornaments, or her of the Western tepee, who is most satisfied when her beads are most variegated. Blessed are the poor whom the midnight prowler never molests. Blessed are the women who may invite their friends to visit them, and include no sinister gentleman, with a policeman's shield under his dress clothes, among the guests.

If we are not extremely wealthy, never mind. Into our plain domicile never thief intrudes. Our jewels, like Cornelia's of old, are our children. Our safes contain nothing of any monetary value, but we do not lose sleep o' nights because we are afraid somebody will rifle them. Blessed be honest poverty after all!

When a Man's Single

Explain it as you may, when a man's single, he has not quite the dignity of the man who is married. In these days the path of the bachelor is made very easy to the feet. If he possess the means, he may live in an apartment and be surrounded by all the comforts of a home; well-trained servants will attend to his meals and his linen, and like the rich man in the parable, he may fare sumptuously every day. Yet, this sort of living seems selfish, and the man who deliberately chooses it, in preference to household life, with a wife to whom he may be devoted and in due time children to grow up and carry on his name, may in future regret his decision. For old age is very lonely when a man's single.

A GIANT ROSE BUSH

The famous Cherokee Rose at Pasadena, Calif. The bush is surrounded by Indian relics, and is visited by tourists who come to the neighborhood, and who never fail to admire its fragrance and its wealth of blossoms.

WONDERFUL LOVE

Wonderful love hath our Father above
Who cares for His children in darkness and light,
Never a day but we're kept on our way
And the powers of evil are made to take flight.

Wonderful love hath our Saviour who stands
Pleading our cause at the throne, as we pray,
Showing the nail-prints that wounded His hands,
Keeping us safe through the sorrowful way.

—L. T. GERALD.

A Filler of Chinks

"LUCY," said her mother, "is a filler of chinks."

The visiting friend looked up inquiringly. "By chinks," the mother explained, "I mean the little gaps and rifts and rents that nobody else notices, that never are observed when all goes well, that somebody suffers from if they are overlooked, and that make up a sum total of very humble service. Mildred is clever and Margaret is musical. Lucy has no extraordinary talent that I know of, but she is the comfort of our lives."

The friend thought it worth while to watch the quiet little Lucy, a girl so modest and unobtrusive that she was often rather overlooked. She found that Lucy was always doing what others left undone. The weather was very hot, the family was large, and people were coming and going constantly. One sultry afternoon when everybody was looking for a cool place, and one was in the hammock with a book, and another in the shadiest corner of the veranda with a pretence of knitting in her hands, Lucy had disappeared. She came in sight after awhile, with a glass pitcher of lemonade, and a tinkle of ice that was pleasant to hear, and when somebody asked where she had been, she answered, "I've been giving Betty a lift with the towels and napkins. There were dozens to iron, and the poor girl looks tired out. The heat in the kitchen reminded me that lemonade would be nice, so I made it for Betty, and then thought of you, out here, feeling the heat."

"You didn't feel it yourself, I suppose?" said her aunt Laura.

"No, I've been too busy, Aunty, and I really do not mind heat so very much."

"Grandmother grows harder to live with every day," complained one of the young people. "Nothing suits her, and she's so restless and uneasy, and so irritable. I hope when I am old, if I live to be eighty as she is, that I'll be a reasonable being. Most old people are so queer and crabbed."

No wonder that grandmother was restless. She had led an active life and been a personage, one whose advice had been asked and taken, one who had managed her own household, and had gone where she pleased and when she desired, without dictation from any one. Now she was an inmate of her son's house; her world was bounded by the four walls of her room. There were servants in the kitchen and new ways of doing almost everything, ways that seemed to her extravagant and wasteful. Among the people who were her son's friends she felt herself lonely and out of her sphere. She was discontented and cross and knew herself both, with a pang of conscience that smote her heart.

"I cannot imagine what more I could do for John's mother than I do," declared John's wife. "She has a large, sunny room, her own furniture, and nothing to do but fold her hands."

Little Lucy slipped silently away, not once, but often, in the morning, in the afternoon, and after a while in the twilight, to sit with her grandmother. The two had much in common.

Both were very simple-hearted and plain, caring for externals only, as they tended to convenience and comfort. Both were fond of outdoor life. Grandmother could not have a garden in the city, but Lucy managed to fill her window-boxes with geraniums and other vivid-colored plants. Lucy bought a canary, and hung its cage in the old lady's window, and whenever grandmother wanted to call on an old friend, the young girl managed to have an errand in the same part of town, so that she wanted to have company as she went on it.

The days passed more easily for the lonely, elderly woman after Lucy, the filler of chinks, took her in her gentle care.

So it was everywhere. Lucy was not a genius, nor brilliant, nor very beautiful, but she was well beloved, for she was a filler of chinks.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MOLLY. Blue is not invariably the best color for the red-haired girl. Some shades of red hair tone well with a deeper red in the gown.

—LOUISE. I cannot advise you. I can only say it seems a doubtful experiment; he giving up a house where you are prosperous and going into a new life. Your husband is mistaken in supposing that farming is easy to a novice. He will discover the contrary.

—JENNY. You have faithfully served your father and brothers as long as they have needed you. Now that all are married, your father's wife at the head of the home, and your brothers in their own houses, you are free to live your personal life. There is nothing censurable in your determination to travel, since you have money enough to do so, and are of suitable age.

Mont-Lawn as Others See It

The Editor of "The New York Observer" Writes of a Visit to our Children's Home

IN a recent issue of *The New York Observer*, the Rev. John Bancroft Devins D.D., gives this very interesting account of a visit to Mont-Lawn:

It was hot in the city streets, as the editor of *The Observer* left them, with his traveling companion, and after a short ride along the banks of the most beautiful river in the world, reached Tarrytown. Here they were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Louis Klopsch, and crossed the river on a ferryboat to Nyack, where a carriage was waiting to carry the party two or three miles back to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home. On the way, Dr. Klopsch explained the origin of this agency in child-saving.

Ten years ago, when the industrial paralysis made idle a multitude of workmen, the impulses of the generous were stirred so deeply, that after all the necessary food had been supplied, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD found a balance of several thousand dollars in its treasury. The editors could not well return the money to the givers, and it was decided to send some of the children of the poor to the country for ten days — children, who, through lack of proper nourishment, had become emaciated, or who had been ill through the winter, and were now convalescent. From this beginning ten years ago, the number of children cared for has steadily increased, until to-day about two thousand children a year spend ten days each at Mont-Lawn.

But already we are in sight of the Administration Building, over which the American flag floats. The children are seen in the distance, playing on the lawn, swinging in the scups, exercising upon the gymnastic apparatus, or strolling about the grounds. The moment the carriage appears in sight, as if animated by one instinct, forgetting lawn and scups and seesaws and all else, the children rush forward to greet their friend and his friends from the city.

No city home could be more tidy or more pleasing in its appearance than are the dormitories and other buildings at Mont-Lawn. The cots are carefully dressed for the day, and the children are not expected to return to the rooms after they leave them in the morning, unless there is special need in a particular case. The children are there for fresh air, and this can be secured best by going out of doors when the weather is fair. Many of the beds have cards, indicating that the support of the children occupying a particular bed during the summer, is borne by a friend, or a Christian Endeavor Society, or a church which has become especially interested in this beautiful form of philanthropy. The expense for one of these cots for a year is $21. This enables the cot to be occupied by six or seven different children during the summer, the average expense being about $3 for each child for the visit of ten days.

The guests at Mont-Lawn are early risers, but they are also early retirers. There are no electric lights in the buildings, and the bill for kerosene oil for the entire establishment is aboat $3 a year. The children go to bed when the chickens do, and arise when the birds begin to sing. Breakfast is served at 6 or 6:30—the early hour when a party of children is about to return to the city, which occurs every other day. Dinner is served at noon, and supper at 6 o'clock.

The institutional idea is absent, except in one or two particulars. When the bell rings for a meal, the children gather in front of the matron's room, and form in line, the boys in front. The bell strikes, and the boys step aside, still in line, sufficiently to let the girls pass between the lines and reach the dining tent first. When the children are seated, grace is sung.

Dinner is eaten with that relish which the child of the country never fails to have. Towards the end of the meal the letters are distributed. As Dr. Klopsch reads the name, the child comes and receives his letter or postal card.

Saturday is a special day at the Home, because it means not only the presence of Dr. Klopsch, but it is also "candy day," each child receiving a fine piece of candy at the mid-day meal. Nor are the teachers and caretakers forgotten in this distribution of the Saturday boxes. To show the nationality and the religious parentage of the children, Dr. Klopsch calls for all the Germans in the party of 250 to raise their hands. A goodly number acknowledge Emperor William as the former ruler of their parents. Then comes the call for Italian children, or those born of Italian parents; and the number, while not so large, show that Sunny Italy has lost a part of its population. When the call for Americans is given, nearly every hand goes up; for, whatever may have been the allegiance of the parents, every child will give his life to serve the President, and the flag that floats above the grounds.

"How many Jewish children are here to-day?" says Dr. Klopsch. No hand is raised for a moment, and then he adds: "If I were born a Jew, I should be proud of that fact." This assurance brings up perhaps a dozen hands.

"How many are Catholics?" And seemingly a quarter of the party admitted that they were. The rest claimed to be Protestants. Whether viewed as a national or a religious assembly, it is certainly cosmopolitan and representative.

After the meal, the children march back again to the main building and stop in front of the matron's office. The bell rings, and, helter-skelter, they go for the swings and games, or for a stroll about the grounds. After the teachers and guests have had their dinner, the bean game is played on the lawn. Dr. Klopsch goes to the veranda and shouts, "Now for the bean game!" No explanation is needed. Five hundred little feet chase one another down the hill and over the fence, in order to get a front place in the line on the knoll overlooking the lawn where the game is to be played. Dr. Klopsch takes twenty-five or thirty large white beans, and asks the children to count them as he throws them out on the closely mown lawn. "One!" "One!" comes back from two hundred and fifty throats. "Two!" "Two!" echoes back the refrain; and finally the beans are all distributed, and then comes the next and most exciting moment in the game. "One! Two! Three! Go!" And the children start for the beans scattered all over the lawn. There is no confusion, but there is a good deal of good-natured rivalry, as every bean returned to Dr. Klopsch means a penny for the finder. After all the beans have been found and the pennies distributed, the children return to their other forms of rest and recreation.

Happy the man who has a heart sufficiently large to develop and carry on a charitable project which benefits thousands of people. Thrice happy is he who can include in his sympathies, not one class only, but two. What shall be said of the size of the heart which includes five thousand orphans in India, and a Rescue Mission in the heart of the Bowery in New York, reaching a multitude whom Mr. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, delights to call "the worthless class;" and in addition to these two great enterprises also provides ten days of supreme happiness for two thousand children a year in their summer home at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, which is aptly styled "The Children's Par-[illegible]."

J. B. D.

Nothing is so conducive to the health and happiness of children as a day's romp out of doors, followed at bed-time by a warm bath with Ivory Soap. Made of pure, fresh oils, Ivory is soothing to the skin, cleanses the pores and promotes restful and refreshing sleep. It floats.

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SAPOLIO

A Beneficent Institution

REPORTS just received from the managers of the Educational and Industrial Institute of Mayesville, S. C., indicate successful progress, which will be very gratifying to our readers, whose generous gifts have contributed so largely to the support of the Institution. During the past year, five hundred children and young people have received instruction within its walls and have proved, by the assiduity with which they have applied themselves to their studies, how thoroughly the opportunity of [illegible]

GIRLS' HOME OF THE INSTITUTE AT MAYESVILLE, S. C.

[illegible] the floor. [illegible]

[illegible] allowed to stay [illegible] kept so far, and has [illegible] work hard, but funds [illegible]

The Institute now has two commodious [illegible] of nineteen rooms for girls. It has [illegible] a barn and outbuildings. It owns a [illegible] unable to pay for board, devote a [illegible] time to farm work. During [illegible] elevate [illegible]

Institute to keep her and educate her. If the income were increased, many such might be [illegible]

The need of continued assistance is obvious. So much has been done at so small a [illegible] needed for a home for the teachers, for tools and educational apparatus, and to assist promising pupils who are unable to pay the [illegible] promises to be self-[illegible]

SCENE ON THE INSTITUTE FARM

[illegible] carried on. [illegible] Dr. Klopsch, the [illegible] Contributions [illegible] New York City. [illegible]

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HERE ARE TWO SAMPLES

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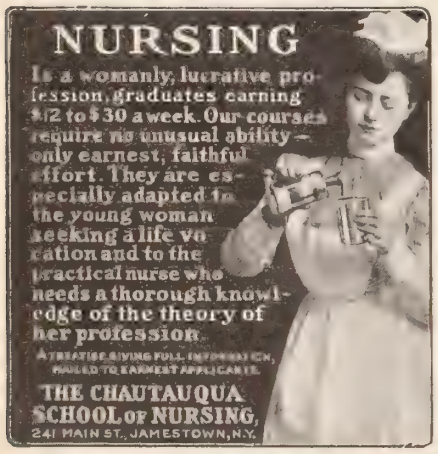

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The Panama Canal Plans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 741

spillway will cost $5,781,401. The Canal extends for 4.12 miles beyond Miraflores to La Boca, where the Panama Railroad has constructed a large wharf. A dredged channel 200 feet wide, will reach from this point 4.41 miles to the 6-fathom line in Panama Bay. The total cost of this section from lock to deep water is estimated at $12,427,971.

The total estimated cost of completing the Canal is as follows:

	MILES.	COST.
Colon entrance and harbor,	2.30	$ 8,057,707
Harbor to Bohio locks, including levees,	14.42	11,099,839
Bohio locks, including excavation,	.35	11,567,275
Lake Bohio,	13.01	2,952,154
Obispo gates,	—	295,434
Culebra section,	7.91	44,414,460
Pedro Miguel locks, including excavation and dam,	.35	9,081,321
Pedro Miguel level,	1.33	1,192,286
Miraflores locks, including excavation and spillway,	.20	5,781,401
Pacific level,	8.53	12,427,971
Bohio dam,	—	6,369,640
Gigante spillway,	—	1,209,419
Pena Blanca outlet,	—	2,448,076
Chagres diversion,	—	1,929,982
Gatun diversion,	—	100,000
Panama Railroad diversion,	—	1,267,500
Total,	49.09	$120,194,465
Engineering, police, sanitation, and general contingencies, 20 per cent.,		24,038,893
Aggregate,		$144,233,358

The total amount of excavation is 94,863,703 cubic yards, exclusive of the excavation for Bohio dam and the Gigante spillway.

The location of the Canal, as now decided, is about the same as proposed by the French Company, its total length, from 36 feet deep in the Atlantic to 36 feet deep the Pacific, is 49.09 miles. The time of transit required for a medium sized ship to pass through the Canal after its completion, is computed to be about 11 hours and 14 minutes.

The new company has excavated about 5,000,000 cubic yards, which, added to the old company's excavation of 72,000,000 cubic yards, make a total of 77,000,000. Much of this will be of no value now, on account of the radical changes of plan. That which will be of value is found to be 36,689,965 cubic yards.

The "Canal Strip" will be put in thorough sanitary condition, and shall have all the health appliances of modern civilization. Not over 15,000 laborers will be employed. These will operate with machines worked by steam or electric power, and will excavate 150,000 cubic yards per day. It may be thought advisable, in order to hasten the work, to employ night and day shifts. It has been suggested to furnish the labor from the United States, and a proposition is now awaiting the consideration of the Commission to utilize negroes from our Southern States. From ten to twenty thousand experienced laborers can be furnished from Alabama alone, at $1.10 to $1.75 per day. Opportunities for Gospel work among the laborers will be granted by the Commission. There is no doubt that a great evangelical field will soon be opened there.

There are also other proposals concerning labor, awaiting the decision of the Commission; among them being propositions from several Chinese companies. One of these companies offers to furnish immediately, from ten to sixty thousand Chinese laborers, at fifty to sixty cents per day, per head; all risks, transportation, sanitation and sustenance to be at the expense of the companies in the contract. This enterprising Mongolian further says these men will be brought from China on Chinese ships; Chinese doctors will be furnished, Chinese cooks employed; all food and clothing will be shipped from China; Chinese hospitals will be erected on the Isthmus, and if the laborers die, their bodies will be taken back to China for interment.

Mr. D. I. Murphy is secretary of the Isthmian Commission, and through him, assisted by an army of efficient helpers, many letters from all over the world, applying for mechanical, professional and clerical work, are received and answered daily. The tingle of big events is in the air in the Commission's office at Washington and the quiet that pervades the place impresses one with its importance. On the matter of Isthmian tolls, it is believed that a toll of $1 a vessel per ton net register would yield an income sufficient to pay the expenses of operation, and a return on invested capital besides; otherwise a tariff of 40 or 50 cents a ton would be sufficient.

Unexpected emergencies may arise to upset the plans of the financiers and engineers, and it is for this contingency that the Isthmian Commission is studying so carefully this gigantic undertaking; but the figures obtained from their forthcoming report and given above may be accepted as very fairly accurate.

ANNABEL LEE.

An Arithmetical Horse

A CABLE dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Sun*, tells of a remarkable horse named Hans, which is attracting much attention from German scientists. He is able to perform simple sums in arithmetic, giving the answers by stamping one of his feet on the ground. He can count up to a hundred, has an eye for colors, an ear for music, and can spell words of one syllable.

Prof. Moebius, director of the Zoological Museum in Berlin, who is one of Germany's highest zoological authorities, devotes a column to the horse to-day in the *National Zeitung*. He says that he asked the horse how many sevenths added to five-sevenths would make a whole number. The horse stamped his foot twice. Prof. Moebius judges that Hans possesses the capacity to distinguish clearly impressions received by the eyes and ears, and to keep them permanently in his memory and to express them exactly. It is stated that Hans will be produced before Emperor William, who is taking the greatest interest in the animal. This will be after Hans is examined by the Minister of Education and prominent experts.

Prof. Moebius lays special stress upon the fact that the achievements of the horse are undeniably real mental work, and not the result of mere training.

In the New York Fire Department there are several horses that have developed wonderful intelligence. They know the call of their particular station, and can count off the number of strokes as accurately as any of the firemen. If the right number is struck by the electric signal, they are instantly alert, whinneying and stamping, eager to start for the fire. If any other number is struck, their pricked-up ears immediately fall back and they resume the munching of their oats, or stand quietly in their stalls. The firemen are very proud of these intelligent animals, and the latter are really very efficient public servants, even if they have not been so highly trained as the arithmetical, musical and artistic equine wonder described by Prof. Moebius.

These horses stand in their clean, roomy stalls at the back of the engine-house, a slender chain being stretched across their stalls. When there is an alarm, an automatic arrangement drops these chains, and the horses run to their places in front of the engine and hose carriage, three being the signal for the former, and two for the latter. The horses always wear their head-stalls, and the remainder of their harness is suspended over their places. Just here comes in extraordinary equine intelligence. When those chains are simultaneously dropped, as they are sometimes, either to try the horses or for any other reason, the animals are alert in a moment; their ears prick up, eyes flash, and every muscle becomes tense with expectation; but not a foot do they stir until the bell is sounded, or the foreman calls to them to come. If he calls one at a time—Jim or Jack—only Jim or Jack starts, the others wait for bell or call; but if the call is for "all hands," and no name is mentioned, they all come forward and take their places. These horses are all graduates of a training school, where they are taught certain things that must be learned thoroughly before they can become fire-horses. The firemen are proud to tell of their intelligent horses, and the remarkable things they do.

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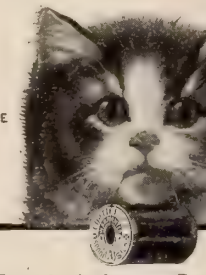

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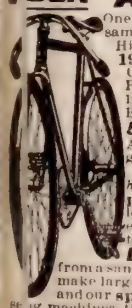

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DISCOVERING ONESELF LATE IN LIFE

By DR. O. S. MARDEN

Would'st fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then act as if thy life were just begun.—GOETHE.

"THERE is no reason why a man of fifty cannot succeed, so I am just starting in business," recently declared a man whom the changing fortunes of politics had thrown out of office. A series of misfortunes had reduced him to a point where he was obliged to seek for manual labor; but his courage remained unbroken. He still determined, in spite of every adverse circumstance, to succeed in a new line.

All honor to the man, who, in middle life or even later, finding himself what the world calls a failure, resolves to develop new-found powers, or to cultivate those that were neglected in youth, and to make the most of the years of life that still remain to him. We admire the courage and enthusiasm of youth, but the courage and enthusiasm of middle age are much more worthy of our admiration, and not infrequently accomplish more. The enthusiasm and purpose of youth often wane; but the enthusiasm and purpose born in middle life remain steadfast to the end.

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A great many men and women who do not discover their possibilities until late in life, make the mistake of thinking that they are too old to learn—too old to start in a new calling, or to attempt to improve or develop the new continent they have discovered within themselves. There is no cause for discouragement. There is no time to indulge in regrets. Every moment is rendered more precious in proportion to the lateness of your discovery. Others have succeeded in educating themselves, in doing distinguished work in various fields, who did not find out their real bent or possibilities until youth had passed. History and biography are full of such examples.

Andrew Johnson, the seventeenth President of the United States, did not know how to read or write until he had reached manhood. At the age of forty, Ulysses S. Grant was regarded as a failure. He had changed his occupation from that of tanner to soldier, and from soldier to real estate dealer, and in the latter calling found himself unable to support his family. The call of his country to arms in 1861, awakened him to the knowledge of himself, and the man who at forty was a failure, at forty-two was one of the greatest military commanders of the nineteenth century.

. . .

The late Samuel F. Miller, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, began life as clerk in a drug store. He afterward studied medicine and practiced that profession for eight years, but he had not found his true vocation. He began to experience a distaste for medicine, which deepened into positive aversion. He gave up his practice, studied law, and when past thirty was admitted to the bar. Within fifteen years he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court.

More remarkable, however, is the case of that distinguished lawyer, the late Judge John Erskine, of Georgia. As a boy, Judge Erskien had a passion for the sea, and when only sixteen, ran away from his home in Ireland to join the crew of a sailing vessel. A short experience on this vessel completely cured him of the desire for a seafaring life. He returned home, finished his education, and then came to this country. Here he drifted from one occupation to another, until he had reached the mature age of forty-five. Only then, after seeking it for thirty years, did he discover his real vocation. He commenced to read law with such zeal and earnestness that he was soon admitted to the bar, and rose rapidly in his chosen profession. After the close of the Civil War he was appointed by President Johnson to the judgeship of the United States for the northern and southern districts of Georgia.

Instances of men and women who did not discover where their greatest ability lay until they had reached or passed middle age, are to be found in every profession and occupation. Amelia E. Barr did not know that she had talent as a writer, until after the death of her husband and three of her children, when necessity compelled her to make a living for herself and her remaining children. Years afterward, when she had won fame and fortune, Mrs. Barr wrote of that sad time of bereavement: "I thought all was over then, yet all was just beginning. It was the open door to a new life—a life full of comforts, and serene still." Mrs. Barr had passed fifty when she won her first success as a novelist.

Another distinguished author, Thomas Hardy, considered by some critics as the greatest living master of English fiction, did not discover his real bent until he was thirty years old. Architecture was his chosen profession, which he followed for about a dozen years. Then, in 1872, he wrote and published his novel, *Under the Greenwood Tree.* When the success of that book was assured, he gave up architecture and devoted himself with ardor to his true calling.

Rev. Russell H. Conwell had been a soldier, a journalist, and a lawyer, before he entered the ministry. He was thirty-five when he abandoned law for theology.

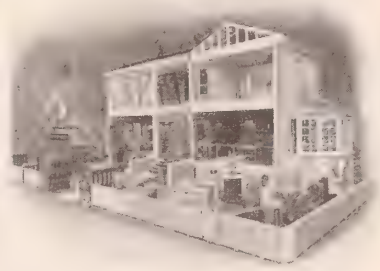
. . .

Herman Kohlsaat, who is better known to people in the Eastern States as a successful newspaper proprietor and editor, than as a restaurant-keeper, nevertheless won his first financial success in the catering business in Chicago. He was the owner of a number of the popular restaurants known as "Dairy Lunches," when he decided to go into the business of newspaper making. Kohlsaat was nearly forty when he bought a controlling interest in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean.* People ridiculed the idea of a restaurant-keeper turning editor, and were much amazed when, within two years, the new editor had made a success of what was a depreciated property when he took it in hand. The Chicago *Record Herald*, of which Mr. Kohlsaat is now owner and editor, bears splendid testimony to his ability as maker of a great newspaper.

It is never a question of what one might, could, would, or should have done in the dead past, but always of what he can do now, in the actual, living present. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard applies with special aptitude to those who discover themselves late in life. Those who came at the eleventh hour received as much as those who had worked during the entire day. The Master had decreed it so. No one is to blame for failing to discover the line of his greatest strength in youth. He only is to blame who, when he discovers it, instead of girding himself to begin anew the battle of life, weakly lays down his arms and cries, "It is too late; the battle is already lost!" The strongest and most successful characters are often tossed hither and thither on the waves of circumstances, buffeted by the winds of misfortune and strengthened by failure, before they do the special work they were sent into the world to do.

Look at John Bunyan, tinker, soldier, and itinerate preacher; without early advantages of any kind; with but the most meagre education, and only two books for his library—the Bible and *Fox's Martyrs*—writing his great allegory in Bedford jail, when he was well on toward middle life. What a loss the world would have suffered had he lost courage and declared that it was no use to attempt to enter new paths at his age. This poor,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 754



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Prophets Separated

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WE all have a tendency to desire that we may see the result of our lives, and have the satisfaction that we have not lived in vain. But, more and more, as we see the unspeakable depth and breadth of the world's sin, and the little that is done to stem the torrent of iniquity, the more we are dissatisfied with ourselves, and inclined to think that we have lived in vain. But it is not for the workmen on a building to be responsible for the erection and completion of a building; that is the responsibility of the architect; they have only, each one, to do their part, and to leave the responsibility of the whole to him. Let us, too, trust the responsibility to God.

It must have been revealed to Elijah that God would take him by a whirlwind into heaven. Had he, like Enoch, faith that he should not see death? It is not so stated in Heb. 11: but the facts seem to warrant it. In any case he knew what was about to happen, and his one desire was to be alone. Elisha had faithfully followed him from the time of his call (1 Kings 19:19-21), and when Elijah said to him as they went from Gilgal, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel," he said unto him, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Bethel." Why must their journey necessarily lead to Bethel? It was there that his ancestor Jacob had seen the wondrous vision of the ladder, the communication between God and man; and in that vision a foreshadowing of Christ (John 1:51). It had been holy ground to Jacob; and on this ground so holy to the patriarch, Jeroboam had blasphemously placed the golden calf.

Elijah said to Elisha at Bethel, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho." But again the faithful follower knew what he had to do. It may have cost him much to withstand such a master, but he could have been no true follower of Elijah if he had not considered the known will of God more than any word from even such a man. And again he replied, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Jericho was the city which had been rebuilt in disobedience (John 6:26; 1 Kings 16:34). Why must Elijah come just here? He must see that just in this place, where defiance of God had reached such a height, God had his witnesses, and was by no means dependent on the sole witness of Elijah. God could do everything quite independently of any of us. It is no matter of self-glorification if our gracious God is pleased to use us in any way; it is his deep condescension. He could do all by angels. But he seeks from among man a people ready to his hand, as our beloved Lord was ready to his hand, not planning and carrying out great things for him, but ready to do or not to do, with equal joy; not always the same service but just as he chooses, and when and where. This journey of Elijah's was a preparation for the testimony which Moses and Elijah bore to the coming sufferings of Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration.

The sons of the prophets at Jericho put Elisha to the same test, and he answered them as he had done those at Bethel, and Elijah had thus the opportunity of seeing that the man whom God had chosen to be prophet in his room, was not to be distracted nor turned aside from the path to which God had called him. This lesson to Elijah, which made him see his own comparative insignificance, was his true preparation for the immediate presence of God.

Again, and for the last time, Elijah said "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan." But he met with the same answer. And they two went on. Here again were sons of the prophets; probably the prophet vocation may have received a great impetus from the victory of Jehovah on Mount Carmel. Here fifty of the sons of the prophets stood to view afar off; and they two stood by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.

Discovering Oneself Late in Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 753

despised, ignorant tinker, who was ridiculed by the Oxford and Cambridge scholars, most of whom, acording to Green, the historian, refused even to listen to him, accomplished a work that the world will never let die. He made a name for himself that will endure as long as the English language.

"The Eternal Spirit," says E. Benjamin Andrews, "may mean you for a prophet, poet, or scientist." You can only work out the true pattern of your life by answering to the call whenever it comes to you. What matter though you be thirty, forty, fifty or even more; it is not for you to question, hesitate, or doubt. Listen to the voice within your own soul, and obey. Every day the call is coming to men and women at the ninth, tenth and eleventh hour, to go forth into some new field and work out the life pattern designed for them. Only a few days ago, a leading New York paper published the story of a policeman, who, at the age of forty-five, is studying for the ministry. The fact that he is married and has a family to support, does not in the least discourage him. His own version of how the call to a new life came to him is interesting.

"I was assigned to duty here [Yale University] nearly ten years ago," he said to a reporter, "and it did not take me long to find that the atmosphere of the campus was to my liking. It was very different from Oak Street or some of the neighborhoods in the city, where the policeman has eternally to be on the alert for this or that mischief, or even crime. After a certain time of night, it was a lonely vigil that I kept, and through the long summer vacations time hung heavily enough. Once, about two o'clock in the morning, when I was patrolling the High Street side of the campus, back of the library, I thought of what a lot of valuable time I had wasted, although I have always been a reader, and, in my own way, a student of matters that interested me. I said to myself that although I was earning a livelihood for myself and family, yet there was much more that could be done."

Since that time Mr. Wiser has been diligently studying for his chosen calling, and, if his duties as a policeman do not conflict, he hopes within a very short time to become a special student in the Yale Divinity School.

If you have been honest with yourself in the past; if you have done the best you could under the circumstances in which you were placed; if you have kept up as far as was possible a continual process of self-culture, the discovery of the line of your greatest strength in middle life should not discourage you. It should be matter for congratulation, rather than discouragement. It proves that your mind is still active and alert, that it is still moving along youthful lines. It shows that you are awake to your possibilities, and if to this mental alertness you add a large portion of hope, courage and energy, you can still weave the pattern of a complete life.

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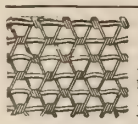

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Heaven in the Bible*

VERY vague and indefinite are the descriptions of heaven found in the Bible. Probably it is impossible to give a description that an in the flesh could understand. In Revelation, John attempted it, but it is evident that he was obliged to employ figures and images to convey an idea of the place to the human mind. We cannot believe that the streets are really paved with gold, that the foundations of the walls are really jewels, or the gates actually of pearl. The vision John had, we must suppose to have been one of dazzling splendor, indescribable by human words, and he turned to the treasury of things most precious in mortal eyes, for metaphors that would express its glories.

We are not, however, left without aid to a conception of heaven. There is enough told us, even in negation, to kindle an almost ardent desire to attain admission there. We learn that there is no pain there, no hunger nor thirst, no sorrow, no partings, no death. If these were eliminated from our lives here, how different they would be! To escape these, what would we not do? A life without them, even under present conditions, would approximate absolute felicity. To all these, must be added the culminating fact, that in heaven there is no sin. All the struggle against temptation, all the sorrow and suffering and remorse that sin brings into life here, will be absent from life there, and all the environment which promotes growth and knowledge and holiness, will surround the redeemed soul. How much it means to those who are leading spiritual lives here, and whose aspirations are for a closer walk with God, they alone know, and it is for such that heaven is reserved. We infer from all we are told by the inspired writers, that there is a continuity in life; that those who love God here and yearn for holiness, have their desires gratified there under infinitely more favorable conditions, while those who find their happiness here in fleshly pleasures and sensual indulgence, are self-excluded from heaven.

The tabernacle of God is with men.

We cannot conceive of the heavenly life in its fullness, but the spiritual life is preparation for it. Margaret Gatty has a pretty little parable from nature on the subject. It is of a butterfly nearing the end of her life, asking a caterpillar to be the guardian of her eggs. She gave particular instructions on their being fed with dew and such food as she herself liked. The caterpillar undertook the task, but knew not where to get such food for the embryo butterflies. But to her surprise, the eggs when they came to life proved not to be butterflies, but caterpillars like herself, and she could feed them easily enough. After a time she too went into a cocoon and emerged a butterfly. Then she too fed on the delicate food that she had been so worried to provide for her charges, and understood the delights of butterfly life.

They shall be his people. His people beyond the grave, as they are his people here. The elements in the soul will be developed from those now existing. A remarkable picture is that of the frontispiece to a work by an eminent anatomist. It represents a skeleton of the human hand and arm. In dim light suggestion around it is a wing like that of a huge bird. It is intended to show how the limb might, without changing its shape, put forth new growths and become a wing. We know not what changes of form the glorified human being may undergo, but the spiritual qualites of that future life will be developments of the soul's present powers.

Neither sorrow nor crying. In a recent exhibition of pictures there was one of sweet significance. It was a widow kneeling by the side of a coffin in which were the remains of a beautiful child. The widow's face was swollen with weeping, and tears were still on her cheeks, but there was a look of delighted surprise in her eyes. She had raised herself so that her gaze crossed the top of the coffin and rested on an open window. Through that window she could see the setting sun, and its rays were gilding the spires and monuments of a beautiful city. The spectacle must have reminded her of the home to which her loved ones had gone, of which God himself is the light, and it comforted her.

*"What the Bible Teaches About Heaven." Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 11. John 14:1-3; Rev. 21:1-8.

A GRATEFUL ARMENIAN

BEFORE the awful massacres of Armenians in 1896, there lived in the ancient city of Oorfa, Armenia, a family named Tanakjian. The father being dead, the family consisted of the mother, four grown daughters, three sons, and a young girl of about twelve, named Minas. At the time of the massacre many of the women and children fled to the neighboring village of Garmoog, where they found refuge. Minas and his mother were among those who thus escaped. The remainder of the family were not so fortunate. Three of the brothers were killed, one in the church where so many cruelly perished, and another in the street. Two of the sisters are now living; the husband of one of these was killed at the same time as the others. The young Minas was one of the orphans supported and educated by the gifts of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at the mission, under the supervision of the well-known American missionary, Miss Corinna Shattuck. Here the boy was taught in school till the three years, the remaining four being devoted to learning the trade of cabinet-making, in which he became expert. Now he has come to this country, with the greatest confidence in everybody and everything American, and with courage and faith to meet all difficulties, as he is proficient in his trade, and young and strong. One of the first duties of young Tanakjian on coming to the United States was to call at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to express his gratitude for all that had been done for him by its readers. Not only did he express his own thanks, but he had been especially commissioned to deliver, as best he could, the heartfelt gratitude and appreciation of all the other orphans in Oorfa, who had been supported and educated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Minas speaks very little English, saying, "It seems not the same in books." But he will soon learn. He has an earnest, kindly face, full of determination and courage. Loyalty to those who were his friends during the dreadful times following the massacre is one of his strongest characteristics, and there is no doubt but that in a short time he will take front rank in the army of America's adopted citizens. He will never forget his indebtedness to those good-hearted, generous Americans who were the mainstay of the Armenians during that terrible time of trial.

MINAS TANAKJIAN

THE USE OF FLOWERS

See Illustration on Front Cover

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
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Pleasantville Terrace, a splendid tract of high land, formerly General Doughty's Estate, has just been purchased by the Atlantic City Estate Company, who are placing it on the market for the first time.

The Company have divided this property in lots 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Such an opportunity to secure a home site suburban to the world's Ocean Sanitarium is not likely to occur again.

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Mayor of Atlantic City.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., August 6, 1904.

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Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J.

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Offices; Bible House, New York

SEE PAGE 774

Lisping their Prayers at Mother's Knee

OUR MAIL-BAG

IS THE CHURCH FOR SAINTS OR FOR SINNERS?

IN this issue, "The Saint and Sinner" Symposium, begun in our issue of Aug. 3, is continued. The very large number of letters received show the widespread interest that is taken in the question.

God's Plan for the Church

THAT saint and sinner both dwell together in the Church until harvest-time, sufficient proof, I think, is found in the parable of our Lord, as contained in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew. No Church is justified in keeping among its members scandalous persons, but we all know from sad experience of schisms and broken households, the need of care in this matter. Our foreign missionaries are using a "period of probation" very effectively among their heathen converts. OPHELIA S. MITCHELL.
Louisville, Ky.

The Church Composed of Sinners

THE true Church—the Church or Body of Christ—is only composed of sinners saved by grace. The churches built by men are meant for worship, and in such places both saints and sinners meet. No one should be excluded, but in the election of members or elders the utmost care should be exercised, to prevent bad or doubtful characters from holding such a position. W. PAYNE LE SUEUR.
Morley, Alberta.

Emphatically for Both

THE Church is emphatically for both, sinners being the exclusive material out of which saints are made, largely in the Church and by the Church—for God. The Church really is a body of learners seeking to learn the acceptable worship of God. In it and by it both saints and sinners are taught the way of the Lord. W. A. SHOEMAKER.
Elmira, N. Y.

Reach Out a Helping Hand

THE saint should reach out a helping hand to the poor, fallen, discouraged sinner, who has perhaps often tried to be a Christian, but failed, and now wishes to try again. If we took for our life motto, "To do as Jesus would do," we would follow more closely in his footsteps.
St. Augustine, Ill. OLLIE C. NORDWALL.

Repentant Sinners Should be Welcomed

THE Church should call sinners, but receive only repentants. I have never been able to understand the probation plan. It says, "If you are strong enough to stand alone for six months, we will help you; if not, you cannot belong to us." Does the Master put us on probation when we come to Him? Is the Church better than the Master? The very minute we bring truly repentant hearts to Him he accepts us as his disciples. Why should not the Church? I remember how long it was after I became a Christian before I joined the Church, because I was so afraid of that six months' probation. I tried to live just as near my Master, but I knew He understood everything and could see my motives for everything I did, and I was afraid that the Church, not knowing the motive, might misjudge. At last I joined a Church that took me without any probation, and on the simple assertion that I loved the Lord with all my heart and my neighbor as myself. The minute I was received into their Christian fellowship I felt stronger and I have never been sorry. Better for the Church to receive ten hypocrites than to turn away one repentant soul. S. A. M.
Concord Junction, Mass.

Bring the Sinners In

AT one time, it was my privilege to join a band of young Christians, in which none were excluded who desired membership. Those who made no profession were entered as associate members. I never knew a more prosperous society. Our strength came from God alone; we did not look to our unconverted members for our example, but in every way endeavored to win them to Christ. There was so much earnestness manifested among them that I couldn't help doing my best also. During my stay, we were able in His strength to win all (with one exception). Sinners will not frequent a truly spiritual prayer meeting unless their hearts yearn for something better than the world can supply.
Young Hickory, N. Y. IRENA BATES.

The Unconverted Not Eligible

THE Church never was designed to be a home for lost sinners. It would be absurd to call a mixture of saved and unsaved people a Church; because the term, "Church," in its spiritual and scriptural sense, means a body of believers. It is my candid opinion that the union of an unsaved person with the Church is not helpful, but rather injurious to both. Repentance, not union with the Church, is what God requires of lost sinners. Union with the Church should come afterwards. ELLEN L. INGOLD.
Eufala, N. C.

Elder Knapp's Solution of the Question

"THE saint or sinner" question reminds me of a story told by Elder Knapp. I heard it about thirty years ago. It seems to fit the above question so well, that I give it as I remember it, without comment: "I was holding revival meetings in New York City," he said, "and among the professed converts was a woman who had been a sinner, and, according to her story, one of the worst in the city. After her conversion, she worked among the fallen women of the city with great success. In course of time she applied for admission to the Church. When it became known that she desired to join, a number of the women of the Church got together, and declared that if she was admitted they would leave the Church. The officials were in sore trouble over the matter, and in their extremity applied to me. I advised them to call a meeting of the Church and if it was their pleasure, I would in the meeting consult with them. It was a very serious matter and threatened to disrupt the Church. I laid the matter before the Lord in prayer and I went to the meeting. They were badly split and could not agree. I was called upon for my opinion. I told them that it seemed to me that the difficulty had originated when we began our series of revival meetings, in one of which this woman had been converted. When we began, we prayed the Lord to convert souls; we did not specify what kind of souls we wanted converted, and he in his grace had converted a soul that was not wanted. Now the question is, What are we going to do with this one whom the Lord clearly has chosen for his own? There was profound silence for a moment. One of the objectors said, 'I guess if she is good enough for the Lord, she is good enough for me. All who feel as I do, stand up.' There seemed but one motion, as every one stood up. This," said Elder Knapp, "happened several years ago, and I can certify to the fact that that woman is one of his honored workers in a field to which He, without doubt, called her Himself." J. H. SYME.
Chicago, Ill.

Be Ye Separate ——

NOT long ago I heard a pastor tell this story. A young man asked a companion if his sister were a church member. "No," answered his companion, "my sister is not a member of the church, though her name is on the church-book and she answers to the roll-call. My sister belongs to society, to the club, to the lodge, to the card-party, the theater, the ball-room. She does not belong to the Church."

Now I ask any thoughtful Christian if this lady and her class are of any benefit to the Church, or the Church to them, is it not scriptural and, therefore, better for the two to be "separate" until there is reasonable evidence of the new birth and the indwelling spirit? T.
Marion, Iowa.

Must be Converted First

THE first exhortation addressed to sinners dead in trespasses and sins is: "Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." With the heart unchanged, and the spirit unrenewed, it is impossible to please God or to live a consecrated life. No unconverted man or woman is fit for membership in the Church that is built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. ISAAC STARR.
Tyler, Minn.

A Poetical Illustration

TO his home, the prodigal came,
Surely not to the elder brother,
Tho' he carried a goodly name,
Yet, the robe found its place on the other.
The saint that's too good for the sinner
Will surely change places at last.
Only they who are humble, be winner,
Who no stones at their neighbor have cast.
Minneapolis, Minn. I. K. WILLING.

It is for All Professing Christians

A CHURCH is for those who profess Jesus as Lord. It is not for those who say they are "good enough," but for those who realize their weakness and sinfulness, and desire greatly the blessed influence of the Church. As long as any one knows the Church helps him to grow, and enables him to grow strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, as long as he desires to grow in grace and in knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, I can't see any reason why we should refuse him admittance. HUGH W. EWART,
Waunakee, Wis. *Pastor Presbyterian Church.*

"The Visible Church is for the Sinners"

MY humble contention is that the visible Church is for the sinners, for how otherwise could we take the words of the Blessed Master, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"? It suggests itself to me that the one great lack of the visible Church of to-day is that too many are ready to think "more highly of himself than he ought," and this spirit breeds a class distinction which is no part of the plan of redemption. Let all men and women who are members of the "Church" pray for that spirit which will cleanse us of self, and fill us with Jesus Christ, and then will thousands be turned to the Lord daily.
Greenville, Mich. FREDK. C. O'MEARA,
Rector St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

It Should Not Judge, but "Gather Them In"

IT is not so much the business of the Church to sit as a tribunal, as to "gather them in." R. J. HARE.
East Bend, Ala.

For All Who Truly Repent

IT is for all who truly repent and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God. M. C.
Catskill, N. Y.

Accept All Who are Drawn to Christ

I WOULD consider it highly incompatible with its teachings, if an evangelical Church should refuse to accept into membership any person who publicly confesses his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and affirms it to be his purpose to strive to live a Christian life. Whether the applicant is known to have been notoriously irreligious or not, he should first be required to give public testimony, and in as simple a manner as possible, state about when he experienced the change of thought towards God and realize his need of a Saviour, what caused this change, and h reasons for now desiring to unite with the Church. If h answers are satisfactory to his examiners, and his prese life and conduct, so far as is known, in accord with his test mony, there can be found no reasonable objection to recei ing him into fellowship. The Gospel message is "Whos ever will may come," and if the Church would be consiste and follow the example of Him whom it represents, it mus in like manner, accept "Whosoever cometh."

It is very probable that by giving credence merely to pe sonal testimonies, there shall be received into fellowsh some whose purpose it is to use their membership in t Church of Christ as a cloak to disarm suspicion and to cov their unrighteous living; but there are none among us at th time, who are themselves so righteous and endowed by t Holy Spirit with such unerring powers of discernment (was manifested in the case of Ananias and Sapphira), th can properly and wisely advise us when to withhold t privileges of fellowship from applicants, and therefore deny admission to those who apply because of their pa sins, though their lives or words of testimony at the prese give evidence of a change in life or thought, and for fear le they might not be what they pretend, would be rank hypo risy on our part.

There is nothing to be gained by keeping an applicant f membership on probation. I do not find this taught in t Bible, from which, I think, should be obtained all our ide of church government. It is said that Moody, then a l fresh from the country, applied for admission into a Chur in Boston, but older and wiser men did not consider h quite eligible as yet to membership, and he was therefo told to wait for a time and consider the step more carefull but this young man, filled with the Spirit of God, went o from that church to find other fields in which to labor, a moved the world for God. LEONARD L. NONES.
New York.

Only the Saved Acceptable

THE Church is the visible body of Christ on earth (I. C 12: 27; Col. 1: 24). No unsafe person can, in reali become a member of the real Church, unless they acce Christ. For the Church "should be holy and without spo To admit everybody as members of the visible organizatio regardless whether saved or not, would be forming an allian with the world that Acts 2: 47 directly opposes: "The Lo added unto the Church daily such as were being save "Only saved souls can be members of Christ's body, t Church, of which he is the Head. And they are thus join to that body by his Spirit" (I. Cor. 12: 13).
Chicago, Ill. EVANGELIST G. H. W

Would Not Even Exclude a Saloon-keeper

WE think it is for both, and do not think any one shou be excluded, not even a saloon-keeper. We feel he no worse than a great many who take an active part in chu work. Though they do not keep a saloon, they supp them by their patronage as well as by their votes.
Saline, N. D. MRS. LULU SALISBURY

Certain Sinners Should Be Excluded

WE are told that a man who has murdered shall not ha life eternal with God, but will be punished for ev and as to a man or woman who has been married and par and married again, there is no trace in God's teachings their forgiveness. Many more such as these are found the Bible. Taking such characters into a Church will not the person any good, and stands a fair show of doing Church a great deal of harm. FRED BELI
Ethel, Mo.

Teach the Sinner the Way

NONE should be allowed to think that joining the Chu will save the soul. Jesus received sinners and ate w them; but this did not save them. He said of those who the judgment would make the claim, "We have eaten drunk in thy presence," "Depart from me, for I never kn you."

Jesus said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise c out." And how are we to come? The only way, the n row way, that Jesus pointed out is, "Repentance toward G and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." But if the ap cant be ignorant of these conditions and manifestly anxi to know them, he will be willing to tarry, or join the Chu on trial until he receive the necessary instructions.
Stockton, Ill. J. S. LEWIS

Only Believers Eligible

ONLY those who repent and believe in Jesus should accepted (Luke 24: 47). The Church is not the Savi of men, but Jesus Christ. It is rank idolatry to preach Church as the Saviour of men, and to receive people into Church to save them is denying Christ as the only Savi Bible examples and teachings all forbid the reception unbelievers into the Church. The Lord added the saved the Church. Acts 2d, 47th verse, correct reading.
Austin, Texas. L. M. MAYS

Accept Only the Converted

THE Church is a very good place for sinners who saved by grace, but the wrong place for any other kin An applicant should undergo a thorough examination as to spiritual condition, before being enrolled as a Church me ber. If we are to have good, strong, efficient Christian diers, we must maintain a high standard for recruits. rolling sinners on the Church book and trying to con

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE MISSION BIBLE CLASS ON THE U. S. S. "CINCINNATI" ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING REV. AND MRS. WOODBERRY AND FAMILY

With Our Squadron at Shanghai

GOSPEL WORK ON ADMIRAL STIRLING'S SHIPS IN WAR TIME

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE United States Navy in China is a big subject, yet it is composed of units, of individuals whose places in the family circle at home are vacant, and to whose fathers and mothers a few lines from a missionary father and mother in Shanghai, the Chicago of China, may be welcome.

We recently had a most pleasant chat with Admiral Yates Stirling on the *New Orleans* (his temporary flagship, while waiting for the *San Francisco*). The Admiral has been transferred to Shanghai headquarters from the Philippine Squadron. We all feel pleased to welcome this genial and gallant officer and representative American to our city. It has been one of the compensations of the present war in North China to have the headquarters of the United States Navy transferred to Central China, and an unusual number of American ships have gladdened our eyes on the Huangpu River and in the harbor. Japan has been the favorite anchorage for American transports and battleships hitherto.

We have reaped quite a harvest of new friends and delightful reminiscences from the new arrangement, in Shanghai. The United States monitor *Monadnock* is our guard-ship, and Commander Dennis Mahan, Lieutenant Oman and the junior officers are all very popular and well known. The monitor is anchored off the Ewo Jetty, and is visited from week to week, and services held on board by friends of the men. But this spring we have had practically the whole of the cruiser and gunboat squadrons at our doors, and have had very pleasant visits with the Commanders, and Sunday services and mid-week social hours with the men. The U. S. S. *New Orleans*, *Albany*, *Cincinnati*, *Raleigh*, *Wilmington*, *Vicksburg*, *Annapolis*, *El Cano*, *Villalobos* and *Frolic* will long be remembered. The two little gunboats with Spanish names, from the Philippines, are on the Yangtsekiang, and come often to Shanghai; but the others only pay us occasional visits, and we are always sorry to see them go.

It is difficult to discriminate where all are so heartily welcome. When we think of the *New Orleans*, we recall Admiral Stirling, and his cordial greetings and answers to our many questions about the fleet. The *Cincinnati* sent her steam launch for us on Sunday mornings, and genial Commander Mason never failed to give us a personal welcome, and attend Divine Service. Commanders Harris and Marshall of the *Wilmington* and *Vicksburg*, granted us permission to meet with the crews on many occasions, and we held charming entertainments on board, making many friends among the men. Commander Hutchins of the *Annapolis*, and his officers, were "cordiality personified." Commander Dyer of the *Albany*, and Commander Nazro of the *Raleigh*, favored our presence on board also, whenever we desired; and the little despatch boat *Frolic* (formerly the famous yacht *Commanche*, sold to the United States Government by Senator Mark Hanna's brother), was always just full of welcome and sunshine. Our visits were an inspiration!

U. S. MONITOR "MONADNOCK"

CREW OF THE U. S. MONITOR "MONADNOCK"

U. S. S. "NEW ORLEANS"

We can merely mention the commanders of our China naval ships and pay them a warm tribute of regard as we pass on, and wish them *bon voyage* wherever they may go. Our battleships remain at Woosung, at the outer anchorage, several miles from the city, when they pay us flying visits, and we have a 14-mile railroad trip to make when we pay them a visit. The *Oregon* is a great favorite, associated with the famous days of 1900, and the *Kentucky* and *Wisconsin* are rare visitors, hailing only once or so a year. The *Monterey* (companion monitor with the *Monadnock*), is the present guard-ship at Canton, alternating between Canton and Shanghai with the *Monadnock*. While on a visit to Hongkong and Canton this spring, we were cordially welcomed on the *Monterey* by Commander Osterhaus, who permitted us to entertain the men on board that evening, and invited the men of the *Callao* to come on board also.

We now pass on to the "deck," where we missionaries have spent many pleasant hours with the sailor boys, and had very satisfactory results. Several of our ships came to us from the Isles of the Pacific, or Korea, not having had Gospel services for weeks and months. The conditions were favorable for Gospel workers, of whom we have many in Shanghai.

Music is most appreciated in ship services. Two ladies have an enviable record in that line. Singing evangelists from the U. S. A., they came to China as Miss Dieterle and Miss McDonald, about 1900, when the assembled ships, and foreigners from all over the Empire, made Shanghai a "City of Refuge." Their music was much blessed in winning the sailors to a higher life. Miss McDonald is now Mrs. C. P. Newton, of Shanghai, and Miss Dieterle is doing missionary work in our Beulah Chapel. They are wholly consecrated musicians, and every song is sung in the hope to win a soul for the Kingdom. We have found the magic lantern also an invaluable aid in interesting the men on board. The explanation of many of the pictures thrown on the screen has been rendered by a song sung by our children, Ethel, Earle, and Ora, with the baby organ.

At a recent ship entertainment, a young man was represented on the screen at "The Parting of the Ways," just stepping out from the old home, and going forth to meet the glowing future. We sang, "Where is my

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The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Labor's Afflictions

TEXT—Exodus 1 : 12: "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew"

"SOME virtues," wrote Joseph Addison, "are seen only in affliction." But from the Egyptian standpoint, it would take a very long and a very useless investigation to find any virtue in the national catastrophe, which, as the text would indicate, was about to overwhelm the Egyptian kingdom. The mightiest foreign foe ever assembled upon the borderland, drained by the arteries of the gigantic Nile, was not to be feared as much as was the host of enslaved Hebrews who were living among them. It was only a few hundred years before that a little handful of Hebrews, with their flocks and herds, had migrated to and settled in the land of Goshen during the premiership of Joseph, the famous statesman. But since that time the descendants of old Jacob had multiplied so greatly that now they could be counted literally by the hundreds of thousands. Not only in numbers were they to be feared, but in mental power also. With the proverbial acquisitiveness of the Hebrew, these people were absorbing much of the wealth of the kingdom. Moreover, the "signs of the times" declared they would soon become rulers of the nation. By a silent revolution, they threatened to take possession of the Egyptian government, as long afterward the descendants of the old Aztecs, whose fathers had been conquered by Cortez, bided their time, and finally worked out their own governmental salvation by electing practically a full-blooded Indian to the throne of the Montezumas—Porfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic.

Pharaoh's Method

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" was the one question that was upon almost every Egyptian lip. "Shall we allow the Hebrew people to become the dominant factors upon the banks of the Nile, and to sit upon the throne of the Pharaohs?" This question was not only asked in the street, but it was anxiously discussed in the king's palace. To-night we see the lights blazing in the privy council room. As we enter the council chamber, we see the king sitting at the end of the long room, surrounded by his best and strongest ministers. After the question has been talked over long and earnestly, I see the king rise. He looks straight at his councilors of state, as he says: "Gentlemen, we are facing a condition, not a theory. We dare not, and cannot, deport the Hebrews from our realm. They are now essential to our national welfare and prosperity, as laborers, clerks, and servants. But we can debar them from holding property. We can forbid them studying in our schools. We can enslave them, and make them the chattels of our people. We can degrade them by ignorance and overwork. Thus saith the king. I here and now decree the Hebrew men, and women, and children from henceforth to be in perpetual bondage. They shall be compelled to make bricks without straw. My ministers will see that my decree is carried out. When the king speaks, the king's will becomes the law."

This royal behest was carried out to the letter. The Hebrew people living in Egypt were disfranchised. Not only were they deprived of the rights of citizenship, but they were degraded to the most abject and humiliating servitude. Their property was taken away from them, and they could not even claim their wives and children as their own. Yet, strange to say, and yet not strange after all, the more the Hebrews were cursed and struck, and ill-used, and murdered by the Egyptians, the more their numbers grew, and the more of a menace they became to the Egyptian government. The labor question, on account of the brutalities practiced under the shadow of Pharaoh's throne in 1573 B.C., became as imminent and dangerous as is the labor question in the United States of America in 1904, A.D., under the shadow of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, which stands in New York Harbor, and with uplifted arm by day and uplifted light by night, declares that all men in this land are free and equal.

Self-Inflicted Grievances

This is the first Sunday in September. To-morrow is Labor Day. Many preachers this Sabbath morning will be talking to the mechanics, the clerks and the farm-hands, to the masons, the carpenters and plumbers, and to all those who work with their hands. It is not inappropriate that this morning I should present some of the conditions that are afflicting American labor. If in this talk I should speak frankly concerning capital, I shall speak with equal candor concerning labor; for I firmly believe, as a dear friend of mine said to me a few days ago, that, "the greatest curse labor has to bear to-day does not come from capital, but from labor itself." One-sided treatment of the labor question will never help to solve the problem.

"The more the Egyptian masters afflicted the Hebrew slaves," says our text, "the more they multiplied and grew, and the Egyptians grieved because of the children of Israel." Labor's afflictions! We first find them in the American laborer being compelled to compete for work in a home market that is glutted with foreign immigrants. We find them in the great army of invaders, which, each year, disembarks at Bedloe's Island, New York's Castle Garden of the present day. We find them in the impoverished Italians, and the Bohemians, and the Portuguese, and in the human offscourings of Europe, who each year come to our manufacturers, and foundrymen, and contractors, and say: "Let me handle your pick;" "Let me lay your asphalt pavement;" "Let me dig your mines;" "Let me chop your wood;" "Let me work in your foundries." "We are foreigners. We do not intend to become citizens of the United States. As soon as we can save up a little money, we intend to return to our native land and live there. But, meantime, we will work cheaper than any American man can work. Why? Because our living expenses are practically nothing. We will live in dugouts. We will eat food that no American family would eat. We will buy no books, and will wear the cheapest clothing. As a result of these conditions of living, we can crowd your American workman to the wall."

Our Debt to Foreigners

The American laborer, from this foreign competition, must have help, and help right soon to save him from this condition of affairs. Our National Legislature must give it. Shall we lift high our tariff walls to protect capital, and not at the same time lift high our walls of immigration laws to protect our native workers? Is not the American laborer's sturdy arm as valuable, in the sight of our Government, as the capitalist's pocket-book? "What do you mean by such a statement as that?" someone asks. "Would you start another Know-nothing Party? Would your ballot-box slogan be 'American work only for the American-born.' 'American political offices only to be held by those cradled under the shadows of Mt. Washington and Pike's Peak?'" Oh, no, I am not preaching any such political nonsense. I do not believe there ever was a political party wrapped in the swaddling clothes of so many errors as that born in 1853, and which, with Ex-President Millard Fillmore as its Presidential candidate, swept many of our Northern States in 1856 with the political cry "America only for the American-born." American liberties and American prowess, both on land and sea, militarily and industrially, have been won and built up by America's adopted sons as well as by her native-born children. Were there not foreigners among George Washington's mightiest companions-in-arms? Baron Johan DeKalb, who was shot at Camden in 1780, and Kosciusko and Lafayette, and many others—they were all foreign-born. Who was the most valued statesman during Washington's Administration, next to the President himself? Alexander Hamilton, who was foreign-born. Who was John Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, that revolutionized naval warfare and saved the American navy off Newport News? He was a Swedish-American; he was foreign-born. Some of our greatest merchants, like A. T. Stewart, of New York; our greatest foundrymen, like Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg; our greatest scientists, like Agassiz, of Harvard; our social reformers, like Jacob A. Riis, of New York; and the most eminent political leaders of our day, like Carl Schurz, once Senator from Missouri and member of President Hayes' Cabinet—they were all foreign-born. If you blot out from our nation's history all the deeds which America's foster-sons and daughters have accomplished for the land of their adoption, you blot out some of its brightest pages.

Foreign Competition

But while we, as American citizens, would welcome gladly into our midst the German, or Englishman or Scotchman or Swede, and the men of any foreign nationality who with intelligence would come among us and say: "Brother, give me thy hand, for to-day I would be one with you, and become an American citizen;" yet to-day we would not welcome the ignorant, the idle, the filthy, the pauper, the lazzaroni or the criminal offscourings of Europe or Asia, who would come to this land, not to become American citizens, but to stay here just long enough to scrape together a few thousand dollars, and then go back to the land of their birth. We would not welcome the ignorant and the depraved of foreign lands, who would underbid our American workmen, and compel our American boys and girls to live in dugouts or as rats in a cellar, as they live. These classes have neither part nor parcel in the glorious inheritance of freedom and equality for which our forefathers fought and bled. While we would gladly open our gates to the oppressed of other lands, we would shut them against a horde that can have no appreciation for the precious privilege of American citizenship, and no sympathy with our national aims and ambitions, and whose coming is as much a menace to our people, as the cloud of locusts is to the harvest-field. Nations, like individuals, should be as well as generous in their hospitality. We must protect ourselves against the industrial locusts of the World by wise and discriminating laws, which shall do injustice to none, and which, while vindicating our ancient hospitality as a world-wide asylum for the lovers of liberty and independence, shall shut out the swarms of mere mercenaries, and against the "undesirable elements" which other lands seek to thrust upon us, from whatever quarter they may come.

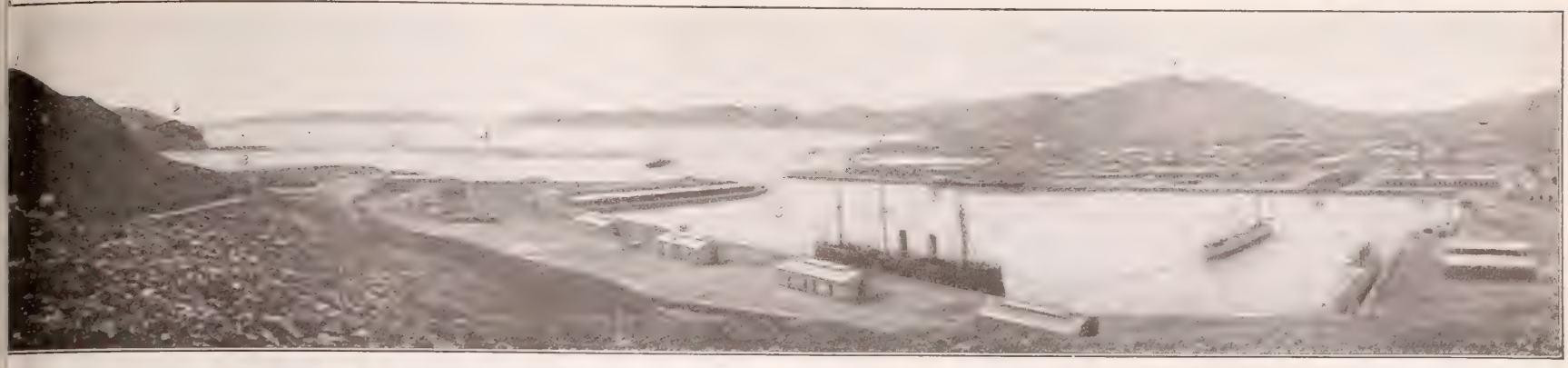
Unwise Labor Unions

Labor's next great affliction is to be found in the absurd and tyrannical demands made by some labor unions, which seem to have the suicidal policy of antagonizing capital at all times and under all pretexts and of widening the breach between capital and labor, with the result that labor itself is the heaviest sufferer through their insane follies. The most brutal tyrant the Southern negro knew in ante-bellum days was not the white man, but the negro himself, who was made the overseer of the plantation. In the same way in many cases, the most brutal tyrant the laboring man has to-day is not the capitalist, but the "walking delegate," or the mercenary political trickster, who, as a laboring man, manipulates the executive committees which govern the labor unions for their own ruin. Of course this indictment is not universal in its application. There are many honest and upright and beneficent labor organizations, like that of which the late Mr. Arthur was the President, namely: the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Arthur brought that organization up to such perfection that it not only looked after the interests of the owners of the different railroads, but after the interests of the engineers themselves. There are many clear-brained, sagacious and noble-minded labor leaders, whose object is not to disorganize the labor market but to steady it, so that employer as well as the employed may have their rights. "I do not believe in strikes for the laboring man," said Terence V. Powderly a few months ago. "It is true we had some, when I was at the head of the Knights of Labor, but we settled 1100 labor disputes without strikes. Indeed, I might say we prevented over 1000 strikes." Yet, strange to say, where there has been an able and sagacious labor leader, whose chief object seemed to have been to make every man do his honest quota of work and get his just pay, there have been many whose chief object has been to find out how much they can permit a laborer to do and how much they can make an employer pay without literally breaking his back. Such men are an incubus on labor. Like the old man of the sea who sat on the neck of Sinbad, they sit heavily upon the workingman's shoulders, impeding his progress and involving him in endless disputes and trouble. The sooner he rids himself of such encumbrance the better.

Mutual Sympathy

Now, my laboring friends, mark you this. I am not claiming that capital is all right and labor is all wrong. I think some of the most merciless men in the world are to be found in the ranks of capitalists. Some of them will squeeze out of a worker his last drop of blood. Some of them have no more sympathy with hunger and poverty of the worker than Marie Antoinette had with the sufferings of poor Paris, when she heard the cry of the mobs, "Give us bread! We must have bread!" "Why," said the shallow-brained French queen to one of her attendants, "do they ask for bread? If they have no bread, why don't they eat cake?" But while capital in some instances may be merciless, it is quite certain that if the labor unions will stop their petty bickerings and their unjustifiable tyrannies and unitedly demand what is right, capital will be compelled to yield to all of labor's just demands. So long as labor persists in making absurd claims, just so long will labor not only be refused such demands, but labor will lose much of what she justly and rightfully ought to have. When a labor union comes and says, "Capitalist, you must hire the men I send to you and no others," then the capitalist, stung by such tyranny, replies, "Rather than have you dictate to me what I shall do, I will fight your organization to the last dollar. My forefathers died on Bunker Hill and at Valley Forge for liberty. Free I was born, free I shall live, and free I shall die." It is flint against steel, and is the inevitable result of such a course of action. This is the spirit with which capital is to-day fighting labor when labor makes absurd and unjust demands.

Port Arthur's Hopeless Struggle



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND FORTS OF PORT ARTHUR

1—Golden Hill, the principal fort. 2—Tiger's Tail fortifications. 3—Channel leading into harbor. 4—Shallow part of harbor, partly dredged for merchant ships. 5—Inner or Naval Basin for warships. 6—Commercial quarter of city. 7—Chinese Eastern Railroad. 8—Steamer of Volunteer Fleet. 9—Hill over which Japanese entered city in 1895. 10—Old French Dry Dock. 11—Upper basin for torpedo fleet. 12—Old Chinese fort, now used as Russian barracks.

ALTHOUGH the fall of Port Arthur has seemed inevitable for many weeks past, the determined defence by the Russians has excited the wonder and admiration of the military world. At ıe same time, the frightful sacrifice of life on both ides has been so appalling as to shock humanity. It is sserted that one-fifth of the Japanese assaulting force as been either killed or wounded. Russian mines have nihilated whole Japanese regiments. Practically all ıe Russian warships in the port are dismantled, their ıns being used in the land defence. The vessels will obably be blown up in the last extremity.

Gen. Stoessel, foreseeing the downfall of the fortress, ometime ago concluded a message to a friend in Moscow ith the words: "Port Arthur will be my tomb. Farewell rever!" Still, even face to face with death, the defend- s stood to their guns. A land assault by the now rein- rced Japanese began on Aug. 22, and at frightful loss life, all the outer defences were captured. Soon hardly building was left standing in the city, according to the ports received at Chefoo. Thousands of dead strewed e hillsides. The living were partially sheltered by mb-proofs. Theatres, hospitals, barracks, and every velling that afforded a mark for the enemy's guns was duced to ruins. Only a few women and children mained in the fortress. Lieut. McCully, the U. S. val attache, left for Chefoo on Aug. 23. The German ilitary attache also left the doomed fortress.

On Aug. 24, the end seemed near. All the hills sur- unding the city, except Golden Hill, were now crowned ith Japanese cannon. In the fort, the scene was like charnel-house. Many of the dead were laid in ware- uses awaiting burial in quicklime. The Chinese uses were full of wounded. The Japanese cruisers *isshin* and *Kasuga*, after a heavy bombardment, enced the strong forts east of Golden Hill. Perhaps the most destructive attack was that on the famous "Chair Fort," which was captured after a fierce struggle and the loss of many lives.

An international dispute of considerable proportions arose over the fact that two Russian warships—the cruiser *Askold* and the destroyer *Grozovoi*—found shelter at Shanghai after the famous sea fight off Port Arthur on August 10. Both vessels had sustained damage from the Japanese fire, and they went into dock for repairs. Japan demanded that the Chinese authorities compel the Russian ships to go to sea at the expiration of the time limit, but the Russian Consul-General

RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD," NOW AT SHANGHAI

absolutely refused to allow this, and the Chinese Taotai was powerless. Meanwhile, a Japanese destroyer steamed up the river, and for a time it was feared that an attack would be made on the Russian vessels by a Japanese squadron that hovered near. The Consuls met, and protests and counter-protests were entered. The United States torpedo-boat destroyer *Chauncey* was in the harbor, lying at her dock between the *Askold* and her enemy, and as there were eight American (under Admiral Stirling) one German, two British and four French warships in port, any attempt to take the fugitives by force, or to destroy them, might have stirred up a serious international quarrel, all the ships other than the combatants being desirous of preserving the neutrality of the Chinese harbor, and protecting foreign interests. After a week of acute discussion, the affair was settled by an order from the Czar directing that the two Russian ships be dismantled. They will, therefore, be permitted to stay, but cannot share in further naval operations, and will probably be claimed as prizes by Japan at the close of the war.

Another Russian refugee warship, the *Novik*, which fled to Khorsakovsk, on the Island of Sakhalin, met with a more tragic fate. She was overtaken by the *Chitose*, and *Akitsushima*, two of Admiral Kamimura's ships, and destroyed on Aug. 20, her crew, however, being saved. The *Novik* was the boldest vessel of the Port Arthur fleet and had led in many of its most daring operations. She was at one time the flagship of the late Admiral Makaroff. The *Diana*, another fugitive warship from Port Arthur, succeeded in reaching the French-Chinese port of Saigon in safety.

Russia's converted cruisers have apparently resumed operations, hunting for contraband. The British steamer *Comedian* was stopped in South Atlantic waters by a steamer supposed to be the *Smolensk*, and her papers examined. Britain has made an official protest to St. Petersburg.

Two Russian destroyers at Port Arthur are reported as having been sunk by submarine mines.

ABOR'S AFFLICTIONS

Continued from preceding page

But I would speak also in reference to another eat affliction from which labor to-day is suffering. allude not to the competition of American labor with e foreign hordes, but to that unnatural and ever-in- easing competition between our American boys and eir American sisters in the labor market. Brothers ruggle for bread in competition with sisters; fathers mpete with their own daughters. Now, I know the w words that I am going to speak will not be popular th some, but what I have to say I hope may be ard patiently and with profit.

The world, by every law of justice, owes every man, oman and child a living, if they are ready to work for But God never intended some people to work for a ing in certain ways any more than he intended a colt x months old to do the work of a well-developed draft orse. He never intended young boys and girls to ave school before their time, or wives and daughters to bor as farm-hands in the fields, when there are sturdy thers and brothers, physically able to bear the brunt the work under the noontide sun. Yet everywhere e see strong men, able-bodied men, who want to work, d yet who are unable to find employment, because the ork that they should do is being done by women who ght to be at home caring for the household. This ndition is a menace not only to the American labor arket, but to the American home and family. Both ust suffer by the substitution of women and girls for en and boys in the factories and stores of our land. he natural place for woman is the home. It is there at the qualities with which God has endowed her, d their proper exercise. To be the wife and mother, make the house a home by her sweet and refining fluence, to train the children to be good and wise men d virtuous women by a mother's love and care—these e the services she alone can render, and if she deserts at duty it will go undone, and this country will lose s moral tone. There is no compensation known to an for the lack of a mother's beneficent influence on r children.

I yield to no man in my admiration for the girl who, being left fatherless, and having no brothers capable of earning a livelihood for the bereaved family, goes forth to toil for the support of her widowed mother and her fatherless brothers and sisters. Many a noble girl is doing that, and deserves to be honored for her conduct. Many a girl, unsought in marriage, seeing her father gradually losing by age his capacity for work, takes up the burden of helping to provide for the family, which he is no longer able to bear alone. All honor to her for the assistance she is rendering, and for the sympathy and reverence for her parents which she displays, in relieving them of care and anxiety. Many a widow, clinging to her children, and shrinking from the pain of having them scattered in the charitable homes of relatives or friends, finds employment, by which she can support and educate them and fit them for their duty in life. God bless and help all such, and give them the strength they need for their arduous lot! They should have our hearty sympathy and our cordial help in their self-sacrificing labor.

But the spectacle of what such women are doing has stirred the ambition of another class of women. These are they who voluntarily and by choice, elect to do a man's work in the world. In order that they may escape the drudgery of domestic service, or the weariness of school teaching, or in order to obtain money for extravagant dress and ornament, or for luxuries which their fathers cannot provide, they thrust themselves into business pursuits, displacing some man who was earning a higher salary, and they help to depress the market rate of wages.

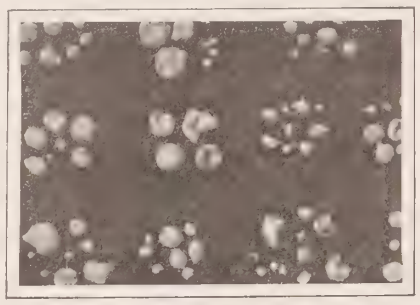
I protest against a system which makes it impossible for a strong, able-bodied man to find work, forcing him to stay at home and live upon his young daughters' earnings, when they themselves should be at school or helping their mothers at home. There are only two ways to rectify this evil. Employers should hire their employees in two ways. First, when an applicant comes for a place, give the preference to men who are husbands and fathers and the heads of families; second, absolutely refuse to employ any young girl in a store or factory, unless that young girl is fatherless, brotherless, and has others dependent upon her for support. It is high time that some of our female clerks, who are working in stores for a little extra spending money, should go back to their homes and domestically help to care for their mothers and fathers and younger sisters and brothers, where they belong.

The afflictions of the industrial workers of America are very great. I have tried to present three or four of the difficult labor problems which confront the laboring classes of America at the present time. Do not, however, even for one moment suppose that I consider these problems and others like them impossible of solution. The same God who led the children of Israel out of their enslavement will yet lead his American children to freedom from their industrial troubles. In 1893, from the top of the great Pyramid of Gizeh, I had two visions. In the first vision I looked towards the ruins of the capital of Memphis, where lived the tyrant. I saw the mighty river Nile changed literally into a river of blood. I heard the cries of anguish as the poor Hebrew slaves groaned and moaned in torture. But then I turned and looked to the far north. In my second vision I saw another sight; for there I saw the Promised Land of Canaan. I saw Moses and Joshua. I saw Jerusalem gleaming in the glowing sun I saw the rich grapes of Eschol. I saw David and Solomon in all their glory. As Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt and through the Red Sea, I see some other man heaven sent as was Moses, raised up to lead the American laborers and American capitalists out of their selfishnesses and meannesses. I see America in my second vision as the Land of True Freedom. I see all men, both laborers and capitalists, living together in harmony and love—all living as Christ would have them live. May all of us, whether we work in broadcloth or in overalls, try to speed that millennial day, by doing to our brothers as we would have our brothers do to us. Then all labor troubles will not be solved by the "Black Rule of Selfishness," but by the "Golden Rule of Christian Love."

Midsummer Rain and Hailstorms

BY WILSON A. BENTLEY, AUTHOR OF "STUDIES AMONG THE SNOW CRYSTALS," ETC.

WHENCE come those globes of purest water, that after each shower and rain-storm gleam and glisten like so many pearls or opals from each dripping tree and bough, shrub and grass leaf? From how far or high, from among those mountainous-looking billows, or sombre shrouds of vapor, which the summer storms pile or weave above the earth, come the life-giving, refreshing drops? From what cloud strata, floating perchance on lofty mountain-top, or at still more dizzy heights, come the small, the medium, the large drops? What marvelous and mysterious mechanical, electrical and magnetic processes combine to form them? What is the life-history, identical or dissimilar, of each one of all the countless myriads of rain-drops that go to form a heavy rainfall?



RAIN-DROPS OF THUNDER-SHOWER

The story of the rain-drops forms a very interesting chapter in the book of nature. The minute water-particles or molecules called water-vapor (out of which rain-drops are made), come to us from far and near. Like those particles that go to form the snow-crystals, they were wrenched away by the sun's heat (motion), from an inconceivably vast number of their fellows, called ocean, river, glacier, etc., and then, after a time, mighty aerial currents wafted them, or a portion of them, from their distant home; perchance from some far-southern ocean, or slowly-dissolving berg in northern sea, across the locality whereon they fell, and then swirled them upward to majestic heights, and blew them together into tiny rain-drops, or left them there, far above the turmoil of earth, freely floating in that frigid, rarefied air, where cloud and crystal land unite, for mysterious attractive forces to work upon, to be fashioned by them into tiny rain-drops, granular snow, or beauteous snow-crystals.

For practically identical reasons, the rain-drops vary in size, one from another, and in the altitude at which they form, at different times and during various weather conditions, rainfalls, etc., as do their near relatives, the snow crystals. The commonly accepted theory that the bulk of the rainfall originates at relatively low altitudes, in what are called *nimbus*, or rain-clouds, and is a process of liquid condensation alone, seems to be fallacious, according to recent researches. It has been learned through the knowledge gained by a long series of observations of the approximate height of the clouds, from which various rainfalls emanate, supplemented by data secured by means of hundreds of sets of rain-drop impressions, that the lower clouds alone, rarely, if ever, shed moisture except in the form of small drops, or of a fine mist-like rain. The rain-drops were allowed to fall into flour, and the hard dough pellet that the drops always form at the bottom of the cavity made by them in the flour, and which, by actual experiment, were found to be very near the actual size of the rain-drops that made them, were studied, extracted, and photographed. It seems to be only when such low clouds lie below other vastly higher cloud strata, and are ascending to great heights to merge with and to form the latter, that they produce, or rather help to produce, the larger rain-drops, and to shed heavy falls of rain.

A full realization of these general considerations leads to a true conception, a true theory of the mechanism of rain formation, a theory that will soon be recognized as fact, *i. e.*, that a large portion—all the larger drops and sometimes the smaller ones of a given rainfall—are due to result from the melting of snow crystals or granular snow. The vast and frigid heights often attained by the summits of rain-producing clouds, preclude the acceptance of any theory of rain formation that rejects the important part that snow plays, during, or rather preceding, the formation of rain. This theory allows of an easy and complete explanation of the differences in the size of the drops, and of the large size they sometimes attain to. These various phenomena are seen to be due simply to differences in the size of the individual crystals and groups (flakes), and in the dimension of the large granular snow-pellets, from the melting of which they result.

While it is doubtless true that a large percentage of the rain-drops is due to congelation, or results from crystalline processes, a certain per cent. of such growth is doubtless due to liquid segmentation, or to their overtaking and merging one with another while falling to earth. But not all of the rainfall owes its existence to snow. A considerable portion—all, in fact, that is shed from low clouds, or from the lower portion of clouds whose summits attain to a great height, is doubtless precipitated wholly in liquid form—is the result of liquid distillation and condensation. If, then, the summer skies above us are so often filled with flying snowflakes, what kind of snow is likely produced within those dense, rapidly expanding, wind-agitated summer clouds, the melting of which produces so much of the rainfall? As a rule, not the clear, transparent, beautifully symmetrical crystals, such as often fall in winter, nor often the perfect star.

For the reason that the lower air in summer is so much warmer and moister, and also because the summer clouds often possess vastly greater vertical dimensions than do winter clouds, and are, moreover, more violently agitated by expanding, uprushing winds, it may be assumed that the snow pellets, and, indeed, all of the snow forms, attain in summer much greater dimensions and specific gravity t do similar snow forms in winter and spring. Doubtless, ing heavy rainfalls, and especially during the so-called clo bursts, the upper portions of the clouds are filled with sn crystals and granular snow, to a degree of density alm inconceivably great.

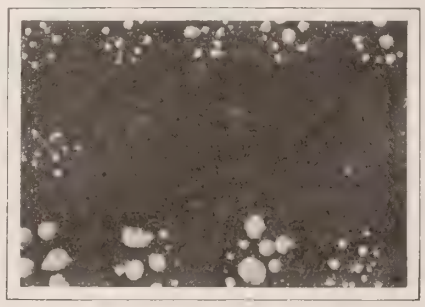
Could we but take an aerial journey upward, and pass s cessively through the various vertical cloud strata, from b to summit, during a thunder-shower, at the exact mom when precipitation c mences, what marvel sights we might behc We should see, as entered the base of thunder-cloud, the n ute water particles me ing together into min rain-drops the large which would fall ea ward. Higher within cloud larger drops wo form, blown together wind action, or dra together by attract forces. The cold wo now be so intense t snow crystals would casionally form. St higher within the cl we would enter the main of the Frost King, and the cloud would be full of fo ing snow crystals. The minute water molecules freely fl ing there would be intensely active, swarming around attaching themselves to the growing crystals. Many of th crystals would be so light and feathery, that the expand uprushing winds would carry them along with us as passed upward to near the apex, the summit of the cl Meanwhile, they would continue to grow in size and sp fic gravity, until they would fall back toward earth, gatl ing, as they did so, cloud and granular material to themsel until they became heavy and of large siz

RAIN-DROPS OF HAIL-AND-THUNDER-SHOWER

The summits of thunder-clouds often tain to a height of from 30,000 to 40,000 f Indeed, observers have measured such, rare occasions, possessing a height of sev teen miles. Here is to be sought the t explanation of why lofty, isolated pea even in tropical regions, are covered w perpetual snow.

The largest rain-drops are doubtl produced within those terrible whirl storms called tornadoes. These drops h as yet been unmeasured, so far as kno The largest produced within thunder-sto occur simultaneously and associated w the formation of hailstones; and doubtl owe their origin to the melting of er mous granular snow-pellets, or loosely-c structed hailstones. These monster dr sometimes attain to 1-3 to 1-2 of an inch diameter. The largest of those commo produced within ordinary thunder-storms and severe r storms, rarely exceed 1-4 of an inch in diameter. Inde the great majority of the larger drops of a given he rainfall commonly possess diameters of but 1-8 to 1-12 of inch. The smaller drops possess various diameters, all way from 1-12 of an inch to microscopic drops too minut measure by ordinary methods (1-100 of an inch or less in ameter); large, medium and small drops are produced sin taneously, but more rarely the rainfall consists wholly large, or of medium-sized drops alone.

RAIN FROM LOW CLOUDS



RAIN-DROPS OF HEAVY RAIN-STORM

A Monument to Answered Prayer

THERE is an ever-growing monument to a prayer-answering God in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. This work of faith was mentioned by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some two months after its opening, which is now over two and a-half years ago. Rev. Charles H. Pridgeon and his wife were the chosen founders. For some years these two had been praying for such a work. After a whole night of special intercession, a telegram was received from a distance, and the offer was made to furnish them with a building. A large church with a parsonage was bought in due time by the same patron. It is situated at the corner of Wylie Avenue and Congress Street.

On Dec. 8, 1901, the Pittsburg Bible Institute and the Wylie Avenue Church were opened. The work, modestly begun, has slowly but surely increased. The number of students (young men and women), and the membership of the Institute and of the undenominational and inter-denominational church have grown every year. The Bible is the text-book, and a general historical idea is given of each book, to which are added doctrinal teaching, biblical theology, Christian evidences, and the spiritual application. Quite a large Sunday School is held in connection with the church, and many little waifs are taught side by side with the children of the well-to-do.

One of the recent developments of the work has been the providing of a place for conducting a rescue work for fallen girls. This effort has been greatly blessed. Some of the rescued have been restored to their homes, some have married, and some are in Christian work.

A MEETING IN THE RESCUE MISSION OF THE PITTSBURG BIBLE INSTITUTE

There is a Gospel work also among the foreign popu tion of the city, and hundreds who cannot speak Engl have been given the Gospel in their own tongue. A "Lor watch," with constant prayer, is held daily from 9 to 12 A Hundreds of requests have been p sented at this meeting, which is open all to send requests for prayer free

In close proximity to the Wy Avenue Church and the Bible In tute, which is in the very heart of bu Pittsburg, is a large building which also been given to the work in answ to prayer. It is used as a Stude Home, and contains ample accomm dations for the purpose. Here students have a co-operative board system, as in many colleges, which duces the individual outlay to minimum, and fosters the spirit of dividual effort. Most of the work the Home is done by the students.

All the buildings are electrica lighted, and a large printing plant, gift of another friend, is run by el tricity. The printing plant, when ne cost over $20,000.

The principle of this whole wo the founders assure us, is that its nee are never made public, and there no collections or public appeals. Fr the beginning until the present tir simple prayer has been the only mea employed. The result is a wonder demonstration of the power of fa and prevailing prayer.

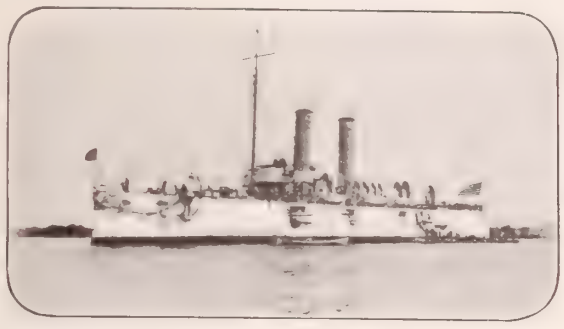
With Our Squadron at Shanghai

Continued from Page 759

wandering boy to-night?" and one rose up in the darkness and went out, conscience-stricken. He told us this afterward. "Sowing the Seed" followed; then the good Shepherd going out on the mountains to seek the lost one; and another representing the Shepherd's return, with the lost sheep safe folded in His arms. As we sang, another young sailor rose and went out, struggling with his convictions, and unexpectedly found the first sailor, his friend, doing the same thing. They grasped each other by the hand and said, "We've wandered long enough, let us come home to-night"; and come they did, and a number more of their shipmates followed. "My Mother's Bible," "My Name in Mother's Prayer," "The Latch of Father's Door," and "The Toils of the Road will seem Nothing when we get to the End of the Way," have been often blessed in the singing, as parents, teachers and pastors at home were vividly recalled, and decisions have been made for eternity. We usually carry little printed "covenants" for the men to sign, and keep as souvenirs. Laid away in their "diddy boxes," they remain pledges of promise to friends at home, and the men all appreciate a visible token. Sometimes they write at the bottom, after their signature, and those of friends who "witness" by signing also: "Send this to my mother when I'm gone;" but oftener they say, as they "sign on" for Christ, with face illuminated with the manly resolve, "I wish you'd write, and send this to my mother."

Another sunny-faced lad we always recall with pleasure. He told us he got so reproved every time he looked at his Bible, coming out, that he threw it overboard! Being not far from the Philippines, another lad swam out to rescue it, and it was given to one who prized it so much that it became the "Lamp to his feet." Now both lads are shining brightly on the messdeck, for Jesus. One lad, on the same ship, saw a little "covenant" lying on the deck, thrown down by a boy, who said, "I can't keep it," and with a sudden impulse of reverence he picked it up, and soon after signed it himself.

Our reception on the American ships is usually unexceptional, as far as the officers are concerned; but, of course, the boys and men must be won to attend the song services. A programme, printed on dainty Chinese or Japanese paper and distributed, is an attractive means of gaining their attention, and if the programme delivered is correspondingly attractive, the attendance will increase from week to week, until, practically, the whole ship is with us. Flowers are also appreciated, especially in the sick bays, and cards, papers like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, etc. A lady in Colorado sent us 200 Easter cards this year, and armed with these dainty souvenirs, programmes, and blossoms, we began work on a shipboard that has been our most phenomenal success of all the year. If the looks of surprised gratitude on those boys' faces could have been photographed and reproduced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we are sure a thousand friends would mail us Easter cards in 1905. When we approach the ships on Sunday mornings and see Old Glory hoisted above all the pennants, as the "Church Flag," and streaming magnificently in the sunlight, our hearts thrill with patriotism as we step on board and feel as if "on American soil." Then to see the audience assemble, as on U. S. S. *Cincinnati*, under Commander Mason, for Sunday service attendance—from 150 to 200 men pouring into the seats, and filling up all the nooks and corners—is a sight to inspire even the least enthsiastic.



U. S. S. "CINCINNATI"

U. S. S. "RALEIGH"

TWO OF OUR WARSHIPS NOW AT SHANGHAI

Our Mission Home in Shanghai is open to the lads, and the growing desire of our hearts is to do more for them while on shore, in the way of homelike evenings, and a place of refuge from the temptations of the streets. Since the war in Manchuria began, the Russian and Jewish population in Shanghai has steadily increased, every steamer bringing in the flotsam and jetsam that defy all law and morality. Our American settlement is beginning to teem with places of vice, newly opened, and we had too many already. One bright lad, still trying to walk in "mother's way," said pathetically one night: "There's not a place in Shanghai where a boy can spend an evening without a barroom;" and it is practically true. The British fleet from Hongkong recently arrived at Woosung, and "general leave" was granted to their men, and our Americans also, for several days, at the rate of about 2,000 a day. Our streets were full of sailors, and when night came, sleeping accommodation was quite inadequate. Our doors were open, and many cheerfully took the opportunity of sleeping in the Mission Chapel; American boys came to the door late at night and begged to be taken in off the streets. Some, we are told, slept in their jinrikishas and in alleyways, or wherever night overtook them. That was a grand week of Gospel "harvesting;" many were won back to righteousness, and no doubt will remember the week in Shanghai as "the place where they first saw the Light."

We do our best to get the men to form a little Bible class on board, and are gratified to hear of its success in some instances. A gentleman on the *Cincinnati* wrote from Chemulpo, that the Bible class formed in Shanghai was the brightest thing on the ship. Sometimes we hear the rumble of distant artillery operations at Port Arthur, here in Weihaiwei (where we are for the midsummer) and we can only hope that our sisters in the great family of nations—England and America—will not be drawn into international complications. The United States and British fleets are hovering on the outskirts.

A sweet little girl in Shanghai went with us on a ship one Sunday, and, mounted on a box, spoke the following little poem. It led one stalwart young Virginian to "stop and think," and was used to bring him back to God. The subject is a question, and is it not the best thing we can do, and keep on asking the men to do, for the Salvation of the boys in the Navy.

Each evening, ere I slumbered, on my little cot of pine,
Into my chamber entered the little mother mine,
And bending gently o'er me, in accents soft and mild,
Would question, ere she kissed me, "And have you prayed, my child?"

And thus she came each evening, and questioned o'er and o'er,
'Till death came in between us, and us asunder tore;
But better far than riches which on other lives have smiled,
To me was mother's question, "And have you prayed, my child?"

For now, when troubles press me, and the heart will nigh despair,
Because its path and anguish with no one it can share,
The heart will cease its beatings—complainings loud and wild,
If I remember mother's, "And have you prayed, my child?"

MRS. J. WOODBERRY.

A COLORADO FLYER WRECKED

REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE OVERTURNED CHAIR-CAR

RAISING THE WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE BED OF THE DRY CREEK

SCENES IN THE GREAT RAILROAD WRECK AT EDEN, COLO.

NEARLY eighty people were killed in the wreck of the Missouri Pacific's World's-Fair Flyer, which left Denver, Colo., on the night of August 7, *en route* for St. Louis. A cloudburst had filled the channel of Steele's Hollow, near Eden, a few miles north of Pueblo, where a bridge ninety-six feet long and fifteen feet high, spans the channel. Although the hollow was full of water when the train approached the bridge, the engineer, seeing that rails and ties were in place, failed to check his train, but dashed upon the bridge at full speed.

Then occurred a scene of indescribable horror. The train dropped through the bridge. The baggage-car and smoker were crushed by the engine, while the chair-car broke loose and floated away on the raging waters. All but three of the occupants of this car lost their lives, as the car careened along to a point half a mile away.

Mr. Charles Van Schlacks, vice-president and general manager of the railroad, said, after the accident, "He could not believe that the engineer, who perished in the wreck, was at fault, for he was one of the most careful and trusted men in the company's employ." The point at which the wreck occurred is on the eastern slope of the Rockies, where there is a gradual incline from the Kansas plains to the mountains. The railroad track runs parallel with Fountain River, crossing and recrossing it. The cloudburst in the foothills poured down through one of the dry creeks to the river, completely choking the stream and sweeping everything before it.

In telling the story of the wreck, one of the survivors says: "At the very first crash, the lights in the cars went out. In the rush of the current and the darkness, I could see no one, but the screams were awful. I floated on a tie for over a mile before I drifted to land, the rain falling in torrents, and the thunder rolling continuously, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the awful scene."

The porter of the forward sleeping-car, when he felt the shock, set the brakes, thus stopping the two sleepers and the dining-car on the very brink of the torrent. An umbrella found standing upright in the sand, buried to the handle, would indicate that many bodies may have been buried deeply in the sand.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Our Symposium

REPLIES to the question, Whether the Church is for Saints or for Sinners, have come in such numbers that we have been able to print only a small portion of them in our present issue and in that of August 3. They show how strong is the interest aroused and how diverse are the opinions of the writers.

There is evidently a closer agreement among our correspondents than appears on the surface. Those who hold that the Church is for saints, believe that sinners should be cordially welcomed to the pews, and admitted to fellowship when they give evidence of conversion. Those who hold that the Church is for sinners, qualify their statement by the condition that they should be repentant sinners, who are seeking a holier life. Thus the difference between the two is not very wide, and the only practical diversity is whether the sinner should be put on probation for a time before being admitted to fellowship.

It is obvious that an open sinner, who continues in sin, and has no sorrow for it, nor any desire to abandon it, is out of place in a church. It is well that he should hear the Gospel, and every encouragement should be given him to attend the services. Some word may be blessed of the Holy Spirit to his soul; the warnings and the invitations which our Lord authorizes us to give, may lead him to renounce his sin and come to Christ for salvation. He is of the raw material out of which saints are made, and it is for the rescue of such that the Church is bidden to strive. But, as one of our correspondents points out, to admit such a person to fellowship before he gave evidence of a change of attitude, would be to do the Church harm by introducing a leaven of evil, and to do the person himself harm, by lulling his conscience to sleep. The Church is an organization of believers, who are pledged to follow Christ, who are seeking to become like him and who are striving against sin. It is not an organization of perfect people, but of people who are aiming at perfection. If the sinner has that aim, if he is trusting in Christ and sincerely desiring to be delivered from sin, he is eligible, though he may be a long way behind his fellow-members in attainment. The difference between the sinner who is eligible for fellowship, and the one who is not, is the difference of attitude. One who has turned his back on sin, and is seeking deliverance, deserves, and should receive, all the help the Church can give; while he, who loves sin, and is making no effort to abandon it, is not in sympathy with the members of Christ's Church, and can have no real fellowship with them.

On the question of probation, there is, and always must be, a difference of opinion. There is, however, a growing disposition to dispense with it, except in cases where the applicant for membership is of an impulsive, shallow temperament, and there is ground for suspicion that the desire for admission is transient. The entire period of membership is a probation, inasmuch as the Church reserves to itself the power to exclude at any time a member who is walking unworthily. It may therefore be doubted whether a formal period of probation, implying a suspicion of motive, answers any useful purpose. A cordial welcome, a glad acceptance, will do more to strengthen an applicant's good resolution, than a close and suspicious scrutiny, that suggests doubt and indicates distrust.

Women and Strikes

OUR distant readers may need to be reminded that "The Martha Washington" is a very large, commodious, and beautiful hotel, built in New York for the exclusive occupation of women, and primarily designed to furnish working-women with a comfortable home, within the limits of a modest income.

New York readers know the hotel, of which the town feels justly proud, so well has it thus far justified the expectations of those to whom its erection was the realization of a long-sought ideal.

A little while ago, the housekeeper, an efficient person, who had been in charge of the house from its opening, was discharged by the manager, a new arrival, who was naturally making changes. Disturbed at her removal, every woman employed in the hotel and three men immediately went on strike. The usual disorganization followed. The patrons waited on themselves. The cooking was temporarily suspended, and the smooth running order was interrupted. This is not what we wish to speak of. The Martha Washington can soon secure another force of workers, and it is most improbable that the retiring brigade will offer any serious opposition to their undertaking their duties; but the question is, are women at last going to organize, to strike, to resent their grievances about hours, wages and any supposed injustice, as men do, and if so, where will it end?

Heretofore, there has been little of the coercive element in the protests women have made, when things have not satisfied them. Generations of Eve's daughters have calmly endured injustice under every sky, rather than resort to extreme measures. Perhaps there are cases in which advantage has been taken of their patience. An employer who would hesitate to do an injustice to a man who was a member of a Union, might oppress a woman with impunity. But it would appear that now there is to be a change. If the women organize, and make it a principle to stand together, it will no longer be safe to do an injustice to any member of the sisterhood. The possibility of a strike taking place, might act as a wholesome restraint on capricious employers, and a protection to the weak. The women are evidently learning that in union there is strength, but we may hope that the strength will be used with discretion. Strikes are always to be deprecated and should only be used as a last resort when all other measures fail. In following the example of the men, they may wisely remember that, only too often, the men have learned by bitter experience, that a strike entails suffering on themselves as well as a loss to their employers. They, too, may have to realize that a half loaf is better than no bread.

Vain Ambitions

TRAVELERS passing through a desert, discovered a boulder which had been buried perhaps for ages in that sterile wilderness, and now had been partially revealed by a sand-storm. Examining the stone, they found it apparently a fragment of some great sculpture or monument. On searching further they were encouraged by finding other pieces of stone, which, though worn smooth by long exposure to the elements and the ceaseless friction of the desert sands, still retained some traces of human workmanship. At last they uncovered what seemed to be the base or pedestal of a mighty statue or monolith. Upon it was an inscription, which, after much labor, they deciphered and copied. When this was submitted to eminent scholars, the latter pronounced it an unknown language. After many futile efforts, these learned men succeeded in finding the key to this strange tongue, and translated the words of the inscription. It ran:

> My name is Ozymandias—King of kings!
> Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!

Who was Ozymandias? Over what vast realm and multitudinous peoples did this great monarch rule? Where was his capital; where his court? What were his palaces, his temples, his cities, and the records of his illustrious achievements? Where the "works" which were to be the despair of coming generations? Alas! The desert, with its sea of sand dunes, and its dreary solitudes, keeps its secret well. Time and the elements have blotted him out as completely as though he had never been. His dream of imperishable fame was a vain one, like all others that are dreamed of achievements not founded upon the eternal laws of justice, truth, and righteousness.

A gigantic struggle for conquest is now going on in the Eastern world, in which the West may even yet be involved. When all is passed and ended, it may be that, like Ozymandias, those ambitious spirits that stirred up world-strife by the launching of vast projects, will t only fail of historic immortality, but will be utterly gotten, while the memory of the good and the true li on through the ages.

Pastor Sheldon and the Saloon

A NOTABLE, though belated, contribution to "The Bis and the Saloon" controversy is given below. Pa Sheldon, in all his books, sermons and his church w has been so prominently and vigorously outspoken Christian temperance, that his present expression of opi will be read with general interest:

"EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"*Dear Sir:*—Your communication relative to Bishop ter and his address on the occasion of the dedication o Subway Tavern, New York, has just reached me, forwa here (Tolchaco, Arizona). It is probably now too late the expression of opinion you asked for, but I venture to a brief statement.

"1. Bishop Potter's address, as a whole, was a sourc much pleasure to the brewers, saloon-keepers, and 'mo ate drinkers' of the country. When a minister of the pel of Jesus gives encouragement to the liquor busines seems to me there is something wrong somewhere.

"2. The history of temperance legislation in Ka proves that one of the greatest successes in legislation been a result, not 'one of the most tragic failures of mo history.' The people of Kansas to-day, as a whole, more for their prosperity, peace and moral well-being tc Prohibitory amendment than to any other legislative er ment.

"3. I believe the true attitude of the Church and C tianity towards the saloon and the whole liquor busi generally, including drinking, 'moderate,' or any other k is uncompromising hostility. The saloon has no more to exist than a counterfeiter's den, or a professional burg outfit. There is less harm done in a year by all the thi and burglars of the United States, than by the saloons breweries in one day.

"The saloon is evil, and only evil. It has not one redeeming quality. The people who sell intoxicating drink are actuated by any motives of philanthropy or brotherh Their business is to make money out of a human passio

"When a Bishop of a Christian Church rises to defend or encourage the drink habit, the devil rejoices, and all lo of Jesus and his kingdom feel their hearts beat with so and shame. CHARLES M. SHELDON

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Great Battles Recalled

FULL of interest will be the army manœuvres which are planned to take place on the old battle-ground of Manassas Junction. Following the example of European nations, the War epartment decided, some time ago, on giving our ldiers and the National Guard an opportunity of eeting in battle formation. The ordinary drill, hower thorough, gives the soldier but little idea of the ties he has to perform in great combinations. The ost efficient preparation for actual warfare, it has en found, is a sham battle, and when it was decided hold one, the field of Manassas was chosen, not only the most suitable but as the one consecrated by the rilling memories of the war. It is proposed to asmble 35,000 men of all arms on the historic field, and divide them into two opposing armies. The mimic uggle will resolve itself into a test of strategic skill; idges are to be built by the engineers, entrenchments ll be dug and military telegraph lines will be set up. en from New England will be ranged in the same my with men from the South, and will meet in friendconflict an army composed of similar elements. In is case, the conditions will differ from those of the emorable battles of the sixties, in the fact that the rmers whose lands and crops may be injured will reive compensation from the Government. Still more ll they differ in the spirit of e troops engaged. In the al battles, fierce passions, adly animosity and sectional tred held sway, while now representatives of both sides ll join in amicable rivalry der one flag. The efficiency manœuvres are designed to e, will, we trust, never be sted. In our internal relans, and in our dealings with reign nations, we may hope avoid the horrors of war, not much by cultivating the milry spirit, as by fulfilling the nditions of God's promise his people:

The work of righteousness shall be ce; and the effect of righteousness, etness and assurance for ever aiah 32: 17).

raudulent Citizenship

Orders came from Washingn to New York last week to t a case of naturalization. A n had applied to the State partment for a passport, and t his naturalization papers evidence of his right to one. mething in the character of application excited suspion. The citizen was therefore amined. It appeared from his swers that he is a native of iti, and was entirely unacquainted with Hartford, nn., where, according to his naturalization certificate, had spent the five years aliens are required to be in e United States before being entitled to naturalization. e District Attorney who conducted the examination, d the Government had been informed that a man in iti or in Central or South America could buy a cercate purporting to naturalize him as a citizen of the ited States for a price varying from two to seven ndred dollars. This certificate enabled him to escape rtain payments and avoid certain duties that his overnment demands of its own citizens, while not perming any duties of American citizenship. It is supsed that the Haitian must have been induced to rchase such papers and came to this country to obtain passport by them, which would be of further advange to him. He was detained, pending fuller examition. It is not thought that the man was guilty of attempt to obtain citizenship by fraud, but that he s duped by wicked men, who, taking advantage of ignorance of our laws, led him to believe that natuization in the United States could be obtained by rchase, without residence and without the examina-n of a court. Unhappily, there have been many who ve fallen into similar error in seeking citizenship in e kingdom of God. They have thought that by large gifts to churches and charities they could enter the kingdom without that change of nature which is essential.

Thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right (Acts 8: 20).

Heroism in a Lighthouse

The story of heroic devotion to the public interest was related to the Lighthouse Board on Aug. 13, by Major W. E. Craighill. It appears that there is a lighthouse on Cat Island, a lonely rock on the Mississippi coast. It is a remote spot rarely visited. The lighthouse keeper and his wife sometimes did not see a human being for several days at a time. One day recently the keeper did not come in at his usual hour, and his wife, going out to ascertain the cause, found his dead body on the rock. He had died from heart disease. The woman was overwhelmed with grief, but, knowing that some ship might be wrecked if the light did not burn, she put aside her sorrow and went to the chamber and lighted the lamp. It is a revolving light, but something was wrong with the mechanism, and it would not turn. She found that she could turn it with her hands, and this she did all night long. No one came to the rock the next day, and again that night she turned the light through the long weary hours. Not till late on the following night did any one come to her relief. The Major urged the Lighthouse Board to ignore precedent and make the woman the keeper of the lighthouse as a reward for her devotion. It must have been hard for her to leave the corpse of her husband on the rock, while she passed the night turning the lamp; but there come occasions in life when natural impulses and the desires of natural affection should yield to the dictates of conscience and higher duties. The reproof our Lord administered to a man in his day, shows that he expects that behavior of all his followers.

Follow thou me, and let the dead bury their dead (Matt. 8: 22).

Ancient Surgery

During a recent journey in New Mexico, undertaken to investigate the relics of the old cliff-dwellers, a correspondent of the *Post*, of Denver, Colo., found remarkable evidence of ancient surgical skill. He examined about thirty skulls which had been collected from the old burrying grounds, and among them was one which had been skilfully trephined. It has hitherto been supposed that the art of trephining was one of the triumphs of modern surgery, but this is indubitable evidence that the cliff-dweller whose skull had been fractured had received excellent surgical treatment, and had recovered from his injuries. The man had been struck with such force as to shatter the bone, leaving a hole the size of a quarter of a dollar, and from that, as a centre, fractures about two inches long extended in all directions. The cliff-dweller surgeon had cleared away the fragments of bone, and had covered the hole with a species of cement. Nature had healed the fractures perfectly, and the injured man had apparently lived many years after the operation. Whatever there is to be said for our new machinery, it would appear that in surgery, our devices are not so original as we had supposed. The ancient preacher is found to have been justified in his assertion.

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us (Eccles. 1: 10).

Profit from Eavesdropping

A prominent stockbroker in New York, tells a story of successful speculation due to the intelligence and promptitude of an eavesdropper. He received a visit one day from a man who was evidently unaccustomed to Wall Street transactions. The man asked him to purchase all the shares he could of a particular class. He had only two thousand dollars, but he wanted it used as a margin, in order that he might secure more shares than could actually be purchased with the money. The broker was convinced that his customer must have gained some inside information, otherwise he would not have so much confidence. He pressed him to let him into his secret, and finally, on the promise to transact his business for him to his advantage, he learned the facts. The man was a waiter in the restaurant of a hotel, which was frequented by wealthy dealers in stocks. Some of them had been dining there, and he overheard them discussing a plan for depressing the value of the shares, with the design of making a huge profit when they rose in price. The waiter saw in the stock market reports that their scheme was succeeding, and he resolved to share in the speculation. The broker helped him in his operations; and the men who had planned the scheme, found to their surprise, that some one had forestalled them by getting possession of the shares. The waiter made a large fortune by his speculation. He owes it to the fact that he was alert in availing himself of information not intended for him. He showed more wisdom than do men who, when they are offered spiritual riches, neglect the opportunity.

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light (Luke 16: 8).

ENCAMPMENT IN PREPARATION FOR THE MIMIC BATTLE AT MANASSAS

BRIEF NOTES

France is having the hottest summer it has known in half a century. Several times the thermometer registered 103 in the shade.

In an address replying to congratulations on his eightieth birthday, Dr. John Paton said that, if he were beginning life over again, he would choose the career of a missionary to the heathen.

Ramon Corral, the recently elected Vice-President of Mexico, is a millionaire and a skilful lawyer. President Diaz deems him the most fitting man to succeed him. He is about fifty years of age.

In Zurich, Switzerland, the authorities are considering a proposal to levy a tax of one dollar a year per head, in return for which every inhabitant will be entitled to free medical attendance by physicians maintained by the municipality.

In Moukden, in Manchuria, now one of the chief points occupied by the retreating Russian army, there is an excellent medical mission station of the Presbyterian Church. The chief director is Dr. Christie, a Scotchman. The number of native Christians in Manchuria is estimated at thirty thousand.

A party of 465 boys from Dr. T. J. Barnardo's homes in England, has arrived in Canada. This makes an aggregate of 15,762 young people, chiefly street waifs, who have been sent from these homes. Careful record is kept of their conduct after their arrival on this side. The average of failures is less than two in the hundred.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

BOOK THREE—The Mediterranean

CHAPTER XV—Continued

"FOR YOU AND FRANCE"

SHE was at Vienna at the time. When the package was laid at her feet, the messenger withdrawing for the moment, recognizing the writing, her hand shook so that she could scarcely tear off the wrapping. As she gazed upon the hated flag of the Republic, and read what her lover had done, she lifted the paper to her lips and kissed it where it had been written "For you and France." Before she realized what she was doing, she wrote him half a dozen words, which meant more to him than all the formal acknowledgments and greetings she had sent him in four years.

"Monsieur, I wait. I hope—for—France—and——" The sentence was ended in a dash. Her hand trembled when she wrote at the bottom of the page "Louise de Vaudémont." After she had given it to the messenger, and he had gone beyond recall, she would have given worlds to have recalled and destroyed the letter. But, in truth, the splendor of such a gift in such a way, had dazzled her. It had been nearly a year since she had heard from him, and she had lost control of herself for the time being. With pardonable vanity she sometimes stood before her glass and wished that Macartney could see her now. For if he loved her then, what would he think of her to-day?

The promises of her early years had been marvelously fulfilled, She had blossomed into a perfect woman nobly planned. A true ocean daughter, she, the blue of the sparkling sea shone in her eye; the gold of the sunlight gleamed in her hair. The strength and vigor of the salt air had given her health and strength and grace. She rode the storms of life as buoyantly as the ship which had given her birth had done. A true daughter of wave-washed Brittany, a fitting bride for a sea king.

Brébœuf adored her. She was the reincarnation of the young matron he had followed from the iron shores of Finistere to the smiling hills and valleys of Provence, when she first left Morbihan a bride. Aurore, most devoted of humble friends and familiar companions, would have given her life for her.

When the old marquis delivered the message Macartney had given him at London, he watched his granddaughter keenly. Under his severe scrutiny she had not been able to preserve her impassivity, the artificial calmness of her rank and station. The blood had leaped into her face at the words her lover said. She had been forced to turn away in confusion, unable to sustain her grandfather's penetrating gaze. Well versed was the old man in the ways of men and women, and his heart sunk with pity at the uselessness of it all as he looked upon his granddaughter.

"My child," he said firmly but with tenderness—he was loath to give her pain, and there was little of happiness to the exiles then—"your way and this man's way lie apart. He can never be anything more to you than he is to-day."

"Here he is enough to me to-day, monsieur," answered the girl, with some of his own directness and courage, laying her hand on her heart as she spoke.

"Do you—care so much for this man?"

For answer she put her face in her hands and turned away.

"I—I love him," she murmured. "But there—have no fear, my grandfather—I am for—France." She smiled piteously through the tears that trembled on her lashes. "We will say no more about it if it pleases you, sir."

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CHAPTER XVI

THE REPUBLICANISM OF BREBŒUF

THE destination of the expedition of General Bonaparte, the invincible young soldier of the Republicans, had been concealed from everyone with exraordinary care and success. That something important was in the air, however, which would take General Bonaparte from France, was well understood in the Chancelleries of the various powers, who were arrayed openly or secretly against Republican France.

"Citoyen Vaudemont, be seated," said Garron.—"The women will stand"

It was evident to the wise heads who governed European politics, that the individual most to be reckoned with in fighting France was the young general, who had immortalized himself in Italy. It was patent that if a blow was to be struck for the restoration of the Bourbon kingdom, no better opportunity could be found than that presented by the absence of Bonaparte on his great expedition.

La Vendée, then, as always, loyal to the crown, was again ready to revolt. The Marquis de Vaudémont had offered to go there as the representative of the king and endeavor to raise nobles and peasants equally devoted to the Bourbon cause, in rebellion against the Republic. With Bonaparte adventuring somewhere on the sea they felt certain of success.

Honoré de Vaudémont, with a few adventurous spirits for assistants, and with the sanction of his king and of his grandfather, of course, had entered upon a perilous but promising undertaking of his own, wh was no less than the abduction of Bonaparte. I this purpose the young man had resigned his comm sion in the Austrian army and had enlisted in French army under the name of Captain Honoré. fluence and the judicious expenditure of money l even secured him a lieutenant's commission on t personal guard of General Bonaparte. It was hop that some opportunity might arise during the genera absence in which he might be seized and turned ov to the Royalists. Some of the more desperate in t plot had inclined toward assassination, but Honoré Vaudémont was too noble for murder, and that id had been given over. Therefore, when Bonaparte h embarked in the *Orient*, Honoré had been one of t soldiers detailed to that ship.

Pursuant to the plan, the marquis, accompanied his granddaughter, who positively fused to be left behind, repaired Genoa, *incognito*, of course, and th had taken passage for himself and t comtesse and the two servants on small Spanish brig bound for Britta They sailed from Genoa on the 20th May. According to the best advi they could obtain, Bonaparte would n leave Toulon until nearly the first June. This, the marquis calculate would enable him to reach Brittany a La Vendée, just as the dreaded Fren general took his departure.

Unfortunately, however, the arma sailed on the 19th, and they had the luck to be overhauled by one of t convoying line of battle-ships, on t extreme flank of the great fleet. T officer who boarded the Spanish br at once perceived that the marquis w a Frenchman. That he was of the o régime was as apparent as the oth fact. The brig was detained, and t marquis was ordered to board the shi of-the-line in question.

The French ship was a magnifice vessel called *Le Tonnant*, rated as eighty-gun ship. She was command by the marquis' ancient enemy, Mast Jean Garron, now *capitaine de vaisse* in the Republican navy. Overjoyed his opportunity, Garron detained th marquis, sent an armed crew to th Spanish brig, had the comtesse and th two servants brought to the ship, si nalled to the admiral that nothing importance had been found on the priz and quietly kept to himself the fact th he had taken some prisoners on boa his ship.

The marquis instantly realizing th predicament in which he was soon to b involved, would have killed him o sight had he not been deprived of h weapons as soon as he boarded th ship. The officers who had fetched th comtesse and the others to *Le Tonna* had told her nothing, save that h grandfather had been detained and d sired her presence. She had gone wi lingly, of course. What was her horro and surprise to be met at the gangwa hat in hand, by the man she had nev forgotten, for he had caused the deat of her father; and whom she hated an despised above all others for that, an because he had aspired to her han Her grandfather stood by, outwardl imperturbable, inwardly overwhelmed with rage an dismay.

The captain offered his hand to the girl as she cam over the side, but she turned from him with a haught gesture, refusing to touch him. Brébœuf. who cam last, was, of course, infinitely astonished. He ha accustomed himself, however, in the service of th marquis, to the habit of self-control, so, in accordanc with his nature, he betrayed no emotion of any sor He did, however, come to a sudden and astonishin resolution. On occasion Brébœuf could think as swift ly as he spoke slowly.

When the eyes of the Breton fell upon his maste and Garron; when his mind grasped the situation, th impossible happened. While Garron stared at hir with an evil, sinister glance, the sailor walked delib erately up to the marquis and struck him a smart blo upon the breast. Had the heaven itself opened, th

ld noble could not have been more astonished. Then he Breton turned to Garron.

"Vive la République!" he said.

The captain laughed venomously.

"So your old servant has at last turned, has he?" he sked. "That's a brave lad. He's seen the light. Vill you serve the Republic?" he asked, turning to Brébœuf.

The man nodded. He had already spoken more han he usually did and did not intend to waste any ore words. Garron knew him and his habits of old.

"You are tired of this *ci-devant,* monsieur, eh?"

Brebœuf nodded again.

"They all desert you, Citizen Vaudémont," cried Garron. "I will take you in to my service, Brebœuf. You can attend personally upon me, worthy citizen. Is hat what you would like?"

Brébœuf nodded so violently that one might think hat his head would be shaken off.

Dupetit Thouars, *capitaine de fregate*, the executive fficer of the ship, with a look of intense disgust on is handsome face at his captain's insolence and dis- ourtesy, bowed low before the marquis and signed to im to precede him toward the cabin. But the mar- uis stood petrified with amazement, staring at Bré- euf.

"You, you!" he cried at last. "Who for years have ten of my bread! You, whom I thought as faithful, s loyal as myself, to take advantage of this opportu- ity! *Mon Dieu!* Give me a sword, some one, that I ay kill the slave!"

"Ugh! You traitor!" screamed Aurore, dashing at rebœuf with uplifted hands, as if she would hurl her- lf upon him, which, indeed, she was only prevented om doing by the interposition of two of the sailors ho seized her and held her firmly.

"Come, monsieur," said Garron. "Be calm, Aurore."

"Brébœuf has deserted us," said the marquis, slowly rning away. "There is no longer loyalty in man!"

The Breton rolled his eyes, moistened his lips, stared ter the retreating forms of his master and mistress. gulp, a convulsive effort, and finally he managed to rowl out in his deep voice four words, which they eard as they entered the cabin.

"A bas les aristocrats!"

Surely he was becoming voluble!

Again Garron laughed that ugly laugh. Beckoning the Breton, he stalked after the others toward his bin, while the ship rang with laughter and cheers for e new, if belated, convert to Republicanism.

The opportunity which fate had furnished Garron as one that he meant to use to the fullest limit. At e first sight of the young comtesse, his old determi- ation to make her his wife had instantly renewed elf with an astonishing accession of desire. Not to ince matters, Garron was a brute. His importance France had greatly diminished in the five years that d passed. With the march of ideas in which, in spite her excesses, France led the world and the age, he d not kept step. Had Jean Garron possessed real lent, or even a mediocre capacity, he might have been ing a flag by this time. As it was, he was lucky to tain his rank. Finding his influence vanishing more d more, he had resolved to enter into a correspond- ce with the English, from motives of self-interest hich can easily be understood.

He had longed for an opportunity of betraying the stination of the expedition of which he was a part, the English; but in the first place, he had not known ntil the last minute, and in the second place, no safe eans of communication had hitherto presented itself. hat he lacked to consummate his treason to the Re- blic was opportunity. That would come sooner or ter.

While waiting his chance for treason, he determined enjoy himself with the marquis and Louise. The ggage of the de Vaudemont party had been brought oard. It had been deposited in the captain's cabin, d Garron had broken open the portmanteaux in the esence of Thouars, and had then examined their ntents, also. As luck would have it he found two pers. One was the plan of the projected uprising La Vendée, of which the marquis was the head. nother was a memorandum of the conspiracy to kid- p General Bonaparte, which Comte Honoré was en- avoring to engineer.

Here was enough to hang the whole party to the rd-arm without delay. Indeed, both documents were the greatest value. The rebellion in La Vendée uld be a serious menace to the State. The con- iracy of Comte Honoré's threatened the life of him om his countrymen regarded justly as the hope of ance, and whom many people looked upon as the ostle of ideas and the ideal government throughout world.

Garron's proper course was plain. He should in- ntly have laid both documents before his command- -in-chief. In the interest of his private design, how- er, he chose to keep them to himself.

The day after the capture of the marquis and his rty, Garron caused them to be summoned to his bin. *Le Tonnant*, like most of the French eighties, s fitted for a flagship. He occupied the admiral's bin, and the vacant captain's quarters were given to e marquis, more through the insistence of Dupetit Thouars than from any desire on Garron's part to make them comfortable. Thouars, who came of a noble family of Brittany, and who had been a mid- shipman under de Vaudémont in the East Indies, had adhered to the cause of the Republic from conscien- tious scruples. He had been promoted rapidly until he had reached his present position. No more gallant officer, no better seaman ever trod a ship's deck than he, and it was a galling circumstance that he found himself under the command of such a *vaurien* as Gar- ron. Indeed, the captain was detested thoroughly by the whole of the crew, and it was only Dupetit Thouars' strong personality, and the corresponding at- tachment for him by the crew, which maintained any discipline at all on the ship-of-the-line, and prevented it from becoming a hotbed of mutiny and disaffection.

Garron, who realized more or less of the situation, did not necessarily cross his powerful subordinate, and had sulkily acquiesced in the latter's insistence that the marquis and his party be quartered in the va- cant cabin rather than in the steerage, where Garron had first indicated they should be disposed.

With the marquis were his granddaughter and Au- rore. Aurore had sworn to throw herself into the sea if she were parted from Louise, and again Dupetit Thouars had intervened, so that her wishes had been granted.

CHAPTER XVII

GARRON HAS HIS PRICE

THE marquis found Garron seated at a table in his spacious cabin. *Le Tonnant* was an old ship which had been completely rebuilt in the last year. She had formerly been under the com- mand of the marquis, and had once flown his commo- dore's broad pennant from her masthead. He knew her thoroughly. In her cabin he had almost felt at home. It was with a sense of shock, therefore, that his eye fell upon the squat, sinister, black-browed fig- ure seated where he himself had sat years before.

"Citoyen Vaudémont, be seated. The women," with a glance toward Louise and Aurore, "will stand."

"While you remain seated," returned the marquis, "we will all stand."

"As you please. In pursuance of my duties as an officer of the Republic I have searched your baggage and have found this——"

The marquis was outwardly as impassive as if cut out of marble, although he at once recognized the papers which Garron held up, and which it had been a great imprudence for him not to have destroyed. Being more of a sailor than a diplomat, the marquis had forgotten that the thing that is reduced in writing is practically told to the winds. His heart rose in his throat as he saw in a flash the consequences of Gar- ron's discovery. They would, of course, be laid in- stantly before Bonaparte. His grandson would be condemned and executed; his own life would be for- feited, the rebellion in La Vandée would be nipped in the bud before it had time to come to a head even.

And Louise! Alone on this ship in the power of this man! For once the marquis had played the fool. He had laid the stakes on the board and then put all his cards in his adversary's hand. The game, however, was not quite played out. Perhaps he could kill Gar- ron where he sat and destroy the papers. They would kill him but the rest would go free, and the Royalists in La Vendée would not be discovered. He made a quick step toward the captain. He was without a weapon, of course, but such was his passion and his rage that although nearly seventy years of age, he felt that he could strangle Garron with his own hands. Nothing at all in the marquis' demeanor save that quick movement toward Garron had betrayed what was in his mind. The nobles of France lived behind a mask in those days. It was a part of their creed, but Garron instantly divined what the marquis would do.

"Brébœuf!" he called sharply, and the marquis found himself looking into the barrel of a pistol held by his ancient servitor. The Breton's hand did not tremble. With a dark, inscrutable face he glanced along the weapon which was pointed straight at the marquis' head. Another step and the marquis would be a dead man.

Nor would he have effected anything whatever by his endeavor. The old man stopped, shrugged his shoulders, took from his pocket a jeweled snuff-box and elaborately helped himself to a pinch.

"You do not offer me a pinch of snuff, Vaudémont," said Garron resentfully.

"I take snuff only with gentlemen, monsieur," re- turned the marquis calmly.

It was very dangerous thus to bait his captor, but for his life the marquis could not resist. The man became purple with rage. He tore at the stock around his neck. The marquis smiled satirically, turned away and looked indifferently out of the nearest port. The comtesse shrank nearer to him and laid her hand upon his arm. He patted it gently and reassuringly, and then Garron spoke again.

"You don't seem surprised," he said, recovering him- self as best he could and returning to the papers.

"Pardon, monsieur, I am surprised—ah—that you can read them. That is all," said the marquis.

"Perdition!" shouted the captain. "I suppose you know what I am going to do with them."

"I know very well what I would do with them."

"What is that!"

"What any officer loyal to a cause, however mis- taken it might be, would do."

"And that is?"

"Lay them before General Bonaparte at once."

"What good would that do me?" asked Garron.

"No good at all, monsieur," answered the marquis quickly, who began to see possibly there was a chance for him after all. "No good whatever, my good Gar- ron. You would have your thanks for your pains. There are persons whom I need not mention who would give a great deal of money for these documents, and for my unworthy life as well, and it may be that such an argument might appeal to you."

"And do you think I am to be bought?"

"I do not think. I know you are," said the marquis with quiet contempt.

"We'll see," said Garron brutally. "The only ques- tion is the price."

"Ah!" said the vice-admiral.

"There is the price!"

As Garron spoke he rose and stepped toward Louise, at whom he pointed his finger. The girl did not shrink from him. She faced him as boldly, as coldly as the marquis himself, although her heart quivered at the man's approach. The marquis deftly stepped between the two.

"You ask too much, monsieur," said the old man. "We prefer the other alternative whatever it may be."

"We'll see about that," said Garron, "I am in no hurry. I'll wait until we get to Egypt and get rid of these soldiers. Until we have the ship to ourselves and General Bonaparte is busy on shore and then— we'll see!"

"And you think your value will be enhanced by our association with you, Garron?"

"I don't think anything about it," said the man roughly. "All I know is that you give me the com- tesse, or she gives me herself, or these papers go to General Bonaparte. You know what would be your fate then?"

"The yard-arm, I suppose," said the marquis, shrug- ging his shoulders. "Well, 'tis not pleasant, this hang- ing death, I believe, but after one is dead it makes but little difference how one is killed. Although the meth- od is one that does not commend itself to a gentleman, it will doubtless serve. Besides, we have been look- ing death in the face daily for so long a time, that to me, at least, it is not unwelcome."

"And how about the young comte?"

"He knew the risk when he entered upon this un- dertaking," said the vice-admiral.

"And the young comtesse?"

"She, too, can die."

"Die? Curse you!" laughed Garron. "Who said she was going to die? She shall live!"

"Monsieur, if you venture to lay a hand upon me," interrupted the young girl, "I will kill you and then myself!"

"You all talk well," answered Garron, looking hate- fully from one to the other; "but I am master, and in the end 'tis my will, not yours, that will determine what happens."

"I demand as a prisoner of war, to see Admiral Brueys and General Bonaparte!" said the marquis. "He, at least, is a soldier and does not war upon de- fenseless women."

The old man intended to confess to Bonaparte the whole situation, realizing that he was bound to hear it anyway, and then appeal to him to protect his grand- daughter. An appeal to the magnanimity of General Bonaparte he felt sure would bring about a mere nom- inal punishment for them. Hence, his demand of Garron.

"You are my prisoner," returned the captain of the ship, "and I will send you to Admiral Brueys and General Bonaparte when, or if, I please. Meanwhile, you will stay aboard this ship. Now, you can go! Confine yourselves to your cabin and the quarter-deck until I determine what's to be done."

The honors of the interview certainly, if the results be a criterion, were with Garron. There was nothing for the marquis to do but go. But he could at least repay Brébœuf for his treachery.

"Monsieur Garron," he said, as he turned away, "I will give you a word of advice. Do not trust the man behind you. He served me and mine for years, only to betray me yesterday. What he would do to me that he would also do to you——" If the marquis could sow dissension between the two, Garron might make it unpleasant for the Breton. "If my hand had held that pistol I would have shot him down like the dog he is."

"You hear, Brébœuf?" laughed Garron. "How your former master thinks of you?"

"Ah," growled the old sailor with something of a snarl in his tones like that of an angry wolf.

"Have no fear for me, Vaudémont," said Garron, "I can take care of myself. And Citizen Brébœuf has just realized the blessings of liberty. He is my friend, not yours. Now, go!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Luxury's Deadly Flower

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE S. S. LESSON,

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

"AMOS, WHO WAS AMONG THE HERDMEN"

STRANGE, great thoughts are my companions while I spend my days in the fields with my flocks. Men know me as 'Amos, the cowherd,' but God is speaking to me, and I am conscious I shall yet be known as Amos, the prophet of the Lord. That distinction, however, will bring me sorrow. How do I know it? Because those profligate people in yonder kingdom of Israel are ever in my thoughts, and when the prophet's work is given to me, it will be to reprove them. It should be an inspiration to me that on this very spot where I now am, brave young David fought and overcame the great giant Goliath. I wait God's bidding.

"It came to me last night, and the field about me was illumined with heavenly light. Distinctly I heard the Voice say: 'Go, and reprove my people Israel in my name.' And I am now upon my way, with a twenty-five mile journey ahead of me. I carry with me only my shepherd's staff and sling, for God is my defense. The wild beasts have no terror for me, neither have wicked and angry men. My message is my only care.

"I approach Jerusalem, where I may rest a night, but I may not tarry, for the King's business requires haste.

. . .

"I am approaching Bethel. I recall what Jacob said of it when he awoke out of the beautiful vision: 'This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Alas! how changed since then. It is now the house of the golden calf, and the gate of death. Even now I see the smoke of sacrifice arising to the calf. How can I refrain my indignation? I must remember that I am on God's errand. I wonder if I shall meet the king himself? I have been told that he takes upon himself the duties of a priest to the calf, conducting the sacrifices.

. . .

"I am now in Bethel, and I have taken counsel of the Lord as to what I shall say. I shall begin by declaring in the streets of Bethel the doom of the nations round about. First the Syrians, then the Philistines, Tyrians, Edomites, Ammonites, Moabites, and when the Israelites are rejoicing in the evil that is to befall their neighbors, I will proclaim their own downfall unless they turn from their idol worshiping, Sabbath breaking, and drunnkeness. I will tell them that God has said, 'Seek ye me, and ye shall live.'

. . .

"The message has been spoken, and the prophet has been disdained; he has been told by Amaziah, the high priest of the calf, that he had better go back to his own country. He has informed the king that I am a pestilent fellow. The people themselves are so sodden with drink that they cannot be stirred, even with the thought of danger (See also Isaiah 28: 1-8)."

Illustration and Application

Why the drinking of intoxicating beverages is a sin, and the selling of them a crime, and what we can and should do about them, are the practical questions for this quarterly temperance Sunday.

. . .

Why drinking intoxicants is a sin, and selling a crime. The lesson committee have selected some brave words of Amos for a temperance lesson, although none of these words are specifically pleas for total abstinence or prohibition. Can you think why they did so? Is not this the explanation? Amos bravely condemned the sins of luxury in his time, and if we catch his spirit—that is what we should get from every hero's act or word in the Bible—and do what he would do, and say what he would say to-day, we shall condemn the worst sin of luxury in our time, the drinking that leads to every other evil. Can any one honestly seek good and not evil, which Amos commands, without turning his back on drink? Can any one "hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate," which Amos also commands, and not outlaw the saloon, that "evil" which is the mother of almost every other "evil"? To this fact Cardinal Gibbons recently referred in pledging one hundred and thirty boys to abstain until they were twenty-one. He said: "There is no vice prevalent in these modern days so destructive as intemperance. Not only must it bear its own sin, but it leads also to many others. Robbery, crimes of violence, impurity, the disgrace of honored and honorable names, can all be traced to its evil and seductive influence."

These words, and the exhortation of the Roman Catholic Plenary Council to Catholic rumsellers, to find a more reputable way of making a living, ought to be tactfully urged upon Catholics, young and old, who drink or sell.

Amos especially condemned those sins, such as oppressing the poor, that come from the love of money, the root, not of all evil, but of "all kinds of evil." Appetite, greed and lust are the three chief roots of evil, but greed is the tap root, whose sap gives even to appetite and lust much of their strength. A court preacher in the chapel of Louis XIV, at Versailles, set forth the sins of peers and nobles so boldly, crying, "Woe to the rich! Woe to the great!" that the courtiers told the king he ought to be punished. Louis answered only (the best thing he ever said or did), "Gentlemen, the preacher has done his duty, let us now do ours." No one can fearlessly condemn to-day the sins to which the love of money leads and not include the drink traffic. Why is it a sin to drink, and still more to sell intoxicating beverages? Let us put aside for consideration by itself at some other fitting time, the very different question of the prescription of alcohol by physicians. It is a subject of progressing debate among themselves, whether alcohol should not be prescribed more exactly or omitted altogether in medical practice. There is no time for that side issue in a brief Sunday School study of temperance. The buying and selling of intoxicating beverages is the thing to fix our thoughts upon. This will include "bitters" as well as beer, if the former are used without direct orders of a reliable physician. It has been abundantly proved that many of the patent medicines are stronger in alcohol than most of the drinks sold in saloons. And no doubt many who use them in self-prescription are playing the quack on themselves, drinking under false pretences of doctoring. In such cases they too are beverages. Why is it a sin to buy or sell intoxicating beverages?

1. Because alcohol is a poison. Manifestly poison should never be used except in prescriptions. A poison beverage injures the drinker when taken in any quantity, and to take even one glass is therefore a sin, *per se*. Temperance means moderation in what is right, but there can be no moderation in adultery, or theft, or self poisoning. The Bible law for all such cases is, "Abstain from every form of evil." To disobey that law of God once is clearly a sin; to do it habitually is rebellion against God. They are far behind the times who think it all right to drink if one does not get drunk. But science teaches that alcoholism, the state of the daily tippler who may never have been intoxicated, is more harmful to the drinker himself and his posterity, than an occasional spree. In France scientific men are teaching this in great posters, needed also in our land.

2. Because intoxicants may intoxicate. It is an error to suppose a man is not drunk until he is "dead drunk," or nearly so. A man begins to be drunk when he begins to be affected by the drink. Every man who uses intoxicants certainly runs the risk of being more than a little affected by them some day. When he becomes uncontrollably drunk, he injures others as well as himself. The papers printed recently in great headlines, "Raving maniac roaming at large." Because one maniac had escaped from the asylum, a whole city was alarmed. But the child who defined a drunkard as a man who was "crazy on purpose," reminds us every drunken man is a maniac at large, liable to kill friend or foe, liable in any case to "make a fool of himself."

3. Because drink multiplies sorrow. God wants men to be glad. His laws are but paths to joy. The Bible calls wine a "mocker" because it promises joy and brings "woe," at last if not at first. At a hearing in Congress in behalf of a bill to prohibit selling beer to speak-easies, a foreign woman rose in opposition and said for the beer drinkers, "We believe in the joy of living." Her "joy" seemed to be jeopardized by an attack on even speak-easy beer. Her words keep coming up as we read the daily troubles into which beer leads its victims. We thought of the words as we read of a man who in delirium tremens seemed to die, and was shipped for burial on the train, where he came back to life to the great alarm of the baggage-men. O, the drinker's "joy of living." The writer once saw in a saloon-keeper's front window the picture so often seen on the walls of the Y.M.C.A., "Breaking home ties." A country boy is just leaving home for the city. The wagon is at the door in which his big brother will drive him to the railway station. His father is carrying out his bags. His sister and the dog are looking on sadly. In the centre of the picture his mother is gazing earnestly into his face and saying her last words of advice and warning. Who that knows anything of such scenes can doubt that the chief fear on her heart and on her lips for her boy is that he will be caught by the saloon, the man-eater shark of the city? Half the loads carried by anxious hearts would be lifted off if the saloon was banished. All the saloons are not worth one broken heart. The best gift fathers and sons can give to wives and mothers is total abstinence.

4. Because drink harms our country. Amos was a great patriot. He loved his country so well that he condemned selfish and oppressive public officers who sought "graft" and oppressed the poor. Such a patriotism will condemn the saloon as the worst foe of liberty. Its evil power in politics is its crowning curse. In the history of Elijah's times one chapter that was omitted in the quarter's lessons, contains the story of how Benhadad, King of Syria, was defeated by drink (I. Kings 20). "Benhadad was drinking himself drunk in the pavilions, he and the kings, the thirty and two kings that helped him." On the other hand, the victory was "by the young men of the princes of the provinces." The young men who win to-day are the young men whose brains are not fuddled by drink. They win in their own private battles of life and in the patriotic struggles for the nation. It is the men who drink who are defeated everywhere in the end whether in the battles of business or of patriotism.

"THEY TURN ASIDE THE POOR IN THE GATE FROM THEIR RIGHT"

(Translation from the French)

Verdict of Scholars Upon Alcohol

M. BERTHELOT, Member of the Academies of Science and of Medicine: "Alcohol is not a food even though it may be fuel . . . Atwater himself did not conclude from his experiments that alcohol is a true food, that is, that it is capable of assimilation by the human organism."

DR. CHARLES RICHET, of the Academy of Medicine: "If alcoholic drinks could be entirely abolished, possibly a small portion of nourishment would be lost, but one would have rendered an immense service to humanity."

M. METCHNIKOFF, Chief Attendant at the Pasteur Institute: "As for myself, I am convinced that alcohol is a poison."

DR. LANCEREAUX, of the Academy of Medicine: "Alcohol is dangerous, not only on account of the symptoms it induces in the nervous system, but especially on account of the mal-nutrition which it induces in the organism of one who indulges in excess."

DR. HERICOURT, Director of the Scientific Review: "Alcohol, even in the dose which some wish to class as healthful, can surely be the cause of death, by diminishing the resistance of the organism to infectious diseases."

The effort to reinstate alcohol, which has recently been attempted, rested only upon the laboratory experiments of the American Atwater. Yet Atwater says: "The moderate use of alcohol is filled with danger. Alcohol would not be called a food in the proper sense of the word. The net result of its use is an injury and not a benefit. *Temperance Record*, Nov. 22, 1900. Professor Atwater's Conclusions."

M. ROUX, of the Academy of Medicine, Assistant Director of the Pasteur Institute: "The struggle against alcoholism must be continued."

DR. MAGNAN, of the Academy of Medicine, Chief Physician of St. Anne Insane Asylum: "In my opinion, alcohol would not be, in any case a food to be recommended. It pushes into our asylums of the Seine, almost one-half of the inmates."

DR. WEISS, Government Civil Engineer of Bridges and Roads, Fellow of the Faculty of Medicine: "The truth is this—There is not a well-proved fact to show that it would be useful to include alcohol in the diet; many people, often without suspecting it, suffer for having used it; I do not know one who has regretted being deprived of it."

DR. LEGRAIN, chief physician of the Asylums of Ville-Evrard: "It is scientific to proclaim it a perpetual danger, that alcohol—although a chemical food—is perfectly useless, and that it is wise to let it alone."

DR. GARNIER, chief physician of the special Almshouse Infirmary: "The food, alcohol, feeds crime and madness; the former is indebted to this substance for about 70 per cent. of its victims; the latter for 33 per cent. Alcohol food! Granting that this term might be chemically correct, it will never be socially true. The individual who drinks passes to the toxic dose in an insidious manner, especially if he is deluded by the mirage that alcohol is a food."—*Extracts from the Review, Feb. 13, and other publications.*

Citizens! They tell you: "Our alcohol is a food." We appeal to your good sense, the evidence is in your hands.

Judge the Guilty Thing! Condemn it! Proscribe it! Suppress it!

DOWN WITH ALCOHOL!

Bondage and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

* International Sunday School lesson for Sept. 18. Israel reproved, Amos 5: 4-15. Golden Text: "Seek the Lord, and ye shall live," Amos 5:6.

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IS THE CHURCH FOR SAINTS OR FOR SINNERS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 758

them afterward, is even more risky than for some pure woman to marry a drunkard "to reform him!" Accept none who have not had the healing touch of "the Great Physician."
Smith Branch, Ky. EDWIN T. PRESTON.

Receive Penitents on Probation

WHEN notorious sinners accept the Gospel, profess repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus, and apply for admission to Church fellowship, we dare not act the part of the "elder brother" in the parable, toward these returning prodigals. God alone knows the hearts of all. They should be received for a term of probation, during which their conduct may prove whether their repentance is sincere or not. To admit them at once into full membership, and afterwards find their "goodness was as the morning cloud," that passeth away, then the Church will suffer by their unholy influences.
Ventura, Calif. S. F. ELLIOTTE.

Keep Out the Unconverted

THE Church should have sufficient evidence that the applicant has been born again. I believe in probation. Keep sinners out of the Church as far as possible—that is, unconverted men and women.
Seymour, Texas. D. C. BELLOWS.

"Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked"

SURELY the Church is for the Lord's people, or for his redeemed ones, "his saints," a place where they can meet together in an assembly, or the gathering of the people together to praise and worship the Lord in spirit and in truth; and to be a member of such a body as is the Church, which stands for close relation and fellowship with our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ, one must have the spirit and mind of a true Christian, or be a disciple of Christ. II. Cor. 6: 14, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" To all them that believe, repent, and obey the Gospel, it is the Church's privilege, as well as its duty, to welcome them into membership. The one condition then to all men everywhere, to make them legal members of the Church of Christ, is that they believe, repent, and obey the Gospel. J. W. BANNING.
Lyndon, Kan.

Would Open Wide the Door

WHEN three thousand were added to the Church in a day there was no hunt for repentant sinners. The time is too short for that worldly process. The sinner cannot hurt the Church as much as the Church can hurt the sinner. M. C.
Burnham, Me.

For Saint and Sinner Both

THE Church is composed of the saints. The mission of the Church is to save sinners, not out of the Church, but in it. If the sinner come to the saint, and ask, "Where dwellest thou?" the reply must be, "Come in and see." It is a mistaken idea on the part of the saint that he must devote all his time and exert every energy to work out his own salvation. He is already saved, and his business is to go out into the highways and compel sinners to come in, that the Master's house—the Church—may be filled. Past sins have nothing to do with the sinner's conversion. Jesus said to the woman, "Go thy way and sin no more." To the villain on the cross he said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The sinner should be able to manifest somewhat of the spirit of the Master at the threshold of the church, as he is entering. In my opinion, a period of probation is a hindrance rather than a help to the repentant sinner. The very fact of probation means distrust, and distrust tends to discouragement and doubt.
Atwater, O. W. J. S.

No Probation Mentioned in Scripture

THE Scriptures state in Acts 2: 36-47 exactly what is required of a sinner to become a church member. There is nothing said about a period of probation or of taking a vote of the Brethren to decide on whether they should be admitted, but the Lord added to the church, and the conditions are specified in plain language. Let us not substitute human methods for Bible methods. The Lord's way is best.
Pentwater, Mich. J. W. BRAY.

For Saints and Not for Sinners

THE New Testament answer is this: The Church is for saints, the Gospel is for sinners. When a sinner becomes a saint by believing on Jesus Christ, and being born again of the Holy Ghost, then he is ready for Church membership, not before. We read in I. Cor. 14: 33, of "churches of the saints," but nowhere in Scripture of churches of sinners. That epistle was written "To the Church of God, which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints." And that to the Romans was addressed, "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." When convicted sinners, on the day of Pentecost asked, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you. . . . . Then they that gladly received his word were baptized, and the same day there were added to them about 3,000 souls." And the last verse of the chapter reads (in the Revised Version), "And the Lord added to them day by day those that were saved." That church was made up of saints, not sinners. Acts 2: 37, 42, 47.
Detroit, Mich. REV. C. A. VOTEY.

Welcome the Repentant Sinner

IS God's never-dying love for the regenerated or the unsaved? For both! Christ came into the world to save sinners. The Church must carry on this work. But the Church member, shuddering, cries, "Shall we ask that man or woman in the very lowest depths of earthly hell to become one of us; to join his or her voice, harsh with the scar-forgotten curse, in songs of praise with us; to sit in our cushioned pews beside our innocent children. No! No!" Another professed Christian adds: "How do we know that this sinner is in earnest? Do you suppose he will be true to his sacred vows? Will he not pollute us? Will it not be 'casting our pearls before swine?' If, indeed, he is in earnest, let him prove himself reborn."

Are you not asking more of this man than you yourself could have borne? We are still held by the limitations of the flesh. When this "sinner" has become one of you, it will not be necessary to have a period of probation, if every fellow-member encourages him with such cheery words as: "Don't fear!" "You won't fail." "I'm your brother!"
Delaware, O. E. S. VANDEMAN.

For Saints Only

I BELIEVE the Church is for saints only. The line should be distinctly drawn between the saved and unsaved, by admitting only those into the Church who have made a public profession and repentance of sins past, and a solemn desire to forsake all forms of sin.
Brandon, Man. FRED. SMITH.

Repentance and Confession the True Tests

THE New Testament plainly teaches that no matter how great a sinner a person may be, when he repents and confesses Christ, and is baptized, he is then a Christian—a member of the Church of Christ—and should be received into full fellowship at once. This certainly is the Bible way, and, in my opinion, the best way. There is no time when a new convert needs so much encouragement, as at the commencement of the Christian life.
Deer Harbor, Wash. W. P. CADWELL.

The Church is for Sin-Sick Souls

IT has always seemed to me that the Church should be to the spiritually-sick soul what the hospital is to those that are sick physically. There they may come in closer touch with the greatest of physicians, and Church members, with all love, patience and sympathy, should be helpers, like the nurses, and assist in the healing. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."
Bradford, Pa. A. B.

Answers have also been received from Mrs. C. Hallman, Akin, N. Y.; J. Lorenson, Perry, Okla.; Subscriber, Pa.; Miss C. H. R., Greenwood Lake, N. Y.; Emma M. Williams, Berlin, Wis.; H. C. Taylor, Leonard, Pa.; H. G. Lyons, Berryton, Kan.; C. C. Schulz, Tex.; H. C. V. H., Eau Claire, Wis.; J. L., Watson, Ala.; Nettie Harris, Mass.; Mrs. O. J. Rollis, Minn.; B. S. A., Lancaster City, Pa.; J. Flomerfelt, N. J.; Mrs. L. M. R., Ft. Collins, Colo.; Mrs. R. P. Debo, Body Camp; A. C. R., Mo.; Mary K. Marcy, Russia, N. Y.; Carrie Jones, Fulton, O.; Mrs. M. J. Dietrich; Deacon John Sumner, Sligo, La.; Dr. Gillespie, Clay Centre, Kan.; Joseph Hill, W. Va.; Geo. W. Brent, Easton, Pa.; D. H. Trembly, W. Va.; G. H. Worden, Chicago, Ill.; S. McCargar, Ore.; J. T. Pearce, Conn.; Cora L. Hollister, Westfield, Mass.; Wm. Dempster, Ottumwa, Ia.; S. C. Nickel, Batesville, Ind.; Frank Vaughan, Dauphin Island, Ala.; Daniel S. Roatcap, Olathe, Colo.; John Bloore, Jr., N. Y. City; Mrs. Mary A. Kirware, Balto, Md.; Joseph Bushnell, Jackson, Minn.; Mrs. W. H. Smith, Gaffney, S. C.; C. P. Dowding, Buda, Ill.; Moses Lang, Copenhagen, N. Y.; Wm E. Mann, Norfolk, Mass.; A. Estoppey; C. H. Snyder, Conway, S. C., H. T. Lathrop, Ottumwa, Ia.; Arthur Pinder,; Chas. J. Sheets, Annapolis, Md; Mrs. T. Grayston, Huntington, N. Y.; S. A. C., Milwaukee, Wis.; James Gleason, Saginaw, Mich.; Mildred Marwede; Miss Bessie B. Krebbs, Lynchburg, Va.; Jacob D. Boos, Orange City, Ia.; H. A. M., Bronson, Ia.; T. H. Knollin, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. E. M. Huston; F. C. Miller, Denver, Col.; C. W. Brierton, Deepwater, Mo.; Mrs. S. M. McD.; W. S. Forsey, Pinole, Cal.; L. J. C.; Viola, Ia.

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Lincoln as an Abstainer*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, throughout his life, boy and man, always stood for temperance. Far back in his Indiana boyhood, the first essay he ever wrote was on the subject of Temperance. A local Baptist preacher was so struck with its merit that he secured it from the boy, and sent it to Ohio, where it is said to have appeared in a newspaper.

Soon after coming to Springfield to practice law, he joined the Sons of Temperance, and, as we shall see in the next chapters, frequently made temperance speeches of very effective character.

The story is told by Judge Weldon that he was once in the room with Stephen A. Douglas when Lincoln entered. Douglas, desiring to show his hospitality, in accordance with the customs of the times, brought out a bottle of whiskey and some glasses, and invited his callers to take a drink with him. Lincoln respectfully declined, on the ground that he had always been a temperance man, and felt that he was too old to change.

. . .

Leonard Swett tells us that Lincoln told him not more than a year before he was elected President, that he had never tasted liquor in his life. "What!" said Swett, "do you mean to say that you never tasted it?" "Yes," replied Lincoln, "I never tasted it." When we take into consideration the habits of the time, this is a most remarkable testimony to Lincoln's temperance principles, the stability of his character, and the iron quality of his will-power.

Mr. C. C. Coffin, a most distinguished journalist of the day, who accompanied the notification committee from the Chicago Convention to Springfield, at the time of Lincoln's first nomination for the presidency of the United States, related in his newspaper an incident that occurred on that occasion. He says that, after the exchange of formalities, Lincoln said:

"Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you, gentlemen. You will find her in the other room. You must be thirsty after your long ride. You will find a pitcher of water in the library."

The newspaper man crossed the hall and entered the library. There were miscellaneous books on the shelves, two globes, celestial and terrestrial, in the corners of the room, and a plain table, with writing materials upon it, a pitcher of cold water, and glasses, and no wines or liquors. There was humor in the invitation to take a glass of water, which was explained to Mr. Coffin by a citizen of Springfield, who said that, when it was known that the committee was coming, several citizens called upon Mr. Lincoln and informed him that some entertainment must be provided.

"Yes, that is so. What ought to be done? Just let me know and I will attend to it," he said.

"Oh, we will supply the needful liquors," said his friends.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thank you for your kind attention, but must respectfully decline your offer. I have no liquors in my house, and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends in that way. I cannot permit my friends to do for me what I will not myself do. I shall provide cold water—nothing else."

The Hon. John Hay, the present Secretary of State, and one of Lincoln's secretaries and biographers, has declared that Lincoln was a man of extremely temperate habits, and that he made no use of either whiskey or tobacco during all the years of his association with him.

Mr. John G. Nicolay, his private secretary, and a joint biographer with Secretary Hay, says: "During all the five years of my service as his private secretary, I never saw him drink a glass of whiskey, and I never knew or heard of his taking one."

From all this it will be seen that Abraham Lincoln, in his heroic struggle against poverty and hard conditions, in his victory over the vicious habits and customs of the day in which he lived, in the fidelity to principle, and in the cleanliness and purity of his personal habits of life, stands out before us as an ideal leader of the new army of total abstainers to which his name has been given.

*From *The Lincoln Legion*, by Rev. I. A. Banks, D.D. Pages 256. Price $1. The Mershon Company, New York, publishers.

Books Received

The Knowledge of Faith, by E. P. Wheeler. Paper covers. Price ten cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, Toronto and New York, publ's.

Theosophy Analyzed, by W. B. Leonard. Paper covers. Price ten cents. C. H. Woodman, 144 Hanover Street, Boston, publisher.

How to Organize an Evangelistic Campaign, a suggestive booklet, intended to encourage pastors and Christian workers where the thought is in their hearts. Designed to stimulate evangelism in general, and to emphasize the fact that the pastors are themselves most important factors in bringing about the conditions favorable to an effective Gospel campaign. The author is Rev. James B. Ely, Executive Officer of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee of Philadelphia, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Legends of Gems, by Frank Shelley, is a dainty little book, bound in Russia leather. As its title indicates, it is a collection of legends connected with precious and semi-precious stones. While these stories are very interesting, especially to those who make the collecting of gems a fad, there is also a deal of quaint and rare information regarding the intrinsic value of gems and the places where different precious stones are to be found. The book gives evidence everywhere of scholarship and painstaking research, and to lovers of gems it is a treasure-house of information, quaint, valuable, erudite, and always entertaining, the whole presented to the reader in a charming literary style. Around almost every known gem or precious stone clings some antique legend or tradition, and these Mr. Shelley has collected industriously and presented most picturesquely. The gem for each month and its significance is given. Orientals have a belief that each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone or gem, which influence has a corresponding effect on the destiny of a person born during the respective month. Thus, the ruby is the gem of July, and signifies charity and dignity. Emerson wrote of this beautiful stone:

They brought me rubies from the mine
And held them to the sun;
I said, "They're drops of frozen wine
From Eden's vats that run."

Price $1. Published by R. H. Russell & Son New York.

Called Higher

Died, April 19, 1904, at Orangeville, Ohio, Mira May Kellison. She was born May 4th, 1889, and united with the church three years before her death, and was a sincere Christian worker whenever opportunity offered.

Died, July 19th, 1904, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Christian Parker, at Edgewood, R. I., Mrs. H. D. Gavitt. All her life had been spent in God's service, and death had no terrors for her; it was only going home.

Mr. Robert Fairchild, Sr., one of the most prominent citizens of Houston, Texas, died at his home, 2,015 Dallas Avenue, Wednesday morning, after a brief illness, and was buried Thursday afternoon from Trinity M. E. Church, Rev. W. H. Logan officiating. The funeral was under the auspices of Silver Trowel Lodge, No. 47, A. F. and A. M., of which fraternity he was a highly esteemed and honored member.

Mrs. Margaret Foster Watson, of Toledo, Ohio, died on Saturday, June 11th. In 1880, Mrs. Watson began holding evangelistic meetings on alternate Sundays, with the prisoners in the Workhouse and County jail, and has continued them ever since. The sick, the needy, the tempted, the afflicted, all found in her a constant friend, and she will be sadly missed in the many circles where she delighted to go about doing good. She was an efficient and active worker up to the day of her death. Mrs. Watson was born in Clinton County, Pa.

The Dear Little Wife at Home

THE dear little wife at home, John,
She has ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet
And so many steps for you.
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Although you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight,
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait.
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight,
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"All's Well"

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... shape of this **Beautiful Pattern Hat** is one of the latest; the rim formed in graceful curves ... the popular egg shape. The under facing is composed of strips of **Imported Mohair Felt** plaited in novel design. Set off at the edge with wide ... of fine Velvetta. The ... crown is covered with ... quality of **Velvetta** and edged with **Imported Bright Edging.** ... between the ... crown ... with gratings and ... of **Beautiful Lustrous Japanese Silk;** ... plumes ... **Very Fine, Genuine Imported Black Ostrich Plumes,** giving the hat ... desired. You can order it in Black, ... Gray, Tan color or Red, the **Genuine Ostrich Plumes** ... Black.

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The Happy Holiday of Ernest and Greta

ERNEST was the very smallest boy at Mont-Lawn, and if the fashions of a few years ago prevailed at present, he surely would be running around in dresses. The photographer did not catch the little chap's happiest expression, for the boy had never had his picture taken before, and he was a little suspicious of the mysterious box propped up on three legs, and did not seem to have his usual unbounded confidence in whatever his sister said, when she assured him there was nothing for him to be "scared about." So the little fellow snuggled close to Greta's side, and stood quiet for a fraction of a minute, while he was being "snapped."

"He was a little suspicious of the mysterious box"

During the whole of their stay at Mont-Lawn, these two children were inseparable, day and night they were constantly together, the boy was so small he was not put in the ranks with older and larger children of his own sex, and it was amusing to watch him as he looked to Greta for guidance, in all this new and untried way of living. When at meals under the big tent, everything must be arranged on Ernest's plate to his liking, and the meat cut and potatoes mashed by Greta, before she would pay any attention to her own meal. There was nothing indicative of squalid poverty about the children; to be sure they had come from a very poor home, and their clothing was faded and darned, but it was perfectly clean. The girl's hair was always neatly brushed and tied with ribbons, which had experienced more than one introduction to soap and water.

Hand-in-hand these children went, roaming the daisy-starred fields, or doing "stunts" in the open-air "gym"; from early morning until the call for evening prayer at their bedsides they were happy, amusing themselves, and giving "teacher" no trouble whatever. Some children, no matter where they are, or to what walk in life they belong, have the faculty of accumulating more than their share of bumps, bruises, dirt and torn clothing; but nothing ever happened to this pair, they had the brightest, merriest time possible, and they never got into any scrapes. It seems that Greta had been up to the Home once before, when her brother was too small to accompany her, and how proud and happy she was to bring him this year.

As the years pass by, and the time comes when the little boy grows to be a big boy, he may lose father and mother, and be left alone; but if Greta is spared, he will always be protected and cared for by this faithful "little mother."

All too many of the tenement children are not only thin and miserable in appearance, but their clothing oftentimes is little more than rags, and none too clean when they arrive at the Home; then something must be found for them to wear, and the gifts of clothing which have been sent by kind friends are brought into requisition to good purpose. Friends have been most liberal with donations of clothing this season, but there is still a deficit in that suitable for boys from six to ten, and Housemother Collins is sometimes at her wit's end, to make the boys present a respectable appearance.

One of the chief charms of Mont-Lawn is the entire absence of any "institutional" air; the children romp and play about the grounds as if they all belonged to one family, with an older sister in the guise of a teacher looking carefully after each group. The larger girls and boys are most proud and happy to assist in the work of keeping this great establishment in order; they look after the younger children, help about the kitchen and dining tent, and in many ways lighten the burdens of teachers and care-takers, and at the same time the helpers are being helped, in getting a knowledge of the right way to work, which is almost impossible in the narrow homes in which most of them live. Ten days' vacation at Mont-Lawn marks an epoch in every child-visitor's life; but who can measure the influence for good received there, or the extent to which it may color all their after lives?

ANSWERED PRAYERS

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

O PRAYING ones, who long have prayed,
And yet no answer heard,
Have ye been sometimes half afraid
God might not keep his word?
Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears,
Does Heaven seem blind and dumb?
Is hope deferred? Believe! believe!
The answering time will come.

"Ask what ye will," His word is true,
His power is all divine;
Ye cannot test his love too far,
His uttermost is thine.
God does not mock believing prayer,
Ye shall not go unfed;
He gives no serpent for a fish,
Nor gives he stones for bread.

Thine inmost longings may be told,
The hopes that turned to shame;
The empty life, the thwarted plan,
The good that never came.
Oh, if thou truly hast believed,
Not vain has been thy prayer;
As God is true, thy hope shall come
Some time, some how, some where.

M. M., Richmond, Va. "In my distress I cried unto the Lord and he heard my voice. Bless his holy name."

F. B. J., Bessemer, Ala. "God has answered so many prayers for me until I feel his presence, and I tell him about everything. He cheers my heart when I am in trouble, and always helps me."

M. P., Massachusetts. "I was in great trouble. I prayed for help and he answered. He always answers prayers of faith. I wish every one knew what a friend and helper we have in Christ."

Mrs. A. B., Ohio. "I can truly say with the psalmist of old, the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad, and I praise his holy name."

John S., Denhoff, N. Dak. gratefully acknowledges answers to prayer in times of great suffering. He promised to proclaim the fact to the world, for the glory of God, and even at this late date he writes to make public acknowledgment.

G. H., Littlefield, Ill. "I write to add my testimony of praise and thanks for the answer of prayer. A few months ago a mother and brother lay at the point of death. I believe it was through prayer that God spared them to us from what seemed certain death."

Mt. Blanchard, Ohio. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. Praise his holy name. He has answered many a prayer for me that seemed an impossibility. May this be the means of helping some one to trust Jesus." From one who trusts in Jesus.

A Vermont reader. "I wish to add my testimony to those who acknowledge answered prayers, I know that our God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Many times has he heard and answered my prayers. Not always as I have wished, but answered as he thought best

"Peace and wonderful gladness.
Are answers unto prayer."

Miss Z. I. D., Milford, Mich. "I have received many wonderful answers to prayer. I know that our God is infinite in power and resources and mercy and is omnipresent, from the way in which he gives to those that ask. I believe the prayers of others are good for us, so I desire the prayers of Christ's children for spiritual strength, wisdom, grace, endurance, and Christian knowledge and power in him. In September, God willing, I am to speak in a large school in the northern part of Michigan, Big Rapids, on, 'Alcohol in the light of science.' As many young men there yield to the temptation of strong drink, I ask for prayers that God will bless me in this opportunity."

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Cashmere Yarn	**Shetland Zephyr**
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if you used the same toilet soap that I do. I feel better just after my bath than at any other time, and all because mother uses

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out of clothes with Fels-Naptha is better than rubbing it out with common soap.
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TENT SERVICES IN NEW YORK

THE Rev. Wm. F. Coburn has been conducting evangelistic services in "Tent Peniel," at the corner of 110th Street and Central Park West, New York City, since the first Sunday in June. These meetings are interdenominational, and have been largely attended. The location is a beautiful one and accessible, while a fine fountain playing continually inside the tent cools the air. The music is especially interesting and enjoyable, and a vested choir of children, under the direction of Miss Grace D. Hildebrand, the "Gospel nightingale," has proved a very attractive feature. The Oliphant sisters sing at every service.

DR. WM. COBURN

Dr. Coburn is a well-known evangelist, and has held many large and successful revival meetings in the principal cities. He holds two services daily in the Gospel Tent, at 7 and 8 P. M., and on Sunday, Bible School at 3 P. M., preaching at 11 A. M. 4.30 and 8 P. M. There have been many hopeful conversions.

Peniel Tent is near one of the principal entrances to Central Park, where, during the heated term, many who are without money or work, spend their nights. An earnest effort has been made to bring as many of these unfortunates as possible under the influence of the meetings. One night Dr. Coburn spoke on "The Joy of Salvation." A young man gave up a position paying him forty dollars a week that he might know that joy. One of the members of a crew of an ocean liner made public confession of faith before sailing the next day for Liverpool.

Is the World Growing Better?*

MANY facts might be cited as proofs that the world is growing worse rather than better. There is more swindling, and that on a more gigantic scale. There is probably more vice, more gambling, more crime of all kinds. The love of money, and the absorption of men's minds in the pursuit of it, were never so intense as they are to-day. Greed and selfishness hold sway and are seen in every walk of life. With all this there is a decline in religious faith. There are probably not so many avowed infidels in the world as there used to be, but there are more agnostics. Few men declare openly that there is a God, but there are an immense number who say that they do not know whether or not there is a God, whether or not there is a life beyond the grave. All these are sad and appalling facts which will be admitted by every man who mingles with the world and intelligently observes the significance of passing events.

On the other hand, there are welcome signs of improvement. The world has become more humane. Sympathy with the sick and the suffering is more prevalent, and efforts for the relief of the sufferers are more general. Hospitals have been established for the treatment of disease, and they are liberally supported. Does war break out? An army of doctors and nurses are sent out to minister to the wounded. Is there a famine in any part of the world, or does a great disaster fall upon any community? The fact needs only to be made known, and money is immediately given generously and in large sums for the relief of the victims. Efforts for the benefit of special classes have been multiplied, and the Social Settlements have been established to raise the moral tone of the slums. In heathen lands, devoted men and women are laboring in greater numbers than ever before, to preach and teach the way of life to the people. These, and other features of our time, indicate that, while the struggle between good and evil continues, and there is much to cause depression, the spirit of Christ is gaining ground in the world. Every movement that springs from concern for the welfare of others, is an evidence of that fact, and there are more of such movements now than at any previous period. It remains true, that love, disinterested affection, compassion for suffering, and practical efforts to alleviate it, show a mind akin to that of Christ, and the more men are under the influence of such a spirit of love and unselfishness, the better the world will be.

The promise of Christ that if he was lifted up, he would draw all men unto him, is sure, and we confidently look for its fulfilment. It is the real hope of the world. The practical outcome of it is the personal one. Every Christian ought by his own life to manifest Christ and seek to bring others under his power. The circle he reaches may be small, but if every one would do all in his power to leaven his own particular circle, the effect on the world would be transforming. We have no right to leave the propagation of Christianity to the clergy. Each Christian ought to be a light and a worker for Christ in the world. Every one has about him some whom he may influence and every one should feel that, whatever others may do, he at least will do his duty. If each Christian now living could win three souls for Christ during his lifetime, the next generation would be a very different one from any the world has yet seen. Slow and painful has the process of redemption been thus far, but the remedy for sin is in our hands, committed to us by Christ, and it is for us to make it known. When that duty is made a matter of personal concern, the condition of mankind will be so obvious, that there will be no need to ask if the world is getting better.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 18. Ps. 37: 1-13; Eccles 7: 10.

PRESSING HIS GARMENT'S HEM

THE Saviour passed along the way
From country lane to city mart,
Where crowds were moving to and fro,
With many an aching heart.
They touched the seamless robe he wore,
They pressed his garment's hem;
And, lo! the tender love he bore,
Brought health and joy to them.

Unseen, he walks the earth to-day,
Our daily paths beside,
When lonely, 'mid the fields we stray,
Or join the restless tide.
He will not bid us hold our peace,
Our eager prayers condemn,
But we may clasp his pierced hand,
And press his garment's hem.

Oh aching, fearing, human heart,
There's balm and rest for thee!
Oh weary, heavy-laden one,
He's calling, "Come to Me!"
When sorrow, like a surging tide,
No earthly power can stem,
How sweet to feel his wounded side,
And press his garment's hem.

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

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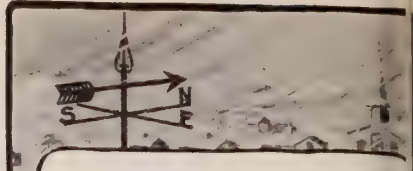

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A WOMAN'S WIDE AFRICAN PARISH

BY MISSIONARY MARY A. SHARP

MY parish of Krootown is a settlement of bamboo houses with thatched roofs. hey usually have a lamp at night to burn erosene from the United States. In my urch (which is indicated on the photograph y the mark of the cross), the native converts old every morning at sunrise a prayer-meet-g, besides other meetings, and the regular unday services, three times on Lord's Day, d Sunday School. We also have day school ring the week. A school building is needed dly. One American friend has offered to ve $1,500 to erect a schoolhouse in Kroo-wn. The city council of Monrovia has given e an eligible lot for the purpose. Meantime e have to use the church. Crowds of chil-en of all ages and sizes, and all manner of ess, and no dress, come to us. We try to ve them wear at least a shirt. Many will them from birth until even after death. If a person dies, fires are built outside the huts and tom-toms are beaten to scare away the witches that have come after the dead one's spirit.

Not until lately did I find out the reason for giving their children all sorts of names. The first woman who came to church flourished under the name of *Koko*, which means "rooster." Then there was a young man *Combo*, meaning "cat," and a girl *Bwa* "dog," and so on. Such names were given to confuse the witches; they could hear no boys or girls called by name—only common things. If a person is sick, they are bewitched, and usually taken to another part of the town after dark. The strong belief in witchcraft and in polygamy is the great hindrance to the Gospel. Those who profess conversion are quite free from belief in demon power, and no

MISSIONARY MARY SHARP'S HOME IN THE HEART OF A KROO VILLAGE

y they have no shirt, which is true. A shirt nsists of a strip of calico, sewed up at the les to the armhole, and a hole cut in the iddle through which they put their heads. often make some of remnants of calico of fferent colors. Then they use the little nglish they are master of.

"Tank you, mammy! Tank you plenty! im be fine, too much!"

They are quick to learn, but usually stop ort of what we call a good English educa-on. But with this tribe, now is the harvest-ne, as they are just waking up to the desire "learn book." A boy will present himself. "Me come to you to stay. Me want to bee book and good palaver."

With aching heart, I often have to turn em away; space and means being too limit-l. For help, the older ones teach the unger. The harvest here truly is great, but e laborers are few.

The heathen are still under the oppression the devil. They say witches are after man is admitted to church membership unless he puts away all his wives but one, though he has bought and paid for them all. The number of wives a man has affects his standing in the community. One "rich" man came to me, saying he wanted to be a Christian and to be baptized. I questioned him closely. He was willing to put away all his *jujus* (what they worship), and *Gre Gres* (charms that bring luck and keep witches away), but when it came to his wives; "Put away all my wives but one, and be all the same as one poor fellow!" That was too hard; to be reduced in rank, he could not recede to that. Like the young man of old, he went away sorrowfully.

But that day is past, as most, if not all, of those who have united with the church, are the most prosperous.

I thank you so much for the $20 you sent. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has become the world's almoner. I mean that it shall go toward the new schoolhouse.

Monrovia, Liberia. MARY A. SHARP.

Russia's Royal Christening

OY-BELLS pealed throughout St. Petersburg and the city was shaken by repeated discharges of guns from the fortress. At st, after years of weary waiting and repeat-disappointments, a son has been born to e royal couple, and now, with great pomp d ceremony, the little boy was being car-d to the church, where the ceremony of ristening the infant was to be performed.

The functionaries concerned in the cere-ony drove in gorgeous carriages, drawn by lendid horses, to the great palace. The ghborn heir-apparent was carried in a mag-ficent carriage, in the form of a golden ariot, drawn by eight pure white horses. he little baby peacefully reposed in the arms the Empress' lady-in-waiting, the Princess alitzin. The chariot was surrounded by ounted equerries, a company of Cossacks llowing, the little sleeping babe being their w Commander-in-chief.

A long, gorgeous procession was formed hen the cavalcade reached the church. incess Galitzin carried the infant, while the llow and veil were carried by Gens. Richter d Voroutsoffdashkoff, respectively. Num-rless gold and silver ikons adorned the in-rior of the church, which was resplendent th the blaze of thousands of candles.

The Czar, proud and happy, despite the adow of awful war hanging over the coun-y, was accompanied by his mother. After e reception, the clergy retired to an inner artment, this movement being in accord-ce with the traditions of the Orthodox urch.

The ceremony of christening began with a lemn exorcism to "free the child from the fluence of evil spirits." Until this was per-rmed, the little innocent babe was not pre-red for his baptismal robes. After the ild was anointed with holy oil on forehead, east, ears, hands, feet, and shoulders, the form of a cross was made upon his head, by clipping his silky, baby hair. The imperial chaplain then plunged the little body three times beneath the waters in the font, saying, "The servant of God, Alexis, is baptized in the name of the Father. Amen. In the name of the Son. Amen. In the name of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Crying lustily, the heir to the throne of all the Russias was clad in his baptismal garments, and then carried three times around the font, the choir at the same time singing a *Te Deum*, while 301 guns thundered from the fortress.

Divine service was then conducted, when the Czar was readmitted. The Dowager Empress carried the infant to the altar, where communion was administered by the Archbishop, who touched the child's mouth with consecrated wine. And thus came to an end the grand ceremonial.

A Revival in Colorado

WITHIN three hours' ride of the turbulent mining camps of Cripple Creek, lies the fruitful valley of the Arkansas. During the past month the churches here have been marshalled for an aggressive effort under the Rev. F. E. Smiley, D.D., of Chicago, and his efficient musical director. July 4 was observed as a day of prayer. Sixteen services were held, including a number of cottage prayer-meetings, led by the principal citizens. Three big mass meeting in the tent, morning, afternoon and evening, attracted multitudes. Many visitors came from neighboring towns. Over two hundred openly confessed Christ. Dr. Smiley has accepted invitations from three more of the leading towns, and will pitch his tent at La Junta, Las Animas and Lamar, which will occupy his time until September.

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I do not expect to convince you by my advertising alone that I am better equipped to make a quick cash sale of your property than any other real-estate man; but I **do** expect to convince you that it will be to your advantage to write to me and tell me your requirements, so that I will have an opportunity to explain to you my business methods and submit a definite plan for converting your property into cash. The statements in the average advertisement are somewhat exaggerated; in many advertisements, **greatly** exaggerated; but in some, simply plain statements of facts. Of course, I cannot expect you to believe that my ads. belong to the last-named class without giving you some tangible evidence. That is why I want you to send me a description of your property, so that I can tell you in a plain, straightforward manner just how I would handle it, how much commission I would charge you, and why I could, in all probability, sell it more quickly than any other real-estate broker. I don't want you to simply take my word for **anything.** I want to give you **positive proof** of my ability before any agreement whatever is made between us. Fill out the upper blank on this page and mail it to me to-day. Remember, that while you are filling out one of these blanks, it is quite probable that somebody will be filling out one of the hundreds of thousands of other blanks that appear in this and other leading publications, to correspond exactly with your requirements.

If you want to buy any kind of a property in any part of the country, fill out the lower blank on this page and mail it to me to-day.

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W. M. OSTRANDER, 161 North American Building, Philadelphia:

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of.....

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THE COLVER CO., Dept. S, 811 Schiller Bldg. Chicago, Ill

Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor-Springs beneath the tub.

These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden covers on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the heard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours, you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

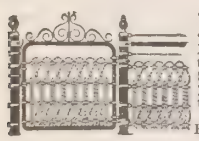
Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 3022 Henry St., Binghamton, New York.



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THE NEGRO FARMER

What the Georgia State Industrial School is Doing for Him

IT was a most interesting gathering which recently met at the Fifth Annual Farmers' Conference, of the Georgia State Industrial College, near Savannah. Here were representatives of various social conditions, of mental growths, of moral status, and also of ignorance and poverty, awaiting needed aid. These elements formed an interesting study for the sociologist, the moralist, and the philanthropist.

Educators met to get new ideas of helpfulness, and to impart knowledge; but the most interesting and characteristic representatives were the farmers themselves. There was the old-time negro of *antebellum* days, uncouth in dress and manner, who said, "I didn't expose to say nuthin' dis mawnin', but meant to run in on the win' up." There was the newer type, arisen since the war, displaying a keen alertness, comparing favorably with that of the average Northern or Western farmer, and lastly, the negro farmer of the New South, who is intelligent, progressive, and able to compete with his white neighbor.

Geo. F. Thomas, of Hawkinsville, Ga., ably represented this latter class. This man owns 185 acres of land, and last year made $500 profit. Many of this farmer's products have won prizes at State and County Fairs. At the Atlanta Exposition in 1895, Mr. Thomas' exhibit won a premium of $500. This shows the possibilities of negro farming in the South.

It is the aim of the Farmers' Conference to help, in an intelligent manner, by spreading education along agricultural lines, among the farmers of Georgia and adjacent States; to aid them in becoming more self-reliant, intelligent and prosperous. Many testimonies were given by different men at this Conference, that showed beyond question that they had been greatly benefited. These men told how they had received their first inspiration for home-owning, variety in crops, and improved methods of preparing the soil, from their attendance at the conferences of the school. Those who attended this year for the first time, eagerly sought for all knowledge that would enable them to improve their farms. The questions they asked, and the determination they expressed, of going home and improving their condition, evidenced the inspiration and help they were receiving.

No one made a dull or uninteresting speech; no matter how ignorant he might be, there was always something to be learned, something of interest. One man said, with the greatest earnestness, "I tells you I ain't nebber had any eddication; I couldn't read my name if it was writ as big as de top ob dat table; but I'se here to learn, an' I specs to do still more to better my condition." This man started with a capital of $4.00, ten years ago; perseverance and thrift have gained him a farm of 100 acres.

There were several farmers present who owned 200 or 400 acres, the largest farm having 500 acres, ranging from this all the way down to one acre. A large number of tenant farmers were present, many of these expressed their determination to raise better crops, and make preparations to own their homes.

A canvass among the students of the school, who are mainly from the rural districts, showed the majority to be from families who own their homes, and in only one instance did the family live in a one-room log house. This indicates that the negro farmer is slowly becoming a landowner, and that the log cabin of only one room is passing away. The negro farmer is realizing the importance and advantage of home owning, and of living in better houses.

Prof. Carver, of Tuskegee Institute, gave a very helpful talk on practical farming, emphasizing the importance of proper preparation of the soil, correct seeding, and diversity of crops.

It was also shown that the oyster industry work, which is done almost entirely by negroes, might become much more profitable if they would show themselves more reliable, if they would own their outfits, and lease and plant their oyster grounds. They might improve the product, and sell, when possible, direct to the consumer. If a man owned a small truck farm, he might combine oyster-raising with farming to his advantage. The oystermen seemed greatly gratified at these suggestions, and the College will assist them to better their condition in every way possible.

REV. R. R. WRIGHT

This College combines the scientific with the practical, by collecting carefully prepared data, from which are given suggestions and methods of helpfulness.

Many fine lectures have been delivered before the school, and there is strong evidence of the great interest the Southern white man feels in the efforts put forth by the negro to better his social condition.

Under the direction of a commission of five eminent Southern white men, President R. R. Wright has, with the assistance of a faithful faculty, striven to make the school of the greatest benefit to the negroes of the Black Belt of Georgia.

Mr. Booker Washington expresses a deep interest in the work, and in a recent letter to President Wright, says: "I hope sometime by actions, rather than words, to show how much I appreciate you and your work."

There are nearly 500 students in the school this term; 113 have graduated from its academic courses; 50 or more former students are working at various trades, learned at the College; many are instructors in the schools of various States.

When the Farmers' Conference in all its various phases is considered, it would seem to be one of the most useful features of the school, and should be encouraged in every way.

The Benke Memorial Tablet

The fund for the Memorial Tablet which is to be put up in the hall of the Bowery Mission, in remembrance of Victor H. Benke, the "Volunteer Organist," has now reached the sum of $350.50.

All contributions over and above the actual cost of the tablet, will be given to the widow, who is left without any means, and with a little child to care for.

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

At Mother's Knee

SEE COLORED ILLUSTRATION ON COVER

SOFT falls the glow of evening lamp,
O'er heads ot children three;
Soft fall the words of evening prayer,
From lisping lips at mother's knee.

Safe sleeps the babe on loving breast;
Night broods with shelt'ring wing.
On all within, the Christ-child smiles;
The stars without His glories sing.

M. S. H.

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The cream should soften it a bit, b not enough to excuse the eater from least a few good earnest "chews" for o Dame Nature sends rich blessings to t long chewer. Of course the one wi weak teeth can soften the food with mi down to a mush if necessary, but t good old Dame doesn't smile quite cheerfully on them.

You know children and adults mu use the teeth and grind freely to ma them grow strong and to preserve the Then the act of chewing brings down t much needed saliva from the gums, a that helps amazingly in the digestion foods of various kinds.

The saliva is not so much requir with Grape-Nuts, for this food is pre gested, that is the starch turned into form of sugar in the process of makir and that helps give it the fascinati flavor.

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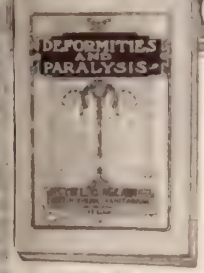

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WARNING A NATION

BY MRS M. BAXTER

THE prophets Joel, Amos and Hosea were contemporaries; Isaiah must have been born during their time, and may have derived some measure of his inspiration from God through them. Joel wrote to "all the inhabitants of the land" (Joel 1:2); Hosea especially to Israel—*i.e.*, the ten tribes, whom he calls Ephraim; and Amos, who was a man of Judah, was called to bear testimony against Israel and to foretell the Assyrian captivity. He was no scholar, and was, by his own confession, no prophet, nor yet a prophet's son, but a simple laborer on the land, "a herdman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit" (or, wild figs, margin, Amos 7:4). And to this rough countryman came the word of God: "Go, prophesy to my people Israel" (Am. 7:14, 15). He was among the herdmen in Tekoa, in the hill country of Judah, not far from Bethlehem. God has his own witnesses among the most unlikely people. Only he knows who are simple enough, humble enough, little enough, in their own eyes, to be supple instruments in his hand, to deliver his unvarnished messages.

His first mission was to declare to Israel, God's coming punishment of the nations around them, with his reason why. To each nation, God said: "For three transgressions, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof." And now the prophet turns on Judah and Isreal, and the same words are addressed to them: "For three transgressions of Judah, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof, because they have rejected the law of the Lord, and have not kept his statutes." And now this rough countryman, stirred up to jealousy for the honor of his God, delivers this unexpected message: "Hear this word that the Lord hath spoken against you, O children of Israel, against the whole family which I brought up out of the land of Egypt saying, You only have I known of all families of the earth: therefore, I will visit upon you all your iniquities." Privilege entails responsibility. It is a solemn lesson. The nearer we are to God, the more responsible we are.

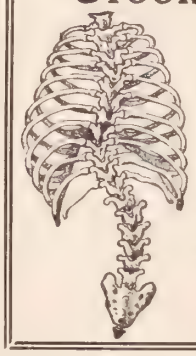
God, by the prophet, exposes the sin of the state religion—the worship of the golden calf at Bethel—and reminds the people of his past appeals to them. And then follows the solemn word, "Because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel."

But how should they prepare to meet Him? Chapter V. tells us. It begins with a lamentation of the prophet. But the lamentation turns into an earnest exhortation. "Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, seek ye me, and ye shall live, but seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beersheeba"—*i. e.*, seek God alone; no mixture of some fear of God joined with the fashionable idolatry of the day. Destruction was staring Israel in the face: the Word of the Lord had gone forth; sentence was spoken against her. But every one of her people who would truly seek the Lord should be preserved: he should live.

In the last two chapters, although dealing in large measure with the then present crisis in the history of Israel, some verses refer to the future restoration of Israel. Amos sees a basket of summer fruit, and the Lord shows him that the summer for Israel is over, the fruit all gathered. "The end is come upon my people Israel; I will not pass by them any more." It was final. Israel, as separate from Judah, is no longer recognized by God from this time.

And now the prophet has a vision of the Lord standing by the altar. And his word is one of terrible vengeance. Nothing shall now prevent the punishment of his rebellious people, "Behold, the eyes of the Lord are upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from the face of the earth." He continues, "Saving that I will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob, saith the Lord. For, lo! I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all the nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth." This is taking place now.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 789

The Great Escalator at the Elevated Section of the New York Subway

Questions & Answers

Inquirer, Rahway, N. J. 1. What is the population of Korea? 2. What does it produce and what is the extent of its foreign trade?

1. About 15,000,000. 2. It produces and exports rice, beans, ginseng and hides, and imports a great variety of goods. It is capable of producing for export purposes a surplus of barley, wheat, sorghum and millet. Its exports are about $4,500,000; imports $7,500,000.

A. W. K., Fargo, N. D. If a person in securing a marriage license, states his age incorrectly (for example, giving his age as fifty when he was sixty), would this make the marriage invalid?

No; the marriage would stand good in law, in spite of the error or deception mentioned.

P. W., New York. Is it wrong for a man to remain single? I am a confirmed bachelor, and have no desire to marry. I support my aged parents, on a small salary, and they may live twenty or twenty-five years yet.

If you consider it your duty to remain single, in order that you may support your parents, you are right to so remain. The Bible says that "it is not good for man to be alone," and a famous German philosopher supplemented this by declaring that "a man single is only half a man," while Paul, on the other hand, urges celibacy as the more desirable state. A bad marriage is worse than none, but a good marriage is unquestionably the best, most natural and most desirable condition. Read the beautiful description by King Lemuel's mother of a good wife, in Proverbs 31: 10-33.

H. B., Archbold, O. Did a rainbow appear in the skies before the Flood?

Some scientists hold that in antediluvian times, the surface of the earth was perpetually covered with mist which obscured the sun and that the Flood changed this condition; consequently, if these scientific speculations be sound, there could have been no rainbow before the Flood.

J. F., Newark, N. J. How can we best express the difference between the pleasures of this world and the pleasures of the Christian life?

They have very little in common. Worldly pleasures, such as feasting, dancing, theatres, horse-racing, gambling and various forms of dissipation, have no attraction for one who is following the Master, since these and similar indulgences are barriers to spiritual growth. There are, however, many rational and delightful pleasures open to the Christian—travel, books, music, pictures, and many outdoor and indoor gatherings and other recreations, that can be enjoyed without conflicting with duty or principle. If you are in doubt as to the propriety of any amusement, it is a wise plan to let it alone.

Inquirer. Where does the Moravian Church at present conduct missions?

Amongst the Eskimos in Labrador and Alaska, the Indians of California, the Indians and negroes of Nicaragua, in the West Indies, and Demerara, and Surinam, in Cape Colony and German East Africa, among the Papuans of Australia, the Tibetan-speaking peoples of Kashmir, and the West Himalayan mountaineers. Besides, the Moravian Church maintains a home for lepers near Jerusalem. Rev. Paul de Schweinitz, Bethlehem, Pa., will furnish all particulars.

M. Y. Z., Westville, Conn. To whom did our Lord refer (Luke 15: 7) as just persons who need no repentance? Are there such persons?

The parables which follow illustrate our Lord's meaning. There was a tendency among the Pharisees, as you will see by Luke 15: 2, to despise the sinner and make no effort for his reclamation. They prided themselves on their scrupulous observance of the law and on their lives being free from open sin. Christ met them on their own ground, and showed them that the recovery and reformation of the sinner was pleasing to God. He desires that none should perish, but that all should forsake sin and return. They thought that as there were no flagrant sins in their lives to be repented of, that they were God's favorite children. Christ showed them that if, as they contended, they were free from such sins, their self-righteous attitude was not so pleasing to God as was the attitude of the man who knew he had done wrong, and abjured it and asked pardon. There was need for repentance on the part of those who claimed to be just persons, as Christ showed them over and over again; but he was teaching another lesson at that time, and was proving to them that, even assuming that they were sinless, as they claimed, they were wrong in the position they took toward the sinner.

A. A. B., Grover Hill, O. A book has come into my hands, in which the statement is made that the New Testament contains over 2,000 errors, and that the Sinaitic Version is the only correct one. Is there any basis for that statement?

Possibly if the errors of grammar and punctuation and mistranslation in the Authorized Version were counted, they might number 2,000. But that does not apply to the Revised Version. The Revisers had the Sinaitic Version before them when they performed their task, and derived assistance from it. Their version is free from most of the errors in the Authorized Version. None of them were serious, or affected the doctrinal teaching of the book. It was a question of finding the English words, which should be the exact equivalents of the Greek words in the original, and also whether a few passages which were not in the most ancient manuscripts should be retained.

Old Subscriber, West Newbury, Mass. By whom was Port Arthur built, and for what purpose?

It was built by the Chinese many years ago, as a naval station for the northern fleet, and was called Lushwankau, or Lushunku. It was afterward renamed Port Arthur, but whether by the British or Russians, is undecided.

Reader, Lachute, Quebec, Canada. (1.) Does the warning to those who sin wilfully apply to every converted person who commits sin? (2.) What is the difference between such persons and backsliders?

1. The passage simply warns such persons that there is no other remedy for sin than the one provided. If after knowing it fully, any one deliberately rejects it, there is nothing more to be done and he must be prepared for "the fiery indignition." It does not apply so much to wicked acts as to apostatizing and rejecting Christ. Neither penance nor any other way is open; "there remaineth no more sacrifice." It does not mean that that one does not still avail, if appeal is made to it, but that it does not need to be repeated like the Jewish sacrifices, and that there is no other. 2. Such persons may be backsliders, but the latter word is generally used of persons who return to a sinful life, rather than to those who deliberately and wilfully reject Christ.

R. N. T., Dalhousie, N. B., Can. You ask questions which are incapable of being answered. It would be folly and presumption for any one to attempt to explain why God does or does not do certain things. Confine your inquiries to reasonable limits if you really desire them to be answered.

P. H., Jr., Beaverdam, Mich. It was Alexander Pope, we believe, who wrote the famous lines:

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep—or touch not the Pierian spring.

While it is doubtless true that there are more educated than uneducated sceptics and atheists, it is generally found, upon investigation, that the education, in such cases, has been shallow and superficial, dipping into theology and philosophy without giving sincere consideration to any problem presented, and leaping at conclusions from very uncertain premises. Your true scientist or scholar, on the other hand, approaches these subjects with an impartial mind, and his investigations bring him ultimate conviction of the great truths of religion and the life hereafter. Among the scientists of to-day, we might take the names of Prof. Shaler, of Harvard; Dr. Cesare Lombroso, of Turin, Italy; Prof. Sir William Crookes, of England; Alfred Russell Wallace, Prof. Mourawoff, of S Petersburg University; Sir Oliver Lodge, England; Profs. Joire, of France, and Va Eeden, of Belgium, and a score of others i support of this assertion. We do not believ the study of any of the sciences leads to i fidelity, but that, on the contrary, such stud would rather tend to impress upon the min a greater wonder at the marvels of the un verse and a higher reverence for the Creato

Subscriber, Ocean Grove, N. J. What did th Civil War cost in money, and lives of men?

It cost the North $4,700,000,000, the Sout $2,300,000,000. The North lost in kille wounded, or died of disease, 280,000; th South 520,000.

G. S., Milwaukee, Wis. Kindly name the princ pal divisions of missionary activities and goo causes fostered by THE CHRISTIAN HERAL and the religious denominations under who auspices said work is conducted.

In foreign missions, the India orphan wor is the best known; 5,400 orphans are suppor ed and trained by CHRISTIAN HERALD co tributions. The work is interdenominationa In rescue work in the home field, the Bowe Mission is probably the oldest and mo widely known mission of its kind in Ame ca. It is supported by THE CHRISTIA HERALD and is wholly undenominationa In juvenile work, the Children's Home Mont-Lawn, New York, is a benevolen which has sheltered and cared for 22,000 ten ment children in the last ten years. It evangelical, and all denominations are rep sented among the beneficiaries. There a many others in which we are interested; i deed it is no exaggeration to say that th charities and good works of our readers rea out to almost every land under the sun.

M. M., Sac City, Ia. I read that the newly disco ered substance called radium, will burn a pers if carried in a bottle in the pocket. How is handled? In what can it be kept?

It is usually kept in a glass tube and ca ried in a metallic or leather covering, bei kept away from contact with the person. is true that it will burn the one who carries if not carefully handled.

Writing from Winona Lake, Ind., the Re J. Wilbur Chapman sends us his views co cerning Bishop Potter and the saloon, which we gladly accord space, though som what late. He says: "I have the highe regard for Bishop Potter personally, and a preciate all he has done for the cause Christ and the uplifting of humanity; but m work has been so constantly among men, ar I have learned to know so much of the awf evil of the saloon, that I cannot, for the li of me, understand how a minister of the Go pel would in any way countenance the esta lishment of any kind of saloon, howev carefully it might be guarded by those inte ested in it to have it conform to the law. believe that great harm has been done th cause of Christ in general, and the tempe ance cause in particular.

"J. WILBUR CHAPMAN."

Miscellaneous

Constant Reader, Pikesville, Md. Pitmar *Phonography*.

G. R. J., Racine, Wis. Nothing beyond t Scriptural record quoted.

G. H., Illinois. Inquire of Post Office Depar ment, Washington, D. C.

Reader, Indiana. There are no reliable stat tics on the subject available.

Reader, Saugerties, N. Y. Ex-Empress Euge is still living in retirement in England, we belie

Reader, Huntington, Pa. You probably refer the destruction of Jericho, by Joshua (see Josh 6: 24).

Mrs. F. W. B. Wenonah, N. J. Back numbe or any good literature suited to home missi work, may be sent to J. D. Burton, Mt. Sterlin North Carolina.

E. C., Grand Junction, Colo. 1. "Rev. Fathe is the title usually employed in addressing a prie 2. Anything or act which brings work needless into the Sunday hours is wrong—unless it be work of necessity or of mercy.

Reader, Glenmore, Pa. He has a right to pr vide for his children from his own estate in any w he sees fit, and to take any steps that may necessary to make the provision permanent. Th might be done by allowing the child a stipulat income, without control of the principal.

Good News to the Friends of our DROP-LEAF BUTTERFLY CALENDAR

THE Forbes Lithograph Co. made an accidental overrun on our Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar for 1904-1905, and these extra copies must be sacrificed to make room for new stock. Last year we published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following concerning this Calendar:

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Rarely, if ever, has a calendar been issued that can compare with our **Superb Drop-Leaf Butterfly Calendar for 1904 and 1905.** The best artists known were engaged to reproduce in all their Natural Brilliancy and Richness of Coloring, a series of Tropical and Semi Tropical Butterflies, and **The Forbes Lithograph Company** had the original butterflies continually at hand, to enable them, step by step, to compare their work with nature's product.

They have marvelously succeeded in accurately reproducing all the delicate tracings, and never was more perfect work issued from any lithographic press. **Four Lovely Children's Faces** lend additional grace and beauty to this Art Production, which covers a space, when unfolded, of 10½ by 29 inches, or over 300 Square Inches, and supplies the calendar for **Two Whole Years.** This Artistic Gem will beautify many a home during the coming two years.

Fifteen Printings were required to bring the work to the highest standard which **The Christian Herald** always demands, and on which its enviable reputation for superior work has been established.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

As the Calendar contains the whole of this and all of the next year, it makes an exceedingly useful and beautiful Holiday Gift.

We sold **large numbers** of it at **25 cents each.** To close out the small lot now on hand, we will **sacrifice them at Five Cents each, postage prepaid.** Our subscribers thus get the benefit of this overrun. Remember the stock is absolutely new and fresh. Act promptly, or you will surely be too late.

The Christian Herald Book Dept.,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

DORIS WARD
A Christian Herald student

THE STUDENTS' BUNGALOW AT LUDHIANA

ROSIE SINGH
A Christian Herald student

A CROWDED STREET IN LUDHIANA

A ZENANA WOMAN
In "[illegible]" or veil

OUR LATEST GIFT TO INDIA

The X-Ray Machine presented by "Christian Herald" Readers to Ludhiana Hospital for Fighting the Leprosy Scourge

WHEN Dr. Alice Condict, the brave little American medical missionary interested in the lepers of India, appealed to the readers of this journal several months ago, to aid her n procuring an X Ray machine for use in her work, he did so with the consciousness that she was asking most unusual thing. Many thousands of miles away rom the scene of her efforts in Ludhiana, India, it vas not to be expected that any very lively interest vould be manifested in her humane project. But she nade the plea in hope, and prayed that some hearts night be touched with a sense of kinship for those ar-away sufferers.

Dr. Condict, a few weeks ago, was called from India o America, where she expects to make only a brief tay before returning to her work at udhiana. Within twenty-four hours fter setting foot on her native shores, he visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ffice in the Bible House, New York. here she was told that her prayer had een answered; that good friends had ontributed the greater part of the ecessary amount through this journal, nd that all that was now needed, was hat she should make her choice of an -Ray machine from among a number at had been submitted by leading anufacturers.

The little woman's eyes danced with leasure, and then suddenly filled with ears of joy, when she heard this welome news.

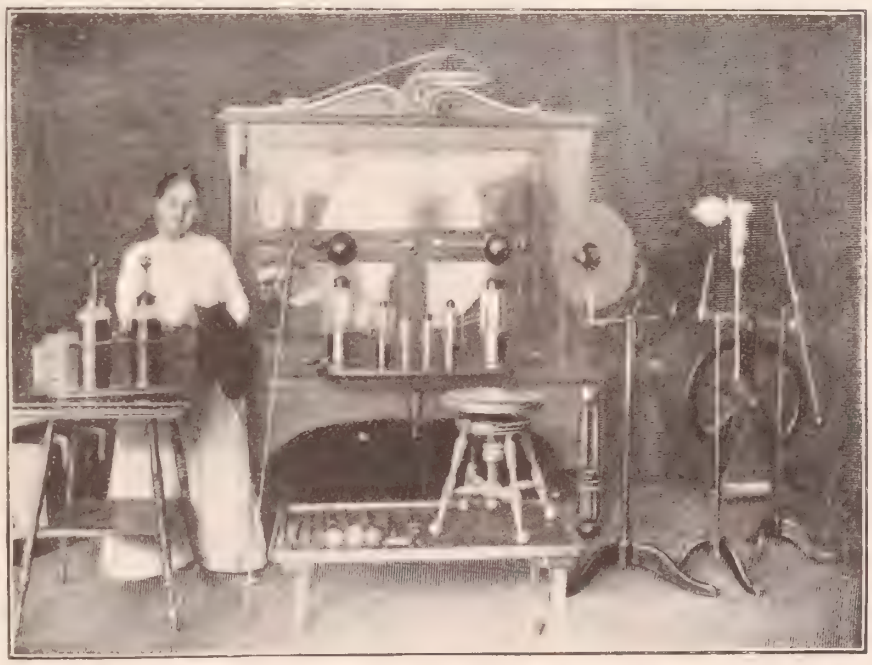
"It's just like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its good people!" she exclaimed. "It is wonderful! wonderful! o think how they remembered my oor little appeal, and how grandly ey have responded. Oh, I have rayed and prayed for this machine, nd here is the answer. My heart is ll of joy and gratitude to the kind iends who have made it possible to arry this great blessing back with me.

"There are only two X-Ray machines all India, that I know of," she added. "I have seen epithelioma, lupus, nd other skin diseases melt and isappear beneath continued applicaons of the X-Ray. But how was I get this apparatus? In my extremy I turned to Dr. Klopsch, the friend f India, and before I realized it, the oney was raised—all but a small amount, which I now will be forthcoming as soon as the readers of THE HRISTIAN HERALD know it is needed—and I was alled upon to select the machine, which was purhased immediately.

"I bless God that I am a woman, otherwise I could ot carry the X-Ray to those secluded women of India, or no man doctor—not even a native—is allowed to ee his patient, but prescribes the dust of diamonds or e ashes of pearls for her, as her hand is thrust through curtain for this wise quack to examine. I have aleady been permitted to save many lives and to mitigate the sufferings of many women, and now I am going back, armed and equipped with the most powerful means of doing both, that has yet been discovered. How can I ever be grateful enough?

"The X-Ray will cure many different kinds of skin disease, and if it will not entirely heal the leper, it will arrest the disease, and mitigate the suffering inseparable from the dread scourge. I feel positive, after what I have seen demonstrated, that the X-Ray can cure leprosy, if taken in time."

Asked when she became interested in the women of India, Dr. Condict replied: "I have always been interested in them, even when a little child. When I grew older and became a physician, I never gave up the idea that sometime, somehow, in God's own good time and way, I should be permitted to work for his cause among these women. I did not go to India under the auspices of any church or association. I resigned my position in connection with a medical mission in Chicago, and sold my personal belongings to raise funds for my expenses to India. When I arrived in Bombay, I had just ten dollars left; but I found good friends, and I soon had practice enough to pay all current expenses. But how small I felt, and how insignificant seemed any effort I might make, when I thought of the 150,000,000 of India's women, so few, so very few of whom had ever heard the name of Christ. Now we have numbers of young, devoted native Indian women, who are in our North India School of Medicine for native Christian women, at Ludhiana, doing splendid work. Among these are Rosie Singh, Mary Morton, Doris Ward, and Saloma Prem Mashi, who are most capable and earnest native workers. This school is the only medical college exclusively for India's women; the only one that is suited to give an Indian girl the education necessary for work in medical missions, and in the homes of India's secluded and suffering women. It is now nearly ten years since Dr. Edith M. Brown established this school, with the co-operation of other Christian workers and missionaries of various denominations, since which time it has graduated many competent hospital assistants, nurses and compounders, for several different missionary societies.



THE X RAY MACHINE OUR READERS HAVE BOUGHT FOR INDIA

This machine was purchased by contributions through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for Dr. Alice Condict's work among the lepers at Ludhiana Medical Mission

"I wish you could be near when some of those covered zenana carts come in from the jungles, bringing a sick woman for our hospital," said Dr. Condict. "The news travels to some far-off village about what seemed a marvelous cure. If one woman has come back from the hospital well, the fear and superstition and dread of that whole village will melt into confidence and cheerful trust, and it won't be many days before some other poor, well-nigh hopelessly sick woman, will be led to try the *Doctor Mem Sahibs* (lady doctors).

"One woman who dared to trust herself inside the *Christie Log Dawah Kanah* (The Christian Medicine House), and has come back well, is the heroine of that whole district.

"'Oh! they are so kind!' she said. 'I had *Brahmin roti* (bread). Yes! A true *Brahmin* cooked it! Yes, she mode it into *chow* patties, just as we bake it on a griddle! They said my *sauree* (dress), was too dirty; but they gave me another red one, like I always wear. You never could believe how often they washed me and my *sauree*.

"'They sang strange songs, and they did *pujah* (prayers), but you couldn't see their God; but they said he was there. It did seem so, for they were always talking about him. No one scolded or screamed, or got angry. Something made it different, and they said their God is love, and his Spirit got into the nurses, and those young *Mem Sahibs*. Yes! The nurses and young women who learned to be doctors—*Mem Sahibs*, were so different from us Hindu *log* (Hindu people). They always have on such clean white dresses and speak so softly! It did seem as if some big god had got hid inside somewhere. I never got sight of him, but we felt Him plain enough.'

"I want to ask all who have given money to buy this electric apparatus, to pray for this great work we are trying to do in the medical school at Ludhiana. We

CONTINUED ON PAGE 795

THE WORTH OF A MAN

A Sermon at Ocean Grove, N. J., by Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The audience leaving the great Auditorium at Ocean Grove after a week-day service

YOU will doubtless recall the circumstances under which the words of the text were spoken. Jesus had gone into the synagogue, as was his custom, and there chanced to be there that day a man with a withered hand. The critics were there also, and they desired, if possible, to find in the Saviour that which would furnish them ground for accusation. And so, seeing him and the man, they recognized that a chance had come for the asking of a difficult question. And so they propounded to him whether it was lawful for one to heal on the Sabbath day. Jesus, in his answer, refreshed their memory as to the old law, and then amplified the significance of that old law by the question of the text.

We are all sure of the fact that there is within us, always and everywhere, the ethical sense. All that we need is that it shall be educated and wisely directed. Going over the Great Divide, one sees the snow-fields there, and knows that there will be water on the hills, and water in the channels. It does not need that there shall be brought into operation any new force. It is only necessary that the forces which are already present in the world shall be distributed in order that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Take the ethical sense that is in humanity, and let it be wisely directed, and there shall come clearly into our view the vision of the world renewed in righteousness.

I beg your thought for this question of the text, not only as it stands related simply to the matter of Sabbath observance, but as it stands related to our general thinking and acting. "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" It may be that someone is ready to say, "that question is an irrelevant question." I beg to remind you that it was not an irrelevant question in the day of Lot, when, choosing for himself a place of residence, he thought of the fields where the flocks and the herds might be pastured, forgetful of the moral conditions into which he introduced his household.

The World's Estimate

And we remember well that day when David, upon his throne, listened to Nathan the prophet, telling that simple story of the two men, one of them a rich man and the other a poor man, and of the poor man's possession of the one ewe lamb; and how the rich man, passing by his own flocks and herds, went to the home of the poor man and took his one ewe lamb. Do you remember how David rose from his seat, and said that a man that would do such a thing as that was worthy of death; and how Nathan pointed his finger at him and said, "Yes, and you are the man"?

The ethical sense does not always work out its legitimate ends, because we do not apply it logically and equally. While the world has seemed to come more and more to the adequate estimate of the value of a man, it is because of the frame of fire that is about him. If only we might enter into the homes of poverty, if only we might climb the steps up into a tenement, and down in the slums, where humanity seeks a shelter from the storm, and a place to sleep; if only you might take your place beside some great thoroughfare, along which the multitudes are passing, you would discover that, after all, it is the frame that attracts attention to the picture.

I want to ask this question, "How much better, then, is a man than a sheep?" It is an important question; it is a significant question, and I pray that the good God may bring out of its consideration something of blessedness to us, and through us to the great world that we are continually teaching and influencing.

*Text: Matthew 12. 12: "How much then is a man better than a sheep?"

A day or two ago I stood in the great Exposition at St. Louis, and I saw the productions there of human genius—the stately buildings, the rippling fountains, the sparkling lights that turned night into day. But I confess to you that that which lingers with me, and which most deeply impressed me, was the portrait of a man. It was in the Gallery of Fine Arts, and the portrait was that of the German Emperor William. There he stood, every line that the artist had laid upon the canvas was a line of imperial majesty, so that he looked a kingly, imperial man standing there, as the multitude passed by.

So if you take the portrait of a man simply physical, and contrast that portrait with the picture that is in the memory of us all, of this sheep grazing upon the hillside, what an immeasurable distance seems to separate the two. This creature upon the hillside, the head turned toward the earth; the only instinct the instinct which leads to green pastures and beside quiet streams.

Intrinsic Value

Let us take away the robes of office, and the star from the breast, and the crown from the brow, and leave just a man—a common man, but a man who stands straight up and looks over the fields and the forests and the lakes, along to where the sky kisses the earth, and looks up to where the sun crowns the mountains, and up to where the stars of God are each set in its appointed place. Oh, the dignity of this man! Touch his muscle, and look at his eye, and then go back and look at the creature in the field, and know that you cannot measure the distance between them.

Man is not limited to the physical, nor to the intellectual. Going over this great continent you may see everywhere the indication of the fact that our nation has taken account of the man thus far; but I do not believe that we shall establish our claim to have fully comprehended the situation, until the gateways to perdition in all our great cities throughout the country are closed.

Between Baltimore and Washington I have seen a place where they quarantine the cattle, because they were fearful lest some disease of the individual animal might contaminate the herd. I pray for the coming of that day when there shall be a quarantine for humanity, when they shall be free to resist any influence that has a reeking cesspool, for the pollution and taint of the moral atmosphere in which men live. "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" Let us pray and labor that everything that we do for a sheep may at least be done for a man. It has not been so always, and it is not so even yet.

The answer to this question determines the value of your civilization. It determines the tendency and zeal of every religious movement. It determines the tenor and quality of every life. How much a man is better than a thing!

A Market Valuation

I am glad to believe that Ocean Grove stands for a fair estimate of a man's worth, and that it does not believe in a Sunday in which humanity is simply to run sheep-like over the hills; and a week in which the dominant ideas and impulses should be simply a development of the social plane. Ocean Grove has a sane idea of what a man is worth, and is seeking to shape all its machinery and plan to this idea.

What will the man bring? That is what we are asking about the sheep. How much wool can we shear from the sheep? How much is he worth on the hoof? How much is he worth a pound, this sheep in the field? How far have you advanced in your thinking, and how nearly have you come to a proper answer to this question, when you think of humanity as being worth simply what humanity will bring? When you talk about men as hands, and think about them only as hands, you p your man down on a level with the sheep. You a only thinking of how you can shear him, and how yc can convert him into twentieth century economics an gold for your pocket. My friends, that is no fair que tion to ask about any man, what you can get for hir You are in a realm of commercialism that is not muc above raw barbarism when you have such a conceptic as that. Humanity is not worth only what humani will bring.

Here is a veteran of the fields. He was once a ma in every sense of the word. He stood six feet in h stockings. He bared his brow and held his head erec He marched behind the drums, fearing not; brave eve He carried his gun to the field, and then, by the pric of heroism, purchased the right to carry back a swor with him. There he stands, but he is a maimed vet ran. He cannot carry sword or musket any longer; ar the face that once was bronzed is now wrinkled wi years, and the years sit so heavy on his shoulders th he is bowed down to the earth; and one sleeve is qui empty. What would you take for him? It is not fair question that a man should be determined by th tag-mark that a brute commercialism has placed upc him. You cannot figure it out on that hypothesis. humanity was only worth what it would bring, the are some of us to-day that might have to retire fro business.

I go back to the beginning and think that God do not seem to have made man as he made the shee When it came to man God paused for a moment ar thought of how he could fashion him, and fit him in the holy beauty that was to stand for his own conce tion. God has invested in man his own thought.

Enhanced by Heroism

I think of the movement of human history. I thir of manhood and womanhood in the conflict of th ages, struggling and striving and fighting a thousar battles upon all the battle-fields of the earth. I thir of that movement in human history that began with th beginning and has continued down to the present da I think of the womanhood that never knew this ma and yet was widowed for him, when that womanhoc surrendered the arm on which it leaned, that that ar might fight the battle of coming generations. I thir of man dying on the battle-field, that a larger liber might be born. I hear the poets singing of them. see the seers climb the hills, and write as they look. see the priests sacrificing for them, and the preache of righteousness seeking to lead on and up to th heights of a newer and better civilization. I see-th this has entered into the life of every one of us he to-day. We are not always prepared to comprehend th significance of the past and present; but the very ev dences of our civilization are cemented in the blood heroes who have died without a sight of that civiliz tion.

Think of the mother of this manhood. There is not ing this side of the Gate of Pearl that is quite so ma nificent as holy motherhood. That word, so broad its loving, so deep in its bearing. What has mothe hood put into the manhood of to-day, out of its ow life, out of its own blood, out of its own agonizir heart? What has motherhood put into this child to-day — that young fellow that left college with th light of hope in his eye. How much is a mother heart worth? How much is it worth to have a mother prayers? How much is it worth to have a mother ti toe to the cradle so softly that she shall not wake th sleeping infant, and there, on her knees before Go seeking to have all the angels come and camp abo her sleeping child? How much is it worth to have th

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

R. H. DANA, ESQ.
Chairman of General Committee

EMMANUEL CHURCH, BOSTON, IN WHICH THE CONVENTION WILL MEET

REV. CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, D.D.
Secretary, House of Deputies

A Great Church Convention

NOTABLE from many points of view is the Convention which assembles in Boston, Mass., on October 5. It is the forty-first triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal hurch. Compared with the small body of delegates thered in 1785, in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, Md., provide for the government of the Church under the w order of political conditions, the assembly of disguished men who will meet in Emmanuel Church, oston, next month, is a numerous and imposing comny. The Convention is notable, too, on account of e mental calibre of its members. No branch of the hurch of Christ has been more insistent than the rotestant Episcopal Church, on e thorough training of the men o minister at its altars. This s been necessary on account of e large liberty of thought conded to them. There is room der its roof for all shades of igious opinion, from the exme evangelical to the extreme tualist, and for men whose ed differs but little from that the Unitarian. It speaks high- for the broad tolerance and ristian love of the clergy, that n differing so widely from one other can meet together in harny, to loyally work for the lfare and advancement of their urch.

The Convention is representae. The Bishops are members - officio, and constitute one use. The other house consists four clergymen and four layn from each of the sixty-two oceses of the country, and one rgyman and one layman from ch of the twenty-five missionary stricts. Either of the houses ay initiate legislation; but the concurrence of both uses is necessary to the validity of any enactment.

The Convention is the highest legislative authority in Church. It is, however, so far democratic as to subt questions of high importance to the various dioses previous to their being decided by the Convention, order that the general opinion of the whole Church roughout the country may be elicited. Care is taken o to avoid hasty or precipitate legislation. The anges in the canons which are urged by any particu school, are carefully considered by committees pointed by one Convention to report at the next, three ars later. There is thus time not only for the committees to ventilate the question, but for the delegates to the Convention to form an opinion before receiving and endorsing the reports of the committees.

This Convention will have before it several reports of such committees. One of these refers to a change in the name of the Church. On this question the committee reports its opinion that a change at this time would be inexpedient. Another question has arisen through the vast increase in the membership of the Church and the immense area of the country. It has been suggested that the dioceses be grouped in provinces. The proposal is endorsed by the committee appointed to consider it, with the recommendation that seven provinces be constituted, each with one of the Bishops as primate. One province will include the New England Dioceses; a second, the Dioceses of New York and New Jersey; a third, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia; a fourth, the Dioceses of the Southern States; a fifth, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory; a sixth, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana; and the seventh, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. It is expected that the debate on this proposal will be one of the most important in the Convention. Besides these, the Convention will have to consider a long and comprehensive report from a committee which has been engaged for several years on a revision of the canons and reports from other committees appointed by the previous general Convention.

An interesting feature of the Convention will be the presence of a distinguished visitor in the person of the Most Reverend Dr. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Never before has a Primate of the Mother Church been present at a Convention of the American Church, and his visit will make this Convention a memorable one. His portrait, and the report of a sermon he preached shortly before setting out for this country, appeared in this journal on July 27.

REV. JOHN FOSTER
Secretary of Gen. Committee

MR. JOHN G. MINOT
Chairman of Entertainment Com.

REV. DANIEL D. ADDISON, D.D.
Chairman Committee of Arrangements

On this page, with the picture of the church in which the Convention will meet, are portraits of some of the officers who have charge of the arrangements. Their work has been onerous and responsible, but their ability and the devotion with which they have carried it on assures its being well and thoroughly done. Mr. Dana, who is chairman of the General Committee, is a well-known lawyer in Boston, Mass. He is a son of the author of the famous book, *Two Years Before the Mast*. Mr. Dana has taken a prominent part in civil service reform and other public movements. He has also given special attention to the organization of associate charities, and to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which, in 1890, he was elected chairman. Dr. Hutchins, who is Secretary of the House of Deputies, has served several parishes in New York, Buffalo, Lowell, Medford, and other cities. He is the compiler of a hymn-book that bears his name, and has edited several musical works. Rev. John McGaw Foster, the Secretary of the General Committee, is the Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Boston. He was formerly Rector of St. John's Church, Bangor, Me., and Honorary Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me. Mr. Minot, Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment, is a nephew of Bishop Grafton, and is a recognized leader in Boston society, with a record that specially fits him for his present duties. Dr. Addison, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, is Rector of All Saints' Church, Brookline, Mass.

THE WORTH OF A MAN

Continued from page 780

oman gather into her own life all the bitterness of the ild's disappointments, and try to bury them in her n broken heart, that he may not see them?

Go back over the centuries. Gather up the groans the men who have died. Weigh in the golden balce the significance of the sigh that escaped from triotism on the firing line, when his red blood rushed t in obedience to the bullet when the enemy shot him wn.

Go back over the centuries. We climb a little hill d look up to Him who hangs upon the central Cross. ok into his face, and see, if you can, the love that nes from those dying eyes. Look, as the crown of rns starts the ruby jewels from that brow, and see quivering agony of the palms pierced by the nails. d watch the tremor of his flesh as it suffers and eds for a world's sinfulness. Hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And tell me what it is worth to hear the Son of God cry out like that. What is it worth to see his face in deadly pallor, and see those crimson drops gush from him, baptizing this world of ours to a newness of everlasting worth? Tell me what it is worth, and I will tell you what your man is worth; for your man has in him, or ought to have in him, all the purchase of the crimson drops that fell on Calvary.

What will he come to? What will you make of this man? Elijah also was only a man, and Peter was only a man. The evident design of God is not to take a thing that earth has made; but it is to lift up a common man and make him a king, and to make out of every woman in the humble homes of earth a queen. The man redeemed by the blood of Jesus rises from his low estate and moves out and takes his place beside the conquering hosts of the centuries, and marches on into the glories of the palace of God.

This is what God can make. Any sinner can be made into a saint by the blood of Christ; and any scarred and maimed and ruined soul can be made white and glorious, and can bear the image of "Him whose we are and whom we seek to serve." Don't throw yourself away in sin. You are worth too much to throw yourself away; worth too much to risk the eternal years for the price of a moment's sin.

When I think of this man and of what he may be, I am so glad God does not hold his watch in his hand. God shall give him not an hour, not a year, not a century. God will be better than that. God will give him all eternity to prove what every man is worth under the shadow of the Cross, and in the presence of the glory of the conquering Christ.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the Marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Bréboeuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old Marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the Marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the Marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the Marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the Marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*.

BOOK THREE
THE MEDITERRANEAN
CHAPTER XVIII
FRIENDS ON "LE TONNANT"

EARLY in May, 1798, Lord St. Vincent, commanding the blockading fleet of Cadiz, sent Macartney, in the *Inconstant*, to the Mediterranean to Nelson, now a rear-admiral, commanding a small squadron observing Toulon. Macartney brought word of the detachment of several ships from St. Vincent's command with orders to report to Nelson. These ships would give the rear-admiral a formidable force. To him was submitted the task of watching Bonaparte, of keeping him in the harbor, if possible, of following him, and defeating him in case he got away.

Fortune favored the French, for before Macartney's arrival, and before the other ships reached him, Nelson's flagship, the *Vanguard*, was dismasted in a storm and driven to the coast of Sardinia. Before he could return, the great fleet of Bonaparte got to sea. In the storm, Nelson lost touch with his frigates. Of scouting ships he had with him only the *Inconstant*. He immediately despatched Macartney to get in touch with the French, and report to him as soon as possible where they had gone, while he followed after with the great ships-of-the-line which had joined his original force.

Before his departure, Nelson explained his views as to the probable destination of the French at great length to the captain of his solitary frigate, upon whom so much depended. Macartney, in full possession of Nelson's conclusions that the French must be bound for Egypt, carefully considered his course. He determined to run direct for Malta, along the western side of Sardinia. Between Sicily and Africa the Mediterranean contracted to its narrowest width. If he could get there before the French fleet, they could hardly pass without being observed by him, especially if they were headed for Malta. If they disdained Malta and went straight to Egypt, they might pass through the straits of Messina, although that, considering their numbers and the difficult navigation entailed by the narrow strait, was hardly likely. For Sicily, therefore, he laid his course, and as the wind was favorable he made tremendous progress.

Few ships were ever driven as was the *Inconstant*. Yet, if he had had the faintest suspicion that, upon the decks of one of the ships he was striving to come up with, he should find Louise de Vaudémont, the pace, which to his ardent impetuosity seemed slow enough, would have driven him mad.

The run to Sicily was made without any mishap or adventure. He spent two days in beating across to Cape Bon on the North African coast, and then, finding nothing, he ran for Cape Passaro. He heard nothing there and determined to try Malta next. On the evening of the 20th of June he made a landfall, which his navigation determined to be that island. He ran along the northern side of the island for the harbor of Valetta.

The night was dark and rainy. The wind was blowing a half gale. Macartney had set his main topgallant sail over a reefed main topsail in his determination to drive her to the last limit. Going at a terrific speed he ran slap into the French fleet in the darkness. They had seized Malta and occupied Valetta, and had that very day taken their departure for Egypt. The French ships were distributed over the ocean in great disorder for miles. Before Macartney realized it he was hopelessly mixed up with the scattered flotilla.

He did not despair of extricating himself from his predicament, however, and to that end brought to bear all the resources of his seamanship and skill. He might have won clear of the mass of ships into which he had first burst, but just as he fancied he had open water before him he ran into another division. In the darkness and confusion, one of the largest of the French transports, a ship which had been in the East Indian service, and was almost as big as a ship-of-the-line, crashed into him in spite of all he could do to avoid the collision. The shock stove in the side of the frigate to the water-line, just abaft the foremast. The foretopmast was carried away and the main topgallantmast speedily followed. The dashing and beautiful *Inconstant* was almost a wreck.

Still her commander did not despair. The ship which had run into him had sheered off in the da- ness. No one, of course, could tell that she had b in collision with an English ship. If no more Fre came that way he might get off. The men of the *constant* worked with feverish energy to get the s in serviceable condition again. But to no avail.. had been so strained by the force of the blow that made water badly, and every wave flooded her throu her shattered broken side. Only toiling at the pu enabled her to keep afloat. They had managed to a jury foretopmast and set some sail on it, but w morning came she was a sorry hulk indeed.

Right in her track came a belated squadron French ships, the rear division of the armada. Th were a number of transports convoyed by two or th frigates and corvettes and a ship-of-the-line. See the bedraggled wreck of the *Inconstant*, two of French frigates ran down toward her and deman her surrender. It was useless, of course, but Mac ney could not give up his ship without a fight. stood off the two ships desperately, dismasted one seriously cut up the other, until the whole squad came swarming down upon him. Then the ship- the-line took a hand, ended the unequal strug by a broadside which c pletely wrecked the *constant*.

Macartney had been riously wounded, and senseless on the de There was no flag to h down for none had be flying. Over half his c had been killed and wou ed. Not a gun was serv able and the ship was i sinking condition. boarders from the ship the line took possession the frigate without furt resistance. It was impo ble to save her. Her c were distributed as pris ers of war throughout French squadron. Her c tain, in an unconscious c dition, was taken abo the ship-of-the-line.

Nelson had lost his c frigate, and Macartney failed to give him the ne

They were kind eno to the English capt when they got him abo *Le Tonnant*, for that s it was which had captu him, and at Dupetit Th ars' suggestion he passed below into one the spare staterooms o ing from the captain's c in occupied by the o prisoners. The de V démonts had been sent low during the action, m to the disgust of the n quis, and they knew littl what had transpired, u the senseless form of English captain was brought into the cabin.

Macartney's face was grimed with powder and c ered with blood from a nasty scrape of a piece of grage along his forehead, and no one recognized h When the surgeon of the vessel had examined him pronounced his wound in the shoulder serious, tho not mortal, Louise de Vaudémont, with her grand ther's permission, had offered to assist in taking c of him. She could do no less, indeed, for one w had been fighting the battles of her king against Republicans, and had been wounded in the service.

Thus, it happened that when Macartney opened eyes, after a little space, he saw bending over him lovely face of the woman he adored. He stared at in complete bewilderment, a curious, puzzled look his eyes. Then he lifted his hand to his face and l it across his eyes as if to shut out the vision. As did so, his fingers touched the bandage. He felt carefully with his hand. Recognition swept across countenance.

"Ah—my ship," he said faintly. "We—were cau by—the French fleet. Yes—we made a good figh but that last broadside—did for us. What ship is th How came I here?"

"What! Monsieur le Chevalier!" exclaimed the Marquis

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

Continued from Preceding Page

He was translating his thoughts into words. He ened his eyes again. His glance fell once more upon e woman he loved bending over him. He stared and ared.

The heart of Louise de Vaudémont rose in her roat and beat so that she felt as if it would choke r. Her bosom heaved. Her body shook with agi- tion. If she had had any doubt or hesitation before, e realized now her love for this man. France and e king? They were as nothing—love was all. He as speaking again.

"Comtesse," whispered Macartney, "is it another eam? I have seen you often so—Louise——"

"Monsieur," murmured the girl, her face aflame th color.

"My heavens!" exclaimed the man with sudden rength lifting himself on his unwounded arm and ring. "Did you speak? Are you alive? Is it in- ed—"

He stretched out his hand toward her. She was nding close above him and did not shrink away. is hand fell upon her shoulder. She did not move.

"Yes," she said, "it is I."

"Alive? Here? What happy chance——"

"Hush!" said the woman, laying her finger lightly on his lips. "I—you lost your ship. You remem- r? They brought you here. I am a prisoner like urself."

"I had rather die than lose that ship," said Macart- y faintly, "yet to find you—what will Nelson do? ow I loved you all these years! If I could have only ken you away! Oh, if there was some way to carry e news! And to see you again! You— you! Yet, I could only let the admiral——"

"You are exciting yourself, monsieur," said the oman with gentle insistence, "the surgeon gave me ict orders that you were to say nothing. You must still. You have been badly wounded. You must quiet. Perhaps I would better——"

"You won't leave me. You won't go away?" cried acartney. "I shall die if I lose you now! If you ll only stay here by my side—just let me look at u! I will promise—there! Sit down. I shall say thing. There's nothing to be said but that I love u."

"And to that I cannot listen, monsieur," returned e comtesse, "I—am——"

"Don't say again you are for France," cried Macart- y, "you have been for France so long, now be a little ile for me."

The comtesse smiled at him but made no answer.

"Monsieur!" she called after a moment, rising and ning to the door. "If you will step hither you will d an old friend."

Presently her grandfather came into the cabin.

"What! Monsieur le Chevalier!" he exclaimed.

"Even so, my lord," said the young man.

"And you, Louise?" asked the old man apropos of thing apparently, looking keenly at his grand- ughter, and well he might, for such radiant beauty d happiness as she then exhibited he had never be- re seen upon her face.

She fairly filled the room with it. Her grandfather d read such signs before in other women and easily cognized what they meant. What wretched fortune, thought, had brought this persistent Irishman upon em at this juncture? Yet, in spite of himself, he nd a flickering hope rising in his breast at the sight the man.

Their situation had daily grown more desperate. rron apparently had not ended it summarily be- se he was greatly enjoying the daily torture that he licted upon the marquis, although he would have joyed it a thousand times more if the marquis had en him any outward sign of his inward anguish. y as he might, the old man could not think of any y by which he could extricate himself or rather granddaughter, for he cared nothing for himself— m her awful predicament. The appearance of Mac- ney, helpless, wounded though he was, yet put new into the marquis' veins. Twice in imminent crises Irishman had brought salvation. Like most of his ss the marquis was something of a fatalist. Per- ps, through Macartney, salvation had come again. so, what then? He had not changed his own views to the suitability of an alliance very greatly, but nditions had changed him.

He felt now that he would never live to see a king the ancient, the rightful line, upon the throne. His gnities and properties could never be restored to n unless he were willing to pay a price from which shrank with a repugnance that could not be over- me; the price was an allegiance to, and acknowl- gment of, the French Republic. Perhaps not even n!

Would it not be better to allow his granddaughter consult the wishes of her own heart and marry the n she loved, even though he were a foreigner, than sacrifice her happiness in some of the alliances of re seeming advantage which had been proposed to n? Well, that was in the future.

"Monsieur Macartney," he said at last, "for your sake, I am sorry to see you in so desperate a case. For our own, I am glad you are here. You have been our good genius. Perhaps you can help us again."

"Are you in trouble, monsieur?" asked Macartney.

"We are prisoners, sir. But you cannot bear this now. To-morrow. Then you must grow strong to help us—to help mademoiselle yonder."

"Is she in danger?" cried the young man, half rising from the bed. "If so, I am well."

"Not yet, not now," said the marquis quickly, while Louise laid a restraining hand upon her lover's shoulder. "You will be of good service to us, to her, I am sure, monsieur, as soon as you gain your strength. But that must come first. You will hear all to-morrow. Meantime, I believe we are in no immediate danger. And perhaps you can save us. You have done so twice before."

"And if I do, my lord," asked Macartney eagerly, "what then? What reward shall I have?"

"Do the gentlemen of England, Monsieur le Chevalier, serve demoiselles in straits, for a reward?" asked the marquis gravely.

"No, my lord," returned Macartney faintly. "you reprove me well, sir. I will do it for love of her—with no other thought."

"Who knows," said the admiral, tapping his snuff-box and looking quizzically down upon the wounded man, "if you succeed, in love you may find reward after all."

The Irishman stared at Louise, and the woman dropped her head and turned away under his beseeching glance. He could see nothing but the color that wavered in her cheek. The admiral smiled.

"Now there must be no more talk," he said, "or I shall stay with you myself."

"On my word," said Macartney quickly, "I will be silent. I am happy just to look at mademoiselle."

With a pleased laugh and a lighter heart than he had carried for weeks, the admiral left them alone.

CHAPTER XIX

PLAYING AT HIDE-AND-SEEK

MEANWHILE, Nelson was hurrying down the Mediterranean after the French. On the 22d of June, two French ships were seen on the horizon, and the *Leander*, which was far to starboard of the rest, dimly detected the outlines of a French battle ship off Cape Passaro. Nelson, however, did not learn that latter fact until some time after. As a matter of fact the French armada was close at hand. Not a dozen miles intervened between the two fleets, and the booming of signal-guns on the English fleet was distinctly heard by the French. The night was dark and rainy, and the French immediately swung to the northward, and by rare good fortune escaped discovery.

Nelson finally abandoned any further search of the sea, confident in his conclusions that the ships must have gone to Alexandria. Therefore he repaired to that port without further delay. The speed of a compact fleet of battle-ships was necessarily greater than that of a heterogeneous number of vessels of different kinds which made up the French armament, and the English were soon far ahead.

And Nelson wondered, and wondered, what had become of Macartney and the *Inconstant*. He reasoned it out finally, that the Irishman must have been captured, and that he had nothing in the way of tidings to expect from him, else he would have heard long since.

On the 29th of June, the English fleet sighted the coast of Egypt. They ran along the shore line, past Marabout and the old harbor, past the promontory bearing the Pharos of Ptolemy, which had looked upon the ships of Antony and had welcomed the flying flotilla of Cleopatra; past the new harbor, and then swept into the Bay of Aboukir, searching the low, sandy shore with the same intensity as the first fierce glow of the tropic sun above their heads.

Nothing was there, no sign of the French. Not a ship, not a vessel, save those usually trading in the harbor. They spoke with pilots who put off from the shore, and learned that no news of any prospective expedition had come to Egypt. The land was as peaceful as if no enemy lurked below the horizon.

Despair seized Nelson's heart. He gave way to one of those fits of depression to which he was liable. He had made a mistake! His judgment had been at fault! Egypt, after all, was not the destination of the French fleet. Where, then, could they have gone?

He did not tarry, he scarcely paused before Alexandria, but bore up for the Syrian coast in a sweep around the north shore of the Mediterranean. He was like a man crazed with a fever in his wild anxiety to find the French. If he had only waited, confident that he had fathomed Bonaparte's design! Scarcely had the mastheads of his liners disappeared beneath the horizon, when the sails of the van ships of the French armada rose upon his track.

On the 1st of July, the French dropped anchor off the little town of Marabout, some five miles to the westward of Alexandria. By the shallowness of the water, they were forced to anchor several miles from the shore. There Bonaparte learned that the English, under Admiral Nelson, had beaten him to the harbor. The news was frightfully portentous. Where had the English gone? Would they come back? Were they even now heading toward him? Fortune had favored him. Was it about to desert him now?

The surf was breaking heavily upon the shore. The wind was rising. The great ships tugged uneasily at their anchors. No one knew the value of time better than Bonaparte. The debarkation of the army under such circumstances would be perilous, but not a moment was to be lost. Any hour might bring the English down upon them.

"Five days, give me five days!" prayed the little captain, hastening the landing of the troops with all his fiery energy.

Fortune still smiled upon him, his lucky star was in the ascendant then, as it had been heretofore during the cruise. The landing was effected safely, without molestation. Indeed, a whole month elapsed before the hated English swooped down upon the French.

The city of Alexandria was taken by assault; the army marched to Cairo, the battle of the Pyramids was fought; the Mamelukes were defeated and broken, the country was subdued, and the first step of that dream of conquest, which would fain end in the Orient, was completed.

And still, no English ships whitened the horizon with their stained and weather-beaten canvas.

Where was Nelson?

BOOK FOUR—Egypt

CHAPTER XX

GARRON'S PROPOSITION

UNDER the skilful attention of the French surgeons, and the careful nursing of Louise de Vaudémont, Macartney rapidly recovered from his wound. When *Le Tonnant* dropped anchor off Marabout with the rest of the ships, he was able to be on deck again.

Fortunately for all of them, matters continued about in *statu quo*. For one reason, Garron, in common with the other French captains, was intensely busy with the various duties concerned with the debarkation of the army.

Garron took just enough notice, therefore, of the marquis, to keep that gentleman fully convinced that he had abated no jot or tittle of his pretensions toward the comtesse. He had not sent the incriminating papers to Bonaparte. He had not informed him of the plan to make away with him. He kept these things to himself. It amused him to play with the vice-admiral.

In his undertaking to make miserable the life of the old man, Garron made one fatal mistake. He forgot that he was also playing with France, and what was more dangerous, playing with Bonaparte. Woe be unto him, if that little captain should ever discover his temporizing and his hesitation!

If Garron was hated by his crew, he was despised by Vice-Admiral Brueys, and his subordinates and his brother captains in the French fleet. Many of these, although they had given their allegiance to the Republic, were brave and gallant gentlemen. Had it not been for Garron's influence—wavering, but still considerable—with the Directory, Brueys would have insisted upon his detachment from the ship, the command of which would have fallen naturally to Dupetit Thouars. Consequently, after the transports and smaller war vessels had found shelter in the harbor of Alexandria and the fleet was left to itself, no one, unless moved thereto by imperative duty, came to *Le Tonnant*.

Garron had taken but little notice of Macartney heretofore. The Irishman had been astute enough not to allow the slightest suspicion of his intimacy with the de Vaudémonts to become apparent; Garron did not dream that his captive was also in love with the woman he had deigned to cast his eye upon.

The outward intercourse between the prisoners was of the most formal and indifferent kind. Indeed, it was more or less formal when they were all indulging in the privacy of the captain's cabin, which had been set apart for their use; for the marquis had relented of his half-intended design to permit matters to proceed to a climax, and he interposed his presence most effectually, as a barrier to further love making.

Macartney was filled with indignation. But he had learned something during the last few years, and instead of blazing out as he would once have done and thereby creating a hopeless breach between himself and the marquis, he dissembled his feelings as much as possible from the old man, while he took advantage of every opportunity to exhibit them to Louise.

TO BE CONTINUED

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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A Pernicious Movement

AN invitation has been sent out by a society with headquarters in St. Louis, Mo., to "persons of any sect," to attend an International Congress in that city in connection with the World's Fair. The writer of the invitation recalls the fact of a Congress of Religions having been held at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, and says that representatives of Free Thought were excluded from it. The managers of the World's Fair at St. Louis have, he reports, been "more magnanimous," and have provided a free platform for a qualified representative of any religion to express his views. He then proceeds to state his own position.

Among other declarations made in the invitation, we read that the Christian Church falsely claims to have a special divine revelation; that "the time has now come to make the fact of the great Christian delusion known to all the world;" that "Christian dogmas are not true;" and that "the International Congress will be a grand time of jubilee for science and reason."

The arguments to support these statements will, we presume, be adduced at the Congress. The invitation contents itself with the boastful assertion. This is characteristic of the class of writers from whom the document emanates, and their reasoning is usually of the same kind. Unhappily, they impose on minds not accustomed to logical thinking, and influence men who accept coarse vilification and wicked abuse as demonstration.

It is, of course, easy to denounce Christianity as a superstition, as does the writer of the invitation. Words are cheap, and they can be used to stigmatize the highest and grandest doctrines as false. It will, however, be difficult to persuade the American people that a religion which has demonstrated its value in our institutions and our national life, is a mere superstition. The unthinking classes may be misled, but the great heart of the people will not be moved. It would be useless to try to predict the reasons that will be adduced to disprove the Christian faith, but the facts are a sufficient answer to them, whatever they may be. It is incontrovertible that Christianity improves society wherever it goes. The Christian is a law-abiding citizen, and the better Christian he is, the cleaner and purer, and more beneficent his life. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The opponents of Christianity evade this practical test. If they could eliminate Christianity from this nation, close every church and expel every preacher, would this country be one that any desirable citizen would wish to live in? Would life and property be as safe? We are thankful to know that the doctrines of Christianity can be defended on higher and more philosophical grounds than this, but on this ground alone, the patriotic citizen should be convinced. It is, therefore, a matter of regret that opportunity should be given for the dissemination of sophistries which may influence any mind against the most effective agent in the advancement and welfare of the nation.

Guard the Lips

IN the daily newspapers, recently, there was published the story of a man who, with inconceivable foolhardiness, placed in his own mouth the head of a diamond-back rattlesnake, one of the deadliest reptiles known to the naturalist. It sank its venomous fangs in his tongue, and he expired in agony in a few hours.

This man was accustomed to handling snakes, and, confident in his mastery of the reptile, he attempted a feat hitherto unheard of. To all intents and purposes, he threw his life away, for he knew the fatal consequences that must surely follow, if he were bitten.

There are many who are emulating in various ways, the example of this wretched snake-charmer, and taking into their mouths an enemy that bears in its fangs a poison that kills. The drinker who foolishly believes he can tame alcohol, finds sooner or later that its bite is deadly—that it kills conscience and character and wrecks body and soul. The slanderer, the profane man, the liar, are toying with venomous serpents that will yet sting most grievously.

If our bodies are temples in which there shall dwell even the slightest spark of divinity, we must carefully preserve them from less noble tenants. At every gate we must set a guard, lest the defiler enter. Lest unworthy thoughts should seek to occupy us, we must set ourselves the habit of right cogitation, so that when the enemy of purity knocks, he shall find no response. And knock he will, for all are subject to temptation; but the evil lies not in being tempted, but in dalliance with the tempter. Covetousness, lust, anger, falsehood, indulgence, evil ambition, and a host of others, alluring or repulsive, will seek to occupy the soul's citadel; but at every repulse their persistence will become feebler, and if we ask in Christ's name for Divine reinforcement, we will score victory after victory against the tempter, till at last he ceases from his annoyance and our souls are at peace.

Be Content

AFTER all, though a man may change about as much as he likes, there is a pretty substantial equipoise and identity in the amount of pain and pleasure in all external conditions.

The total length of day and night all the year round is the same at the North Pole and at the Equator—half and half—only, in the one place it is half and half for twenty-four hours, and in the other, the night lasts through gloomy months of winter, and the day is bright for unbroken weeks of summer. But when you come to add them up at the end of the year, the man that shivers in the ice and the man that pants in the torrid heat have had the same length of sunshine and of darkness.

Oh, it does not matter much at what degrees between the Equator and the Pole of earthly experiences we have to pass our lives; when the account comes to be made up at last we shall be all pretty much on an equality. All earthly conditions have nearly the same quantity of the raw material of pain and pleasure, and the amount of either actually experienced by us depends not on where we are, but on what we are.

Russia's Religious Leader

AMONG the three great Russian personalities of the present time—Tolstoi, the philosopher, Witte, the exponent of financial and commercial progress, and Pobiedonostseff, the cleric, the last is probably the least understood. The "Procurator of the Holy Synod" of Russia—the head of the orthodox Russo-Greek Church in the Czar's dominions—has throughout his whole public life striven to "make and keep the Church and the State identical." He sets his face like adamant against all innovation. "Let the people," he says, "have a fixed faith"—a belief in God the Father, in Christ the Son and Saviour, in the distinction between right and wrong; in other words, in the fundamentals of the Christian religion. Pobiedonostseff believes that by the power of this simple faith, all the various races and nationalities in Russia will yet be united, and that ultimately Russia will regenerate the world.

Such, we are informed by observant travelers, is the idea of the great Russian cleric which prevails throughout the empire. It is unquestionable that in most other lands there exists a totally different conception of M. Pobiedonostseff. He has been widely pictured as the man of all men who is responsible for many of Russia's calamities, and especially for the bitter persecution of the various religious sects who did not conform to the orthodox faith—a relentless, pitiless fanatic, filled with the vengeful spirit of the Spanish inquisition; a man of low spiritual ideals, but measureless ambition; as ready to slay as to anoint, or to preach the savage doctrine of extermination as to show forth the gentle, forgiving spirit of the Man of Galilee. Such is the portrait of the head of the Russian Church, as it is usually drawn by the pen of foreign writers who, it may readily be surmised, really know very little about him.

In his writings, M. Pobiedonostseff indulges much in a philosophy of half-truths. He expresses himself with remarkable candor concerning the situation in those lands where representative government prevails. H considers parliamentarism a huge error and a delusio —"a triumph of egotism"— and asserts that ministe are really autocrats who rule the parliament, instead being ruled by it. Elections and all the machinery politics, he considers impure and repellent to the sens of duty and honor; theoretically, the majority rule while in reality the whole is ruled by a few bold, ar bitious, eloquent leaders. Popular rule is an idol to overthrown. He says:

> Elections are a matter of art, having as the military a their strategy and their tactics. . . . On the day of po ing few give their votes intelligently. . . . The mass the electors, after the practice of the herd, votes for one the candidates nominated. All vote merely because th have heard his name so often. It would be vain to strugg against this herd.

These are half-truths, and the same might be sa approximately of any human system of governmer from theocracy to mobocracy. It is a great pity th a man of the undoubted ability and force of charact of this intellectual, political and religious Russi leader could not be brought into a more harmonio relation with the spirit of the age. To hope for religio or political progress in a land which is dominated b a conservatism that would have been considered ultra century ago, is to hope in vain. It may be possible th the faith and expectation of the Russian peasant lie the direction indicated by the leader of the Holy Syno but we greatly doubt it. We prefer to hold, with Cou Tolstoi, that the future of Russia lies in the ultima realization of the nation's need of free schools, a fr press, freedom of worship, and representative gover ment. When these reforms come, as come they wi sooner or later, the creed-bound conservatism of Pobie onostseff and his clerical and administrative followi will have to go to the wall.

Among the Workers

—A FREE HOME for poor consumptives has lately be established in Denver, Colo., by Dr. T. D. Bancroft, and is now opening a similar home at Colorado Springs.

—EVANGELIST G. W. EICHELBERGER has just closed remarkable revival in a tent at Bonanza, Ark.; 260 profess religion publicly, and 152 united with the Cumberland Pr byterian Church and a number with other churches. fund was raised for building a new church.

—ONE OF THE MOST successful evangelistic campaig Chicago has lately known has just closed on the north sic Seven neighboring churches, including the Gross Pa Methodist; Endeavor, Presbyterian; Gross Park, Bapti Waveland Avenue, Congregational; Bowen, Methodist; t German Evangelical and English Lutheran, united in inv ing Evangelist Rev. Milford H. Lyon to conduct the ca paign. Services were held for four weeks. The aggrega attendance was about 25,000. More than 400 came to t front and professed conversion.

—REV. M. SAUNDERS, D.D., Buckhorn, Ky., writes: "T Soul-Winners' great work in the Cumberland Mountains still going on, with an increased number of consecrat workers. Hundreds of children have been gathered in catechetical mission schools, and taught hymns, catechisr and Scriptures, and this instruction is bearing fruit. Withe spoon Log College, at Buckhorn, is doing excellent work.

—MISS LAURA RADFORD, Secretary of the Y. W. C. Calcutta, India, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "Y will be glad to hear that the Government has given us grant in aid of our Building Fund of $5,000. As we had n asked for a grant, it came as just another of the glad su prises our Father has for us. We need yet about $25,0 before we can build."

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

WORKS REQUIRED

II. Corinthians 5 : 15	Acts 26 : 20
Romans 12 : 1	John 15 : 2, 8 and 16
Galatians 6 : 9	John 4 : 35 and 36
Titus 2 : 14	Luke 12 : 16 to 22
Titus 3 : 8 and 14	Luke 13 : 6 to 10
Ephesians 2 : 10	Philippians 1 : 29
James 2 : 17 and 26	Ephesians 6 : 8
Matthew 25 : 30, 42 and 43	I. Peter 2 : 9

D. F. E.

n the Lama's Capital

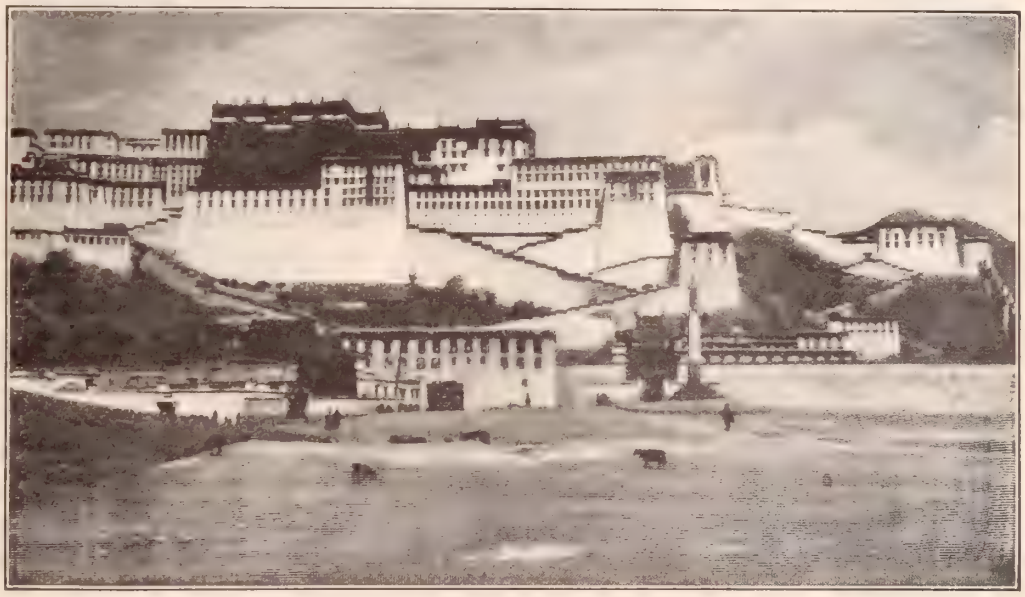
NEWS comes from India that September 15 had been set as the day of departure of the British expedition from Lhasa. This announcement would appear to indicate that satisfactory ms have been made with the Tibetan Government. fter so difficult a journey, and so arduous a struggle, it is not likely that the British leaders would withdraw, unless the Lama had complied with the demands that the expedition was sent to make. It was learned that the hostility of the Lama was due to the influence of his favorite tutor over him. This man is a Mongolian who has entered the service of Russia. He is a man of considerable education, who has repeatedly visited St. Petersburg, and is a member of the Russian Geographical Society. He is known as the Lama Dorjieff.

A TIBETAN HORSEMAN

hen the Dalai Lama declared his independence of ina, he was perplexed by the advice of his ecclestical counselors, who knew nothing of the outside rld, and who gave him contradictory counsel. They re hopelessly opposed to e another, and the poor ung ruler found himself ced into opposition with werful ministers, no matter at course he adopted. His sition was all the more diffilt because these priestly unselors had no scruple out murdering a Lama, and d, with good reason, been spected of having killed his decessors. He therefore ve himself up completely to guidance of the Russian rjieff, who poisoned his nd against the British, and nvinced him that Russia was most powerful and reliable otector. Overtures were ade to St. Petersburg, and re received with assurances friendship. The British ceroy of India, recognizing danger of having on his ntier a principality that was coming practically a Russian ovince, applied for similar mmercial privileges to those anted Russia, but under the vice of Dorjieff, who apparly did not know how absorbg the Japanese trouble was coming, the Lama sent an olent reply to the Vice-y's request, and brought upon himself the attack in ich his capital has been penetrated. In a recent dress the Viceroy of India said: "No one regrets re than I the fighting which has occurred. We did r best to avoid it. We hope to introduce a measure enlightenment into that monk-ridden country."

The picture on this page is from the first photograph er taken of the Lama's palace. It is described as a ajestic mountain of building, rising far above the roofs the city. The road to it is free from stones, and very ad. The foundations of the palace rise from the se of the hill, and on these is erected tier on tier of ite masonry. In the centre are two red edifices, owned by five golden domes, which glitter in the sunht. Between this and the city is a dense wood and tivated fields. The city itself covers an area about quare mile in extent. The most conspicuous object it is the Buddhist Cathedral, four stories high, surounted by gilded domes and pinnacles. Many have ed in vain to reach this city, but it has, until now, been lously guarded from the foot of the foreigner. It y be hoped that the terms wrung from the Lama by British, include not only commercial concessions, but the right of missionaries to enter and proclaim in this, almost the last unevangelized land on earth, the glad tidings of salvation.

This Gospel of the kingdom should be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations (Matt. 24: 14).



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SACRED PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LHASA

The Tremendous Battle

History gives but few parallels to the battle at Liao-Yang which began on August 30. There have been battles involving greater issues and the fate of a larger number of nations, but few in which so many men have been engaged and none in which the appliances of science have been used to a similar extent. It appears that on the Japanese side 240,000 men were in action, and on the Russian side there were at least 170,000, and probably many more. The idea of nearly half a million men gathered at one place fighting with the desperation of tigers, is simply overwhelming and appalling. Even in our own Civil War, there was no such gigantic force engaged in a single battle. In the Franco-German war, only at the supreme struggle at Sedan was the number approached. In the Napoleonic wars the number was still smaller. Only at Leipsic was there a parallel. Even at Waterloo, it is estimated that less than 300,000 men were present. Only when we go back to ancient times, where the numbers are stated by historians prone to exaggeration, do we find armies so enormous, engaged. Darius and Xerxes, and Attila are said to have brought more men into the field, but since their day there has been no struggle comparable in magnitude with that at Liao-Yang. It has been our boast that the world has advanced in civilization, and there are abundant grounds for the boast, but such a conflict as this proves that the nature of man has undergone no change. He is still as ferocious as a wild animal and it is still possible to array huge numbers against one another, all bent on using every resource for the destruction of life. The fact is depressing, and as we think of the slain and the wounded and the widowhood, we can but appeal to Him who alone has the power to remove from the world the awful scourge:

How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge? (Rev. 6: 10.)

Marking the Boundary

A press despatch from Tacoma, Wash., announces the setting up of the first boundary monument between the United States and Canada. The Canadian steamer, *Danube*, carried the commissioners representing the United States and Canada up the Portland Canal. They were Prof. W. F. King, of Ottawa., head of the Dominion Astronomical Survey, and O. H. Tittmann of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. The position of the initial monument was determined by triangulation. It struck a place known as Eagle Point. The boundary extends due north to the mountain indicated by the boundary tribunal, a short distance above the fifty-sixth parallel. The monument is a four-sided bronze pyramid, six feet high, bearing the words, "Canada" and "United States" on opposite sides. In an old wooden building standing on the boundary line a dinner was spread, the table being set across the mark, half within America and half within Canada. There the commissioners dined and toasted the rulers of the two countries. It is very gratifying that this vexed question has been settled in this amicable way. The whole line will now be speedily marked and further disputes will be avoided. People who live near the line will no longer be in doubt as to which government has the right to claim their allegiance. We may well wish that every man was similarly certain about his position in the spiritual world. To many the question of Elijah is still appropriate.

How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal then follow him (1 Kings 18: 21).

Recognized the Call

An example of the ingenuity of men in a difficulty is narrated by an officer in the Navy. He says that two of the sailors on the vessel to which he is attached were allowed leave of absence to visit their families on shore. They had known each other from boyhood, and had been warm friends while on shipboard. They were going to towns a few miles apart, but arranged that one of them should come to the other to spend the last two days of leave together. The one who was to make the journey duly reached the town in which the other was staying on the day agreed upon; but to his chagrin discovered that the card bearing his mate's address was in the pockets of the suit of clothes that he had sent forward in his trunk. He made inquiries at the hotels, the Post Office and other places, but could not learn where his friend was staying. After debating with himself what course he should pursue, he heard the notes of a bugle with which a clock-pedler was trying to attract customers. The sound suggested to the sailor a way of solving his difficulty. For a small sum he obtained the use of the bugle at intervals, and went into various parts of the town, and on the corners of the streets played his ship's call. Very soon he was rewarded for his ingenuity. A window in one of the houses was thrown up, and a familiar voice hailed him, bidding him come in He could not have found a landsman in that way, but a sailor, as he well knew, would recognize the familiar strain, and would know that it was a sailor who was blowing it. So it should be with the Christian. The language of the kingdom of God should find recognition in the ears of all who belong to the kingdom.

There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification. Therefore, if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian (I. Cor. 14: 10).

BRIEF NOTES

A statistical authority says that Tibet occupies a unique position in the proportion of the sexes. The number of men in the country is fifteen times that of women.

Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson Smith, the English temperance advocates, have arranged to visit America to conduct a temperance campaign during the ensuing winter. They have been exceedingly successful in their own country.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is orphaned, or is not supported by parents, becomes a ward of the State, and is placed in a private family, where board and clothes are paid for until the fourteenth birthday.

Dr. Muller, who attended ex-President Kruger on his last illness, says that shortly before the end, the dying statesman declared, "I no longer hate the English. It is a pity there was war; but everything will come right in the end."

Remembered Opportunities

SUNDAY SCHOOL REVIEW LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WHAT have we done with our opportunities? is a good question for all thoughtful reviews of life, daily, weekly, monthly, as well as for quarterly reviews, on whatever lessons and for all anniversaries. What we have not done with our opportunities is often more significant than what we have done. The quarterly review, instead of being the dullest day of the quarter, often used for a music drill, or made a "rally" about nothing, should be a solemn review, not only of what we have learned, but also of what we have lived. It should remind us of the march of time, of the coming of eternity.

> One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er,
> I'm nearer my home to-day, than I ever have been before.

Instead of attempting to review all the lessons at two minutes each, we may well use an omitted lesson, one of the most thrilling of the quarter, that of the murder of Naboth (I. Kings 21), as a centre-piece in which to set forth once more the chief figures of the quarter, with the side-lights of all the lessons turned upon them.

Where did this Naboth murder occur? In Jezreel, then the capital of the ten tribes of Israel. When and why had they separated from the other tribes? On Rehoboam's coronation, because he refused just reforms of burdensome taxation. Who had led the revolt? Jeroboam. In fear of reunion, what sin did he fall into? The setting up of calf worship at Bethel and Dan, to keep his people from going annually to the temple at Jerusalem. What grosser idolatries had his successors Omri and Ahab added? The foul worship of Baal and Astarte. By whom especially was this licentious worship fostered? By Ahab's heathen wife, Jezebel. What prophet of God had dared to rebuke this sin and proclaim God's punishment in famine? Elijah. How had God cared for Elijah in the famine? By ravens at the brook Cherith. Here let us pause for a story, showing how God has used other birds to cheer his prophets. Luther, when greatly disheartened by the Ahabs and Jezebels of his time, threw himself down to rest in the forest. He almost envied the dead. Just then, a robin lighted on a bush close by, and struck up a song. Luther looked and listened, and said to himself: "This little creature knows nothing of God or Christ, and yet, exposed to a thousand dangers, it sings, carefree. And I, who know God and Christ, was sinking in despair." The bird had not fed his body, but his heart and soul.

> "Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth,
> "Thy Father feedeth me;
> Think how much more he careth,
> O, lonely child, for thee!"

And when the brook dried up, how was Elijah sustained? By a widow's meal and oil that never failed. That recalls another story:

The Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, a missionary who recently returned from British East Africa, in an address not long ago, related this incident from his experience in a certain place. He said: "The people did not want me any more than the world wanted its first great missionary, Christ. They told me that they would kill me if I remained more than three days. I felt I was in the place God wanted me to be, so I sent word back to them, 'I am here to tell you about God. I expect to stay.' It would have fared very ill with me if it had not been for a divine providence. An old woman who used to pass my hut going to and from her work in the fields, managed secretly to drop a root of cassava before my door; it is a root from which comes our tapioca. I roasted that root, and it enabled me to eke out my slender supply of provisions through the months." When the famine was about to end, to whom did Elijah go with a heroic proposal and what was it? Through Obadiah he called Ahab and proposed a fire test on Mt. Carmel, before all the people, by which it should be known whether Jehovah or Baal was the true God. When God answered by fire, was everybody converted from the false worship? No, Jezebel was wickeder than before. Who fled from her threats? What prayer did Elijah offer under the juniper tree? That he might die. And did God answer his prayer? Yes, he answered, No. What an impressive picture of the blessing of unanswered prayers might be made by putting a picture of Elijah under the juniper tree, praying to die, side by side with a picture of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot of glory.

> When by earth's crossing lights perplexed,
> I ask the thing that should not be,
> God, reading right my erring text,
> Gives what I would ask, could I see.

It was after God had sent Elijah to Horeb, and encouraged him there, and sent him back for heroic service, that the crime against Naboth occurred, in the story of which we shall see the three great personages of the lesson: Elijah, Ahab, and Jezebel; the first at his best, the others at their worst.

Ahab's covetousness and oppression. Ahab was one of that great number of men who substitute covetousness for contentment. His palace grounds were all one man could reasonably desire, but Naboth's beautiful vineyard at hand made him unhappy with land-hunger. He was willing to buy it, but as it was an heirloom of Naboth's, endeared by family history, he would not sell. Ahab, accustomed to have his own way, had a bad fit of the blues to be denied this whim. Many a man, ambitious to rule others, would be wiser if he first conquered himself. In some men anger and impatience are veritable tyrants of the inner kingdom. A scientific gentleman in Washington, exasperated by the stupidity of a negro servant, seized the nearest book at hand and threw it at him. The servant dodged, and the book went out of the window. The servant was sent for it, but some passer-by had taken it and disappeared. On looking about, he found that it was one of his rarest books he had thus thrown away. Some weeks afterward he got an opportunity to replace the book at $40. On examination he found it was the very same. His moment of anger had cost him $40.

Covetousness leads to oppression, not alone in kings, but often in private lives, where, by law, or in spite of it, the strong seize the property of the weak. In most homes the woman is the very force that prevents this, but in Ahab's household the leader of wickedness was the woman. The wife was a Lady Macbeth. She hesitated at no crime that would advance her power or pleasure. She bade her husband be merry, for he should have what he desired. With Ahab's seal she ordered that Naboth should be falsely accused and condemned. It was not the first time that a robber had a court at command. And so the courts, at her word, murdered Naboth that Ahab might rob him. "The men of the city, even the elders and nobles did as Jezebel had sent unto them." This is not the only time that "nobles" have dishonored their name. Said Tennyson:

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

In the palace of the Doges at Venice there hang the portraits of those merchant-rulers, and a long line they make. But one space is empty. A black curtain hangs there instead of a picture. Marino Faliero was found guilty of treason and beheaded. His portrait was removed from among the portraits of the Doges.

ELIJAH DENOUNCING AHAB IN NABOTH'S VINEYARD

But the eye of every person who enters the room rests upon that black curtain. It seems to fascinate each visitor. In the gallery of queens, most of them noble, the historians hang the blackest curtains over Bloody Mary and Jezebel, who illustrate how a woman who turns her powers to evil may outrun man in wickedness.

What folly are most of the shows of wealth! An unconscious travesty on "life's poor distinction" occurred in Vienna last April, when an undertaker got the body of a pauper and that of a millionaire mixed, and the pauper got the millionaire's big funeral. This would never have been known had not the wife insisted on a last look at the tomb. On opening the casket, behold the pauper! Nowhere more fitly than in this review of kings, mostly stained with foolish ambitions, can young people be taught to repeat those greatest of uninspired words, in which Shakespeare makes Wolsey say, after the failure of his ambitions:

> I charge thee, fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
> Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,
> Corruption wins not more than honesty.
> Still, in thy right hand, carry gentle peace
> To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fallest,
> Thou fallest a blessed martyr.

And we may well add here a similar summary of virtue in prose—the words in which Pilpay condensed for his master, King Dabshelim of India, the truths in his great library:

1. The greater part of the sciences comprises but one single word—Perhaps; and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three—they are born, suffer, die.

2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O kings! tame your passions, govern yourselves, and will be only child's play to govern the world.

4. O kings! O people! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without God.

But in speaking of kings, and queens, and nobles who have abused their powers for selfish ends, let us honor those to whom "office" is opportunity for doing good, *nobles oblige*. At the time of Lord Shaftesbury's death, two ragged boys, almost denuded of clothes, stood gazing into a window. The one remarked to his companion, "Lord Shaftesbury is dead." His little friend replied, "That's not our Lord Shaftesbury." "Yes," replied the other, "it is our Lord Shaftesbury." General Chaffee, head of the United States Army, was visiting a hospital in one of the posts of the Philippines. He asked how it was that the patients were getting no milk, and was told because of the short supply. "How is it," he asked, "that we had milk on the table this morning?" "There's only enough for the officers' mess." "Let the sick have it, and we will do without it," said the General promptly.

Elijah's courageous rebukes of sin. Like lightning flashing at midnight is the courage of Elijah, seen on the black background of Ahab's and Jezebel's meanness and murder. A young man graduated with high honors, the finest mathematician that had ever walked the halls of the great university. Soon after graduation, a minister, who had known him from boyhood, met him and said: "I understand that you are celebrated for your mathematical skill. I have a problem I wish you to solve." "Tell me what it is," said the young man, "and I will try." The clergyman answered: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The young man walked away in silence, saying to himself, "It is a great problem." The question rang in his ears, by day and by night. He said to himself, "There is no profit, if I gain all the pleasures, and all the wealth, and all the honors of the world, and lose my soul." He surrendered himself to God, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and became an eminent minister of the Gospel.

Does any one think that killing people to get property stopped with Jezebel or is confined to highwaymen to-day? In the inquest over the wholesale slaughter in the burning of the excursion steamer *General Slocum*, June, 1904, Rear-Admiral Melville declared that the deaths were due to defective laws for which steamship owners generally were responsible, they having defeated at Washington, because of the cost it would be to them, a proposed code that would have saved these and many other lives, by requiring adequate safety appliances.

Professor Taylor, of Chicago, has this telling story about evolution. There was a large assembly of Socialists and Anarchists in Chicago discussing the great question of religion, and an Anarchist got up and raved against the idea of the Golden Rule, declaring that the doctrine that we should do to others as we would have them do to us is an absurd doctrine, that had never been believed or practiced and that the sooner men got rid of it the better. Then arose a Socialist and said: "It is well known that man has been evolved through various degrees of development, that he has passed through the stages of the lower animals, and," he continued, pointing to the Anarchist, "that man there seems to me as if his evolution had been arrested at the stage of the hyena." The man who professes to believe the Golden Rule and in real life gets Naboth's vineyard by foul means when fair will avail, is not truly humane or human, but a beast of prey like Jezebel.

Against this tendency to greed and oppression rises the hero voices of the prophets of all ages. The great lesson of the quarter, rising above all its shadows of idolatry and oppression, is the lesson of Christian courage. Elijah was a sheepskin, while Rehoboam and Jeroboam and Omri and Ahab wore purple, but he towers as the kingliest figure of all, even above the good kings Asa and Jehoshaphat. History, as well as heaven, crowns the bravest and the best. Let us see the face of God and cease to fear the face of man.

In the middle of last century, while 25,000 French soldiers lay encamped, a young officer advanced alone into a wood to reconnoitre. He was suddenly surrounded by the ambush of the enemy, and while the bayonets pricked his breast, a stern voice whispered in his ear, "Make the least noise and you are a dead man!" Without one second's hesitation the young hero shouted, at the top of his voice, "Help! the enemy are here!" and instantly he fell pierced with a score of bayonets through his body. He fell; but the French army was saved from surprise. You see that, with that brave youth, military duty had become an instinct and habit to be instantly obeyed even on pain of death. Faith must pass into purpose, and purpose into deliberate resolution.

Let us honor courage in civil life, no less than that of the soldier, for example, that of a farmer's wife, Mrs. Stephen Haines, of Morristown, N. J., who, hearing her husband shout for help, saw him tossed and gored by a mad bull. Seizing a pitchfork, she ran to the spot, only to find her husband insensible. She attacked the bull furiously, driving the tines of the fork into his body till they broke, and then clubbing the beast with the handle, until by a fierce blow on the nose he was put to flight.

*International Sunday School Review for September 25. Golden Text: "The Lord is merciful and gracious." Psalm 103: 8.

The Twentieth Century Home

A NEIGHBORLY, HELPFUL, ENTERTAINING FAMILY MAGAZINE

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME requires no introduction to the good people of this country. Wherever magazines are read, there THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME is erished. It stands for the highest ideal of home e. It points the way to the development of all that to be valued and prized in the family circle. Its sues are read and re-read, and, in countless homes our country they are prized as the one unerring, failing guide to greater happiness, to a fuller enjoyent of life, and to a more perfect development of all at contributes to the contentment of each and every ember within the sacred precincts of HOME.

WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME, like a good d faithful counsellor, will help you over the many rplexing phases that confront us on every hand in cial life. There are points of etiquette concern- which we are in doubt—etiquette at home, iquette when visiting, etiquette when receiving, quette when traveling; the issuing of invitations, e preparation of cards, etiquette of introduction, quette of weddings, etiquette of funerals, indeed, ore phases of good form than we can think of the moment, which must be solved, and solved rrectly, in every family that pretends to any degree social standing. All these problems are met and tisfactorily answered in the columns of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

ABOUT DRESS.

In the matter of dress, one of the most intricate oblems of modern times, especially in families limited means, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME ll prove a much valued and highly prized friend. offers in each and every issue numerous suggesons, every one of which is well worth more than e yearly subscription price.

It tells how to dress, what to wear, when to wear how to prepare it, how to make it over, and how vary the style with few and inexpensive additons, which advice to the lady and daughters of e house must prove a mine of valuable information.

ABOUT CHILDREN

The training of children, which to so many fathers d mothers is a most distressing problem, is consided interestingly and intelligently from every point view in the columns of THE TWENTIETH CENURY HOME. There are wilful children that require se treatment, backward children that require encouement, sickly children who need strength, weak chilen lacking proper nourishment—each and every one which presents problems that are handled in a sterly way by specialists in the columns of THE WENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

OUR GIRLS

Girls, however much we may love them, are naturally source of tender solicitude to fathers and mothers, o, day and night, watch over their physical, mental d moral welfare. Some would seek employment, hers are ambitious from a social standpoint, and, again, others would devote themselves to professional pursuits, while not a few would leave the parental roof for the great city, in which to achieve not only independence for themselves, but financial assistance for the dear ones at home.

The hints and suggestions contained in the columns of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME will be helpful to these girls, and will enable mothers and fathers to intelligently and gently direct those energies into channels that will contribute to the everlasting good of the dear ones on whom their hearts' affections are centered.

MR. JOHN BRISBEN WALKER
PROPRIETOR OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME

BOYS GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD

Next come the boys—the men of the future—who in the coming years are to bear the brunt of the burden—on their shoulders will rest the responsibilities to come when father and mother are too far advanced in life to contribute to the material welfare of the family.

These boys are like young eagles, eager to fly from the parental nest, in order that out in the world they may achieve fame and fortune. Full of vitality and energy which must not be repressed, they seek an outlet, and only the wisdom of ages, the experience of experts, can thus direct their course, that on the sea of life they may avoid shipwreck and disaster which has overtaken thousands who, without helm or rudder, have ventured upon the perilous voyage. Here also THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME is the counsellor, the friend, the guide, for parents in their attitude toward ambitious, energetic, enthusiastic boys.

THE MOTHER

The mother of the family occupies a position of grave responsibility. She must seek counsel, in order that the children to whom she gives birth may be strong and healthy, and, to this effect, it is necessary that she herself understand many phases of the mystery of human life which, to most women, is as a book which is sealed. Many children will be born weak—many mothers will be unable to give them that nourishment which nature has ordained for infants. Substitutes must be chosen, and how shall the young mother decide on a proper selection from the multitude of foods that are brought to her attention. One child needs fattening substance, another needs phosphates, a third needs tissue, a fourth requires bone, and a fifth brain-food. Who shall guide her in the selection of the one food that will meet the requirements of her beloved offspring? And in the treatment of the simple ailments of childhood how can she avoid the terrible risk of overdosing unless some friendly counsellor of the family gives her the proper advice? This is a department to which THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME pays special attention, and which we are sure will result in the saving of thousands of precious human lives.

THE FATHER

In all these phases of family life the father is intensely interested. While we cannot promise him any help in the commercial difficulties that present themselves from time to time in the life of every breadwinner, we can relieve him from many perplexing distractions incident to family life, by affording him such honest advice as will make THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME a *vade mecum* to everything but business affairs. The well and carefully prepared index to the contents of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME will enable him at a glance to discover such articles as at any particular time may be of special importance to him, and thus afford him in the perplexing questions that must and will arise, such sage and helpful counsel as will make every issue of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME worth more than the price of a yearly subscription.

In addition to all this, our literary department is the best of any family magazine in the world, while the art department is absolutely unequaled. The literary giants of all countries, and artists of international repute, have made THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME famous throughout the length and breadth of the land.

We invite you to give us a trial. Join our ranks to-day, and never again will your home fail to invite the visits of that ideal family paper of the age, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

Send ONE DOLLAR to-day and we will enter your name for a one year's subscription to THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

Now Read THIS Proposition

WE need several thousand more lists of twenty-five names each, conforming to the requirements early set forth in the next column of this page, and **we rnestly ask every subscriber** who has not already ne so to favor us with a list, and thus help along the rther and wider distribution of THE CHRISTIAN ERALD.

Perhaps it may be well to add that we wish ese names simply as addresses for our beaufully illustrated Fall Circular, soon to be ised, and for no other purpose whatever.

If our subscribers will bear in mind that the Circular entioned above entails a cash expenditure of upwards **$45,000,** they will the more readily appreciate the erality of the following highly interesting proposion, open absolutely **only to present** CHRISTIAN ERALD **subscribers,** but no subscriber who has reently sent in a list may send another.

By special arrrangement with Mr. John Brisben Walker, proprietor of **The Twentieth Century ome** we are enabled once more, and for the last me, to present subscribers now on the list of THE HRISTIAN HERALD, and not to any other, an opportunity to secure **a six months' subscription** to **he Twentieth Century Home,** the ideal family magazine, in return for a compliance with the conditions set forth below.

This six months' subscription to The Twentieth Century Home, will embrace the following superb issues: Harvest (Oct.), Thanksgiving (Nov.), Christmas (Dec.), New Year's (Jan.), George Washington (Feb.), Easter (Mar.), practically the six best issues of the year.

Extraordinary Inducement. Furthermore, we will send, free of all expense, a superb reproduction in **twelve colors,** of that ever popular painting entitled, **"The Young Mother,"** to every person who accepts this proposition **not later than Oct. 1, 1904.** Subscribers availing themselves of this offer and mailing their lists **after** October 1st, are **not** entitled to this beautiful picture.

THIS IS OUR PROPOSITION

Send us Twenty-five names—no more, no less—conforming to the requirements mentioned herein; namely adult Protestant Church members, no two living in the same house, and send fifteen cents in coin, or stamps, and we will **have your own name** placed on the subscription list of **The Twentieth Century Home,** the greatest monthly home magazine published, for a term of six months, beginning with the October number, on the following basis:

Twentieth Century Home, Price for 6 Mos.		**50 cts.**
Allowance for 25 Names	25c.	**35 cts.**
Allowance for Paper, Postage, etc.	10c	
Cash to be Remitted with Names		**15 cts.**

Enclosed please find **15** cents, which, with the **35** cents allowed by you for the twenty-five names sent herewith, is to pay for a six months' subscription to

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME

commencing with the issue for October, 1904. Also send the picture, **The Young Mother.**

SEE BLANK ON NEXT PAGE.

SEND BACK THIS SHEET

Name.....

Address.....

LISTS SHOULD BE SENT IN ONLY BY OUR SUBSCRIBERS. NO OTHERS WILL BE ACCEPTED

To The Christian Herald,

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Write Very Distinctly
Use Black Ink if Convenient.
Mail On or Before Oct. 1, 1904

Herewith find names of.....adult **Protestant** Church Members, **No Two of which Live in th Same House,** and **all** of which are Permanent Residents here. I am a Christian Herald Subscriber.

	TITLE—Mr., Mrs. or Miss, Dr. or Rev.	FULL NAME	STREET ADDRESS	POST-OFFICE	COUNTY	STATE	DENOMINATION
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State clearly the **DENOMINATION** of the Church which Each One Attends. Use **B** for Baptist, **C** for Congregationalist, **D** for Disciple, **E** for Episcopalian, **L** for Lutheran, **M** for Methodist, **P** for Presbyterian, etc., etc.

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME," IF YOU ENCLOSE FIFTEEN CENTS WITH THIS LIST AND SIGN ORDER ON OTHER SIDE :: :: :: :: :: ::

If possible, arrange Names in ALPHABETICAL ORDER

This list is sent in by.....

Give Full Name and Post Office Address.

AN OPEN-AIR GOSPEL SERVICE AT LEMON HILL, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA

50,000 Hear the Gospel Outdoors

MANY direct beneficent results have grown out of the great evangelistic movement organized in Philadelphia in 1899, and which has been carried forward ever since with increasing ccess and vigor. In no quarter have the good results the movement so manifested themselves as among e Italian population, although many predicted that re the work would be the most hopeless. A church of ove one hundred members has been organized, and any are being drawn to its services. A flourishing nday School appeals to large numbers of boys and rls, and a week day school gives instruction in Eng- h, and also teaches useful employments. The uplift- g and refining influence of the work is manifesting elf in the neighborhood. At a recent noon-day rally the evangelistic workers, some fifty young Italians, tween the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, marched the stage and sang a hymn. When the question was ked, "How many of you are Christians?" nearly ery hand was raised.

Another excellent outcome of this Gospel work is the ganization and development of the St. Paul Church, er which the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller is the pastor. gun in a tent some five years ago, it now has above hundred enthusiastic members, who are building a e stone church, which will seat twelve hundred ople. Several other churches have also grown out of is work, and are making gratifying progress.

Tents are erected in congested districts, where every afternoon children's services are held, and every evening direct appeals are made to crowds of people to accept Christ. From these quarters cheering reports are received. Important noonday meetings are held in industrial centres of the city, and many busy men are thus reached. They are held on the plaza of the City Hall, at Baldwin's Locomotive Works, under the shadow of the famous old State House at Cramp's shipyards, and several other places. Rev. James B. Ely, D.D., general superintendent, estimates that above 50,000 people are reached every week through these services. This does not include the 5,000 or more which assemble at Lemon Hill, Fairmount Park, every Sunday morning and evening, to hear the Gospel story.

At the Monday noon-day rally all the workers come together and encourage each other with brief recitals of their experiences. Some of these noon-day rallies are attended by hundreds of children, by negroes, by Italians, and by so many earnest workers, that the great hall will not contain them all, while both sides and the rear are lined by those who cannot find seats. At a recent meeting earnest addresses were made by John H. Converse, Hon. John Wanamaker, and by several workers who have charge of the tents. At this meeting Dr. Ely reported that the total attendance for the week ending August 19th, was 51,475, and that more than 16,000 had attended the previous Sunday's services. Those who had the privilege of listening to the fine singing of the children will never forget it. It is little wonder that one of the speakers said: "When I go to heaven, I am sure that the last thing I shall hear will be a child's voice, for no earthly sound carries so far."

Mr. Wanamaker told the children that Mr. Converse had given at least the price of one of the biggest engines he builds in his locomotive works, to help defray the expenses of the tent work. "I believe this work means a great deal," he said, "to all the churches of the city. The evangelists do not come teaching Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or any other ism. They come with the little child Jesus in their arms, and they ask you to look at him. It makes little difference which church it is to which you belong, if it is the Church of Jesus Christ."

President Patton of Princeton, said of the movement recently: "I am sure that some of our fashionable churches would be better if they could have preached to them some of the sermons delivered in the tents. It is a great mistake to have one Christ for the rich and another for the poor; to have one theology for the church and another for the tent. Christians who go to fine churches and to operas want the Gospel evaporated into something finer than one hears at evangelistic services; yet, when death's shadows are on our brow, we all want the same precious Gospel which is preached to the poorest." ALLAN SUTHERLAND.

New York's Subway Nearly Ready

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE)

WHILE it is not possible to predict to a day just when the Underground Railway System of New York City will be open to the public, it is quite fe to say that it cannot be very long before the famous ubway" will be crowded with passengers, whirling from ty Hall to Harlem, or *vice-versa*, in fifteen minutes. From City Hall to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth reet in less than twenty minutes—that is what the neral manager of the Interborough Company prom- es the citizen who has the necessary nickel. This is marked contrast with the time, not so very long ago, hen horse-car passengers spent two and one-half hours ery day traveling to and fro between Bond Street and roadway and One Hundred and Fourth Street, Har- n. One hour and fifteen minutes was the quickest time at could be made between these two points, one way. The evolution from the old "sweat-boxes," as the rse-cars were called, has been gradual; but there ems little left to be desired, even by the most fastidi- s person, in the equipment of the cars to be used in e new Subway. These cars are models of strength d beauty, and have every facility for the comfort and nvenience of the traveler. They will seat fifty-six ssengers each, and can carry as many as one hundred d seventy-five. Strength and safety have been con- lered in the construction of these cars, the sides being sheathed with copper, and floors lined with asbestos, thus minimizing the danger from collision and fire. The story of how the underground roadbed upon which these cars are to run, has been made, is most wonderful.

Pliny says that in Cæsar's time it took 30,000 men eleven years to build a tunnel three and one-half miles in length, while in four years, in New York, the masters of engineering mechanics, with the aid of less than 12,000 men, have made a tunnel equal in capacity to one of over fifty miles in length, to say nothing of ten miles of elevated structure, and the excavation of extra areas for underground stations. It would seem almost impossible to overestimate the magnitude of this work. Underground New York has gradually become a replica of the upper city, with its system of lighting, drainage, propulsion, and other appurtenances; but the obstacles encountered in carrying out this stupendous project of underground transportation were many and great. The sewer problem was one of the hardest. In some places the pipes were relaid alongside the tunnel; others, for long stretches, were jacked up to the roof; still others, where they crossed the structure, were split up into two or more smaller pipes, so that they might pass between the surface car tracks and the Subway. In one instance, a large district draining into the Hudson River was diverted to the East River. Trolley and other street-car traffic must not be interfered with, and these tracks must of necessity be supported. Strange and devious are the ways of this Subway. At some points it is only four or five feet below the surface, while in others it takes a header down under the river's bed. At one place it rides triumphant over a breezy viaduct in Harlem; at another it invades the home of a great Metropolitan daily, going through the press-rooms down in Park Row; but so daintily did this monster pick its way that the paper never missed an hour's use of its presses. The tunnel seemed to be especially attracted by this particular publication, for at Broadway and Forty-second Street the tunnel took a curve and darted down under the uptown edifice of the same journal.

The tunnel follows Broadway to One Hundred and Fourth Street, where it divides, going east and west; but before reaching this point, it passes beneath the elevated railroad tracks. Here is where the contractor found unusual obstacles, for he had not only to hold up the surface of the streets and several car-lines, but also the enormous elevated structure. When solid rock confronted the engineers and contractors, the path was blasted clean through, as was the case from One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street to a little north of One Hundred and Ninetieth Street, where the tunnel was constructed practically through solid rock. The rock drill is an important feature of all excavation work in New York City. London and Paris subways were built through clay, and Boston's through earth.

The great Escalator, or moving stairway, which conveys passengers to and from the elevated section of the subway uptown, is the largest of its kind in this country.

A school for Subway motormen has been busy, preparing and graduating men for positions as conductors or motormen, and when the system begins its operations, they will be fully prepared to handle the crowds and manage the mechanism which will whirl them in the morning down town, and home in the evening. According to Mr. W. B. Parsons, chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, "all but one-half of one per cent. of the work on the sections between City Hall station and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, is completed, and the cars should be running regularly between these two points within a few weeks."

THE MANHATTAN VALLEY VIADUCT

THE SUBWAY STATION AT 28TH STREET

Our Latest Gift to India

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 779

are doing three things there: First, Healing poor diseased bodies. Second, Taking the opportunity to preach the Gospel. Third, Training young Christian girls to become medical missionaries. We are getting ready nurses and women doctors to help the medical missions of all denominations, who are already at work among 125,000,000 of India's zenana women."

Dr. Condict speaks enthusiastically of the bright life of Christian usefulness that is opening up before those young native students who are being trained at the Ludhiana College. Four of the students

NATIVE MEDICAL STUDENTS AT LUDHIANA

are supported by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Mary Morton, the senior CHRISTIAN HERALD student, has just completed her second year. She received her education in the M. E. School in Poona, and is a finely educated, consecrated Christian girl. Her medical education was undertaken by one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's devoted friends, a young lady of Pennsylvania. While the selection of a student was being made, this young lady died, but it was found that she had made ample provision in her will for her substitute in the field of India's missions.

The other three CHRISTIAN HERALD students have just completed the first year of study at the Medical College. There are now six others—all fine young women of superior education, awaiting scholarships of $75.00 a year, to enable them to take the course at Ludhiana that will fit them to go forth as healers of the sick and bearers of the Divine Message.

Eva Ullah began the medical course at the college this spring. She has a good record and is putting her heart into her work. Razabai, also needing a scholarship, is a very superior girl, with an earnest Christian character. She has passed her matriculation examination and will be a valuable worker. Naomi, a sensible girl, of good Christian character, is from the mountain country. Miriam, another good girl, and Alice, a very intelligent girl, wish to take the training course as nurses. Winnie Heller, a bright young Eurasian girl, is waiting for a scholarship.

Speaking of the X-Ray apparatus, which, with its perfect equipment, is now ready for shipment to India, Dr. Condict said: "This beautiful machine, the gift of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to our Women's Medical College and Hospital, will be the first apparatus of its kind ever sent to any Medical Mission in India, or, as far as I know, to any Mission in the world."

The photograph on this page is that of a group of high-caste India widows, who have received a mission education. All are women of fine Christian character, well equipped for work among the neglected native women of their own land. One of the group is now studying medicine at Ludhiana.

Missions in Japan and Korea*

DURING the war between Russia and Japan, the cheering facts demanded in the Topic are difficult to find. The conduct of the national enemy, a professing Christian nation, must have done much to prejudice the Japanese against Christianity. To a nation so intelligent as Japan, however, we may hope that the difference between profession and conduct will be obvious, and that it will not judge Christianity by the behavior of a nation which acts in violation of its first principles.

It is only half a century ago that missionary work was systematically commenced in Japan, and it was not until 1868 that full liberty was granted to the Christian missionaries. The Protestant Episcopal Church promptly entered the field, and was followed by the Presbyterians, the Congregational and other churches. The American Bible Society took up work there with remarkable energy, and has been a most important factor in the propagation of Christianity. The establishment of the Doshisha, a college built and endowed principally by American funds, has also contributed largely to the spread of Christianity among the upper classes. A conservative estimate made before the outbreak of the war, placed the number of Protestant converts at 43,000. Though this is relatively a small proportion of the entire population of 44,000,000, it is marvelous that in so short a time, so many have been won.

In Korea, the pioneer work was done by the New Testament itself. Long before it was safe for the missionary to enter, Rev. John Ross, of Moukden, learned the Korean language, translated the New Testament, and sent large numbers of copies into the country. On the arrival of the missionaries, they found people in all parts of the land familiar with the Gospel and eager to be taught. Not until 1884 was the door opened, and then it was to the missionary as a medical healer rather than as a preacher. In a few years about 800 natives out of Korea's 12,000,000 had been won, and it is believed that now there are over 5,000 converts. Political troubles and the disturbances incident to the present war have sadly interfered with missionary work, but the prospects of success when peace is restored are bright.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 25. Zech. 14: 3, 9, 20.

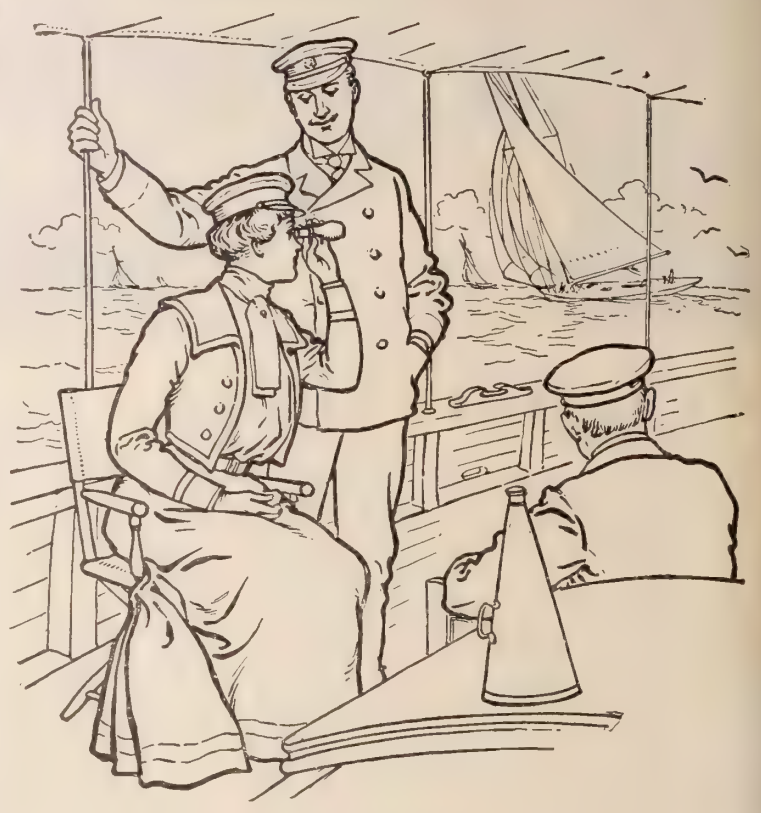
ON HIGHER GROUND

I'M pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height,
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till heaven I've found,
Lord, lead me on to higher ground.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand
By faith on heaven's table-land—
A higher plane than I have found—
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Orange, N. J. ELIZABETH J. CUSACK.



To preserve the original freshness and color of your dainty summer fabrics, avoid the use of ordinary yellow soaps. These contain rosin and strong acids that destroy the color and do not rinse perfectly. Ivory, a soap made of clean, fresh oils and simple alkali, perfectly combined, rinses readily and will not destroy color or fabric. The saving in wear and appearance is much more than the slight additional cost of Ivory over ordinary soap. 99 44/100 per cent. pure.

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atalogue illustrating 240 styles and samples our stock of over 00 *guaranteed* materis sent **FREE** to any rt of the United States. Styles and fabrics differ eatly from those shown past seasons. **Ours** are tirely new and up to date. The new **"Lohengrin"** es and the **"Normandie"** and **"Victoria"** tings should be seen by every lady who wishes to fashionably attired.

't is because we keep our promises, present the proper styles d offer honest goods at honest prices that we have been so inently successful, and have secured permanent customers rywhere.

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TREATISE GIVING FULL INFORMATION, MAILED TO EARNEST APPLICANTS.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
MAIN ST., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Little Children Help Others

ONE of the most interesting and pleasing features connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn is the interest which children, more fortunate than the little guests, take in the work.

The letters which some of these little ones write are full of that sympathy, which wells up so naturally in each tender heart when told of others who are deprived by poverty from enjoying the beauties and freedom of the country. How ready and willing to work and help the little "Rosebuds" were, is shown by the letter sent by the leader:

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—I am a little girl twelve years old, living at Rockville Centre, but I spent my summer vacation at East Setauket with my grandparents. This summer Elsie Wheeler (my cousin) and I thought it would be nice to have an entertainment for the benefit of the Fresh-Air Fund. So we solicited aid of a number of our little friends to help us, and on August 12 we held our entertainment in my grandfather's barn, asking an admission fee of ten cents. We forward the money ($9) to you, hoping it may give pleasure to some little ones not as fortunate as we are.

Sincerely yours,
E. R. HORTON.

TWO LITTLE MONT-LAWN MAIDS

An enclosed clipping, from the local newspaper, gives the names of the girls and boys who took part in the entertainment. The movement originated with Edna Horton, Elsie Wheeler and Hazel West, they invited their playmates to join in their efforts. Among those who assisted were—Florence Edwards, Irene Hannowell, Sadie and Evelyn Hutchinson, Alida Gurney, Hattie Jayne, Helen Tyler, Ruth and Florence Hawkins, Marion Peters, Ralph Hannowell, Robert Horton, Clifford Hutchinson, Mattie Mamann, Oliver and Wilfred Lyon. The manager was Robert Darling; musical director, Albert Hallock; Ticket Agent, Mary West. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and flags, and the curtains and stage admirably arranged. The programme was well rendered and interesting, and the children are to be congratulated on their faithful work in preparing the same.

Another letter says:

Enclosed please find six dollars ($6) to send two poor little children to Mont-Lawn. Last year I sent three dollars ($3) for one poor child. Mamma, sister and I gave a social to our friends, we had a nice time, and took in almost six dollars ($6). We have two little Fresh-Air children from Cleveland. They have been here two weeks, their time will be up to-morrow. They were sent by the Fresh-Air Camp of Cleveland.

Yours truly, LUCILLE POOL

In the same envelope came a letter from one of the two "Fresh-Airs" at the Pool home.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I am a poor little "Fresh-Air" girl from Cleveland. My sister and I are staying in the country with Mr. and Mrs. Pool. I am ten years old and my sister is eight. We have a nice time milking cows, gathering eggs and feeding the chickens.

Mrs. Pool's girl is going to send $3 and so am I. Mrs. Pool gave us the social money, and we want to send two of the poorest children to Mont-Lawn from New York City.

Yours truly, ELSIE HANGELINGE.

A primary class in Macatawa, Mich., called the Busy Builders, send $3. This money, the teacher writes, was gathered by the children, who "denied themselves candy, popcorn, and the many alluring slot-machines. Learning that it is better to give than to receive, in making some little one happy at Mont-Lawn."

The following letter speaks for itself, and should be very helpful to those who would like to help the Fresh-Air Fund, and have but little to give. The pennies of these little ones are greater in the sight of the Father than many dollars from a millionaire. The children's mite is indeed blessed both to the giver and the receiver.

HAMILTON, N. Y.

Enclosed find money-order for four dollars for Fresh-Air Fund from the superintendent and children of the primary department of the First Baptist Bible School, Hamilton, N. Y. For several years our primaries have given three dollars a year to send a Fresh-Air child to Mont-Lawn. It may be helpful to other schools to know how we raise our money. We have a "love-penny," box, in which we drop our pennies on Sunday, during the early part of the summer. The superintendent tells the primaries the condition of these poor children in New York, and of the beautiful home at Mont-Lawn, where they can go for ten days if their friends will send the small sum required to keep them. Occasionally a story from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is told.

This school has many visitors. They are influenced by what they see and hear, and they make an offering. One lady, whose husband is a pastor in a distant town, said: "I want to know more about that Fresh-Air Fund. I think it would be nice for our school to do something." So the superintendent gladly gave her the information needed, which a personal visit to the Home last summer enabled her to do. A member of the C. E. Society said, "I think our Society ought to send one child." So we see that when we try to do good others are influenced and helped by what they see us do.

The Sunday before the picnic or excursion, the superintendent asks the children not to spend all the pennies their parents give them, but deny themselves something and bring that money the following Sunday for the Fresh-Air child, and tell what they did without. It was very interesting to hear them tell last Sunday how they did without candy, peanuts, popcorn, and did not go on the merry-go-round, etc. This pleased our visitors so much, that a gentleman from the South handed a little boy some money, and sent him up to the "love-penny" box with it. In this way we completed our three dollars, and now we shall be a great deal happier and enjoy the summer better, because we have helped some one else to have a good time. The superintendent sends one dollar as a thank-offering to the Lord, for permitting her to see for herself what is being done at Mont-Lawn. She appreciates the courtesies shown her by the friends in the Home last summer, in carrying her to and from the Home when in Nyack, in taking her over the grounds and through the buildings. The chapel exercises were delightful and very interesting. The songs, talks, prayers, and blackboard lesson were all so simple and sweet, so easy to be understood, we did not wonder the children sat in rapt attention, and their faces beamed with happiness.

Three dollars and seventy cents is sent as a birthday offering of the Doylestown Presbyterian Sunday School, Primary Department, to be used in Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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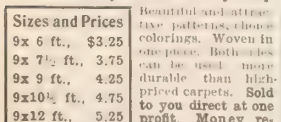

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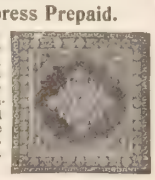

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A Mission Built by Prayer

FROM week to week, I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, testimony as to Answered Prayer. I know how many dear followers of God are uncertain as to whether or not he will answer their heart's petitions, and thus they cannot "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." In hopes that some light may be thrown upon this vital question, and in proof that the Lord does supply all the need of those who humbly fulfil his conditions of service, I offer, as briefly as possible, the story of one woman's life, and the work she carries on as the follower of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

The city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has, during the past twenty years, become the gateway to the great Canadian Northwest Territories, and into it pour, month after month, hordes of emigrants from other lands. It has therefore its full share of the sins and the sorrows of humanity; and nowhere does public and private charity more generously come to the rescue of the unfortunate than in this new city. Hither, in Feb., 1900, came Mrs. Crouch. She had been assistant under Miss Mallory, the Superintendent of an Orphanage and Rescue Home in Oklahoma. The burden of lost souls was so heavy upon her, that she waited on the Lord day and night, for direction as to how to begin the work of rescue in Winnipeg. Not venturing to "run before the Lord," she sought for indications of his will in the matter. She told no one of her wishes, because she trusted him implicitly. She was entirely without resources of her own. She waited patiently, and at length came the answer, in August following. In her prayers, in which she sought a token of his approval of her plans for a "Home of the Friendless"—that was the name suggested to her for her asylum—she had asked for the sum of $25. She waited quietly day after day, to see if this answer came—and this is how it came; a lady from Thovold, Ontario, who was visiting at the house where Mrs. Crouch stayed, one day asked the latter to go out with her to one of the parks of the city, where she might tell her something strange. On arriving there, she told Mrs. Crouch that she had been awakened several times with the impression that she must give her $25, and then offered that sum to her.

She now spoke to her friends about her enterprise, and found hearty co-operation. Miss Platt, a devoted Christian worker, volunteered her help. They made the rent a subject for special prayer, and a small house at $10 a month was secured. Money came in sufficient sums to insure the punctual payment of rent; furniture, bedding, blinds, stove, etc., etc., came from unexpected quarters. Nothing was ever asked for, except from God in prayer. He has supplied every need so far. The work increased; poor, miserable girls, some of them jail-birds, after roaming the streets in vain quest for a roof to cover them in their hour of sore need, found a refuge with Mrs. Crouch; for no difference is ever made in this Home of the friendless on account of degrees of misery, color, or nationality.

After the first year, a larger house had to be secured. The two workers spent weeks in prayer over this, and were impressed with the thought that $25 was the amount of rent that they should pay for a house sufficiently large for their work. But the only house they could get near enough to the General Hospital—on essential conditions — rented at $27.50 per month. They asked for no rebate, and waited for direction. Soon this house was offered to them at the reduced rent of $25, if they would take a year's lease of the place. Two weeks before moving to this new house, there was but $2 in their small treasury, but the day before they moved a letter from Boston came, enclosing $25.

Demands for admittance came so rapidly that further accommodation was imperative, and last year a new house was sought. There was none to be had near enough to the hospital, and the workers waited on the Lord again as to his will in the matter. They became impressed with the desirability of a certain vacant lot as a site for a new Home. Then they waited in prayer, and before long noticed preparations for building on the spot. Soon a house, such as would suit them, was erected there, and they were impressed with the idea that they should get it for $35 a month. But the owner would not rent it for that sum. Again they waited, and the owner offered it to them at their own rate of $35, finding the purpose for which it was wanted.

Was ever the patience—the "long patience" of the one who waits on the Lord, better exemplified than in this work? Truly, "He that believeth shall not make haste," has much to do with God's answers to prayer.

At this last residence I called one bitter winter's day, in company with two of God's dear people, who came to see how God answers prayer. We engaged Mrs. Crouch in conversation, and found that this quiet, unassuming little woman, has a strength and firmness of character underlying her calm, restful manner, which shows that God has a purpose in the selection of his workers. She told us that nothing short of sound conversion of every lost one who seeks refuge in that Home, is the object of the workers; who, while doing all that love prompts for the relief of their sufferings, never cease effort to bring them to Christ for pardon for the past and endeavor after a new life. Such a work demands the closest dependence upon Christ for strength, and for all other supplies. Seven or eight girls are thoroughly converted out of nineteen, with whom they have labored. When safe homes can be found for them, they are allowed to go, taking their little ones with them in every case. Thirty-six inmates now occupy the Home, and many have to be denied admittance for lack of room. Every empty bed is made a subject for prayer. Lately a friend offered $150 as a nucleus for a building fund.

I will close this sketch with one among the numerous instances of answered prayer, of which this Home affords more than one can specify. On a very cold day last winter, the fuel supply had diminished so much that all the little ones and the sick ones had to be gathered into one room, which was heated by the last of the wood remaining. All day the workers continued in prayer for the supply of this sore need. At length Mrs. C. was sent for, to see a caller who was one of their friends, but she left without mentioning the matter of supplies, and again prayer was continued. Shortly after, a ring announced this visitor again, who told Mrs. C. that she was impressed with the thought that something was needed at this Home, and she must return to find out what it was. Then she was told, and immediately the fuel supply was attended to, and the furnace before night warmed the house thoroughly, and once more the inmates rejoiced together over a fresh proof that they were under the loving care of a God, who is the same faithful, prayer-hearing God, yesterday, to-day and forever.

The Home of the Friendless, at 96 Francis Street (corner Bannetyne and Francis), Winnipeg, Man., Can., where God has furnished "mighty weapons" for the pulling down of the strongholds of wickedness. A. D.

Winnipeg, Man.

HOME MISSIONS*

WHEN the plea for Home missions is presented to an audience, it often fails to arouse the sympathy and enthusiasm that are awakened by appeals for Foreign missions. It lacks the element of romance and novelty and the association of heroism with the workers in heathen lands. Yet the need and the responsibility cannot be exaggerated. It is terrible to think that, right at our own doors, there are men and women utterly ignorant of the Gospel. There is no doubt of our duty to send the Gospel to the heathen, but what will be said to us at the day of account, if there are men with whom we have come in contact, who have lived with us in the same city, but have never been warned of the danger of impenitence, and have never heard how much Jesus loves them?

It may be said that there are churches in all our cities; that the doors are open, and that any one who will, may enter. But we cannot discharge our responsibility by building a church and ringing a bell. Great multitudes misunderstand Christianity. They do not know how much joy religion would bring into their lives. They regard religion as a matter for the well-to-do, and the respectable. They need to be enlightened. In his parable of the feast, Christ represents the King's servants as going out into the highways and hedges, with their invitation, and it is this that the Christian in the present day should do. He ought to do it personally, and by proxy, in supporting the City Missionary. Not for him is Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He knows of a remedy for sin; he knows the secret of eternal life; he knows how great a transformation religion would work in those darkened lives. Ought he to keep that knowledge to himself? At least, he might invite the non-churchgoer to church. He might give his own testimony to what Christ has done for him. Until he has done this to the full extent of his power, the responsibility for the loss of souls lies upon him.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 25. Acts 8: 4-8.

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The Great Battle at Liao-Yang

INTEREST in the Far-Eastern campaign, which was lately centred on Port Arthur, has now been transferred to the neighborhood of Liao-Yang, where one of the greatest battles of modern times began on August 29. For nearly a week previous, three Japanese armies, under the supreme command of Field Marshal Oyama, had stubbornly fought for the possession of the heights surrounding the city. A fourth Japanese force, which had marched from New Chwang up the Liao valley, menaced the Russian left, while Gen. Kuroki, with a strong body of troops, threatened Gen. Kouropatkin's northward communications with Moukden. Liao-Yang was very strongly fortified, Russia's intention being to make it the great military stronghold of Manchuria. Skilful engineers had erected elaborate defences, and dug double and treble rows of trenches, with open lines of communication for the rapid transfer of heavy guns from one point to another. Great military magazines and vast storehouses were filled with supplies of ammunition, corn, wheat, rice, and tinned foods for the army. Strong forts with covered approaches defended the stout walls and the artillery was modern and abundant. All the neighboring hills were fortified. It was confidently believed by the Russians that the place could be held successfully and indefinitely against any force that might advance against it.

After the Russian retirement from Anping, Gen. Kouropatkin himself chose Liao-Yang as the base of future operations, and occupied it with his entire army, only a small force remaining at Moukden. When the three Japanese armies of Gens. Oku, Nodzu, and Kuroki, under Marshal Oyama's supreme command, began operations against it, it soon became apparent that the greatest battle of the war would be fought there, if the Russians made a stand. The combined Japanese forces aggregated 240,000 men, with 1,000 guns, many of large calibre; while Kouropatkin's army, though considerably less in point of numbers (210,000 with 700 guns), had the advantage of an entrenched position that was considered impregnable.

On August 26 the Japanese, having placed their heavy batteries, assumed the offensive, and from early dawn of that day until the evening of September 2, the region round about Liao-Yang was an inferno. Covering a semicircular line nearly fifteen miles in length, the Japanese forces kept up an incessant and deafening bombardment to which the Russian guns steadily replied. Repeated attacks by the Japanese on different positions were repulsed. Bayonet charges were of frequent occurrence. It was as though half a dozen battles were in progress simultaneously. Positions were lost and won and lost and retaken again. Thus, with varying fortunes and with frightful carnage, the great battle went on for days, Kouropatkin's troops stoutly defending every point assailed. It was astonishing to witness the spirit of the troops in the face of danger and almost certain death. Some of the Russian regiments went singing into battle, with their bands playing.

While the great struggle in which nearly half a million men were involved, was progressing indecisively, Russia had high hopes that her favorite General would retrieve all the previous disasters by a signal victory. But hope turned to dismay when it became evident, on August 31st, that Gen. Kuroki was slowly turning the Russian left flank and seriously threatening the rear of the Czar's army. At this time the whole Russian army was practically on the firing line, and the terrible artillery duel was proceeding day and night. Many thousands had fallen on both sides, and the hospitals in Liao-Yang were filled, while the Japanese field hospitals were also crowded with the wounded and the dying. Missionaries and Red Cross workers were indefatigable on the battlefield, caring for the injured.

On Sept. 1, came the crisis of the battle. Kuroki's army crossed the Taitse River, and, turning the Russian left, drove their cavalry before him, attacking Kouropatkin's army in the rear. Simultaneously, the heights surrounding the city were captured by Generals Oku and Nodzu, after a fierce assault, and the Russian right and center driven in. Soon the Russians began to evacuate Liao-Yang, first setting fire to it; and the burning town was occupied by a force of the enemy, while the main Japanese army pursued the retreating Russians. Gen. Kouropatkin, with his whole army, proceeded toward Tatzeho, where he took up a strong position on the right bank of the Taitse River. It is reported that Gen. Kuroki controls the Moukden road, so that the Russians are in great danger of being cut off in that direction. There are strong forts on the right bank of the river, which are controlled by the Russians, and if their retreat does not become a rout, it is probable that another severe battle will have to be fought before a definite result is reached.

In the nine days' fighting around Liao-Yang up to Sept. 1, the estimated losses are: Russians, 15,000 men, and a considerable number of guns; Japanese, 12,000 men. It is very likely that these figures will be greatly increased, when the results of the frightful carnage of Sept. 1 and 2 are fully ascertained.

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"When I reached my sister's home, she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well.

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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SIN IN HIGH PLACES

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

SIN is always terrible in itself, and in its consequences, but sin against abundant light, and sin in a place of unique power and privilege, must bring with it judgment in proportion to the offence. In judgment for the sin of Solomon, to whom God had appeared twice, in his linking himself with a heathen wife, in his disobedience of all the special rules which God had made for the kings which should reign over his land, and for his grievous fall into idolatry, God divided Israel. Israel had dishonored God, and had willingly fallen into the idolatry of the king and of his many wives, and now God would dishonor among the nations, by their strife and jealousy, the very people whom he had chosen to be a blessing to all peoples.

Jeroboam, who founded the first dynasty of Israel as separate from Judah, went into idolatry and set up golden calves on the two roads which crossed the northern and southern frontiers of his land, that none of his people might go up to Jerusalem to worship. It was only the exceptions, the Levites and the sons of Zadok, "which went not astray when Israel went astray," which dared to risk the wrath of the king by leaving their possessions and their friends, and passing over the border to reside in Judah, and still worship in the house of God in Jerusalem (comp. II. Chron. 11: 13-17; Ezek. 44: 15). These, it would seem, would have a special blessing when they shall attain that age of the Millennium of which our Lord speaks (Luke 20: 35, 36).

Jeroboam laid the foundations of his kingdom in departure from God, and earned the unenviable reputation which has clung to him for nearly three thousand years, "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." We have seen how God cut off his seed, and how dynasty after dynasty arose in Israel, all, without exception, following the sins of Jeroboam, until at last God removed Israel out of his sight, and caused Shalmanezer to carry them captive into Assyria. How inexpressibly awful is the consequence of one man's sin unrepented of and unforgiven. How many kings, princes, prophets, as well as people in general, may have had to curse the day when Jeroboam made the golden calves, which were an unspeakable offence and insult to the God of Israel. How many a father of a family, by his example of drunkenness, of untruth, of unfaithfulness in business, has caused sons and grandsons, neighbors and acquaintances to go astray. How many have been encouraged to be godless by one godless man who has been possessed of influence!

In Judah, although at first there was much mixture, the form of godliness existed in the time of Abijah, the son of Rehoboam, who had a certain amount of religion, but continued his father's sins, and "his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God as the heart of David, his father" (I. Kings 15: 2, 3). But Asa, his son, "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." He was the first king since Solomon's time who attempted to attack idolatry;" he took away the strange altars and the high places, and brake down the pillars, and hewed down the Asherim, and commanded Judah to seek the Lord, the God of their fathers, and to do the law and commandments." In his reign a testimony was borne for God, and the people as a whole went through an outward reformation. Outward fear of God then became as fashionable in Judah as idolatry was in Israel, while the readiness of the people to become idolatrous again, when Asa and his good son Jehoshaphat were removed, showed how it was always the exceptions and not the mass of the people whose hearts were really turned to God.

The reform which took place under Jehoshaphat went yet farther than that of Asa, for he brought back the knowledge of the Word of God, and instituted teaching priests, by whom doubtless many were led to serve God. Oh, how many there are who owe their conversion to a godly father, mother, teacher or friend! We none of us know the influence we are having, day by day, on others around us.

A Mission From Armenia

THE Armenian Archbishops of Armenia and Perso-India and Dr. Loris Melikow are at present in London, charged with a mission from the Catholicoss of Etchmiadzin, the Supreme Patriarch of All Armenians, and were received recently at Lambeth Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The two Archbishops are entrusted with a plea for help addressed to the Governments of Europe. They have already been to Paris, and have had interviews with President Loubet and M. Delcasse, who received them with the greatest sympathy, and listened to their account of the present condition and sufferings of the Armenian people. Upon leaving England they will proceed to Italy, Germany, and other European countries, to lay before their respective governments an appeal for vigorous and practical assistance.

A representative of the London *Chronicle* had an interview with Archbishop Joseph, of Armenia, and with Dr. Loris Melikow, who explained the situation in Armenia at the present time. The situation of the people, they declare, is unbearable and terrible. They are robbed, outraged, murdered, oppressed, continuously and unceasingly. In the country districts especially, violence and injustice to Armenians go on unpunished and unrebuked. At present famine is rife throughout the country, in consequence of the past massacres.

"Our people have no hope except in the action of European Powers," said the Archbishop. "If England and France, and Italy and Germany, do not combine to enforce the pledges already given, Armenian Christians will disappear from the face of the earth. The remedy of these things lies not with the Sultan, but with Europe. The Armenian Christians are as civilized as those of Europe. What is it they ask? Not the domination of Turks or Greeks. Not political power. But the right to live, to attain a certain measure of culture, to profit by the fruits of their own industry, to bring up their families in peace, to pray to the God of Christians without the terrors of persecution; in short, to have the liberty of civilized beings."

* * *

In the opinion of Archbishop Joseph, one very necessary reform required is an increase in the number of Consuls in Armenia. At present there are Consuls only in the chief cities, and they have no opportunity of getting accurate information about outrages in the surrounding districts.

A "London Christian" writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"A day or two ago, I read an account of the marriage of a French lady. Her former husband (who has departed this life) was French Consul in Armenia, and during the temporary absence of her husband this heroic lady, with a loaded revolver in her hand, defended 500 Armenians who had fled for refuge to the French Consulate from the Turks. For this noble deed the French Government made her a member of the Legion of Honor."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

H. O., Overton, Neb. "I know that God answers prayer, when he is asked in good faith in Jesus' name. He has answered many prayers for me."

North Texas girl: "The Lord has answered my prayers so many times, and has given me so many blessings, I esteem it a privilege to be able to tell of it."

Reader, Warsaw, Indiana. "To redeem a promise I made to the Lord, and to encourage some who may be in distress, I want to say that God very recently answered my prayers in the conversion of a dear one, and averting a calamity to our home."

Mrs. J. P., Alturas, Cal. "God surely answers prayers, for when in great trouble, when human help was of no avail, we prayed to him, and he answered by giving health to our little one, who was very sick. May we ever keep near him."

E. A. D. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayers for a dear friend in great affliction, I would acknowledge it to the world. I believe in answer to prayer, as he has removed the affliction."

Mrs. C. M. R., Oklahoma City, Okla. "Beyond the power of words to express what I have experienced of the love and mercy of my Heavenly Father, and of the efficacy of prayer through faith and trust in His Name."

J. B. F., Mobile, Ala. "I wish to add my testimony that God hears and answers prayers. Twice especially, when in great distress for loved ones, I besought him earnestly for relief, and in his loving kindness he heard and granted my petition."

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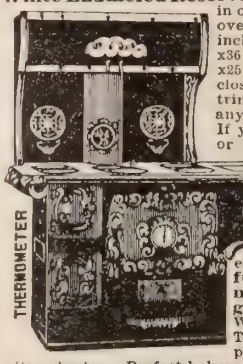

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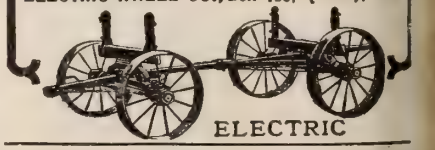

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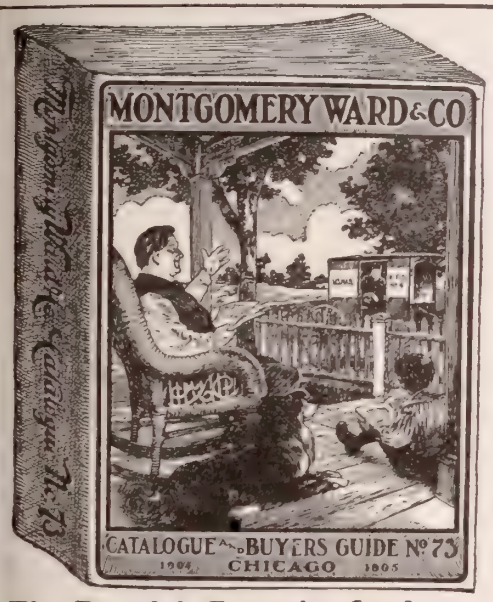

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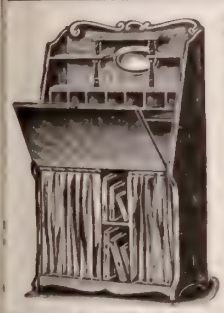

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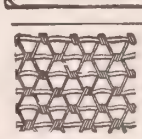
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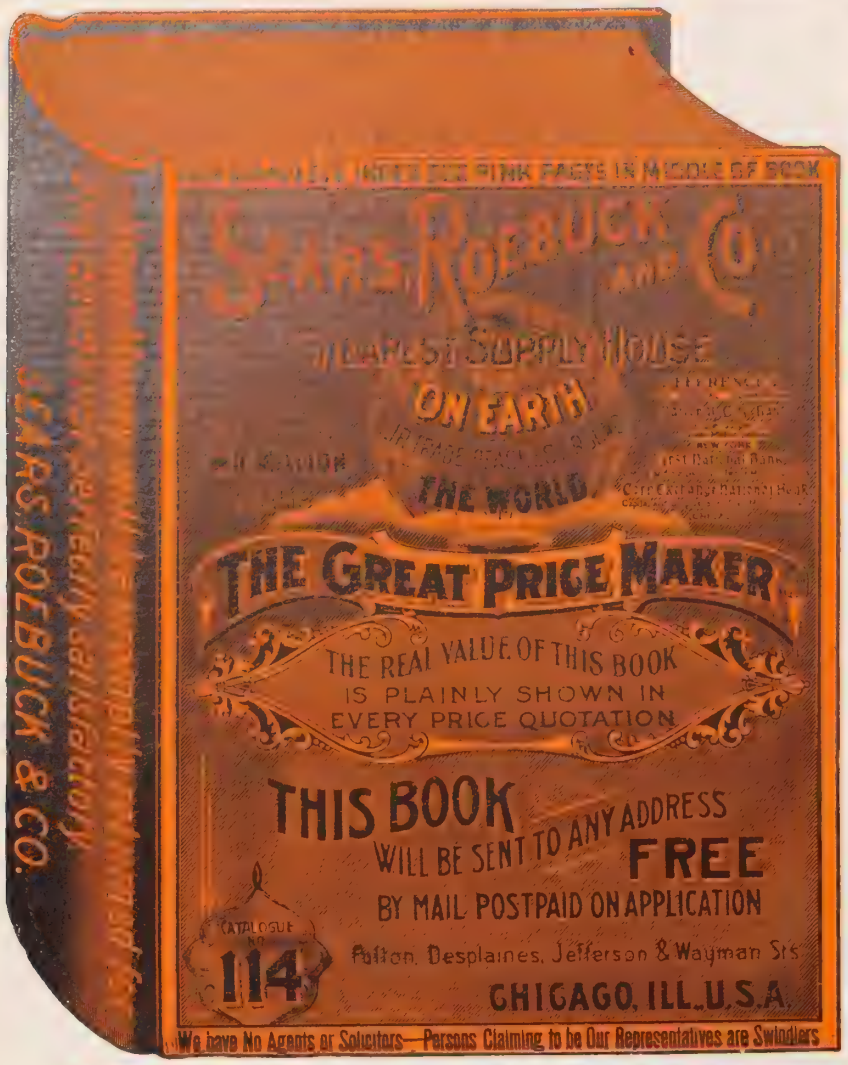

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

FROM A PAINTING BY MAX RING

THE MELODIES OF AUTUMN

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Should Sunday be a Day for Feasting or for Fasting? Is our present home observance of the Lord's Day, as it is found in the average church-going American family, what it should be? If not, how can it be made to conform more closely to the Christian idea?

Readers are invited to send in their replies to the foregoing questions, such replies to be brief, not exceeding 150 words. Address, SUNDAY QUESTION, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

L. B. H., Tacoma, Wash. I am the only one of my family who has become a Christian. How can I be happy in heaven, if I know that those I loved best on earth are lost?

You may be quite sure that every soul admitted to heaven will be happy there. The practical view of your apprehension is, that you pray and strive for the conversion of your unconverted relatives. Your efforts and prayers, and a godly, consistent life, may yet be blessed of God to their being drawn to Christ. Your duty is plain and is not affected by the doubt implied by your question. You may wisely leave all such matters in God's hands, taking care, however, that you neglect no opportunity of trying to win them for Christ.

Anxious Inquirer, Virginia. Do you think in the sight of God it is wrong to change one's name by law?

If it is to be changed for mere whim or to gratify vanity, then it is wrong; but it is frequently the case that there may be good reasons for changing. Some foreign names are very hard to pronounce, and, in this country, might seriously handicap their possessors, so they will be justified in securing a legal modification. This is frequently done.

M. F., Brooklyn, N.Y. Where can I find the song, beginning "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?"

The song is published in sheet form by Ditson & Co., New York City.

Mrs. S. E. C., Bluff Springs, Ill. Will you tell me what is "a Sabbath Day's" journey and "a day's journey"?

A Sabbath Day's journey (see Ex. 16: 29), was 2,000 paces, or about six furlongs from the city wall. This would be about three-fourths of a mile. The length of a day's journey varies, according to Eastern writers, but it probably averaged from eighteen to twenty English miles.

As an offset to the "Potter Tavern," here is an interesting suggestion from a Washington correspondent (J. R. B.):

Let us open in country and city—everywhere—inns, which will be retreats for the poor men who, after a day of honest toil, may be able to pass the evening hours amid uplifting surroundings.

Of course, temperance etreats are meant. They would be a real boon in many communities.

Inquirer, Brooklyn, N. Y. In what sense are we to understand Paul's statement (Rom. 9: 3) of his desire to be accursed for the Jews' sake? How could his being accursed serve them?

It was simply an avowal signifying his intense love for his people, who hated him, and regarded him as having disgraced them by preaching Christ. He declared that he loved them so much that, if their salvation could be gained by his perishing, he would be ready to perish for their sake. He knew that they could not gain salvation in that way, but if they could have done so, he would have been willing to make the sacrifice.

W. T. Guthrie, Centre, Ia. 1. I heard a Sunday School superintendent say that missionaries who went out independent did more harm than good. Is that so? 2. What denomination is doing most for Christ's cause to-day? 3. Why do people say that Elisha and Elijah are the same person?

1. You must have misunderstood him. Many independent missionaries are doing excellent work. We could name a dozen who are noble workers. It is a great advantage, however, to have a regular connection with some established Board. 2. All are doing well and comparisons would be invidious. The greatest work is not always done by the largest denomination. God chooses his own way of producing results. 3. Those who do so do it in ignorance.

Wm. C. B., Tyrone, Pa. Can you tell me who wrote the hymn or song, beginning:

"Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll"?

The poem was written in the city of New York, in 1858, by H. L. Hastings, a well-known preacher and publisher of religious literature. A part of the poem was set to music, and it has been sung in every quarter of the globe. The original contained fourteen verses, only four of which were set to music.

S. M. S., Mansfield, O. Turkey's treatment of Macedonia and Russia's treatment of Finland are both proper subjects for the Peace Conference to consider. They are both subversive of human rights and liberties and should be condemned, of course.

D. M., Park River, N. Dakota. Was there a tribe of men in Palestine called "Ravens" in the time of Elijah? Is there any tribe by that name at the present time?

No. The miraculous feeding of Elijah at the brook Cherith has given rise to a great deal of purely fanciful speculation. An attempt has been made to show that the people of Orbo, a small town near the brook (and who were called "Orebim" or "ravens"), were his succorers. Others have asserted that the ravens were simply traveling merchants, and still others that they were Arabs or Bedawin—the ravens of the desert. All of these theories, however, are rejected by the ablest Biblical scholars.

Andrew C. P., Easton, Mass. Who wrote the prayer, beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep"?

The verse first appeared in the New England Primer as early as 1777. The author is unknown.

Rev. S. E. White, Round Mountain, Ala., writes:

If some of your readers would send us some Christian literature, we could make good use of it here. We are located on Lookout Mountain . . . . have been teaching the children in these mountain districts for several years.

Mrs. T. A. C., Springfield, Mass. What is meant by the "dogs of war"?

When Antony exclaimed, "Let slip the dogs of war," Shakespeare was probably thinking of the dogs which both Romans and Greeks employed in battle. For years past, in Italy and Germany, St. Bernard dogs have been trained for field and hospital work, so that when a battle has been fought, they may be used in assisting the discovery of the wounded, especially at night.

C. B. Richmond, Ind. If you ask in Christ's name, believing, you will receive. God is ready to be gracious to all who come to him in simple faith, repenting of their sins and asking forgiveness. If your earthly father would forgive you for a fault when you ask him sincerely and express sorrow for the fault, how much more will your Heavenly Father forgive?

R. R., Detroit, Mich. Is it true that farming is slowly but surely declining, and, that in course of time, the American agriculturist will be one of the least important factors in our nation?

The statement is absurd on its face, and besides it is easily disproved. It is an illustration of the fact that figures may sometimes be made to tell something that is very wide of the truth. In 1880, agriculture represented 45.29 of the total of the five principal classes of occupation. In 1900, according to the last census, it represented only 35.79, an apparent loss; but in the same time, the number of persons actually engaged in farming in 1900, had increased from 7,714,000 to 10,382,000, and will keep on steadily increasing for many years to come. In these twenty years, the ratio of professional trade and transportation and manufacturing pursuits had very greatly increased, which accounts for the apparent discrepancy.

E. B. Washburn, Ill. Can you prove by the Bible that ladies are allowed to remove their hats during church service?

There are many things permissible which do not have to be proved by the Bible. You could not prove by the Bible that ladies are allowed to wear hats or gloves or shoes. You doubtless have in mind Paul's injunction (I. Cor. 11: 5-10), to the women of the Corinthian church to have their heads covered in church. But the reason he gives, by his reference to "the angels," and to woman's inferiority and subjection to man, shows that he was dealing with a local prejudice and a fashion of the time and place. A woman appearing with uncovered head at that time in Corinth was regarded as doing a shameless thing. It was liable to create a prejudice against Christianity, by making it appear that Christian women were immodest. It was not a question of morality but of shocking public opinion. As with the custom of foot-washing as a religious observance, it is the spirit of the command that is to be observed. If the injunction were obeyed literally, it would probably involve the wearing of the hideous veils with which women in Oriental countries still cover their heads. The uncovering of the head in our land and time has no such meaning as it had in Corinth in that day, and we believe it to be quite justifiable.

L. M. D., Dayton, O. What is "The Washerwoman's Song," and who wrote it?

The "Washerwoman's Song" is a poem written by Eugene F. Ware. It is said that the author was appointed Pension Commissioner, because the President was such an admirer of Mr. Ware's poetry. Here are the verses:

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotone the song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming of her Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their wot in human needs;
And I do not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lips
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a Friend,
Who will keep her to the end.

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C. P. K., Elgin, Ill. 1. Turpentine. 2. Send them to the nearest hospital, mission, or prison where they will be appreciated.

J. A., Picture Rocks, Pa. The letters are the initials of *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudæorum.* ("Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

D. L., Brookston, Pa. We don't know the game: but we learn that it is simply an innocent amusement, entirely free from gambling or other objectionable features.

M. F. C., Macon, Ga. The hymn, "Will There Be Any Stars?" by E. E. Hewitt, music by J. H. Sweney, is published by Biglow & Main, publishers, New York. You can procure the other hymn from them also.

Subscriber, Miami, Fla. Address St. Luke's Hospital, 116th Street, New York, Superintendent of Nurses, Bellevue Hospital, New York, or Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., for all information as to Training School for Nurses.

Rhoda C., State Centre, Ia. The poem, "Oh, thou Eternal One, whose presence bright," was written by Gabriel Romanovich Derzhavin, who was Russia's Secretary of State under Catharine II. He died in 1816. He wrote some fine poems, but the best of all was his "Ode to God," which is the one referred to.

F. H., Reading, Mich. A great deal is being said about Bishop Potter's saloon, and he is criticized by Church, pastor and layman; but why criticize Bishop Potter for trying to make respectable what our government sanctions and legalizes? If God's professed people vote to license this hellish traffic, which we all know ruins men, soul and body, are they not as guilty as he, or as the one who deals it out?

The Negro Boy and the Bible

Walter Foster, a negro six years old, was a witness in a case in the Second Criminal Court, Jersey City, recently. Justice Manning hesitated to administer the oath. "Do you know what this is?" asked the Court, holding up the Bible. "It is the Bible," answered the boy, "the sacred Book of God. It contains his Word, which is the moral law. When we swear on it we admit his power to punish us for telling an untruth."

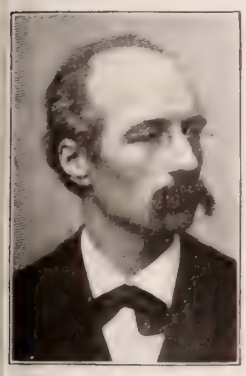
Justice Manning looked at the boy in surprise. "It is the best definition I have ever heard from child or man," he said, and the boy was allowed to tell his story under oath.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

OUR GUESTS AT THE PEACE CONGRESS



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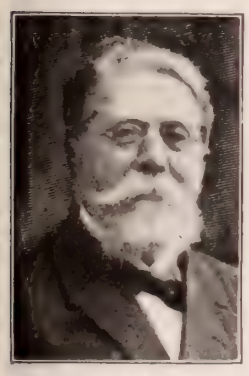

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BARONESS VON SUTTNER
Germany

THE coming Peace Congress in Boston in October, will bring to our shores a very distinguished company of men and women, who will come as delegates to the Congress from all parts of Europe. As a noted peace advocate says, "The steady and sure progress of the world is toward the supplanting of the ways of greed and violence among nations, by the methods of reason, legality, and mutual regard." The Christian religion is doing much toward creating a world-wide sentiment in favor of universal peace.

One of the best known of the delegates from abroad will be Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who comes from Paris. He is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and one of the cleverest diplomats in France. He instituted the Arbitration Group in the French Parliament, and last year he addressed the British House of Commons on the subject of universal peace. Americans will also be glad to welcome Mr. John Lund, of Bergen, Norway, who is again to visit this country, coming especially to attend the Peace Congress. He was for fifteen years a member of the Norwegian Parliament, and for seven years a member of the Senate. Herr Lund was the host of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, when that body met in Christiania in 1899. He is vice-president of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, and is one of the foremost men in Norway. There will be other delegates from Norway, and from Sweden will come three delegates, whose entire expenses will be paid by a large-hearted and wealthy Swedish woman, who is interested in the Peace movement.

From Germany will come Dr. Adolf Richter, president of the German Peace Society and a member of the City Council of Pforzheim. He is one of Germany's strongest peace advocates. A scholar and clear thinker, as well as an excellent speaker, he is one of the foremost men of the movement.

From Belgium will come Senator La Fontaine, one of the ablest public men in that country and the author of a history of the arbitrations of the past century. He has not failed to attend a single Peace Congress in the past fifteen years. This will be his first visit to America.

Among the delegates from France are MM. T. F. Prudhommeaux and Jules Rais. M. Prudhommeaux is from Guise, and is editor of the peace journal, *La Paix par Le Droit*. He is very much interested in the famous Familistere, established by the late Jean Baptiste Andre Godin, at Guise. He will spend several months in America making a study of our community life. Jules Rais is secretary of the Arbitration Group in the French Chamber of Deputies, organized by Baron d' Estournelles.

From London will come quite a delegation of peace workers, and among them will be Dr. W. Evans Darby, and also Mr. G. H. Perris, secretary of the Cobden Club. Dr. Darby is secretary of the English Peace Society, and a noted Congregationalist minister. During his stay in America, Dr. Darby will probably address a number of colleges on "The True Peace Teaching of the Bible," and will speak before a number of societies. His book, *International Tribunals*, is a really valuable contribution to peace movement literature.

HERR JOHN LUND
Norway's Delegate to the Peace Congress

From Switzerland, come Dr. Feldhaus and his wife, to visit America for the first time and to make a study of the peace movement here. Dr. Feldhaus will address the Congress in Boston.

Among the women delegates from abroad will be Baroness von Suttner, Miss Margaret Noble, and Madame Selenka. Baroness von Suttner is the founder of the Austrian Peace Society and author of the book, *Lay Down Your Arms*, which has been called the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the peace movement, and has been translated into all the languages of western Europe. Baroness von Suttner is a member of the Austrian nobility.

Miss Margaret Noble comes to Boston from India, where she has for years been a worker for the betterment of the condition of women in India. Her book, lately published under the title of *The Web of Indian Life*, reveals an intimate knowledge, which is the result of years of experience there. She has lived in the very centre of the Hindu quarter of Calcutta instead of in the European quarter of the city, and her position as a member of the "Order of Ramakrishna" has given her the free entree of the homes of the Bengali.

Madame Selenka is the wife of Prof. Selenka, of the University of Munich. She was a very prominent and influential figure at the Hague Conference, and presented to the President of the Conference an album containing the signatures of thousands of women belonging to prominent women's organizations favoring universal peace. She will come to Boston as a delegate of the German Peace Society. J. L. HARBOUR.

* * *

The Peace Congress opens in Boston on October 3. Sunday, the previous day, will be a special religious day. At the meetings on that day, the European preachers who come to the Congress will chiefly be heard. Pastor Charles Wagner, of Paris, author of *The Simple Life*, is coming; and some strong representatives of the German pulpit are hoped for. There is no more influential worker for the peace cause in all Germany than Pastor Umfrid, of Stuttgart. Effort is being made to secure the presence of some of the zealous clergy of Chile and Argentina, whose preaching has had so much to do with the recent disarmament of those South American republics, and to whose influence is due the erection of the great statue of Jesus Christ in the Andes, to guard the frontier, instead of the line of fortresses that had been planned.

The Peace Congress has met but once before in America—in Chicago, in 1893. The years since 1893 have witnessed the establishment of the Hague Tribunal and other noteworthy advances in the cause of arbitration. They have also witnessed surprising and terrible wars, which have emphasized the necessity of the devotion of civilized peoples to the duty of more efficient and adequate international organization. The coming of over seventy foreign delegates is expected, and the presence of double that number is probable.

On Sunday, October 2, the services in the leading

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SENATOR LA FONTAINE
Belgium

DR. W. E. DARBY
England

F. PRUDHOMMEAUX
France

JULES RAIX
France

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Coming Awakening

TEXT—Isaiah 60 : 8.
"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

AN axiom is a self-evident fact. "It is," the lexicographers say, "a proposition whose truth is so obvious at first sight that no process of reasoning or demonstration can make it plainer." It is a golden truism coined in the "Mint-House of Maxims," with the raised features of the Goddess of Truth stamped upon its side, even as the English shilling bears the profile of King Edward, an American silver dollar the outstretched wings of an eagle, as the Roman penny once bore the superscription and image of Cæsar, and a Grecian coin the features of Alexander the Great. It is an aphorism, an apothegm. It is as Hippocrates once said, "A succinct saying comprehending a complete statement." It is one of the many terse sentences of Benjamin Franklin which are found in *Poor Richard's Almanac*. No sooner do we read it than we say: "That is true." From the moment of reading no amount of illustration or argument can change us from our original conclusion. It is a strong armed charioteer, swiftly guiding before our eyes the "Chariot of Conviction." It is truth in a nutshell. It is a universe of analyses condensed in an epigram. It is, as the New England farmer might say, "a hog-tight fence," through which no monster of swinish error can thrust his bloated sides, and yet a fence so opened that the passer-by can look through the nailed up bars into the field of knowledge.

The truth of an axiom can be put to a practical test. Sometimes, however, men do not take the trouble to test it, but give credence to statements apparently contradicting it, instead of applying the test of experience. Some years ago, the French savants were asked to explain how it was that a pail of water containing a dead fish, weighed more than one of the same size containing a live fish. Dissertation after dissertation was written upon the subject. At last one common-sensed scientist whose brain had not been educated to the verge of imbecility, saw that the question was a misleading one. "A dead fish and a living fish ought to weigh the same," said he. "This truth is axiomatic." He put a live fish into a pail of water and weighed it. He killed the fish and put the dead body back into the same water, and weighed it again. The water containthe dead fish and that containing the live fish of course weighed the same. All the ingenuity expended in writing the dissertations had been wasted. The writers had been trying to find reasons for a phenomenon that did not exist.

A Mighty Power

Hundreds of men are simply doing the same thing in trying to find the reasons for the phenomenon stated by shallow observers, that the Church of Jesus Christ is losing its power over men. Long lists of reasons for this waning influence are cited, whereas the writers have only to open their eyes to discover that the Church of Jesus Christ is not losing its power over men. The Church of God was never so powerful as it is to-day. More strong men and strong women are bowing before its altars than ever before. More are the Church's teachings respected by statesmen, and in the homes and daily lives of our citizens, than ever before. I have not time to go into argument to prove this assertion. I would not to-day do so, if I had the time. Why? Because it is a self-evident fact that the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is the most vital and essential influence in the world to-day. It is a self-evident statement. All intelligent people who have looked boldly and impartially at the facts, are ready to concede that the assertion is true.

But though the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is growing more and more powerful day by day, yet we believe that still greater triumphs are before it in the future. The victories already won are small compared with those which are yet to be won, when nations shall be born in a day. Josiah Strong recently wrote a book entitled, *The Next Great Awakening*. I am not going to find my theme in the latest book of the famous author of *Our Country*. I am going to look through the inspired spectacles of a prophet who lived nearly three thousand years ago. Isaiah took the picture of the doves flying to their home-cotes in great clouds, as the symbol of the Church of the future, gathering in its members. So I shall try to show that the "coming awakening of the Church" is not only going to be a world-wide evangelistic movement, but also that the conquest of the world for Christ may be near, yes, very near at hand.

In the first place, let me say that such a movement as this, foreseen by the prophet and prefigured under the symbol of a flight of doves, is in accord with the record of history. Again and again there have been revivals which have brought into the Church vast numbers at one time. Since the day of Pentecost, when five thousand were converted under the preaching of the apostle Peter, there have been such great movements. How many were won to the truth by the teaching of Luther! What vast multitudes were gathered under the preaching of a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Finney, and a Moody, and of a Torrey and a Chapman, a Munhall and a Harrison of the present day. We know that Peter the Hermit, clad like John the Baptist, in untanned skins, walked through Europe lifting high in his hands the crucifix, until thousands and tens of thousands of devotees were ready, in 1096, to follow this enthusiastic ascetic to Palestine as the advance guard of the crusaders.

Glorious Precedents

We know that thousands upon thousands of Cromarty miners used to hang upon the thrilling words of John Wesley in the early mornings at five o'clock, before their day's work began. We know that no building was large enough to hold the crowds who wanted to hear Moody. Great halls had to be erected in Boston and New York and Chicago to hold the huge audiences. The Philadelphia depot, on account of its great size, had to be used in place of a church. Thousands upon thousands found Christ in the revivals of the seventeenth century under the preaching of the Puritans. Thousands upon thousands found Christ in the Methodist revivals of the eighteenth century. Thousands upon thousands found Christ in the first part of the nineteenth century, when Charles G. Finney had such power over sinners that a dying blasphemer said, "Don't let Charles G. Finney preach my funeral sermon, or he will preach my soul into heaven in spite of my own desires." But all these Gospel triumphs of the past centuries, are as nothing in numbers to the multitudes Isaiah saw crowding into the kingdom of Christ. Isaiah saw them coming, not by the hundreds or the thousands but by the millions. "Who are these," cried he, "that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?"

The selection of the figure of a flight of doves is significant. It is, above other things, a suggestion of immense multitude. But few people realize the marvelous numbers and propagating powers of the doves of olden times. Biberg, the ornithologist, estimated that if a common pair of domesticated pigeons hatched nine times a year—which number of hatchings is not extraordinary for an average pair of these birds—and if these pigeons laid two eggs at one time, and all the fledgelings which were hatched should live and hatch in turn, that single pair of pigeons would produce in four years nearly fifteen thousand descendants. The fecundity of the dove is about as great as the reproductive powers of the English sparrow or the Australian rabbit. The most graphic description ever written of the innumerable multitudes of the doves was penned by Alexander Wilson, the naturalist. Statements made by this Scottish-American traveler were endorsed by John Audubon. Among the ornithological authorities there can be no better endorsement than this: "Mr. Wilson wrote that down in Kentucky, in a place which migrating doves used to visit annually, their multitudes were so great that they literally destroyed whole forest regions. In this tract about which he wrote, the branches of every tree were filled with dove nests wherever a nest could be built. In many trees over one hundred nests had been constructed. Above the trees the multitudes of the pigeons' wings were so great that their flapping wings sounded like the boomings of a tornado. So great was the noise of their flapping wings that the horses of the farmers in that region often became unmanageable and could not be driven. Near Frankfort, Ky., Alexander Wilson saw a flock of migrating doves. The naturalist estimated that this single flock was two hundred and forty miles long and had an enrolment of at least two billion two hundred and thirty million two hundred and seventy-two birds." Isaiah describing the

Consecrated Worshipers

flocking to the church could not have chosen a more expressive figure. "These that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows." The readers of his time would realize by it what countless throngs of men he saw in prophetic vision, hastening into the kingdom of God. Migrating doves of old were so many in numbers that Alexander Wilson said their moving wings often formed a curtain able to shut out the light of the sun and changed midnoon into the twilight of evening. The Church of God is now great in membership. But, church members, do you not look forward in holy ecstacy to the time when the thousands who are worshiping Christ now shall be changed into the millions? Do you not long for the millennial day when Christ's disciples shall flock through the church's doors in innumerable multitudes "as the doves fly to their windows?"

The figure is expressive not only of numbers but of spiritual qualities. The Church of the future is not to have a padded roll. It is not to be composed of a lot of members, who, as the five foolish virgins of Christ's parable, lounged around and slept, and had no oil for their spiritual lamps. It is not to be composed of men and women who occupy their church pews only on Sunday, and then when the benediction of the sermon is given, turn and shut their pew doors, and say "Good-by religion. I must go home now. You just stay here for a week, and next Sunday morning I will come back and see you and pat you on the back for an hour again, while the choir sings and the pastor prays." But in that church which Isaiah saw in prophecy, not only shall there be multitudes of worshipers, but all these multitudes shall be consecrated worshipers. These many worshipers shall be men of living faith, to whom the presence of God is an abiding reality, influencing them wherever they go, and in every moment of their lives. As Dr. Josiah Strong wrote in his opening chapter: "The supreme need of the world is a real God; not a Great Perhaps, but the great I Am; not a God of yesterday or to-morrow; but of to-day; not an absentee God, but one who is precisely here; not a Sunday God, but an every-day God." Such shall be the spiritual quality of the multitudes of worshipers seen by Isaiah in the symbol of the flying doves.

A Symbol of Purity

The symbol of the dove is also significant on account of the habits and disposition of the bird. It is used as a simile for gentleness and affection. The dove always will be recognized from among all feathered tribes as the most exceptional of birds. Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate of England, in a beautiful rhythmic masterpiece, once enunciated the doctrine that multitudes can make an object despised when it should be admired. Said he:

> Once in a golden hour I cast to earth a seed.
> Up there came a flower, the people said, a weed.
> To and fro they went thro' my garden-bower,
> And muttering discontent cursed me and my flower.
>
> Then it grew so tall it wore a crown of light,
> But thieves from o'er the wall stole the seed by night
> Sow'd it far and wide by every town and tower,
> Till all the people cried, "Splendid is the flower."
>
> Read my little fable: he that runs may read.
> Most can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed.
> And some are pretty enough, and some are poor indeed;
> And now again the people call it but a weed.

But though "black-eyed Susans" or the "golden spore" or the "blue-eyed violets," on account of their great multitudes may be called a common flower—a weed; the dove, in spite of her multitudes, has never been called a common bird. The dove always has been and always will be the symbol of purity, gentleness and love. This symbol was recognized in heathen times. Because the dove signified purity, Venus had this bird as her emblem. Dean Stanley, in relating his Oriental travels, writes thus about the ruins of Ascalon: "The temple erected to the Syrian Venus is destroyed, but the sacred doves—sacred by innumerable legends of the spot and celebrated there even as late as Eusebius—still fill with their cooings the luxuriant gardens which grow in the sandy hollows within the ruined walls."

Biblical Associations

In the beautiful mythological legend Semiramis, the queen, was said in her youth to have been nurtured by a dove, and at death to have been changed into a dove. We find, however, in Christian nomenclature, the dove is also the symbol of purity and gentleness and divine love. In the Bible the dove has the most hallowed of associations. It was as a dove that the Holy Spirit appeared at the baptism of Jesus. It was two doves that the Blessed Virgin presented at the temple as an oblation for her purification after the divine birth. What says the Psalmist in reference to the man's redemption from sin and his cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ? "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and the feathers with yellow gold." Oh my friends, in the beautiful vision of the doves, the poor, the gentle, the loving, the innocent doves, fluttering to their windows, cannot you see the symbol of a future glorified and consecrated assemblage crowding about the sacred altars of Jesus Christ?

This migration of the redeemed and spotless multi-

ıles of human beings to Christ's churches shall not dly come with the purity of the dove, but also with e swift velocity of the dove. It will not come with e leadened feet of a man who, having been born in Christian home, takes ten, fifteen, twenty, perhaps rty years, to make up his mind to be a Christian. It ll not come with the slow processes some churches ve, whereby their sessions or vestries or boards of acons place the applicant for church membership on bation. But these new accessions to the churches Jesus Christ will come to the front rank of Christian vice and worship as quickly as the name of a Saul s changed into a Paul. The new members whom iah saw in vision fled to Christ's altar as quickly as e doves fly to their windows.

Not only is the dove's wing powerfully hurtled for ick flight, but that flight can be kept up for almost redible distances. We find these wonderful flights corded by the different columbine societies in differt parts of the world. In 1865, thirty pigeons, which e only the domesticated names of the wild doves, re thrown into the air at Liverpool and started for ent. The distance between these two places on a aight line is over 300 miles. The first bird which rived home made that distance in twelve hours and enty minutes. If this homing pigeon flew in a direct e he traveled at an average speed of twenty-five les per hour, for twelve long hours. Once a pigeon s let loose in London and traveled to Antwerp, 180 les distant, in five hours. He made an average of out thirty-six miles per hour. In 1844 the dove's eed was tested, when seventy birds flew from St. Sestian, Spain, to Venice. On a straight line they veled a distance of over 600 miles. Homing pions have flown from Arizona to New York. The enring swiftness of the dove is such that it can overfly ountains and even defy seas.

The swiftness of the dove's flight is one of the greatt inspirations to me of all of Isaiah's vision. Why e swiftness? Because I know that we can come to rist now. Oh, my brother, it takes a swift wing for u in an instant of time to cross over all that far coun- of sin which separates you from God's dove-cote. he distances from Arizona to New York, or from St. ebastian, Spain, to Venice, where doves have flown, e not as far. Tell me, oh man, did you not start rth on your journey of sin, ten, twenty, forty years o? Why let me recount the years. You have not en a communion table since your mother died. You ve not made one earnest prayer for ten years. If I as to-day to count over the list of your intimate iends, I would find them without exception to be men d women who have not been in the past, and are not now living Christian lives. Oh, my brother, my poor sin-sick brother, you have a long distance to come back to God. But you can come by divine grace. You can come now. You can come as quickly as the new converts of the Church which Isaiah saw in vision come to the mercy seat. You can come with a superlative swiftness. You can come with the lightning velocity of a flying dove.

But why talk about Isaiah's church of the future? Why caption this sermon with the title, "The Coming Awakening?" When Isaiah saw this migrating dove and used it as an emblem, was he alluding only to a future church? I think not. I think as the Hebrew prophet was standing there on the mountain of Inspiration, looking off on what was to come, he kept saying to himself, "Why is it not possible for this vision of God's church to be materialized now? Is not God willing to bring this beatific condition to present man if the members of the children of God will to-day co-operate with the Holy Spirit. Yes, he can. He will, was the prophet's thought. I know this is the thought to-day running through many a Christian's mind. God can and God will make the prophetic vision of Isaiah come true now, if we, the church members will only truly yield ourselves and consecrate our minds and hearts to Christ's will. Oh, man! Oh, woman! The greatest enemy of Jesus Christ to-day is not the infidel and scoffer outside of the Church. It is the man and the woman inside the Church who does not co-operate with Jesus in his purpose to save the world for Christ through the agency of his Church. If we yield ourselves to his will, even the smallest and the most insignificant can become mighty for God. For as Joshua hath said: "One man of you shall chase a thousand; for the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you. Take good heed therefore unto yourselves that ye love the Lord your God."

The symbol of the dove which Isaiah uses to describe the Church, could not be better illustrated than by the spectacle in the great square of Venice, which is flanked on the one side by the famous cathedral of St. Mark. With but few exceptions I have seen all the great cathedrals of the world. I have seen some as white as that of St. Peter's, whose walls, even though they may be hundreds of years old, seem to be as white as the whitest of alabaster. I have seen some dark as an African's skin, others red as an Indian's. I have seen some cathedrals which impressed me by their gigantic size. The higher I climbed on the roof of Milan's greatest structure, the more my awe and bewilderment. I have seen some that were perfect poems in stone. But, take it all in all, though it cost not nearly as much as some others, the most impressive cathedral I ever saw was that of St. Mark's of Venice.

Like unto natural scenery, St. Mark's is the Yellowstone Park, not the Yosemite or the Gothard Pass among the cathedrals. It impressed me not with its size, so much as its exquisite colorings. Its roof, its walls, its arcades all blended as the colors of a rainbow frozen in stone. The tops of its lofty columns were not hideous with grimy gargoyles. They were chiseled into flower gardens, which grew at your feet, or with their leaves hung down from above. These different flower gardens were so perfectly chiseled that it seemed as if the winds, sweeping up from the Venetian canals, were gently swaying them.

Over the front doorway were the four massive bronze horses which Napoleon carried away to Paris after his conquest in Italy, but which the overthrow of the Bonaparte dynasty restored. There, within those walls, the chancel and auditorium blend in such perfect harmony, that when I stood before the altar's picture of the dying Christ, I felt for the first time in a European cathedral, that I was in the presence of God, and in the place of prayer.

But though I saw many places in the Venice cathedral that entranced me, after all, my greatest lesson learned there, was outside the cathedral walls, and not within. I learned that lesson there, not from the cold stones of a building, but from the warm hearts of living doves. There, from behind the towers, and from within the recesses down from the roof and the four great bronze horses, from pillars and vestibules, the doves gather around you by the hundreds. They came as fearlessly to my side as my little children might come. They perched on my shoulder, on my hat. They fluttered over my head. They crowded by the hundreds at my feet to eat of the food I had ready for them. As they fluttered about me, I said to myself, "Would that God's sinful children might here gather about these church doors, as I see my God's little feathered loved ones." When I spoke these words, involuntarily I started. I said to myself, "Why will not God's sinful children thus come to God's sanctuaries?" Did not Isaiah in vision see them coming? Shall they not come? Will they not come now if the Christian church members feed them with the "Bread of Life," as I am feeding these birds with little crumbs? Yes, they will. They will, if we Christian church members only live right, and offer to the outside suffering world the right kind of divine sustenance. Will not you and I, oh church members, by our examples and welcome and Gospel food, make Isaiah's vision a possibility now? Will not you and I, as followers of Christ, beckon the sinners to Him, and they will come as doves come to their windows?

A REAL HOME FOR WORKING GIRLS

Where those Earning Small Wages Find Safety and Comfort in the Great City

WORKING GIRLS IN THE HOME PARLOR

"YES," said the sweet-faced matron, as she showed with pride the comfortable quarrs for working-girls with small comes; "we have a very pleasant ome here, the girls all feel at ome, and are very willing to conrm to the necessary rules and egulations. We do not have any." "Many girls?" was asked. "No," she laughingly responded, many rules. We have forty girls all we can accommodate. I rned away seven to-day because e had no room for them. We ope to have a larger house some me—one built for the purpose, d even then how few will be able take advantage of the Home, in mparison to the numbers who ill still be struggling along on arvation wages. We have girls ere who earn but three and four ollars per week. They pay us onealf of their wages. When they are rning more than seven dollars er week, then we do not keep em longer; they must go and ake room for poorer sisters. We ave a very nice class of girls; any of them work in department tores, and few earn more than five r six dollars per week.

Going through the house, a visor is struck with the "hominess" f everything, from the parlor to ne smallest bed-room. The house s an old-fashioned four-story baseent brick dwelling at 348 West ourteenth Street, in one of New York's old, but not dilapidated neighborhoods. The blight of the tenement-house as not yet displaced all the comfortable, ide-front old mansions where once dwelt the olid citizen and business people of New ork. The parlor is furnished very nicely, as better than the so-called drawing-room of many a boarding-house, where the board is hree or four times as costly. The upper ooms are all comfortable and attractive, with our white single beds in the larger and a louble bed in the side rooms. The spaces at he ends of the wide halls are curtained off and utilized for sleeping purposes.

Down in the basement there is a pleasant dining-room, where three good substantial meals are served every day. As the house is within walking distance of the business district, the girls are saved the extra expense of car fares. There is a well-equipped laundry also in the basement, where the girls can wash and iron their clothes, and thus save in another direction.

How a woman in New York, earning not more than from four to seven dollars per week, can find a comfortable home is a difficult problem to solve, and leads to one of the darkest and seamiest sides of city life. In 1893, the Rev. Dr. J. A. B. Wilson, tried to find a home for a young girl connected with his church, who managed to live and look respectable upon four dollars per week. Dr. Wilson became interested, and, in looking about for a place for her, he found many doors open for a degraded woman, but none for a respectable girl, who was earning such meagre wages. Desiring to establish a home for such, Dr. Wilson hired a basement, and opened its doors for self-respecting, self-supporting girls. This place was soon outgrown and a larger one secured. At this time, Mr. John S. Huyler became interested in the work, and a little later, Mr. Wm. T. Wardwell became a subscriber, both gentlemen contributing liberally to the work. In 1895, a larger house was found necessary, and the Home was removed to its present quarters. The management was put into the hands of a board of managers, all Christian women, drawn from different churches. During the years that have passed since the Home was opened, hundreds have been cared for, and shelter has been given to many a friendless, home-sick girl. They come from every land, and every State in the Union has been represented.

A constant source of regret to the management is the fact that the Home is not large enough to accommodate the many who apply. A girl is never turned away who is unfortunate in losing her position, but they are carried by the Home sometimes for weeks while they are seeking other employment. Helping women to be respectable, upon wages so small that they cannot live upon them, is a noble work, and should move the hearts of many people who are able to help. It is a work of prevention, an ounce of which is worth a pound of cure. Few people realize the number of girls employed in New York City at salaries below $5 per week, and fewer still realize how hard it is to keep soul and body together upon that sum.

Shall we help the good to remain so, or leave them to such conditions that they will go astray, and then, by a large outlay of money, effort and tears, succeed in winning back only a few, with their bitter memories and shadowed lives?

A rose to the living, is more
Than sumptuous wreaths for the dead.

Mrs. J. Taylor Brown, 363 West Twentieth Street, New York, is President of Board of Lady Managers, and Mrs. F. A. Carpenter, Secretary, 341 West Twenty-third Street. Any inquiries sent to these ladies will be answered.

SETTING OUT FOR THE BOARD-WALK

THE SEASHORE HOUSE, AT ATLANTIC CITY

ON THE HOME PIAZZA

Little Invalids by the Sea

I STROLLED southward along Atlantic City's famous board-walk till—somewhat beyond the built-up portions of the city, just at the beginning of Ventnor, and standing close by the sea—the fine, large building of the Children's Seashore House rose before me. Within the building, as well as outside, everything was bright and cheery. Flowers, donated by kindly souls, were placed here and there, for I had chanced upon a gala-day. A musical-tea was going on, and the babies were "receiving." At one door, an ambulance was standing. Several little invalids had arrived, and the wonder and delight in eyes used only to "a yard of blue," attested to the good work that the Seashore House is doing.

Thirty-two years ago, through the efforts of two or three physicians, a small cottage was opened at Atlantic City for the purpose of receiving invalid children. So successful was the undertaking that the following year, 1873, "The Children's Seashore House at Atlantic City, for invalid Children," was incorporated. It was the first institution of its kind in the United States. Meantime, a lot had been secured at the ocean end of Ohio Avenue, and a large building erected. Here, for twenty-eight years, the work was carried on and greatly increased. The present commodious building was erected, and occupied in 1902.

Positively there was nothing institutional about the "Seashore House;" yet, what did it contain? Baby invalids. The most pathetic things on earth. But somehow the heart was gladdened here when it saw how much was being done for the comfort and healing of the children, and how happy they seemed, though every one of them was in some wise a sufferer.

"What boy are you looking for?" asked one little chap from his bed, as I walked through the ward. More than one little cripple, lying flat on his back and fingering some cherished toy, spoke to me as I passed. I heard not a sob, and the nearest to discord was a scramble among three tots for a nickel that some one had tossed them.

Among the three hundred children, there are naturally some of more than ordinary attractiveness. Little Elizabeth is one of these. She is often seen riding on the shoulders of one of the doctors, or being tossed high in the air by a nurse. Then there are "the twinnies," that were brought in on a stretcher—one at either end. They came from a city hospital and were famished looking little creatures, but are thriving now, and will be sent back to their home, well and almost rosy. I must not forget "St. Michael's Angels," whose story is somewhat like this: "Get beds ready for three from St. Michael's, and all angels," said the matron to a nurse who was helping crippled Joe into his bed. Joe's hip was bad, and he had to lie with a weight attached to his leg and hanging over the foot of the bed. But his eyes were keen and his ears were quick, and as the nurse turned away he called in a low voice, in which awe and exultation blended: "St. Michael's angels is comin' here to-day." The "angels" came—two sickly little negroes, with shiny eyes and crinkled hair, and a blanched little typhoid convalescent. A modern Raphael would scarcely choose them for models of cherubs, but—as "St. Michael's Angels" they are known.

Crossing the sands, where a multitude of urchins were digging in sand-heaps and building forts, I entered the cottages known as the "Mothers' Cottages," where a mother, for the sum of three dollars a week, may come with her invalid child, and may, at a little more expense, bring one or two of her well children with her. A matron inspects the cottages to see that they are kept clean, and that meals are provided for these families at the general table. In this ward I found a number of young babies under a year old. They were all in coaches that had been wheeled to the porch, and an attendant was kept busy refilling bottles, keeping the babies quiet, comfortable and happy. A wing of the building is reserved for children who are sent from day nurseries and other institutions for children. They come forty or fifty at once. When the children arrive in the hospital ward their clothing and such belongings as they bring are cleansed and placed in ventilated lockers, until the little patients are ready to leave, all their needs while at the "House" being supplied. When dinner is announced, it is interesting to see the tots fall in line and march to the dining-room, where some scramble and others are helped to places, at tables graded in height and with appointments suited to young and diminutive diners. Their diet is of the simplest, with bread and milk a-plenty. Some of the babies are sound asleep before the meal is ended.

SUPPER IN THE BABIES' WARD — THE BATHING HOUR — A STRING OF JUVENILES

The memorial beds and those supported by the efforts of the children, are particularly beautiful features of the House. A charge of $3 for the mothers, $2.50 for the big girls, and $2 for the children is made, but those who cannot pay it are received without charge, and there is no discrimination as to creed, nationality or color. In passing an unfrequented corner of the porch, I came upon a group of eight or ten children, and in their midst sat a young doctor, trotting a white baby on one knee and a black one on the other.

Perhaps the merriest feature of the Seashore House is "The Camp," a cluster of tents, where thirty-eight boys are realizing a boy's dream of camping out.

The contribution box—which is always closed when a tea or concert is given at the house—is fittingly surmounted by a picture of the Madonna and Child. I wondered if there might not be, in the crowded slums of the heated cities, many well children who might almost envy these little invalids found eligible for an outing at the Children's Seashore House.

EVELYN CLARK MORGAN

THE LATE REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER

THE LATE DR. LORIMER

SAD intelligence comes by cable from Aix les Bains, France, which will cause deep sorrow in many a home in this country. It announces the death of Dr. George C. Lorimer, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, and for twenty-one years pastor of the Tremont Temple Church, Boston. Dr. Lorimer had been in ill-health for several months, but had so far improved that it was believed a short stay at the famous health resort in Southern France would complete his full restoration. He had planned a series of sermons on the Parables and an active campaign for the coming winter, and his church was eagerly anticipating his return, when the brief cable message on Sept. 8 announced his death. In New York and Boston, in both of which cities he was highly respected and sincerely beloved, his death is deeply deplored. Our readers all over the country will regret his departure, for his sermons, which have frequently appeared in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, were read with interest and profit.

Dr. Lorimer was a Scotchman by birth. He first saw the light in Edinburgh in 1838. His father died while his famous son was an infant. His mother contracted a second marriage with the manager of a theatre, and the boy grew up with the expectation of becoming an actor. With his stepfather he came to this country, and took boys' parts on the stage. He was, however, of an adventurous temperament, and soon quitted the stage for a seafaring life. After a few voyages before the mast, he tired of the sea, and, returning to America, he again joined the theatrical profession, appearing in Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis, Mo.

While staying at Louisville, Ky., the young man one day strolled into the Walnut Street Baptist Church. He was deeply impressed by the sermon and went again and again. He was at last brought to Christ and joined the church. His brilliant oratorical gifts, and his unbounded zeal, soon attracted the notice of the Church, and indicated the ministry as the sphere of his life. He was sent to Georgetown College, and before being graduated he began his career as a preacher. His first charge was at Harrodsburg, Ky. In 1862 he returned to Louisville, and succeeded the Rev. Dr. Everts in the pastorate of the Walnut Street Church. In 1870, Dr. Lorimer was called to the Tremont Temple (Baptist), in Boston, and while there he engaged in journalistic work on the Denominational organs. In 1879 he accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, in Chicago, succeeding for the second time to the pulpit of Dr. Everts. At the earnest solicitation of his Boston church, he resigned his Chicago pastorate and returned to Boston, where the membership rapidly grew until it attained the number of three thousand.

Dr. Lorimer was called to the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, in September, 1901. The Boston church again urged him to return to them, but he felt that he had a work to do in New York, and decided to remain. His ministry was highly successful, especially among young people, who were attracted by his bright, cheery disposition and his eloquent preaching.

Though his pastoral duties claimed most of his attention Dr. Lorimer found time to write. Among the books from his pen are *The Galilean*, *The Great Conflict*, *The Argument of Christianity*, *Messages of To-day for Men of To-morrow* and *Christianity and the Social State*. His last book, *The Master of Millions*, attracted considerable attention when it was published last year.

THE GIRL WHO FOUNDED A COLLEGE

Mattie Perry, Farmer's Daughter, and Her Wonderful Work of Faith and Prayer

YOUNG BIBLE STUDENTS IN UNIFORM

STUDENTS IN FRONT OF THE ELHANAN HOME

IN THE SEWING ROOM

FIVE years ago, there came to Marion, N. C., a delicate-looking young woman, Miss Mattie Perry, who purchased a large unfinished hotel, and opened a home school for the poor and helpless. According to the testimony of the towns-people, this woman's influence for good has been almost marvelous. Not only has she cared for and educated many youths and poor children who were without a friend in the world, but numbers of men and women whose lives were well-nigh wrecked by drink, have been reclaimed through her influence, and are now leading sober and industrious lives. There are children in the school from a number of States, and even from Mexico. During the past year 140 pupils, most of whom are destitute orphans, children of drunkards and outcast women, have been fed, clothed, and taught at Elhanan, as the institution is named. The school was founded, and has been maintained for five years by the unsolicited charity of the public. The plain, old-fashioned faith of the Bible, and a most exalted piety and consecration are taught by the example and life of this frail little woman, whose faith has well-nigh moved mountains in building up this wonderful work of saving the bodies and souls of helpless ones. Her own story is most interesting, and goes far to show that the Lord helps those that help themselves, when they are working unselfishly for others. Alone, and unaided, Miss Perry has prayed and worked until she has accomplished an amazing amount of good. But she is not yet satisfied; there is still so much to do.

In a recent interview, Miss Mattie Perry told the strange story of how she was led to take up this work.

"I was a farmer's daughter," said she, "born of Christian parents. At a very early age I gave myself to God, and knew that I was his child. When I was sixteen, I believed I had a call as a missionary to China; but I was mistaken, and my Heavenly Father showed me that there was other work for me to do. I heard the command,'Go ye,' and I then began the work which was nearest at hand among my own brothers and sisters and near neighbors. I told them of Jesus and his love, and many were led to his feet.

"I was dull in books, and the one ambition of my life was to know God, and to be used by him to help others. I prayed and studied as I went about my work, and during all my leisure moments. Twice I knocked at college doors, and was told there was no room, because of my empty purse; but—I continued praying, studying and expecting, until at last a college door was opened to me without my knocking. It was through my pastor, Rev. A. A. Gilbert, of the S. C. C., that Rev. S. Lander, President of Williamston Female College, wrote me to come at an expense of $2.50 per week; but I could not pay that, and he took a collection among the students of the college, amounting to $25, and wrote me to come. So I went, rejoicing, with $2.50 in my purse, and had only been there a few days, when Mrs. Sally Rogers called at the college, and having been told about me, she met the remainder of my expenses, and left a donation of $1,000 in her will for my education. I overworked, and became an invalid; but I still endeavored to leave no stone unturned to be ready for service. When only able to sit up for recitations, and unable to see to read my lessons, I continued in school for a while, through the kindness of classmates, who read for me. I felt that if I did my best, God who made me willing to work, would also make me able, and he did.

"After leaving college, I was desirous of a better knowledge of the Bible, and made application to two Bible schools, only to be met by refusals. A third accepted me, but it was so far away that I could not get a ticket to go. I prayed, distributed tracts, visited the poor, sick and the needy, and did all the Church gave me to do, and it was in this way that I found myself a volunteer city missionary, and was advised by a pastor to apply to the church for a position as city missionary. I did, and was not accepted. They said, 'We cannot pay you.' I continued to work, and taught a class of working young people at night for my expenses.

"After becoming a regular evangelist in tent work, I shared in meetings where many precious souls were led to Christ. In May, 1896, I started South alone, with a skip of 166 miles in the middle of my ticket, and not enough money to purchase it; but He put the needed money in my hands.

"So many appeals came to me from those who desired to be fitted for Christian service that I prayed that God would raise up some one to establish a school to help the helpless by giving them a chance to help themselves. I prayed on this subject steadily for two years. I trusted Him for everything necessary to establish a co-educational, interdenominational industrial school. I looked to Him for guidance as to location, finances, and everything needed.

"My attention was called to an unfinished building, containing about 100 rooms, one mile from Marion, N. C., on the Southern Railway. The building was well adapted to the work I had in view, and was in a locality favorable for health. The country was high and rolling, the water most excellent, and the climate bracing and conducive to physical and mental development. Confident in Divine help, I started with about enough money to buy my ticket one way, from Columbia, S. C., to Marion, N. C., to purchase the Catawba Hotel, not knowing where the money was to come from, only that the Lord had said, 'Go,' and he would provide. When I reached Marion, I had $200 and had $84 more pledged for me. I made the purchase July 11, 1898. It was a huge skeleton of a house. I took the titles with a first payment of $300. The roof and brick foundation had to be repaired, and I wished to fit some of the empty rooms, so that we could open school by January, 1899; but I had no money. On August 30, 1898, at Indian Springs, Ga., I talked on missions and closed with an appeal for prayer for those who, like myself, had only lives to give, and Brother McConnell contributed $25 and took a collection for Elhanan. Rev. T. W. Garbutt gave six carloads of first-class lumber. A minister gave books from his library. Some made up boxes of bedding and others contributed money, among them a little girl of five, who volunteered to give $5 in gold, and who said, 'I wanted to give it to you.'

"Upon reaching Marion, I found contributions in the mail amounting to $145, but I still needed $330, and it was not many hours of prayer and waiting before it came. We had fifty-six acres of land, a debt of three thousand dollars, and twenty-two available rooms, very uncomfortable and scantily furnished. The cold mountain air gathered in the second and third stories through the open windows, and swept down upon us. My own room was so cold that ink froze.

"Now all these early troubles are past, though we still need all the help our friends can give us—there is so much yet to be done. During the first five years the number of our charges constantly increased, and this year we have averaged more than one hundred. About ten of our charter pupils have been engaged in Christian work, two of whom went to Africa as missionaries, viz: Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDuffie. One of the second year—Miss Mattie Long—is in India as a missionary; and another is under appointment for South America, while many others have a call and are preparing for China and other countries. Some are evangelizing, some filling appointments in abandoned churches, schoolhouses, and cottages, some are teaching, and others are making an honest living by the sweat of their brow."

This work is in every way deserving of the support of Christian people, and any who may be interested in aiding a faithful worker in a good cause may communicate with Miss Mattie Perry, Elhanan, Marion, N. C.

MISS PERRY IN HER OFFICE AT ELHANAN

MRS. BOSTWICK
A Student [illegible] of the Work

MRS. M'DUFFIE
Missionary in Africa

MISS AMY BROWN
Now a Missionary in China

W. R. M'DUFFIE
Missionary in Africa

Our Editorial Forum

E. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Force of Example

BAD, like good example, is infectious, only a little more so. Bishop Potter is already having his imitators, and "consecrated saloons" threaten to be by no means a rarity in the near future. Minneapolis is the new candidate for notoriety of this undesirable character, and the pastor of a local church there is to be the patron under whose beneficent wing the model Tavern will shortly be dedicated. It should be explained that the Western place will have a theatre in the same building and a common entrance will serve for the two, the "consecrated saloon" being in the lobby. Incidentally, it should also be stated that the saloon-keeper is a rich man, who, in return for the favor of conducting a dedicatory service, has agreed to build a church for his pastor patron. What a compact! It lacks but one thing to make it perfect: the church should be built so that the same entrance would serve for all three. It strikes us that this would be the proper entrance to such a church.

But the true Church of Christ—the great body of His followers who are earnestly striving to keep themselves "unspotted from the world," and to win souls from sin, will view with loathing and repulsion this new development of the saloon evil. In the past our Churches have fought the saloon and all its train, tooth and nail; but now the drinking bar insinuates itself alongside of the pew, and seeks to "clothe itself in the very livery of heaven," in order that its soul-and-body-wrecking business may flourish.

This new development is an evil that must be combated stoutly and promptly by the Christian pulpits and pews of our land. It is not a thing to be mocked at, for it strikes at the very heart and spiritual life of the Church. If a minister of the Gospel connives with the saloon, or gives it the slightest toleration or encouragement, the end of that ministry is not far off.

For the glory of God and the welfare of humanity, the Church must have no saloon alliances. The same cruel mill that grinds out drunkards will grind up any congregation, church, pastor, people, and pews, together—and will never stop grinding till the ruin is complete.

The Sad Side of Strikes

WHATEVER arguments may be brought to bear upon the subject of strikes, whatever of justice or injustice on the side of employers or employees, one phase always stands out with pathetic distinctness. It is the sorrowful fact that the real sufferers are the striker's wife and children. The striker himself is sustained by the sense of the heroic struggle he is making. He is generally conscious that he is denying himself, in order that he may secure justice for himself and his fellow-workmen. He knows that it is a cruel necessity, but it is often the only means within his power of enforcing his rights. Recognizing that fact, he girds himself for the struggle, and bravely makes the sacrifice demanded. But the thought that cuts him to the heart is that he cannot bear all the suffering. The wife and children whom he loves will have to suffer with him. It is consideration for them and the suffering a strike will entail upon them, that often makes a man willing to endure injustice rather than resort to a strike.

Few working men have a few dollars laid by for the rainy day—as their wages are usually barely sufficient to cover current expenses, in these days of high rents and inflated prices for necessary commodities. By the time the rent is paid, provision and grocery bills settled, and clothing supplied, John's wage is extremely attenuated. Even when Mary is the best of managers—and the majority of workingmen's wives are good housekeepers—when a strike is declared, although she is loyal ever to her "man," and does all she can to encourage him, yet her heart sinks at the prospect of days and weeks, perhaps months, when there is no looking forward to pay-day, which brings a renewal of the necessaries of life. Should there have been a little hoard carefully saved and treasured, how soon it dwindles and melts, and how every penny is counted, and every expense possible eliminated.

The workingman is very fond of seeing his wife and children well dressed, and when he takes them for an outing, with what pride he regards them, from Mary in her new suit and big hat, all down the line of nicely dressed boys and girls, to the lace-capped baby in arms.

When a long strike is on, all must suffer. The clothing becomes worn and shabby; the children's toes come peeping through their shoes, for with all her art and industry at making and mending, Mary has never learned the cobbler's trade. Soon all little luxuries disappear from the table, and even coarse food becomes scanty; the landlord is clamorous—he has no sympathy with strikes—then the comfortable flat is exchanged for rooms in a cheaper neighborhood, and in time even this must give way to any sort of shelter that can be found, though it be but one room. John keeps his courage up as well as he can; but when he comes home and sees his wife's sad, worn face, it takes all his resolution to justify the sacrifice he is forced to make. Meantime, the bonds of poverty are drawn tighter and tighter, strangling the happy home-life, and even after the strike is over, it requires a long time for the disintegrated parts of that family to again assemble and attain the state of content and comfort which was theirs before John "went out."

Conqueror or Captive

IT is the old story of the man who said to his commanding officer, "I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along," replied the officer. "He won't let me." "Come yourself then." "I can't."

Men think they have conquered the world when it yields them the things they want, and all the while it has conquered and captivated them. The world is like a mettlesome, powerful horse—a grand thing for joy and service to the rider as long as he is absolute master of the beast, but how terrible for him if, through carelessness, he loses the reins.

Rule the world and you may get the deepest delight out of it; you can make it help you to be wiser, gentler, nobler, more gracious, more Christ-like, more full of God. But let it once get the bit in its teeth, and you are gone. Many a man says, "It is mine—this money I have got; this social or this political position I have won; this cup of pleasure which I lift to my lips at will;" when only the truth would be spoken if one and all of these should rise up and say, "Thou fool—thou art mine!"

Out to Grass

THESE are the days of strange vagaries concerning many things. It is an age of new theories that strike at the foundation of old-established usages and upset many preconceived notions. What would our forefathers have thought of the great revolution which the latest dietetic reformers assure us has already begun, and which they say will not only vegetarianize society, but will ultimately induce us to eat our vegetables raw! "Why should I make myself a hecatomb for dead beasts?" urges the advocate of a no-meat diet, as he proceeds to solace himself with a *menu* of wheat, barley, rye and oats, mixed with cream and topped off with fruit. But even he is eclipsed by the newest and boldest innovator of them all—a foreign savant, who comes to our shores to teach us how to live and thrive upon grass! For months, if the reports are to be credited, he has lived on this juicy herbage exclusively. He naturally wonders why the rest of mankind do not see the advantages of such a diet, especially as it is so plentiful.

With the distinguished example of Nebuchadnezzar in mind, one cannot help thinking there might be cases in which this severe regimen would be a not unwelcome change. Public men who are much sought after, and especially distinguished after-dinner orators, staled with repeated indulgence in a tempting but too rich *cuisine*, might find mental and physical reinvigoration in being "turned out to grass," once in awhile. As for the great army of dyspeptics, the gourmets, the gluttons, and those "high livers" who never know the sauce of hunger, what intellectual and moral reformation might not be possible, if they would only embrace the new idea.

As for ourselves—well, we will merely remark that our native modesty forbids us taking too prominent a part in this grass-eating reform. We are satisfied to let somebody else take the honors while we content ourselves by sticking to the simple fare of our ancestors, the plain old roast and boiled, with its humble garnishings. We are not unappreciative, however, of the fact that this diet reform is a big subject, and we are thankful that there is grass enough to go around, so that all who desire to try it as an economical and steady diet may have an opportunity to do so.

The Work Done at St. Louis

SO many of our readers were intensely interested in the work of the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee when it was begun in the spring, that it is due to them that they should know something in detail of the work as it has been carried on during the summer. With the Committee were the following co-operating organizations:

The International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the American Committee Affiliated with the World's Y. W. C. A., the Girls' Friendly Society of America, the Women's Auxiliary of the American Bible Society, Council of Jewish Women, the Travelers' Aid Society of Philadelphia, Dominican Home of Retreats and Catholic Guild, Philadelphia; Catholic Working Girls' Club (Sisters of the Divine Compassion), International Order of the King's Sons and Daughters, the International Society, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The imperative object of the Committee was to spread broadcast warning against advertisements for employment or lodgings in St. Louis, either in person or by means of local papers, and to give directions for the safeguarding of young women who, eager to improve what would be presented to them as a golden opportunity for sight-seeing and securing pleasant occupation at high wages, might be induced to take the risk of going to St. Louis without protection, or means of escape from the dangers that menace every girl who ventures alone into large cities, especially under the inevitable conditions attending an Exposition. Large placards were printed and everywhere distributed in public places, warning young girls, and telling them what to do and where to go in their journey to St. Louis. Fifteen thousand of these placards in French, German and Slavic were conspicuously posted in railway terminals, steamboat landings, and stations on various operating lines. Pastors of churches co-operated and the press gave its most efficient aid.

Over eighty-thousand copies of a leaflet entitled "Information" addressed to young women going to St. Louis, have been distributed. Two editions of the leaflet prepared by Mrs. Sangster, entitled "Real Danger and Real Need," have been expended and another large edition is now in process of distribution. Five cities have reported the establishment of permanent Travelers' Aid Agencies as a return of this effort. In many cities and towns local committees have undertaken the work of the Travelers' Aid Committee.

Among the numbers befriended during a typical ten days, there were six hundred girls received at the Home in St. Louis. Of these, two hundred and fifty-three were entirely alone, one hundred entirely without money. Thirty-five stranded girls were cared for at the expense of the Committee. Sixty-five were provided for, or, through employment, obtained money. Two thousand girls have, during the summer, called at the Home, to be personally directed to safe lodging places; the daily average being about twenty-five. The expenses of The Traveler's Aid Committee have been met by personal gifts. They have amounted to $3,891.03. The disbursements up to August 12th, have been $1,497.20. The good work will continue until the close of the Fair.

Too much praise cannot be given to Dr. Anna L. Brown, who has so efficiently carried on the work at headquarters during the summer. Thanks are also due to the friends in St. Louis, who have stood valiantly at their posts.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

An Error Cheerfully Corrected

Our attention has been called to an unfortunate and erroneous statement, contained in our *Crown Encyclopedia*, to the effect that Dr. Charles A. Eastman and his wife, formerly Elaine Goodale, were divorced soon after their marriage. This statement is entirely incorrect, and is one of those accidental errors that will sometimes occur, notwithstanding the utmost care on the part of the editors of an encyclopedia.

New Work in Korea

COMMISSIONER STEVENS

ONE of the most important objects sought by Japan in the present war with Russia, is that of preventing Korea falling under the domination of her enemy or of any other European power. Japan disclaims the intention of adding Korea to her own dominions, but desires that Japanese influence shall have full play in the development of the country. With this end in view, she has decided to appoint an agent in Korea to advise the Emperor of that country, specially as to his relations with foreign governments. The man selected for this responsible post by the Japhese Emperor, is Mr. Durham White Stevens, an American, who as been in the service of the apanese Government for many ears. The selection of an Amerian rather than a Japanese for the ost is doubtless to confirm the npression Japan wishes to make, hat all countries are to have qual privileges as to trade in orea and that its independence ill be maintained. If a subject f Japan were appointed, he ould be regarded as a dictator, hereas an American, however evoted he may be to Japanese nterests, is a representative of air play and progressive develpment. Mr. Stevens informed ie *New York Herald*, to whose ourtesy we are indebted for his ortrait, that he expects to sail or his new sphere of labor on October 2.

An evidence of the democratic pirit of the Korean government the ceremony of which a picire appears on this page. It is ie presentation to the Emperor f Korea of a number of foreign ewspaper correspondents. The ignity of an Asiatic potentate in ormer times would not have recgnized such persons, but Japanse influence is already breaking own the barriers of caste and ie correspondents were received ith complete cordiality. The ournals of America, England, rance, Germany, Austria and taly were all represented in the arty, and were presented with ue formality to the Korean Emeror, who received them with racious courtesy.

A glance at the map will show the importance that orea is likely to have, when the present war is termiated. Japan in taking it under tutelage is likely to inure its material prosperity, as well as gaining for herelf an extension of her own trade. We can but hope that ther nations will take an interest in the spiritual conerns of its people, and that the American missionaries ho have for many years been laboring there, will have elp in propagating the Christian faith there.

They shall come and declare his righteousness unto a people that hall be born (Ps. 22: 31).

A Disappointed Thief

Among criminal records a curious case has come to ght through a criminal's attempt at blackmail. In his alks about Chicago, he had noticed the carelessness of grocery firm, who left on the sidewalk bags of coffee ill after dusk. He saw how easy it would be to carry ff one or two and the temptation overcame him. He ired a horse and wagon, paying two dollars for the se of it, and drove up to the place where the coffee ags were stacked. He took two of them, put them in the wagon and drove away. He deposited them in a safe place and returned the wagon to its owner. When he returned to examine his plunder he found, to his disgust, that the bags, though marked, "Coffee," were filled with sand. The firm had added a few bags of that worthless material to their mound in order to impress passers-by with the extent of their dealings in coffee. The thief was so exasperated by the failure of his scheme, that he wrote the grocery firm threatening to expose their device unless they reimbursed him with the two dollars he had lost. He had discovered that the prophet's warning applied to dishonest people in these times.

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool (Jer. 17: 11.)

Crushed by a Tombstone

A tragic death occurred in Washington Cemetery, Brooklyn, on Sept. 8. It was that of a Hebrew girl eighteen years of age, who was crushed under the tombstone of her sister. She had been away in the Catskills in the hope of recovering her health, which had been impaired by prolonged grief over her sister's death. The two girls were twins and had been tenderly attached to one another. It is two years since one of them died. The other was broken-hearted and it was feared that her sorrow would cause her death or unseat her reason. The first thing she did after her return was to visit her sister's grave, as she had been in the habit of doing frequently. Three Jewish rabbis accompanied her. They offered prayers as they knelt on the slab covering the grave. When they rose from their knees, the girl threw herself on the slab sobbing and wailing. Presently she recovered her composure sufficiently to offer a prayer. She attempted to rise when she had finished her petitions, and feeling weak from agitation, took hold of the shaft at the head of the grave to help herself to her feet. The shaft had been set insecurely and the ground beneath one side had settled. The girl's slight weight was sufficient to upset the tottering shaft and it fell upon her. The stone struck her on the head, and when it was raised it was found that her skull was fractured and she was dead. The poor girl was the victim of carelessness on the part of some workman who should have laid a better foundation for the shaft. It was a sad coincidence that she should have been there when it fell and that her own hands should have brought it down. How much better it would have been for her if, in her sorrow, she had learned not to go to the grave for relief, but had looked for help to Him who succors the bereaved, as was taught by the prophet of her race.

Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a sure foundation (Isa. 28: 16).

RECEPTION OF FORLIGN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS BY THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

A Ludicrous Advertisement

An enterprising firm in the French capital have devised a novel mode of advertising. A short time ago a man entered a restaurant on the Paris boulevards at a time in the day when it was crowded with diners. When he removed his hat a scalp, completely bald, was disclosed. On it was painted in artistic letters the advertisment of the firm. The novelty attracted the attention of every one in the restaurant, which, of course was the object desired. The idea became public talk and the ingenuity of the mode of advertising was highly praised. The firm's competitors chagrined at being beaten by the novel scheme, promptly imitated it, and on the next evening, in many restaurants, there was a similar exhibition. It was soon discovered, however, that some of them were deceptions. The men were not bald but were wearing scalp wigs. They were exposed by the wigs being snatched from their heads and ran away to escape the jeers of the spectators. One of the men who was really bald, also got into trouble. The French Government imposes a tax on advertisements, and a revenue collector arrested the man as an unlicensed advertisement. The men must have been very lacking in self-respect to have consented to let their bodies be used for advertising purposes. There are, however, many who would scorn to do such a thing, who really become unconscious advertisements of the potent effects of the liquors they imbibe.

Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine (Prov. 23: 29).

A Huge Meteor

A startling occurrence is reported from Minnesota. People who were in the streets of St. Paul about midnight recently, saw a strange light in the sky. It grew brighter, and was traveling with extraordinary speed. It was evidently an enormous meteor, and had come under the earth's attraction. Several persons were awakened by the wonderful light, and the strange, whizzing noise, as of a cannonball. It passed over the city, and finally struck the earth in a country district between Kenyon and Randolph. The shock of its impact was felt for several miles around. When found, it was still at almost white heat, and it was imbedded thirty feet in the earth. Its weight, judging from its size, was estimated at three tons, but not until its texture has been analyzed can an accurate idea be formed. Several fragments are to be broken off for submission to scientists for examination so that we may learn of what elements it is composed. It has probably been flung off from some far-distant celestial body by a gigantic convulsion. It may be possible from the analysis of some of these strange visitants from the skies to learn what are the conditions on the luminaries we see above us. Happily for us, we have other and more reliable means of learning more important facts about the heavenly country reserved for the children of God.

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away (Rev. 21: 4.)

BRIEF NOTES

The American Boys' School at Erzeroum, Turkey, has been destroyed by fire. It is only eight months since the girls' school was similarly destroyed. There is no doubt of both calamities being the result of Moslem fanaticism.

A lady Nihilist, daughter of a medical professor, was employed by the Empress of Russia to pack books for the use of wounded Russian soldiers. She inserted a Nihilist leaflet in each book. She has been detected, and sentenced to death.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudemont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the Marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old Marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the Marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the Marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the Marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the Marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope of winning her love; though, both being prisoners, the outlook is anything but encouraging.

Book Four—Egypt

CHAPTER XX—Cont'd

GARRON'S PROPOSITION

AS for that young woman, the situation was at once delightful and miserable. She reveled in happiness when she permitted herself to listen to Macartney, yet she was very miserable when she thought of the hopelessness of their passion. Her grandfather, it was evident, would never consent to a union between them. She clung fondly to the idea that she had dedicated herself to France, although her purpose became more and more feeble. Consequently, her treatment of her lover was as variable as the weather. Sometimes she smiled upon him; sometimes she listened to him; sometimes she met his schemes to be alone with her, with a frankness, a tenderness, and a dexterity as well, that lifted him to the seventh heaven. At other times, she beamed upon him from afar, in a way which elated while it baffled him. At intervals she was as cold as ice to him, nay, colder than her grandfather, who was always considerate and kind. She was as elusive, as variable, as changeable as the shade cast by the trembling aspen leaf.

He had loved her, in his absence, with one of those rare passions which turned native fickleness into absolute fidelity. He had loved her while he could only dream of her; but when he was constantly in her presence, when she stood before him as the realization of his visions—well, the feelings he had felt for her before were not to be mentioned with the emotions he experienced now.

There were interviews between Garron and the vice-admiral in the cabin, after the fleet had anchored at Aboukir. The vice-admiral never told the details of these conversations. He would come out of the cabin with as jaunty a step, as composed a mien, as he had when he had entered it. It was not until he was safe in his own cabin that he gave way to fits of terrible, if impotent, rage, which left him shaken to the core.

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The proud old noble would have died a thousand times rather than submit to such treatment for a moment; he would have starved himself to death, opened his veins with his teeth, had he been alone; but there was his granddaughter, there was his grandson, there was France. He had to live and suffer. Again and again he would have leaped upon Garron, and in the fury of his passion, great, hulking brute though his tormentor was, have torn him to pieces with his old and feeble hands. But he never saw Garron alone. Always with him was the silent Brébœuf.

Brébœuf stood high in the favor of his captain, for he never talked to anyone. The captain even had a pallet spread for him at his cabin door, and he was the most trusted man of his crew. Pistol in hand, he stood back of his new master, with immobile countenance marking the humiliation of the marquis.

"Macartney turned and looked at her, and Louise shrank back"

Toward the latter part of July, Macartney being completely recovered, Garron sent for him to come to his cabin. Greatly surprised, the Irishman presented himself before his captor, who was attended, as usual, by his watchful guard.

"Citizen Mac——"

"Pardon," interrupted Macartney coolly, "I am no citizen of France. Your customs do not interest me. You will therefore call me captain, or, to be more exact, commodore, my rank in the English navy."

"Very well, Monsieur le Chef d'Escadre," said Garron, smiling in a way that he meant to be ingratiating, "as you please. I am beginning to take less interest in the present customs of France, monsieur, than I formerly did. I speak to you in strictest confidence, of course?"

"I do not wish for your confidences, Monsieur Garron," said Macartney quickly.

"No? Perhaps you will, however, when I tell y that they intimately concern the English."

He looked meaningly at Macartney as he spoke. I stantly there flashed into the Irishman's mind th Garron was not staunch in his devotion to the cau to which he had engaged himself. If through him might secure his freedom and a chance to assist t de Vaudémonts! If he could get to Nelson! Ma artney came a step nearer Garron, and, leaning h hand upon the table, bent closer to him.

"What do you mean?"

"Have I your word, never to breathe what I a about to tell you to a living soul without my perm sion?"

"You forget," said Macartney, pointing to Brébœ "that we are not alone."

"I forget nothing. This man is deaf, dumb a blind in my service. You will give r your word, monsieur?"

"I will. What is it you would say

"Captain Macartney," said Garr sinking his voice to a whisper, "ma of us are not satisfied with affairs France."

"You would bring back the king whispered Macartney.

"As to that, later. This Gene Bonaparte has virtually made hims king of France. The Republic, sir, in danger. Should he succeed in t expedition, he would be the Dicta of my beloved country. The princip for which we patriots have foug which we have established at so gr an expenditure of blood and treasu are in danger of being subverted, m sieur. The Rep——"

"Oh, hang the Republic!" said M cartney, impatiently. He was not mu of a diplomatist, evidently. "What a you driving at?"

"Bonaparte will be master of Franc said Garron, quietly, shrugging h shoulders. "As between Bonapa and ——" He hesitated.

"And the king!"

"As a patriot, monsieur, loving country, who would not see her dragg in the train of this Corsican adventur I—in short, monsieur, you have hit exactly."

"What do you propose?"

"I propose to let you go free; to f nish you with means to find Admiral N son and the English ships; to take *Tonnant* out of the line of battle wh they fall upon us, and surrender her you. To use my influence to see t the fleet stays here in Aboukir, in ab the worst position possible for defen and entirely unprepared, as it is no

"What do you want for this?"

"I should like, first of all, a free p don for anything of which I may be— —unjustly accused, a patent of nobili and a pension of ten thousand franc year."

"I have no power," said Macartn "to pledge anything for the king France."

"No, monsieur, doubtless not; but you think the king of France would fuse any request that you might ma of him about the downfall of this G eral Bonaparte and his own restoration

"Probably not," said the Irishman.

"That isn't all I can do," said Garron. "There is plan on foot to abduct Bonaparte. A grandson of t man Vaudémont, one of your fellow prisoners, is t head and front of the conspiracy. Those concern in it are desperate men, and, I have no doubt, it w be brought about in the near future. I can preve the success of that plot."

"How?" asked Macartney curiously, who knew t facts very well, but wanted to hear what Garron h to say for himself.

"By sending Bonaparte a certain paper." He ca lessly lifted a document from the table before him he spoke. "I found a certain incriminating accou in the baggage of the man Vaudémont. If we ent upon this undertaking, I shall not send the paper."

"Will you also release the Marquis de Vaudém and his granddaughter?"

"Not for all the kings of France!"

"If harm should come to them, it would go hard
th you after the restoration."
"No one could blame me, Monsieur Macartney, if
marquis should die, let us say, of the Egyptian
er, in spite of all my care and attention on this
p."
"But his granddaughter?"
"The natural grief of so devoted a maiden would
count for her taking off, in spite of all my efforts to
ole her."
"Heavens!" exclaimed Macartney, starting forward.
en he restrained himself. "Would you murder
m?" he cried.
"They have an easy way to purchase life and
erty."
"What is that?"
"Let the woman become the wife of Jean Garron
d the old man may go free. I should value a father-
law, such as he, in the court of His Majesty King
uis XVII."
"I won't do it!" cried Macartney.
"Think, monsieur," said Garron; "you go free! You
ve your country and save the king of France. You
ng Admiral Nelson's fleet upon us instantly. You
fer no risk. I have an order here, signed by Ad-
ral Brueys, for a boat to leave the fleet to go to
exandria. Why should you refuse?"
Nelson would give his soul almost for the news that
lacartney could give him. Yes, his own course was
ar. He must go! But how could he avail himself
the offer and leave Louise de Vaudémont to the
rcy of the brute before him. His duty drove him
accept Garron's proposition. His affections held
m irrevocably to the ship.
As yet Garron had not the slightest suspicion as to
y the man before him hesitated. The Frenchman
d not dream of his prisoner's passion for Louise de
udémont. He wondered, therefore, why he did not
cept his offer at once. Macartney was unable to
nounce the inevitable decision.
"Monsieur," he said at last, "I must have time. I
ist think over this matter. Give me a day!"
"Time is very precious, Monsieur le Capitaine," said
Frenchman persuasively.
"A few hours then. Until this evening? I could not
t away in any event until nightfall."
"Very well, monsieur. You shall have until this
ening," said Garron. "Why you hesitate I know
t, but you English were ever incomprehensible. I
ve your word of honor that you will say nothing
out this—nothing to anyone?"
"You have," said Macartney, turning abruptly on his
el and leaving the cabin.

CHAPTER XXI

THE REJECTION OF THE COMTESSE

MACARTNEY was literally in a desperate situation, and the most terrible part of it was that he could see absolutely no way, first of all, to help the woman he loved; and second, avoid accepting Garron's proposition. Nelson had sted him to find the French fleet. He had found and had been taken prisoner in the endeavor. The achery of one of the French commanders opened a y for his escape. Nelson was groping around in the editerranean for that fleet. The chances were, that Macartney got away from Alexandria, he could get rd to the admiral in some way.
To get that word to Nelson was vital to the future England. Unless that French fleet were destroyed, was evident that Bonaparte would overrun the East. ngland would be struck in her most vulnerable point. was absolutely impossible and unthinkable that Mac-tney should refrain from availing himself of this portunity to serve his country. Every considera-n of duty and honor demanded that he accept Gar-n's proposition immediately.
A few years before, Macartney might have hesitated to his course, but the refining influence of a great ssion had been upon him since he had met Louise de udémont. He had been uplifted, ennobled, by his e for her. He saw things more clearly. Love nds, but it also enlightens. He was a much finer n since he had dreamed dreams with the comtesse the centre of his visions.
He knew and realized instantly Garron's proposition is made to him that he must accept it. Whatever the prospective fate of any individual, however dear at individual might be, the claims of duty were para-ount. She had been for France, he must be for ngland. Yet, to leave her to Garron! It killed him. If he could only tell her! If he could only give her hint, indicate in the faintest way the feelings that re his being, the reasons that actuated him. But he is bound, he had given his word of honor.
In honor bound! Why should Macartney respect a of which Garron thought nothing? Why, in deal-g with a traitor should an upright man be bound by nor, while the other party was moved by nothing t base self-interest? Could it be shown for a mo-ent to Garron's satisfaction that his interest lay in traying Macartney and the English, Macartney knew at there would be no hesitation as to the French-n's course.
And so the man who loved Louise de Vaudémont could say no word to her, not even of warning. The marquis was old. He maintained a bold front toward the man he hated, but even he did not realize how he was depending upon and trusting to Macartney. In the most desperate strait in which a man may find himself, threatened with the loss of everything, the old man had turned to the young man as a saviour. Macartney knew he must go and leave them to their fate without a word, a sign. He could not do it! What was England? What was Duty? What was Honor, that such a sacrifice should be exacted from him? A word, an ideal—abstractions! He would not go!
As he stood on the quarter-deck alone, staring out over the waste of sand on the desert shore, tremulous in the heat of the late afternoon, there rose before him two visions. They ranged themselves on either side of him. One shaped itself into the beautiful features and noble figure of the woman he loved. That baseless fabric of a vision represented to him that which he most desired; that for which pledges have been forfeited, duties neglected, honor destroyed; that for which lands have been laid desolate, kingdoms have been won and lost, since time and the world began—the love of woman! On the other hand, there stood by him, a pale, sallow, slender, appealing figure, with melancholy eyes looking at him from under a broad brow, topped with a shock of dark hair—Nelson! And the pointing finger said, "Duty! duty!"
He buried his face in his hands to shut out the wraiths, and the voice of the woman he loved broke upon his ear.
"You are sad, monsieur. You look across the sands and dream of home, perhaps?"
"Not of home," answered the man hoarsely.
He turned and looked at her. She shrank back in surprise at what she saw. The turmoil in his soul had left its imprint upon his face. But at the sight of her there, in flesh and blood, close by him, another look leaped in his eyes; one more familiar, tinged with despair, one she knew and loved. Ah, well the woman realized of whom he had been dreaming then. But what had caused him such unwonted agitation? He had been so cheerful, so light-hearted, so *debonair*, so hopeful! Now she saw him crushed, broken. He had just come from Garron. What had happened?
"Monsieur," she said quickly, "you look—what is the matter? Does some danger threaten you?"
"None. Would it did!"
"Why then do you—is there some new peril for—grandfather—or—myself?"
"Was not the old enough?"
"Monsieur," she said, laying her hand timidly upon his arm. Where he stood he screened her from observation, had there been any curious in the fore part of the ship. "Monsieur, you believe that—I—I—am your friend? Tell me, what has altered you?"
"Mademoiselle, will you answer me as you might answer a man facing death?"
"Death, monsieur?"
"Death to hope, death to the heart, mademoiselle, nothing more."
"Speak on."
"Will you put aside for the moment—what shall I say?—the reluctance you have manifested, to listen to me?"
"I will listen."
"And will you answer?"
There was something so direct, so compelling in his gaze, that in spite of herself, Louise could not deny him. Not trusting herself to speak, she gently inclined her head.
"I love you. It's an old tale, told many times in your ear. I ask you now, do you believe that?"
There was a sob in the girl's throat.
"I—yes, I believe," she murmured.
"Do you believe that I love you more than everything that men hold dear? That you are the very light of heaven to me? To lose you, to part from you tears the soul out of me! You have told me many times, and I have resented the telling, that you were for France. I understand what you mean now. You are not for me. There was a higher claim, a more powerful appeal. It broke my heart to hear you say that—Louise."
The quick twilight of the Orient was already upon them. In the dusk the girl's face gleamed before him. The half darkness gave her courage.
"Monsieur," she whispered, "you love me? Yes, I know it. Perhaps I was wrong before—may be God intended——"
She stopped. He was looking at her with eyes that burned, his glance plunged into her very heart like a sword-blade. Yet the wound there was sweet to feel. She neither faltered nor turned away as she spoke further to him.
"I am for you—if if you will have me. May not one—love, and be for France?"
It had come then. The reward for which he had prayed and longed. The woman whom he loved, loved him! She had avowed it there in the twilight. That blessed end of all his dreams, this happy realization of all his hopes, was at hand! And he could not accept it!
"Louise," he said to her, taking both her hands in his own, "the words you have said, would have made me mad with joy——"
"What!" cried the woman.
"But now—oh, that I had died before this had come upon me!"
"Monsieur, I have offered you myself, a demoiselle of France, the Comtesse de Vaudémont—You hesitate?"
Macartney could not speak. He only bowed his head dumbly before her.
"Monsieur——"
"Wait! Whatever you do, whatever you may think of me, however you may consider me, as you think on this interview in after life—and I am sure you will never forget it—believe only one thing, that I love you, that I would die for you—but—"
"You have refused me! The shame! I shall remember only that!"
She turned and left him, and stepping aft, found herself face to face with Garron, who had just come out of the companion-way. His eyes were filled with jealous hatred. He had heard enough, tip-toeing near, like a thief in the night, to comprehend Macartney's interest in the de Vaudémonts.
"Come with me," he said softly. "Don't shrink, no harm is meant. I want to tell you something."
Dazed and bewildered, overwhelmed with the shock she had sustained, scarcely realizing the situation, Louise found herself in the cabin, in the presence of the captain. By his side was the silent Brébœuf. The marquis emerged from his berth as the two entered. Garron paid no attention to him.
"Woman!" he said roughly, leveling his blunt finger at the girl, " you love that man!"
"How dare——"
"Nonsense!" cried the man furiously. "I was there. I heard! That which I sought, you offered to him."
"Oh!" whispered the marquis softly, under his breath. "For a weapon!"
"He refused——"
The woman stood before him with a body of ice, a heart aflame. If glances could have killed, she had killed him a thousand times. His words brought back to her the shame of her position—that he, the base-born, brutal Garron, should know! Her anger was equally divided between him and Macartney.
"Refused you, Louise! Captain Macartney! What does the man mean?" cried the marquis, coming forward swiftly.
"Silence, Vaudémont! One does not address you. Do you want to know why he would have none of you?" Garron asked again, turning to the woman. "Well, I'll tell you. We had a talk in the cabin this afternoon. He wants to escape. I found out that he loved you, and that you love him. I offered to let him go to-night if he would resign you to me."
"It is a lie!" said the marquis quickly. "A dastardly lie! I know men. I would stake my life on the honor and fidelity of that man!"
"Your life isn't much as a stake, Vaudémont, and besides, you made a mistake before. You were willing to stake your life once on the fidelity of Brébœuf. Now, 'tis I who stake on him. I tell you, arrangements have all been made to let this Englishman go. He gave you up to me."
"'Tis not true, I say! 'Tis not true!" said the marquis again.
He would have given his very soul for a weapon.
"My father," said the girl, turning to the old man as if he had indeed been her father, "he refused me—to-night."
"Impossible! Did you——"
"I did nothing, sir. He said that he loved me, and I—I—admitted——"
"Then he would have none of her," interrupted Garron. "But have courage, mademoiselle, there's as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. Look at me! I love you, a blunt sailor, but with a true, loyal heart. Take me!"
There was a tap upon the door of the cabin.
"Who's there?" cried Garron angrily.
"Captain Thouars' compliments, Captain Garron. A signal from the flagship, desiring all the captains to repair on board at once."
"Perdition!" growled Garron. "Just at this juncture when she was almost in my grasp. Have my gig called away, and say that I shall come on deck immediately. You, Vaudémont, and you, woman, remain in the cabin! Brébœuf, guard them well! See that they hold no communication with the Englishman until I return. I shall be back at once. *Au revoir.*"
He swaggered out of the cabin and left the three alone. As he passed by Macartney, standing just where Louise had left him, with his head bent upon his arms upon the rail of the ship, Garron touched him upon the shoulder.
"I am ordered to the flagship the next ahead. I shall return in half an hour. It is my desire that you remain here until I return. The Vaudémont woman charges me to say that she does not wish to have you approach her again."
Macartney nodded his head. There was nothing to say, nothing to do. His honor bound him to this man; his honor had conquered, but had left him broken-hearted. Louise had spurned him in anger and shame. What was the necessity for attempting an explanation, since none could be given. The parting was inevitable. Perhaps some day she would understand.
And still he stared across the rail and dreamed.

TO BE CONTINUED

Salting the Fountain of Life

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

DURING the Sunday School Convention in Palestine, last April, the writer visited Elisha's Fountain. The following are memoranda of the day's journey: We reached this interesting and historic place about one o'clock to-day, having left Jerusalem in the early morning. We passed Jericho without stopping, riding in carriages about two miles further on. We shall presently return to Jericho. Alighting from our carriages, we crossed a small foot-bridge over the stream which issues from the "fountain." We now find ourselves seated in the small, open bazaar built over the fountain. In the bazaar are displayed curios for sale, such as slings like those used by David, when he was a shepherd, also shepherd's clubs and crooks; and there are Oriental weapons of all sorts, and water-jars of many sizes and shapes. But we are most interested in the fountain itself. It is held in a basin of hewn stone about thirteen yards long and eight yards wide. We taste it, and find it good. "So the waters were healed unto this day."

We have returned to Jericho, and have partaken of lunch. Evidently the water which we had to drink had not been brought from the fountain of Elisha, for it was inhabited by "wiggles," and there was a general demand that it should be brought to us boiling hot, or made into tea. The inhabitants of the present day are evidently less solicitous about pure water than in the days of Elisha, for then the chief men of the city made it their concern and sought a remedy of Elisha. In almost any other locality the fountain would be piped to the city, and not allowed to run waste in a little stream across the fields. We looked for an enterprising water-carrier, who might have brought a goat-skin of it from the fountain to sell in the streets, but none was to be found, nor even a woman with a jar of water upon her head.

Illustration and Application

Surely the very heart of this lesson is in our title, "Salting the Fountain of Life." Life is a flowing river of blessing; childhood is its fountain; religion is the salt, that by purifying the heart in childhood makes the whole life sweet and useful. To these great truths let every teacher hasten, delaying only a few minutes on the Bible history that connects this first lesson of a new quarter with the preceding chapters of the story. Let us gather up the Bible history and its teachings by the ever useful group of questions: Who? When? Where? What? Why?

Who are pictured in the opening of this lesson and when? Elijah, who lived about nine hundred years before Jesus came, is ascending, and Elisha, his successor, is receiving his master's mantle and his spirit, and repeating his miracle in smiting the river to open a way for himself. This was but a transient miracle. He will soon do one of permanent usefulness at a river's fountain. The contrast between these miracles suggests how much more lasting Christian work is likely to be at the fountain of life, in childhood, than if we stop the river of evil in manhood, which usually in such cases soon resumes its wonted way. Where was this fountain healed? Near Jericho. And what do we know of Jericho? It was captured and cursed by Joshua (6:17-26). The man who rebuilt it paid the penalty in the death of his first-born. The present inhabitants say its latest builder suffered the same penalty. By contrast, we may use this to illustrate how many a man sacrifices the eternal life of his children by making his home in accursed, because wicked, surroundings, that kill the soul, as did Lot when he "pitched his tent at Sodom," and was soon inside, contaminated somewhat himself and his family yet more by an evil environment. The special bane of Jericho when Elisha came, was that the stream on which it depended for water was brackish, probably somewhat like the Dead Sea water a short distance below. It was not only unfit to drink but unfit even to water the land, producing such barrenness as is seen about the Dead Sea to-day. There was little satisfaction in an otherwise "pleasant" city when its water supply was so unwholesome.

What did Elisha do, and why? He went to the very source of the stream, that by purifying that, with God's help, he might purify the whole stream. How little it would have availed to cleanse the water anywhere else! The only way to purify our lives is at the heart-fountain, and the uppermost fountain is best of all, the heart of childhood. "Satisfy us early with thy mercy that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." At the World's Sunday School Convention, in Jerusalem, Dr. Ghosu el Howie, in a Conference on Oriental customs, told how new-born infants in Bible lands are "salted" to make the skin dense and firm. The act is also symbolical of the character desired for the child—pure, firm, resolute. If in mature years one shows flabbiness and vacillation, he is likely to hear the taunt, "I see you were not salted." This custom is recognized, and interpreted in the Bible in the words of Ezekiel (16:4): "As for thy nativity, in the day that thou wast born thy navel was not cut, neither wast thou washed in water to supple thee; thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all." All of which means that the life described was going wrong because it was not started right. We are left in no doubt as to what salt symbolizes. It is again and again used for the preserving, healing grace of God. (Lev. 2:13; Matt. 5:13; Col. 4:6). As salt put on the fresh meat keeps it from spoiling, so religion put into a new life keeps it sweet and useful, when it would otherwise rot and poison us. That salt should be used to cure a fountain already too salt, was probably only to symbolize, as did the brazen serpent, that Christ cures sin by being "made sin for us," that is, by being made "in the likeness of sinful flesh" (Num. 21:8; Rom. 8:3; Heb. 2:14-16). The salt in the fountain was but a symbol of Christ in the heart of youth, who thus makes all the outgoings of life to rejoice. A kindred illustration is the story of Achilles, whose mother was told he would be invulnerable if dipped in the river Styx, but one spot on his heel by which she held him was not wet, and that was the spot where he was wounded in manhood.

The message of this lesson to the young, is: Let the mind of Christ fully cleanse the heart fountains of your life at its source, that you may be glad and useful ever after. And the lesson also says to the older people: Let your life be a river of blessed helpfulness to all about you. "Everything shall live whithersoever the river runneth." Let us for a little think of mature life as a river, and then go back to its source again. In all ages poets have pictured a good life as like a river, which puts beauty into the landscape; carries the boats upon its waters with their useful cargoes; turns the wheels of factories on its banks; scatters irrigation on all sides; feeds the ocean, which, in turn, feeds the clouds that return the waters to the earth, to make it "bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater." It is a great thing to live a life worthy to be compared to such a river. Some lives are only worthy to be called "Dry Creek," like that one so-called in Colorado, that was filled only once, and then to destroy. Look from the Pyramids upon the Nile as a picture of the Christian life. From exhaustless fountains in the Great Nyanza lakes, its long unknown sources, it poured down its ceaseless tide, with enriching annual overflow, until it developed on the very desert, a land of unequaled fertility, which lies like a green fan, spreading in the delta, upon the waste of sand. Its waters, by a wonderful system of irrigation, spread their quickening influence far and wide, like the manifold good influences of word and deed, that go out of a noble life.

THE SPRING KNOWN AS ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN

Here is the story of a farmer whose life was indeed a river, clear as crystal. A housekeeper, after several complaints to her grocer because unsound fruit had been sent her, was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of gem melons, accompanied with this assurance:

"You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do, I will gladly refund the money you pay for them."

She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods? "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market." The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignments, was "135." After that the lady always bought number 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition, or quality. Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon the housekeeper, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight or "scamp" her work. Number 135 seemed to be looking at her.

One particular fact that deepened this impression was the non-appearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 135 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper felt her face flush when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous. Is rectitude represented to her the presence of the silent Teacher.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One touch of comfort to an aching heart,
Oh cheer some way-worn soul in passing by!

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though large,
Perhaps, at most, the least seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy
Is loving deeds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best to love of thine."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

But now we return to the river's spring, to life's source in childhood. Nothing in all nature, about which scientists become so enthusiastic, is so wonderful as a child. What is a bug or a bird compared to a baby, that is to love and be loved forever! How careful must be that he shall get a good start! In order to do that we must begin with his grandfather's childhood. O, that we could realize that we are preparing happiness or sorrow for our children's children by what we are even in our childhood! Some little mannerism of a child, that is like his father, prompts us to say, "He is a chip of the old block." That is what we call heredity. And let us be sure the "old block" is sound, our characters, our inmost preferences, for the little "chip" that will come from it by and by will have the same quality to start with. We can change it, but we can help and save our children by being what ourselves in our very childhood. We can help the baby by example also. He will do what father does and what brother does. "Father, I step in all your tracks," says a boy walking behind his father in the snow. The father heard and thought how much wider was the meaning than the snow-tracks. The young boys imitate most of all the older brothers with whom they are daily at play. Boys, do by what is safe and right for the sake of the little ones about you! Would salt the fountain of life by these words. A wonderfully wise word, that probably influenced a whole life, may have been told in these pages, but, in any case, should be repeated here. The lady teacher of this lesson was in Rome, visiting art galleries with an artist. The latter bought from an Italian boy some buns, for which she was to pay what would be three cents in our money, three soldi. She gave the boy two two soldi pieces, and held out her hand for the one soldo he was entitled to as "change." He curled his hand mutely, begging to keep it. She said reproachfully: "*Mercante, non mendicante*"—merchant, not mendicant at which he proudly raised himself and gave back the soldi. To have given it to him, would have been to give him encouragement in beggary. She gave him instead "the things that are within," an impulse to manly independence. She had salted the fountain of his life.

But it is only by the conversion of children, by the coming of Christ into their hearts, which are by nature "naughty," "brackish" waters, that the fountain and the river of life can be made sweet. Let us close with a "Boy's Hymn," which has been the "cruse," under God's blessing, of salting the fountains of many young lives. It may be sung to the tune of "Woodworth."

"Just as I am," thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee, O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay, with all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might, therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness and Thee, Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold, for my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down, O Master, Lord, I come.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

*In the International Sunday School lessons for October 2. Elisha succeeds Elijah. II Kings 2:1-12. Golden Text: "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." II Kings 2:9.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

Women and Temperance

NO single feature in the unfortunate affair which has brought so much censure upon Bishop Potter, is as repulsive as that which provides a drinking-place for women. In London and ..rpool, the sight of a woman the worse for gin and ur is not so uncommon as in New York, where it w ens a dismayed surprise. Somehow, a woman in qu r and a woman in a saloon, though only in the ut entrance-hall, appals us far more than does the ig of a man reeling home to sleep off a d ich.

hen the mother in any home, be it a ho e of wealth and refinement, or of ov rty and coarseness, takes to drink, be farewell to hope and happiness for ll beneath her sway.

Ve fancy, thinking of the matter superficially, that no women are ever intemperate except very ignorant and very poor wo en. Yet fashionable drinking is so ra ly on the increase, in New York at ea that any day, women may be seen rd ing wine or beer served with their me ons in public restaurants, a thing ne unheard of, and in the dizzy whirl of pl r-class excitement, women resort to st ulants that they may keep the pace, ac he same result follows that follows hu men drift into excesses.

Ca ses, politely labelled nervous prostra- o are handled by physicians and a d nurses, who understand full well wa he disease is alcoholism in one of s stressing phases. A gentle, refined, ne legant woman, caught in the toils of int perance, is as profane, as quarrel- or, and as indelicate as any illiterate wo an who earns her living by daily la- or and takes her first downward step h she drinks to relieve hunger and ir e. When it comes to the fatal yield- go inebriety, it is with all women, as ki ng puts it strongly:

The colonel's lady,
And Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters, under their skins.

One of the saloons on the East Side, ne e West, or along the wharves, or on st reet corners, have what is called a "a ily entrance." Here children go, yo oung girls, and women with shawls ov their heads, carrying tin pails, and ju , and pitchers, to bring home the go ing beer. This "family entrance" has wa s seemed cruelly ironical, for the ve y who enters there are very sure to sp bending what was formerly aptly ca l "the fool's pence."

When drink becomes master in a home, wa and peace fly the place. The devil hi self leers grinning from the open door of ery saloon, and strides as Apollyon ac all across the pathway of man, wo- an, or child, who dares to unite, by ever fr ender and tenuous a cord, the saloon to he home.

The Family Caterer

Whoever undertakes the business of ar- ng the family bill of fare, should take pa pains to have variety. The great trouble of the family caterer is that very often she ca t think what to put on the table that wi empt reluctant appetite on the part of th who surround it. People who work out of doors, and ha plain food, and bring to it ravenous appetites, do not in how simple the fare may be, but those who need to be ar aded by delicate viands must have greater considera- on. One of the duties incumbent on the person who sup- lie he family table, is to think of the tastes of the different me bers of the group, and so arrange the daily menu that no shall have something that he or she enjoys.

Fa tine is the deadly foe of pleasure at the table. The ide at which three times a day the circle gathers, should be idedly a place of pleasure. One reason why grown pe evert so often in memory to the tables of their boy- ho and the cooking of their mothers, is because they ne brought to the table the boy's appetite, and the boy's ju ment. Yet we must admit that in days when the women of the house personally did the cooking, as they do not now, and when it was regarded as worth while to take pains, better food was served on the ordinary table than can be possible where the caterer thinks that anything will do.

"My husband is a perfect martyr to dyspepsia," said a lady the other day,

"What do you give him to eat?" was asked, and the reply was, "Oh, anything that is easiest to prepare. Usually I can buy things at the delicatessen shop, and bread and pies at the baker's. Living as we do, it is too much trouble to fuss about cooking."

Comment is unnecessary. The husband's indigestion was the direct result of the poor food served to save trouble. So far as economy is concerned, the amount to be paid to the doctor would soon counterbalance any saving in the case.

A lady was the other day pluming herself on the way in which she had secured handsome silk dresses for herself and her daughter. She said: "I saved those gowns from the table. I find that John and the children can get along just as well without beefsteak and mutton chops as with them, and I manage to get Dora's and my things out of the amount I cut off from the butcher and grocer." This, too, is a mistake on the part of the family caterer, who would better provide good food even if the wardrobe is plainer, and the family make a less brave show before the world. Strong minds need strong bodies to live in, and to do the world's work well we must have good food, and enough of it.

A FLEMISH LACE MAKER

The lace, like hoarfrost, grows beneath her hand.
For some great lady, princess in the land,
She makes the dainty scarf that shall outlast
Time and its changes, fair, when years are past.

Domestic Service in Russia

ALTHOUGH slavery no longer exists in the Czar's dominions, caste lines are almost as rigid and unbending as in India, and domestic servants are anything but free in reality. Engagements are made for a year. No servant will step so much as a hair's breadth out of his or her particular niche, in which, be it noticed, the responsibility for good work is strictly maintained. The footman never deigns to assist the butler. The lady's maid does not condescend to help the waitress or chambermaid. The laundress will not scrub a floor, nor will the charwoman wring a piece or draw a bucket of water for the laundress. The cook sticks to skillet and kneading bowl. If any one of the twenty to fifty employees in a great Russian household fails to do the work required, a report is at once made to the police, and an entry of this is inscribed in the records kept for the purpose. Middle class families keep from three to six servants. Servants with bad marks against them cannot obtain employment easily, as employers refer to the police records before making contracts.

At Easter every servant receives a present. Wages vary. A chef may receive a sum amounting from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year, but the usual maid-of-all work receives but twenty-five dollars for a twelve months' work, while sixty is a fair average sum.

The Fall Sewing

Only yesterday we got the spring sewing out of the way and here we are with the fall sewing staring us in the face.

"That child has outgrown every one of her last winter's frocks! They will have to be let down," exclaims the mother, surveying her daughter's inches with a rueful face.

Yet, fancy how dreadful it would be if "that child" at seven, had stopped growing for a whole year.

The truth is, the little people grow apace, and the proud mothers must sew for them. Why not be satisfied not to elaborate too much? Simplicity is the most beautiful quality in a child's dress, and winter clothes especially require very little in the way of superfluous trimming.

The thrifty woman, be it noted, is not the one who spends most time and energy in the lovely days of September and October, in sitting still and stitching. A truer economy will tend to make her lay up a good and plentiful amount of vitality, by staying out of doors, and deferring some of her work until rainy days come.

The Release of Mrs. Maybrick

When I read that at last the gates of her prison had been opened, and that Florence Ethel Maybrick had been set free, I thanked God. As Florence Chandler, a young girl of singular beauty, gayety and sweetness, this most unfortunate of women attended a famous school for young ladies in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was the daughter of a distinguished Southern family, with old traditions of the best our country has to bestow. When but eighteen, she was married in England to a man many years her senior, and one with whom she spent a most unhappy life. Convicted of his murder on circumstantial evidence of the flimsiest character, and tried before a judge who was soon afterward confined in a madhouse where he died, Mrs. Maybrick never had a fair chance to prove her innocence of the infamous charge against her. She was sentenced to death, and the sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. Fifteen years she has spent in prison. During this period her mother has never once intermitted incessant and strenuous efforts for her release and pardon. Prominent men and women on both sides of the ocean toiled for years in her behalf, sometimes injudiciously. The late gifted Gail Hamilton, sister-in-law of the late James G. Blaine, wrote open letters to Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, beseeching their aid, and monster petitions were sent to the Home Office, that this poor long-suffering American woman might be set free. The world moves after all.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—SENMAS. The Bible is the rule for daily life, but we cannot put our private interpretation on certain chapters, and then criticise our friends if they do not think and act as we do.

The Heart of the Adirondacks

By MARY BARTON COOKMAN

THE lover of nature and the mountain wanderer can find few better regions for enjoyment than among the Adirondack Mountains. There are many lovely lakes lying at the foot of these rugged hills. The shores of the lakes are being rapidly occupied with fine camps, and many of the visitors own

A ROW ON THE SILENT WATERS

steam launches. Nothing can be more delightful than a sail in one of these pleasure boats, as they afford a fine opportunity to see the landscape, enriched by the mysterious play of the clouds upon the mountains. Shadow and sunshine follow each other, a type of human life. Here, among the hills, one can gain new powers and health. The gorgeous sun, tints with its departing rays every mountain peak, and one feels that God has painted the sky as no artist could have done. Ruskin says, "No artist can reach his ideal, even in painting a tree, unless he is in sympathy with nature, and the very life of the tree seems to flow into his body, as well as through his brain." In this hill country, the spirit expands in delight and searches for the source of all this radiant beauty. Peace reigns, and one chants:

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

Immortality seems real, the Spirit feels in companionship with nature and God and rejoices in it. There are several entrances into the heart of the Adirondacks. One of these is through Fulton Chain of eight lakes. Leaving the train in the early morning, we find ourselves in the lake country. These lakes were named in honor of Robert Fulton, inventor of steamboats. They vary in size and shape, but are all of surpassing beauty. A sail through them can never be forgotten. From Fulton Chain, we go into Clear Water Lake; then, by a short railway, to Raquette Lake, where the traveler is allowed half an hour for breakfast. At this place we embark on a small steamboat, which carries us through some of the most picturesque scenery in the wilderness. Raquette Lake is one of the largest, and one of the highest in elevation above the tide, being 1,774 feet. It is twelve miles long and three miles wide. The little steamboat is not very rapid, as it requires two hours to traverse the lake. The change from a long night's travel in a sleeping car to these lovely lakes is full of enjoyment. Here is the stillness of nature, with no voice to disturb the thought, and the air is full of life. The whispering winds, the twittering of the birds along the shores of these leafy groves, remind us that we are nearer the heart of things, and the rest of spirit comes to us. We reach at the end lake what is called "a carry," which means that a short open car is to convey us to the next lake, which is Blue Mountain. The lake takes its name from Blue Mountain, a majestic dome, called by the Indians "The Hill of Storms," and which rises from the shores to a height of nearly four thousand feet above tide. Another steamboat meets us, and we glide under the shadow of these mountains. Reaching the end of the lake, we find a stage waiting to take us to Long Lake, twelve miles over a rough road but through a magnificent forest of trees. Part of the way is beside the shores of Long Lake, which is dotted with many beautiful islands. We reach the "Sagamore" Hotel about noon. It is situated on the edge of Long Lake, and in the outskirts of the village where lives Mitchell Sabattis, the only Indian in the Adirondack region, and whose father, Captain Peter, assisted in conducting Benedict Arnold and his army from the Kennebec to the Chaudiere, in 1775, to attack Quebec. At Long Lake, a private steam launch carries us eight miles down the lake to a luxurious camp called "Birch Point." As we approach, our launch glides in and out through the many islands scattered on every side. In the far-distance, the Ampersand lifts its lofty head, while near at hand Owl's Head and Buck Mountain look down upon us. Handkerchiefs are waving from the rustic porch of the pretty log house. As we approach the well built dock, a sail-boat and many row-boats lie in front of the boat and launch houses. On the other side of the Lodge, just beyond a beautiful sandy beach, is a camp made of logs and filled with sweet balsam boughs. This faces the lake. Here the campers, at night, gather around the fire and tell stories, amusing each other with singing and merry laughter, until a questioning voice says, Who wants to retire?

There is really no haste, as no one has anything to do but sleep before midnight or sunrise. We look out into the starlit sky, where the moon throws a line of silvery light upon the waters of the lake, and we think of the tired night workers in the crowded city. It is an hour to let the wind sweep all the cobwebs from one's tired brain. Each day brings new tramps in the woods and excursions on the lakes. Trout fishing is one of the sports. Very often it is necessary to go some distance on the trails of these private preserves, to find the best mountain trout. Guides are necessary, who know the path through the woods. They carry in hampers the food necessary for the party, also fishing lines and bait, with some cooking utensils. These trackless forests seem lonely, and at thought of

A CAMP AT LONG LAKE

being lost, one turns to their faithful guide with fresh interest. After tramping over fallen trees and through bogs we come to where a camp has been built for shelter. It is made of rude logs, but water-tight boats await us on the lake, and with fishing line, the business of "still" fishing is begun. Not a word must be spoken, and quick catching and landing of your trout makes the accomplished fisherman. Night comes on, and the work of the day serves for a meal in the evening, and then a bed of balsam boughs for tired bodies but rested brain. Two or three days are spent in a trip from Long Lake to Saranac Lake, or to Paul Smith's or Lake Placid.

The mountains, peak on peak, rise on every side, Owl's Head, Buck Mountain and the Ampersand in the distance. We start early in the morning for one of these excursions. The trusty guides row rapidly down the lake to a river, which seems so tranquil, and where, running close to the shore, we can put out our hands and gather mountain flowers and water lilies. Coming to a landing, the guides carry the boats on their heads to the next lake, while the party trudges on foot. A stop is made at a wilderness inn for dinner, and the quaint surroundings only add charm to the trip. With a fine appetite, one enjoys the repast, and does not envy a prince. After a short rest, the pleasant trip is resumed, and after passing through several small lakes, and another short carry, Upper Saranac Lake (called by the Indians "Lake of the Silver Sky") is reached. This lake has probably the greatest number of wealthy summer residents upon its shores. It is surrounded by mountain peaks. On a clear day, from the summit of White Fall Mountain, can be seen the waters of Lake Champlain, the Green Mountains, the St. Lawrence River, Lake Ontario, Lower Saranac Lake or "The Lake of the Clustered Stars." A climb up any of these high mountains to see the sunrise or sunset, will repay the lover of nature. We are told that the women of Greece went out to the sunrise, and, singing to the sun, prayed that their hearts might be satisfied; but we, who live in a Christian age, have clearer insight, a deeper knowledge, a more reverent idea of life. All worship must lead to Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. With God in the heart, every hilltop and valley becomes an altar. He alone can subdue the unrest of nations and the unsatisfied heart. When He reigns, peace like a dove will brood over this world. These memories of the "Heart of the Adirondacks," are recorded, in the hope of making others partakers of glimpses of God's beautiful world of nature.

"LONG LAKE," IN THE MIDST OF THE ADIRONDACKS

It is
ROYAL
Baking
Powder
that makes the
Delicious Biscuit
Griddle Cake
and Doughnut

WHAT'S THE USE
To Keep a "Coffee Complexion"

A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, muddy and yellow, but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.

"After I had used Postum a week I noticed much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

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THE RETREAT OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY

ACCORDING to the reckoning of Japanese military experts, the second stage of the great war drama in Manchuria has now been reached. After the defeat of the Russians at Liao-Yang (described in last week's issue), Gen. Kouropatkin, seeing his northern line of communications threatened, decided to retire upon Moukden, which he reached on September 8, with the main body of the army, after a continuous series of encounters with the pursuing Japanese. For a time it looked as though the command of Gen. Stachelberg, which composed the Russian rear-guard, would be surrounded and cut off, and it was only by the most desperate fighting that it reached a point of comparative safety. The course of the retreat was along the Mandarin road, one of the oldest highways in Manchuria, which had become a succession of mud-puddles owing to the heavy rains. Progress was slow; cannon and horses were mired, and much of the baggage had to be abandoned in the flight. On leaving Liao-Yang precipitately, the Russians abandoned great quantities of stores, ammunition, guns, rifles and wagons, and these, together with hundreds of other wagons left on the Mandarin highway, fell into the hands of the Japanese. Most of the guns were in serviceable condition. Another version of the evacuation says that the Russians succeeded in removing or destroying all the stores and ammunition, and that the Japanese only found four guns and two locomotives in the abandoned city.

Stereograph, copyrighted, 1904, by B. L. Singley

JAPANESE FIGHTING BEHIND ENTRENCHMENTS

That Liao-Yang was one of the world's greatest battles in point of numbers, is undisputed; but it was indecisive. Kuroki's flank movement, upon the success of which so much depended, failed to accomplish its principal object, viz: the cutting off of the Russian northerly line of retreat, although it compelled the evacuation of Liao-Yang after a struggle in which superb bravery was displayed on both sides. When the Japanese entered, they found trenches, shelters and paths filled with dead, while the hillsides were strewn with bodies, both Japanese and Russian, and dotted with clothing, rifles, and ammunition. After the evacuation, there began a series of attacks on Kouropatkin's retreating columns, which vividly recall the descriptions of the famous military retreats of former times, and especially that of the French from Moscow. Although defeated, the Czar's great army was not panic-stricken. Never did it become a straggling mass. Strung out over a length of fully fifteen miles, stripped of many of its guns and wagons, and with its men all worn and weak with long fighting, it marched on doggedly, confident that the genius of its commander would pull it through. Up to September 8, it was estimated that a grand total of 70,000 men had been killed or wounded since the first onset at Liao-Yang, the Japanese losses probably being more than half.

So skilfully did Gen. Kouropatkin conduct the retreat, and so stoutly did his troops resist the Japanese assaults, that it seemed probable that the strategic point—the narrow defile at Tieh-ling, north of Moukden—would be reached on time, and the Japanese checked and the railroad saved.

Moukden, where Kouropatkin's main army temporarily halted, while his advance guard continued northward, is now filled with wounded, who are being forwarded to Harbin, at the rate of eighty car-loads per day. At Harbin, hospital accommodations have been prepared for 40,000 wounded.

On Wednesday, Sept. 7, while Kouropatkin's rear-guard was still fighting its way many miles south of Moukden, the Russian troops in that city were attacked by Kuroki's forces. At this juncture the plight of the Russians was more desperate than at any time since the retreat began. It was known that a considerable force of Japanese was threatening Tieh-ling, and if Kuroki could succeed in that quarter, by combining with the Japanese column which had been marching parallel with the railroad on the west, the whole Russian army would be imperiled. The St. Petersburg War Office officials, however, believe that the Japanese are "too much exhausted to seriously threaten the line of retreat," and that for the present, the most serious difficulty Kouropatkin has to face is the condition of the roads. Kuroki and Kouropatkin have been marching northward along parallel lines, the Japanese in a rough region and the Russians along a flat country, but embarrassed by the high Chinese corn, which prevented marching on the side of the main roads.

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READY FOR AN ATTACK BY COSSACKS

No official news has yet come from Tokio regarding the Liao-Yang fight, Japan's capital, however, is celebrating the victory, and the Mikado has issued an address congratulating the army on its success. It is believed in Tokio that the Russians will not stop short of Harbin.

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"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Gala Day at Mont-Lawn

TWO hundred and forty-seven pairs of bright and eager eyes, are scanning the bit of road showing through the arches of trees, as it winds its way up the hillside to Mont-Lawn. The children are gathered in groups here and there, busy at their play, chattering and laughing in their delight. Some, walking up and down the gravel paths, some swinging and utilizing other methods for working off their childish exuberance found in the open air "gym," while others are grouped about a teacher, and still others are running about the nearby grassy fields, with the little forms darting hither and thither, clothed in thin, gayly-colored print dresses. But not many minutes elapse between visits to the spot where the bit of road can be seen, for this is a special occasion for Mont-Lawn; it is Saturday, and not only is Dr. Klopsch, the man with the "father-heart," whom all the children love, to come for his weekly visit, but a large party from the publishing and press-rooms of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are expected, and the little ones are on tip-toe of alertness, for it is a strange specimen of childhood to whom the word "party" does not carry suggestions of good times and good things.

"OTHERS ARE GROUPED ABOUT A TEACHLR"

By and by a soprano shout goes up. "Here they come," cry the children, as the loaded stages slowly wind up the hill. Then further watching and waiting for another glimpse, a little further on, then a concerted rush down toward Mont-Lawn's entrance, as the stages drive up. Such a welcome as greets them, such cheers, such shouts, such a polyglot of delighted expressions from two hundred and forty-seven little voices. Careless of horses' hoofs or carriage wheels, the children dance and skip about until they see their beloved Dr. Klopsch, then, like bees they swarm about the stage, clambering upon the steps, shouting in glee, hanging on wherever they can get a hold, some dropping off to make room for others, until, in triumphal, but very disorganized procession, stages, passengers and children, congregate at the entrance of the Main House.

Here Superintendent Collins and her staff bid the visitors welcome, and at stroke of gong all the little folks draw up in line, while they listen to a few words from the Doctor, who was fairly besieged as he concluded, and started to walk over to one of the other cottages. As he slowly moved along the walk, eager little hands grasped his arms and hands, the children ran before, behind, and on either side, a sweet, innocent "charge of the Light Brigade," and in their midst moved a happy, smiling man, with dark eyes alight, the love of little children shining forth and irradiating his whole countenance.

Where now is the burden of business cares, necessary to the development of this great work for children, which is only one of the many plans inaugurated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the benefit of the poor and helpless—slipped off and forgotten in the joy of this holiday with the children. "Are we going to have the bean game?" "Can we have the races?" These and a hundred other questions are answered, while other groups press closer, and still others surround them, until every child on the place seems in evidence. After dinner has been served and eaten with a relish in the dining tent, the children are persuaded that they must scatter about the grounds, while the guests are in turn invited to a plentiful and delicious meal. Many of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD employees had never visited Mont-Lawn before, but through the courtesy of the proprietor, a large number of the force now saw for the first time this beautiful Home, exquisite in every detail, from the grandeur of its setting, with the background of Rockland hills rising in protecting green, to the minutest item of home life, enjoyed by the thousands of children who have partaken of Mont-Lawn's hospitality since its establishment.

"I always knew this was a beautiful place, and a grand work," said one visitor, "but I never realized how lovely the site, nor how important the work, until now. It is one thing to read about Mont-Lawn, and quite another to see it, feel it, and know it. I shall never forget this day as long as I live;" and her sentiments were echoed by every one of the group she was addressing.

"And how much has been accomplished," said another, "since my last visit, four years ago; how many improvements have been made, all combining in such a grand whole for the uplift of the coming generation. The little children can never entirely forget what they see and hear at this Home; they must carry away enough good to influence them through all their future lives."

All through the delightful day children and adults were alike happy, and after the games on the lawn and singing exercises in the chapel were over, and the stages appeared to convey the guests away, everyone left with the regret that their visit could not be longer.

The departing guests were "sped" by hearty cheers from the children and pleasant good-byes from the staff of workers. A pleasant journey to the city ended a day long to be remembered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD employees, and never-to-be-forgotten by the writer, who was ONE OF THEM.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD acknowledges, with much gratitude, a contribution of One Thousand Dollars for the Children's Home Fund, by Miss C. L. D., of New York City. The children will rise up and call her blessed, indeed.

HIS GREATER TASK

Written after a visit to our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. See Mark 10: 16: "He put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

HE spake, and worlds began their march—
A task so small for His Almighty power,
His word could do it.
But when He would his greater task perform—
Childhood to bless—
His utmost reach of power was only fit.
He took them to His heart to bless.
Can we, whose life is joined to theirs, do less?
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PASTOR LING AND HIS FAMILY

A Typical Chinese Christian

IN a letter dated at Ing Hok, Dung Guok, China—(Everlasting Happiness, Middle Kingdom), Rev. Edward H. Smith, missionary of Foochow, writes:

"Not long ago, we received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a check to help in our work. Such gifts help the heathen, who, through your generosity, receive the Gospel and are taken out of heathenism, and leave off killing their little girls, abusing their wives, worshiping their idols, smoking opium, and doing all manner of sin that abounds in dark China. These are the things we see out here, and it makes our hearts glad to see the great changes that are going on in old China.

"We must train up the boys and girls who are to be leaders of their people. Here is one of our native pastors. Pastor Ling is my right-hand man. On his judgment and on his Christian character I lean without fear. He is the counselor of the churches, the helper of those in trouble and the friend and teacher of the highest families in the district city of Ing Hok. He is a mighty power for good in the whole of our Chinese country, which is as large as Connecticut.

"In the photograph there are also his wife and six children, four boys and two girls. This picture was taken the morning that the oldest son started to go to school, for there is no boarding-school in all our beautiful mountainous State, and he had to be sent a two days' journey down the river in a boat to Foochow, where he is now studying English and 'western learning' in our American Board Foochow College.

"Now, there are hundreds of such bright native boys whom we must train to be Christian teachers, preachers, statesmen, business men. We have land, and $600 already sent to us by the good friends in America to build our Ing Hok boys' boarding-school. Now if only you who read this have faith to see the great future that is before China, then you will want to have a share in planting this Christian academy on the hill at Ing Hok."

Our Guests at the Peace Conference

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 799

Boston churches will be devoted to the Peace cause. In the afternoon, large special meetings will be held at Tremont Temple and elsewhere. On Monday noon, at Tremont Temple, the Congress will be welcomed by the Mayor of Boston, the Governor of Massachusetts, and a representative of the National Government. Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, hopes to be present for this office. The deliberate meetings of the Congress will be held at Tremont Temple every forenoon during the week. In the evenings there will be public meetings at Tremont Temple, Park Street Church, the Old South Meeting House, and Faneuil Hall, devoted to the various aspects of the Peace and Arbitration cause. One meeting will be devoted to the Work and Influence of the Hague Tribunal (Hon. Andrew D. White presiding), another to the Reduction of National Armaments, another to Education, another to the Mutual Relations of Races, and others to the special interests of women (Mrs. May W. Sewall presiding), of Workingmen (Samuel Gompers presiding), and of Business-men. A reception for the delegates will be given by the Mayor of Boston. On Friday evening there will be a festival and dinner, with speeches. The afternoons will be devoted to social entertainments and excursions.

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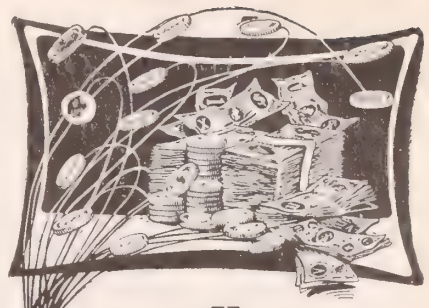

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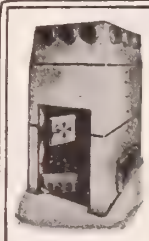

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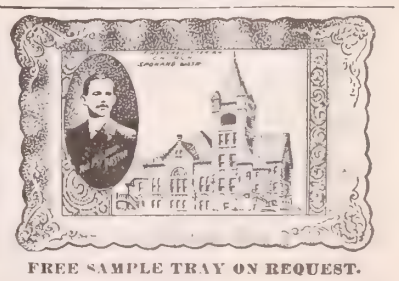

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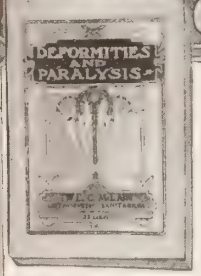

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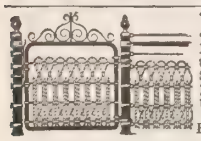

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SELF-ABNEGATION

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT is a mark of how really Elijah learned his lesson on Mount Horeb that he who had said, "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord" (I. Kings 18: 22), should have been so ready to anoint another to fill his place. John the Baptist said of the Lord Jesus: "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3: 30). Paul learned that he was the chief only of sinners; and our Lord taught that it is the first lesson of an apostle to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth [other] laborers into his harvest (Matt. 9: 37; 10: 1; Luke 10: 1, 2).

John the Baptist never announced himself, but his Master. Christ did not come to proclaim himself by making his voice heard in the streets; the Spirit of God does not testify of himself, but of Christ, and all that is of Christ within one shrinks from what seems very like boasting in some people, when they lightly, almost flippantly, will run through their experiences something like this: "I was converted at such a time, and wholly sanctified at such a time, and baptized with the Holy Ghost at such a time, and anointed for service at such a time, etc., etc. Some way one feels that the Holy, Holy, Holy God does not desire such recommendations, and that the broken and contrite heart, broken by the view of what it cost to redeem our souls, and the spirit failing before him, brings God much nearer to needy souls than this kind of testimony. Oh, what is needed is lives which savor of Christ, which bring him wherever they are seen; such as fear to grieve him, and are ever on the watch to know and to do his will. Elisha was such an one. "This is a holy man of God which passeth by us continually," said the Shunammite to her husband (II. Kings 4: 9).

Elijah was a man called by God to utter and to execute judgment for sin. Elisha, called equally by God, and clothed with a double portion of the same spirit, was a man of mercy. After the sons of the prophets in their unbelief that Elijah had been translated, had with fifty men sought three days for him, they returned to Jericho, and complained to Elisha of the bad quality of the water and the barrenness of the land—probably the result of the bad water; and Elisha said, "Bring me a cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." And the waters were healed. Thus Elisha began his separate ministry as God's messenger and instrument of blessing. There was no self-assertion in him, no saying, "I am a prophet of the Lord." It was the Lord who healed the waters.

And Elisha went from thence to Mount Carmel. We are not told the purpose of this journey, right across the land in a northwesterly direction over sixty miles. But when we remember what took place when, on that same mountain, the fire of God had fallen, and all Israel shouted, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God," one can well believe that the object of the prophet was to seek, alone with God, to enter into his thoughts for the full conquest of Baal-worship, against which, through Elijah, he had struck such a blow. Not less than that man of whirlwind, earthquake, and fire, was the whole soul of Elisha intent on the deliverance of his people from their bondage to idolatry. But God effects his purposes by different means and different instruments. One Christian worker can never do the exact work or fill the exact place of another; only God knows whom to use and how and when to use, those who place themselves at his disposal.

Filling Vacant Places*

GLADLY would we keep the leaders and teachers with us, but one after another passes away. Even the prophets did not live beyond their allotted span. Men who are sorely needed for the betterment of the world, who have done a noble work and seem capable of doing still more and better things, answer death's summons and leave their places vacant. Who is to fill them? Frequently the man called to the duty feels himself inadequate. The bereaved people perceive that he lacks the genius and the experience of his predecessor, but thankfully accept the best service he is able to render. It is seldom that the place is exactly filled, and it is sometimes well that it should not be. It is not imitators that are needed, but men retaining their own individuality, while being filled with the same spirit. Every man has his own way of working and methods which suit his special gifts. To change them for others that have been practised by a predecessor would often be unwise, even though the latter may have been successful in his hands. The prime need for the man who is called to follow a great leader is, that he be animated by the same motives, that he seek the same end, and have the same devotion to service. If he have those, he need not be concerned about following in his predecessor's steps. It may be that the old methods have served their purpose and a new departure will be beneficial. Or the situation and the environment have changed and a new way of proceeding is required. Moses having done his work that was necessary in his time is succeeded by Joshua, who is of a very different order. The lawgiver was needed in his day, but on entering the enemy's country the soldier's genius is required. So the work goes forward, and the ever-changing need demands a new kind of leader. The unchangeable requisites are obedience to God and consecration to duty.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Oct. 2. The training of men to succeed others. Deut. 34: 7:12; Josh 1: 1, 2.

The Sacred Writings*

BETTER advice than that the Apostle Paul gave to the young pastor, in the passage associated with the Topic, it would be impossible to conceive. There is a tendency to misuse the Bible by making it a fetish, that is almost as injurious as the tendency to disregard its teaching. The absurd literalism which places emphasis on injunctions, clearly temporary, and demands obedience to them; that discusses words and phrases of incidental importance, and draws inferences from the mere setting of a Parable or a prophecy—is among the vain babblings that the Apostle condemns. It is not long since a European preacher delivered a series of sermons to show the spiritual meaning of the setting of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, and drew lessons from the shape of the pillars and the texture of the curtains. How many sermons and arguments have been devoted to Melchizedek! How many to the nature of angels! How many to the origin of evil! Wasted time and effort are these, when the world needs the Gospel, and men are yearning to learn how to avoid sin, and how to live Christian lives. There are people who, being in perplexity about a duty, open their Bibles and take the first passage that meets their eye, as a direction. The course is silly and puerile. Not so did God intend his Word to be used. It was written for people in varied circumstances, and its teaching was given to people who needed that particular teaching at that particular time, but such teaching was not applicable to all people at all times. The people to whom Paul wrote, needed to be taught that faith was the essence of religion, while the people to whom James wrote, needed to be reminded of their practical duties. Both efforts were necessary, and they were consistent with one another, but through not recognizing the facts, how much dispute has been caused! The Bible should be read with intelligence as well as with reverence, otherwise mischief ensues.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Oct. 2. II. Timothy 2: 14-17.

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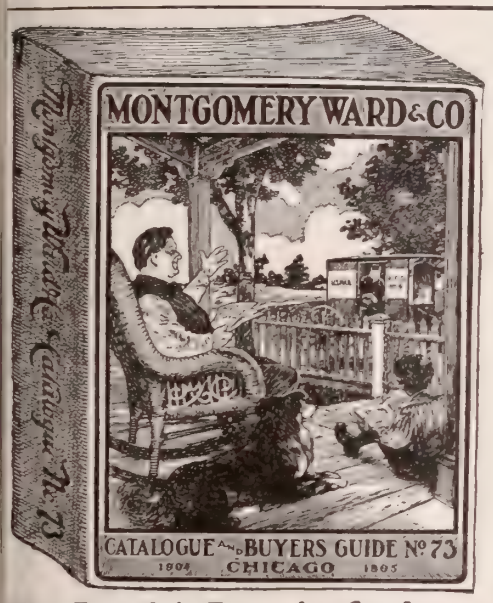

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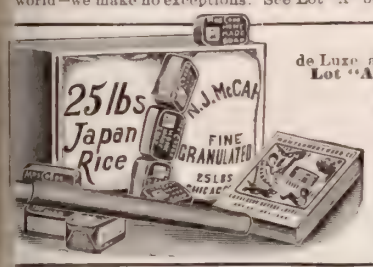

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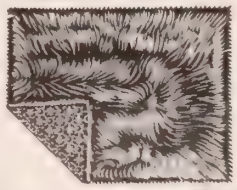

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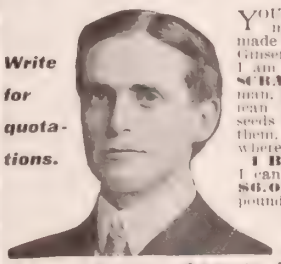

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Get the Best in Life--Give the Best to Life

The Woman With Health Enjoys Most, Does Most

The girl or woman who gets the best, the most out of life, whose every moment is filled to the brim with the joy, the happiness, the ecstasy of living, is the one blessed with perfect health, the possessor of a vigorous, well-kept body. She, too, is the one who gives to the world *the best—the most.* In her home, her family, among her friends and acquaintances, she is a pleasure and an inspiration. Every one with whom she comes in contact is brightened and bettered by her influence.

Every Woman Can Attain This

This complete enjoyment of life, this power to give the world your *best* is possible for you. There is no need, no reason why any woman to-day should be leading a wretched, unsatisfactory and unsatisfying life, the victim of ill-health or chronic ailment, vainly attempting to drug herself into a semblance of health. The future need not be one of despondency and hopelessness, of long years of weakness and suffering, when bloom, vigor, grace and charm have been lost. Abounding, vigorous, joyous health, with all it implies, will give one the fullest measure of happiness and helpfulness, —and it can be gained by simple obedience to Nature's laws.

I Have Brought Health to 9000 Women

Over 9,000 women within the past two years have realized life's fullest possibilities and exerted their fullest, widest influence, through my system of instruction by mail. They are free to-day from every weakness or ailment, their eyes are clear and bright, their complexion fresh, their cheeks rosy, their step buoyant and quick. Their thoughts are clear, stimulating, wholesome, while their graceful, rounded figures and distinguished bearing win attention everywhere.

Nature, Not Drugs

I have brought all of this about by teaching simply Nature's laws, strengthening the vital organs, the heart, lungs and nerves, by giving to each individual, the exercise, breathing, bathing and diet adapted to her individual needs and conditions. I have opened fields of enjoyment and accomplishment, not dreamed of before, to these 9,000 women, without the use of drugs.

What my work has meant to my pupils can best be shown by their own words. I can only quote from two or three recent letters.

"I have gained 12½ pounds in four lessons and I think I will gain more right along, as my stomach trouble is nearly well and my neck and chest are filling out beautifully."

"I have just finished reviewing my lessons and I have reduced 73 pounds."

"Miss Cocroft. We have won the battle! My bowels move regularly every day, have no headache since I last wrote you, and my nerves are so *strong.* You have done what doctors failed to do in twenty years."

One lady who had doctored for tuberculosis of throat and lungs writes me: "I look the best I ever did, my flesh is solid and I have ceased to worry about my lungs for I know they are well. You may refer anyone to me who doubts your ability to do what you say you will."

Testimonials Show This

I have testimonials by the hundreds from grateful pupils from all parts of the world, showing what I have accomplished. You are testing no theory and are not being experimented upon.

What Instructions Accomplish

I asked for only fifteen minutes of their day to accomplish this. I can and want to do the same for you, if you will but give me that fraction of an hour. I will Strengthen your Stomach and Nerves so that your food will nourish you. I will free your system of all impurities, by making Liver, Kidneys and Intestines do their proper work. Your Weak Heart and Lungs, your Headaches and Neuralgia, your Back Aches and Rheumatic Twinges will be but memories. I can reduce Prominent Abdomen and Hips or Build Up Thin Cheeks and Chests and give you a Rounded Symmetrical Figure—the improvement in every instance is permanent and lasting.

Personal Attention Given Every Pupil

As I give every pupil my personal attention, the number is necessarily limited. I never take a pupil, unless I feel positive I can help her. Write me fully, frankly of your special difficulties, tell me what you want to gain or change and I will tell you what I can do for you and send you letters from women whom I have benefited and relieved of similar ailments. I will send you, too, my booklet on how to stand correctly —every woman should have it.

Write To-day My Letter of Personal Advice and the Booklet are absolutely Free . . Write for them to-day.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 902, 57 Washington St., CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft attributes a great part of her success to her wide personal experience as President of the Extension Work in Physical Culture for eight years.

Victor Dog in Pure Gold

"His Master's Voice"

at the St. Louis Exposition

Tiffany & Company, the greatest goldsmiths of America, have made a gold model of the Victor trade-mark—the Victor Dog, with the original *Victor Talking Machine,*

Life-size in 24-Karat Gold

The work has been done in a manner worthy of the material and the subject, and can be seen all summer at the Victor exhibit at St. Louis.

The *Victor Talking Machine* is as good as gold. It is a musical instrument of the very highest order.

Victor Talking Machine Company Philadelphia

The original makers of the Gram-O-phone

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1904

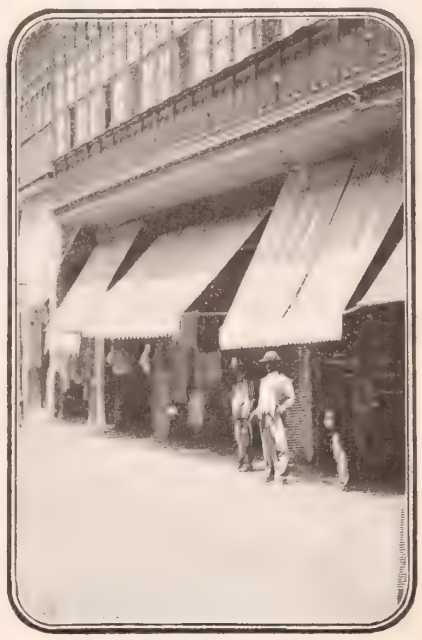
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

STREET SCENE IN LIMA

HERD OF SILVER-LADEN LLAMAS RESTING IN AN ANDEAN VILLAGE

TYPICAL PERUVIAN SHOPS



Peru Through American Eyes

Social Aspects in the Southern Republic----President Candamo and the Bible

N Peru, all questions were thrown in the background this month by the recent death of President Candamo, in Arequipa, whither he had gone to recruit his health. This sad event cast a cloud over the country. The nation, which was looking forward to a period of progress under his capable administration, unitedly mourned his loss.

President Candamo was neither a political intriguer nor a military dictator, but a private citizen, representing the best interests of the country. Before his election, he was President of the Chamber of Commerce of Lima. A tremendous outburst of patriotic feeling took place when he assumed the Presidential chair Rarely has Peru been more proud of her President, and "*Viva*, Candamo," "Long live Candamo," was on every lip.

Protestant workers in Peru are indebted to Senor Candamo for services rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty. When a consignment of Bibles, belonging to the American Bible Society, was locked up in the Callao Custom House, through the influence of priestly intolerance, Senor Candamo, as president of the Provisional Government in Lima, issued a decree liberating the Bibles. This decree, which he kindly allowed to go before the nation through the press, has served as a basis for Bible work and the extension of missionary enterprise in a country where an exclusive *regime* is in practice.

In September of last year, when Senor Candamo came into power, he removed the arbitrary veto of the Prefect of Ayacucho against the circulation of the Bible in that city, and ordered the Prefect to withdraw himself from harassing our colporteurs. Never before in the history of Protestant missions in Peru has such a telegram been dispatched from the supreme authority of the country, and never before has the telegraph been put to better use than in giving a mandate for a free circulation of the Bible. It was a red-letter day for Bible work in Peru.

In honor of Senor Candamo's exaltation to the Presidential chair, and in memory of important services rendered to our cause, the writer, accompanied by missionaries Cullen and Watson, presented him with a large Spanish Bible, bearing a suitable inscription. We were admitted past the guards to the elegant reception-room of the palace, and thence to his private office. We had a welcome reception from this distinguished gentleman, during which the writer addressed him briefly on the Bible and the Bible Society work. The President graciously accepted the handsome volume and, opening it, expressed his appreciation of it and of the sentiments of the address, and assured us it was his desire to see the Bible do all the good it could for his country. The Bible was then placed on the table of his elegant reception room in the palace.

The new Civil Marriage Act came from his administration, and although not perfect, marks an important stage in the outward march towards full religious liberty. It recognizes the fact that a man has a right to separate from Romanism and marry according to the dictates of his own conscience. A native Protestant Christian could not be legally married without the Roman Catholic ceremonies. Hitherto the authority to wed has been entirely with the Church. If a man was too poor to pay the fee demanded by the exacting priest, he could not be married, and the result was the creation of immoral conditions.

"Home, Sweet Home" is quite unknown here, in the sense it is understood in Protestant lands. The cause of this evil will probably be found in the fact that in the majority of cases the motive, love, which ought to prompt the marriage union, is absent, and has been replaced by passion or caprice, or in the fact that perhaps sixty per cent. of the people are living in concubinage and the children born out of wedlock. Home-life in Peru, for convenience, may be divided into two classes: that of the *caballero* (gentleman) and the *clase-obrera* (working class). The house of the rich, though badly ventilated and characterized by unsanitary conditions, quite a hundred years behind the times, is large and well furnished, yet is entirely lacking in that element which constitutes a home. The home of the working classes is such as to make the moral life of America an impossibility here. Before moral development is possible among the *clase-obrera*, better houses must be built, education advanced and hope inspired.

The supreme lack in the Peruvian home is the open Bible and the family altar. A picture of a saint and a crucifix, with an oil lamp burning dimly before it, are the paltry shrines which take the place of the living Word of God, which has made the homes of America and England what they are to-day. As we see the social conditions around us, we hope that the fire may never burn low on this sacred altar of the homes of America. May zeal and love and devotion to the Son of God and to the Word glow until the perfect day.

Callao, Peru. A. R. STARK.

PICTURESQUE SAN AUGAS CHURCH, LIMA

ORCHID-GATHERERS

THE CITY HALL OF LIMA

ESQUIMAUX COMING TO CHRIST

THE KOTZEBUE MISSION IN WINTER

FROM Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of the Friends' Mission, Kotzebue, Alaska, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter giving an interesting description of the work at that remote corner of the Christian mission field. This work is supported by the California Yearly Meeting of Friends. Mr. Thomas writes that one morning several months ago—while winter yet held the land in its grasp:

"My wife attempted to reach a native igloo to give assistance to a native mother and her newly-born child. Though the distance was less than thirty feet from our Mission home, yet she could not face the flying needles in the blizzard's breath, and had to return to the Mission. At such times one cannot see more than ten feet. But such weather is not always with us, and between storms people can travel about with the help of reindeer or dog teams. We were frozen in seven months, but we received eight mails from the outside, traveling to us a distance of some thousands of miles by dog sleds.

"Yet the dear Master more than repays for all this isolation in the joy He gives us from time to time to see Esquimaux born again. We visited a village of about sixty inhabitants, almost one-half (the younger generation) having confessed Christ at previous meetings. After a fifteen-mile ride over the ice behind our faithful dogs (which we use for short distance traveling), we reached our destination, crawled through a long entrance-way, twenty-six inches in height, and found ourselves in a semi-underground chamber, about twenty

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS

feet square. There was only one window—a hole covered with seal membrane—and it was situated in the roof. The room was dimly lighted by candles and native seal-oil lamps. Around the missionaries the children gathered and lustily sang the songs of Zion, while the unbelieving old people stood about and listened. God's message was interpreted by two boys, the old people interrupting with many questions.

"One old man—a *shaman*, or medicine man—father of one of our interpreters, sprang into the centre of the room, talking loudly and swinging his arms wildly, and

ESQUIMAUX BOYS IN THEIR "KAYAKS"

beating his breast. The lad turned to us and s[illegible] said, 'Our parents don't believe in Jesus.'

"Passages of scripture were read, questions [illegible] prayerfully answered, and very soon the old *sha[illegible]* was upon his knees. Soon twenty-nine old pe[illegible] were earnestly seeking the 'Pearl of great price.' [illegible] were prayed and dealt with. After a blessed ser[illegible] lasting more than three hours, and wrapped in our [illegible] and blankets, we sought rest and slumber on the [illegible] of the house.

"We arose at five a.m., breakfasted, visited at [illegible] native house, and we sang and prayed for an old gr[illegible] mother, who had not been present the previous eve[illegible] The aged woman accepted Christ as her Saviour, [illegible] at nine o'clock, a.m., every native in the village [illegible] present for another spiritual feast. Five others, [illegible] only remaining sinners in the village, gave their h[illegible] to God. When we left, in the midst of a baby bliz[illegible], to keep an engagement in another village for that e[illegible]ing, we had the joy of leaving behind us a villag[illegible] three-score Esquimaux—every one of whom was a [illegible]fessed follower of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

"We have at present above five hundred membe[illegible] good standing in our church book here, at Kotze[illegible]. Pray that not only may these be kept true, but [illegible] others may be gathered into the fold. We ha[illegible] seen a case of drunkenness, or even known of an E[illegible]imaux here taking a glass of liquor during the past [illegible] and a-half. Blessed, isn't it! For this people, be[illegible] they became 'Jesus men' and 'Jesus women,' were [illegible]firmed and habitual drunkards."

A FOUNDER OF MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

IN the mountain region of the Southern States there are nearly three hundred counties, called "Pauper counties," because there is no law by which a school tax can be levied. Nearly thirty years ago, the Rev. A. A. Meyers began a work among the natives of this locality, beginning by riding for six months, through county after county, until he selected Williamsburg, Kentucky, as the most suitable place in which to commence a permanent work. No church had ever graced this county seat, although for seventy-two years the court-house had stood there, and there were over eighteen thousand inhabitants. No missionary society could be found that would furnish the necessary funds, so Mr. Meyers bravely set to work among the citizens of the town, and so well did they respond that he soon collected over thirty-two hundred dollars, with which a church was built.

How it was built is a most interesting story. The lumber used went through a long, wearisome process before the work of building could be commenced. First, the timber must be felled in the forest, then the logs were rolled down the side of the mountain, drawn by oxen to the river, on which the logs were floated, several miles to the mills. After the edifice was completed, a bell was bought, and so enthusiastic were the people, that before hanging in the belfry it was put on a dray, drawn by a yoke of oxen through the streets, one man guiding the team, while two others rang the bell. This bell was the first that ever rang out a Gospel welcome in Whitley County, Ky.

When Mr. Meyers first began work in this locality, whiskey was sold everywhere, and caused untold suffering and crime. Human life was held very cheap. Now, Whitley County is strong for prohibition, every saloon in the town of Williamsburg having been broken up, under the local option law. In various ways the people were encouraged to help themselves. A school was established, and now Williamsburg Academy stands second to no school of its kind in the region.

Mr. Meyers had not only grace, but grit, and he scorned not to work with his own hands, hauling school-desks and other material over roads, which were roads only in name. At this time he was not only pastor and temperance lecturer, but he served as general manager and builder. Faithfulness and perseverance brought success to a task which seemed at first almost hopeless. He felt that these people had been passed by, and he ministered faithfully unto them, receiving no salary, but rejoicing that he could do anything for the sake of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Now he is happy in the knowledge that there are many young men and women, numbers of whom were poor girls and boys from cabin homes, now filling good positions: as judges, school-teachers, and ministers of the Gospel, who got their first start in this timely Christian seat of learning at Williamsburg.

With the help of the American Missionary Society, other churches, missions, and schools were opened. Sixty miles east of Williamsburg, Mr. Meyers found a new field in and about the famous Cumberland [illegible], Tenn., in the district where now stands the fa[illegible] Lincoln Memorial University. In the little village a[illegible] time there were only about three hundred inhabit[illegible], but seventeen saloons flourished among this handf[illegible] people. There was not a church or school of any [illegible], and the first meeting was held in the National Ceme[illegible]. Not being able to procure a dwelling for a home, [illegible]. Meyers went to work one Monday to build one, an[illegible] Saturday night he moved into a house which had [illegible] just sixty-nine dollars. He next built a church o[illegible] his own small means, and started a school, in w[illegible] every seat was taken on the morning of its ope[illegible]. This little beginning developed into what is now k[illegible] as the large, graded Harrow School. Its home is [illegible] hill, in a beautiful building, purchased fourteen years [illegible].

Mr. Meyers also founded and opened a hom[illegible] homeless girls, where they can find both shelter [illegible] training. One of the districts where this tireless [illegible] worked was called "The Lower Regions." While [illegible]tling against liquor in this place, a young mountai[illegible] said, "You may vote it out o' the rest o' the county [illegible] you'll never git it out o' the Lower Regions."

"No," said the enthusiastic temperance man, "[illegible] not want to vote it out of the Lower Regions, but [illegible] going to do my [illegible] to have it all [illegible] into the Lower [illegible]gions," and in [illegible] spirit he wor[illegible] through opposi[illegible] until whiskey [illegible] voted out of t[illegible] eight counties i[illegible] State.

Mr. Meyers is [illegible] absorbed in e[illegible]lishing an instit[illegible] planned especia[illegible] help the wome[illegible] the mountains. [illegible] has an able co-w[illegible]er in his wife, for[illegible] Miss Grace Fu[illegible] well-known Chri[illegible] worker laborin[illegible] the same field.

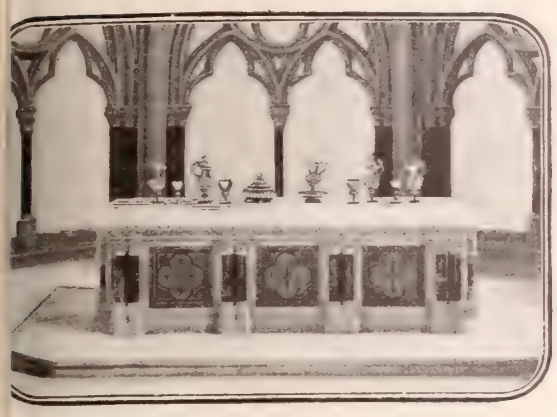
REV. A. A. MEYERS

THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

MRS. MEYERS

Speyer's Great Cathedral Dedicated

A DAY OF JUBILEE ATTENDED BY LUTHERANS FROM MANY LANDS -- THE LUTHER STATUE UNVEILED

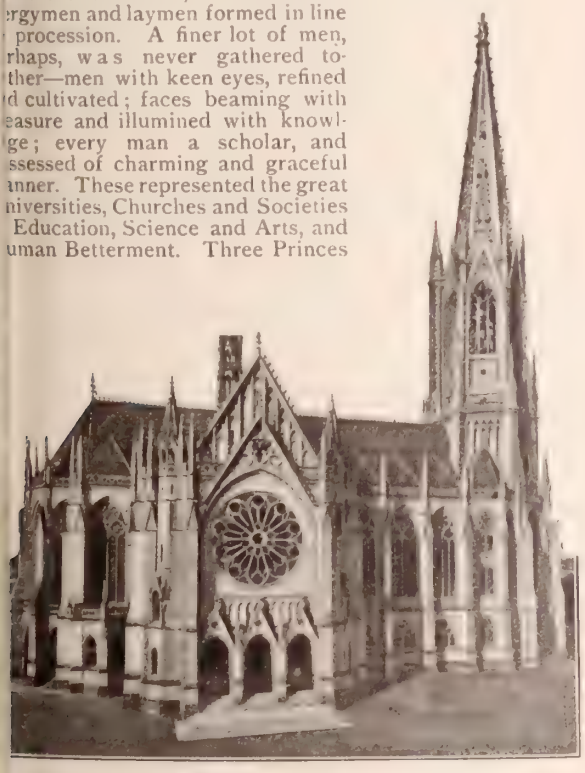


THE ALTAR AND COMMUNION SERVICE

AUGUST 31, 1904, will forever be a memorable day for Speyer, the ancient Bavarian city at the confluence of the Speyerbach with the Rhine. On that gala day, in the presence of assembled thousands, was dedicated the magnificent new memorial Cathedral, and the fine statue of Martin Luther was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. The whole event passed delightfully, and the venerable city, bedecked at every available point with evergreens, flags, and bunting, was a pleasant sight. For days the city had been filling up with guests. Train after train poured in more, to swell the already large number of visitors; and on the auspicious day of the celebration, the streets were packed with the multitude. It was a perb day—clear and bracing—and the people were full of happiness and enthusiasm. Very notable was the gathering which met to dedicate this new church. Besides the princes of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, Reuss and Sachsen-Meiningen, nine other sovereigns and their representatives, and there were many others with decorations indicating their high rank. Besides the ecclesiastical dignitaries, nobility, and statesmen, and high officers, there were the great leaders of the German Universities, and officials from the free Hanseatic towns, and the frontier cities, whose representatives had joined the historic protest at Speyer. It was a famous assemblage, and one not soon to be forgotten.

Writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the celebration, Mr. Charles J. Schlegel, one of the guests who participated, says:

"In the afternoon, a multitude of clergymen and laymen formed in line for procession. A finer lot of men, perhaps, was never gathered together—men with keen eyes, refined and cultivated; faces beaming with pleasure and illumined with knowledge; every man a scholar, and possessed of charming and graceful manner. These represented the great Universities, Churches and Societies of Education, Science and Arts, and Human Betterment. Three Princes



THE NOBLE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SPEYER

represented the Kaiser, there were Dukes, and many others whose decorations betokened their high order."

Americans were well represented in this gathering, and when the great procession moved, the United States delegation occupied a prominent position in the line. As the long column arrived at the church entrance, a covered figure was observed in the foyer, draped in an American flag.

THE LUTHER STATUE

In the hall of the Memorial Church at Speyer

Prof. Guembel, the principal member of the Building Committee, delivered the opening address, and was followed by a brief speech in German, by the Rev. Dr. D. Pister, of Cincinnati, O. Rev. Dr. Hamma, of Washington, D. C., made some appropriate remarks in English, and was in turn followed by Ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who made an eloquent and impressive speech in German.

Prof. Guembel again took the platform, and delivered a glowing eulogy on Luther and his work. Then, raising his voice, he cried aloud: "Great man of God, appear!" and the drapery which covered the statue at that moment dropped, and the strong and noble lineaments of the great Reformer were exposed to full view. An electric thrill seemed to pass through the vast assemblage; music burst forth, and the grand choir of 200 men and 80 women, accompanied by an orchestra of 30 pieces, swept the place with a flood of song, that was a fitting climax to a glorious ceremony.

Speyer is noted in ecclesiastical history for the meetings held there by the great leaders in the Reformation. The first diet was held in 1526. The political situation at that time being very trying to the German Emperor, the religious question was left to the States to manage, as they could best defend before God, until a council, ecumenical or national, should finally decide. The second diet was opened March 15, 1529, under very different circumstances. Francis I was suing for peace, and the Turkish hordes had retired. The Roman Catholic majority consequently decided that the mass should be restored wherever it had been abolished, that a rigid censorship of books should be established, and that every preacher who did not recognize the Real Presence in the sacrament should be excluded from the pulpit. Against these decrees the evangelical minority entered a formal protest, whence their name "Protestants." The protest set forth that the evangelical princes and estates could not sanction the revocation by a party vote of the recess passed unanimously at the last diet; that their opponents had conceded the correctness of evangelical teaching in many points, and could not therefore require its rejection by those who now receive it. In the event that the recess of the former diet should, nevertheless, be recalled by the partisan majority, the signers protested before God that, for themselves and their people, they would "neither consent nor adhere in any manner whatever to the proposed decree in anything that is contrary to God, his holy Word, our right conscience and the salvation of our souls, and the last decree of Speyer." This protest was signed by John, elector of Saxony;

1 Philipp von Schwaben 3 Adolf von Nassau
2 Rudolf von Habsburg 4 Albrecht von Oesterreich

STONE SCULPTURES IN THE GREAT CATHEDRAL

Georg, Margrave of Brandenburg, and his brother William; Philip, Landgrave of Hesse; Dukes Ernest and Francis of Luneburg, and Wolfgang, Duke of Anholt. Besides the princes, the representatives of fourteen imperial cities also signed the protest, and then quitted the city.

The work of the Wittenberg monk had already borne good fruit. What Peter and John had said once to the Council of Jerusalem: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye," was again exemplified at Speyer. Luther's deed at Worms, grateful Germany has immortalized in the great Luther monument erected in that city. Could and should the protest at Speyer be forgotten? Worms, where Luther once uttered those immortal words: "Here I stand, I cannot otherwise; God help me, Amen!" had its memorial. And Speyer, the baptismal font over which the evangelists received the new name of "Protestants," would certainly not be left without a monument expressive of the gratitude of Protestant Germany. Nearly fifty years ago, on September 19, 1856, a few gentlemen met to consider the plan of repairing of Trinity Church, which was built after the fire of 1689. At this meeting, instead of repairing the old church, the Rev. Boersch, member of the Consistory, suggested that more money be expended and that they build a beautiful church, which at the same time could be a memorial of the diet of 1529.

The plan was accepted, and the Protestants of 1529

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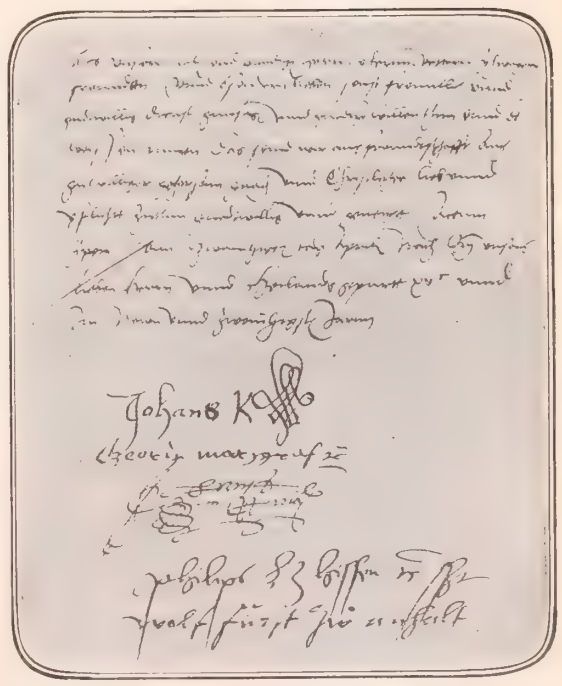

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF THE PROTEST AND SIGNATURES

This manuscript, now nearly four centuries old, is almost indecipherable. The signatures are those of John of Saxony, Georg of Brandenburg, William of Brandenburg, Philip of Hesse, and Wolfgang of Anhalt.

EXALTED OVER ALL

A Sermon Preached at Ocean Grove by Rev. William Potts George, D.D., LL.D.*

MANY devout Unitarians, like Dr. Channing and others, have hesitated to give supreme honors to the Lord Jesus Christ, because they imagined that somehow or other such honors derogated from the adoration due to the Father alone. Such was not the view of St. Paul in our text. In this sublime passage, wherein Jesus Christ is exalted to the highest dignity possible or thinkable, such exaltation is said not to detract from but to add to the glory of the Father—so that they "who honor the Son, honor the Father also"—and, with this view, we select for the closing service of the Ocean Grove season of 1904 this magnificent passage, which, like a bow of promise, is set in the clouds, as a pledge and covenant of peace.

The text is a *multum in parvo*, a compendium of Christian doctrine, which has always been, and we hope ever will be, the staple of Ocean Grove's teaching. It is an epitome of God's plan of salvation, a history of the living link that unites humanity with Deity. It spans the heavens! It overarches the eternities! It is electric with the good news that rings from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven again, as it tells the story that thrills the universe with joy—the old, old story, ever new, of God's design to save the human race, that had its origin in the divine counsels before the foundation of the world, its history in the events recorded in the four Gospels, and its glorious consummation when, at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

What great doctrine or teaching of Christianity does not this text contain? It tells of

The pre-existence of Christ.
His equality with God.
His estimate thereof.
His voluntary self-emptying.
His holy incarnation.
His deep humility.
His perfect obedience, even to the death of the Cross.
His resurrection and ascension.
His exaltation in the heavens.
His pre-eminence in all things.
His acceptance of universal worship.

And the co-working of it all for the glory of God the Father.

To preserve order in our exposition it is necessary to deal primarily, as does St. Paul, with the exhortation. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ"—the mind or spirit which led him to divest himself of pre-existent splendor and touch the deepest depths of humiliation for the sake of others.

Mutual Helpfulness

There are two aspects in which it is possible for us to look upon our "generation." The fifteen hundred millions who are our living contemporaries, or all those whom we influence for good or evil in our span of life. There is the centripetal or selfish aspect, in which we regard these multitudes as existing for our personal benefit as so many units to be pressed into our individual service. And there is the centrifugal or self-sacrificing aspect, in which we regard them as so many units to be blessed and benefited by our life of service. The results of both aspects may be similar, but the motives that prompt them are wide asunder as the poles. The centripetal motive is mean, dwarfing, petty, selfish. The centrifugal motive is broad, world-embracing and Christlike. David "served his generation by the will of God," and all succeeding ages sing his psalms and call him blessed. The Master came not to be "ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life as an offering for many." These two should be our examples in forming our life programme. The world is serving us—for, as the ships sail over the sea, it brings us products of other lands. The keels of commerce cut the oceans, and, as Sidney Smith said, the world must be circumnavigated before the washerwoman can have her breakfast. For us the miner delves, the farmer ploughs, the forester hews, the mariner sails, the soldier fights, the artist paints, the poet sings, the philosopher thinks, the preacher preaches, the editor writes, and the scientist discovers. For all them we, too, are doing something.

Do it with a centripetal motive and you develop a selfish character. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Live centrifugally and you develop the Christian character, for the essential difference between the Christian and the worldling lies just here, in the Greek idea of self-culture or the Hebrew and Christian idea of self-sacrifice, or, better still, the highest self-culture by the sublimest self-sacrifice, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

He was in the "form of God." That God is spirit without form, parts or body, is one of the primal truths of Christian revelation. The term form, cannot, therefore, refer to external likeness, but to inward image, spiritual nature, likeness in moral and spiritual attributes, the mind and spiritual disposition of the divine Being. Were I to say of King Edward or Kaiser Wilhelm that they had the form of a king, it would signify that they are clad in the robes of royalty, wield the sceptre of royalty, wear the crown of royalty, sit upon the throne of royalty and exercise the prerogatives of royalty. So of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had the form of God, had the nature of God, and was robed in the splendor, glory and majesty of God.

A Glorious Pre-Existence

These are not necessarily associated with body any more than personality is associated with a body, as so many misunderstand it. Personality signifies simply self-consciousness and self-determination—I am, I do—and these we affirm of the unseen Spirit, God, as in the Epistle to the Hebrews it is affirmed that Jesus Christ is the "brightness," the effulgence or outshining of the Father's glory and the "express image of his person." The Lord Jesus Christ had this, and was conscious that he had it. When Philip (John 14) asked him, "Show us the Father," he answered, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He told Nicodemus, "No man hath ascended into heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." The Jews took up stones to stone him, because in his affirmation, "Before Abraham was, I am," he had taken to himself the title of the self-existent Jehovah of the Burning Bush, and in his high priestly prayer (John 17) he said, "Father, glorify me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

REV. WILLIAM POTTS GEORGE, D.D.

This equality with the Father does not exclude the idea of subordination to the Father. In I. Cor. 15: 8, St. Paul tells of an exception to the "all things put under his feet. He is excepted who did put all things under him; and when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that did put all things under him, that God may be all in all." There is equality in nature and subordination in office. The dauphins of France, the Princes of Wales in England, the Crown Prince in Germany, have the same blood royalty and nature as the reigning monarch, but are subordinate in office.

The Son of God, in his prayers and sayings, recognises this subordination, while he insists on his equality. But how did he estimate this equality? Literally as a "thing not to be grasped at"—not to be seized, apprehended, held at all hazards; but looking at the things of others, he let it go. He held it, knew he held it, but voluntarily he emptied himself thereof.

The Humiliation of Death

But for this he "became obedient to death." This was his greatest humiliation, for nothing in this world is so humbling to man as death. Speak of it as lightly as you will; cover it with flowers; lavish around it all the beauties of the gorgeous sepulchre; write poetry on it, nay, comfort yourself with the consolations of scripture. Still, as James Russell Lowell wrote over the grave of his infant daughter:

> Console if you will, I can bear it,
> 'Tis a well meant alms of breath;
> But not all the preaching since Adam,
> Has made death other than death.

But there are different kinds of death. There is death in the holy chamber, where the good man dies full of years and honors, surrounded by sorrowing friends and kinsmen, who perform for him the last sad offices, smooth his pillow as the soul bids farewell to the tenement and silently steals away to its better h above. Then comes the beautiful death of Alfred nyson, with his hand on the *Cymbeline* of Shakespe thus uniting the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries the bridge of moonbeams showed the way for hi meet his pilot face to face, when he had crossed bar. There is the hero's death on the battle-fiel Wolfe at Quebec, leaning on his elbows heard, "T flee! they flee!" "Who flee?" "The French!" and s "I die content, knowing the western world is won Anglo-Saxon, and not Latin civilization."

There is death in the pursuit of science, as with F cis Lord Bacon, who died in making an experimer stuffing a fowl with snow, and went out of the world cause of his persistent working for the world's be ment. Franklin, in the Arctic snows, and Gordon Livingstone in the African desert, died sure of t country's appreciation and posthumous fame.

In Anguish and Shame

When you go to Oxford, you will pause in the of Colleges to gaze on the Martyrs' Monument, ere at the place where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley burned to death three centuries ago, for consci sake. On this very spot, where, at that time the howled and the fagots crackled and the fire bur the marble stands to-day, and as you gaze, you r the words of Latimer, "Master Ridley! play the By the grace of God we will light a candle in Eng to-day, which shall never be put out." And, thank that candle is burning still. But to die at the hanc the hangman is far different.

But the death of the Lord Jesus Christ was w than hanging. It was the death of the Cross, a d between two robbers, a death of physical and me agony and horror worse than tongue can tell or describe.

Can humiliation further go? It was the crimi death, the felon's death, the murderer's death. He by the sentence of Jewish Sanhedrin and Roman curator amidst the supernatural darkness and desertion of Deity, with the wailing cry, echo through the universe, "My God! My God! Why thou forsaken me!"

That was his cry, and the howling execrations coarse ribaldry of the mob, and the taunts of his pe cutors were the only audible answer. This was death to which our beloved Saviour, the Co-equal of Father, became obedient—the death of the Cross you and me.

Wherefore, because of this God hath highly exa him. The exaltation follows, and is a result of humiliation. Because he stooped so low, he stand high. Because he emptied himself of pre-existent g "it has pleased the Father that in him should all ful dwell." The slave of earth becomes the Sovereig the skies! The carpenter wins the Kingship! Crucified of Calvary wears the crown of conquest. hand that held the fragile reed now wields the unive sceptre. The crown of thorns is changed to n crowns of glory.

Universal Supremacy

God hath highly exalted him; how high God knows. He said himself, that now after the resu tion all authority is given unto him both in heaven earth. In "all things he has the pre-eminence." H the head over all things to the church which is his b the "fulness of him that filleth all in all." On his ves and on his thigh there is a name written, "King of k and Lord of lords"—King over the material, me moral, and spiritual universe. King in heaven, King in earth! King in time, and King in eter King over his friends, who kiss his sceptre; King his foes, who lick the dust beneath his feet. King the titular, and King over the real kings of earth. H over the Cæsars, and Alexanders, and Napoleons, Charlemagnes, and Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns, Guelphs, and Romanoffs. King over the Cecils, Richelieus, and Bismarcks, and Gladstones, and W ingtons, and Franklins, and Shakespeares, and Hon and Dantes—King in all realms! King of kings, Lord of lords.

How much greater is the present exaltation tha pre-existent glory, who shall say? There are n crowns upon his brow now in many fields of conq But he has won a new title in the universe, tha Saviour, because he has saved a world that had reb against authority, and has opened the way for retu God of a world that had wandered from the pat rectitude and virtue.

Because of this he has now the name which is al every name. If you ask what name is this, I ans there is only one, the name given by Gabriel to M in the hour of his conception. "Thou shalt ca name Jesus, for he shall save his people from sins." There are many names by which he is calle the Old and New Testaments. As Captain of the L Host, he was revealed to the children of Israel. Is

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* Text: Phil. 2: 5-11, R.V. "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant," etc.

World Congress on Sunday Rest

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts

Hon. John Wanamaker

THE CASCADES AT THE HALL OF FESTIVALS

Mrs. Margaret Sangster

Dr. Edward Thomson

ONE of the most important movements of modern times is that which is to be considered at the Congress to be held in connection with the Universal Exposition at St. Louis, Mo., October 11–14. It is an effort reaching out to all the Christian countries of the world, to promote the observance of the Weekly Day of Rest. Nearly a year ago, many prominent Christian people in this country realized that the assembling at St. Louis, this year, of so many representatives of foreign lands, presented an opportunity for arousing public opinion throughout the world on this momentous subject. It was felt that such an opportunity should not be neglected. A meeting was accordingly held in New York, of the officers and members of various Sunday Associations, to arrange plans for the assembling of an International Congress to take the whole subject into consideration. Communications were addressed to the Directors of the Exposition, who approved of the project, and courteously consented to facilitate it. At the meeting, an Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. Martin D. Kneeland, of the New England Sabbath Protective League, Chairman; Mr. William S. Hubbel, of the New York Sabbath Committee; Mr. Alexander Jackson, of the Cleveland Sunday Union; Mr. James Yearance, of the American Sabbath Union; and Dr. Edward Thomson, of the Sunday League of America, Secretary.

J. G. SHEARER

An Organizing Committee was also appointed, consisting of representatives of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the International Bureau of Reform, and nine organizations which are working in various parts of the country for the better observance of the Lord's Day. With these two committees a third is co-operating in St. Louis, which consists of the pastors of all denominations, and twelve prominent laymen of that city, to whom is committed the task of making local arrangements. The Committees were authorized to invite special delegates to attend from foreign lands, to report on the movement for Sabbath observance in their respective countries, and to suggest plans for making the movement world-wide.

Among the distinguished men who have already signified their intention to be present and participate in the deliberations, are Dr. John Stoecker, Court Preacher to the Emperor of Germany; President Matteo Prochet of Italy; President I. W. La Fetra, of Chili; President M. T. Scott, D.D. of Lucknow, India, and Mr. Carl M. Ferreri, of Rome. Besides these, the Minister of Justice and Religion in Spain has promised to send a representative, as has the Prime Minister of Holland. Mons. Deluz, of Geneva, the Secretary of the International Federation for Sunday Rest in Europe, has undertaken to send a paper on the subject to be read at the Congress, which is sure to contain valuable information. Many other eminent persons, representing in all no less than thirty-five distinct nationalities, have accepted the invitation to the Congress, thus giving it a literally international character.

An honorary Committee has since been formed of prominent citizens of our own land, who have thus given practical approval of the objects aimed at by the Congress. Among these are Ex-President Grover Cleveland, and the Governors of Ohio, California, Michigan, West Virginia, Nebraska, North Carolina, Virginia, Maine, Delaware, Idaho, South Dakota, Vermont, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, and a number of U. S. Senators and Congressmen.

It is extremely gratifying to find that men so eminent in public life and so justly honored for their high civic services, are interested in this great movement, and are thus testifying their concern for the keeping of the Lord's Day. If the Congress accomplished nothing more, it has done valuable work in thus eliciting from persons so influential, a statement of their attitude in reference to the weekly day of rest.

The fact that the Directors of the Universal Exposition at St. Louis, have placed at the disposal of the Congress, for the sessions, the Hall of International Congresses, and for its mass-meeting, the magnificent Hall of Festivals, a building capable of seating four thousand persons, is an evidence of their attitude on the subject. It is also authoritatively announced that a prominent journal was in error, when it declared that a proposal had been adopted to have the Exposition open during certain hours on Sunday. Dr. Thomson states definitely and emphatically that the officials of the Exposition "have never entertained the idea of Sunday opening."

The declaration of principles on which the Congress is based contains the statement: *First*—That its aim is "to promote among Christians the sense of the Divine purpose of the Sabbath and to secure its conscientious observance, hoping thereby to overcome the influences which now threaten to destroy this blessed rest-day.

"*Second*—That while the State can not and should not enforce or interfere with the religious observance of Sunday, yet the weekly rest-day exists also as a civil institution, maintained by law and custom and vitally related to the well-being of individuals and of society, and to the stability of free institutions. The aim of the Congress is to promote among all classes such a true understanding of its value to themselves, to their families, and to the State, as will lead them to resist whatever tends to deprive them of it, and to sustain the just laws which protect their right to it."

We are justified in hoping from such an assembly the best results. Here, no less than in the Old World, there has been observed of late years a growing tendency to secularize the day, making it one of pleasure and social amusement. This tendency is not only reprehensible in itself, and a perversion of the purpose for which God gave it to the world, but it leads to the turning of the day to business purposes, involving the loss of the weekly rest-day, to, first, the workers contributing to the amusements, and, afterwards, of the employees in stores and factories. Every working man in the world has, consequently, a personal interest in protecting the day from desecration, apart from his religious principles. We trust that on all grounds the Congress will result in the toning up of public opinion on the matter, and the better observance of the day the world over.

EXALTED OVER ALL

Continued from Preceding Page

fys his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, e Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of ace. The same prophet calls him Emmanuel, God th us, and St. John speaks of the divine Logos or ord, which became flesh and dwelt among us. But sus is the name high over all. It is "at the name of sus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." It is a poor and puerile interpretation to limit this iversal homage to mean merely a slight genuflexion the mention of Jesus in the Apostles' or Nicene eed. The worship given to Jesus Christ takes a der sweep and broader scope than this. It is a unirsal homage. It is an eternity of worship. It is an knowledgment forever and ever more of the preinent and merited supremacy of the God-man Jesus rist.

It began this bright Sunday morning in the islands the far Pacific, and was sung in Australia, New aland and Fiji. It swept across Japan and China d Manchuria, where the dusky Orientals are fighting e battles of civilization. Northern Siberia, in the ows, and India and Burmah, in the tropics, have ard and sung the glad evangel. Africa, the Dark ntinent, has rejoiced in the light of the world, and ng praises to the Sun of Righteousness. Russia and ermany and Spain and Italy and France and the etherlands have hymned the Saviour's praises. The orselands and British Islands have echoed and re-echoed the songs of Zion. It has leaped the Atlantic—nay, it has not leaped because it has been linked across the Atlantic in every ocean liner which has held its Sunday services. It has reached Canada, Boston and New York. Ocean Grove upraises its glad song of praise. Three hours hence it will be sung in San Francisco. Two or three hours later, it will be heard in Alaska and amid the palms of Hawaii. Thence, as the day closes, the final vespers will be heard till the long Sabbath dies where it began, and the name of Jesus is the theme of the universal song.

But there is more than that—not only men, but angels sing anthems of praise to the Lord Jesus Christ:

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

In the fifth chapter of Revelation, John tells us of a book, which only the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," the "root of David," the Lamb as it had been slain, was counted worthy to open and read. This was the book of Redemption of Humanity by Himself. He only now can read his own works. We like to hear authors read their own works. The greatest reading of the ages, is the reading of the story of Redemption by the Living Redeemer.

When he has opened the book, Humanity alone sings its glad song of redemption, while the angels lovingly listen in sympathetic silence. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear: "And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. And they sang a New Song—a new song—saying: "Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

The angels shall kneel, the angels shall bow, the angels shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father; but only the saints—redeemed and glorified humanity only—shall sing the highest notes of the glad redemption song: "Unto him that loved us, and has washed us from our sins in his own blood, and has made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, amen."

Wherefore God hath also highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Political Amenities

SPEECHES in the political campaign necessarily touch on the character and record of the candidates, and in every discussion between men of opposite political parties, the merits of the respective standard-bearers are sure to be compared. The personal element cannot be avoided, because our Constitution places in the hands of the President large powers that he may use in situations which are not foreseen when he is elected. It is, therefore, right and pertinent that the character of the candidates should be considered.

This duty is not likely to be neglected by the speakers in the campaign. It is easy of performance—much easier than a discussion of political principles—and it affords an opportunity for caustic utterances and strong vituperation that please and enthuse an audience. The loud laughter and the uproarious cheering, which reward an orator for some stinging sarcasm or contemptuous epithet, encourage others to follow in the same course, until, in many sections, the campaign degenerates from a comparison of the rival platforms, and a discussion of the effects of rival policies, into a question of personal admiration and antipathy. The main question discussed, is, not whether the policy of the Government during the next four years shall be that of this or that party, but whether this or the other candidate shall be elected. It may be said that the latter question comprehends the former, but it makes a great difference which question is forced to the front.

There have been Presidential campaigns in which the whole question has turned on the personal character of the candidates, and voters have cast their ballots in favor of a party, the principles of which they did not altogether approve, rather than vote with the party whose principles they did approve, for a candidate in whom they had no confidence. Those were unsatisfactory elections, the campaign degenerating into one of coarse abuse and personal vilification. We may congratulate ourselves that this campaign is not of that kind; but it will be well if all tendency in that direction be scrupulously checked. The orator who turns from the discussion of political principles, to abuse of the candidate of the opposite party, deserves to be suspected of trying to confuse the minds of his audience and of endeavoring to divert their thoughts from the true issue. The old story of the lawyer who was privately informed that he could make no defence to a certain action, and was instructed to "abuse plaintiff's attorney," applies to political speakers. Let us have information and argument, but every audience should frown down an attempt to influence opinion by mere abuse. When one of the candidates now before the country is inaugurated, there ought to be no prejudice against him that is based on campaign slanders, in the mind of any citizen. Nor should the outside world have it in its power to say that in this great nation we heedlessly slander the men whom we afterwards elect to office. In this campaign, there is no reason why courtesy toward opponents should not be observed, in the press and on the platform, nor why mud should be flung at any citizen who has been honored by the nomination of his party, and may be honored by the highest place in the nation.

The Radium Clock

INGENIOUS beyond all his predecessors in the search for perpetual motion, is the "radium clock," invented by Harrison Martindale, of Chicago. In a slender tube he has placed a small quantity of radium; the tube is supported in an exhausted glass vessel by means of a quartz rod, and at the lower end of the tube is affixed an electroscope of two long strips of silver. The energy of the radium causes an electric current to pass to the silver strips, which expand until they touch the sides of the vessel, where, on coming in contact with earthed conducting or "grounded" wires, they are instantly discharged, and they fall together back into their former position. This charging and discharging occurs with absolute regularity every two minutes, marking time in beats of that length. The inventor affirms that the automatic action of his novel timepiece will continue undiminished for 30,000 years, until the energy of the radium is exhausted.

This like many other scientific theories is charmingly speculative. There is nothing really startling, however, in the inventor's claim, when we reflect that solar energy, the winds, the tides, or Niagara harnessed and applied to the same problem, would afford as good ground for claiming the discovery of perpetual motion as the Chicagoan's slender radium tube. There are a thousand things in nature that have been ceaselessly expending energy since the beginning of time, but the source of this initial force, which is the vitalizing power in all, is beyond the reach of the scientist. Only as we pass out of the realm of science into the region of faith do we obtain the clue to it. As John tells us, in Him is life, and as Paul told the Athenians, in Him we live and move and have our being. All things need renewal, the difference being only one of degree. Even the power in the radium clock must be renewed, though at so vast an interval; but He who is the source of all power, material as well as spiritual, is infinite in resource and His years have no end.

Natives as Missionaries

IN no part of the world is the lot of the missionary a bed of roses. Whether he works in India among Buddhists, Brahmins and Parsees; in China, among Confucians and Shintos; in Tibet, among the followers of the Dalai Lama, or among the gross pagans of the "islands of the sea," he is certain to encounter trouble, and to have periods of discomfort.

Just now, the missionary force in South Africa are undergoing a new and unexpected experience. Perhaps the situation may be best described by the following, from the pen of one of the leaders of the African Methodist Church:

> It is charged that the cry of the African M. E. Church in South Africa, is, "Africa for the Africans," that this is political in its tendency; that it unsettles the minds of the natives, uniting them in antagonism to the white people; that it tends to fill them with foolish aspirations, the ultimate results of which are dangerous to the country's peace. It is said that native Africans should not be taught the things of God from the lips of native Africans; much less should they be taught or led by negro missionaries, born and trained in America.

It is to be regretted that such an issue should have been raised. One need only look around at the results of missionary experience with native teachers and helpers in other lands, to understand the value of such an adjunct to the work of evangelization. Wherever thoroughly trained native converts have been brought into service, they have, as a class, proved most effective, their familiarity with the language and customs of their race being invaluable. In Hawaii, the native Christians are so strong that they have a powerful and numerous missionary organization of their own. The same may be said of Samoa; and in Fiji, to some sixteen Europeans, there are 108 native workers. New Zealand and Japan also furnish evidence of the fact that native work is a growing and successful factor in missionary enterprise.

The mission field is wide enough for all the laborers, regardless of race or color, and all should be welcomed. Denominational or race jealousy or exclusiveness can only result in endless wrangling and in positive injury to the work. We have shown that it is natural that men should welcome Gospel teachers of their own color, and it would not be wise to dissuade them.

If the work be of the Lord, it will prosper and stand, despite opposition; if not, no human agency can secure its perpetuity. That such matters ultimately adjust themselves is shown by the case of the *Krishta Somaj* (Christian Assembly), a native organization in Calcutta, including parts of various congregations that had seceded from the control of European missionaries and decided to govern themselves. Some of the members were wealthy Christians. After seven or eight years, the experiment was abandoned, all interest having died out in the organization and the support devolving upon a few members. The *Krishta Somaj* is now a thing of the past. Similarly in Jamaica, the black churches, which had been working most successfully for many years under white control, decided on independence. Secession was a failure. Five times the churches were compelled to appeal to the English Board which they had deserted, and five times the Board paid the churches' debts. Lately they applied for reinstatement, and are now back in the old fold, with a debt of £35,000. Spiritual lethargy and inefficient management were apparently the principal fruits of this experiment.

We believe the South African trouble should be left to settle itself. The work of the native evangelists and pastors belonging to the new organization known as "The Ethiopian Church," may be an enduring work, or it may be merely a transitory stage of the great spiritual campaign in that country. In any event, we trust that the cry of "Africa for the African" may no longer be heard, and that instead, the rallying cry of all true workers, black and white, may be, "Africa for Christ."

The World's Desire

IT is a singular coincidence that two Peace Congresses should be called to meet at this time in the United States, and within a month of each other. In the proceedings of the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress, held in St. Louis, there are several points that may be very profitably considered by the Peace Congress which meets in Boston next week.

We believe this country has a high mission among the nations, which it is destined to fulfil, and that its mission lies in the direction of international fraternization. Ours was the first government to take a stand in favor of arbitration treaties, although France, having quickly adopted the idea, has won the honorable distinction of having concluded three such treaties within a little more than a year. But, notwithstanding Hague Congresses, Arbitration Courts, and Peace gatherings, the truth must be admitted that the real plane of peace negotiations has not yet been reached by any modern effort. It does not consist in the safeguarding of commercial interests, the protection of concessionaries, the defence of citizenship, or the elevation of national prestige, though all of these are in their proper relation entirely appropriate as subjects of international agreement. The nation which indulges the hope of world-peace, must take the larger view—the higher ground. Even at the risk of being misunderstood, it must urge, with the utmost unselfishness, the doctrine of universal fraternization, of peace and international friendship for their own sake alone, and not for the benefits they will assure to trade, or the new fields they will throw open to commercial exploitation. Industry is the friend of peace, because under its protecting wing it thrives best, and is happy and contented. Commercialism has made its pathways with the sword and cannon, and would not hesitate to do so again, if war would assure it greater profits and better markets. Almost all of the world's recent wars have had their root in bitter commercial competition and the selfish rivalries of trade.

However strong the desire of the nations may be for peace, that desire will never be gratified while the purely commercial spirit governs the deliberations of Peace Congresses and the councils of those statesmen who seek to avert future wars. Until we love Peace for itself, as a Divine messenger deserving the world's best welcome; until we recognize the great truth that all men are brothers, children of our Heavenly Father, whose will it is that we should dwell in unity; until we learn to regard war and its horrible accompaniments as unworthy of the toleration of human beings, and are convinced that no principle can ever be settled by violence—in a word, until we have the true spirit of Christ in our hearts, with love for all human kind, Peace will stay in her inaccessible height, with folded wing.

This is the lesson for our Cabinets and Peace Congresses. Ultimate peace must come through sacrifice, through renunciation, through brotherly love. And the nation which has the courage, born of supreme confidence in God, to show the way, and to take the initiative, will achieve such honor and glory as no other nation has ever known.

Progress of the War

REPORTS from the seat of war indicate that the Russian general, Kouropatkin, succeeded in retreating to Moukden after the tremendous battle at Liao Yang. Evidently the Japanese were unable to cut off any large part of his army, though they inflicted appalling slaughter and made a strong gain by securing the strategical position of Liao Yang, which was an important base of Russian supplies. That Kouropatkin can make a stand at Mukden appears improbable. Even at Tieling, thirty miles farther on, it is thought he will not be safe from assault, and that he must go on to Harbin. A Japanese dispatch states that, after a brief rest, the three armies, one of which is on the east of Mukden, a second on the south, and a third on the west will make a combined attack on the Russian positions, and that the Mikado has dispatched a new army of 100,000, with a hundred guns, to assist in the struggle. This army will bring the Japanese forces up to 400,000 men, while the Russian strength is estimated at little more than 200,000. It is stated, however, that Tieling, lying between two mountains, will be more easy of defence than either Moukden or Liao Yang, and that it may be held while the main body of the Russian army makes good its retreat to Harbin.

At Port Arthur, siege operations are progressing slyly. One fort, which is believed to have been an outpost, has been captured by the Japanese, who are moving to it some of the heavy guns from their ships. They are of larger calibre and longer range than the Russian artillery, and will therefore turn to advantage the fort which was of little practical use to the Russians. A Chinaman who recently came from Port Arthur says that the Japanese are tunneling under the defences, and that the general in command of the beaguered town has mined the principal buildings, intending to blow them up before the surrender, which now appears to be inevitable.

Our own connection with the war, in the arrival at San Francisco, of the Russian armed transport *Lena*, on Sept. 11, has happily terminated. The vessel took refuge in the harbor, in an unseaworthy condition, and it was expected that she would be allowed to remain and make repairs. That would, however, have been regarded by Japan as a breach of the neutrality laws. Communications with the St. Petersburg government were exchanged, and on Sept. 15 President Roosevelt issued an order that the ship be taken to Mare Island, and there dismantled. She will then be kept in the custody of the United States until peace is declared. This order was issued in compliance with a decision of the commander of the ship, who acknowledged that without extensive repairs she could not proceed on her voyage to Vladivostok.

A rumor is in circulation, which, however, has not been confirmed, that Japan has already stated the terms on which she would be willing to make peace. These are: the surrender of all Russian vessels in Japanese waters; the payment by Russia of an indemnity of $600,000,000; and the abandonment of Sghalien and the whole of the Liaotung Peninsula, which would be transferred to China, and Port Arthur declared a free port. Terms so humiliating to Russia as these, are little likely to be accepted without an effort in another campaign to retrieve the disasters of the war. How severe these have been in men, money and prestige, the world knows, and also how costly the victories have been to Japan. It would be well if we might hope that the spectacle of the exhaustion of both nations would lead them and all others to heed the warning of the ancient philosopher:

Be ye afraid of the sword; for wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword, that ye may know there is a judgment (Job 19: 29).

Lost His Citizenship

The experience of the man without a country, made famous by Dr. Hale's well-known work, has been duplicated in the experience of an Indian. He was once enrolled as a Seminole, but in an evil moment he elected to establish his citizenship in the Creek Nation as a member of the Cussehta town. His name was stricken from the Seminole roll and the roll was closed forever, in accordance with treaty provision. Meantime he neglected to have his name placed on the final roll of the Cussehta town, and so was shut out of both nations. He has made repeated efforts to establish his rights in the Creek nation, but without success. Nothing but a special act of Congress can restore him his lost citizenship. His loss is due to his own procrastination. How many miss citizenship in the kingdom of God in the same way. They break with the world, under the impulse aroused by some earnest preacher, but instead of going forward to conversion, postpone decision until it is too late.

TAKING RUSSIAN WOUNDED TO HOSPITAL

These are they who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness, and have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time (Mark 4: 16).

Saved from Fire

A deed of daring in New York, a few days ago, resulted in the saving of two lives. A crowd surrounded an old tenement house from which smoke and flames were issuing. The families living in the house rushed out, some of whom were badly burned, through their clothes catching fire as they came down the blazing stairs. They reported that two women were still in the house, insensible from suffocation. They were on the third floor and could not be aroused. Three men in the crowd resolved to rescue them, but they found it was impossible to reach them by the stairs, which were burning fiercely. All three were athletes, and they decided on a dangerous course. They entered the next house and went up to the roof, from which they reached the roof of the burning house. There they made a human ladder. The strongest leaned over and grasped his companion by the wrists. The third slid over the others' bodies, and so reached the fire-escape of the third floor. He kicked in the window, and entering, found the unconscious women, whom he dragged to the fire-escape. There, in the fresh air, they revived. By that time the firemen had arrived, and the women and their brave rescuer descended by the firemen's ladder. It was well for the women that men so strong and fearless were concerned for their rescue. It is much to be wished that when souls are in peril, there were always compassionate Christians at hand, who, following Paul's example, were earnestly joining together to deliver them.

RUSSIANS LEAVING THE BATTLE-FIELD BY TRAIN AFTER A DEFEAT

If by any means I might provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might save some of them (Rom. 11: 14)

Lost in a Volcano

A thrilling experience of a night in the crater of the great volcano of Kilauea, is described by the Hawaii correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He says that three weeks ago, a party of tourists from New England visited Hawaii, and climbed the great mountain under the guidance of an experienced mountaineer. They descended to the huge crater, and walked about the vast area on the cool lava. The floor is broken by great crevices, into which a stranger might easily plunge. They were led across this huge chamber to the mouth of the inner pit, where the seething masses of molten lava are. The guide allowed the visitors to look down, but they could see little in the daylight. He told them that at night the spectacle of the liquid fires was very impressive. After the return to the hotel one of the ladies of the party, a Boston school-teacher, had a strong desire to see that sight. She set out at dusk, without a guide, and, following the trail, reached the crater. She made her way to the inner pit, and soon became absorbed in the wonderful spectacle. Time passed more quickly than she thought, and when she turned to go back to the hotel, she was surprised to find that it was quite dark. She could not see the trail, and wandered about the crater in constant danger of falling into a crevice. After hours of terror and vain effort to find her way, she was found by a searching party of her friends, who, missing her, and suspecting where she was gone, hired a guide, and went to look for her. It was well that she was found, otherwise she might have lost her life. One can but wish that those whom curiosity to see the sights of the under world of morals leads into dangerous places, could similarly be found and brought back safely.

Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them (Deut 12: 30).

BRIEF NOTES

Miss Morse, a relative of the inventor of the Morse telegraph apparatus, has taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Jena. She is the first lady to do so.

Octave Desplanques, a famous French philanthropist, is dead. He had expended a large fortune in maintaining and educating destitute orphans, who were sent to him from all parts of France.

In New Zealand the temperance party is growing rapidly. The total votes cast in the various districts for no license at the last election was 151,524, as against the total in 1896, which was 98,312.

Mrs. Horace Bushnell is still living, and in good health. She recently celebrated her hundredth birthday at her home in Hartford, Conn. Her delight is to talk to visitors of the works of her famous husband, which are her constant reading.

Rev. Chas. Wagner, the author of *The Simple Life*, whose portrait and sketch of his life appeared recently in this journal, is shortly to visit this country. He expects to spend October and November here. In his letter announcing his coming he says: "I desire to have an opportunity of speaking with you, of seeing how you live, and, above all, of appreciating better than I have yet been able to do the aspects of your inward life."

At the beginning of the war between Russia and Japan, application was made to the Japanese Government by the Y. M. C. A. of Japan to allow members of the Association to accompany the various armies as evangelists. Permission was readily given, and now twelve members are with the various armies at the front.

Rev. Fred A. Rees, of Manchester, England, preached in Chicago, last Sunday, and has promised to speak at the Christian Endeavor State Conventions of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, this month. Mr. Rees has done valuable service to the Baptist Church in England, by his work among young people, and by his literary labors. He has letters from Dr. Clifford, Dr. McLaren, and other English Baptist ministers.

Rev. James Flanagan, from London, has come to the United States to hold evangelistic services. He has letters of introduction from Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, Rev. Thomas Law, Secretary of the National Federation of the Free Churches, and Rev. T. H. Hunt, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference; Rev. F. B. Meyer President, and Rev. James Travis, the ex-President of the National Free Church Federation. His services in London, Manchester, and Birmingham, were very largely attended, and were blessed to the conversion of many souls. Letters addressed to him at this office, will be forwarded to him.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the Marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old Marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the Marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the Marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the Marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the Marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope of winning her love; though, both being prisoners, the outlook is anything but encouraging. Brébœuf apparently turns traitor to the Marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise. Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness.

Book Four—Egypt

CHAPTER XXII

BREBŒUF SPEAKS TO THE PURPOSE

BACK in the cabin a strange scene was taking place. As Garron left the marquis and his granddaughter with Brébœuf, Aurore crept out of the stateroom which she shared with Louise, and took her mistress in her arms. The woman had not shed a tear, had not given way openly to her shame and consternation, but her body shook with nervous shudders which the faithful foster-sister in vain endeavored to suppress. The marquis stared at Brébœuf for a moment.

"We cannot abide in the presence of a traitor," he said, "Let us retire to our staterooms until we are summoned again: and may God help you, my child, for indeed I cannot."

An extraordinary thing happened as he turned away. A deep voice broke the silence.

"Wait!" said Brébœuf.

The marquis stopped as if he had been stricken. He turned slowly and faced the Breton.

"Did you dare," he cried, "you false, betraying dog, to speak to me?"

Brébœuf fumbled at his belt, undid the clasp, dropped the heavy cutlass clattering down upon the deck of the cabin. His two pistols he laid upon the table. From his head he tore the hated cap that someone, in jest at his conversion to the Republic, had given to him to wear, and which he had worn ever since. He threw it at his feet, trampled upon it, and then stretched out his arms.

"Master!" he cried.

The marquis moved near to him.

"What is the meaning of this? Have you turned traitor again? Would you betray Garron as you betrayed me?"

The Breton shook his head.

"Grandfather!" cried Louise, quicker of apprehension, "I see it all! He has been playing the part for you, for me! He is our friend!"

The sailor fell at her feet, took her hand in his own and kissed it, and worshiped her as if he had been kneeling at a shrine.

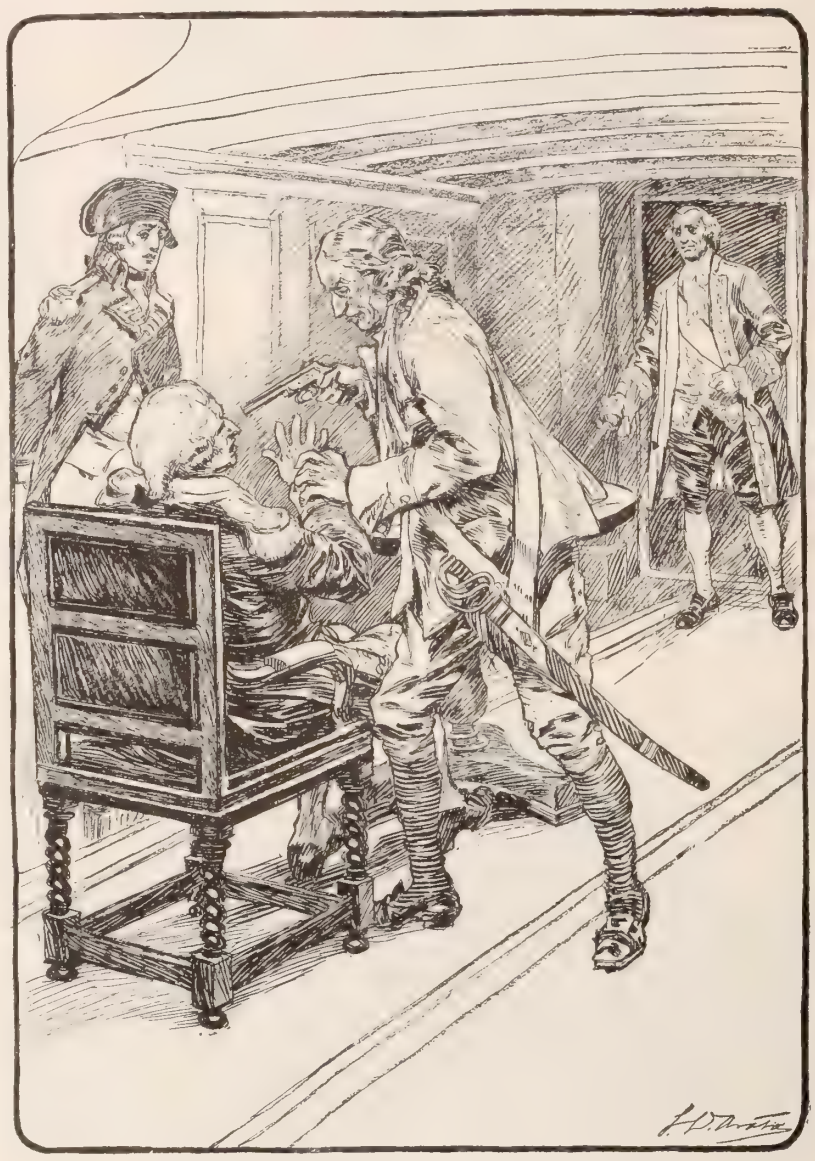
"Right!" he said.

"Why didn't you give me a sign?" asked the marquis.

"Don't you see, sir, he didn't dare! He had to win Garron's confidence absolutely! The slightest thing would have awakened his suspicions! He played the part well. Oh, my good Brébœuf!" she cried, turning to the old man and taking his hand again.

"Thank God!" said the marquis, "that loyalty is not dead in France!"

"Yonder," said Brébœuf, pointing to the steps leading to the cabin occupied by the captain on the deck above them.



"Down!" said Brebœuf, literally forcing the captain into his seat

Wondering, but obeying his command, the marquis and the woman, clambered up the ladder, and entered Garron's cabin. There was a connection between the two, although it had not been used since they had been on the ship. Brébœuf opened the scuttle, and led the way. The marquis' own sword, which had been taken from him when he was captured, was hanging in the captain's stateroom. Brébœuf fetched it, and handed it to the old man. His pistols, which he carefully charged, the Breton also gave him.

"Saved!" exclaimed the marquis. "His life for mine! Louise, you will now be free! We shall get the papers! Honoré is saved, France——"

"There!" said Brébœuf, suddenly, pointing to a vacant stateroom opposite the captain's room.

There was the sound of oars rattling in oar-locks from the water alongside, the gentle blow of a b glancing the ship at the starboard gangway.

"Garron!" continued the Breton.

"Brébœuf," said the marquis, instantly comprehe ing. "You are a sailor, and, I swear, you are a g tleman! This is your command. I obey. I wait till you call me. Come, Louise."

The three had little time to conceal themselves the small cabin, the open door of which was scree with a curtain which permitted them to hear eve thing that was said in the great cabin. Brébœuf h tily assumed his cutlass and pistols. When Gar entered in high good humor, at having escaped early, he was followed by Macartney.

"Be seated, monsieur," he said formally. "Y have come to a decision, I suppose?"

"I must go," answered Macartney. "I can do nc ing else."

"You will go to-night?"

"The quicker the better."

"And the reward?"

"Arrange it as you will."

"I have drawn it up in writing. Sl I read it?"

"I will read it myself."

Garron handed him the paper, Macartney hastily made himself ma of the contents.

"Under consideration of the sac ces made by Jean Garron, *capitaine vaisseau* in the navy of France, in half of his rightful king, Louis XV in which Garron gives freedom to and engages to surrender *Le Tonn* to the English, and to use all his in ence to keep the French fleet wher is and in its present state of unprepa ness, and to do everything to mak victory easy for the English; and view of the fact that Garron promi not to supply General Bonaparte w information in his possession, conc ing a conspiracy, by Captain Hon de Vaudémont, to abduct the gene Captain Robert Macartney, *Chef d' cadre* of the English navy, agrees to his influence; first to secure for said Garron, a pension of ten thous francs; and second, to see that s Garron is ennobled by his rightful k when he shall have been re-establis on his throne."

"Have you finished, monsieur?" asl Garron, presently.

"Yes."

"Those were the outward ter agreed upon, were they not?"

"They were! Give me a pen!"

He signed the document boldly.

"Now," he said, "I presume there nothing more to be done, I may go?"

"You may. You will find a cu alongside, manned by Arabs, with a egade German, turned Mohammed as their captain. He is in my pay and der my orders. Here is a pass to per the boat to run the guard lines. Tl keep negligent watch out yonder; should any one of the sloops or friga overhaul you, this pass, signed by miral Brueys, will enable you to free. You would better not be se though."

"I shall take care of that. May I h arms?"

"Not in this cabin. There are so in the cutter, which are at your service. Here is als rough chart of the Bay of Aboukir, which may h you Good-bye."

He stretched out his hand to the other, after giv him the chart mentioned.

"I don't have to take your hand. 'Tis not in bargain," answered Macartney, rudely, turning aw in evident contempt.

"Curse you!" said Garron under his breath, fixi his malevolent gaze upon the Irishman moving tow the door. Before he reached it, however, he stopp

"One more thing," he said, "I must see the Co tesse de Vaudémont before I go."

"You can't, I say. I won't——"

"Stop, sir," cried the Irishman, "I tell you——"

"Your word of honor, monsieur!"

"You try me too much!"

He was very near the Frenchman now, his face f

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passion, and Garron, though a man of courage, rank away from him.

"Brébœuf!" he cried.

Brébœuf was ready. His pistol was out. Garron anced back to see if he had heard his summons, and und himself looking into the barrel. The hand of e Breton did not tremble or quiver. Macartney opped in astonishment, while Garron fairly gasped ith surprise.

"Down!" said Brébœuf, literally forcing his captain to his seat by the pressure of his heavy left hand.

"Are you mad!" shouted Garron. "What do you ean? Put down your pistol! I'll have you hanged!"

"Master!" called the Breton.

Sword in hand, the old man appeared in the door.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MARQUIS GIVES ADVICE

AH, MONSIEUR GARRON," said the marquis, suavely, with all the magnificent courtesy of which he was a master, "how fortunate a meeting!"

"The women, too!" exclaimed Garron, as Louise and urore followed the old man out of the cabin.

Macartney awoke to life at the sight of the woman : loved. He stepped toward her instantly. His ovement was not so quick as hers. She deliberately rned her back upon him, stepped past him, and alked to the other side of her grandfather.

"Betrayed!" gasped out the French captain.

"You are accustomed to deal in treachery, my good arron. I marvel that you are surprised at having a easure meted out to you. Here we four men, and vo are gentlemen, Brébœuf and myself, and two e—traitors!"

He looked at Macartney as he spoke.

"Monsieur Macartney," Garron cried piteously, "you e my ally! Deliver me from these people!"

"You coward!" hissed Macartney, "you have ruined e! You have lied to the comtesse about me! You ward! Have I sold my soul for nothing! I will tell ——"

"Your word of honor!" Garron burst out in frantic peal.

"Wait!" said Brébœuf, who had gradually untangled e confusing thread. "Liar!" he added, striking Gar- n heavily with his left hand. "Man!" he continued, inting toward Macartney, as he had done once fore.

"Your promise, captain! Your word!" cried Gar- n again.

"Chevalier Macartney," said the vice-admiral, "give e leave. "I am an old man, bred in the most honor ble of services. I consider that you are absolved om any engagement you have entered into with this an. If you can explain the equivocal situation in hich you find yourself, I think you should do so."

Macartney hesitated. How far the marquis might quiesce in Garron's treachery; how far the marquis' atred of that Republic might carry him; whether the arquis might find it proper to reveal to Bonaparte Iacartney's share of the proposed undertaking, in the ope of securing his own freedom and that of his arty, Macartney could not tell. The very hesitancy his mind, however, convinced him that the mar- uis was wrong and that nothing could relieve him, t only of his pledge but of the obligations of the tuation.

"I cannot, monsieur, but this I can say, that this an never knew I loved the Comtesse de Vaudémont ntil hours after he made his proposition to me; and assure you upon my word, sir, as an officer, as a hevalier of the noble Order of St. Louis, that no onviction of bargaining involving your granddaughter ntered between us. That I had proposed to accept y freedom, in obedience to what I believed the para- ount call of duty, is true, sir. I could do no less. here are times, my lord, when even the voice of the art must be silenced by the appeal of duty. I would ive anything that I possess or hope for, to be the sband of the comtesse yonder. To be compelled to y nothing when kind Providence had put me in session of my desire, was death itself. Not by any nd in which I may have entered with this wretched aitor, but my duty, and duty alone, sir, was I—am —silent. You have been a sailor, my lord, you can derstand. As for mademoiselle—I cannot hope."

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" shouted Garron.

"Truth," growled the Breton under his breath.

Louise was by Macartney's side in an instant. Seiz- g his hand in both her own, and before he could pre- nt it, she raised it to her lips.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" she cried.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said the marquis gravely. I did you wrong. My sword and I are at your serv- e. Should you choose——"

"Monsieur," said Louise gently, "he is an old man, y grandfather——"

"My lord, "said Macartney, "say no more. May y arm perish and my sword rust before I engage ith you! Your granddaughter has made amends, and ow——"

Before he could say another word Brébœuf, moving ith astonishing quickness, left Garron, sprang to the ther side of the table, lifted a paper from it, and before the French captain could recover his breath the Breton had resumed his old position. Without a word he handed a paper to the marquis.

"Proof!" he said

Stepping nearer the light the old man read the agreement.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this explains it! I understand fully now. You are a traitor even to your own Republic, Garron!"

"Captain Macartney," said Garron, "you cannot go free unless I have that paper."

"What happens to that paper is immaterial to me," said Macartney. "And you forget that I have your pass."

"What good will that do you?"

"I have but to leave the cabin, board the cutter and get away!"

"The officer of the deck will not allow you to leave the ship. Your pass is for outside the lines. Without a word from me——"

"That word you shall speak."

"Shall I?"

"Monsieur le Marquis give me leave to command your servant a moment?"

The vice-admiral nodded.

"Brébœuf," continued Macartney, "stand a little back of the captain. There! Lower your pistol until it points straight at his heart, through his back, so that no one entering the cabin can see. Is it cocked and primed?"

The Breton nodded.

"Very well. Now, Monsieur Garron, you will ring that bell on your table. When the orderly enters the cabin, you will say to him, 'Bid the officer of the watch allow Monsieur Macartney, and the Marquis de Vaudémont and his party, enter the cutter alongside, which is to be under his orders.' Just that and nothing more. If he make a sign, or gesture, or doesn't deliver the message exactly, pull the trigger, Brébœuf."

"An admirable plan," said the marquis, "then you intend that we go with you?"

"I propose it, monsieur. 'Twill be a hazardous voyage but we will be free."

"Enough," said the marquis, "we will go. But first——"

"Curse you! I——" cried Garron.

"Silence!" said the Breton, digging his pistol into the man's back. Brébœuf had little to say, but what he had to say was exceedingly to the point, always.

"First," continued the marquis, "I must secure possession of my papers."

He stepped over to the table, and began to rummage among the documents spread upon it.

"Too late!" laughed Garron, an idea flashing into his mind, "I sent them to Bonaparte this afternoon."

"Ah," said the marquis quickly, "where is the general?"

"He was to arrive at Alexandria from Cairo this evening. You may go, Macartney, since this treacherous dog has the advantage of me. But not you, Vaudémont, or if you do, your grandson will be facing a file of men on the sands to-morrow. Bonaparte will have him shot. Perhaps——"

"Hardly," said the marquis coolly.

"Why not, Vaudémont?"

The marquis was punctiliously courteous in small even as in great matters, and he demanded the same courtesy from others when he had the power to enforce it. In this instance it happened that he had. He leaned over the table, and looked Garron closely in the eye.

"Say Monsieur le Marquis de Vaudémont," he whispered gently, and Garron did so. "You wish to know why my grandson will not be shot? I will buy his life."

"With what?"

"With this."

He lifted Macartney's contract. Garron stared at him, his face bloodless with terror. It had not occurred to him what a mighty weapon of destruction this paper was in the hands of an enemy.

"Mercy!" he gasped, but as he looked into the inflexible, iron face of the marquis, he knew that his plea was in vain.

"Such mercy as I would show to a dog, Garron."

"But," said Macartney reluctantly, "I must interfere. I cannot——"

"Monsieur Macartney," interrupted the vice-admiral, at the same time covering him with his pistol, "it is your duty, of course, to endeavor to possess yourself of this paper, lest your plan miscarry. It is my duty not to allow you to have it. I am quite the equal of Brébœuf on the trigger."

Macartney smiled.

"Having done my duty, monsieur, I conceive that honor is satisfied. I am unarmed. What conditions do you make?"

"One," said the vice-admiral, also smiling, "I require your word of honor that you will not attempt to take this paper from me."

"And if I give it?"

"You may go where you will," said the old man.

"You have it," said Macartney.

"Bien!" said the vice-admiral, lowering his pistol. "Now we would better get away without delay. I shall take this document to General Bonaparte, at Alexandria, and tell him the truth. By it I shall secure, I trust, my grandson's life and the protection of my granddaughter from this miscreant. Bonaparte is a Republican; but they say he has a magnanimous heart, a respect for old age, and a sympathy with misfortune. The boat is yours, Captain Macartney. You must take us to Alexandria, and then—go where you please."

"What shall we do with Garron?" asked Macartney.

"Oh, gag and bind him, and leave him, I suppose."

"I remain," said Brébœuf.

The marquis looked thoughtfully at the man.

"Yes, that would be best," he said. "You can keep him quiet through the night. Don't kill him. I shall be back here before morning with orders, but, if there should be some delay? What then?"

"Death!" said the Breton, smiling, as if it were a matter of indifference to him.

"It must be so," said the vice-admiral, slowly and reluctantly. "If we should leave him here alone, someone might come in. He would give the alarm. We would be overtaken. I am loath to leave you, Brébœuf, but there seems no other way. But——"

"The man must stay," said Macartney. "The captain must give orders that he is not to be interfered with until morning, and the sailor must keep watch over him. General Bonaparte has a reputation for promptness and celerity. In such a case he will act immediately. The order for Garron's arrest will be here before dawn."

"I shall bring it myself," said the marquis, "if I can obtain it?"

"Gentlemen," gasped the unhappy captain of *Le Tonnant*, "he will have me shot—I'll let you go—I'll do anything——"

"Can you recall that paper that you sent to General Bonaparte?"

"I lied, I lied! It wasn't sent!" cried the man.

"Yes, you said you would hold it when you asked me to sign that paper," said Macartney.

"Produce it then," said the marquis.

"I destroyed it—I lost it—I—I——"

"No more lies!" said the old man curtly. "Now, Captain Macartney, your lesson to him."

"Garron," said Macartney, "you are to call the officer of the watch by your orderly, who will answer when I tap yonder bell. You are to say to the officer of the watch, 'Allow Captain Macartney, and the Marquis de Vaudémont and his party to leave the ship in the cutter alongside. Here is a permit from Admiral Brueys to pass the cutter outside the lines. On business for the Republic. Please give orders that I be not disturbed during the night.' Say it over after me!"

Over and over again they made the miserable man repeat the message until he had it letter perfect.

"Now," said Macartney, "if you indicate by voice, or look, or sound; if you falter, or hesitate, or betray us by any sign whatsoever, Brébœuf shall kill you here like the dog you are!"

"And I have a weapon in case Brébœuf should fail," said the marquis pleasantly, sitting down close by the captain in the most friendly way, his own pistol covering him and concealed by the table. "Remember, a single sign, and you are a dead man!"

"The men will kill you if you fire," said Garron.

"You won't be there to see that. Besides, better death from their hands than life from yours," said the vice-admiral. "And you forget we shall have this paper to show them—" he paused significantly. "Ready, Captain Macartney?" he said, turning to that officer.

The young man reached out his hand and struck the bell. Before the officer of the watch, who was summoned by an orderly, who had entered the cabin in obedience to the signal, came in, Macartney lowered the light, and placed himself in such a position that the officer would have to push him aside to get to the centre of the room. It was as well that he did so, for Garron was as pale as death. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. At a signal from Macartney, Louise placed herself next the lamp, so that Garron's face was in shadow, otherwise the officer of the watch would not have failed to notice his agitation.

Garron delivered his message quickly, as soon as Lieutenant Bauday put his head in the door. He did not dare do otherwise. The agony of the man was frightful, and he had that instinctive desire to get it over with which sometimes moves a criminal to hurry his executioners.

"Very good, sir," said the lieutenant, saluting.

"Now, admiral," said Macartney, "are you ready?"

"In a moment," answered the old man, "Aurore, step below, and fetch cloaks for your mistress and myself. My good Garron," continued the marquis, as the woman brought the garments, "I trust you will have a pleasant evening with the faithful Brébœuf. I was right, you see, when I staked my life on his honesty and fidelity, worthless as you reminded me that stake was. I will give you a subject for consideration in the silent watches of the night. That is, that it is well to be faithful to something even though it is only to that visionary affair men call the Republic. I shall see you in the morning doubtless. Therefore, I say *au revoir*. Come, mademoiselle. Come, Macartney."

"Curse you!" cried Garron, raising his voice.

"Silence!" said Brébœuf ruthlessly, as Macartney, the last of the party to leave, shut the door.

TO BE CONTINUED

USES OF GOD'S BOUNTY

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE widow's appeal caught the sympathetic ear of Elisha: "Thy servant, my husband is dead . . . . and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondsmen." Elisha asks: "What shall I do for thee? What have you in your house to sell?" The widow answered: "Nothing, save a pot of oil." It is supposed that the woman urged her claim for help because she was the widow of Obadiah, who had incurred the debt, it is thought, by borrowing money to supply with food the one hundred prophets of the Lord whom Jezebel desired to kill. Were her fears well grounded, that her boys might be made slaves, so that their labor should pay the debt? Yes, it was according to the custom of the time.

Elisha says to her: "Go, borrow vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few." She goes to her neighbors, taking her sons with her that they may bring back the jars. No one refuses her request, because she asks only for empty jars. Her sons ask: "Mother, what is the use of all this?" She answers: "It is the Lord's way of helping us." They reply: "We do not see how it is going to be done, but we will obey you." All of the nearby homes are visited, and a collection of jars is made, small and great. There is room for more jars, but the woman hesitates to ask for more. She shuts the door of her house upon herself and her sons, takes her pot of oil, as directed by the prophet, and fills the first jar, then the next, and next, and next, until many are filled. Still there is oil in her cruse; and she says to her sons: "Bring me yet another jar." They reply: "There is not one more." And then the oil ceases to flow. "Oh, that you had brought more!" she says. The widow goes to Elisha, and tells him that the vessels are all filled. Elisha says: "Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live, thou and thy children of the rest." She seeks out her creditor and pays the debt, and the widow had still her cruse of oil; and then gathers her sons about her, and together they praise God for the help he has given them. Then the sons set about returning the borrowed vessels, accompanied by their mother, who relates to her kind neighbors, gathered in groups, the wonderful way in which she has been delivered from her troubles.

Illustration and Application

1. The oppressor of the poor. Because olive oil is in the Bible the symbol of the Holy Spirit, let us not miss the many other practical lessons suggested by this story, and also by the manifold utility of the olive. The order of thought in this lesson is: Sin removed, the Spirit received, then debts paid and other practical duties done. Sin has three chief roots, appetite, greed and lust; of which greed is the tap-root, "a root of all kinds of evil," though not "of all evil," as a mistranslation made the Bible seem to teach, in the face of contrary facts. Every sin brings sorrow, though always promising joy; and the sorrow pictured in the beginning of this lesson, where the widow of an eminent minister is threatened with the enslavement of her boys to pay a debt, is one of many sins and sorrows due to greed, which has made even more woe for the sake of wealth than has been made by appetite and lust, whose worst work is due to the desire to make money out of these sins. As Burns said:

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.

The boys in our Sunday School classes, now generous, and caring more for fun and fame than for money, will some of them grow up to be just such oppressors of the poor as this cruel creditor, unless this and other lessons are used to teach impressively that ill-gotten gold brings neither honor nor joy to its possessor. There is no greater peril to the two best countries in the world than that their commendable industry will become a cursed commercialism, that will swallow up both faith and patriotism. Let us put among the ineradicable first impressions of childhood, a scorn of ill-gotten gold. Let boys be taught to hate it, as Hannibal was taught in boyhood to hate Rome, and as other boys are to-day taught to hate rum. In an instructive fable, a donkey laden with golden idols, was much flattered because people bowed on every side as he passed, until some one told him they were not bowing to him, but to the gold he carried. Let even children be taught that when gold becomes a god, and a bad or unworthy man is honored, or sought in marriage, not for what he is, but only for what he has, all concerned are making asses of themselves. Beside Henry Clay's saying: "I had rather be right than President;" let us put another: "I had rather be right than rich."

2. The champion of the poor. When the poor have been oppressed, in all ages they have turned to God's ministers for champions of their cause, and seldom in vain. This widow knew very well that Elisha could not pay her debt. She came to him only for comfort and defense. Even when a preacher can help the poor more easily by alms, it is seldom the best way. Instead of pauperizing them, let him help them to help themselves. One profound way to do this is to show them that "honest poverty" has worked better than luxury for individuals and nations. Dr. Frank D. Bristol, in his great lecture on "Brains," shows that even that most perfect of poems, "Gray's Elegy," is absurdly in error in speaking of

> The short and simple annals of the poor.

Since it is the poor boys grown to robust manhood that have filled the long and ample annals of the world. Only by the greatest wisdom in parents and teachers in counteracting the weakening influence of wealth can rich children be developed into strong and useful characters. They should be made ambitious, to be helpful about the home, even though the father could afford to put all the work on hired servants.

"Charlie! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common. "That's mother!" cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and he picked up his jacket and cap. "Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish the game!" "Try it again!" cried the players in noisy chorus. "I must go, right off, this minute. I told her that I'd come whenever she called." "Make believe you didn't hear!" they exclaimed. "But I did hear." "She won't know that you did." "But I know, and—" "Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron-strings." "That's so," said Charlie, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and a hard knot, too." "But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one. "I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother. I call that manly, and the boy who doesn't keep his word to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does," and he hurried away to his cottage home. Years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that his "word is a bond." We asked how he acquired such a reputation. His reply was: "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

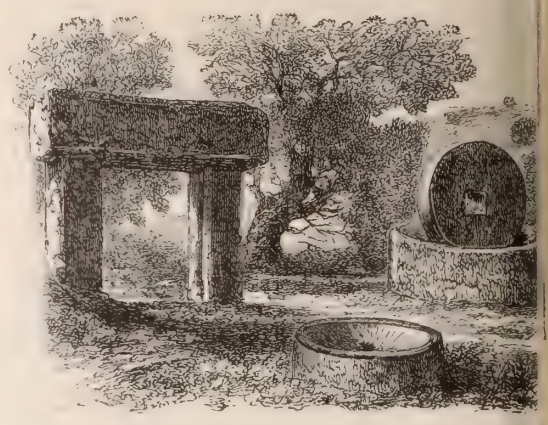
3. God's Bountiful Aid. God helps us both materially and spiritually, and the oil represents both kinds of help. When the widow and her sons did what God directed with their little cruse of oil, they got a plentiful supply by God's added blessing. The olive tree is a beautiful embodiment of God's manifold gifts of material beauty and utility. Its leaves of silvery green feed the eye with beauty, as does its outwardly gnarled but inwardly veined wood, much used for ornament. The fruit is the one relish the poor have to go with their coarse bread. The oil pressed from it is also used for food, and is the chief medicine for both internal and external application. It is also the chief illuminant, used daily in lamps of rich and poor.

From a photograph from Palestine

SYRIAN WOMAN FILLING JARS WITH OIL

A story is told by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, of a French princess of the House of Orleans, visiting her uncle, the Duke of Lucca, one summer when the land was filled with flowers, and every tree bright with foliage and wreathed with the tendrils of the vine. She had never before been in Italy, and the wonderful beauty seemed to her like a dream of paradise. She fancied that the lovely landscape around her was thus decorated for her sake, and thanked her uncle with tears in her eyes for his wonderful welcome. But a poet standing by the side of the princess told her that the giver of the festival was the King of kings, and that his loving hand had made the land one bower of bloom not more for her than for the poorest peasant girl. It is a great thing to belong to that race for which all the beauty and utility of the world was prepared. And yet the feeling which the princess had was in a certain sense true. It was, indeed, for her that the beautiful festival of Nature was got up. God adorns his world for everyone who is capable of seeing and enjoying its beauty.

But miracles are always acted parables of spiritual truths and the lesson of this one is not uncertain, for oil is used all through the Bible to represent the manifold mission of the Holy Spirit, as our beautifier, our healer, our food, our light, our strength, our anointing to be kings and priests unto God. Mr. Moody told his most intimate friends how, when he was preaching at first without power, some of his friends met



OIL-PRESS AND OLIVE TREE

regularly to pray that he might be anointed with the Spi of power for service. And, in answer, the day of Pentec fully came to him when he was alone in his room. For t hours his cup of joy and power overflowed until he felt c strained to cry out, "I can bear no more." And in t strength of that new experience ever renewed he worked his life's end. As St. Bernard beautifully says, "He puts t oil of his mercy into the vase of our trust." So long as bring our self-emptied hearts he fills them with the joy a power of the Spirit.

4. Practical Religion. Pentecost should alw be followed by a book of Acts. The debt-paying p of our lesson story is one for practical application. oppression of the poor is the besetting sin of the ri needless debt is the besetting sin of the poor. In t story, the widow probably was not to blame for debt which she used her supply of oil to pay bef spending any for her family. But those who are debt are mostly in fault also. Not without great p vocation did the wise John Wesley put into the exc lent practical rules he made for Methodists, that one should incur any debt without the probability paying. To do otherwise is but a form of stealin getting money on false pretences. Both preachers a teachers should arouse sleeping consciences to lo neglected debts. "There never was a greater delus than this, that the principles of the Gospel will remc any evil from this world without a direct applicat of them to that evil. When the minister, whose p ple were in the habit of stealing mill logs, preacl upon the sin of stealing mill logs, the evil was c rected." The majority of the thieves are out of j and not a few are in the Church, as any merchant w gives credit will testify. Walter Scott yearned rolling hills and quiet dells. The horse and dog wh hard upon the trail of deer were his delight. Ev song of the bird, every scream of the eagle, every de tone of the hound was a call: "Come out!" Come and live! But what right had he to pleasure? was in debt. It called him on to effort. A halt a n lion dollar debt cried, "Work on!" He bent then his task and turned out book on book as year by y that mighty pen flew on till they laid the king of pr in honored tomb. O, Scott! for this we honor th Loathed be the man who owes and does not try to pa

The woman of our story obeyed the divine directi which, in principle, is God's law for every househo "Go sell the oil and pay thy debt, and live thou a thy children of the rest." Debt paying was doubtl only one part of the practical religion with which t mother in our story proved her piety genuine bef her observant boys. Two Christian young men w talking of Bibles. One said:

"I think I prefer the King James' Version for part, though, of course, the Revised is more scholarl His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translati of the Bible, myself, to any other version," he sa

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinki his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do y mean, Fred?" "I mean that my mother has translated t Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I w old enough to understand it," said Fred. "She translates straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has ne been any obscurity about her version. Her everyday life a translation of God's word that a child can read, and th St. Jerome could not better. Whatever printed version the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one th clears up my difficulties." Alas, for the boy or girl wh mothr's life or father's is a *reversed* version!

Speaking of neglecting debts, we come back again to t spiritual uplands of this lesson, for the greatest debt any o can neglect or repudiate, is the debt of love we owe to G Think of a man boasting: "I have paid all my debts, exc to my father!" Think even of a man saying: "I have do what my good father told me to do to others, but I do not lo my father, nor even speak to him." To such "our Fath yearningly says: "My son, give me thine heart." T widow's little cruse of oil, used as he directed through t prophet, considered in connection with the manifold uses olives, is a beautiful illustration of how a spirit-filled ch or man or woman may multiply and overflow in servi Recall that other multiplied cruse (I. Kings 17: 1-16).

Is thy cruse of comfort failing? Rise and share it with another
And through all thy years of famine, it shall serve thee and t
brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one, will often make a royal feast for two.

MRS. CHARLES

*International Sunday School lesson for October 9, on The Widow's Oil Increased. II. Kings 4: 1-7. Golden Text: "Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Psalm 37: 3.

Our First Presidential Election

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THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION

NE hundred and fifteen years ago, New York and the nation passed through the experience of the first presidential election. It was a memorable period in the history of the young republic. The Constitution had just been adopted, and the little group of States, with an aggregate population of about 3,000,000, were about to enter upon a new and important stage of their development as an independent, self-governing nation. The fourteenth and last Continental Congress had adjourned on Oct. 21, 1788, after a session of 353 days, and had appointed the first Wednesday of February, 1789, for the election in the several States, and the first Wednesday in March for the votes of the electors to be opened and counted in Congress. New York, the seat of government and the official centre of administrative activities, was then a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. It prepared for the great event with becoming energy.

From the historians of the day we glean many facts and incidents of that eventful period, which have a peculiar interest at this time, when the country is preparing on a vast scale for a Presidential election.

What a contrast is presented in the two contests! At the time of adopting the National Constitution, the franchise was very limited, being confined to a small body of men holding real estate and possessing certain religious qualifications. Of course, no slave had the suffrage. Thus, excluding those who were disqualified through lack of property, or because of religion or other causes, there were in the whole country probably less than 150,000 out of the 3,000,000 who were privileged to vote.

In deciding to elect a President, the country turned, as one man, to Washington. There was no thought of any opposing candidate; the great leader who had fought the nation successfully through so many trials and vicissitudes, was to be signally honored. "We cannot, sir, do without you," said Governor Johnson of Maryland, when he with others visited Washington, to inform him of the universal desire, "and I and thousands more cannot explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you." To make any one else President, it seemed to men everywhere, would be like crowning a subject while the king was by. But Washington held back, as he had at first held back from attending the Constitutional Convention. He doubted his civil capacity, called himself "an old man," and said it would be to forego repose and domestic enjoyment for trouble, perhaps for public obloquy. The acceptance," he declared, "would be attended with more diffidence and reluctance than I ever experienced before in my life." But he was not permitted to decline. Hamilton told him that his attendance upon the Constitutional Convention must be taken to have pledged him in the view of the country to take part also in the formation of the government. "In a matter so essential to the well-being of society as the prosperity of a newly-formed, instituted government," said the great advocate, "a citizen of so much consequence as yourself to its success has no option but to lend his services, if called for. Permit me to say it would be inglorious, in such a situation, not to hazard the glory, however great, which he might have previously acquired." Washington yielded when it was made thus a matter of duty.

Of that first Presidential election-day there is only a meagre record. Throughout the States, the votes for electors were cast in the usual quiet and orderly fashion. In New York, as elsewhere, there was virtually no campaign, because there was no opposition. In these exciting times in which we are now living, the Presidential contest comes like a gigantic quadrennial struggle, with its fiery controversies, and its vast political machinery, necessitating enormous financial expenditure. But when George Washington was a candidate, mass-meetings, "spell-binders," election workers, and the thousand things that constitute the paraphernalia of a modern campaign, were unthought of. Probably the total expense of that first Presidential election in all of the States amounted to far less than the cost of carrying through a single municipal campaign in an "off-year" in New York City.

In New York, where Congress then met, the vote was to be counted. Congress was slow in coming together, and it was April 6, 1789, before both Houses could count a quorum. On that day the electors met and gave in their ballots. The result was quickly known throughout the country. When the votes were opened in Congress, it was found that they were one and all for Washington, and he was declared the unanimous choice of the nation for President. The next highest number of votes was given

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GEN. WASHINGTON NOTIFIED OF HIS ELECTION

to John Adams, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President, and he was declared the choice of the people for that office.

On April 7, Charles Thompson, the aged secretary of the Congress, mounted his horse to ride to Mount Vernon, to officially notify Washington of his election. It was a long trip to Virginia. At the same time, another messenger set out for Boston, to notify Mr. Adams. This is the story the historians tell:

At Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April, 1789, the appointment of Washington as supreme executive of the Republic was officially announced to him, and Secretary Thomson presented to him a certificate signed by John Langdon, president *pro tempore* of the Senate, stating that he was unanimously elected.

Washington's acceptance was mingled with declarations of extreme diffidence in himself. "I wish," he said, "that there may not be reason for regretting the choice, for indeed, all I can promise is to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal." In this spirit of devoted self-sacrifice, and realizing that the urgency of public affairs must require the immediate attendance of the President at the seat of government, he hastened his departure. On the sixteenth of April, therefore—the second day after receiving the certificate of his election—he bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and to domestic felicity, and in company with Mr. Thomson and Col. Humphreys, proceeded to New York. But he did not omit to pay a parting visit to his venerable mother. Embracing his mother, Washington bowed his head upon her shoulder and wept, murmuring at the same time something of a hope that they should meet again. "No, George," she replied, "this is our last parting; my days to come are few. But go, fulfil your high duties, and may God bless and keep you." She was then afflicted

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT THE BATTERY

with cancer, of which she died in her eighty-second year. Arriving in New York City, the President-elect was received by the Governor of the State, and by an immense concourse of citizens, headed by the military. Multitudes of his old and faithful officers and fellow-patriots pressed around him to offer their congratulations.

On the thirtieth of April, the ceremony of inaugurating the first President of the United States took place. Long before the hour arrived, the town swarmed with people; every tavern and boarding-house was full, and private residences teemed with guests and lodgers. Many persons are said to have slept in tents on "the Common." The Hudson was studded with boats bearing visitors, and long caravans of carts began to arrive before daybreak, from Westchester, Long Island and the Jerseys. The ceremony of the day was ushered in by a salute fired from the Battery. This was about six o'clock in the morning, and, even at this early hour, the streets were fast filling up. At nine, the church bells rang out a merry peal; at ten they summoned the worshipers, each pastor devoting the occasion to imploring heaven's blessing upon the nation and the first President.

At noon the procession that was to conduct the President to Federal Hall assembled opposite his residence in Cherry Street. There were the usual military companies—a troop of horse, one or two companies of grenadiers, a company of Highlanders in kilts—all the chief municipal officers, the Congressional committees, and the new Cabinet—multitudes of distinguished citizens bringing up the rear. By this assemblage the new President was escorted to Federal Hall, at the head of Broad Street, in Wall. At the door of the Senate chamber, to which the eyes of the whole vast multitude were intensely directed, the Vice-President met Washington, and with unaffected ease and grace of manner, said:

"Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered to you by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

"I am ready to proceed," was Washington's dignified reply.

The Vice-President led the way to the outside gallery; the President followed, with as many of the functionaries as could find room, and all were presently gathered on the balcony fronting on Wall Street. Of the group, perhaps the most striking person was Chancellor Livingston. Secretary Otis carried the Bible on a crimson cushion, and near him were Gens. Knox and St. Clair, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, and other noted persons of revolutionary fame. The Chancellor administered the oath, with great deliberation and emphasis, to Washington, who, bowing down, seized the book, kissed it, and exclaimed with much emotion:

"I swear, so help me God!"

"It is done," the Chancellor declared, and, turning to the crowd exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

Washington, on taking the oath, as administered by Chancellor Livingston, laid his hand upon that page of the Bible containing the fiftieth chapter of Genesis, opposite to which were two illustrations of the text, one being a picture of "The Blessing of Zebulon," and the other of "The Prophecy of Issachar."

The inaugural address was pronounced in the Senate chamber. From the Senate chamber, the President was escorted to St. Paul's Church, where he heard an appropriate religious service, conducted by Dr. Prevost; and thence home to his house. In the evening the whole city was one blaze of illumination. Washington himself went down town, toward the Battery, to see the spectacle, of which he expressed the warmest admiration; returning about ten o'clock on foot, the crowd being too dense for a carriage.

And so ended the first presidential election.

TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

SCENE AT THE FIRST INAUGURATION

REV. JOHN PARKER, D.D.

Bidding Good-by at Mont-Lawn

CLOSING DAYS AT OUR CHILDREN'S PARADISE -- LAST SABBATH SERVICE

HOUSEMOTHER COLLINS

THE closing Sabbath for the season of 1904 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home was a never-to-be-forgotten event in the history of that beautiful charity. Dr. Klopsch was present as usual, and with him his wife and children. Rev. John Parker, seventy-nine years of age, a Methodist pastor for upwards of fifty-eight years, was the principal speaker.

After a service of song, the opening exercises, consisting of the recital of the 1st and 23d Psalms, followed by a heartfelt earnest prayer of thanksgiving to God for his kind and loving protection, were conducted by Miss Helen Collins, Superintendent of the Home. Then the children heartily sang the Bible verses taught them by the teachers during the previous few days of their sojourn at the Home. Rev. John Parker, who for nearly eighteen months has been an invalid, was introduced by Dr. Klopsch, who said that Mr. Parker's presence, considering his long illness and nearness to death on several occasions, might be considered as almost a miracle. It reminded him of a story he had once heard of a little girl, who, returning home from Sunday School, was asked by her mother what she had learned. She replied that the lesson was about a man who took walks with God. She said they took walks often, and one day they took a long, long walk, much longer than usual. They walked, walked, and walked, until at last God said:

"Enoch, you are a great way from home. You had better come in stop with me."

"If Brother Parker," the speaker continued, "had gone a few steps further towards the pearly gates, these would probably have opened and God would have said: 'You are far away from home, John. Now come in and abide with me.'"

Mr. Parker then addressed the children and it is indeed to be regretted that no stenographic report of that most inspiring address was taken. Two hundred and forty-nine pairs of eyes and ears were wide open, and every word was taken in with an eagerness that promised a good planting and a glorious harvest in results. Then Mr. Parker sang "Eternity," and an original hymn, entitled, "I am the Door." This was followed by the teachers singing the hymn made famous by Mr. Alexander on his evangelistic tours, and now known throughout the world as the "Glory Hymn." Dr. Klopsch then made an address, containing two short but pertinent stories, the one appealing to the girls, the other to the boys. The first one told of the visit of a pastor to the home of one of his parishioners. The mother received him cordially, and reported that all was well with the whole family, except the eldest daughter, who would not give her heart to God. The mother was greatly distressed, and asked the pastor to say a few words to interest the girl. To this he readily assented, and the girl was called in, while the mother retired.

After an exchange of greetings, the pastor said:

"Well, Sarah, I hear you are not yet converted. I presume they are talking religion to you all the time, until you get wearied of them."

"Yes," she replied. "They are after me all the time."

THE OLD CHAPEL AT MONT-LAWN

"But, Mary, you do intend at some time to make your peace with God, do you not?"

"Indeed I do," replied the girl. "But not yet. I want to have a good time for awhile before I give my heart to Him."

"Well, how long do you expect to wait? Shall we say about five years?" inquired the pastor. "Suppose we now get down and have a word of prayer, and say to God that not until after five years will you consider the matter of accepting Christ as your Saviour."

"Oh no," replied she, "not that long."

"Well, let's say, three years."

"No, pastor, I would not like to promise not to seek salvation before the end of that time."

"Well, let's say one year. That is but a brief span."

"No," replied she, "I cannot do that. Think of it, I may die before the end of the year, and how terrible it would be for me to die under su conditions."

"Very well, let's say six months and leave it there"

"No, really, I could not say that I would wait even s months."

"Then, Sarah, if you are afraid to put it off for t brief space of six months, why not do it now?"

And then and there, they knelt down, and Sarah ga her heart to God.

Following this story, a page out of the history of A miral Farragut was given for the benefit of the boys.

Admiral David Glascoe Farragut, the hero of Mob Bay, when only nine years of age, prided himself that could smoke like a chimney, drink like a fish, swear li a trooper, and do card tricks like a gambler. One d immediately after dinner was over, his father sent t people out of the room, and he and young David alc remained. When the door was shut, his father walk up to him and said:

"David, what do you mean to become, sir?"

"I mean to be a sailor and a captain like yoursel

"What!" said the father. "A boy with your habi Never. You will be a drunken sailor before the mast, be kicked fore and aft, to die in a fever port and ha your carcass thrown into the sea. That is what w happen to you, unless you change your habits."

Farragut afterwards said that he was stunned, h he could not but admit that his father was right.

"I made up my mind at once," said he, "to q smoking, gambling, drinking and swearing, which I c then and there. That same year I was converted God and that turned the current of my entire life, accordance with the promise contained in the Bib 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteo ness and all these things will be added unto you.' Fr the time that I gave my heart to God, my career h been onward and upward."

After the closing of the service, singing, "My Fath has Many Dear Children," the school marched o and soon scattered over the green lawns and under t numerous trees which have afforded shade and p tection to the 20,000 little children who have, since t opening of the Home, enjoyed the hospitality of th veritable Children's Paradise.

SPEYER'S GREAT CATHEDRAL DEDICATED

were to be honored by a memorial church. Royal sanction was obtained Jan. 31, 1857, and the society was called Retscher Verein (from the palace of the family Retschin, where it was supposed the protest was handed in). The project made slow progress for many years, but on Feb. 1, 1882, when the name of the organization was changed, to "The Society for Building a Memorial Church of the Protest at Speyer in 1529;" there were 250,000 marks available in the treasury. Emperor William I., his son, the Crown Prince Frederick, the present Emperor of Germany and other notables, took an active interest in the project, and on Sept. 19, 1890, the building-place was dedicated, where now stands the majestic Memorial Church. The late Henry Villiard, of New York, and several other Americans were closely connected with the project at this time and gave generous aid. The expenses up to July 1, 1904, amounted to 2,127,660 marks, of which Americans contributed 130,369 marks.

The Memorial Church, which is nearly 72 metres long (about 240 feet, a metre being 39.37 inches), has 1,440 seats, 952 below and 488 in the galleries. It has a beautiful Memorial Hall, 21 metres high and 11 metres wide, in which stands the Luther Statue, a gift of the German Lutherans of America, through Hon. Chas. A. Schieren of Brooklyn, who was chiefly instrumental in collecting the fund for that purpose. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are represented in the contributions to the Luther Statue. Each of the protesting cities is represented in the Memorial Hall by its coat-of-arms, a gift of these cities. Over the portals are three windows representing scenes of the Reformation

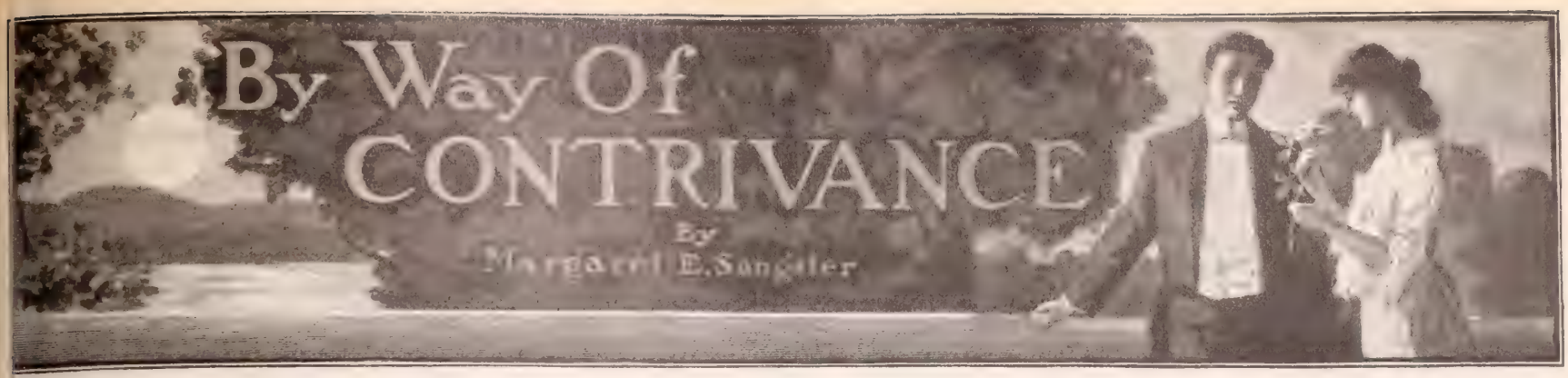
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 821

period. One window represents Luther's burning of the Papal bull before the Elstergate in Wittenberg, Dec. 10, 1520; the window to the right shows the Elector Frederick the Wise and Franz von Sickinjen, and that on the left Duke Ludwig of Zweibruecken and Elector Ott Heinrich of Heidelberg.

From the Memorial Hall three entrances lead into the church, some of the pillars of which were donated by W. Zeigler of New York. The small windows under the galleries represent pictures expressive of Faith, Hope, Charity; thus the stoning of Stephen represents Hope; the Centurion of Capernaum and the offering of Isaac, show Faith; Mary and Martha, Charity, Over the galleries to the right, the windows show: 1. Luther nailing the thesis; 2. The theses of Jesus: the sermon on the mount, with the beatitudes; 3. God's thesis: the legislation on Sinai. To the left, the windows show: 1. Calvin's call by Farel in the year 1536; 2. Paul's call near Damascus; 3. Isaiah's call, with the angel's song in the pedestal: "Holy, holy, holy," etc. Over the transepts are two rosettes, each with stained windows, to the right and to the left. The rosette to the right shows, in the ten outer circles, the portraits of the apostles; that to the left, the representatives of the Reformation. Besides the rosettes, there are eight windows representing the life of the Saviour. Very attractive, in addition to the beautiful windows donated by the Emperor and Empress of Germany, is the pulpit, costing 20,000 marks, the gift of J. Pierrepont Morgan of New York, decorated by four bronze sheets showing: 1. The birth of the Lord; 2. The baptism of the Lord; 3. The bearing his cross; 4. The resurrection.

Of the 102 pews, fifty have been donated. Of t American founders may be mentioned Gustav Schwa Albrecht Pagenstecher, Seth Low, Samuel Sloan, Jam C. Carter, R. T. Wilson, George F. Batker, Willia Tod, Chas. R. Flint, Charles Lanier, F. S. Bowdo Edward Cooper, Morris K. Jessup, and Levi P. Mort of New York; Catharina Slip, Chicago; the Prot tants, of Richmond, Ohio. One window over the ste was donated by Mr. Woershoeffer, of New York, a Oswald Ottendorfer and W. E. Dodge gave two ir railings. In the belfry hang five bells, weighing gether 457 hundred-weight. One is the "Kaiser Wilhe Bell," for which French cannons have been used. It h the picture of Wilhelm the Great. The second bell called the "Gustavus Adolphus Bell," with the pictu of the King of Sweden. The third is the "Luther Bel with Luther's picture, surrounded by the six evangelic princes who signed the protest at Speyer, April 1529. The fourth is called "Bavern," a gift of Heikmann-Bonn. The fifth bell, "Evangelische Arb ter vereins-Glocke," given by the Evangelical Workir men's Union of Germany, with the inscription, I. Pet 2: 17. Over the belfry towers the pyramid, forty metr high, looking out into the fertile plain of the Rhine.

We have given but a faint description of this mor mental building, which is a lasting reminder to t world that Protestantism consists not in protesti against the truth by tearing to pieces the mighty fo ress of the Word of God, but in upholding the tru and defending it, as revealed in that Word.



WHAT did you say, Burchard? Frank Conrad in love? With whom, pray?"

"With little Molly Bigelow, bless her heart, the youngest but one of the Bigelow girls. hey are all pretty; but there are seven of them, and lks don't seem to realize how nice they are."

"But what ails Frank, if he's in love, not to court olly. He seems sort o' down-hearted."

"Indeed he well may be, Aunt Charity. Courting a gelow girl is like storming a fort. He can't get thin speaking distance. Jack Elmore tried it, aunty. e was in love with Marjorie Bigelow, and I'm reanably sure that she favored him; but then when he nt to see her, he was routed, horse, foot and draons. He gave it up and retreated in good order, opped calling week evenings and Sundays, and went out his business. If Marjorie felt it she was too oud to show it, poor lass."

Burchard Miller was a Scotchman and a bachelor, 10 took an interest in the affairs of his young friends. is Aunt Charity was old in years, but young in heart.

"Was he not kindly received?" she asked. "I've ways thought the Bigelows most hospitable and most urteous. They almost keep open house for their ends."

"Indeed they do, Aunt Charity. That's the worst of Jack used to call, hoping to see Marjorie; and first adame Bigelow would come in, and then Mrs. Bige-w, in the most beautiful gown, all lace trimmed, and iamonds sparkling at her throat, like a queen, and it's e rule that you take notice of nobody else when Mrs. gelow's in the room. The girls drift in one by one, e whole seven; all polite, all subdued, all meek, extly like seven daisies in a field. Marjorie, who was e sweetest daisy of the lot, Jack thought, would ile at him, but he never got a chance to visit her, and he gave it up. He married Ethel James, an only ughter. Marjorie was one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah, yes, I remember."

Mrs. Miller meditated. She was a rich widow with a g house and wide grounds. A brook was hers that rever babbled its secrets to the world, and an enanting land-locked lake in miniature, where sweetarts might canoe, if they pleased.

"Burchard, what do you want me to do? Speak, ar boy."

"This, aunty. Invite a house party for a week, and clude Molly Bigelow and Frank Conrad among the ests. Don't ask another Bigelow girl, even if their ther suggests it, as she probably will, and don't cept a substitute. Make it clear that Miss Molly is e one you are sending for."

Aunt Charity nodded. "I think I can manage it. I'll ive round and give my invitation in person this afternoon. You make your list, Burchard, of the men, and l show you mine of the girls. I'd like the house to brightened by a little young life."

Mrs. Miller had very little difficulty in assembling her use party, though she was obliged to exercise diplomacy to secure Molly. Molly's mother, one of those ftly invincible women, who conceal iron strength der velvet smoothness, tried in vain to have Julie or atherine asked, instead of Molly.

"Julie plays so finely, and Katherine is so pretty, but olly is such a baby, hardly out of the schoolroom. I ally think you'd better let me choose for you among y girls. My rosebud garden of girls," she added th a laugh, sweet and silvery. Mrs. Miller underood how dominant was this mother's personality, and, a flash, saw that her daughters were overshadowed hen she was in the company. Indeed, Mrs. Bigelow rogated to herself the right of monopoly if a man, ung or old, was within reach. As a girl she had en a beauty and a belle. As a matron she was still tractive, and in the splendor of her charms she gave r daughters no opportunity to be themselves. They ere simply her shadowy satellites.

Molly, in a flutter of joyous excitement, with a nkful of dainty frocks, arrived by the same train at brought Frank Conrad. The first night he took r in to dinner. Their conversation at dinner was so tertaining and absorbing that they had to finish it in e conservatory. There was music in the drawing om, and on the veranda several young people were alking up and down. As Burchard always maintained, s aunt's house was Liberty Hall; one could do what liked there, and the good times were unchecked by y burdensome restrictions.

"Wouldn't you like to walk to the edge of the lake d see the moon shining on the water?" asked Frank. t's a magnificent evening."

"I should love it, but mother said that I was to stay with the others, and particularly near Mrs. Miller, and I know she wouldn't like me to talk so long with you."

Molly blushed.

"Oh, if I bore you!"

"But you don't. Only I've never talked so long with any one person in my whole life, as with you to-night."

"See here, Molly Bigelow, we are under Mrs. Miller's roof, and she is responsible for us. To please you," he continued, looking gravely into Molly's flushed face, "I'll ask her if I may walk with you to the lake's edge, through the garden, in this moonlight. May I?"

"Has anybody else asked permission to do anything else that's nice to-night?"

"Why, not that I know of. But you have a very sensitive conscience, and I'd prefer to set it at rest. Come along, we'll both go to her."

Aunt Charity in her black silk gown, with her white shawl thrown over her ample shoulders, beamed benevolently upon the two when they stood before her She smiled on Molly so lovingly, that Molly felt for almost the first time in her life, that a mother might be something besides a commander-in-chief.

"You run along, my dears," she said. "Frank, I put Molly in your charge. Molly, you may trust Frank Conrad to the last drop of his blood. He's true and tried, and I've brought him up. Now, hurry on, before the moon gets under a cloud. Frank, you bring the little girl back soon, do you hear?"

A picnic was on foot for the next morning, and though they went in a group, with Aunt Charity for a chaperone, arrived at the picnic ground the young people separated and went about in pairs. Again Molly discovered that Frank Conrad was her partner, and, seated under a leafy chestnut, they found themselves growing confidential, and Frank began telling Molly some of his hopes and plans.

"I'm going to South America! Did you know it?" he said. "We railway engineers have to be rolling-stones more or less."

She looked startled.

"When do you go?" she ventured.

"Six weeks from to-day," he replied, taking out a memorandum book. "I hope," he said in a low voice, "to be married before I go."

She drew away perceptibly. "Married! I had not heard that you were engaged. Who is the lady?"

"I am not at liberty as yet to mention her name, but she is the loveliest, most fascinating, most bewitching girl in the world. She is without a peer."

"Indeed!" said Molly, frigidly. "If you are to be married so soon, Mr. Conrad, I wonder at your wasting time here. You should be at your fiancee's side."

She rose to her feet.

Frank Conrad rose too.

"Molly Bigelow," he said, "are you utterly blind? Don't you know what I mean? My dear, my dear, you are the only fiancee I can ever desire. I know I'm frightening you, but you are the girl I mean to marry in less than a month from now. You, you, only you. Why, child, I've been courting you for six eternal months, with your mother looking on. Didn't you know it, dear?"

He looked into her eyes. The sound of voices was not far away. They could hear the murmur of talk mingled with the murmur of the wind in the pines. They could even hear the clatter of dishes, where, a little way off, the tables were being set for luncheon. Yet they were solitary, standing on the pine needles in a little copse that had been meant for lovers, and was the very fittest spot on earth for a betrothal.

Frank looked into Molly's eyes, a look tender, compelling, attracting. He spoke softly:

"Molly, will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Frank," she answered, and her eyes fell. He stooped and kissed her on the forehead. The kiss was as light as a bit of thistle-down, but her swift blush responded to it like kindling flame.

"I am the happiest fellow on this side of the Atlantic," he exclaimed. "Molly, Molly, you are willing, aren't you?"

"Yes, Frank," she whispered; "but wait till you see mamma, before you say you are happy. She'll be furious. Mother thinks I am only a little girl. I don't know how we'll ever tell her. She'll say you must marry Julie or Barbara, and she'll send me away to school."

"You darling little goose! It's not Barbara nor Julie that I'm in love with, but you, and they are not in love with me! You are, aren't you, Molly?" he demanded, jealously, his arm around her.

"Yes, Frank, I am."

"Then, Molly, kiss me," and his lips touched hers.

There was a scene at the Bigelows' breakfast table the next morning. Letters were always waiting by the plates when the family came down stairs.

Mr. Bigelow opened his mail in a leisurely fashion, expecting nothing more exciting than a bill, or a letter from some relative, business correspondence of importance confining itself to the office. But this morning was exceptional. He read a letter, frowned, read it over, then exclaimed with emphasis, "Upon my word, mother! There is to be a wedding in this family, it seems!"

"Whatever can you mean, John?"

"What I say. Frank Conrad, in a most manly letter, asks my consent to his marrying Molly. He has already secured her promise, it appears!"

"I am much displeased with Molly," said Molly's mother. "I told Charity Miller that she was far too young and immature to be trusted from under my wing. That a daughter of mine should flirt, should misbehave in such a shocking way, makes me extremely mortified. John, what in the name of all that's sensible do you see to laugh at in this extraordinary situation?"

Mr. Bigelow restrained his mirth.

"Our daughter Molly is nineteen, Matilda, and you were not quite eighteen when you married me. Frank Conrad is twenty-six, is a rising engineer, belongs to a good family, and is, in short, a very desirable son-in-law. What puzzles me is when it occurred to him to court my Molly?"

For once Mrs. Bigelow was crushed. One and all, her family were against her.

"Why, mother!" said Marjorie, "Frank Conrad has been worshiping Molly this long time, but he never has had the least opportunity to let her know it, because he's always had to talk to you. As a household we are overpowering. There are so many of us, and we are always, all of us, in evidence when a man calls. I, for one," and Marjorie sighed, "feel very much like sending Molly congratulations by telegraph. What a blessing for her that Mrs. Miller had this perfectly providential house party just now."

"Why, Marjorie!" exclaimed Mrs. Bigelow. Not yet had it dawned upon her that her girls were in rebellion: that they thought her anything but their best friend. No glimmering that Marjorie had borne a heart-ache was hers. Had she known it, she would have been very sorry.

"Jack Elmore was in love with Marjorie, mother, before he ever looked at Ethel James." This was from Barbara. Marjorie had left the room.

And now Madame Bigelow spoke. She was a ponderous woman, sixty-five or thereabout, still accustomed to supremacy in her world, as her daughter-in-law was in hers. She addressed the latter:

"The question at issue is, 'What shall John say to Frank Conrad!' is it not?"

"As to that," replied her son, "I shall wire my consent. The young people will be at home this evening. The wedding is to take place almost immediately, and you, my dear," addressing his wife, "will have your hands full, seeing about the trousseau. Frank expects to be ordered to South America very soon, and intends to take his wife with him. When Mollie is married, I shall invite you, Matilda, to take a trip abroad with me, and if there are any more strenuous courtships on the horizon, we'll leave them a clear field."

Mrs. Bigelow had nothing to say.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

WE may not always see it,
The other side of pain,
The other side of trial,
And the sun above the rain,
But in this world are mingled
Forever, shine and shower,
And both are bringing gladness,
Each in its own good hour.

The side that covers over
Our path may not be bright,
But somewhere nearer heaven
It glows with glorious light
The lowlands may be misty,
And steep and rough the way,
But in God's uplands ever,
Abides the perfect day.

"The Heir of all the Russias"

"AN infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry," and yet he is the heir of all the Russias. One can hardly conceive of the grandeur and magnificence which has surrounded this royal baby ever since he drew his first breath. Great pomp and ceremony attended the christening, as recently described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was on August 24th, that the Czarevitch was taken from Alexandra Palace to the chapel of the Peterhof Palace, to be given the name, and title, "The High-born Heir Apparent, and Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievitch." The baptismal procession was preceded by a body of trumpeters mounted on snow-white horses, these being followed by a squadron of the bodyguard in scarlet uniforms; then came a detachment of red Hussars riding splendid gray Arabian horses. Four gilded coaches followed, each drawn by eight white horses. In the last of these coaches was the mite of humanity, whose advent into the world has been heralded as so important, as affecting the destiny of all Russia.

THE BAPTISMAL PROCESSION

The baby rested in the arms of Princess Galitzen; the cradle was also in the carriage. In the other coaches were the Czar, his mother, the Queen of Greece, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, who represented King Edward. A squadron of blue Cossacks on brown chargers closed the procession. In the chapel the little Czarevitch was held by the Princess Galitzen, he was dressed in pale blue robes and lay upon a cushion of the same hue. The baby weighed but ten and one-half pounds yet the services of two grand high officials were required to help in carrying his pillow and veil. When his highness was immersed in the water he cried loudly, his cold bath being evidently as much of a surprise as if he had been of birth most plebeian. At the grand reception which followed, his Imperial Majesty, the Czar, wore a light blue uniform, the Dowager-Empress appearing in light-colored heavy brocade. As the Czar moved among his guests, he seemed in most excellent spirits. The picturesqueness of these magnificent ceremonies was greatly heightened by the ladies attending wearing the ancient Muscovite national court dress; this in obedience to His Majesty's command. While the infant Prince was being taken back to the Alexandra Palace, the Czar entertained nine hundred guests at lunch. The Czarina rose on the day of his baptism, for the first time since the baby's birth.

The Czar has issued a manifesto, to some extent relieving the extreme pressure on the Finns and the Jews.

THE BABY CZAREVITCH HELD BY PRINCESS GALITZEN

Answered Prayers

A HERALD Reader, Gap, Pa. "He is able to help all those who come to him in faith, believing."

A. L. "I wish to acknowledge God's loving kindness in answering special prayer many times. Even while yet speaking, the answer comes. I take all my troubles to him, and he never disappoints me."

Mrs. H., Burl, Ia. "Seeing the account of many of God's children in answer to prayer, I wish to tell others of his wonderful goodness to me, in hearing and answering prayer. I hope this will help others to trust him."

Lalla McI., Collins, Miss. "I desire to acknowledge answered prayers. One of mine has been answered recently that was agreat blessing to my family. I know He who rules the world will answer a prayer sent to Him, believing He is able to answer."

Mrs. John C. "The Answered Prayers column is a great blessing to me. I know God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I was in deep trouble, but I took it all to God in prayer, and he surely heard and answered, for which I praise his holy name."

Old Subscriber, Hartsells, Ala. "The Lord hears and answers our prayers, if we will only trust him. I have long prayed for the conversion of my two boys. He has heard me, bless his holy name. I am praying and trusting him to remove a great trouble, and I believe he will hear me and answer in his own good time and way. Trust him."

Miss Pearl P., Merit, Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers for the recovery of a sick friend. While I was yet on my knees praying, God lifted my burden and wiped away my tears, by saying, 'He will live.' Dear readers, his promises are ever faithful and true. Praise his holy name."

Harry E. K., Boulder, Colo. "I have received much benefit from reading the Answered Prayers, and wish to gratefully acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my petitions in a time of great anxiety and difficulty. The following verses, I. Peter 5: 6, 7, have been very helpful to me: 'Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that he may exalt you in due time.' 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' May we not all more fully realize that God does care for us and is ever ready to help us in time of need."

A. B., Newark, N. J. "I prayed to the Lord and he answered it. I want to thank him and serve him always."

A Reader, Alabama. "My prayers have been answered without number. Glory to his name, for He surely hears those who call upon Him. The column of Answered Prayers is great comfort."

M. E. R., Madrid, N. Y. "I want to bear my testimony that prayers are answered. I prayed for the conversion of a young friend who was living a dissipated life, and thank God he is now converted and living a life of communion with God."

Mrs. O. T. D., Arlington, N. J. "I promised the Lord some months ago that if he spared my baby, after a very critical operation, when all hope seemed lost, I would make this acknowledgment of it. She is a well girl to-day, and I have been given strength to care for her during the months she was convalescing. Many other prayers have been answered, and I praise His Holy Name."

Mrs. M. H. B., Los Banos, Calif. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer, in sparing a dear relative's life who was very ill, and restore him to his usual health, that I would acknowledge it. He answered, and I cannot praise him enough for his goodness to me. He has directly answered my prayers many times before, and I take all my cares and trials to the Lord, for I know he will incline his ear to me."

E. G., Lupton, Mich. "I desire to add my testimony to the list of Answered Prayers. How often we can see the result in answer to our prayers; and also the kind hand of providence in leading us in a way we know not. Let us continue to follow in that strait and narrow path, that will finally bring us home."

A Believer, Canastota, N. Y. "Influenced by the testimonials in Answered Prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I promised the Lord if he would answer a certain prayer of mine, I would publicly ackno wledge it. He answered me, for which I sincerely thank him. I also wish to thank him publicly for other answers which he has given me."

M. W., Vermont. "God has recently answered one of my prayers in a way I did not look for. Through long weary months of sickness he has been with me all the way. My heart is full of thankfulness to him."

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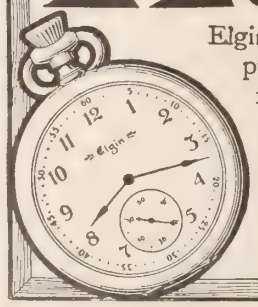

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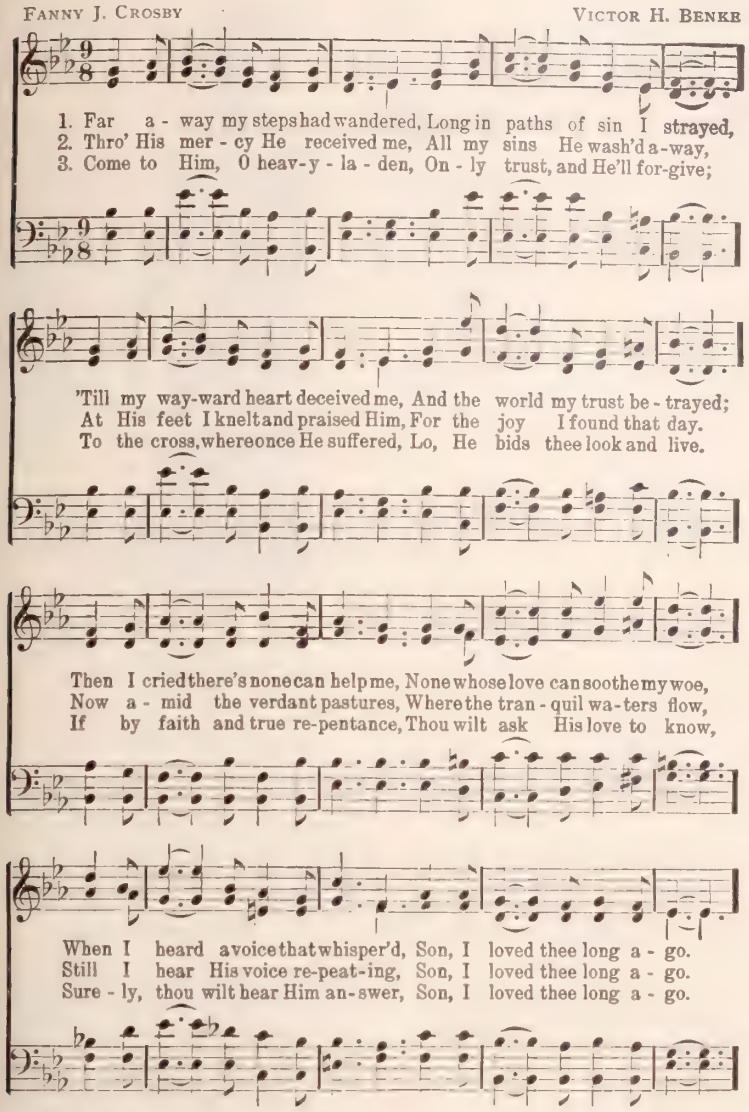

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* Or Child.

From "Young People's Songs of Praise," Published by The Biglow & Main Co. New York and Chicago

THE BENKE MEMORIAL

THE fund for the memorial tablet to Victor H. Benke, "The Volunteer Organist," is steadily growing. The tablet which will be placed on the wall of the Bowery Mission is of appropriate, though simple design, and will serve to commemorate the ten years of work for the Master which Mr. Benke gave after his conversion. He died literally in the harness, his last appearance being at a concert, the last of the season's series. He was even then stricken with mortal illness, but so anxious was he for the success of the entertainment, and so much was his heart in the work, that he would not be persuaded to give up, and when he lay down that night, it was never to arise in the body. His work was done, but his songs will live in the hearts of all who hear them, and his memory will never become dim to those who know how he labored for the salvation of men, who, like himself, had felt the iron of remorse for wasted years enter their hearts.

The hymn printed above, was one of "The Volunteer Organist's" latest compositions; Miss Fanny Crosby, the well-known blind poet and writer of hymns, composes the words.

All contributions to the Benke Memorial Fund above the cost of the tablet, will be given to the widow and child of the dead organist.

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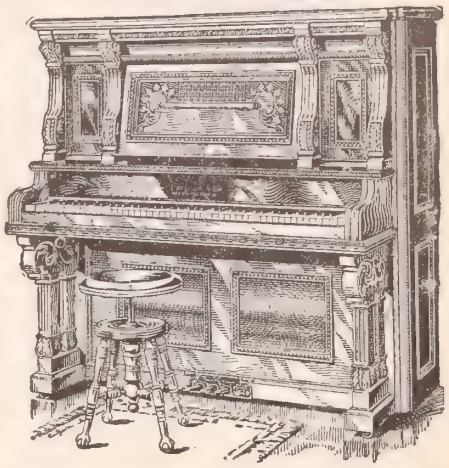

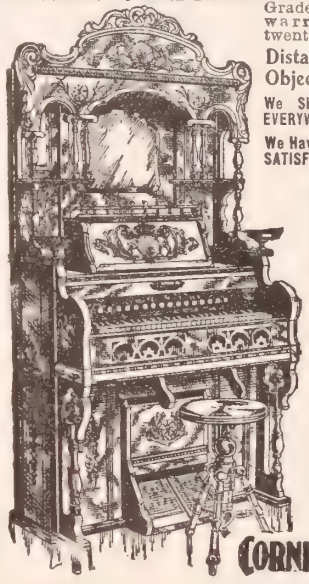

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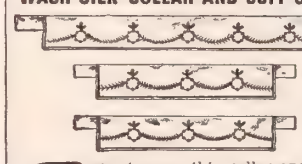

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Questions and Answers

Mrs. G. W., Lafayette. Ind. Why are not old, worn-out ministers, who preach to save souls and so save the world, pensioned by the government, as well as men who fought for their country? God's cause should be honored as well as man's. We should not leave them and their families to suffer.

We trust that the time will yet come when the worn-out workers in the vineyard will be provided for, not by the government, but by the liberality of God's grateful people. Some few denominations provide for their aged preachers, but the neglect, in others, is so widespread and so evident that it is a reproach upon our so-called Christianity.

Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. Was Stephen's statement (Acts 7: 16) correct, that Abraham bought the sepulchre in which Jacob was subsequently buried, from the sons of Emmor?

No, either he made a mistake in quoting from memory, or is incorrectly reported. The cave of Machpelah in which Jacob was buried (see Gen. 50: 13) was bought by Abraham from Ephron, the Hittite (see Gen. 23: 17). The field that was bought from the sons of Hamor was bought by Jacob (see Gen. 33: 19). It was Joseph who was buried there (see Joshua 24: 32).

W, D., Des Moines, Ia. Would it not be practicable for those who possess only small means, yet wishing to own a home, to purchase not an entire house, but a suite of rooms or a flat, as they might require?

We believe few owners would be found willing to sell part of a house, as there would be a risk of the rest being unmarketable. The only way to accomplish what you suggest, would be for a company of small capitalists to unite in purchasing a property, and then divide it up in proportion to their individual interest and take titles accordingly. It would be a complicated affair, at best. One bad occupant might render the place undesirable, and it would be a difficult task to get rid of him.

I. M., Chillicothe, O. What are the seven deadly sins?

As defined by the early Church, they were pride, anger, envy, sloth, covetousness, lust and gluttony.

A Schoolgirl, Akron, O. What is the exact meaning of the word "repartee?" Will you kindly print a sample.

"Repartee" is a smart, ready and witty reply. A good illustration is found in the story told of Leonard Bacon, a widely-known theologian of years ago. Dr. Bacon was attending a conference in a New England city. Some statements which he made in his addresses were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why!" said the remonstrant, "I never heard of such a thing in my life!" "Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

Mrs. W. H. Cassidy, of Skagway, Alaska, has sent $10 to be applied toward the purchase of an organ for Miss Kristensen, a missionary in China.

Wm. C. D., Hudson, N. Y. Is it true, as has been stated, that Henry Wilson, once Vice-President of the United States, was not entitled by birth to his name?

Henry Wilson was born Jeremiah Jones Colbaith. The place of his birth was Farmington, N. H. He learned the trade of shoemaking and was mainly self-educated. When young Colbaith became of age, he had his name changed by the legislature to Henry Wilson, by which name he was afterward known. After serving successively in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and State Senate, he was elected president of the latter. In 1855 he was elected to the United States Senate, serving there for three terms. In 1872 he was elected Vice-President on the ticket with Gen. Grant.

P. F. M., Hannibal, Mo. I wish to find a song, beginning,

"Oh! Come, come away, from labor now reposing,
Let busy care, a while forbear,
O come, come away"?

This old song was published long ago in a collection called, "Crumtambuli." Write to Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, N. Y. City.

Subscriber, Parnell, Mo. Who was Beatrice De Cenci?

She was the daughter of Francisco Cenci, a wealthy Roman, by his first wife. After his second marriage, the children of his first wife (so the historians state), were grossly abused, and Beatrice was subjected to shameful indignities. In revenge, she planned and executed the murder of her father, although when put to the torture with her brother Giacomo, she claimed to be innocent. Both were put to death. Some writers declare that she was the victim of an evil plot and guiltless of the crime. The story, as it is handed down to us, is of very doubtful authenticity in many essentials.

Mrs. McI., Oswego, N. Y. What is meant by the term "sweat shop"? Does it signify a small, close, stuffy factory?

The sweating system is practiced by subcontractors, who undertake to do work (generally on men and boys' clothing) in their own houses, or small workshops, and then employ others to do the work, making a profit for themselves by the difference between the contract prices and the wages they pay their assistants.

Subscriber, Washington, D. C. What should a wife do, whose husband has during many years of married life, persistently and violently opposed her in doing any kind of religious work, also in going to church services and in educating their children as Christians? She has done very successful work for God in Sabbath School and other church work. She neglects no home duty, and is a devoted wife and mother.

There are, unfortunately, many similar cases. We have always contended that marriage confers no right on either party to wreck the spiritual life of the other, and that both are entitled to enjoy the faithful and reasonable performance of their religious

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ties and the privileges of their church. Conl of children may be defined by law; but it certainly a grievous thing to have them ss the spiritual training that would put ength and beauty and sweetness into their es, and would develop their character on noblest lines.

The hymn, "Higher Ground," published in ecent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, s written by the Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

A. C., Somerville, N. J. What is the difference between macaroni and vermicelli?

Both are composed of the same ingredients. e Italian mixture is prepared from flour, eese, yolks of eggs, sugar and saffron, in form of long, slender tubes. Vermicelli fers from macaroni only in being made in aller tubes.

S. L. W., Huntingdon, Pa. There is no ipture justification for absenting oneself m the Lord's House. On the contrary, there the injunction to "forsake not the assemng of yourselves," and many similar pasges. Differences of opinion between pastor d people cannot be bridged or reconciled by ying away from church. 2. The Anti-Saloon ague is a temperance organization, which done and is doing excellent work. Those o condemn it, know little or nothing about 3. There are many passages which show t God honors the faith of those who trust him. See Isaiah 12: 2; 13: 10, and 17: 14, ich are the passages referred to.

Inquirer, New York City. Are the prophecies of Daniel and Zechariah all fulfilled?

No, many of them will not be fulfilled until e closing years of this dispensation. You l find a comprehensive account of them d a learned exposition of them in Rev. M. xter's work, *Forty Future Wonders*, which n can obtain at this office for fifty cents.

W., West Simsbury, Conn. Will you please tell me concerning the eucalyptus tree? Of what country is it a native? Is it true that one of the European governments has caused large numbers of these trees to be planted, on account of their power to ward off malaria?

The eucalyptus is a tree of the order *myrtæa*, and is found in Australia, Japan and e Malay Peninsula. It is said by botanists be good for drying up marshy soil, and s removing a cause of malaria. Its growth very rapid. It will not stand severe winters. me have been planted in the White House ounds, Washington. We do not know what ropean governments may have done.

E. S. W., Aurora, Ind. We congratulate u and your co-workers on the crusade ainst profanity, which you have begun. u should communicate with the Anti-Profity League, Southampton, Mass., and get ouch with its methods of working.

L., Millville, N. J. 1. Who was the young man mentioned as following Christ (Mark 14: 51)? 2. What lesson are we to learn from the Parable of the Unjust Steward (Luke 16. 1-13)? 3. What is the meaning of Christ's teaching about the empty house (Matt. 12: 43-45)?

1. It is not known, but there is a tradition t it was Mark, the writer of the second spel, and the companion of Paul, Barnabas d Peter. 2. That if men were as earnest in ning the good will of the poor by helping m, as the steward was in winning the gratie of his Lord's debtors by his fraudulent angement, they would be gladdened on ering heaven by the welcome of people om they had relieved. 3. That people o are only half converted, who give up tain sins, but do not seek the presence of indwelling Spirit, and really give themselves to Christ, are in danger of falling back into their old ways, and even into that more hardened condition which results from a partial acquaintance with divine things.

Reader, Peoria, Ill. What was the origin of the prejudice against the number thirteen? Is there any reason for it.

It is supposed to be associated with the fact that Christ and his twelve disciples sat down to supper on the night preceding the crucifixion. It is a silly superstition to pay any attention to the number. It is not more unlucky than others.

H. W. L., Scranton, Pa. Does it ever occur that a person is entirely sanctified when he is regenerated?

We never heard of such a case. The work of sanctification is a process continuing generally through life. There are periods when it advances more rapidly than at others. Sometimes under earnest preaching, or through a severe trial, or in a season of communion with God, the soul is filled with the Holy Spirit, and there is a consciousness of a material advance, which is sometimes permanent as it is instantaneous, but with the majority of Christians sanctification is a slow process, the result of many prayers and much discipline.

Student, Mott Haven, N. Y. Why did the Egyptians worship the Scarabæus or beetle?

They found in it many mystical associations with their religious and social ideas. Its depositing its eggs in the earth, from which its progeny arose, was supposed to typify the resurrection. One of its habits was supposed to typify the influence of the sun on the earth. The fact that they believed all beetles to be of the same sex made it a type of the self-existent Deity. The number of its toes corresponded with the number of days in their month, and there were other emblematic associations with it. The stone figures of it, the under side being covered with hieroglyphs, were used as talismans to ward off the effects of the evil eye and were symbolical of Isis.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. B. P., Gordon, O. We do not know the concern.

Miss C. H. G., North Clarendon, Vt. We never heard of the school you mention. There are various systems of training the memory, each of which has some merit of its own, though nearly all differ in method.

Emilie R. 1. He is dead. 2. No; the smaller flame consumes less oil. 3. After marriage, among the orthodox Jews, the women formerly wore wigs, in order, it is said, to make them unattractive to others. 4. Consult a lawyer. The marriage laws vary in different countries.

Mrs. M. E. W., West McHenry, Ill. 1. Thunder and lightning storms are the result of the discharge of electricity between one group of clouds and another, or between the clouds and the earth. 2. The name of "angel" is applied to certain spiritual beings or heavenly intelligences, employed by God as the ministers of his will. They are frequently mentioned in Scripture, and their functions in heaven are hinted at in I. Kings 22: 19; Isa. 6: 1-3; Dan. 7: 9, 10; Rev. 6: 11, and other passages.

Mrs. E. S. Laughlin, Livermore, Calif. *Earl's Housekeeping* is a plain book of instruction in the handling of domestic accounts, containing illustrated examples of the methods of subdivision. It is exceedingly simple and easily understood, and its principles can be applied with equal success to the management of large institutions, or to the moderate expenditures of the family circle. This branch of education is now attracting considerable attention, and will no doubt be, in the future, included in every young girl's school education. *Earl's Housekeeping*, 1223 Bible House, New York City. Price 25 cents.

Seamen's Christian Association

THE workers in the Seamen's Christian Association Mission, in New York, have been greatly encouraged by the testimonies readily given at the meetings. One man who signed the pledge eight years ago, down in the old quarters of the Mission, said that he had kept it through the many temptations incident to his hard life on a troopship running from Liverpool to Cape Ann. "But," said he, "God has helped me to be strong, and our prayers have followed me, I know." Another said: "I do not need to sign the temperance pledge, because I never touch the stuff," and here came the real Christian test, "a thought of others; "but perhaps, by signing, I may help some other poor fellow."

There was a world of pathos, and a long story of struggle against his besetting sin, in the few words spoken by a middle-aged man, who said, "My missus was so glad when I took your temperance card home to her, and put it up in the picture frame over our mantel-shelf, where we could all see it, and now she want to take another so that she may know I have been faithful to my promise."

Another came forward, saying, "I cannot write my name, but will you please sign the card for me?" A little girl writes, "We are very happy in our home now that papa is a better man, and does not drink any more;" and a mother prays for a blessing on the Mission that has done so much for her boy.

Other and similar testimonies are an assurance that the efforts of the Seamen's Christian Mission at 399 West Street, New York, is not in vain among the seafaring men. Many have been encouraged to try and lead better lives, have found the better way, and are happy in the finding. The life of a sailor is a hard one at best, so that the work accomplished by this Mission during the seventeen years of its existence has brought many an encouragement and blessing to poor "Jack Tar."

The Gospel meetings have been well attended during the summer, and the reading-room has always been crowded. The secretary writes that every detail of the work is encouraging, and that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been most helpful with its sympathy and interest. She says, "We need to enlarge our borders, in order that we may not only continue, but increase our usefulness." Contributions to the good work will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Seamen's Christian Association, 399 West Street, New York.

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Hans, the Wonderful Horse

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a brief account of the remarkable horse, "Hans," whose ability as an arithmetician are astonishing the German scientists. Dr. O. Heinroth, of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, contributes a very interesting article on the subject to the Berlin *Illustrirte Zeitung*. He writes:

There is in Berlin, a gentleman who has tried for many years to prove the intelligence of the horse. Suddenly, one day, there appeared in one of the daily papers, an article that a horse not only understood the German language perfectly, but could do common addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Not enough with that; it knows how to use fractions and decimals, and can distinguish colors, persons and photographs. This story left our Chief Director Dr. Heck, and the well-known African traveler, Dr. Schillings, and myself, no rest until we had seen the horse, for we were doubting Thomases.

Hans is a magnificent horse, of Russian blood, probably eight years old, and with a good-natured face. The owner, Mr. Osten, is an elderly gentleman, who was formerly a teacher of mathematics. For many years he tried to demonstrate the intelligence of the horse. One horse had made great advances after eight years of training, but the horse Hans had only been learning two years. Mr. Osten has no intention of selling Hans, nor of showing him for money. He says he simply teaches the animal for the love of science.

In the yard Mr. Osten showed us Hans, and asked the horse to do a few sums in addition, as 6 plus 2, 4 plus 3, etc., which the animal answered correctly by stamping the right forefoot. The horse continually puts his mouth into Mr. Osten's pocket to eat small pieces of carrot. This is done to get the horse to work, because the whip is unknown to him. He only answers questions after getting something to eat. "Without feeding, his mind is nothing," says Mr. Osten, smiling, "and what man receives through title, order, and position, Hans receives from the carrots."

We asked: "How is 12 divisible?" This was answered immediately. Additions like 72 plus 14 were also rightly answered. We now let Hans give us the figures 8 and 6, but we were yet more astonished when, by our wish, he gave 1-3, 3-4, etc. in decimals. He distinguished both genuine and ungenuine fractions. They held a watch before him, and he could distinguish the minute and the hour. And more yet: When, for instance, you said to him, "It is now 12 o'clock and 17 minutes, how many minutes are required to make it one-quarter to one?" He answered by 28 stamps. These are only a few examples.

Hans distinguishes gold and silver, by stamping, and can tell the difference between a fifty and a ten-pfennig piece. You write a concert programme on a slate, and by playing the melody of a number, he gives the number that corresponds. He even gave the octave on a mouth harmonica, according to the number. On the sand in the yard, we laid down half a dozen colored rags: white (1), black (2), red (3), blue (4), green (5), yellow (6). "Which is the green?" Five hoof stamps. "Go and get the green," and willingly Hans gets the rag. Doubters secretly change the colors, but that has no effect. We can write the questions on a slate just as well, without saying a word, and he answers them.

Hans counts differently with the low numbers than with the high. For 4, for instance, the hoof-stamps follow slowly, for 54 quickly, then towards the end slower, as if the animal were thinking. Sometimes he is very stubborn. He does not want to answer and then he must be threatened with. "You will get nothing to eat." This is the only punishment he dreads.

The small yard is always filled with inquisitive and earnestly interested people. We stand about 20 men and women in a row and ask Hans "Which is the largest, the most corpulent, how many officers, ladies, boys, children, etc." In the background hang ten differently colored rags on a wash-line, and Hans tells the officers' colors.

"HANS" AND HIS OWNER, MR. OSTEN

Hans was not picked out of any special number of horses. Mr. Osten thinks that you can teach any horse similar tricks. If all this is true, it is only *dressur* (training). Hans even knows the days and dates as well as a schoolboy, without the help of a calendar.

To this almost incredible story of the intelligent horse, the editor of *Illustrirte Zeitung* adds the following:

Authorities of zoology, including Prof. Dr. Mobius, Director of Zoological Museums in Berlin, Dr. Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens, and the well-known African traveler Schillings, have declared that the horse answered these questions through its mind. People who know horses and others may doubt this. We, too, have our doubts, and leave it to the author of the article (Dr. Heinroth).

[There is no doubt whatever among American horsemen on the subject of which Dr. Heinroth writes. Any good horse, they say, can be taught surprising tricks, including the apparent counting of figures, etc. Results are reached, not by any mental calculation, but by the docility of the animal in responding to signals from its master or trainer.]

SPEAKING TO THE CAPTAIN

By REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A., ENGLAND

On many ferry-boats is the notice: "Passengers are requested not to speak to the captain or steersman while crossing the river."

THERE is a stream that we all must cross,
The River of human Years;
Now lying calm in the summer light,
Now splashed with a rain of tears.
Out from the hills of God it flows,
And on to the shoreless sea.
Where the noontide sun no shadow throws,
And time is eternity.

REFRAIN: But why should I faint or falter?
Why are these doubts and fears?
I shall go and speak to the Captain
As I cross the River of Years.

There is a stream that we often cross,
The River of earthly change;
As we leave the moorings of the past,
And we seek the new and strange.
But the shore is veiled by a misty cloud,
And we cannot see it well;
And the voices of the storm are loud,
As we hear the minute bell.

There is a stream that we all must cross,
The River of Death so cold;
When the lights of earth are seen no more,
And the green moss turns to mold;
When a hand of ice shall push our bark
Out on the swelling tide,
When friends will leave us alone in the dark,
Alone on the waters wide.

Say, have you made friends with the Captain?
Have you looked in His loving face?
Have you heard His voice of pardon?
Have you tasted of His grace?
O, why do you slight and grieve Him,
Counting His love but dross?
Will you sin on, and leave Him,
When the River of Death you cross?

REFRAIN: O, speak, speak now to the Captain,
Speak in your sighs and tears!
And He will speak and stand by you,
All down the River of Years.

Don't do this drudgery

Carrying coal and ashes up and dow stairs is needless, wearing work. Wh do it? Why shiver and freeze throug another winter with crude heatin methods? Why continue to pay extr for the dirt, drudgery and fuel waste the old-fashioned ways? Put in Stea or Water warming—now so simple, lik telephoning the cellar for heat—ar enjoy all the comforts and healthfulnes of our way.

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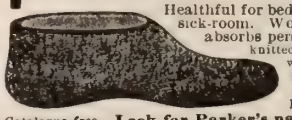

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The Hebrews' Harvest Festival

Succoth, or the Feast of Tabernacles, now Celebrated throughout the World

ON Saturday, September 24, began the celebration of Succoth, the ancient Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, which followed closely after the great Hebrew holidays, *Rosh Hashanah* (the New Year), on September 10, and *Yom Kippur* (the Day of Atonement), on September 19. In *The New Era*, Dr. Isidor Singer, one of the most learned Hebrews in America, contributes a scholarly article of unusual interest on Succoth. He writes:

This festival was in Biblical times, or, more exactly, as long as our ancestors lived as an independent nation on the soil of Palestine, instituted as a celebration of the ingathering of all the fruits of the year, concluding the cycle of the three great annual feasts—the other two being Passover and Pentecost. The great autumn Thanksgiving was held as soon as the corn and wine, and the other fruits of the soil were safely under roof on the thousands of little farms of our agricultural forefathers. This event took place, of course, at different dates in different years, and in different districts. Thus we know that the feast of ingathering, *Chag ha-Assif* (this was the original name of the festival), was of old celebrated in the hill country around Jerusalem not in the seventh, but in the eighth month. Like the other harvest feast, *Chag ha-Assif* was intimately connected with the conquest of Canaan, and was probably of Canaanitic origin. We find a short account of the harvest festival of the pagan population of Shechem, in Judges 9: 27: "And they went out into the fields and gathered their vineyards and trod (the grapes), and made merry, and went into the house of their god and did eat and drink." At the time of the author of Exodus 23: 39-43, the Feast of Tabernacles was no longer the natural festival conclusion of the harvest, but an official solemnity, with a fixed ceremonial, and the Exodus from Egypt as an historic background.

It is evident that the living in booths and the designations of "Feast of Tabernacles," or "Feast of Booths," originated in the simple fact, that during the olive and grape harvest the harvesters spent their days and nights in booths, this practice being still in use in Palestine. Volumes have been written about the precise use to which the boughs of the various trees and the willows of the brook were originally destined. But however repugnant the thought may be to the pious Jew of Warsaw, Prague, or New York, going in procession, *lulab* and *ethrog* in hand, around the reading desk, we must not reject off-hand the theory of modern Bible critics, who see in the old and beautiful ceremony an analogy with some of the old Hellenic festivals and compare the *lulab* with the *thyrsos*.

After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and the final extinction of the national life of our ancestors on their own soil, rabbinical casuists stepped in to lay down fixed rules for the ceremonial, which is still observed by the conservative co-religionists in all parts of the globe. According to these rules, the *sukkah* must be a detached and temporary habitation, specially constructed for the purpose. The maximum of its height ought to be twenty cubits, the minimum ten palms. No more than three walls are allowed. The booth must be completely roofed in or covered with solid material, but in such a way as to admit the view of the sky. It should not be under a tree (an old souvenir, probably, of the Mosaic prohibition of the pagan tree-worship), neither be covered with a cloth nor with anything which contracts defilement, or does not grow in the soil. The furniture must be very simple (Misnah, Sukkah, I, 1-2, 7). Only during a heavy rainstorm is one allowed to quit the booth; even little children, as soon as they cease to be dependent upon their mother, must dwell in the *sukkah*; only women and invalids are exempt from this duty.

As to the *lulab* (*i. e.*, the festive palm-branch) its three constituents are: (1) A shoot of the palm-tree in its folded state before the leaves are spread out, and at least three hand-breadths long; it is bound round with a twig or tendril of its own kind, (2) three twigs of myrtle; (3) two willow branches, all twigs and branches being tied to the lower end of the palm branch, the myrtle twigs on the right and the willow branch to the left, by means of three rings of palm strips. The *ethrog* is the fruit of a tree of the lemon family, oblong in shape, with a hard and fragrant skin, a white and subacid pulp. It is possible that the Jews brought the tree with them from Babylonia on their return from the exile. Jewish folk-lore soon took of the holy fruit. In Genesis, Rabbah 15: 7, the *ethrog* is among other fruits, suggested as having been the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden. The *ethrog* must not have a stain on its own nor be without the crown, peeled of its rind, perforated or defective in any way.

The *lulab* was waved in the Second Temple during the recitation of the thanksgiving prayer. After the destruction of the Temple, R. Johanan ben Zakkai ordained that the practice should be observed everywhere during the seven days "in remembrance of the Temple." This ceremony is observed in the modern synagogues (except on Sabbath). The mode of carrying and waving the *lulab* and *ethrog* is to-day nearly the same as it was in the Temple. The ceremony is binding upon every devout Jew. One should not break his fast before carrying it out. In countries where, owing to the cost, not every household can afford a *lulab* and an *ethrog*, the poor are allowed to use those belonging to their wealthier brethren. Usually the congregation owns a *lulab* and an *ethrog*, which are carried from house to house, so that the children and the feeble persons who cannot come to the synagogue, may observe the commandment and be allowed to break their fast in due time.

In olden times the joyousness of the Feast of Booths attained its height on the 21st day of Tishri. In our day, the exceedingly pious people meet after the evening service and the festival meal are over, in social gathering, to read in common Deuteronomy, the Book of Psalms, and passages from the Zohar and other cabalistic writings, taking in the intervals copious refreshments. In some places (Amsterdam, England, America) the *Shofar* is sounded during the procession at the morning service. Then the *lulab* is laid aside, and the whole community, each one taking up a small bunch of willows, joins in the hymn: *Kol mebasser we-omer* ("A voice brings news and says") expressing thus their Messianic hopes.

"The Feast of Booths," although originally an agricultural feast and, therefore, deeply rooted in the Palestinian soil, has been preserved in most of its characteristics by the Diaspora, excepting, of course, the local ordinances and those pertaining to the sacrificial service. Like his ancestors in the land of Israel, the Orthodox Jew of to-day begins, immediately after the Day of Atonement, with joy in his heart, the preparations for the construction of the *sukkah*. The children run into the woods to collect foliage and wild-flowers, and the mother opens her purse to buy what the gardener can offer for the beautifying of the booth, which is erected either in the narrow yard or in one of the attics. But gay as these green oases in the dark ghetto streets look, they cannot compare with the gay and striking spectacle which Jerusalem must have presented during the great thanksgiving festival: the joyful crowd, feasting in their huts by day, and parading with lamps and flambeaux in the streets of the Holy City and its suburbs at night. We understand, therefore, the old Hebrew proverb: "He who has never seen the rejoicing at the pouring out of the water of Siloam has never seen rejoicing in his life."

A Favorite Japanese Game

A favorite game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upward on the "tatami," or thick mat of rice straw on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players, for the quicksighted and keen witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured sarcasms.

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Helping One Another*

OUR influence on one another is unavoidable. Everyone is doing something, for good or ill, for the people with whom he comes in contact. He may be unconscious of the effect of his life, but there is sure to be someone near him who knows what that life is, and is affected by it. A rich man living a life of idle luxury, may boast that he wrongs no man, and is simply doing as he pleases with his own; but who can tell what effect the spectacle of that indolent, pleasure-loving existence may be having on men, whose struggle for existence is wearing them to death? Who can tell how many young men are influenced against religion by seeing some man of blameless life holding aloof from the Church? On the other hand, how many may be encouraged to bear the burdens of life bravely and cheerfully, by seeing some afflicted creature patiently enduring suffering? Mere example, without intentional effort is a help or a hindrance in the world. It is that fact that makes life so solemn a thing, and so vastly increases responsibility.

But beyond all this, there is the duty of direct and intentional help. We see a case of distress, and lament that our social system provides no resource for its relief. It is surely the duty of someone to succor the sufferer. To how many does the thought come that the duty is personal, and, that by practising a little self-denial, the luxury of doing a service might be enjoyed? Or, it may be, that the need might be supplied without expenditure. To help a perplexed man think out his problem, and to aid him in finding a solution, may be a form of help more valuable than a gift of money. To take the trouble to find occupation for an unemployed man, to say a word of counsel to some boy just beginning to drift into evil, to give a word of encouragement to a man whose clouded brow shows the distress of his mind, to speak a word of sympathy to the mourner—who can estimate the value of such a service?

It has been practically proved in our Social Settlements, that there are better ways of brightening dark lives and lifting burdens from weary shoulders than the giving of alms. Living in the crowded streets of a great city, men and women of education, culture and refinement are able to learn, by association with the people around them, what are the difficulties that are hard to overcome, and can help them in their effort. They can afford them the opportunity to substitute elevating amusements for the coarse and degrading indulgences which are provided for them by the saloon and the low theatre. They can stand between them and the people who would tempt them to evil, and those who would take advantage of their poverty and ignorance to wrong them. Such help is most valuable, and those who render it are worthy of all honor. Similarly, the Boys' clubs do excellent preventive work, by providing boys a better place of recreation than the street, and encouraging them to lead clean and virtuous lives. The Institutional Church is also engaged in work of a similar kind, and has benefited the community wherever it has been established.

Work of this kind may be done by individuals as well as by institutions. The true character of the Christian is that of a helpful man. He ought to be known as a man who is ready to sympathize and to help in every trial, not necessarily with money but with personal service. The time is yet to come when the full force of our Lord's Parable of the Good Samaritan is realized by every one who bears the name of "Christian." "Go thou and do likewise" is a command, not a mere matter of advice. Paul speaks of it as a law, when he says that we are to bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union, for Oct. 9th. Rom. 15:1-7.

Tent Work in Brooklyn

THREE years ago, the Rev. Dr. Charles T. Baylis came from Cincinnati to Brooklyn, to take pastoral charge of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church. This summer he declined all invitations during the vacation period, in order that he might engage in tent work. With the aid of friends, a tent, capable of seating one thousand persons, was pitched upon the circus grounds. Here Dr. Baylis has held services every evening, except Saturday, and three times on the Lord's day, accomplishing a large amount of good. Some striking incidents are recorded, showing the spiritual results of the work. A leaflet was blown from the pulpit, and fell at the feet of one who was standing outside the tent; he placed it in his pocket and forgot it. In his place of business it came to his mind; he read the little slip, and was about to cast it away. But he kept it instead, and it became the means of his conversion. He returned to the tent, and publicly confessed Christ as his Saviour.

A young man had gone astray, and spent his substance in riotous living. On Saturday night, Aug. 27, he was arrested for drunkenness, and spent the night in the station house. Wandering along the street next day, aimless and unhappy, he heard the singing in the tent; he went in, was led to reflection upon his former sober and happy days, and determined by the help of God to amend his life. He was again present in the evening, and confessed the error of his ways, and begged the prayers of the congregation in his behalf. The workers have no question as to the genuineness of this young wanderer's reformation.

A professional bartender, during an interval of business, happened by the tent. He, like others, was attracted by the music, and timidly came in, and hid himself among the crowd. The discourse was on the relation of man to his fellow-man, and to God. The bartender, at the close of the service, sought an interview with some of the workers, and had a talk with Dr. Baylis, which resulted in the giving up of his evil business. From that moment he has devoted himself, joyfully, and with unremitting diligence, to the work of bringing others to Christ.

It is the intention to prolong these ministrations as late as the weather will permit, at least to some extent. Surf Evangelist Bradford Williams, Police Evangelist Herbert Lowe, and representatives of the Jerry M'Auley's Mission, have participated in this work. It is proposed next year, to have a tent capable of accommodating three thousand persons.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers"

DURING the recent meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in St. Louis, Count Goblet d'Alziella, of Belgium, brought up the Russo-Japanese War. He introduced the following resolution;

The Inter-Parliamentary Peace Conference, shocked by the horrors of the war that is being waged in the Far East between two civilized States, and deploring that the powers signatory of the convention of The Hague have been unable to have recourse to the clauses thereof, which direct them to tender their mediation immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities, asks the powers signatory of the convention of The Hague to intervene at the proper time with the belligerents in order to facilitate the restoration of peace, and instructs the Inter-Parliamentary Bureau to bring the present resolutions to the knowledge of the said powers,

An amendment was adopted substituting the word "immediately" for "at the proper time," and authorizing the powers to proffer their peaceful offices to Japan and Russia individually and collectively. The original motion as amended was then adopted unanimously.

Congressman Burton, of Ohio, then introduced a resolution, prepared by Senator Bartholdt, asking President Roosevelt to call an international meeting similar to The Hague tribunal, delegates to which shall be empowered to act for their respective governments in the signature of peace treaties, in the hope that a congress of nations may be established. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Macaulay's Poems, edited by Franklin T. Baker, A. M., and *The Heroes of Greek Fairy Tales*, by Charles Kingsley, edited by Charles A. M. C. Murry. These two little handy volumes are the latest issued of Macmillan's pocket classics. Price 25 cents. Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

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HOSTESS TO A PROPHET

BY MRS M. BAXTER

IN the biographies contained in the Word of God, those things are told in the lives of his servants which bring to light especially how he uses them in manifesting his glory, and also in their bringing others in contact with him. Elisha's service to the widow was as important in God's sight as his ministry on Carmel. It was needed that he who would turn the heart of the people back to him should be known as the God of the resurrection. When the apostle Paul prays that great prayer in Eph. 1, and intercedes with God for a spirit of revelation in the knowledge of him for them to whom he writes, he, when speaking of the exceeding greatness of God's power, at once alludes to the resurrection as the proof, above all others, of that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead (Eph. 1: 17-20). If God's power is not manifest in our home life, if souls are not touched by what they see and feel of God in our ordinary life, any public testimony which we may give is powerless.

Elisha seems to have had a ministry, probably to the sons of the prophets, as well as to other people, which caused him to be frequently moving here and there. And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman. It was in earthly possessions that the woman of Shunem was great. Greatness in the kingdom of heaven is of quite another order; a little child is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. This woman constrained the prophet to eat bread; and he made her house his stopping-place whenever he came that way. It is no light privilege, and no light responsibility, to entertain a messenger of God who is specially on his Master's business. There are people who are always more than ready to take in some very prominent speaker, they like to have it to tell that such an one has stayed at their house. But there are some houses where a true man of God never cares to stay a second time. The atmosphere of prayer is not in the house, and his environment weakens him for his ministry, or, on the other hand, there may be a constant call upon him to give out more than he has received of the Lord, and no respect for the time he must take to commune with God, if he is a true messenger. This woman had an eye which saw things in God's light. She did not note the social position, the talents or the education of Elisha: in her eyes his holiness was his striking characteristic.

The woman of Shunem understood her guest and entered into his ministry, no doubt, with much prayer. Instinctively she felt that a man who had to bear God's messages to others needed to be much alone, and so to be separated from the noise and stir of the household. So she said to her husband, "Behold, now I perceive that this is a holy man of God which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be when he cometh to us that he shall turn in thither." It was no luxurious furniture, but it was just enough. Martha burdened her holy Guest with much serving. Had this woman entertained Jesus she would not have made the same mistake. How many there are who, in entertaining God's people, think more of what will reflect credit on themselves than of that which will be really helpful to a man of God! Of all things, a true messenger of God wants a place and time to be alone. This is more to him than luxurious furniture or food. A true messenger of God does not want to be lionized or to meet great people, but not to be hindered in meeting God.

The chamber was built, furnished and occupied. How little did this woman know when she set it at Elisha's disposal how God was going to manifest his glory just in that very chamber!

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"Purple Fruit and Falling Leaf"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. B. H., Los Angeles, Calif. Did the witch of Endor really raise Samuel from the dead?

There is no evidence of the fact and no reason for believing it. Josephus describes her as a common fortune-teller, who imposed on the king. It must be remembered that Saul did not see the prophet, but trusted to the necromancer's description of the man she professed to see. The conversation between Saul and Samuel was probably conducted by the woman, as in the case of the modern mediums. It may have been that God vouchsafed to Saul a real revelation. Such reproofs as Samuel is reported as uttering were not such as the woman was likely to have invented.

Subscriber, Silver Springs, N. Y. Could a man, for good reasons, appoint some one to take charge of his property and financial affairs, sign his checks, etc.? What would such a person be called?

He could appoint another as his personal representative or attorney, with full power to do these things, under a regular Power of Attorney, prepared by a lawyer and duly recorded. It is a very risky experiment, and should never be done without the fullest consideration, and the very strongest reasons.

J. L., New Orleans, La. 1. Is Charles Wagner, the famous pastor, a native of France or Germany? 2. What is the special feature of his preaching?

1. He is an Alsatian, and was born in 1852, long before that province was ceded by France to Germany. His father was a poor country pastor. 2. He preaches a very plain, practical doctrine, which is fully set forth in his book, *The Simple Life* (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York). His style is earnest, deeply spiritual, and orthodox in every essential, and is a plea for a return to simple and unostentatious Christianity, and a method of life less worldly and more in harmony with the Divine purpose.

D. V., Houstonia, Mo., and others. What is the unpardonable sin spoken of in Matt. 12: 32? Can it be committed now?

This question has been answered in this department several times, but for the sake of new subscribers, several of whom have written asking it lately, we repeat the answer given before. The context shows that Jesus was dealing with a peculiarly heinous suggestion. It was that he was in league with Satan, and that it was by satanic power that he worked his miracles. We infer from his reply that he regarded the charge as an evidence of extreme wickedness and an insult to the Holy Spirit. He declared it unpardonable. Other explanations are given, but this seems to us most probable. Theologians are divided on the question whether it can be committed in our day. Those persons, however, who ridicule the work of the Spirit in revivals, and in conversions generally, come perilously near to the sin.

Wm. B., Patchoque, N. Y. What is the meaning of "Dalai Lama," as applied to the ruler of Tibet?

"Dalai Lama" means "great mother of souls," indicating the spiritual headship of the wearer of the title.

Reader, Michigan. Some time since, you gave an answer in regard to the Biblical ground for divorce, which interested me, and I have a peculiar case in mind which I would like to submit for your candid opinion: A man (Mr. A.), married a woman in good faith, believing her a widow; but after a few months he discovered that she had a husband whom she represented as her brother. Mr. A. did not seek a divorce, simply because he found out that she was not the legal wife of the other "husband" (who was proved to be a bigamist), thus making Mr. A. her legal husband, although he had been the victim of a shameful fraud. Under such conditions do you not think A. would be justified in divorcing himself from the woman, and, if he chose, remarrying, without violating the spirit of God's law?

Counselor G. H. Crawford, to whom this question was submitted, answers as follows: "Deciding this question merely from the standpoint of human law, I should recommend, not a strict divorce, which assumes the entire validity of the marriage, but an action to have the marriage declared void on the ground of fraud. Such an action is, in some States, called an action of 'divorce'; but the intrinsic distinction is a sound one. A marriage procured by fraud, is, in law, no marriage at all, and if the fraud is proved, the court will so declare. It would not be safe for the man interested to assume that the marriage was void, without obtaining a decree from a competent court."

L. E. D., Hoboken, N. J. Who was Thomas à Kempis? For what is he famous?

He was a man of singularly beautiful character and eminent piety. He was born about the year 1380, at Kempen, near Cologne, Germany. His real name was Thomas Hamerken. Kempis refers to his birthplace. In early youth he joined a monastic brotherhood known as the Brethren of the Common Life. He wrote many books, the chief of which was the *Imitation of Christ*, a work of which more copies have been sold than of almost any other volume.

L. B. H., Ames, Ia. What is the Peace Arbitration Court, or should it be called the Court of Arbitration? Does it meet in the United States, or is it the same as the Hague Tribunal?

The only permanent International Peace Court, up to the present time, is the Hague Conference. Its proper meeting-place is at the Dutch capital, but it has the power to delegate its work to committees which may meet wherever occasion demands, even in this country if necessary. The Peace Conference or Congress to be held in Boston is not connected with the Hague Conference, except sympathetically, and the same may be said of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in St. Louis.

Nemo, Meeker, Colo What is the price of a Bible, with "Helps"?

Our Long Primer Bible, Leather Lined, Thumb Index, in either Authorized or Revised Version, is $2. The Red Letter Bible (Authorized Version), $2.

M. Y. Z., Westville, Conn. Can one be a real Christian, one who "Loves everything good and hates everything evil, strives to do justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly before God," and yet have the time drag more heavily in his private prayers than when he is in discharge of his necessary regular duties?

It is unfortunately true of many who are otherwise very good people, that they leave their private prayers to the last moment, when they are thoroughly tired out with the day's duties and when nature is urging rest. Their prayers, under such conditions, cannot be other than unsatisfactory to themselves. The remedy is not to delay the season of private prayer until sleep is ready to overcome body and brain, but to pray when all the senses are wide awake. A mumbled, incoherent petition from one half asleep might be excusable in a child, but not in an adult.

W. P., Jersey City, N. J. Is it true that we should usually sleep on the right side?

Some eminent physicians and authorities on hygiene, hold that sleeping on the left side impedes the action of the heart and lungs, and that sleep is troubled and unrefreshing in consequence.

J. L., Sebec Station, Me. In my Sunday School class, the question was asked. Who was the last King of Babylon? Some gave it as Belshazzar, others as Nabonidus. Please answer through your paper which is right, and why the contradiction?

Cyrus, the Persian, took the city in 538 B.C., in the reign of Nabonidus, last monarch of the Babylonian dynasty. Associated with Nabonidus in the government of the kingdom was his son, Belshazzar, or Bel-shar-ezer, who is shown by the inscriptions to have been a co-ruler with his father, and to have enjoyed royal honors. On the approach of Cyrus' army, Nabonidus took the field in person with his troops, leaving Belshazzar to command in the city. This comparatively recent discovery reconciles some of the apparently conflicting passages in the account by the historian Berosus, and in the book of Daniel.

I. S., Belleville, O. To what church did John Wesley belong?

To the Church of England, which is practically identical in doctrine and ritual with the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. To the last he held dear his membership in it and strongly objected to being called a dissenter.

Inquirer, New York. To be a kindergarten teacher in New York City, you must have special training at an approved institution. Write to Superintendent, Kindergarten Department, Normal College, New York City, for all information.

F. L. H., Olinda, Cal. Is the date of the Creation as given in the Bible, reckoned as we reckon time? If so, can you explain the statement from a magazine, that the first generation of the horse existed 3,000,000 years ago, was much smaller, and had feet similar to the human hand? Is it true?

The chronology found in most of the popular editions of the Bible is that which was compiled by Archbishop Ussher (1580-1660), and is not to be regarded as in any sense a portion of the Sacred Book itself, but simply as a series of calculations by a learned theologian. Nobody knows the age of the earth and consequently the date of the Creation must still be read as "In the beginning," according to the Bible itself. Scientific calculations as to the beginnings of things, horses included, are mere speculation.

H. W. G., Ackley, Pa. 1. What is the religion of Japan? 2. Is it necessary for a man to be a lawyer or to practice law, before he can be President of the United States?

1. There are various religions in Japan, the principal being Shintoism (the State religion) and Buddhism. The Ainus in the North are fetich-worshipers. 2. Not at all. Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Grant were exceptions. Other things being equal, however, it is very desirable that the Chief Executive should be well versed in the law.

L. P., Glen Moore, Pa. As you now state it, it has the appearance of a scheme to defraud creditors. Not knowing all the facts however, we cannot advise. Consult a lawyer.

Any church having a surplus of Presbyterian Hymnals, could put same to good use by sending them to Rev. David Brown, 1 Nassau Street, Charleston, S. C., for use in two churches that are unable to buy books at present. Pastor Brown will gladly pay freight.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY, CANADA

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the President's eldest son, has gone into what is known as the Lake St. John country, near Quebec, to spend a short season in fishing and hunting. This is one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the North, and it is so little known to the tourist that it is visited by comparatively few travelers. Its chain of lakes and streams is full of trout and other game fish, while in the extensive forests are to be seen not only the ordinary deer, but at times the famous caribou. Several of the principal lakes are connected by rivers which are navigable for canoes, and this is one of the most popular methods of travel.

MISCELLANEOUS

Old Subscriber, Daytona, Fla. We regret that we cannot give the information.

Percy C., St. James, Mass. Louis XI. succeeded his father in 1461. He died Aug 30, 1483.

K. W. C. Write to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., or to some pension agent, who will advise you.

Edwin L. H., Westport, Conn. *The Two Captains* will appear in book form later, after it has been finished in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

W. S., Wichita, Kan. To transfer allegiance as a citizen, one must appear before the proper court and make formal declaration renouncing presen allegiance and declaring his intention to become a citizen of the land where he proposes to make his home.

W. R. D., Leaman Place, Pa. 1. We do not consider the daily newspapers suitable reading for the young. 2. No. Liao-Yang was one of the greatest of modern battles, but not the largest in the world's history. 3. The King of Italy is Victor Immanuel III, born 1869. The Pope of Rome has no longer any control over the affairs of the Italian government.

J. L., Toronto, Can. The free Industrial Schools (or technical schools) teach nearly all the trades and applied arts. The pupils are mainly drawn from the children of the poor—those who are desirous of making their boys honest, self-supporting men. There are industrial schools connected with our criminal institutions, but these have nothing to do with the others,

Mrs. C. D. S., Baton Rouge, La. 1. Mothers' meetings are not confined to any one denomination, but are now a recognized part of church work in various denominations. 2. "Reply, if you please" (a phrase from the French, *Kepondez s'il vous plait*). 3. G. O. P. stands for "Grand Old Party." 4. Doubtless thousands of the unemployed in New York would go elsewhere if they could get away. Lack of transportation is probably the principal barrier.

A. McK., Glenarm, Ont., writes: I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 31, 1904, a letter from W. M. B., Humboldt. Kan., referring to the Duchess of Sutherland and the charities in which she was so active. I am a native of Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and remember when a boy, over seventy years ago, seeing the Duchess of Sutherland of that time (an ancestor of the Duchess referred to in the letter). My home was eighteen miles from a summer residence belonging to the family, situated on the seacoast, and in my childhood I used to see their coach-and-four driving past my home.

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

Hebrews 1: 2, 5 and 8	Matthew 2: 2 and 11
John 1: 1, 3 and 10	Revelations 5: 8, 11, 12 and 13
John 20: 28	I. Corinthians 10: 4
John 17: 5	Colossians 2: 3, 4, 9
John 8: 58	Acts 7: 59
John 3: 35	Revelations 6. 16, 17
Matthew 28: 18 and 19	
Matthew 12: 6, 8, 41, 42	

D. F. E.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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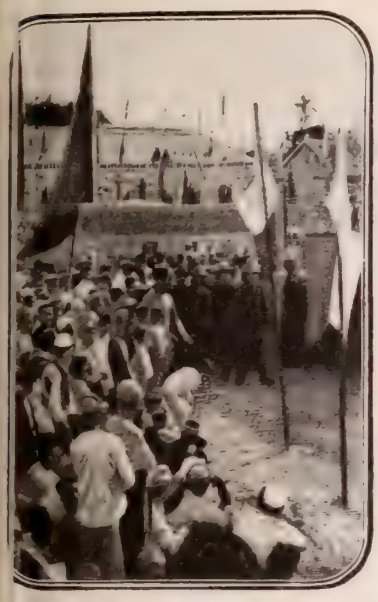

THE CHILDREN OF THE SULTAN OF KEDAH, CROWN PRINCE IN THE CENTRE

ONE OF THE "BIRDS" IN THE PROCESSION

THE STRANGEST of ROYAL WEDDINGS

How a Sultan of Siam Celebrated in a Single Jubilee the Marriages of his Five Sons

A QUINTUPLE marriage ceremony, which took sixty days to perform, was recently celebrated in Kedah, a southern province of Siam. Sixty days of strange and unique ceremonials, made t five sons of the Sultan of Kedah the happy hus- bds of five little Siamese brides.

There are thirty thousand people who claim Kedah their home and country, and population is swelled by many freigners from various other lds; and as these weddings took form of a national jubilee, in ich every one took part, either participant or spectator, this rriage festival can be rated as e of the greatest of modern nes.

The preliminaries occupied nths, and every one who could ssibly do so, saw the show.

Each ceremony occupied twelve ys, excepting that of the Crown ince, to which one or two extra ys were given. The King of m, not being able to come nself, sent his son, Prince Cha- , who came overland from the stern side of the peninsula, th his suite, in great grandeur, on the backs of elephants.

His Highness, Lunkau Ibraham, Crown Prince, married his first usin, daughter of His Highness, the Rajah Mudi of dah. At 1 o'clock P.M., on the first day of each rriage, prayers were said for bride and bridegroom, o had not met as yet. At 4 P.M., a wedding ceremony was performed in public after the Mohammedan custom; after which a banquet was served to everyone, the European and high-class native, however, coming in for the most attention. The tables were spread in the court-house, and very beautifully decorated. Four long tables were laid for the royal house of Kedah and their European friends, the Malay officers being entertained in an adjoining room. Two refreshment bars were open day and night, where food and drink were furnished free to all. Many temporary buildings were erected, as well as open-air stages for various performances, ceremonials, and sports, in which fireworks played a conspicuous part. These ceremonies occupied several days. Malays, Siamese, Hindus, Chinese, and Mohammedans, each had a separate stage. Shooting parties were organized for the Europeans by the Sultan's brother, the Rajah of Mudi.

THRONE ON WHICH THE FIVE BRIDAL COUPLES WERE CARRIED BY 200 BEARERS

On the eighth day, a magnificent procession was formed, which marched around the town. In this procession were many quaint and curious things—big boxes in the shape of birds, while the people of importance were also carried about on thrones, to add to the grandeur and importance of the scene. This lasted one hour, then followed the picking of *enai*, by persons delegated for this task. They marched seven times around a beautiful garden of flowers, each picking a handful of leaves, great personages being allowed to pick a double quantity—all they could gather in two hands. These leaves were subsequently sprinkled over bride and groom separately, each one receiving at the same time a "good talking to."

The ninth day is spent in witnessing fencing bouts and cock-fights, of which pastimes the Siamese are extremely fond. On the evening of the tenth day, the bride and groom meet for the first time. On the eleventh and twelfth, there are more rounds of gayety. The thirteenth and last day, marks a quaint and curious ceremony, called the "lime bath." A beautiful pavilion is erected, surrounded by high brick walls, the gates of which are locked after the arrival of the participants and spectators until the ceremony is over. The bride is carried in, the groom walks, supported by his two best men. The chief participants are dressed in magnificent robes of silk, garnished with much gold, and sparkling with diamonds and other brilliant gems. The bridal pair seat themselves upon a sort of golden throne, reached by a flight of steps, around which two old Malay women walk, first on the highest step, then down gradually to the lowest, when they disappear. Then two other women enclose the couple within curtains, where they remove the gorgeous bridal robes and are there arrayed in lighter garments.

The curtains are pulled open, at which moment a torrent of water belches forth from immense serpents, which are reared on each side of the throne, and the royal couple are drenched to the skin. Then, to the astonishment and consternation of the spectators, the natives seize buckets, fill them with scented water from huge tubs and proceed to drench everyone within the enclosure; there is no escaping the bath, as the gates are securely locked, and the men with the buckets are no respecters of persons.

This indiscriminate assault by the water-bearers continues until every drop of water is gone, and every dress ruined, to the discomfiture of many visiting European ladies, who waste no time when the gates are unlocked in changing their water-soaked garments for dry, and thus ends the strangely unique Siamese wedding ceremonies attendant upon the marriage of the Princes of the Province of Kedah. The other four weddings, which followed in rapid succession, were practically a repetition of the first event as to ceremonial forms and festivities.

IME BATH, WHERE BRIDE AND GROOM WERE DRENCHED

THE SULTAN OF KEDAH

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

An Age of Iconoclasm

TEXT—Psalms 11 : 3.

"If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

EMASCULATING, depressing, and benumbing, is the maxim propagated by some lazy, non-progressive people, as the rule of thought and life, that, "What was good enough for our fathers should be good enough for us." I would yield to no man in my reverence for the memory of the sainted dead, whose sacred dust lies in our cemeteries. No flowers are there too fragrant for the family plots; no epitaphs too eloquent or too reverent to recount their virtues; nor, when the family finances are adequate, any mausoleum too imposing to enshrine their remains. I have always found out when investigating, that, if a son does not respect the memory of a dead mother, he will not respect the living wife.

We should hold sacred the dust of our dead. That is true. But we should never build the hillock of the grave so high that it will dam back the onward flow of the "Waters of Knowledge," and change the "River of Progress" into the "Stagnant Pool of Ignorance and Sloth." When the past generations did their work, they did it well for the time and the conditions in which they lived. But the dead generations would not do as they did in the past, if they were living now. We would not cry "Halt" to the "Forward March" of scientific investigation: neither would we compel the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ to "Mark Time" by the grave of a Justin Martyr, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Luther, a Knox, or bivouac with eternal somnolence in the chambers of a Westminster Abbey, where the honored ecclesiastical fathers gathered July 1, 1643, and composed the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith."

Mischievous Innovators

But though we would not consider our ancestors infallible in their opinions nor absolutely wise in their ways of living, yet on the other hand, we must grant that our ancestors knew a great deal more than some of us are willing to give them credit for. Though our forefathers' "Lightning Expresses" were only canal boats and stage coaches and sailing boats, in which most of us would be afraid to cross Long Island Sound, let alone the Atlantic Ocean, that is no reason why they did not know how to develop Christian men and women as successfully as do we. Though our ancestors for the most part had no books save that of a Bible, a *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, that is no proof that they did not know as much of God, and hold the truth in its purity as thoroughly as do we, who have access to such vast modern libraries, and yet to-day we find a spirit of "Exterminating Iconoclasm" abroad. Man's profane hands are digging up the old foundations, and destroying the old altars, and ridiculing the old ways, merely because they are old. I would not have you bend the knee before the hillock of an ancestral grave as though it were a shrine. But I would have you respect and not destroy it; but use that hillock of a grave as the stepping-stone to a higher throne. The living may in some things be right where their Christian ancestors were wrong. Yet we have only to look around at the modern innovations, and observe the effect they have on the community, to be convinced that in some things our Christian ancestors were right, and the modern innovators deplorably wrong.

In the first place, I protest against the iconoclasm which is undermining the foundation stones of our ancestral Sabbath. Its desecrators have been going up and down the length and the breadth of the land, asserting that religious worship can become as much a form of dissipation as drink, or overeating, or overexercising can be. They make a wrong application of our Lord's words that the "Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." They affirm that it is absurd for a business man, who has been at hard work for at least six days of the week, from seven o'clock in the morning sometimes until ten, or eleven, or twelve o'clock at night, to be compelled to get up on Sunday in time for an early Sunday School, then to attend two long church preaching services, and then, perhaps, to attend a Christian Endeavor Society besides.

The Desecrated Sabbath

They contend that Sunday should be a day of rest, and that what a man needs upon the Sabbath Day is relaxation. He should go to bed Saturday night after a hot bath with his mind perfectly at ease. As he crawls into bed he should be able to say to himself: "Now, I can lie here just as long as I please. If I awake at nine o'clock, all right. If I can sleep to twelve, better still. Then after I awake, I will have a cup of coffee and a roll brought to my bedside, and I will eat a little and then stay in bed for another hour, reading the newspaper. Then, after dinner, I will take my children out to one of the public parks or down by the seaside, and get a sun-bath and a view of God's trees and valleys and hillsides. Or, I will go to one of our great art galleries and look at the pictures. It is impossible for me to go and see the painters' and the sculptors' masterpieces on any other day. Therefore the city art galleries should be opened on Sunday. Then in the evening hour I will go to church if I feel like it. If I do not desire to do so, I will go to bed again and rest, rest, yes, just rest. By such a system of rest I shall be invigorated and shall return to my work the next Monday, strong in body, clear in mind, more loving to my family, the human race at large, and to God himself. That," says, our iconoclast, "is my idea of the Sabbath Day. I do not think a hard working-man has a right to make his Sunday a day of hard work in church-going, so that he works harder on the Sabbath than he does on any other day of the week."

An Old-Fashioned Sunday

Sabbatic iconoclast, is that the way you would have man spend his Sabbaths? Well, already your modern teaching in reference to the Sabbath too well has taken root. Your premises are wrong, for you know not to what conclusions they tend. To see whether your grandfather's Sabbath or your own is the better, I would have you compare the two, side by side. Thirty, fifty years ago, the man who made Sunday a day of pleasure, was looked upon as a blasphemer, an out and out enemy of God, of the Church and of the better elements of the social community. When Sunday morning would come, even the horses and the stock of the farm knew it was a day of rest. The family would arise a little later than usual. Then they would linger a little longer at the breakfast table. Then the sweetest music of the world would begin to sound. The old village bell would send its silvery notes rolling down the valley. Then, after morning prayers, the horses were hitched up, and father and mother and all the children rode to town in the same big wagon. Then the pew was a family pew, and all the members were there. Then came the sermon. Then the journey home. Then the quiet yet bountiful dinner. Then the afternoon for reading or restful quiet. Then the singing of the hymns around the old-fashioned piano. No Damrosch's orchestra or Theodore Thomas' stringed instruments ever had such enthusiastic audiences and participants as those old family oratorios about the piano, where our sisters played, and our fathers and mothers and the rest of the family all joined in the singing. Then the evening church service again, or, if the farm was too far away, the evening prayers and early bed. You know, oh, man, that old-fashioned Sabbath Day meant more than mere cessation from worldly work. It meant quiet communion with God. It meant Bible study and sacred readings as well as mere rest. Do you wonder that such a Sabbath as our fathers observed was the very foundation of Church life, of Christian home life, of Bible reading and of consecration to God?

Modern Observance

Alongside of this beautiful Sabbath Day of rest, I want you to place the modern Sabbath with its so-called liberal ideas. First, where do we find the vestibule of the Sabbath—namely Saturday night. To bed early. Oh no. Saturday night has come. In our large cities the street cars are crowded. Where are the people going? Some to the theatres. Others, alas, to places of still more evil resort. Men and women, tired from work now, are turning this Saturday night into the hardest kind of work. They are dissipating for pleasure's sake. To the non-church goer, as a rule, Saturday night is only too often a time for free indulgence of every desire that is bad.

Sunday morning is here. Where do we now find most of the non-church goers. Again crowding our railroad trains and cars. Picnics, ball games, outing parties, where the breweries and the wine sellers get their biggest revenues. The beautiful pictures of the family Bible which we used to study as a boy, have given place to the silly pictorials of the Sunday newspaper. Everywhere on the Sabbath sin simply runs riot. In many cities even the saloons and play-houses are full. Instead of the quiet family group going to the village church, now almost every country road near an adjacent city has its yelling rioters, half drunk or entirely debauched, who are off for a day of sin. Do you mean to tell me, sensible man, that the modern way of spending the Sabbath is as profitable, as a day of rest and communion with God, as were the Sabbath Days our forefathers observed?

The rigid observance of God's day as a day consecrated to himself, is the most important foundation-stone of the Church of Jesus Christ. Without it no true Gospel consecration can exist. I know that in some homes the lines were too tightly drawn, and in them the Lord's Day was gloomy and was a wearin to the children. Henry Ward Beecher, the brilli pastor of Plymouth Church, used to give a humor description of such Sabbaths. He described brother and himself watching the sun go down over western hills. In his boyhood Sunday was obser from the setting of the sun Saturday to the setting the sun Sunday. No sooner would the sun sink o the western hills than these two boys would let ou great yell, crying, "Hurrah! hurrah! Sunday's ov Now for some fun!" But though the Puritanic S bath was sometimes very angular in the rigid obse ance, I claim that Sabbath had ten chances to wh the modern Sabbath has one, of producing such family as Lyman Beecher developed. I claim t any man who wants his children to grow up to the h moral type of men and women, his forefathers and fo mothers were, must give them at least one day in se exclusively for sacred things, and not one day in se in which to hunt and fish and drink and picnic a make calls, as the modern Sabbath desecrators offering us. "The Sabbath was made for man and man for the Sabbath," was a good doctrine as Ch taught it. But Christ never meant by this sente that on the Sabbath Day man should walk hand-in-h with sin as some people are doing. Give the Churc consecrated Sabbath and the Church will give to C ultimately a human race redeemed from sin.

Selfish Indifference

I protest in the second place, against the iconocl which would eliminate from our lives the Divine p ciple of concern for the welfare of others. Prof iconoclastic hands have been undermining the four tion stones of our sacred Sabbath. Ay, these enem of God have been doing more. They have been sn ing and ridiculing the beautiful parable of the "G Samaritan." They have been declaring that a m neighbor belongs not to the family which lives n door to him. The only neighbor who has claims would recognize is the wife or child who lives wit the four walls of his own house. He has been ass ing that a man's chief duty in life is to himself and own. After the members of his immediate family h eaten enough and have a well filled wardrobe ar comfortable house to live in, then a man has fulfilled chief end to society. His doctrine is, "Care for yours and let others care for themselves in the same way."

"Can any good come out of such a Nazareth?" I once read of a great conqueror invading a countr the Far East. One day he entered a temple wh stood an idol, so beautiful that not one of his follow was willing to destroy it. With an oath the conqu said: "If you will not obey my commands, I will dest it myself." He lifted his battle-ax. As he raised h self in his stirrups—for he had ridden his horse into temple—with a mighty blow he shattered the idol a thousand pieces. Then to his followers' surprise revealed the fact that the inside of the idol was n vacuum. It had been filled with thousands upon th sands of golden coins, which, as a lava bed, burst fr the broken statue and rolled to the feet of the West iconoclast. The iconoclast who destroys the beaut image of charity and benevolence, may think that too, will be able to grasp the wealth which it pours fo on the needy and the suffering, but he will be di pointed. The economy which refuses to give help those who need, proves a canker to prosperity and th who withhold their charity come to poverty. The c mand is that he who loves God love his brother a and the converse is true that he who does not love brother proves that he does not love his God.

The "Golden Rule" with our ancestors was a p ticality and not a mere theory. "Where are you go to-night, mother?" the father often asked. "You l tired, you ought not to be going out to-night." know it," she would say, "but I must go. Our neigh is very sick. I am afraid she will not get well. T have sent for me to come and spend the night with I have fixed everything for breakfast. If I do not back in time in the morning, why, you and the girls get along somehow. Good-bye now. Make the c dren go to bed early."

Christian Beneficence

The daintiest delicacies ever cooked in the moth stove were not for the growing boys, with healthy, orous appetites. They were for the poor consump young girl who used to sit day after day upon neighbor's veranda in the noon sun, smiling at us a trudged away to school. My, how we cast longing at those jellies. We then at times almost wished could be sick, at least for a little while, to get a tast them. And how warm and comfortable the mit

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How Denver's "White City" Grows

SOME interesting facts relating to the growth and success of the "city of tents," established by the Young Men's Christian Association of Denver, Colo.,—where a silent war against death is being waged,—may be gathered from a report of the work just issued. The experiment was begun in May, 1903, with nine tents, and just one year from that time, forty-two tents were built and occupied. Although employment is not guaranteed to any of the young men who come there, many have been able to work, as their physical conditions permitted, some averaging but an hour or two per day, while others worked ten days in a month. One man put in his total time as carpenter.

Tent life in the Colorado climate invigorates and strengthens the class of invalids for which the farm is designed, and many patients win back life and health. The idea of the farm grew out of knowledge, born of long experience in trying to help a peculiarly helpless class of semi-invalids—consumptives, and those threatened with the dire disease. For years, the height of unreason has been expressed in the phrase, "He wants the earth," but scientists have begun to discover that there is real relation between the wants and the needs of man. Nothing short of getting back to the earth itself will cure a certain class of invalids, and there is no substitute for plenty of fresh, out-door air.

On the Young Men's Christian Association Farm, there are eight acres of garden, which adds much that is good and wholesome to the table supplies, as well as affording pleasant employment for the guests. The secretary of the Association, Mr. W. M. Danner, writes most encouragingly to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the growth of the institution during the past year, and gives a summary regarding all who were admitted since the opening, May 21st, 1903, to April 30th, 1904. The total number admitted to the farm is eighty-four. Twenty-one States of the Union have been represented, the largest number coming from New York State. Most of the men are unmarried. A number have been furnished positions when sufficiently recovered to take them. A few have left, much improved, while only three of the whole number have died. Every effort is made to find remunerative occupations for residents, as soon as their physical condition warrants their acceptance of work.

RESIDENTS AND WORKERS AT Y. M. C. A. HEALTH FARM, DENVER, COLO.

The photograph shows a group of residents and workers at the Association Farm. Many distinguished people have visited the "White City" during the year, among whom were a number of physicians and clergymen. Many improvements are planned for the benefit of the patients, and next winter it is the intention to furnish steam heat and electric lights in all the tents.

The Association Health Farm is not a club, and is not a hotel, but rather a co-operative colony, where young men join in helping each other to get well. There is a well conducted church, occupying its own building, at the corner of the Farm, and residents are always gladly welcomed at the services. Nearly all Protestant denominations are represented among the dwellers at the Health Farm, and while church attendance is not imperative, no opportunity for spiritual work among the residents is neglected. They have formed a department of the Y.M.C.A. work. Those who are members of Eastern associations are invited to join the Health Farm Y.M.C.A. Department, in case they neglect to bring memberships with them from the home associations. Each member becomes responsible to the colony for his own share of social life, as well as for a proper recognition and a careful observance of membership obligations.

Mr. W. M. Danner, the General Secretary, will gladly answer all requests for further information by readers, who may address him at the Y.M.C.A. Health Farm, Edgewater, Colo.

An Age of Iconoclasm

Continued from Preceding Page

locked which mother knitted for the poor children living over the hill. And when the farmer who lived down in the valley was prostrated with typhoid fever, and lay for months hovering between life and death, don't you remember how your father and the neighbors took turns in plowing his fields and sowing his grain and getting in his harvests? They say that that sick man was once a strong athlete. However that may be, when upon his sick-bed he heard what his neighbors had done, and how they had kept the wolf of hunger from his door, he cried like a little child.

When the funerals of our fathers and forefathers. They never allowed a neighbor to be buried like a dog or friendless pauper, as sometimes we do. No. They literally practiced the Gospel rule: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." When their neighbors wept, they wept. When their neighbors were lowered into their open graves, they themselves held the ropes that gently let down the coffins. Was not their way

Better Than Our Way?

We live and breathe for self. Was not the Christian loving hand our forefathers extended to the troubled ones in their midst, better than the icy stare with which we regard our neighbors? We grumble in a street car because we have to wait for two minutes while a funeral procession, wending its way to the cemetery, is holding up at a crossing. The Golden Rule which our forefathers practiced, should never be allowed to slip out of our lives. The sick man who lives next door to us should be just as carefully cared for and nursed by us, as if he was our own son.

I deplore also the iconoclasm which is robbing this country of the sanctity of home life. The iconoclast's profane hands are also snatching away our home enjoyments. They are saying to modern man: "Man, do not be an old-fashioned granny. Do not think, because your grandfathers found most of their enjoyment in the society of your grandmothers, and your uncles and aunts, that you have to find most of your enjoyment in the society of your wives and children. Do not forever be a 'stay-at-home.' Come out of that little hencoop of yours. If you want to give a reception to your friends, do not give it in your home. It is too small. Hire a big hall in the centre of the town, where you can receive in better style. There, instead of having a few cakes baked by your own hands, and some ice-cream which you made in your own 'freezers' you can have a fine caterer furnish an elaborate supper. Instead of having your own daughter sing a simple song, or your little boy recite a piece, you can have the finest of orchestras furnish the music. If you want speaking, you can hire a professional elocutionist to recite. This is an age of progress. The club-house, the public reception halls, the large dinners given in large down-town restaurants, just as certainly mark the evolution of the human race in pleasure, as a locomotive train is an improvement over the old prairie schooner."

Do you, my brother, think for one instant that the advent of the modern club-house and public reception hall and Delmonico banquets, is a moral improvement for modern men over the old-fashioned quilting parties and merry-making frolics of bygone days? Do you think this? I do not. I believe that any enjoyment which a man is compelled systematically to find outside of the society of his wife and children and home is a depleting, enervating, and, ultimately, degrading enjoyment. I believe that any enjoyment which systematically makes a mother relegate the care of her children to nurse-girls and to hired hands, is an enjoyment which is poisoned through and through by evil influences which will ultimately bring forth harvestings, not for God, but for Satan. I believe this tendency of the human race, this evil

Poison Everywhere Prevalent,

to find enjoyment anywhere, everywhere, except at home by your own fireside, will ultimately result in a second downfall of man, unless man himself, by the grace of God, halts, and learns again to find his chief pleasures in the associations of his wife and children within the four walls of his own home. I once heard father say to my mother: "I hope after we are dead that our children will believe we have loved them and have wanted to be with them more than with anyone else on earth." They lived for us. Yes, our parents lived for us. May we be like the old folks. May we find our chief enjoyment not only in living for our children, but also in the companionship of our children, no matter how old or how young they may be. May modern society not be involuted into the pleasures of a club-house or a public reception hall; but be evoluted into the sanctified enjoyments of a Christian home.

But lastly, I would state that the iconoclasts of this day are trying to side-track the chief purpose for which our forefathers and foremothers lived in reference to their children. Instead of leading a parent to the altar of Jesus and saying: "Oh fathers and mothers, the chief desire of your lives should be to consecrate your children at these altars and have them make a public profession of Christ here," they would break these altars. They would say "Here is the statue of Wisdom, dedicate your children here. Send your boys to college and give them an intellectual education." "Here is the Statue of Midas. Sacrifice here, that you may leave them money." Thus we see hundreds of parents working by day and night to give their children—what? To give them to God and the higher life as their parents tried to do? No. To give them to a worldly success, which those parents in their hearts know may only lead their children to moral ruin, and perhaps to eternal death. Oh man, I ask of you one question. It is

A Blunt Question

Will you answer me honestly? What would you sooner have had your father to have been? A great speaker, a great financier, a great general, or a simple, noble, pure-hearted and devoted servant of Christ as he was and is to-day in heaven? You answer well. There is but one right answer. Then if the noble, pure, gentle Christian life of your father meant so much to you, can you not, will you not give to your boy the same Christian heritage? Shall not the chief purpose of your Christian parents in reference to their children be duplicated in the chief purpose of your life, to bring to Christ your children and your children's children?

To-day let us have some of the old-fashioned purposes and ways and habits of our forefathers. When we are dying may we never be ashamed to utter the words which Dwight L. Moody said to his children. You all have read them. "May we not be ambitious to make money. May we not be ambitious for worldly fame and honors. May we simply be ambitious to find a consecrated earnest place to work in God's vineyard for him." That purpose is a noble purpose. That purpose God will bless as he has blessed that holy purpose in the lives of the old-fashioned folks who are now in heaven awaiting the home-coming of their children. That purpose forms the true foundation, the maker and builder of which is the Living and True and Pardoning and Redeeming and Ascended and Glorified Christ. May God answer the fulfilment of this prayer for pulpit and pew alike.

Housewives of the Holy Land

HOW THEY PREPARE THEIR LEAVEN AND BAKE THEIR BREAD—A VISIT TO THE FRIENDS' MISSION AT RAM-ALLAH

BREAD-MAKING may be a very common-place affair in the West, where the great majority of housekeepers are accustomed to get their bread brought to the door daily in the baker's van. Not so, however, in Syria. There every woman knows how to make bread, or at least how to knead the dough. Everything about it is regarded as sacred, by the people who handle it. The reverence with which bread is treated is very striking. If a loaf or a fragment falls to the ground by accident, it is carefully picked up, carried to the lips, and placed on the crown of the head, before it is put aside for use.

Leaven is procured in this way: On the eve of the 6th of January (the anniversary of our Lord's baptism by John), a woman takes a small quantity of flour-water and makes a ball of dough the size of an orange. This she ties up in a clean piece of calico or print, together with a bunch of "quoisee," a fragrant herb (like sage), supposed to possess certain supernatural and medicinal properties, and several slices of a bulb (cylamen) called "Bachoor Mariam" (incense of Mary), strung on a string, together with several small, round lamp-wicks. This odd assortment she commits to the hands of her son, and tells him to hang it on any tree in front of the house, except the mulberry.

When other trees on Holy Night bow down,
The mulberry alone lifts up her crown.
And proud, because from her the worms are fed,
Which silk produce, will not bow down her head.

Next morning, before daylight (it may be under a heavy rain, and carrying a lantern), he proceeds to the village fountain, the waters of which, for the six days following the anniversary, are considered sacred; here he meets boys from many homes, each with a "bachoor" in his hand, and they begin to sing in unison an old-time, well-known rhyme, "St. John baptiseth thee, and the lady is thy god-mother," at the same time dipping the "bachoor" in the water; they then withdraw a little, and return, repeating the ceremony three times. On returning home they again hang up the "bachoor" on the tree. Having dipped the "bachoor" three mornings in succession, the dough sours, rises, and becomes first-class leaven, which the housewife tests initially, by making a quantity of doughnuts, fried in olive oil, to be eaten with sugar or grapes. A lump of this dough is reserved, hidden in the barrel of flour, for the next baking.

There are different kinds of loaves made in different parts of the country; especially in cities is it possible to obtain variety. Here you find exposed for sale huge trays of loaves of a kind known as "kammaje," round and small, the size of a dinner-plate, and made of fine flour, rolled with a rolling-pin. When baked, they are puffed up and hollow. A similar loaf, not rolled, and of inferior quality, is called "mawy." City bakers use different kinds of leaven, German yeast, etc., and much of the bread is adulterated, tasteless and unwholesome.

I have seen bread made in Beyrout by ladies in their own homes. They would mix the dough, and make it up into a quantity of loaves (balls about the size of an orange), say sixty, which they rolled out, a quarter of an inch thick, and arranged in rows on a sheet, spread on the floor. These they covered with another sheet, or blanket, and when ready for baking they placed them on straw-trays and sent them to a public oven.

Three ways of baking bread are in vogue in our district, Mt. Lebanon. The *fellaheen* still use the *tannoor*. This is a hole dug in the ground, about three feet deep and two and one-half wide, lined with a strong porcelain-like cement. Into this, grass and light-brushwood are thrown, and when the flames die down and the mass of red embers show a ruddy glow at the bottom of the miniature pit, the housewife, with her dough ready at hand, pats it out on a little board in front of her, twirls it round her hands until it is almost transparent and thin as paper, flings it on to a large, thick, round cushion, made for the purpose, and dabs it quickly on to the inner side of the hole. She then quickly pats out another ball of dough, and whisking off the loaf from the side of the oven, replaces it by another, repeating

PUBLIC OVEN IN A SYRIAN VILLAGE

the operation until the batch is finished. Another simple and common way of baking is to use the *saj*—a circular sheet of iron, like a shield, convex on the upper side. It can be used anywhere, and since it is easily portable, is used frequently by the *bedawin*. All that is necessary is to arrange a semicircle of stones to support the *saj*, kindle brushwood underneath, and

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BREAD USED IN SYRIA

deftly dab the cushion with the loaf spread on it, on to the heated iron. In half a minute it is crisp and ready. The *tannoor* and the *saj* are, however, fast giving way to the public oven.

MRS. GHOSN EL-HOWIE.
Mt. Labanon, Syria.

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Ram Allah is situated among the hills of Benjamin, and is a small town ten miles north of Jerusalem. It lies between Bethel and the Mizpeh of Samuel. Like most proper nouns in this country, it is a name with meaning, Ram-Hill and Allah-God; so the Friends' Mission is planted on the "Hill of God." From the house-tops one can easily see the Holy City and also Jaffa and the sea.

Thirty-five years ago, Eli and Sibyl Jones, ministers of the Gospel, living at South China, Me., felt a burden laid on their hearts to visit Palestine. After preaching at various places, they came to Ram Allah. One day, while walking through one of the narrow streets, a native girl about fifteen years old stopped them and asked if they would not start a school for girls, offering herself as teacher. They learned that she had been taught in the school of Sister Charlotte, a German Deaconess in Jerusalem. Some money had been given the Friends for mission purposes, so they at once opened a day-school for girls, with Miriam as teacher. The work has had a steady growth, and now instead of one small day-school, there are two boarding-schools, or "Training-homes" (one for girls and one for boys), six day-schools taught by native teachers, who have been trained in the boarding-school, one Bible-woman and one native doctor.

The Friends employ five Americans, seventeen native Syrians and one Armenian. Over three hundred children are given daily instruction in Scripture, common school branches, and domestic and industrial work. The Bible-women and also the day-school teachers hold religious meetings among the women, and four Sabbath Schools are maintained.

You will be pleased to know that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is received, and enjoyed at both the training homes, and the pictures are often cut out for the day-school children.

In one of the day-schools, situated in a village about six miles from Ram Allah, about half of the children are from the homes of Mohammedan families. The story of the Christ has thus been carried into these dark homes, and the Moslem women requested one of the teachers in the school to come and teach them. Now she goes once a week to their part of the village and holds meetings with these Mohammedan mothers, and she says that many of them are more willing and eager to hear the truth than those who are called Christians.

"Dr. Ghosn el-Howie, of Mt. Lebanon, and his daughter came and spent five days with us. He held some public meetings and spoke to the people in their native tongue. In one of these meetings he said: 'Children, you have a temptation to meet that your fathers never had. What is it?' Almost immediately the boys answered, 'Intemperance.'

"The boys at the Training Home have an A. H. Society. The letters mean, 'Against This Harmful.' The object of the Society is to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors, cigarettes and tobacco in any form, impure acts and thoughts, and also profane language and all forms of disrespect and bad temper, and to encourage kindness to all living things. The members have signed a pledge to abstain from things harmful and to encourage others to do the same.

"Besides their studies in Arabic and English these boys are all taught to use tools."

ROSA E. LEE

. . .

Miss Lee, the writer of the foregoing letter, is the Matron of the Boys' Training School at Ram-Allah (or Ramleh), and has been actively identified with the work for a number of years. It is a model institution, beautifully kept, and well deserving a visit from tourists in Palestine who are interested in Christian and educational work.

THE GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL

YOUNG NATIVE SCHOLARS

READY FOR THE BIBLE-CLASS MEETING

The Awakening of Persia

By DR. HANNAH Y. JACOB, OF URMIAH

HANNAH Y. JACOB
Hakim Hanum (the lady doctor)

WHEN the American missionaries first came to Persia, it is said they found but one woman who could read. She was the sister of Mar Shinon, the Armenian patriarch in Kochanos, Kurdistan. There were no common schools at that time, and those who were preparing for the church were dependent upon private schools, which were few in number and taught by the clergy. In some villages there would be only one man who could read and write, but oftener there could not be found even one.

"Book learning" was considered only second in sacredness to priestly orders, while preaching in the vernacular in the churches was seldom heard. Modes of living were extremely primitive, two or three generations sometimes occupying a single room, which was occasionally shared by cows and hens. Before the advent of missions, any good-looking young girl, or one with property, could be dragged from home, and forced to become a Mohammedan.

Missionaries were denied many privileges then, and even now many wrongs are not yet righted, as the Mohammedan religion says that all who are not of this faith are "low, mean, defiled, and inferior." The influence of the Gospel has been such as to elevate the people, not only spiritually but materially, and they are living in better homes, and are greatly improved in general surroundings.

In Persia a traveler can always distinguish a Christian from a Mohammedan village, as the buildings of the former are much cleaner and neater.

The weaver sings as the shuttle flies back and forth in his simple loom, set at one side of the room. Spinning is done by women who prepare the work for the weaver. The daughter of the house sits where the light comes through the skylight in the roof, and, embroidery in hand, she moves as the light moves. Carpet and rug work is done mostly by women and children. More than two-thirds of the workers are boys between the ages of seven and sixteen. The little hands patiently tie thousands of threads in the making of beautiful carpets, which sometimes are three years in the making.

The presence of a missionary in a village, or even his journeying through it, seems to give to the people a sense of peace and security. It is not because the missionaries exercisé any political influence; but they are known as "apostles of peace," charity, truth and unselfishness. The very word "Protestant," signifies to the Mohammedan strict temperance, charity and goodness.

Among the higher classes, one of the first questions is, "What is your religion?" If the answer be "I am Protestant," questioner is pleased. A few years ago a Mohammedan—a man of rank and wealth—asked a chance acquaintance, who was an Armenian, what was his religion. The Armenian told him that he did not believe in any religion. The Mohammedan replied: "Although I am a Mohammedan, I feel and believe that there will come a time when everybody will become a Protestant." This wise man of the Orient knew in his innermost soul that those qualities which he found in no other religion except the Christian, would conquer at last, and live.

Illiteracy among the masses is fast disappearing. Most of the people of the plain of Urmiah are now able to read and write, and the principal text-book is the Bible. In the Sunday Schools men and women of thirty and forty, and even older, are being instructed by teachers often not half their own age, and they apply themselves with great perseverance and earnestness to the task of learning to read the Bible for themselves. Missionary work began in Tabriz in 1873, and seven years later schools were started. Since then, hundreds of boys and girls have been instructed, not only in the way of salvation, but they have been taught housekeeping, various kinds of handiwork, several languages, and bookkeeping. Schools, through these pupils, have shed light, happiness, cleanliness, and order wherever they have gone.

During my travels, I have found these graduates like lighthouses, their light shining and penetrating the darkness far and near. I was much impressed by this at Meandab. Between neighboring houses there would be but the difference of a few feet. Then what could make such a vast difference between them? What, but the Divine love? And there was just as much difference between the children, although all had a common playground. The boys' school in Tabriz numbers about one hundred pupils, and seven languages are taught, as well as bookkeeping. A kindergarten is also connected with the school. For the girls there is a boarding and day school, as well as a kindergarten. The Gospel work in Tabriz is carried on by house-to-house visitation from village to village, in the suburbs of the city, as well as by long journeys through the country. A Nestorian evangelist, with beaming face, told me about the blessed opportunities among the Moslems everywhere.

"Formerly," he said, "on meeting Mohammedans, Christians were invited to accept Mohammedanism, and they were often beaten and ill-treated for confessing Christ, the Son of God (it is still dangerous to confess Christ in many places), now," he continued, "they have ceased to invite us; but we Christians are not letting them alone. We are going from state to state, from city to city, from village to village; to their homes, their orchards and vineyards, and to the bazaars. Everywhere, at all seasons, day and night, we are pressing and persuading them to accept Christ."

A YOUNG PERSIAN RUG MAKER
"Little hands patiently tie the thousands of threads"

CHURNING BUTTER IN PERSIA
The milk in the skin is kept agitated

Missionary work and its results cannot be weighed and measured by the number of communicants and followers, or by the gold spent. The work is deep and far-reaching in its results, and much is done through private conversation in gatherings among the Armenians and others, while they in turn seek every opportunity to diffuse the light of the Gospel. In the beginning of this work, my father preached in Tabriz, and there laid down his life. Kasha Moshy (Pastor Moses), a Nestorian worker, has unceasingly and untiringly witnessed for Christ, in palaces of the great and in the humblest places. He says that "a great and wonderful change has taken place during the past thirty years." He has had many dangerous experiences and wonderful deliverances. He is one of the best debaters, but never gives offence when arguing with a Mohammedan. The missionaries have revived the ancient Assyrian Christian Church on the plain of Urmiah, and are trying to make her remember and appreciate what a heritage is left to her of evangelizing those in darkness.

More than thirty years ago, Pastor Yacob went forth with Scrip and staff, his heart full of Christ's love and pity for the darkened millions in Russia. Like Paul of old, he supported himself by the work of his hands, at the same time making known the story of Jesus. The good man was imprisoned a number of times and was sent to Siberia, but was liberated, and, after bringing many souls into the Kingdom, he went to his rest. I could cite many instances where native evangelists and preachers have been beaten, stoned, reviled and persecuted for the sake of Christ, but who afterward were even more constrained than ever to do his work. We could never repay the missionaries for what they have done for us, and we thank God that he sent them, and that he has now given us the privilege of imparting the same message of love and salvation to the loveless, and of light and life to those who still sit in darkness.

CAMPING OUT ON THE PLAINS

WHEN the new Oklahoma Country was opened to settlement, a few years ago, the different Home Missionary Organizations undertook to work the field; but they soon found many difficulties in the way. Much of the work is still of a pioneer character. The Rev. R. S. Smedley, a missionary of the American Christian Missionary Society, is one of the successful workers in that field to-day. He travels in a Gospel Wagon, in which his wife accompanies him as organist, singer, cook, companion, and general helper in the meetings. The cover of the wagon is high enough for a person to stand erect, and is arranged to close up tightly, with curtains for protection. Under the seat may be carried an assortment of hymn-books, Bibles, tracts, papers, etc., for use in the meetings. The wagon also contains a small table, two chairs, mattress, telescope organ, cooking utensils, and necessary clothing, so that the workers can stay out on the road six months or a year at a time, if they wish. By a few simple readjustments they can spread a mattress in the wagon, and sleep comfortably if stranded on the road over night. This they have often done, picketing the ponies out, with rope and picket-pin. Our photograph shows them preparing to spend the night out on the lonely plains, the table set for supper, which Mrs. Smedley is cooking.

PREPARING TO "CAMP OUT" ON THE LONELY PRAIRIE

This method of evangelism necessitates hardship and privation, but it also affords independence in the work and makes it practicable to reach many places that are destitute of religious advantages. "We do not stop for cold or storm," Mr. Smedley says. "We always meet our appointments. In extremely cold days, we light the lantern and put it under the lap-robe. Last winter, in the Northwestern Territory, near 'No Man's Land,' I frosted my feet. We started out last year, after the Missionary Convention at Oklahoma City in September, and did not again see our home, or our little son, until the middle of March, over six months. During this time, we assisted in building one church and organized three other congregations."

Since 1901, work has been opened up in fifteen counties of the Territory. They have organized or reorganized twenty congregations, and have actively assisted in building fifteen houses of worship, and two more under way.

S. T. WILLIS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Pastor Wagner's Visit

GLADLY do we welcome Pastor Charles Wagner, the apostle of *The Simple Life*, who comes to give us the message from his own lips, that he has taught so sweetly and beautifully in his books. His visit will be all too short, but we trust that he will see enough in our land and people to induce him to come again soon and stay longer.

In no country on earth is his message so needed as in this. We fret and strain and worry ourselves to get ahead and make money, and we pride ourselves on our inventions and improvements, but how many of us miss the real good of life! Pastor Wagner brings us a better philosophy. He does not depreciate the benefits of civilization; especially he does not discourage the honest endeavor to achieve a competency; but he would have us learn that the sources of happiness and the development of society lie deeper than all these. These are good, he practically says, let us have them by all means. Men ought to strive to excel and endeavor to make material progress; but let them not make the mistake of limiting their efforts to those aims, or think that success in them will make them happier or better. It is in the development of character that there is hope. When a man becomes purer, more loving and lovable, kinder of heart and speech, more friendly and neighborly—in a word, more Godlike—he has made real progress.

The philosophy is not new; Jesus told us that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." But we had overlooked the fact. In the hurry and press of life we have mistaken the incidentals for the essentials, and have allowed the background and accessories to crowd out the picture. Like the angel in Bunyan's matchless allegory, Pastor Wagner bids us not to be so engrossed with the straw and stubble we are raking together, that we miss the crown that is being offered us.

Pastor Wagner is no ascetic, no censor of any class or condition. He says he has lived with rich and poor alike, and has noticed that in the one class, the love of the material comforts they possess, is paralleled in the other by the chagrin at not having them, while in both classes he has found men living happy, simple lives. He would have us subordinate the intense yearning for wealth and station to the desire for righteousness and the cultivation of sympathy with the unhappy, and a spirit of helpfulness that will tend to the general welfare. As he has said, he would have man be a man, and not show in his life the characteristics of a fox, a hare, a hog, or a bird of prey. It is a message for the times, and we hope his voice will reach the ears and hearts of the people.

"When Rogues Fall Out—"

—HONEST men get their due," says the familiar proverb, and there would seem to be a good deal of truth in the homely adage, after all. Our Post-Office authorities have lately been keeping a vigilant look-out for "get-rich-quick" swindlers, whose alluring literature has been flooding the mails, and entrapping thousands of unsuspecting people in the rural districts, into dazzling schemes for the acquisition of sudden wealth. Without exception, the glittering investments proved to be vulgar humbugs, the cheapest kind of common swindles; yet such is the simple credulity of human nature, that the victims were numbered by the thousands. Complaints to the authorities usually resulted in the seizure of the mail addressed to the "get-rich" concerns, and the unceremonious flight of the swindlers to escape arrest, but never, so far as known, in the restoration of a dollar to the victims.

Quite lately, a band of specially bold depredators, who lived principally by preying upon reputable financial concerns through intimidation, quarreled among themselves. One of their number, either conscience-stricken at his own infamy, or afraid of the terrors of the law, decamped, after making a published confession. He wrote that the paper issued by his confederates and himself, "was conceived in iniquity," and had but one object: "to influence money from trusting country people," to the get-rich-quick concerns, controlled by the swindlers.

Herein is a salutary lesson which all may heed. Never trust the alluring promises of those who are ready to shower riches upon you—for a small consideration. Never trust those who agree to magically multiply the value of an investment out of all reason. Never trust the concern that comes with the fascinating bait of big names and the asurance of "fabulous returns." The only safe investment is that which promises normal results, and which will bear the closest investigation. High interest means poor security. Don't send your money to strangers on the strength of assurances of a golden harvest, reaped without effort in an incredibly short time. All their finely worded and alluring circulars are traps for the unwary—honey to catch the silly flies.

You may set it down as a certainty, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that no really substantial project, which can be demonstrated to the reasonable satisfaction of business men, ever needs to go hunting for capital and coaxing away the hard-earned savings of the rural population. There are millions upon millions of dollars ready to float legitimate enterprises, without compelling the projectors to go begging for dime to dollar subscriptions.

If the conscience-stricken rogue who turned the calcium light on his rascally confederates and their tricks, never did another good deed in his life, he has at least done one commendable act in sounding a warning to country people to distrust all "get-rich-quick" schemes. It will be a fortunate thing for the whole country if public opinion, an aroused press, and the strong arm of the law should succeed in suppressing them altogether.

Russia's Real Problem

CLOSE observers of the "signs of the times" in Russia, are already becoming convinced that the war with Japan, end how and when it may, will in all probability soon be regarded as secondary in importance to other problems that must more closely affect the future welfare and interests of the Czar's vast empire. They intimate that Russia's greatest problem is at home.

As the years roll on, the world progresses, and Russia is not wholly insensible to the spirit of the age. Some of her leading statesmen, and not a few of her foremost editors, have recently been more than usually frank in their opinions on the tendency to liberal views, among a portion at least of the educated classes.

It is by no means a secret that even in the highest circles in Russia, there are to be found friends of constitutional reform; men of elevated station and brilliant abilities, who have nothing in common with officials of the De Plehve or Bobrikoff stamp, and who regard the overshadowing Grand-Ducal influence as an unfortunate delegation of authority which is responsible for many things that patriotic Russians cannot approve. In the prevalent corruption of every branch of the official service, there is found one of the most powerful reasons for a radical change, which could be introduced only by the substitution of a responsible ministry, with individual accountability in each department. The practical obliteration of the authority of the *Zemstovs* (or provincial assemblies) is another far-reaching evil that calls for reform. Some day in the future, the people confidently hope to see a better educational system, freedom of the press and of public assemblage, and equal treatment for Jew, Pole and Finlander. That these will ultimately be realized is as certain as the sunrise.

It is worthy of note, however, that amid all the criticism of existing conditions—evidence of the fact that Russia is beginning to see herself as she really is—there is found hardly a word of censure for the throne. To the core, the people, high and low, are loyal to the Czar, and should he heed "the signs of the times" and inaugurate the reforms for which his subjects are patiently hoping, the "Little Father" might yet be extolled as the greatest of the Romanoffs.

A GREAT OFFER REPEATED

In our issue of August 31st, we made the following announcement:

One of the most interesting and helpful books ever published, offered at **half-price,** and even at that, sent all charges prepaid!

THE SPEAKING OAK

By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART

containing **300** Tales of Life, Love and Adventure, bound to please and fascinate, to instruct and elevate.

Rich beyond measure, with a wealth of original anecdotes, humorous and pathetic, but always bright and sparkling, it will be read and re-read with increasing interest until its pages are thumb-worn, and its contents indelibly impressed on the minds of its countless enthusiastic readers.

Eleven original stories of **Lincoln**—never before published—new stories of **"Stonewall" Jackson,** Washington **Irving,** General **Grant,** Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, **McKinley** and **Roosevelt,** and hundreds of other anecdotes, sentimental, pathetic, humorous, moral and religious, make this volume a treasure rich beyond compare for family reading, and unusually helpful to orators, essayists, preachers and Christian workers the world over.

Containing 400 large pages, printed on featherweight paper (to facilitate the convenient handling of the book), with numerous **beautifully illustrated inserts** on fine plate paper, all substantially bound in high-grade cloth, with artistic side and back stamp, this volume will be welcomed by thousands of families who appreciate excellent reading, presented in the most approved style of modern artistic bookmaking.

Last year we printed 30,000 copies of this excellent volume, and of this enormous edition we have a remnant, which we must close out in order to make room for our new Premiums. We therefore offer this small lot at the absurdly low figure of **FIFTY CENTS,** and, even at this low price, we prepay all express charges.

This is the greatest book bargain ever submitted to our readers, and but for the gigantic preparations we are making for the coming season, and the need for every inch of available space, we would prefer to keep the books to selling them at a figure that positively entails financial sacrifice on our part.

If you wish to receive one of these books, please act promptly. We hardly ever make an offer in these columns that does not bring more orders than we can fill, and we think in this instance the books on hand will be sold five times over.

At the time of this writing, we find that we have still a number of copies of **The Speaking Oak** left. As we must sell them out in order to make room for new premiums, we again offer them to such of our readers as have not yet obtained a copy of this most remarkable book, at **Fifty Cents Each,** and guarantee their safe and undamaged delivery, express charges prepaid.

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If our readers will kindly bear in mind that the express charges are Twenty-five Cents, and that **we prepay these charges,** they will readily perceive that this is indeed a great book bargain, and one that should not be permitted to pass by unimproved. Send Fifty Cents **to-day,** with your full address and the name of your **express office,** and we will send you Dr. Iglehart's wonderful and beautifully illustrated book, **The Speaking Oak,** containing over 400 large pages, all charges paid. Import duty in Canada not included.

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Among the Workers

—THE PACIFIC GARDEN Rescue Mission of Chicago is now in its twenty-seventh year of active service. It was founded in 1877 by the late Col. George R. Clarke.

—MISS MARY DARLING, of West Frankfort, N. Y., shortly goes as a missionary to the foreign field. Her decision, she states, is the direct result of answered prayers.

—REV. J. W. PEARSON, of Tehuacana, Tex., one of the foremost Prohibition workers of that State, was in active pastoral service for over ten years, much of it on the Texan prairies.

—DR. JAMES M. GRAY, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, begins a "Bible Campaign" on the Pacific coast, October 1, under the auspices of the San Francisco Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

—REV. JOSEPH P. CALHOUN is one of the strong and aggressive leaders in evangelical work in Pennsylvania. His conduct of a recent spiritual campaign at Oakmont, Pa., has been marked by excellent and enduring results.

Germany's Future Empress

THE DUCHESS CECILIA

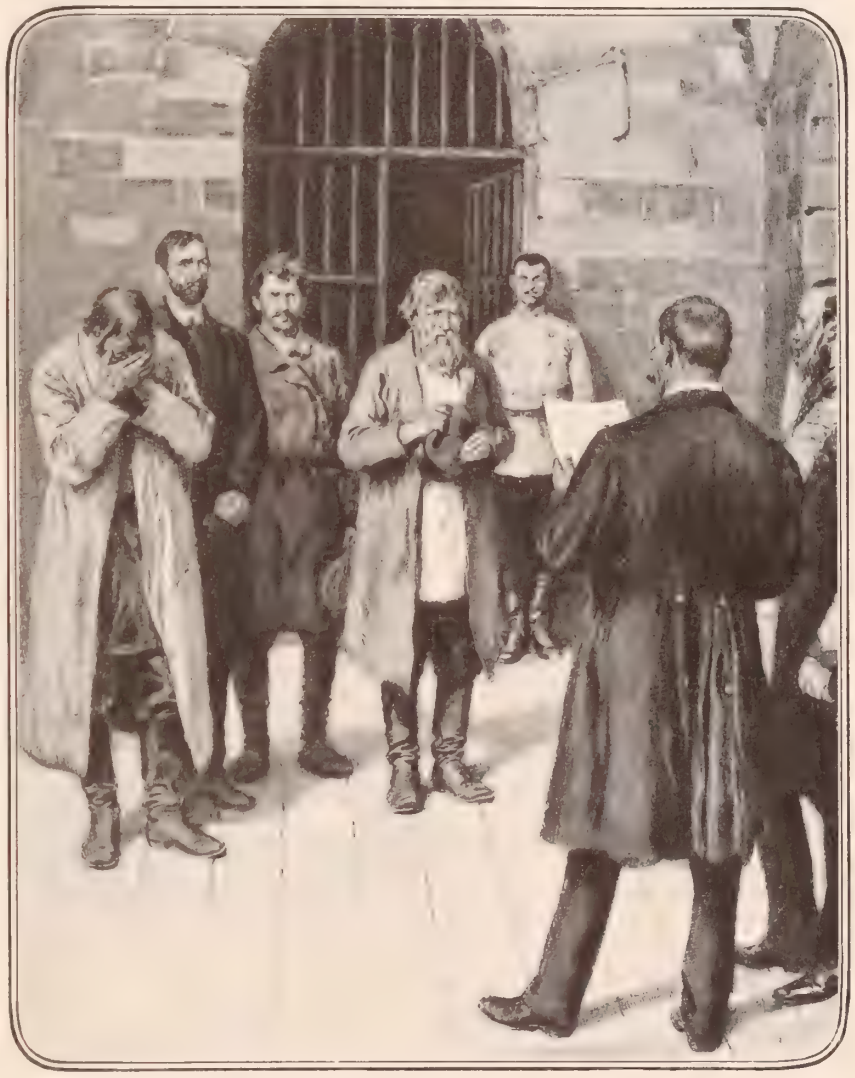
ROYAL marriages, though generally without the element of romance which renders other unions so interesting to the public, have a compensating element of interest in the high position of the persons concerned. The announcement, therefore, by Emperor William of Germany, that Frederick William, his eldest son and the heir to the throne, has been betrothed, is important news for Germans everywhere. The young man is only twenty-two years old, but he has been so adventurous as to fill a large place in the public eye, and his escapades have been matter for journalistic comment. The lady selected by his father as a wife for him, is the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, daughter of the late Grand Duke Frederick Francis III, who died seven years ago. Her mother is a Russian princess, a cousin of the late Emperor Alexander III. The Duchess Cecilia is in her eighteenth year, and is said to be very pretty and accomplished. She speaks German, English, French and Russian, and is proficient in other knowledge. The alliance is expected to further German ambitions in the North, due to the proximity of the Principality to Holland. It forms, too, another link, of which there are so many among the reigning houses of Europe, with the Danish royal family. The elder sister of the Duchess is the wife of the Danish Crown Prince, and therefore will probably, at some future time, be Queen of Denmark. The Germans do not appear to know much of their future Empress, but will doubtless give her a cordial welcome for the sake of the illustrious station she will hold. As her influence in the court and nation will be potent, we may hope that she will be of that character recommended to the old-time king.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised (Prov. 31: 30.)

Liberated by the Czar

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and other Russian cities, a few days ago, on the occasion of the christening of the infant son of the Czar. By the imperial mandate, a large number of offenders under the common law were released and an amnesty was proclaimed for political offences, except those which had involved murder. It is much easier to get into prison in Russia than it is to get out, for the process of the law is slow, and the prisoner has but few facilities for getting evidence to vindicate him. It must, therefore, have been glad news to many a prisoner, to learn that he was to be set free without trial. No statistics have yet been published of the number who thus obtained their liberty, but if the officials fully obeyed the orders of the Emperor it must have been very large. Other acts of grace in the same manifesto, were the abolition of corporal punishment in the rural districts, and in the army and navy for first offences; the remission of arrears in payments on debts due to the Government; certain unimportant modifications of the anti-Jewish laws; and the establishment of a fund of a million dollars for the support of the families of soldiers and sailors who have died in the war. The beneficiaries under this imperial edict have reason to congratulate themselves on the birth of the royal child, which has won for them the Emperor's favor. To those especially for whom the prison gates were opened, the event must have been a matter for thankfulness. How many there are, however, in every land among the captives of sin, who might thus be liberated if they would only put their trust in Him who was born into this world for their deliverance.

The Lord hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound (Isa. 61: 1).



RUSSIAN PRISONERS RELEASED IN HONOR OF THE INFANT CZAREVITCH

Reformed by an Operation

One of the most remarkable instances of the moral effect of a surgical operation is reported from Indianapolis. A woman brought her son, who is fifteen years old, into the Juvenile Court of that city and asked to have him committed to some reformatory institution as incorrigible. She said he had been away from home for five days, living a vile and wicked life. She told a deplorable story of his conduct. He was, at times, surly, and at others manifested a fierce and ungovernable temper. He obstinately refused to attend school, and had made himself an absolute terror at home. As it was impossible to control him, she wished him placed under the care of the State. At the suggestion of the Probation Officer of the court, the boy was examined by a physician, who noticed a peculiar depression in his skull. The mother accounted for it by describing a fall that he had when he was three years old. He had, in falling, struck his head on a rock and had hurt himself severely. The physician thought that an operation might benefit the boy and it was performed. The part of the skull that was depressed was removed, when it was found that it had pressed upon the brain. He was kept in the hospital two weeks after the operation and was then allowed to return home. The change in the boy's disposition was extraordinary. He had become quiet and dutiful, was willing to go to school, and was in all respects a changed character. More and more we are learning how close is the connection between the material and the moral in our being. How important, therefore, is it that the body should be kept not only from injury, but from the contamination which affects the soul.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy (I. Cor. 3: 16).

EARL GREY

Canada's New Ruler

Our Canadian friends are pleased with the appointment of Earl Grey as successor to Lord Minto in the Governor Generalship. The administration of Lord Minto was very popular in the Dominion, and therefore the fact that Earl Grey is the brother of Lady Minto will be an augury of pleasant association. Earl Grey is fifty-three years of age, and has a reputation for sagacity and administrative ability of a high order. He was educated at Harrow, and is a graduate of Cambridge University, where he took a first class in Law and History. He has served in Parliament as member for a division of Northumberland. Subsequently, he went to South Africa, as Governor of Rhodesia, where his duties were of an exceedingly difficult character, and were performed with rare diplomatic ability. He also served in the Boer War. His reputation, however, for social and philanthropic work is still higher than his legislative and administrative record. He initiated a scheme for the restriction of the liquor traffic, by establishing houses to encourage the substitution of tea and coffee for intoxicating drinks, and for making the sale of the latter of no pecuniary advantage to the seller. About 114 of these houses have been established, and are said to be prosperous. Earl Grey has been married twenty-seven years, and has four children. His wife is the daughter of Mr. R. Stayner Holford, of Gloucestershire, England. She has taken a deep interest in her husband's social activities, and has proved a charming and popular hostess. We trust the new administration will be eminently successful, and, that at its close, it may be said of its head, as it was of the ancient king:

He wrought that which was good and right and truth before the Lord his God. And in every work that he began he did it with all his heart, and prospered (II. Chron. 31: 20, 21).

BRIEF NOTES

Madame Carlier, the wife of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for a deed of daring. She stood at the door of her house with a revolver in her hand, and defended five hundred Armenians who had taken refuge therein from Turkish rioters.

Missionary progress in China during the past year has been remarkable. The London Missionary Society alone reports the accession of 1,755 persons.

A dark phenomenal record of crime is that of Mississippi for this year. During the first eight months there have been 569 murders in that State.

Mr. Carnegie appears to have transferred some of his enthusiasm for libraries to church organs. Several churches have received gifts of this kind from him, lately.

We are glad to see that the National Congregational Council to be held this month at Des Moines, Ia., is to give special attention to the question of industrial problems.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the Marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Bréboeuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old Marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the Marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the Marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the Marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the Marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope. Bréboeuf apparently turns traitor to the Marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise. Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness. By a clever ruse, Macartney compels Garron to let him take the marquis and Louise with him, in one of the ship's boats, while Garron is a prisoner in his cabin, disarmed and guarded by Bréboeuf, who has now returned to de Vaudémont's service.

Book Four—Egypt

CHAPTER XXIV

WHERE CLEOPATRA SAILED

IT was, perhaps, half after nine o'clock when the escaping prisoners descended to the deck of the cutter lying alongside. The captain of the cutter was a master of that polyglot dialect, prevalent among seafarers in the Mediterranean, which is known as "Lingua-Franca," in which Macartney was also proficient, and they had no trouble in telling him what to do. Captain Schneider had received instructions from Garron, that he was to obey Macartney implicitly. He made no hesitation, therefore, about casting off, and beating up the bay toward the open sea. The wind was blowing fresh and strong from the eastward, and so soon as they rounded the point of Isle Bequiéres, which formed the northwestern extremity of the bay, they would have an easy run for the city, distant some ten miles away.

There was a little cabin in the cutter, and the vice-admiral, a man of nearly seventy years of age, and not naturally robust, concluded that he would lie down upon one of the transoms in the hope of snatching an hour or two of sleep, in order better to sustain the fatigues that he foresaw would be entailed upon him by their further adventures. He was already much exhausted by the scene in the cabin. Before he did so, he took occasion, once more, to apologize to Macartney.

"Monsieur Macartney," he said, after he had announced his intention of retiring to the cabin, "again I beg you to forgive me. I have been young who now am old. I have loved and have gained even as I have lost. I, too, am a sailor. I know what it must have cost you. Duty—'tis hard even for the old in the face of a woman, and for the young—" he lifted his hands with a characteristic gesture—"make what amends I may, monsieur. 'Tis an heavenly night, monsieur. I could have reveled in it fifty years ago. I leave it to you and Louise."

Discreetly enough, Aurore walked forward to the extreme edge of the cockpit, nestled down into a corner, and, like the marquis on the transom in the cabin, composed herself to slumber. The little enclosure aft was empty of all save grizzled old Herr Schneider and the two lovers. The Arabs of the crew were clustered around the mast forward. The captain was busy sailing the boat, and had no eyes for anything or anybody, discreet and worthy German that he was.

Louise and Macartney were practically alone. A little silence fell between them, the stillness of a sweet, warm tropic night upon the water, broken by the soft splash of the waves, dashed into spray by the bows, and rippling caressingly along the sides. It was a night lovers long to dream upon and live in.

"Mademoiselle," said Bonaparte, abruptly, "I proffer you my homage."

And they were happy. They had escaped, as by a miracle, from the direst of perils. They were conscious, with a full consciousness which does not come from intuition alone, but from a frank admission, that each the other loved. They sat close together, silent still.

Singularly enough it was the woman who moved. She reached out her hand, and took his in a warm and tender clasp.

"Will you forgive me, monsieur?" she murmured. "I asked you in the cabin of the ship yonder, but you did not say."

"Forgive you! Oh, Louise!" answered Macartney, his soul in his glance. "If you could know the anguis I passed through in that moment when you said yo loved me and there was nothing for me to do but tu away! Yet, only the joy of now enables me to mea ure the agony of then."

"But you have not forgiven me! I want to he that! To have that assurance!"

Macartney cast a swift glance aft. Herr Schneid was standing holding the tiller, and staring persis ently up to windward, seeking to see if he cou weather the point. Aurore was asleep. The Ara forward were concealed by the sail which threw i shadow over them.

"Forgive you!" he whispered.

He slipped his arm along the rail until it fell arou her shoulders, and then he drew her to him. She w startled beyond measure. Yet she knew what s would do. The thought gave her almo a pang of terror. No man, no lov had ever—she would have struggl and moved, but something constrain her. Her bosom heaved.

"Mercy!" she murmured, as she h said once before, long ago.

But he had none for her now. H heart rose in her throat, and he fou it upon her lips as he pressed them his own. Her head fell back upon l shoulder. There was light enough, was it the embodiment of his own i agination that enabled him to see her face as it enabled her to see in h the illumination of a pure emotion.

She had hesitated, she had resist she had cried for mercy, now she w conquered. He could not kiss her lo enough or deep enough. The years service, of worship, of admiration, w lost in the joy of the flying secon She was his at last. He could feel l heart beating against his own, her l spoke to him without a word, withou sound, in kisses as sweet, ay, swee than life itself.

"Don't!" she said at last, "it is t much! I cannot bear so much—hap ness."

"And you are mine, mine, after these years! Not England, not Fran not anything, can take you from me no

"Yours, yours, always! I have bee proud woman, mon—Robert——" H her voice lingered over his name—I give myself to you. You will take away. I shall be a stranger in a stran land. I shall never see France aga But I shall be yours, that will enough!"

"My darling," whispered Macartn "life shall be as you wish it. Wh you go, I will follow; where you liv I will live; where you die, I will d where you are buried, there will I buried also. Having you, I can give everything else."

"Yes, everything but honor and dut

"Had I not clung to those, dear I would be unworthy of your love."

"That is the difference between m and woman," she sighed, enlightened last by the knowledge which comes once in a lifetime, and lasts fore "When a woman loves, she loves wh all. You might be dishonored shamed! I would grieve for that, bu I would still love you. You might false to your duty, and be disgraced; it would br my heart, but I would be true to you, I would love yo

"Yes, what would you think of me if I——"

"I would have you do what is right, but if felt as—I only want to show you that a man's love different from a woman's."

"Louise," answered Macartney, "I know that. Not ing that I should say or do or be, could make we w thy of you. I was not an admirable character, a ca less, happy-go-lucky sailor, that day when I stumbled in upon you in the old ruined tower in Provence; but now I am different. From that day I have been m faithful, more constant, than the compass needle to its star. Wherever I have gone, whatever I have do my heart has swung toward you. I have not ha a thought that you could not share. There has not b an action that you could not know. I have tried, si

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I saw you, to be worthy of you, and all my life will be one long regret that I did not see you before; that from the time I was enabled to shape my own conduct, I have not had you before me to inspire me, to help me, to lift me upward."

"I would not have you different," said the woman softly. "What I have loved has been here." She laid her hand upon his breast. How his heart quivered under the light touch of her fingers. "I could not want anything changed, for what is here fills my heart full. You are there, and it could contain nothing more."

She smiled at him as she spoke. Low upon the horizon the red, gold edge of the rising moon shot a ray across the waters. The light fell upon her face. His eyes devoured her, and reckless of who might see, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, he kissed her again.

"Monsieur," after a time—neither knew whether it was long or short—exclaimed the gruff voice of Herr Schneider, who was most persistently staring away from the lovers, "yonder are the lights of Alexandria. What next?"

"Aurore!" called Macartney quickly, as the maid sleepily came forward toward him, "summon your master."

As the marquis came out of the little trunk cabin the Irishman spoke boldly to him. There was little time in any event.

"Monsieur de Vaudémont, the comtesse has done me the honor to allow me to repair the frightful mischance of the evening," he said.

"But how, Captain Macartney?"

"She has deigned to accept my love, my lord. Have I your consent to make her my wife?"

"Not to-night, surely!" exclaimed the old man.

"No, not to-night. I have a duty to perform."

"When, then?"

"When I have performed it." He paused. "At the earliest convenient season, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Be it so," said the marquis gravely. "You are a man of honor, a gentleman. You have served me, and shall serve the king of France. I am an old man, and the times, indeed, are out of joint. You will love her, you will watch over her, you will care for her?"

"As my own soul!" answered Macartney.

"God bless you!" said the marquis, reaching out his hand.

"May He so deal with me as I deal with her, monsieur."

Louise stood up and slipped her arms around the old man's neck.

"I love him," she whispered, "I love him."

"I know, my child," smiled the marquis, patting her gently on the shoulder. "Come, no tears now. We have work to do."

"The lights of Alexandria, monsieur," interrupted Macartney, pointing.

"You, too, have work to do," said the old man, "what are your plans?"

"To land you on the wharf yonder."

"And then?"

"You are going to leave me!" said Louise, "just when——"

"My child, the man must go, and you must bid him godspeed. 'Tis for our king he strikes. But——" The marquis hesitated. "Yet our chances might be greater with Bonaparte, I imagine, if we brought him his English prisoner."

As he spoke the old man ostentatiously drew his sword, laid it down upon the transom and placed his pistol by its side. "I shall be compelled to take you with us, Captain Macartney, unless——"

Macartney was quick to take the hint. He seized sword and pistol, and pointed the weapon at the marquis.

"My lord," he said, smiling as he spoke, "turn about is fair play. I am master now. I will land you at the wharf. If you attempt to resist, I shall be under the painful necessity of pulling the trigger."

"I yield," said the marquis bowing gravely. "'Tis to force *majeure*. You have my word, monsieur."

"I return your weapons, therefore. Captain Schneider, where can General Bonaparte be found?"

"At the governor's palace, doubtless, monsieur," replied the German. "The wharf ahead opens on the street that leads to where it is."

"Take us there. Pardon me, Monsieur le Marquis, but have you any money?"

"A little. Enough to secure an escort to the palace, and to pass myself through the guards, I fancy."

The little boat instantly shot up into the wind, the sail flapped, the sheet was hauled over, and the cutter drifted gently down to the pier-head. The nimble Arabs sprang out and secured it, temporarily taking a turn with a rope around one of the posts. A French sentry on the wharf challenged them. It was Macartney who replied.

"A boat from the French fleet at Aboukir, with messages for General Bonaparte. Here is our pass."

The sentry called the sergeant of the guard, and the two spelled out the wording of the pass.

"You may land your passengers, citizen," he said, drawing back and saluting.

The hour for parting had come. Aurore already stood on the wharf. The marquis started forward to hand his granddaughter over the side. Macartney was there before him. He bent low, as if to kiss her hand. The marquis tapped him on the shoulder.

"For this time," he said smiling, "you may go higher."

Louise bent her head, but Macartney availed himself to the full of the marquis' permission. He lifted it with his hand, and upon her lips he kissed her full. He stood watching the three disappear in the darkness, listening to their footfalls upon the wharf until that sound, too, died away in the distance.

"Now," he said to himself, as he stepped back upon the deck of the cutter and signed to the men to cast off, "for Nelson!"

Book Five—Bonaparte

CHAPTER XXV

AS ONE GENTLEMAN TO ANOTHER

By the judicious expenditure of his last gold piece, the marquis succeeded in passing the guards around the palace, and in entering the garden; which, lighted by thousands of lamps among the broad-leaved palms and other tropical foliage, presented an enchanting picture.

Learning, in answer to his inquiry, that General Bonaparte had arrived and was within the palace, the vice-admiral made his way to the great stairway. Passing himself off as one of the guests of the *fete,* he ascended the stairs, and presented himself at the door of the Hall of Audience, and demanded an entrance. There was something so commanding in the quaint personality of the old man, that the soldier on guard, after a moment's hesitation, flung open the great doors.

The scene within the great hall was a brilliant panorama of life and color. It was Paris with all its beauty, with all its gaiety, transferred as if by some necromancer's wand to the Orient.

At the other end of the room the necromancer himself stood, half hidden by a group of men and officers, and women, too, which surrounded him, as moths are attracted to the candle's blaze. As the marquis, with his granddaughter upon his left arm, stepped forward, a lackey hastened to greet him with a low bow.

"Whom shall I announce?" he asked, with a stare of surprise at the quaint yet commanding old figure.

"Vice-Admiral le Marquis de Vaudémont of the Royal Navy of France," he answered calmly.

"But——" stammered the man, "we have no——"

"Announce me as I told you," said the marquis.

He was determined not to sail under false colors in that assemblage. The lackey's voice was high and shrill. It rang through the hall above the laughter and the babble of the crowd, above the music, above the patter of many footsteps. The astonishing announcement petrified everybody into a momentary silence. Instantly all eyes were turned to the door. In the front rank of the crowd, which moved toward the marquis and his granddaughter, was an enormous man, with a great shock of black hair and flashing black eyes. His huge bulk was covered by the brilliant uniform of a major-general.

"How now? Who is this?" he cried, in a thunderous voice, that comported well with his huge proportions. "What do you mean, citizen, by announcing Vice-Admiral le Marquis de Vaudémont of the Royal Navy of France?"

He turned his fierce gaze toward the lackey, who trembled before him as he spoke.

"Monsieur," said the marquis calmly, not a bit perturbed by the other's towering figure and roaring speech, "do not berate your servant. I am vice-admiral of the royal navy of France and the Marquis de Vaudémont besides. I compelled the man so to announce me."

The other looked down at the diminutive figure of the marquis, and laughed contemptuously.

"You!" he said. "You compelled——"

"Monsieur," returned the vice-admiral coolly, gently disengaging his granddaughter's hand, "you wear a sword. I take it that you know how to use it. Cease your laughter at once, sir, or you will find that I can compel even you——"

The major-general lifted his arm and snapped his fingers.

"Ho there!" he shouted to one of the guards. "Sergeant of the guard, arrest this——"

"General Kleber," said a tall, striking-looking man who had just forced his way through the crowd, whose flat nose and full lips showed that he had negro blood in his veins.

"What is it, Dumas?"

"General Bonaparte's compliments to you, and he wishes you to bring the strangers to him, in his cabinet yonder, at once."

"Come then," said Kleber roughly.

"Gladly," answered the vice-admiral. "I came here especially to see that general."

"Well, you won't be so glad after you have seen him, probably," said Kleber, turning his back on the marquis. "He doesn't like your kind."

"This way, monsieur. This way, mademoiselle," more courteously said the mulatto, who also wore the brilliant uniform of a general, as he pointed after the burly figure of Kleber.

The multitude gave way before their advance, although the people crowded as close as they could in order to see the strange figure made by the old man in his old-fashioned dress, almost forgotten by that generation, and the fresh beauty of the young woman who swept along by his side like a goddess. In a few moments, General Dumas, who was as polite as he was brave, drew back the hangings over a doorway, and motioned them to enter.

At the other end of a room, by the side of a table covered with despatches, stood a little officer, hat on head. He stared at them intently from his brilliant eyes, and when he realized that one of them was a woman, he instantly removed his plumed chapeau and tossed it on the table.

"You were announced," he said in sharp, incisive tones, as the two drew near to him, "as the Vice-Admiral le Marquis de Vaudémont of the Royal Navy of France, sir. How is that?"

"I am the Vice-Admiral le Marquis de Vaudémont of the Royal Navy of France."

The little officer snapped his fingers impatiently.

"Sir," he said, "what foolish play of words is this? There is no Royal Navy of France. What is left of it is there," pointing toward Aboukir, "under the flag of the Republic."

"I gave my name, a title that has been worn by my fathers for generations, my rank, as I won it with my sword, as it was conferred upon me by my king. I could not come before you under false pretences. Hence the announcement."

"And the lady, sir?"

"My granddaughter, the Comtesse de Vaudémont."

"Mademoiselle," said Bonaparte abruptly, "I proffer you my homage."

He was a connoisseur in the beauty of women, as he was in the strength of men, this little general, and his glance enveloped her with an admiration so swift, so keen, so manifest, and so searching, that for the moment it almost disconcerted her.

"La Salle, Eugene Marmont! A chair, some of you, for mademoiselle and the Marquis de Vaudémont, her grandfather, of the Royal Navy of France."

He smiled satirically as he spoke.

"Sir," said the vice-admiral, seating himself by the side of Louise, an example which General Bonaparte followed, "I would not accept your hospitality, I would not sit with you, were it not that age and infirmity and the fatigues of this night, past and to come, entitle me to consider myself."

"What, pray, have been the fatigues of the night past, and what are those to come?" asked General Bonaparte curiously. "Why have you come here? Where have you come from? What do you wish with me? Speak, monsieur."

He fired his questions at the vice-admiral as rapidly as discharges from a battery.

"Monsieur, you are General Bonaparte?" he asked.

"I am."

"Where have I seen you, monsieur?" said the marquis, somewhat irrelevantly, gazing at the general intently.

"I have been asking myself that question," said Bonaparte.

"At Toulon!" exclaimed Louise suddenly.

"Ah, exactly! You have a keen memory, mademoiselle. I recall it now. You were against the wall, our friends, the sansculottes, were about to cut you down."

"And you interposed," exclaimed the marquis. "The little officer on the horse! Monsieur, when the world rang with the name of Bonaparte I did not dream that you——"

"That I was he? Would it have made your antagonism any the less pronounced, my dear sir?" queried Bonaparte intently.

"Not in the least, sir. I allow no obligations which I personally may owe to bind me in my duty to my king. I did promise myself, however, that after the restoration of His Majesty, whom God protect and bring back speedily to France, I would see that your life was spared. That promise, monsieur," said the old man composedly, "I shall be ready to keep should you call upon me."

Bonaparte laughed.

"I shall call upon you without fail, my dear sir, should the contingency ever arise."

"And I shall not fail you, sir."

"Exactly. Now, monsieur," continued the general, "your errand? I would not seem discourteous, but time is pressing, and there is much to do."

"General Bonaparte, my party——"

"Who is in your party?"

"My granddaughter here, her maid, and my servant, bound from Genoa to La Vendée in a Neapolitan vessel, we were captured by *Le Tonnant,* Captain Jean Garron. Instead of reporting the capture to you, sir, he detained us aboard his ship and said nothing."

"General La Salle," said Bonaparte, calling a bright young officer, "was any report made of this capture to headquarters?"

"No, general," answered the man.

"Proceed, monsieur."

"Garron, who had been an ancient retainer of my family, desired to marry this young lady."

"But he has a wife in France."

"God pity her!" said the marquis.

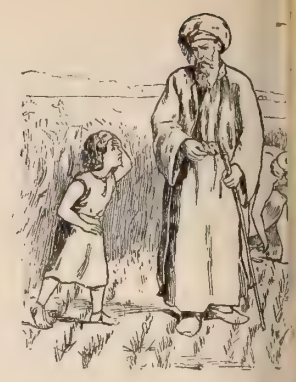
TO BE CONTINUED

A ROOM ON THE WALL

The Man Behind the Staff

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*



"MY HEAD, MY HEAD!"

A MODEL roof garden was "the prophet's chamber" on the house in Shunem. It was built in the kind thoughtfulness of a man and his wife who honored God and his messengers. They had often seen the prophet Elisha passing by. One day the woman invited him in to eat bread; and after that he was urged to come again and again. Then the wife suggested to her husband that they build a room for him on the roof, which was the accustomed place for a guest chamber. It was built and furnished with a bed, a table, a settee, and a candlestick. By the outer stair, Elisha was free to come and go as he pleased. And, being apart by himself, he had opportunity for much needed rest and refreshment. It was to him a "Chamber of peace."

Doubtless he often lodged there, and not infrequently broke bread with his kind benefactors. He was grateful to them, and wished to do them a favor. He suggested to them that he could make a request of the king, or of the chief of the army in their behalf. But they replied that they were content in their home. But Elisha discovered a lack in it, for no child was there. In God's name he bade them expect that a son should be born to them. In due time they rejoiced in his birth. He was first the *jeled*, babe; then the *jonek*, suckling; then the *olal*, asking bread; then the *gamul*, weaned one, at two years of age; then the *taph*, little one following his mother about; then the *naar*, free to go. By these names Jewish people designated their children in the stages of their development. The growing child was, of course, tenderly loved by Elisha, as the child of prayer, and we cannot doubt that the little one often made its way to Elisha's chamber.

One day when Elisha was on Mt. Carmel, sixteen miles from Shunem, he saw coming up the mountain his kind hostess of Shunem. Even in the distance, he recognized signs of grief about her—a bowed form, and perhaps a garment of sackcloth. He sent his servant Gehazi to meet her, and ask, "What is the matter?" But she would not tell her sorrow to Gehazi, who was not the sort of man to be a comforter. She kept her sad story until she had thrown herself at the feet of Elisha. Then she told him that her child of promise was dead, and that even then he was lying in "the prophet's chamber" on the roof, where he had perhaps wished to be moved in his sickness because of his love of the prophet, or perhaps she thought there was some virtue in the place that would recover him. He had died there upon his mother's lap, having been brought in from the field, sunstruck while helping his father. What did Elisha propose to do about it? He gave his staff to Gehazi, his servant, and told him to go with all haste, not stopping for the long oriental salutations by the way, and lay it upon the face of the child. Gehazi started, but the sorrowing mother was not satisfied. She knew that Gehazi was not fitted to act for God, and she would have Elisha himself go. In that her instinct was true, for when she and Elisha reached the home in Shunem, they found that Gehazi, even with Elisha's staff, had failed to bring the child back to life.

Then Elisha shut himself in the room alone with the dead child and prayed to God for help. He put his warm mouth against the cold, dead mouth of the child and breathed into it. He pressed his warm body against the cold body of the child from head to foot, and the child began to grow warm just a little. Then Elisha prayed to God for more power, and again he stretched himself upon the child, and breathed into its mouth. The child sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes. Then Elisha said to Gehazi, who was waiting just outside, "Call the child's mother." And she came, and Elisha said to her: "Take up thy son, for he is alive again." Thankfully the woman bowed at Elisha's feet, and then she took her son and went out, down into the part of the house where she lived. The heart of the mother had been comforted in that "chamber of peace." Christian mothers in these days do not have their little ones restored to them in this way, but in God's own time they will have them just as surely.

Illustration and Application

Life behind religious forms "eternal life" that defies death, is the one great lesson of this story; but there are other very practical lessons that may be touched by the way as steps leading up to the chamber of peace, where Elisha's success, in contrast to Gehazi's failure to raise the child, and the child's return to life from death, should receive our chief attention.

1. The Neglected Grace of Hospitality. Busy Americans, hurrying into the cities where homes are often overcrowded, have almost forgotten that hospitality, which means entertaining strangers, that is, others than relatives, is enjoined, illustrated, and rewarded all through the Bible. Abraham and Sarah, in the exercise of the usual hospitality of Orientals to all strangers, "entertained angels unawares," and their home was gladdened with the child of promise in consequence, as was the lowly home in Shunem also, which has given the world the beautiful term and association of "the prophet's chamber." It will be answered by the cynical that many, who even in Sunday School convention or conference time, have "entertained strangers," have entertained ungrateful people. But these abuses of hospitality do not excuse us for not rightly using "this grace." Indeed, in Christ's picture of the judgment day, the neglect of it is one of the chief indictments of the condemned: "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in." Especially to lonely youth away from home should we exercise "this grace," and the Sunday School, by its class groups, affords to tactful Christians rare opportunities to illustrate the Endeavor motto for this branch of Christian work, "social to serve." An "annual class sociable," with a costly spread is not enough. The plain supper the Y. M. C. A. serve every Sunday evening to young men away from home is far better. But neither of these will take the place of a more personal hospitality for old and young, of which Jesus shall say, as if it had been done to himself: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

* * *

2. A Helpful Child. The child of promise that God gave to the childless family in Shunem as a reward of their generous hospitality to the prophet, we learn, incidentally, was a helpful child, for it was while he was farming with his father that he was fatally sunstruck. There is no special significance in the sunstroke. The picture we wish to recall is the boy working beside his father, which should be set before the many lazy and ungrateful boys and girls who are so unwilling to work for kind fathers and mothers, that their parents prefer to do the child's proper work rather than work harder in making them do it, which they nevertheless ought to do, for there is nothing but trouble ahead for both parents and children when the latter are not early trained to do their share of the world's work. The happiest children are those who insist on helping, and as a consequence find half as much playtime twice as pleasant.

AN ORIENTAL SALUTATION

In London, a father told his boy Henry to meet him on London Bridge at noon, but he forgot all about the appointment. When he got home in the evening he said to his wife, "Where is Henry?" She replied, "He went to meet you early in the day, and has not come back." "Why," said the father, "he must be waiting for me on London Bridge. I promised to meet him there at 12 o'clock. I told him to wait for me if I was not there at that hour, but I forgot all about it." It was now late in the evening. The father put on his overcoat to go in search of the lad. He lived a long way from London, and it was past midnight when he reached the bridge. Sure enough, there stood the brave boy, shivering with the cold. He had been trained to do what his father commanded, whether to work or wait. He would not move away, although cold and tired, because his father's last words on parting had been: "Wait there for me, my boy, till I come." That boy became the great Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock. Obedience to parents is an essential of true success.

3. A Mother's Love. From the lowest to the high forms of life, motherhood stands for the unselfish love si of life. Mr. Frank Bullen, who was once a whaler, tells touching story about one of these mother whales who di while protecting her young. He was close by in the bo when the mother whale was struck by the harpoon. Inste of swimming away or diving down into the sea, the gr whale took no more notice of the piercing blow of the h poon than if she had never been touched. Close nestled her side was a youngling of not more than five days o which sent up its baby spout every now and then about t feet into the air. One long, wing-like fin embraced its sm body, holding it close to the massive breast of the ten mother, whose only care seemed to be to protect her you utterly regardless of her own pain and danger. If sentim were ever permitted to interfere with such operations might well have done so, for while the calf continua sought to escape from the enfolding fin, making all sorts puny struggles in the attempt, the mother scarcely mov from her position, although streaming with blood from score of wounds. So in the most perfect quiet, with scarc a writhe, nor any sign of flurry, she died, holding the calf her side till the last vital spark had fled. This picture t imperfectly represents the suffering brave mother-love our own homes. Let not boys and girls miss the point the baby whale foolishly struggling to get away from t mother's protecting grasp. "Tied to its mother's ap string" it was indeed, and in that was its safety, till mother died. Every restraint that an intelligent Christ mother or father puts on a child is to protect it from h poons of physical and moral peril. Let us not foolish break from such loving protection.

* * *

4. The Power of Character. This is the greatest l son in this story—the failures of Gehazi as comforter a life restorer, even with Elisha's staff in hand, in contrast Elisha's success in both, showing that the man behind t message, the man behind the staff, is the important thi as in war it is "the man behind the gun." It is not t religious form that saves, but the life behind it; not t sacrament, but the Spirit; not the broken bread and wi but the Christlike life of self-sacrifice; not "joining t church," but being really joined to Christ as the branch the vine, so that his unselfish life flows through us a comes out in daily fruitfulness. As Gehazi went to co fort the woman who instinctively refused to confide in hi as he subsequently went with Elisha's staff to save t child, which she instinctively saw would be in vain beca he was a worldly, selfish, covetous man, though engaged religious work with Elisha, so the unsaved instinctively ject, often with scorn, invitations to become Christia when they come from unspiritual Church members.

A drummer was often urged by his Christian wife to b come a Christian. Her life was right, and he envied but he said, "No one can be a Christian and sell goods the road." Whenever she pointed him to some faithf Christian merchant or lawyer, he would say, "But he is n in my business. He could not be a Christian if he wa commercial traveler." At last she saw a "drummer" another church of the town passing the plate as a chur officer. Exultantly she reported the fact. "There! last I have found a Christian in your business." "H a Christian!" said the husband scornfally, "Why here is wad of bills in my pocket now that I won from him cards as we came in on the train yesterday." Such a G hazi can have no power to save others. And when t card winnings are "prizes," the case is the same. A moth given to bridge whist and progressive euchre showed h son a beautiful silver cup she had won. Quickly he sai "And I won twenty-five dollars myself yesterday at poke Strange that a company of Christian women cannot enj each others' fellowship a few hours without the intrusi of our national passion for commercialism. It is not on gambling but bad manners to drag money-making in our parlors. It is far worse than "talking shop." A furth illustration of modern Gehazis, who with the staff of a reli ious profession have no power to comfort and save, is fou in a subsequent chapter of that drummer's life. He d finally become a church member, perhaps to please his wif but in any case it "did not take" hold of his real life. H was a "professing," but not a possessing Christian. Durin a revival, however, he started down the church aisle on r quest to invite sinners to the altar. He spoke to one of h lady friends, with whom he had often danced and playe cards. She replied scornfully: "You want me to be a Chri tian! Such a Christian as you are, I suppose." He ther upon went to the "penitent form" himself, convicted of h own need, as Gehazi was not, and when he had gotten rig himself, became a great soul-winner.

A preacher had been discussing amusements with a youn man who said he could be as useful a Christian with dancin and card playing as without it. Finally the pastor put a tes which the failures of Gehazi recall. He said: "Now if yo were dying and wanted some one to come and comfort yo and pray with and for you, would you send for some churc member you dance with or play cards with?" He hesitate a moment, and then replied: "To speak frankly and truly, would send for none of them. I should want one of you kind, that finds his pleasure rather in doing good."

* International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 16, on "Elisha and the Shunammite," II. Kings 4: 25 37. Golden Text: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" Rom. 6: 23.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

An Over-Strenuous Housewife

HIRAM DODD came slowly across the lot, weary after a hard day's work felling trees. The man was somewhere on the hither side of fifty, tough and gnarled as a hard knot, his face brown and weather-beaten. There was about him something like a gray autumn day when the winds are still, a sort of quiet, meditative look, touched with a certain brooding sadness. Occasionally a smile struggled through the gloom and then the man's countenance changed and was illuminated, and the effect was at very different from that produced when a shaft of sunlight rifts the overhanging clouds.

. . . .

Such a smile overspread his face when little Lucy ran out to meet her father. The youngest of seven, she was his special darling, and did with him whatever she pleased.

"Pick me up, daddy," she commanded, and he lifted her to his shoulder.

"Now we will march three times around the house, and then march in," she ordered, with baby despotism.

Hiram began his march. Tired as he was, Lucy's plump form did not seem to him a burden. Her dimpled arms around his neck, seemed to take away some of the day's care.

Presently Mrs. Hiram Dodd came to the door. She was a little woman, with snapping black eyes and thin lips, a woman like a knife-blade for sharpness, and pale as a snowflake from neck to hem of her blue print gown.

. . . .

"Did I ever see such folly?" she exclaimed shrilly. "Hiram, put her down this instant. Lucy, don't you know your father is tired? There, man, wipe your feet. Your shoes are caked with dirt. You have brought dirt into the kitchen."

"Not much, mother," he said, with a propitiatory glance.

"Not much! Enough to need a broom and dustpan, when I'm as tired I could drop in my tracks. Oh, you needn't fancy anybody's tired but yourself. Working in the woods with a good luncheon of cold meat and bread and cake and pie is enough sight easier than toiling over a hot stove from morning until night, and never getting rid of mess and litter. Lucy Dodd, is that your doll that I see on the floor? Go and put the doll away, or I'll lock her up in the closet. What's that you say, Hiram, that I'm not to scold Lucy? I'm not going to spoil Lucy as you do. We've got her to bring up, and if I ever say a word to her you fly right off the handle."

All this went on in a sort of breathless, torrent-like flush, Mrs. Dodd stepping briskly to and fro, setting the table for supper. As they sat down, she observed a fly on a window-pane and jumped nimbly from her chair to pounce on it, and when again seated, she was unable to eat in peace on account of discovering a minute crack in the lid of the blue tea-pot.

"Mary," remonstrated the husband, "why are you so restless? You are wearing yourself out over trifles. Do for once let us have a meal without your losing your patience over mere nothings."

"Do you call a fly nothing?" she answered. "I hate flies like poison."

"Well, but they are almost gone, dear. Do keep still for five minutes."

The older children were at the table. They were too well trained to comment on their mother, but their faces betrayed sympathy with their father. Privately Ned nudged Sammy, and Ellen confided in a whisper to Martha, that "mother was cross."

It was a pity. There was a beautiful home, with every element needed for contentment, all spoiled by the frantic, pin-wheel activities of an over-strenuous housekeeper. Better a little superficial dirt than cleanliness carried to too great an excess.

Little Deeds of Love

Little acts of kindness, little deeds of love, as the familiar hymn puts it, make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above.

Among the little acts of kindness that cost only a little thought, may be numbered the sending a paper that you have read to some one else who will enjoy it, or a flower from your garden to the friend who is ill.

THE "HERMIT WELL" AT PIERMONT-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.

This is a pure spring flowing out of the heart of the rock; its waters ever cold, and its refreshment ever ready for man and beast. It is one of Nature's wonders, and recalls the days of old, when, in a far land of the East, Moses smote the rock, and the living stream gushed forth.

Here shall the weary quench their thirst and onward fare,
Nor have a fear from year to year, beneath their Father's care.

"There is very little I can do," said a sweet young girl, "but I sometimes amuse Mrs. E's children, while she goes to a missionary meeting. Unless somebody comes to her relief, she can never go anywhere in these days, with three babies under four years of age!"

The tiny acts of thoughtfulness, the sitting with a forlorn old lady in the dusk and listening to her stories of the past, the picking up dropped stitches, and saying cheering words, are not so very much in themselves, but they are acknowledged by the Lord who says. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me!"

Don't Be Mulish!

Some of us prize very highly a quality that we imagine is firmness, and are inclined to be boastful that when we take a stand, nobody can persuade us to change our base.

"This rock shall fly, as soon as I," is our declaration. Friends, nine-tenths of the ultra-firm people, are simply shockingly and abominably mulish. They want their own way. Obstinacy and firmness have little in common. The first is the bulwark of a weak and vain character; the second is the outgrowth of strength and devotion to principle. But do not let us mistake the one for the other. Mulishness is as provoking in a man as in a beast.

A Word Regarding Extravagance

TO those of us who are accustomed carefully to treasure a single black silk or other good dress, and to trim over our hats and bonnets from season to season, the extravagance of certain fashionable women is a never-ending puzzle. One of the New York papers the other day announced that a certain firm had obtained a judgment against a lady who had purchased, without settling her bill, a variety of beautiful things. Among the articles mentioned were no less than nineteen hats, ordered between September and December of last year. There was a fur coat valued at nearly eight hundred dollars; another, with a muff to match, that had cost over six hundred; a mantle approximating nine hundred; a skirt at twelve hundred dollars, and various other articles and items of luxury, any one of which would go far toward the support of an ordinary family for a period of some weeks or months. The lady in question was, it appeared, a woman of large wealth, the wife of one very rich man and the sister of another, a woman with no occasion to be frugal. Why she did not pay her bill was not explained. Nor does it concern outsiders. The question as to the propriety of leaving bills unsettled indefinitely, is easily answered. No excuse can be given for it; it is often very cruel, as the custom of carrying long accounts with wealthy patrons lands many a firm in bankruptcy.

But the critic exclaims at the wasteful expenditure, and indeed it hardly seems right that one woman should have nineteen hats, while another, equally admirable, has to get along with one or two at a time. Yet we must remember, that it took the labor of a number of people to make the nineteen hats. Every so called extravagance sets in motion a good many wheels and employs a good many hands, and the little hearth-fires of the poor are lighted from the blaze on the hearth of the rich.

There is another view which it is impossible to ignore. Always around us there are human needs and human suffering. In every city where the ladies on the stately avenue are arrayed like the lilies of the field, there are women and children, not a few, who perish of hunger; who are ill, and have not the wherewithal to go to pleasant country places where they might get well; who sit down in squalor and want, and have no helper.

Many and generous are the benefactions of the rich, but these benefactions are probably not often made by the class who are irresponsible enough to run up large obligations, and thoughtless enough not to pay them when presented. For this sort of action is distinctly and shamefully selfish, and selfishness has no room to be charitable.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—SYLVIA. Break off your intimacy with the young man who prefers a saloon to your company.

—OLD SUBSCRIBER. As a rule, little informal notes to friends are sufficient invitations to any function. They should be written in the first person.

—ZOE. I am sorry that you do not believe in prayer, for it is as if you did not believe in God. Pray, even though you have no faith. God loves you, and his grace will be given you in his good time.

—M. N. The present Czar was married to the Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, November 26, 1894. The Czarina is a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria and a niece of King Edward Seventh.

—LYDIA. We cannot blame our Heavenly Father if our prayers are not answered as we would have them. In the case you mention, the young woman is well rid of the man who is so mean and contemptible. She will live to thank God for her escape.

—ANNIE. Your question as to the meaning of Luke 12: 48, was referred by me to one who is skilled in interpreting the Scriptures. He answers: "The passage lays down the just and logical principle that responsibility is measured by knowledge. The more a man knows of God's will, the more will be expected of him. This principle would naturally apply to the heathen. Some theologians, however, object to carrying it so far, on the ground that it is explicitly applied in the passage to servants; that is, to persons like Paul, who, before his conversion, persecuted the church, thinking he was doing God service." As to your inquiry about one or two amusing games now in vogue, I see no harm in them. The righteous life of a Christian is not mere asceticism. To do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly before God, covers the rule of Christian living.

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ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE

ARTICLE IV.—THE STARRY HEIGHTS . . . . BY PROF. LEWIS SWIFT, F.R.A.S.

"Behold the height of the stars, how high they are?" Job 22 : 12

HOW high are they? This is a question often asked and always has been, but Omnipotence only can answer. The severest problem man ever attempted to grapple with, is to measure the distances of some of the brighter stars, but with all the enormous efforts which for centuries astronomers have worked at the problem, with the most powerful telescopes yet made, aided by the spectroscope and photographic camera, we have ascertained, and roughly at that, the distance of one star only.

This star is *Alpha Centauri*, a first magnitude star in the constellation of the Centaur. In our age it is too far south to be seen from the Northern States. I have seen it from Southern California and from Florida. Its distance in round numbers is computed to be twenty-four billion miles—24 million million, 24 with twelve ciphers attached. The attempt to conceive of such a distance would be as futile as the effort to form an idea of space without an end, or of God without a beginning. By a few computations and comparisons, I desire to impress on the minds of my readers a few facts that they may test the truth of, if they desire, by solving the problems submitted. To count 24,000,000,000,000 at the rate of 4 a second, and 10 hours a day, would take over 450,000 years. And to reach our nearest stellar neighbor at 40 miles an hour, would take an express train nearly 70 million years, and to count the fare at 2 cents a mile, at the rate of 3 dollars a second, and 10 hours a day, would take the ticket agent over 12,000 years. I will leave to the reader to ascertain what the fare would be, and how many tons in silver dollars it would weigh.

A moment's reflection on the above data will arouse in the most careless reader the question: If *Alpha Centauri*, a first magnitude star, and on the supposition that the fainter the stars the more distant, how much further must be many thousands just visible to the naked eye, and how much further still the countless millions seen only by glimpses in the clearest, darkest night, by our mammoth telescopes, to say nothing of the many thousand millions beyond the telescope's utmost grasp, depicted on the negative photographic plate, with an exposure of 15 to 20 hours, recording stars probably from ten to twenty times as far as in the largest telescope, appearing like minute atoms of diamond dust floating in the sunbeam?

O rack me not to such extent
These distances belong to thee,
The earth's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Light, nature's swiftest messenger, moving at the rate of 186,300 miles or seven and a-half times around the earth in a second, requires four years to reach us from *Alpha Centauri*. If it takes this star's light so long, how many thousands of years must the light that depicted themselves on the negative plate, been rushing through space to make a record of their existence?

How came Job to know that the stars are high? Is it not wonderful, that when the Bible indulges in an astronomical thought, it is always in accordance with the strictest deductions of modern science?

It was Herschel, the mighty Nimrod of astronomy, who hunted the sky over, and first cast the plumb-line into the depths of unfathomable space, and endeavored to measure the scale on which the universe is built. The problem then was, and still is, too great for human genius to solve.

Thus far, less than a dozen stars have roughly yielded up this secret, and told us how high they are in light years.

Alpha Centauri,	4	years to reach the earth.		
61 Cygni,	10	"	"	"
Sirius, Dog Star,	22	"	"	"
Pole Star,	48	"	"	"
Capella,	70	"	"	"

When I look up to the pole star, the celestial lighthouse of the northern hemisphere, and reflect that its pale twinkling light left its fiery home forty-eight years ago, moving 11,150,000 miles every minute, excites emotions too deep for human speech to utter. Though our pole star now, it has not always been a pole star, nor will it always be. When Noah was sailing in his ark, *Alpha Draconis* was pole star, which the Bible (Job 26: 7), calls the "outstretched north, over the empty place."

These determinations of distances are the best available now, but I advise the reader to receive them as probably wide of the mark. I copy them to awaken, if possible, a keener appreciation of the text, "Behold the height of the stars how high they are," and the marvelous power God has given to man, to revel in scenes one would suppose belonged only to Omnipotence to know.

That the distances of the planets from the earth may be thoroughly impressed on the mind, I submit a few more comparisons with distances that are known. It has been ascertained that electricity moves on the telegraph wires at the rate of about 16,500 miles a second. Therefore, to telephone to an imaginary inhabitant in the moon, would require but fourteen seconds; to one on the sun, one and a-half hours; to Neptune, the most distant planet from the sun, two days, and to *Alpha Centauri*, forty-six years, or ninety-two to get the reply.

All the stars are in motion, some toward us, some from us, some to the right, and others to the left, going we know not where. Our sun, which is a star to other stellar systems, is going with the rest. The spectroscope has determined its velocity to be twelve and one-half miles a second, in the direction of *Beta Lyræ*. The Bible speaks of wandering stars, but how did the writer know that they all were in motion? The apparent motions of the most rapid, can only be detected in a year by the most delicate instruments.

The subjoined tables comprise a small number of stars with rates of motion in the line of sight, as determined by the spectroscope.

Stars moving from the earth	Castor	25	miles a second
	Alpha Leonis	15	" "
	Beta Orionis	15	" "
Stars moving towards the earth	Pollux	60	" "
	Arcturus	55	" "
	Alpha Lyræ	50	" "
	Dog Star	31	" "

The stars are divided into several classes, as single, our sun being an example, double, triple, quadruple, variable, temporary, and binary; the latter again into telescopic and spectroscopic binaries. A binary is a double star physically connected, the pair or set, if more than two, revolving round the centre of gravity of each in equal periods, ranging from 11.48 years, the shortest, *Delta Equulei*, to twelve lyncis, 700 years, and *Epsilon Lyræ*, about 2,000 years. That the sky should be covered with suns revolving around each other, and planets like ours undoubtedly revolving around each, on which people like ourselves are doubtless dwelling, having shining in their sky one, and then two, sometimes three suns shining at the same time, awakens not a few tremendous thoughts.

Telescopic binaries, seen only with the telescope, have long been known, but that there should be several hundred double and triple stars not visible as such through the most powerful telescopes, but revealed by the little spectroscope, is a new fact in astronomy.

That self-luminous stars should vary in brightness, as many do—some through wide limits, even to periodical extinction—is one of the marvels in which astronomy deals so largely. The shortest spectroscopic binary known is *Mu Scorpii* = 35 hours, and shortest variable is *Omega Centauri*, 6 hours and 12 minutes.

Many of the binary and trinary stars have borrowed sunbeam tints. We often see a blue star revolving round a yellow one, and a green one around a red one. The sky is covered with marvels which cannot be appreciated till seen, and when we roam over it with our great telescopes, and suns by millions sail across its crystal glass, how natural is it to ask, can any of those shining worlds be the Christian's final home, where sorrow never lives nor happiness never dies? Alas, dear reader, how little we know what the Almighty has in store for us when life's last sun goes down in the West to rise for us no more.

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"THE BLACK SHEEP"

A Mother's Prayers Answered in the Bowery Mission

A ODLY couple in Scotland had a large amily of sons and daughters. Every means was employed, and every possile sacrifice was made by which these chilren might obtain a good education, and when he father died, the widowed mother had the atisfaction of knowing that, at any rate, that he supreme ambition of the breadwinner's eart had been attained. One son was established in a good practice as a surgeon, another as a LL.D., and all were thoroughly equipped for the struggle of life. Above everything else, they were all safely within the fold of the Good Shepherd, all were earnest and active Christians—except one, the blacksheep.

It seemed strange that there should be this exception, but so it was. Early in life this man took to drinking, and notwithstanding the restraints and wholesome influences of the pious family circle, he soon became a confirmed drunkard. Stranger still, that after marrying a godly young woman, and after rearing a family of two fine children, he became even more reckless and dissipated. He went from bad to worse, lost one situation after another, and ten years ago came to America, in the hope of ridding himself of bad, pernicious associations, and thus redeeming himself. His wife and little ones joined him here, and then followed a more disastrous experience than ever.

It is not difficult for him at first to obtain situations, for he was exceedingly clever in his business—that of a landscape gardener. But position after position was lost through drink. His home, whenever he had one (for times were over, he sold his furniture in order to gratify his craving for drink), became a hell. His wife was broken-hearted. His children were afraid of him. He had become a confirmed whiskey fiend. Often, in a pure frenzy, he would overturn the supper table, and dash the dishes that his patient wife had neatly spread for him. It seemed as though drink had permanently shattered his intellect, as well as having destroyed all sense of decency and manliness.

Away in Scotland, however, the widowed mother had been unceasing in her prayers for her plotted wanderer.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander were holding one of their great revival meetings in the Scotch city. Mr. Alexander had distributed a leaflet from Mr. Hadley's book, "Down in Water Street," entitled, the *Love of God*. It was the story of a drunkard redeemed. A new hope sprung up in the mother's heart. It gave her a fresh inspiration in her prayers. Latterly, whilst making her petitions for her sons and daughters, when she came to the "black sheep," all she could say was, "Aleck! Aleck!" and then would pray choked with a sob.

Then new and mighty prayers came from the depths of the mother's soul. And they were answered, Not exactly as she expected, but. It was to the Bowery Mission his steps were directed. His wife and little ones were away from him. He was wandering on the Bowery, when the bulletin at the Mission door attracted him. He entered. The place was packed to the door. He was taken by an usher and led to a place near the platform. The first hymn he listened to was one the music of which was written by the lamented organist, Victor Benke, and which is always sung with tremendous power by Bowery men. The words were:

Jesus redeemed, and made me whole,
I can forget him never;
Out of the depths he brought my soul,
Now I am his for ever.

For the first time in many years his eyes were opened. He saw himself as he really was. "I cried to God," as he said himself, in his own expressive way, "with a loud voice." God heard him. His mother's prayers were answered. What a transformation has taken place in his life, only those who have been very near to him during the past twelve months can understand; and especially those who attended his anniversary meeting the other evening.

It seemed impossible for him to obtain employment. His character was completely gone. None of his former employers would have anything to say to him. God was testing him. Well has he stood the test; and now brighter days are evidently in store for him. His wife and children are with him once more. The family altar is re-erected. He has found a suitable position on the estate of one of the wealthiest and best of America's Christian women.

On the occasion of his anniversary he related the following incident:

He said: "I went out into the country, determined to find work. I did not succeed, and for three days and three nights had not a bite to eat. On the third night, lying on the ground, I caught sight of the stars above my head. When I came to think of Christ and Gethsemane, I was thrilled through and through to think of my kinship to him in suffering, and hungry and worn out as I was, I cried out, 'Lord, I am thine, take me as I am.' I knew then that God had something for me to do. Next morning I was attracted to a farmhouse. There a good old lady gave me a little work to do—the pruning of her grape-vine. When supper-time came she called me in, and while taking my supper I became conscious that she was watching me very narrowly. Suddenly, she said, 'Are you a Christian man?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then how does it happen that you are not in a better position?' I then told her the story of my life. With tears in her eyes, she made me acquainted with the fact that she, too, had a wandering boy somewhere. Ten years ago he had left home, and she had never seen him since. And we knelt together, the mother and I, and we prayed for him. And before I left I sat down at the little organ in her parlor, and sang to her the same Benke song that had touched my own heart eight months before:

Jesus redeemed, and made me whole.

And then I knew why God had brought me there. It was to comfort a sorrowing mother's heart, and to give strength to a mother's prayers."

J. H. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent of the Bowery Mission.

A Mountain Industrial Home

A NEW movement has just been started at Marionville, Mo., known as the Purity Industrial Home. The founder, Chas. Mitchell, believes that impurity is our great curse, and that parents, as a usual thing, do not teach their children the most important and valuable truths, but leave them to pick their information from the vilest sources. He believes that the subject should be taught in a simple, common-sense way. The young men in this Home are pledged against whiskey and tobacco, and are required to attend lectures and read books on purity. So far they have been hearty in their appreciation of the help received.

CHAS. A. MITCHELL

The Industrial feature of the Home, provides work to pay school expenses. The students are given fixed wages per hour, and allowed to work out what they need. During the last year forty-three young men have been helped, seven of whom had to earn their entire living at the Home. Under the care of an excellent matron, a dear old lady, they do their own cooking, washing, mending, etc.; they also learn barbering, printing, typewriting, carpentering, farming, blacksmithing, gardening, and making axe-handles and brooms. This year they are cultivating eighty acres of land. Last winter they undertook the task of clearing five acres of timber, pulling the trees up by the roots with a stump puller. The students would rise at four o'clock to grind axes and mattocks, and start at 6 to the clearing, a mile and a-half away.

The first member of the "Industrial Family," Lester Howard, went through the Marionville Collegiate Institute, with which the Home is connected; then spent three years in a higher college, and now expects to spend two years at Harvard. This movement enabled him to get an education, and he testifies that the purity feature has been invaluable, and has transformed his life. Another case was that of Edward McCoy, who came from a part of the wildest portion of the Ozark Mountains, with but five dollars, and he earned every cent of his expenses for three years. Learning the broom trade, he became overseer of the factory, finally leaving the school with forty dollars to attend a higher institution. He would saw wood, dig a ditch, make brooms, or do any kind of work. Before he left, he instructed another boy in the broom factory, who took charge; this boy likewise instructing another one before leaving. One very interesting case was that of a young man who used whiskey and tobacco, profanity and cards. He attended one of the White Cross meetings, and heard a talk on purity. This so convinced him, that he burned his cards and tobacco, and in a few weeks signed the pledge; later was converted, joined the Church, and is now a successful preacher.

Plans are now complete for the erection of a two-story factory, and for a Home for girls, and for acquiring a farm. The Home is located in the Ozark Mountain region.

$29 Saved. Interim Edition

A new and revised edition of Ridpath's History of the World, brought down to the Midsummer of 1904, was published in August. 100 sets were bound before we realized that another edition, with additional matter to cover the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War, must be issued at once. In fact, it is now in the hands of the type-setters. So these 100 sets—the Interim Edition as it were, *i.e.*, the edition down to midsummer, 1904—must be sold at what they will bring before the new edition is out. A. T. Stewart used to say, when you have a loss to make, "Make it now." Adopting his plan, we offer these brand new sets of a new edition at exactly the price we have been getting for second-hand damaged sets, and on little monthly payments, if you choose.

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PERSONAL INFLUENCE*

FROM the beginning of Christianity to the present time, personal influence has been a most mighty, effective power in the propagation of the faith. Even when the preacher has done his work and the Holy Spirit has applied his words to the heart, it has frequently been the personal influence of some friend which has drawn the seeking soul over the obstacles in its path, into the kingdom. Still more frequently it is personal influence which prompts the initial step, and brings the careless sinner under the sound of the Gospel message. Some direct appeal, some earnest word or letter, the example of some noble life, has started the sinner on his search for salvation. Take away personal influence from the Gospel armory and we lose the force which has won, and is yet to win, its grandest triumphs.

It is a force every one can use. There is no one so isolated that he has no friend whom he can try to bring to Christ. Perhaps there may be many whose silence on the subject is causing surprise to those about them. They may be saying or thinking that if religion does for a man all that is claimed for it, it is strange that no effort has been made by the man who professes it to impart the knowledge to them. Unhappily, the inference is too often drawn from such silence, that the value of religion is exaggerated, and so a suspicion is produced that all the preaching fails to eradicate.

It is a force that Christ expects every one of his followers to use. We have no right to leave the propagation of the faith to ministers. It is too huge a task for them. Working with them, co-operating in their labors, we multiply their influence, and we share in their reward. When Christ saves a man, he does not do it for himself alone. The saved man becomes a servant, a messenger, a living testimony. Failing in that, one purpose of his salvation is missed. The generations multiply, and there is no way of filling the gaps in the ranks, and extending the kingdom among the newcomers, than for every man who bears the name of Christian to seek out and win another.

Behold the Lamb. A minister in New York relates that a man who had been known for his irreligious life, presented himself as a candidate for admission to church-fellowship. The minister was delighted, and after examining him was satisfied that he was really converted. As he had been preaching a special course of sermons to outsiders, he concluded that the man had been brought to Christ under them, and asked him which it was that had led him to seek Christ. "None of them," was the reply. "I was first led to seek him by the example of a man who works at the next bench to me in the shop. He was always so happy and cheerful and contented, that I wondered what he had, that I had not. He was an extremely shy, quiet man, who seemed to have a difficulty in expressing his thoughts. But one day he said to me, 'I wish you knew my Divine Master; he would give you a peace you have never known.' It was that remark, just a pointing me to Christ that set me seeking."

They followed Jesus. A lecturer uses the following illustration of the power of influence: "I had mislaid a quantity of steel filings. I searched everywhere for them, but unsuccessfully. I knew they must be in a certain cabinet, and thinking they might have been mixed with other specimens I passed a magnet over various heaps, but they did not respond. Looking more carefully I noticed several large sheets of blotting-paper at the bottom of one of the drawers. I lifted them and underneath were my filings, scattered about. I had only to pass my magnet over them, to gather them all." That is what we have to do with our friends. They would respond to Christ's influence if there was nothing in the way. If we remove the obstruction, they would come to Christ.

Come and see. "I do not believe," said a scoffer, talking with a Christian on board a ship, "that Christianity has done so much for the world as is claimed for it." The ship soon afterwards touched at the Fiji Islands. "Now," said the Christian, "I made no reply to your statement about Christianity, but I want you to come ashore." He went, and found the people orderly, friendly and contented. The captain of the ship was with the visitors and he said: "If you had come here before the missionaries came, you would not have been entertained at the dwellings of the natives, but would have been killed and cooked for their meal." The object lesson of a changed life is often the most effectual argument a Christian can use. Every man whose life is changed is a testimony to the power of Christ.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union, for Oct. 16. John. 1:35-39.

Called Higher

Helen B. Wyman passed from this life at Deming, New Mexico, on April 17, 1904. The sweet resignation of this happy child, who had known naught but the joys of earth, has made a remarkable impression upon all who knew her story. She did not seem very ill. Life looked very bright for her, and she had scarcely ever known sickness. But the doctor found a fatal leak in the heart. Just before the end she asked, "Am I dying?" "Yes, Helen," said mamma, "you are dying. You are not afraid to die, are you, darling?" "No," answered she, "I am not afraid to die." Then, after a moment's thought, "Yes, I am dying, and I am going up to God." Thus, in perfect trust and peace, her spirit passed on.

The Rev. William H. Littell died suddenly on Aug. 6, at Setauket, L. I. He had been in poor health for several months. For more than a quarter of a century he was pastor of the Setauket Church. He was born at Summit, N. J., May 2, 1840. He was graduated at Princeton College in June, 1863, and entered the Theological Seminary in September of that year. Graduating from the Seminary in April, 1887, he was licensed the previous October by the Presbytery of Elizabeth in the church at New Providence, N. J., in which he was baptized in childhood, and read to full membership at fifteen years of age. He was ordained as an evangelist by the same Presbytery and in the same church on June 3, 1887, and dismissed to the Presbytery of Burlington, where he labored for one year in the Jersey pines. He was dismissed to the Presbytery of Long Island and received by them at Huntington on September 9, and was installed pastor October 28, 1868. He was married Dec 2, 1869, to Miss Julia B. Brown, of Newark, N. J., who has been a good helpmate to him in his long pastorate. His wife and four children survive him. On Aug. 10, 1904, 600 people were present at the funeral services held in the Presbyterian church at Setauket. The front of the church was banked with flowers, the platform being almost hidden from view. Mr. Littell was an honorary member of the Junior O. U. A. M. Six of these members acted as pall-bearers. Twelve clergymen and the elders of the church led the procession up the aisles. Addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Craven, of Mattituck. The Rev. Dr. Webster, formerly of Port Jefferson, and the Rev. Mr. Allen, formerly of Middle Island. The interment was in the family plot near the church.

The Wiser Way

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

IF thy friend is sad and weary,
Rest him for a while.
If his way is dark and dreary,
Light it with a smile.
Let some helpful word be spoken,
Give a tender, loving token,
It may cheer a heart that's broken,
And its grief beguile.

Like a medicine that healeth
By its subtle art,
Is the sunny ray that stealeth
From a merry heart.
As the song of some sweet bird
Holy memories oft hath stirred,
So a kind and hopeful word
Will its strength impart.

Thou canst lessen pain and sorrow,
Lessen it by half,
By the magic thou canst borrow
From a happy laugh.
Let thy light shine full and free,
Bid the darksome shadows flee,
Till the sad ones turn to thee,
As their stay and staff.

Carry, then, a face that's smiling,
With thee everywhere.
From its weariness beguiling
Many a life of care.
Soothing oft a heart of sorrow,
Teaching it some hope to borrow,
That will gild the coming morrow
With its rainbow fair.

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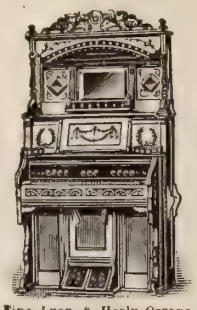

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Missionary to the Blind in China

SCHOOL OF THE EVANGELICAL HOME FOR THE BLIND, AT KAULAN, CHINA

MARTHA POSTLER, a sister of the Order of St. John, recently took her first trip to the home of her sister in Port-on-the-Main, after eight years of rich-blessed work among the blind in China. Before making this visit Sister Martha had been seriously ill, and never recovered, peacefully falling asleep at her sister's home. She never again saw her beloved home in Winnebeck, nor her loved ones in China, but beautiful and blessed she rests in the wooded cemetery near her home.

She was born in 1860, and was the oldest daughter of an evangelical minister in the village Santomischel, on the borders of Russia. She was gifted with a talent for writing, and also drew the most charming pen-and-ink sketches. She consecrated all her talents to missionary work. Only one small drawing, "The Chinese New Year's Flower," that she sent as a birthday gift to a sister in the homeland, was published. The Chinese, the people to whom she gave her heart and life, and who loved her dearly in return, sang when she decorated their houses with flowers, one of their own songs about luck. This "luck-flower" was the last greeting to her well-beloved art. When Sister Martha was dying, she left this message to be sent to those whom she had left behind, "Greet all, and say unto them, that I have been happy in life, and that I die contented."

In Hong Kong, in a rented house, Sister Martha began her work, with five blind Chinese girls, and when in June of this year she undertook her journey, she could look back at her own house at Kaulun, where forty blind girls were left with her assistant, who came to help her about three years ago. Seldom has one woman's life been so rich in good works.

A Sewing-Class in Morocco

TANGIER, Morocco, North Africa, Aug. 26. God has been keeping us safely under the shadow of his wings during these trou-ous times in Morocco. We have been surround Tangier up to this time, but our work among the villages has been stopped on account of the unrest among the tribes. I have not been in a village since the kidnapping of Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley, which happened some months ago.

Mrs. Weiss has an interesting class among the women who live in a village close to our home. These are some of the most needy in the neighborhood. The women come to our home once a week, and Mrs. Weiss furnishes them with cloth, with which they make themselves garments. While they are busy at their sewing, she converses, and these Gospel talks we hope, may prove to be the means of gradually changing the lives of some of them for the best. After they have sewed for an hour, they are served with hot tea and bread, which they seem to enjoy, for many of them do not have much in their own homes—if homes you might call them. After tea is served, all is put to one side, and the Bible is brought out, and a Gospel story read, which is listened to with great interest, and sometimes interrupted by a crying baby, which a mother has brought with her because she could not leave it at home. All are welcome, and all receive a blessing by coming. The lame and halt, and even the partially blind, come each Friday afternoon. This is one way in which we are reaching the women of Morocco, who are usually held in such close bondage by their husbands.

MRS. WEISS AND HER SEWING CLASS OF MOORISH WOMEN

Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley are now somewhere in Europe, where they will remain until the conditions have become more quiet, and till it is a fit place to live in safely.

We shall leave here in about one month for America, reaching either Boston or New York in early October. I am bringing with me a young man to be educated and trained for Gospel work here among his own people.

FRED WEISS, *Missionary.*

OCTOBER

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

SHE comes—bright, smiling October—
In her path lie colors rare,
As she breathes on vine and branches,
That quickly blush in the autumn air.

Like soldiers, guarding a treasure,
Stands grain, in bounteous sheaf,
Saluting the Goddess of Harvest,
With purple fruit and falling leaf.

You Can Play Them Without Learning

The Church Choir Zobo Band of Paterson, N. J. *Photo from Life*

THIS band was organized by the Church Choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary Purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

Read What Pastors and Organists Say About Our Instruments

G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young People's Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were just used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the 'Young People's Weekly.' Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effect met with marked enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments."

Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it. I will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success."

Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments."

Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

Can Be Played By Anyone Who Can Hum a Tune—No Learning

We do away with that long, tedious labor of practice. It is the most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced. An instrument capable of almost every modulation, its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove or the thrilling song of the nightingale. The Cornet is an elegant accompaniment to Organ, Piano or any string instrument, and affords unlimited pleasure to the individual; suited for all in and outdoor entertainments. These instruments open up new possibilities to the **Vocalists,** and develop the vocal chords.

With a Full Band a Grand Pipe Organ Effect Can Be Obtained

Those that have no pipe organ, the Zobo supplies the want at a minimum cost. Every church without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir Band. **Sing into the mouthpiece—Zobo does the rest.**

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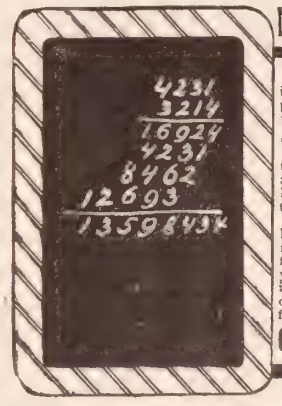

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We have successfully treated Inebriates that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. R 5, Lebanon, Ohio

A WELCOME TO LARKIN

Many of the readers are patrons of the Larkin Co. of Buffalo. They will all be glad to see their advertisement in the columns again, as of yore.

No general advertising has been done by this Company for the past three years. This withdrawal was necessitated by an increase in sales that outstripped a growth of manufacturing plant which is possibly without a parallel. Advertisements have not been required to hold the continued trade of old patrons, and indeed, through their recommendation, unaided by advertising, new customers are constantly added. Nine years of continuous building-operations have increased the floor area of the Larkin Soap Works from two to twenty-nine acres and the Company can now invite new customers.

For some future issue we are promised an illustration of the Larkin Soap Works of 1904, which will graphically depict a commercial growth that is extraordinary even in America.

The McKinley Rocker offered in to-day's advertisement has itself quite a unique history, though it is but one of a hundred Larkin Premiums that are given with $10.00 purchases. Heretofore, it has been offered only to those who were already Larkin customers. It was first shown in their Premium List February 1st, 1902. Ever since, the demand has far exceeded the supply. In 1902 the necessity of erecting a factory exclusively for the McKinley Rocker was recognized, and the work was begun. One of the largest and most modern of Chair factories is now turning out two hundred of these well-made, beautifully finished and thoroughly comfortable chairs daily. All are for Larkin customers; and those who obtain one on the liberal Larkin terms, by which the Rocker is virtually a free gift, are to be congratulated.

The Chiffonier No. 5 is also so popular that a large furniture factory is confined to its production for Larkin patrons.

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THE OVERLAND LIMITED
electric-lighted solid through
DAILY TRAIN
Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Less than three days en route over the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.
Leaves Chicago 8 p. m. daily.
Another fast train leaves at 11 p. m. for San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland
The Best of Everything.
Send four-cent stamp for booklet on California or two-cent stamp for illustrated folder describing its principal features with complete list of hotels and hotel rates.
All agents sell tickets via this line.
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If Women
who now use other soaps would use Fels-Naptha they would have more time for rest.
Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

The Saint and Sinner Problem

THE tone of some of the communications to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, indicates the opinion that a person should be allowed his freedom to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, without having made any credible profession of faith, or avowing any intention of doing so, and that the Church has no ordinances nor advantages, which it can of right, or should, for any reason, withhold from any one. The opposite is denominated, "throwing of stones at one's neighbor," and one contributor calls it the "holier than thou process." It is impossible to satisfactorily treat this question, unless we agree upon a definition of the terms. As I understand the object of the discussion, it is to make clear whether some people have rights in the Church which others have not; whether, in any respect, the Church is for some, more than for others, and, if so, why? "Some" are saints. "Others" are sinners. Webster defines a saint to be a "godly person"; a sinner, to be "one who, having sinned, is unrepentant"; the Church, as "an organized body of Christian believers; the collective body of Christians." We now know the problem we are to solve. The question practically becomes this: Has a godly person (a saint), on earth, or in heaven, any rights in the Church here or there, which, in reason, and by the consent of Scripture, an unrepentant transgressor (a sinner), has not, and, could not, in the nature of the case have?

Whether, therefore, the Church is for saints or sinners, depends upon the manner in which one views the purpose for which the Church was founded and exists. If it is only an agency for the dissemination of moral and religious principles, a social, cultural, publicly helpful institution, then it is spectacular for all to look at, admire and patronize, as it suits convenience and taste, and as it may seem that benefits accrue from such a course. In this sense there are other organizations than the Church which have for their avowed design the same general purposes; exist in the sight of, seek the approval of all who are disposed to give them countenance. But if the Church, as the Apostle Paul declares, is a spiritual household, "the house of God, the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," then a line of demarcation is scripturally drawn between a mere agency for the public weal, and a body of people who must visibly hold in trust the truths of divine revelation, go to the world with them in order to save it, be ready and glad to have the world accept these truths and unite in their propagation. If also, as indicated by inspiration, the Church as an observable body is being added to day by day, as in Apostolic times, from those that are being saved, then it is a body which in a true sense stands by itself, the unsaved condition of another class of persons being the only wall of partition between the two. As a matter of fact, the Church is both, but the divinity of its commission is observed in the obligation and accountability laid upon it in the latter. Human in organization, it yet has a divine charge to carry out. Accordingly, it is for sinners, in that its message and privileges are freely offered to all whom Christ Jesus came to save, which means every soul on earth. It is for saints particularly, inasmuch as no earthly organization can be visible, tangible, unless it has a corporate membership, consisting of such as avow its principles, accept its risks, bear its responsibilities, hold and perpetuate its trust. These latter alone can be saints. It should be plain that only godly persons can consistently become members of a body of people who constitute the Church of God, the pillar and ground of his revealed truth for mankind.

A multitude of illustrations will occur to any thoughtful reader, in proof of the fact that the Church as a visible earthly body of Christ's disciples, differs none in these general respects from other named and recognized aggregations of individuals, who could have no separate, corporate, distinguishable existence, except for certain principles avowed and objects set forth, acceptance of which can alone entitle one to membership in them. Let me give some examples. A family is a close corporation, and its home, a spot sacred in law against encroachments by an individual not a member of it, or by the public. And yet its communal hospitalities are known and free. Imagine a stranger demanding shelter there by the year, or for life, his food, clothing, education and common support provided as his rights.

The United States is a place, and an association whose territory and citizenship privileges are solicitously open to all the world; but actually, and in good reason, dispensed to those alone who come to it, avow its principles, covenant with it, pre-empt or buy outright its lands, pay its taxes, sign its papers, and fight for it if the time comes. Such, and such alone, does the United States admit to be her very own, to be protected at home, on high seas, or in any foreign clime on earth. Do we hear complaint because the prerogatives and immunities of citizenship may be secured by those only who comply with the terms? Several great fraternal societies have their respective civic, social and moral constitutions, without acceptance of which no one may reasonably lay claim to their memberships and closest benefits, though these fraternities can have no being without dispensing some free profits to those outside their own fellowship, which, indeed, it is their glory to do.

In a similar manner we may affirm of the Church. Widely thought of, it is for all sinners. Discriminatingly considered, it is particularly for saints. Its door is as great and wide as the entreaty of Christ, who says "Come," to all. "Whosoever will, let him come." But it is also as narrow as the proscription of the same Saviour, who says: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple," and who declares again, respecting the confession of faith in Christ as the Son of God, which the Apostle Peter made: "Upon this rock I will build my Church." As a collective body, therefore, the Church cannot escape having a constituency of its own, drawn from the world of sinners, because it consists of disciples. The facts of the Bible teach that the Church is a place where, and an organization through which, we may all make our confession of faith; that it is the unit through which the multiplication of God's kingdom is effected; that it is the earthly public instrumentality through which Christians are chiefly spiritually fed; that it is pre-eminently the world-wide means for saving sinners and safeguarding them in the fold of Christ, because it is the Church which secures, prepares, and sends out proclaimers of the Gospel, of which agency alone the Scripture declares that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believes; The sinner must make terms with the Church, not the Church with the sinner. The Saviour's assertion is, that he who shall finally not do so, shall be to the Church as a heathen, and as a publican. This shows that the Church is for saints primarily, secondarily for sinners, they being transformed into saints in the process of conforming themselves to Christ, and to the Church as the pillar and ground of the truth.

Scripture students are familiar with these facts, and the necessary deductions from them. But there are always the young, the uneducated, the unthoughtful, the inexperienced, the untrained in either Biblical or theological accuracies, besides mistaken but well meaning and indeed pious people, for whom there must faithfully be "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little," in order that they may be helped to straightness of thinking to rightly dividing the Word of truth. We can only finish as we began, by saying the Church is for both saint and sinner. But its saving benefits can accrue only to the saint, since he alone can and does use them. Its world-wide benignant light, tender, divine calls, gentle impulses, and sweet benedictions, fall upon sinners to the uttermost, until the day dawn and the day star arise in their hearts as disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. They then readily enough discern that the Church is for them, as it was not and never could be while they were in any gall of bitterness, in any bond of iniquity.

REV. T. CHALMERS POTTER, D.D.

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A Valuable Fashion Guide for Economical Dressers
We offer to our mail order customers the identical exclusive styles carried in our great retail stores in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland and Denver.

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Lieutenant Coat of black kersey; front, back, neck and belt set off with stitched strap of same material; small standing velvet collar; loose back; length, 40 inches; excellent value at $10. for $5.95.
State your nearest express office and give bust measure when ordering. We will send coat prepaid. Try it on, examine carefully; if not satisfactory, return and money will be refunded. You run no risk whatever. Sample of cloth sent upon request.
Write to-day for beautiful style book No. 861, illustrating and describing over 200 new styles of suits, skirts, waists, jackets, etc.
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Our clothing is made in clean, well aired, well lighted workshops. When you buy from us you get the very best. Ask for Sample Book W2 and we will send you pieces of cloth for your inspection. If you want a suit cut to your special order ask for Sample Book V2 and we will send pieces of cloth, also a tape measure and instructions for taking measurements.
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Whatever you knit, use COLUMBIA YARNS, and be sure of best results. No other yarns are so fine, soft, even and elastic or have such beautiful color. Go farther and wear longer.
Mfrs. Columbia Yarns, Philadelphia

A Church Built of Moss Ferns

In the little village of Mumford, in Western New York, is a church which is probably without an equal on this continent as a floral curiosity. It is built of "trifa," the petrifications of moss ferns, leaves, etc., and is a most interesting study. It is thus described by a writer in the New York *Tribune*:

THE CHURCH BUILT OF "TRIFA"

"At first glance the walls appear to be constructed of rough sandstone smeared with an outer coating of gritty, coarse plaster; but closer view reveals the error of this first conclusion. Instead of plaster the eyes behold traceries of delicate leaves, lacework of interwoven twigs, bits of broken branches, fragments of mossy bark, splinters of wood, all preserved against the wasting of time and decay by being turned into the hardest of flinty limestone. Every block of stone in the four walls is a closely cemented mass—not thrown in here and there, but literally packed and interwoven. There is no basic rock at all, but only fibres, which give the rock cohesion and strength. Nevertheless, the stones are light in weight, compared with granite and sandstone. The blocks were hewn from the petrified depths of a nearby cedar swamp.

"Mumford is situated in the heart of the great area of rock, once the bed of an ocean, known to geologists as the Niagara limestone. The water, which gushes from innumerable springs or flows in frequent brooks, is alkaline from the lime held in solution. Northeast of the village is a dense grove of cedars. The whole grove and undoubtedly the muck land are on a bed of thick white rock. Every particle of the rock's mass is made up of the petrified cedar leaves, branches, twigs, broken bark and even whole stumps and knots, welded and knit together into one dense tangle. As these parts of the trees fell, one layer upon another, they were saturated with the dampness of the swamp and with the lime held in solution. As the vegetable matter decayed and the water evaporated every line, fibre and grain was preserved by the lime sediment. The rock was sawed in blocks suitable for the masons' use, with one surface rough and broken, as it came from the quarry. This rough surface was laid outside by the builders, so that the walls of the church exhibit this ancient vegetation in rough and bold relief. In many places whole stumps set out, all of them perfectly preserved in their minutest details."

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Czarina's Home Life

A VERY simple and pleasing picture of the Czarina's domestic life is drawn by a writer in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, of New York. He says:

"The Czar finds the Empress in the apartments of the children, to whom she speaks sometimes in French, sometimes in German, rarely in Russian. She likes the French language, and wants the little Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia to cultivate it. Nicholas II. speaks French perfectly. He and the Czarina never fail to read together the literary novelties that appear in Berlin and Paris.

"The Empress detests formal receptions, although she resigns herself to them. She likes little private parties where she can proscribe luxury and ceremonies. The simplicity of the empress is painful to the ladies of honor, who are obliged to follow her example. High Russian society loves splendor, because there are many great fortunes in St. Petersburg; and pompous luxury has no chance to display itself in court except at great official receptions, when the Czarina appears in a splendid toilet, the magnificence of which produces murmurs of admiration. These receptions are usually in the Nicholas Hall of the Winter Palace. This hall is wainscoted in white and bordered by tall mirrors which reflect a thousand electric lights. All fairy scenes fade away before these official receptions, at which as many as three thousand guests are present. The Empress appears with her hundred ladies of honor, and recalls one of those visions depicted by the poets of the Orient. She smiles graciously upon all, who bow to her as she passes on. Her light velvet robe sparkles with the fire of innumerable diamonds. Over her head-dress, a marvel of art, a beautiful white bird floats with outstretched wings, with plumage bespangled with brilliants, with eyes of rubies and a beak of coral. The respect with which she is surrounded at such moments reaches the veneration point. Beauty and imperial majesty are triumphant. Precisely in that moment of fascination the Empress of Russia presents herself to the admiration of the *elite* of her court, like a goddess before whom the people kneel and tremble.

"But what an unsuspected contrast! When the dazzling reception is over, when these attributes of magnificence are replaced in their caskets, when the Czarina reaches her apartments where solicitude or maternal anxiety calls her, she busies herself in seeking the dishes which are best for her children."

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Solid Oak, Golden Oak finish, free with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

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Selected Quartered Oak or Genuine Mahogany, free with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

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ESTABLISHED, 1875.
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to match your new costume

Without Cost

to you for simply referring your friends to us? Then, **read carefully and act promptly** on our

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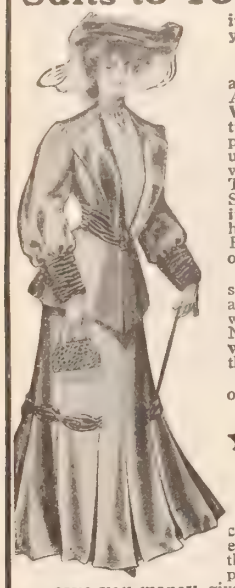
Suits to Your Order



in any style you desire, your choice of materials,

$9 to $35

and give you an exquisite, All-Wool **Albatross Waist** to match your costume, **without charge,** providing you will give us the names of ten ladies who will be likely to buy Tailor-Made Suits or Skirts on our **exceedingly liberal terms,** and hand each of them our Fashion Book, special offer, etc.

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cannot be duplicated elsewhere. All we ask is that you give us the opportunity to prove that we can **save you money,** give you **exclusive styles** and **fit you perfectly.** You take no risk. We make your costume **exactly as you order it,** send it to you by express, and give you five days to convince yourself in your own home that the garments are **better value in every way than you have ever had, or can get elsewhere.** Don't take our word for it—get our samples and prices, and **compare them with others.** Isn't this an exceedingly liberal offer? Can you afford to pass it by?

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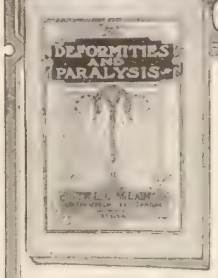

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Still Preaching at Ninety

FEW preachers of the Gospel have made such a record of long-continued service as that of the Rev. Amos Osborn, a Vermont pastor, who preached his last sermon a few Sundays ago, at the age of ninety, after a ministry of almost fifty years. Mr. Osborn is a native of Pittstown, N.Y., where he was born in 1814. He studied for the ministry at Boston, Mass., and was ordained about 1840. Methodism was then young, and the ministers of those early days had strenuous lives to lead. Like many co-workers, he had many towns to cover in his circuit rides. At one time during his years of service as a circuit minister, Mr. Osborn had twenty-nine churches under his charge. He married in October, 1844.

REV. AMOS OSBORN

The salary of the hard-worked ministers of the early days was small, and Mr. Osborn's recompense for his difficult labors at one period was only $375 annually. His early work in New York State was followed by work in the New England States. At one time his parish was partly in the United States and partly in Canada, the line between the two organized governments being marked by a wide swath of trees which were hewed down. The last charge he had was at Wells, Vt. Never in his long career was he moved from a parish by the wish of his congregation, and his departure was always an occasion of regret.

In his old age, his health commenced to fail and his voice gave out. He had preached while a minister over 6,000 sermons, and many of his original manuscripts are still preserved by him.

* * *

The Rev. Amos Osborn's last sermon was a dramatic one. In the congregation were people from New York, Hartford, Rockville, Manchester and Talcottville, besides the local members of the church at Manchester, Conn. At the usual time for the preaching, the congregation saw a slightly stooped, aged man, rise and walk with slow steps to the pulpit. The long hair that hung over his shoulders was as white as snow. The congregation heard a pleasant sounding voice, not one of great volume, but, nevertheless, one that could be heard distinctly at the rear of the church. The sermon was one full of advice and instruction, such as a man with almost a hundred years of experience in the world could deliver. His text was taken from Gen. 5: 24: "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not: for God took him." The delivery was slow and full of earnestness.

A Telescopic Church

IN the current issue of *Everybody's Magazine* is the following, which will interest both pastors and parishioners:

To a church in a small Western town came a young minister, fresh from a theological college. On one bright Sabbath morning, he preached his first sermon to a crowded house. He was naturally elated at that, and, somewhat crestfallen when, on the second Sunday, his congregation was considerably smaller. On the third Sunday, his audience was not only much reduced, but it seemed to him that the church edifice itself looked smaller, much smaller.

* * *

Knowing this was impossible, he rubbed his glasses clear, and preached his sermon. On the fourth Sunday, the house of God looked like a hen-house, and, thinking he was losing his reason, he asked the sexton for particulars.

"Why, certainly," said that worthy; "this church is getting smaller every Sunday, but it is compelled to keep pace with your congregations. That is one of the conditions exacted by the philanthropist who built it some years ago."

And then the sexton took the young preacher down in the cellar, and showed him the machinery and levers that regulated the size of the church. With a simple touch of the hand he could stretch the building out like a concertina, or contract it at will. The minister caught his breath and waited for more.

"You see, it was this way," continued the sexton, "one of our rich men, with an eccentric turn, was determined that no minister should preach to empty benches in this town; so he designed a church that would fit any preacher in the country. While your congregations have been getting smaller every Sunday, you have always talked to a full house. Why, I have seen this church so small that only myself and the minister could get into it. You see, it is my business to regulate the size of the church; all you have to do is to furnish the congregation——"

But the young preacher stayed to hear no more, and his suit-case was packed that night with trembling hands. As he left town the next morning, he noted that the church had resumed its normal condition; it was as big as on his arrival, and ready for another embryo Spurgeon or Beecher.

What is wanted is ministers who will keep churches from "telescoping."

Answered Prayers

Mrs. M. P., Collegeville, Pa. "I would add my thanks and acknowledgment to God for the way in which I have been helped, also for the way he has answered my prayers in relieving me from illness which I have suffered from for years. I am thankful to acknowledge it to the world, hoping some one else may be benefited by reading these answers as I have been."

H. C. W. "I want to add my testimony in regard to answered prayer. I was very much troubled. I determined to make my case a matter of prayer, promising God if he would help me I would confess him. God has heard and answered me."

D. A. B., Wyoming, N. Y. "I called upon the Lord in the day of trouble, and he heard my prayer and delivered me. I am almost seventy. Many times in my long life he has heard my prayer and answered. Sometimes I have cried long, even years, but the answer came at last."

H. "I desire to acknowledge answers to prayer for dear ones, whose recovery has given great joy. I give God the glory."

G. G. C., Jamaica. "I wish to acknowledge God's great goodness to me in answering my prayers when I was in great trouble."

W. G. C., Cozaddale, Ohio. "I desire to acknowledge the goodness of God, and that he has answered many of my prayers."

M. A. T., New Jersey. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God to me for many years in answering prayer, and also for present blessings."

Mrs. E. V. E. "I must acknowledge in answer to prayer, the great goodness of my dear Saviour in restoring my only child from severe sickness to health."

Constant Reader. "I know from experience that our dear Saviour will hear and answer prayer if we go to him with a heart full of faith. Praise his holy name."

E. B. B., Dallas, Tex. "God has not only answered my petition, but granted me an unexpressed desire. He gives us more than we ask. Praise his name."

Minnie S. D. "God has heard and helped me. I want to thank him by telling others that their faith may be strengthened as mine has been. He has heard me so many times."

Mrs. D., Montclair. "I have so much to thank God for, I want to tell it. God has restored my daughter to me, who was so very sick, and I praise his holy name."

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STRANGE TIBETAN RITES

WRITING from Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet, an English correspondent gives this interesting description of a visit to the great Buddhist temple, there:

"The Monks have extraordinary deep, devotional voices, reaching deeper tones than any Western bass. The voices of a thousand monks resembled the drone of a subterranean monster, musically plaintive—the voice of the earth god praying for release to the God of the skies.

"In the inner temple are three enormous images of the Buddhist trinity, set with jewels from foot to crown. In the upper story, in a place we called 'hell,' some lamas were worshiping the demon protectress of the Grand Lama. The music here was harsh and barbaric. On pillars, and on the walls were displayed every freak of diabolical invention in the shape of scrolls and devil masks. The object of this worship was huddled in a corner, a dwarf, hideous and malignant enough for such rites.

"All about the lamas' feet ran little white mice, searching for grain, with which they are fed daily. They are scrupulously reverenced, as in their frail bodies the souls of previous guardians of the shrine are believed to be reincarnated.

"Some of the rites were conducted in absolute silence. As we watched from a latticed window some acolytes looked up, but the monks sat like stone figures, apparently oblivious of our presence. The reek of candles was almost suffocating. 'Thank God I'm not a lama,' said a subaltern at my side, as we clattered out of this unholy atmosphere of dreams."

The British, on Sept. 8, released seventy-six Tibetan prisoners, and presented to each of them five rupees. This caused the Tibetans the utmost gratification, and they indulged in the oddest gesticulations of joy, including the putting out of their tongues. The Tibetans released the political prisoners whom they had thrown into jail for assisting the British on various occasions. Some of these prisoners had been incarcerated since 1883. One aged and tottering man was chained in a dungeon for twenty years. He had gone blind, and refused to believe that he was free. He thought that he had been ordered to undergo torture again.

The British discovered that a secret tribunal, resembling the Spanish Inquisition, exists in Lhasa, and that political offenders are tortured in the same manner as prevailed in mediæval times in Europe.

An African Prince's Mission

"SOMAYON, the African prince," or Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, as he is usually called (a sketch of whose work and his picture appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sometime ago), is still laboring patiently and faithfully to sustain and improve his mission among his own people, the Bassas, at Fortville, Grand Bassa, Liberia, West Africa. About 200 acres were granted to him in Fortsville, just within the border of Liberia. The site is on an elevation several thousand feet above sea level, commanding a wide stretch of country. One substantial building has been erected, and six native thatched houses, besides outbuildings. Twenty-nine children, mostly boys, are now in the school. The natives with their children are taught English, and all instruction is given in that language. They learn to speak and to read it quite readily, but find writing a difficult matter. As there are many Americo-Liberians there, part of each religious service is conducted in the Bassa tongue and part in English. Early in the year, Somayon was requested to help the Baptists and Methodist at Hartford and Fortsville, in the revival service, during which many Americo-Liberians and natives made profession of faith. Some of the converts have decided to come to the mission to live. As Somayon is pastor, teacher, farmer and carpenter, he leads a very hard-working, self-sacrificing life. Being twenty miles from the coast, he has to take a number of boys and a boat or canoe, to bring up goods from the steamers. During midsummer, when the natives have most leisure, the station is often crowded with Bassas from various ports of the tribe, who come to see the marvel of a man from their own number, who has been so far away and brought back such a wonderful story of Christ, who has died for them.

MARY B. WINGATE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Lives and Stories Worth Remembering, by Grace H. Kupfer, M.A. Published by American Book Company, New York.

Twelve Christmas Stories, by Charles Dickens. A collection of the author's ever-new stories, arranged and slightly abridged for school readings. All the qualities that have made the name of Dickens a household word remain. Edited by Jane Gordon. Published by American Book Company, New York.

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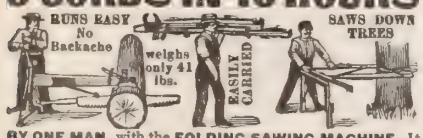

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"HOW mysterious are God's ways," writes a redeemed drunkard in a letter to the Chaplain of the Tombs. "I never expected my wicked life would land me in prison, but it did. Yet I bless God for it."

These are the words of a man who was lifted from the depths and misery of sin by the grace of God, to live a new life. Fifteen years of incessant debauchery and prodigality made W. W. a veritable hobo, a dread to his family, who feared when they saw him approach the home, and a disgrace to his kind. In one of his letters to the Chaplain he writes, "When I think of the wretched life I have lived these years away from God, the untold sorrows I had brought to my dear wife and family and how I broke my poor old mother's heart, whose prayers I had despised and advice refused; I feel thoroughly ashamed." But well may he say, "I thank God for a praying mother." For after all others had given him up and considered him beyond redemption, she still prayed for his salvation and up to her dying day believed that God would save her boy.

After leaving college, he studied a profession that would have given him a good competence all through life. But the love he had acquired for strong drink in social company blasted his best years. On the threshold of his professional career, he married a beautiful Christian girl, only to fill her life with sorrow and shame. She labored with him late and early; begged him, and pleaded with him as only a woman can, to abandon his dissipated life, but all to no purpose. The drink habit seemed to have fastened itself on him with the grip of an octopus. About two years ago his friends saw that he was in a hopeless condition, and that something must be done at once to save him from physical collapse. He was sent to a sanitarium, where he stayed about six weeks. A few days after he came out of the sanitarium, he had the same appetite for rum that he ever had. A deadly fire was burning within his soul that human remedies could not quench. In this last debauch he called on an old friend whom he had not seen in several years. The gentleman was not at home at the time, so the caller lingered on the premises, not knowing what to do. Finally he fell asleep. How long he remained in this condition he did not know, but when he awoke he found himself under arrest charged with stealing $60 worth of tools. In prison I had an opportunity of speaking to him at close range. After a few days, like the prodigal in the far country, he indeed "came to himself." Under the mighty Spirit of God, he was brought under conviction of sin. He bemoaned his condition and repented in dust and ashes. In a few days he found peace in the Lord Jesus, after which his joy knew no bounds; and he blessed God for the way he had been led, even having to pass through a prison cell before he found the Saviour. During nearly a year's imprisonment amidst the scoffs and sneers of convict companions he remained true to God.

On the day of his discharge, I met him at the prison gate, where I have met hundreds like him. He was optimistic; God was now on his side, and everything would turn out right. His wife could hardly believe the change that had taken place in his life. He is now a saved man, walking in the footsteps of the Master. It is wonderful what the Lord Jesus can do for a poor alcoholic slave, who cried to him as the leper did, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And he did make him clean, and put a new song in his month. JOHN JOSIAH MUNROE.

The Religions of India

INDIA'S oldest religion is the medley of superstitions known as Animism, which conceives of man as beset by shapeless phantasms, mostly impersonal, requiring diligent propitation by rites and magical ceremonies. Those returned as Animists number 8,580,000, mostly found in Bengal. In the higher forms of Hinduism pantheism is found closely associated with a deeply ingrained belief in transmigration, and a more universal belief in karma. The number of Brahmanic Hindus is 207,050,557, or seven in ten of the population.

Mohammedans number 62,458,077. The actual beliefs and practices of the Mussulmans differ considerably, and the uneducated are deeply infected with Hinduism. Buddhism is professed by 9,476,759 persons. The Burmans, although nominally Buddhists, adhere at least to the ancient Nat, or demon worship, Buddhism being only the superficial polish. The Sikhs, who nearly all live in the Punjab, and the Jains, who live mainly in the Bombay Presidency, both tend to describe themselves as Hindus, so that their respective numbers, 2,195, 339 and 1,334,138, are probably understated. The small but influential community of Parsees (94,190) is mainly found in Bombay. Of the 2,923,241 Christians 2,664,313 are natives.

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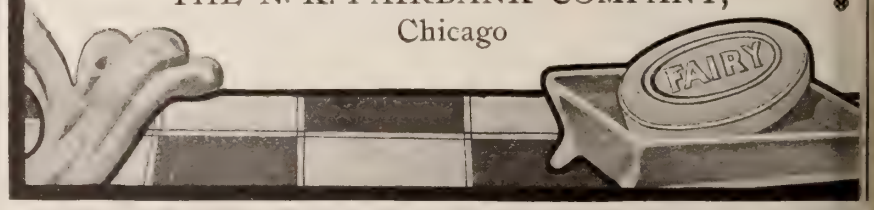

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BY MRS. M. BAXTER

A TRUE picture of every child of God as he is himself, is furnished by the account of the widow who appealed for help to Elisha (II Kings 4: 1-7). What hast thou in the house, brother? When we learn to speak ourselves truly, we find we are as poverty of any resources as was the poor widow. We may have thought we had patience, but it has failed us; we thought we possessed endurance, it has broken down. When we were first saved, we were filled with zeal; we find that just what we want it, it is lacking. We thought, at any rate, we had great love to God, and someway the very tests through which we have just passed show us that we have nothing that we can call love. Where once it seemed to us our house was well furnished, now it seems but emptiness: only a pot of oil! We are ashamed ourselves but a failure. But another has come, and said to us, "What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what hast thou in the house?" And we bring him the story of our nothingness.

Then he tells us what Elisha told the woman: Provide more emptiness still. "Go borrow the vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels, borrow not a few. And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full." Here is our lesson: there can be no emptiness the more fullness there may be. If we are believers, we are in possession of a source of continual supply. Only a pot of oil, but never failing. The Holy Spirit does not become exhausted as he strengthens us with might in the inner man (Eph. 12: 17), that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, and that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be just what we are so conscious that we are not in ourselves. God delights to bring things to a crisis, that we may know the real state of the case, and how much which we mistook for zeal, and love and patience, and endurance, when we were first converted, was more human energy than the real grace of God; it was more of man than of God; it led people to admire us, not Jesus Christ; it led them to come to us, and did not introduce them to him.

There had not been in our lives the deep consciousness of our nothingness. But when God succeeds in bringing us to a little bankruptcy in ourselves, then he can take us alone with him when we shut to the door, as the widow had to do, and we begin to pour out. To our intense joy we find that the oil, the Holy Spirit, as we pour out, fills vessel after vessel. We have no more patience than before; but when the need comes, Christ dwelling in us makes us patient, and our glad hearts sing him such a song of praise. We are not conscious of our love to him and to God; but when he calls us to a test of love, we find him filling us with it in a way which makes us wonder that he can deal with those so unworthy, such empty vessels! We learn to be so glad of our weakness, and that we have no power to serve him, for the oil fills that vessel also; and we can face a difficult interview or speak a difficult message from him just in the consciousness that he fillingly makes himself responsible, and in the same hour provides what we shall say and speak. It is a life of freedom from self-expectation, a life of liberty. The widow did exactly what she was told. She went from him, and shut the door upon her and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her; and she poured out. "And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, 'Bring me yet a vessel.' And he said unto her, 'There is not a vessel more.' And the oil stayed." The fullness of the Spirit is commensurate with our emptiness. We can have only so much of the Holy Spirit and of an indwelling Christ as we have room to receive.

Now the widow had another errand to the man of God, the name by which Elisha is chiefly designated. And he says, "Go sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." It is Christ as revealed by the Holy Spirit, who provides for the debt of our sins by his own blood. But he provides us himself as our means of living the life of God.

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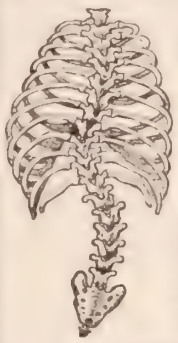

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NOTABLE PARTICIPANTS IN BRITAIN'S "BATTLE OF THE CHURCHES"

1. Lord Alverstone (House of Lords) 2. The Lord Bishop of Edinburgh 3. The Lord Bishop of Glasgow 4. The Lord Bishop of Aberdeen 5. Lord Davey (House of Lords) 6. Duke of Sutherland 7. Duke of Argyle 8. Rev. W. M. Falconer, Edinburgh 9. The "Chained Bible" at St. Andrews University, Scotland (See page 875)

Questions and Answers

J. W. T., Oshkosh, Wis. Is there any wrong in holding concerts, socials and sales in the house of worship, when the proceeds go towards church work? Is it right to do so when some of the church members think it is wrong?

We know there are many who hold what are termed "advanced" and "utilitarian" views concerning God's house, but we confess we cannot share or approve of them. It has always seemed to us to be sadly out of place to turn the Lord's temple into a place of merchandise, or of mere worldly entertainment. The mere fact that the proceeds go toward church work could not in any sense sanctify the thing if it were wrong in itself. While lectures and concerts of the proper kind may not be inappropriate in a church, there is a large class of entertainments at which the line should be rigidly drawn. "There is nothing so degrading to the Church and so destructive to its godliness as to attempt to vie with the world in popular amusements," wrote a well-known preacher. "It is infinitely better to worship in a barn, than in an edifice erected or supported through picnics, fairs, theatrical shows and musical entertainments. Let us have a pure Gospel in a pure church." (See Matt. 21: 12, 13.)

Teacher, Londonderry, N. H. Please tell me where the term "Indian Summer" originated and why?"

It was so-called from the custom of the Indians of availing themselves of this delightful time for harvesting their corn. The tradition is that they had a saying: "We have a second summer of nine days just before winter sets in." It usually occurs about the middle of November.

Emily G. L. How do you account for it that Japan, a heathen nation, has made such advancement in everything that is worth having?

Under the enlightened reign of its present ruler, Japan has made rapid progress, because it has not hesitated to supplant many features of the old Oriental civilization by Western ideas. It has sent many of its youth abroad to be educated. It has encouraged foreign trade and commercial intercourse. It has welcomed intercourse with foreigners, and has overruled the opposition of a conservative element among the rich Japanese and the nobility, which vainly tried to hinder the progress of Western ideas. It has been generously tolerant of missionaries, and Christianity has made good headway and has many converts in high places; and as a nation it has kept strict faith, never breaking a treaty, and has endeavored to make justice the highest aim of the nation.

R. E. L., Washington, D. C. Do women vote for Congressmen and Presidential electors in any of our States? I am under the impression they do not vote for national tickets, yet I read articles appearing to say they do vote on national issues.

In Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, women possess suffrage upon equal terms with men at all elections.

Subscriber, Hampton, Va. Are Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, intended to illustrate the poet's philosophy of life? Are they a gigantic parable? And, if so, what is their teaching in general?

The history of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, is almost entirely legendary, and of remote date, going back to the sixth century. Upon those legends, Tennyson founded his beautiful poems, *The Idyls of the King*. These stories had some foundation in real characters who lived long ago, and are, therefore, something more than parables. Camelot, where King Arthur held his court, was probably in Wales, where the ruins of the Roman Amphitheatre are still called "Arthur's Round Table." Glastonbury claims to possess the coffin of the king. It is not at all probable that Tennyson intended his poems to be considered as parables, but as melodious and true expressions of the lives and experiences of very human characters; the king, so pure, good and unsuspecting; and of his queen, the beautiful and tempted Genevieve, who fell, because she did not realize the grandeur of her royal husband's character, but who loved him when too late; and of Launcelot, the brave, courtly knight, courageous and true, until he fell under the spell of the queen's beauty.

Referring to a recent query in The Mail-Bag, George A. Appleton, Victory, Vt., writes: "Now I lay me down to sleep" (according to a book published by the A.T. Society, entitled *Story of the Hymns*), was altered from a hymn by Dr. Watts. It has been an evening prayer for children wherever the English language is spoken, for nearly two centuries.

Orrin W. P., Augusta, Me. When, where and by whom was gold first discovered in California?

The first discovery of the precious metal in California was made by James W. Marshall, in 1848. This man was engaged by Capt. John A. Sutter, to build a saw-mill on the North Fork of the American River, forty miles above Sutter's garrison, at New Helvetia, the present site of Sacramento. On the 24th of January, 1848, Marshall found the historic nugget when he was clearing out the tail-race of the mill. Having boiled the nugget to free it from dirt, he was not quite satisfied that it was gold, so he took it to Sutter's fort, where the news of finding gold was received with incredulity. Sutter and Marshall returned to the mill, the latter becoming delirious with excitement. The fever of excitement spread when the news of the discovery spread. In 1849 77,000 people came to California; 55,000 Americans, the others from all quarters of the globe.

Churchgoer, Newark, N. J. We have no sympathy with "liberal views" of the sort that turn churches into dance halls or gymnasiums. Dancing, doubtless, was at one time a religious function, but it is so no longer. It is an enemy to health and a menace to morals, and it has led to the ultimate ruin of thousands.

L. L. B., Cawker, Kan. 1. Please tell me about "Golden Wings," or "Svend and her Brethren," by Morris. 2. Also give a short explanation of Dante's great poem. What is meant by the three beasts, the wood, the mountain, Lucia, Matilda, the chariot, the giant, etc.? 3. Is our Bible older than the sacred books of other religions?

1. A thorough search of the works of Morris fails to show any poem with title or subject above mentioned. 2. When Dante wrote his *Inferno*, it was after he had allowed himself a season of straying from the Christian religion, and he designates his life at this period as one of error, and describes this state as one of sleep in a wood, "dark and grizzly," from which he struggled to escape. On the road he is met and very much frightened by three beasts, the leopard, lion and wolf, and he finds that he must take another route. Dante speaks of the wood as "this life's wood of error," the hurry of worldly life into which youth enters. Lucia was one of the three blessed ladies who were sent to guide the poet on his journey. Matilda is a beautiful woman (symbolizing Christian doctrine), whom Dante sees as he gazes from the summit of a mountain at the earthly paradise. In the deepest circle of the Inferno, Dante found giants, Judas among them, imprisoned in ice, as were many others, who by their cold and stony-heartedness had betrayed their benefactors. The chariot represents the Church of God, its two wheels signifying the Old and New Testaments. 3. Moses lived and wrote in the fifteenth century B.C., some 300 years before even the oldest of the other and "sacred" writings. The *Koran* belongs the seventh century A.D.; the *Eddas*, the fourteenth century A.D.; the *Pitikes* (Buddhist), the sixth century B.C.; the Chinese sacred books, the eleventh century B.C.; the *Vedas* (Hindu), eleventh century B.C.; the *Zendavesta* (Persian), twelfth century B.C.

R. V. P., Pittsfield, Mass. Is there any way which children can be taught to readily distinguish poison ivy from the harmless "Virginia creeper," or woodbine? Both grow wild and are very similar in appearance.

Woodbine, or Virginia creeper, and poison ivy can be readily distinguished by children, if they can remember that the non-poisonous plant has five leaves in a cluster, while the other has but three. A good way to impress the difference upon a child's mind is to tell him never to touch an ivy vine that has not as many leaves in a cluster, as he has fingers upon his hand. This fixes the difference in the two varieties in the child's mind, so that he is not likely to pick or handle the three-leaved kind.

J. B. M., Pekin, Ind., writes: I was very much interested in our recent editorial, entitled, "Guarded Lips." I hope the day may not be distant for a general awakening to the enormity of "lip vice"—the greatest enemy to moral health of our land.

"OUR CHILDREN'S TEMPLE" AT MONT LAWN, NOW IN PROCESS OF ERECTION

THE Children's Temple is now nearing completion. During the long summer, gangs of workmen have industriously toiled, and the Temple has gradually arisen from its foundation on the green hill, until at present writing it appears as shown in the photograph. When finished, it will be a monument to the glory of Him who loved and blessed little children, and who has so blessed the efforts of those interested in The Christian Herald Children's Home, and made possible the building of this Temple. There is no feature connected with the Home which has been more popular with its little guests than the religious and musical exercises. The Temple stands upon high ground, where terraces rise from road to door in grassy lines. The building is of brown-stone and granite. Stained glass windows, representing Biblical scenes, will add much to the beauty of the building, but these have not yet been set in place. Much of the interior work of the Temple has yet to be done. Our readers who are interested in the Children's Home and its humanitarian and spiritual mission, will be gratified to note the progress of the Temple building. The illustration, however, gives only a faint idea of the beauty and grace that will characterize the finished structure.

MISCELLANEOU

G. J. Address the Legation of ama, Washington, D. C.

E. G. Q., Falls Church, Va. not know the verses.

E. R., Palmer, Mass. Write to Mr. Yatman, Ocean Grove, N. J.

B. F. L., Linwood, N. C. There several conflicting statements. The figures we gave were the best obtainable.

Subscriber, Fairhaven, Mass. and other inquirers. For all facts re to attendance at the World's Fair should write to Mr. Bennitt, Publicity Department, St. Louis, Mo.

J. H. P., Allentown, Pa. We cannot advise. While there are no doubt many Christians doing military service we believe you would find it a difficult field. Your parents' wishes should receive consideration.

"The Chained Bible"

"The Chained Bible," at St. Andrews University, Scotland, a photograph of which appears on the first page of this issue, is a relic of the olden days. There are several "chained Bibles" in churches in Britain, the chains usually being of bronze. The print in the St. Andrews Bible is "black letter." In earlier times, books were scarce and expensive, and these chained Bibles, for public use, were so secured that they could not be easily removed or stolen.

A Rare Opportunity Closi

No intelligent Christian who is watchin the events of our times, and desiring to under nd the prophecies of the Word of God, on the e itful epoch on which we are now entering, sh ld miss reading the comprehensive and exhau ve volume recently offered in this journal.

The Key to the Figures an Symbols of Prophecy,

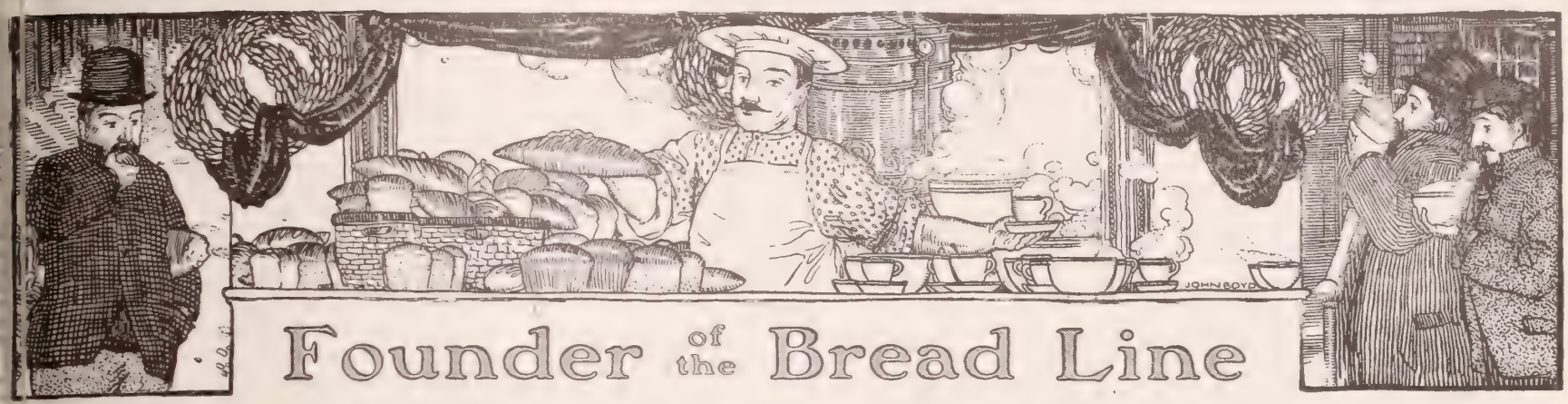
furnished by Rev. M. Baxter's marvelous bk, FORTY FUTURE WONDERS, is invaluat to every student of Scripture. It not only exp ns the figures and symbols used in the boo of Daniel and Revelation, and shows the ct place in the plan of the ages we have w reached, and where the lines of time conv e, but it gives a complete resume of the opi ns of the most learned expositors of prophe in this and former times. It thus forms a com te and up-to-date text-book to the study of o- phecy. 532 pages, 50 illustrations. Pri 50 cents, including postage.

Only a few copies are on hand. Order at ce from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HER D, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE



Founder of the Bread Line

Louis Fleischmann, the Generous Originator of New York's Unique Charity, Dead

NOT by his wealth nor his successful business ventures; not by his noble birth, nor by his bravery as a soldier, who fought his way from the ranks to a commission, will Louis Fleischmann, who died in New York City a few days ago, be most widely and lovingly remembered. His name will be re'lled in the coming years as that of the founder of the "Bread Line"—perhaps th most unique, as it certainly was one of the most unostentatious of benevolences. Iwenty-five years, he has given food secretly and under cover of darkness nightly, toundreds of the hungry and unemployed. It is believed that the recipients of his gerosity run far up into the hundreds of thousands.

'hen Lieutenant Fleischmann, an Austrian ex-officer, came to e United States thirty years ago, he decided to follow no lo er the fortunes of war. He established a bakery in New Yk, and later, he added a restaurant, which soon became very sussful. A quarter of a century ago, at a time when there w much suffering among the poor and unemployed, Mr. Fleisch m'n began his singular charity. At a certain hour each night, heave to the hungry men and lads a roll apiece, or a loaf of bread (the applicant happened to be a wo- m'). This strange charity, done in th larkness and without the slightest ar ouncement or flourish of trum- pe, was literally an illustration of n letting the left hand know what th right did. The hunger line grew ag e, and the nightly appeals for br d became more and more nume- ro : but the kind-hearted baker w ld not permit even one of the fa shed applicants to be turned aw unsatisfied. The nightly pile of lls and loaves grew to startling pr portions, but he was not dismay- ed His day business increased as th night dole grew. The baker was sa ied, and felt that the great F her who provides for all his chil- dr , would continue to supply him w the means to keep up this mid- ni t charity, which seemed to be so gr tly needed.

the course of years, the "Bread L " became known to New York- er and to many in other States. M t people marveled at the earn- esess of the man, who, all unaided, mintained a charity which to many w ld have lacked the essential ele- m t of showy picturesqueness. But its very unobtrusiveness was a rec- om endation in its founder's eyes. H heart went out to the "Bread L ," because the poor, shivering cr tures who composed it were "too h nest to steal, to beg ashamed," and c d only summon courage to ac- c the proffered alms under cover of, arkness.

n observant writer gives this de- sc ption of the "Bread Line":

hen all New York, with the ex- ception of the few whose callings k them up at night, was fast asep, and when the great avenues of rade were silent and deserted, an pedestrian who might happen to w k in the vicinity of Tenth Street an Broadway about midnight would have witnessed a singular sight. Along the sidewalk on the northerly side of Tenth Street, he would have seen a long line of m , and if he had gone sufficiently near, he would have discovered that they were in most every instance poorly clad, with hungry-looking, eager faces and a general air of hopeless poverty. This line, usually about 300, but sometimes nearly 500 str ng, assembled every night at the same hour, and by 12 P.M. was usually com- ple . Sometimes there were a few destitute-looking women in the line, but the gr t majority were men. The head of the line was midway between Fourth Ave- nu and Broadway.

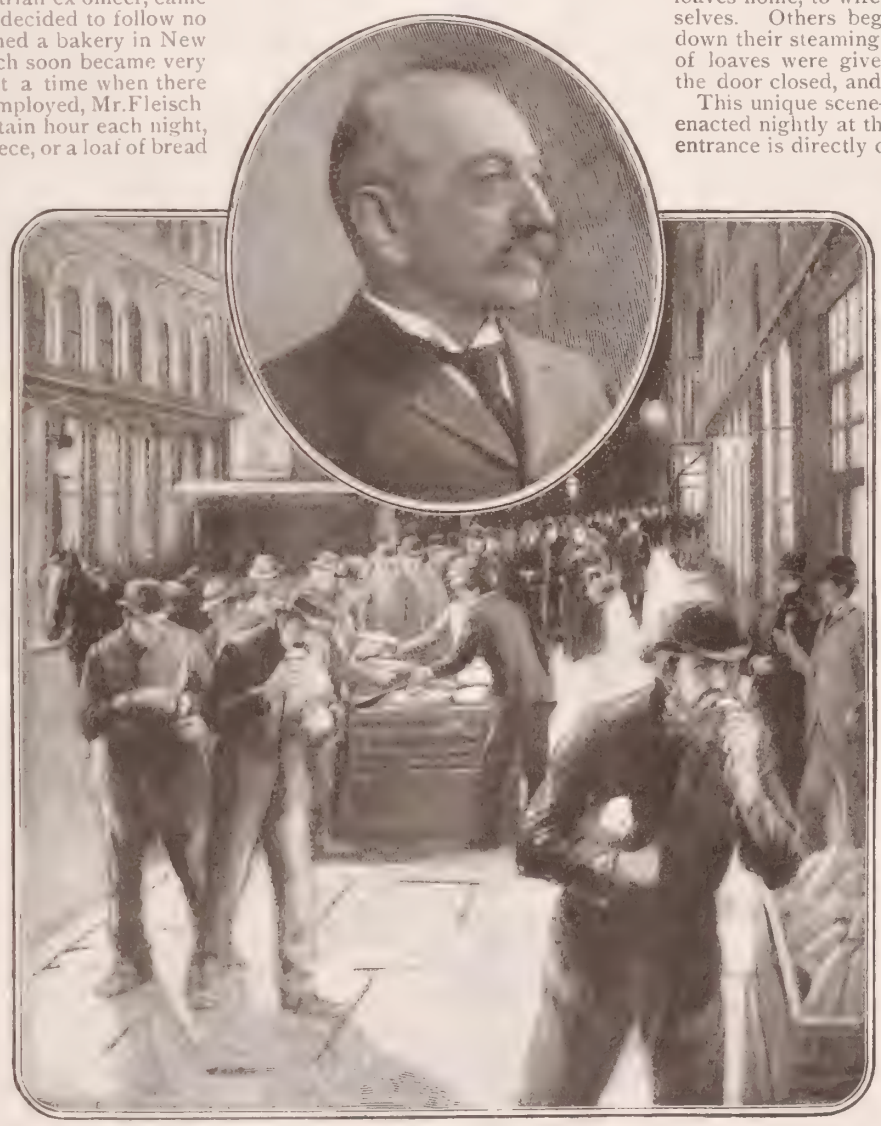
t the stroke of midnight, a door would open, and light would stream out on the dark sidewalk. The crowded line would press up toward the open doorway, where several white-capped and white-aproned men stood beside great piles of loaves of bread. There was a grateful odor of coffee, too, and it was soon apparent that the outside crowd was appreciative of the fact, for they pressed the harder, as one after another at the head of the line received from the white-capped men a loaf and a mug of hot coffee, and then, mumbling thanks, marched off to make room for the next. Some received half a loaf, others a whole one, and if the night were chill and frosty, the coffee was in as much demand as the bread. And so the distribution proceeded, until all were supplied. Some carried their loaves home, to wife or children hungrier, perhaps, than themselves. Others began to eat their portion at once, and gulped down their steaming coffee. In cases of special need, a couple of loaves were given. By one o'clock the line had vanished, the door closed, and Tenth Street resumed its wonted quiet.

This unique scene—the only midnight charity in America—is enacted nightly at the Vienna Bakery, whose Tenth Street side entrance is directly opposite the great business block erected by the late A. T. Stewart. Mr. Fleischmann began to give a few dozen loaves at first, but the demand for the bread grew, and the gift brought blessing, for his business steadily increased also. The midnight distribution was made all the year round, in the hot, sweltering nights of summer and the arctic chill of the winter. Among the beneficiaries were poor, idle workingmen, and many homeless tramps, all nationalities being represented. There were never any discords in the quiet line that gathered nightly, and which encircled nearly half the block. A loaf of bread means much to a penniless, homeless man in New York. There are at all seasons many thousands of honest idle men in the city, and to this deserving class and those who may be dependent upon them, the nightly gift of a loaf or two comes like heaven-sent manna. The giver of this singular charity purposely avoided publicity as far as possible; but the grateful prayers of the many thousands who have been helped by the "midnight loaf," during these twenty-five years, doubtless afforded him a deeper and more enduring satisfaction than could be derived from mere worldly approbation of his generosity.

When the death of Mr. Fleischmann became known, there was genuine sorrow all along the "Bread Line." Many of the poor who had benefited by his charity, felt that they had indeed lost a friend. What stories of strange experiences those men could tell—of bleak, cold nights, when they stood in wretched, tattered garments, side by side with other needy ones, waiting for the bread that would appease the gnawings of hunger and give them strength to face the world anew. Some could have told how they had been saved from suicide by his generosity; others could have related how they, with their families, had for weeks been kept from starvation and fed until work was secured.

Many a factory hand and many a rough laborer could have told such a tale of Louis Fleischmann's generosity as would have stirred all hearts in admiration for the man who, like Ben Adhem, desired only to be known as "one who loved his fellow-men."

Who shall say that the tribute of the "Bread Line" to its founder, even though unspoken, is not a sweeter and more gracious offering than the world's praise, or the conventional respect with which society surrounds its departed members. The "Bread Line" will go on, but the memory of Louis Fleischmann's kindness will long be kept green in the hearts of the poor of New York.



THE "BREAD LINE," AND ITS FOUNDER, MR. LOUIS FLEISCHMANN

THE SOLITARY CONFLICT

A Sermon by Rev. E. Ryerson Young, B.A.*

THERE is no reason why a young man should be accused of "building castles in the air," or "day-dreaming," if he sits down, as he should, and carefully considers what is before him. By some great power he has been placed in this world, and has been endowed with certain faculties, emotions, and sensibilities. He is surrounded by splendid opportunities and seductive temptations. What has beset his fathers will be his portion. Their pathway has been marked by successes and failures, health and sickness, joy and sorrow, blessing and cursing. The scenes and costumes may change, but the plots of life are invariably the same. As these were lived by the fathers, they will also be experienced by the children. For twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years, the contest of life will have to be fought. There is no shirking of it. We fight to win or lose.

I was much impressed by a statement made by an umpire in the description I once heard of a wayside wrestling match. It seems that during the contest, someone wished to render assistance to one of the combatants.

"Stand back," thundered the umpire, "he's got to fight it out alone!"

Intrinsic Energy

How this statement rings in our ears, "He's got to fight it out alone!" And how true it is. It is true of everything in life. When, as ignorant children we were sent to school, the best of teachers, with the best of text-books in their hands, stood helpless in the art of instruction until we began ourselves to combat with ignorance. Then they were only kind advisers and clever demonstrators. We had to fight it out alone. Every advancement we made, every rule we acquired, every problem that we solved, we wrought out alone. The education that has been of service to us has been wrought by our own efforts into the woof and fibre of our own natures. That which was pasted on and shone perhaps through a gala day, was soon washed off in the bitter struggle with the elements of actual life, and the resultant knowledge that came to our rescue was that which we had wrought out by the labor of our own minds.

When fell disease struck us, and we were laid upon a bed of suffering and pain, wise physicians were brought in, operations were performed, medicines were given, and healing balms supplied; but the physicians said, unmistakingly: "Hush, give him a chance; he must fight it out alone!"

No doctor ever healed a patient, nor drug, nor surgeon's knife. The knife may have cut away a deformity, or a foreign growth; the drugs may have helped to rectify a chemical action in nature's fluid, and the physicians may have brought the wisest advice; but at best they were only kind assistants. They might strip him for the fray, soothe him, guard him, and give him as fair a chance as possible; but the real fight back to health has to be fought out by the nature that is within him.

Sir John Marshall, F.R.S., in opening the session of the London Universal Medical School some years ago, said: "The healing force of nature is the agent to employ in the healing of an ulcer, or the union of a broken bone, and it is equally true that the physician or surgeon never cured a disease; he only assists the natural process of cure performed by the intrinsic conservative energy of the frame, and this is but the extension of the force imparted at the origination of the individual being."

In Business

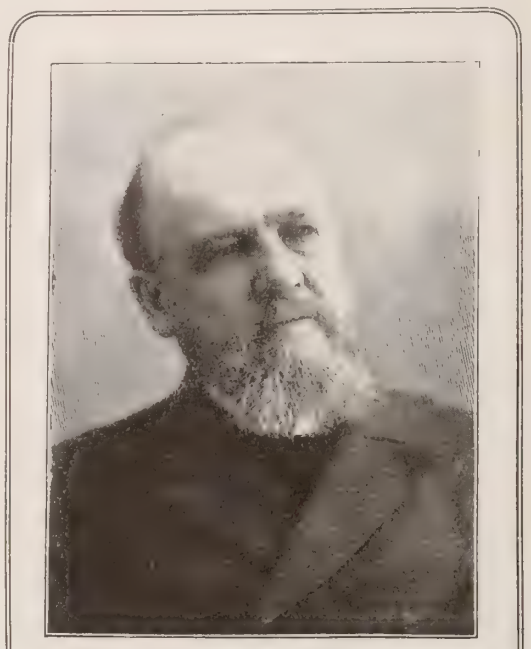
The same thing is true in the business world. In spite of all the talk of the influence of money, political pulls, and such things, the ultimate battle is fought out alone. Rather than help, money and the influence of friends have often proved prejudicial; and the real man has only come out of the contest triumphantly when he has been stripped of all these. Sailing under other's colors, especially of men of place and power, too much has been expected of us, and failing here has meant our utter effacement; whereas, if we had won our way to recognition by our own effort, our success would have been permanent.

A graduate of a school of practical science asked an influential friend to introduce him to a great mining magnate, and help him to get a good situation. "I'll do it with pleasure," said his friend, "but it will be the worst thing I can do for you." "How's that?" asked the young man. "Because, if you get the situation you want, the stigma will ever follow you that you got it, not by your own merits, but through me." "What do you advise, then?" "Put on a pair of blue drills and go to work; if there is anything in you, and, I believe there is, it will soon come to the notice of the proper man."

The young man heeded the words of wisdom. He put on his blue drills, and, with his tin dinner-pail, set out to fight his battle alone. His efficient work, ability and tact, above all his management of men, was soon talked of, and when a peculiar situation opened, he was recommended to this very magnate as the man he wanted. To-day that young man is at the head of one of the greatest mining companies in Canada, and was so appointed when only twenty-nine years of age. This may be a case of extraordinary success and extraordinary promotion, but the moral is the same for all: Extraneous influence, instead of helping often prejudices; the only road to success, is to strip and fight it out alone.

Heroism in a Lumber Camp

Another case of youthful success comes to us from the lumber business. A young man, handsome in appearance, social in his tastes, and fond of outdoor sports, paid little heed to business or any other serious thing. His father was one of the wealthiest lumbermen and he had almost unlimited spending money. But one summer there came a sudden change. His father's huge mills and lumber piles were swept out of existence by fire. Immense booms of his logs were scattered to



REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG, B.A.

the winds by the storms as they were crossing the Georgian Bay. Other logs were "hung up" on river banks because of the want of water to "drive" them down to the Bay. The father's riches were swept away in one short summer. But there was mettle in this young man. He left his sporting friends before they could leave him. He sold his race horses and other sporting outfits; put on a suit of coarse, stout mackinaw, and went into the lumber woods. That fall and winter he mastered the art of lumbering, re-organized his father's business the following year and then met his father's creditors. To-day it looks as though the young man were going to recover all that his father had lost, and place the business on a firmer basis than it had ever been before.

That young man is only a sample of many to whom rich and indulgent parents, money and position, are inimical to their best interests. Noble manhood and success are theirs only, when they have been stripped and had to fight the battle out alone.

The Spiritual Conflict

And as true as this is in the intellectual, physiological and business world, it is true in the spiritual world. The best of fathers and mothers cannot have faith for their sons, the most godly of teachers cannot lead another soul to God. He will have to open his own heart; he will have to fight his own battles with self, and yield to God of his own free will. The parents may place a godly example before him; the teacher may awaken conscience, and bring the truth to bear upon his mind, but they are only spectators and monitors, the battle is fought in a field that is far beyond their reach. It is fought in the innermost recesses of his heart; and from the days of the first spiritual conflict, until the time when he is called to account before the Throne of Judgment, and, even then, he will have to stand alone.

This being true, it is no wonder Paul said to Timothy, and, through him, to all young men: "Take heed to thyself!"

"Personality," says Dr. Van Dyke, in his masterly work, *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, "is the ultimate reality." Not what a man has, not what position he holds, but what he is in himself—his personality is what counts. Personality is the principal thing. The power of service, his utility in the world, depends upon his personality. His receptivity of the lessons of life and of the grace of God, depends upon his personality. It is the kernel of all things to him. Hence, it is all-important that a young man should look well to his ways, his thoughts, his whole being—for the sum-total make up the core and equipment of his personality.

We hear a great deal said to-day about having a strong body. It is certainly one of the primary requisites for a young man to possess. In his contests in life's arena, in his service to his fellows and to the cause of his God, a young man needs a well-developed, tough, well-trained body. There is a moral influence in muscle which no right-minded person will deny.

Athletic Evangelists

Two young evangelists were going through the country. It was their desire to sow the good seed broadcast through the land. One day, they met a man in a field, and spoke to him about his soul's salvation. The old man shrugged his big, heavy shoulders, and said something about religion being only for women, weaklings, and those ready to die. After a vain effort to impress the man, the young men went on. They were college athletes, and took a wide ditch at a jump. The old man saw this, and shouted: "Well done!" The young men jumped back as easily. "Where'd you learn to jump that way?" asked the old man with interest. The young men told of their college training in the gymnasium, of their studies, and their spiritual life, and also of their desire to spend their holidays in winning souls for Christ. The old man was deeply impressed. He asked the young men to his home, to pray with him and his wife. Before those young men left, they had every reason to believe that that old man and his wife had given their hearts to God. The man had become interested in their ability to jump a wide ditch, and the young men were wise to use the lever that God had placed in their hands, to pry open the door of the man's heart for God. Many of our young missionaries to miners, lumbermen and cowboys, have succeeded by making their athletic ability tell upon those active, out-of-door men; and many a preacher and Gospel teacher has failed, because he lacked both athletic power and sympathy with muscle.

But it is possible to make so much of muscle that the body usurps more than its right. It is only a third and perhaps the meanest third, of our personality. There are also the mind and soul to be considered. Of these the body is the outward manifestation. Yes, its place is even humbler still. The body is but the instrument of the mind and soul. Still it is very closely linked to them. Its health often affects our hopefulness in the affairs of life, our faith in God and our love for our fellows. When the body is ailing, then we find labor, love and faith painful efforts; and both mind and soul the prey of many temptations, which, in time of health, have no influence whatsoever. Then let us give the body its due, take care of its health, cultivate its muscles and nerves and make it as efficient an instrument as possible.

Neglected Opportunities

In the training of the mind the first requisite is knowledge. Knowledge is power. And all other things being equal, the man of knowledge wins. There is no limit placed on any man's power to acquire knowledge. Some men have been born in the gutter, as it were, but who have from that most inimical environment fought their way to seats of learning by their industrious pursuit of knowledge. On the other hand, many men have failed to make full proof of themselves and have had to see others enter upon positions that opened to them, but which they could not take because they were not prepared. In their early days they despised their opportunities to acquire knowledge, neglected their books, fooled away their time at school, and disregarded the instruction of their teachers and admonitions of their parents. Now their lives are marred because of their ignorance.

A case of this kind came under my own notice. It was of a man in whose home I had been welcomed. He had a charming wife and some lovely children. He was an official member of his church, and most highly respected by all who knew him. Because of his exceptional fidelity and great mechanical skill, his employers offered him the highest position in their gift. The man felt that he was not able for it. The new position demanded some office work, drawing out plans and other theoretical work. He had been a light-hearted boy and had never set himself seriously to any task until his conversion. Then it was too late, for his school opportunities had passed. So now when his opportunity came—for which position he was abundantly fitted by general executive ability—he failed, because he had not a good technical education.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* Preached in the Methodist Church, Port Carling, Ontario, Canada. Text: "Take heed to thyself." (I. Timothy 4: 16).

The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius

MOUNT VESUVIUS has lately shown signs of volcanic activity, and as a gentle hint of what may be expected to follow, has belched forth, and spilled over the sides of the crater, lava scot and in such quantities as to melt the steel rails othe railroad (built in 1880), which carries visitors up towithin 150 yards of the mouth of the crater.

ome idea of the heat of this boiling mass, which is pring down the valcano's sides, may be gathered frn the fact that on one occasion the lava stream fed silver, the melting point of which is 1,870 deg.; at aither time copper was melted, and this would require 2,4 deg.

alf a million of people dwell in Naples, which is wain eight miles of Vesuvius. While the inhabitants othe city are awestruck at the wonderful scene of the vcano in action, they are not frightened or panic-stcken, because they believe th' are safe from serious troubl As the great molten streams flr down the mountain side, th' take a short cut to the sea, leing Naples to one side. The vcano has been in bad temper fosome time, and in one of its rent outbursts, spit forth a rck weighing two tons—a playfuint of what it might do, for dng previous eruptions great blks of stone, weighing betven thirty and forty tons, have bn thrown high above the cr er.

n spite of warnings, and kwledge of impending peril, th director of the Vesuvius Oervatory remains bravely at hi post, with his instruments, rording the violent ebullitions. T: men who stay in the neighbhood, and in such a frightful tepefature, are in great dang for at any moment these sterheated masses of molten rc are liable to explode, overwilming and destroying everything in the vicinity.

rofessor Matteucci, a distingished Italian geologist, in the Uversity of Naples, is at his pt within the danger belt, staying the phenomena with gnt interest. During a previo season of volcanic activity, thprofessor spent days upon thmountain slopes, and risked anwful death upon the very ee of the crater. This was in re, when the lake of boiling lava rose to within 200 fe of the rim of the crater.

he last great eruption of Vesuvius occurred in 1897-9and at that time several new craters were formed. She villages and vineyards were destroyed, but the psants had warning, and all escaped. At last accnts the present eruption was increasing in violence; rehot stones were being hurled to a tremendous hght, and were falling down the mountain side with a afening sound. The upper station of the Funicular Railway has been destroyed, and all the wooden huts in which the guides lived have been obliterated All vegetation within a mile of the crater has disappeared, while earthquake shocks add to the danger of the situation. Many villagers have left their homes, and are camping in the open air. Thousands of spectators are viewing the wonderful spectacle, and so great is the curiosity of many tourists—leading them to approach within dangerous proximity to the volcano—that a large number of Carbineer Guards have been stationed to prevent crossing the prescribed limits.

There is no historical record of the first colossal eruption of Vesuvius, but at that time the mountain was probably twice its present height. The upper half of the cone was blown away, and it was around this truncated cone that the early Greek settlers founded their little colonies. No eruption having taken place for

VESUVIUS, AS SEEN FROM A STREET IN NAPLES

centuries, the volcanic nature of the locality was probably unknown to the people who planted their vineyards along its fertile slopes, and built their villages at the mountain's base. Early in the Christian era there were a succession of earthquakes, doing much damage to the towns. This was preliminary to one of the most awful catastrophes in the record of human history. Three towns were destroyed, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Slabeæ. After this catastrophe the volcano remained in a condition of feeble activity for nearly fifteen centuries. Its crater walls, five miles in circumference, were hung with trees and brush, and at the base cattle grazed on a wide, grassy plain. In 1631, after a series of earthquakes, the volcano again burst into activity. Dust and stones were blown for hundreds of miles, fine particles falling in the Adriatic and at Constantinople. Great streams of lava came down the mountain sides, and so swiftly did destruction come upon them, that 18,000 people perished. Since this great clearing out of the crater, which practically emptied it, Vesuvius has never been completely quiescent, and at intervals it has again broken out.

In the presence of such evidences of nature's forces, as are indicated in a volcano's rage, and ruin wrought by it, one is impressed with the insignificance of man, and the cities he builds. A traveler, speaking of the buried city of St. Pierre, says that it is already assuming the appearance of a vast gray granite rock. Only a short time ago this gay city, called the "Paris of the Antilles," was in full tide of human life and activity, with its white roofs, its towers and cupolas gleaming between the fronded crests and lithe gray trunks of the royal palms. The crash of bands was heard in the squares, and the tinkling of mandolins from the ships lying in the roadsteads. Now, a scarred mass of lava completely covers the city, with all its former life, color and music, as though a huge mausoleum of granite had been reared above it. There are no ruins—and nothing to indicate that 25,000 people lie buried there. Gaunt and colossal rises Mont Pelee, its terrible head dimly seen through poisonous vapors, its slopes scarred and lava-streaked, and rent with gigantic fissures and wild gorges, while at its base are piled up masses of blownout crest. Where the suburbs of the city once stretched over a level plain, the earth, which has washed down the mountain sides by the rains, has formed a soil where grass and trees are beginning to grow. In a few years this tomb of a city will be alive with the vegetation of the tropics, and the now scarred sides of Pelee be covered with forests of green. All the rest of the island excepting the city, has emerged from its pall of ashes, in new beauty and greater luxuriance.

Thus does nature, in kindlier mood, seek to hide the ravages and scars made by the raging and unconquered elements, such as submerged the ancient cities, and which now threaten the region of turbulent Vesuvius, whose shakings, rumblings and explosions make it appear as if the whole mountain would be rent from top to bottom. When the volcano is again quiet we are likely to hear something interesting from Prof. Matteucci.

THE SOLITARY CONFLICT

Continued from Preceding Page

nother qualification of mind greatly needed is crage. Many young men are overthrown by conceit – stless, overweening pride—that demands acknowlement of men for virtues they think they possess. Ceit and pride are not courage; nor is "cheek," wch is often an accompaniment of pride. Courage is a ore modest virtue. It accompanies knowledge and is ts attendant, its knight, to make sure what knowlee has pointed out is properly his own. Many a gd man has been browbeaten and trodden upon bause he had not sufficient courage to claim that wch was his due.

nother virtue so requisite to truest manliness is tperance or self-control. It were better to lose an e or limb than to allow any passion, desire or inclin on of the body or mind to overstep the bounds of mleration. The pathway of life is strewn with the e results of gluttony and drunkenness, jealousy and ater. He who is to be the true gentleman must early len the virtues of masterful self-control. He, and he ne, will enjoy the blessings of peace, health and gd citizenship.

ut no young man will do his duty or occupy a place ife worth having without industry. It were trite to erge upon this virtue. The leaders of men are the wld's burden-bearers. Genius is only another name fcapacity for concentrated work. The young man who has had implanted early the love and capacity for hard work, is on the road to successful achievement in whatever line of life he enters.

Knowledge, courage, self-control and industry have been called pagan virtues. It does not hurt them to be called such, if Socrates and Solon, Cincinnatus and Marcus Aurelius are samples of the kind of men they develop. They are fundamental virtues of truest manhood. To them we should add brotherly kindness, that great virtue of love, that grips our fellows to our hearts with silken cords as strong as steel, and causes our love to go out to them, so that we shall treat them as we would have them treat us, until we love them as we love ourselves.

But there is even a higher manhood than this. A young man may be full-blooded and look out upon the world with a clear eye; he may have his ear and soul cultured to appreciate the melodies of life; his mind may be trained, full of courage and the model of industry and temperance, yet he may miss half the blessings that God has for him.

The windows of his soul are to be opened that the light of heaven, the example of Christ, the inspiration of eternity may dispel all miasmas of earth, its doubts, its fears, its darkness. God wishes to give wings to the young man's hope. He wishes to strengthen him with faith in the inner man, and above all, He wishes the young man to let Him implant His Spirit in his heart as his guide, instructor, inspirer in all things, the Witness to seal the young man as His son and joint-heir with Jesus Christ to the inheritance of saints here as well as to that which is beyond.

Thus within the possibilities of a young man we see the cultivation of his body, making his cheeks glow with health, his eye true, and his muscles the instruments of efficiency; the development of his mind by knowledge; the acquisition of the graces of courage, temperance, industry and brotherly love. We see his soul full of faith and hope, reverence and divine love, whereby, through the mystery of Jesus Christ, he is made partaker with the saints of the blessings of salvation from sin here, and an assurance of eternal bliss hereafter.

On the other hand, we also see within the possibilities of a young man—his natural abilities wasted through carelessness, his body the prey of disease, passions and lusts rampant; his mind filled with folly, cramped by ignorance, subject to remorse and fears, and his soul steeped in sin, defeated through his own folly in this world and treading the precipice of the future with no hope in the next.

It is no wonder that Paul, who saw all these possibilities as clearly as we do, and all other lovers of their fellows, say to every young man, "Take heed to thyself!"

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaughter Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reinforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope. Brébœuf apparently turns traitor to the marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise. Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness. By a clever ruse, Macartney compels Garron to let him take the marquis and Louise with him, in one of the ship's boats, while Garron is a prisoner in his cabin, disarmed and guarded by Brébœuf, who has now returned to de Vaudémont's service. Macartney lands his party at Alexandria, and the marquis meets Bonaparte, while the Irish captain sails off to seek Nelson and the British fleet.

Book Five—Bonaparte

CHAPTER XXV—Cont'd

AS ONE GENTLEMAN TO ANOTHER

"WHY did you not appeal to me?" asked Bonaparte.

"We were not permitted. There were—papers—in my baggage. They would—have—incriminated——"

"I see," said Bonaparte frowning. "And with these papers in his possession, Garron thought to force your consent! The scoundrel! How did you get here?"

"There was an English prisoner on the ship. You recall the frigate captured just after you left Malta?"

Bonaparte nodded.

"Her captain was wounded and brought aboard *Le Tonnant*. Do you remember, monsieur, that night in Toulon there was a young officer with us?"

"Yes."

"That was he. He loves my granddaughter, and I have at last consented to his suit."

"He is a fortunate man, mademoiselle," said Bonaparte, smiling kindly at Louise, who found herself blushing deeply under the ardent gaze of the young Frenchmen crowding around them.

"My servant betrayed me—as I supposed—and wormed himself into the confidence of Garron. We were in the cabin together to-night, a few hours ago. Brebœuf——"

"Who is he?"

"The servant I speak of, monsieur. He seized Garron, forced him to place a boat which he had left alongside, at our disposal, and we came here."

"The English captain?"

"Came as far as the wharf."

"And then?"

"As he was armed, he forced us to leave the boat and went away in her himself."

"Where?"

"To seek Admiral Nelson and the English."

"Ha!" said Bonaparte sharply.

"Pardon, sir," interrupted another officer.

"What is it, Beauharnais?" asked Bonaparte impatiently.

"Some papers came from Captain Garron this afternoon, addressed to you, and marked urgent."

"Where are they?"

"I laid them on your desk, general. Here they are, sir," said the young man, after rummaging a moment among the papers on the desk.

The vice-admiral started as he recognized the packet. He thought swiftly a moment. Should he endeavor to prevent the general from reading the papers? Bonaparte gave him no time to act. He broke the seal, tore off the wrapper hastily, and examined the documents enclosed. He read with incredible swiftness, and soon mastered the contents of the papers. When he had finished, he looked keenly at the marquis.

"A conspirator, a royalist, a rebel, La Vendée!" he muttered, frowning. "Is this true, monsieur?"

"Sir, I believe it to be so."

"And you come here, here in my presence, sir," said Bonaparte harshly, striking the table furiously as he spoke, "and admit it! 'Tis past belief!"

"Monsieur," said the marquis, "that I have put my head in the lion's mouth I am fully aware. You can do no less than decree my death. I am ready. I have, however, information of such grave importance to communicate to you concerning Garron, that I venture to hope you will neglect the gentleman in behalf of his granddaughter, and perhaps for his grandson as well."

CHAPTER XXVI

CAPTAIN HONORE'S CONFESSION

AT this moment, Captain Marmont stepped forward from the door, which he had been guarding.

"General," he said, saluting, "there is a young officer of your guard outside, who desires to see you upon urgent business."

"Who is it?"

"Captain Honoré, sir."

"Ah!" said the general. "Bid him wait outside a moment, monsieur. If I read these papers aright, sir," continued Bonaparte, turning to the marquis, "this will be your grandson, who was mentioned by you just now as engaged in a conspiracy to abduct me."

"I fear so," answered the marquis, while the officers of the staff started in surprise.

"We shall have a family reunion, monsieur. He comes just in time. Was this a prearranged——"

"Sir,!" interrupted the marquis hastily. "He does not know that we are within three hundred miles of him. 'Tis fate, sir."

"Happy or otherwise," said Bonaparte, "we shall see. Meanwhile, your paper."

"Someone else," returned the marquis slowly, "might exact a promise." He looked keenly at the general. "I shall not do so, sir. I appeal to your honor, as a soldier and a gentleman."

He handed the paper which Macartney had signed to the little officer.

"A traitor!" exclaimed Bonaparte, rising, and crushing the paper in his hand. "I shall deal with him. Monsieur, you have appealed to me in behalf of this lady, and have trusted me with the determination of her future. I pledge you the honor of a Frenchman, and of a soldier, that her protection will be my pleasure; she shall be as sacred as my sister."

"And my grandson, monsieur?"

"As to that, wait! Will you withdraw with your granddaughter into the anteroom, and remember that whatever happens you will make no sign, that you will not come out, under pain of my displeasure."

"Sir," said the marquis, "deal gently with the lad."

"You condemn his course?" asked Bonaparte.

The old man was honest; he could plead for his grandson, he could not betray his cause.

"Would that I could say so, monsieur," he answered bravely, "but in the service of the king——"

"Enough! You will retire there. Marmont, admit Captain Honoré."

A young man, clad in the gorgeous uniform of the guard, stepped through the open door, walked rapidly up the room, clicked his heels together before his general, and saluted. His resemblance to his sister was so marked, that everybody in the room started in surprise.

"You wish to see me, Captain Honoré?"

"Yes, general. But——" He looked about him. "Alone."

"Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, "you will withdraw to the other end of the room."

"But, general, is it safe?" said Kleber, while Eugene de Beauharnais, a stepson of Bonaparte, presuming on his relationship, bent lower and whispered, "You know, sir, what has just been disclosed. Would it not be best at least for me——"

"All of you go!" said Bonaparte imperiously. "I trust myself entirely to brave young Captain Honoré."

"And you may well do so, sir," said Honoré eagerly.

"Why should I not trust you?" asked Bonaparte looking intently at the young man. "At the storming of Alexandria you were at my side; I have not forgotten that soldier who lunged at me just before I cut him down. It was you, was it not, who threw yourself in front of me when the wavering square almost broke before the charge of the Mamelukes at the battle of the Pyramids? I owe you much, sir," he added.

"You have paid me in full, sir," cried the young officer, "my commission as captain——"

"You will go higher, Captain Honoré, I predict."

"No, general."

"Why not?"

"Because I am come to——"

"To what? Out with it!"

"To resign my commission, and surrender myself into your hands."

"Ha!" said Bonaparte. "And why?"

"Sir, I am the Comte Honoré de Vaudémont. My father was killed in the Terror——"

"I had no hand in that."

"No. My grandfather is, or was, rather, a vice-admiral in the ancient royal navy of France. At present he is engaged in fomenting rebellion against the Republic in La Vendée."

"Is this true?"

"On my honor, sir."

"Proceed."

"I was an officer in the Austrian army. Boy I was, sir, I fought against you at Arcola, at Castiglione, at Rivoli, at—in short, wherever I could."

"You know how I can fight then?"

"I do, general."

"Go on."

"Having resigned my commission after the peace of Campo Formio, I found myself without employment."

"What did you then?"

"When I heard rumors of this expedition I sought a commission in your army, sir."

"Had you tired of fighting against me—or the republic, that is."

"Not at that time, sir."

"Why did you enter our service then?"

"To—to—kidnap you, general. You were the only obstacle between the king and France. I would do his Majesty and France as well a service by removing you."

"Well?"

"That is all, sir."

"And have you abandoned that design?"

"I have."

"Why?"

"General—I did not love you—before."

"And now?"

"I come to confess, to place myself in your hands. I could not accept your promotion, or remain longer in your army, without telling you."

"Why, again?"

The general's eye searched the young man as he would wrest from his officer the most secret thought of his heart even.

"I do not know," answered Captain Honoré, sustaining the intent and penetrating scrutiny of his captain with as much firmness as he could muster. "I cannot help it. I believe that the greatness of France lies with you. Her destiny is in your hands. At Toulon, on the ship, here in Egypt, I have watched you. You, of the old nobility, have thought of you almost as of Christ. We were wrong. The past is gone, sir. You are of the future. As between the king—may God forgive me!—and yourself, I have chosen——"

The young man who had spoken with all the fire and enthusiasm of his day and nation, hesitated, reluctant and yet insistent to say the final word.

"Which?" asked his general, imperiously.

"You! If after what I have told you, if you think me worthy of any trust or confidence, if I may still serve in your army—as a volunteer, monsieur—in any capacity—I beg you to command me."

"Who were your confederates in the plot?"

"That, sir, I implore you not to ask! I cannot tell. For myself, I have abandoned it. And my withdrawal renders the whole attempt null and void. You will hear no more of it. I have placed myself unreservedly at your disposal."

"Why do you this?"

"I said I do not know, I cannot help it. I love you," said the romantic boy—he was scarcely twenty-one—"that's all."

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Your associates," said Bonaparte, reading from the paper, "were Barbaloux, de Charretein, d'Esterrette and that Italian Salvatore."

Mon Dieu! General, how do you know these names?" exclaimed Captain Honoré, profoundly surprised, and terrified as well.

I know everything, my young friend."

Are you a god then?"

'Tis very simple. Your grandfather told me."

My grandfather! Impossible, sir! He is in La Vendée!"

Not so."

Where is he then?"

onaparte stepped to the side of the room, seized the heavy curtain depending before the door, and threw it quickly back.

There!" he cried, pointing to the recess.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE COMTE CHANGES HIS ALLEGIANCE

CAPTAIN HONORE stood as if rooted to the ground.

"Monsieur!" he said, "what has happened? I thought you were safe in La Vidée!"

And would God I had been there, sir," answered the marquis coldly, stepping forth as he spoke, "ere I heard one bearing my name declare himself a traitor to his king."

or a moment, Captain Honoré hung his head before the fiery words of his grandfather. Then he faced the old man. He, too, was a de Vaudémont.

Sir," he said, "believe me——"

Not another word!" said his grandfather. "Not in three hundred years has the de Vaudémonts failed in devotion to the throne."

With respect to your age, sir, and the ties of blood and affection by which I am bound to you, I will be heard!"

Give the lad a chance, monsieur," said Bonaparte, coolly helping himself to a pinch of snuff.

Not from any motives of self-interest," continued the young comte "nor from any other reason but because I love my country, sir, have, I attached myself to the fortunes of General Bonaparte. Sir, had you seen him as I have seen him; had you known him as friend and as friend, you would realize that he is the future of France. As such, sir, I salute him. It is he who has saved our distracted country. He will make it in the future, as it has been in the past; great among the nations of the world. And as a king, I offer him my sword, my heart. All that I have is his. He is the king!"

Bonaparte flushed, and swept a glance around the room. Dumas leaned against the door, with a smile upon his face, half-humorous, half pitying; the bluff Kleber stood with hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, frowning. The others, younger men, were watching the dialogue between the marquis and the comte with the greatest attention.

The king of France! Nay, that were too narrow a confine to limit the little man whose shadow, even then, loomed large upon the horizon of civilization. The king! Bonaparte smiled. The time was not yet. He was not to be swept from the clear purposes of his vision by the enthusiasm of a romantic boy.

Vive la République!" he said, throwing back his head, "I am the servant, not the master of France, citizens and friends!" And there was no one to tell them that the servant was above his master. Instantly the room rang with cries. Like Cæsar on the Lupercal, their hero had refused a crown!

Monsieur," said the marquis, turning to Bonaparte, "what is this Republic to which you have engaged yourself? To which this foolish boy has given his allegiance? I am an old man, I have lived long and seen much. I have done some service to the state. My words are not without weight in the councils of the king. Give over this mad, this impossible scheme! Restore the ancient monarchy. You have the power. In addition to the consciousness of having done right, of having re-established your rightful king upon his throne, you can name any reward. You and all of yours! I promise it on the faith of a gentleman. You shall be a constable of France, the king will ennoble you—what you will."

Sir," said Bonaparte, smiling, "my patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte. What! Shall I undo the terrible work of the past five years to bring back a king of shreds and patches? Bah! If he wants a kingdom, let him take one. We recognize no rights but the will of the people, and the right of the sword!"

Again the room rang with cheers. When the tumult had subsided the marquis began again.

"I made you an offer, sir, as one gentleman to another. You please me," he continued, "I owe you much. When the day comes, call upon me. I shall not be ungrateful."

"Um!" said Bonaparte. "We have not settled that other matter yet."

"True," said the vice-admiral. "I had forgotten that. May I ask what you propose to do with my—that young man yonder?"

"Your grandson?"

"Grandson no longer."

"But my brother still!" cried Louise, gliding past him, and taking Honoré's hand in her own.

"Bien, mademoiselle!" said Bonaparte, looking approvingly, yet keenly, from the marquis to the comtesse, as a sudden suspicion lodged in his mind. "Here is no collusion?" he asked.

"Monsieur," said the old man, "you have just cause to doubt the fidelity of those who bear the name of de Vaudémont. I pardon your insinuation. I assure you on my honor, that no inkling of my purpose, or of the discovery of the plot to abduct you, could possibly have been communicated by me to this unhappy young man."

"And you, sir?"

"'Twas my conscience, general, brought me here. I knew not that the Marquis de Vaudémont was nearer than La Vendée."

"I believe you, Major de Vaudémont."

"Major, sir!"

"Must I repeat myself, Major de Vaudémont?"

"Not that name, general, if it please you," interrupted the marquis.

"Very well. He has already won honor as Captain Honoré. He shall make that name as great as your own. La Salle, will you make out a commission for Captain Honoré, as major, and an order detaching him from my guard, and placing him on my personal staff? I trust him, you see, monsieur. A man may change his allegiance."

"Not such a man as I, sir," said the old man.

"Perhaps even you. It is my hope, sir, to bring back to France, some day, those nobles and gentlemen who survived the Terror."

"Your Republic killed my son," said the marquis gloomily.

"All of you go!"
Said Bonaparte, imperiously

"I had no hand in that," answered Bonaparte. "I was but a boy in the Terror. When I was able to do it I stopped it. There shall be no more of it in France."

"Sir, I am an old man, as I have told you, and as you observe. What you do with me, matters little. May I take it, that you will protect my granddaughter, this young lady?"

"I will look after her," said Honoré quickly.

"Not with my consent, sir," said the vice-admiral coldly. "We have no relationship with such as you. There may be excuse for General Bonaparte and these others—there is none for a de Vaudémont. I have eaten the king's bread, I am the king's man."

"But I have not, and I am not!"

"Be it so. You have voluntarily cut yourself off from me and mine. I wish to hear nothing from you."

"Give him time," said the general to the distracted young officer. "Monsieur, as I said before, I pledge you my honor for the safety of your granddaughter. Mademoiselle, you may trust me."

"I do, sir," answered Louise, giving him her hand, "as unreservedly as my brother loves you."

Bonaparte took her hand, and bending low over it, kissed it.

"You are my witness, gentlemen," he cried, turning to the group at the end of the room, "this lady is as my own sister."

"And as to myself, general," said the marquis indifferently, "I would know your pleasure."

"Sir," said Bonaparte, "I have sworn fealty and devotion to your granddaughter; from this hour your grandson is one of my most trusted officers; think you, I could be rigorous toward yourself under such circumstances? Go! You are free!"

"Sir," said the marquis, "I warn you that the first use I shall make of my freedom will be to offer my poor services to my king."

"Be it so. Next to a staunch friend I love a determined enemy. It would have been a pleasure to have seen your flag flying over the fleets of France. We lack a sea officer. There was de Suffern; there was that mad Scotchman, Paul Jones; here are you."

The marquis shook his head.

"Oh, I did not mean to bribe you! I was only thinking. You are free to go where you will, to abide here, to return to the fleet, to go back to Europe at the first convenient opportunity. You may take a message from me to the man you call your regent, if you will."

"And that is?"

"Tell him that France awaits his coming. He may take it, if he can, sword in hand."

"General," said the giant Kleber, impulsively running up to the little man and taking him by the shoulders, "let me embrace you! You are as great as the universe!"

"Thank you, my good Kleber," said the general, patting him on the shoulder as a child might caress a huge dog. "But we have more to do, gentlemen. That traitor Garron——"

He read aloud to them all the damning agreement that Macartney had signed for him.

"What did you say was the state of affairs on *Le Tonnant,* monsieur?" asked Bonaparte, as the execrations with which those present received the news permitted him to be heard.

"He is guarded in his own cabin by my man Brébœuf. He will be safe until morning."

"A rare man, this Brébœuf."

"Rare indeed, monsieur."

"Too good to lose," said Bonaparte, who pulled out his watch and looked at it. "It is past two in the morning. It is an eighteen or twenty mile ride to Aboukir. Call it two hours. We can scarcely start before half after—half an hour to get a boat, that will be five, half an hour to reach the flagship; half hour more for details and to allow for mistakes. Say six o'clock! That will do. Gentlemen, I ride to Aboukir to-night! Captain Junot must have a troop of light horse brought up. Which of you will ride with me? I go to punish a traitor, to save the life of a brave man."

The officers crowded around, protesting and acclaiming their willingness, nay their anxiety.

"Kleber, you and Dumas remain here in charge. The rest to your horses. We'll start from the palace gates. You, monsieur?"

"I am an old man, general, but to save my ancient servant's life I would ride with you if I died at the end of the journey."

"Good!" said Bonaparte. "And you, mademoiselle?"

"I go with my grandfather."

TO BE CONTINUED

Our Editorial Forum

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A New Hague Conference

DEEPLY gratifying to the whole nation must be the tribute paid to our Government by the members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, who recently had an interview with the President. They are earnestly desirous that a conference of the representatives of the nations should assemble to take up the questions left unfinished by the Hague Peace Conference, and carry them forward to a practical issue. Looking for the head of some nation, vested with the right to call such a Conference, they chose the President of the United States as the most fitting for the duty. The application shows how high this country stands in the esteem of the world, and how clearly its attitude toward the supreme object of securing peace is recognized.

They must have been pleased with the courteous hearing that the President gave to their suggestion, and with his ready compliance. He gave them a definite promise to call the Conference, and expressed the earnest hope that the invitation would be accepted by the other governments which participated in the former Hague Conference, and that the Conference itself would tend to the objects desired.

The project is one which Christians throughout the world will hail with hearty approval. It aims to promote the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the various nations, and to organize a Congress to assemble periodically for the discussion of international questions. With these definite objects fixed, it ought to have a practical result. Every nation, at least in theory, has a horror of war, and, though there is reason to doubt whether it is always sincere, it will be a distinct step in advance to have the governments put on record and to provide them with the means of proving their sincerity. So much, at least, the Conference may do. The followers of the Prince of Peace throughout the world will give it their hearty sympathy, and we trust they will pray that the promise the President has given may lead to such an issue that men will learn war no more and permanent peace among the nations may be secured. No glory could come to any nation greater than that of initiating a movement that by a single step resulted in insuring the peace of the world.

"He that Giveth to the Poor"

THERE died in New York, two weeks ago, a man who, in the course of a long and successful business career, gave to the world a noble example of compassion for human suffering. Louis Fleischmann did what thousands of other good-hearted men and women have done at times, in feeding the hungry: but with him it was not an intermittent impulse. From that first midnight, long ago, when he fed a few hungry and homeless wanderers of the street, until the day of his death, he kept up the work unceasingly, night after night, through twenty-five years. His little group of beneficiaries quickly grew to be a regiment; but the bread was always doled out with the same liberal hand, and no one was ever turned away.

Of the multitudes he kept from starvation and of the thousands of humble homes from which his gifts alone held back the wolf of famine, it is probable that Louis Fleischmann knew little. Hunger was, to him, a sufficient certificate of genuineness, and he asked nothing more. If a man or woman, for the sake of a loaf, was willing to stand for hours in the cold and the darkness, in touch with their famishing comrades of the "Bread Line," that alone was enough to convince him that their hunger was a very real thing. It took money to keep this strange charity going, but its originator realized how true it is that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and that such an investment bears good interest. He prospered in business, and the seed sown in darkness was multiplied many fold in the daylight. Among his intimates, he was known as a prosperous man, and a supporter of many good works. For years his midnight alms to the "Bread Line" were known only by a few. Some may have smiled at it and called it weakness; others may thoughtlessly have regarded it as an encouragement to idleness. Little did they know that that midnight mission of bread was the brightest spot in the man's life. Done in darkness and in secret, this silent, unassuming charity now surrounds his memory like a halo.

Many readers of this journal have, in past years, had a "Bread Line" of their own. It has extended across seas and continents, and has fed the hungry at the remotest ends of the earth. And never yet have their secret benevolences failed to return to them in blessing.

Providence

"NO," says the sceptic, "I don't believe in Providence. Nothing can convince me that there is any truth in the foolish superstition of an overruling influence which cares for what we poor mortals do. Everything in nature is against it."

Have you observed that wise little insect, the ant? Its vision is extremely limited; indeed, naturalists tell us some of the species cannot see the length of a man's hand. The Jain of India, whose creed teaches him to respect the life of every animate thing on earth, will step aside to avoid treading upon an ant. You can arrest its progress by pushing an obstacle in its way with your finger and it will never know the unseen power that placed it there; you can overshadow it with your hand, and though it misses the light, it cannot see the substance that hides it. You can clear its path of some rough barrier or remove some danger which in another moment it must have encountered. Yet in all this, it neither sees nor knows you, and it is powerless to anticipate your purpose, or to escape your influence. You have played Providence to the ant.

So, throughout the material world, from the lowest orders even to the highest, the sources of many things are hidden. The sceptic who appeals to nature to support his unbelief, finds nature itself refuting him. As in the natural world, so it is in the spiritual. Surrounded by human limitations, we cannot penetrate the veil that now obscures our vision; but we can feel the influence of that overshadowing Presence that is everywhere guiding and protecting us—the presence of the Supreme Being who created and who upholds and governs all things, upon whom even the least of His creatures is dependent for the supply of all their needs, and whose ear is ever open to the appeal of those who place their trust in Him.

A Dangerous Experiment

VERY good motives and a sincere desire for the welfare of young people, are evident in the recent sermon of a pastor in Jersey City, N. J., on the subject of dancing. His past record and the earnestness of his present efforts to do good in the community, are sufficient evidence of the purity of his purpose. It is the wisdom and prudence of his attitude that must be considered.

In his church, many methods have been adopted to interest young people, to keep them out of temptation, and to provide educational facilities and amusements which will brighten their lives. It is now proposed to organize a class there for the teaching of dancing. We can easily understand that young people who want to learn to dance, might acquire the art in a church with less danger than they would in a dancing academy, and so far the motive is good. But is it wise for the Church in any way to endorse the amusement or provide the means for its indulgence?

It is a well known fact, proved by testimony only too conclusive, that the first steps to a moral downfall are frequently taken in the dance. The confessions of women whom our social reformers are trying to reclaim, in the large majority of cases attribute the beginning of the course which has had so deplorable an end, to the sensations and associations of the dance. It is irrelevant to speak, as our friend does, of the dancing of Bible times as an approval of the modern dance. The circumstances were different and the conditions of society have changed. Even in that connection, deterioration had gone far when Herod and his gue witnessed the dancing of Salome, which led to murder of John the Baptist. The king was not him after the spectacle, and the girl herself must have s very low before she could ask for so ghastly a rew The dance does deteriorate the modesty of the wom and excite feelings in men which ought to be k in subjection. No one can look on at a dance, as i practised in these days, without seeing in the attitu and in the expression of the faces of many of dancers, signs of serious moral danger.

In view of these facts, can a Church consister teach the art of dancing? Granted, that there is strictest supervision, that every tendency to evil eliminated, and that the incongruity of dancing i building consecrated to God, is ignored, what secu is there that the young people who acquire the there, will not afterwards practice it in evil places under degrading conditions? A girl who has becc proficient in the art, is not likely to refuse an invitat to a dance which is given under different circ stances. The Church is organized for higher purpo Its aim is to lead people to find their pleasure in v different ways than in dancing, and it ought to limit methods to that aim. Least of all, should it initi any course which has been proved to be a source moral danger. We should be glad to hear that friend, the Jersey City pastor, has reconsidered project and abandoned it.

India Fears Famine

WE learn with sad concern from letters just recei from missionaries in India, that fears are entertai of a famine, owing to a failure of the rains. hope that they may yet fall has not been finally abando but the prospect is critical. We are glad to see by the p lic prints that the government, having learned by sad perience how terrible is the mortality which occurs at th visitations, if arrangements are not made early to afford lief, has already taken measures to alleviate the calan should it unhappily occur.

Rev. Frederick Wood, Secretary of THE CHRIST HERALD Famine Relief Committee, writes: "The rains a failure this year in the Bombay Presidency. For ab five hundred miles to the North and South of Bombay th were but a few small showers at the beginning of last mo and since then there has been practically no rain and crops have withered in consequence. The prospects very gloomy indeed for the coming year and famine is sta us in the face."

Mr. M. B. Fuller writes: "The crops in many places past all hope. Slight showers have kept them growing, now they are drying up. The newspapers speak of the c ditions as serious, but not yet desperate, for about the us rains now would relieve the situation very much. We praying earnestly that they may speedily come."

The Hon. Sir James Monteath, addressing the Legislat Council at Poona, said: "Unless rain comes soon the sit tion will be very serious. There are signs of rain, and I h they will be realized, but if famine does come, the gove ment is prepared to meet it. Tools are ready for use the work will be resumed where it was left off, but I rea hope it will be averted."

Among the Workers

—A VERY ACTIVE Anti-Profanity campaign is in progr at Aurora, Dearborn Co., Ind. Rev. S. E. Davies, Rev. Eirich, Rev. A. R. Beach, and other pastors are giving work every encouragement.

—AS A RESULT of the revival services conducted by Smiley at Las Animas, Colo., every gambling saloon in city has been effectually closed. Dr. Smiley is now at Gr nison, Colo.; from there he goes to Nevada, Ia.

—THROUGH THE EFFORTS of the Committee on Europe Work of the General Assembly, the American colony Frankfort-on-Main has been enjoying regular preach services each Sabbath during the summer, at Hotel Imper The following pastors have conducted the services: R Joseph W. Cochrane, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. William C ter, Kansas City, Mo.; Rev. James I. Good, D.D., Readi Pa.; Rev. C. T. Edwards, D.D., Portville, N. Y.; Rev. A. Sinclair, Port Hope, Canada; Rev. John J. Martin, Chica Theological Seminary.

Back from the Antarctic

AFTER three years spent in the unexplored regions of the far South, the British ship *Discovery* has returned home. She has won for her country the credit of having penetrated nearer tche South Pole than has ever been done before, and o her return she received a royal welcome. The cws of the vessels in the harbor manned the yards, a ringing cheers and salutes were given by all hands. Te King ordered a Polar medal to be designed and st'ck for presentation to the officers and crew.

he crew of the *Discovery* tell thrilling stories of th r adventures. One of the most characteristic is that o a sleighing party to Cape Crozier, where it was in nded to build a cairn in which to deposit dispatches ir he event of a ship arriving to relieve the party. Ce Crozier was about forty-five miles from the point w re the ship was frozen in, but the journey seemed m ch longer on account of the soft snow. The dogs fi lly became so exhausted, that they could pull no lcger. They were therefore let loose and the sledges a ndoned for the time. The men set out to walk to th ship. They had to cross a range of hills a thousad feet high. The temperature was thirty-six degrees bow zero. As they reached the summit of the hills, a s ong wind struck them, almost paralyzing them with cd. The descent was dangerous. The side of the h was like the smoothest glass. Once the whole p ty went slipping with fearful velocity down the hill. Tey saw a huge crevasse before them, at the foot of w ch, two hundred feet below, there were sharp, jagged rks. Happily their downward course was arrested on th verge of the crevasse by a ridge of soft snow. A lie farther on they were shocked by fatal proof of a ther chasm. The man who was ahead, suddenly tlew up his hands and with a loud cry shot forward at fi htful speed. He disappeared instantly, and when th party crawled warily to the place where he was last sn, they were on the edge of a sheer precipice the bottn of which could not be seen. A search was made for h remains afterwards, but no trace of them could be fnd.

nother adventure, happily less tragic, was that of o of the crew named Hare, who was lost on one of t expeditions. He says:

can remember wandering about for a long time trying to g on the right track for home, but I could not make out v re I was, and in the howling storm I became thoroughly e austed. I must have fallen down out of sheer weariness a gone straight off to sleep in the snow. I heard afterwds that on two succeeding nights thy sent out search parties after me, t could not find me, and it is not to bwondered at, for I was lying asleep uler the snow all the time. After the sond attempt they gave me up for l , thinking I must have succumbed texhaustion. Somehow or other I rerned alive. On the second day I vke up in the morning. The warmth c he sun soon revived me. I looked r nd me and soon discovered the ves- When I arrived all on board had a gat surprise.

t is astonishing that in the purst of scientific knowledge men ould be willing to encounter hardsps so severe and run such risks of ath. Their devotion to the cause ibeyond praise. We can but wish tit there was similar earnestness in t search after heavenly truth, for i God is all knowledge and all wisom.

He looketh unto the ends of the earth and eth under the whole heaven (Job 28 : 24)

Bridegroom Bound

A wedding took place at Pittsrg, Pa., a few days ago that was ended by peculiar circumstances. he wedding guests had assembled at e house of the bride and were awaitg the arrival of the officiating clergyn. It was remarked that the bridegroom was not esent, and many reasons were suggested for his abnce. The bride, however, seemed to be under no xiety. She said he would be on hand when everything is ready for the ceremony. A guest who was in her nfidence ascertained the reason for her equanimity. e accompanied her to a room in the rear of the house, nen the clergyman arrived, and there, to his amazent, was the bridegroom securely tied, hand and foot a chair, by a stout clothes-line. The bride explained e reason for his being so secured. She had given him, two days before, thirty dollars with which to purchase refreshments for the wedding supper. He went out, and instead of making the purchases, spent the money in liquor and a game at cards. He came back in a drunken condition and reported the loss of the money. He was in a stupid, maudlin state, and his bride concluded that such a man was likely to absent himself when his pres-

RETURN OF THE "DISCOVERY" FROM THE ANTARCTIC

ence was required. She had therefore taken the precaution when he fell asleep in his chair, to tie him up so that there might be no trickery at the wedding. The man was released and conducted to the presence of the clergyman and the wedding ceremony was duly performed. The bride is only too likely to find that a husband whose presence at his wedding could be secured only by his being bound with a rope, is not worth having. He is probably already bound to the sins that will affect her life, by bonds that no power but that of Christ can break.

THE CREW OF THE "DISCOVERY" WELCOMING A LOST COMRADE

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed (John 8 : 34, 36).

The Oldest Living Thing

The question of what is the oldest living thing on earth was thought to have been settled when a yew tree was found at Hedsor, in Bucias, the circumference of which is eighty-three feet. It is well known that the yew adds one ring to its growth every year, and as these rings are about one-tenth of an inch apart it was easy to calculate that the tree was thirty-two centuries old. Now, however, comes a new claim. There is in the gardens of Chapultepec, Mexico, a huge cypress with a trunk one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. If the same rule applies to the cypress as to the yew, which is said to be the fact, this tree must be over sixty centuries old. As the arboriculturists point out, trees do not die of old age. Floods or winds may sweep it away, insects may destroy it, younger trees planted near it may rob it of its nutriment, but under favorable circumstances the tree does not yield to the lapse of time, but continues to grow and thrive. How small does the life of man on earth appear in comparison with such periods. But even these sink into insignificance when we think of the duration of the life which is the inheritance of all who partake of the nature of Christ.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever (John 6 : 51).

A Convict's Inheritance

The Supreme Court of New York has just rendered a decision in accord with the report of a referee, which settles two disputed estates. One of them was a contested will, involving a property valued at fifty thousand dollars. It had been held by the widow of the testator, who claimed the right to dispose of it at her death, but which, it was contended, must pass to his son. The other was that of a man who had died without making a will and for that there were several claimants. It is worth seventy thousand dollars. In both cases the decision of the referee, endorsed by the Supreme Court, gives the money to a man who is now in Sing Sing prison serving a life sentence for murder. He has already been in prison thirteen years, and as there are no extenuating circumstances in connection with his crime, there is no reason for executive clemency. He is comparatively a young man and is keenly alive to the value of money, so that his position, with the knowledge that two fortunes belong to him, is peculiarly distressing. How grieved he must be, as he thinks that by that one crime, he has shut himself off from the enjoyment of so large a fortune! The time will come when a far greater loss will be experienced by all who, dying in impenitence, realize what their sins have deprived them of.

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom ofGod, and you yourselves thrust out (Luke 13 : 28).

A Plea for a Cell

A Police Sergeant in New York tells a remarkable story of an application for arrest. A haggard, distressed man walked up to his desk one evening, and asked to be confined in the prison. "What for?" asked the sergeant. "What have you been doing? Want to make a confession?" The man replied that he had done nothing wrong, but wanted to be restrained. He said that he was a confirmed gambler, and when he had money in his pocket, he could not resist the temptation of roulette. He had a considerable sum upon him at the time, some of which belonged to a relative. As he was walking home, the craving for the table came on him with mighty force. He quickened his pace homeward, but the struggle increased in intensity. He knew he ought not to risk the money, but his resolution was failing him. In a few minutes he would give way. The sight of the green light of the Police Station suggested the idea of restraint, for he believed that by morning the impulse would depart. The sergeant told him that he could not lock him up without a charge. So determined, however, was the man to be incarcerated, that he went outside, and with his cane smashed a street lamp in order to qualify himself for admission as a prisoner. It is a pity that a man so anxious to avoid evil and yet so conscious of his weakness, did not try the remedy of the apostle, who owned that before he tried it, he too did the things that he would not.

Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh (Gal. 5 : 10).

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E SANGSTER

Happy Days

NOW where are the happiest days, dear?
Are they days when life is young,
When the feet go flying swiftly,
And childhood's songs are sung?
Are they days of the spring-time gladness
When the blossoms wreathe the bough,
When the ripples dance and the sunbeams glance,
And the sower follows the plough?

Now when are the happiest days, dear?
Are they days when life can hold
The gain that has followed labor,
When the trees are red and gold?
Are they days of the splendid autumn,
When the tides of joy are at flood,
And the garnered wealth of harvest
Proclaims that God is good?

All days are happy days, dear,
That are spent in the light of heaven,
That are free from greed and malice,
Nor touched by an evil leaven.
Or young, or old, we find them
Happy and full of love,
If our faith is strong, and our work a song,
And our eyes we lift above.

Women's Manners

TIME was when we boasted proudly that the manners of American men, as observed in public places toward women, were perfect. A woman could go from coast to coast in this land, traveling in all sorts of conveyances, secure from insult or misunderstanding, and everywhere meeting with brotherly kindness and courtesy from strangers on the road. Latterly, as the country has vastly increased in population, and foreigners both high and low have modified what might be called Americanism, we have heard complaints that a change has come. In cities especially, where everything is in a rush, and crowds elbow each other, in frantic haste to keep engagements, men are no longer distinguished for gallantry.

Yet the fault is not wholly theirs. A good deal of blame lies at the door of women themselves. The manners of women in public places, it must be admitted with regret, are open to a good deal of criticism.

* * *

Choose for investigation any local train plying between a large city and and its several outlying suburbs, and making stops at intervals of a few minutes or a half hour. The hour may be late afternoon, when women are returning from shopping excursions in town, or from a matinee or reception. Behold my lady as she enters a car and selects a comfortable seat near the centre. She establishes herself comfortably in the end, beside the window, rather near the middle. The left over space, intended for another passenger, she quietly fills with whatever little parcels or wraps she may have in hand. Presently the car fills with other people as tired and as encumbered with bags and parcels as my lady herself, and these walk down the aisle with the air of interrogation and anxiety conspicuous in the outs when they are wistfully regarding the ins. Possession being nine points of the law, my lady surrounds herself with a penumbria of polite aloofness, is deaf and blind to their presence and utterly indifferent to their need of seats. There is one beside her which she could easily surrender to another passenger, and to which she has not the shadow of a claim. Her ticket pays for a single seat; but she looks as if she is expecting a friend or a husband for whom she is reserving a place, and the casual passer-by accepts this as a conclusion and asks no question. Along comes Mr. Insistent or Mrs. Fairplay, a person of experience and determination, who has encountered my lady before. A gentle inquiry is made, "Is this seat taken?" Whereupon, with a haughty glance, a manner most ungracious and an evident hostility, madame removes her bundles and reluctantly makes room for the newcomer.

* * *

The little scene is familiar. None the less it illustrates the selfishness and lack of good manners which are peculiar to a large class of well-dressed, well educated and prosperous American women. One would expect them to know and to do better. Take another example. A woman boards a street car which is nearly full, seeing a place where she may crowd in, she plumps herself calmly down on the chiffons of her next neighbor without so much as the slightest apology. "Will you not move a little, you are sitting on my gown," one day entreated the gentlest of women of such a heedless dame, large of bulk and heavy of avoirdupois. No reply. The request was modestly repeated, still no reply. A stony stare into space was the only rejoinder. Even a worm will turn, and the most timid of women becomes brave when it is a question of saving her best gown from destruction. "Conductor," said the one aggrieved, "will you please ask this lady to release my dress?" If there is one thing more than another that a conductor, in common with other men very much dislikes to do, it is to interfere in a matter of privilege between women.

The conductor blushed and looked deprecatingly at the complainant, but her eyes met his with firmness and her cheek was flushed. He looked at the other woman sitting in her majesty, an impersonation of disdain. Very respectfully he addressed her. Her face in turn crimsoned with anger, and jumping up she shouted, "Stop the car!" out of which she flounced, an image of outraged propriety. The fact is, that people who are habitually rude and habitually self-centered always feel that they are in the right and others in the wrong, no matter how boorish their actions may be. I have seen a woman step into a street car, positively glare at everyone already installed, and I have heard her imperiously order people to move up when there was an inch in which they could move. Women constantly accept seats proffered them by the courtesy of men, without so much as a brief nod of acknowledgment or a single word of thanks. They do this when they are aware that they will reach their destination in a few minutes, while the man who rises to let them sit may be many miles from home. Arrived at their corner, they do not take the trouble, as they might, to restore his seat to their benefactor, but slip out without a thought of him, while somebody else pounces upon his place. This is one reason among others why men have learned to screen themselves with a newspaper when women stand. If it is becoming a rule, that nobody except elderly gentlemen of the old school and very young men rise to give women seats in cars, the bad manners of women themselves probably account for it.

* * *

Another thoughtless act, amounting to an excess of discourtesy, is frequently due to the fact that a woman forgets how long it takes to make change. It is a train or boat, and to lose it means for the passenger a hurry a tedious delay. He may have to wait an hour for another train, but my lady who blocks the narrow thoroughfare as she stops to buy a ticket, extracts a five-dollar bill from her pocket-book, and carefully counts her change while a long line of impatient men and women fume at her back, has not the faintest conception of the annoyance and anxiety she is causing. Not a soul on the planet, except a civilized woman, does so shockingly rude a thing; but women do it every day of every week in the year.

Were a censorship in manners instituted, the good women who have a way of talking their private affairs, the peccadillos of their husbands and the foibles of their friends, in public places, freely mentioning names, would certainly come in for demerits. So, too, would women who have the want of taste to wear long trained gowns in a crowd, feeling cross and showing it when people inadvertently step on and tear them. What else could be expected? If one deliberately allows the rich stuff of a gown meant for indoor or carriage wear, to trail on the street where people are hurrying walking, she has no cause of complaint, if someone treads on and ruins her finery. All that is left to her is to be gracious in accepting an apology.

* * *

The woman whose murderous hat pins threaten the eyes of her neighbors, and whose suit-case, set down in the aisle, comes near breaking the legs of the unwary, must also be convicted in any court of inquiry, of a regrettable lack of good breeding.

Be it noted that the essence of good breeding on which all conventionalities rest, is love for one's neighbor; kindness is the cornerstone of courtesy. The truly polite person is a person easy to live with, in public as at home, and never forgetting the little acts of consideration which are obligatory on the road.

Our best society ought to exemplify our best manners, but women trained in its usages do not hesitate to stare superciliously at others, and sometimes to show a singular disregard for the feelings of those they meet. At a great Exposition, several years ago, on the day devoted to a certain great State, the women most conspicuous for their loudness, their contempt for the comfort of their neighbors, and their ingratitude for civilities tendered, were women from the most exclusive set of the most cosmopolitan city of this continent. Obviously, the manners of some American women need to be mended.

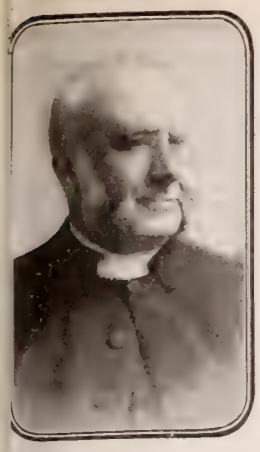
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA Born 1897 — GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA Born 1901 — GRAND DUCHESS OLGA Born 1895 — GRAND DUCHESS MARIE Born 1899

THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR

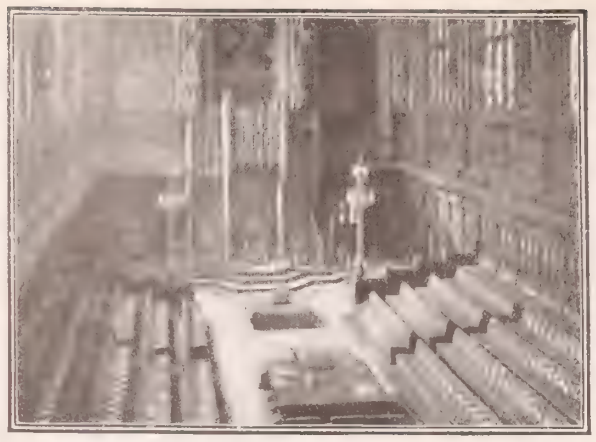
Four lovely little girls are these daughters of the Czar, and one cannot but believe that they are most precious to their imperial parents, though the son, who has lately arrived at Peterhof, has met a more ecstatic welcome than was accorded to his little sisters.

REV. GEO. ROBSON, D.D.



EARL OF ABERDEEN

HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE THE DECISION WAS RENDERED



DUKE OF FIFE

BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS

The Battle of the Scottish Churches

A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED DECISION BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS WHICH MAY YET RESULT IN A GREAT SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

CHURCH-GOING and Bible-loving Scotland is agitated as it has rarely been agitated during the past thirty years. The judgment given by the House of Lords on August 1st, has brought his about. That judgment affects the right to church roperty valued at $35,000,000. It also deals with ques-ons which the Scottish people have closely studied d have very deeply at heart.

In this remarkable conflict of Presbyterianism in cotland—the Free Church *vs.* the United Free Church there is at present a truce. No further decisive move ent in the great battle between these two Presbyterian hurches can take place until some time in October. he decision of the House of Lords giving the victory the Free Church, after the long drawn-out legal ruggle with the United Free Church, is said by some be final and permanent. By others, it is believed at an appeal can be made and the judgment reversed.

In order to report both sides of the controversy im-rtially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to make e question clear to its readers, I visited Edinburgh, lasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness and certain small aces (like Dunfermline and Dumfries), and there ob ined from the leaders on both sides the facts set forth low.

August 1st, the House of Lords as the Court of Ap al, decided by five to two, in favor of the appeal of e Free Church of Scotland. The Lord Chancellor, rd Davey, Lord Robertson, Lord James and Lord lverstone were the majority; Lord Macnaghten and rd Lindley were the minority. This momentous de-sion affects practically every town and village in cotland. It hands over to twenty-four ministers, funds d property valued at over seven millions sterling irtually the judgment decides that a body of twenty-ur ministers and five thousand communicants—about ree per cent. of the Free Church of Scotland—con-itutes the true Church, and it vests in this small inority the control and rights of property in one thou-nd one hundred churches, innumerable mission ations throughout the world, colleges and great halls the cities, and over a million sterling of money.

Briefly, the status of the case is as follows: Some ne ago, by a majority of six hundred and forty-three gainst twenty-seven, the General Assembly of the Free hurch of Scotland agreed that the United Presby-rian Church should be taken into the Union. The tter Church unanimously approved of this. Of the ministers who then were invited to come under the banner of this "United Free Church," twenty-four, chiefly pastors of small churches in the Highlands refused to cast in their lot, declaring that they were the true Free Church, and as such entitled to control its funds and property. That case was taken to the Scottish Courts, and the latter overruled the contention of these "twenty-four."

STREET SCENE IN DUNFERMLINE, CARNEGIE'S NATIVE CITY
Waiting at the printer's for news of the great decision

The "twenty-four" then appealed to the House of Lords, and the Lord Chancellor and Lords Davey, James (of Hereford), Robertson and Alverstone supported their contention, whilst Lords Macnaghten and Lindley were against them. However, the majority was sufficient and the appellants won.

To enter into the details of the judgments would be tedious. It is sufficient to say that twenty-four ministers have, by the judgment of the highest court in the land, the control of the enormous properties and funds in dispute, valued at $35,000,000 and one thousand one hundred ministers are practically made homeless and churchless. And that judgment causes the United Free Church of Scotland to lose the assets of the predominant partner—the Free Church. The judgment has created amazement in the Established or State Church, for the decision denies the right of the Churches to legislate for themselves.

The judgment does not become operative until the Court of Session meets. A great religious upheaval is probable. Religious work will be seriously hindered. Home Rule in the churches may be demanded and disestablishment will undoubtedly be hastened.

It is anticipated that if both sides stand steadfast, almost endless litigation will result, and that, instead of being a final settlement, the judgment of the House of Lords will be but a beginning.

In Scotland the decision of the House of Lords has had the effect of a bombshell, and surprise has almost stifled criticism. It was quite expected that the appeal would be sustained, but none of the United Free Church officials and leaders dreamed for a moment that the minority of the Free Church would have vested in them the control of the church buildings and funds.

In 1900, the remnant members of the Free Church were prevented by policemen from gaining access to the Free Church offices in Edinburgh, and they will now have the power of invoking the aid of the police to enforce their rights. Advices have been sent from the offices of both the Churches in Edinburgh to the respective congregations, counseling a policy of calm, and admonishing that all things should be done decently and in order. A leader of the United Free Church characterized the House of Lords' judgment as "a monstrous injustice;" while an equally representative supporter of the remnant Church declared that it was "the working of Divine providence." At Crieff, a placard was placed on the United Free Church notice board, stating that "by order of the House of Lords, the church was for sale."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 880

"QUEEN'S KIRK" AT CRATHIE, ABERDEENSHIRE

ONE OF MANY CHURCH SCHOOLS CONVEYED BY THE DECISION

"CHURCH CORNER," DUNFERMLINE

SERVANTS' OPPORTUNITIES

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

WE can imagine the captive maid addressing Naaman's wife in some such words as these: "My dear mistress, I beg of you not to weep, as though there was no hope for your noble husband. Next to the king he is honored above all men as the commander of the host of Syria. I am quite sure he can be cured. I know there is no one in Syria who can do it, but I remember the prophet Elisha, in my own land of Palestine, where I lived before I was brought as a captive to Syria. In the name of our God, he did many wonderful works, even raising the dead to life. Oh, that my master would go to him. I believe he could recover him of his leprosy."

Naaman's wife raises her head, dries her tears, and, with a new look of hope in her face, sends for her husband, and conveys to him the message of the little maid. He consents to go, hoping in spite of doubts, that it may be as the maid has said. He prepares to travel in state, as his position demands, riding in his chariot accompanied by servants, with yet other chariots filled with rich garments and gold, to be given to the prophet in event of his healing. He carries a letter from his King Benhadad, to the King of Israel, telling him what Naaman's errand is, and requesting co-operative interest.

Naaman reaches Palestine and presents the letter to King Jehoram. The king is made angry by it, thinking it only a plot to engage him in war. He tears his clothes in fear and distress. Elisha hears about it, and sends a message to King Jehoram, to let Naaman come to him. Naaman and his cortege, after having traveled more than 150 miles, stand at the door of Elisha's house in Samaria. The Syrian general is too proud to alight, but remains in his chariot, thinking the prophet will come out to him. But Elisha sends his servant out with the message: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." General Naaman's pride is hurt. He breaks forth in angry words, and disdains the muddy Jordan, compared with the clear, emerald, and sapphire rivers of his own land. "Wash in Jordan," not he. One of his servants tries to smoth his ruffled feelings, and at last persuades him to do as the prophet has said, because it is a little thing, and will be on his way home. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven times he dips himself in the Jordan. His leprosy is gone; his flesh is indeed as the flesh of a child, rosy, soft, pure.

He returns to the house of Elisha, that he may inform him of the cure, and give him the present he has brought. This time he does not sit in his chariot, but gets down and stands in Elisha's house. His leprosy is cured, but better than that, his idol worshiping is cured, too. He declares to Elisha that the God of Israel is above all gods, and that he shall be worshiped by him, and he begs that he may be allowed to take as much earth from the sacred soil of Palestine, as two mules can carry, that he may build a fitting altar on which to offer sacrifice to the true God. He expresses the hope that he will not be misunderstood, when he must of necessity accompany his master, the king, into the idol temple of Rimmon.

He urges upon Elisha the acceptance of the gift he has brought, amounting perhaps to about seventy-seven thousand dollars. But Elisha refused it, giving him to understand that the gift of God can not be purchased with money. But the covetous servant of Elisha, Gehazi, followed hard after Naaman when he is returning. And when he has overtaken him, he makes it appear that Elisha has changed his mind, and now asks money and clothing for two students, sons of the prophets. Naaman willingly gives twice as much as was asked, even two talents of silver, equal to three thousand, eight hundred and eighty dollars, and besides two changes of raiment. And he even had his servants carry them back to the tower where Gehazi wishes to secrete them. But Gehazi's perfidy has been made known to Elisha, and when he had reproved him, he caused the leprosy with which Naaman had been afflicted, to come upon Gehazi, as a picture of his loathsome love of money. And Gehazi goes out from the presence of Elisha, a leper, white as snow.

Illustration and Application

The healing of Syria's great general was initiated by the magnanimous suggestion of one of his maid servants, and the failure of his quest for health was prevented later by the wise suggestion of one of his men servants, both illustrating servants' opportunities seized and used aright, while Gehazi illustrates a servant's dishonest use of an opportunity, to his own undoing.

Nearly all of us are servants of somebody, if not in the household, in the shop or field, and so a lesson on servants' opportunities will have something in it for us all.

1. The Little Captive Maid's Opportunity. Let us recall the fact that her master had stolen her from her country and her home, in Israel, on which he had swept down with his soldiers, cutting down the father, perhaps, and taking the little maid to be a slave for his wife. Under these circumstances, one would expect that when the sign of leprosy developed in her master, she would exult in it as his deserved punishment from God. But in her Old Testament lessons at home, she had been taught more than once to forgive her enemies, and she considered that it was because her master had been taught to worship gods of war and cruelty, and knew no right but might, that he had done these wrongs. In advance, she had learned the prayer of Jesus for his enemies,

"WOULD GOD, MY LORD WERE WITH THE PROPHET"

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What God says of our sins we should try to say in our minds to those that have sinned against us: "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more." A good old deacon often used to pray, "Lord, help us to remember what we ought not to forget, and to forget what we ought not remember." Helps to memory are common, and much needed to-day; but helps to forgetting are of equal importance. And the things we most need to forget are our grudges, that crowd out God.

The little maid did a great thing in forgetting her wrongs, and another great thing in using the opportunities that her very misfortunes had brought her. In childhood, she had, perhaps, dreamed of serving God and her country, as Miriam and Deborah had done, and it had, perhaps, seemed as if all her chances to be useful had been cut off when she became a slave. Perhaps she had said then, "There is no good, there is no God, and faith is a heartless cheat." But as in Joseph's case, it was her very slavery that brought her greatest opportunity to do good. By becoming a slave, she became also a successful foreign missionary, the means of converting the greatest man in Syria, except the king. Just such a case occurred in ancient Europe. The warlike Goths at one t overran Asia Minor, and carried away a Cappadocian whom they called Wulfila, or Little Wolf, because he w favorite, which was due to his good behavior. It was a s ing, "Little Wolf can do no harm." When he grew ol having learned the Bible in childhood, he translated it the language of the Goths, having invented an alphabe written characters, and thus they became a Christian peo

A modern little home missionary in England, who not a servant, was passing on her way to church a misere hovel, of which the children spoke in whispers of ter for it was the home of Jim Morris, a poacher, a mo shiner, a quarrelsome drunkard, whose wife was e worse than himself. She heard that Sabbath morn sounds of drunken revelry in this hovel, but with a sil prayer she entered the gate and the half open door, faced the group of three rough men behind whom w rougher woman. What a contrast was the beautiful ch daintily dressed, Bible in hand, her sweet face bearir pained and grieved expression. She said: "Hear church bell calling you to worship God in his hous prayer." The rough woman turned fiercely, and with o ordered the child to leave. But her husband, Jim Mo said, in an unusually pleasant tone for him: "Hold y tongue, wife; the young lady is right. Come lads, I'm to church—who'll go with me?" And so the poacher lowed the child up the church aisle that day, and listenec tentively through the service. For forty years he was a fa ful Christian. His wife, too, after a while, became a Chris woman, and that hovel was transformed into a Christian tage. No wonder the little girl, now known as Maria Lo Charlesworth, wrote a book on *Ministering Children*.

2. The Servant's Wise, Brave Suggestion. W Naaman, angry that the prophet did not humor his p by coming out to him, but sent instead, the order, wash in Jordan seven times, and thou shalt be clean," about to go back home unhealed, one of his lowly at dants, wiser than his great master, was brave enoug say quickly, before it was too late, "If the prophet had thee do some great thing, would you not have done How much rather should you do this little thing, to w and be clean!" Humility is ever wiser than pride. M a man would become a Christian if he could do it in s big, proud way. The very first thing such a man need learn, is, that he must give up his own way, and ac God's way. But the special point to note to-day, is, swift, brave way in which that servant seized the oppo nity to save his master. A few moments' hesitation fear that any seeming rebuke, however gently spol would intensify the wrath of his angry master, and perh turn it upon himself, would have been fatal. But for swift, brave word, his master would have rejected the c and gone back to die of his leprosy.

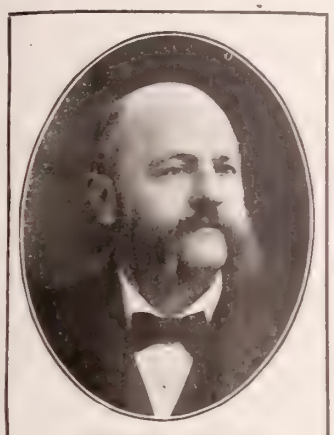
A Russian came to this country last spring with his ol daughter, leaving his wife and four smaller children to low by a later steamer. Symptoms of trachoma were fo in the daughter's eyes, and she and her father were detai on Ellis Island. They escaped from the detention pri however, and the rest of the family arrived while they still at large. The authorities decided that the mother her children should be sent back to Russia. Their case appealed, but while the appeal was pending, President R evelt paid a visit to Ellis land. He passed through detention prison, and almost out of reach when mother learned who he and rushed after him, cr out in Russian, "Oh, ple please let me out to look my husband! Don't send away from him forever! I find him if you'll only let out! Oh, please, please me go!" The President's tention was attracted by cries, and an immediate in tigation revealed circums ces on which he ordered entire family released. mother had grasped the portunity for delivera when it came nigh unto

There is no sin into w Christians fall so often as sin of losing opportuni While we parley with exc the opportunity sweeps and is gone forever. A with a camera started ou a long drive through the b tiful foot-hills of soutl California. She meant bring back a number of tures as souvenirs of day's trip, yet she was anx to secure only the best vi A picturesque adobe ho half buried by climbing vi claimed her attention earl the day, but after a mon she relinquished her formed intention of ph graphing it. "I'm sure to find others just as pretty, and haps a great deal prettier," she said to herself. Thro the day she passed by the scenes near at hand, in hope that the next mile or two would bring "someth a little better." The picturesque and the beautiful wer all sides, as she murmured, "Who knows what may be yond the bend in the road!" Late in the afternoon she w to the realization that the drive was nearly over, while was carrying home no souvenirs of the trip. Hastily set about repairing her mistake, but the sun was low, the pictures were a failure.

THE RIVER PHARPAR, NEAR DAMASCUS

*International Sunday School Lesson for October 23. Elisha and Naaman, II. Kings 5: 1-14. Golden Text. "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved (Jer. 17:14.)

The Free-Thought Movement Then and Now


ANTHONY COMSTOCK

YOUR editorial entitled, "A Pernicious Movement" is a timely warning of the attempt of the so-called "Liberal party" (or Free Thought), to again advertise themselves through the medium of a World's Fair. The record which these so-called "Liberals," "Free Thinkers" and "Free Lovers" have made for themselves is rather a black mark across the pages of history. A few facts as to their past history will be an eye-opener to many of your readers. In July, 1876, during the Centennial at Philadelphia, Pa., they held their first Congress in connection with a national Exposition. They there organized as, "The National Liberal League," with a president, twenty-five vice-presidents, a secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, board of directors consisting of five members, and an executive committee of twenty-two appointed members, with absent representatives of other communities not there present, to be appointed later. Their platform, as follows, was for months afterwards published under the names of the foregoing officials, in their official organs, as

"THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM"

"1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

"2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

"3. We demand that all appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

"4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book, or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

"5. We demand that the appointment by the President of the United States, or by its government of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts, shall wholly cease.

"6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts, and in all departments of government shall be abolished.

"7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

"8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

"9. We demand that not only in the Constitution of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end, shall be consistently, unflinchingly and promptly made."

This first Congress of "Liberals," was followed by gatherings of the Clans at Rochester, N. Y., where the burden of that Convention (as well as at others at Boston, Mass., Syracuse, N. Y., and other places), was the repeal of the five Acts of Congress, approved March 1873. One act prohibited the importation of vile books, pictures and articles for immoral use. Another declared all such matters non-mailable, and provided a penalty for depositing any of them in the mails. Another forbade the printing or disseminating of these matters in the District of Columbia, Territories, Provinces, over which Congress had exclusive jurisdiction. Another punished any government official for aiding or abetting this nefarious business, while the fifth authorized the search for and seizure of all immoral matter.

This Convention of the clans in Rochester was followed by a display of "Liberal" tactics against religion and morality in a most unscrupulous attempt to repeal the laws Congress had enacted in the interest of public morals. Liberals made history very fast. Liberal newspapers teemed with demands for repeal? They plotted to so blacken those who stood in the forefront in defence of the morals of the young, that the Committees of Congress would not respect nor hear them. They sent out thousands of circulars filled with libels against the writer of this article and misrepresentations concerning the law and its workings (publishing the law with words added to change its meaning and intent) to editors of the newspapers throughout the land. These circulars contained the names of reputable firms and persons, which had been forged, to add weight to this Liberal movement. Each circular was accompanied with a blank petition to be signed and sent to Congress. The leading organ of Liberalism and repeal congratulated Liberals in anticipation of their success, as follows:

With thousands of these petitions laid before Congress, backed by the efforts that will be made by persons of influence; with the exhibit of the dastardly and villainous conduct of special agent and representative of the Y. M. C. A., Anthony Comstock, we have reason to believe that success would eventually crown their efforts.

A "Liberal," whom I had once arrested for a felony, which we caught him in the act of committing, wrote a tissue of lies, to aid this Liberal movement, and which was adopted by the Liberal cohorts, entitled *The Life and Crimes of Anthony Comstock.* This was sent free to editors and publishers, to create adverse public sentiment in advance of the receipt of the petition in Congress. A petition said to contain 70,000 names and to have been 2,100 feet long, was presented to the House of Representatives at Washington in the early part of 1878. At the day appointed for a hearing, this liberal, libelous pamphlet, was liberally displayed upon news-stands in Washington, while piles of them were displayed in and about the rotunda and halls of the Capitol, with a card, on which were the words: "Free. Please take one." They were also laid upon every Congressman's table in both the House and Senate Chamber, and were displayed in the room of the Committee before whom the hearing was held.

Time will not permit me to detail the various other methods which were employed to repeal these laws. Civil suits were instituted in various cities, where I had made arrests under postal laws, to harass me. The morning of the hearing, papers in Washington and elsewhere contained a "Liberal" account (not a word of truth in it) of my having been arrested in four different districts, and that one District Attorney had eleven indictments against me. All these stories and more were disseminated to support their "Liberal" movement for repeal, and to embitter members of Congress against these laws and myself. Robert G. Ingersoll's name stood first upon the petition. It to-day stands first upon the records of that Congress, in the resolutions which that Committee unanimously adopted, denying the prayer of those conspirators against religion and morals.

The story of this "Liberal" conspiracy contains food for thoughtful minds. It was a victory won in the face of bitterest Liberal assaults upon law and individual, in answer to prayer to Almighty God. To his name be all the glory. ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

To Call a Peace Conference

TO lovers of peace everywhere, it will be good news that there is a likelihood of The Hague Conference being reconvoked at no distant date, when, in all probability, an effort will be made to bring about peace between Russia and Japan. When the Committee of the Interparliamentary Congress recently visited the President at Washington, Fr. M. Bartholdt, chairman, presented resolutions requesting the President to invite all the nations to send representatives to a Conference for (1) the negotiation of arbitration treaties, and (2) to create a Congress of Nations, to convene periodically for the discussion of international questions. The President, in the course of his reply, said:

"I shall, at an early date, ask the other nations to join in a second Congress at The Hague. At the first Conference at The Hague, several questions were left unsettled, and it was expressly provided that there should be a second Conference. A reasonable time has elapsed, and I feel that your body has shown sound judgment in concluding that a second Conference should now be held, to carry some steps farther toward completion the work of the first."

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A Sunday Morning Talk at the Old Bowery Mission

A number of visitors occupy the platform with the superintendent and his corps of faithful workers.

WE are facing a large audience, every seat filled and a crowd standing, every face expectant, everyone quiet, until the opening hymn is announced; then a rustling of leaves as the piano gives out the prelude. The singing is led by one of the Bowery Mission Quartette, and all join heartily.

Hymn after hymn is sung, each with an increasing heartiness, as all seem to get warmed up to the occasion. There is a life and cheer about the music which is contagious. The "stranger within the gates" sitting upon the platform, begins to wonder at some things he sees, and later his wonderment increases at what he hears. This is his first visit to the Mission—this old "Church of Sinners" he has heard so much about—but where are the "toughs," the "bums," the "men not worth saving," those who have thrown away all opportunities, and deliberately chosen the downward path? Yes, there are some men with faces which would not inspire much confidence; with features weak and flabby—men with evidences of heredity such as to almost make them seem hopeless. There are men with countenances seamed and lined, bearing the unmistakable mark of drink and dissipation, but all the scars and seams have not come from folly and crime, even in the worst faces. Many look almost hopeful after listening to a few motherly words from Mrs. Bird, and everyone, howsoever hard may be his lot, feels a welcome embodied in the kindly greeting she extends to "her boys."

After another song, the superintendent prays that "the dear Lord will give us all common sense," with other necessary blessings. The young stranger sees many heads bowed before him, and he is struck by the fact, that while many a man's garments might be rejected by any "ole clo" vender, even of the Bowery type, every man's hair is carefully combed, and his face clean, except for a needed shave. An air of expectation pervades the whole assembly, as if each man were anxiously waiting for something he could scarcely define. Yes, they are a pathetic lot.

Here is one who, perhaps, has come for the cup of hot coffee and sandwich, with no other hope or ambition, no wish or desire for anything else. He knows that no one asking for bread at the Bowery Mission will be given a stone. In spite of himself, he becomes interested; he hears, perhaps, for the first time, the Gospel of common sense, and he realizes what a fool he is and has been, that he alone is responsible for the miserable condition in which he finds himself. He is told, in unmistakable language, that the "heathen in his blindness" will have a much better chance of "squaring himself" at the judgment than he, if he continues to reject the Divine help so freely offered.

There is no splitting of theological hairs, no expounding of doctrines, no explaining of "isms," but a clear, logical talk from Mr. Hallimond, embodying the old, old story, that the Kingdom of God is not afar off, but within, and unless we get right within, it makes but little difference what we are without. No man is truly converted who merely wants to get rid of his load of sin, because, the way of the transgressor has been found hard, and because he wants to have things easier, or because he has become tired, and wants to get a rest. No; no kneeling at penitent forms, even with tears and groans, and professed repentance, will avail. The test is love—love to God, and a desire to help others; a sinking of self, in the effort to do good instead of evil, to one's companions; the putting forth of a friendly hand; giving an encouraging word to the man next, who may be sinking beneath a heavy load, too heavy to be much longer endured. When the love of God once gets into a man's heart, how different everything looks, how changed the life, when the heart is renewed and filled with the love of God. When a man once comes face to face with what he really is, and what life in the past has meant for him, to whom can he look for help, to give him knowledge and strength, that he may turn his back on the old, and start on the new life? To whom but the sublime Hero of the strangest, sweetest story ever told—to Jesus, the Friend of the weary, to Him who came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

And no man stirred; every eye was on the speaker's face, as his voice rang out with hope, mercy and pardon, for every one, if he would only accept. The organ spoke even in its silence, of the influence exerted by the Mission over wayward men. From many faces there gleamed a ray of light, as if the men had indeed laid hold on the hope set before them in that hour, and at the meeting's close, many were inquiring the way to begin a better life, the way to let in the light, which had shone out of the darkness on this blessed Sunday morning at the Bowery Mission.

ENLARGING THE WORK*

ALL life comprehends activity and movement. If it does not increase and move forward, it will inevitably decrease and go backward. It is so in our agencies of Christian usefulness. They must be enlarged and improved, otherwise they will stagnate and deteriorate. It is, therefore, wise and timely that before the work of the winter begins, the question of the best methods of development be considered.

At the outset, the necessity of increasing the membership of the society is obvious. There is inspiration in numbers, and there is work for all that can be enlisted. "Come with us and we will do you good," is an invitation that should be pressed at this time by the members on outsiders. If an invitation is given at the right moment, the whole course of a lifetime may be decided and the cause of Christ have a helper instead of an opponent.

Plans for the meeting also need to be considered. How to make the meetings interesting and inspiring must occupy a prominent place in all discussions about the development of a society. There are some minds that find delight in the discussion of doctrine, but it is easy to devote too much time to the subject. The practical side of life, with its duties and aims, ought to occupy a prominent place in the programme, and might be so discussed as to have an influence on the conduct of every member.

Outside influence needs to be taken into account. Every community in which there is a young people's society, ought to be the better for it. There are many homes in the cities which might be brightened by a visit, many sick and invalid persons who would be cheered by an hour's sprightly talk, many struggling people who might be helped, without the expenditure of a cent, to bear their burdens more bravely. After all, the life here is a pressing consideration. We ought to be preparing for the life beyond the grave, but we follow our Lord's example when we take cognizance of the trials of people in this life and relieve their physical and material needs, as well as minister to the welfare of their souls. To take a little trouble to find employment for some one who is out of work, to give advice to some one who is in perplexity, to give encouragement to some one whose life is hard and bitter—is to follow in Christ's footsteps and continue his work in the world.

Besides all these, there is the missionary work. That lies all around us on every street. There are heathen near us as ignorant of Christ and the real meaning of Christianity as any savage in Africa. To reach these with an invitation to church, or with a simple testimony for Christ, might be the means of saving a soul. It would be easy to map out a city, and arrange to have two members appointed for each section who should visit non-churchgoers, and for the society to hire a pew in the church to which the persons invited might be conducted, and to have them welcomed when they come, which means much to the stranger. This work needs doing. It should not be possible for any one in this day to say, "No man careth for my soul."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for October 23. Matt. 21: 17-22; Isa. 54: 2.

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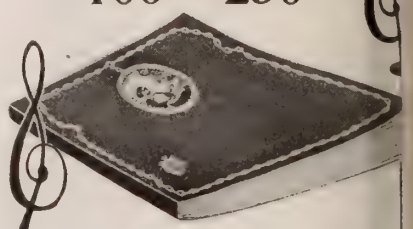

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LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS

ALL Americans have read with regret accounts of the dangerous illness of Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India. Since the time of Miss Mary Leiter's marriage to one of Britain's most distinguished noblemen, every one has been interested in the story of this young American woman's experience in her exalted position.

Many international marriages, with money on the American side, and titles and position on the other, have proved a disastrous combination; but Lord Curzon and his lady have shown what such a union may result in, when principle and love exist on both sides.

It seems only a short time ago since the great Durbar, with the Viceroy and Vicereine as the central figures, took place in India. Never in the history of that country of magnificent spectacles, had so

LADY MARY CURZON

imposing a pageant been witnessed as that which occupied Delhi for two weeks early in 1903. On this occasion the native princes of all British India came by special invitation to celebrate with pomp and magnificence the accession to the throne of King Edward VII, as Emperor of India. There was a grand state entrance into Delhi by the high functionaries, while on the back of a huge elephant came the Lord and Lady Curzon, seated in a richly caparisoned golden howdah. A bodyguard, riding black horses with leopard skins thrown across the saddles, surrounded the elephant.

Now the scene has changed. In her chamber in Walmer Castle in Kent, a woman lies silently fighting with death, while a pale-faced man watches at her bedside. All that medical science can do has been called into requisition to save the life of the good and beautiful woman, who has endeared herself to so many hearts. Five of the most eminent physicians of England and France have been in attendance since the beginning of her illness.

Lady Curzon has taken great interest in improving the condition of East India's women. Some years ago she took up the work inaugurated by Lady Dufferin for the establishment of hospitals at various places, for the benefit of women and children. It has proved a very successful movement, and there are now a large number of hospitals and dispensaries in charge of women doctors. A large number of native girls have been and are being trained as nurses in these hospitals. Government social functions are now rid of the very debasing influence of dancing-girls, through Lady Curzon's influence. She has done much to encourage native industries. Certain arts that had nearly died out have been re-established, and others have been greatly improved and developed.

Lady Curzon has not been well since the birth of a daughter, early last spring. A recent long automobile ride, and fright, attendant upon a dog jumping upon her as she was sitting in a park, resulted in grave physical complications, and for a number of days her life hung by a thread. Oxygen was administered, and on Sept. 27 a slight change for the better was observed, and the crisis passed. The improvement, however, was very slight and very slow, and the patient not out of danger.

Lord Curzon has been constantly at the bedside of his wife ever since her illness assumed a dangerous character. Sir Thomas Barlow, one of the chief physicians attendant upon Lady Curzon, is very hopeful of her ultimate recovery.

During Mrs. Leiter's voyage on the *Vaterland* she was kept informed of her daughter's condition by wireless telegraphy. The friends on both sides of the Atlantic, and the many who know her for her widespread benevolences, unite in heartfelt desire for her speedy recovery.

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Answered Prayers

rs. Anna J., Moscow, Idaho. "I wish to testify to God's goodness in bringing me here in safety and giving me friends and assistance in a time of need."

rs. H. A., LaGrange, Ill. "I wish to add my thanks to the 'Answered Prayer' column, for the gift it gives. I want to thank my Heavenly Father for answered prayers."

rs. C. L. R., Red Bank, Miss. "I have a dying mother, who 'carried everything to God in prayer.' While life lasts I could not forget it. The Lord has answered many prayers. I was in deep trouble; he had compassion on me, and I believe he will fully deliver me."

rs. E. W. L., Glenwood, Iowa. "I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful mercy of our God in hearing and answering the prayers of his children. Through a long life, his promises have been verified to me many times. He never fails those who put their trust in him."

. M. S., Umpire, Ark. "I have had many prayers answered in a manner not to be mistaken. God has answered when none but God could help, when it was impossible for human aid to reach me. God always removes my trouble or gives me grace to bear it with Christian fortitude."

Y., Van Wert, O. "If it is God's will, I have a great desire to become well and do work for the Master. The Bible says, 'The prayers of the righteous availeth much.' I long for an interest in your prayers, and also of the entire CHRISTIAN HERALD family. I feel to praise God for what he has already done for me in answering prayer."

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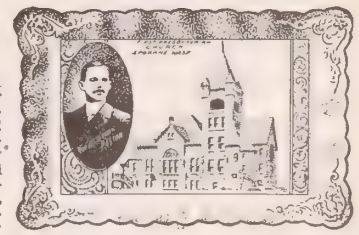

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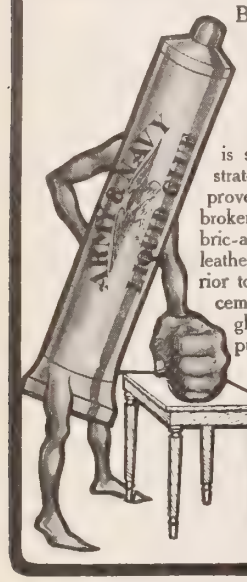

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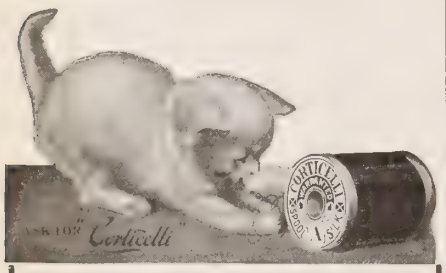

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Battle of the Scottish Churches

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 875

At Mr. Andrew Carnegie's town, Dunfermline, where he was born, there has been strong talk. At a special meeting of Dunfermline and Kinross United Free Presbytery, a resolution was passed in favor of abiding loyally by the union, and encouraging their people to do the same. An emphatic protest was recorded against the decision of the House of Lords, as violating all the principles of equity, and the members affirmed their determination to face suffering and sacrifice rather than abandon or hold in abeyance the freedom for which the Church contended at the disruption, and for the exercise of which the Free Church portion of the United Free Church has been despoiled of funds and properties, contrary to the destination intended by the donors.

Both sides in the great Church dispute declare they are sincerely anxious to discover some means of compromise; but the most disagreeable fact of the dispute still remains, owing to the fact that the Free Church insists upon having some guarantee as to the character of the doctrines to be taught from the pulpits, and professorial chairs of the churches and colleges, while the United Free Church scouts the very idea of giving any such undertaking. Accordingly, the latter goes on collecting money for its immediate expenses, the fund now having reached a figure considerably over £60,000, representing the contributions of about three weeks. It has also initiated a gigantic campaign all through Scotland to encourage the faithful in their adherence to the principles of spiritual freedom.

On their part, the "Wee Frees" (as the Free Church people are called), are issuing an appeal to all the charges in the United Free Church, affirming that they have no desire to oust any congregation from its property, and that a congregation has only to signify its adherence to the Free Church principles, to be left in undisturbed possession of its church and manse.

Several prominent American clergymen are taking active part in the controversy. One of the most distinguished Americans in Scotland, at the time of the decision, was Rev. Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton. He immediately wrote to the United Free Church as follows:

You know how deep is my interest in the present crisis in Scotland. Much more than Presbyterianism is at stake. The freedom of the Gospel, the vitality of the Church, the power of Christianity to act in the present, and to grow for the future; these, it seems to me, are the things that are called in question, and for these things the United Free Church must and will stand fast, not in a spirit of contention; not with words of wrath, but with charity for all, with malice towards none.

Another American who is taking active interest in the controversy is the Rev. David Gregg, President of the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church. In a letter published here, Rev. Gregg makes a practical proposal, offering to keep professors and students of the United Free Church. He writes:

If the proposition be entertained, I have it in my mind to raise the money for the transportation out and back of a number of your professors, and as many of the students as will come, and also for the provision of homes during the season. If you should overcrowd us, there are others of our seminaries who will be glad to swing wide open their doors to the young men. A new bond would be established between the brethren on the east and west of the great waters, and a larger Christian union would grow out of this providence.

As for the way in which Foreign Missions are at present affected by the decision, readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will probably be interested in the following statement given to me by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Robson, editor of the *Missionary Record* of the United Free Church:

The Free Church is specially desirous that, pending permanent arrangements, foreign missions should take no detriment from the existing situation. The terms of the House of Lords' judgment, require that the administration of property covered by the judgment shall be confided to trustees, but we gladly recommend that these trustees should apply the whole funds for the present to existing missions formerly of the Free Church, provided they are satisfied that only the simple Gospel is being preached by the missionaries, and that the dogmatic teaching objected to on the question in controversy is excluded. A meeting of the Foreign Missions Committee of the United Free Church was held in Edinburgh. The Rev. Principal Miller, of Madras, an ex-Moderator of the Free Church, asserted for himself and all Indian missionaries, that they desired to carry on the mission work of the United Free Church. He felt certain that the missionaries of all evangelical churches would approve that course. Fourteen other missionaries present, representing missions in India, South Africa, Livingstonia, and other places, spoke in similar terms.

My interviews with those identified with the decision and with the heads of the two Churches, were, on the Free Church side, as follows.

Lord Davey, one of the majority of five Lords who gave the decision, said:

The Law Committee of the Free Church have issued a memorandum which they hope may conduce towards relieving the immediate pressure of the situation. It would ill become, the memorandum states, the Free Church to grudge to their brethren, formerly members of the Free Church who have gone into the United Church, the fullest measure of sympathy to which they are entitled in the situation in which they now find themselves. Especially is such sympathy due to the large number of the rank and file of the Church, who, having relied upon the mistaken assurances of their leaders, now find themselves unexpectedly involved in the present crisis.

Mr. J. Hay Thorburn, Secretary of the Free Church, said:

The Free Church stands pledged to welcome to her fold all ministers, office-bearers, and people whose sincere desire it is to abide by or return to their adherence to the principles and standards of the Church; and the Commission will welcome communications from all such. Indications are not wanting that many United Free Church members will accept the invitation to join the Free Church.

My interviews on the United Free Church side were as follows: Lord Macnaghten, one of the minority of two lords against the decision, said:

The condition of Church affairs in Scotland, above all, the condition of the United Free Church, is such as must not only excite the interest, but attract the sympathy of every one who considers it. The blow which has suddenly fallen on a great ecclesiastical institution, doing great and good work, not only in Scotland but abroad, the probable closing of churches and colleges, and the uprooting of the ministers and their families from their manses—all these and many attendant circumstances are grievous to contemplate.

Lord Overtoun said that, personally, he considered the decision an outrage.

Dr. R. G. Balfour, a relative of Prime Minister Balfour, in conversation, expressed himself strongly regarding the decision. He said it was a technical decision on the Church as a "trust," but it led to the most perfectly preposterous conclusions.

Rev. Dr. Geo. Robson (now editor of the *Missionary Record*), before referred to, ex-Moderator of the United Free Church General Assembly, said the matter was serious, but it might be the means of a great awakening and spiritual revival in the Church.

One member of the United Free Church in Edinburgh said that the property given to the Free Church will prove a huge "white elephant." He said:

The effects of the judgment of the House of Lords upon the financial position of the United Free Church are—unconsciously, no doubt—being vastly exaggerated. Speaking generally, the judgment affects: General trust funds, the income of which is about £30,000; and certain properties consisting of about 1,100 churches, 700 or 800 manses, three colleges, the Assembly Hall, the general offices of the church, etc. As regards the properties, the United Free Church will ultimately not lose these. They are at present undoubtedly a huge white elephant in the hands of the Free Church, and that Church has no alternative but to go to Parliament for an Act to relieve them of the custody of the great animal that has been so suddenly put under their care by the House of Lords.

Further, there is the obligation upon the new trustees to fire and keep clean 1,100 empty churches, and 700 or 800 empty manses. Can they attempt to raise even by June 30 next, a capital sum of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and can they raise an annual income of tens of thousands of pounds, for the sole purpose of locking out of 1,100 churches the people who have found, in many cases, 99 or even 100 per cent. of the money to build them? GILSON WILLETS.

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WAR ON OPIUM AND ALCOHOL

THE Japanese Minister at Washington, M. Takahira, has sent to his government the proposal which the International Reform Bureau is about to send out to Christian statesmen all over the world, that international public opinion, a new and mighty force of our time, be rallied to re-enforce public sentiment in the British Empire in favor of releasing China from treaty obligations to tolerate traffic in opium after the close of the present Russo-Japanese war. Politicians seem to regard international guarantee of the integrity of China as of supreme importance; but of importance also both to China and the world, is the question of protecting China against moral and physical disintegration from within, through opium.

At the time of the Boxer outbreak, twenty-two American missionary societies presented a petition to the American Government, urging it to employ its influence to end the opium traffic in China; but it probably seemed inopportune for a friendly government to press England on such a matter during the Boer war, which shortly followed.

That petition, however, will now be brought to the attention of Secretary Hay, by an influential committee appointed by the International Reform Bureau, consisting of its trustees resident in Washington and the "native races" deputation, whose chairman is Dr. F. E. Clark, of the Endeavor Society. They will probably call on the Secretary at the same time to suggest that the conclusion of the present Eastern war is likely to be the most opportune time to aid China to emancipation from opium.

The writer had an interview with Mr. Wu Ting Fang, when the latter was Chinese Minister to the United States, and was positively assured that even though China is itself raising much opium at the present time, yet the formal prohibition of opium by the Chinese Government would be immediately restored, if the opium treaty with Great Britain should be withdrawn. It is estimated that one hundred millions of the Chinese (one-fourth of all the families), are under the blight of opium.

Before the present war broke out, the Premier of Japan had sent to the Reform Bureau, through the Legation at Washington, for all the literature of this crusade against the sale of opium and liquors to native races, and the matter had been favorably taken up by Dr. DeForest and other missionaries in Japan, with the appropriate member of the Japanese cabinet. These negotiations were broken off by the war, but will doubtless be renewed when the war is concluded. It is thought that the pressure of international public opinion upon the British Government, especially that which comes from the two most friendly powers, Japan and the United States, with the strong sentiment already existing in the British Empire in favor of the abolition of the opium treaty, may reasonably be expected to succeed, especially if the attention of the Christian Church all over the world can be focussed upon the subject.

A kindred proposal of the International Reform Bureau, which has been passed in the form of a resolution by the United States Senate and endorsed by the President, invites all nations to unite in a world treaty to prohibit the sale of intoxicants and opium to the uncivilized nations. China is not included in this effort, but it is a part of the great movement to protect what are called the native races against the white man's rum and opium traffic. Another matter is the extensive exportation of American beer to countries hitherto almost free from intemperance, which has already had a very unfavorable effect upon Spanish peoples, and Oriental nations. These two reforms it is now proposed to press to victory.

A recent inquiry sent out by the International Reform Bureau to all countries as to whether the liquor traffic was increasing, showed that the only commonwealth in which the liquor traffic is not on the increase is the Congo Free State.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Washington, D. C.

Training for the Mission Field

AT the Los Angeles, Calif., Training School for Christian Workers, under the auspices of Friends, there is now collected a band of over sixty persons, who have come together from various States. This is the third band of faith missionaries under the leadership of Rev. Horace W. Houlding, for the mission field in South Chih-li, N. China.

Some thirty missionaries have already entered this field since 1901. Three years ago the first band of seventeen began work there. This movement, which is interdenominational, has missionary representatives in China, India, the Philippines, and Guatemala. This Training School has a debt of $2,500, which the management is endeavoring, with the help of friends, to liquidate. The President is I. H. Cammack, No. 111 South Figuera Street, Los Angeles.

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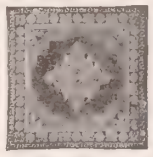

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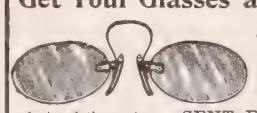

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HEALED AND HUMBLED

BY MRS. M BAXTER

TO those who know little of the ways of God, it may seem strange that in order to put special honor upon two individuals—Naaman and his wife's little Jewish maid—God must permit the one to become a leper and the other a slave! Do not pity children of God who may be called to pass through deep suffering. Accepted from the hand of God, it becomes the way to glory. "Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together" (Rom. 8: 17). Who told this little maid that Elisha had power to heal the leper? No such case of healing had taken place in Israel. "Many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed save Naaman the Syrian" (Luke 4: 27). This girl must have known the prophet; she had seen and heard how, whenever he was appealed to in the time of need, he could always fall back upon the resources of the God whom he served, and before whom he continually stood, to minister unto him, and to do his bidding. Through him she knew the heart of God, and she spoke these words to her mistress with assurance (II. Kings 5: 1-14).

But must there not have been in the character, in the words and deeds of this girl, something unusual, that any notice should be taken of what she said? Must there not have been in her life and service something similar to that of Joseph, when his heathen master "saw that the Lord was with him" (Gen. 39: 3)? Her words were repeated to Naaman, who thought it worth while to acquaint the king with them. The words of a slave! So man would say. The words of an acquaintance with the living God! So would speak one who knew him. It was God who gave weight to those words; they were to lead to a manifestation of his power.

The king of Syria took up the matter. It was of importance to him that Naaman should be healed. Perhaps it did not much matter to him how, but the fact that he made the matter one of royal interposition was evidence that he took this matter to heart. His letter, however, to Jehoram, king of Israel, was only taken amiss; God, the King of kings, had already undertaken it, and the issues were decided at a Higher Court. All man's preparations for the healing of Naaman proved abortive; Benhadad's letter to the king of Israel, the ten talents of silver, the six thousand pieces of gold, the ten changes of raiment, which were prepared as the fee, were all useless. Kings must learn that when God is in question, their resources are valueless.

Everything seemed calculated to annoy and discourage Naaman. No state reception—he was a leper! No word from the king but his unworthy suspicion of foul play. What next? Elisha heard that the king had rent his clothes, and that Naaman had come to him, and what his errand was, and he sent to king Jehoram, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know [what thou seemest to have forgotten] that there is a prophet in Israel." So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot—yes, and with his leprosy—and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. Naaman was unused to neglect. Leper, though he was, he was the honored and appreciated of king and people in his own land. And when the king of Israel dismissed him, the insult must have been difficult to bear. But when, at the prophet's door, Elisha only sent a messenger to him, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean," his wrath knew no bounds.

But Naaman had some faithful servants, who came near and expostulated with him. Blessed servants who will be true to their master! Blessed master who is wise enough to learn from true-hearted servants! He took the rebuke, and humbled himself; came down out of his chariot, and dipped the seven times required in the despised waters of the Jordan.

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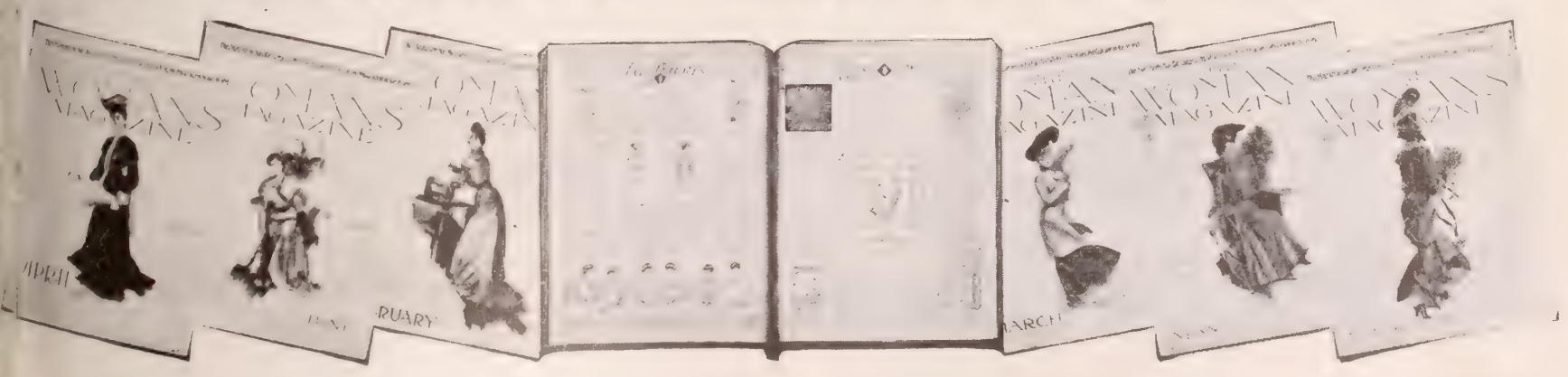

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 906

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The Beautiful Arch of the Imperial Manchu Tombs, near Moukden

Our "Lord's Day" Symposium

CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS EXPRESS THEIR VIEWS REGARDING SABBATH OBSERVANCE

TO the question recently propounded: "Should Sunday be a day for Feasting or for Fasting? Is our present home observance of the Lord's Day what it should be?" a very large number of answers have been received. All phases of the discussion are touched upon in the letters which appear below:

Keep the Sabbath Holy

The Sabbath was God's day in our home. Attendance on Sunday School and Church was never questioned. We went, we sat together in the family pew. The afternoon was spent in learning the next Sabbath's lesson, some catechism, a hymn (which we afterwards sung), and then a little quiet recreation in the shady back yard. We knew it was "Sunday in the backyard," but the idea was that we were not to disturb others. So far from causing a reaction, as claimed by some, it gave us such a habit of Sabbath observance that we have never been able to overcome it. I love the Sabbath, and the memory of the dear mother who taught us to "keep it holy." S.
Los Angeles, Cal.

No Sabbath in the Kitchen

On the Sabbath no business should be purmitted to occupy the brains and tongue too much. Private devotion, studying the Scriptures, singing God's praises, the family collectively conversing upon God's goodness, are all to be commended; but if we stop there, we fall short of Christ's ideal. We should so use the Sabbath that every one may have the same privilege we ourselves enjoy. There are too many so-called Christians who demand that their servants work all day on the Sabbath, when they have no right whatsoever to make such a demand. Christ's greatest command is, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The Sabbath was made for man, and as God is no respecter of persons, motormen, conductors, kitchenmaids and cooks should be included.
Pittsburg, Pa. J. PAGE.

Approves the American Sabbath

Sunday is a day for neither feasting nor fasting; but rather a day for resting—for the rebuilding of worn out muscle and brain. In order that one accomplish this end, it is not necessary that he either feast or fast. In regard to the home observance of the Lord's day, I should say it is quite what it should be in the church-going American family, being passed in religious reading, music, and sociable family conversation.
Brewster, N. Y. LEON LEWIS HADDEN.

What the Bible Says on the Subject

Our Lord wrote for our guidance, with his own finger on stone, Deut. 5: 22, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Ex. 20: 8-11. Ex. 16: 23-30. Ex. 31: 12-18. Ex. 35: 1-3. Num. 15: 32-36. Isa. 66: 23. Ezekiel 20: 12, 13-31. Nehemiah 13: 15-22. Matt. 12: 1, 2, 5. 8, 10, 11, 12; 24: 20, end of this age; 28: 1. Mark 1: 21; 2: 23-28; 3: 2-4; 6: 2; 15: 42; 16: 1, 2. Luke 4: 16-31; 6: 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 13; 10: 14, 15, 16; 14: 1, 3, 5; 23: 54, 56; 24: 1, John 5: 9, 10, 16, 18; 7: 22, 23; 9: 14, 16; 20: 19, 26. Acts 13: 14, 27, 42, 44; 18: 4; 17: 2; 16: 13; 15: 21; 20: 7, 16. I. Cor. 16: 2. Rev. 1: 10. Col. 2: 16, 17. Acts 2: 1. Jeremiah 17: 21-27; 11: 3, 4; 5: 19. Ex. 15: 26.
Hamilton, Ont. C. HENDERSON.

Reconsecrate the Sabbath

Sunday should be a day given wholly to the Lord in worship, the day set apart in the Church for "Holy Communion" with the Saints, and spiritual life and light for all Christian disciples. The present home observance of the Lord's day is what it should be, when touched by the power of divine love, and drawn by the Shepherd's call, "Come unto me." To conform more closely to the Christian idea, there must be greater unity, reconsecration as a means of grace, to bring upon each individual the duty they owe to God, themselves, and the Church.
Sheridan, Mont. MRS. FRANCES I. MCCREA.

Are We Adopting the European Sabbath?

The European Sabbath is too prevalent. Among church-goers irreverence for God's day is increasing. Hallowed hours are profaned by worldly conversation to the exclusion of religious subjects; thus the mind is diverted from things spiritual. Religious literature is neglected for the secular. It is also desecrated by amusements and traveling for convenience. Jesus disapproved of such traveling even in time of approaching calamity. Matthew 24: 20. God's precepts are to "honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." Isaiah 58; 13-14. Obedience is the condition of realizing the promises annexed. A CALIFORNIAN.

How to Observe the "Rest Day."

So far as my observation goes, we are not observing in the homes of Christians the Sabbath day as God intended. It should be neither a day of feasting or fasting. Preparations should be made on Saturday that will make the dinner both attractive and palatable. Then, with uplifting reading, the "rest day" should be a time of recuperation, each member of the home having a tender regard for Him who said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." ELIZABETH T. BELKNAP.
Campville, N. Y.

An Aged Christian's Observance.

Let us each use rational common sense guided by Jehovah's wisdom, for which all true Christians daily ask. I eat but two plain meals on Sunday of the simplest food, that will not require any one's labor to prevent Church attendance, and although nearly seventy years old and hardly able to walk far, I do walk to the experience or class meeting at 10, stay to regular service at 10:30 and from 12 to 1 enjoy the Sunday School service in the Bible class. At night I go in time for the Epworth League—a most delightful service, and stay through the night service till 9 or 9:30, according to the interest manifested. Sunday is not a labor day and we do not need as much food, so the less of cooking and preparation in the home the better for the body, heart and mind rest required, and that is so necessary for our peace and happiness.
Kearney, Neb. MOSES H. SUYDENHAM.

Parents Responsible for Sabbath Breaking

Sunday feasting is all wrong, for it keeps those from church service that would be glad to attend if it were not for the extra work of the day. The present home observance of the Lord's day is certainly not what it should be, and the only way it can be made to conform more closely to the Christian idea, is for the fathers and mothers to so live that their example may be followed in attending church service, and living pure Christian lives. Then they will not want to make Sunday a day of feasting and merry-making, but will "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."
Stephentown Center, N.Y. EDITH COLEMAN.

There Should Be no Secular Work

Any day would be a fit day to conduct a feast except the "Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Ex. 20: 8, 11. The Sabbath was given as a sign between God and his people, and they were commanded "to keep it holy." Isa. 58: 13 tells us how to use it. It is a day of worship and spiritual rest. It is the Sabbath of Eden. So secular work can be done on any day except the seventh day. Hilarity and feasting should not be done on the Lord's day, which is the seventh day.
Logan, Kan. READER.

Our Home Observance Faulty

Plain, easily-cooked meals should be prepared, and all unnecessary work avoided, in order to give the housekeeper an opportunity to attend Divine service. Certainly our present home observance of the Lord's day in general is far from what it should be. During the summer, at least, some of our churches are very slimly attended. Where are the people? Many of them are away pleasure-seeking, visiting acquaintances, and indulging in gossip and amusement, instead of "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It is certainly the duty of every true Christian to seek both by example and precept, to prevent this increasing desecration of the Lord's day. Both the pulpit and press should speak out plainly and fearlessly. ANNIE RODD.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Ideal Sabbath

Neither a day for feasting nor for fasting, but a day for rest and worship. A day when our souls lay off the habiliment of the strenuous life, and worship in the church if possible; if not, wherever we are, we should turn our hearts toward God for spiritual renewing. It should be a day of gladness and joy, of home-coming for the absent, but not of feasting, though we would have for the table some favorite dish that could be made ready the day before. We should put all labor and earthly care aside, and make it truly "the Lord's day," meet to claim the blessing of his promise. Isa. 58: 13, 14. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."
Montpelier, Vt. M. R. D. DINGWALL.

Some Practical Suggestions

Somewhere in the ocean of Sunday School music, an old song is drifting with this refrain:

For God hath made the Sabbath
The brightest day of all.

There must be no odds and ends of unfinished business to clean up on Sunday. Then, if we wish, we may enjoy an hour's extra rest on Sunday morning, and so begin the day refreshed in body. Reduce household duties and all supposed necessary tasks to their lowest terms. Serve plain, wholesome food. The elaborate Sunday dinner sins against both soul and body. The Christian life is not a funeral procession, and its sacred day should not be a season of lamentation. Put into our Sunday morning prayer ten times the usual amount of thanksgiving. "With joy we draw water from the wells of salvation," temporal and spiritual. Make our places of worship cheerful. "Let the sunshine in." This does not mean ostentation in furnishings, raiment or ritual. Simplicity is one prime factor in the beautiful. Every Christian worshiper should wear a smile, if he or she has no other jewel. Every greeting should be whole-hearted. Every sermon should overflow with love, for where love abounds there joy abides. So, let us "worship the Lord in the beauty" and the joy "of holiness." While Sunday visiting must be condemned, yet a portion of the day, not otherwise employed, may be spent in joyous social intercourse with relatives, intimate friends and neighbors, and Christian associates. So, an afternoon in the park, or a stroll in the fields, cannot be denied to those who are shut up in office, store or shop. Sunlight and pure air are among God's choicest gifts, and we should accept them in the same loving spirit. The children should spend the day with the family, entering into its activities, and thus among their earliest impressions catching its spirit. If it is truly bright and joyful they will quickly learn to love it. If they do not, find out why. This will test our wisdom, and try our patience. This means that they should be taken to church. It we expect the Christian Sabbath to remain among us a national institution the children must be trained to honor it.
Port Byron, Ill. JOHN G. OSBORN.

Lovers of Pleasure as Sabbath-breakers

Read and study the Bible. Meet with brethren to edify one another. Attend to the sick and needy. Attend the church services. Attend the Sunday School. "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day." "My Sabbaths shall ye keep; it shall be a sign between me and you throughout your generations; a covenant I make between me and you forever." No Sabbath-breaker has a sign between himself and his God. No Sabbath-breaker has a covenant between himself and his God. No Christian can be guiltless who makes use of a public conveyance on a Sunday, and thereby rob the employees of their rest day. No Christian can be in his place at a Sunday excursion. To be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God is high-handed treason. Sabbath desecration is one of the sins which caused the destruction of Jerusalem of old.
Morris Park, L. I. R. D.

No Sunday Work or Big Dinners

Sunday should be a day of fasting and serving God. God says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Jesus said, "If you love me, keep my commandments." When we were walking with the world we would run our harvester on Sunday and go to big dinners; but since we have been walking with Jesus, we won't shave, nor black our shoes, nor go to big dinners on Sunday, nor do anything we can do on Saturday. We go to the Lord's house as often as possible to have our spiritual strength renewed and our souls fed.
Guthrie Centre, Ia WM. TESKEY.

The Sunday Newspaper Desecrates It

Sunday should not be a day of fasting. It should be the most joyful day of all the week, on account of the event it commemorates. It should not be a day of feasting, lest the solemn joy of "that glad day" be in a measure desecrated by an over-indulgence of the fleshly appetite. But it should be a day of thanks and rest. It does not seem to me that the observance of this sacred day is, in m... homes, what it should be. Certain ho... have come under my observation where b... parents are church members, and yet the S... day newspaper comes every Lord's day, w... its page of Monday bargains and its pag... funny stories and comic pictures, and the c... dren are allowed to spend the sacred mome... reading that nonsense. The only way to c... form to the Christian idea, so far as I ... see, is to obey God's command as set fo... in his Word, Isa. 58: 13, 14.
Norwood, N. Y. MRS. F. A. HAMLI...

Dinners and Popular Music Condemn...

Sunday should neither be a feast day n... day of fasting. Let us strike a happy medi... in all things. The main goal of Christi... should be to fulfil Christ's definition of e... nal life—"to know God," and on the Lo... day we should seek an attitude of rest, m... tation and devotion, which can be best brou... about by church attendance, Sunday Sch... work and friendly intercourse with kind... Christians. So much entertaining with ... ners and afternoons of music (mostly po... lar), such as we find in many homes, is ... conducive to the development of the in... life, and tends to exclude a quietness the s... needs one day out of the week. C. E. CA...
Alpena, Mich.

Relief from Household Care and Labor...

I think that our present home observa... of the Lord's day, as it is found in the aver... church-going American family, is not wha... should be. But I do not think that Sun... should be a day either for feasting or for f... ing. The entertainment of company on ... Sabbath, Sunday dinners, etc., as is too of... the custom of many Christian homes, invol... care and anxiety on the part of the hou... wife, and much work on the part of th... charged with the care and service of ... dining-room and kitchen. Besides, it gi... the day the coloring of a holiday. Sund... therefore, should not be made a day ... feasting. On the other hand, such ample ... vision for the Sabbath should be made ... the day previous as would secure the great... possible relief from household care and lat... The attendance upon public worship, and ... engaging in some department of church w... is essential to religious life and developme... These privileges, therefore, should not ... denied the housewife or cook, but should ... as open to them as it is possible to make ... In the home observance of the Lord's d... social intercourse should be carefully guard... At least a portion of the day should be ... voted to the discussion of such topics, ... reading of such religious books or literat... and the engaging in such thoughtful med... tion, as would serve to remind us of Gc... work in Creation, from which he rested on ... seventh day, and of his work in redempt... through the only begotten Son, in which ... arose from the dead on the first day of ... week. I think such observance is practi...
Macon, Ga. R. F. BURDE...

"A Good Deal of Liberty" After Churc...

God made man and made man make ... Sabbath. It existed long before the T... Commandments. Its purpose seems to b... give man time to think of something besi... the grind of getting a living and in which ... improve his higher nature, and is to be u... by each person as each shall choose, so lc... as such one shall not injure his neighbor. T... writer thinks that after a church service a... Sunday School in the forepart of the day ... good deal of liberty should be allowed a... taken for the remainder of the day. Neit... fasting or feasting, nor any violent or in... lent bodily or mental exercise, everyth... being temperate. WM. E. MANN
Norfolk, Mass.

More Time for Church-going

Our present home observance of the Lor... Day in the average church-going Americ... family is not what it should be. Little cl... dren can be taught to understand the imp... tance of the one day of rest. The Sunc... dinner could be amply provided for on S... urday, giving mothers and servants time ... church-going, and resting weary bodi... Whoever will observe the Sabbath day w... will find they are better able to accompl... the six days' work. MRS. H. A. GREEN
Sheldon, Mo.

Contributions to the Symposium have a... been received from A. E., Mt. Kisco, N. ... J. P., Hawk's Park, Fla.; A. H. W., Cre... Va.; J. C. L., Davenport, Ia.; H. W. ... Waunaka, Wis.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MEETING OF THE PEACE CONGRESS

OVER seven hundred delegates and a very large number of spectators assembled in historic Tremont Temple, Boston, on the afternoon of October 3, the occasion being the first session of the thirteenth International Peace Congress. The interior of the building was beautifully decorated, and in the organ-loft was a large portrait of the late Senator Hoar, a lifelong friend and advocate of peace. In the audience were many men and women distinguished in various walks of life, in both Europe and America—statesmen, authors, high officials and others. A Committee on Organization was appointed, and Mr. Edwin D. Mead, one of the leaders of the Peace movement in New England, was chosen as temporary chairman.

Mr. Mead introduced as the first speaker before the Congress, the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, who addressed the great gathering. He welcomed the foreign delegates to the Western World. He declared peace to be the national policy of the American people. "We have had," he said, "a greater relative immunity from war than any of our neighbors. All our greatest men have been earnest advocates of peace. The very men who founded our liberties with the mailed hand, detested and abhorred war as the most futile and ferocious of human follies." He declared the present incumbent of the Executive office to be a consistent friend of peace, as was his predecessor. Our government sent to the Hague Peace Court the best men we have in civic and military life. Twice since the Court's establishment we have given it new life when it seemed about to expire, by recognizing its authority and presenting causes for its adjudication. Our own army is now at its minimum — 60,000 men, or three-fourths of one soldier for every one thousand inhabitants—a proportion which, if adopted by other powers, would speedily eliminate wars and rumors of wars from the daily thoughts of the chancelleries of the world." "This country will continue," he said, "to advocate and carry into effect as far as practicable, the principle of the arbitration of such questions as may not be settled through diplomatic negotiations. We have done much in this direction and hope to do much more." We are even now negotiating treaties of arbitration with such of the European powers as desire them and we propose to invite the nations to a second Hague Conference, to continue the good work of peace. It has not been considered advisable to take any action in regard to the present Eastern conflict, but we can earnestly pray that the return of peace may not be long delayed.

Following Secretary Hay, brief addresses were made by Speaker Jones of the Massachusetts Senate, Mayor Collins of Boston, the Bishop of Hereford, England, and Herr John Lund, ex-President of the Norwegian Parliament. The Bishop of Hereford in the course of his remarks, said:

> We are all looking to the United States to take the lead in this matter of arbitration and disarmament. Our hopes are fixed on the international policy of the United States in the years to come. You have one of the greatest opportunities of history, and there is no other country which can compete for a moment in regard to the power which you have to help forward this great movement. Let us pray that, as the spirit of democracy grows in our human life, the governments will do what the people say they must do.

In our European diplomacy, as I follow it sometimes, I am inclined to say that the great nations of Europe seem to believe, as represented by their war-like governments, in an entirely wrong theory of life. Their theory of life seems to me to be what we might call the "menagerie theory." But Mr. Hay's theory of life is that human life is a brotherhood. So we must get rid of this idea of dominance, whether in religion or in national life, which must give way to a federation of brotherhood.

Herr Lund spoke of the power of the press for peace and of the influence of mothers, wives and sisters. "A new day is dawning," he said earnestly, "and sooner or later the army of peace will come triumphant, bringing victory to our banners."

Many messages from leading peace lovers throughout the world were received and read to the Congress. One of these was from Sir Thomas Barclay, of London, in which he said he confidently anticipated an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States as the next great step toward world peace.

HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, ADDRESSING THE PEACE CONGRESS

The second day's session began with the work of permanent organization, election of committees, etc. Robert Treat Paine, Sr., of Boston, was elected Permanent President of the Congress, and Benj. F. Trueblood Secretary. Vice-Presidents were chosen, one for each nation represented. Two great public meetings were held, one in Tremont Temple, the other in Park Street Church. Among the speakers were Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Ex-Minister to Turkey; Gustave Hubbard, member of the French Chamber of Deputies; Prof. Quidde, of Munich; Rev. Francis E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, and many others. All the addresses were short and well received. Rev. Charles Wagner, of Paris, author of *The Simple Life*, was also invited to speak.

At the meetings on Wednesday, October 5, one of the speakers, Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, advocated an alliance of the navies of neutral nations to compel the predatory powers to keep the peace. He said:

> The ocean ferry ways are well defined: marked on all the charts; winter and summer routes are laid down from all our ports to the harbors of Eastern Europe. Why not neutralize these ferry ways? Why not enter upon treaties among the states that border upon the seas, defining neutral zones and uniting navies for the defence of commerce against all predatory nations? Outside these ferry ways might be a fighting zone, where the men who think that warfare is necessary to manhood could meet and sink each other's steel clad coffins to their hearts' content.

Herr George Arnhold, a banker of Dresden, characterized Emperor William as a friend of peace, who maintained a big army and navy simply to guarantee peace.

At some of the meetings the ladies took a prominent part. Mrs. Lucy Mead Ames, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Miss Jane Addams (of Hull House, Chicago), Miss Sheriff Bain of New Zealand, Miss M. E. Dunnill of India, Dr. Yamei Kin of China, Mrs. W. P. Byles of England, Baroness Von Suttner of Germany, and others made brief addresses.

Rabbi Levy, of Pittsburg, spoke of the deep interest of the Hebrews in world peace. Baba Baharita, of India, spoke in behalf of the lamas of Tibet, "a very small people, that they should not be molested in their peaceful avocations on the roof of the world." Dr. M. Chirurg brought greetings from Russia. His people were strongly for peace.

Resolutions were presented and adopted that the Congress should appeal to the Emperors of Russia and Japan to terminate the present war, and that each of the powers signatory to the Hague Convention be requested to urge Russia and Japan to end the struggle. It was also decided that the resolution concerning friendly intervention by the powers be presented to President Roosevelt by a committee of the Peace Congress.

One of the most notable speeches of the Congress was that delivered by Hon. Oscar S. Straus, who discussed the Hague Tribunal and its work. He held that the most important work this and future Congresses could do would be to ascertain and develop the best method and plan of invoking the initiative, in the task of reconciling two antagonistic powers.

Joseph G. Alexander, of the International Law Association, England, said what is coming to pass in our days—the constitution and work of the Hague Tribunal—is really the fulfilment of ancient prophecy, 2,600 years ago. It is a great step forward, when we can spread this spirit of fraternity of mutual love and brotherliness between nations, then the Court of the Hague can get to work, and we shall see that peace will be organized permanently and surely.

Prof. Quidde, of Munich, branded as foolish, the rumors of any possible conflict between Germany and the United States. The two countries could never be driven to war. The Hague movement must be made a practical one. Then there will be a slow, gradual increase of ameliorating measures, a change toward

CONTINUED ON PAGE 897 AND 902

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Divine Law

Text—John 8: 5, "What sayest thou"

HAVE you studied Constitutional Law? Without doubt it offers one of the most appetizing feasts ever spread in the banquet hall of the mental epicurean. It follows with unerring eye the ramifications of a government's internal organism, even as a medical student searches out the entangled pathways of the nerves and muscles and arteries of the human frame. It tells us where the brain is, where the heart is, and why the arm is sinewy and strong. It tells from whence comes the source which creates the law, and whence the power which executes the law.

Constitutional law is above all other kinds of law. The National Congress and the Legislatures of the States deal with conditions as they arise, and sometimes, in their haste to remedy an evil or to provide means for an urgent purpose, they enact a statute which proves to be unconstitutional. What do we mean by that? We mean that there are certain fundamental principles of government embodied in our Constitution which must not be transgressed. If a law is passed which violates one of those principles, there is no need to repeal it, because when it is found to be unconstitutional, it at once becomes void and inoperative. Thus, back of all legislation stands the Constitution, as the supreme test by which the acts of President and lawmakers are judged. It defines the rights of rulers and legislators and sets limits to their power and is the safeguard of national liberty.

In the kingdom of God we have also a supreme authority. The councils of the churches may formulate doctrines, make decrees and construct creeds and catechisms, but high over all, there is the will of the great King of kings. Christ is the Supreme Ruler of his kingdom and his Word is the test by which every dogma and practice must be judged. Let us consider some of the characteristics of this government.

Christ Supreme

First, it is an absolute monarchy. We have governments on earth that we describe as absolute monarchies, meaning that they have no constitution. We speak about the Russian government as an absolute monarchy, but it is not. There are thousands of things which the Russian Czar would like to do, which he cannot do. With his pistol or sword Nicholas might slay his own children, as Ivan "the Terrible," in maniacal rage killed his first-born son, and no power on earth could bring him to justice. But there are limits to the present Czar's power. His own subjects recognize the fact. The old Russian proverbs tell us there are many things the Czar cannot do. Among those proverbs are the following: "Even the Czar gets his shoes bespattered if he puts his foot in a puddle." "The Czar's crown cannot protect him from a headache." "The ox of the Czar can have only two horns." "Even the Czar's vinegar will not sweeten." "Put the Czar in the desert and he is a man and nothing more." "The Czar's edicts are good for nothing unless God's 'Amen' is written on them." By these quaint aphorisms, current in Russia, do the people show that they realize that, powerful as the Russian autocrat is, he is subject to human limitations like the most obscure peasant in his Empire. It is well known, too, by statesmen, that even as a ruler he is not so supreme as is thought. The nobles who surround him exercise a constraint upon him and his agents often thwart his will.

In an infinitely higher sense is Christ the absolute ruler in his kingdom. In his wisdom and power, he governs without check and his Word is the law and life of his people. "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is and was and which is to come the Almighty." "That means," says Dr. Key, "Christ is all in all of creation, of history, of scripture, of salvation. He is all in all in the life of the believer and in the life of the Christian church and in the life of everything." He is in truth more than a President, more than a Doge of Venice, more than a king, more than a czar. He is an absolute monarch in the Christian world. He shares his throne with no one. He is King of kings. His word is the law, and the only true law. Christ again and again emphatically stated that by him and through him must all things be judged as right or wrong.

A significant illustration of Christ's originality and his freedom from current principles and prejudices, is given in the Gospels, and it may help us to understand his attitude if we study the story. One day, while Jesus was teaching in the Temple, surrounded by the people, the Scribes and Pharisees tried to entrap him. Right into the temple where Jesus was, they dragged a trembling, frightened, sobbing woman, who had been taken in adultery. Right through the crowds of listeners they pushed her. Then they cried out in stentorian tones, so that all could hear, "Master, what shall we do with her? Shall we stone her to death, as Moses commanded, or shall we let her go free?" Instead of Christ condemning or acquitting the poor creature, as they all supposed He must do, Christ, by his actions, as well as by the word of lip, condemned the men who were her accusers. What was the meaning of that judgment? We cannot for a moment suppose that a being so pure as Christ, thought lightly of so heinous a sin. It must have been loathsome and abhorrent to him, but we may learn a lesson from the way in which he treated the sinner and her accusers. A lesson all the more weighty because it comes from Him who is the embodied law of the kingdom of God.

No Unjust Discrimination

The divine law, in the first place, makes no discrimination between the masculine and the feminine sins. It does not come to man and smilingly say, "Husband, you have a right to be a libertine while your wife must tread the narrow path of virtue." It does not say, "Brother, here in the 'saloon of respectability' you can get drunk, but if your sister is found in that saloon she will be disgraced for life." It does not say that a man can tell vile stories and frequent the low race-tracks and be the companion of pugilistic thugs and dissolute characters, and still be respected, while a woman, having once done wrong, can never be allowed to enter again into the association of the good and the true and the respectable. But the divine law does say this, "Oh men, if the sin that this woman has committed is to be punished by stoning, every one of you who has committed the same sin deserves to be stoned also." A blasphemy from a man's lips, in the sight of God, is just as vile and culpable as a blasphemy from a woman's lips. The sins of Ananias and Ahab are as evil as the sins of Sapphira and Jezebel. And yet, from time immemorial, the world has always had two criminal courts, in which it has judged its moral delinquents. The one is the "Court of Mercy" for masculine offenders, the other is the "Court of No-Hope," in which lynx-eyed Judge Hardheart sits upon the bench, charging the jury of "No-Regrets," and sentencing woman defendant after woman defendant to a life imprisonment in the "Penitentiary of Despair."

Shameless Boasting

The rule is, one condemnation for masculine sins and another for feminine. We all know that the Pharisaical ideas of old are common at the present time. Indeed, I go even further than this; I sometimes think that as far as the world is concerned, many people are prone to admire men if they are not too good, if they have an immoral besmirchment on their record. They are not glad when they say, "He is a square, true man," but they are happy when they can say, "He is a wild fellow, but mighty nice." It is on account of this tendency of the human race to judge man's sins differently from woman's sins, that we often find men in public places, boasting of their evil deeds, as though they were the signs of true manhood and nobility. A few weeks ago I was riding in a California railroad train, opposite two men. One was a famous Eastern contractor. What was my amazement to find that his conversation was divided into almost two equal parts. The one was to tell his companion the hard work he was doing by day, and the other was to tell how many times he got drunk by night, and how he could out-drink every one of his business associates, with whom he was accustomed to deal. Had any woman dared in a public car acknowledge such debaucheries, every man, woman and child sitting within sound of her voice would have looked upon her as a moral leper, to be shunned as much as the Eastern lepers, who with sticks and stones are driven forth from the habitations of man.

Mercy for the Penitent

The highest compliment which in chivalric times could be given about a father was, "His daughters were all virtuous and his sons were all brave." But why should not the sons be virtuous as well as the daughters? And yet man; oh, bitter man; oh, censorious and guilty man, thou art ready to condemn thy sister when thou art not ready to condemn thyself. Joseph Parker, in one of his great addresses, describes a brother minister who had driven an erring and yet repentant daughter away from his home. Joseph Parker pleaded and prayed with the angry father to take her back. "But she has disgraced my home," said he. "I cannot, I will not take her back." "But, man," said Joseph Parker, "in your younger days, have not you yourself also been guilty of sin?" "Yes," said the father, "but I am a man and she is a woman. The world judges man's sins differently from a woman's sins." "That is so," said Parker. "Man judges man's sins differently from woman's sins. But Christ jud both the sins the same. 'He that is without sin am you, let him first cast a stone at her.' And, paren you will not be merciful to your daughter's sins, will not be merciful with you." Joseph Parker divine authority for his warning. Woman condem is man condemned. Woman forgiven is man forgi No more, no less. Oh, man, if you will not deal ge with an erring sister, God will never deal gently w you.

Another characteristic of the divine law is tha recognizes no distinction of rank or station. As divine law makes no distinction between sexes, it makes no distinction between the sins of the upper the lower social classes. It does not have one crim code for the palace and another for the hut. It does have one for the wealthy Wall Street financier, manipulates the railroad stock and "waters" it, cheats thousands of small investors out of their all, another for the groceryman who has false weights, never sends a full pound of coffee, or tea, or sugar his customers when they pay for a full pound. It d not have one set of rules for the wife of the mill aire, who hides her diamonds and watches and jew in her dress to escape the scrutiny of the New Y Custom House officials, which jewelry she is bring to her American friends after an European trip, another set of rules for the newsboy, who steals a l of bread out of the bakery wagon when the drive away selling his goods at a kitchen door. In ot words,

What the Divine Law Condemns

in homespun, it condemns in broadcloth. Wher says, "Thou shalt not" to the plebeian, it also sa "Thou shalt not" to the aristocrat. What it deno ces in the serf, it also denounces in the ruler, sitt upon the king's throne, or of the judge sitting u the Chief Justice's bench of the Supreme Court, or the premier, governing in statecraft as Joseph did Egypt, or as Bismarck did in Germany, or as Gladst did in the British Parliament. And yet, to hear so people speak of it, one might suppose that God's was very deaf to the rich man's sins and very alert hear about the poor man's evil deeds.

Do you believe God discriminates between the s of the social classes? If you do, let me by the sc of my text disabuse your mind of that surmise. Co let us push our way through the multitudes crowdi in the Temple and find out who compose that gro Who are those strong, fine-looking men standing front of Christ? They have in their physical mo ments, the actions of successful men. They have the glance of their eyes, the searching power which speaks command. "Those men," wrote Dr. Stro "were the scribes. They were the doctors of the l and the interpreters of the Scripture." These otl men are the Pharisees. But when these men, th leaders of Jerusalem, were standing there condemni a poor outcast woman for her sins, Christ, in silen was making figures upon the ground with his finge in which they might read their own condemnation.

What did Christ Write?

What Jesus Christ was writing upon the ground not recorded; but though we may never know on ea those exact words, I have a good deal of sympathy wi that evangelist, who said that Christ was writing t evil history of each Scribe and Pharisee while th were speaking against the sobbing culprit. No soon did the first Scribe begin to talk than Christ began write, as though he had set down these words: "La yer, you are not living with your wife. She has l you on account of your dissoluteness. She is now go back to her father's home. For what are you co demning this woman? For your own sin?" No soon did the lawyer look down on the ground and see wh Jesus was writing than he turned and departed. Wh the next speaker, a Pharisee, began to talk, Chri began to write again. "Rich man, you have nev committed the crime of which this woman was guilt But you own the house in which she lives and carri on her vile traffic. The rent you get from that house blood-money. Why are you speaking against yo tenant? You are a partner with her in crime." Wh the Pharisee capitalist saw what Christ was writing an that all the people were laughing at him, he also disa peared. So Christ went through the list of differe accusers. But whether Christ was writing the histor of those accusers on the ground, or no, we care no For one fact we do know. By his silence, as well a later by his spoken words, Christ was teaching th sweeping lesson that a rich man's sins, a promine

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D. MAIN BUILDING, AND NORTH DORMITORY

Eliphalet Nott Remembered

THE LIFE AND SERVICE OF THE GREAT EDUCATOR AND DIVINE FITTINGLY COMMEMORATED

THURSDAY, September 29, 1904, was a memorable day for Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and indeed for the entire college world of this continent, for it was the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the accession of Eliphalet Nott, to the Presidency of Union College.

The College was founded shortly after the Revolutionary War, by the settlers of the Mohawk Valley. No one denomination was strong enough to start a college of its own, and so this institution was begun as a "union" enterprise, when everywhere else, denominationalism was the rule. It was the second college in New York State, and for years it held a commanding situation in the educational world. Next to the importance of its beginning, was the occasion when Dr. Nott was called to its presidency, in which position he served for sixty-two years, having under him as pupils the grandchildren of his earlier scholars, and being revered by them all; for until the end of his life, which reached to the nineties, he was a man of personal power. Our eastern colleges were all begun by men of faith, and were maintained with great sacrifice. Their endowments consisted not in money, as in these modern days, nor in equipment, but in the nobler qualities of manhood. Dr. Nott was the man who moulded Union, and, through it, influenced many other colleges. From his rooms, men went out into positions of prominence in Church and State. In classroom they excelled as teachers, and at foreign courts they were proficient as diplomats.

Last year, it was decided to celebrate the hundredth anniversary, and as the day drew near, the interest became more keen. Collectors exhibited such trophies of the earlier days as they were able to gather. In one place was exhibited the roster of the college in 1819. The list of professors includes men who became noted in the college world, and some who acquired national and international fame.

Thursday morning was stormy, but the college campus was filled with people who had come to celebrate. At half-past ten, a procession was formed of the present student body, the various faculties of the university, and the invited guests, a long, imposing array, in cap and gown and hood. The procession entered the Nott Memorial Library, where the formal exercises were to be held. After prayer by the venerable Dr. Silliman of Cohoes, who had been a pupil and friend of Dr. Nott, the Rev. Dr. Raymond, the president of the college, unveiled a memorial tablet of bronze, with this inscription:

> This building stands as a memorial of
> ELIPHALET NOTT,
> President of Union College from 1804 to 1866, one of America's greatest educators—a man of genius, of persuasive eloquence, and of rare personal power. Through the efforts of his grandson, Eliphalet Nott Potter, President of Union College from 1871 to 1884, this lasting memorial became possible. The final adaptation of this building to the purpose of a library is due to the generous gift of Andrew Carnegie.

The audience was then permitted to hear personal recollections of "Dr. Nott the man," from the lips of the Hon. Frederick W. Seward, LL.D., the son of Secretary Seward of Lincoln's cabinet. Mr. Seward knew him as an old man, when he (the speaker) was a boy, and was privileged to sit at his table during his college course. It was interesting to learn how Dr. Nott would lift up the conversation of that table from the small talk that is so common, to discussion of the topics of the day, so that the meals were a part of one's training.

Mr. Seward was followed by Bishop Potter, a grandson of Dr. Nott, who spoke of "Dr. Nott the Preacher." The Hon. Judson S. Landon, LL.D., ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, analyzed the methods and powers of "Dr. Nott the Educator."

From the Round Building, the assembly adjourned to the State Armory, where a collation was served by the ladies of the churches of Schenectady. Over 800 sat down to dinner, at the close of which a number of the patriarchs present told of their personal recollections of Dr. Nott. One of the features of the banquet was when Moses Viney, a negro, was given an ovation. Moses ran away from slavery in 1840. Dr. Nott took an interest in him. The "fugitive slave law" was passed, and he was compelled to flee to Canada. Then Dr. Nott bought him from his Virginian owner, immediately making him free. Moses became a slave from affection from that time on. He served Dr. Nott as long as he lived. At every commencement, he still acts as doorkeeper at the President's reception, and he knows every student of Union for sixty successive classes. That they revere him was shown by the ovation, and that he was present was a tribute to the character of the man whose sermon on the death of Hamilton ended duelling in America, and whose patriotism helped to free the slaves.

THE DIVINE LAW

Continued from Preceding Page

lawyer's or physician's, or statesman's sins, or a minister's sins, are just as severely condemned in the sight of God as the poor man's sins. The Divine law discriminates not between the sins of the upper and lower social classes, but between sin and righteousness. The moth of the broadcloth is the same black sin which sometimes nests under the rough woolens of the laborer and the mechanic. Sin is sin wherever found. And sin, by the Christ law, is to be everywhere condemned.

But I find in the next place another trenchant lesson. The divine law does not accept zeal in bringing others to justice, as a ground for absolving the prosecutor of his own wrongdoing. The Scribes and Pharisees cannot atone for their sins by denouncing and condemning others. Though a man might prove every other man a shining example of total depravity, and devote his life to the exposure and arraignment of criminals, he must take his own place at the bar and answer the indictment of his own iniquities. Instances have been known of a criminal, under human government, securing for himself immunity from punishment for his own crimes, by betraying his leader to the officers of the law, or even by himself executing sentence on that leader, but such men are despised for their perfidy, even by the community that profits by the treachery. A similar principle is applied in our courts of justice when a man is allowed to turn State's evidence. It sometimes happens that there is no way of convicting a notorious criminal but by the testimony of a confederate. That confederate's evidence has to be purchased, and the price paid is a pardon for him of his own share in the crime. It is a heavy price to pay—a miscarriage of justice—but it is a result of the inadequacy of human administration, and it has no place under divine law.

But what did Christ do? Did he say, "Pharisee, thou art a libertine; Scribe, thou art morally corrupt." Oh, no. He turned, and simply held up before their countenances, the mirror of convicting conscience, in which they could see their own sinful selves. Christ said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then one by one they slunk away. So my friends, when you and I to-day going forth into a sinful world, are trying to prove this woman is bad, and that man is bad, and that young boy is bad, and that young girl is bad, we are not deceiving God as to our own characters. We do not improve our standing at his bar by denouncing others. Rather by our harsh and uncharitable judgment, we are proving ourselves deserving of condemnation. Let us refrain from casting stones at the sinner. We must all answer for our own deeds at His bar, who said: "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her." And without one exception, we must all either slink away, before the flashing eye of Christ, or, like the poor publican in the Temple, moan, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

JESUS CHALLENGING THE PHARISEES. JOHN 8:7

The divine law is omniscient. Evil deeds that the world does not know of, are known to God, and at his judgment bar the evidence of them will confront the wrongdoer, if they have not been pardoned through Christ. Even in this world, crimes, long ago committed and successfully hidden, have been disclosed and brought home to the perpetrator. Oh, my friends, be not among the Scribes and Pharisees, who have no mercy no charity for sinners. Have our lives been immaculate? Is there any evidence against us that may confront us when we are mercilessly assailing our erring brother or sister? It will be a shameful, a humiliating position to stand convicted before Christ of those sins? Do you not feel that Jesus is speaking to us, as he spake to the prosecutors of old—"He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her."

But though the divine law was and is so hard upon the unrepentant sinner, how gentle, how loving, how pardoning, how forgiving it was and is to the repentant sinner who comes asking for mercy at the feet of Jesus Christ—sweeter than even the coming of a little child to be caressed and forgiven by a loving mother, is this picture in my text of a poor convicted outcast, trembling at the feet of Christ and finding pardon and peace and life. I see her shudder as they fling her at the Master's feet. There at first she shrinks under his pure gaze, expecting that one so sinless will endorse the condemnation of her accusers and, in horror at her crime, hand her over to the executioner. But though he loathes her sin he has compassion for the repentant sinner. I see her now, when all fear leaves her and the bad men turn their backs upon her. Now she looks up into Christ's face with grateful love. Oh, my friends, though you may be scarred with the sins of an evil past, though you may be cast out by the world as one who ought to die, mercy and pardon in Christ you will find. Will you not as a repentant sinner, throw yourself at his feet, where you will find peace and life and hope?

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the marquis in confinement; and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope. Brébœuf apparently turns traitor to the marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness. By a clever ruse, Macartney compels Garron to let him take the marquis and Louise with him, in one of the ship's boats, while Garron is a prisoner in his cabin, disarmed and guarded by Brébœuf, who has now returned to de Vaudémont's service. Macartney lands his party at Alexandria, and the marquis meets Bonaparte, while the Irish captain sails off to seek Nelson and the British fleet. The marquis discloses Garron's plot to Napoleon, and the latter sets out with a party to rescue Brébœuf.

Book Five—Bonaparte

CHAPTER XXVII—Cont'd

THE COMTE CHANGES HIS ALLEGIANCE

"HA, Junot!" called Bonaparte, "What is it?"

"Captain Gerard's troop will be here at once, sir," said Captain Junot, saluting.

"Have a horse saddled for mademoiselle."

"My maid is in the anteroom yonder," said Louise, "she will go too."

"Another for the maid," ordered Bonaparte. "Is that all?"

"That is all, sir."

"You will need to change your shoes for riding boots, monsieur," continued Bonaparte, as the officers filed out of the room, leaving them alone. "Perhaps you will honor me by——" He put out an exceedingly small and aristocratic looking foot of which he was justly proud, "I think my own will fit you."

He struck a bell as he spoke, and directed the attendant who answered it, to provide the marquis with boots and gloves.

"Your courtesy overwhelms me," said the old man. His hand went into his bosom. From it he brought forth his snuff-box. He hesitated a moment, opened it, looked quizzically at Bonaparte, who stood smiling before him.

"I never thought to offer courtesies to a Republican, but, general—will you honor me?"

"'Tis my honor, monsieur," returned the little officer, bowing, and taking a generous pinch.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RIDING FOR BREBŒUF

PREPARATIONS for the ride were soon made. The old marquis was booted and gloved, and Bonaparte even procured a riding skirt for Louise. Before they started out, the general insisted that the marquis and his party should partake of some refreshments, to enable them the better to sustain the fatigues of their journey.

"A soldier," said the little man, "and a sailor, too, should eat whenever and wherever he can. We have a hard ride before us."

It was well that they complied with his advice for neither the one nor the other had ever participated in such a desperate gallop.

"Time," said Bonaparte at starting, "is the most valuable thing in life. The treasures of the world are nothing to it. Therefore we will ride fast. If the pace be too swift for you, monsieur, mademoiselle, drop behind, and half the troop shall escort you."

"The faster the better," said the marquis; "there is nothing so valuable to me as my servant's life."

"To horse then!" ordered Bonaparte, swinging himself into the saddle.

Next to him, upon his left side, was the marquis. Immediately in the rear came Louise and her brother, with Aurore close behind her mistress. Surrounding them, La Salle, Junot, Beauharnais, and the other officers of the staff. Then, to the rear of all, were the troopers with videttes thrown out on either side. The road ran along the shore. The state of the tide left the sand upon the beach uncovered. The going was absolutely perfect. They started off at a fast trot which, so soon as they passed outside the limits of the walls of the town, was increased to a gallop.

The general rode in silence. No one spoke, save now and then a whispered word from Honoré to his sister. The moonlight turned the sand into silver, and frosted the wavelets of the sea, but they had neither time nor opportunity to mark it as their bodies rose and fell in the sweeping stride of the horses; galloping to save Brébœuf.

The dawn was graying the desert when they drew rein at the landing at Aboukir. Boats from the ships were already making their way to the shore. Bonaparte flung himself from his saddle, walked out on the temporary landing-stage, hailed the first boat that came near, handed the marquis, Louise with Aurore, and the young comte with Beauharnais and La Salle into the first one, followed himself, and directing the rest of the staff to come in the next boat, ordered the men to row direct to the flagship.

Arrived there, the general boarded *L'Orient*, bidding the others wait in the cutter. As soon as he stood upon the deck he called the astonished officer, and directed him to awaken Admiral Brueys, and say to him that General Bonaparte was there, and wanted to see him immediately.

In a few moments the little general, whose patience was of the shortest, was ushered into the admiral's cabin. Presently he came on deck, followed by the admiral. As they crossed the quarter-deck to the gangway, Bonaparte cast a look toward *Le Tonnant*, lying close to *L'Orient*, being, in fact, the next astern of the vice-admiral in the long line. Her crew was already stirring about on the decks.

"Shall I call my barge?" asked the admiral.

"No. I have a boat here. 'Twill save time. Look! What are they doing at the yard yonder?"

The general pointed, and then nimbly dropped down the battens to the cutter, where Brueys followed him.

"What is that?" continued Bonaparte.

"They are rigging a whip on the yard-arm," said Brueys.

"For what purpose?" asked Bonaparte, watching the other vessel.

"Possibly for an execution, sir," answered Brueys.

"We shall be too late!" cried Louise, clasping her hands, for she instantly divined what was about to happen.

"Give me leave, general," said Brueys. "Give way, men! Hard! The life of a brave man is at stake! A gold piece for each of you if we reach *La Tonnant* in time!"

The still water in the bay curled about the bows of the cutter. The stout ash oars bent under the vigorous play of the brawny sailors, as Brueys urged them to greater and greater speed.

"This," said Bonaparte, as they approached nearer the vessel, "is the Marquis de Vaudémont."

"I served under him once," smiled Admiral Brueys.

"Would that you were under me still," said the old marquis indomitably.

"I serve the Republic now," answered the Republican sailor imperturbably.

"See!" cried Louise.

A man's head appeared above the rail of the ship. He was being dragged up to a grating which had been fixed there. His hands were bound. Two men stood beside him, and hauled him up. The leaping sun shot over the eastern wastes, and the light of the morning fell upon the man's face. It was Brébœuf. They were close aboard *Le Tonnant* now.

"Faster! Faster!" cried Bonaparte.

"Shall we be in time?" asked the marquis.

"We must!"

"I will hail the deck if necessary," said Brueys.

"No, wait," said Bonaparte, looking up. "The noos is not adjusted yet. He will be given time to pray."

The cutter was right under the bows of the shi now. In another thirty seconds she swung in towar the gangway. Before she had fairly come to a rest Bonaparte sprang up the battens like a boy. Bruey motioned the old marquis, and he, as if the terribl fatigues and anxieties of the night were as nothing nimbly followed the general. Then came the Repub lican vice-admiral, Louise and her brother, Auror and the rest.

* * * * * * *

The hours that Garron had spent alone in his cabi with the silent Brébœuf were the most frightful in hi history. The Breton would have shot him, or better have choked him to death as being least likely t attract attention, had not his master directed him t spare the man's life. For what purpose, Brébœuf di not divine. It was enough that he had been told to d a certain thing. He was one of those ancient men wh obeyed absolutely, blindly.

At first, Garron thought to bribe him. He besough him, offered him every inducement which his brai could suggest. Money without stint. The storeroor in his cabin was filled with plunder. He had not bee on the top wave of the Revolution since it began, with out amassing a vast treasure, which, with the covetous ness and caution of the French peasant, he had care fully preserved.

Old Brébœuf was deaf to every entreaty. He di not even deign to answer the man. He sat there, hi pistol held carelessly in his hand, his eyes apparentl closed, looking as indifferent as if he had been alone Once Garron thought to take advantage of this seem ing carelessness. The instant he made a threatenin move he found himself covered with the weapon. N tiger ever watched its prey with more apparent care lessness, and with more real ferocity, than Brébœu guarded Garron.

The silence of the old sailor grated on the nerves o the man. He broke down completely at last, and sob bed, and cried, and pleaded, as if he had been a chil If he could only be freed from the terrible *espionnag* of that relentless Breton! For a moment even! O course Bonaparte must be in possession of that pape by this time; but all was not hopeless. He could sen his men to the yards in the dark and make sail. H could cut cable and make a run for it. *Le Tonnan* was one of the fastest ships in the navy, one of th finest in the fleet. With the start that he might get i the night he had a fair chance of escaping. Bruey could not weaken his force by detaching a squadron t go after him.

Out yonder, in the blue Mediterranean, were Nelso and the English. Salvation, reward! Here was noth ing but this terrible old man. He studied the sailor' face until every crease upon the craggy and weather beaten countenance was imprinted upon his mind. H strove to recall what he could of the man's character istics. He appealed to him in every possible way. H could do nothing, nothing!

The dawn, that came stealing through the cabi windows, found him crouching before the rigid figur of the old sailor, a miserable, broken wreck. Durin the long, slow hours, he had died a thousand death The entrance of his executive officer, who came in fo the morning orders, awakened him at last.

"My God, at last!" he cried, his agony extortin from him even that acknowledgment of a power Di vine. "Have that man seized at once! He is a traitor He has betrayed me! I have passed such a night o agony——" The man's nerves gave way again. "H buried his face in his hands, and cried like a baby.

"Your weapon, Brébœuf," said Captain Thouars approaching him.

Brébœuf could have killed him, and then himself, bu he had no orders. He had been told to guard Garro until morning, and then wait. He waited. He hand ed his pistol to Dupetit Thouars without a word. A soon as he was disarmed, Garron staggered to hi feet, and struck him again and again in the face unti he was cut and bleeding.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Thouars, shocked beyond meas ure, finally dragging Garron away by main force. "Ar you mad?"

"If you had sat here with that iron hell-hound th night long, as I have, you would be mad, too."

"What has he done?"

"He forced me to permit the English prisoner, th marquis, the women, all my prisoners, to escape las night. They overpowered me in this cabin. They hel their weapons against my heart, and forced me to giv the order to enable them to get off. They have gone It was this fiend that did it, and he shall pay for it!

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"Is this true?" asked Thouars, turning to Brébœuf. Like everybody on the ship, he would not take Garron's statement under oath. Brébœuf nodded.

"You shall die! You shall die!" shouted Garron.

"But after a court-martial?" suggested Thouars.

"Am I the captain of this ship, or are you?" asked Garron. "He shall be hung at once, sir."

He struck the bell upon the table sharply. An instant after, a marine appeared.

"Summon the guard," ordered Garron. "Tell the officer of the watch to rig a whip on the fore yard-arm, and be quick about it!"

Then, as the sea-soldiers filled the cabin, he directed them to seize and bind Brébœuf. To these preparations the Breton made no resistance whatever. His arms were bound behind him, and he was roughly hauled from the cabin to the deck. Thither he was followed by the crazed Garron, Thouars vainly protesting.

It was full morning now. Garron glanced across the water. He stared anxiously at the sea and the shore. There was no evidence that any message had arrived from Alexandria concerning him yet. Perhaps Bonaparte had not returned, perhaps the marquis had not been able to see him. He might still have a few hours of respite. That dash to sea would be infinitely more hazardous in open daylight than at night. Still it would be his only chance. He would try it. But, first, he would hang this man. The animosity which he had cherished toward the family of the marquis was now centered upon Brébœuf.

The preparations were simple, and were speedily made. Garron did not even go through the formality of calling all hands. By his directions, two of the sailors were ordered to drag Brébœuf to the grating which had been rigged on the rail. A noose had been cast on the end of the whip, depending from the starboard fore yard-arm. It was passed around Brébœuf's neck. Garron himself gave instructions for the watch to tail on to the fall, which had been led through a snatch-block on the deck.

There was murmuring and rebellion among the crew. But they were unarmed, the marines were drawn up upon the quarter-deck, their pieces loaded. There was no doubt that they would fire if Garron gave the order. Proverbial hatred between sailors and marines was as strong in France as in any other navy. Besides, no one cared especially for Brébœuf. He had been in constant attendance upon Garron and had not made any friends among the crew. Indeed, the unpopularity of the captain was in a measure shared by his servant.

Every man holding the fall of the tackle knew that there had been no court-martial, that the law would not sanction this summary execution, but it was none of their affair. Under the circumstances, they had nothing to do but obey orders. Another moment would have seen the Breton run up to the yard-arm. Just as Garron was about to give the signal, Brébœuf broke the silence.

"A priest!" he cried.

"There are no priests in the Republic!" said Garron, brutally.

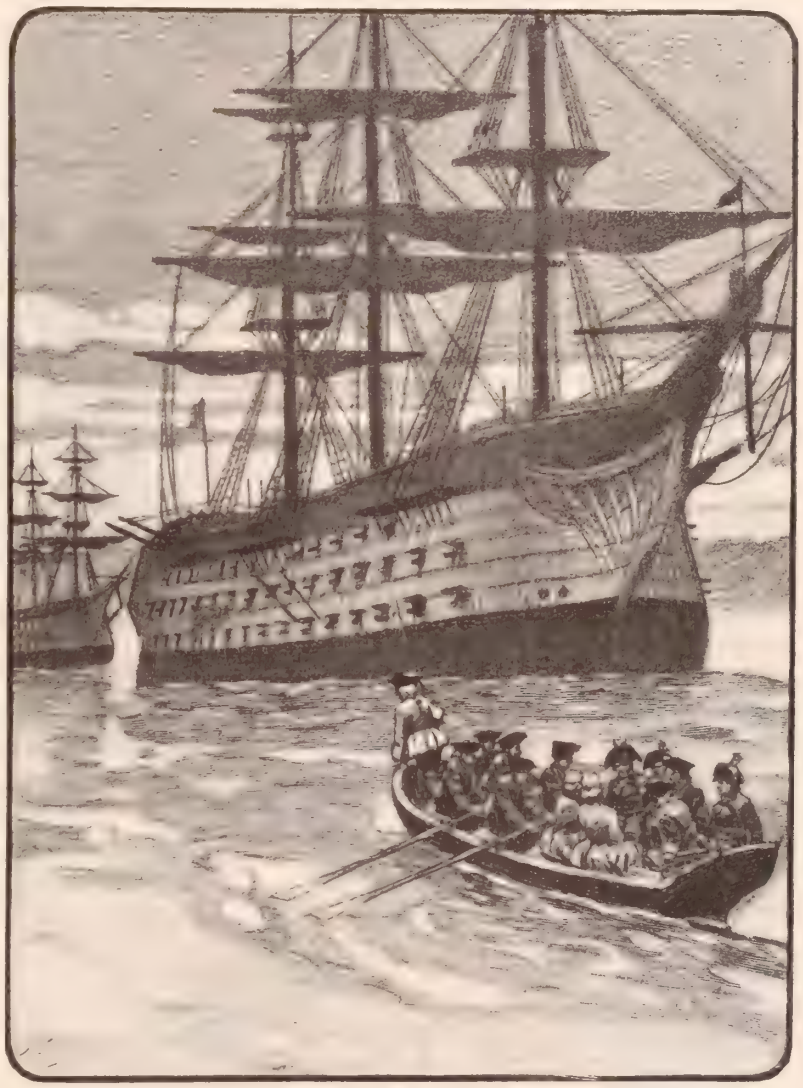
"A prayer!" entreated the Breton.

"Pray yourself, curse you!" said the captain. "Pick up that rope!" he shouted to the men. They had heard Brébœuf's appeal, and had instinctively relaxed their hold upon it.

"Give him time for a word, Captain Garron," said Dupetit Thouars.

"Not another second! Seize the fall! Set taut!"

The words "sway away!" trembled on his lips, as the reluctant men took up the slack of the rope, when, through the crowd at the gangway, there burst a small, but tremendous figure.



"Give way, men! Hard!" said Brueys.
"The life of a brave man is at stake."

CHAPTER XXIX

"ALAS, FOR THE KING!"

"STOP!" he cried in a voice of authority which could not be mistaken.

"Bonaparte!" gasped Garron, blanching with terror.

"Release that man!" cried the little general. "Instantly!" He stamped his foot upon the deck. "Unbind him! How dare you!"

The men before him fairly shrank back and made room for him. They recognized him at once. Bonaparte turned to Garron. The sailor was twice as big as the general. Bonaparte seized him by the shoulder, and shook him as if he had been a rat.

"You dog!" he cried. "You infamous traitor! You would sell the Republic to the English!"

By this time others from the boat had come aboard. The officers on deck crowded aft. As soon as he was released, Brébœuf fell at the feet of the marquis. The old man lifted him up.

"Not there," he said, "but here!" opening his arms and embracing him.

As he released him, the eyes of the Breton fell upon Comte Honoré. With a glad cry, he ran toward the young man, who greeted him in the same way. Even Louise gave him both her hands, and smiled as he kissed them.

"Saved!" gasped the old sailor.

"Yes, thanks to you, my good Brébœuf," said Louise.

"And to General Bonaparte," said Comte Honoré.

"Garron," said Bonaparte, having conferred a few moments with Brueys. "That paper?"

"It's a lie, it's a lie!" screamed Garron.

"I swear to you that I heard him bargain for it," said the marquis.

"And I, too," said Louise.

Bonaparte looked at Brébœuf. The Breton nodded his head.

"Citizens, this man offered to sell you to the English!" said Bonaparte, turning to the officers and raising his voice so that the whole crew might hear. By this time every officer and man on the ship was on deck. Forgetful of discipline, which was indeed laxly administered, they came crowding aft, and some of the more venturesome even stepped on the quarter-deck. A yell of rage and execration followed the general's words.

"Mercy!" cried Garron, sinking to his knees.

"That's not all," continued Bonaparte, "You knew that a plot against my life was in existence six weeks ago. Why didn't you declare it?"

"I only found it out last night. I sent the paper to you immediately."

"Another falsehood," said the marquis. "My baggage was searched when I was captured."

"I made the search, general," said Dupetit Thouars, "I found the papers there. I gave them to Captain Garron."

"He knew it himself!" shouted Garron, white with fear and passion.

"It is not true," answered the marquis and Thouars at once.

"I was there," said the marquis, "this man," pointing to Thouars, "knew nothing of the contents of the papers."

"Enough!" said Bonaparte brusquely. "What punishment shall be meted out to him, comrades?"

"Hang him at the yard-arm!" shouted one of the officers instantly.

Immediately his words were taken up by the crew of seven hundred men, which made up the complement of the ship.

"Hang him!"

"Up with the traitor!"

"To the yard-arm with him!"

Such a roar of passion was blasted up from the decks of *Le Tonnant* as seemed to rive the heavens. Garron threw himself upon the deck. He groveled before the stern figure of the little general. He clasped the general's feet in his hands.

"I confess it! For God's sake, let me live! Don't hang me! Protect me, mademoiselle, you are a woman! Speak for me!"

"No one shall speak for you," said Bonaparte. "No one shall save you from the doom you have brought upon yourself."

"Hang him!"

"The whip, the whip!" came from the crowd.

"To the grating with him!"

The ship was the scene of a terrible confusion.

"Back!" cried Bonaparte sternly. "We will not hang him," he cried, in spite of the ominous growl of rage and hatred that burst from the crowd. "He shall be shot here and now! On his own quarter-deck! Marines, there! Advance! Are your pieces loaded?"

"Yes, general," said the lieutenant in command.

"Captain Thouars, have that carrion taken to the poop-deck."

Shrieking, protesting, struggling vainly, Garron was seized and dragged to the poop-deck.

"Now, my lieutenant," said Bonaparte, turning to the marine officer, "take eight of your men up there. Shoot him!"

In an instant the marines appointed had scampered up the ladder. They seemed to relish their duty. They ranged themselves on the starboard side of the poop, while Garron was dragged to the opposite side. He fell in a helpless huddle to the deck.

"To your knees!" ordered Bonaparte sternly. "Or I will have you bayoneted to death where you are!"

Garron realized that all was hopeless. Some of the courage which had deserted him came back. He raised himself on one knee, resting one hand upon the deck, and glared at Bonaparte.

The general stood with a handkerchief lifted in the air. The eyes of the marine officer were fastened upon him.

"When I drop this handkerchief, monsieur," he said, "you will give the order to fire."

Garron presented a terrible picture. Flakes of foam lay upon his bloodless lips. His maddened eyes gleamed with hate and rage. He lifted his arm suddenly, and moved as if to spring to a standing position. What was in his mind no one knew. Perhaps he meant to leap over the rail and strike Bonaparte where he stood. The general was too quick for him.

"Curse the Republic!" shouted Garron.

"Fire!" cried Bonaparte himself, dropping the handkerchief.

The eight muskets crashed as one. The body of Garron half rose in the air, lunged forward, and then lay still. They could see a ghastly red blood-stain widening on the white deck as the smoke blew away.

"Justice is done! So perish all traitors to the Republic!" said Bonaparte quietly.

"*Vive la République!*" came in a tremendous roar from the crew.

"Now," said Bonaparte, looking around suddenly. "What is the meaning of this disorder? Get back to your stations, men! Do you hear? Is this the discipline you allow in your fleet, Admiral Brueys!"

"Sir," stammered the astonished admiral, "the circumstances——"

"Under no circumstances," stormed the little general, "should discipline be relaxed."

He made a step toward the men in the gangway. They fell back before him.

"Captain Thouars," said Bonaparte, "attend me to the cabin. Marquis, admiral," he added pointing aft, himself leading the way.

"Admiral Brueys," he said, when they reached the cabin under the poop. "You will make out an order transferring the command of *Le Tonnant* to Captain Dupetit Thouars. Marquis de Vaudémont——"

He did not finish the sentence, for as he turned, the old marquis slowly sank to the floor, collapsed.

"Look to the old officer," cried Bonaparte, as with a faint scream Louise sprang to the side of her grandfather. The ship's doctor who was present, bent over him. "It is only a faint," he said, despatching one of the officers for restoratives.

TO BE CONTINUED

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Greeting to the Peace Congress

THE following message of greeting from the readers of this journal has been sent to the International Peace Congress:

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, October 5, 1904.

HON. EDWIN D. MEAD, Chairman Peace Congress, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers throughout this Continent, send cordial greetings to the Peace Congress, and to the noble men and women who have come from distant lands to join with our own peace lovers in sounding the call for international arbitration and amity. They earnestly hope and pray that the Congress may enjoy Divine guidance in all its deliberations, that its speakers may be given words of wisdom, and that its entire influence may be an effective aid toward the realization of the world's hope—the abolition of war.

Great reforms grow slowly, but it is surely cause for rejoicing that in many lands the people are awakening to the sin and folly of war, and to the conviction that no principle can ever be vindicated by violence.

May God soon send upon the earth abiding Peace!

THE EDITORS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Workers Needed

GLOOMY indeed are the conditions and prospects of religious life, if the experience of one prominent pastor is typical. He was pastor of an influential church in New York, and saw much of the religious and social life of the city. In leaving it for another sphere of labor, he uttered words of warning to his brother ministers who remain, which ought to awaken serious thought and effort. He expressed the conviction, based on a careful canvass of the immediate neighborhood of his church, that there was an alarming declension in spiritual life and work. Church members, once active workers, had lapsed in large numbers. There were, he said, so many ex-elders, ex-deacons and ex-Sunday School workers in that one section, that if they were assembled they would fill a large church. Still more serious is his opinion of those who still maintain their connection with the church. They neglect their duties and cannot be induced to do work, which is clearly incumbent upon them. As an illustration of this latter class, he mentioned a sad incident. It was that of a lady in the church, who was requested to call on a girl, whose dress and conduct indicated a tendency to drift away from the paths of virtue and religion, though she was a member of the church. The pastor thought that a little timely talk and earnest warning, from one of her own sex, might avert her fall. The pastor was assured that the call should be made, but after a month had elapsed, the promise was unfulfilled. The lady had been too busy. He applied to another lady, who was an active worker, but she, too, failed to keep the promise that she readily gave, as did another to whom he appealed. When finally, after a long lapse of time, he obtained the services of a paid deaconess, the opportunity had passed, and it was then too late to save the girl.

These charges constitute a shocking indictment. Can it be true that there are so many officers and members of churches who have withdrawn from service? Is it possible that when an opportunity occurs of doing a service for Christ and saving a soul from falling, no one can be found to perform the duty? We do not believe that religion is generally at so low an ebb. The pastor's experience must have been exceptional. There are many churches in which there is activity and earnest endeavor to win souls. Nevertheless, the fact that such charges can be made, and that, too, by a man who has had abundant opportunities for observing the situation, should cause sincere concern. If such conditions prevail in any section, or in any denomination, a searching inquiry should be made as to the cause. The old Gospel has not lost its power. Is it being faithfully preached? Are the methods of keeping alive the spirit of Christ in the soul, which have been effectual in the past, still being kept up? Are the officers of our churches allowing the question of church revenues to absorb the attention which should be given to the spiritual condition of the members? Have our church services become too mechanical? In any way have we lost touch with Christ, who promised to be with his people always? These and other questions which will readily suggest themselves, ought to be answered. It is a time for self-examination and for earnest prayer that God will revive his work among us, that the curse uttered on Laodicea does not fall upon us.

The Ideal Sabbath

OUR symposium on Sabbath Observance, which appears in this issue, besides being one of the most helpful and interesting of the series thus far, has the distinction of being unique in the unanimity with which the writers condemn the prevalent and increasing tendency to the desecration of the Lord's Day. Among the many contributors there is not a single apologist for Sabbath-breaking.

It is apparent to all who are observant of the social and religious drift of the times that the "Europeanization" of the American Sabbath is becoming more pronounced, especially in our large cities. To many people the Lord's Day, instead of being a season of physical and spiritual reinvigoration, is little else than a weekly social round-up, devoted to feasting, pleasure-seeking, excursions, to the reading of light literature, or to music which, by a severe stretch of the imagination, is sometimes termed sacred, though more properly, operatic. "Company dinners," entailing needless domestic drudgery, and the occupation of servants to a greater extent even than on week days, are the rule in a very large proportion of city homes.

To call a day thus given over to appetite and worldly amusement the "Lord's Day," is a pitiful misnomer. It has nothing in common with the Christian Sabbath. The ideal Sabbath is a day of bodily rest and spiritual activities; of praise and prayer and thanksgiving; a day of the renewing of our covenant with the Heavenly Father and of the refreshing of our souls at the Gospel fountain in God's temple. Everything that invades the day and interferes with its appropriate duties should be firmly put aside. Self-denial should be exercised in our household affairs, which should be so arranged that no work that can be done beforehand should be left for the Sabbath day. It should be the Lord's Day in the kitchen as well as in the parlor; for servant as well as for employer. Every member of the household should have an opportunity to hear the preached Word. There is nothing sweeter than to see the familiar faces—parents and children—in the family pew. But if for unavoidable causes this is impracticable, then a simple home service, with reading from the Scriptures, praise and prayer, should be substituted. Thus the day should be spent simply and restfully, undisturbed by worldly matters, unvexed by business cares, and marked by clean thoughts and uplifting conversation. Sunday School, good books at home and cheery talk, with good music, will make the day pleasant for the children, who should be taught, both by example and precept, the real joys of the Lord's Day, which will influence the whole week. Let us tell them of the rich blessing that attends those who love and honor the holy day, and who so enjoy its gracious privileges that they can say with the Psalmist, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Modern Troglodytes

NEW YORK, having towered as far skyward as possible with its altitudinous buildings, is now turning its attention to the practicability of building underground. It is even said that the recently completed Subway is but the beginning of a big subterranean metropolis, and that, in the not far distant future, a considerable section of the population of New York will become like the Troglodytes or Subterraneans mentioned by Strabo and other ancient writers, as dwelling in natural caverns or in holes which they had dug in the soil of Mauritania, Ethiopia, and Egypt. These Troglodytes were primitive creatures, very much given to noise and screeching, the scientists assure us, and to other habits and customs also, that were not quite in accord with modern ideas.

That New York really means to attempt the experiment of an underground business section would appear from the fact that a project is now under consideration to build an arcade from the Twenty-third Street Station to Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Optimistic prognosticators say that not only will this arcade be built, but that there will be in time a subterranean city, with brilliantly lighted sidewalks, gay with shops of all kinds, music-halls and restaurants.

It may be that the problem of city congestion will be ultimately solved in this way. It has already been demonstrated that a fine store can be made underground, as there is one already built at the Twenty-third Street Station as complete as any in the surface shopping district; but we have yet to hear that there are any plans for the erection of subterranean dwellings, though possibly these may come later. But the underground city of stores, if realized, will in itself afford amazing possibilities. A dweller uptown could dive underground near her home, do her shopping in the subterranean stores, and not emerge again until she had finished. A business man could disappear like a jack-rabbit at one part of the city and reappear at another. This would be as near an approach to the Troglodytes as would be altogether agreeable.

On the whole, we don't envy the prospect of a Troglodyte reversion. We had rather live above ground, and enjoy God's beautiful sunlight and the strengthening air and the perfume of the flowers and the singing of birds. Rather than become subterraneous and dwell in the artificially relieved gloom of the underworld, we would give our allegiance to the fabled Hyperboreans, who lived for a thousand years, under a cloudless sky in the enjoyment of perpetual spring, and whose fields yielded double harvests.

Let us live content, where God and nature have placed us, on the world's surface, and amid the enjoyment of its beauties and its blessings. We would not miss the sunlight, the blue skies and the beauty of wood, and mountain, and river for all the pleasures of an artificial existence in the centre of the earth. But, after all, it matters little where one's lot in life is cast; for trusting in the Heavenly Father, we can rest secure in the knowledge that we cannot drift beyond the love and care with which He surrounds all his children.

God's Comforting Touch

A FATHER, heartbroken over the loss of a darling child of eight, asks if we may believe that our loved and lost are ministering spirits to us as we toil on the desolate way? There is nothing in the Bible to forbid the thought that our dear ones come back and help us bear our grief, and there are some reasons for the hope that they may do this. They are forever freed from the limitations of the flesh. They are forever freed from death. Moses and Elias talked with our Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration. Why may we not think, as we sit by our lonely hearth, our invisible loved ones sometimes come and comfort us? But God's comfort is in the Master's assurance, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you."

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS

WHY NONE CAN BE SAVED BY THEIR OWN MERITS

Galatians 3: 22	Romans 3: 10, 19 and 23
Romans 5: 12	Romans 10: 3
I. Corinthians 2: 14	Galatians 2: 16
Psalms 143: 2	Luke 12: 8 and 9
James 2: 10	Luke 16: 15
John 3: 3	Luke 17: 10
I. John 5: 19	Luke 18: 14

D. F. E.

The Archbishop's Visit

MOST cordial and respectful is the welcome accorded everywhere he goes in this country, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Davidson is the first Primate of the Church of England to visit the United States, and his coming at this time is an event thoroughly appreciated by clergy and laity alike. In New York, the congregation that assembled to hear his sermon crowded Old Trinity Church to the doors, and those who were unable to gain admission would have filled the venerable edifice over again. The Archbishop spoke of the deep impression already made on his mind by his observation of American life; of the tremendous energy and restless struggle of the people, and of the signs of the vast wealth that accrued. It was characteristic of the man, so famous in his own country for his kindness and sympathy with the poor and afflicted, that he went on to say:

How easily in all the tossing of these rapids must the weaker sort of folk be submerged and go out of sight and out of thought. That possibility is of course not peculiar to this bright and busy land. But it is here so obvious as to make it to a visitor a recurrent thought. Back, then, to the touchstone of the life and words and principles of Jesus Christ. What did he come to the world to assert or to do? Hear him tell. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He cares for, and wants us to care for and look after those whom in the hurry of strong healthy life we may be apt to neglect or overlook. We cannot too often be reminded how fundamental a thing it is in Christ's view—how he reiterated and dwelt upon it as a principle of quite universal application, not an accretion or an incident, but the very taproot of the whole. When he told men about the characteristics of what he called the kingdom of heaven, the new society He was founding upon earth, the new bond of loyalty to the living Lord, the new link of brotherhood with one another which He was fashioning, He laid special stress upon one absolute and constant thought—caring for the weak and the poorest.

There was no reproach in these words. The Archbishop had been through the tenement district of the city under the guidance of Mr. Jacob Riis, and had seen the efforts being made to help those who are in need. But it is significant that this high dignitary, in addressing an American audience should have uttered this kindly reminder.

They would that we should remember the poor; which very thing I was zealous to do (Gal. 2:10 R. V.).

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ARCHBISHOP DAVIDSON AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

Naturalized Citizens

The duty of this country to protect its naturalized citizens has been frequently called in question by other Governments. The subject was under discussion at a public meeting in Washington, when a member of the Diplomatic Service, who has served in Turkey, called attention to a practice which has been a source of embarrassment to our Government. It was that of a foreigner who is in bad odor with his own Government, coming here and staying long enough to be naturalized, and then going back to his native land to plot against his sovereign under the protection of his American citizenship. The diplomat, quoting the decision of an authority on International law, said: "The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, his allegiance to his native Government becomes severed forever. He experiences a new political birth. A broad and impassable line separates himself from his native country." He added, that many persons had abused this doctrine by becoming naturalized American citizens with a view to returning to the country of their birth and fomenting discord, while claiming the protection of the land of their adoption. He believed our State Department would eventually be convinced that naturalization effected in the United States without any intent to permanently reside therein, but with a view to reside in another country, especially when such other country was the country of origin, should be treated by this country as fraudulent, and as imposing no obligation to protect such persons. Happily this principle does not apply to those who have abjured their allegiance to the Prince of this world. They are encouraged to go into the country of origin, that they may persuade others to follow their example in becoming citizens of Christ's Kingdom.

I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God (Acts 26:18).

Russia's New Ruler

No man in Russia has greater power over its people than the man who holds the office of Minister of the Interior. The character of even the Emperor himself, is not a matter of greater concern to the vast population than is that of this powerful statesman. A large discretion is in his hands, and the welfare of more than a hundred million persons largely depends on how he exercises it. It is, therefore, a matter for thankfulness, that Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, who has been appointed to this responsible office, is reported to be a man of broad sympathies, conscientious, and liberal-minded. It is as yet too early to know whether this estimate of his character is correct, but the fact that he is so described is welcome. He is of Polish origin, and has held several important offices under the Russian Government. He was at one time a subordinate in the department of which he is now the head; he has also been assistant chief of the gendarmerie, and later Governor-General of Vilna. It is a feature in his favor that he was disliked by his predecessor in his present office, M. de Plehve, whose harsh and cruel rule was ended by his assassination. M. de Plehve was continually quarreling with him when they were both in the Department of the Interior, and finally got rid of him by securing his appointment to Vilna. The new minister avows himself a friend of progress, and declares his intention to govern in a true and broad, liberal spirit. For the sake of the Russian people, who need precisely a ruler of that kind, we earnestly hope that his promise will be kept, and that his subordinates may be compelled to adapt themselves to those principles. It would be well if he made the advice of the ancient prophet the motto of his administration.

To undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke (Isa. 58:6).

Iron in Life-Preservers

An extraordinary charge is made against a firm of cork manufacturers by a New York house, whose business it is to supply life-preservers to steamships. The New York firm sent an order to the cork-manufacturers, for blocks of compressed cork for several thousand life-preservers. Eight blocks of cork are needed for each life-preserver, and the United States law requires that the aggregate weight of the eight shall not be less than six pounds. When, however, the order was executed, it was found that eight blocks weighed only five and-a-half pounds. Complaint was made, and in order to comply with the law, a number of heavy blocks were sent, one of which was to be used with seven of the blocks of the first consignment, It was found that by doing so, the seven blocks of the old and one block of the new aggregated six pounds, as required by law. But it was noticed that the heavy blocks were no larger than the light ones. The mystery was explained when one of the heavy blocks was broken open. Inside, was a piece of iron weighing half a pound. If the facts are as alleged, the imposition is heartless and cruel in the extreme. A person in a steamboat disaster putting on a life-preserver constructed of cork so weighted, would really be carrying half a pound of metal instead of the half-pound of cork which he needs to buoy him up. Happily, the substitution was discovered in time, so no mischief was done in that instance. There is reason to fear that many souls seeking salvation are similarly impeded by teachers to whom they go for advice, who lay penances upon them instead of guiding them to Christ. There were such men in our Lord's time.

They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders (Matt. 23:4).

Unrecognized Wealth

A singular incident of a transaction which has proved the foundation of an enormous fortune is related of a millionaire in the West. Five years ago he was a merchant in Nebraska. Among the accounts owing to him was one that had been standing so long that it was outlawed. But the debtor was an honest man, and the merchant believed he would pay if he ever had the means. He, therefore, went to see him. The debtor said that he had always intended to pay, but had never been able. He had no money then, but he offered his creditor a number of shares in a mine. "They are not worth a cent on the doliar" he frankly explained, "but some day they may become valuable, in any case I will give them to you, as I have nothing else." The merchant accepted them, and laid them aside and forgot them, until one day three years afterwards he noticed in a newspaper the name of the mine, and the statement that gold had been found there. The price of the shares had mounted by leaps and bounds. He examined the shares in his possession and found that they were worth $75,000 in the market. His astonishment may be imagined, for he had regarded them as worthless. The day is coming when such surprises will be general. Some who are accounted rich will find themselves poor in heavenly riches, and some who were despised for their poverty will find themselvs heirs of a kingdom.

PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKI IN HIS OFFICE

I know thy works, and tribulations, and poverty (but thou art rich) (Rev. 2:9).

BRIEF NOTES

China still has 1,400 cities, with an aggregate population of over 100,000,000 without missionaries. It is further estimated that she has over 1,000,000 unevangelized villages.

John D Rockefeller has given the Cleveland Young Women's Christian Association $50,000 in addition to a like sum previously given, if the Association completes a fund of $150,000 by November 1.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo has issued his annual report of his work among street waifs of London, and other large English cities. From the figures given, it appears that there are now in his homes 7,500 children, ranging in age from infants to boys of sixteen. Besides these, he has already sent 15,785 to Canada.

Young Men Seeing the Invisible

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

IF one of the angels who protected Elisha had to tell the story of the lesson, he would probably give some such account as this: "I belong to the invisible angelic host, which encamp round about them that love God, to deliver them. Men pray, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' and God answers the prayer by giving us charge over them. It was given to us to touch the eyes of Benhadad's soldiers, and in that touch was blindness for a season. Then they accepted as a guide the very man they were seeking to kill. Elisha brought the Syrians to Samaria, the very stronghold of Israel, and into the presence of Jehoram. Then our touch was required again, and their sight was restored. They recognized then that they had been trapped, and they expected nothing short of destruction. Indeed, King Jehoram was impatient to execute vengeance upon them. But Elisha forbade this, and instead, commanded that food should be given them, and that they should then be allowed to go back to their own country."

From Mr. Moody's Bible

OPEN THE YOUNG MAN'S EYES

1.—To see himself a sinner..... Gen. 3 : 7
2.—To see the sword of judgment..... Num. 22 : 31
3.—To see the will of salvation beside him..... Gen. 21 : 19
4.—To recognize the risen Saviour at hand..... Luke 24 : 31
5.—To see the safety of God's people..... 2. Kings 6 : 17

Illustration and Application

How a king and a young man learned the might of invisible forces is the central truth of this story—a most pertinent lesson for all, but especially for boys and young men.

1. How a King Learned to Reckon with Invisible Forces. It is not true that victory in war always goes with the strongest battalions, unless by that is meant the invisible forces that gave victory to Deborah, when "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" and to David, when he kept step with "the sound of a going of horses' hoofs in the tops of the mulberry trees," and to Hezekiah, when the vast army of Sennacherib "melted like snow at the glance of the Lord;" and to Protestant England, when the Spanish Armada was approaching in seemingly resistless strength—"He blew with his wind and scattered them." The confidence that comes from being on God's side, has often made the few victors over the many. God is as manifest in the historic ages, as the power that makes for progress, as in the earlier geologic ages. Neither Waterloo nor wireless telegraphy can be reasonably explained without God. So, in this lesson, Benhadad found there were invisible forces defeating all his military plots for the conquest of Israel. He and his captains would carefully plan an ambuscade, but when his troops were hidden on the path that the king of Israel would naturally traverse, the latter would unaccountably take another course and escape.

At last Benhadad was compelled to suspect his most trusted officers, to whom he said: "Which of us is betraying my secret plans to the enemy?" "None," said one of his captains, "but the prophet Elisha learns them from the God of Israel, who knows every word you say." "Then we must capture him," said Benhadad, who is not the first or last ruler that has fought against God. Bad men thought to silence Jeremiah, Daniel, John the Baptist, Paul and other prophets, and in some cases they have silenced such voices, but they have not so defeated the plans of God. For a year at least, after he tried to capture Elisha, his soldiers knew better than to give battle again to those invisible forces that had blinded them at Dothan, and led them captive to Samaria, and then had magnanimously restored to them sight and liberty. Benhadad's case recalls the dying prayer of Tyndale, when the king of England was fighting against God in refusing to allow the Bible to be translated, and had doomed Tyndale to martyrdom for giving the Bible to the people: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

In the midst of a Presidential campaign, devoted largely to material discussions, let us not forget that invisible forces have had a large part in our own and other national histories. The venerable historian, Hon. George Bancroft, wrote in 1884, his conviction of the inseparableness of liberty and religion, as follows: "Certainly our great united commonwealth is the child of Christianity. It may, with equal truth be asserted that modern civilization sprang into life with our religion, and faith in its principles is the life-boat on which humanity has at divers times escaped the most threatening perils." Benjamin Franklin grew up in the deistic belief that secondary causes and general laws are sufficient to account for everything that happens, and that God plays no part in human history except as the author of those general laws. He had been confirmed in this way of regarding the process of affairs through scientific studies, which accustom a man to seeing intently and distinctly the facts which lie near his eyes, and disuse him from looking further. As our envoy to France he was well placed for studying the course of events in a calm and philosophic spirit, and in a human environment not of the devout kind. Yet Franklin declared that what he had seen of the Revolutionary war had satisfied him of the active participation of God in human history, and had shattered his deism to pieces. So John Adams wrote: "I always consider the settlement of America with reverence, as the opening of a grand scene and design of Providence for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth." The Legislature of Pennsylvania in a like faith abolished slavery in that commonwealth as an act of thanksgiving to God for the successful outcome of the war of the Revolution.

2. How a Young Man Came to See the Invisible.—It is said, in explanation of Moses' wonderful renunciation of Egypt's glorious crown, in order that he might suffer with his own people for a true faith: "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." But for that habit of including the invisible world in his reckoning, Moses, instead of being the foremost of purely human characters, the leading human figure in three great religions, and the law-giver of the world, might have been the mummy of that comparatively unknown Pharaoh that passed the customs in Egypt during its last war, marked "dried fish." And our lesson gives young men another instructive example of reckoning with the invisible. This young man, servant of Elisha, awakening one morning in Dothan, saw the Syrian army closing in on the town from every side, their swords flashing in the morning sun, and ran to Elisha in terror with the news. Elisha showed no alarm,

DOTHAN, THE SCENE OF THE MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE

for the vision of God casts out fear. The prayer he offered is the very prayer most needed in our homes and churches to-day: "Lord, open the young man's eyes."

When the writer, after sixteen years of almost constant travel about this country, is asked, "What is the most serious peril of our time?" he answers swiftly, "The fact that of our fifteen millions of young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-eight years, only five per cent. are in our churches, while they are a majority in the prisons, and in those prison preparatory schools, the saloons and Sunday ball games." The church, where the writer preached just before writing this lesson, had in a few weeks lost half of its young men from the church services and Sunday School through the toleration of that city of illegal Sunday ball games. In very childhood we must teach our future men that

Invisible Things

are as real and more important than the visible; that the wall the boy sees is not more real than the invisible air between him and the wall; that the word he speaks is not more real than the thought that prompted it; that the world about him is not more real than the God who made it; that his body is but the house of the thinking, loving, willing soul that dwells in it and will some day leave it behind for another world as real as this, where we shall dwell with God and angels, who are even now evermore about us. Perhaps young men would be more interested in angels if shown by Bible references that angels are in the Bible represented always as stalwart young men, not winged girls.

We have telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, stethoscopes, but we need also a theoscope for seeing God, and here it is: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God"—not in heaven only, but here and now. Let us correct that materialistic and erroneous teaching, that we "belong to the animal kingdom," by repeating again and again that impressive story of the aged Emperor William of Germany, grandfather of the present Emperor, who, visiting a school, lifted a fragment of stone and said, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," replied the schoo in concert. "And to what kingdom this flower?" To th vegetable kingdom." Then the Emperor, wishing to illus trate the animal kingdom, laid his hand on his heart and saic "And to what kingdom do I belong?" All the childre wiser than their books, instinctively refused to classify the Emperor with animals. After a solemn pause, one child sai softly, "To God's kingdom, sire." Aye, let our school-boo makers take note of the correction—we belong not to th animal kingdom, which we touch on the lower side of ou nature, as animals touch vegetables, and vegetables, mineral on their lower side. Everything should be classified by it higher faculties.

It was a strange mistake of a generation ago that was en bodied in the hymn, "I want to be an angel," which has bee cast aside, not alone because men have come to understan that redeemed men are above angels, but more because thi generation thinks very little of the invisible world and is i no hurry to get there. This is partly a wholesome reactio from too much "otherworldliness" in religion, toward th idea of making a "better country" and a "better world here and now; but still more is it due to the fact of a growin disbelief in hell and devils, which has carried with it doubt of heaven and angels also. The cure is in one supreme argu ment, namely, that it is the most reasonable thing any reasor able being can do to accept absolutely whatever is clearl taught by Jesus Christ, who is almost universally acknow edged to be the world's greatest Specialist on religion. W should use our imperfect reason only on the lesser things c which that perfect Reasoner did not speak. That is

True Rationalism

We may say: I believe in angels because Jesus did. H always quoted the Old Testament as true and authoritativ as one quotes unquestionable history and decisions of supreme court. And the Ne Testament was written by th very men whom he promise to "guide into all truth." Fc a young man to plan his lif with the teachings of Chris ignored, is even more foolis than if he left out Copernicu and Newton and Stevenso and Fulton and Edison, an tried to get on without steat and electricity and the othe fruits of science.

The young man of our stor entered into a larger, noble world when his opened eye enabled him to see that ther are "more inhabitants of th air than of the solid ground. A lady, who had become muc interested in the subject o guardian angels as connecte with the passage, "He shal give his angels charge ove thee," chanced to be ridin with Mr. D. L. Moody on train. She asked the question "Mr. Moody, what do yo think about angels?" Th quick reply was, "I think thi car is full of them, guardin these Christians on their wa to the Sunday School Con vention to which we are go ing." Let us have no peeping muttering spiritualism, whicl seemed to prove that disem bodied spirits lose both thei intelligence and morals, but le every man ennoble life wit the true spiritualism that rec ognizes that we belong to tw worlds, and live on their bor derland. The voice of ou Heavenly Father is calling every young man to his highes function and privilege, a daily fellowship, not alone wit angels, but with God himself, to love whom is the greatest gladdest act possible to any human soul. This may be illus trated by the following beautiful story:

During our Civil War news came to a lonely farmer that his only son had been severely wounded. The father, old and poor, started out to find him and bring him home. Much of the journey he made on foot, and when he reached a great camp no one knew of his son, and in his simplicity he could not definitely locate him. After vain inquiry in several camps he resolved to go from camp to camp, shouting, "John Thomas, your father wants you." At last one day he passed the tent where his son, just out of delirium, heard in his first conscious moments that cry: "John Thomas, your father wants you." He turned to his nurse and said: "And I want him. Tell him quick I am here." And so his father took his sick, pale boy home and restored him to strength. One day, shortly before he was to return to the army he told a Christian friend how his father had found him. "Have you thought," said the friend, "that this story has a heavenly meaning. 'John Thomas, your Heavenly Father wants you.' He cries with infinite yearning, 'My son give me thine heart.'" And so John Thomas learned to say, "Heavenly Father, thy son wants thee." When thou saidst: "Seek ye my face, my heart said, Thy face, Lord, will I seek" This great truth that God is ever with us was most beautifully expressed by Rev. Francis Lyte, when failing health compelled him to resign his work with a beloved congregation in England, to go abroad for his health. Pale and weak and sad he bowed his head and prayed that he might write something that would speak for him, now that he could no longer preach. The hymn written after that prayer was:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Lord, abide with me.

*International Sunday School Lesson for October 30. Elisha at Dothan. II. Kings 6: 8-23. Golden Text: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psalms 34: 7.

An Earnest Appeal to YOU

WE recently published an appeal to our subscribers to send us the names of 25 adult Protestant Church Members, and the response was both prompt and generous—resulting in **Nearly Half a Million Names.** We had, however, planned for greater things, and, in addition to the names we then had on hand, and those recently received, we need at least another Half Million to complete the number we first had in view, and therefore issue this **New Appeal.** We hope that all who have not yet responded will kindly favor us **with a List.**

★ ★ ★

Our aim is to largely increase our Subscription List, by sending out a **Christian Herald** Prospectus for 1905, to a Full **Million of New People,** and we are quite sure that all who may receive this beautifully illustrated Prospectus, will thank those who made it possible for us to send it to them. Our subscribers will, of course, receive their own copies of it as soon as issued.

If you did not respond to the first call please respond to this. By so doing, you will help along **The Christian Herald,** and the good cause of pure and elevating literature. This is a **Home Missionary Effort,** and, apart from the beautiful Volume which we mail to all who send us a list, it will, like every good deed, be, in itself, its own reward.

Never before in the history of our country was there more urgent occasion for the wider spread of Gospel Truth than now, and the Children of the King, if they will, can do most to help us. Those who have read **The Christian Herald** know that no other paper is so well adapted for the end in view, and we cannot but believe that **Every Subscriber** who reads this appeal, will be glad of the opportunity offered to cooperate with us in the good work contemplated.

Now the sending of 25 names is not a difficult undertaking; yet it will help along the great work in which we are engaged. Surely we may depend on you for this favor, and when you get the volume, you will agree with us that your labor was not in vain.

To enable all **who have not already done so** to aid us in our efforts, we have extended the date of mailing the lists of new names to October 26th, by which time we hope to receive **At Least Another Half a Million.**

★ ★ ★

You will find above a liberal offer, and we trust that you will consider it sufficiently attractive to induce a prompt and generous response to this appeal.

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OR
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HERE is a book of which millions of copies have been sold, and which has been a spiritual comfort to millions of people. It has been translated into nearly all European languages, and no book outside of the Bible has been so largely circulated or so widely read.

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James Clarence Harvey's "Select Readings and Recitations."

THERE is no end of books of this kind, but—alas! how few there are that can honestly claim the distinction of being particularly choice.

Mr. Harvey, in this volume, has admirably succeeded in combining the patriotic, the thrilling, the humorous, the pathetic, and the poetic in such a masterly fashion that not a single selection will admit of even the slightest adverse criticism. It is the best compilation of its kind, culled from the most famous authors of all ages and all nationalities.

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Either of these Superb volumes, beautifully Bound in White Vellum and Gilt—Making a Charming and Most Dainty Christmas Gift—will be sent **Free** to **Any Subscriber** sending us a List of Twenty-five Names (using the blank on the next page), and Ten Cents in stamps or coin to Cover Packing and Postage. Remember, **October 26th is the Last Mailing Day.** Address:

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To The Christian Herald,

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Write Very Distinctly
Use Black Ink if Convenient.
Mail On or Before Oct. 26, 1904

Herewith find names of.....adult **Protestant** Church Members, **No Two of which Live in th Same House,** and **all** of which are Permanent Residents here. I am a Christian Herald Subscriber.

	TITLE Mr., Mrs. or Miss, Dr. or Rev.	Full Name	Street Address	Post-Office	County	State	Denomination
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State clearly the **DENOMINATION** of the Church which Each One Attends. Use **B** for Baptist, **C** for Congregationalist, **D** for Disciple, **E** for Episcopalian, **L** for Lutheran, **M** for Methodist, **P** for Presbyterian, etc., etc.

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GROUP OF THE LEADING DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS IN BOSTON

1. Adolph Smith. 2. Herr Edward de Neufville, Frankfort, Germany. 3. Joseph G. Alexander, England. 4. John Ashworth, Manchester, England. 5. Peter Curran, England. 6. Prof. Quidde, Munich, Germany. 7. Prof. Th. Ruyssen, France. 8. M. Alphonse Jouet, France. 9. Thomas Wright. 10. Herr George Arnhold, Dresden. 11. Dr. Adolph Richter, Germany. 12. Richard Feldhaus, Switzerland. 13. Mr. Elliott, England. 14. Mrs. E. M. Southey, Guild of St. John. 15. Edwin Mead, Boston, Mass. 16. Mr. Stein. 17. Prof. Pierre Clerget, Switzerland. 18. Hon. W. P. Jones. 19. John A. Abratani. The others represent various countries accredited to the Congress.

One Hundred Years of Methodism

A REMARKABLE CELEBRATION HELD AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

ONE hundred years ago saw the first Methodist congregation organized in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. One year later, in 1805, the first church building for that denomination was erected on Jefferson Street. In 1840, the first Methodist Sunday School was organized. The corner-stone of Trinity Church was laid August 11, 1891, and on April 24, 1892, this new and beautiful house of worship was dedicated. At this time the Rev. Dr. G. H. Gregory was pastor, and Rev. Robert Knapp assistant pastor.

TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

On September 25, 1904, a series of meetings began in commemoration of the centenary of Methodism in that city. The celebration will be continued from the above mentioned date until November 20th inclusive. It was suggested by the executive committee of the Trinity Brotherhood, or Mens' Guild, under whose auspices this celebration is held, that there be a union observance of the occasion under the direction of the presiding elder of the Poughkeepsie district. Not only the different Methodist churches of the city were asked to fittingly recognize the interesting event, but all the Methodist churches in the district were represented by delegates, and one of the bishops was invited to give an appropriate address.

The programme for this notable celebration contains many interesting features. The Sunday night sermons during this period were preached by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. John J. Reed. The services each Sunday night were devoted to the interests of different organizations, including the Mens' Guild, F. & A. M., Junior Order of U. A. M., I. O. O. F., Y. M. C. A., Dr. Barnum's Bible Class, and Knights of Pythias. The Firemen of the city were invited to the services on Sunday, November 6.

On the evening of Thursday, September 29, the Trinity Brotherhood, or Young Men's Guild, held a banquet, this being a preliminary feature of the celebration. Two hundred members and their guests were seated at the tables. The principal speakers were Senator C. P. McClelland, head of the United States Custom House service, and Rev. George Eckman, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, New York City. Senator McClelland made a witty and telling speech. Subject, "If I Were in the Pulpit," which was ably responded to by Dr. Eckman, whose subject was, "If I Were in the Pew." Mayor Hine, who was introduced by Dr. Reed, was among the speakers of the occasion. Rev. A. P. Van Gieson, pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church, spoke on, "Methodism and the Old Dutch." There were a number of pleasing addresses from others, and a fine musical programme.

The pastor of Trinity Church, Dr. J. J. Reed, read an original poem, and was frequently interrupted by applause as the author carried his listeners along, giving a fine word picture of the time when Methodism first made its advent in Poughkeepsie, up to the present.

On Apokeepsing's rugged shore,
Where Hudson proudly flows;
Whence savage hordes were driven back
By ploughman's toil and musket crack—
An humble hamlet grows.

On through the days of the trials which the early settlers bore with such cou[rage], until they had built "court-house, co[unty] jail, yes, church and schoolhouse [also]. Then came the man on horseback, [clad] in of garb and speech; he preaches in [the] open air, makes a convert, forms a c[lass]; the seed is sown, and by and by a ch[urch] is built. This was one hundred years [ago], and now, from the humble hamlet as[cends] sprung—

City of bridge and beauty great,
With elm and maple clad;
With College Hill and V[assar]
Hall—
With public spirit spanning a[ll]
Thy citizens are glad.

Glad of thy growth in Church [and]
State;
Glad of thy self-control;
Glad of thy arching trees of g[reen],
Glad that thy city sits a quee[n]
Where Hudson's waters rol[l].

Men of a guild who celebrate
At banquet board to-night,
The genesis of Trinity,
The Gospel that makes all [men]
free—
We greet you with delight.

That Gospel let us all proclai[m]
By life and lip and limb,
Make vital ev'ry truth we kn[ow]
And illustrate where'er we go
The thought—"I live for H[im]."

REV. J. J. REED

Dr. Reed's gavel, which [he] used for the first time on [this] occasion, has an intere[sting] history. It is made entire[ly] of precious woods, brought [from] the Holy Land. These w[oods] are joined together in a ver[y in]genious manner. There is [one] of wood from the grape [of] Eschol; Terebinth [from] Shiloh; Oleander from Pe[ra]; Balm of Gilead from Jer[icho], and the handle of the [gavel] was taken from an almond [tree]. This pleasant occasion sh[owed] that there is no real allianc[e be]tween religion and gloom.

A REST HOME FOR MISSIONARIES

VERY sympathetic and practically useful is the project of a missionary colony which has been launched near Goshen, Mass. Its object is to provide a home in which the missionary seeking rest and recuperation while on furlough, may stay during his visit to his native land, and where students who are preparing for work in heathen lands may meet him, and gain from him practical knowledge of service in the field.

The Medical Missionary Society has long desired such a resort, the benefits of which are obvious. Only too often the missionary returning after many years of service in India or China or Africa, finds that he has now no home in his native land. His parents have died in his absence, his relatives are scattered, and there is no roof offering him shelter and congenial companionship. The Society desired to establish a refuge to which a missionary so circumstanced might go, and there turn to useful account his period of rest, in preparing recruits for the field. The usual difficulty of lack of funds prevented the realization of this kindly project, but two years ago the first and most important means came into its hands. The Hon. Alvan Barrus donated for the purpose nearly forty acres of land, fourteen miles northwest from Northampton, Mass. The site was exceptionally suitable, being in a bracing, salubrious region, fifteen hundred feet above sea level. It has been appropriately named "Mountain Rest," and already three buildings have been erected on it.

A nine-roomed cottage of two stories was first completed, and this was named after the illustrious missionary, Adoniram Judson. The second erected was a two-story cottage of eight rooms, named Livingstone Cottage, after the famous African missionary. These cottages were finished, furnished and filled during the later summer months of 1902 by missionaries and others. The third and largest building erected was named "Scudder Hall," of which a photograph appears on this page. It is named after Dr. John Scudder, the first medical missionary to leave the United States for a heathen land. Scudder Hall, which is now practically completed, is intended for the residence of recruit missionaries, and will also provide for the boarding of the occupants of the cottages, or veteran missionaries; parlors and library for general use being also contained therein. The lower story provides for storage, culinary and laundry purposes, and contains a dining-room measuring thirty feet square. The second story has a dormitory, parlor, class room and library; while the third story affords dormitory provision for twenty or more, and the attic floor storage room and rooms for servants.

About one thousand dollars are needed to complete the furnishing of Scudder Hall. As funds are received for the purpose, other memorial cottages will be erected and named as donors may wish. All the stone required for building can be found on the site, and timber and labor are very cheap, so that cottages can be erected at small cost. Over two hundred dollars have been given towards a cottage to the memory of Dr. John G. Kerr, who died in Canton in 1902, after nearly fifty years of service.

The three buildings already put up represent three denominations: Judson Cottage, the Baptists; Livingstone Cottage, Presbyterian; and Scudder Hall, the Reformed (Dutch) Church. The Congregational body will no doubt soon have a cottage to the memory of one o[f its] missionaries; and the Methodists [have] started a fund for a Baldwin and Tho[burn] Cottage, to the memory of the wife [and] sister of Bishop Thoburn, and of Ste[phen] Livingstone Baldwin, who, after [more] than twenty years' service in China, [was] Secretary of the Methodist Foreign [Mis]sionary Board for many years.

An opportunity is thus afforded to [per]petuate the memory of deceased mis[sion]aries, and to aid living ones to better [ser]vice. Each denomination should ha[ve at] least one cottage, and doubtless some [will] soon have more.

The cottages, to be erected as m[oney] are given, will be dotted around [the] spacious grounds, and in these cot[tage] retreats the tired missionaries from "l[ands] afar off" will find needed rest and q[uiet], with privacy and retirement. All g[uests] be provided with board at Scudder H[all], and thus be saved from care and an[noy]ance incident to housekeeping.

Some cottages will be of one story, [and] contain a parlor, three bedrooms a[nd a] bathroom, for the exclusive use of [the] family. Others will comprise two st[ories] and have a double bedroom and a p[arlor] on each side of the lower floor; al[so a] bathroom, with five single rooms above [for] use of missionary guests. The former [can] be built and furnished for $1,000; the l[atter] for $1,500; larger ones for $2,000 or $2,[500].

Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, the secretary [and] director of the Medical Missionary [So]ciety, who has had many years of exp[eri]ence in caring for, and training of, [mis]sionaries, resides at Mountain Rest du[ring] the season, and is ready to aid all guests [by] medical counsel and advice, free of cha[rge].

During the past summer over f[ifty] missionaries have found rest there [and] have heartily appreciated the privil[ege]. They belonged to various denominati[ons]. As the society is undenominational [it] has made no discrimination, but welco[mes] all, and thus makes the place a gen[uine] missionary home.

THE "REST HOME" FOR MISSIONARIES AT GOSHEN, MASS.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Our Girls

"GIRLS," said Edith, musingly, "may be roughly divided into two classes, the pretty and the plain."

I don't think," said Aunt Patsy, "that I can agree with y'. There are so many pretty girls, and so very few w) may be styled ugly. Why, every girl under twenty h. some beauty, either of abundant hair, or fine compkion, or bright eyes, or winning grace of manner. I n'er yet have seen a girl who was not attractive while th bloom of youth endured, unless," she added reflectifly, "she were discontented or fretful. An air of discntent blights any girl's beauty. It is li frost on a flower, blackening and wnering the blossom's perfection."

You are eloquent, Aunt Patsy," laughed Eth, looking in the glass. She saw th·e a very lovely face, peach-tinted, w) soft, brown eyes, and a beautiful b·w and chin; a face that was as changefras the summer sky.

I'm glad that I'm pretty," she re-·ked, solemnly.

Why, Edith!" Her mother's tone w. most reproving. "You must not thk yourself pretty, that spoils everything."

I'm not so sure." Aunt Patsy smiled a she looked up from the white shawl s) was knitting. "A girl is not blind, a· she knows at a glance what sort of p·sonage she is. Nobody can make a b·utiful girl fancy herself the opposite. M idea is that vanity ruins comely looks, b· that candor does not hurt them. And b·uty is a fading flower. How many vy ordinary middle-aged women there a· who, a few years ago, were quite as p·tty as Edith?"

Edith went dancing away to take a n·sic lesson, waving her hand as she wit, to her aunt and her mother.

She'll never lose her good looks while s· is happy," said Aunt Patsy.

Nor while she is well," added Edith's ·ther.

Nor while she is interested in people a· things outside of herself," said the gndmother, who had been till now a s·nt listener.

The three women were right. A girl w) is thoroughly happy, whose heart is s·sfied, who enjoys the day's work, and l·es whatever she has to do, will not s·n lose her beauty. She may slip a·g the pleasant grooves of the years fr·n nineteen to thirty, and defy time to a·r anything that is important in her fish, satin-smooth skin, and in the cont·rs of her face and form. Whatever c·nge comes will be a development as t· rosebud opens into the glory of the r·e. On the contrary, a girl who is dis·s sfied with her surroundings, who is al·ys wishing she were somewhere else, a·ays complaining that she wants things a· cannot get them, will aid time in de·tying her beauty.

Health, too, is a magician who wields a potential wand. If a girl is often ill, c·n laid aside by malaria, or colds, or i·igestion, she will inevitably grow sal·, have a rough skin, and show the ill e·cts of disease. A man told me once t·t the young women of a certain place w·e all "as homely as hedge-fences" a·er eighteen, and when I inquired why, he said, "It's r·dily accounted for. They are never free from colds i·hat bleak spot."

Colds may be defied by those who live according to t· laws of health, be the atmosphere what it will. A g· needs warm, loose clothing, not tight corsets and ins·fficient underclothing to preserve her vitality; she n·ds good food and enough of it, not sweets nor p·kles, and an abundance of sleep in a well-ventilated r·m, if she would retain unbroken physical health. Sh· should go out, whatever the weather, and take a l·g daily walk; she should guard against eating be·een meals, and colds will pass her by.

A girl who cares for others, for their joys and sorr·vs, for their little pursuits, will have an expression of s·et unselfishness that in itself will be winsome.

How often we see the growth of beauty in a girlish face. To begin with, the features may not have been regular or delicate, and the face may not have called for more than a passing attention. But the girl goes to a good school. She associates with refined and lovely companions. She has a beloved teacher, who is womanly and noble, and whose aims are high. Day by day our girl unconsciously imitates this teacher and these companions, and her beauty keeps pace with her mental and spiritual development. Beauty of soul endows her with rare beauty of person.

"You think then," I hear a girl inquire, "that anybody may become beautiful, even though not born so?"

Yes, I do. And there is a quality much more to be desired than mere beauty, and that is charm. A plain woman with charm, will surpass and throw into the shade a beautiful woman who lacks this crowning grace. Charm is very subtle. It is made up of several ingredients. The voice aids it, the inward repose augments it, and it is greatest in those who think least about having it. Simple goodness is apt to possess it in a high degree, and any one who loves the whole world will not miss this most adorable characteristic.

Bad women as well as good women have had charm, and as we read history we see that Jezebel must have had it in a high degree, as Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots had. When charm enhances wickedness it is a wonder that angels do not weep. But these were exceptions. As a rule, charm goes with goodness, and it is usually safe to trust that sweet innocence which makes a young girl so precious and so dear to those who love her. In itself, that white innocence is girlhood's supreme charm.

MAID MARIAN

Maid Marian, Maid Marian, now where is Robin, pray?
He should be here to carry this heavy jug to-day.
He should be near to help you across this narrow way.

The Saving of Money

A YOUNG man was showing his savings-bank book to a friend the other day. It showed a thousand dollars in five years from a small salary.

"My income is larger than yours, and I have saved not one cent," said the friend. "How have you done it? You are always well-dressed, you live comfortably, and yet you have money to the good, and I have none."

"For one thing," was the reply, "I do not smoke. None of my earnings go for cigars or tobacco. The habit of smoking, enjoyable as some of my friends find it, makes a leak in many an income. It is like a hole in the pocket, unsuspected, through which the small change drops. Small change foots up to dollars in very brief time indeed."

"I doubt whether I spend much on smoking," musingly answered the friend.

"Keep an account for a single month, and you will know. By the way, a poor man should keep accounts. The custom is a safeguard."

"Perish the thought, I don't want to know where every penny drifts."

"Well, I do."

They separated. A day or two later they met on a street corner, at twelve o'clock.

"Come and have luncheon with me," said the lavish friend. "One gets a very decent luncheon at the ——, for very little money."

"If we hurry a bit," said the thrifty friend, "we can easily catch the train for home, and lunch there, and as this is a half-holiday, we may as well do that."

At the railway train, the youth who saved money purchased a single newspaper. His companion bought four, remarking that he liked to get as many points of view as he could. He soon exhausted his papers, and left one in the ferry-boat and two in the cars.

A day or two later, the young men again met. One was carrying a rather clumsy bundle.

"If that were mine, I'd send it by express," said the other.

"Yes; but it is not heavy only rather cumbersome, and I'd as well keep my quarter," was the conclusion of the fellow who knew how to save.

There is the danger that excessive economy may lead to stinginess and the miser's hoarding. Certain very wealthy men in America so cultivated frugality when they were poor and struggling that to save became a habit, and they grew close-fisted and mean as they grew old.

But the tiny leaks wear the hole in the dam. The young man who would get ahead in this great country of ours must exercise a rigid-self-denial in his days of small things. After the first accumulation of even a little capital, the sum in hand will increase as a snow-ball by accretions. As a wholesome check on parsimony nothing exceeds the giving of the tenth of one's gains regularly to the Lord, who prospers one. If not the tenth, then a specified sum should be laid aside for Christian work and beneficence, and that money never used for other purposes.

Nobody wants to grow dwarfed and hide-bound like Old Scrooge, whom Dickens delineated with a master-hand in one of his famous Christmas stories. But there is no need of this. A wise economy provides for the future, and if there be conscientious stewardship along with the economy, no one need fear that he will degenerate into the most contemptible of characters—a miser.

Fascinating Qualities

"She possesses fascinating qualities," said one lady of another.

"What are they?"

"I cannot define them. Who can define perfume? Mrs. W. has charm, the charm of a manner that is not occupied with herself but is bent on making others feel at ease. She is not young, and she never was a beauty, but she looks sweet and wholesome; she has a vigorous step, and takes a keen interest in life. She reads her Bible and the newspapers, and knows what is going on, and is fit company for the angels, for she is trying to go on God's errands. She is nice to old people and little children, and looks after those who are apt to be neglected.

"Then, too, she has kept up her music, and is always willing to sit down and play for any one who asks her. Yes, she is a woman full of fascination."

It seemed to the listener as if almost any one who tried might acquire that sort of fascination.

"'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—AVIS. Four years on either side does not constitute age-disqualification for marriage.

—GENE. Wear to an afternoon tea such a dress as you usually wear when going to church.

How the Pulpit can Aid the Pew

BY PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON

IT goes without saying that the function of the Pulpit is to aid, not to amuse, nor even to educate the Pew. The minister is to be to all his hearers what "Help" was to Christian. From every Slough into which they may have fallen he is to draw them. Moreover, it is his to endeavor to prevent them from getting into the morass. A helpful ministry is a successful ministry. "You have helped me," is the best compliment a preacher can receive.

There is untold need of help. The sorrows, the struggles, the temptations of life are neither few nor slight. Life is not child's play, and religion is not a merry-go-round. The forces arrayed against the children of light and the truth of God are fierce and formidable. This race cannot be a walk-over for any competitor. We must so run as to obtain. To help men to run well is the preacher's task. He coaches and encourages the racer. May he not also be expected to play the part of pace-maker? The occupant of the pulpit of a church with many members needs to be a many-sided and a large-hearted man. It has been well said, "If a minister has as many eyes as Argus to watch, as many heads as Typhoeus to dispose, and as many hands as Briareus to labor, he might find employment enough for them all." Happy the members who rejoice in an all-round ministry.

In order to be of real assistance to the occupants of the pew, it is essential that the grand old Gospel be faithfully proclaimed. It must never slip the minister's memory that those who hear him are dead in trespasses and in sins, that if they have not believed, they are condemned already, and that "neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Our heart's desire and prayer to God is that they may be saved. This is first and last. Believing that sin is a malady for which

There is But One Remedy

We must continue to declare that there is no cure for the wounds of a bleeding world save the blood of Christ. "Sir, we would see Jesus," met my eyes the other day as I ascended the pulpit in a strange place. I was glad of the reminder, although I had already selected a theme that was "All About Jesus." C. H. Spurgeon used to say that when he ceased to proclaim salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and preached any other gospel than that which declares Christ to be the Substitute for sinful men, his people would be at liberty to hasten him from the pulpit to an asylum, for in that case they might be certain that he was bereft of his reason. How shall we help the pew?—why, by preaching unto it Jesus, Jesus, always Jesus, for

None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

To faithfully expound to the people the Word of God is a right good way to help them. To the law, and to the testimony. We have not nearly enough expository preaching. Though there is nothing like it for the feeding of the soul, the Immortal Book is neglected. With some, other volumes take its place, as if, forsooth, anything could be a satisfactory substitute, and as if they had already used the Bible up. Somewhere I saw an advertisement which ran thus: "Is your Bible worn out?" I fancy that a bookbinder was looking for business; but it occurred to me to ask the question of some of those who are forsaking the fountain of living waters for the broken cisterns of human literature, "Is your Bible worn out?" Have you exhausted this gold mine? Have you not rather discovered that it is as the countryman said, "No end of a book." Does it not suit all needs? Is it not, as Gregory the Great affirmed, "A stream where alike the elephant may swim, and the lamb may wade." New flowers are constantly being discovered or cultivated, but for two thousand years, corn, in some shape or form, has remained the staple food of all the nations. The Book of books is

The Staff of Spiritual Life

In order to help the pew, let us take to it the Word of God, believing in its inspiration, and ourselves feeding on its truths and promises. Then the people will be fed with the finest of the wheat. They will soon learn to prize God's granary, and will be found crying with hungry hearts, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." Every place of worship should be a house of bread, and every preacher should be another Joseph handing out the life-preserving grain. This is the true help. All else, in comparison, is unworthy of the name.

I am disposed to mention, next, the necessity there is for speaking pointedly and personally. Personal dealing is possible in the pulpit as well as out of it. Searching the heart and touching the conscience is needful work. The best fruit is handpicked, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that from the pulpit one can only shake the tree. To use another metaphor, if we are obliged to pull the bow at a venture, we believe that God directs the shaft. We should always pull in that confidence. "He's far too personal," was the complaint of one whose veneer had been cracked, and whose varnish had been blistered by a straight talk; but the criticism was, on that very account, a real compliment. Of course, the personal preacher must not expect to be popular, unless, perhaps, he is an evangelist, here to-day and gone to-morrow. From such, men

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON
Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London

profess to like straight hitting. But it is a very different thing to "sit under" so self revealing a ministry. Many look upon their minister as an individual who is paid to do a certain work, as any other professional man might be, or, for that matter, as the tradesman is. They put out their religion to be done by him, just as they give their washing to the laundry-woman, and they are willing enough to pay the account involved, along with the butcher's and the baker's bills. But, seeing that they pay for their spiritual pabulum just as they pay for the meat that perisheth, they must have it, also, according to their choice. Consequently, some sermons are made to order, and might well be ticketed, "Fashionable," "Latest Novelty," "Favorite" and the like. Alas for the day when the preacher's lips move at the dictation of the people's wills. It devolves imperatively on

The Preacher to be Personal

"Too personal!" Our hearers do not thus complain of their physician. They are quite prepared to furnish him with symptoms, to undergo examination, and to take prescriptions. How is it that he is never blamed for being "far too personal?" Because health is a distinctly personal matter. Would that the people recognized the soul's health as a personal matter, too, as it most certainly is. Every preacher, then, should resemble the Roman galleys, which were fitted with boarding-bridges by which the boats of the enemy were grappled and held. Daniel Webster, being asked, "What is the most important thought you ever entertained?" made reply, "The most important thought I ever had was my individual responsibility to God." In order to awaken in the hearts of men such considerations, the pulpit must personally and pointedly address itself to the pew.

It goes without saying, that the help that many worshipers want, is solace and succor. To put a little rosiness into someone's sunset is a good work. To pour oil and wine into another's wounds, is to do God's service. The world is weary and the way is rough. The poor, the weak the aged, the heart-broken are ever with us. "Comfort ye my people, saith your God."

For the sake of God above us,
For the sake of those who love us,
Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest.

It should be the aim of every occupant of the pulpit to minster grace to his hearers. How may he best minister the grace of patience, and hope, and courage? He must speak from experience. He will not then belittle the struggle, or underestimate the strain. He must speak with

Sympathetic Heart and Tone

Chiding and scolding he will put far from him. He will be as a nurse with her children. The very patience of the Lamb of God will be exhibited by him. He will point the sufferers to Christ and say, "The best Friend to have is Jesus." He will tell them that in all their afflictions He was afflicted, and that having been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, He is able to succor them that are tempted. He will bid them cast their anxiety on Him, for He careth for them. He will persuade them no longer to remain as ships in the offing, driven with every wind, drifting on every current, the prey of every storm. He will urge them to enter the harbor of refuge, where God's "strong consolations" provide sure anchorage. He will not really help the pew if he points to any friend save Jesus, to any system of philosophy instead of Gospel, or if he calls in any comforter except the clete. The mirage becomes a pool when the G all comfort is diligently sought unto.

It may be wise at times for the pulpit to c error, and to tackle difficulties. As a rule, the way is to oust error by declaring the truth. Th rigines of New Zealand have a quaint song, in they mourn the advent of the "Pakeha," or white and predict that he will eventually possess their

As the Pakeha fly has driven out the Maori fly,
As the Pakeha grass has killed the Maori grass,
As the Pakeha rat has slain the Maori rat,
As the Pakeha fern has starved the Maori fern,
So will the Pakeha destroy the Maori.

Yes, surely enough, the old order changeth, and well in the case we are dealing with that it does. light will dissipate the darkness, and the truth o the inventions of men. "Preach the Word" is th motto to inscribe in a minister's study and pulpit. better is it if it be engraven on his heart.

Whereas difficulties are not to be shirked; care be taken not to create them.

Doubts Fly Fast Enough;

we need not give them wings. The good seed n hand to scatter it or a bird to bear it, but the t down of error flies on the wings of the wind. for the pulpit to speak definitely—dogmatically, will. "If any man speaketh, speaking as it wer cles of God." The pulpit is not Coward's Cas some decide, simply because the right of inqui reply is denied the audience; but it deserves th when he who occupies it fears to declare the counsel of God, or avoids handling themes whi as momentous as they are mysterious. Nevertl mere polemics are not to be desired. "But fooli unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do strifes."

These, as it seems to me, are the main matters abide by the Gospel, of which the atoning sacrif Christ is the all-glorious centre; to expound the tures, with the sure conviction that they are message; to address heart and conscience with all estness and love; to speak comfortably to the distr and with illumination to those who sit in the sha and all that God may be glorified—this is the duty of the preacher, and doing this conscient and continuously, he will not fail to help the pew fullest and noblest sense.

Of course the serving of the meal is not to be ig Appetite may be whetted by the suitable garnish the viands, the decoration of the table, and the c of the joint. For my own part, I am sufficient fashioned to advocate not only the division of th course into heads, but the practice of indicating landmarks at the outset. So great a preacher a Alex Maclaren said, as he began a remarkabl course: "The text suggests to me three question I mention them now, that we may understand we are going." I am persuaded that such plans quated though some dub them, are useful. They our hearers to "get it all," to use a suggestive that an American visitor to the Metropolitan nacle recently employed in my hearing.

Helpful Illustration

The praises of illustrating need not to be sung. body likes pictures. Only they should be well-d not over-colored, nor too numerous. The recital incident, especially if it embodies one's own exper may prove the salvation of a sermon, and, percl of a hearer. Metaphors need not prevent a disc being "masterly," and even an anecdote, if it b true, and is skilfully told, does not stamp a serm childish. If we really want to be helpful we stoop to sluggish intellects, and poorly informed n and simple tastes. There ought be something in sermon for everybody, and if it is, for the most broken small, it will suit the majority without seri inconveniencing the learned minority. The Lord had plenty of "likes" in his addresses. "The kin of heaven is like . . ." was his constant saying. pulpit of to-day should make its exhortations afte pattern provided by the Prince of Preachers.

It is helpful, I fancy, to the listeners if, as th mon ends, there is a summing up of what has go fore, and an earnest application of the burden c theme as the last refrain. Not that the applications be left to the last. It has already been suggested the whole address should be pointed and persona steady look into the faces of the people, a po question, a pause as if for reply, an earnest ent are never out of place, and it is often wise to intro them where they are least expected—but the amt dor's last word must be specially urgent. "Now we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God di seech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, reconciled to God. For he hath made him to b for us, who knew no sin, that we might be mad righteousness of God in him. We then, as worke gether with him, beseech you also that you receiv the grace of God in vain." The men who preach i spirit of this quotation cannot but be helpers o faith and joy, and of those who hear them.

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THE LATE SENATOR HOAR

EVERY section of the country sympathizes with Massachusetts in the loss of her honored statesman, Senator George Frisbie Hoar. Men of all political parties, and men who were counted his political foes, have tendered tributes of sorrow and esteem, and have borne witness to his singularly pure and upright character and his conscientious attitude on all public questions. He was a quiet, dignified, high-principled man, scrupulously just and courteous to opponents. His profound learning and his oratorical abilities insured him the closest and most respectful attention whenever he rose to speak in the Senate, and his services in the Committee room were invaluable to his colleagues.

Mr. Hoar was seventy-eight years of age. He was born at Concord, Mass., and graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty. The extent of his ambition, at that time, as he has himself told us, was to be a country lawyer, busy with drawing up deeds in his office and conducting cases in the courts, thereby earning enough money for a plain, unostentatious life, with a surplus large enough to gratify his taste for rare books. But his friends and neighbors believed that he was fitted for a higher and broader life than that, and could serve his country in a more influential sphere. The result proves that they were right. In this era of aggressive, alert, hustling politicians, the calm, judicial mind which Senator Hoar brought to the consideration of national questions, was precisely the element most needed in Congressional life. At the age of twenty-six he was elected to the State House of Representatives, and became a State Senator in 1857. His conspicuous ability displayed there, after a few years led to his election to Congress. He took his seat in the lower House on March 4, 1869, and from that time to the day of his death gave his services and all his vigorous and well-trained powers to the interests of his beloved country.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Hoar's abilities were speedily recognized. He was made a member of the Committee of the Judiciary, which was a peculiarly congenial appointment for his keen, logical mind. His speeches commanded the attention of the House, and were noted as the most convincing arguments on his side of all questions. That he was an intense partisan no one could deny, but he was thoroughly sincere, and every one who heard him was sure that he believed every word he uttered. In 1877 he succeeded to the seat in the Senate of Mr. George S. Boutwell, and from that date until his death he continued to be a member of that body. He served on the Committee of the Judiciary, and was chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. He also served on the Committee on Claims for a short period, but at the beginning of the Fifty-second Congress resigned to become Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, which he remained to the end.

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THE LATE SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR

Mr. Hoar was a man of deep religious feeling. It was the ethical side of every question which most strongly moved him, and no consideration of advantage or profit could weigh in his mind against truth and righteousness. He loved liberty, and insisted that the widest religious freedom should be secured for every man. In this spirit he strongly opposed the A. P. A. movement, and though Roman Catholics knew him as a stalwart Protestant, they respected him and gratefully supported him. In private life as in Congress, Mr. Hoar was the plain, honest, sincere, conscientious Christian. His own life was modelled on the principles, which, in an eloquent speech delivered a few years ago at Concord, he formulated as those of an ideal clergyman. He said: "To reinforce the sense of duty; to strengthen the will; to kindle the flame of religious affection; to turn the thoughts to whatever is pure, honest, lovely and of good report; to make Sunday last through the week; to bring consolation to sorrow; to organize charity; to stimulate Christian activity; to summon youth to holy living and brave dying; to drive the clouds of spiritual darkness from the way of men and from the wayside; to bring the kingdom of God into this world; to bring life as well as immortality to light—these are the functions of the Christian priesthood."

GIVING REWARDED*

ONE of the most remarkable psychological facts is, that there is no better remedy for depression of spirit than that of doing a service to some other person. The attempt to cheer some one, to lift a burden from some one's shoulders, to make some miserable person happy, is the surest of all methods for recovering our own cheerfulness. It may be that the recipient is not grateful, that we get not one word of thanks for what we do, but we never miss our reward. There is the promise, too, that God blesses the giver with prosperity, but that ought never to operate as a motive. It is with God to give, or to withhold, and we may be sure that he does not approve of giving as an investment. It is those who give out of purity of heart and with no expectation of reward, who receive bounty at his hand.

Our giving should never be the thoughtless dole to the clamorous petitioner. It is easy for a man with abundance of means to rid himself of a persistent beggar by handing him money, but that is not the spirit of true charity or generosity. It degrades the recipient, and it is a tax on the giver. The help that really helps, is to study the problem of the needy, to discover means by which the necessity for alms shall cease to exist, and the poor man shall be able to support himself by his own labor. Of course there are cases in which temporary help in money can alone avail. Cases of helplessness, of the sickness of the breadwinner and of sudden emergencies, but these are exceptional. It is the chronic beggar who usually thrives by beggary, and he least of all deserves to thrive.

To the cause of Christ in the world, giving is a duty that is sure to be blessed. When it is done unostentatiously, when it is done with a sincere desire to serve him and from love of him, the giver rejoices in the self-denial it involves and receives in his own soul the promised reward.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Oct. 30: How giving reacts on the giver. Prov. 3:9-10; II Cor. 9:6-11.

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"I needed nourishment as badly as anyone could, but none of the tonics helped me until I finally tried Grape-Nuts food morning and evening. This not only supplied food that I thought delicious as could be but it also made me perfectly well and strong again so I can do all my housework, sleep well, can eat anything without any trace of bowel trouble and for that reason alone Grape-Nuts food is worth its weight in gold." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Typhoid fever, like some other diseases, attacks the bowels, and frequently sets up bleeding and makes them for months incapable of digesting the starches and therefore predigested Grape-Nuts is invaluable for the well known reason that in Grape-Nuts all the starches have been transformed into grape sugar. This means that the first stage of digestion has been mechanically accomplished in Grape-Nuts food at the factories and therefore anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can handle it and grow strong, for all the nourishment is still there.
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Meeting of the Peace Congress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 887

peace, going on probably for many decades to come.

The outlook for peace in various countries was outlined in five-minute addresses by Prof. Houzeau de Lehaie for Belgium, Prof. Th. Ruysson for France, Dr. Adolph Richter for Germany, George Thomas Snape for England, E. T. Moneta for Italy, L'Abbe Pichot for Monaco, John Lund for Norway, John Olsen for Sweden, Richard Feldhaus for Switzerland, Jean Larissa Melikoff for Armenia, and Albert K. Smiley for the United States.

Just before the close of Thursday's session, a letter was read from Andrew Carnegie, in Scotland, suggesting as a plan for realizing universal peace, a union of the great powers—Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, to enforce a peaceful settlement of all disputes, and thus "at one fell swoop war would be banished from the earth." Mr. Carnegie proposed the appointment of a committee to consider the project. His letter was received very enthusiastically. At the same day's session, the reduction of armaments was considered, and resolutions were adopted expressing the conviction of the Congress that gradual disarmament should be the first subject to be discussed by the World's Peace Conference, suggested by President Roosevelt.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles spoke at one of the meetings, strongly favoring the reduction of great armies and navies, which were a constant menace to the world's peace. He believed wars could be abolished by the united action of the civilized nations. Great Britain and the United States have each spent millions in recent wars, which could have been used to much better advantage at home.

Some of the foreign delegates made very interesting and eloquent addresses. G. H. Perris, of England, said that the attempt to justify warfare was due to ignorance. Warfare had become a process of manslaughter by machinery, and had in its result neither justice nor the strengthening of the human soul.

Baroness Von Suttner, the next speaker, believed that as women were the educators of men, they should be taught the lesson of peace, and thus prevented from encouraging their sons to be great soldiers and patriots.

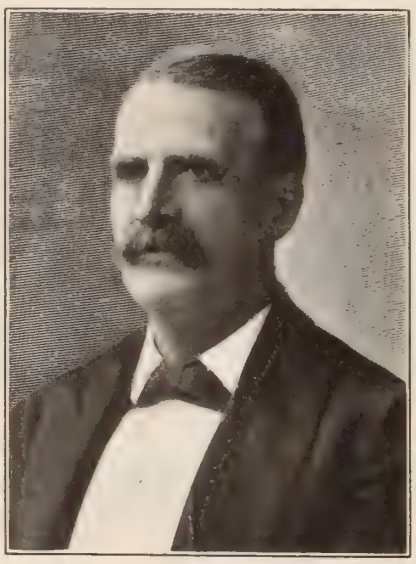
Pastor Charles Wagner urged the better and broader understanding of each other by nations as an essential step toward the world's peace.

Among the speakers toward the close of the first week, were Mr. E. D. Morel and Mr. George Herbert Head, both of England, who made brief addresses on the Congo question, Mr. Morel adversely criticizing the Belgian administration and Mr. Head defending it. Rev. W. H. Morrison, formerly a missionary on the Congo, also spoke on the subject.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, for the Committee on Propaganda, reported a plan for the work, which was unanimously adopted. It recommends the raising of a fund equal to the price of a battle-ship, $4,000,000; and the establishment of centres of the peace propaganda.

The Late Postmaster-General

DEATH is no respecter of persons. It enters the Cabinet as unceremoniously as it does the laborer's cabin. An illustration of the fact is found in the lowered flags on the Post Offices through the land. The chief of that great system of communication lies dead in his Washington home. After a severe and protracted illness, on Oct. 4, Henry C Payne breathed his last. The President called to see him shortly before his death and was again at his home a few minutes after his end. He was naturally deeply moved by the loss of this member of his official family. To a friend whom he met shortly afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt expressed his sorrow. "Mr. Payne," he said, "was the sweetest, most lovable and most trustful man I ever knew."


THE LATE HENRY C. PAYNE

Mr. Payne was sixty-one years of age when he died. He was born in Massachusetts, but when a young man, removed to Wisconsin and settled in Milwaukee. He was poor at that time, and was glad to obtain employment as a salesman in a dry-goods house. His energy and tact soon won him promotion, and when he began to take an interest in politics, his services were appreciated and turned into public channels. In 1876 he was appointed Postmaster of Milwaukee, and by succesive nominations held the office for ten years. He afterwards became interested in railways and telephones. As President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company and the Milwaukee City Railroad Company, he developed both enterprises, and brought them to a high state of efficiency. For two years he served as one of the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

When Mr. Chas. Emory Smith resigned the Postmaster-Generalship in 1901, the President invited Mr. Payne to succeed him. At the beginning of his administration he was confronted with evidence of graft among his subordinates. As Mr. Hay said of him, "He was a man of such remarkable uprightness, conscientiousness and purity of character that, judging other people by himself, he was slow to believe evil of any one." When the evidence proved irrefutable, he suffered a severe shock. He was amazed and horrified, and there is little doubt that the repugnant task of detecting and punishing the wrong-doers, intensified his disease and hastened his death.

Aid for Macedonian Refugees

WRITING from Adrianople, Turkey, the Rev. G. D. Marsh, one of the missionaries of the American Board, tells of present conditions among the people who were the objects of relief work last winter on the Turko-Bulgarian border and in Macedonia. About 8,000 refugees have returned from Bulgaria to their former homes, and many are now repairing or rebuilding their houses. In some districts few have returned, probably because of lack of confidence. The missionaries and others associated with them in the relief work have been helping the returned families to re-establish themselves and become again self-supporting. Mr. Marsh writes that tools and draught cattle are needed by many who can not be supplied from the very slender means in hand. Clothing and bedding are also needed for the coming winter. With this help, the returned ones will be enabled to make their own way and earn food for their families. Any reader interested in the work may address him at Malto Turnova, Adrianople Vilayet, Turkey.

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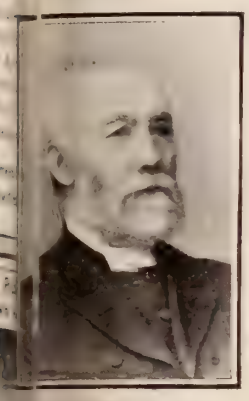
Church Union in Canada

OUR friends across the Canadian frontier have taken a step which is likely to have far-reaching and momentous results. Three denominations—the Congregationalists, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians—have adopted the initial measures to unite their forces for aggressive Christian work. If the union should be effected, as now seems probable, and if it should work harmoniously, as we most devoutly hope, the example will surely be followed in both lands. The advantages of union are so obvious, the saving of money and effort will be so great, the elimination of rivalry, and consequent avoidance of discord is so desirable, that members of the denominations in other countries will surely ask themselves whether, what is being done in Canada, may not be done in their own land. It will be a great honor to the Dominion, if by this step it has inaugurated a general movement so beneficial and so eminently Christlike.



DR. CARMAN
Representing Methodists

DR. CAVEN
Representing Presbyterians

The present status of the movement is explained in the following communication we have received from Rev. J. P. Hetle, who is familiar with the facts:

"In March last, an informal meeting was held in Toronto, of representatives of the Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches, at which the spiritual needs of the country were considered. The population of the Great West is increasing by leaps and bounds, and it will be greatly increased after the completion of the great trans-continental line, now being erected by the Grand Trunk Railway. No church can adequately respond to the demands for men and money to evangelize this huge territory. The perplexing problem was fully considered, and the project so often mooted during the past years, for a union of the three churches, was revived and greeted with favor.

"It was decided to refer the question to the standing committee of each denomination, and later call a meeting of the joint committees. This was done, and the joint meeting, also held in Toronto, was largely attended and marked by cordial good will and earnestness of purpose. The representatives committed themselves to union, and referred the matter to the annual meetings of the several denominations. The Presbyterian Assembly and the Congregational Union in June discussed the question at length, and appointed large committees to deal with the matter. The Methodist General Conference is a quadrennial gathering, but steps will no doubt be taken to give their standing committee the needed authority. And now a meeting of all three committees is called at Toronto in December, when it is expected that the movement will take another great step forward toward its realization.

"Of course there are difficulties to be overcome, and the greatness of these will not be fully seen until the basis of union is considered. The question of creed, I think, should present no great obstacle, as there is at present an unwritten one which in reality represents the religious life of the three denominations. The differences in church government and polity are also often in theory rather than in practice. Still, with this great similarity in creed and polity it may not be easy to find basis which will be acceptable to all.

"The benefits of the Union no one can fully estimate. It will prevent the overlapping of effort; it will effect a large saving in the duplication of college and missionary expenditure, and will give a needed impetus to aggressive Christian work throughout the country. A Union would give us a Church far superior in efficiency and power to either of the three denominations working separately or to the aggregate service of all three, divided as they now are. And may not the example of Canada have an effect in other lands and help on the movement toward a world-wide union of the forces of Jesus."

Work in Our Possessions*

OPINIONS may differ about the wisdom of our attempting to govern outside dependencies, but there can be no difference of opinion as to our obligation toward the peoples, as our Government has undertaken the duty. The Christian people of the United States must give them the Gospel. The churches have recognized the necessity, and it remains for us to see that they are supplied with funds for the work.

Hawaii, the ground has been prepared for us. Though it is little more than eighty years since the people were mere savages, they are now, thanks to missionary labor, civilized and nominally Christian. The English language is taught in the schools, the Bible is everywhere read, churches have been built, and the way for the preacher is open.

Alaska, too, since it has come under American rule, the labors of Dr. Sheldon Jackson and his colleagues of the Presbyterian Church, of the Moravian missionaries, the Quakers at Douglas, the Baptists at Kadiak, and the Methodists at Unalaska have opened the way for a vigorous campaign. The industrial schools at Sitka have impressed the coming generation with the value of Christianity. There are already eight thousand converts, and there, too, the door is opened wide for evangelistic work.

In the Philippines the situation is less encouraging. While our Government is diligently laboring to bring order out of chaos, there are necessarily prejudices to contend with, but a hopeful beginning has been made. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Disciples, Moravians and Congregationalists are already at work and our own church has over six thousand members. More money and more workers are needed, and with these a blessing is sure to come on that enormous field with its millions of people.

In Porto Rico, the beginning is scarcely made. Under former conditions the door for Protestant labor was fast closed, but now, under our own flag, there is an opportunity which must be used to the full.

It is an interesting and momentous fact that there are heathen under our own flag who need to be taught the first principles of Christianity and to have the Word of God in their own language. The duty of the Churches of America toward these wards of the nation is obvious. It would have been well, if it could have been done, for the funds contributed for the purpose to have gone into one common treasury, so as to avoid duplication of effort and to have presented Christianity in its unity to them. This, however, was not possible, and it remains for each church to do its utmost, working in hearty co-operation with other churches for the salvation of souls.

* Topic of the Epworth League for October 30. Our Work in Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. Ps. 97: 1-12.

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Our Windsor and Lakeside stoves are the products of our own factories and represent the best types of stove construction.

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Sunshiners Have an Outing

THE next annual meeting of the International Sunshine Society will take place at Niagara, on the third Thursday in May. Last year the meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria, Manhattan, was attended by 3,500 persons. The Sunshine branches of the Western division, Canada and nearby States, will be greatly benefited by the annual meeting being held in Niagara, and it is hoped that a new impetus will be given the work in those localities.

The fact that the annual meeting has never before been held outside of New York City, makes the acceptance of the Western Division's invitation a great honor, and it devolves upon every one of the 6,000 Sunshiners in this section of the State to assist the general and Western Division officers in making it a success.

Mr. E. F. Olmstead, on behalf of the Natural Food Company, has proffered the use of the large assembly hall in the Conservatory building for the general meetings. Council and executive meetings will be held in the adjoining rooms, and a reception and ball will be held at the International Hotel in the evening.

A dinner will be given for the presidents either in Buffalo or at Niagara Falls, and a musicale, theatre party and outing will be special features of the programme.

Reduced railroad fares will be obtained, and a circular containing further details will be mailed to the presidents in the near future.

The annual meeting will bring to Niagara Falls representatives of the Sunshine Society from every State in the Union and also a number from several foreign cities.

TWO LITTLE SUNSHINERS

H. W. Macdonald, superintendent of the Hillcrest Sunshine Lodge, at Livingston Manor, New York, states that forty children have had from a month to two months outing on the farm, during the summer. The lodge will be kept open all winter.

For the fresh-air work of the society this summer, through the month of May, June, July and August, Manhattan contributed $736.31, Brooklyn $306.18, and other sections of Long Island $312.14.

A recently organized work, under the auspices of the I. S. S., is the Nursery and Kindergarten for Blind Babies.

The board of lady managers of the Home for Crippled Children, New York, has placed at our disposal two large rooms in the fine "old Turnbull mansion," at Bartow-on-the Sound. These rooms (unfurnished) are given absolutely rent free, and the spacious, well-shaded park, sloping gently down to the blue waters of the Sound, makes an ideal playground for the little cripples and blind babies.

Answered Prayers

V. S. M., Virginia. "I was in great bodily distress, and besought the Lord that he would heal me. He graciously heard and answered me."

A. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Recently, when in circumstances of great anxiety and perplexity, I remembered it was my privilege to call upon God. I did so trustingly, and very soon deliverance came."

M. A. "I want to add my name to the list, as I have had my prayers answered many times. I know and believe God is able to answer prayer."

A Reader. "I wish to acknowledge my faith in prayer. I was in the depths, and God heard and answered my prayer. Glory be to his holy name."

J. C., Chicago. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to us in answer to prayer when clouds hung darkest. He is a prayer hearing and answering God."

Mrs. E. H., Minnesota. "I have had a most remarkable and definite answer to prayer, and want to acknowledge publicly the Lord's goodness to one so unworthy."

Mrs. E. A. O., Seattle. "I have had many a prayer answered. I put my whole trust in my heavenly Father. He has helped me when earthly friends could not. He is all in all to me."

A Reader, Ohio. "The Lord heard and answered my prayers when I was troubled, and there is nothing too small for me to take to the Lord when I feel that I want to be guided. I am a firm believer in prayer."

Mrs. G. S. M., Bridgeport, Conn. "The Answered Prayer column has been a great help to me, and I promised the Lord I would publicly acknowledge it. He not only heard and answered, but far exceeded my petition. I am continually praying for more guidance and light in knowing his will."

Mrs. Roaney W., Cape Girardeau. "Again I am constrained to acknowledge God's goodness to me. He has been my preserver and helper all through life, answering my prayers and saving me from many great troubles."

E. L. S., Utica, N. Y. "For nearly fifty-five years I have been trusting in the dear Lord Jesus, and he has never failed me. Many, many times in trouble, I have gone to my Heavenly Father and he has delivered me, just as he promised."

Mrs. H. S. B., Olean, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's answers to prayer. I was in very great trouble and was given faith to claim the promise in Mark 11: 24. I received answer wonderfully in part, and am expecting the entire fulfilment."

G. W. J., Sabetha, Kan. "I was afflicted with a great sorrow such as none but God could remove. I earnestly begged him to help me bear it. I arose from my knees feeling that all would be well. If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."

R. F. S., Milwaukee, Wis. "Let me add my testimony to the goodness and mercy of God, who answers the prayers of all who are in sorrow and despair. "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John 15:7).

Mrs. R. C. K., Oklahoma. "I formed the habit early in life of taking every care and trouble to the Lord in prayer. I have often found it a source of comfort, and have felt that the Saviour was with me and strengthened me more after a close communion with him."

M. E. B., Delhi, Iowa. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering my prayers. Truly 'God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform,' and will surely hear the humble cry of his children when they call upon him, in believing faith, and is more willing to give good gifts to his children than an earthly parent is."

A. D. B., Quincy, Ill. "It does me a world of good to read the Answered Prayer column. I wish to add my testimony. I was in great trouble, but God has answered my prayer and lifted the burden. Praise his holy name. And though he does not always answer just as we would have it, it is well, his way is always best."

T. H. S. "God has given me help in trouble, when I was called to go through great suffering. I could never have endured it without his help, and I wish to thank him publicly, that the faith of others may be increased."

T. L. "Hoping that some doubter may read and doubt no more, I give you the following: Death came close to my dear wife. I prayed to Christ for her life, if it be his will; if not, to give me grace and peace to bear that which I could not bear alone. Closer and closer came that dread messenger, my wife's dear hands in mine. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' I repeated and repeated. I trusted. It was well with me. Should it be death or life. The dark angel passed and the life of my beloved one was given to me and my children. Words cannot describe the sustaining power of God's grace while I waited in the 'valley of the shadow,' and my prayer is that no one who is Christ's follower will ever doubt his help in time of need."

CALLED HIGHER

Entered into rest at his home at East Onondaga, N. Y., on May 15, 1904, Harrison Bostwick, at the age of eighty-four years. He had been a Christian from early youth, was a member of Plymouth Congregational Church of Syracuse, N. Y., and always tried to make his life and influence felt for good.

Mira Mary Kellison, born May 4, 1889, died April 19, 1904; she united with the First Baptist Church of Orangeville, O., three years before her death. She was a very sincere Christian worker at home and abroad. Wherever the opportunity was offered her, she improved the time.

Mrs. Sabra E. Park, of Cardiff, N. Y., after a long illness, passed away February 14, 1904, age fifty-eight years eleven months, fourteen days. Was postmistress twenty-three years. She was a patient sufferer and lived a faithful Christian life.

Anna Elizabeth Rechten, of Jersey City, daughter of Heironymus G. and Emilie; born in Hoboken, N. J., in 1872; called by the Father, July 22, 1904, at 8 A.M. She was a devoted Christian all her life, ever ready to do that which was right. Accomplished, worthy, beloved, Jesus called her away from all earthly suffering and care to be with him.

Mrs. Mary Hudson, of Metz, Mo., died July 20 of hemorrhage of the lungs, in her seventy-first year. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church over fifty years.

One year ago August 13, 1903, Mrs. Margaret Cochran died, beloved by neighbors, friends and family. She was born in Union Town, O., on the 13th of September, 1823. Through life she pursued a loving, hopeful, benevolent and beautiful way, ministering to others rather than desiring to be ministered to. Mrs. Cochran was a member of the First Congregational Church of Akron.

Mrs. Julia Wells died July 31, at her late home, 113 South High Street, Mount Vernon, N. Y., in her ninety-second year.

Mrs. Laura W. Hamlen, of Bennington, Vt., was laid to rest on September 2, 1904. She had been a member of the First Baptist Church for sixty-five years, having joined in October, 1839.

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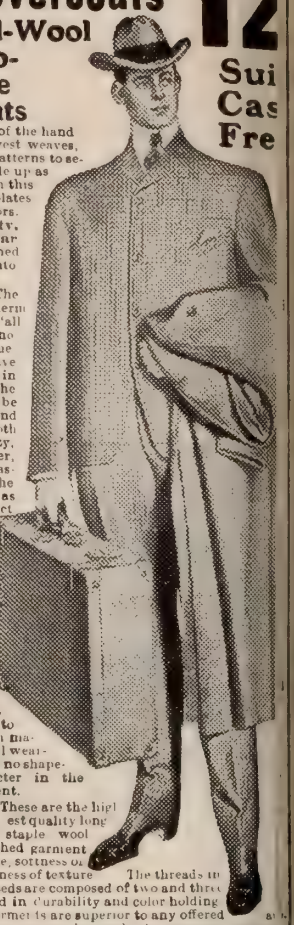

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Our Worsteds These are the highest quality long staple wool fibres, the finished garment possessing lustre, softness of handle and fineness of texture. The threads in the fancy worsteds are composed of two and three fold twists, and in durability and color holding qualities our garments are superior to any offered at... where near our prices in made to measure garments.

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A FIRE BRIGADE IN JAPAN

In cities like Tokio, Osaka, Yokohama, and Kioto, there are modern up-to-date fire-fighting forces, fully equipped with the latest appliances; but for the most part, a Japanese fire brigade, particularly in rural districts, is a quaint and very old-fashioned institution. The fire is always a curious pagoda-like watch-tower, in which a look-out man is stationed. In Japan, houses are for the most part built, roof of steel, or stone, or brick, or even wood, but of the most inflammable of all substances—paper. Therefore it seems hard to know why the rural fire brigade should exist at all, because in the ordinary way long before it could get to the spot with its antiquated appliances the fire would have done its work and burned out.

But it is not only the paper houses that make fires so frequent in Japan—it is the earthquakes, which occur with more or less severity throughout the year.

The turn-out or muster of a Japanese rural fire brigade is a most amusing spectacle of combined picturesqueness and grave officialdom. There are hose-pipes and hand-pumps that apparently date back to the dawn of history, and there are many serious-looking banner-bearers, and men carrying the prettiest of Japanese paper lanterns. There are even Buddhist priests, pronouncing incantations and giving their moral support to the strangely-clad firemen, whose official uniforms are plastered all over with many weird, cabalistic devices.

JAPANESE "TURNING OUT" FOR A FIRE

A HOUSE OF BREAD

FROM Italy comes the news of a new theory just put forth by Signor Sangiorgi, a wealthy Italian philanthropist. He declares that there is one thing to which every one born into the world has a right—bread. The signor has just written a book to prove that it is the duty of the State to provide bread for such of its inhabitants as cannot afford to buy it. He has established at his own expense, at Massalombarda, a "House of Bread," to put his theory into practice and furnish the government with an object lesson as to the beneficence and practicality of his system. One immediate consequence of the opening of this establishment has been to reduce the price and improve the quality of the bread supplied by private bakeries in the neighborhood.

Signor Sangiorgi proposes that the government should establish similar institutions throughout Italy, where bread will be furnished to the general public at almost cost price, and to charitable institutions at cost price, and to the needy for nothing. He contends that properly conducted, they could be made self-supporting, the profits derived from those who buy bread of them defraying the cost of what is given away. If any surplus remains, he would invest it as a reserve fund, so that in periods of exceptional distress the State bakeries might be able to meet the increased demand for free bread.

Of course, the bakers themselves are strongly opposed to the project. They declare that the general adoption of such a system would ruin them, and that bread cannot be sold cheaper than at present without losing money, which would leave no gains to pay for the bread that is given away. This last statement, however, is proved false by experience. At Catania and Palermo, the latter a city with 370 inhabitants, bread-making has been taken over by the municipalities, with the result that bread in these places is much cheaper than when the public were dependent on private bakeries for it, while the municipalities make a substantial profit out of the business.

Signor Sangiorgi argues that the interests of those concerned in private bakeries should not be allowed to weigh in the balance against the welfare of millions, to whom cheap bread is a matter of vital concern. As under his proposed system the State bakeries would turn out only the plainer kinds of bread, private bakers would still have the trade in fancy brands entirely in their hands.

As regards the contention that free bread would increase pauperism, Signor Sangiorgi points out that it would be quite feasible to devise safeguards, by which the distribution of free bread would be practically restricted to those who could not afford to pay for it. In any event, he contends, the benefits of the system would far outweigh any evils that might result from its adoption.

The Italian philanthropist's idea recalls the experience of a certain well-known restaurant on Broadway, New York, which, for years past, every winter, has distributed bread free to thousands in the midnight hours. The Bowery Mission has also fed thousands of unemployed in the past four years, with bread and coffee, for three months in winter. A few years ago, during a time of great suffering in New York, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bread Fund fed for four months nearly 12,000 persons daily. In these cases, there was no doubt about the deserving poor being the sole beneficiaries.

A Martyr's Son Dead

The son of John Williams, the famous missionary, who was martyred at Erromanga in 1839, has just died in London, at the age of seventy-one.

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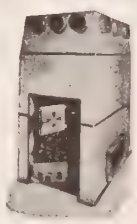

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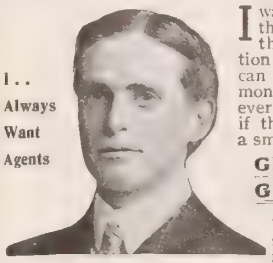

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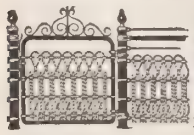

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The Campaign in Manchuria

MANCHURIA is rich in walled cities. However formidable these may have been considered in ancient wars, they seem to interpose but slight obstacles to the progress of a modern army equipped with heavy artillery. New Chwang and Liao-Yang proved indefensible as strongholds, and now that the Japanese are converging on Moukden, their superiority in heavy armament may cause the Russians to select Tie-ling, forty-five miles farther north, as the more advantageous point at which to make a decisive stand.

A STREET IN MOUKDEN

Tie-ling, owing to its situation at the apex of the irregular and triangular Liao plain, and to its large stores of grain, and owing also to the fact that roads from the Yalu (especially a military route from Feng-wang-cheng *via* Sai-ma-chi and Ying-Pan), converge there, is of considerable military importance. The river and caravan traffic of Tie-ling is enormous. The Russian railway has given a great impetus to business. Many caravan and trade routes centre at Tie-ling, and it has intercepted much of the trade that formerly belonged to Moukden. The walled town is densely crowded with business *hongs*, the area being comparatively small. The walls are of brick externally, stone on the inner face, and the wide space between is filled in with rough stone and mud. The two suburbs, east and west, contain three-quarters of the population, which numbers probably 40,000. Twenty-five miles north of Tie-ling is Kaiyuan, another walled city, commanding the leading highways of central Manchuria. It may yet play no unimportant part in the military campaign.

According to the cable dispatches, Gen. Kouropatkin has moved a large portion of his army (over 125,000 troops) to Tie-ling, leaving Gen. Stachelberg with 30,000 troops, including a large force of Cossacks, to hold Moukden. Gen. Kouroki with a Japanese army was reported to be in the Hun river valley, and a battle at Fu-Shun, thirty miles east of Moukden, was regarded as probable. There has been no serious engagement since that at Liao-Yang. It is unlikely that there will be any actual fighting in Moukden, since both sides have consented to observe the wish of China that the Manchu tombs should not be desecrated. These tombs lie to the east and north of Moukden, and include the graves of the father and grandfather of the first Manchu emperor, besides many royalties and persons of distinction whose names are venerated by the natives.

The district of Moukden is one which has been a fighting ground for many ages. The Koreans and the Mings have both risen, flourished and faded away on this land of mountain and plain. It was from Moukden that the Manchu princes descended upon Pekin about 1640 with their victorious armies, shattering the power of the Ming dynasty in a furious battle at Shan-kai-kwan, where the great wall meets the sea. Moukden, during the Ming dynasty, was a small Chinese town of little importance. The founders of the rising Manchu power, however, selected the spot for their capital, but their star rose so rapidly that they soon found themselves in Pekin. Moukden was not, therefore, for any long period the headquarters of the Manchus, but their historical connection with the city is kept conspicuously in memory by the presence of the tombs.

Moukden to-day is an imposing-looking city, well planned and skilfully laid out. Its brick wall, sixty feet high, rests on strong stone and concrete foundations. It has eight grand gateways, with watch-towers and batteries, that remind the visitor of mediæval fortresses. There is, besides, an inner wall, loop-holed for defence. Well-made roads intersect the city at regular intervals. In the centre of Moukden is the ancient Manchu imperial palace—a miniature of that at Pekin. There are temples of Heaven and of Earth where sacrifices were offered in the imperial name. Of the 250,000 population, four-fifths are pure Chinese, 20,000 are Mohammedans. Strangely enough, though Manchu names and fashions still prevail in the ancient city, it is difficult to find any person who speaks the Manchu language.

TOMBS OF THE MANCHU EMPERORS

. . .

Late dispatches from the East indicate that Japan is preparing for a protracted war. In an address to the leading bankers at Tokio, Count Okuma warned the nation to expect a long war. He said that if the hostilities lasted two years they would cost 2,000,000,000 yen. He predicted that the Government would have to borrow 500,000,000 yen next year, and declared that the country must be ready to face depreciation in the national securities. He calculated that the war would cost Russia more than 3,000,000,000 rubles. Russia has immense resources and enormous advantages in size, population and natural wealth. Therefore Japan must inevitably make great sacrifices to secure final victory.

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Divine Protection.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

It is always the object of the enemy of souls to keep our eyes upon the visible: man, circumstances, ourselves: it is the work of the Holy Spirit to show us the invisible; he who overrules all which we see, and which we might hear. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that fear him, and delivereth them;" nearer, than the thing and the person which we fear, as God's army surrounded Elisha (II. Kings 6:17), coming between him and the army of Benhadad. While we look at the unseen, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Nothing can happen but by God's permission; and all things are for our sakes. How silly then, as well as sinful, to fear men or things, when God is present to revele all, or to turn it into blessing.

Cannot God reverse the situation, whenever and wherever his children are in a difficulty? It is easy to say: "This is not an age of miracles." Certainly it is not an age of faith. The absence of miraculous works at Nazareth was not occasioned by any lack of power or will in the Lord Jesus. "He could there do no mighty work" (Mark 6:5, 6), and he marveled because of their unbelief. God changes not: Jesus Christ is still "the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." But how few are the eyes which see him! How few they are who endure as seeing him who is invisible! He could, he would do many things which are conditional on a faith on our part, which is withheld from him.

How easy everything became when God could find a man who trusted him! Elisha was not afraid that suddenly his hidden enemies would see, and fall upon him. He undertook to be their guide, and not knowing who it was that thus accosted them, unable to help themselves, they allowed themselves to be led: the only march of a blind army recorded in history. One of the curses prophesied against Israel if they should not hearken and obey their God was this: "The Lord shall smite thee with blindness . . . and thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind gropeth in darkness" (Deut. 32:15, 28, 29); but that curse, when Elisha was besieged, fell upon their enemies. Thus the blind army was led at Elisha's will, "and led them to Samaria." They were in a trap; in the very royal city of their enemies, and helpless! Then Elisha prayed again. How easy prayer is to one wholly given up to God, and in the constant habit of trusting him! "Lord," he prayed, "open the eyes of these men, that they may see." And the Lord opened their eyes, and they saw, and behold, they were in the midst of Samaria.

Some children of God think: "I will put God to a test, and see if he will work a miracle for me." Oh, is it possible that man can put God on the level of a conjurer, and ask him to do his wonders simply for his satisfaction? King Herod had such a thought in his heart. When the Lord Jesus was brought before him in judgment, "he was exceedingly glad, for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him, and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him" (Luke 23:8). But unless Herod would come as a sinner to the Saviour, that the miracle of a new heart might be wrought in him, it would be utterly impossible that the Lord Jesus, who was there and then working out in his own person the salvation of men of all ages from sin, could turn aside to gratify the curiosity of a lost sinner like Herod! Oh, let us beware in what spirit and to what end we seek of the Lord a manifestation of his power!

When Jehoram saw that his enemies were at his mercy, he said to Elisha: "My father, shall I smite them?" "Thou shalt not smite them," was the indignant answer. "Wouldst thou smite these whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them." And he prepared great provision for them, and sent them away. They returned to Benhadad, not with Elisha as a prisoner, but with a strange story to relate of this man's prayers, and of God's instant answers.

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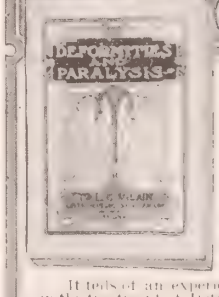

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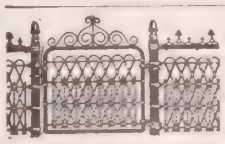

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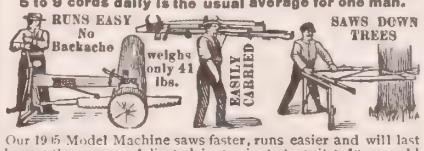

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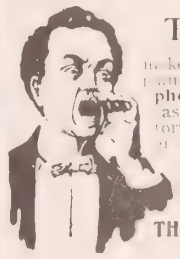

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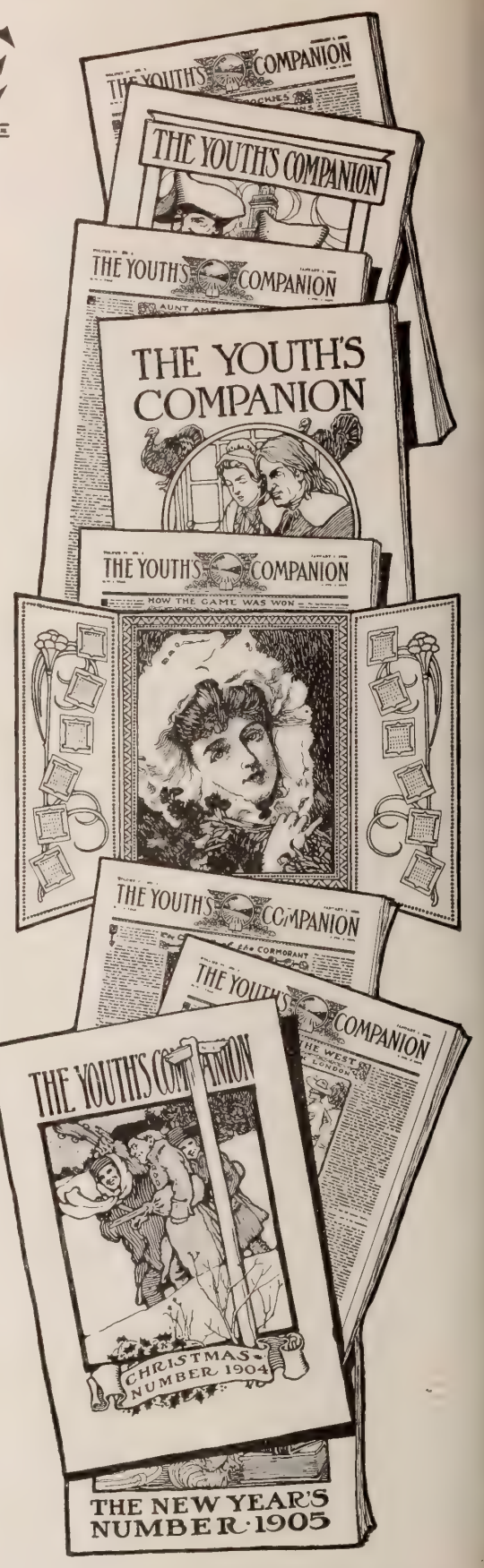

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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THE PUBLIC MARKET, CARACAS

CARNIVAL PROCESSION IN CARACAS

A VENEZUELAN COFFEE TRAIN

The City of Perpetual June

LIFE IN CARACAS, THE "LITTLE PARIS" OF THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT---ITS PEOPLE TIRED OF WAR

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

FEW cities in the world can boast of a more delightful site than Caracas, for, though but six miles distant from La Guayra—one of the hottest cities in South America—it lies in an and valley, three thousand feet above the sea. Here climate is like a perpetual June, with now and then, the rainy season, a hint of April, and occasionally, at dday, a brief sensation of July. So delightful is it t the traveler would never suppose it to be unhealthf unless warned, as he invariy is, to be careful. Then he rns that lung and throat ubles are prevalent, that one y catch a dangerous fever, l, though the city has a temrate climate, that it is not te the same as a city in the perate zone. Furthermore, water is not good, although s is said to be due to the es left on the hillsides by rcoal burners, and is not the lt of nature.

The valley or basin of Chacao, which Caracas is situated, is out four leagues long by one width, and is one of the most tile spots in Venezuela. High ve it on all sides tower the en mountains, with here and re the line of a winding raily to be seen, or perhaps one the old, paved Spanish roads. the foothills and across the le plain, extend sugar and ffee plantations, gardens, and chards, while to the south of city is an extensive rural metery, an unusual sight in uth America, where the dead generally buried, as in East lands, in niched walls or en vaults.

Caracas, which, by the way, not so very much larger than it was a century ago, similar to other Spanish-American cities, except its wealth of gardens and parks, and some pretious public buildings. Buenos Ayres, of course, d several capitals in the south far surpass it; but ong the northern cities of the Continent, Caracas styles itself the "Little Paris," and certainly has many features to be proud of.

With all their attempts at magnificence, however, Caraquenians have a wholesome fear of earthquakes, and never sacrifice the safety of a building for the sake of mere outward adornment. For even if the memory of the terrible disaster of 1812 were to grow dim, there have been many more recent warnings, including a succession of shocks in 1900, which caused a number of deaths and kept the entire population in a panic for several weeks. To be strictly correct, however, the city of to-day is not the city of twenty years ago. Then its streets and plazas were as clean as those of a European capital; its churches and public buildings were kept in excellent repair; its citizens vied with one another in making their homes attractive; and the whole atmosphere of the town suggested prosperity and enterprise. Now, alas! the streets are dirty and ill-paved; the public buildings are shedding their stucco; churches and bridges, monuments and parks, seem alike neglected; and the very furniture of the homes tells of decayed fortunes and hard times. And the cause of it all (apart from the unavoidable fall in the price of coffee), has been civil strife—the curse of every Spanish-American republic south of Mexico.

THE BIRD MARKET IN THE PLAZA, CARACAS

But, while Uruguay and possibly two other countries have had more frequent outbreaks, and Chile has witnessed bloodier battle scenes, Venezuela seems to have suffered more from revolutions than any of her sister republics. Peru, indeed, was in a more wretched condition after her war with Chile, and the Paraguayan nation was ruined and almost annihilated in its hopeless struggle against Argentine and Brazil; but these were foreign wars, and, in neither case, quite chargeable to the victims. Venezuela, however, has brought her tribulations largely upon herself, and in the peace that now exists—a general stock-taking, as it were—the people are opening their eyes to the fact that another decade such as the last, might be their final ruin.

Perhaps a better word than "peace," would be "exhaustion." The country is thoroughly exhausted: its coffee and cocoa plantations have been neglected; thousands of good laborers have been killed or maimed for life, the live stock has been greatly reduced, many country roads are in an impassable condition, tradesmen have become bankrupt, incalculable suffering has been caused,—and all to gratify the ambitions of rival

CONTINUED ON PAGE 913

The Wickedness of War

A LAY SERMON BY COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI*

TRANSLATED BY V. TCHERTKOFF AND I. F. M.

HOW can so-called enlightened men preach war, support it, participate in it, and, worst of all, without suffering the dangers of war themselves, incite others to it, sending their unfortunate defrauded brothers to fight? These so-called enlightened men cannot possibly ignore, I do not say the Christian law, if they recognize themselves to be Christians, but all that has been written, is being written, has and is being said, about the cruelty, futility, and senselessness of war. They are regarded as enlightened men precisely because they know all this. The majority of them have themselves written and spoken about this.

Not to mention The Hague Conference, which called forth universal praise, or all the books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, and speeches demonstrating the possibility of the solution of international misunderstandings by international arbitration—no enlightened man can help knowing that the universal competition in the armaments of States must inevitably lead them to endless wars, or to general bankruptcy, or else to both the one and the other. They cannot but know that besides the senseless, purposeless expenditure of milliards of roubles, *i. e.*, of human labor, on the preparations for war during the wars themselves, millions of the most energetic and vigorous men perish in that period of their life which is best for productive labor. During the past century wars have destroyed 14,000,000 men Enlightened men cannot but know that occasions for war are always such as are not worth not only one human life, but not one hundredth part of all that which is spent upon wars. In fighting for the emancipation of the negroes, much more was spent than it would have cost to redeem them from slavery.

A Degrading Thing

Everyone knows and cannot help knowing that, above all, wars, calling forth the lowest animal passions, deprave and brutalize men. Everyone knows the weakness of the arguments in favor of war, such as were brought forward by De Maistre, Moltke and others, for they are all founded on the sophism that in every human calamity it is possible to find an advantageous element, or else upon the utterly arbitrary assertion that wars have always existed, and therefore always must exist, as if the bad actions of men could be justified by the advantages or the usefulness which they realize, or by the consideration that they have been committed during a long period of time. All so-called enlightened men know all this. Then suddenly war begins, and all this is instantly forgotten, and the same men, who but yesterday were proving the cruelty, futility, the senselessness of wars, now think, speak and write only about killing as many men as possible, about ruining and destroying the greatest possible amount of the productions of human labor, and about exciting as much as possible the passion of hatred in those peaceful, harmless, industrious men, who by their labor feed, clothe, maintain these same pseudo-enlightened men, who compel them to commit those dreadful deeds contrary to their conscience, welfare and faith.

Stupefied by prayers, sermons, exhortations, by processions, pictures and newspapers, the cannon's flash, hundreds of thousands of men, uniformly dressed, carrying divers deadly weapons, leaving their parents, wives, children, with hearts of agony, but with artificial sprightliness, go where they, risking their own lives, will commit the most dreadful act of killing men whom they do not know and who have done them no harm. And they are followed by doctors and nurses, who somehow imagine that at home they cannot serve simple, peaceful, suffering people, but can only serve those who are engaged in slaughtering each other. Those who remain at home are gladdened by news of the murder of men, and when they learn that many of the enemy have been killed they thank some one whom they call God.

All this is not only regarded as the manifestation of elevated feeling, but those who refrain from such manifestations, if they endeavor to disabuse men, are deemed traitors and betrayers, and are in danger of being abused and beaten by a brutalized crowd, which, in defence of its insanity and cruelty, can possess no other weapon than brute force.

It is comprehensible that a heathen, a Greek, a Roman, even a mediæval Christian, ignorant of the Gospel and blindly believing all the prescriptions of the Church, might fight and, fighting, pride himself on his military achievements; but how can a believing Christian, or even a sceptic, involuntarily permeated by the Christian ideals of human brotherhood and love which have inspired the works of the philosophers, moralists, and artists of our time—how can such take a gun, or stand by a cannon, and aim at a crowd of his fellow-men, desiring to kill as many of them as possible?

Opposed to Christianity

The Assyrians, Romans, or Greeks might be persuaded that in fighting they were acting not only according to their conscience, but even fulfilling a righteous deed. But, whether we wish it or not, we are Christians, and however Christianity may have been distorted, its general spirit cannot but lift us to that higher plane of reason whence we can no longer refrain from feeling with our whole being not only the senselessness and the cruelty of war, but its complete opposition to all that we regard as good and right. Therefore, we cannot do as they did, with assurance, firmness, and peace, and without a consciousness of our criminality, without the desperate feeling of a murderer who, having begun to kill his victim and feeling in the depths of his soul the guilt of his act, proceeds to try to stupefy or infuriate himself, to be able the better to complete his dreadful deed. All the unnatural, feverish, hot-headed, insane excitement which in time of war seizes the idle upper ranks of society, is merely the symptom of their recognition of the criminality of the work which is being done.

COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI

Ask a soldier, a private, a corporal, a non-commissioned officer who has abandoned old parents, his wife, his children, why he is preparing to kill men whom he does not know, he will at first be astonished at your question. He is a soldier, he has taken the oath, and it is his duty to fulfil the orders of his commanders. If you tell him that war—*i. e.* the slaughter of men—does not conform to the command, "Thou shalt not kill," he will say, "And how if ours are attacked—for the King—for the Orthodox faith." One of them said in answer to my question: "And how if he attacks that which is sacred?" "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why," said he, "the banner." And if you endeavor to explain to such a soldier that God's commandment is more important not only than the banner, but than anything else in the world, he will become silent, or he will get angry and report you to the authorities.

Excuses for War

Ask an officer, a general, why he goes to the war. He will tell you that he is a military man, and that the military are indispensable for the defence of the fatherland. As to murder not conforming to the spirit of the Christian law, this does not trouble him, as either he does not believe in this law, or, if he does, it is not in the law itself but in that explanation which has been given to this law. But, above all, he, like the soldier, in place of the personal question, what should he do himself, always puts the general question about the State, or the fatherland. "At the present moment, when the fatherland is in danger, one should act, not argue," he will say.

Ask the diplomatists who, by their deceits, prepare wars, why do they do it. They will tell you that the object of their activity is the establishment of peace between nations, and that this object is attained, not by ideal, unrealizable theories, but by diplomatic activity and readiness for war. And, just as the military, instead of the question concerning one's own action, place the general question, so also diplomatists will speak about the interests of one's native land, about the unscrupulousness of other Powers, about the balance of power in Europe, but not about their own position and activities.

Ask the journalists why, by their writings, they incite men to war, they will say that wars in general are necessary and useful and they will confirm this opinion of theirs by misty patriotic phrases and, just like the militarist and diplomatist, to the question why he, a journalist, a particular individual, a living man, acts in a certain way, he will speak about the general interests of the nation, about the State, civilization, the race. In the same way, all those who prepare war will explain their participation in that work. They will perhaps agree that it would be desirable to abolish war, but at present this is impossible.

Men of our Christian world and of our time are like a man who, having missed the right turning, the further he goes the more he becomes convinced that he is going the wrong way. Yet the greater his doubts the quicker and the more desperately does he hurry on, consoling himself with the thought that he will arrive somewhere. But the time comes when it becomes quite clear that the way along which he is going will lead to nothing but a precipice, which he is already beginning to discern before him.

Mutual Destruction

In such a position stands the Christian humanity of our time. It is perfectly evident that, if we continue to live as we are now living, guided in our private lives as well as in the life of separate States, by the sole desire of welfare for ourselves and for our State, and will, as we do now, think to ensure this welfare by violence, then, inevitably increasing the means of violence of one against the other and of State against State, we will, first, keep ruling ourselves more and more, transferring the major portion of our productiveness to armaments; and, secondly, by killing in mutual wars the best physically-developed men, we must become more and more degenerate and morally depraved.

That this will be the case if we do not alter our lives, is as certain as it is mathematically certain that two non-parallel straight lines must meet. But not only is this theoretically certain in our time; it is becoming certain not only to the mind, but also to the consciousness. The precipice towards which we approach is already becoming apparent to us, and the most simple, non-philosophical and uneducated men cannot but see that, by arming themself more and more against each other and slaughtering each other in war, we, like spiders in a jar, can come to nothing else but the destruction of each other.

A sincere, serious, rational man can no longer console himself by the thought that matters can be mended as was formerly supposed, by a universal empire such as that of Rome, or of Charles the Great, or Napoleon, or by the mediæval spiritual power of the Pope, or by sacred alliances, by the political balance of the European Concert, and by peaceful international tribunals, or, as some have thought, by the increase of military strength and the newly discovered powerful weapons of destruction.

It is impossible to organize a universal empire or republic, consisting of European States, as different nationalities will never desire to unite into one State; to organize international tribunals for the solution of international disputes? But who will impose obedience to the decision of the tribunal upon a contending party who has an organized army of millions of men? Will disarm? No one desires it or will begin it. We are dashing on towards the precipice, cannot stop, and see are approaching its edge.

For every rational man who reflects upon the position in which humanity is now placed and upon that which it is inevitably approaching, it cannot but be obvious that there is no practical issue out of this position, that one cannot devise any combination or organiza

*Text, Luke 22: 53. "This is your hour, and the power of darkness."

hich would save us from the destruction towards hich we are inevitably rushing.

Not to mention the economical problems which be-me more and more complex, those mutual relations tween the States arming themselves against each ner, and at any moment ready to break out into wars, early point to the certain destruction towards which so-called civilized humanity is being carried.

Then What is to be Done?

Two thousand years ago John the Baptist, and then sus said to men: "The time is fulfilled, and the King-m of God is at hand: bethink yourselves, and believe the Gospel" (Mark 1: 15); "and if you do not bethink rselves you will all perish" (Luke 13: 5).

But men did not listen to them, and the destruction y foretold is already near to hand. And we men of time cannot but see it. We are already perishing, d, therefore, we cannot leave unheeded that—old-in-tie, but for us new—means of salvation. We cannot t see that besides all the other calamities which flow m our bad and irrational life, military preparations ne, and the wars inevitably growing from them, must allibly destroy us. We cannot but see that all the ans of escape invented by men from these evils are nd and must be found to be ineffectual, and that the astrous position of the nations arming themselves ainst each other cannot but go on advancing con-ually. And, therefore, the words of Jesus refer to and our time, more than to any time or to any one.

esus said, "Bethink yourselves"—*i.e.*, "Let every man terrupt the work he has begun and ask himself: Who I? From whence have I appeared, and in what con-s my destination? And having answered these stions, according to the answer decide whether that ich thou doest is in conformity with thy destination." d every man of our world and time, that is, being quainted with the essence of the Christian teaching, ds only for a minute to interrupt his activity, to for-e the capacity in which he is regarded by men, be it mperor, soldier, minister or journalist, and seriously himself who he is and what is his destination—in er to begin to doubt the utility, lawfulness and rea-sableness of his actions.

"Before I am emperor, soldier, minister, or jour-rist," must say to himself every man of our time and the Christian world, "before any of these I am a n—*i. e.*, an organic being sent by the Higher ll into a universe endless in time and space in order, er staying in it for an instant, to die—*i. e.*, to disap-r from it. And, therefore, all those personal, social, even universal human aims I may place before self, and which are placed before me by men, are all ignificant, owing to the shortness of my life as well to the boundlessness of the life of the universe, and uld be subordinated to that higher aim for the attainment of which I am sent into the world. This ultimate aim, owing to my limitations, is inaccessible to me, but it does exist (as there must be a purpose in all that exists), and my business is that of being its tool—*i. e.*, my destination is that of being a workman of God, of fulfilling his work." And having understood this destination, every man of our world and time, from emperor to soldier, cannot but regard differently those duties which he has taken upon himself or other men have imposed upon him.

So that however strange this may appear, the most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man which, one thousand nine hundred years ago, was proposed by Jesus—that every man bethink himself, and ask himself, who is he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do.

Religion the Remedy

The evil from which men of our time are suffering is produced by the fact that the majority live without that which alone affords a rational guidance for human activity—without religion; not that religion which consists in belief in dogmas, in the fulfilment of rites which afford a pleasant diversion, consolation, stimulant, but that religion which establishes the relation of man to the All, to God, and, therefore, gives a general higher direction to all human activity, and without which people stand on the plane of animals and even lower than they. This evil, which is leading men to inevitable destruction, has manifested itself with special power in our time, because, having lost all rational guidance in life, and having directed all efforts to discoveries and improvements principally in the sphere of technical knowledge, men of our time have developed in themselves enormous power over the forces of nature; but, not having any guidance for the rational adaptation of this power, they naturally have used it for the satisfaction of their lowest propensities.

Bereft of religion, men possessing enormous power over the forces of nature, are like children to whom powder or explosive-gas has been given as a plaything. Considering this power which men of our time possess, and the way they use it, one feels that considering the degree of their moral development men have no right, not only to the use of railways, steam, electricity, telephones, photography, wireless telegraphs, but even to the simple art of manufacturing iron and steel, as all these improvements and arts they use only for the satisfaction of their lusts—for amusement, dissipation and the destruction of each other.

Then, what is to be done? To reject all these improvements of life, all this power acquired by humanity—to forget that which it has learned? This is impossible. However perniciously these mental acquisitions are used, still they are acquisitions, and men cannot forget them. To alter these combinations of nations which have been formed during centuries and to establish new ones? To invent such new institutions as would hinder the minority from deceiving and exploiting the majority? To disseminate knowledge? All this has been tried, and is being done with great fervor. All these imaginary methods of improvement represent the chief methods of self-oblivion, and of diverting one's attention from the consciousness of inevitable perdition. The boundaries of States are changed, institutions are altered, knowledge is disseminated, but within other boundaries, with other organizations, with increased knowledge, men remain the same beasts, ready any minute to tear each other to pieces, or the same slaves they have always been, and always will be, while they continue to be guided, not by religious consciousness, but by passions, theories and external influences.

Man has no choice; he must be the slave of the most unscrupulous and insolent among slaves, or else the servant of God, because for man there is only one way of being free—by uniting his will with the will of God.

Men who are intentionally and unintentionally stupefying the people by church superstitions should cease to do so, and recognize that what is important and binding in Christianity is not profession of dogmas, etc., but only love to God and to one's neighbor, and the fulfilling of the commandment of acting toward others as one wishes others to act towards oneself—and in this lies all the law and the prophets.

The Will of God Supreme

If only both pseudo-Christians and men of science understood and preached to children and to the uneducated these simple, clear and necessary truths as they now preach their complicated, confused and unnecessary theories, all men would uniformly understand the meaning of their lives and recognize one and the same duties as flowing from this meaning.

Such is the law of life. Practical welfare is attained not when man strives towards this practical welfare, but only when man, without thinking of the attainment of practical welfare, strives towards the most perfect fulfilment of that which before God, before the Source and Law of his life, he regards as right.

So that the true salvation of men is only one: the fulfilment of the will of God by each individual man within himself—*i. e.*, in that portion of the universe which alone is subject to his power. In this is the chief, the only destination of every individual man, and at the same time this is the only means by which every individual man can influence others, and, therefore, to this, and to this only, should all the efforts of every man be directed.

The City of Perpetual June

Continued from Page 911

GARDEN OF U. S. MINISTER BOWEN'S RESIDENCE, CARACAS

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN VENEZUELA

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF CARACAS

pty leaders and their train of intiable office seekers. Cara-c however, has its gay side a well as its sombre aspect. Te marching of troops, tl musical entertainments p vided two evenings in the w:k by an excellent municipal b d, the social flurry caused b a reception at one of the A bassadors, or a reunion at i fashionable club, the "Concordia," the mad revel-ry of Carnival, and the enjoyment of the constantly r rring feast days,—all these do much to re-li e the tension that otherwise would become u earable, and to make life pass pleasantly.

And Caracas is becoming busy again—a hopeful sign for the country at large. The road from La Guayra is again dotted with pack donkeys bringing merchandise over the mountains, while the southern roads are blocked at times with long trains of these little beasts carrying coffee and cocoa and various agricultural products into the city, and returning with supplies for the country estates and for stores along the way. There are signs of renewed commercial life everywhere. The railway depot, the market, and the local factories show greater activity; shops and warehouses are carrying larger stocks; building operations are beginning again, and the street hucksters cry out their wares with a more cheerful assurance of patronage than before.

"If we could only have peace!" says the foreigner, and the wish finds echo in the heart of the native, even though he is opposed to President Castro and his selfish policy of plunder and aggrandizement.

"Anything is better than civil war!" is becoming a popular expression, and the pity is that the Venezuelan does not amend it, and say, "With honest elections, civil war will be impossible." With such conditions, the prosperity and progress of Venezuela would be assured.

G. M. L. BROWN.

Good Work in the Bowery Mission

A YEAR RICH IN SPIRITUAL RESULTS REPORTED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT

EVERY reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is interested in the old Bowery Mission, and its wonderful work among the homeless and unemployed men and boys of New York. In the broadest sense, the Mission is a Cosmopolitan one, for not only do its beneficiaries come from all parts of the Union, but its influence may be literally said to be transcontinental, for its converts are to be found even in the remotest parts of the world.

In his report for the twelve months preceding October 5, 1904, Superintendent Hallimond gives a most interesting and encouraging account of the work of the Bowery Mission. Briefly summarized, the year's work is presented in these figures:

Attendances at meetings	131,250
Meals given,	147,907
Lodgings given,	5,283
Articles of clothing given,	349
Situations found,	956
Professed conversions,	2,280

"It is a matter of the utmost gratification," writes the Superintendent, "to know that the interest manifested in our regular nightly meetings was never at a higher pitch than at the present time. Even during the summer months, when it is generally so difficult to attract a crowd to an indoor meeting, the number of attendances this year has suffered scarcely any appreciable diminution, whilst at the larger meetings of Sunday morning and Thursday evening, it has not been an unusual thing for hundreds to be turned away from the doors.

"Never since the commencement of the Mission has there occurred anything that has so enhanced its work and influence as the early morning breakfasts, which you instituted last January. For seventy cold winter mornings in succession, a long line of poor, shivering men stood awaiting this hospitality, and each morning one thousand homeless men were fed. The Mission is now, more than ever, regarded as a refuge for the distressed.

"As a means of interesting and attracting to the Mission the permanent residents of the Bowery, as well as affording some kind of relief to the monotonous social life of these men, the concerts, held weekly from October to May, were most successful. We had the assistance of the best musical talent of the city, and the audiences were very large.

"The death of Mr. Victor Benke, our beloved organist, touched profoundly the hearts of thousands of unfortunate men who knew and loved him.

"At the beginning of October, 1903, I instituted a weekly class-meeting, which has proved a great blessing to our converts and workers. We have had an average attendance of between fifty and sixty, and a keen interest has been maintained throughout. The class has gone through a regular course of lessons on the subject of prayer, taking Andrew Murray's little book, 'With Christ in the School of Prayer,' as a guide in its studies.

AN EARLY MORNING BREAKFAST AT THE BOWERY MISSION

"The Sunday morning prayer meeting is the meet at which requests for prayer that come through T CHRISTIAN HERALD are submitted. It has been v attended throughout the year.

"I wish to acknowledge with thanks the help that been rendered to the Mission by the Memorial Hou 242 East Broadway. About fifty of our converts l there, under the care of Mr. Card, the superintende who is himself one of our conve It can readily be seen what an adv tage this is to our men, especially their early Christian experience.

"The figures given of profes conversions (2,280), are as near as can come to what we regard honest and genuine declarations faith in Christ. It is impossible give exact figures. One could ea multiply the number by ten, so as hand-raising and penitent-fo demonstrations have gone; but our after-meetings we put each see through a very close examinati and only record those whom we lieve to be thoroughly sincere.

"Every week, however, we rece encouraging news from all parts the globe, that convinces us that nu bers of men receive the seed sow the Mission into 'good ground.' L bread cast upon the waters, 'it is s after many days,' where, who can s Dr. J. B. Devins recently met a n sionary in the heart of India, w told him he was converted in Bowery Mission.

"Only a few days since, I ceived a letter from a business ma New Mexico, saying that many ye ago he was converted in the Bow Mission. Last winter a young n was put in charge of the large, ple ant Sunday Afternoon Meetings the Y.M.C.A., Birmingham, Engla who, four years ago, was led to Ch in the Bowery Mission.

"Our 'Help Each Other' Soci has been able to help many of members when in need. Our S ings Bank Agency encourages th among our men.

"I desire to thank you for the c tinued and unfailing sympathy a support that you, and the readers THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have corded to the work of the Bow Mission. In this expression of gr tude, I am joined by my co-worke and by thousands of men who h come within the radius of its kin and helpful influence."

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Supt*

After the Peace Congress

THE CLOSING SESSION—A MEMORIAL TO TH NATIONS—DELEGATES VISIT NEW YORK CI

SEVERAL important incidents marked the closing session of the International Peace Congress, which adjourned in Boston on October 8, to meet next year at Lucerne, Switzerland. One of its last acts was the adoption of resolutions denouncing war, and urging international obligatory arbitration treaties. It also recommended an inquiry by the Powers into the condition of affairs in the Congo Free State. The resolutions on this subject are as follows:

Whereas, The International Association of the Congo obtained in 1884 from the American government, an agreement that its flag should be recognized as that of a friendly State (which recognition was subsequently endorsed by the Powers of Europe at Berlin), on the ground that it was an organization formed to protect the interest and welfare of the natives, to promote legitimate commerce, and to preserve the neutrality of the Congo Valley, over which it sought to exercise authority;

Whereas, The agents of the government of the Congo Free State and the people over whom that government exercises authority, are foreign to it, and the country whence it primarily controls the Congo territory is also foreign to it;

Whereas, The proceedings of the International Association, prior to its recognition by the government of the United States, constituted in the words of Mr. Kasson, American Minister in Brussels, and from the point of view of international law, "mere acts of piracy";

Whereas, It is alleged that the government of the Congo Free State has appropriated the land of the natives and the products of commercial value yielded by the land, thus leading to the committal of grave wrongs upon the native races, and to the infringement of the rights secured for international commerce by the acts of the conference at Berlin;

Whereas, This is a question which may lead to grave international complications.

This Congress, in the interests of peace, recommends that the following questions should be referred either to a renewal conference of the Powers concerned in the formation of the Congo Free State or to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague:

First—Is the government of the Congo Free State still to be regarded as the trustee of the Powers which recognize the flag of the International Association?

Second—Is the Belgian government to be regarded as responsible for the actions of the government of the Congo Free State?

Third—In either of these events, what is the position of the Congo Free State in international law, and in what manner may the grave questions concerning its alleged actions be satisfactorily and competently determined?

After some discussion, it was agreed to strike out from the resolutions the reference to Belgium's responsibility, and they were then adopted.

Resolutions were adopted, expressing deep gratification at the international treaties already arranged; also requesting the United States government to collect and print for public distribution all available data as to the cost of war.

The adoption of an "Appeal to the Nations" was the last official act of the Congress. It recites that the Congress assembled under peculiar circumstances—a murderous war raging in one quarter of the globe, and in the other the friends of peace gathering in greater strength than ever before. The Russo-Japanese war, the Appeal declares, might easily have been avoided, if the two belligerents and the other Powers signatory to the Hague Convention had faithfully kept the obligations assumed in that Convention. The Appeal proceeds:

This war has made it clear that much yet remains to be done in the eradication of old race and national prejudices, false ideas of national greatness and glory, perverted conceptions of patriotism and territorial and commercial greed. This war has also anew demonstrated the necessity of the immediate extension and perfecting of substitutes for violence in the settlement of international controversies.

The Congress, at the conclusion of its deliberations, appeals to the peoples of all nations and of all classes to arouse themselves to a finer and more adequate conception of their relations one to another, to a deeper sense of their mutu dependence and duties to the community of both their n terial and spiritual interests, and to their rights in the det mination of the foreign policies pursued by their gove ments, that they may no longer be involved without th consent in foolish and ruinous wars with other Powers, or the unjust exploitation of those whom they are bound every consideration of righteousness and honor to assist a elevate rather than to plunder and degrade.

It respectfully invites all the national sovereigns and pre dents, all men in positions of public trust, all ministers religion, all instructors of youth in schools of every gra all the owners and conductors of both the religious a secular press, and all others who wield influence in the mo ing and directing of public opinion, to throw the ent weight, not only of their personal influence but of th positions, towards eradicating the causes of misunderstan ing and conflict, and the creation of such a complete syste of international adjudication, and such a wide-reaching p cific public sentiment as will in time render the barbaro method of war impossible.

One of the interesting incidents of the last day's se sion was the brotherly greeting on the same platfor of Dr. John Chirwig, delegate from Russia and D Jiro Abratani, of Japan. As the Russian moved towa him, Dr. Abratani grasped his extended hand in friendly clasp amid the applause of those who sat ne at hand.

On October 12, a number of the delegates visite New York. A public meeting was held in Cooper I stitute, at which addresses were delivered by Barone von Suttner, of Austria; Peter Curran, of the Englis Federation of Trades Unions, and several others. Th Baroness urged that the United States, as a great an powerful nation, should take the lead in the moveme for universal peace. She asked those in the audien who desired universal peace to rise, and the gre gathering rose *en masse*.

GREAT GATHERING OF CHILDREN, ADDRESSED BY DR. TORREY AND MR. ALEXANDER, AT A GOSPEL SERVICE IN BOLTON, ENGLAND

7,000 Children His Audience

Evangelist Torrey Addresses a Remarkable Gathering in Bolton, England

THE most remarkable meeting that Bolton has ever seen," said a leading medical man of this town, as at one o'clock on Sunday morning last, we left the Drill Hall together to make r way home.

His remark had reference to a Drunkards' Meeting ich had just concluded, and which was the most table of the series of gatherings which Dr. Torrey d Mr. Alexander had been conducting in that part of gland. Situated in the very heart of the manufac- ing county of Lancashire—Bolton, grim, dismal and bidding-looking, has a population of about 170,000. tton-spinning is the staple industry, and on every nd huge, massive mills stand up like giant penitenti- es, the tall chimneys vomiting out great volumes of ck smoke which darkens the atmosphere and shuts t the sunlight.

The religious life of Bolton is marked by much leth- gy and indifference. There are thousands to whom e church makes no appeal, and whose lives are lived tside of all religious environment. Work, as a rule, plentiful; the men and women employed in the mills ceive fairly good wages, but, unlike their near neigh- rs in Yorkshire, the people are inclined to be thriftless. unkenness is common. On Saturday nights, till a e hour, men, women, boys and girls parade the prin- al streets, this stream of aimless humanity being ch augmented by the weekly inrush from adja- nt country districts. Then it is that the town takes its saddest aspect. The saloons are busy, women as ll as men drinking openly at the bar. When unable contain more liquor the drinkers are pushed out into e street, there to fight and quarrel till some good maritan leads them home or a police-officer conducts em to the lock-up.

Into such a town as this then did the Torrey-Alexan- r Mission come, carrying with it God's message of ve and salvation. It was felt that here was a good ld for a drunkards' meeting, and so a drunkards' eeting came to be organized. At half-past ten on turday night two processions started out to visit the loons in the worst quarters of the city, with the object inviting the men and women found in these to a dnight meeting in the large Drill Hall. Heading each ocession was a brass band. The men in the ranks rried flaming torches, and to the music of familiar spel hymns, the sweep of the streets and the saloons ts commenced.

An hour later the processions had returned and the rvice was ready to begin. It was indeed a curious ectacle that presented itself to the eye. In the after- on nearly seven thousand happy children had met in e same place, and six hundred and fifty of them had yfully yielded themselves to the Saviour. What a ntrast to that picture now. Instead of the bright, nocent faces of the little ones looking up from every tarter of the large building, the chairs were occupied men and women, ragged, dirty and forlorn, on whose ces sin had left its ugly stain. Again the hall was packed—for the third time that day. A great many were more or less under the influence of liquor. The youth just entering upon the dignity of man's estate sat side by side with the old man whose hold of life is daily becoming feebler; the girl not yet out of her teens was there with the woman old in sin—a more heterogeneous gathering could not have been found.

Assisted by the two bands which had paraded the streets—one belonging to the Salvation Army and the other to the Wesleyan Church—Mr. Alexander started the singing with the "Glory-Song." A few in front beat time to the music, swinging their arms and stamping their feet; but, considering the character of the audience, the order was remarkable.

"I am glad to see you men," said Mr. Alexander to the vast crowd in front of him. Then, seeing that the singing was dragging because of the lack of hymn-books, he cried to the stewards to distribute gratuitously his books among the people—an announcement which was received with hearty applause. The impression created by the opening song was wonderful to behold, and now having the great mixed gathering completely under control, Mr. Alexander led off with that graphic word-picture of Christ's suffering, "When I survey the wondrous Cross." Every heart was touched, and it was with wet eyes that many sang the words—

> See from His head, His hands, His feet,
> Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
> Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
> Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?" was next sung. Under the influence of these hymns, the bravado and resistance of men and women completely broke down. After a prayer, Mr. Alexander sang a solo.

"How many of you men have a mother in heaven, no matter who you are?" he asked. Numerous hands went up. "I am going to sing you a song," he continued; "'Tell mother I'll be there.' Through the singing of that song, many a poor fellow has got ready to meet his good old mother on the other side. You look at it while I sing." Then his rich baritone voice went up in song, and the impression on hearts was made deeper yet.

Amid the solemn hush which followed the singing, Dr. Torrey rose to speak, and at once got into touch with his strange audience. "I want to give you five words," he began, "just five words that will tell you what Jesus can do. You will find them in Hebrews 7: 25. 'He is able to save!' That is what Jesus Christ can do," he proceeded. "He can save. Who can he save? Anybody. That looks like an ordinary Bible, doesn't it?" he asked, holding aloft his own Bible. "But it is a very remarkable Bible. You find in that Bible the names of thirty men who gave it to me. These thirty men are officers in my church in Chicago, and I want to tell you about some of them." Then he went on to show how that the men whose names appeared in his Bible had been rescued from lives of sin, and were now helping others into the Christian life.

The Rev. W. S. Jacoby, Dr. Torrey's assistant pastor in Chicago, followed with a short address. He knows what sin is, for his own career has been a most varied and wonderful one. With a voice full of compassionate love, and with a pathos that came from his heart, as if it were bursting, he told that curious company of men and women before him how Christ had saved him from the awful wretchedness and misery of sin. That was the burden of his whole message—the love of Christ for perishing sinners. "No matter how deep you are in sin," he said, "Christ can save you."

In response to Dr. Torrey's invitation, many men and women came forward to the platform and shook his hand, in token of their desire to lead a better life. Then they passed the front of the platform in a long line, each being conducted by a worker to a seat where they might be personally dealt with. There were many human wrecks in that company of seekers after Christ. One of the ministerial secretaries discovered in rags an old schoolfellow of his own, and another gentleman had a somewhat similar experience, seeing in one of these broken-down men a former associate of his own in a Bible class. But perhaps the most miserable looking object of them all was a woman, from whom all trace of womanliness had been stamped. Half-intoxicated, ragged and dirty, she looked a perfect picture of depravity and despair. From her seat on the platform Mrs. Alexander had been watching this woman throughout the proceedings. When she came to the front, Mrs. Alexander rose to meet her, and together they went off to a quiet part of the hall. It was with some difficulty that Mrs. Alexander got the woman to realize her position. "God loves you," said Mrs. Alexander. It was more than the other woman could grasp. That God could love such as she seemed beyond her comprehension, but at last turning her bloated face to the lady by her side, she said, "Will you give me a kiss?" It was a test from which anyone might have shrunk; but Mrs. Alexander met it bravely, and bending down she imprinted the desired kiss, and thus gladdened the poor woman's heart.

The Mission that has just ended has been the most remarkable in the experience of Bolton. Night after night the hall was packed, and during the few closing nights remarkable scenes were witnessed. Two outstanding meetings were those held for children, on two succeeding Saturday afternoons. At one of these 700 little ones came to the front and confessed Christ; at the other, 650 made a similar confession. The town has been stirred as it never has been before. Everywhere the Mission has been the principal theme of conversation, and on every hand one hears remarkable testimonies.

Altogether the professed conversions during three and a half weeks number close upon 4,000, and though this does not show all that has been accomplished there is profound gratitude for the great outpouring of blessing.

J. KENNEDY MACLEAN.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Best of Its Kind

NOW that the International Peace Congress has finished its work and adjourned, the friends and advocates of peace and arbitration can review its labors with a feeling of genuine satisfaction. For the first time in the history of American Peace Congresses, the results are such as will be of practical service, for instead of wasting time in the discussion of theoretical reforms, it boldly attacked the present-day evils that militate against the peace and happiness of mankind, and characterized them in language which, while sufficiently temperate and dignified for all parliamentary requirements, was yet strong and convincing. In this age of rampant militarism, when, as one of our American statesmen recently remarked, even the people of our own land seem to have been infected by the virus of war, it is a distinctly courageous thing for a deliberative body of cultured men and women, representing the advance guard of Christian civilization, to raise the peace standard amid the flutter of battle-flags and the beating of war drums throughout the world.

In dealing with the topic of international treaties, it was made clear, both in the speeches and resolutions, that the progress lately made in this direction among the leading nations, is such as to afford encouragement to peace-lovers to hope that the movement to submit all causes of difference arising between governments to the decision of an arbitration tribunal, may yet become world-wide. Disarmament, the Congress evidently regarded as still afar off, but the spread of arbitration carries with it the reasonable hope of military and naval reduction and the substantial lessening of the burden of taxation.

On Aug. 3, last, far in advance of the Congress, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in an editorial, outlined the more important work to be accomplished. An extract from the article in question appears in another column. It is gratifying to note that every suggestion then offered seems to have appealed favorably to the delegates. Their united action with respect to a practical peace propaganda, the expediency of friendly mediation at the proper time between Russia and Japan, and the bringing of the vexed Congo question—with all its allegations of shocking inhumanity—before the Hague, proved their hearty sympathy with the campaign measures indicated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as deserving of precedence over all others. Very many of our readers have emphasized these views in letters addressed to the officers of the Peace Congress, which have aided greatly in producing this result.

In its "Appeal to the Nations," the Congress declares its attitude and purpose broadly, and asks for the united sympathy and support of all peoples in the war against war. Though somewhat prolix, the appeal is sympathetic and eloquent and should be widely circulated. A wise provision is that made for a literary Peace propaganda, for it is largely by educating the people to a knowledge of the horrible nature and wickedness of war and its ruinous cost, that the peace movement must make headway.

The Congress has made history. It was the best of its kind ever held on American soil. May the Divine blessing rest upon its work, and upon all associated in it, both at home and abroad.

Automobiles and Accidents

IF a new pleasure has been added to life in these days a new peril has also been annexed. Swiftly as a bird flies we seem to cleave the air with a mighty rush, as we speed along in these amazing machines. Business men residing in the suburbs of our great cities have exchanged a seat in the railway car for a seat in their autos, and go independently to and from the office, occasionally forgetting the legal limit of speed and finding themselves checked by a police-officer who springs forth from an ambush. The enchanted carpet of the *Arabian Nights* is surpassed by this Twentieth Century magical machine.

But delightful as it is to ride in an automobile, the large percentage of accidents, many of them fatal, makes the prudent person tremble. To be pitched out on one's head, to collide with a truck or a cable-car, to run over an old lady or gentleman, to kill a little fellow running across the street—these things are possible one and all. The daily papers chronicle them and, in fact, accidents seem inseparable from the weird-looking vehicles that, however luxurious, are not in the least handsome.

To thread one's way across a city thoroughfare to-day, what with the equipages of wealth and the trucks of trade, the omnibus, cars, automobiles, and other menaces to safety, is no easy matter. When we lie down in bed at night, we may in these days add a new clause to our prayers, "Thank God that from sudden death we have been delivered." For it lurks very near us in our very finest modern inventions and appliances.

If a horse is a vain thing for safety, what shall we say of an automobile?

Death in the Barrel

THE singular coincidence of twenty-five deaths, attributed to heart-failure, occurring in eleven days in a district of about fifteen blocks, in New York City, is being investigated by the Coroner and the police. It has been found that the victim in every instance was a whiskey-drinker. It appears that the beverage has suddenly become popular in the neighborhood. One of the saloon-keepers has introduced a new brand of the article. He drew it from the wood, the customer bringing his own bottle, on which the saloon-keeper pasted his label, with the device upon it of an elephant. The pink elephant whiskey became a famous beverage among his customers. It was sold at a very low rate, so low, in fact, that it was less than the government's duty on whiskey. That it must be adulterated was an obvious inference. If he had used water for the purpose, no mischief would have been done other than the mischief which normally comes from the drinking of whiskey. But water would have reduced the potency of the whiskey and thus would have deprived it of its most salable quality. It is charged that he adulterated the liquor with a chemical known as wood-alcohol, or methyl-alcohol, which, though not more poisonous than ordinary alcohol when taken in a single dose, is vastly more so if the dose is small and frequently repeated, as it would be in the case of a moderate tippler. It then becomes cumulative and is serious, if not fatal. Whether the saloon-keeper used this dangerous drug has yet to be proved, and the liquor in his saloon has been sent to the analyists to be tested.

The incident has led to a great deal of startling information being given to the public. Dr. Wiley, Chief of the Government Bureau of Chemistry, expresses the opinion that eighty-five per cent. of all the whiskey sold in hotel restaurants, clubs and bars, is nothing less than a cheap imitation. He adds: "It is my opinion that pure whiskey, except in the most moderate quantities, is an injury to the human system. How much more so must be the adulterated article?"

Dr. Reid Hunt, of Johns Hopkins University, says that there has been a marked increase in the last few years of cases of poisoning from wood-alcohol, chiefly due to the increased use of this substance, as a substitute for methyl-alcohol in liquors. The fact that when it is pure, its dangerous quality is increased, is an important consideration. The Journal of the American Medical Association mentions fifty-four cases as occurring recently, of poisoning by wood-alcohol, to which we have now to add twenty-five more.

The wickedness of sending out this horrible poison is appalling. An instance occurred not long ago in New Jersey, to which attention was directed in these columns, of a saloon-keeper actually insuring the lives of his customers, that he might profit by their death. It is not charged that the saloon-keepers responsible for the recent deaths in New York had any such motive. It appears to have been simply criminal recklessness and ignorance. They wanted to make money, and as wood-alcohol can be purchased at fifty cents a gallon, while the genuine whiskey retails at $2.60 a gallo the temptation to substitute the one for the other, r gardless of consequences, was too great.

No such temperance lesson has been taught in rece times. The liquor-drinker literally places his life the hands of the saloon-keeper. He does not kno what he is drinking. The pure whiskey, according Dr. Wiley, is bad enough, but when he learns that th saloon-keeper has a direct incentive to mix poison wi the liquor he sells, the fact should give him pause.

No Famine in India

OUR readers will rejoice with us that the apprehe sion of an approaching famine in India has be relieved by a copious downfall of rain. The followir letter from the Rev. Frederick Wood, Secretary of TH CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Committee, co taining the good news, has just been received:

MY DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:

By this you will probably have received my fir intimation of a likely famine over a widespread are and following this, I have weekly sent local papers an information showing how the gloomy prospects we becoming gloomier. We were but a degree remove from famine. Government had even made its plans fo famine relief operations, and had publicly advertise for applications for famine duty. Now, God be prai ed, the whole scene is changed! After our southwe monsoons (on which we in western India depend fo our annual rainfall), had failed and disappeared, an crops had withered, and rivers had become dry bed and the tanks or lakes were perfectly dry, and wel were empty, God sent us a strong cyclone from th east, which has brought copious rains all over this sid —wells are filling, tanks likewise, and rivers overflo ing their banks. A wonderful intervention this! An this after the meteorological report stated that it woul not touch the Gujarat field! How can we be suffic ently thankful! May it turn the hearts of the peopl towards Himself. God still works miracles. His peopl pray and He answers gloriously. With kindest an Christian regards, believe me, Yours sincerely,

Bombay, Sept. 17, 1904. FREDERICK WOOD.

Advice That Was Heeded

From The Christian Herald, August 3d.

THE time has come for a more active peace propaganda and for the organization of the Peace Movement in th United States on a vigorous working basis that wi make its influence felt in State and National councils. Hith erto, the movement has been largely a matter of sentimen but now, thanks chiefly to the energy and devotion of gallant band of peace-lovers in New England, it is no longe a skeleton organization, but one that is daily growing mor and more compact and capable of effective service.

It is not enough to adopt resolutions in general term condemning war. They should urge our own Goverr ment to take steps, wherever practicable, in the interest c peace.

While we would not counsel unwise or undiplomatic med dling with the affairs of other nations, yet it should not b forgotten that there are many opportunities which thi country might improve in the interest of international peac and good-will. It is highly probable that at no distant date such an opportunity will arise, when either Russia or Japan or both, will be ready to welcome the proffer of friendl mediation. Again, the frightful condition of affairs on th Congo, the barbarous enslavement of the natives, the dis ruption and scattering of the Congo villages, and the shock ing but well-attested stories of mutilation—a state of affair equivalent to the worst form of civil war—constitute a legiti mate subject of inquiry by the Peace Congress. Our country has treaty rights which would justify it in bringing the whol Congo question before the Hague Conference, and it i entirely within the province of the Boston Peace Congres to urge the adoption of this course in the interest of humanity and for the restoration of peace and security in an Africa State to which, by virtue of treaty, we stand in the responsibl relation of a sponsor.

Here, then, are two living issues for the Boston Congres to deal with. They are more urgent and infinitely mor practical than disarmament, which is still very far off.

Crossing the Alps by Balloon

ONE of the most daring ascents ever made, is reported from Switzerland. Captain Spelterini, a famous aeronaut, has succeeded in crossing the Alps in his balloon. He ascended the Eiger Glacier station on the railroad up the ıngfrau, where a departure platform had been erected. o this his balloon was attached. It contained sixteen ındred cubic metres of gas, and was carefully balsted to allow for the height from which the start was ade. As the balloon rose, it was watched with intense terest by the spectators. While still in the lower ltitudes, the Captain could be seen taking photographs the lesser peaks. Gradually the balloon rose until it as lost to view. Later in the day, when the Captain escended safely at Adelboden, he reported that he ıd enjoyed splendid weather, and had taken several ıe photographs. The view of the summits of the lps was marvelous. The maximum height attained as 20,000 feet. The Jungfrau itself is 13,671 feet gh. He passed over the summit, and drifted in the rection of Valois. There the wind changed, and he as carried back toward the Berne Canton, where a landg being considered advisable, the balloon was brought the ground after its adventurous trip. The scene om the balloon was exceedingly beautiful, the mountin tops viewed from that novel position was most ıpressive.

The Jungfrau (the maiden) is one of the most famous the Alpine peaks. It is celebrated in story and ımance and adventure. It received its name from the ısullied purity and dazzling brightness of the snow, ith which it is covered. There was a tradition that o mountaineer had ever climbed to its summit, but in 811 two Swiss gentlemen succeeded in reaching it, and nce then Agassiz, Professor Forbes and others, made ıe ascent. The railroad up the mountain was comenced in 1898. It is intended to carry it to the sum it, where an observatory will be erected. The work one of extreme difficulty, the gradients in some inances being twenty-five per cent. The grandeur of ıe scene witnessed by the aeronauts must have been onderful beyond description. Never before have those ow-clad peaks been viewed from any one on their vel. To any one gazing at their vast bulk and ıeditating on their majestic proportions, how overhelming must be the prophet's idea of the power of ıe Almighty.

Who hath measured the waters in the llow of his hand . . . and weighed ıe mountains in scales and the hills a balance (Isa. 40:12).

THE BALLOON ASCENDING BY THE JUNGFRAU

The Automobile Race

A great race, which drew together an immense number of ıectators, took place in Long sland, N. Y., on Oct. 8. It was race of automobiles, in which enteen started. The course as nearly three hundred miles. t was won by an American citie n, resident in France, who rove a Panhard machine. He overed the entire course in five ours and twenty-six minutes, eing an average of fifty-two miles n hour. During the day the ourse was kept free of traffic.)ne death and one serious injury ıarked the exciting race. An ffort was made before the race) prevent its taking place, as it was foreseen that there was anger in the headlong speed hat would be attained, of some ıeing killed, but the courts permitted it to be run. The result of the race was to prove that a ertain make of machine was ıetter than the others, and for his purpose a number of men ıut their lives in peril, and the public was excluded rom the use of its highways for the greater part of a day. There must be a defect in our laws when such an exhibition can take place. We seem to have reached that stage of civilization described by the prophet:

The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings (Nah. 2:4).

Detected by a Drug

Among detective stories told by a famous member of the European force, is one of a thief being captured through his use of a particular medicine. The case as given to the police was one of a robbery of a young lady. She was lying asleep, when she became conscious of some one moving about her room. By the moonlight she could see a burglar cautiously going through the drawers in her bureau. Fearing that he might do her a mischief if she raised an outcry, she feigned sleep. He came once near her bed to see if he was observed, but apparently satisfied that she had not seen him, he proceeded with his search. At last having found her jewels, he left by the window from which he had entered. Then the lady rose and screamed, but the police were unable to overtake him. A list of the stolen jewels was given to the detectives, who sent it to all the pawnbrokers in Paris. They had also another clue. The robber had evidently an affection of the throat, for which he used eucalyptus oil. The odor of it was very pungent, and when he bent over the bed the lady recognized it, and mentioned it to the detectives. No trace of the man was found for several weeks, but one day a man offered a jewel to a pawnbroker. It was not one of the stolen jewels, but as his breath had the odor of the eucalyptus oil, the pawnbroker notified the police, who arrested him. A search of his rooms disclosed the missing jewels. It was a small clue, but small clues often lead to the detection of crimes. The lawbreaker never knows what clue he may inadvertently leave behind him. As the wise king said:

The ointment of his right hand bewrayeth itself (Prov. 27: 16).

THE JUNGFRAU, THE FAMOUS ALPINE PEAK

An Heroic Rescue

The story of a brave rescue comes from Port Huron, Mich. A train was proceeding on October 9 through the St. Clair Tunnel, which runs under the St. Clair River from Port Huron to Sarnia, Ontario. The train, which was going from the American end of the tunnel, and was made up of seventeen coal cars, broke in two in the tunnel. The engineer, with the three cars that still remained attached to his engine, ran out with them, and then returned for the remainder of the train. But there had been an escape of gas, and by the time the engineer reached the stalled cars it was suffocating, He was overcome, and died in his cab. The superintendent heard of the accident, and went to the rescue of the crew of the train, but he too succumbed, as did one of his assistants. Then a switchman started, in spite of the warnings of his friends, to the rescue. He succeeded in reaching the engine, and coupled it to the cars and drew them out of the tunnel. When he emerged he was completely overcome by the deadly fumes, but restoratives were administered, and in the open air he revived. His courage in going to the relief of his comrades undoubtedly saved their lives. It was an heroic thing to do, after he had seen two attempts to rescue them involve the death of the rescuers. We admire such an act of courage, but how many listen unmoved when they are told that the whole human race would have perished had not Christ given his life to save it?

We see Jesus . . . for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man (Heb. 2:9).

BRIEF NOTES

The death of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous traveler and explorer, is reported.

The additions to the Presbyterian Church on confession for the three years before the evangelistic movement began, were 159,727, for the three years since, 200,034, an increase of 40,307.

Preparations are being made by prayer-meetings in the Y. M. C. A. halls and other churches for the visit of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander to Liverpool, where they begin a Mission next month.

A public movement has begun in China to bring about the abandonment of the pigtail. Many prominent Chinese scholars are engaged in it. The movement against foot-binding is growing.

The Empress of Abyssinia, who claims to be descended from the Queen of Sheba, is preparing to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. She will be attended by a suite of 200 persons.

We publish on page 914 a singularly able sermon by Count Lyof Tolstoi, the eminent Russian author, on the Wickedness of War. We are indebted for it to *The Woman's Journal* of Boston, Mass., for which it was translated.

The annual report of the American Bible Society, which has just been issued, shows progress. There has been an increase in gifts from churches and individuals, and of legacies. The total issue of Scriptures during the year, was 1,770,891; and the entire issues of the Society during the eighty-eight years of its existence aggregate 74,441,674 copies.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy, and thence to Austria.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope. Brébœuf apparently turns traitor to the marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise. Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness. By a clever ruse, Macartney compels Garron to let him take the marquis and Louise with him, in one of the ship's boats, while Garron is a prisoner in his cabin, disarmed and guarded by Brébœuf, who has now returned to de Vaudémont's service. Macartney lands his party at Alexandria, and the marquis meets Bonaparte, while the Irish captain sails off to seek Nelson and the British fleet. The marquis discloses Garron's plot to Napoleon, and the latter sets out with a party to rescue Brébœuf. They reach the fleet just in time to save the Breton. Garron, the traitor, is executed instead.

Book Five—Bonaparte

CHAPTER XXIX—Continued

"ALAS, FOR THE KING!"

"AH, yes, the fatigues of the night. He is an old man. Deal tenderly with him," said Bonaparte.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," said the marquis faintly, as he opened his eyes under the influence of the restoratives which had been promptly applied, "I am a very old man."

"You have done enough in the last twelve hours to break a much stronger man," said Bonaparte kindly.

"Sir," answered the marquis, lifting himself up in Brébœuf's arms, while Louise knelt by him chafing his hands. "You are an incomparable man. When I look upon you I despair. You have laid me under great obligations."

"Discharge them then," said Bonaparte.

"How can I?"

"By giving me the lad here."

"My word, sir, but you seem to have him already," said the marquis.

"But with your blessing, sir, and with your permission. Believe me, I love France. I shall make of it the brightest star in the firmament of nations. The boy—his fortune shall be mine."

"Be it so," said the marquis wearily. "Honoré, you have chosen, not as I would have you choose, but having chosen, walk honorably in the path you have elected."

"Sir, my grandfather," faltered Honoré, kneeling by the old man's side and kissing his hand.

"But as for me," continued the marquis, "General Bonaparte, I am too old to change."

"Nor shall you. Will you come with me to Alexandria? Will you stay here and prepare to take passage on the first ship for France? We'll manage to land you somewhere else if you would not go there."

"Here, if it please you," said the marquis. "I am a sailor, and my granddaughter——"

"I was born on the sea, general," said Louise.

"And Captain Thouars I know of old," continued the marquis, "we have been old friends. We have seen duties differently, but there is something to be said on the other side perhaps. We will accept his hospitality if——"

"It is freely proffered you, sir. You are gladly welcome to my ship," said the gallant Thouars, extending his hand.

"Good! And the English officer who escaped, Brueys?" asked the general.

"We can do nothing with him now, I fancy," said Admiral Brueys. "We might send out a frigate."

"As well search for a needle in a wheat field," said Bonaparte. "He will apprise the English."

"Well, let them come," said Brueys, "I shall be glad to receive them."

Bonaparte's glance happened to fall upon Louise, a soft beautiful flush was in her face at the mention of her lover.

"And you, too, would be glad to receive one of them, mademoiselle?" He laughed. "Well, when you have taken him, Brueys, send him to me. I will see what can be done. And you," said Bonaparte, approaching the gigantic Brébœuf. He was so small that the contrast between the two was laughable—only no one laughed at Bonaparte. The general stood on tip-toes, and took the big sailor by the ear.

"Ah, ah, my friend," he cried, "I came at the very moment. Will you serve me and the Republic?"

Brébœuf shook his head. He glanced toward the marquis, toward Louise, toward Honoré, he extended his hands and pointed toward the little group, then laid his hand on his heart.

"Well, well," said Bonaparte in high good humor, "as you please. You are a brave man. Admiral Brueys, I don't like the fleet as it is. The English can turn your flanks if they come. This place is not defensible. They can mass upon one wing of your line and crush it. You should take precaution to cover these flanks. If that cannot be done you must go to Alexandria or, failing that, to Corfu, which is inaccessible to them. The future, the success of this expedition, depends upon you. When we have pacified Egypt, India will fall into our hands—if we command the sea!"

"General," said Brueys, "we cannot get into Alexandria with these heavy ships and there are not enough provisions in the fleet to go to Corfu. The English will not turn our flanks. They would not dare; and, anyway, should they appear we would get under way and meet them under sail."

"Very well," said Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders. "Unfortunately, I am no sailor. One cannot be everything. Would to God I were! What is your advice, monsieur?"

"Sir," answered the marquis, "I can give no advice to the enemy of my king."

"Bah!" said Bonaparte scornfully. "Well, look to it Brueys, look to it!"

"Sir," said Louise, coming forward, "do not think because my grandfather loves the king that we are ungrateful. What you have done for me, for my brother, cannot be estimated. I, too, have loved the king. I, too, am a de Vaudémont. But—forgive me, monsieur—" she said, turning to her grandfather—"perhaps had I been a man, I should be willing to stand by my brother's side and follow your fortunes. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you. I shall always pray for your welfare, for your happiness."

She took Bonaparte's hand in her own. Before he divined what she was about to do she lifted it to her lips and kissed it. 'Twas an honor she would have paid to no one but her king.

"I thank you, mademoiselle," said Bonaparte, deeply touched. "Come back to France some day. She needs women like you. Permit me," He laid his hand gently upon her head, lifted it, and brushed his lips lightly to her forehead, and was gone.

"A wonderful man, a wonderful man!" murmured the marquis, thoughtfully, when they were alone again. "Alas, alas, for the king!"

Book Six—Nelson

CHAPTER XXX

THE "VANGUARD" GETS THE NEWS

FOUR days out from Alexandria, Macartney, by a combination of luck and skilful forecasting, had the good fortune to fall in with Nelson's fleet, which had made a complete circle about the eastern half of the Mediterranean, without finding the French fleet, and was now *en route* for Egypt a second time. He had first boarded the *Culloden*, the nearest ship to his small boat, and afterward, by Nelson's orders, had been taken to the flagship, which the news he had brought had been signaled Captain Troubridge. Aboard the *Vanguard*, Nel was waiting for him at the gangway.

It was a different Nelson from the captain of *Agamemnon*, with whom we began this story. F years had passed over his head, and he looked as if had gone through the vicissitudes of twenty. His ri sleeve, empty of an arm, was pinned to the breast his coat. In the place of his right eye, there was empty socket. He was thinner, paler, more fra than ever, a very whiff of a man. He looked as if wind of a cannon-shot might blow him away. He so nervous and so excitable that he could not st still. In the face of his officers and the ship's cc pany, Nelson threw his arm around his beloved sub dinate and fairly hugged him.

"What's this news you bring?" he cried, scarc giving Macartney time to breathe. "The French, say——"

"Are in Aboukir, Sir Horatio."

"How many sail?"

"Thirteen of the line."

"Their rating?"

"One of 120, three 80's, and nine 74's."

"And we have thirteen 74's, and a fifty-gun s It's a beautiful match with the odds heavily in th favor. Just what we want. How did you leave them

"At anchor in line ahead, when I took my departu *L'Orient* with Brueys' flag, the three-decker, know, sir, with two of the 80's supporting fore and at the centre. They lie about half a cable's len apart. The line, which is slightly convex, runs, roug speaking, from north to south for about a mile an half."

"Are they moored? Have they springs on th cables?"

"They hadn't when I left, sir. They were riding a single anchor. They may not be there now, ho ever."

"What!"

"It was said in the fleet that they were going Corfu, or Malta, or perhaps to haul into Alexandri they could."

"If they should not be there, I think it would l me," said Nelson. "Macartney, you cannot kn what this month has been to me."

He passed his hand over his brow, and brushed b that great shock of hair, already greying from illn and anxiety.

"No one can know what I have suffered. Not frigate, not a scout boat of any kind, except that lit brig yonder which Hardy has. I prayed for light-shi 'Want of frigates' if I should die, would be fou written on my heart. Where were you? Where's *Inconstant*, by the way?"

Not until he had mastered every detail of the Frer position had he thought to inquire as to Macartne personal affairs, or even as to the condition of frigate.

"I lost the *Inconstant*, admiral," said Macartn sadly. "I would rather have lost my arm."

"I am sure it was from no fault of yours, Sir R ert," said Nelson, kindly.

"Thank you, sir. Just as we passed Malta, on t 20th of June, we ran into the French fleet on a fog misty, rainy night. They were sailing very irregular I caught sight of the lights of one division, and edg down toward them to make sure. When I found what they were, I bore up and tried to get away, a in the rain and darkness ran slap into another di sion. One of these ships ran us down, stove in o larboard side to the water's edge. I cut loose with t batteries and did the best I could, but even the *Inco stant* was no match for half a dozen French frigat with a liner atop. I was laid out by a shot through t shoulder——"

"Are you all right now?" interrupted Nelson aga

"Yes, Sir Horatio," said Macartney, "my arm is little stiff and pains a little, but I am practically a w man."

"That's good. Go on!"

"I was taken aboard *Le Tonnant*, a magnifice eighty-gun ship, the finest ship-of-the-line I ever saw

"If they could only fight ships as they build the there might be some excitement when we meet," sa Nelson smiling.

"Yes, sir. Well, I escaped from *Le Tonnant*."

"How?"

"The captain is that same Jean Garron that led t attack upon that old tower from which we rescued t Marquis de Vaudémont."

"And his granddaughter?" added Nelson smiling

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"Yes, of course, five years ago. You remember it, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"They happened to be prisoners on the ship too——"

"Ah!"

"They had nothing to do with my escape, however, r so far as I am concerned, it was made very easy r me."

"How was that?"

"Garron is an infernal scoundrel! He agreed to rrender *Le Tonnant* to you so soon as you came in ght, to use his influence to keep the French where ey were—in short, to lend you every possible aid."

"Why did he offer to do that?"

"I think he does not stand well with the present ench authorities, sir, and I presume he knew you re going to catch the French anyway, and wanted get in on the winning side."

"Umph!" said Nelson.

"However," said Macartney, "I wouldn't count on s help."

"Why not?"

"I rather think he will be a dead man before you get Aboukir."

"Why?"

Thereupon, Macartney related to his admiral the ole story of the proposed visit of the rquis and his granddaughter to Bonarte, with the incriminating paper he d signed.

"What do you think the French genal will do with the marquis?" queried lson, as the tale was unfolded.

"I don't know. I hope he will treat n well. Meanwhile, you can imagine w anxious I am to get back."

"I can, indeed," said the admiral, dly. "Tell me—if I may ask a perial question—how go your love affrs?"

"Well, indeed, admiral, but for the s of the frigate."

"Never mind that. You have brought the information I wanted. It is rth a dozen frigates. Has fortune iled upon your suit for the hand of French girl?"

"Yes."

"I hate a Frenchman," said the Englh admiral, hotly. "I have but three nciples in life—obey orders, honor king, and fight the French. But t marquis seemed rather a good sort; knows a ship and can fight certainly. d his granddaughter—well, I can unrstand your feelings."

"Have you a chart of the bay, Sir ratio?"

"None."

"I have a rough map given me by rron, but as to the depth of water or ything of that kind, of course I can't say."

"Do you think there will be room ough for us to pass around the head get to the rear of the French line?"

"I do not know what the depth of the ter will be, admiral, as I said."

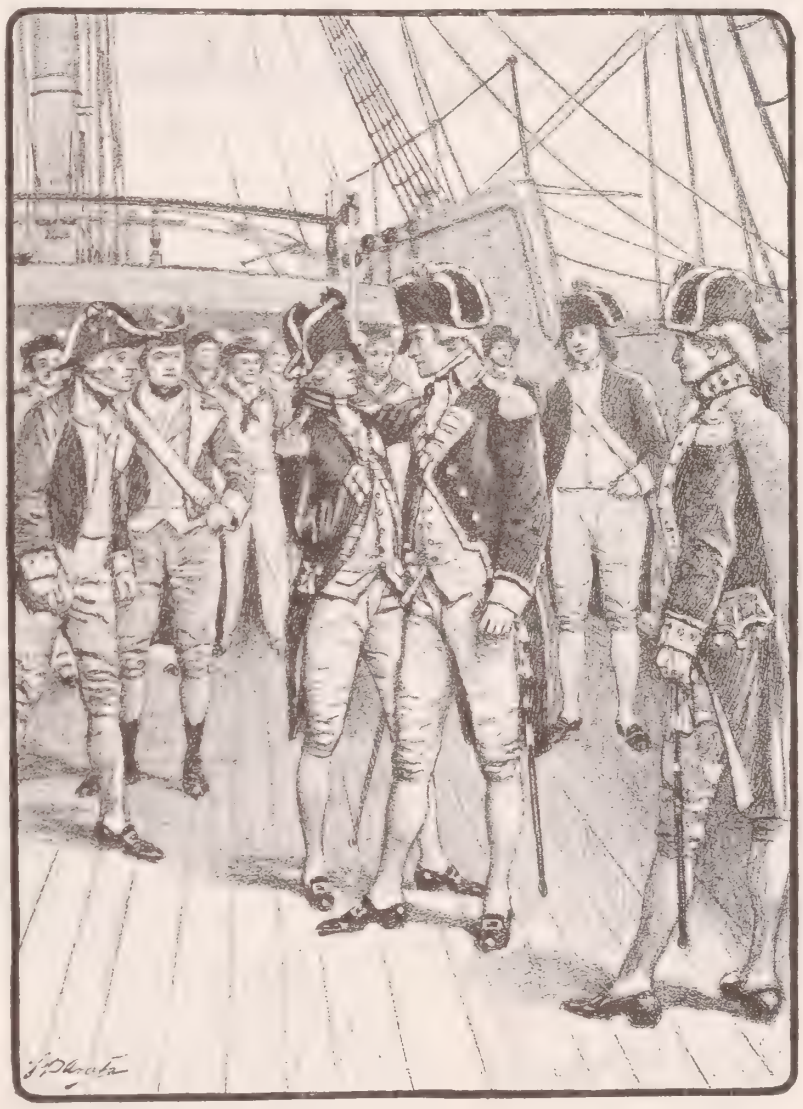
"Where there is room for a French ip to swing, there is room for an glish ship to pass. Is it not so?"

"Quite so, admiral."

"Now," said Nelson, noticing the look utter weariness on the face of Martney. "You are dead beat out, aren't u? Of course you will be my guest til I can do something for you in some y. Go into the cabin there. We'll k over everything in the morning. , not a word! Orders!"

"Good night, admiral," said Macarty, smiling and turning away.

"Good night, old friend," said Nelson, tting him on the shoulder. "You ve made me the happiest of men with your news. od night. God bless you!"



"What's this news you bring?" cried Admiral Nelson

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BAND OF BROTHERS

ON the morning of the first of August, the day being bright and beautiful, they were off the harbor of Alexandria. Nelson detached the *Swiftsure* and *Alexandria*, which were to the eward of the main fleet, and ordered them to run own toward the harbor to ascertain if the French ere in there; while, with the rest of the fleet, he held s course to the eastward for the Bay of Aboukir. At n o'clock in the morning, the two ships mentioned d drawn near enough to the Pharos to get a view of e harbor. They signaled, that there were no ships ve transports and a few small war vessels in Alexdria. By this time, the fleet had drawn some eight nine miles ahead of them. The ships were carryg sail hard, and going rapidly before the fresh northest breeze.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, a set of signals was run up to the masthead of the *Goliath*, but, owing to the haste with which they had been bent on, the toggles of the flags were improperly secured, and the signal could not be read. Before it could be repeated, however, the *Zealous*, which was practically running a neck-and-neck race with the *Goliath* for the honor of leading the fleet, flung her signals to the wind, and the watchers on the ships read the news that the French fleet was in Aboukir.

Across the low, sandy spit which forms the west side of the Bay of Aboukir, lookouts on the two leading ships had caught a glimpse of the tall spars of the vessels of the French, swinging quietly at their anchors. They were run down at last! The quarry they had so furiously pursued, was there before them. There was no useless haste about the movements of Nelson now. The fleet bore up until it had passed the promontory of Aboukir, and had drawn abreast of a little island called by the French, L'Isle Bequières, upon which Brueys had established a battery of four twelve-pounders and two thirteen-inch mortars. The breeze was so strong that they could not carry their topgallant sails on the wind.

It was known that the water in Aboukir Bay was very shoal, and it was evident that this shallow water extended a long distance to the eastward of the little island. Therefore the English ships gave it a wide berth, after they weathered it, before they swung to the southward. On every vessel leadsmen in the chains kept the commanders informed of the state of the water. It was not until five o'clock that they deemed it safe to head direct for the French fleet in line parallel to the shore. Ship after ship swung around past the island, and in a pell-mell huddle—for no attempt had been made to preserve any especial order during the last few hours of the chase—they squared away for the French line, setting their topgallant sails as they did so. Nelson, however, did not intend that the attack should be delivered in the confusion in which the varying rates of speed had temporarily thrown the several ships of the fleet.

Presently the signal, "Prepare for battle!" was given. Instantly could be heard the rattle of drums from ship to ship, calling the men to their quarters. In a few moments this signal was followed by another. Everybody on the fleet knew what the signal would be. Everybody was ready to obey it. The order was to form line ahead and stern of the *Vanguard*, as most convenient.

The *Goliath* and *Zealous* were racing for the lead. Foley was quicker than Hood. The instant the watchers on the poop saw the black balls of the rolled-up flags traveling toward the masthead of the *Vanguard*, without waiting for the stops to be broken, Foley, who had everything in readiness, actually flung out his studding sails, and swept to the head of the line, wresting, by his adroit seamanship, the place from the gallant and scarcely less ready Hood.

Confusion resolved itself into order with astonishing quickness. The noble ships swung into line with a celerity and accuracy that amazed the beholders. The *Vanguard* was well up with the advance, but Nelson very properly hove to the flagship, and allowed the *Orion*, the *Audacious*, and the *Theseus*, to precede him, thus taking his position in the centre of the line with the *Vanguard*, closely followed by the *Minotaur*, the *Defence*, the *Bellerophon* and the *Majestic*. Far behind the fleet came the lumbering *Culloden*, and farther away along the coast, came the *Swiftsure* and the *Alexander*. Tailing after the *Majestic* was the *Leander*, which really had no business at all in the line of battle. If Nelson had not been so intent upon the French ahead of him perhaps he might have ordered her out. And that would have broken the heart of Thompson, and have deprived him of the chance to make a most telling contribution to the coming battle.

As soon as the English line was formed and the men sent to their stations, there was nothing to do but wait. As silent as death-angels, the great, black-hulled ships of the English fleet, swept down upon the parti-colored line of their ancient enemy.

At two o'clock that afternoon, a man on the crosstrees of *L'Heureux*—a sailor, engaged in overhauling some of the rigging—happened to cast his eyes over the sandbank to the westward. What was his astonishment to see, outlined against the sloping sun, the topsails of a fleet of ships! He reported his discovery to the deck at once, and in a few moments the rigging and mastheads of the French fleet swarmed with men scanning the strangers.

It was immediately realized that the twelve sail approaching them, for the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander* were not in sight at the time, composed the fleet of Admiral Nelson. That the French were surprised by their arrival, is to put it mildly. Brueys seemed to have entertained the fatuous belief that the English were afraid of him! He knew very well that in the matter of size and strength, his own fleet greatly overmatched Nelson's. *L'Orient* was considered more than capable of taking care of two 74's. The three 80's were estimated as a heavy overmatch of five 74's. This calculation would leave him with nine 74's as against four of the same and one fifty, to the English, counting their number as twelve, or seven, counting their number as fourteen. The odds were so overwhelmingly in his favor, that he was sure that under no circumstances would Nelson dare to assume the offensive; especially as the French lookouts only counted twelve sail-of-the-line. Brueys was as brave as a lion, and as stupid as he was brave.

The Bay of Aboukir is shaped like a fish-hook, Bequières Island, now called Nelson's Island, being the point of the barb. Inside this barb, the French ships were anchored in a line forming a very obtuse angle, *L'Orient* at the apex. They were distant from one another about four hundred feet. Bonaparte's emphatic words concerning the possibility of his flanks being turned, had roused Brueys into some sort of sluggish action. He had erected the battery of Bequières Island, and had massed some of his gunboats and bomb ketches in the shallow water inside his van ship, *La Guerrier*.

As has been said, the water of the Bay of Aboukir is very shoal, and the French line was of necessity formed about three miles from the shore, in between five and six fathoms of water. About a thousand feet inside the line, four heavy frigates had been stationed. Unfortunately for the French, the best and most efficient ships—outside the powerful trio which formed the centre—*L'Orient*, 120; *Le Franklin*, 60, just ahead of her; and *Le Tonnant*, 80, right astern, had been placed in the rear division, with Admiral Villeneuve flying his flag on *Le Guillaume Tell*, another splendid eighty-gun ship.

When the English were discovered, large detachments from all the French ships were ashore, filling water casks. Signals were immediately made to recall these parties, and the captains of the French fleet were summoned aboard the flag. There was division and indecision in the council that ensued.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BOY WE CROWN

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE MESSAGE WILL FOUND

JESUS, when about to return to heaven, said to his Apostles, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." This saying was probably suggested by the rooms for the priests, which were in three tiers over against his Father's house, the Temple. The Apostles had often seen these rooms, and knew all about the comfort and protection which they afforded the priests, and so were prepared to appreciate the prospect of places prepared for them in Heaven by Jesus.

Jehoiada was high-priest in the time of the prophet Elisha. One or more of these priests' rooms was, for the space of six years, used by him in the most interesting way. His wife, Jehosheba, brought a child there, one year old, and kept him there hidden for six years. Jehosheba had rescued the child from a heap of corpses, the bodies of his brothers, who had been slain by their grandmother, Athaliah, in order that she might reign upon the throne of Israel. Jehosheba had discovered the living child among the dead, for the slain ones being her nephews, she had gone out to view the result of the dreadful massacre. She had heard the feeble cry of an infant child, wounded, but not dead, and she gathered him in her arms and fled. Her find must be kept a secret, or the child's life would be taken by Queen Athaliah. Where could she hide him? There was no place so secluded as the rooms of the priests in the Court of the Temple. How strange that it should be so? It was because the Temple had fallen almost into disuse, for a Temple for Baal had been erected by Athaliah, in Jerusalem, and the people went there to worship the idol god, rather than to Solomon's temple, to worship the true God. We can picture in our minds, the little one growing up under the care of the nurse provided by Aunt Jehosheba, and playing unhindered among the partial ruins of the Temple. It was a new version of the Psalm, "The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest, even thine altars."

"Uncle Jehoiada" had great thoughts of heart for the boy, Joash, now seven years of age. He determined through him to re-establish the worship of Jehovah. It was a project worthy of the High Priest. He had the right to summon guards to protect the Temple. And when they were come, he brought out the child Joash, and declared him the rightful sovereign of Judah. He bound them to secrecy until the Sabbath, when they should come again to the Temple, to defend the child, when he should be proclaimed king. They came on the day appointed, and were stationed so as to completely surround the Temple. Jehoiada placed special weapons in their hands, the spears and shields of King David, which he brought out of the Temple. Then Jehoiada stood the boy Joash in their midst, and put the crown of Judah upon his head, and anointed and proclaimed him king. The guards clapped their hands and shouted, "God save the king," and loud trumpets were blown. And, strange sight, the idolatrous queen Athaliah was seen coming into the Temple of God, but not as a worshiper—not she! Her errand was one of investigation. "What's the cause of all this loud noise?" She saw the boy king standing between the two great pillars of the Temple, where kings were wont to be crowned, and in his hands was the roll of the Law of God, which, as a part of the coronation ceremony, he had promised to keep and defend. Athaliah shouted, "Treason, treason," but none rallied to her standard. Instead, the guard would have slain her in the Temple. But Jehoiada would not have the house of God defiled, and so he commanded that she should be taken beyond it. She was forced out as far as the king's stables and slain there. So perished the wicked daughter of Ahab and Jezebel.

CORONATION OF THE YOUNG KING WITNESSED BY HIS GRANDMOTHER

Illustration and Application

1. A Cruel Grandmother. Artists delight to paint a child's young face beside the wrinkled but loving face of his fond grandmother. But in this story we have a child's pure face contrasted with the cruel face of a grandmother, who had murdered all his brothers, and supposed she had murdered him also. This Athaliah is the Lady Macbeth of the Bible, driven by ambition to murder; a "Bloody Mary" also, for her crime was probably in part due to her determination to exterminate the worship of Jehovah, and substitute the worship of Baal and Astarte. She was the daughter of Jezebel, the foreign, idolatrous wife of Ahab. Athaliah made trouble in Judah for three generations, being first the evil counselor of her royal husband, Jotham, then of her royal son, Ahaziah, then the murderer of his children—all of which came from good King Jehoshaphat's one great mistake of forming an alliance with the wicked Ahab, King of Israel, whose marriage with the heathen Jezebel had been the curse of the upper kingdom also—a warning against all partnerships with evil persons, especially in marriage, by which we may curse a family or a nation to the third or fourth generation. God says, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you."

2. A Faithful Aunt. Jehosheba, daughter of Athaliah, and wife of Jehoiada, the chief priest, was the good daughter of a bad mother, whose plot to kill her grandchildren she partly foiled. Having rescued the youngest of her nephews from the murderous plot, she hid him six years, at the risk of her own life. That the daughter of a weak father and cruel mother could become so brave and kind a woman, is an encouragement for those who know they have a bad heredity. The grace of God is stronger than blood. Though the chief lesson of this story is for boys, in faithful Jehosheba there is a sweet lesson for girls who have come up in unfavorable surroundings. I know of a Christian family of wealth, in which the children are all living for Christ. One of them founded a rescue mission, which has won from drunkenness and vice many a wandering wreck of humanity. The secret has been learned from the mother. When her children grow old enough to decide for themselves, she places before them two courses: "Here is the course of pleasure-seeking, of selfishness. You may spend your money in dressing, on the theatre and entertainments, and you will have some pleasure. But here is another course of self-sacrifice, of separation unto God, of striving to please Christ by ministering unto others. While the former course may give you pleasure, this will give you greater joy, and will end in glory." One of the daughters, when she came where the two ways met, had days of struggle. She spent one whole night in prayer, and next morning kissed her mother and said: "The victory is won. I have decided for Christ and his service." The story of Jehosheba, as a good aunt, recalls a recent case where a boy, deserted by his father and mother when he was five years old, was brought up tenderly by his uncle. When he came to be a man, he asked a court to change his name to that of his uncle, and make him the adopted son of the faithful uncle. And it was done.

3. A Brave Minister. Jehoiada is an inspiring example of the courage ministers have often shown in trying times. Of course, he knew that Athaliah would kill him if she knew he was hiding an heir to the throne she had won by murder. When the time came, how like a general he marshaled the priests and the Levites, who surrounded the boy to protect him against his foes. Picture of what should be done everywhere; compass the imperiled boy round about with watchful parents, and teachers, and pastors, to save him from worse foes than Athaliah, who could only kill the body, while enemies that kill the soul threaten our boys every day.

4. A Boy of Destiny. What intense interest the godly people felt in the royal boy, the true heir of Judah's crown and of God's promise. God had promised David that his royal line should never perish. Athaliah could hardly have been so many years in Judah's royal palace and not know of this great promise. But she thought she could kill God's promise. In the end she only brought on her own death at the stables, recalling her mother's ignoble death, eaten by dogs. A negro clergyman, from a cannibal tribe in West Africa, retailed some particulars of his early life, when a lady asked him what most impressed him in the Bible. "The story of Jezebel," he answered. "You know we are told the dogs did not touch the palms of her hands. Well, that convinced me of the truth of the narrative, for we never eat the palms of the hands in my country, they are too bitter."

The following story from Japan has been published ur the appropriate title, "The Word of God is not Bound:' young Japanese Christian was imprisoned at Tokio for free expression of his liberal sentiments. He labored cessfully for the conversion of a fellow-prisoner. Ot gathered to hear him, till he had a congregation of earnest listeners. At his liberation, he informed the auth ities of the miserable condition of the prisoners, and appointed governor of a new prison, with permission to te and practice the doctrines of Christianity.

So the hiding of Joash, caused by persecution, becam providence, for it kept him in a faithful minister's family those first six years of life when character is formed; wh as, if he had been kept in the palace with its evil influen his inner life might have been destroyed. God's prom and providences can not be defeated. "The Word of G shall stand forever." For seven years of Athaliah's reig may have seemed to some that God had forgotten his pr ise and his people. At such hours we need to remem that "God does not pay at the end of every week, but at end he pays."

Every boy's life is a plan of God, and every boy is desti for a crown, which no one can cast away but himself crown of true success in this world, and a crown of glory reward in the world beyond. All the earth has been in ested in the recent birth of an heir to the crown of all Russias; but all the heavens are as much interested in birth of every child, for every one is to have crowns on ea and in heaven, if he will be faithful. What sort of a bo it that we delight to honor? Who is it that we crown school, and in business, and in manly sports? Is it cigarette fiend, who loafs on the corners, and makes ins ing remarks at passing girls, and cheats in his lessons, shirks his work? Little James was one day sent wit pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitc and broke it, and as it was a v valuable one, he felt very about it. As he stood look sadly at the broken pieces, anot boy came along, and inquired w was the matter. James told h and he said: "Well, go home tell your mother that a boy th a stone at you, and broke pitcher." "No, I shall go ho and tell mother that I drop it and broke it." "But you surely get whipped if you do. will think that you were carele "I don't care if I do get whipp I shall tell the truth. I wo rather take a thousand whippi than tell a lie to my mother."

Every man, young or old, plying for employment in the Ba of England, is presented with a of twenty questions to answer, first on the list is, "How do y spend your Sundays?" This m account for the minimum of de cations in that solid instituti The boys that win are those wh word can be relied upon, who spe their Sundays quietly at home a in church, and are iron-clad in th lips, against the first taste of liqu in their ears, against impure wor in their hands, against wrong ing; in their feet against going w bad company; in their eyes, again dangerous books and pictures; their pockets, against dishon money; in their tongues, again evil speaking.

The law of God, that was plac like a sword and shield in t hands of the little King Joa God's own will also for his enric ment in character, reminds us the story of two children, a b and a girl, whose rich grandfather, a very different ch acter from Athaliah, had adopted them as his own, a taken them to live in his home, and had made a will which he gave all his property to them. But when t grandfather died suddenly, the lawyer who had drawn t will searched for it in vain. Two nearer relations, wh had been cut out for good reasons in the will, ordered t children to leave the mansion. The last day they were to in the house the children renewed most earnestly the sear for the lost will. "Grandfather told me in this room," sa the boy to his sister, "that he had provided for us, a that the will was close at hand." After others went to slee the children kept up the search into the night, looking b hind every picture, trying every part of the wall. At la they touched a place where the panel gave way, a slidi door rolled back, and there was the will that gave them mansion and great riches. Not thus must our childr search long and anxiously to find God's will, by which th are given "Mansions in heaven and rich joys on earth God's will lies at hand where none can fail to see it.

As this is the Sunday before election, it is a good time t recall incidents of our Christian rulers, especially of the childhood. There was a famous grammar school in Phil delphia, to which the boys of well-to-do parents were sent t be trained in "the humanities." The examinations wer severe, and the lads who failed, felt themselves somewh disgraced in the eyes of the whole town. Many of the pu pils secretly used translations, or were helped by friends i their studies. There is a tradition that one boy, Charle Thompson, refused to avail himself of any help or dishones trick. He was slow to learn, and timid. His classmates in sisted that he appeared at an unjust disadvantage for thes reasons at examinations, and urged him to use "ponies" an "cribs." "No," he said, "it is a pity if I do not learn Greek but it is worse if I learn to lie."

*International Sunday School Lesson for November 6. Joash, the boy king. II. Kings 11: 1-16. Golden Text: "When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice." Proverbs 29: 2.

THE WIFE
Who is Most Tenderly Loved

By Margaret E. Sangster

N one of the monthly magazines a serial story is running, which has for its chief motive the marriage of a certain capricious and impulsive little lady, to a very dignified and well-balanced man, a Member of Parliament, and one of the gifted leaders of the tion. Lady Kitty, his wife, is a spoiled child, and nething more. She is inconsiderate, ill-trained and conventional. The whim of the moment is her law, d her husband, far from losing patience with her, is a odel of devotion, loving her the more, the more she uld drive any other man to distraction.

Around the open fire the other evening group of women were discussing this uation. Three were married, two were gle. A solitary man in the room was sorbed in an evening paper; but he casionally looked up and smiled as he ard their animated voices, and once in while he put in a word.

'Depend upon it, my dears," said Mrs. cide, the oldest of the ladies, "that ry is the offspring of a novelist's fancy. husband does not continue a lover if he constantly made uncomfortable. Men ve a noted aversion to scenes. They nt an atmosphere of serenity in the me, to pay them for the trouble and e they have outside, and they have not ient endurance to bestow on an ineffint and tempestuous woman, who is not ood and even-tempered wife. Mr. Placide, bless his heart, is the very best of n; but what would he or I have done if ad behaved like that Lady Kitty?"

ooking at Mrs. Placide, two hunred pounds weight, matronly, silverired, and sweet to the core, nobody uld for an instant compare her with a terfly creature who was made up of f and dew. A smile went round the mpany.

I agree with you, Mrs. Placide," said s. Ranger, "that most men enjoy comt in a domestic life. But don't you nk there is a kind of dead level of ease, t it is very different from what a young man anticipates when she stands her bridal robes and gives her pledge the lover at her side? All through rtship she has had the most absole worship, the most romantic devotion; ts, flowers, fruit, compliments, have en her portion. After she is married se gradually cease. John Ranger is a od husband, but he never remembers wedding anniversary, and he seldom ows what I have on. I could wear an d bonnet that looked as if it had been the ark, and John would be none the er, not he. Nice clothes are wasted on m."

Mrs. Sherwood, a modest little woman Quaker garb, now gently spoke.

Thee is wrong, Martha; thee is wrong. hat men need is to be kept interested, prised, not to be quite sure what is com next. Thee may take it for granted t the wife who can interest will never e her husband's worshipful regard."

What do you say?"

The question was addressed by Mrs. cide to a quiet woman in sombre ck, her face sad, her manner comed, as of one who had seen and felt ch in the course of her life.

Well," replied Mrs. Knight, "as you ve challenged me so directly I will ste my belief. In so big and so vital al so many-sided a question as marge, it is impossible to answer anything an arbitrary way. But as I have noted in my large circle of acquaintance, t wives who accept devotion rather than outpour it, rain their husband's admiration longest. I do not say y are better loved than others, but a wife who allows self to be waited on, whose moods cannot be inted on, who, in a word, assumes queenly prerogates, is more considered than a wife who spends her vole time and thought in running on John's errands, al coddling John on every occasion."

Then," interpolated the solitary man, "you don't nk the little Lady Kitty in danger of worrying her lliam's love out; of losing it, in short? I am a bachelor, so I don't know, but my idea of a wife is somebody who would have my slippers ready at night, my dinner done to a turn, and who would never rub me the wrong way. I could adore that sort of wife, if I could find her!"

"You are very frank," said Emily Chester, one of the girls.

"Yes," said Katherine Leonard, the other, "I believe you reflect the views of your sex. But I shall never marry until I find a man who will want to wait on me, hand and foot; that is the husband I want!"

"You are too superficial," said the widow, "all of you. There are men who have something feminine in their characters. There are women who are a little masculine. When the man and the woman come together in marriage, who are the exact complement each of the other, there is complete adjustment, and underlying the surface agitations there is a deep, smooth and sacred peace. People drift apart in marriage because they jar on each other, because they suffer themselves to have separate aims, and because they are vain and selfish. The cares of this world creep in, and sentiment is buried beneath them. And then, some people are incompatible by nature. When this happens, there must be a great self-sacrificing love on one side or the other, or else they will suffer shipwreck."

"The truth is," said the little Quakeress, "that the words of Jesus stand sure forever. 'He that saveth his life shall lose it.' In home life, there must be constant forbearance on each side. If we would get on smoothly with anybody, we must yield our own wishes at times. Even the little headstrong Lady Kitty did that now and then."

"Yes," said the man, "when her husband managed her aright."

At this there was a general protest, every woman declaring that managing on the part of a man could not be borne. In the midst of the hubbub, a maid created a diversion by bringing in a tray on which were sandwiches piled high, and nuts and apples. The lady of the house hurried off to see that coffee would be ready directly, and the talk came to an end.

But thinking it over afterward, one of the group arrived at the conclusion that although it may seem happy, there is not much real happiness in the union of those whose lives are an alternation of perpetual storms and subsequent calms. One wants in marriage rest for the heart and soul. Of all relations it is the most intimate and the most confidential. Husbands and wives see one another with very clear and candid eyes. The love they have for each other does not require exploiting; it is not ruffled easily, nor is it in any peril, because it is not talked about. The whole of it is in the Book of Proverbs, where it is said of the good woman, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

There are plenty of happy marriages. They are found in every town, every farming neighborhood, and every city street. Far do they outnumber the opposite. Only those who are obstinately pessimistic fear that married happiness is out of date.

And as for the bachelors and the maidens who cling to single blessedness, they know not what of joy, of opportunity and of earthly blessedness they lose.

Is not the wife most tenderly loved, the one who, through the changeful years, most tenderly loves her good man? Does not love respond to love? But tender love must not, mind you, be abject love.

A SPARKLING DRAUGHT

Cool and clear the water drips, sweet as nectar to the lips.
Birds may sip its crystal draught. Never thirsty maiden quaffed
Anything so pure as this. Mary tastes it—here is bliss!
Dropping, dripping, cool and clear; just the same the whole round year.

Spinsters with No Chance

Ungallant as it seems to say so, there are lovely women in this land of ours who are old maids, because, where they dwell, there are not enough husbands to go round. From many beautiful hamlets in New England, even from thriving villages in the Middle West, places that have an air of prosperous life, the young and marriageable men have departed. Men seek the larger opportunities of the great cities, or they go to the frontiers, or to South America, or South Africa, or the Philippines, or the Far East. They refuse to stay at home, where there is no chance to make a fortune. The girls stay at home, and grow softly and serenely into the gentle tranquillity of spinsterhood; they are not wives, because no man is there to ask them.

Other girls, as ambitious as their brothers, are bent on a career, and they, too, are spinsters who, in a way, have no choice. For after a little, the man who sees a girl day after day, working in an office just as he does, feels in her his competitor or his rival, recognizes in her a force that helps to keep him back from his goal, does not want to marry that girl. He is much more likely to fall in love with another, who is fair as the lily, who dresses beautifully and has no care to pull her down, and who may, or may not, make him an excellent wife.

For, we must admit that often the pretty butterfly of girlhood turns into something very sweet and surprisingly useful and fine in her later life. Married to a man she loves, she develops the good qualities of true womanhood. If only all the bachelors who are selfishly avoiding matrimony, and of them there are too many, would set themselves to courting the spinsters who could make them happy, what a forward march there might be in our civilization.

A Negro Poet Passing Away

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, whose poems of negro life and character have delighted thousands of readers, white and black, is believed to be dying. He is a victim of consumption, and the gifted pen which, in both song and story, has given pleasure to so many, will, in all probability, write no more.

It is not because he was black, nor because his father and mother were slaves, that the poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar are read with such widespread appreciation. It is because the note of his song rings true; true to nature and the writer's higher sentiments and feelings. The author's race, origin, and condition do not enter into the question of the merit of his productions. Genius is genius, and a poet's a poet, be his skin white, black or yellow.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

There is no admixture of white blood in Mr. Dunbar. His father was a slave, who escaped to Canada before the emancipation, which freed his mother. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, where his parents had settled, and the child had no greater advantages of education or mind development than his humble station in life supplied. His father taught him to read, but it would seem that the spirit of poetry in the boy was a heritage from the mother, who shared his passion and love of literature. His first attempts she valued, and with a proud heart saw that they were received with praise among the people who read them in his home town.

Most readers prefer Mr. Dunbar's poems illustrative of his own race, their emotions, and characteristic phases of their lives; but many of his pieces in good literary English are received as valued additions to a not over-stocked market. The poem entitled, "The Wind and the Sea," is full of as delicate imagery as one finds in many a product of a master poet-mind:

The wind was young and the sea was old,
But their cries went up together;
The wind was warm, but the sea was cold,
For age makes wintry weather.

So they cried aloud, and wept amain,
'Till the sky grew dark to hear it;
And out of its folds crept the misty rain,
In its shroud, like a troubled spirit.

For the wind was wild with a hopeless love
And the sea was sad at heart,
At many a time he wot of,
Wherein he had played his part.

Before his name had had time to impress itself upon the American public, as the author of some of the finest so-called negro dialect poems, Paul was an elevator boy in one of New York's uptown apartment hotels. Here at this time W. D. Howells was living, and in going up and down in the elevator, he noticed that the boy—no different in appearance from hundreds of others to be found in similar positions—was often industriously scribbling on bits of paper. Mr. Howells, moved by curiosity, once asked Paul what he was doing. "Just writing," was the reply. Having gained the scribe's consent to look over the writing, Mr. Howells made a discovery. Here was a negro who had studied his race, objectively, and who had represented the negro as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with entire truthfulness. With a refined and delicate art, the poet, in his dialect pieces, describes the range of emotion, and reveals in these a fine perception of the negro's present limitation, but he does this with rare tenderness, tinctured at times with good-natured irony.

In the short poem, beginning:

Not they who soar, but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God, are heroes,

there is boundless sympathy and encouragement for the lowly toiler.

The poet's own feeling regarding his work—a sentiment shared by the average author in estimating his own work—may be gathered from the following lines:

He sang of life, serenely sweet,
With now and then a deeper note,
From some high peak, nigh, yet remote,
He voiced the world's absorbing heat.

He sang of love, when earth was young,
And love itself was in his lays.
But oh, the world, it turned to praise,
A jingle in a broken tongue.

However, Mr. Dunbar is undoubtedly at his best in his "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Underneath the smile, there is often a sob, while happy, innocent laughter chases the tear away. The bereaved mother-heart speaks in, "Two Little Boots," and no less in the cry:

Lias! Lias! Bless the Lawd!
Don' you know de day's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.

All who have read and been moved to alternate laughter and tears by the poet's verse, will grieve to know that his days are numbered, that he has not long to live. In view of this, one cannot but recall his exquisits poem:

W'EN I GITS HOME

It's moughty tiahsome layin' 'roun'
Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,
'Twould be a sweet t'ing des to die,
An' go 'long home.

Home whaih de frien's I loved 'll say,
"We've waited fu' you many a day,
Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, an know
You 's done wid sorrer an' wid woe,
Now you 's at home."

I wish de day was neah at han',
I 's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I 's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de call?
My frien's is daih, my hope, my all.
I 's waitin' whaih de road is rough,
I want to hyeah you say, "Enough,
Ol' man, come home!"

Mr. Dunbar's prose works have fine value, and have brought his name into prominence. He is the author of five volumes of prose entitled, *The Fanatics*, *Folks from Dixie*, *The Uncalled*, *The Strength of Gideon* and *The Love of Landry*.

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For a "Prison Gate Mission"

A Movement to Help Discharged Prisoners to Lead Honest and Useful Christian Lives

ONE of the most perplexing questions of to-day is how to intelligently reach the man just out of prison, and help him by some practical means to get on his feet again. Every year, thousands of men and women are discharged from our jails and reformatories only to return to crime after a brief intermission. Indeed, from fifty to sixty per cent. of all first offenders, who have

pe one term in prison, return again, ecise of the inadequacy of the means se to aid them to find employment and ne ant of a sympathetic friend to direct ne future.

Here is no question that a majority f e men who pass through the prison- at into liberty, cherish the best inten- oi to reform and begin life anew. But ne ure handicapped from the start. It s difficult to find work, and even when ne ex-prisoner has secured employment, l employer learns of his past, he usu- lly ischarges him. Society, as it exists, : ainst him; old friends give him a cold ioder, and the police watch his move- ie; continually. Some drift back to ri again; others end their days in the ar waters of the river.

A Chaplain of the Gospel Mission to ne ew York Tombs, I have been work- ig or several years to help in the social nc ndustrial rehabilitation of men who av just come out of prison. I meet ne at the prison-gate as soon as they re ischarged; I take them aside and ou el them quietly, giving them a copy f ohn's Gospel, and warning them gast the saloon and other temptations. tin and there urge them to accept hit as their personal Saviour. If they re ngry and homeless, I procure them mil and a bed for that night at the al tion Army hotel, which is one of the es of the cheap lodging-houses. I have is ound employment for many of them, nc ave directed others to persons in the ity who employ unskilled laborers. In ni ay many men who would otherwise av returned to crime after coming out f ison, have been helped and encour- ge to make the effort for a law-abiding nc decent life.

Sne years ago, when I first began y ork, I labored with a man who had ne in prison about twenty years. Six ifferent convictions had been recorded gast him. After his release, he had ma many efforts to reform, but respec- ib people shunned him as a hopeless ca I listened long to the sad story of is fe as he whispered it into my ears ar gh the iron bars of his cell. It was xc dingly pathetic. He told me, with ho ng voice, of the many efforts he had ma to reform, only to slip back again p me, as nobody would employ or help hi on account of his past. Time and ag he had begged men to give him on hing to do to save him from going ac to prison, but they refused. On one oc ion, when he had secured employ- ne driving a street car, his heart filled wi hope; but in an evil moment some ne old the foreman about his record and he as discharged at once. I went to ud James A. Blanchard, of the Court of eneral Sessions, and told him of the pe iar case. He suspended sentence, an after the man's release I succeeded in ma g him employment. He has now pee been living a reputable and straight- for rd life for more than five years.

Sce that incident I have dedicated my life ew to God to work among this sad- ly lglected class. At Northfield, a few years ago, I called on the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London. He told me that while he was pastor at Leicester, between 1880 and 1890, he established a Prison Gate Mission. He urged me to secure a place at once, where I could meet the released men face to face, and direct their future life.

The prisons of Greater New York alone have discharged over twenty thousand prisoners last year. What became of all these men and women? It is needless to say a large number of them were drawn back to crime again, although the existence of a Prison Gate Mission might have been the means, under God, of rescuing hundreds, if not thousands, and of restoring them to decent lives.

It would be interesting to narrate some of the experiences I have met at the prison gate, but space forbids that. When I have tried to instil hope into the heart of a forlorn ex-prisoner, he replied, "It is too late for me; nobody wants me now." Another said, "If anyone had offered to help me ten years ago, I'd be a different man to-day." A young woman coming out of the penitentiary said, "Where shall I turn? I haven't a friend in the world." Others have said, "Chaplain, I'd like you get me work; I have no home but the saloon, and I don't want to go there."

With the aid of friends of the work, the Prison-Gate Mission of New York, the first of its kind on this Continent, has now been established. It is in the best sense a Samaritan work of kindness and sympathy for a class that is now practically neglected. "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me," were the Saviour's approving words to the faithful ones, who had practical sympathy for the prisoner. Should our good offices in his behalf cease with his liberation, at the very moment he stands most in greatest need of a helping hand and kindly counsel? Should we not rather try by every means in our power to bring him into a right attitude toward his Maker and his fellow-man and to give him an opportunity to earn an honest living? This, in brief, is the task of the Prison-Gate Mission. It asks the co-operation of God's people everywhere—those who have an ever-open ear to the cry of the distressed and the unfortunate.

Arrangements are now being made for a central headquarters for the Prison Gate Mission in New York, where the cases will be received and dealt with, and where all applications for labor will receive prompt attention. The following gentlemen have written to me, cordially endorsing the Prison Gate Mission, and expressing the warmest approval of the effort to help the ex-prisoners to become honest and self-supporting Christian men and women:

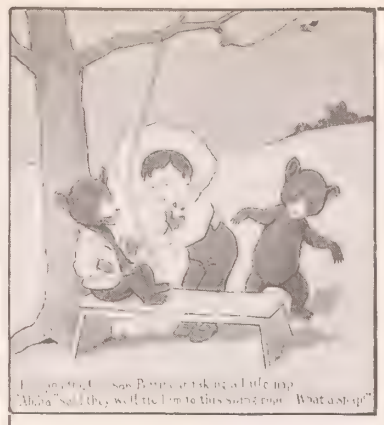
George B. McClellan, Esq., Mayor of New York; William McAdoo, Esq., Commissioner of Police, New York; Hon. Chas. H. Knox, New York; G. H. Sandison, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; the Hon. James A. Blanchard, Justice of the Supreme Court; Alexander E. Orr, Esq., New York City; Judge Chester B. McLaughlin of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court; Judge John B. Mayo, Tombs Prison Police Court; Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions; Z. R. Brockway, ex-superintendent of Elmira Reformatory; Dr. F. W. Robertson, ex-superintendent, Elmira Reformatory; Judge Martin T. McMahon, General Sessions, New York.

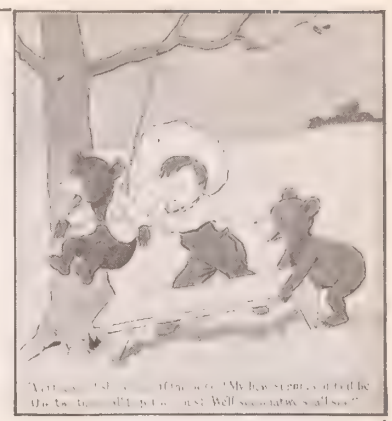
The following have consented to act as an Advisory Board:

Dr. F. W. Robertson, Ex-President of Elmira Reformatory: John Willis Baer, Secretary Home Mission Board: George H. Sandison, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Dr. John Bancroft Devens, editor of *New York Observer;* Henry D. Dickson, Secretary Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A.; Jacob A. Riis; Andrew A. Knowles, Esq., banker, Treasurer.

Mr. Knowles is Third Vice-President of the Mechanics' National Bank, 33 Wall Street, New York City, and will receive and acknowledge all contributions for the work of the Mission.

All correspondence concerning the Prison Gate Mission should be addressed to the undersigned, at No. 1,004 Tinton Ave., Bronx, New York. JOHN J. MUNRO, *Chaplain New York Tombs.*





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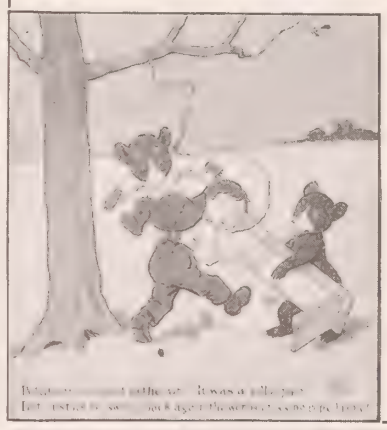

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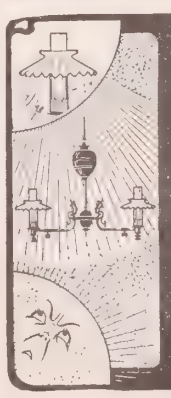

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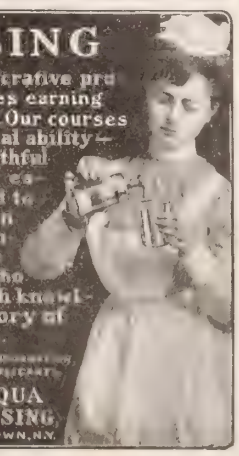

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Questions and Answers

B. N. McD., Princeton, N. J. The famine in Finland, Sweden and Norway occurred in 1903, two years after President McKinley's death. You probably have in mind President McKinley's contribution of $100 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Fund. It was President Roosevelt who sent us a check for $100, to be used for the relief of suffering in Finland, Norway and Sweden. You are right as to the President of the United States having given practical expression to his sympathy with the sufferers in the Northlands, but you are in error as to the name.

High School Boy, Lynn, Mass. Will you please explain the meaning of the phrase "Black Friday," and how it originated?

There are two English Black Fridays, so-called, because on that day of the week, news reached London that the young Pretender, Charles Edward, had arrived at Derby. The second was on account of a great financial disaster and ruin, which followed the failure of Overend, Gurney & Co., London. The American Black Friday was Sept. 24, 1869, when speculators attempted to create a corner in the gold market, but their schemes were frustrated by Secretary Boutwell, who threw $4,000,000 on the market and saved the day.

N. E. P. Tampico, Mex. Who is the author of the expression, "Like oil poured upon the troubled waves?" Where can the expression be found?

It doubtless originated in a desire to paraphrase the famous adage in Proverbs 15:1, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The origin of the employment of oil to quiet the stormy waves is very old. It is still resorted to occasionally, even in modern times.

M. V. C., Rutland, Vt. How large is the city of Jerusalem in area and population?

Jerusalem, within its walls, covers 210 acres. To-day there are nearly 50,000 persons in Jerusalem, 30,000 of whom are Jews. The modern city is a rather dirty town, with narrow, crooked and badly-paved streets. Jerusalem has changed its limits very little in the thousands of years since it was founded. The earliest historical mention of Jerusalem is in the Tell-el-amarna tablets, about 1400 B.C.

Mrs. H., Wyoming, Ill. What is the meaning of Mark 10: 31: "Many that are first shall be last and the last first?"

It is that many who are foremost in the world's estimation will be of little account in the next life, and that many who are poor and humble and oppressed here, or who are working for their fellow-men without vainglory or ostentation, will be appreciated at their true worth hereafter. In other words, that simple faith and sincerity, supported by kind deeds, far outweigh in the Divine estimation worldly titles, honors and applause.

Enquirer, Burlington, Vt. 1. No, the editor of a paper cannot be compelled to disclose the name of the author of any article in his publication. He can be sued, civilly, if the article be an actionable one, but he need not give the name unless he so chooses. In a criminal libel suit, the object of the prosecution is the actual author, as well as the responsible publisher. 2. If a member of a church has been absent several years, without communication, and especially if he has left the State, a church has the power to take his name off the books.

Reader, Middletown, N. Y. I believe that if we are converted, and have love enough for Christ, we will have no desire for worldly pleasures. When trying to show this to others, they tell me there's a time to dance, and that the Bible says so.

In the times before the Christian era, dancing was, with some nations, a religious ceremonial; with others it was an accompaniment to a carousal. In Ecclesiastes (3 chapter), the writer, speaking of the vanity of all human experiences, says, among other things,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WASHINGTON'S FRIEND AND ADVISER HONORED.

THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL POOR UNVEILED AT HACKENSACK, N. J.

FOR more than a century, the remains of Brigadier-General Enoch Poor, the trusted friend and adviser of General Washington, and a worthy officer of the Continental Army, have lain in the little cemetery of the "Old First Church," at Hackensack, N. J. On October 7, the memory and patriotic services of this distinguished hero of early revolutionary days, received long-delayed recognition by the unveiling of a memorial shaft and statue, the work of the sculptor Piatti, and the gift of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to Hackensack. Enoch Poor was the son of humble parents, and was a cabinet-maker in early life. He served in the patriot army with great distinction. He was in many battles, and his command bore the brunt of the engagement at Saratoga, when Burgoyne surrendered. He endured the terrible privations of Valley Forge, and was noted for his kindness to his soldiers. He took a conspicuous part in the battle of Monmouth. He died of fever, September 8, 1780, aged 44. At that time he was a member of General Washington's council. There was a great gathering at the unveiling of the monument, and the pageant, civic and military, was a memorable one. Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Hackensack, and Secretary of the Bergen County Historical Society, accepted the site on behalf of the civil authorities. In the course of his address he said:

On this village green rested the army of the nation, when, led by Washington, the patriots retreated in 1776 from Fort Lee across New Jersey. In yonder brown stone mansion house slept the Father of our Country during that great struggle for liberty, and here gathered together upon this sacred common the soldiers of the American Revolution for a military funeral, when they were compelled to bury the hero whose memory the Sons of the American Revolution honor this day.

The monument stands within a stone's throw of General Poor's grave in the cemetery.

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"...re is a time to kill, . . . to dance, . . . to ha... . . a time of war," etc, He classes dan...ing among the worldly vanities. In later da..., the primitive Christian Churches had th... agapæ or love-feasts, which were of a str...ly pure, religious character, and which su...lanted the old heathen and pre-Christian fes...als, at which dancing was a part of the or...s. You can safely set it down that the th...s that are "works of the flesh" (Gal. 5 : 19-), among which we include dancing, are sec...tive snares which the tempter sets in ...e path of men and women to win them fro... their allegiance to Christ.

E. T., Dayton, O. The art that is fitted fo...e studio is not always of a character to me... approval in public. What might be alt...ether proper in the one, as studies of the hu...n body, would be quite out of place in the...ther. This appears to be the only reasonab...explanation.

J. ...Rahway, N. J. What is the best book to read ... the cost of war?

... In Bloch's volume entitled *The Future ...f War*, is by far the best. European and ...American wars from 1790 to 1880 (90 years) cost ...900 lives and $15,235,000,000 of property. ...& Co. are the publishers. The total ...of the American Civil War, it is said, ...would have sufficed to build five cities of the ...size of Boston.

C. ...A., Morrison, Ill. In your opinion does the ...ying, "He that would thrive must rise at ...e," apply to ministers the same as farmers ... business men and women?

... would depend altogether on the necessi...ies of the case. When the old "saw" you ...ay quoted was written, employments were ...ssaried than to-day. What might suit a ...er might not be at all fit for a profes...ion... man, whose labors may take him far ...the night. Modern scientists rather dis...n the old saying, and some have even ex...ressed the opinion that too early rising is in...rious to brain and body alike.

... C., Copenhagen, N. Y. In your last week's ...per, C. P. Andrews asks who wrote the prayer ...ginning "Now I lay me down to sleep"? As ... the author we know not, but as generally ...d is it a prayer? Should it not be addressed ... the Lord in the second person instead of the ...rd, as follows—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray *Thee, Lord*, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray *Thee, Lord*, my soul to take."

...is too grand a prayer in itself and in its asso...tions to be used without rightly comprehend... its relation to God as well as ourselves.

It is primarily intended as a simple prayer ...r childhood—such a petition as infant lips ...ou... repeat understandingly. We have ...ea..., however, of grown men and women ...when moments of severe mental trial, found ...e...elves incapable of framing a prayer, and ...they were wonderfully helped by this simple ...et...on.

... H., Chelsea, Mich. In our Sunday School ...ss there arose the question, Did the people ... the prophets before Christ ever call upon ...d as their Father, or "Our Father"? Even ... preacher seemed not to be informed about it.

S... Psalms 89: 26, and 103: 13; Isa. 9: 6, ...3: 64: 8; I. Chron. 17: 13, 22: 10, 28: 6; and th... passages. It is evident that the Divine ...atherhood was recognized, in Israel at ...as from the earliest times, and it is quite ...robable that this recognition was embodied ...in prayers and religious ceremonies of the ...eo...

... ...lton, N. Y. Why do people in the churches, ...ling themselves Christians, refuse to asso...te with the common people who are respect... I belonged to a church here eight years, ...I left because, though I longed for company, ...ple who knew me would not as much as ...w. I needed encouragement to help me ...ough the strait path, but just because one ...not as handsome or does not dress as well as ...y do, they frown on you. I ask these ...ple, how are they going to avoid speaking ...such as I when they arrive in heaven? Or, ... they so much better that God will protect ...m from view? The Bible teaches us to love ... another, but if they are ashamed even to ...ak to a common person here, one or the ...er will have to go to hell. I believe there ... not ten Christians in a hundred that God ...uld pronounce as such to-day. If ever one ...ed to live right, I did in those years I was a ...urch member; but not one encouraging word ... I get. The Christians acted as though ...y were ashamed of me. I have left them ...v, and am as one with no hope; I am a cast...ay. If I am not good enough to go into ...d's house, surely I will not be noticed in ...l ven.

Y...rs, unfortunately, is not a solitary ex...rience. In every age and land there have ...een Scribes and Pharisees," and the self...gh...ous and exclusive so-called Christians, ...ho... you met and who held aloof, are more ...to pitied than condemned. Having the ...am... they lack the spirit of Christ and ...re ...ne of his. But in that very church (in...eed n every church), had you made your ...ish for Christian companionship known, ...ou...ould have found true followers of Jesus ...ho...ould have been to you all that you ...ould ask; not in the leading places, prob...bly ...ut among the humblest of the worship...ers. The Gospel is not left without witnesses in any community. It is probably natural that you should feel keenly the results of your experience; but even that is not a valid reason for condemning your church. In doing this you do your own highest interests a great injustice. We advise you to resume church relations somewhere, search out the true Christians, whose love and sympathy will be most helpful to you, and pray that you may be enabled, with help from on high, to do your duty steadfastly, and to backslide no more.

C. L. R., Sandusky, O. Will THE MAIL-BAG please tell how many Christian Russian churches there are in New York City, and where they are?

There are two—the Church of the Holy Trinity, in East Twenty-seventh Street, and the Church of St. Nicholas, in East Ninety-seventh Street. In Greenwich Street, there is a Greek Catholic Church of St. Joseph, belonging to the Maronite branch of the Roman Catholic Church. In Brooklyn, there is the Russian orthodox church of St. Nicholas; this church is located in Pacific Street.

B. H., Chester, Pa. 1. By what right did Russia occupy Korea and Manchuria? 2. Korea is an independent country, and Manchuria belongs to China, does it not? 3. Would the fall of Port Arthur end the war in favor of Japan?

1. Russia occupied Manchuria by virtue of a lease from China, granted under pressure, which amounted to coercion. She occupied a portion of Korea by virtue of timber concessions on the Yalu, obtained from the Korean Government. 2. Yes. 3. Not necessarily, but it would greatly strengthen Japan's hold upon the Liao-tung peninsula.

J. K. E., Kinderhook, Ill. Will you kindly give a description of the "Beautiful Gate" referred to in Acts 3: 2?

This gate was at the entrance to the Court of Women, immediately opposite the Gate of Shushan, the eastern portal, through the outer wall into Solomon's Porch. It is described by Josephus as immensely massive, and covered with plates of Corinthian bronze. Through this gate, only such as were pure, came in with their wives.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reuben, Wisconsin. Tobacco was unknown in Bible times.

G. D. T., Elroy, Wis. Her maiden name is nowhere mentioned.

J. T., Walcott, N. Y. There is statutory provision for the punishment of such offences.

P. M., Hannibal, Mo. Send full name and address to Mrs. L. C. Horton, Sullivan, Mo., who will send you the verses wanted.

Subscriber, R. F. D. It is a question either for the law courts or for a church investigation, not for the columns of a religious paper.

Reader. You can procure a copy of *The Twenty-one Wonders of the World* from Sara S. Sharp, 1737 Marion Street, Denver, Colo., price fifty cents.

Reader, Kilbourne, O. 1. The United States has about 80,000,000 population. 2. In a few States only the women have the complete suffrage. 3. No. 4. No.

H. B. N., Downs, Kan. The church is not a workshop. Anyone who would think of taking secular work of any kind there, does not comprehend the object of attendance on God's temple.

Edward C. G., Mount Vernon, N. Y., writes that the poem, "On Higher Ground," which lately appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, may be found in *Christian Hymns No. 1*, by J. Howard Entwistle; Hall, Mack & Co., publishers.

S. A. R., Clay Centre, Kan. We would draw the line between amusements that are innocent and helpful and those that are harmful. The one you mention is to say the least doubtful, if it does absolutely not belong to the latter category.

Joseph W., Macomb, Ill. 1. Peary reached 83 deg. 50 min. N.—temperature not recorded. 2. Write to *The Scientific American*, New York. 3. It is a mere matter of speculation as to the time when universal peace will be realized; but come it assuredly will, since God's Word has promised it.

Inquirer. In a symposium on any given subject we invariably endeavor to give both sides a hearing in THE MAIL BAG. Of course we are not responsible for individual opinions, and in some instances (like the one you mention) we can not endorse the view expressed.

Several Readers. The admissions to the World's Fair at St. Louis to October 1st, were:

Total admissions to Oct. 1	12,398,193
Total paid admissions.....	7,705,686
Free admissions to Oct. 1.....	4,692,507
Revenue from cash admissions to October 1.....	$2,744,839.50
Revenue from sale of tickets to Oct. 1	1,205,846.16
Total receipts from admissions,	$3,950,685.66

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

THE DANGER IN REJECTING CHRIST

I. Corinthians 1: 18	Mark 8: 36
John 3: 18 and 36	Matthew 12: 41
John 5: 40	Galatians 3: 11
John 8: 24 and 47	Revelations 3: 17, 18
John 10: 26, 27 and 28	II. Corinthians 4: 3, 4
Hebrews 2: 3	Matthew 12: 41 and 42
Colossians 2: 8 and [illegible]	Psalms 2: 12
Mark 16: 15 and 16	D. F. E.

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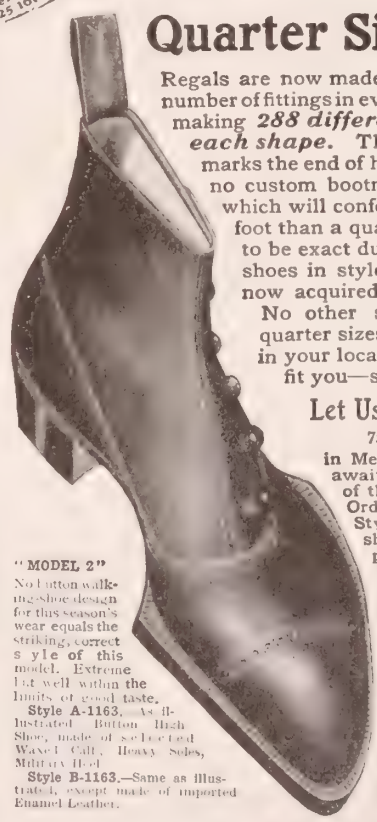

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Christian Work among Immigrants

THERE was born in Christiana, Norway, in the year 1845, a boy called Ernst Jackson (Isaacson). His parents were Christian people and from them he received excellent training. In 1867, when this boy had grown to young manhood, he came to America. Having no trade or profession, he worked with a willing hand at any honorable employment he could find, not despising even that of a day laborer. With good health and a clean heart as his capital, he soon was able to establish himself and little family in a comfortable home. This home being in New York City, Mr. Jackson found frequent opportunities to do Christian work, not the least of these being in the old Bethel ship, at the North River front, where the Gospel was preached to seafaring men.

MR. JACKSON AND HIS IMMIGRANT CHARGES

Gradually his work broadened, and he began to visit the incoming vessels, always armed with Bibles and Testaments, which were eagerly received by the sailors. He became an agent of the New York Bible Society, his field being the immigrant station at Castle Garden. When this station was transferred to Ellis Island, the young missionary went there also, and here, day after day, for 365 days in the year, he has been on duty ever since.

There has been a marvelous influx of the Old World nations into this land of ours during the past few years. On one day in April, 1903, 10,236 aliens landed in New York—Germans, British, Scandinavians, Russians, Austrians, Italians, Polish, Finnish, and Huns, all furnished their quota of thousands, going to make up the almost endless stream flowing into United States ports. The armfuls of Bibles distributed daily among these peoples are printed in fourteen languages and twenty-five different dialects. Mr. Jackson says that, almost without exception, these are gratefully received, and the kind words which accompany the gift are always appreciated.

There are constant opportunities for assisting these bewildered travelers, who often find themselves in distress, mental and physical, upon landing at Ellis Island.

"Many times when I see their tears, I have to choke my own back," said the kind-hearted missionary, as he told of the scenes he witnessed almost daily. Sometimes the immigrants are greatly cast down, and need a kindly word to save them from absolute despair.

When the big vessels steam up the Narrows, the immigrants swarm the steerage decks for a glimpse of the new country. Discarding their old clothing worn on the voyage, they array themselves in their best, all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow being represented in shawls, skirts, and waists. These simple folks are eager and expectant, the children no less than their elders; and they cling to the odds and ends of luggage, each one jealously guarding his share of the household goods they have brought from afar.

One day there appeared a sturdy little boy, topped off with a funny little hat, from under the brim of which peeped a laughing, sun-burned face. They spoke to him in Armenian, Bohemian, Finnish, Portuguese and Polish. No answer! Then more interpreters were sent for, and still he could not be classified. German and the different dialects, Croatian, Dahuation and others were essayed, until the youngster finally broke out with, "Is there none of yez here speaks English?"

For twenty-seven years Mr. Jackson has worked among these people, and while there has been much to encourage and cheer him in his labor of love, he has been witness to many a heart-breaking scene. The saddest of all is when the long voyage is ended and "God's country" reached, and the poor man or woman for some reason is deported.

And these children—what of them, with their quaint dress and ways? It has been said that environment counts quite as much as heredity in the sum-total of man, and many of these children inherit nothing they need be ashamed or afraid of. When they are educated and brought into contact with Americans, and especially where efforts are being made to sow the seed of the Gospel, before the immigrant has fairly landed on our shores, and when, through missions and social settlements, the better natures of these alien brothers and sisters are awakened by kindness, we may well be hopeful for their future.

Another Great Battle in Manchuria

AFTER a hard-fought battle in Manchuria, lasting four days (from Oct. 11 to 14 inclusive), the Russian army, 200,000 strong, under Gen. Kouropatkin, sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of the three united Japanese armies, under the supreme command of Field Marshal Oyama. Kouropatkin, on Oct. 10, took the initiative, and on the following day his cavalry and artillery drove in the Japanese outposts and pushed back Oyama's front between Shikiatotze and Pensihu and in the district immediately north of the Yentai mines. On the following day (Oct. 12), the Japanese concentrated rapidly and assumed the offensive. Soon the heights east of Yentai were swept clear of Russians. For two days the battle raged along a front of nearly thirty miles, central between Mukden and Liao-Yang, and between the Taitse and Hun Rivers. Kouropatkin had one thousand cannon in action and the Japanese an even larger number.

An attempt by the Russians to turn the Japanese left failed, and resulted in a loss of fifteen Russian guns. On the 14th Oct., Kouropatkin telegraphed to the Czar admitting serious losses, and practically acknowledging complete defeat in the aggressive movement, which is supposed to have been ordered from St. Petersburg for the recapture of Liao-Yang. His telegram announced that the Russians were retiring to "positions previously prepared on the Shahke River." Field Marshal Oyama telegraphed to Tokio, claiming a substantial victory all along the line. Thirty-eight Russian guns had been taken, with many prisoners and a number of ammunition wagons. There are reports that the Russian losses in killed and wounded were nearly 38,000, but nothing reliable can yet be known. The Japanese losses will also be very heavy. At last accounts from Tokio telegrams, all the three Japanese armies were engaged in pursuing the fleeing Russians, and there was danger that Kouropatkin and his staff might be captured.

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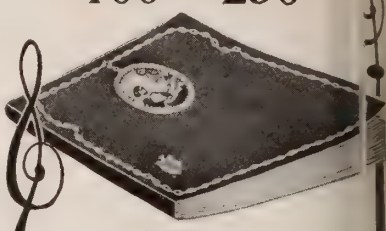

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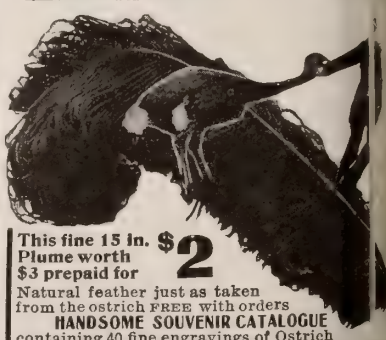

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Pastor Wagner's Visit

ETHANY Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, was crowded on the occasion of the first sermon delivered in America by the Rev. Charles Wagner, author of *The Simple Life*. N. John Wanamaker introduced the distinguished French pastor. The latter said, in part:

The ancients were wise in seeking God in nature. Every one who has a heart for beauty, for majesty, for grandeur, must fall on his knees under that blue sky, before that immense sea, before the mighty storms that rage, with thunder and with lightning, over and around us. Every man must find behind the exterior of nature the grand unknown Creator, who has made all that is. But there is an old fight, an old struggle between the human heart and nature.

He who has no eyes for the blue sky and the roseate morn and who has no love for nature is dead. But man has always been seeking to penetrate more deeply the meaning of nature, and against exterior nature he has had a mighty battle. Nature has been to him as a dark wall, through which he has striven to discern the something beyond.

If you love the sky, it will come down to you. That it should come down to us has been the old prayer, the old cry of the human soul. It has been heard, and God has come down to us. In Christ, God has been translated into human language; in the conscience and soul of that Fellow Man all that is most precious, all that is worthy to be worshiped in Jesus, has been brought near to us—in our practical life, in our suffering, in our death.

There is a double revelation in the world in which we live. There is a revelation of shadow, of night, of destruction, of badness, and of hatred, and there is a revelation of light, of right, of happiness, of hope, and of love. You can be the messenger of light or the messenger of death. You can be the messenger of the rebellion against the Word of God if you have no love in your heart. Language is nothing without love, without deeds. You can be the messenger of despair, of discouragement, of grief, of sadness for your fellow-men. And in this world there are too many messengers of night. Be warned. You can be the messenger of night for your fellow-men, and take care.

But now let me tell you some more beautiful and hopeful truth. You can be a messenger of light. If you have watched the sun rise, you have seen that you were at first in darkness and everything about you was veiled; the tops of the hills and the mountains were in shadow. Then slowly the first light began to appear and to spread out, and then by and by came the sun, the rising sun, gilding the skies with crimson and gold, and every leaf and every tree and every church steeple and the tops of the hills and of the mountains shared in the glory of the sun, and became as it were houses of light, reflecting light upon all around them.

You can, if your heart is standing in the light of God—you can become a light for those whose lives are in darkness, and, seeing you, they will have seen the Father smiling upon them and encouraging them.

Answered Prayers

...lever. "I wish to express my gratitude to God for wonderful answer to prayer in saving life."

C. L., Long Grove, Ia. "After twenty years of toil, the Lord has given me success."

Mrs. A. J. P., Wibaux, Mont. "The Lord heard my prayer and delivered me and mine from a great affliction."

...P., Maine. "God has answered so many prayers for me. His love to all of his children is wonderful."

R. D. and Wife, Washington, D. C. "We wish to add our testimony to the fact that God does answer prayer."

E. H., Mich. "God has many times directly answered my prayers. Oh, that we might have more childlike simplicity! I will ever bless his holy name."

F. D., Donnellsen, Ill. "I write to add my testimony of thanks and praise for the answer of prayer for the health of a dear one, and God heard and answered."

W., Asbury Park. "I wish to praise the Lord for answering the earnest prayers offered for the recovery of a member of my family, who was very ill and nigh unto death."

P. H., Palmyra, N. J. "I promised the Lord if would answer a prayer when I was in great distress of mind, I would acknowledge it openly and praise his name. He did."

...I., Sheldon, Vt. "A Christian brother in Vermont desires to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in answering directly his prayers. He does see a fulfillment of a promise made to the Lord."

H. E., Marysville, Kans. "I know that God answers prayer if our prayer is faithful in Jesus' name. He answered a prayer for me in his own good way that seemed almost a miracle."

...C., Emerson, Man. "Although young in life, I've proved the goodness of God our Father in answering our prayers. I am persuaded that God will answer as he sees best. Pray without ceasing."

...F. W., Denver, Colo. "The Lord has been so merciful and gracious in answering my prayer, that I rejoice. May the good Lord sustain us all and keep us under the shadow of his protecting wing."

Mrs. L. P., Rochester, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge a direct answer to prayer, and praise God for it. I feel confident that the 'Answered Prayer' column is a source of inspiration to very many."

...S., Perrysburg, O. "I am able to testify again that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer. I feel it my duty to bear witness to that fact. For it is written, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.'"

L. B., New Castle, Pa. "I wish to add my testimony that God hears and answers prayers. He has to me fulfilled the promise, 'And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

...ane Reader. "After many years of wandering I came to him in the weakest of faith, and asked him to restore me to himself. He strengthened and blessed me, and I have proved him true. Please pray for my husband."

...One Who Loves and Trusts Him," Morristown, Tenn. "When my soul was greatly burdened I prayed to Jesus for help, and while it seemed almost impossible for a burden of such nature as mine to be removed by prayer, yet he heard my prayers and answered them."

Mrs. C. R. S., East New York. "The Lord never breaks a promise. In answer to prayer, Jesus, our burden-bearer, comforts me. If we would just have faith and try, then we would see and acknowledge that the Lord is good, that he will never leave nor forsake us."

Mrs. J. H. W. "I wish to join the dear ones to acknowledge my gratitude to a loving Heavenly Father, who hears and answers our earnest prayers. I know God has answered my many prayers, and I am expecting in his own good time my prayer for my dear husband may be answered."

Mrs. F. I. McC., Sheridan, Mont. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer. I have found strength and grace sufficient to carry me through all the trials of the Christian life, and I believe his love for me will endure to the end. I am an invalid waiting to be delivered. I am trusting all to the finisher of my faith."

A. E. S., Penna. "I wish to say for the help of others that I know God does answer prayer. Recently, when there was one last possibility, of something I had prayed so earnestly for, being granted, I continued to pray, and received what I prayed for. It has been the means of increasing my faith, as I hope it may be for others."

Mrs. L. F., Sycamore. "I wish every one who is in trouble would take all their griefs and anxieties to the Lord in prayer. Ever since I began to put my trust in God, and to ask him to help me, my prayers were answered. How glorious it is to feel that the Lord is our confidential friend, that he will stand by us. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Mrs. A.L.W., Denver, Colo. "I was bowed down with a burden, even to despair, and I fervently prayed for deliverance to Him who has promised to hear and answer in times of trouble. Now I know and fully realize that my prayer and pleadings were heard and answered, and I can now see the answer coming to other prayers."

Class Leader. "I truly believe the Bible, the Church and God never had a worse enemy than myself up to my fifty-first year. I was sorely afflicted financially, physically, and in deep sorrow at the loss of a dear child whom I worshiped. To get rid of earth and its trials, I contemplated suicide. Praying Christian friends were sent of God to persuade me, to earnestly plead for deliverance from the great darkness I was in, and the God whom I denied would certainly make himself known to me. I plead. He heard, and he answered. I sought with my whole heart, and he saved, even me. None will be turned away. Come, Infidel or whatever the class of sinner you may be, and find the One who can alone deliver, for 'he is strong to deliver, mighty to save,' and almighty to keep."

Acknowledgments of answered prayers have also been received from F. C. McGinley, Marysville, Tenn.; H. R. Dillon, Washington, D. C.; G. W. Layne, Ironton, O.; M. E. P. Williston; Florence S. B., Denver, Colo.; Mrs. W., Toronto; W. A., Abbeville, S. C.; Miss T. Y., Chicago, Ill.; J. M. Dunscomb, Fountainville, Pa.; Mary, Ontario, Can.; A. G., Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Sue C. H. Harrodsburg, Ky.; Grace S. Cambridge, Kans.; Mrs. H. C., McKees Rocks, Pa.; A. E. J., Toronto, Can.; E. L. Chambersburg, Pa.; Mrs. Edna Rhodes, Bremond, Tex.; Mrs. E. M. R., Mission Ridge, Ga.; H. U. M., Marseilles, Ill.; Miss F Mame; Mrs. A. A. Tower, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. N.L.R., Frederick, Md.; M. G., Amesbury, Mass.; S. E. S., Avondale, Cincinnati, O.; H. S., College City, Cal.; N. V., Pierce Co.; Mrs. M. A. B., Canon City, Colo.; Jessie S., Brussek, Ont.; Miss Minnie R., Philadelphia, Pa.; Martha M. B., Troy, Vt.; W. M., Cornwall, Ont., Can.; E. L. S., Waterloo, Ind.; Mrs. E. L. H., Hixon, Ala.

Rebekah at the Well

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

The beautiful daughter of Bethuel, who became the bride of Isaac, has frequently been the subject of the artist's inspiration. In the present instance, the artist shows her at the moment of her arrival at the well of Nahor, and just before her meeting with Abraham's servant. It was at "the time of the evening that women go out to draw water." "Fair to look upon" was Rebekah, says the record, and as sweet and gracious as fair, for her spontaneous hospitality, no less than her pleasing words, won the heart of the trusted messenger, even before he had inquired of her, "Whose daughter art thou?"

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The Story of Vergilius

IN his new book, *Vergilius, a Tale of the Coming of Christ*, Irving Bacheller has produced a story which, for dramatic force and intrinsic beauty, will be ranked in the same category with Lew Wallace's wonderful story of *Ben Hur*. Vergilius, a young Roman noble in attendance at the court of Augustus Cæsar, is the hero of the tale, and it would be difficult to imagine a character more finely portrayed than this young patrician, whose courage, patriotism, fidelity and enthusiasm awaken the admiration of the reader. Essentially pagan and pleasure-loving as Roman society was at the time, the dissipated court is not without a few noble characters, whose virtues stand out in strong contrast with the vices of those around them. Appius and his sister, the Lady Arria, are proteges of Augustus, and prime favorites at court. The old emperor is shown as a shrewd ruler, outwardly mild and philosophic, yet governing with a hand of iron; jealous of any encroachment upon his authority, watchful of the plots of his enemies, and rarely gifted in divining the thoughts and purposes of men. For Vergilius, who falls in love with Arria, he has an especial liking, perceiving in the youth the making of a statesman and a warrior after his own heart. Among others at the court is Antipater, a crafty and treacherous prince, son of Herod, King of Judea, who is Vergilius' rival in love, though Lady Arria distrusts him. The extraordinary plot Antipater weaves about Vergilius to destroy him, in which he well-nigh succeeds, furnishes the principal theme of the story. Vergilius triumphs over his enemies through his inflexible fidelity to Cæsar and his love for Arria, a passion which ennobles his whole life and ultimately opens the hearts of both the lovers "to the knowledge of mighty things," and leads them to forsake paganism and embrace Christianity.

There are many powerfully written passages in the book, that thrill the reader with a vivid sense of reality. Among these are Vergilius' encounter in the palace of Antipater, who had entrapped him through a wager into a contest with a black leopard; his temptation by Salome, the beautiful but profligate daughter of Herod; his battle with the traitor, Antipater, in the arena, when the Roman was saved from the mad prince's dagger by Cyran, a beautiful Jewish-Christian slave girl, who received the fatal blow in her own breast, and died with words of love upon her lips. But these and other great dramatic passages in the book can only be grasped in their wonderful power and strange fascination by a thorough reading of the book itself. Much of the charm of *Vergilius* lies in the beautiful love story, which, after many vicissitudes, has so happy an ending.

The book is published by Harpers, New York. Price $1.35.

Good Humor at Home*

WHAT a beneficent thing an amiable and genial disposition is in this world of ours! it is one of the most charming forms of kindness. Since the world is full of troubles great and small, and man, our companion, has his heart full of them, let us mingle a few smiles with these shadows. Smiles lighten many a cross and smooth over many a difficulty; indeed, they change the aspect of all our relations with others. Good humor is a power; it is a victory gained over brutal facts and over our own hearts; it transforms the world. It, too, is contagious, but with a happy sort of contagion; it is often recompensed by the awakening of its echo in others. It must be confessed that there are people who sometimes make us lose it, but we should be sorry for them. How sad it must be to be cross-grained and peevish! Look at the matter from this point, when you have to do with these unfortunates who might well ruffle the meekness of a lamb or provoke an oyster to discussion. In the long run, few men can resist good humor; they generally take the tone of him who accosts them, grumble with those who grumble, and smile at those who smile.

One day I encountered two people searching for apartments on a certain boulevard. One greeted me with: "Heavens! what disagreeable janitors there are in this quarter!" "What kindly people one finds among these janitors, so courteous and attentive," said the other. Evidently these two persons had two fashions of approach. You don't meet about lodgings and apartments a greater abundance than elsewhere of stoic philosophers, inaccessible to ordinary emotions; the attitude of those you encounter there depends a good deal upon your own.

Good humor works miracles daily. You say: "This person is insufferable, impossible!" Good humor replies: "Why, no! I find him very agreeable."

I once knew an old man whom acute suffering had made a frightful pessimist, and given a mordant tongue. Nobody could get on with him; everyone became infected with his temper and repaid him in kind, to his further exasperation. But at last somebody was found, not to vanquish him, for that would have entailed curing his ills, but to soothe and calm him. What it needed was a kind and smiling face and inexhaustible patience. The poor man was so grateful! I once heard him say this to his benefactress: "Oh, thank you! I had come to the conclusion that I was a wretch, but your kindness, which I so little deserve, proves to me that I am not that, only a poor unfortunate."

*From *By the Fireside*, by Rev. Charles Wagner, author of *The Simple Life*. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. pp. 300, cloth covers. McClure, Phillips & Co., N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Food for the Tropics. A short description of native products, suitable for food in tropical countries. By T. M. Macknight. Published by W. Thacker & Co., 2 Creed Lane, E. C., London.

In the popular "Unit Series" of Books, there have just been issued from the publishing house of Howard Wilford Bell, New York: *The Story of Words*, by Archbishop Richard Chevenix Trench (a famous book which first appeared in 1851), thirteen units or 320 pages, cloth; 56 cents. *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, by Mrs. Frances M. Trollope, seventeen units, 402 pp., cloth; 64 cents. *National Documents*, American State papers from 1606 to the present time, 504 pp., twenty-one units, cloth; 72 cents. *Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln*, sixteen units, 399 pages, cloth; 46 cents. *The Life of Jesus*, by Renan; 19 units, — pages, cloth; 68 cents. These are all standards, clearly printed and well bound. Add eight cents postage per volume.

The Crossing, by Winston Churchill, author of *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, etc., illustrated by Sydney Adamson and Lilian Bayliss. This is a story to delight the reader of stories that deal with the early days of American history, the days of exploration, frontier pioneering, Indian perils, and the troubles of our forefathers with King George's men. A capital story, well worth the reading; full of thrilling incidents in connection with "the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless across the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself"—the days of Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark and other famous frontiersmen. Pp. 598, cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

How the United States Became a Nation, by John Fiske. This is a reprint of one of the early and less important works of the author, on American History. Doubtless it was written with a view to its use as a High School text-book; but, like everything from the pen of John Fiske, it possesses solid literary and historical merit. The book covers the period from the inauguration of Washington to the end of the Civil War, and the subject is treated by topics. Thus, the history of the "Slave Power" is considered by itself, as an independent subdivision. The value of the work is in its forcible and graphic presentation of large ideas, without distracting detail. In any book of this kind, the writer must necessarily take sides, and Mr. Fiske's conclusions will not suit everybody. Nor does he invariably observe the canons of good taste, as, for example, on page 174 where he says, speaking of the Supreme Court, when the famous *Dred Scott* case came before it, that of the nine judges, "five were slaveholders and some of the others were doughfaces." We have no hesitation, however, in recommending the book as a strong and wholesome statement of the evolution of American nationality. Ginn & Co., New York, publishers.

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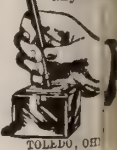

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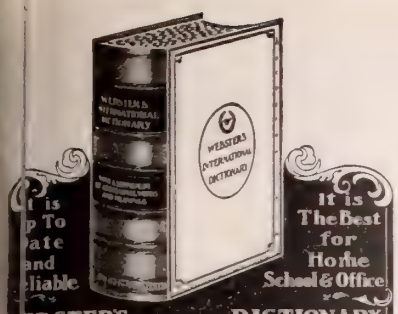

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A CENTURY OF MISSIONS*

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Half a century was given up to this pioneer labor, and then the Churches awaked. As new fields opened, they were swiftly occupied. Men were found ready to go out, helpers were sent to those already engaged, new societies were organized; and old ones, finding how large was the opportunity, systematized their efforts and prepared for larger service. Men like Moody and Venn, by their meetings, aroused the home Churches into new life, and that life found its outlet in missionary enthusiasm. Women took part in the service, and proved how much they could do in rendering valuable assistance. Medical missions came into life, and became a mighty force in helping the movement forward. The Student Volunteer Movement enlisted the services of scholarly men, who saw in missionary labor an opportunity for consecrated lives.

Thus the Churches have moved forward, and, after a hundred years of labor, have a record of success which puts to shame their long somnolence. There is danger now of reaction. The novelty has worn off, the romance of pioneer work is gone, and the era of quiet upbuilding is introduced. The need for money and for prayer continues. There must be in the home Churches continuous effort, the societies must be supported, and the work, so well and nobly begun, must be carried forward.

* Topic of the Epworth League for Nov. 6. Isa. 60: 1-9.

Alcohol

[A reader, S. F. Rippler, Philadelphia, sends these verses with this statement; "I copied this probably twenty years ago, and do not remember the author; but it will interest many readers now."]

THERE stalked a fiend o'er the glad green earth
By the side of the reaper Death;
He dazzles alike with the glare of mirth,
Or stilleth the light of the household hearth
With his foul and withering breath.

He stalketh abroad, with his hydra head,
And there gathereth in his train—
The failing foot, and the strong man's tread,
The restless living, the ghastly dead,
And misery, want and pain.

He nerves the arm of relentless hate
With the goblet's beaded foam;
He lurks in the halls of the rich and great,
In the beggar's moan at the palace gate,
And curses the poor man's home.

He grudgeth the poor their daily bread,
And filleth the drunkard's bowl
With want and woe, remorse and dread,
With a nerveless hand and a failing head,
And a curse on his deathless soul.

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The Hidden King

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN Athaliah, the mother of Ahaziah, King of Judah, saw that her son was dead, she arose and destroyed all the seed royal of the house of Judah. But God raised up a woman, Jehosheba, Ahaziah's sister, the daughter of Jehoram, who was married to Jehoiada, the priest; and she rescued her little nephew Joash, Ahaziah's son, who was an infant, and hid him with his nurse in the house of God for six years. Later on God said by Jeremiah: "David shall never want a man to sit upon his throne" (Jer. 33: 17), and now the living son of David at the right hand of God is the representative of the house of David, as well as the representative of mankind. And "he shall sit on the throne of his father David," in Jerusalem in the millennium (Luke 1: 32), as well as upon the throne of the universe.

Jehoiada, the godly priest, and his godly wife, Jehosheba, were probably the lights for God in Jerusalem which shone in these dark and sinful times. How much of prayer went up from their chambers in the house of the Lord, who can tell; or how much the burden of the Lord weighed upon their hearts! The first impressions of the child Joash must have been formed from the spirit and example, rare indeed in those days, of his faithful aunt. Jehosheba, the sister of Ahaziah, must have known the baneful influence of her grandmother Jezebel, and of her mother Athaliah; but God must have sealed this woman for himself. The power of God to bring to himself a member of such a family and such a court, encourages us to pray for those who are placed in the most difficult circumstances. He has means to save even such. Jehosheba must have very really known God, and he trusted her with the care of the royal child, and enabled her to keep him hidden from Athaliah, and to keep hidden from him the seductive idolatry which prevailed outside his hiding-place. How far this child knew of his future destiny we cannot tell, but that his uncle and aunt were alive to their great responsibility to God is very evident.

It was when Joash was nearly seven years old, that Jehoiada sent and fetched, evidently secretly, for fear of the wicked queen, the rulers and the captains into the house of the Lord; and he showed them the king's son, the lawful heir to the throne of Judah. The priest must have known the mind of the people, and God showed him when his time for action was come. Then he planned a *coup d'etat*, and appointed to each man his place and his part in the transaction which was to take place: the coronation of the boy king in the Temple, in the name of the Lord. One-third was to keep watch at the king's house, that it should not be broken down; and two-thirds were to keep the watch of the house of the Lord round about the king. A formidable bodyguard stood about the king, when Jehoiada brought him forth and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony (probably the copy of the law), which he should "read in all the days of his life" (Deut. 17: 18-20). "And they made him king and anointed him: and they clapped their hands and said, God save the king."

And Athaliah! God has said: "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot" (Prov. 10: 7). How true of both Jezebel and Athaliah! Again: "The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him; destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity" (Prov. 10: 24, 29). How these words were fulfilled in both these wicked women! When Athaliah heard the noise of the guard and of the people, she came to the people into the Temple of the Lord. And when she looked, behold, the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was, and the princes and the trumpeters of the king, and all the people of the land rejoiced, and blew with trumpets; and Athaliah rent her clothes and cried: "Treason, treason." O if the godly Jehoshaphat had seen what the consequence would be of his unblest alliance with the house of Ahab, and that the abominable daughter of the wicked Jezebel would reign on the throne of David, how ashamed and confounded he would have been!

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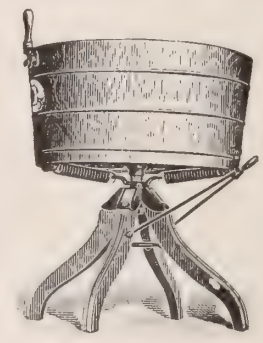

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God's Promises*

PERIODS of depression come to the Christian, as to other men. At such times the promises of God, scattered through his Word, are a comfort and an encouragement. They are of two kinds: those that relate to the condition of the world, and those that apply to the personal condition of the Christian himself.

The world is so obviously governed by the principles of evil, so utterly given up to greed and selfishness, so intent on making money, and so oblivious to the higher life to which God is calling it, that there seems no hope of the triumph of righteousness. Even the church is becoming dull and cold, and the members of it differ so little from worldlings, that we are tempted to give up hope of any reform coming from it. If Christians patterned their lives on the life of Christ, though they might be few in number, we might hope that eventually the peace and beauty of their lives would win others. But they do not. They prove that they are governed by worldly motives and worldly principles, and that God has been forgotten in the rush and turmoil of life. Looking at all this, the Christian is depressed until he turns to the Word, and there finds the promise that out of this chaos and confusion God is pledged to bring victory to his people. We are bidden to trust in him, and are assured that he will yet establish his name in the earth, and that the time will yet come when every knee shall bow to Christ and every tongue shall confess him.

Then there are the personal promises. In the struggle of life we are glad to find that there are the promises "to him that overcometh." The fight is often hard, but there is a palm of victory to him that fights bravely to conquer the sins of the flesh and the allurements of the world. There are promises for those who, in spite of failure, still maintain the strife, promises to the repentant backslider. Our God is kind and merciful. He knows our frame and remembers that we are dust. When we are tempted to give up the struggle and say who is sufficient for these things, we are taught that God gives strength to the weak and promises his help to those that seek it. In sickness, there are promises of comfort and of support. In old age, there are promises of eternal youth, and in death itself there are promises of eternal life. It is almost impossible to open his Word at any place, without finding these gems given by our Heavenly Father to cheer his people and to encourage them to trust in him.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Nov. 6: II. Peter 1:1-4.

A Washerwoman's Plea

To the Commissioner of Pensions

These lines were suggested by your reply to L. M. D., in THE MAIL-BAG, September 21.

Glad you do not wish to strip
From the washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that she can bring,
For the children all are grown
All have troubles of their own;
And her soldier helps no more,
War and want with him are o'er.

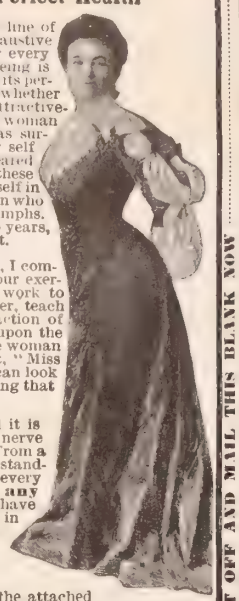
Sore disease and eyesight dim,
Broken down with care of him,
Sad old age and sure decay
Shade her life's remaining day.
And the sharp-toothed wolf she fears—
Like the spool upon the shears—
Shield from danger; hear her plea,
Let her portion ample be.

Succor for the widow's need
Has the Government decreed,
So her eyes are unto you
For that pension now her due;
Be the right hand of that Friend
Who will shield her to the end,
For the claim is just and true
And our eyes are unto you.

M. R. D. D.

Be Well—Wholesome and Happy

A Good Figure, Clear Skin, Strong Brain, Vivacity and Buoyant Step are the Result of Perfect Health



OVER 10,000 WOMEN ARE STUDYING THEMSELVES You will doubtless take up some special line of study this year—why not make an exhaustive study of yourself, determining whether every vital organ and every force of your being is perfect, whether your brain has reached its perfect development, whether your figure is symmetrical and whether you have dynamic force and magnetism necessary for attractiveness and for wholesome influence and usefulness. Many a woman by fifteen minutes work in the privacy of her own room has surprised her husband, family and friends by the results of her self study this year. The day of the "clinging vine" has disappeared—there is too much to do, to enjoy, to love and to live for in these gloriously progressing days to permit any woman to waste herself in semi-invalidism. Men want bright, buoyant, well-poised women who can rise with them, appreciate their efforts and share their triumphs. I have worked with nearly 10,000 women during the past two years, studying with each individual woman to bring her to her best.

EVERY VITAL ORGAN STRONG In my instructions with you by mail, I completely study your case, directing your exercises, bathing and diet, giving you work to bring the strength to every vital organ, every nerve center, teach you to breathe, to stand and to walk well and the reflex action of the strength of the vital organs of rhythmic movement upon the mind is worth more to women than the mere physical. One woman tersely expressed this reflex action to me in her report, "Miss Cocroft, I used to feel so depressed and now I feel as if I can look every man, woman and child squarely in the face with a feeling that I am rising to my very best."

EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE A CLEAR SKIN AND A GOOD FIGURE Unless the body is properly poised it is impossible for the vital organs and nerve centers to do their proper work. From a health standpoint as well as from a standpoint of beauty it is necessary for every woman to carry herself well and **any woman can have a good figure.** No woman needs to have an undeveloped chest, neck or bust, in fact, be undeveloped in any particular of her body, and the woman who carries about forty to fifty pounds of superfluous flesh every time she moves has my sympathy, for I realize it is not necessary for her to carry this burden.

WRITE ME ABOUT YOURSELF Will you not mark with the letter (x) on the attached blank the points which interest you and if there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I need, write me about them also and I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have worked solely with women for the past 13 years and I know how to understand as well as help them. As I give every pupil my personal attention, **the number is necessarily limited.** I never take a pupil unless I feel positive I can help her. Write me fully and frankly of your special difficulties, tell me what you want to gain or change and I will tell you what I can do for you and send you letters from women whom I have benefited and relieved of similar ailments. I will send you, too, my booklet on how to stand correctly, every woman should have it. My work is not a "Cure All" system, but I do build up the strength of **all** the **vital** organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers, send your blood bounding through your veins as it did when you were a child and give you that dignified bearing which at once bespeaks culture and refinement.

I HAVE BROUGHT HEALTH TO THOUSANDS OF WOMEN I am giving you below extracts from three letters of my pupils on my desk as I write: "For one to realize the benefit I have derived, one ought to have seen me before I commenced and now—several of my friends not having seen me for some time, have told me they should hardly recognize me if I had not spoken. I had **rheumatism** in my ankles which were swollen most of the time." "Have lost altogether sixty-seven pounds."

"They are worth their weight in gold to me. I have entirely recovered in less than six weeks from the beginning of my lessons of the most painful attack of what the doctors called 'Catarrh of the Stomach.' Now, I never feel a sign of pain there."

I wish you could read the letters from my pupils any one day. I know it would do your heart good as it does mine.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 11, 57 Washington St., Chicago.

Miss Cocroft, as President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America, has had an unusually wide experience in diagnosing cases and prescribing individual work for women.

FILL OUT, CUT OFF AND MAIL THIS BLANK NOW

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....

You will help me greatly if you will mark (x) the subjects that interest you, and write on the margin the answers to these questions.

Too tall
Too short
Too thin
Drooping back
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Waist size
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Skin
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Blues
Headaches
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Have you been sick?
What did you call your sickness?
What drugs or medicines have you been taking?
What kind of work do you do every day?
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
What is your age?
Married or single?

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Russia in War Time--A Religious Procession in the Capital Praying for the Army

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W—, Lynn, Mass. 1. Why is the date of the Crucifixion given as A. D. 30, when Jesus was at that time thirty-three years old? 2. Is it right to give intoxicating liquor to visitors or to keep it in the house?

1. It has been proved that Jesus was born at least four years before the Christian Era. The record of Herod's death proves that fact. The calculations of Dominus Exiguus, who fixed the date, were wrong. Herod died B.C. 4. We know he was alive when Christ was born, because he slaughtered the children. We conclude, therefore, that the Crucifixion took place A. D. 30. 2. It is wrong to offer visitors intoxicating liquor. See Hab. 2 : 15.

Reader, Binghamton, N. Y. 1. Is love to God a direct gift to all who ask for it? 2. Do those who have repented of sin and been forgiven for it ever afterward commit the same sins?

1. Love to God is not given in that way. The man who asks God to enable him to love him will probably have his prayer answered by some experience that produces love in his heart. It may be a painful experience, in which he loses the affection of friends and he turns to God as the one Being whose love is sure and so helpful to him that he loves him in return. There are other ways in which he may be led to realize how much God loves him. It is generally, as John says, "We love him because he first loved us." You must not expect love to be given by miracle. 2. Unhappily they do. It should not be so, because the man who has repented and been forgiven, ought ever afterward to watch against those sins. But when the sin is a vice, to which he is prone, he is liable to fall under its power again.

I. B. S., Goffs, Kan. What is the difference between the soul and the spirit (Heb. 4 : 12)?

The soul in this passage represents the animal desires, affections, passions; the spirit represents the higher nature. The distinction is between the man, who in common with brutes, has a life separate from the corporeal, but does not rise to the higher perceptions, and the spiritual man who seeks after God. The soul of the beast that goeth downward is an expression used in the same sense in Ecclesiastes. The spiritual in man raises him above the mere animal nature, and gives him the power to enter into relations with the Infinite.

E. H. G., Clarkson, Va. What was Christ's meaning in telling his disciples (Luke 21 : 19) to possess their souls in patience?

He was warning them of coming persecution and trial. They were not to be impatient, but to quietly wait. Though they might be imprisoned, and even suffer martyrdom, they would not perish. They would, like Stephen, be caught up to heaven. Their bodies might die, but their souls would be saved. In patience they were to possess their souls, and not be distressed or anxious.

L. A. I., Herman, Neb. What is the meaning of the wise and prudent in I. Cor. 1: 19-28?

The same as Christ gave them in Matt. 11: 25. They do not cast any reflection on real wisdom, as they are not contrasted with folly and imprudence, but with babes. It is those who are wise in their own conceit who are represented as failing. There are many who reject the truth because it is not in accord with their belief. They will not accept what they do not understand. There are some things that must be taken on faith. If you told a man who had never heard of the telephone that it was possible to speak to a man hundreds of miles away, he might, if he was a man learned in his own esteem, reject the idea and say it was not possible. A child who did not know, might accept your assertion and believe, because you said you had used the instrument. Paul says it is so with the Gospel. The Greek thought it foolishness, but every one who had believed it and had tried it, found it was wisdom, the very power of God.

P. H., Matawan, N. J. 1. Why was the wedding guest mentioned (Matt. 22 : 12), so severely punished for not wearing a wedding garment? 2. What is the unpardonable sin?

1. Wedding garments were provided for the guests at a royal wedding. The man who was found without one, must have rejected the garment provided. He represented those who think they are good enough as they are and do not see any necessity for a new birth. 2. There are many explanations of the unpardonable sin, but the one most generally believed, is that it consisted in attributing to Satan the power to work miracles, thus insulting the Holy Spirit. Christ regarded the sin as so heinous, that he said the man who committed it could not hope for pardon.

M. L., Tidioute, Pa. What reason is there for thinking that the Lord's prayer in Matt. 6 was given earlier than the same prayer in Luke 6?

Many suggestions have been made to explain the differences between Matthew's report and that of Luke. One is that they were different sermons, delivered at different times and places. Another is that the sermons were one and the same, but that Luke condensed his report from that of Matthew. The most rational explanation is that the two reports are of the same sermon, taken independently, and that they differ as would the reports of two listeners taken to-day, when no attempt is made to produce a verbatim report. Matthew and Luke record the sayings that impressed each. Luke omits much that is given by Matthew, but adds matter that Matthew omits. Many scholars, however, contend that they are distinct sermons, delivered at different periods to different congregations. There is at present no means of deciding which is the correct view.

Reader, Harvard, Ill. Do not the churches belong to Jesus of Nazareth? If so, why are they dedicated to St. Peter, St. Joseph, St. Mary, and so on? Why have they been taken away from the one who sacrificed his life for them, and given to his followers? The Chinese and Japanese pray to their ancestors to intercede and help them through. The Greek or Russian Church, also the Roman Church, pray to the saints to intercede and help them into paradise. What is the difference between praying to one's ancestors, or to the saints?

The naming of churches after eminent Christians whose names are inseparably associated with the early days of Christianity is a custom that is sanctioned by long usage. In the Protestant churches at least, it does not imply that the churches are dedicated to those for whom they are named any more than it implies that the Protestant worshipers are to pray to the saints. As a matter of fact, in every Christian Church, Christ is, or ought to be, recognized as the Head, and conferring of an individual name upon building to distinguish it from others ca detract from his headship. Ancestor wo (which is wholly heathen) has nothing t with the matter.

Alex. G. The verses you mention are Longfellow's famous poem "In the Ar at Springfield." The lines are:

The tumult of each sacked and burning villag
The shout that every prayer for mercy drov
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleagured towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asu
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voi
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

There could hardly be a grander pictu war than is presented in these lines.

G. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will you kindly in me when, where, by whom, and what occ ed the writing of the hymn,

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee, etc.?

It was written by Rev. Henry Francis (born 1793, died 1847). In 1818 he was for to console a brother clergyman, wh dying. Neither of the two was a full be er, but they studied the Bible together Lyte perceived the truth of the Gospe his whole life was transformed. To memorate this change he wrote the hym

Mrs. E. C. S., Vermont. 1. If you can vide an education for your son, without lutely impoverishing yourselves or depr your other children of their due, you wi doubt do well. His teacher's report as t boy's ability and character is such as tc tify you in making a sacrifice for his sak The passage in Tim. 5: 6 is meant as a re to the idle and improvident, who, no m what their social position and abilities worthless if they neglect to provide fo wants of their own household.

Mrs. J. A., Braymer, Mo. 1. Is it proper preacher comes home with one, after a service at church, to have him read and before retiring? 2. When our pastor en a minister to help carry on a revival, is it for the pastor to pay that minister, or fo church to do so?

1. Church services should not, in any s take the place of family devotions. should think it quite proper to invite pastor to join with you, but not to let bear the burden of the whole. 2. It dep altogether on the arrangement. In a majority of cases the church pays the e gelist.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bennie H., Chester, Pa. Already answere recent issue.

H. J. H., Worcester, Mass. We cannot su the information.

Inquirer. Write to State Superintenden Education of Colorado and Idaho for all info tion.

Reader, Topeka, Kan. Write to Dean of versity of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, or of one of the leading colleges.

E. R E., Crisfield, Md. There can be no in a reasonable indulgence in athletic sp Those that are connected with gambling shou avoided.

Reader, Baltimore, Md. Ordinarily speal there can be no objection to a student joini college fraternity. In late years, many feat that were deemed objectionable have been e nated.

Missionary Edwin T. Preston, of Jack Breathitt Co., Ky., can use Sunday School pa pictures, etc, in his work among the mour children. Some of our readers may desire to this good work.

See Pages 944-945 for Our New Premium Propositions

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There are instances when this may be inconvenient or impracticable, and then we would not ask you to share the burden; but, if altogether convenient, please co-operate with me to the extent of sending your renewal as early as possible, and be assured in advance of my sincerest gratitude for any relief you may afford me in that direction.

BIBLE HOUSE
NEW YORK CITY
November 1, 1904

Yours Truly
Klopsch

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

GOD'S LOVE FOR US

John 3 : 16	Romans 8 : 32,35,38,
John 17 : 23	Ephesians 2 : 4
I. John 4 : 10	Ephesians 5 : 2, 25
I. John 3 : 1	II. Thessalonians 2:
Romans 5 : 8	Revelations 1 : 5

D. F.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MR. NORTH IN KOREAN DRESS

AT H-SIN-MIN-TUN—CHINESE CROWDS AT THE RAILWAY DEPOT

A TYPICAL HUNGHOOZA

On Manchurian Battle-Fields

A Remarkable Journey Among the Fighting Japanese, Russians and Hunghoozas

BY FREDERICK A. NORTH

[Mr. North is already known to our readers as the correspondent who courageously traveled across Russia and Manchuria over the Trans-Siberian Railway four years ago, when the Boxer troubles were at their height and war was raging along the Amur River. He has now completed a second tour of the world, in the course of which he again traversed Manchuria, from south to north, passing through the very centre of military operations. His experiences form a remarkably interesting and timely story. The photographs are taken by Mr. North specially for this article.]

HAVING completed my intended survey of civil and military life in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, the most difficult problem of my whole tour now presented itself, that of going from Japanese authority in New-Chang into the Russian lines at Moukden; and after inspecting military affairs there, returning to America by way of the great Trans-Siberian Railroad, Moscow, St. Petersburg and London. Four years ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief account of my experiences at Blagovestchensk, on the Amur River, during the Boxer Chinese war, when I went through Siberia and around the globe from west to east. If the journey was exciting then, it was even more so now.

Hon. H. R. Miller, American Consul at New-Chwang, told me that my undertaking of getting into the Russian lines at Moukden would be exceedingly hazardous, if indeed, it could be accomplished at all. He would not assume any official responsibility in advising me how to proceed. "If I should attempt to board the railway train going to Moukden by the direct route through Liao-Yang, the Japanese would certainly arrest me and perhaps transport me back to Japan. Irwin Emerson, war correspondent for the New York *World*, told me that he had been through the lines to Liao-Yang and Moukden; but it was at the expense of all his photographs, private papers, money, passport, camera and all his baggage. He barely escaped with his life. Nothing was heard of him for many days, and it was reported in Chefoo, Tientsin, and Peking, while I was there, that he had been shot as a spy by the Russians.

There was, at that time, another way by which traders, adventurers and Chinese reached Moukden. They went around the two armies west, on the train from New-Chwang to Kaopontze, thence north to H-sin-min-tun, the terminus of a spur of the Chinese Imperial Railroad, parallel to the Liao River, though several miles west of it, and of the two contending armies; thence by Chinese cart, on horseback, or on foot, about fifty miles east, through bottom-lands, across the Liao-Lio, over the bluffs, through the land-breaks, and through vast millet fields to Moukden. The whole country round about H-sin-min-tun and the Liao River was infested with Chinese robbers and murderers called Hunghoozas.

A third way to enter the Russian empire was across the Mongolian desert, nearly one thousand miles to Kaikhta, thence across Lake Baikal to the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Everybody considered it impossible to go to Moukden by the direct route; all agreed that the second was the most dangerous, and that the third route required five weeks of privation and fatigue in the desert. Determined to inspect Russia's civil and military affairs in Manchuria, as I had already inspected Japan's, I resolved to try the second route, though repeatedly informed that it lay directly through the worst nest of Hunghoozas in all Manchuria.

REFUGEES CROWDING THE CARS AT NEW-CHANG DEPOT

Hon. E. H. Conger, our Minister to the Celestial Empire at Peking, assured me that I would not be allowed to enter any part of Manchuria where the Russian army had control; that several correspondents and others—a returning missionary, whose home had been in Moukden for more than a dozen years, among the number—had made the attempt, but in every case they were sent back. The Russian Minister at Peking said that he would not authorize any one to enter Russia by way of Manchuria, and accordingly, disregarding my request, he attached his vise to my passport, "*via* Kaikhta," as the place for me to enter the Russian empire, which afterwards caused me considerable trouble.

In New-Chwang there were Hunghoozas, and many "crooks," who sympathized with and harbored the robbers. Arson, robbery, and murder would have been committed, but for the presence of soldiers who policed the city. Foreign business men, and especially merchants, feared there would be general pillage between the time of Russian evacuation and Japanese occupation. In fact, bandits came down the Liao River, expecting to plunder the city, but from the going away of the Russians in the morning, to the coming of the Japanese in the afternoon, there was so little time, that the reign of terror had only commenced, by firing the town-hall, and attacking a few citizens, when it was subdued. So quickly did the military government of New-Chang pass from Russian to Japanese, that the citizens scarcely realized the change, except for the presence of Japanese soldiery in the streets, war vessels in the river, and the blown-up Russian gunboat which was destroyed as they left the city, and now was visible at low tide, half out of the water, like the Russian ships I had seen a few days before at Chemulpo.

Rev. John Carson, from Belfast, the resident Presbyterian missionary, told me that the presence of Japanese soldiers in New-Chwang was preferable to that of the Russians. In the course of our conversation, he said: "Right over the wall of this compound, there in the cemetery, is the newly-made grave of one of your American correspondents, who was shot by Chinese soldiers." This bit of information did not make me over anxious to commence my intended expedition among

JAPANESE GUARDS AT NEW-CHWANG

Stereograph, Copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood.

A STREET SCENE IN MOUKDEN

RUSSIAN GUARDS ON THE MANCHURIAN R. R

the Hunghoozas and their friends, the Chinese soldiers

Anticipating that I might be arrested and searched by the Russians as soon as I should appear in front of their lines, and perhaps be taken as a spy, I sent all my photographs, note-books and valuable papers to America before leaving New-Chwang. The Japanese detectives, thinking I intended returning to Peking, required only my name, address and nationality, as I took the westbound train out of New-Chwang. Nearly all the passengers were Chinese, both on the main line and on the branch, most of them third-class, in open, flat cars. At Li-chia-no-pang, Yao-yang-ho, Pai-chi-pu, and at all other stations on the railroad to H-sin-min-tun, there was a squad of about twenty Chinese soldiers drawn up in line on the platform, and they came to present arms as the train arrived. These soldiers have loose-fitting, blue cotton uniform, straw hats and rifles, but they do not possess the martial bearing of the Japanese.

At H-sin-min-tun, the terminus of the line, there was a great crowd—Chinese soldiers, coolies, freighters and others—but there was no station-house, nor even a roof over the bags of grain and other freight, which I saw piled up along the switch tracks. Not speaking Chinese, I found difficulty in securing a place to lodge, and in making arrangements to cross the country to Moukden, until I met a kind-hearted Red Cross Chinaman, who had lived in Tientsin and learned some English. He conducted me through this typical Chinese town.

Six dollars was the ordinary hire for a Chinaman and his mule cart to Moukden, but all the drivers now charged twelve dollars. I inquired the cause of doubling the regular price, and was told that three Russian travelers had been killed by Hunghoozas, near the crossing of the Liao, the night before, directly on our intended course to Moukden. Further inquiry revealed the fact that in a rugged hill, which I could plainly see a few miles north of H-sin-min-tun, there was a camp of three hundred Hunghoozas, of whom nineteen were Japanese. Their commander-in-chief had served as colonel in the Chinese army, and had fought the Japanese in 1894. I tried to hire several different Chinamen to take me out to this camp of Hunghoozas, but each replied that there would be great risk of losing one's life if he should approach their camp.

Two mules tandem were hitched to that most uncomfortable of all vehicles, the Chinese cart, my two valises were put inside, and taking my seat opposite the driver, my feet hanging down, we started out briskly on the Moukden road, intending to overtake some traders who were going to the same destination. But a load of merchandise, drawn by eight mules ahead of us, got stuck in Manchurian clay mud, such as impedes the artillery of both armies, and we could not pass, until with shovels, cruel whipping, and awful cursing for an hour, the men finally extricated the load. The roads were so rough and the cart so abominable, that I preferred to walk much of the way, enduring a ride in the cart only when footsore and tired out. A man on horseback with army rifle and side arms, dressed very much as a Chinese soldier, asked to be my guard, in the same manner as the armed Bedouin escorts travelers from Jerusalem down to Jericho and the Dead Sea. When I declined his services, he rode on ahead. His appearance was suspicious. I must confess that I feared highwaymen. About noon, we came to the right bank of the Liao River, and I was glad to see the Greek traders who had started out in the morning ahead of us. They had traded with the soldiers and people in South Africa during the Boer War. At the ferry there were eating booths, where the natives sold melons, fish, meat, bread and drink. An old scow boat, poled by Chinese, took us and our carts across the muddy river. My driver did not seem to know how to make our mules swim with those of the Greek traders; so, after exhausting ourselves to no purpose, trying to chase the mules into the water, they were ferried over. All baggage was boated over, but the mules (excepting our two) swam across, at times nothing but their heads or noses being visible above the water.

I recognized the armed guard whom we saw in the morning, crossing the ferry with his rifle strapped on his back. He was eating a piece of melon, when, with my pocket kodak, I photographed him standing on the scow. To me his appearance was peculiar. One of our mules ran away and before we could catch him, the Greek traders, who did not appear afraid of regular soldiers or bushwackers, had hitched up their teams and started on. The fellow with the gun and side-arms, mounting his horse, started on a road that turned to the right, through millet fields, and told my driver to follow him; but as I was on foot, I motioned him to follow me along the main road taken by the traders.

At some distance east of the river, we came to the hills overlooking a long stretch of the Liao River valley, north and south. Here we met the pickets of the Russian cavalry, and were immediately ordered into the camp, some half a mile further up. As soon as the colonel saw the armed Chinaman who pretended to be a guard, he ordered him disarmed and confined in the Russian camp, subsequently telling me that the fellow undoubtedly belonged to the Hunghooza gang. I felt

ONE OF THE ANCIENT TOMBS IN MOUKDEN

sure that if the fellow were proven one of the robber band, he would be shot without any unnecessary delay.

The passports of the Greek traders being regular, their cases were quickly disposed of, but I was politely conducted to other quarters still further up the hill, and critically, though gently, examined by the colonel. He required me to tell him each step in my journey there, and explain why I proposed returning to America *via* Manchuria and Russia.

"What did you see in Yokohama and Tokio that was peculiar to these war times?" he asked. "I suppose you are a correspondent and have a kodak. You will not be allowed to take any photographs east of the Ural Mountains," he continued. "You see," he said, "Russia now has on her hands the greatest war in her history. In the two opposing armies, there are more than half a million men in the field in Manchuria. We cannot insure the safety of travelers."

When his adjutant called attention to the fact that the Russian minister at Peking had viseed my passport "*via* Kaikhta," I thought further progress towards Moukden was at an end. But I continued to answer all his questions, and to show him other papers, written in Russian, explaining my mission as "educational and scientific," and that my work required my return to New York by the quickest route. I did not tell him that I had visited Russian prisoners in Japan, had seen the Japanese military schools, hospitals, and army in the field. The colonel finally said:

"Your answers are so frank and your appearanc trustworthy, I shall send you under cavalry esco the commandant at Moukden, and if he sends you to me, I shall have you escorted to H-sin-min-tun. passport, other documents and my letter of explan will be taken to Moukden under seal by the orde I suggested that he request for me a personal view with the commandant. I went out from colonel's quarters with a light heart, for, under protection of Russian regulars, I had no more fe Chinese brigands, and I felt confident the commar at Moukden would permit the liberty I desired.

During the rest of the day, that night and the day, I was with the kindhearted and accommod Russian soldiers. They shared with me their l bread, tea and hard tack, and took of my white b sugar and Chinese cakes. I bought watermelons cucumbers from the natives, and the soldiers took they wanted without paying for them. For horses' fodder, and eggs for themselves, they pa small amount. Russian soldiers are poorly paid.

About nine that night, we bivouacked in an deserted Chinese hostelry. After partaking of ou bread and boiled eggs, and stationing a guard in and one outside the enclosure, we lay down to slee new-mown hay, with our blankets over us. The was clear and cool, and I wrapped myself in my overcoat. Two of the soldiers slept in a hays where the horses were feeding.

Awaking at break of day, I saw a soldier kin the fire for breakfast with dry millet stalks, whic about the size of our stalks of Indian corn, and extensively for fuel in Manchuria. I noticed that camp in the morning contained twice as many sol as had come with us from the cavalry outpost, the Liao River; but I did not know from whence additional troop came, nor whither they intended g nor did I ask.

Our escort from this bivouac up to Moukden composed of an entirely new set of troopers. The tile and productive region through which we trav might well be compared to Sangamon county, Illi except in the kind of crops. Whether the Russia Japanese army occupies this part of Manchuria du the coming winter, neither men nor horses will go gry. The whole country, from Peking to Harbi distance of seven hundred miles, is filled with br stuffs, fodder, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, dairy ducts, horses and mules. All army supplies b double price in Manchuria, and the natives are get rich fast. There is plenty of money in Manchu brought there by the two armies, and people gener except in cases where property is destroyed, are the war has come. They serve either army with same alacrity, and receive good pay for any kin service.

Both armies are spending money freely. I l seen many herds of cattle, horses and mules, bou up by the government agents, driven into the vast a camps. The natives are using every available me of transportation to carry hay and fodder to the a horses—carts, wagons, mule-backs, and even co backs, are pressed into the service.

Some time before we reached Moukden we could the towers of the pagan temples of that city, and railway station, which is two miles from the west g I shall never forget the scenes that presented th selves as we came within the jurisdiction of the g Russian army. Thousands upon thousands of sold accoutered for battle, horses, artillery, long trains cars on the numerous side tracks, Russian flags, m of white tents, whistling locomotives, storehouses ing constructed, coolies laying ties for more side-trac loads of ammunition, Red Cross tents, bakery ov officers on horseback and in droskies, trains arriv loaded with heavily armed men, gensdarmes, Chin carts and jinrikishas, were a few of the many sce before us, as we drove up to the railway station.

There were three of us whose passports and p ence at the seat of war must be investigated by commandant on the morrow—Russians are proverb for deferring business until "to-morrow." We were it then appeared, destined to remain all night on hard benches of the station waiting-room, under gu of two Russian soldiers, and the writer was to have subsequent experience in Moukden, which might v be considered "the experience of a lifetime." That perience will be told in my next letter.

Neglected Altars Restored

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

AN ORIENTAL TREASURY

SOLILOQUY of King Joash: "I am now thirty years of age, and I have been the reigning King of Judah for twenty-three years. And this is the gladdest day of all my reign thus far, because it marks the completion of the restoration of the Tem-e of God. I have come aside to my bedchamber at the ose of the day, that I may think it all over alone. I recall y childhood days when I played among the fallen stones, hich made good hiding-places for me. And then the time me when I began to ask questions of my uncle, the high-iest Jehoiada, and my aunt, Jehosheba. Where is my ther? Where is my mother? Why is this place all broken wn? Will I always live here? I remember that neither y uncle nor my aunt told me the terrible secret of my life itil they had determined upon my crowning day, on my venth birthday. But they made for me a happy childhood. "My young soul was strongly stirred by the answers they ve me in reply to my questions about the Temple being oken down, as they pointed to the temple of Baal near by, d told me that wicked men had taken the stones away m God's home to build the temple to the idol god. And y uncle used to say: 'Some day you and I will bring them back again.' And I never tired of hearing him tell over d over again how we would build up God's House. It is all pictured in my childish imagination, and became a ry part of me."

1. Restore the Church Altar. Two influences caused the cay of the Temple in the days of Athaliah. One was her in vicious Baalism, and the other was the cowardice of God's ople. The Temple was not more broken down than e cowardly worshipers. So to-day, nen church edifices are more beauti-l than ever before, the real church, e membership, is in many places badly oken down, caring more for money, d pleasure, and politics, than for God d the good of men. A wide stretch of en ground near an English manor house is carefully planted with larches, and nes, and cedars. But the owner, busy London, failed to safeguard them ainst the sting nettles, bramble sprays, d hawksweed, that grew all about the ung trees in the second summer, and nothered them. When the owner came ck from London in the autumn of the ond year, there was scarcely anything be seen but dead trees, killed by the ttles and neglect. So the spiritual life some churches is being smothered with gressive euchre, and dances, and clubs (Mark 4: 18, 19).

To save the church to-day, we must not ly give money, but time, and thought, d love to God and man.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself:
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give, the more we live.

There is no place in our modern church-more in need of repairs than the amily pew," from which the children the family are conspicuously absent. o wonder young men drop out of the urches altogether when they drop out the Sunday School, having never been customed to attend church. "As long my boy sits at my table he must sit in y pew," said a father whom we may as-n to the old school—a wise school, was not? Senator Hoar, a man of liberal th in matters of religion, deplored, in a blic address, the laxity of discipline nich has followed the softening of old, id lines. He would see the boys and ls in the pew with their parents every nday.

In one of Dr. Torrey's recent evan-listic meetings in England, a baby cried the audience, and the parents pre-red to leave. Dr. Torrey saw it, and stopped his sermon g enough to say: "That baby is not disturbing any one. I glad you brought it; I wish you would bring more of the bies." It so happened that the father of the baby was an rnest Christian, but his wife was unconverted. He had ged his wife to accompany him to the meeting. She said: canna' go, here are all the bairns." Her husband replied, Dress the bairns, and I'll take them along." Accordingly, e bairns were dressed, and taken along, and through Dr. rrey's kindly patience, remained through the meeting. e mother's heart was touched. She was convicted of sin, d when the invitation was given, she went forward while e husband stayed with the bairns. There is great room r tact and patience in winning souls.

We are startled to read that in some of the state churches road, and in former times in this country, unconverted nisters were assigned to churches. Why should it not em equally strange for a church to have unspiritual people nging in its choir, teaching in the Sunday School or en-lled on the membership list? One of our best hymns, itten by an English rector, Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, was itten after he had been summoned to the death-bed of a low minister, who then realized that he was not a Chris-n. But the preacher called to comfort him, was also rced to confess he was in the same condition. They both turned to God for help, and not in vain. The new life in Christ of Lyte, poured itself out in the hymn

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.

Surely that should be the spirit of every leader of Church life! In Africa, about Lake Victoria, tens of thousands of people are dying of the "sleeping sickness." The disease seems to be scattered by a tsetse fly, but no antidote has been discovered. The victim falls into a sleep that lasts from six weeks to two years. Alas, there are thousands of churches and church people dying of the "sleeping sickness" in a form that attacks not the body but the soul! How much better that the Church and its members should illustrate the new and wonderful radium, being so filled with the divine spirit, that radiations of noble inspiration to right living shall be felt by all around! These *n*-rays, discovered by M. Augustin Charpentier, are given off from muscles and nerves of men and animals. When we speak, these lustrous rays increase about the skull, and vary as the voice is high or low. When the arm is contracted, these luminescent rays are intensified in the cervical enlargement of the cord. Even attention and intense thought increase the rays. Really more wonderful, though not a new discovery, is the radiant influence of Christian thoughts and words and deeds, such as should abound in every church.

2. Restore the Family Altar. Even more serious than the dilapidated condition of the family pew, is that of the family altar in many professedly Christian homes. Nothing will do so much to keep out knots of strife from the web of home life, as a daily family altar. Nothing will be more likely to check tendencies to sin in sons and daughters, even when they have gone from home, than memories of family worship. In a "Sailors' Haven," there was a concert one night, a very poor one, but after it came a few Gospel songs, preceding the collection. One of these songs was

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

After this came the collection and benediction. The missionary in charge expected only a few pennies, but on counting the collection, found on the card of a young millionaire, whose presence he had not recognized, a pledge of $15,000. The missionary in going for it asked how the giver was prompted to make so large an offering. He replied: "It was that hymn, 'Awake, my soul,' Twenty years ago, when I was a boy; my grandmother used to sing it; she used to hum it as she went about the house; and when I heard it last night, it flashed over me that my soul needed waking up. Grandmother's hymn did it." The hymns of the home have wrought many such an awakening in fulfilment of the promise: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Let us store the memory with shields from the family altar.

3. Restore the Personal Altar. Daily private prayer at opening and close of day is possible anywhere, and is our duty and privilege everywhere. A young sailor in the navy was remarked on for his calmness and presence of mind in his first battle. "How was it, my lad," asked an officer next day, "that you were ready for everything yesterday? You moved about as quietly as if you were by your mother's fireside, though so brisk." "Please, sir, it was because I was alone with my God for half an hour the night before the battle began." "Impossible, surely," said his questioner. "There was such hurrying to and fro the whole time. I never saw more going on, on both decks." "Yes, sir, but it is true. I finished my duties; then I was alone with my God in the crown of my cap."

JEWISH MITE — THE SHEKEL OF THE SANCTUARY

Browning notes as an object of awe, the man who really prays:

The man sprang to his feet, stood erect, caught at God's skirts,
And prayed, so was I afraid.

But the man who really prays is not himself afraid even of an Athaliah. He will be true to his faith in face of want and death. At Ningpo, China, some missionaries were preaching with colored pictures. A company of native basket-makers heard of the pictures and went. The theme was the story of the Prodigal Son, and they heard for the first time of a Father-God, of pardoning love. Three stayed to hear more, and came again and again, till their neighbors said: "They are turning Christians," and began to persecute them. Two were turned back, but one, Neng-Knei, stood firm.

"You will not work on Sunday?" exclaimed his employer. "Well, you will lose your pay." This meant the sacrifice of at least a third of Neng-Knei's little income. His master did not particularly object, knowing that the clever workman could do all that was to be done in six days labor where another man would have taken seven. The wages had been low enough before—only two pence a day and his food; but now he had, out of his reduced receipts, the extra expense of purchasing provisions for Sunday, which could not cost less than two or three pence. The busy season came round, and Neng-Knei found himself one morning at the house of some grandees. The simple Christian workman stood in the audience hall. There was a sound of approaching footsteps, a rustle of silken garments, and through the curtained archway entered a dainty group—the great ladies of the house. "You are the basket-maker?" Their directions were soon given. Incense-holders were required, which Neng-Knei was to make. "I can not!" replied the man. "I am a Christian, and no longer worship idols. I cannot make or sell anything for idolatrous purposes." Amusement followed surprise. Can it be that a poor basket-maker has a conscience opposed to his own interests? They asked him many questions, and Neng-Knei made the best of his opportunity to tell the story of the Cross. They did not seem much interested, soon grew tired of listening, and tripped away. "What was that you were saying?" Neng-Knei looked round, and met a searching glance, half incredulous, half expectant, wholly earnest. A man in working clothes was standing by him. "You did not see me? I am painting here," he said. "What was it you were saying? I heard, but tell it once more." The good seed of the kingdom had found here its "good ground."

"THE KING'S SCRIBE AND THE HIGH PRIEST CAME UP AND TOLD THE MONEY"

Jesus saw the poor widow put two mites into the Temple treasury (Luke 21). There are two mites that each one of us should bring:

There is one great lesson that should make strong and vivid our personal faith that stands out in this story, and that is the fact that God's Church and God's truth survive all the Athaliahs, and Jezebels, and Voltaires, and Tom Paines that attack it.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime:
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out you know."

And so I thought the anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

International Sunday School Lesson for November 13. Joash repairs the Temple. II. Kings 12: 4-15. Golden Text: Neh. 4: 39: "We will not forsake the house of our God."

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Gentle Life

II. TIMOTHY 2: 24:
"BE GENTLE UNTO ALL MEN"

THE great moral leaveners of the world have used but little blasting powder. They are not past-masters in the "High Order of Babbling Quarrelers." Like the laborers, lifting higher and higher the walls of Solomon's temple in Jerusalem, they make but little noise. They tread the pathway of life with feet, for the most part, sandaled in velvet. Their voice is not an angry growl, but a dulcet whisper. Their breath is not cyclonic, but a summer zephyr. Their countenances are not twisted with the demoniac passions of a Hogarth's caricature. Their eyes are not flashing with the lightnings of a Mediterranean euroclydon. They are red lipped, and laughing eyed, and rosy cheeked, and with tender touch, with the happy smile of a glorious June sunrise. They believe not in hurling storm-cloud against storm-cloud, until the deluge comes and the bridges are swept away and the harvest fields are battered down, as though two mighty armies had turned the valleys into a gigantic battlefield, where the heavens were resounding with the cannonading of the elements. But they believe in the "Gentle Life." They believe in the golden pulleys of evaporation, gathering up the waters into the reservoirs of the clouds, to be scattered abroad in the blessed refreshment of April showers. They believe in the gentler means, which produce life, and not in the fierce, passionate methods of the iconoclast, the anarchist and the firebrand, which destroy life.

Nature's Gentle Processes

Nature has her storms, eruptions and earthquakes, which in her angry moods carry death and destruction in their path, but the gentle ways are always used by nature to accomplish her greatest good. Standing upon a ship's deck some day, I say, "Where did yonder tall, straight mast come from?" "Why," you say, "hundreds of years ago, a bird was flying over the Maine hills towards her nest, with a little seed in her mouth. The keen eye of a hawk spied her. When the hawk began to soar higher and higher in the heavens, that he might make one terrific plunge upon his prey, the little bird saw him. Before she fled to safety, she gave one little frightened cry. When she uttered that cry, her bill opened and the seed dropped to the ground. A gentle wind blew up the valley and covered over that seed with a little soil. A little shower then came and moistened that soil, and the little seed began to sprout. It took root. It grew into a bush. It grew up into a sapling. It rounded out into a great big tree. One day a Maine lumberman came through that valley. With his axe he marked that tree for the shipyard. The tree was cut down. It was dragged to the river and floated down to the sawmill. It was scraped and fixed for a mast. When this ship was launched that tree was fitted in its present place for man's use. Nature developed that tree, not in the upheavals of a day, but by the gentle ways of maturing years.

"What will become of that tree?" "Why," you answer, "by the same gentle means with which that seed was changed into a tree, nature will also change that tree into something else. Perhaps, next week or next month, there will be a storm. This ship will roll and tumble in the trough of the sea and threaten to founder. The captain, in order to lighten the ship, will put his trumpet to his lips and cry, "Cut away the mast." When the boat gives a lurch to leeward, over will go the mast. That mast will float around the sea, until after awhile it will become water-logged. Then it will sink to the ocean's bottom. Then the waters will cover over that log with submarine deposits. Years later, that log will be changed into coke. Then, by a gentle process, the coke will be

Changed into Coal

Then, years later, the bed of that ocean, by certain changes, will be lifted. The submerged continent, which now lies buried between Africa and America, again may be raised above the waters and toss back its wet locks and put on another crown of green foliage. Then the miners, with their pickaxes will begin to dig out the coal. They will come to the old tree now changed into coal. This tree as coal will then be thrown into the open grate of some home, to be built a thousand years hence. Then about that burning coal another Ik Marvel may have his reveries, or perhaps before its glow two young lovers may plight their troth, while the flames leap and sputter and laugh at the old, old story which they hear—that old, old story of love, which is ever new. As nature gently and quietly changes the seed into a bush, and the bush into a sapling, and the sapling into a great tree, so it will gently change the tree into coke, and the coke into coal.

Nature deals gently with her own in her wonder-workings. Paul, the old Gospel veteran, tells young Timothy, who is about to succeed him, to deal in the same gentle way with the human trees he is about to try to develop into spiritual maturity. Paul practically says: "Kindness, and gentleness, and love will accomplish far more for Christ than hate, or bitterness, or fault-finding." The old Psalmist cried out in rapture, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." May we, by Gospel gentleness, make others great, even as Christ's gentleness can make us great.

Be Gentle at Home

The gentle life of the Christian must be manifested toward those with whom we come into closest contact. We first of all should be gentle to our parents, our wives, our husbands, and children, and brothers, and sisters, and home associates. We should be gentle when we arise in the morning, and prepare for the breakfast table; be gentle when we are fixing the children for school; be gentle when we kiss our wives good-bye as we start for the train; be gentle when we come home at night from the store; be very gentle when we tuck away the little ones into their beds for the night. For it is by the gentle words, the gentle deeds, and the gentle memories that we hold our greatest influence over our dear ones, and not by the rebukes and the censoriousness of our bitter tongues.

The old proverb teaches: "One warm sunshiny May day can woo more buds out of the trees and bushes, than five months of winter frosts can ever accomplish." One word of gentleness can accomplish more for good in the lives of our dear ones, than a thousand angry looks can ever do. You know that your mother's smile, your mother's kiss, and your mother's sweet ways, were the greatest magnets which made you try to do right. They were not your father's punishments and sharp rebukes. You know that your wife's gentle ways have far more influence for good over the lives of your little children than your sharp corrections, although your wife rarely lifts a hand to strike them a blow. Why, only last week this fact was illustrated to you in an emphatic way. You told your boy not to do a certain act. You told him not to go to a neighbor's house. He went. When you came home you found it out. You were angry. You said to yourself: "I will make that boy mind me, if I have to whip him for his disobedience." You took him to your room and thrashed him. Did that whipping do any good? Not a particle. The same angry look which flashed from your eyes, flashed from his. The same set lines which drew down the corners of your mouth, drew down his. He did not cry, he did not even whimper. He took his punishment in dogged silence, and then he sullenly went to his room.

There is an old saying that all the natures of the wild and the domestic beasts are caged up in every man's heart. It only depends upon which cage you open, which nature will dominate the man. In the heart's menagerie are the jackal, the lion, the tiger, the swine, and the lamb, and all other kinds of four-legged beasts. That whipping which you gave your boy only developed the mulish part of his nature. He became obstinate and ugly. The more you beat him, the more obstinate and mulish he grew. The rod and the rebuke never made your child bend his will to your will.

Gentle with the Children

But what happened when your wife went to your boy's room? Ah! she recaged the snarling tiger and the kicking mule in his heart. She let free the lamb of his better nature. When she first went in, his eyes were blazing with rage. His teeth were gritting together. His hands were clenched. He was rapidly walking up and down the room. Up and down he went. When your wife first entered, he would not look at her. But up and down he walked, up and down. Then he said: "Mother, I am going to leave home. I am not going to college. I am not going to let father give me another cent. I am too big to be whipped, and he might as well know it now and once for all. Mother, I hate him! I hate father, because I know father has no love for me!" What did your wife do? Did she begin to scold? Oh, no. She simply went up to her boy and put her arm lovingly around his neck, and said "Harry, why Harry! Are you going to leave me? Would you leave your mother? Oh, my boy, you know not what you are saying!" The boy started. The tears began to flow. He never even whimpered under your blows, but with his mother, he just sobbed like a little child. Then she took his head upon her breast, and began to gently talk to him. She told him how anxious you were to see him grow up to be good and true and brave. She told him that you had a right to expect obedience from him, and that it grieved you to have to punish him. And while she talked, his heart melted, and he was as soft as wax in her hand. That night, in the quietude of your room, your wife said: "Husband, never strike that boy again. You will r the day that you do. You can get Harry to do a thing, if you are only gentle with him. But strike hi and some day he will either strike you back, or lea home in anger forever."

We all know that it is only by gentleness we ha our greatest influence over our loved ones. Yet, stran to say, when anything goes wrong at the store, or the home, and we lose our tempers, we nearly alwa turn our anger against our own children, or our o wives, or our own husbands, or our own brothers a sisters. If the cook is mean and suddenly leaves us the lurch, or the laundryman ruins our best wash dress, or we become fatigued from the spring or t fall house-cleaning, or our clerks cheat us at the sto then we are very apt to vent our displeasure upon c helpless children, or our wives or husbands, who ha done nothing. The domestic squalls and upheavals a often due entirely to outside causes, and not to insi dissensions. Now, my friends, let us, one and learn to guard against speaking harsh words agai those we love. Let us deal gently with those who by our side, and who are bound to us by the strong t of domestic affections.

Deal Kindly with Foes

Remember that in the influence of the "Gentle Li in the home, we can serve God just as truly in t small things and in the little duties as in the gre "In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatnes wrote Edward Howard Greggs, "we must not und estimate the value of a simple, good life. Just to good; to keep life pure from degrading elements; make it constantly helpful in little ways to those w are touched by it; to keep one's spirit always sw and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability that is an ideal, as noble as it is difficult." But that an ideal which God will let us all reach, if we daily to him in prayer. That is an ideal we all should try reach. For in order to have our loved ones spiritua sweet, we must set them an example and avoid manner of petty anger and irritability. We ourselv must learn by practice to be true types of the Chr tian's "Gentle Life."

Deal gently with father, mother, husband, wi brother, sister and child. Yes, but the text go farther than this. It bids us deal gently with the who are fighting us and our work, because they do n see conditions as we see them. We should deal gen with our enemies, as well as our friends, with our c tractors as well as our supporters, with our defamers a with those who are doing all they can to destroy us. the great coliseum of the world's struggles, we shou never do as did the ancient aristocrats, brutalized the spectacle of the gladiatorial combat. When t victor in one of these fierce fights had beaten his foe the earth, he looked up to the spectators for a signal tell him if his prostrate enemy was to be killed or have mercy shown him. Then even women, so far f got the tenderness of their sex, as to turn down the thumbs, which was the signal to finish the wounded ma We should always lift our thumbs up. We should n give the signal, "To destroy." We should signal alwa "To save," no matter how much the prostrate foe m hate us and our work. If this Pauline commandme bids young Timothy to be gentle with his friends, also commands him to deal gently with his enemies.

Long Memories

Thousands of men are ready to say they will be ki and gentle to their friends. They are not ready, ho ever, to say they will be kind and forgiving to the enemies. They pride themselves upon the fact th they are good lovers. They also pride themselves up the fact that they are "good haters." If a man do them a kindness, they store that fact away in the mo secure treasure-room of the "Temple of Memory." The will wait if need be ten, twenty, thirty or even for years to pay back that kindness. I was reading th other day of a noted Eastern politician whom Willia C. Whitney many years ago befriended. This poli cian, when a young man, stood under the shadow the penitentiary walls. Whitney came to his rescu Twenty-five years later, William C. Whitney w mightily in need of a certain help. He went to th man and asked it. This famous politician turned ar said: "Whitney, I have been waiting for nearly thir years for the chance to repay you for that kindne you once did me. Now the chance has come. never forget a friend." He at once came to Whi ney's rescue. But though some people never forget friend, on the other hand, others never forgive an i jury done by an enemy. They may have to abi their time a quarter, or even half a century, but whe

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Chicago's Tent Campaign Closed

EXPERIENCE and observation taught the late Evangelist Moody that the summer is the best time for aggressive effort in reaching the masses, especially in the large cities. As far back 1886, he delivered an address in the city of Chicago fore business men, which led to the organization of Chicago Evangelization Society, the purpose of ich was to evangelize the needier districts by means tent meetings, open-air work, and house-to-house itation. This was the origin of the work which has ce grown into the Moody Bible Institute for city, me, and foreign missions.

Mr. Moody's aims and policies are still adhered to,and ring the past summer the Institute has had in operatn two tents and a Gospel wagon. The tent campaign ened the middle of June, and closed when the cold d wet weather set in, about the middle of September. e capacity of one tent was 1,000, and of the other people. They were pitched in five different localies. Gospel wagon meetings, and open-air meetings re held in co-operation with them, thus reaching usands on the street corners who uld not be induced to come inside en a tent.

Among the prominent speakers who ok part in the campaign were Rev. nes M. Gray, D.D., of Boston; angelist S. H. Hadley and Rev. John Elliott, D.D., of New York; Rev. nry Montgomery, of Belfast, Ireld; Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, of Monticlo, Ind., in addition to local pastors d Christian workers, including Mr. m Mackey, Mr. Norman H. Camp, angelist E. R. Dow, and A. P. Fitt. Singing was made a special feature fall the meetings, under the leaderp of Prof. D. B. Towner and others. e students of the Moody Bible Institute assisted throughout in the sing, personal work and visitation. The imated number of persons who atded inside the tent meetings were 762 in 226 meetings; 305 persons de definite public confession of rist as their Saviour and Lord.

The usual programme was: General etings, every evening; children's etings, from Tuesday to Friday ernoons (inclusive); women's meets, one afternoon each week; and n's meetings, Sunday afternoons. me incidents of the campaign, showg the results are given below:

One evening at the close of a service, gentleman who was in a careless te concerning his soul's salvation, ough his wife was a Christian, said a worker: "I intend to go home and t right with God."

The benediction had been pronounced, and the man was standing in the passage-way with a baby in his arms, and shaking hands with the worker to whom he had just made the above remark. Another worker came up, and having heard what was said, asked:

"Brother, how do you know you will ever get home? Life is too uncertain to figure on future conditions. Why not settle this all-important question now?"

And standing in the aisle, with the baby in his arms, he said:

"I will. God helping me, I will." This man's will was backed up by the power of God, and night after night his testimony gladdened the hearts of all in the tent.

About the 1st of August, while the Institute crew were conducting open-air meetings on the corner of Thirty-first and Halstedt Streets, a man, young in years but old in sin—a husband and father—came along and heard the songs, heard the Gospel, and followed the young men to the tent. He became interested, and was spoken to by a Christian worker the first night, but gave no sign of conviction. He came a second night, and a third, and a fourth. He apparently drank in everything that was said, appreciated all with interest, the different speakers and singers—but made no move. The fifth night his wife and two children also came. On the third night after the wife raised her hand for prayer, and was encouraged to stand with others to be prayed for and with. While she was standing the direct invitation was pointed at the husband: "Won't you stand with her, that your home may not be divided?"—and he stood. They were both personally dealt with by workers, and were both saved.

ONE OF THE CHICAGO GOSPEL TENTS

A GREAT GOSPEL GATHERING UNDER CANVAS

In one of the after meetings, an attractive and intelligent young woman arose and said: "Two weeks ago, I was going by this tent on the way to a theatre, and heard the singing and came in. I had been a nominal Christian before, and a member of a church, but I did not know Christ as my Saviour until I found him here. Since then I have had the happiest two days of my life;" and her face gave evidence of the genuineness of her testimony.

One night a gentleman gave a dollar for eight colportage books for free distribution, and one of the workers sent two of these books into a home by a young girl who had raised her hand for prayer. The home was that of an excommunicated Catholic family.

Through the study of these two books the family was led to come to the tent, and three young ladies gave their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. The mother attended many of the meetings, and professed to be a Christian.

These are only a few of the many cases reached by the Tent Campaign.

The GENTLE LIFE

Continued from Preceding Page

e time comes they are as vindictive as though the st injury was of yesterday. Now, my text emphaticy says: "Deal gently with friends. Deal gently with e enemy also." Love those who love you. Yes. But ve those who hate you and ill-treat you and despise u. That is the commandment of my text also.

Dare you disobey God's orders to deal gently with se who have done you an injury? If you do, God ll make you rue your defiance in more ways than one. e "Sword of Hate" is two-edged and keener than any mascus blade. With one stroke it slays a foe; but en the swordsman draws forth the "Blade of Venance," whetted with the mortal blood of his dying emy, this sword springs back with its unused edge, d slays the vindictive swordsman also. Two lives e generally destroyed. With a bludgeon you can ock a man down. With a keen, cutting speech, you can ake him wilt, and compel him to curse you under his eath. But the sharp word, the bitter word, the sarstic word never yet changed a foe into a friend. ow, my text demands that you shall try to destroy ur foes, not by crushing them, but by winning them your ranks. You are to destroy them, even as Naleon, on his escape from Elba, made Marshal Ney d his grenadiers fall at his feet, because they felt he ved them. You are to dstroy them by dealing ntly with them, by forgiving, as well as forgetting the ils of the past.

But greater sweep than the establishment of haronious relationships with our personal enemies, has e application of my text. We should try to bring ack to Christ those who are at war with their Divine aster on account of their sins. We should try to lead od's wayward children back to their Divine Father's me, even as the prodigal of the far country was led return to the old homestead. No man can truly love hrist, unless, at the same time, by yearning, tender fection, he is willing to go forth to save sinners, even he would want to save one of his own children.

To bring the lost sheep back to the Shepherd's fold ught to be the highest wish and desire of every Christian. And that is not to be done by menaces and denunciation. God, as Elijah found, is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in "the still small voice." Men may be wooed back to God, but they are seldom driven, and why should we not deal gently with God's wayward children? Do you for one instant think those people who spiritually and morally have gone astray, are having a good time? Do you for one moment suppose that the man, who, like Laocoon, knows that he and his family are struggling amid the crushing coils of deadly serpents, on account of his sins, would not gladly be rescued from those enveloping coils, if we could only go to him gently in Christ's name, and offer to him the peace and the pardon, and the hope and the eternal life of the Gospel? Ah, yes, my brother, he would, he would. No man enjoys drinking the bitter dregs of remorse. No man, for mere pleasure, would allow Satan to keep on flaying him alive, as Satan is doing to his victims, all around us. Sometimes at first, looks are deceiving in reference to this. From the opened door of the saloon, or low haunt of vice, we hear the songs and the guffaws of laughter. Then we say, "Oh, what a high carnival is sin!" But stop. Is that all?

The worst taskmaster on earth is the devil. No man so much wants to crush the power of sinful temptation as that man who has been compelled to drink the bitter dregs of despair. Do not despise him; pity him, and with gentle words try to win him back to honor and to Christ. He deserves your commiseration. Therefore, if you and I are ready to go to God's outcasts; if we are ready to go to the sinners in Christ's name and say gently, "Brother, Jesus is ready to save you; Jesus wants me to be your friend and help you!" there would be no difficulty in most cases about the spiritual rescues.

Oh, how many sinners could be brought to Christ, if we would only practice the gospel of a gentle life! It is said that one of the hardest criminals of an Eastern penitentiary was converted by the gentleness of a little child. This little girl and her father were being shown through the prison wards. When the party came to a long flight of stairs the warden turned to this hardened life-prisoner and murderer near by and said: "Jack, carry her upstairs." When the hard-featured convict stooped down to pick up the little girl she looked up into his face with a smile and said: "Jack, will you kiss me?" And when he was about to put the little one down she said: "Now Jack, will you let me kiss you?" No sooner were those last words spoken than the old criminal's heart was melted. God struck the Rock of Horeb and it gushed forth with tears of penitence. Kindness did it. The gentleness of a little child accomplished what the blows of the keeper and the iron bars could never do. Oh, man, will you not start forth from this moment to win sinful men and women to Jesus Christ by the omnipotent power of a gospelized "Gentle Life"?

To save immortals for Christ, ought to be the chief mission of man. In view of which fact, again I ask the same question I asked before: Why should we not be gentle with the sins and wrongdoings of other people? Has not God been very gentle in his dealings with our sins? Therefore, if God deals gently with our sins, cannot we, shall not we, deal gently with the sins of others whom we want to bring to the Cross?

We have seen how man in his devotion to man was ready to sacrifice his all for an earthly master. Cannot we, at least in the same ratio, be willing to sacrifice our lives to the service of Jesus Christ, to bring sinners to Christ through the influences of a "Gentle Life." Should we not, shall we not, gladly go forth to bring sinners back to the altar of mercy by kindness and Christian love? Charles Wagner, the Alsatian preacher, in pleasure-loving Paris has rung the changes in the power of "The Simple Life." To-day I preach the Gospel of the "Gentle Life"—the tender gentleness by which God made David great, and by which we can, through Christ, make others great, and, through Christ, become great ourselves.

Speak gently; it is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Mediation

RECENTLY there has been a renewal of the talk of mediation between Russia and Japan. Shocked by the ghastly slaughter, the humanitarians are now urging that the opportune moment has arrived for some friendly Power to suggest to the combatants the adjustment of their quarrel without further bloodshed. But the moment is not propitious. Both are strung to the highest pitch of patriotic intensity. One is flushed with successes; the other embittered by defeat. Neither side will listen to pacific counsel now; both are waiting expectantly for the decisive battle, which must come sooner or later, as it does in all campaigns.

Nearly two hundred thousand men have been killed or wounded since the beginning of the war; yet all this needless butchery might have been averted. There was a time when a word of pacific counsel from England, France or Germany might have closed the widening gap between Russia and Japan—a time when the Czar might have been persuaded to send the whole quarrel to The Hague for pacific arbitration. But the kings and cabinets were silent and let the golden moment pass by. And there was a time when the churches of Christendom might have exerted a united influence that would have gone far toward securing peace; but they, too, were silent. Yet not all silent; for there were bishops and prelates and high ecclesiastics who even approved of the war. Russia's hosts were sent forth to slay with the blessings of priests, and bishops, and metropolitans ringing in their ears. The cross of the Prince of Peace was waved before them, as an oriflamme to quicken their pulses and spur them to battle against the heathen. The Russo-Greek Church gave its sanction to the devastation of the Japanese, just as the English prelates did at the outbreak of the South African war.

Modern civilization rises in protest against a continuance of this struggle. Both combatants have sufficiently vindicated their claims to courage, the Japanese by their daring strategy and their reckless audacity, the Russians by their dogged determination, enabling them, like Antæus, to spring from the ground with renewed vigor after every reverse. On the hillsides and valleys of Manchuria have lain thousands of untended wounded and unburied dead. All the gentle offices of sympathy and kindness were forgotten in that struggle, when the tiger was let loose in men's hearts. Nowhere in the story of ancient or modern warfare can we recall more revolting horrors than those of the present war, with its ghastly trenches filled in with quicklime to hide the bodies that lay like carrion; its funeral pyres greedily devouring those for whom even a poor grave in a strange land was denied; its neglected wounded the prey of human vampires; its ill-fed, half-naked armies fighting a hopeless battle, with cold, hunger, and deadly fever. Surely, in the year of our Lord, 1904, such things ought not to be. There should be another and a better way of settling men's quarrels than by the wholesale slaughter of their brother-men.

Our own government has already intimated its readiness, at the proper time, to offer its services in any capacity that may result in bringing about peace in the Far East. That time may arrive very soon. Let us trust, in the interest of humanity, that the appeal of the nation, as voiced by the Boston Peace Congress, may not be unheeded, and that no false considerations may persuade us to neglect the golden moment when the peace-maker may step in, without offense.

Humble Workers

LET us be thankful that, notwithstanding all its faults—its backslidings, its inhumanity, its commercialism and its low ideals—there are yet in this old world of ours many signs of true spiritual progress. It keeps on steadily pressing forward toward the light. Every passing generation witnesses a large increase in the hosts of the consecrated workers in the field, and the ranks of Christ's followers in public and private life are steadily swelling. Our great cities, as well as the rural communities, feel the throb and the impulse of the Gospel movement. Christian effort is noted everywhere, and the Christlike kindness that finds expression in deeds of benevolence and mercy is becoming world-wide.

Search around among your own acquaintances and satisfy yourself. Look beneath the surface; get at the heart of the man or the woman, and you will be surprised to find how many there are who love souls better than they love wealth; who place Christian character far above worldly honor; who do good in secret.

We love to think of those men and women in the humbler walks of life, who, in a worldly age, so live and act that their examples are a blessing and an inspiration to others. While more pretentious folks are striving for fortune or the world's applause, they are quietly going about their Father's business. In the shop or store, in the church society, in the home, they are sowing the good seed diligently, faithfully and with perseverance. All honor to these workers. The world is the better for them. Without them, and their simple teaching and spiritual influence, it would be a sorry world indeed.

The Workingman and the Church

ONE of the most hopeful signs of the times is the conference between labor leaders and the National Council of Congregationalists recently, at Des Moines, Iowa. Ministers of churches from every section of the country were present, and at their invitation the workingmen, especially those holding office in labor unions, came and explained their attitude toward the Church, and toward capital. Some of them were very frank in declaring their lack of confidence in the Church, but they were encouraged to proceed and to give their reasons for their opposition. This step has been delayed longer than is wise, but we are glad to see that one denomination has taken it, at last.

It was well that the ministers should learn that their apparent lack of sympathy with the struggles of the workingman has produced an impression that Christianity is for the rich. The mistake was a natural one, but it is so contrary to the fact, that the faults which have led to it cannot be too soon corrected. Christianity is for the rich and the poor, but not because they are rich or poor. It is for all men. The accident of their position does not include or exclude either class. The teachings of Jesus, as has been well said, does not recognize horizontal lines of separation. It is not an upper or a lower class that it sees. The line of separation that it does recognize is vertical, separating the good from the bad, and there are rich men and poor men on both sides of the line. It does not open the door of heaven to the poor man because of his poverty, nor close it against the rich because of his wealth. It looks to character only, and recognizes no other distinction. If the talk of the workingmen can bring ministers to see how the misconception of Christianity has arisen and enable them to remove it, the Church and the workingman will alike be benefited.

It will be an advantage, too, to both, if the Church no longer holds itself aloof from the struggle between labor and capital. The workingman is entitled to the sympathy of the Church in his efforts in two directions. As one leader explained, he was surprised that the Church did not actively participate in the struggle for restricting child-labor. In this the Church is directly concerned, as the welfare of the child was a part of its programme. It is concerned, too, in the shortening of the hours of labor. The time is not long past, as the ministers were reminded, when in some trades, fifteen hours was considered a normal day's work. When a man has worked for six days of such a length he is not in a condition to attend church on the seventh. Yet in the struggle which has reduced the length of the working-day, the men had been compelled to fight alone, and had not received from the Church, in its corporate capacity, the help to which they were entitled. They were conscious that the influence of the Church was helpful to them, and as one of the leaders said, "The labor movement thrives best where there is most Christianity, but there has been too little active help where the workingman might have been led to expect it. He has been alienated from the Church, because he felt that, though he had righteousness and justice on his side, the Church, to which he naturally looked for help, held aloof.

In short, the reproach of the workingman is the burden against Meroz, that the children of God have not come up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The workingman has retaliated by fighting his battle alone and leaving the Church. It must be confessed that he has proved himself able to look after his own interests, but the Church has suffered for its inaction. Had it gone to his help, his regard for it would have been increased, and perhaps there have been occasions when its influence in the trade councils might have moderated his demands and inured to his ultimate benefit.

Whatever the outcome may be, it is a good thing for both parties that this frank exchange of opinion has taken place. The Church has taken the right step in learning at first hand the causes of the alienation of labor. It has shown its sympathy with labor, and we may hope that the Committees organized in the interest of the workingman will do much to broaden this sympathy and remove misconceptions on both sides.

"The Heart of the World"

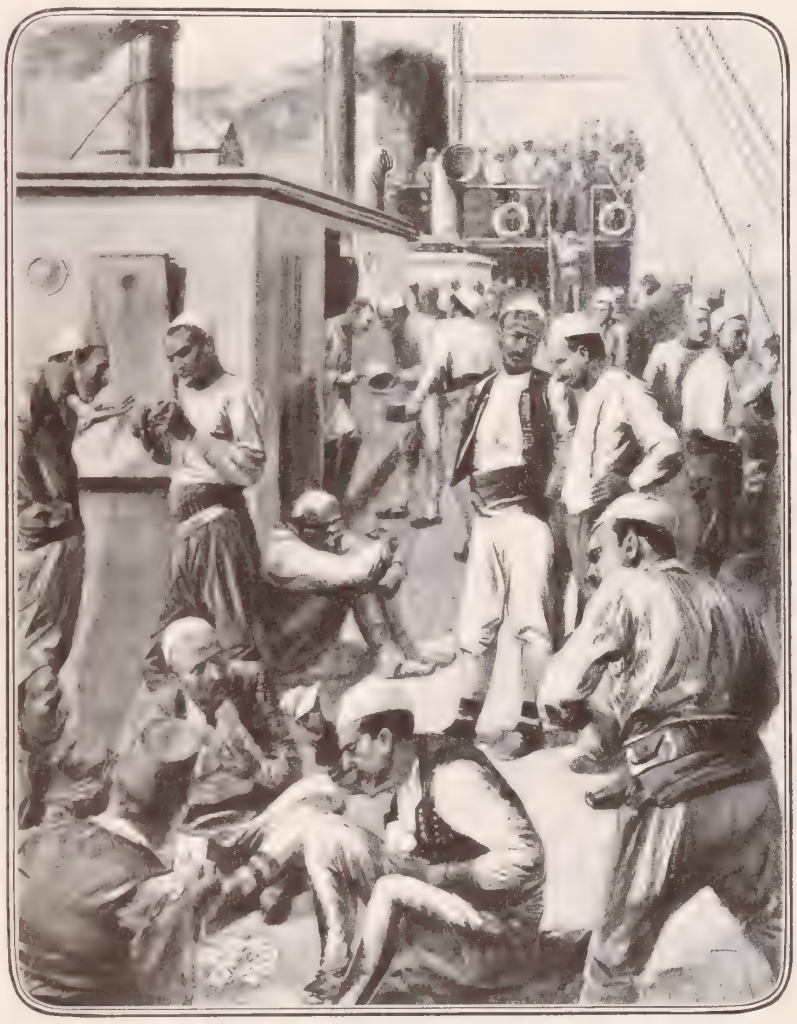
UNDER the above title, a new serial by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon will be begun in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at an early date (November, 1904). This story is one of singular intensity and earnestness, and will be read with great pleasure and profit. Not only is the action of the narrative such as to claim attention, but the characters are drawn by a man who understands human nature, with its greed for gold and power. Vividly and naturally, he shows the force of the love of God in transforming the unregenerate. He shows most conclusively that no plan, however Utopian, can solve the complexities or reconcile the differences which assail those who live in this age unless it includes as its fundamental principle the law taught by Jesus, in his words and his life.

Pastor Sheldon draws his characters with a master hand. They move through the story, spurred on their way, and dominated by the most natural influences both from within and without, until a more potent influence than money, social position, or any other worldly lure comes into their lives. This illuminating influence makes possible a seeming miracle of change in more than one of the most unpromising characters that go to make up the cast in this drama of real life. There is no straining after effects, from the beginning where the hero renounces wealth, position, and the adulation of admiring crowds, to work according to conscience, until the end, when he sees and realizes the great good accomplished in following the leadings of his high ideal. The Reverend Frederick Stanton is a manly man, who has the happy faculty of arousing the best quality in others, and he is never at a loss to give a clear, common-sense reason for the faith that is within him. There is a great and glorious principle enunciated in the book which the reader will quickly discover, and which none can fail to approve, so ably does Mr. Sheldon champion it. When his opponents cross swords with him on the absorbing sociological questions which are agitating all thinking minds of the day, his arguments are convincing and conclusive. The charming woman who marries him is in sympathy with her husband's efforts, helping and sustaining him during many a season of trial. There are no lay figures brought in for effect. Each character has a distinct purpose and serves it well. No one should fail to read the opening chapters of this story; they will need no urging to continue to follow the fortunes and struggles of these people, who are not the fanciful creation of a writer's brain, but living, vital personalities, who, with worldly aims and selfish desires, find no happiness until they are led through love to understand the "heart of the world."

Turkish Recruits

RECENT travelers in the Turkish Empire give a significant account of the class of men from whom the Sultan is drawing recruits for his army. They are said to be the fiercest, most sperate set of men in the country. A group of them board a transport going to military headquarters is otographed in the illustration on this page. Their rd merciless character shows itself in their features. ey are chiefly Albanians and form the most desrate and vallant of the Sultan's army. They come m Albania, a district lying on the coast of the driatic, south of Montenegro. It is nominally under rkish government, but its people show little regard r any authority. They are really a law to themselves, d it often happens that one town or strict is at war with another. The cliate is fine and the soil fruitful, but little grown in the northern districts but aize. In the valleys a little rice and rley is grown, but the mountain terraces e used as pasture for herds of cattle d sheep. In the Epirus regions there e olives, mulberry and fruit trees. ven cotton and indigo might be grown ere, but the inhabitants are indifferent the development of the country. The re stalwart of the men drift into the bber bands which infest the mountains Macedonia and after a time enter the rkish service. The population of the untry is said to be about a million, but e number of Albanians, counting those the Sultan's army, is much larger. They e absolutely without conscience and can trusted to carry out the most cruel and utal orders that are given them. In the solation of Armenia, they bore a proment part and were the most dreaded of the Turkish soldiers. The native Alnian is of middle stature; his face is al, with high cheek bones; his neck ig; his chest full and broad. His air majestic and his costume picturesque. verse to regular industry, his whole deght is in war and plunder. The only y in which any semblance of order is aintained in the province, is that which e Sultan has adopted of drafting the ders and most turbulent spirits into s army. They were originally nomilly Christians, but the greater part ve, from motives of self-interest, beme Mohammedans. It is, however, no common thing for the family to be vided, the women and children going the Russo-Greek Church, while the ther goes to the Mosque. That such en should be employed by the Sultan to rk his will on his inoffensive subjects characteristic of his government, which rresponds to the picture drawn by the cient prophet:

Her princes in the midst thereof are like wolves ening the prey, to shed blood, and to destroy uls, to get dishonest gain (Ezek. 22: 27.)



ALBANIAN RECRUITS FOR THE SULTAN'S BODYGUARD

iding His Knowledge

A man who died recently in circumstances of extreme ualor in Chicago, had a strange experience. Some ars ago he was working in a Colorado mine. There ere mines all around it that were paying well, but this ine had proved practically worthless. Though it was lieved that there was precious metal there, it could t be found. One day the miner while at work struck it with his pick a lump of ore that he believed to be luable. He put it in his pocket, and at the first portunity took it to an assayer, who confirmed his pression of its being rich. He returned to his work d said nothing of his discovery. An accidental blast osed up the working and it was not re-opened. Soon terwards the company abandoned the mine altogether. he miner, remembering his find, secured a twenty-year ase of it, and set to work to find the place where he d discovered his treasure. Eventually he found it, d having borrrowed money, he recommenced digging. e was soon rewarded by finding a vein. He worked for several months, taking out a great quantity. He ally sold his claim for a large sum and then went East to spend his fortune. Gambling and dissipation soon took it all. They took more than that, for the man's health broke down and he was near death. All his friends deserted him, and he died in a wretched lodging in extreme poverty. He proved the truth of the prophet's warning:

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool (Jer. 17: 11).

An Heir in a Dilemma

A difficult question is perplexing a young man in New York. He came here from Russia about eight years ago and settled down in the city. He did not attempt to obtain naturalization, but devoted himself to the learning of the language and the earning of a livelihood. His family in Russia was wealthy, and he had never been taught any trade. He was only fifteen years of age, so that his earnings were small. Gradually, however, he made his way, and is now earning a moderate salary as a machinist. Two years ago he married and is happy in his home. One day recently he met in the city a Russian from his native town, who told him that his father was dead and his brothers were trying to find him. He had left home on account of some boyish misconduct that had provoked his father, who was a severe disciplinarian, and had never communicated with his family since coming to this country. On hearing of his father's death, he at once wrote home and learned that he was entitled to a share in his father's estate. It was believed that the share would be $125,000. The only way he can obtain it is by going to Russia and proving his identity. He is afraid, however, that if he goes back he will be compelled to serve his term in the Russian army. As this may involve his being sent to the war, he naturally shrinks from the risk. Men will frequently hesitate to endanger their lives for money, though many do not hesitate to put their souls in jeopardy to gain it.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction (I. Tim. 6: 9).

A Child Sold for a Cent

A strange bargain came to light in a court in Jersey City, N. J., last week. Two neighbors had a dispute, and in the course of the evidence produced it was disclosed that one of them had bought a child from the other for a cent. It was contended by the mother, who could not read, that she had been deceived by her husband. She said she supposed that she was selling a household utensil to her neighbor. She wanted the child back again, but the purchaser clung to it, and produced a bill of sale, to which the mother, not being able to write, had affixed her mark. The curious document read as follows: "I, Thomas Bell, do resign all claims to my daughter, Rose Gwendolen Bell, on condition that said baby be taken care of, and in consideration of which I resign all claim to said Rose Gwendolen Bell in favor of John and Rose McDermott. for the sum of one cent, and if said baby should die inside of two months, I, Thomas Bell, will be responsible for her burial, and I resign all claims to said baby from the 7th day of September, 1904." It would appear from this document that the father took the chief part in the transaction. It shows how small a value he set upon the child that was committed to his care. How different in the value that Christ sets on a human soul.

Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ (1 Peter 1:18, 19).

Deafened by Noise

In a recent lecture on diseases of the ear, a medical expert quotes a fact, which he says is well known to every doctor in towns where men work among the clatter of machinery. It is that such men are unable to hear distinctly in ordinary circumstances, but can hear clearly in the noise of the mill, where other people can scarcely hear at all. The manager of a mill in Philadelphia told him that his men "are deaf at home, and wonderfully acute of hearing in the workroom. In a quiet place, where the ordinary tone of voice is distinct and sharply defined above all other sounds, they have to be almost yelled at by others conversing with them, and yet in the din of a mill they can carry on a conversation where the average person could not hear a shout. Yet, if the two were away from the mill, it would be the mill employee who would have trouble with the conversation, unless loud speech was resorted to. Away from the clatter of machinery to which his ears have been accustomed for years, the mill hand is more or less deaf, but in the midst of the rumble his sense of hearing is very keen." Unhappily the spiritual ear is affected in a similar way. A man who gives himself up to the acquisition of a fortune, is able to hear quickly enough in his business, but is often deaf to the "still small voice" that speaks to him.

A dreadful sound is in his ears; in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him (Job 15:21)

BRIEF NOTES

From a letter just received from Rev. E. Ryerson Young, we learn that the sermon published in our issue of Oct. 12 by him was his sermon, but the portrait which accompanied it was the portrait of his father, Rev. Egerton R. Young. We were misled by the similarity of names and regret the mistake.

Rev. Samuel H. Wilkinson, of the Mildmay, London, Mission to the Jews, is on an extensive tour in this country with a view of arousing an interest in the churches in behalf of his mission. He has already visited many of our large cities and is now in New York and will remain until Nov. 15. He will be glad to deliver lectures with illustrations by stereopticon of the life of the Jew in Palestine, Russia and London.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE story begins in an ancient tower in Provence, where, early in 1793, the Marquis de Vaudémont, a French noble, his grandson Honoré, and his granddaugher Louise, aged seventeen, are besieged by a mob of their former tenants, reënforced by Jacobin soldiery, led by Jean Garron, an enemy of the marquis. Garron, through his violence and excesses in the "Reign of Terror," has been made a lieutenant in the French Navy, and is in command of the besiegers. In the defense of the tower, the three de Vaudémonts are assisted by Brébœuf, a retainer of the family, and by Aurore, a peasant woman, foster-sister of Louise. They are at the point of surrender, when an English ship-of-the-line, cruising along the coast, appears in sight, throws a few shot into the besiegers' camp, lands a party and rescues the besieged. The landing party is in charge of Lieutenant Macartney, an Irish officer in the English Navy. With the landing party is the captain of the ship, Sir Horatio Nelson. The young Comtesse Louise de Vaudémont admits them at the gate of the tower. Nelson transports all the de Vaudémont party to Toulon, which is in revolt against the Jacobins. Macartney falls in love with Louise, but his suit is met with cold disdain.

The siege of Toulon is described picturesquely. The arrival of a young French artillery officer, a military genius, is followed by the capture of Fort Musgrave, and the immediate abandonment of the harbor by the English fleet. Many fugitive Girondists and Royalists embark on the English ships. Amid scenes of terrible confusion the French Republican Army storms and pillages the town; the inhabitants being slaughtered with ruthless ferocity. Again the de Vaudémonts are rescued and received on board an English frigate, which is now commanded by Macartney, and are taken to Italy.

The scene now changes to 1798. Honoré de Vaudémont gets a command in the French Army, but plots to capture Napoleon. The old marquis and his granddaughter take ship for Brittany, to head a revolt in La Vendée. They are captured by a French fleet, and are put aboard *Le Tonnant*, under the command of the marquis' old enemy, Jean Garron. Among the papers of the marquis, is one which reveals the plot against Napoleon. Garron holds the marquis in confinement, and threatens to betray the plot to Napoleon, which will cause the death of Honoré and of the marquis, unless Louise consents to his suit. Macartney in his frigate is also captured by the French fleet, and, by a singular coincidence, finds himself a prisoner on *Le Tonnant*. He is surprised and delighted at again meeting Louise, and renews his suit with better hope. Brébœuf apparently turns traitor to the marquis, and becomes the trusted retainer of Garron. The latter makes a startling proposition to Macartney, offering to release him, and to betray the whereabouts of the fleet to the English, if Macartney will give up Louise Macartney ostensibly accepts, and Louise is told by Garron of the British captain's faithlessness. By a clever ruse, Macartney compels Garron to let him take the marquis and Louise with him, in one of the ship's boats, while Garron is a prisoner in his cabin, disarmed and guarded by Brébœuf, who has now returned to de Vaudémont's service. Macartney lands his party at Alexandria, and the marquis meets Bonaparte, while the Irish captain sails off to seek Nelson and the British fleet. The marquis discloses Garron's plot to Napoleon, and the latter sets out with a party to rescue Brébœuf. They reach the fleet just in time to save the Breton. Garron, the traitor, is executed instead. Meanwhile, Macartney finds Nelson, and the latter proceeds to Aboukir Bay, to give battle to the French fleet.

Book Six—Nelson

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued

THE BAND OF BROTHERS

BRUEYS, singularly enough, in one of his conversations with Bonaparte, which has been preserved, had pointed out the disadvantage of receiving an attack at anchor. Yet when the time came to put his remarks in practice, he was in a painful state of uncertainty, whether to remain where he was or to get under way.

For one thing, he at first felt sure that the English would not engage. Then as the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure* were seen, increasing the number of his enemies to fourteen, he began to have an idea that perhaps they might attack him. He, therefore, decided to get under way and go out to meet them. According to his orders the topgallant yards were crossed.

Then Brueys abandoned this idea and decided to wait for them at anchor, or at any rate to allow the night to pass before anything was done. Certainly the English would not be mad enough to enter an unknown harbor and attack a superior fleet, say in the ratio of ten to seven, in a position of their own deliberate choice, in the dark?

It was not until after five o'clock in the evening, when the excited French saw the masterly manœuvering by which the English formed line out of apparently hopeless confusion, that Brueys became convinced that he had a fight upon his hands, which would begin just as soon as the English guns bore. How that attack would be delivered, and on what part of the line it would fall, he had absolutely no means of ascertaining.

There was something alarming in the swift, silent approach of the black English fleet. The sun was low in the horizon by the time the first ship had drawn within range. The western sky, slightly clouded, was a magnificent blaze of gold and color. The *Goliath* was coming on as swiftly and as silently as a shooting star. She was pointing straight for the head of the French line. What did she intend?

If Nelson would only lay his ships broadside to broadside of the French fleet all the way down the line, Brueys felt confident that he could at least stand him off in a drawn battle. An ordinary admiral would have done this. Brueys would have done it himself, and being an ordinary admiral, he had no way of fathoming the purpose of an extraordinary admiral like Nelson.

Neither he nor any one, save a certain old officer of the ancient French navy, quietly walking up and down the poop-deck of *Le Tonnant*, his granddaughter upon his arm, his faithful Brébœuf by his side, realized that what Brueys anticipated would certainly not be the thing that would happen. The admiral's view was that of a spectator. He had no duties to claim his attention, no interest in any particular ship. Dupetit Thouars, who had also been educated in the school of de Suffren, might have suspected something, had he not been so busily engaged in preparing his ship for action.

Expecting, as did their admiral, to be fought on the starboard side, the French captains, instead of casting overboard all necessary impedimenta, including the spare cabins which had been built upon everyone of the liners to accommodate the army officers, piled the dunnage up in great heaps on the larboard side, between the guns. Brueys' fleet was somewhat short-handed, but there were over a thousand sailors on the four frigates lying inboard of his line, who were in no danger from battle ships so long as they kept quiet and attended to their own business. The etiquette of war in that day kept battle ships from firing upon frigates, unless the frigates provoked an attack by joining in the battle. Brueys, as a final measure, directed that the bulk of their crews should be sent to re-enforce his ships-of-the-line.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE GRAPPLE OF THE LEVIATHANS

A FEW minutes after six o'clock, flags were broken out from the mastheads of the English ships. Nelson was only a Rear-Admiral of the Blue, but he had a peculiar affection for the white flag, and by his order, among the ensigns displayed upon the British ships, was the white ensign of a Rear-Admiral of the White. This flag, with its red cross of St. George, would be distinguishable in the darkness and could by no chance be mistaken for the French tricolor. He had also ordered all his vessels as soon as night fell, to string four lights horizontally from the mizzen peak. There was always danger that mistakes would be made, and Nelson felt that this would reduce danger to a minimum.

The *Goliath*, hard pushed by the *Zealous*, had barely maintained her place at the head of the line. Foley had clewed up his topgallant sails in preparation for battle, but the *Zealous* forereaching him, he had been compelled to set them again.

His ship made a magnificent picture as, with her sails gleaming white against the red glow of the dying sun, she swept down toward the head of the French line. Foley himself stood on the poop-deck to leeward, being the point from which best to observe the enemy, staring at the ships ahead of him. Although it was not yet dark, he could see the battle lanterns, which had been lighted in preparation for the coming battle, sparkling through the long lines of open ports with their black-throated guns, around which clustered the persistent and ancient enemies of England.

There was perfect silence throughout the ship, broken only by the uneasy groaning of the timbers, and the creaking of yards and cordage under the pull of the great topsails, as she swiftly slipped through the heaving waves rolling over the shallow ocean floor. The deep voices of the leadsmen in the main chains on both sides of the ship calling out the depth of the water in their rude but rhythmical chant, were the only sounds from human lips that could be heard, as the mighty *Goliath* rushed at the enemy.

Everything was ready. It only remained for the battle to be joined. The water was shoaling rapidly. The keel of the *Goliath* was perilously near the sandy bottom already. The time for a momentous decision had arrived. As Foley stared at the bows of the first French ship, the mighty *Guerrier*, something more than two hundred yards ahead of him, his keen eye detected a buoy floating far forward of her bows. The French ship was riding to a long scope and that buoy marked the position of her anchor. There was no order as to just what he should do with his ship, but Nelson's words in one of the conversations they had had on the *Vanguard* during the cruise flashed into his mind. "Where there is room for a French ship to swing, there is room for an English ship to pass," and to anchor, too!"

He would do it! Instead of rounding to on the outside of the French line, he would cut across t bows of the anchored ship and bring up on the otl side. Amazing and portentous resolution! He risk his ship for the gain that would come.

Foley had been with Rodney at the Battle of t Saints when the old man broke through the Frer lines. He learned then that it was a bad habit of t French to pile their dunnage on the disengaged si He could do more damage and receive less hurt th than to windward. Other ships might follow his e ample; others still might drop along the entire side the French line. He saw the coming battle in his mi as if it were a picture. That great line of Frer ships would be caught between two fires and crush to destruction.

"I intend to throw my fleet upon the French v and center," Nelson had said.

Whether it would be better to station two Brit ships, one off the bow and the other off the quarter each French ship, both on the same side, or whetl it would be better to double on the French line, wa question. Foley decided quickly, and decided corre ly, that doubling was the proper move.

It was twenty minutes after six now. A burst flame and smoke from *Le Guerrier*, another from t next astern *Le Conquérant*, and the battle was join

"Call the men from the chains!" said the Engl captain quickly. They were of no use to him; he h decided. "Man the larboard battery! Hands by t tops'l and t'gallant sheets and halliards! Lead alo the clew-lines! Steady!"

There was a little confusion, soon settled, as t men shifted to the larboard batteries and as the s trimmers took their appointed stations. The Fren broadsides, badly aimed, had done little or no dama to the English ships. Into the smoke the *Golia* drove with headlong speed. Almost abreast of h and a little to windward, came the *Zealous*. Fol glanced aft, and there, keeping magnificent ord swarmed the war monsters of England. He had or time for a single look.

The guns of *Le Guerrier* were speaking again. Sh began to come aboard. Men fell here and there. T crash of splintered timbers was heard above the ro of the discharge. The men looked at their capta Did he intend to run down *Le Guerrier*, now clo aboard? But no. He leaned over and spoke to t man at the helm. Slowly the spokes of the wheel r volved. The great ship swung up to the wind slight Another moment and her bowsprit drew across t head booms of *Le Guerrier*. The battery on B quières Island was sputtering fire. It was too f away to do much damage. No one paid any attenti to it.

Hood in the *Zealous*, close behind the *Goliath*, sa Foley's astonishing manœuvre. Was the *Goliath* g ing to pass athwart the hawse of the French flee Expecting every moment to take ground, yet holdi on with the same indomitable determination th marked Foley, Hood came following after with h noble ship. Now the *Goliath* was fairly abreast *Guerrier*. Every gun on the English ship bore up the French vessel. Hollowing his hand, Foley shout out a fierce command. Instantly the whole side the *Goliath* burst into flame. At pistol shot distanc every gun double or triple shotted, swept *Le Guerri* with a besom of destruction.

"Settle away sheets and halliards!" roared Fole "Clew up and clew down! Hard up with the heln Load and fire! Give it to them, men!"

At once the sails upon the yard-arms disappeared if by magic. In the excitement they were clewed up the yards, which were hauled down to the caps in le time than it takes to tell it.

"Let go the starboard anchor!" shouted Foley.

By Nelson's orders, every ship had fastened a cab around the mizzenmast, carried it through a ste port and thence outside the ship forward, w..ere it w bent to one of the bower anchors. Nelson directe his ships to anchor by the stern. This precautic would prevent them from swinging under fire as the would have done coming down the wind if they ha anchored by the bows, thus giving the French a chanc to rake them. Anchored by the stern they could g ahead simply by veering cables, and as the wind woul be aft it would give them immediate control of the ships in case it became necessary to make sail.

Something was wrong with the anchor, howeve and it did not drop until the *Goliath* had swept pa the antagonist which she had elected to fight, and ha dropped down to the larboard quarter of *Le Conqu rant*, and the larboard bow of *La Spartiate*. Right o the heels of the *Goliath* came the *Zealous*. With nic seamanship, Hood dropped his anchor where Fole

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d intended to stop, just off the larboard bow of *Le uerrier.*

Hard after the *Zealous* came the *Orion.* Taking a ider sweep, Saumarez threw his ship across the bows *Le Guerrier,* raking her for the third time as he ssed. Then he crossed the stern of the *Zealous,* d ran swiftly down outside of the *Goliath* now rcely engaged, her guns in one continuous roar from e rapidity with which she was fought.

Inboard of the French line lay the first of the frig- es *Le Sérieuse,* a forty-gun ship. As the *Orion* me sweeping along, the frigate foolishly opened fire on her. To her first broadside, Saumarez paid no tention although Barker, his first lieutenant, be- ught him for permission to return it.

"No," said the captain, "perhaps she will come arer."

Sure enough *Le Sérieuse* veered cable, and again ened fire on the *Orion.* With a sudden sweep of the lm. Saumerez swung his great ship in toward the igate. She had invited her own doom. At close nge, within the length of a cable, one mighty broad- le was hurled upon her. She was dismasted, her ns dismounted, and in five minutes she sank, fortu- tely for her crew drifting on the sands as she did The *Orion* then anchored abreast of the fifth ench ship, *Le Peuple Souverain.*

After the *Orion* came the *Audacious.* Gould did not to round the French van ship. He boldly thrust his ssel in between *Le Guerrier* and *Le Conquérant,* king *Le Guerrier* with his starboard battery and *Conquérant* with his larboard guns as he did so. e came to anchor off the bow of *Le Conquérant,* and her he clung, raking her th every shot.

Into the smoke of the ttle the *Theseus* now nged. Cool, calm, col- ted as any captain who er fought, instead of ing outside of the Brit- ships engaged on the er side of the French e, Miller, observing the ench were firing high, lmly sailed the *Theseus* tween the *Zealous* and *Guerrier,* so close to latter that their yards nost touched; past the *udacious* and *Le Con- érant,* between the *Go- th* and *Le Spartiate,* uring shot and shell in- each of the French in ccession, while receiv- little damage himself; l at last dropped an- r by the side of *Aquilon,* just abaft the *ion.*

Hard on the wake of *Theseus* surged the ghty *Vanguard.* The citement of the past two nths had completely parted from the little miral. Ice is the only rd to describe his cool- ss. Yet the accentuated llor of his face, and the ry blaze of his eyes, ved to exhibit the mag- ficent exultance of the n, as he watched the rvelous handling of his ps by their captains.

strong, northerly wind carried the smoke of the bat- far down the lines, and every manœuvre was as in, and as easily to be understood as if he had been tching a game of chess. Never in the history of val warfare was there so magnificent a spectacle, as s presented that summer evening in the Bay of oukir.

Nelson, accompanied on one side by Berry, on the er by Macartney, slowly paced the deck of the *Van- rd.* As on every ship, her men were at quarters. e was ready for action, and her crew thirsted for the ment when the attack was to be made.

'Look at Foley! See how he takes his ship to action, if the eyes of England were upon him!" exclaimed lson, unconsciously quoting Jervis, as he leaned far er the weather rail and stared past the other ships of l van, to see what the leading liner was about.

'He will be into the French ship," said Berry ickly, "if he doesn't change his course!"

'His word, like that of Troubridge at St. Vincent, ll be 'Let the weakest fend off,' I fancy," said the at admiral, smiling with stern pleasure at the recol- tion.

'What's he about, I wonder?" queried Macartney, ning the others and staring at the bulk of the great p outlined blackly against the setting sun.

'We shall see in a second," answered Nelson. "If guess rightly, he will cross the bows of——"

'He springs his luff!" cried Berry suddenly. "He irs up!"

"You're right! She's going inside!" answered Macartney. "She'll take ground, she'll take ground!"

"No," said Nelson, "what did I tell you? *Where there is room for a French ship to swing, there is room for an English ship to pass!* Magnificent! There goes her broadside. Well done, *Goliath!*"

An instant after, a terrific crash was heard above the irregular rattle of the French fire, as the English van ship let fly her larboard battery in the face of *Le Guerrier.* The overwhelming sound told those seamen who clustered around the black guns on the lowest deck in the very vitals of the flagship that the first blow had been struck for England. A spontaneous cheer burst forth from the men on the *Vanguard.*

"There goes the *Zealous!*" cried Nelson. "Right in her track. Raked again. Heavens! Yon French ship must be a slaughter pen! Where's Foley?"

"He's brought to, abreast the third ship, sir," cried Macartney pointing.

"Now it's the *Orion,* superbly handled like the rest!"

"Look at the *Audacious,* Sir Horatio! She's breaking through the line!"

"Ay, ay," said Nelson, "and there go both her broadsides at once! It's magnificent! Were there ever such captains as mine, Macartney? Berry, 'twill be our turn soon. Take another look through the batteries. Let no man fire until the order is given!"

"Admiral," said Macartney, who had happened to look to seaward, seizing Nelson by the arm as he spoke, "look yonder! The *Culloden!*"

"Macartney!" cried Nelson, "she's ashore! Poor Troubridge! He would give his soul to be here! Who's that with him?"

"Instantly the whole side of the 'Goliath' burst into flame"

"The *Leander.* And *La Mutine,* I think."

"I pray God he can get off. For his sake, mark ye, Sir Robert, for his sake, not mine! The loss of the *Culloden* gives us the odds that I like. The greater the honor."

"The *Theseus* is passing between our ships and the French, sir."

"There's no better seaman nor fighter in the fleet than that daring American. What would Troubridge give to be here! Look yonder, Macartney! Did anything ever come on more gallantly than the *Minotaur* and the rest?"

"Splendid, splendid!" cried Macartney. "It's a pity the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander* are so far away."

"There will be plenty of chance for them to get into the fight before it is over," said Nelson. "This is but the beginning. Yet I'll wager that burly Ben Hallowell is fretting his life out. Poor Troubridge's mishap will serve one purpose. They will be sure to give the shoal a wide berth. Think you she can get off in time?"

"I believe not. See! The *Leander* has left her."

"I ought to order that boat out of the line, but—ah, well, it would break Thompson's heart. Poor Troubridge, poor Troubridge! I had rather lost my other arm than——"

"Sir Horatio," said Berry, "in two minutes more we shall be in action. What shall we do?"

"Bring to on the outside of the French line. The third ship yonder will be your mark. We'll double them; and look ye, Berry, no firing until you have clewed up!"

Le Spartiate the third ship of the line was already engaged with the *Goliath* and the *Theseus,* but as Nelson's flagship came swinging along in the growing twilight she let drive a broadside at her from her starboard guns. Berry paid no attention to that and, born fighter that he was, he kept the *Vanguard* going ahead until she was almost aboard of her. He dropped anchor and brought to the ship in less than thirty yards distance from her doomed opponent. Not a shot was fired until the yards had been settled away and the cable clewed up. Then the starboard broadside was poured into the devoted French ship.

Just ahead of *Le Spartiate* lay *L'Aquilon,* one of the best ships in the French fleet. She seems to have been the only one except *Le Tonnant* which had carried out the admiral's order and put a spring on her cable; for, as the *Vanguard* came to anchor, *L'Aquilon,* not yet completely engaged, since Miller in the *Theseus* was dividing his fire between that ship and *Le Spartiate,* sprung her stern to starboard and began to rake the *Vanguard.* For a moment Nelson's ship was in somewhat the position of the van of the French line, for he was being assailed by two ships of equal force to his own, one of which was partially raking him with every discharge.

"This is hot work, Sir Horatio," said Macartney, above the roar of the battle.

"It is. But to think what it must be on those French ships yonder."

"They are raking us with every broadside, admiral," said Berry; "we can't stand this much longer."

"Thank God, here comes the *Minotaur!*" cried Nelson, as the great black hulk of the largest ship in his fleet drew swiftly past the unengaged side of the *Vanguard.* gallant Louis, standing on the rail waving his hat at Nelson. With beautiful seamanship, so soon as he cleared the *Vanguard,* Louis swung the *Minotaur* in ahead of her, forcing *L'Aquilon* back into the line and hotly engaging her. By this means he relieved Nelson.

It was six forty-five, just sunset, when the *Minotaur* opened on *L'Aquilon.* There was a gap between the *Minotaur* and the three remaining ships, the *Defence,* leading with the *Bellerophon* next and the *Majestic* last, but all three close together. It was seven o'clock, therefore, before the *Defence* dropped anchor on the starboard side of *Le Peuple Souverain,* furiously engaged on the other side with the *Orion.*

A moment after, Darby, missing *Le Franklin* in his haste to get into action, shoved the *Bellerophon,* looking very small indeed against her antagonist's towering sides, close aboard *L'Orient.* With a roar like that of a thunder-clap, the huge three-decker opened on the gallant 74. *Le Franklin,* next ahead of *L'Orient,* divided her broadsides between the *Defence,* the *Orion,* and the *Bellerophon.* Last of all the ships engaged in the first part of the action, came the *Majestic.* A good place for Westcott to have put his ship would have been between the *Defence* and the *Bellerophon,* opposite *Le Franklin,* but in the darkness, for the short twilight had faded, and in the confusion caused by the smoke, he missed that station and brought to squarely abreast the eighth French ship, *Le Tonnant.*

Dupetit Thouars had been waiting with what patience he could for his particular opponent, and the *Majestic* was scarcely within range, when he hurled a broadside into her. The two leviathans of war were soon engaged in a terrific grapple.

The position of *Le Tonnant* was much better than that of any of the other French ships engaged, as she had only one enemy upon which to concentrate her fire.

The French ships were suffering dreadfully. *Le Conquérant* literally had been the first ship to surrender. Five minutes after she struck, *Le Peuple Souverain,* smashed into helpless wreck, parted her cable and drifted out of her place in the line. She did not bring to until opposite *L'Orient.* The *Orion* immediately veered cable and followed her, dividing her fire between the beaten ship and *Le Franklin.* Saumarez' example was followed by Peyton with the *Defence.*

TO BE CONTINUED

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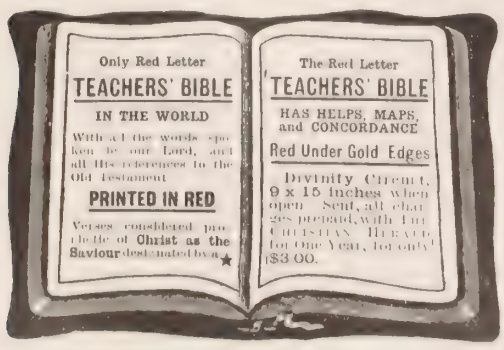

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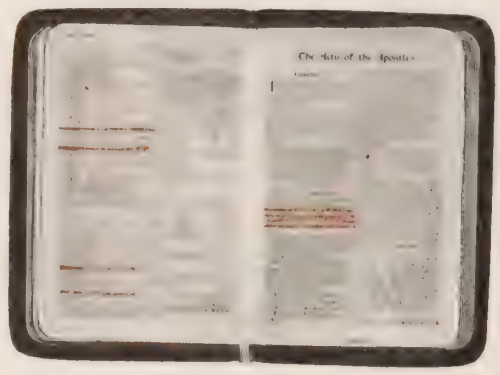

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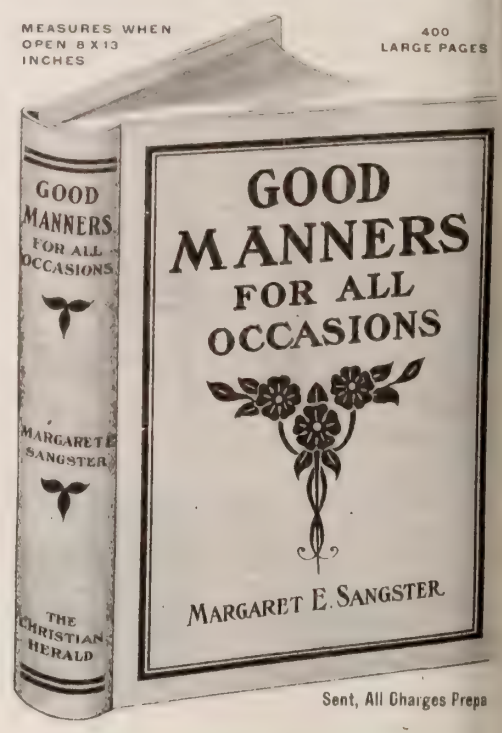

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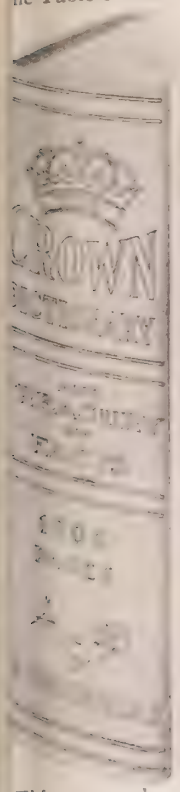

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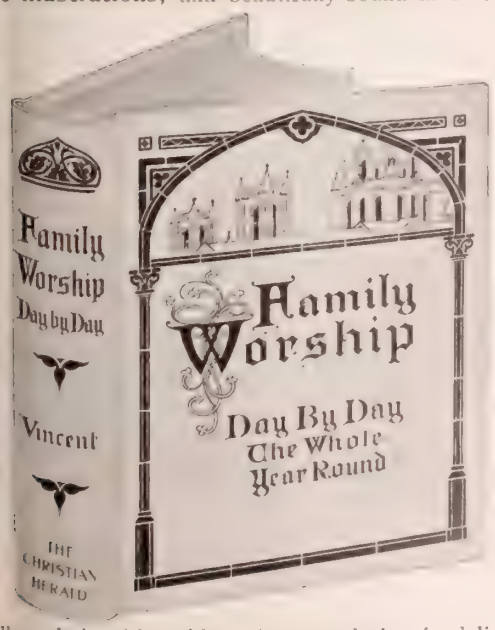

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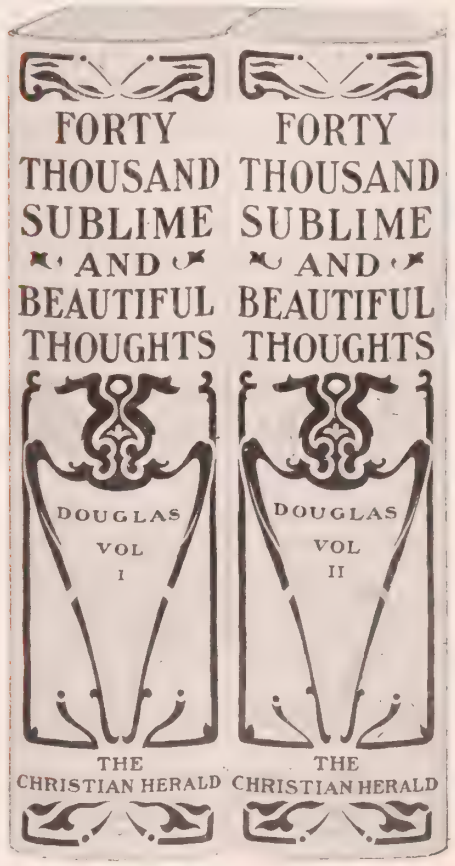

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RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER

GEN. GRIPPENBERG, who has been appointed by the Czar to command the second Manchurian army, is a veteran officer of great military experience. He is regarded in Russia as nowise inferior to Gen. Kouropatkin as a strategist. His command will consist of nearly 500,000 troops, with cavalry and artillery, practically equal in strength to the first Manchurian army now in active service. It is hardly probable that Gen. Grippenberg and his forces can take the field before next spring.

Meanwhile, the campaign in Manchuria progresses with amazing activity. The battle begun on Oct. 10 along the Shaho River, south of Moukden, was kept up intermittently for nearly two weeks. Fighting at the river and at Yentai was of the most desperate character. Positions were lost and retaken by both sides in rapid succession, and at frightful sacrifice of life.

In the first ten days of this unusual conflict, it is believed that the killed and wounded on both sides reached a total of nearly 80,000, Russia being the heaviest sufferer. The hardest fighting took place at Bensihu, where the Russians lost heavily in men and guns; at Endotiula, where hundreds of Japanese were bayonetted in their trenches; at Tumin Pass, where the Japanese artillery played havoc with several Russian regiments; at Temple Hill, where Gen. Kouropatkin had a narrow escape from death by a shell; at Shaopao, where the Japanese right drove back the enemy and occupied the town; on the banks of the Tatzeho River, where Prince Kanin, of Japan, led a desperate cavalry charge against the Russians, driving them back for miles, and capturing large quantities of arms and ammunition; Lone Tree Hill, where 14,000 Japanese who had captured the position were routed by the Russians in a determined night attack, the latter capturing eleven guns, and at the village of Chenlianpu, which the Russians captured by enfilading the Japanese.

No detailed reports of losses have been received. One correspondent telegraphing to St. Petersburg says 23,000 wounded passed through Moukden in one day. Gen. Oku's men found 1,500 Russian dead on the field in front of them in four days. Marshal Oyama reported that 2,000 Russian dead were left in front of his Centre Army, and 4,500 in front of Kuroki's line on the right. This makes a total of 8,000 dead, and furnishes a basis for an estimate that the total Russian losses in the great battle will be at least 40,000.

As far as can be gleaned from the many conflicting and fragmentary accounts, the Japanese seem to have succeeded in advancing their whole front about ten miles since the battle began, but at great sacrifice of life. The Russians were fighting to keep their northern line of communication intact, and also to relieve the Japanese pressure on their left, which threatened at one time to envelope a considerable part of their army. Attacks and counter attacks were made almost daily. One Japanese regiment under Col. Yamada was literally cut to pieces. The character of the fighting may be judged by the statement of a Russian General of division, who was wounded in the foot, and whose troops were a part of a force told off to hold the rocky heights on the east front of the Russian line during a furious battle. He said:

"The attack of the Japanese was of an unheard-of character. Their losses were terrible, as the troops had to climb almost vertical slopes in the face of a hail of bullets. The Twenty-third Siberian Regiment lifted into the air several Japanese on the point of their bayonets. The Turkish war was nothing to this one."

Correspondents describing the carnage in the long ten-day battle, record the results of the hand-to-hand fighting. Whenever the Japanese stormed a position, the Russians, after delivering volley after volley, would rush out of their trenches, meeting the assailants with bayonets, knives and clubbed rifles in endeavors to stop the advance. Hundreds were hacked to pieces with bayonets and knives, while others had their skulls crushed with rifle butts.

The surgeons on both sides found it impossible to cope with the unceasing stream of wounded. The best organized hospitals were wholly inadequate for such furious fighting. Thousands of wounded lay on the field for hours without attention, crawled in pitiful agony, seeking help and shelter. Thunderstorms increased the agonies of the wounded, many of whom cried to passers-by to be put out of their misery or to be taken out of the rain. Rivulets from the hillsides caused by the downpour were crimsoned with blood. Some of the heaviest Russian losses were among the Jewish, Finnish and Polish regiments. Bodies lay sometimes six deep after the hand-to-hand struggles.

Both armies have lately received large reinforcements. On Oct. 21, there was a truce along the whole battle-front, some thirty miles in extent. It was expected, however, that active operations would soon be resumed.

In the long-drawn engagement both sides claimed a victory. It was simply indecisive. Kouropatkin failed in his attack, but held his line. The Japanese line is also intact. The really decisive battle is yet to come.

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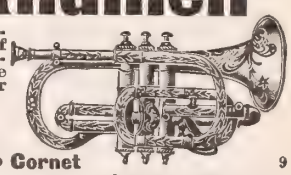
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By a Florence Crittenton Missionary

THE Florence Crittenton Rescue Home at Okubo, Japan, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on May 14th. We had four hundred guests, three hundred and fifty of these being Japanese, showing the sympathy that is felt toward this worthy charity. The foreign missionary ladies furnished cake and sandwiches. Our matron stayed up all night previous, with the older girls, to make Japanese lunch (*sushi*) which is put up in little boxes. She sold two hundred of these lunches. We did not get all our knitted shawls disposed of, but during the day we netted 132 yen, forty-five sen. This we divided equally between the Japanese and our foreign treasurer. All were pleased with the building, and a picture was given to each guest. It was dedicated free of debt. We have enough to complete the payments, and we thank God for the way he has opened hearts to give. The transfer of the property from the three private trustees to the Association known as the Zaidan cost us something over 150 yen. This we must meet, as the Japanese women during war times cannot do more than sustain the Home for six months. I am trying to make their burden as light as possible by making needed bedding, and planting a garden, so that they may get their vegetables from it, instead of buying as heretofore.

. . .

We have sent out two girls, one to service in a school kitchen, where one of our House Committee is the principal of the school. Another we sent to prepare herself to take a nurse's training. One of our trained nurses (a Rescue Home girl), was married this week to the only son of the principal of the Nurses' Association—a church wedding. We have taken two others in within the last six weeks, and they are doing nicely. Before Kimi went away to school, I racked my brain to think of something to make a lasting impression on her, and bind her to the Home. So at evening prayers, her last Sabbath, I suggested that we form a "prayer chain." Any one who prayed would be a link in the chain, and always on Sunday night we would pray for each other by name, and the one who was away, would be still a link, and before God the chain would always be complete, so long as each one prayed. I said, "you may ask God for any thing you want," and suggested things that would be proper, and things that would not be proper, and said, "now, unless you pray from your heart, God will not hear you, and you will not be a link in the chain at all." As I had said nothing about this to the matron beforehand, I felt just a little nervous lest she might think it is a little too progressive, but when I said: "will you be the first link? and then anyone who wants to, may follow," she took us right up, and one after another followed, just as they sat in a circle. Next to me a little girl about nine, who cannot yet read, raised her hand and said:

"*Sensei* (teacher), may I pray?"

"Certainly, child, if you want to."

And her simple trembling lips said: "Oh, God, make me good; help me to be obedient and keep Kimi good, Amen."

Before we got around the room, there was sobbing and confession of sin and consecration of lives. The one who sat nearest the matron was her elder sister, and until we took her in to act as assistant matron last October, she was a stiff Buddhist, and had never heard the Gospel; but morning and evening she heard it, and often I would ask her to help the little ones with their catechism or Bible reading-lesson. That night she, for the first time, prayed, making fourteen links in our prayer chain. The matron again poured out her heart in a prayer of thanksgiving, so I feel that the chain is fastened to the very throne. Our dear Kimi cannot forget her farewell meeting.

We hope the interest aroused during our building this Rescue Home may be continued, as, if we fill the Home, it will mean more to feed them, and during the war our Japanese sisters have so many other interests.

Okubo, Japan. I. K. McCAULEY.

Child Redemption in Africa

CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will remember an article published not long ago, telling of South Africa's Gospel sunrise, and how much the missionaries had done and were doing to bring the blacks of that part of the "Dark Continent" to a knowledge of the Christian religion. The importance of redeeming the children, was ably set forth by the Rev. E. H. Richards, who has labored long and faithfully among the dusky natives of that region. The invitation given to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to lend a helping hand in the work of "child redemption" has been generously responded to, as will be seen by the following extracts from letters received:

"In memory of a beloved son. To-day is his birthday, and I am trying to use the money ($15) that would have been his, in a way that I am sure would meet with his approval." Very sincerely, Mrs. F. M. Coles.

Rev. J. F. Gracy, pastor Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Lakeland, Fla., writes:

"This is a preacher's tithe money; with it goes his prayer that it may be so used as to glorify God" ($15 enclosed).

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Yoder send $15, with the assurance that the same will be forwarded each year, "as long as required." The Light Street German M. E. Sunday School Missionary Society of Baltimore, Md., sends $5, the last of four remittances of $5 each from this society. Miss Louise Hamm of Brooklyn, N. Y., sends $10, saying: "I give it with a thankful heart to God, that he may give me the pleasure to learn the way to the fear of the Lord, and to work for his name." "I. H. N." sends $5, and writes: "I expect, if God spares my life, and provides the means, to send a like amount three times a year as long as necessary." Mrs. F. A. Russell sends $5, with a promise of the remaining $10 before Jan. 1905. Ada L. Ayers and friends send $7.50, promising to send the remaining $7.50 at the end of six months. Mrs. C. E. Skinner forwards her first installment of $5.00 "for the education of a little negro boy." Mrs. Skinner says: "I count it a precious privilege to be, in some measure, the means of bringing one heathen boy to the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

In further response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appeal in behalf of the dusky little boys and girls, Miss Mary E. Green sends $15.00. Leon F. Pennipacker, a member of the "Raven's Club," of East Greenville, Pa., sends $10.00. A postal order for $30.00 is sent by Lucretia C. Ramsburg, who wishes to provide for one African boy and one girl. . . . "I wish the people would eagerly embrace such excellent opportunities to care for little heathen children. I much approve of getting the children into Christian missions, and training them to be our Heavenly Father's servants."

. . .

All contributions to this fund for African child redemption will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Intercessor

This is written with the prayer that if you are a backslider, you may be led to return to God

FATHER! I bring this worthless child to thee,
To claim thy pardon once, yet once again.
Receive him at my hands—for he is mine,
He is a worthless child but owns his guilt;
Look not on him, he cannot bear thy glance;
Look thou on me, his vileness I will hide;
He pleads not for himself—he dares not plead;
His cause is mine; I am his Advocate.
By that unchanged, unchanging love of mine,
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him,
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,
By every wound I bear—I claim it due.
Father, divine, I can not have him lost!
He is a worthles soul, but he is mine.
Sin hath destroyed him; sin hath died in me.

Death hath pursued him; I have conquered death;
Satan hath bound him; Satan is my slave.
My Father, hear him not; not him, but me;
I would not have him lost for all the world,
Thou for my glory hast ordained and made,
Because he is a poor and contrite child,
And all—his very hope on me reclines.
I know my children, and I know him mine.
By all the tears he weeps upon my bosom;
By his full heart that beateth against mine;
I know him by his sighing and his prayers,
By his deep trusting love which clings to me.
I could not bear to see him cast away.
Weak as he is, the weakest of my flock—
The one that grieves me most, that loves me least.

Yea, though his sins should dim each spark of love,
I measure not my love by his returns. [home,
And though the stripes I send to speed him
Drive him upon the instant from my breast,
Still he is mine. I drew him from the world;
He has no right, no home, but in my love;
Though earth and hell against his soul conspire,
I shield him, save him, keep him—we are one.
O sinner! what an Advocate hast thou!
Methinks I see him lead the culprit in,
Poor, sorrowing, shamed, all tremulous with fear;
Prostrate behind his Lord, weak, self-condemned,
Clad with his Saviour's spotless righteousness.
Himself to hide, and hear the Father's words;
My son! his cause is thine, and thine is mine,
Take up the poor lost one—he is forgiven.

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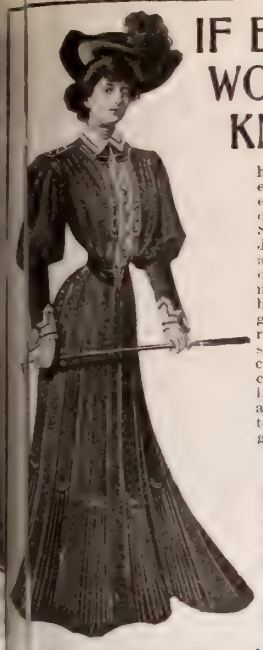

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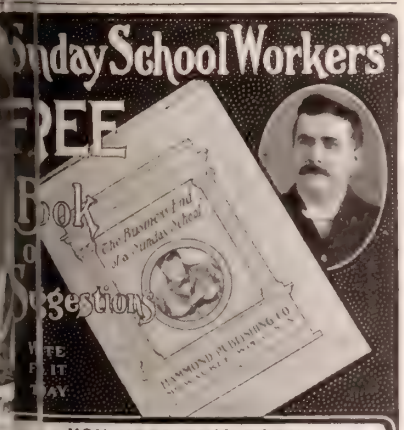

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Exiles for Christ's Sake

AMONG the numerous sects which fled to America on account of the religious persecutions in Europe, centuries ago, none have a more interesting history than have the Schwenkfelders. They alone, among the many sects, are the only ones that hold the day of the landing of their ancestors sacred. This day is to them as sacred as to the Americans is the day when the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth.

The Schwenkfelders are one of the smallest religious sects in this country. They number about seven hundred souls. They are direct followers of Casper Schwenkfeld, who was born of catholic parents, at Ossig, in Silesia, Germany, in 1490, and died at Ulm, on December 10, 1562. He was educated at Liegnitz, Frankfort, Cologne and other European universities, and later entered upon the life of a courtier for a number of years, after which he became a student of the Bible. He aided in the spread of the Reformation and helped to spread the new light in Silesia, for which he received the thanks of Luther.

Persecution followed persecution, and Schwenkfeld's followers suffered from this cause for more than two centuries, being thrust aside by the religious leaders, for certain differences concerning non-essentials in doctrine. Schwenkfeld, however, won many friends to his cause. There was a promising prospect that Silesia would embrace the Reformation by "the Middle Way," as the movement under Schwenkfeld was called. However, the opposing forces were powerful, and Schwenkfeld, to save his friends, left home voluntarily—giving his 1,000 acre tract of land unto his brother, with all his cattle.

His followers fled to Upper Lusatia, Saxony, and later they were compelled to leave Saxony. They decided to go to America, and their actual migration began on April 20, 1734. After arriving in Amsterdam in June, they came to Plymouth on July 17, and on the 29th of that month they were on the blue Atlantic bound for America. On September 22, 1734, they landed at Philadelphia, in the ship *St. Andrew*, the "*Mayflower* of the Schwenkfelders." One of the Pilgrims and nine of their children died during the sixty-day voyage. The day after their landing, they declared their allegiance to King George II., and the following day, September 24, they devoted to rendering thanks to the Lord.

After their first Thanksgiving service, a meal, consisting of bread, butter and apple-butter, was served. Annually, since that time, the Schwenkfelders have met on September 24, to celebrate their Memorial Day, known among the Pennsylvania Germans as "Gedaechtnisz Tag." The exercises consist of addresses, prayers, singing of hymns, delivery of sermons, and historical addresses bearing on Schwenkfelder history. They hold two sessions, forenoon and afternoon, and between those exercises, the clean table linen is spread over the benches, the frugal meal of fresh bread, good butter, made by the Schwenkfelder farmers, and freshly cooked apple-butter, is spread, and all the visitors are hospitably invited.

Immediately after landing, they settled in the Perkiomen region, known as one of the most fertile farming regions in Pennsylvania. They erected their first church at Hosensack, Lehigh County, in 1790. All prior services were held at the homes of the members. The Hosensack church, the first public place of worship, was built of logs. This building was replaced in 1838, and remodelled in 1893.

They have only seven churches in America, and one mission. The other churches are the Washington Church at Clayton, Berks County, erected 1791, rebuilt in 1824 and remodelled in 1883. In 1793, a church was erected at Towamencin, Montgomery County, where the memorial services were to be held this year. Another was erected at Kraussdale, Lehigh County, in 1825. In 1836, the Worcester Schwenkfelder church at Worcester, Montgomery County, was erected, and another was built at Lower Salford in 1869. The last of their churches was erected in Philadelphia, and dedicated on October 23, 1898; while a mission was established at Norristown, Montgomery County, last spring.

PASTOR O. S. KRIEBEL SCHWENKFELDER CHURCH AT CLAYTON, PA

The Schwenkfelders are strong advocates of education, and believe in Christian training for their children. They maintain one of the best preparatory schools in the State, at the head of which is one of their own ministers, Rev. O. S. Kriebel, who preaches for the congregations worshiping in the three churches, known as the Upper District. Four hundred students are enrolled, some of them from foreign countries.

During the last few years the Schwenkfelders have been active in missionary work, and have supported native workers and students in China and India, as well as Armenia. On August 30, Miss Flora K. Heebner left San Francisco for China, the first missionary the Swenkfelders ever sent to the foreign field.

The Schwenkfelders, it is claimed, had Sunday Schools in Europe more than 200 years before Robert Raikes, in 1781, opened his school at Gloucester, England. As early as 1543 they printed a manual for Sunday School instruction.

Most of the Schwenkfelders are farmers, and they own as fine farms as can be found anywhere, consisting of from 100 to 200 acres of the very best land. They are hard workers, enjoy good health, and have all the latest improved farming machinery to work with. They live simple Christian lives, and seldom marry outside of their own people. Kindness is one of their characteristics, as Schwenkfeld's cardinal point was, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and his motto was, "If I have Christ, I am not sad."

H. Winslow Fegley.

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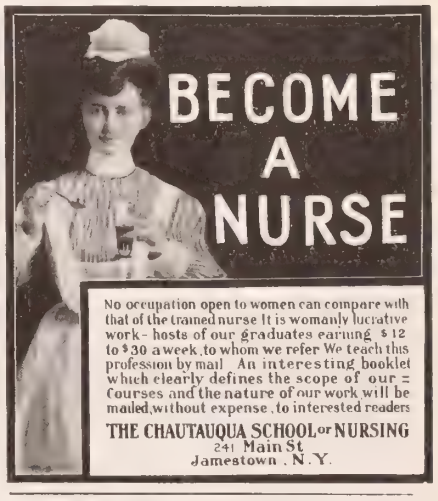

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"The Wandering Jew" Legend

IT is well known, says a writer in *The Hebrew Standard* of New York, that the legend of the Wandering Jew was circulated in England during the thirteenth century. An Armenian bishop is said to have brought it to that country. Gradually it spread all over Europe. Of course, shrewd men knew how to speculate upon the credulity, not only of the ignorant, but also of the so-called cultivated classes, and therefore Ahasuerus was seen now in one country and then in another, until the end of the eighteenth century. About the year 1267, he turned up in Forli, and in the fourteenth century in Siena. The doctor of theology, Paulus von Elgen, Bishop of Schleswig, while delivering a sermon in Hamburg, "saw him among the worshipers, garbed as a student and his eyes filled with tears."

In the year 1600, Ahasuerus appeared in the Netherlands. According to a chronicle (MS.) to be found in the library of Ghent (we cite the *Cologne Gazette*), particulars are given of another Wandering Jew. On May 25, 1623, there appeared before one of the gates of Ghent, a stranger, peculiarly dressed, bald, and wearing a long, gray beard. He supported himself on a pilgrim's staff. The citizen on guard, Daniel de Breyne, asked the old man in Flemish who he was, and received an answer in Spanish, "I am the Wandering Jew." The astonished burgher led the stranger to a higher official, who subjected him to a lengthy examination. The stranger stated that while Christ, on the way from Golgotha, sought rest in his house, he had driven him away, whereupon Jesus condemned him to wander continually until the Judgment Day, and to subsist upon the gifts of the charitable. The stranger then entered an inn, where, thanks to the alms lavishly extended him, he lived well and luxuriously. In Ypern and its vicinity he had only to show himself, when rich and poor contended with each other for the privilege of alleviating his lot. Ahasuerus was invited to dinner by the Bishop, who gave him a grand reception. Then he became the guest of many notabilities, a high Spanish officer among others. There the Wandering Jew met his fate. A servant of the officer asserted that he had served with the strange guest in the same Spanish regiment, and they often slept in the same bed. This charge was corroborated by the colonel of the regiment.

Besides, other misfortunes befel Ahasuerus. A woman appeared in Ypern whom, three months before he had married in Saint-Omer. He was compelled to admit that not only was he the legal husband of the woman, but that instead of coming from Palestine, he was a Frenchman named Leopold de Vorte, and a deserter from the Spanish army.

His confession provoked universal indignation, and the "double" of the Wandering Jew was sent in irons to Ghent, where the colonel of his former regiment turned him over to the hangman with short shrift.

Our India Scholarships

MANY of our readers will be interested in the following letter, which relates to a work in India that they have generously aided for some time past:

"MEDICAL SCHOOL, LUDHIANA, PUNJAB.

"*Dear 'Christian Herald':*—May I tell you a little about the students for whom your readers are giving scholarships and some for whom we still need scholarships?

"Mary Morton (chosen for Miss Walburn), is in her second year and is doing very well. She is a bright, superior girl, and takes an active interest in the Y.W.C.A., besides playing the organ in church.

"Salome Prem Masih, a younger sister of a former native Christian student who worked very faithfully. We trust Salome may do as well.

"Rosie Singh has been here nine months, and is training as a nurse. She also is quite satisfactory.

"Eva Ullah entered for the medical course this spring. She is putting her heart into her work. Recommended for a scholarship.

"Rajarbai, from Ahmednagar, needs a scholarship. She is a very superior girl, with an earnest Christian character. She has passed the matricular examination, and will be a very valuable worker.

"Naomi, a nice sensible girl, sent from the Hills from the A. G. M. Mission. She joined during the winter session.

"I can thoroughly recommend two nurses for scholarships, viz: Miriam, a native girl, and Alice, a Eurasian

"Your sympathy and help are a great encouragement to us. EDITH M. BROWN."

Shall We Lower the Bars?

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." I. John 2: 15.

SHALL we lower the bars, and let them in?
The whirling dance, with its oft-timed sin;
Could we ask our Lord to join us there?
Do you think he in the dance would share?

The card, with its fascinating charm,
Luring its victims on to harm;
Leading so oft to the gambling-den—
That trap of death to unwary men?

And the play-house, with its brazen glare—
Should we find our "Father's business" there?
Would our Master join the giddy throng,
With its vulgar jest, and its ribald song?

Would it speed the coming of our King,
Into the Church the world to bring?
For the Church he suffered, bled, and died;
And he by the world was crucified.

The Church is his temple, so he said—
Should she drop the bars the world to wed?
"Unequally yoked" they would surely be,
For the Church and the world can not agree.

Nay, nay! We must never yield our stand,
Nor give to the world a welcome hand.
"Dead unto sin," "in newness of life,"
We must shun the paths where sin is rife.

'Tis Satan's device to bring them in,
To lure the weak into ways of sin;
And with glowing tints he paints his lair—
Beware, O Christian! Beware! Beware!

The "road" for the Church of Christ is strait,
But ever leadeth to heaven's gate;
And pleasures the sweetest there abound;
No joys like these in the world are found.
Shall we lower the bars?

JENNIE WILSON HOWELL.

Milk Mixtures

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.

1854-1904

WALTHAM WATCHES

ALWAYS FAITHFUL

This Company embodies in its product every improvement known in the watchmaker's art. For that reason the Company can and does guarantee WALTHAM watch movements without reserve and without time limit. *"No. 820"* and *"V"* are two sizes of close-running, durable, *low-priced*, 15-jeweled WALTHAM watches. More than 12,000,000 WALTHAM watches now in service.

For sale by all Jewelers

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

$7.95 for this large handsome steel range

without high closet or reservoir. With large, high, roomy, warming closet and reservoir, just as shown in cut, **$11.95.** **Reservoir** is porcelain on inside, asbestos covered on outside. Heavy cast top with 6 full size cooking holes. Large roomy oven, regular 8-18 size. (We have 9 styles of steel and cast ranges with much larger and smaller ovens, sizes to suit all.) **The body** is made of cold rolled steel, top and all castings of best pig iron. **Grate;** we use improved duplex grate, burns wood or coal. **Nickel** band on front of main top; brackets and tea shelves on closet; band and ornament on reservoir; oven door, etc. Are highly polished, making the range an ornament to any home.

$2.95 for this Oak Heater

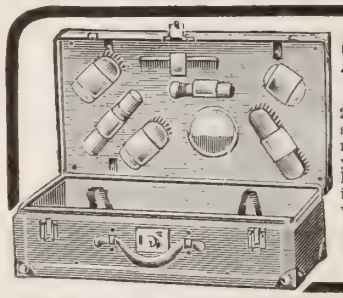
just as illustrated. Burns hard or soft coal or wood. Has drawn center grate, corrugated fire pot, cold rolled sheet steel body, heavy cast base, large cast feed door, ash pit door and ash pan, swing top, screw draft-regulator. Polished urn, nickel top ring, name plate, foot rails, etc.

We have heating stoves of every kind. Hot blast, air tights, the kind that retails for $3.00, for **80c.** Base burners at ½ the regular price

OUR TERMS are the most liberal ever made. We will ship you any range or stove, guarantee it to be perfect in construction and material and we guarantee it to reach you in perfect condition. You can pay for it after you receive it. **You can try it in your own home and use it 30 full days.** If you do not find it to be exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory in every way, and the biggest bargain in a stove you ever saw or heard of and equal to stoves that retail for double our prices, you can return it to us and we will pay freight both ways, so you won't be out one single cent.

CUT THIS "AD" OUT and send it to us and we will mail you our free Stove Catalog. It explains our terms, tells you how to order. **Don't buy a stove of any kind until you get our new Stove Catalogue for 1904 and 1905 and see our liberal terms and the lowest prices ever made.**

MARVIN SMITH CO. CHICAGO



Suit Cases $2.50

From $2.50 up to $20.65. Fine traveling bags, 22 different styles from $1.15 up. Trunks of every size and style, all at our famous wholesale prices. Our prices are much lower than those you are accustomed to paying, you will be surprised when you examine the illustrated catalogue we wish to send to any person interested in anything in the traveling line. Ask for **Special Trunk Catalogue.** We will send it by return mail.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago

Buy from the FACTORY AT DEALERS' PRICES

We Pay the Freight

We own and operate Five mammoth STOVE FACTORIES. By buying our steel and iron by the 100 tons and by making each stove in 1000 lots, the cost to us is so reduced that we can sell you a HEAVIER, BETTER MADE stove or range than you can secure at home FOR THE PRICE YOUR DEALER WOULD PAY. Our stoves are built for SERVICE and ECONOMY OF FUEL and with ordinary care will last a lifetime. Prices vary between

$11.95 Freight PAID — Your dealer would charge you about $20.00 for this. For a range usually sold by dealers at $45.00 Our price Freight PAID **$28.05**

MONEY BACK IF NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

Send a Postal for handsome free catalogue of STEEL RANGES and HEATERS at half what your neighbor paid.

Fall Catalogue 31 (free) quotes low prices on EVERYTHING FOR USE IN THE HOME. It pays to buy from the factory, TRY IT.

CLEVELAND, SCHAEFER & CO.

116 Garden City Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAF Well, Listen!

The Deaf are immediately able to hear ordinary conversation by the **Magnetic Otophone Sound Waves**, which penetrate the **Deafest Ear.** A wonderful scientific invention, which **restores hearing**, and banishes **head noises. Guaranteed Invisible, Effective, Comfortable, Harmless.** Not an Ear Drum or Trumpet. Deafness is no longer a hopless affliction. Compare it with other devices, and be guided by your intelligence. Book Free.

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Save Stove Money

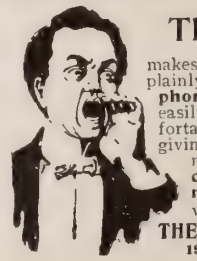
Buy direct from the factory, at half dealers' prices, and get the maker's absolute guarantee of lasting satisfaction.

Modern Gem 11.95 6-hole Range

with reservoir and high closet $16.95. Do not judge by the price—write for full detailed particulars and **Free Trial Offer.** Over 200 different styles in cooking stoves-ranges and heaters for your selection. Money back if not satisfied. Established 42 years. **Modern Stove Co. 238 Teutonic Bld., Chicago.**

DON'T SHOUT!

The "Morley"



makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature electric **phone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY CO., D. E.

19 South 16th St., Philadelphia

Pastor Sanford and the Children

TE Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, the well-known pastor of Hackensack, N. J., who recently visited our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, and gave the waifs a most delightful and instructive afternoon, writes concerning the work there as follows:

"It is with great interest that I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the accounts of the work at Mont-Lawn, the 'Children's Paradise,' for it reminds me of a very pleasant visit recently, when I had the pleasure not only of giving the children a stereopticon lecture on the Holy Land, but of catching a glimpse of the lives consecrated to noble

REV. EZRA T. SANFORD

service in this Fresh-Air work. It is well said that the one who discovers a star is a poet, and even may write his name upon it; but the one who writes the name of Jesus upon the heart of one of these children, will have established worth that shall endure when the stars named for worthy men shall have burned out like sparks from an anvil. I could wish to God that the children from all our Christian and worldly families could have a week's outing under such lovely Christian influences." EZRA T. SANFORD.

The Rainbow and the Flood

REFERRING to a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG, Mr. Chas. A. Peck, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

"Did a rainbow appear in the skies before the Flood?" The theory that the sun was perpetually obscured by mist until the time of the Flood is not a likely one, for God had long since brought his creative work to perfection and pronounced it 'good,' which he could not have done had a perfect day never been seen. The scientific explanation of the natural causes of the rainbow do not necessarily prove that a bow had ever appeared in the sky before the Flood; this, however, was not precluded to in your answer. As a token of the covenant between God and the earth, it would be meaningless if ever seen in the sky before. It may have appeared in the spray of some beautiful falls, like those of our own Niagara; but God, at the end of the Flood, lifts up from its humble position and says, 'I set my bow in the cloud,' and I am sure we are not ashamed to own it as his.

"But," someone will ask, "if the nature of the water was such that the spray of the falls was rarefied and separated the rays of the sun before the Flood, why was not the nature of the drops of water that fell from the clouds such that a bow would be caused in like manner before the Flood?" The answer is easy. The nature of the water probably was the same, and, being the same, the drops of rain needed the rays of the sun to shine on them just as truly as the mist of the falls did, a thing which, I believe, God never allowed after the Flood. Rainbows do not appear when the thunder storms come up in the middle of the night, neither do they appear when the storms clear off at midday. I never saw a rainbow when the shower continued after the sun was below the horizon. The conditions must be just right for it—conditions never seen until after the Flood—and without which there can be no bow.

The nature of water will be the same this coming winter that it was the past summer; but how many bows will be seen in the skies of the sky? As the storms of the winter season clear away without a bow, and the summer showers that continue till after sunset known cease without the decorations of the semicircular glory, so, likely, did the storms and showers of antediluvian days appear and disappear at times and under conditions that made the rainbow in the cloud impossible. Should all the while reserving it for a special purpose. This is the most natural explanation, consistent with science rightly understood, consistent with the Bible narrative, capable of being understood by a child, in harmony with God's independence of character, and the only one that satisfies. Nevertheless, it may still be true that drops of water never divided rays of light into the seven prismatic colors until after the Flood.

To Sunday School Workers

Sunday, November 27th, having been set apart as the World's Sunday School Temperance Sunday, the National Temperance Society has prepared a Temperance Concert Exercise with music and recitations suitable for the occasion. Sunday Schools can secure all they can use free, on condition that they pay expressage and take a collection for the missionary work of the Society. This is a splendid opportunity to do good work in the Sunday School and help a worthy cause. Write for supplies of Concert Exercises and Pledges to National Temperance Society, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Among the Workers

—REV. T. C. HARPER and evangelistic singer J. Owen Long have recently closed a very successful meeting at Ottobine, Va.

—THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the American Anti-Saloon League is to be held in Columbus, O., November 16 to 18. Delegates are being appointed by the church bodies throughout the entire country, and the indications are that this will be the greatest gathering ever assembled under the auspices of the movement.

—REV. FREDERICK WEISS, the well-known American missionary in Morocco, arrived in the United States from Tangier last week. He brings with him a young Moorish boy of sixteen, who will be trained here to become a worker among his own people. Mr. Weiss is prepared to speak to audiences concerning Morocco. His present address is Shenandoah, Ia.

—EVANGELIST JACOB FLUCKIGER, some account of whose work as a traveling missionary appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several years ago, has lately finished a somewhat remarkable Gospel tour. He labored successfully in Switzerland among the poor of Wisachengraben and Schonegg, Canton of Berne. Thence he went to Australia, visiting and speaking at Adelaide and Sydney; thence to the Fiji Islands, to Honolulu, and back to Los Angeles, Calif. He has no income, and his work is one of faith exclusively.

—MR. LEMUEL LUCAS JOSHI, graduate of the University of Bombay, India, is in this country taking a course in medicine, to fit him for medical mission work in his own land. He is a young man of exceptionally fine qualifications and courage, and has been able to keep abreast of the other students, as well as to carry off the one prize offered his class, that was given by Dr. Austin Flint. He is a most entertaining lecturer. Churches, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies and Literary Clubs can secure Mr. Joshi's services for meetings within reach of New York, by writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Answered Prayers

S. C. R., Roanoke, Va. "I wish to acknowledge God's loving kindness in answering special prayer many times."

A Reader. "The Lord answered many prayers for me, and I believe he will answer many more if I come to him in faith."

A Subscriber, Greenville, N. Y. "I desire to acknowledge and gladly testify that our loving Father hears and answers our prayers."

L. B., Norway, Me. "I was greatly burdened for the welfare of a dear child. I told God about it and he has wonderfully answered my prayer."

Adell C., Brighton, Colo. "God has answered prayers for me, but it does strengthen my faith so much to know so many are receiving answers to their prayers."

A Sister in Christ, Sparta, Mich. "My prayer has been answered, and many blessings added, which I did not ask for. Praise his holy name for what he has done for me."

Reader, New London County. "God has answered my prayers in regard to spiritual and temporal blessings. I find that his will is very generous, and covers all our needs of spirit, soul and body. God hears and will answer prayer. I. John 5: 14, 15."

A Reader, Waverly, N. J. "I have received much comfort reading the 'Answered Prayer' column. I have had many answers to my prayers, one recently. I feel so grateful, I must acknowledge it. I am still praying for a cloud to be lifted. Will all readers of this please ask God to help me."

M. M., Hartford, Conn. "I have read in your paper the answer to so many prayers, I would like to add mine. I prayed for one very dear to me, and the prayer was answered beyond what we even prayed for. Perhaps this will help others to try the power of prayer."

Longing Heart. "I have seen wonderful things come to pass in answer to prayer. I knew an old man past eighty, a bookseller and an infidel, converted in answer to the prayers of two faithful daughters. I have an urgent case for which I am trying to claim the promise of God."

E. C., Culver, Kan. "I wish to acknowledge a direct answer to prayer. It was at a time when human aid had reached its extremity that I prayed to God for help, and he heard me, and answered my prayer, and I shall ever praise him for it. Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

You Can Play Them Without Learning

The Church Choir Zobo Band of Paterson, N. J.

This band was organized by the church choir and organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **church and missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in an Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient and is now taking outside engagements. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

Read What Pastors and Organists Say About Our Instruments

Rev. C. McKillip, of East Grand Fork, Minn., says: "I am pleased with my instruments, and have organized a boys' brigade with big success." Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we need, as we have a very small organ. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, a would say that it was a complete success." Rev. W. H. Sampson, of St. John, West New Brunswick, Canada, says: "I am sending you express money order, as those I have are very satisfactory and suited for giving church entertainments." Also refer you to Rev. Jas. J. Seder, of Menomonie, Wis.; Rev. Robt. E. Clelland, of Pablo Beach, Fla.; Rev. W. H. Mahaffie, Ph.D., Burlington, Iowa. Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from pastors who have had our goods, but we believe that we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

Can Be Played By Anyone Who Can Hum a Tune—No Learning

We do away with the long tedious labor of practice. It is the most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced, so constructed that the human voice comes out so wonderfully, as to make it melodious beyond all imagination. It seems impossible for it to accomplish so much. It gives you the vocal power of giants, yet its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove, or the thrilling song of the nightingale. It is a money and music making feature for Church Choirs and all other concerts. It improves the voice. **Sing into the mouth piece—Zobo does the rest.**

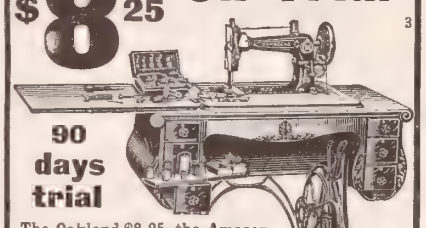
With a Full Band a Grand Pipe Organ Effect Can Be Obtained

Those that have no pipe organ, the Zobo supplies the want at a minimum cost. Every church without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir Band.

99 Cts. Special Thirty-Day Offer. To introduce **the Musical Marvel of the Age**, we will send the **Zobo Cornet**, solid brass, highly polished and lacquered, 11 inches long, 3½ inch bell, with full instructions how to play, and illustrated catalogue post-paid for **99** cts. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each instrument just as represented or money refunded. Send money by registered letter, post office money order, a bank draft payable to our order.

STRAUSS MFG. CO., 395 Broadway, Dept. 19, New York City

$8.25 On Trial



90 days trial

The Oakland $8.25, the Amazon $13.50, Brunswick $16.95, the Famous Windsor $14.70, 15.85, and 16.35; the Damascus $17.75, 19.85, 20.35, 21.75 and 23.95. The finest line of high-grade machines you can find anywhere. Don't buy a machine until you have seen our catalogue and read our liberal 90-day trial offer and our binding 10-year guarantee. No other firm is prepared to sell machines with the valuable features that ours possess at anywhere near our price. Let us send you our fine illustrated catalogue. You will be surprised at the prices we make on really high-grade, honestly made machines. Ask for Sewing Machine Catalogue. We will send it by return mail.

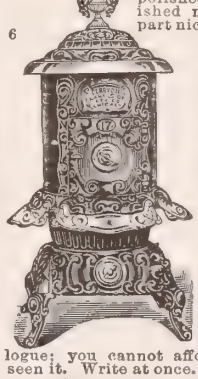
Roller Bearing

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago

The Derby Oak $3.55

Order one of these heaters and if you do not find it a first-class coal burner, a better bargain than you can obtain anywhere else, send it back at our expense. Made of heavy polished steel, trimmed with polished nickle, large fire pot, every part nicely fitted, and made perfectly air tight. A clean stove easily operated, ten-inch body, 36 inches high. For wood $3.50, for coal $3.55, both wood and coal $3.82. 125 other styles of stoves, ranges and heaters, fully described, priced, and illustrated in our new stove catalogue. Don't buy a stove of any kind until you have seen our prices and styles, the finest line of honestly made stoves in America. Let us send you our handsome 40-page stove catalogue, containing freight rates, large illustrations, detail descriptions, and much interesting stove information, also manufacturer's prices on the finest stoves ever offered for sale. Send a postal and ask for Special 40 Page Stove Catalogue; you cannot afford to buy until you have seen it. Write at once.



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For sixty-seven years it has been doing good, and nothing but good. Useful every day, every way, it's just like having a doctor with you all the time. Sponge the body with it at bedtime to-night, and see how restfully you sleep, and how brisk you feel in the morning. This is only one of a thousand uses of Pond's Extract.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Accept no Substitute

On Soap

There is nothing worth reading on soap but this: Fels-Naptha washes with half the labor and half the wear on the clothes. At grocers.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

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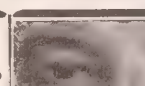

WORTH $1.00

If so, send postal for free booklet, "HOW TO HAVE STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL EYES," which tells how to acquire health and vitality and strengthen every muscle, nerve and tissue in the eyes and body by home treatment far more complete and effective than ever prescribed by physician, oculist, or eye specialist. Medicine and eye waters cannot cure. Glasses are crutches.

A. F. EMMETT, Box 4-C, Toledo, O.

Bible Study Does Not Make a Teacher

Perhaps you realized this that Sunday when you had prepared the lesson so well, and felt ready to answer any question your class could ask. You had been studying the Bible all the week. And yet everything went wrong that Sunday in class! Are twenty new courses in Bible study going to help you?

The Man Whom President McKinley Won

to create a system of real education for the children of Porto Rico was not a man who wanted the commission. That was one reason why the President wanted him, out of the ranks of all the educators of the nation. And that same man, Professor Martin G. Brumbaugh, our first Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico, now occupying the Chair of Pedagogy in the University of Pennsylvania,

Will Do as Much for You

if you want him to. He is going to place at your disposal as a Sunday-school teacher all his knowledge of the fine art of teaching, based on his years of practical knowledge of the Sunday-school, as well as of pedagogy, by offering in **The Sunday School Times** a course in—not on, or about, but *in*—teacher-training. It is not a short cut to proficiency, but it will show the way any one must, and can, travel to become a skilled teacher. That way is within your reach. Will you take it? A subscription to The Sunday School Times (1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.) will make it yours ($1 a year; 75 cents in clubs of five or more to separate addresses). Subscriptions received now will be dated from the beginning of the course. The next time things go wrong in the class, remember

Brumbaugh *and* the Times

30 Days Trial

$129.00 buys a fully-guaranteed Windsor Piano. Others at $165.00, $198.00 and $225.00.

Shipped on approval for a 30 days' trial. We pay freight both ways, if you are not entirely satisfied. Write for our illustrated catalogue, containing details of construction, large photographs of the Windsor line and full explanation of our liberal 30-day free trial plan. Don't buy until you have seen our catalogue.

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Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago

Blood Stains

easily and completely taken out—Fels-Naptha soap and cold water. Cuts wash-day in half.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

Helping Others Her Life-Work

MRS. SILAS F. WRIGHT

So marked has been the success of the spiritual work at the Gospel Tent Peniel, One Hundred and Tenth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City, that it has been decided to continue the meetings as long as the weather will permit. This work was the outgrowth of the Baptist Mission at LeRoy Hall, 2163 Eighth Avenue, with which Mrs. Silas F. Wright has been prominently connected since it began. This young and remarkably successful worker has a record of active service that is quite unusual. It was she who secured the plot on which Tent Peniel was erected; also the lumber and material for flooring, 300 chairs, the platform carpet, piano, a full supply of Bibles for the Bible School, and many other articles indispensable to the conduct of the work. During the past summer, she made 488 home calls, attended 236 meetings, taught a class of boys each Sunday and served as the school's assistant superintendent. She had entire charge of seven weekly meetings and eight Lord's Day meetings, and held many meetings at the homes of inquirers after Gospel instruction. She finds her way to the hearts of old and young with rare tact and kindliness, and by many original and unique methods. Mrs. Wright has also held eighty-four meetings for children. Through her efforts, sixty-nine children were sent to the country for an outing. She has also been identified with other forms of humanitarian and benevolent work; providing medical treatment and care for the sick, and clothing and financial help for needy ones; she has aided in the rescue of the victims of drink; has sent many invalids to the seashore; has helped the unemployed to secure employment, and has been instrumental in placing many little child waifs in juvenile homes, where their lives will be made brighter and a career of usefulness opened to them.

* * *

One of the ingenious methods adopted by this energetic worker was the organization of an Outing Society for Cripples. This society, twice a week during the summer months, did much good in taking large numbers of helpless invalid children on short rides through Central Park and Riverside Drive. Many of the little beneficiaries were taken from the hospitals in carryalls.

In prison work and in various other fields of Christian effort, this indefatigable worker has also rendered good service, and there has come to her the precious assurance—which comes to all who are unselfishly striving to uplift the fallen and to win souls to Christ—that her labor has not been without its reward.

A GOSPEL MEETING IN TENT PENIEL

Peace in Central America

At the recent Peace Congress of the Central American States, held in Corinto, a proclamation was issued by the Presidents of Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala, in which the following outspoken declaration was made:

"After a conference in which the present political problems of Central America were discussed, and taking into account all of the factors which contribute favorably and adversely to the development of our nations, we have agreed to make the following declaration to the people of Central America:

"The maintenance of peace is the primal object of our governments, not only because it is a necessity for the people, whom we represent, but also because it is a duty which must be fulfilled by the Spanish-American nations.

"We are, therefore, firmly determined to overcome all obstacles that might disturb this peace, and we will unite our efforts to frustrate the intentions of those who try to spread among us distrust and unfounded jealousy, guided by a spirit of ambition, hatred and a love of disorder.

"A strict fulfilment of the international treaties that bind us shall be the rule that shall guide us in our actions, so that all efforts to break our unity shall be vain and futile, as all must needs acknowledge that the generality of the agitations of the enemies of each administration are not aimed at a laudable purpose, but are inspired by egotistical interests, by personal enmities, by the aberration of some frenzied mind."

Insurrectionary movements are not to be started in one country for the purpose of invading another. To check these movements, the governments will hereafter keep a close watch out on their respective frontiers and allow no organized bands to cross them.

The "Prison-Gate" Mission

Editor The Christian Herald:

The character of the Prison-Gate work is such as to powerfully commend itself to the humane and the Christian. It is (1) To save from prison arrested men guilty of minor offenses, provided they evince repentance, and a determination to lead moral lives, who are worthy of the Chaplain's intervention.

2. To find employment for such, and to keep them under the watchful supervision of those appointed for the work.

3. To care for men just discharged from prison, to find them employment, and keep them under Christian influences.

4. To afford temporary help to those who are earnestly seeking employment, and trying to lead moral lives.

The number of fallen men assisted by the Prison-Gate Association during the past year was 485.

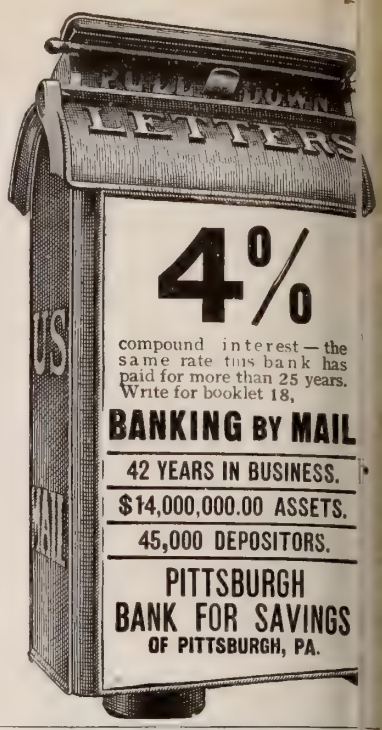
This noble work is deserving of the warm and generous support of all who desire the reformation of the criminal, and the well-being of society.

The Prison Gate has the cordial approval and commendation of the leading judges of New York and Queens Counties, and many very encouraging testimonials have been sent to the good chaplain.

As one who has received a helping hand from Mr. Munro, I take great pleasure in offering this tribute of praise and my unspeakable gratitude. And if an appeal from an old transgressor will induce the good people of New York City and vicinity to generously contribute to so glorious a cause, I make it with the greatest of pleasure, and with the earnest prayer, that many wayward men may be led to "depart from evil and cleave unto the good," under the beneficent influence of the Prison Gate.

E. S.

New Haven, Conn.



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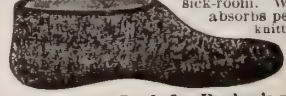

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"WHACKS"

And What They Mean

When Old Mother Nature gives you a hack," remember "there's a reason," so try d say "thank you," then set about finding at you have done to demand the rebuke, d try and get back into line, for that's the ppy place after all.

Curious how many highly organized people to appreciate and heed the first little, ntle "whacks" of the good old Dame, but right along with the habit whatever it may that causes her disapproval, Whiskey, bacco, Coffee, Tea, or other unnatural atment of the body, until serious illness s in or some chronic disease.

ome people seem to get on very well with se things for awhile, and Mother Nature parently cares but little what they do.

erhaps she has no particular plans for m, and thinks it little use to waste time in r training.

here are people, however, who seem to be cted by Nature to "do things." The old Mther expects them to carry out some deptment of her great work. A portion of se selected ones oft and again seek to mulate and then deaden the tool (the body) some one or more of the drugs—Whiskey, bacco, Coffee, Tea, Morphine, etc.

ou know all of these throw down the she class of alkaloids in Chemical analysis. y stimulate and then depress. They take fin man or woman the power to do his or h best work.

fter these people have drugged for a tle, they get a hint, or mild "whack" to remd them that they have work to do, a missi to perform, and should be about the bsiness, but are loafing along the wayside a become unfitted for the fame and fortune tl waits for them if they but stick to the erse and keep the body clear of obstructils, so it can carry out the behests of the nd.

ckness is a call to "come up higher." Tse hints come in various forms. It may bstomach trouble or bowels, heart, eyes, kneys or general nervous prostration. You m depend upon it when a "whack" comes its a warning to quit some abuse and do the rit and fair thing with the body.

erhaps it is coffee drinking that offends. T it is one of the greatest causes of human disorder among Americans.

ow then if Mother Nature is gentle with ye and only gives light, little "whacks" at fir to attract attention, don't abuse her conside ration, or she will soon hit you harder, st

—

nd you may also be sure she will hit you ve, very hard if you insist on following the wl you have been going.

seems hard work to give up a habit, and w ry all sorts of plans to charge our ill feelin to some other cause than the real one.

offee drinkers, when ill, will attribute the trouble to bad food, malaria, overwork and wet not, but they keep on being sick and gr ually getting worse until they are finally fo ed to quit entirely, even the "only one cup a day." Then they begin to get better, an unless they have gone long enough to set up some fixed organic disease, they generally ge entirely well.

is easy to quit coffee at once and for all, by having well-made Postum, with its rich, de, seal brown color, which comes to the be tiful golden brown when good cream is ad d, and the crisp snap of good, mild Java is ere if the Postum has been boiled long en gh to bring it out.

pays to be well and happy, for good old Mther Nature then sends us her blessings of may and various kinds and helps us to gain fa and fortune.

rip off the handicaps, leave out the deadeng habits, heed Mother Nature's hints, qu being a loser and become a winner. She wi help you sure if you cut out the things that keep you back.

here's a reason" and a profound one.

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The characters in the story are all amiable, normal people, with the exception of Ivory Steele (why such an inane name?) who starts out to have a career, and to live her own life. Like "Tommy Toddyhigh" in the nursery rhyme, she tried to "show what she could do," with the result, complete mental and physical breakdown, from which, happily, she recovered, cured, let us hope. The author is evidently both a student and lover of nature, and her descriptions of out-door life in the country are in refreshing contrast to Ivory's artificiality and self-delusion. Price $1.50. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

The Tragedy of Paotingfu, by Isaac C. Ketter. This is an authentic story of the lives, services and sacrifices of the Presbyterian, Congregational and China Inland Missionaries, who suffered martyrdom at Paotingfu, China, on June 30 and July 1, 1900. The story is one of remarkable devotion and self-sacrifice. Much of interest is contained in the letters written by Mrs. May Gilson Simcox, wife of Mr. Frank Edson Simcox. Mr. and Mrs. Simcox embarked for China almost immediately after their marriage in 1893. From this time until the dark day of their martyrdom, the story is one of consecrated work among the Chinese. Three children came to cheer and brighten their lives—two boys and "Baby Margaret"—who perished in the flames with their parents and other devoted souls, when the mission house was burned at Paotingfu. Published by Fleming H. Revel Co., New York. Price $2.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Life for God in India. Memorials of Mrs. Jennie Fuller, of Akola and Bombay. By Helen S. Dyer. Pp. 190. Price $1.00. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Sportsman Joe, by Edwyn Sandys, is the story of the adventures of a young lad with his father's friend, an experienced hunter, among the northern woods and lakes. It is just the kind of book to kindle a boy's enthusiasm and to inspire a love of outdoor life, hunting, fishing, trapping and woodcraft generally. Pp. 338, illustrated, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Macmillan, London and New York, publishers.

Red Cap Tales from the Treasure Chest of the Wizard of the North (Sir Walter Scott). This is a series of stories from *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Antiquary*, rewritten in modern, popular form by S. R. Crockett, and intended specially for the young, although adult readers will find them no less fascinating. Illustrated by Vedder. Pp. 413; handsome cloth covers. Price $2. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Sabrina Warham, by Laurence Houseman. An interesting tale of a woman's life, tangled through the duplicity and weakness of a man who married her. She loves him, but learning of his heartless treatment of a poor, weak, loving girl before the marriage, her love turns, and she refuses to live with her husband longer. A cranky old bedridden uncle and an invalid mother serve in part to bring out the excellencies of Sabrina's character. After many trials she reaches quiet waters. Price $1.50. Published by Macmillan Co., New York.

Mr. Oseba's Last Discovery, by Geo. W. Bell. Col. Bell was for seven years U. S. Consul at Sydney, Australia. The author gives his ideas as to the government of New Zealand, and incidentally puts the Maoris in a pleasant light. Col. Bell could have done this quite as successfully without taking up a quarter of the space, and have made his points quite as convincing if he had approached them directly, instead of wandering all over the earth's surface and a good share of its interior before the reader is introduced to this "Treasure Land" at the antipodes. The story, however, will interest many readers. Published by The *New Zealand Times* Co., Wellington, New Zealand.

"Old Folks' Day" in Vineland

The Presbyterian Church in Vineland, N. J., was crowded to the doors on the morning of September 11th. The occasion was the fifteenth annual observance of "Old Folks' Day." From far and near, the old folks came, until ninety were present, sixteen of them being over eighty years of age. Rev. Dr. King, the pastor, preached from Isaiah 46: 4: "And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." Dr. King's theme was God's promise to carry the aged in his bosom, as a parent carries a child. Rev. O. O. Campbell sang a solo, which he learned when he was a little child. He then sang "Beulah Land," the audience joining in the chorus. Bouquets were given after the service to all who were over eighty years of age. Mr. James Samuels, the oldest man present, was born in 1812. Mrs. Hannah Shaw was in her ninetieth year. It was a remarkable gathering, and the old folks entered into the spirit of the occasion with great zest and joy.

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There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.

These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking-chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

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We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours, you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TO-DAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 292 Henry St., Binghamton, New York.

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FELLOWSHIP*

UNION in thought, in affection, in controlling principle, naturally draws men together. Christ intended that it should be so in his Church. He drew his first disciples from their several occupations, with the simple words, "Follow me." From that time, each, in following him, became the associate of the others. A closer bond than that of natural brotherhood was established between them. As he became the inspiration of their lives they felt that sympathy with one another that made them more than mere companions. When he was withdrawn, they fell back on one another for consolation and encouragement. To whom could they go but to men with the same hopes and aims. So, it has been in the Church, so it ought always to be. "Ye are brethren." There is beneath all our superficial divisions an essential unity between men, in whom religion and love of Christ occupy the place they are intended to occupy.

This solidarity ought to exclude envy and jealousy. The supreme object of every Christian ought to be the welfare of the whole church. If one member succeeds, the church gains; if one fails, the church suffers. Each contributes as God gives the power, and no one should envy another's prominence. There should be in every one that spirit of love, which is the best of all the graces. It is the one essential grace which makes men godlike. There is no better evidence of a conversion being genuine than that love springs up in the heart for every one who loves Christ. That man, by his affection, becomes my brother. He is bound to me by a fellowship that reaches to the heart. He draws the inspiration of his life from the same source, he is striving after the same likeness, he has the same hope and the same spirit.

Ye are the body of Christ. In a New York hospital, a young man was lying near death. He wanted to see a cleryman, and the pastor of a neighboring Baptist church was hurriedly summoned. The preacher spoke to him of Christ's love, and urged him to trust in him. Then he knelt by the bedside and prayed. The Episcopal matron, two Roman Catholic sisters of mercy, and two patients who were Methodists, listened, and, as the clergyman rose from his knees, there was a hearty Amen from all.

Love never faileth. A well known author describes the power of love, under the figure of a flame. A piece of iron needed to be separated. The axe said: "I can do it;" but its head was broken by the iron. Then the saw said: "I can do it;" but its teeth were worn down by the hard surface. "Shall I try," said the flame, and it curled gently around the iron until it melted.

Seeketh not her own. A man lost his wife and afterwards a son whom he tenderly loved. No will was found after his death. His effects were sold at auction. One of his servants bid for the child's portrait, and though she was poor, she was so eager to possess it that she bid beyond her means, borrowing a little to make up the amount. When the picture was taken down, a will was found attached to the back, in which the man had left the whole of his property to the person who loved his boy well enough to buy his portrait.

Love never faileth. A woman so violent that no warden dare go into her cell, and whose meals were thrust in through a hole in the door, was visited by a Christian lady. The latter had been warned that she might be killed, but she was not afraid. Entering the cell, she said, "I want to be kind to you, because Jesus loves you," and she went to the poor, passionate, degraded being and kissed her. "Go away, go away," said the prisoner; "you will break my heart. No one has kissed me like that in twenty years. You make me think of my mother." The poor creature broke down, and, for the first time since her imprisonment, wept like a child. Her visitor stayed with her, telling her of Jesus' love for her, until she looked up in wonder. Step by step, she was led to trust in Him, and all her fury and passion left her.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 13: I. Cor. 12: 28-31; 13: 1-13.

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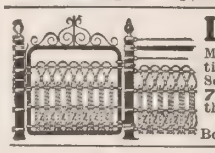

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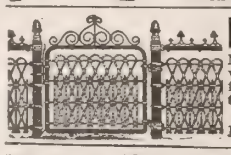

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GIFTS FOR THE TEMPLE

By MRS. M. BAXTER

ANY piety which is dependent on another child of God, be he clergyman or layman, is unable to stand when put to the test. God will accept nothing secondhand. Every man must himself believe for his own salvation; every man must personally give an account of himself to God. It was not until after he had been married to two wives, and had children growing around him, that Joash "was minded to restore the house of the Lord" (II. Chron. 24: 4). No doubt, through the instruction of Jehoiada he had formed his purpose. How was the money to be obtained for this work? In the first place, he gathered together the priests and Levites, and commanded them to go into all the cities of Judah and gather of all Israel money to repair the house of the Lord; and he said, "See that ye hasten the matter." But this was no easy thing to do. Zeal for the house of the Lord had declined. The grandmother of Joash, the wicked Athaliah, had permitted and encouraged her sons to break up the house of the Lord, and they had gone so far in their sin that "all the dedicated things of the house of Jehovah did they bestow upon the heathen." It was most unlikely that in response to an order from the king, sudden zeal for the house of the Lord should awake among the populace of Judah. The work was done without "heart," and "the Levites," perhaps from self-interest, "hastened it not." All which went to the house of the Lord meant so much less for them.

But the king, thanks to Jehoiada, was not ignorant of Scripture. He knew the provision which God himself had ordained for the maintenance of the tabernacle, and therefore appealed to the prophets: "All the money of the dedicated things that is brought into the house of the Lord, even the money of everyone that passeth the account [or the money of the persons for whom each man is rated, R.V.], and all the money that cometh into the man's heart to bring into the house of the Lord, let the priests take it to them, every man of his acquaintance; and let them repair the breaches of that house, wheresoever any breach shall be found" (II. Kings 12: 4, 5). But so little heart was put into the work that Joash had actually reigned twenty-three years, and the work was not done (ver. 6). Then the king called Jehoiada.

This means much. Why was Joash so unsuccessful, and why, when Jehoiada was called into the work, did it succeed? Joash might have learned the reason. Was not God with Jehoiada? The king said to Jehoiada, "Why hast thou not required of the Levites to bring in out of Judah and out of Jerusalem, the tax that Moses, the servant of the Lord and of the congregation of Israel, for the total of the testimony?" Now a change took place—the authority of God had been asserted. So the king commanded, and they made a chest, and set it without, at the gate of the house of the Lord, and they made proclamation throughout Judah and Jerusalem; and, instead of unwillingness and lethargy, "all the princes and all the people rejoiced, and brought in and cast into the chest until they had made an end" (II. Chron. 24: 6, 8-10, R. V.).

God had said to Moses in the wilderness, "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel, according to those that are numbered of them, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord, when thou numberest them. This shall they give every one that passeth over unto them that are numbered, half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary."

This was the tax to which Joash referred, and which Jehoiada's influence was used of the Lord to obtain from Israel without compulsion. It was the tax which was paid by our Lord for him and Peter, with the piece of money out of the fish's mouth (Matt. 17 : 24-27). It would seem from II. Kings 7: 7, 8, that the priests had been in the habit of taking money, perhaps the atonement money, from their acquaintances and appropriating it to their own use, and so neglecting to keep up the house of God.

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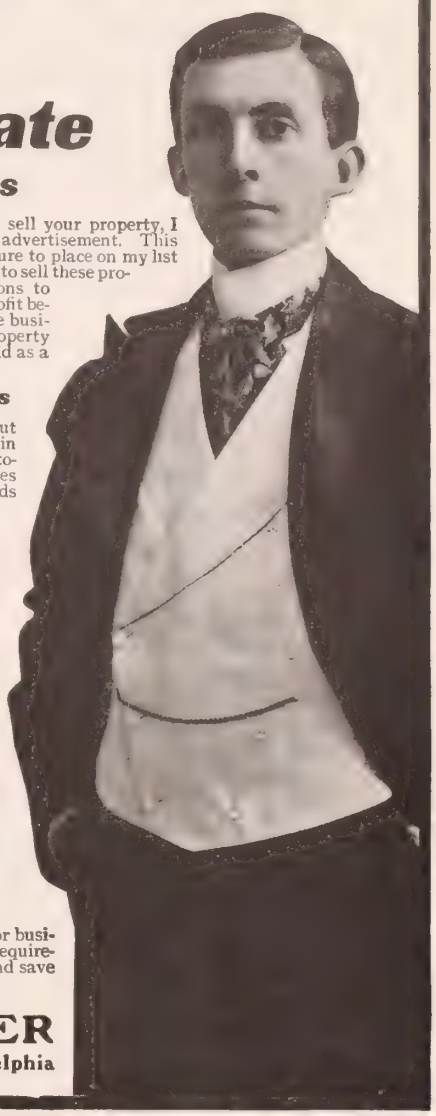

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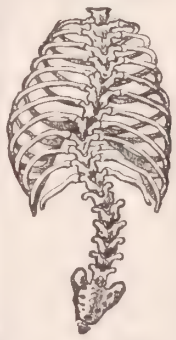
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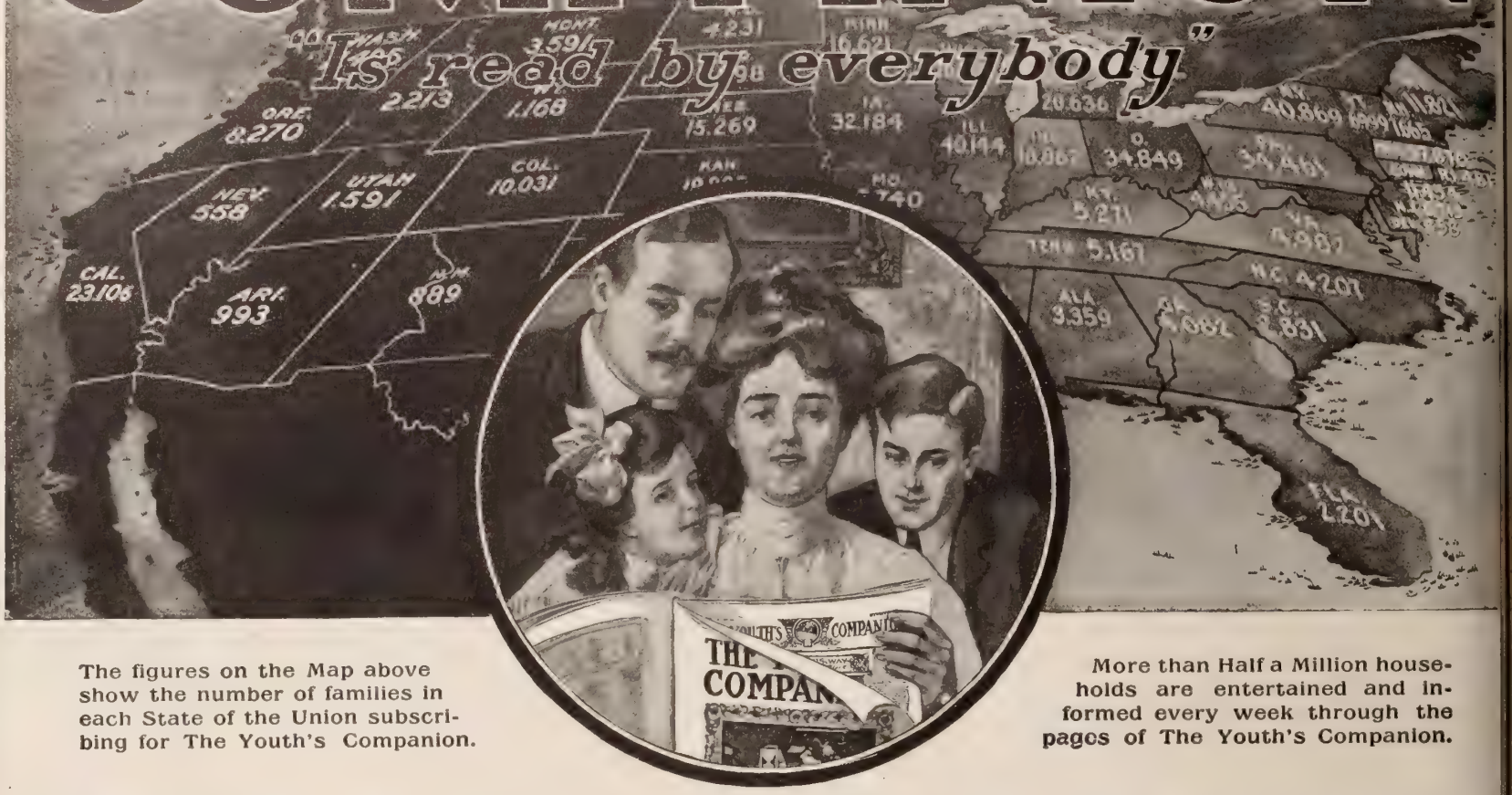

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE NEXT PAGE

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY FARRAND

Just Landed! Types of Immigrant Arrivals at Ellis Island, New York

Pilgrims to Freedom's Land

IMMIGRATION THIS YEAR AGAIN POINTS TO THE MILLION MARK --- ALL NATIONALITIES COMING

A TYPICAL YOUNG IMMIGRANT

TO the average reader, statistics are dry matters; but figures, when they relate to great events, have an absorbing interest. When a careful estimate is made of the number of foreigners coming to America during the present year, the aggregate is simply astonishing. Where do they come from? and where are they bound? Are questions which cannot fail to interest the visitor to Ellis Island, on a day when one or more of the great ocean liners enters the port of New York. Here are the figures thus far for the immigration of 1904. The grand total, when the year closes, will be little, if anything, short of a million.

Austro-Hungary, 177,159; Belgium. 3,976; Denmark, 8,525; France, including Corsica, 9,406; German Empire, 46,380; Greece, 11,343; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 193,296: Netherlands, 4,916; Norway, 23,808; Portugal, including Cape Verde, and Azore Islands, 6,715; Roumania, 7,087; Russian Empire and Finland, 145,141; Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, 1,325; Spain, including Canary and Balearic Islands, 3,996; Sweden, 27,763; Switzerland, 5,023; Turkey in Europe, 4,344; England, 38,626; Ireland, 36,142; Scotland, 11,092; Wales, 1,730; Europe, not specified, 143.

There has been a decrease this year in the number of arrivals from Austro-Hungary, Greece, Italy, Roumania, and Sweden, and an increase in immigration from Germany, France, Russia, and the United Kingdom. During the last fifty years eighteen millions, in round numbers, have come from beyond the seas to our country, and adopted it, or rather we have adopted them. Every State in the Union has its quota of these adopted sons and daughters, and still they come, and will continue to come. The quality and nationality of the immigrant have changed materially in ten years. Swede, Dane, German and British are now distanced in numbers by Italian, Austrian and Russian. The brightest pupils in the New York Public Schools to-day are Russian Jews, and the Italians excel in drawing, modeling and music. Even the immigrant fathers go to night schools, eighty of which institutions cost the city a half-million a year. Twenty thousand foreigners at the present moment are being taught our language and customs and form of government in these schools in New York City alone.

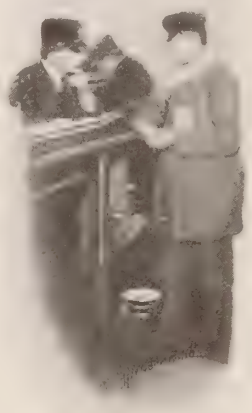
One day recently a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD made the trip to this wonderful place, where thousands of immigrants are landed almost daily to face new scenes and untried life in the country of the free. In one day in April, 1903, which has been called the "red-letter" immigration day, 10,236 aliens arrived in New York, and during the year ending in June, 1903, 857,000 foreigners landed from the steerage upon our shores at the different ports, New York, Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Philadelphia. Over twenty nationalities are represented in this tremendous influx, and when the big steamers are nearing port, the steerage decks are black and teeming with humanity, eager and expectant, for the new world is reached at last. After passing Quarantine Station on Staten Island, the steamer is met by three government boats—a mail boat, a revenue cutter, with inspectors to look after baggage, and by the cutter of the United States Immigration Service. After the steerage passengers' luggage has been examined, the hopeful but bewildered owners are transferred to Ellis Island, which is near the New Jersey coast, not far from the Statue of Liberty. If these poor people understand the significance of this mammoth figure, how their hearts, as they first behold it, must swell with gratitude that they have at last reached America!

It was a very busy time at the Island the day of the writer's visit, two big steamers having arrived. One of the Hamburg-American line having been delayed and not coming into port until that morning, the crowd was immense. As the immigrants streamed along the walks leading up to the Administration Building, it seemed as if every country under the sun was represented, yet there was only about fifteen nationalities present.

On the first floor in the main building, physicians are in waiting to examine into the physical condition of the newcomers. Those that seem weak, or show signs of disease, are sent to the medical department for further inspection and treatment. Next, a specialist looks at the eyes of those who pass the first inspection, and if an immigrant is found to have a contagious eye disease, he is held for treatment. If the affection be chronic, he is deported.

When immigrants wish to leave the old home to try their fortunes in America, they are subjected to a series of questions, twenty-two in number. On their arrival here, the inspector, who has the list before him, asks the same questions, and woe betide the man or woman whose answers do not tally with the record. If everything is satisfactory, the applicant is given an "O. K." card, which allows him to land in New York, or he is given a card marked for whatever railroad his ticket entitles him to travel on. For one reason or another, all good and sufficient, many immigrants are detained at Ellis Island, where they are fed and lodged at the steamship company's expense.

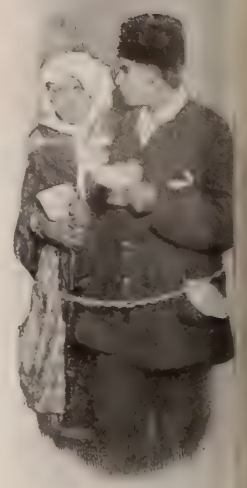
If immigrants expect friends to meet them and the friends fail to come, the new arrivals are sent to the detention room. Sometimes parties are held in separate rooms for special inquiry before a board, the immigrant is placed under oath, and no relative, reporter or lawyer is permitted to be present in any way to assist at this examination. On the judgment and report of three inspectors, constituting this board, the would-be citizen is admitted, deferred, or excluded to be deported. Their decision may be reversed on appeal to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor at Washington, and of this opportunity the applicant is informed. One glance into the detention room would convince the most ordinary observer of the wisdom of these precautions. In one year, 4,974 unhappy individuals were sent back at the expense of the steamship companies, who brought to our shores these unfortunates, most of whom were mental, moral or physical wrecks.



ANSWERING QUESTIONS

Think of sorting out and labeling 7,000 aliens in one day, and yet that is what the twelve inspectors are obliged to do sometimes, when things are lively at the Island. If one is familiar with the great East Side of New York, or with Brownsville, L. I., sometimes called "New Jerusalem," it is quite easy to pick out the sons and daughters of Israel among the immigrants, and their probable destination. They seldom leave the city where they first land, unless it is to go to another city. There is no chance for trade or barter in the wide-open fields of the western farm country, and there are few representatives of the Jewish race coming here who have the physique to till the ground. The awful "sweat-shops" and crowded clothing factories swallow them up, where they toil endlessly for small wages and to support large families.

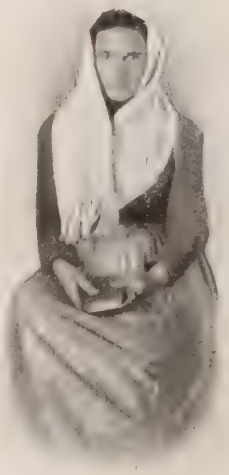
One little group caught the writer's eye—a young man with his wife and baby. There was nothing remarkable about them; their prototypes arrive here by the thousands. It was the woman's dress which arrested attention. This garment was made with the tightest of waists, and the most voluminous of skirts. The dress was evidently new, and donned for the first time for this grand occasion, the day of landing in America. It was made of pink-and-white brocade silk, of the cheapest and flimsiest kind, thin as paper, and as easily crushed, but whatever might have been lacking in material was made up in the vividness of coloring. White lace, coarse and stringy, trimmed the waist and sleeves, and jewelry (glass and brass), twinkled in ears and on the broad bosom. Fancy combs and pins lighted up the dusky braids, which were guiltless of any other covering. Between the father and mother sat a baby, apparently about a year old, dressed as a replica of its mother, excepting the hair ornaments. This oversight might be accounted for by the fact of the baby's head being nearly bald, after the manner of babies of that tender age. There is nothing pathetic about this l happy couple, but they are extremely picturesq they sit both talking and gesticulating at once, no eyes for anything but each other and the baby.



IN LINE FOR INSPECTI

The majority of the immigrants, however, pathetic, sad-looking lot. The women are bowe neath heavy burdens, in many instances with bab their arms and little children clinging to their s Here comes an anxious-looking woman, with bundle upon her back, under which she bends double; another heavy pack is slung in front, wh each hand she carries a heavy like box. Trotting along by her almost running to keep up with the ous stride of their mother, are two girls, dressed like little old women. tight-fitting waists and skirts which the ground, while over each head the inevitable 'kerchief. On one swings a large bag, and in the other each child carries a tiny chair, fro size, evidently, its own personal erty. The chair-frames are unmista homemade, carved out with a jack-k and neither paint nor stain cover newness of the freshly-cut wood. seats are rush-bottomed, the finishe ticle no doubt being the work of kind relative left behind in the old

On yonder bench sits a flaxen-h blue-eyed girl of sixteen. The v struck with the girl's appearance, sp her, not expecting a reply, as th seemed so unmistakably Scandin What was the visitor's surprise, a answered, "Me name is Norah, ar goin' to me uncle, a praste in Bu thanks be!"



PLEASED WITH A TESTAMENT

There are many Catholics among crowds, and many Jews; but one an seem pleased with the gift of a Bi Testament, which the representati the American Bible Society and other agents of diff religious denominations distribute. A fierce, g looking Italian, was offered a Testament. His softened, his tattered hat came off, and the boo eagerly looked into.

Bibles and Testaments and other religious book distributed among these people, who daily crowd place, and seldom is any refused. While the missionaries are diligent in disseminating the Gospel light, they also find constant opportunities for helping those in physical and material distress. They assist in bringing together friends who have become separated; clothing is provided for needy and suffering children, and all these kindnesses are appreciated by these poor strangers in a strange land. They remember with gratitude all who have a kind word for them. Home missions are doing much to surround immigrants with good influences.

FACING NEW SCENES

SEEKING A NEW HOM

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A RELIGIOUS MEETING IN THE ROOMS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, ST. PETERSBURG

A Russo-American Y. M. C. A.

APPROVED BY THE CZARINA, PATRONIZED BY THE NOBLES, IT IS NOW OPENED IN ST. PETERSBURG

WHILE, at the present time, the international relations between the United States and Russia are far from being as agreeable as they were some five years ago, it is interesting to learn that there has been founded in St. Petersburg by an American, a Society very similar in its spirit and method to the Young Men's Christian Association, in the development of which both Americans and Russians are actively co-operating.

The Society is carrying on its work almost exclusively for Russian young men and in hearty accord with the Russian government. The excellent work done for the young men of Paris by a similar Society greatly impressed a young Russian noble, who was present at an evening company in the Association in the French capital, and he expressed the wish that such an institution might be established in Russia. His wish came to the ears of Mr. James Stokes of New York, who had taken an active interest in the development of the Paris Association, and who determined to act upon the suggestion of the young Russian.

* * *

An interview with the Czarina, Alexandra Feodorovna, was secured, and the character and methods of the proposed Society were made known to her. Her Majesty was greatly interested, and looked upon the undertaking with favor. This fact induced one of the prominent nobles of the Imperial Court, His Highness Prince Alexander Petrovitch, of Oldenburg, who is closely related to the Emperor, to take the proposed Society under his protection. The Director of the Imperial Secret Police at that time, M. Zvoliansky, himself drew up the proposed statutes in a most liberal manner; and, on nomination of the Prince of Oldenburg, the former Assistant Chief of Police of the city of St. Petersburg became president of the council. Prince Platon Obolensky, a representative of one of the leading noble families of Russia, and Senator Nicolas Tagantseff, a leading Russian jurist, also became members of it, and their numbers were increased by several other prominent Russians, and by the European representative of the Westinghouse Company, W. E. Smith, and Mr. Franklin Gaylord, of New York, who, during six years, had labored successfully in the development of the work in Paris.

The Society was inaugurated on October 3, 1900, in the presence of a distinguished company of Russians and Americans, the American Embassy being represented by H. H. D. Peirce, at present Third Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Stokes had gone to St. Petersburg especially to be present. Handsome rooms were

THE GENERAL SECRETARY AND ASSISTANTS

Officers of the Russo-American Young Men's Christian Association

rented for the Association on one of the leading streets of the city, and Mr. Gaylord, the representative of Mr. Stokes, was given charge of the work.

* * *

The Society proved from the first an extraordinary success. The press published the most favorable notices of it, and the rooms were quickly crowded with young men. One hundred and fifteen immediately enrolled themselves in the bookkeeping class, and one hundred and seventy-seven undertook the study of German. Its lectures, concerts and excursions into the country, were exceedingly popular. Two orchestras were organized, and instruction was given in vocal music to numbers of of young men who are thirsting for knowledge, and young men.

Additional rooms were engaged in neighboring buildings, and the Society became most favorably known throughout the city. St. Petersburg is full of young men who are thirsting for knowledge, and who desire to complete a most defective education. They can scarcely find words to express their delight in the Association.

The Russian nobility and representatives of the merchant class became also interested, and lecturers of the greatest distinction, historians, astronomers, scientists and leading men of letters have been quick to give their assistance.

* * *

There are many helpful and attractive features in connection with the Society's work in the Russian capital. In the reading-room, which is well patronized, may be found all the leading Russian weeklies, with not a few from other lands. The Literary Society has a large membership and its meetings are exceedingly interesting, and show an appreciation of the Society's efforts in that direction. There is a small, compact library for the use of the members.

Nothing could be more inspiring than the gatherings at the Evening Classes, each class under its own professors and every student intent upon his work. The rooms in which these classes meet are large and handsome, and capable of accommodating good-sized audiences. That there may be opportunity for recreation as well as study, there are the gymnasium and game room, each thoroughly equipped in its way, after the most modern methods. There is, moreover, a well-supplied buffet.

If the work is not seriously interfered with by the war, it will certainly take on a national character. Demands for the establishment of branches of the society have been coming in from all over the empire, and the Government, under certain conditions, has expressed its willingness to found them.

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. John Timothy Stone*

The Submissive Life

TEXT—Matt. 3: 15: "Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"

EIGHTEEN years after his boyhood utterance in the Temple at Jerusalem, we hear the Saviour speak again. On the border of the Judean desert, upon the bank of the sacred Jordan, he steps out from the shrubbery that lines the stream to look into the face of John the Baptist, who is baptizing. One glance is enough. John has been calling the multitude to repentance; but there is no need of repentance here, this face is sinless. As Jesus stepped to the Jordan to be baptized, John would have hindered him, saying: "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" In a calm voice of controlling command, Jesus replied: "Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

In his rural home at Nazareth, he had long been "subject to his parents," ever "growing in favor with God and man." The synagogue had been his house of worship, save for occasional trips, no doubt, to the feast at Jerusalem, where thrice each year the great feasts were held. That beautiful valley upon which Nazareth looked down had kept him in closest touch with nature; his daily work had trained him in faithful service; his home life had developed

The Quiet Patience

of his character; and the Old Testament had been his meditation and study. The law-givers, prophets and priests of old, had inspired him with holy zeal and longing anticipation. From ancient patriarch, from judge, from king, he had gained enthusiasm and motive. As boyhood grew into youth, and youth into young manhood, his earnestness must have made him restless at times to speak the word that was so needed to reform and enlighten his day. He saw wickedness in high places, hypocrisy, injustice, crime. But his hour was not yet come. He suffered it. Alone with his God, he was learning his sweet will, and the peaceful contentment and obedience of his life was speaking with irresistible force to all.

His young manhood had now ripened, and he felt the inward desire to face the great problem of his life. Wonderful reports were coming to Nazareth from the great wilderness of Judea, which bordered the Jordan. A strange and mighty prophet had appeared, who spoke words of reproof and judgment. He warned the people to repent, for the kingdom of God was at hand. He told them to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." All Jerusalem seemed turning out to hear him. Scribes, Pharisees, publicans, sinners, all classes and kinds, not only from the city, but from the country round about, were flocking to the Jordan to hear this man, dressed in camel's hair, and eating the food of the desert, locusts and wild honey.

As Jesus, in secluded Nazareth heard these words, a mighty motive seemed to thrill his whole being. It was not that long-felt craving to help his fellow-men more widely, but

A Soul-Inspiring Vision

of duty. His place was no longer his home in Nazareth; even the dear mother and the loved ones there were no longer his especial care. With the sorrow of leave-taking, he crosses the plain, and seeks the fords of the Jordan, where John is baptizing and preaching. As he goes on his journey, from the solitude of the mountains and desert, he gains inspiration step by step. The thirty years of quietness are about to speak. His training is complete, and in his own humble assurance he seeks the new prophet.

John the Baptist and Jesus were cousins, but they had probably not known one another as boys and young men. It is doubtful if they had ever met in recent years, for John had been a man of the desert, and Jesus had lived a quiet life at home. John did not recognize him as a relative, nor as the Messiah, but with a keen eye and exact insight, he saw at once purity and sinlessness. The nature that could see behind the pretended professionalism of scribe and Pharisee, saw here what was genuine. The tongue that fearlessly and unsparingly rebuked them as a "generation of vipers," and asked them "who had warned" them "to flee from the wrath to come," bowed in utter humility before One, whose pure and holy life silenced him, save to say: "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" "Suffer it now," said Jesus.

No Sin to be Confessed

See them as they step into the Jordan. There is no confession of sin in this baptism. There is no sin. John is baptizing with water the One who is to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. The multitude on either bank is stilled with wonder and amazement. Who is this Stranger? His very face attracts and wins.

After the sacred rite as Jesus came up from the water, the "heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him, and lo! a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'" Then immediately Mark tells us, "The Spirit driveth him into the wilderness." Then his temptation.

Our text reveals the complete self-surrender of Jesus and of John. The nature of Jesus actually revolted against sin; he had lived those thirty years in abhorrence of it. The baptism of John meant repentance and confession and rejection of sin. Jesus knew no sin. Yet he was willing to be baptized by one who knew sin, and thereby to be judged by a sinning multitude as one who also was a sinner, to be "numbered with the transgressors." Even John rebelled. But Jesus saw beyond the present event, forgetful of self-righteousness as he saw the sins of the human race. "Suffer it" was his word, the word that overcame even the scruples of the Baptist. Self was surrendered. It was the same spirit which led him to say later, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine." The great Divine plan of salvation may not have been clearly and completely outlined in his chaste mind at this time, but the voice of one crying in the wilderness had called him from that Nazareth home to his life work. Yet there was

No Self-Assertiveness

As John affirmed, "I have need to be baptized of thee," he could have truthfully asserted himself, and the words of this prophet would have been verified, for John had said repeatedly, "I am not that prophet. I am but a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.' There cometh One mightier than I; I am not worthy to unloose his shoes. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." But no, he would not assert himself. This was not his Father's plan. "Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Self should not control; he was surrendered unconditionally to the Father's will.

John's self-surrender was manifest also. The simple word of Jesus was enough. It is hard for a true genuine life to submit silently when overestimated. Something within revolts. The propriety of fulfilling all righteousness was the explanation with which Jesus turned John's thoughts from self. Self had little hold on this hero of the desert at best. From early childhood he had denied himself. Sacrifice had become his daily soul-food. His body he had kept under. But this was a new test. He did not know Jesus as the Christ. His own testimony is, "I knew him not, but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, 'Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.' And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." Before that divine sign had been given, John saw the pure, sinless face, and knew that this was no subject for baptism; yet at his command he yielded. Self would not assert itself. His was a holy life. He had early learned to give up. Giving up self is always a remarkable test of true piety. How many earnest Christians have never learned this precious lesson, and what sad consequences the Church has suffered. So often in the midst of duty, when we know we are in the right, the Nazarene says softly, "Suffer it now," but we hear not, or heed not, his voice, and there is no fulfilling of righteousness, no heavenly vision, and no Father's voice; hence we do not bear record of the Son of God.

The Baptist's Surrender

Quickly John yielded, yielded against that which he felt must be right, yielded against his own best judgment, but in yielding became a part of God's all-glorious plan, and received in that very hour the manifestation of his Messiah. Self-surrender is no mere happy ideal, but must be a daily, hourly reality in the life of every one of us. Giving up is the hardest of all our Christian duties, but what results would come if we would listen to the Saviour's, "Suffer it to be so now." The "I wills" and "I won'ts" have been the hidden rocks that have wrecked many a noble vessel on life's sea. A surrendered life is a life where self is lost in service, a service in which all is subject to the sweet will of God—our wills lost in his.

This self surrender emphasizes the important, and leaves the unimportant. Righteousness must be fulfilled. To show the worthiness of Jesus or of John in this symbol of baptism was not comparable in importance with the fulfilling of righteousness. Formality would have said, "No, I will not baptize thee; thou must baptize me." But formality is not to hold first place. Prophecy would have been broken. There would have been no declaration. The multitudes would have been confounded, God's plan would not have been carried out. When form robs worship of the Saviour's individual word and direction, then the church of God is robbed of power, for there is no vision and no assurance. The great essentials of truth will never give way to the mere technicalities of form, no matter how beautiful and blessed they may be. This applies equally to the individual. How often we lose

Life's Real Worth

because we demand that which may be proper and right, but which is really of very little vital importance. We defend and demand it as if without it life would not be worth living; and all the time it is of little or no value. We refuse to comply with certain conditions unless minor details exactly suit us. Numerous opportunities for development and widened friendship go by default, because of our deference to unimportant customs, or our fear of slight criticism. The function of state which would increase our influence and reveal our courteous attention, is not attended because we do not possess a new suit.

The force of our own inconsistency in this particular is repeatedly seen in the relationship of our business to the home. Many a man is so eager and strenuous in his business interests that his home l last place in his practical affect That boy of yours is only a child in twenty years he will be a man a citizen. Business so absorbs your that you do not know what he is rea with whom he is playing, and littl nothing about the school which h tends, to say nothing of the charact the teachers who instruct him. He gets an occasional glimpse of you, then knows you as one who exerts par authority. He may read books whic not worthy the name of literature.

A Duty Neglected

Just here let me warn you that realistic school of fiction which is t us to-day that it is necessary to sho the blackness and horrors of sin t youth that he may guard against it, i only a false school, but is dangerous wicked in its results. The curious eager youth longs to test that about w he reads, and through the influen such reading he sees life's day unc cloud and in a storm, instead of ga the inspiration and clear vision o pure sunshine. Know something, th the books which your boy reads; me playmates, and take a few hours to with them if possible, and thus kee boy alive in yourself. Visit his sc know his teacher, and let her know home. This will emphasize the im ant in home training, for, after all, making your business the all-impo and this the unimportant, you leave boy even millions of money, and d leave him character, that which you accumulated for him will probably his ruin. It may be impossible fo to attain to your ideal in the large complete development of your bus if you pay proper attention to your but "suffer it to be so, now." "Is n life more than meat? the body raiment?" Is not the character of home and child the fulfilment of right ness, which is most becoming and Is not quality more than quantity? your boy has is the unimportant, wh is, the important.

Self-surrender is seen also in desire to live in harmony with entire plan. He was not willing t independently. We see this in hi pression, "to fulfil all righteousr To accomplish this, he was a part o great whole. He who is all in all upon himself the form of a servan One who was to work out the salvati all men in his own personal sacrific

Willing to Limit Himself

that others might do their part. H not say to John, "It becometh me to all righteousness," but "it becometh He would work with others. He have John feel that his own work ended when the Holy Spirit manif to him the Messiahship of Jesus. D those weeks of trial which followed in the silent, patient suffering of lonely prison, he was comforted i consciousness of this very fact, th was a part of God's plan. Together Jesus, he was still "fulfilling all right ness," although Jesus was now prea repentance, and his own voice silenced. Co-operation is God's rul monopoly; interdenominationalism, sectarianism. Christian loyalty ha narrow definition, for the God who us, and the denomination in whic worship, loves the world.

The self-surrender of Jesus led hi conform to the unnecessary, becaus saw the necessity of others. By so d he affirmed the power of example. should the Pure One be baptized? Because he remembered the prop words of the holy Isaiah, "Come

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

* Preached in Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md.

al let us reason together, though your
ss be as scarlet, they shall be white as
sw, though they be red like crimson,
t y shall be as wool."

He began to do and to teach. The
blic confession has always been an
ence to some Christians. "Why unite
h the church of Christ? There are
er ways of confessing him. My life is
onsistent life, the Golden Rule has be-
ne my rule of living; the teaching of
Jus my daily precept and practice.
Ty many within the church have no
h standard, and are inconsiderate and
celess." All this is undoubtedly true,
al yet no life to-day can consider itself
c sistent or pure when paralleled with
t life of Jesus, and he let John baptize
h. "I have need to be baptized of thee,
al comest thou to me?" "Suffer it,"
s the response, "it becometh us to ful-
f all righteousness." The church of
Jus is a divine institution. By confess-
i him, and uniting with his church, we
a it our own unworthiness and his all-
s icient redemptive love. It is not our
n sion or privilege to judge others, the
h ocrite came even to the baptism of
J n, but his attitude and inconsistency
h no influence in deterring Jesus from
f filling all righteousness. For him to
he stood apart would have turned the
a ntion of men from the theme of John,
"-pent and be baptized," and countless
o s who needed this teaching and con-
f sion would have continued in unre-
p ted sin. The responsibility of a Chris-
t man is not simply that of the deed
w ch he performs, but of the attitude
w ch he assumes to Christian institutions
and customs. Example is not alone related only to the negative command, "Thou shalt not," as seen in those words, "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no meat," for Christ's word and example were positive, "Suffer it, . . . it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

We see the result of the self-surrender in the vision seen by Jesus and John alone. As Jesus faced the fiery temptation of the wilderness immediately after, and as John went on in his wonderful preaching until the usurping power of a sinful monarch imprisoned him, how constantly they saw again the spiritual vision which revealed Christ's deity! Hear John as he speaks to those early apostles: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." To hear him speak was to heed him for we read: "They heard him speak, and followed Jesus." The Christian with the soul-vision of the Christ has a power which the world cannot have. Intellectuality, scholarship, genius, marvel at the simplicity of this gift. It wins, it draws, it converts.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

From this time on John verifies his words. "He must increase, but I must decrease." But the decrease of John meant not only the increase of Christ, but John's increased vision of the Christ. Self-surrender was like the closing of John's eyes upon the things of self, only that he might open them upon the realities of Jesus Christ his Messiah.

The words of our text finally teach us most forcibly that the life of self-surrender ultimately results in the right adjustment of all things. Christ's word "now," "suffer it now," suggests or implies a temporary condition. The "now" points to a "then." How closely related are those words of Paul, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, then we shall know even as also we are known." What wonderful characters stand before us in the "now." Jesus the Christ, and John the Baptist, the one of whom Christ said, "None greater is born of women," but these were the temporary days, this the temporary scene, this the "now," Christ's eternal "then" is heaven, the real life of John the Baptist a life for eternity. The "then" of their lives was a synonym of forever.

Considering this, is it strange that the quiet voice of the Master replied to John, "Never mind for now, permit this sacred rite to be thus carried out; I do not question your right or justice in the matter, but give up,'suffer it now': The present arrangement is in accord with my Father's plan, and by conforming together we fulfil the righteous judgment of his will." John did not discuss the matter. Why should we fill our hearts and minds with unprofitable discussion as to life's rights and wrongs, life's failures or successes, the mysteries of an unseen Hand? Why fret over the uneven distribution of wealth, the sudden disaster or the misplaced confidence? All this is the "now" of life. "Suffer it," the adjustment is sure and absolute. "All things work together for good to them that love God." The life surrendered to his will may see to-day nothing but disorder and confusion, but a never erring Hand is guiding and will transform this chaos into order.

Careless seems the great avenger.
History's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness
'Twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And beyond the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own.

The story is told of a little lad who had just learned his letters. His father overheard him praying as he kneeled by his little bed. After asking God to hear him, he began going over his letters, "A B C D" and then quietly closed his prayer. The father asked him what he meant, and the response quickly came, "I don't know just what I want, but God knows, and he will put the letters together, for he knows me and everything." What a picture of simple faith and divine adjustment! We, too, are little children. All life's experiences are but the alphabet of the great realities of eternal language. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children," . . . Let us leave then the spelling out of life's great eternal plan to Him who knows every one. We misspell and misquote and disarrange. But this is the "now," his final adjustment will be correct. Thus the self-surrendered life is the simple life, the quiet truthful life, perchance the lonely life, but "suffer it to be so now: for so it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

New York's Subway Opened

T seven o'clock P.M., on Thurs-
day, October 27, 1904, the
Subway, or Underground
road of New York City, was for-
ly opened to the public, and
one possessed of a nickel could
ri from Brooklyn Bridge to One
hdred and Forty-fifth Street
a Broadway, Harlem. Previous
the hour of public opening, inter-
ng ceremonies had been held in
th City Hall, which was filled with
the fortunate enough to have re-
ed invitations.

romptly at one o'clock, the Rapid
nsit Commissioners and then
nguished guests formed in a
cession and marched from the
ermanic Chamber to the Govern-
o Room, Mayor McClellan lead-
in the line, with Archbishop Far-
ley, President Fornes of the Board
of Aldermen, Bishop Greer, the
Commissioners, Chief Engineer
Parsons, August Belmont, and John
B. McDonald, the builder of the
Subway. The exercises were open-
ed with prayer by Bishop Greer.
The Mayor, as Chairman of the
d. spoke of the progress of Rapid
Transit in the city of New York,
and called upon Chief Engineer
William B. Parsons to state whether
the Rapid Transit Railway was fin-
ished, and safe and ready for opera-
tion. Mr. Parsons replied in the
affirmative. Then came more
speeches, at the close of which the
Mayor arose and said, "I now de-
clare the Subway open."

MAYOR McCLELLAN AND COMMITTEE BOARDING THE FIRST TRAIN

OFFICIALS LEAVING CITY HALL

Mayor McClellan was then presented with a silver controller, with which to start the train which was to take the first official journey over the road. This first special train was composed of the finest cars on the road, built of steel and aluminum, and fireproof. The Mayor proved an adept in the use of controller and brake. On the return trip the train was run by the regular motorman, making the run as a "local" in forty minutes, the uptrip having consumed but twenty-six minutes.

At City Hall the invited guest-passengers left to make room for the crowds of waiting men and women, who were to take part in the real opening of the subway. At every station ticket-sellers and choppers were in their places, and when the signal came by telephone to admit the crowds, the policemen at the head of the steps of all the stations, raised the blockade and permitted the people in squads of fifty or sixty to descend and besiege the ticket-sellers' windows. To say that the man at the window was busy, would be to but mildly express the celerity with which he passed out the tickets. If any one has ever seen a New York crowd in a hurry, it will not be difficult to imagine the scenes at the different stations. Amid a perfect babel of sound, the people surged aboard the trains, noisy and jubilant, but good-natured. Ninety-two hundred and forty-seven tickets were sold in one hour at the City Hall station. The crowd was so dense at the terminus at One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, in the down-town station, that many were forced to take surface and elevated trains to get down town.

The evening's experience demonstrated that the Subway has astonishing powers of absorption, the way in which enormous crowds were swallowed up by this subterranean giant was something wonderful. In five hours, ending at midnight, the trains had carried about 125,000 passengers, and this without a single serious mishap. General Manager Hedley announces that the road can handle about twice as many passengers as have heretofore been placed in the highest estimates.

The story of the Subway dates back much farther than many people think. It is full thirty years since its first inception, and every foot of the way is marked by struggle. Not more than ten years ago the legal conditions were pronounced by high authorities to be "absolutely impossible of fulfilment," and even up to the time when the road was practically finished, as late as last March, injunction proceedings were carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. An underground railway company was formed more than thirty years ago to build a road from City Hall to Harlem. This company was composed of rich, powerful and serious men, but their attempts to get the road started were fruitless. Another attempt was made in the early seventies by Cornelius Vanderbilt, which also failed. This did not deter other companies from making the same attempts, only to meet with the same results. It was in 1884 that Abram S. Hewitt declared that the road to be built must have the aid of the city's credit. Ten years later, the city decided, by a large vote, in favor of the municipal ownership of the road, and an act under which the Subway was built, came into existence. John B. McDonald bid for the contract, and got it. August Belmont approved of his plans, and formed a company for the support needed. More than $75,000,000 is represented in the Rapid Transit Railroad, the bare cost of construction was $35,000,000, the rest has been expended in cars, motors, power-house and sub-stations, and in many other inevitable ways. Ten thousand men have been employed in building four tracks, or thirty-five miles of road, nearly all of which is cut through the busiest city thoroughfares. 3,212,000 cubic yards of material were excavated, of which 1,312,000 cubic yards was rock, all of which was blasted without interference with traffic alongside or overhead. In construction, 65,000 tons of steel and 8,000 tons of cast-iron have been used; 550,000 yards of concrete and 1,000,000 yards of waterproofing have been laid, and a river has been tunneled. At present 600,000 passengers can be handled daily.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

Indian Problems at Mohonk

By KATE UPSON CLARK

THE constant turning of the lime-light of personal experience upon our "Colonial problems," has marked the proceedings of the Mohonk Conference this year, as for twenty-two years past. The thrill which one feels only when encountering the Actual, occurs here continually. Who can gainsay genuine experience? Theory shrivels to nothing beside it.

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK

Everybody knows Mr. Albert K. Smiley's wonderful success in gathering together the workers in the fields with which this Conference deals. Here are missionaries just from every part of our Indian Mission fields. Here are the very men who inaugurated the educational policy of the Philippines: the financial policy of Porto Rico: the rehabilitation of Hawaii. Almost without exception, they are good speakers. Most of them are eloquent, all are intensely in earnest. So vividly do they describe to us their various fields of labor that we fly with them from the palms of the far Pacific to the arid plains of Arizona, or the hills of our Spanish Island close at hand—and all in a single breathless hour.

Where all is so interesting, it is hard to select the brightest spots for portrayal in a brief account, but here are some of them: Commissioner Jones, of our Indian Bureau, has felt keenly the difficulties of his position, and spoke feelingly. Even his enemies and critics had to admit that he made out a good case for the Government. He pleaded that, so far as he knew, the United States was the only nation in the world's history which had paid aborigines for land taken from them. (He did not claim that we had paid in every instance. The most violent stickler out for Government glory does not insist on that.) Commissioner Jones did remind us, however, that the Israelites marched through Canaan and confiscated everything that they could lay their hands on and made no restitution whatever.

There has been much discussion regarding the boarding-schools established for the Indians. One speaker likened the "snatching" of the children for these schools, taken at five years of age, to the "roundup" of the cattle on a great ranch. Another insists that all philanthropists agree upon the propriety of taking children from ignorant or vicious parents in order to train them properly; and that the boarding-schools do a great work.

Miss Collins, of South Dakota, spoke in favor of cultivating a stronger home-feeling among the Indians.

"A few years ago," she said, "I could ride from one end to the other of my field, and see homes all along the way. These little houses, some of them with three or four rooms, had its patch of tilled ground, and usually its chickens and its pigs. Since the government has taken away the 'rations' and provided work for the Indians, the men have left their homes in order to work on distant roads and bridges. Little by little the homes are being deserted and the nomadic life is being resumed."

Mr. Seeger, of Colony, Oklahoma, said that this matter had been managed among the Indians in his field, by having them go off and work for the Government for a few weeks, a man thus getting money enough to keep his family in groceries and clothing, and then returning to his home to put his crops into the ground, or later, to reap them. He believed that the worst point had now been reached, and that very soon these difficulties would disappear. He was a quiet, unpretentious young fellow, but his strong common sense and practical knowledge made his simple statements weighty.

Friday morning occurred the most exciting session of the Conference. The irrigation problem among the Pimas and Papagoes was under discussion. Dr. Spinning of the Presbyterian Church, well known for his unselfish devotion to the cause of the red man, explained fully the case of these unfortunate Indians. For centuries they and their ancestors have irrigated their lands from the Gila River. Now, white men have diverted it, above the Pimas, and have left the lands of this agricultural and peaceful people utterly barren. During the awful wars with Geronimo, the Pimas were ever our faithful friends, saving us millions of property and many lives. They have appealed to our Government for aid, and have received some promises but no help. Little by little, they have eaten their live stock, parted with their sewing machines and other property, and are now in a destitute and suffering condition.

Great enthusiasm was aroused upon the announcement that Commissioner Jones had just started for the Pima Country, having received a telegram from the President that the irrigation matter was to be investigated at once.

Miss Collins said that the Conference had no idea of the far-reaching effect of its work. She said the traders and others who plan to outwit the Indians, invariably say, "What will Mohonk do about this?" She begged that the Conference would not become too much interested in our new islands. She said that already it was rumored in her mission field that there was no need any longer to be afraid of Mohonk, because Mohonk was occupied now with the Philippines, and that anybody might play fast and loose with the poor Indian without fear of detection by Mohonk.

The Prohibition Problem in the Indian Territory has naturally occupied a prominent place in the councils of the Conference. Representative James Sherman of Utica, made an impassioned plea for an incorporation into the bill now pending of a prohibition clause, and that no State constitution should be allowed to the Territory which did not embody some such article. Several others of the Indian Territory people, of whom a considerable delegation are here, have pleaded strenuously for this prohibition.

Miss Alice W. Robertson made the matter clearer than any other speaker. She dwelt upon the almost insane craving of the red man for whiskey, when he has once had it, and upon the helpless childishness of the Indian character. She showed that this was not a plea to drive out from the Territory the sale and manufacture of liquor, but simply to keep it out, and preserve present conditions. It is from Oklahoma that the Indians get their rum. She told a touching story of a fine old Indian, a soldier and a statesman revered by all, who fell a victim to "Oklahoma whiskey," and was crushed to death under the wheels of his own wagon when intoxicated. One of her most promising young men pupils, who was the hope of his family, had succumbed also, and had come to his death through his excesses. The strongest appeals were made to the women present that they would at once start attempts to create a public opinion upon this matter—write letters to Congressmen, discuss it in their clubs. Dr. McKennon and President Evans of Muskogee have an appointment to see the President concerning matter. Both of them are on fire with enthusiasm they go backed with the strongest endorsements resolutions from the Conference.

Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the distinguished Balti lawyer, was selected this year to preside over the ceedings of the Conference. He was an admi choice. Mo illustrate the craving for liquor in tl dian Territory, he told the following story:

"I am in the habit of carrying in my pocket a flask"—this he drew from his pocket and held up t gaze of the Conference. "It contains a mixtu gentian and water, and is designed to alleviate str stomachic relations. When I went to the Indian ritory, I was warned that no sort of bottle mu exposed to view. Any left in one's room might c pear. Inadvertently, the gentian was one day left my bureau. Upon my return to my room, the flask empty. It must have been taken at one gulp," mented Mr. Bonaparte, in conclusion, "for if the had taken half in one swallow, he would never taken the second."

A charming feature of the Conference has bee rendering of a number of characteristic Ojibway s by Mr. Frederick R. Burton and his wife. Mr. B has mastered the tom-tom, and plays upon it inharmonious accompaniment to some of his s From his performance, we infer that long before time" became a popular institution among us, tl dians had perceived its availability.

The women who have spoken before the Confe have made an admirable impression. Concise, poi unassuming, their speeches and their manner been alike most pleasing. This morning whe Indians of northern California were under consi tion, Mrs. A. S. Quinton stated their pathetic most graphically. T Indians once o 160,000 acres of able land. The ernment told that they would for this land, if Indians would gi up. The childlike men gave it up, claim that they never received a for it. They have moved about from reservation to an their numbers dwin and their spirit fa until now they are sands fewer than their lands were sol they have been lit driven into the de and to the sands o seashore. It is said their lands are worth from six to millions of dollars. tions are to be circu for help for these barously maltr people. Their tro began with the a of the hordes of m in 1857. These m found out what th scrupulous white tr and land agents o Indian Territory learned, that if yo an Indian drunk, can make him s almost any pap The matter easily grew from bad to worse, until tribes have literally no rest for the soles of their fe

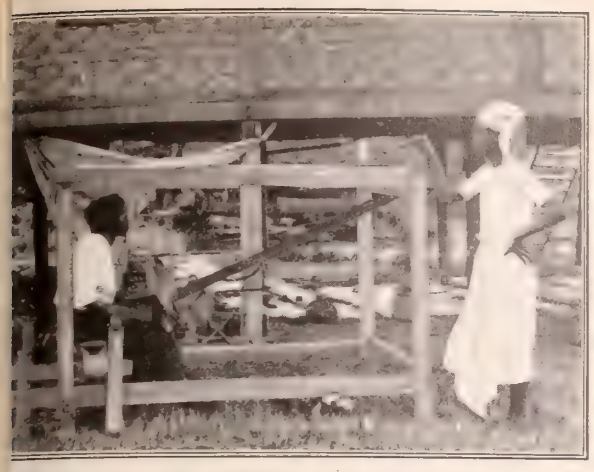
LAKE MOHONK, SCENE OF THE INDIAN CONFERENCE MEETING

Through all these thrilling "first-hand" narrat one note has persistently sounded. No matter wh the speaker were a missionary from the Indian res tions of the far West, or a scholarly "organizer education, finance, or civil government in Ma Honolulu, or Porto Rico, this testimony was unanimously: "The cry in my country is, 'Giv schools for our children.'" Heartrending tales told of long journeys taken by parents, leading ragged little ones, in order to reach the teachers the schools. As White Wolf, one of the intere Comanches here, said in his affecting speech, "Sc ing nobody can steal from us. We want schooling

Miss Robertson related that the Indians came and over to beg for schools, but hundreds were obl to go without them. "I'll w'ar you out, Miss Al said one persistent beggar for education. And she "w'ar" out the patient teacher, who still was unabl provide the coveted school for lack of funds.

Surely streams for the healing of these helpless tions must flow from this almost sacred spot; and f the hearts of thousands of poor red and brown black men, who have never seen his grand and ben lent face, must prayers for blessing go forth upo head of the noble Quaker, Albert Smiley. Mo should become a Mecca. May its work long conti

BURMESE WOMAN WEAVING



THE LAST KING AND QUEEN OF BURMA

SACRIFICING TO DEMONS

Life Among the Burmans

IN recording the missionary work of fifteen years among the Burmans, Mr. H. P. Cochrane tells an interesting story of the land, the people, their customs and religion. Those who have read *The Light of Asia*, and heard Theosophists talk glibly of "Mahatmas," whose wisdom they say is more ancient and profound than anything in the religious literature of the West, will be much interested in the author's description and explanation of Buddhism as it really exists to-day. The Burman is "a religious animal"—both terms emphasized—the idol and the priest alike represent Gautama, the only god the Buddhist knows. The Burman believes that he is the descendant of fallen angels, and therefore acknowledges no human being superior to himself. Mr. Cochrane, in conversation with a native official, dilated upon the power, resources, extent and wealth of the United States. This was in answer to the Burman's many inquiries, Mr. Cochrane, wishing to duly impress his listener, made, as he says, "figures as large as my conscience would allow." At last he (the Burman) summed it all up in the self-satisfied expression "About as big as Burma, isn't it?"

The Burmese have many religious festivals, and every festival is a feast. There seems to be little difference between the street processions of weddings and funerals, for they are both accompanied by the same distracting noise of tom-toms and dancing, and the same stuffing of insatiable stomachs. Arrayed in his best silk skirt and *gaung baung* (head-dress), the Burman meets all the ladies gorgeously arrayed in their best. He enjoys being in a crowd, because it gives him an excuse for abstaining from work, which he does not love. The Burman suffers no chance for enjoyment to escape him; he manages to get some out of everything, funerals being no exception. He will dance and sing on the way to the cemetery, and race bullock-carts on the way home. When a man dies, a small coin is placed in his mouth to pay his ferriage" across the mystic river of death. He could not cross without this and would have to return to this world to suffer — no one knows what. After many ceremonies at the house and at the cemetery, all to propitiate the *nats*, the coffin is swung endways over the grave seven times, to give the deceased a good start towards the great *myin-mo-mount*, the abode of the *nats*.

Marriages in Burma are generally for love, or for something that is accepted as the equivalent of sentiment. Lover-like attentions are not hidden, as clandestine meetings would be scandalous, and all courting is done under the eyes of the young lady's friends, who sit on the open veranda beside her. Under Buddhist law no marriage ceremony is necessary. "Living and eating together" constitute all the desired evidence of marriage. The first eating together is in the presence of witnesses, and so becomes in itself a simple wedding ceremony. In married life the wife is the burden-bearer, while the husband gets the glory for whatever may be accomplished. According to Buddhism the man is far superior to the woman. No woman ever can attain to Nirvana; she can only hope that in some future state she may be born a man, and so get a fresh start. Nevertheless, the energy of the Burmese woman saves the race from going to the wall.

THE TATTOOING PROCESS

Child life in Burma is very picturesque. Every town and village is full of romping children. Boys are guiltless of clothing until six or eight years of age; girls until they are two. The parents are very fond of their little ones. The name of the baby depends upon the day of the week on which it is born. Certain letters are assigned to each day, and the child's name must begin with one of the letters assigned to its birthday. There is no family name. Boys and girls make merry at their play in the streets, with sun-dried marbles, large seeds, and peculiarly shaped sticks. With these materials they have devised games which have become national sport. When a boy reaches manhood, he must be tattooed from waist to knees, and if this is not done, his comrades will poke fun at him, and call him "a woman." The tattooing is done piece by piece, at intervals, to allow time for healing. The work is performed by a professional, from patterns which the boy himself or his parents may select. Few boys have the nerve to endure the pricking very long at a time, so the subject is dosed with opium to deaden the sense of feeling.

Men and women, boys and girls alike have the habit of *kun*-chewing and smoking. The *kun* is made of betel nut chopped fine, and an astringent green leaf, lime-paste being spread on the leaf before it is put in the mouth.

The Burmese are great money-lovers, and will resort to almost any stratagem to secure it. Among these heathen, sin is only sin when discovered; they say, "how could it be sin when no one knew it?" When these poor idol-worshipers become convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, many of them show remarkable faithfulness and sacrifice. The author gives many interesting examples of this among the native preachers and teachers, who hold their lives not dear to themselves in testifying of the Gospel and grace of God. Buddhism is not heritage; it is the result of training and environment. This training can be forestalled by schools where the Christian religion is taught. These pupils, whether converted or not, will, in a few years, be rearing children of their own, and such children will not be taught to hate the "Jesus Christ religion."

[rom *Among the Burmans*. By H. P. Cochrane. Published by leming H. Revell Company, New York. Price $1.25.

JOHN MILLER'S RESOLUTION

BY LEWIS E. CARTER

OHN MILLER had just returned from his day's work one Saturday afternoon, and in his envelope, along with the rest of his pay, he found a brand new silver dollar. At supper time, while he was counting his money, his wife spied the shining coin, and asked her husband if she could have it. He roughly refused the request.

John was a hard-working man, but was also a hard drinker. He had a thirst for liquor that made him wasteful with his money and unkind toward his family. He knew his wife and little girl each needed a new dress, but his thirst for beer and whiskey was so much stronger than his desire to clothe his family that he would spend his wages for drink instead of for dresses.

After supper was over on the Saturday night mentioned, he started for the nearest hotel. Despite the entreaties of his wife and little girl, he hurried away to spend a night in debauchery. Along with paper money and coins of a lower denomination, John passed the new silver dollar over the bar at Pat Riley's hotel—the new, shining dollar which he had refused to give his wife for home comforts.

It was after midnight when John Miller staggered from Pat Riley's barroom and groped his way toward the place where he lodged and boarded; a place that could hardly be called home, though there was a faithful wife awaiting him there, and also a little girl sleeping innocently, unconscious of her father's shame.

Pat Riley closed his barroom late that night. His money-drawer was full of the hard-earned wages of men and boys of Newmills. As he rolled into bed, himself half drunk, his conscience was undisturbed by the sin he had committed and the ruin and distress he had brought to homes in that community. Why should his conscience accuse him? He was engaged in a traffic which brewers, farmers, mechanics, and even some Bishops, had by their votes made a respectable and law-protected business.

John Miller rolled into his bed at the same hour, 2 A. M. Sunday. His pocket was empty, excepting two nickels, and a dime he had saved for an "eye opener" in the morning. But this was not all, his head was empty of sense and self-respect. Alcohol had driven out these tenants.

. . .

Sunday morning came. After a few hours of drunken slumber John Miller arose. His head ached; his appetite for food was gone, but his thirst for drink was unquenched. Without eating breakfast, he shuffled off toward Pat Riley's hotel. The front door was locked, but John knew the way to the barroom through a side entrance. With a husky voice he ordered a glass of beer. At that instant Mrs. Riley came into the barroom, and went to the money-drawer. She was dressed in a beautiful silk gown, and wore a stylish hat. On her fingers glistened two brilliant diamond rings. As she walked, her silk skirts rustled, and her diamonds sparkled. She had come to get some money, and when she caught sight of the new silver dollar which had fallen into the till the night before, she exclaimed: "O Pat, where did you get this new silver dollar? Let me have it, will you?"

Pat answered gruffly, "Yes, take the dollar and get out of here."

John Miller, as he heard Mrs. Riley's costly skirts rustle, thought of the old worn-out dress his wife was obliged to wear. As he saw Mrs. Riley's diamond rings sparkle, he thought of the plain little wedding-ring which he had given his bride on the day he promised to love, honor and keep her. As he saw the hotel-keeper's wife go out of the barroom with the shining silver dollar which he had refused to give Mrs. Miller the night before, the scales dropped off from John Miller's eyes, and he saw things as they really were. In an instant he seized the glass of beer and dashed it upon the floor. Pat Riley was in a rage, and demanded a reason for Miller's strange actions. With an emphasis that told of a strong determination, Miller said: "That is the last glass of beer I will ever buy. I have been buying silk dresses for your wife long enough. I am going to clothe my own family hereafter." He then turned and left the barroom.

Christian friends at Newmills encouraged John in his new resolution. His lodging place became a real home, and his wife a happy woman. From that Sunday morning until his death, he never bought any more silk dresses for the hotel-keeper's wife.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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A Victory for Peace

FOR the time being, the campaign in the Far East has been overshadowed by the tragic incident in the North Sea, where Russia's Baltic fleet, commanded by Admiral Rojestvensky, perpetrated the inexcusable blunder of opening fire upon a number of British trawlers or fishing vessels. Britain was naturally incensed, over what seemed, at first, to have been a wanton attack upon defenceless men, and the government demanded a full explanation from Russia. For nearly a week the two nations were on the verge of war.

To those who have been observant of the situation abroad, several conjectures are open, by way of explaining the North Sea incident. It may have been the act of an excitable, hot-headed, panicky commander, with an exaggerated dread of Japanese torpedo-boats, and who may have mistaken the signal lights of the fishermen for those of the enemy. It may have been the individual act of Rear-Admiral Voelkersahm, or some irresponsible subordinate in charge of a section of the fleet. Again, it is suggested in some quarters that it may have been an act of drunkenness, an opinion which seems to be settling down to a conviction in Europe. Finally, it may have been "inspired" from a higher quarter, with the ulterior purpose of involving other Powers in the war. Dark and devious as some of the ways of European diplomacy undoubtedly are, it is difficult to believe that any government would resort to such an expedient.

Friends of peace everywhere will rejoice in the news that the whole question at issue will now go to the Hague. By a singular coincidence, the proposition to refer the dispute to a Peace Commission, emanated from both governments simultaneously. It is creditable to the Czar of Russia and to the King of Great Britain, that they should have possessed the moral courage to take such a step at a time when both countries were unduly excited and embittered.

Thus, one by one, is Peace winning her victories. God grant the day may soon come, when all the battles of the nations will be fought out under the banner of the olive branch.

Immigration at High Tide

ONE million immigrants to arrive this year, is the momentous announcement of the Immigration Commissioners. Already eight hundred thousand have landed during the past ten months, a number almost equal to the record of the previous twelve months. They come from twenty-two separate countries, Italy alone sending 193,296. Next in order, is Austro-Hungary, with 177,159, and then Russia, with 145,141. The type is evidently inferior to that of former years, when Germany and Great Britain contributed the largest proportion. They bring muscle and sinew, but of intelligence and education very little. It is evident that they belong to the lower ranks of their respective countries. Perhaps, not to the lowest, who would be unable to pay their passage, but to the class next above them, whose hard lives in their own lands have prevented their acquiring any education.

Hitherto the problem of assimilating the immigrants has not been difficult; but now, with the vastly increased numbers, and the lower grade of intelligence, it is becoming one of the most serious problems that ever confronted a nation. We shall make a disastrous mistake if we ignore or neglect it. Five years will elapse before any of them can become citizens, but in the meantime they are added to our national life, they form part of the community, and will exert an influence on society. The character of that influence has already become evident. The newly arrived immigrant is apt to regard our government as a government by aristocrats, like that to which he has been accustomed at home. The crimes attributed to the Mafia and similar societies; the lack of self control and of respect for law and order exhibited by foreign-born workers, in recent labor troubles, imply that old habits and old ways of thought have not been discarded in the change of environment. The immigrant cannot adapt himself in a day or a year, to an order so different from that in which he has spent his past years. He gives force and vigor to the lawless element among ourselves, and is consequently an element of danger.

What is the duty of society with respect to him? It is clear that our open hospitality involves an obligation. To admit him and leave him to find his own way to a right attitude is dangerous for him and for ourselves. He needs to be trained and educated, and, more than all, he needs to be brought under religious influence. Both the State and the Church have a duty to perform. It should be undertaken thoughtfully and deliberately. How to reach the immigrant, how to win his confidence, how to give him the instruction he needs, are matters that demand the most earnest consideration. The problem is difficult, but some solution must be found, both for his sake and our own.

A Rich Blessing!

SEVERAL years ago, the readers of this journal became actively interested in the spread of the Gospel in the Philippines. Under the blighting rule of Spain, the native population had remained in a condition of spiritual darkness but little removed from heathenism. Ostensibly Romanist, they had continued for many generations in ignorance of the religion of Jesus. They were practically in the same condition as the unevangelized tribes of many parts of South America. The great truths taught by Christ and the evangelists were to them as a dead letter.

Then there came among them a little band of Christian workers from the United States. Soon there were a few native converts, and the evangelistic work began to take root in Manila and the surrounding districts. It was at this juncture that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers decided to have a representative in the new Gospel field, and Nicolas Zamora, a native convert, known alike for his zeal and his remarkable ability as an evangelist, was chosen to undertake the work in their behalf. Associated with him were several other Filipinos who, having become converts, were now eager to spread the glad tidings of Salvation among their people. This special corps of workers was loyally sustained by the prayers of Christians in America, and by their gifts through this journal. Zamora and his native co-laborers were associated with the American missionaries in the most amicable relations. It was a campaign for souls, with the spiritual forces so solidly unified that victory was assured.

Their efforts have been blessed beyond all expectation. In a letter from Manila, published on another page, is the glorious news that in those five years, not less than *ten thousand Filipinos have confessed Christ* and have been added to the visible church. Many churches have been organized and congregations established, and the harvest is not yet half reaped.

Surely God has abundantly acknowledged the efforts of those generous souls who, in the days of Filipino darkness, equipped and sent forward the messengers of light and truth. We rejoice to know that the bread cast upon the waters many days ago has been made a means of such unexampled blessing, and that the prayers and sacrifice of our friends for the neglected Filipinos were not offered in vain.

Pastor Sheldon's New Story

IN "The Heart of the World," the first chapters of which will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on November 23, the Topeka pastor has produced a story of such power and mighty purpose that it will sway the souls and feelings of men far more than anything else he has ever written. It is distinctly a problem-story, and the problem is one of the greatest and noblest that could be propounded to human minds. Strong in dramatic qualities, far-reaching and searching in the logic of its arguments, excellent in its fine portraiture of feminine character, beautiful as a love story, and admirable in its presentation of a noble life of self-sacrifice and renunciation for Christ and humanity, "The Heart of the World" should find a great multitude of readers.

Dr. Klopsch Appeals for Help

THANKSGIVING DAY is near at hand. O[ing] to the completion of the Subway Railroad, n[ow] thousands of workingmen are thrown out of emp[loy]ment. The approaching cold season makes life ha[rder] and more expensive in the great city for the men [and] boys who have flocked thither from their country [homes] sides to lighten the burdens of the household, ho[ping] to make a living for themselves in the bustling city, [and] perhaps also a surplus to add to the comfort of th[eir] folks at home.

Misfortune has overtaken them, disappointment [has] been their lot, and now in their despair they appe[al] to the Bowery Mission, which, for over twenty-five y[ears] has been to the unfortunates as the rescue cities of [old], a haven of encouragement, rest and protection. [We] cannot and must not turn them away. If we do, [what] shall become of them? Many a home in this [great] country of ours is indebted to the blessed influence [and] practical assistance of the Bowery Mission for [the] temporary entertainment and final restoration of l[ost] ones, who but for its assistance would have succu[mbed] to circumstances they could not control, and have [gone] down to an early and unmarked grave.

The work must continue, and the kind, gene[rous] hearted people of this great country, who sympa[thize] with the unfortunate, will not permit it to lag. S[ome] of them probably have among the unfortunates [some] who is ashamed to write home, but who may yet g[ive] a good accounting of himself. We appeal to all [who] desire to have a share in the great work the Bo[wery] Mission is doing, to contribute generously to its pr[esent] requirements.

On Thanksgiving Eve a turkey dinner will be g[iven] to six hundred destitute boys. On Thanksgiving m[orn]ing, immediately after the bells have tolled the d[awn]-night hour, and every morning thereafter during [the] cold season, until April 1st, our doors will be th[rown] open and breakfast served to one thousand hom[eless] men daily. What a sad sight to see a line, fo[rmed] around a city block, of men and boys shivering in [the] cold, waiting for the comfort of a pint of steaming [hot] coffee and a roll, after partaking of which they res[ume] their tramp for the balance of the night!

At 9 A. M. one hundred poor families on the [East] Side of the metropolis will be served with tu[rkey], cranberries, bread and potatoes, for their Thanksgi[ving] dinner at home.

At 7 P. M. a helpful service of encouragement wi[ll be] held, and six hundred dinners will be served to as [many] homeless men.

Scripture mottoes suitable to the occasion wi[ll be] given to each and every one, and unwavering fait[h in] the goodness and mercy of God encouraged in all.

This programme recounts only in outline such a[ctu]res as we can now arrange, but gives no hint of [the] personal work done by those in charge. I am pe[rson]ally, with Mr. Hallimond and Mrs. Bird, every ye[ar at] the Bowery Mission on Thanksgiving Day, and [love] devote as much of our time as possible to co-opera[ting] in the great work.

If any of our readers wish to share this resp[onsi]bility with us, and feel that they would like to [give] expression to their gratitude to God for the m[any] blessings conferred on them, for His kind and lo[ving] protection over them and their loved ones, by ai[ding] us in this matter, I would esteem it a g[reat] favor to have them do so, and I pledge the m[ost] conscientious and intelligent administration of [any] contributions they may send to THE CHRIS[TIAN] HERALD in behalf of the Thanksgiving Work at [the] Bowery Mission.

Give as God has prospered you, and it shall be g[iven] unto you again in generous Gospel measure, pre[ssed] down, shaken together, and running over.

BIBLE HOUSE,
NOV. 7, 1904.

Louis Klopsch

Peace With Tibet

TIBET'S seclusion from the outside world is now at an end. The historic scene represented in the illustration on this page closes its long period of isolation. The treaty which the Dalai Lama refused to sign, after his agreement, was duly signed and sealed by his representatives. He had accepted the protection of Russia, and by the advice of the Russian diplomat he repudiated his promise to Great Britain. He has now learned that the perfidious Power in whom he trusted, was unable to support him, and he is now bound by his treaty obligations, which he will violate at his peril. The treaty was written in English, Tibetan, and Chinese, on one sheet of paper, and was duly signed by the regent, and sealed with the Dalai Lama's official seal. It was read over to the assembled representatives of Tibet, and all solemnly pledged themselves to an observance of its conditions. The treaty provides that markets shall be opened for the exchange of Tibetan products for merchandise from India; that Tibet shall pay an indemnity of two and a half million dollars in three annual instalments, and that Great Britain shall occupy the valley of the Chumbi until the instalments are paid and the trading posts duly established; that Tibet shall not sell or lease any of its territories to a foreign Power without the consent of Great Britain, and that no foreign Power shall maintain an embassy or other agency in Tibet, nor shall any concession be granted by Tibet to a foreign Power to construct railroads, lay telegraph lines or open mines without the consent of Great Britain. These provisions cover the whole question at issue, and having secured the concession, the British commander withdrew, leaving only the force agreed to in the treaty, which will occupy the valley of the Chumbi until the indemnity is paid. It is evident that the exchange of commodities will soon lead the way for the advent of missionaries, and we may therefore hope that in the near future Tibet will hear the Gospel, and the door so long closed against the heralds of Christianity will be opened. Tibet may learn to say:

How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace (Isa. 52: 7).

SIGNING THE TREATY BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND TIBET

Suspended Consciousness

A curious incident of loss of consciousness is quoted by a medical authority as having occurred within his own knowledge. It was that of a man who suddenly disappeared from his office in a town in northern New York, and was supposed to have committed suicide. He was a prosperous merchant, who had engaged in some transactions which were outside his regular business and had not turned out as he expected. His business standing was not impaired, but the failure of this special enterprise worried him. He lost his cheerfulness and his interest in business and became moody and morose. One morning he went to his office as usual, but later in the day went out and was not seen at any of his customary haunts. Search was made everywhere for him, but he could not be found. Two months afterwards, his brother received a letter from him at a town in Indiana, begging him to send him some money. The remittance was sent and in a few days, the merchant came to his brother's house. He said that from the time he left his office until the time he wrote for money, his existence was a blank. He had no idea how he reached Indiana or how he had spent his time. He had suddenly come to himself, penniless, his shoes worn out and his clothes in tatters. Realizing from the date how long he had been absent from home, he could not know what had occurred in his absence, so wrote to his brother for help. It was the best and wisest course to take. Unhappily, when men wander away from God, they too often do not appeal to their Divine Elder Brother for help, though he is always ready to serve them.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous (I. John 2: 1).

Brothers United

A strange meeting occurred in New York recently. It was that of two brothers, who, though the younger of them was thirty-nine years old, had never met before. The elder was born in Canada, where his parents settled after coming from Ireland. A few years after his birth they returned to their native country, leaving him behind in the care of friends who had become attached to him. Some years afterwards his parents had another child, who, when he grew up came to America and settled in New York. He had heard that his elder brother was here, and for several years tried to find him, but failed. Eighteen years went by, and he had given up the search, when, on Saturday, October 15, he was told that a stranger wanted to see him. He went to the door, and saw a man whom he could not recognize. He was asked his name, and replied. "Have you a brother whom you have not seen?" was the next question. The man said he had, and had vainly sought him. "I am he," was the response, and the two brothers clasped hands. The elder had heard of him through a fellow-workman, who told him that he had once worked with a man of his name, and who had been looking for his brother. He at once started for New York and made his acquaintance. The accident of the younger brother telling his fellow-workman of his search for his brother, led to the discovery. It is so with the Christian. When he learns that another soul is seeking Christ, his prayers for him lead to a revelation of Christ to the seeker.

Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee (John 1: 48).

New York's Subway Open

After long inconvenience from the tearing up of the streets, New York at last has the use of the subway. The opening on Oct. 27 was duly celebrated by a formal trip of the authorities, the Mayor, with a silver lever, acting as motorman. In the evening the public was admitted to the line. In the first half hour 15,000 persons were carried over the line. During the five hours between seven o'clock, when the first train started, and midnight, 145,000 tickets were sold to people eager to use the line on the first day of its history. The road is really a gigantic undertaking. Its construction cost $35,000,000, and the cost with equipment involved an expenditure of $75,000,000. The number of men employed was 10,000—not too large a number to excavate 3,212,000 cubic yards of material, of which more than a third was solid rock. The road is thirty-five miles in length, a bare third of it in the upper part of the city above ground, the remainder a tunnel under the busiest part of the city. The engineering difficulties in dealing with sewers, gas and water mains, etc., have been enormous. Now that the road is finished, it is declared by experts, who have seen the systems in use in London and Paris, to be the finest and best equipped in the world. As it will now be possible to travel from the Battery to Harlem in fifteen minutes, doubtless many, who have hitherto lived in the city to be near their work, will move out, to get the benefit of purer air. The number of travelers will consequently be enormously increased. Thus, in New York, as elsewhere, we see that the prophet's prediction of the characteristics of the latter times are fulfilled:

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased (Dan. 12: 4.)

Arsenical Poisoning Detected

The Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin calling attention to the presence of arsenic in various articles of ordinary use. The department has tested 537 samples of wall paper. Some of the papers, notably one of a brown tint, contained large quantities of arsenic, which would be extremely injurious to persons sitting or sleeping in the room papered with it. Forty-one specimen stockings were tested, and were all found to be heavily charged with the poison. In case of a person with excoriated flesh wearing them, the result would be to poison the blood and lead to illness and possibly death. It was found, however, that furs were the most heavily charged of all articles of wearing apparel with the dangerous poison. The manufacturers had treated the furs, in order to preserve them, or to repel moths, with arsenic, so freely as to constitute a menace to human life. The air passing through them, or the contact of the fur with the face or hands, the chemist who made the test says, would be liable to produce mischievous results, and he urges the enactment of a law forbidding the use of the poison in all articles of ordinary use and in wearing apparel. It would seem that some such law is needed, otherwise people may be poisoned without knowing of their danger. It would be well, too, if our laws to prevent the danger of moral infection could be made more stringent. There are exhibitions, and pictures, and books that are most pernicious to moral health which ought to be suppressed.

Be ye separate saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing (II Cor. 6: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

No fewer than 100 missionaries and Christian workers are going forth this autumn to the foreign fields under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodist Society.

Sixty-nine missionaries are, at present, engaged in evangelizing the sixty million inhabitants of Morocco. Twenty-five of these, working in five cities, belong to the North Africa Mission, while forty-four belong to other societies, or work independently.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premiums this year will excel any ever issued by this office up to the present time.

Our 1905 "Beauty Calendar" is a beauty, indeed. It is unquestionably the most attractive wall ornament of the day.

THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Six—Nelson

CHAPTER XXXII - Continued

THE GRAPPLE OF THE LEVIATHANS

INTO the great gap left by the withdrawal of the ruined *Le Peuple Souverain,* Thompson gallantly threw the little *Leander.* He anchored his ship by the head and stern directly athwart the hawse of *Le Franklin,* and in a position in which no gun of hers could touch him, raked her again and again.

From a position of comparative security, therefore, *Le Franklin* was suddenly the most sorely beset of the fleet. Rear-Admiral Blanquet du Chayla, upon whom the immediate command devolved on account of the serious wounding of Captain Gilet, fought his noble vessel with unparalleled obstinacy and courage. The great eighty-gun ship blazed and roared like an active volcano.

Meanwhile, urged to the last limit by their impatient and ardent captains, the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander,* came hurrying through the gloom of the night toward the fire-punctured, smoke-covered line. Hallowell was in the lead. In the darkness he saw looming close aboard him, the shattered, dismasted hulk of a ship. He was about to fire into it, but concluded to hail before doing so. It was well that he did, for he found that it was the *Bellerophon* going out of action.

For one hour Darby had stood the brunt of *L'Orient's* overwhelming fire, and now with every stick cut out of her, with half her crew killed or wounded, with her guns dismounted, her rudder shattered, completely wrecked and helpless, his ship had been forced out of the line.

As Hallowell had rounded the battery on Bequières, a long and lucky shot struck the *Swiftsure* beneath the water-line, exposed for a moment by the heave of a wave. The ship actually had four feet of water in her as she came into action. A heavy detail of her crew were withdrawn from the guns, engaged in keeping her afloat under the circumstances by dint of constant labor at the pumps. Nothing daunted by her condition or by the previous reception of the *Bellerophon,* Hallowell took Darby's place by the side of *L'Orient.*

To his assistance came the *Alexander.* Ball chose to cut in between *L'Orient* and *Le Tonnant,* raking them both as he passed. Then he luffed up on the larboard quarter of Brueys' flagship and anchored by the head, the only one of the English ships to do so; he joined with the *Orion* and *Swiftsure* in making a chopping block of the magnificent three-decker, *Le Peuple Souverain* having been beaten into wood-pulp by this time.

And now the English fleet having all come into action except the unimportant *Culloden,* which the agonized Troubridge and his grief-stricken men were striving vainly to get off the shoal, the battle resolved itself into a trial of strength and endurance. The end was certain. The gallantry and determination of the French might postpone it for a space, but there was nothing before them but surrender or destruction.

Thirteen heavy ships had been concentrated on the first eight of the French line. With an astonishing and entirely unexplainable supineness, the four rear ships of the French fleet lay quietly at their anchors doing absolutely nothing. *L'Heureux* the next astern of *Le Tonnant* had indeed engaged the *Majestic* with such of her guns as bore, but *Le Mercure, Le Guillaume Tell, Le Généreux,* and *Le Timoléon,* which comprised the rear division under Admiral Villeneuve, swung quietly at their anchors, watching the spectacle as if they had no interest in it whatever.

Shortly after eight o'clock a piece of langrage from *Le Spartiate* struck Nelson in the forehead. The jagged irregular piece of scrap-iron cut a deep gash, tearing loose a piece of skin as big as a man's hand, which fell down over his eye, completely blinding him. The blood poured over his face. He clapped his hand to his head and staggered.

"I am killed!" he gasped; "remember me to my wife."

Macartney caught him in his arms. Turning over the command to Berry, Nelson was carried to the cockpit. The losses to the *Vanguard* had been extremely heavy. Over one hundred of her crew had been killed and wounded. Again and again had her forward gun crews which had suffered most from *L'Aquilon* been renewed. The ship's surgeons, with their coats off, their sleeves rolled up, were working like butchers over the wounded. So soon as they saw the admiral being conveyed to the cockpit, they naturally hastened to him, but he absolutely refused to be treated out of his turn. He suffered horribly and was confident that he had received his death wound. He sent a last message to his wife, had Berry hail the *Minotaur,* and summon her captain, who came aboard the flag.

When the brave Louis bent over the blind, and as he thought, dying admiral in the cockpit, and the latter thanked him for the magnificent support he had given him, the scene brought tears to the eyes of the beholders. When it came to his turn and the wound was dressed, the doctors were able to assure the admiral that it was not mortal, although extremely painful, and would probably remain so for some time, on account of the shock and a slight fracture of the skull, yet he would soon be able to be about again.

About nine o'clock *L'Orient* was observed to be on fire on her larboard quarter. Hallowell directed his light guns at the burning place in order that her crew might not extinguish the blaze, and in a short time the three-decker was hopelessly aflame. Brueys had been killed. He had been wounded in the cheek and in the leg, but had remained at his post until a heavy round shot disemboweled him. Even then he would not be carried below. He died on his own quarter-deck. Captain de Casa Bianca was also desperately wounded. The ship was fought by Admiral Ganteaume.

At half after nine o'clock the great hulk was a mass of fire. It was evident to everyone that she was doomed. The flames had mounted to the rigging and had caught the masts. They curled around the broad tops in glowing columns with fifty capitals of marvelous beauty, in the blackness of the night. Still her crew fought on. While the decks above them were ablaze, the lower deck guns poured shot and shell into the English, who clung to her like hounds to a boar at bay.

The captains of the *Alexander* and the *Orion,* shortly before ten o'clock, closed their ports, and veered away from the doomed ship. Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure,* who had the advantage of the windward position, clung desperately to *L'Orient,* firing to the very last. And now above all the horror of battle, the rising moon poured down her soft and brilliant light.

Nelson was told of the imminent danger and clambered from below that he might see it. When he reached the deck of the *Vanguard* he at once asked if any of her boats were still seaworthy, and found one which could be made use of. This he ordered to be made ready under the charge of Macartney, who volunteered for the service, to save such of the crew of *L'Orient* as might be found in the water.

At ten o'clock, with a concussion that seemed to rive the heavens, the great ship blew up. Flaming timbers, spars, bodies, were thrown into the air and far and wide in every direction. A rain of fire descended upon the nearest ships. *Le Franklin,* just ahead of *L'Orient,* caught fire in a dozen places. So, too, did the *Alexander,* the *Swiftsure,* the *Majestic,* and *Le Tonnant.*

The shallow water of the bay heaved upward as if driven by a tidal wave. Up and down the line the ships swayed to and fro as if drunken with battle. Weakened spars gave way under the strain, masts crashed over the riven sides. Under the influence of the awful concussion, from the terrific shock involved in the blowing up of the three-decker, the battle stopped for several moments. Not a gun was fired in the face of so awful a manifestation of the power and horror of war.

From the explosion of *L'Orient* but seventy people were saved by the boats from the English ships, for, like the *Vanguard,* the *Swiftsure* and the *Alexander* had also sent boats to the rescue. The complement of *L'Orient* was one thousand men, and thus, over nine hundred of them were lost.

Le Spartiate and *L'Aquilon* had struck at nine o'clock. *Le Spartiate* had not a single gun that would bear when she hauled down her flag. The slaughter upon her was something unprecented. *Le Guerrier,* which had been raked by five ships in succession, had been made a chopping block of by the *Zealous,* which had anchored off her larboard bow in a position entirely inaccessible to the French liner's guns. The *Zealous,* with a loss of one killed, and seven wounded, had reduced the French 74, to a complete and total wreck. Her bow were beaten in, her maindeck ports, as far aft as the mainmast, were knocked into one gaping hole. Her upper works had collapsed. Her guns were dismounted, and she was in a sinking condition, with nearly four hundred of her crew dead or dying on her decks.

Le Peuple Souverain struck to the *Alexander,* after the destruction of the flagship. This left the head of the French line only *Le Franklin.* All her the other ships promptly closed. For a time gle-handed and alone, she had fought the English finally, after she had been dismasted, and so cr as to be without power of resistance, she, too, her flag.

Le Tonnant and the *Majestic* had both been f to a standstill. Shattered and dismasted they drifted out of action. As other of the British the *Theseus,* the *Goliath,* the *Audacious* and the *ous* bore down upon the five remaining ships c French line, *L'Heureux* and *Le Mercure* cut the bles after a hot engagement, and in their endea escape drifted ashore.

By this time the English crews were almost from the hard work of the long day and the te battle of the longer night. The indomitable Ball ing to take the *Alexander* into further action, his lieutenant begged him to give the men a few mo of rest. They were literally collapsing as they f the guns. Twenty minutes were allowed them, a a moment every man was asleep in the midst c commotion until they were awakened to go into once more.

It was long past midnight, quite two in the mo in fact, when Macartney received permission Nelson to take the *Vanguard's* boat and board th tant *Le Tonnant* under a flag, for the purpose of moning it to surrender.

The battle was over. In the words of Nelso was not a victory, it was a conquest!"

The first act of the English admiral, when the gencies of the ships permitted it the next day, w publish the following order:

"Vanguard, off the mouth of the Nile
2d August, 1

"Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's with victory, the admiral intends returning thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this and he recommends every ship doing the same as as convenient. Horatio Nelso"

CHAPTER XXXIII

"YOUR MAJESTY, I FOUGHT FOR FRANCE"

THE emotions which filled the heart of Loui Vaudémont when she was informed by grandfather that the English fleet had sighted beyond Bequières Island, can with culty be imagined. She had no positive assuran course that her lover had succeeded in his end to find Lord Nelson, yet she had a woman's confi that he had not failed in his attempt. It was no him to fail, she thought proudly. He always suc ed. He had even won her, she told herself w happy wave of feeling. She knew he was there. felt morally certain that he would be in comma one of the swiftly approaching ships which the pa hours of the afternoon brought presently into her as she paced the poop-deck of *Le Tonnant* by th man's side.

She estimated the power of the English fleet b knowledge of Macartney, and not once had it occ to her, at least, that Nelson would hesitate to jo battle. She was certain that so soon as he coul within range the two fleets would engage In this clusion she was assured by her grandfather.

There was none of the fatuousness of Brueys the marquis. He had not permitted himself for a ment to suppose, as Brueys had done, that the En would be afraid to attack them. He knew the te of the English in general, and he knew the temp Nelson in particular. Shrewd observer of men was, he had not spent hours in his company wi divining something of the heroic purpose of the En seaman. He had no doubt whatever as to the rel efficiency of the two fleets, either. Bred in the st est and sternest school of de Suffren, who wa inimitable disciplinarian, the marquis noted the l and disorder, the almost utter ruin of the *mora* the crews which Republican ideas had produced. erty, equality and fraternity! Republican ideas very well on shore, they brought nothing but dis on sea.

Dupetit Thouars was a man after the old n heart, and if he had had more time and better mat he might have effected something on the ship to w he had been so lately commissioned; but the crews been completely demoralized by Garron, and there little improvement which he could bring about in few days he was allowed full and unhindered s

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e did, however, do something. It is probable that he ossessed the best crew of any of the French ships. s he was a man—and he was about to demonstrate conclusively in the coming battle—of the most amaz- g vigor and courage, he communicated some of his irit to his men.

The feelings of the marquis as he saw the English et bearing down upon them were somewhat com- ex. The triumph of England would mean the dis- mfiture of Bonaparte, and the advancement of the use of the king. Therefore, from his political point view it was to be hoped for and prayed for. At the me time a man who had fought the red flag flutter- g from the mastheads of the nearing ships through xty years of service, could not forget in a moment s ancient enmities. Sometimes the marquis found mself, with a start of surprise, longing to be in com- and. The appeal of the moment threatened to over- lance the calm, dispassionate judgment of the hour. r instance, he was burning with a desire to give ad- ce. He realized, as perhaps no other in the French et, the utter hopelessness of Brueys' position. He iew just what Nelson would do. There was a chance, ly a chance, but such as it was, a possibility, that if rueys could get under way, and could bring his ships bear upon Nelson's fleet, he might crush it before e three rearmost English ships could get into action. In default of a better confidant, he explained all this Louise as they walked side by side. Louise had ared the old man's life long enough, and intimately ough to have learned something of sea fighting from s experience. She realized that the battle would be fierce and furious one. She herself, her grandfather, d her foster-sister, ould be in the midst of

There would be as uch danger to them as any one; but she never ve a thought to her own ril, nor even to that of e marquis. Her mind as fixed upon the possi- lity of danger to Ma- rtney. She wondered on which of the ships might be. A tentative estion to the marquis d enlightened her some- hat.

"Unless," said the old an, "he has been placed command of one of the ips to which his rank d his long experience ould entitle him—which most unlikely, for no lmiral would displace a ptain on the eve of bat- —he will probably be und on the flagship: though his knowledge the situation might able him to give better rvice on the van ship."

All of which was very certain and unsatisfac- ry. He might be on at foremost ship, swing- g so magnificently into tion at the head of the e, nearly a mile away. e might be on that levi- han of war carrying the lmiral's flag. He might upon any of the other ips. It was even possi- ejthat when *Le Tonnant* und her antagonist, Macartney might be in command.

A place had been made for the comtesse and her aid in the cable tiers, but it was not necessary for r to go there during the first part of the battle. ith her grandfather, therefore, and Captain Thouars, e hung over the rail and watched ship after ship ving into the smoking flame ahead, and open her tteries. She saw the whole marvelous manœuvering f the English fleet as her grandfather pointed it out her. She alternated in her feelings between admir- ion, astonishment, apprehension and terror.

She was a true daughter of France. The king was t altogether France after all. She found herself rn between two desires. She understood something f the feelings which had actuated her brother Honoré. ometimes she found herself wishing that the English ould be beaten, provided Macartney might come out nharmed. Then she realized what the defeat of this eet, and the isolation of Bonaparte in Egypt, might ean to the king. The scene before her was like a agnificent picture; an enthralling, absorbing presen- ation of the majesty of war. And the setting in hich the terrific action took place was so softly beau- ful. The sun sank to rest in a blaze of glory that emed to mock the puny lights of men, though those ghts came from the flames of cannon. The sky above as studded with brilliant stars as the darkness drew n. Presently the moon rose. The cannonade seemed kill the wind after a time. All round was peace nd calm. But hell itself was mocked in the ships.

The men of *Le Tonnant,* stood chattering idly by their guns waiting the approach of their antagonist. No shot had come from any direction on that ship. None of the horrors of war were apparent, only the glorious pomp and circumstance. Louise had not had enough experience adequately, to imagine the conditions on the doomed ships ahead. It was all strange, terrible, thrilling. The diapason of the cannonade beat into her brain; the lights, the flashes of the guns, the stately moving ships, bewildered her. The battle got hold of her, fastened itself upon her. She wanted to do something, strike one blow for France, to fight! And she was but a woman. How those men yonder must feel! Presently the marquis and Dupetit Thouars left her to herself. They were discussing the situation.

"Heavens!" said the captain, "if I were only in command of those ships!" waving his hand back to the rear division. "I should order them to get under way at once! See! The English are doubling on us! We could play the same trick upon them with those unengaged ships. We could overwhelm those three to windward yonder. I should get under way at once!"

"And you would do right," said the marquis.

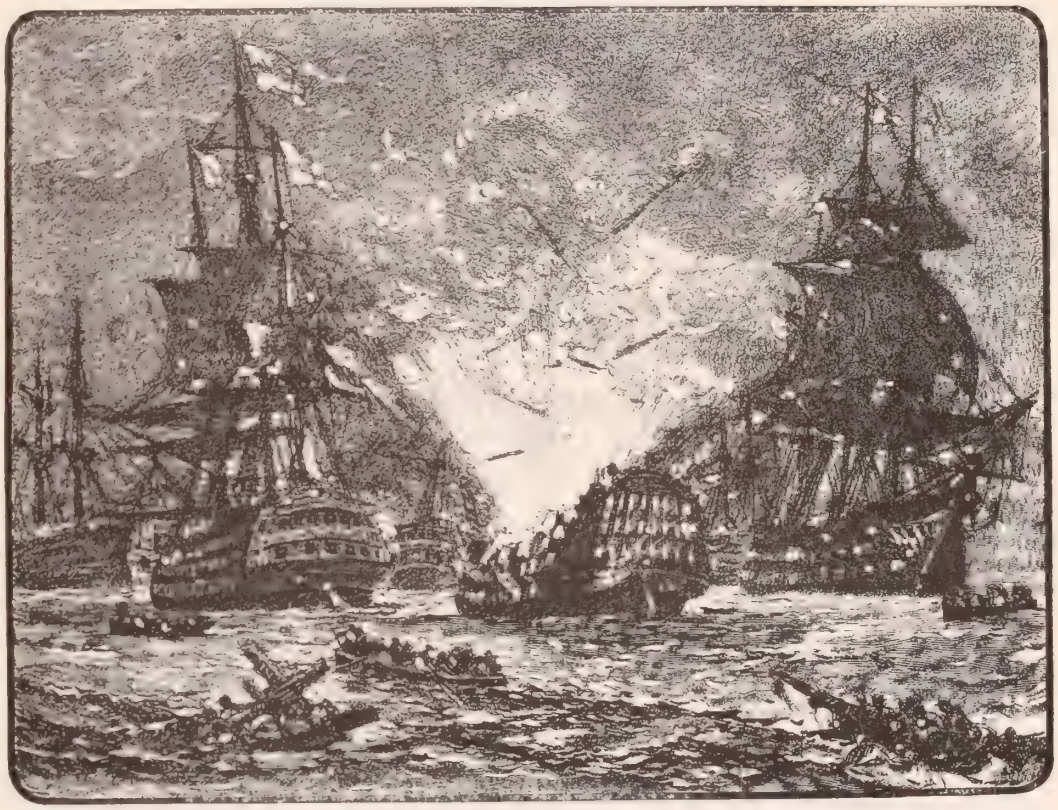
"If I only dared I would take out *Le Tonnant* without orders!"

"There will be no need. You at least may count upon an antagonist, but the battle for the present will stop here, I think."

"Yes, yes. Admiral Brueys expected the English would attack his rear and the best ships are aft there."

"A man like Nelson does the unexpected thing, always," said the old man.

"Of course."



"With a concussion that seemed to rive the heavens, the great ship blew up"

"Look yonder!" cried the admiral. *"L'Orient* is engaged! How magnificent is the courage of that 74 to tackle that great three-decker! See, she reels from the shock of *L'Orient's* broadside! There! she will sink alongside! No, no she holds her own! They fight magnificently, those English! But 'tis a hopeless overmatch. Spring your cable, Thouars!" cried the old man suddenly, "your forward guns can reach the English ship! God forgive me!" he said, "I forgot!"

Thouars instantly acted upon the wise suggestion. The stern of *Le Tonnant* was sprung to starboard and from such guns as bore, a fire at long range was poured upon the *Bellerophon,* busily engaged with *L'Orient.* The English liner could make no reply. As the smoke of her own guns blew across *Le Tonnant's* decks, the admiral was reminded of his granddaughter. He stepped across to where she stood clinging to the rail and staring ahead.

"Louise," he said, "you must go below."

"Not yet, not yet, monsieur," cried the girl, "let me stay! There is no danger yet."

"See!" cried the marquis, pointing as the bluff bows of a great ship came looming through the smoke to windward of the *Bellerophon,* her topsails showing faintly white in the flashes of the battle, "yonder is our foeman! Down in the cable tiers at once with you!"

"Let me stay!"

"I cannot!"

"Grandfather!"

"Louise, if you do not obey me at once, I shall have you carried below. This is no place for a woman."

There was that in the old man's appearance which warned her that it would not be well for her to hesitate longer, so she reluctantly descended the ladder, past the men sweating at the guns in the heat of the summer night as they trained them on the approaching English ship; down through the narrow confines of the main deck, a hurly-burly of shouting, swearing figures toiling at the training tackles in the dim light from the long rows of flickering lanterns; down far below the water line into the recess where the mighty cables lay, the safest place on the ship, which had been provided for her and Aurore.

Scarcely had she reached it, when *Le Tonnant* shook from truck to keelson with the roar of her first broadside, which had been poured upon the *Majestic.* An instant later a more muffled detonation, followed by the crushing of timber, and the shrieks of men, told of the return discharge. Thereafter there was no intermission in the dreadful roar of sound.

The woman sat on the damp coils of the cables, one hand clasped upon her breast as if she would faint or open her dress, to relieve the awful pressure of her beating heart. Imagination, in the darkness, added a thousand terrors and anxieties to her soul. What could have happened? Where was Macartney? What was her grandfather doing? Were the English crushing the ships of the French? The roar of the battle was dying away.

Above her in the cockpit she could hear the shrieks, and groans and prayers of the wounded. Blood trickled down the open scuttle into the cable lockers, and fell upon her dress. It was cruel, cruel, to keep her there without letting her know! She would die if she could get no news!

The habit of obedience was strong upon her, as it was upon all the demoiselles of France in that day and age, but at last her anxieties became too much for her. Other women were there above her, doing something, playing a part. She would not remain below! No, under no circumstances! She had been there weeks, months, years! She looked at her watch as she thought, and found that it wanted a few minutes to ten o'clock. She had been there nearly two hours! She could stand it no longer!

Bidding the frightened maid remain where she was, Louise rose to her feet, and ascended the ladder to the main-deck.

What a scene of finished horror met her gaze! As the ship rolled in the gentle swell, water and blood swashing across the deck, wetted her feet. Dead men lay piled upon the deck in every direction. Dismounted guns gaped uselessly at the sky through ports which had been battered into vast openings. Here and there a cannon, surrounded by a group of half-naked, powder-blackened, blood-stained seamen, still venomously spat its fire and destruction at a black, red-lanced something, seen dimly through the smoke on the other side.

This, this, was war! This was what was meant by that which had set her pulses beating when she watched it ignorantly on the ships ahead! Her brain reeled at the sight and the thoughts it brought to her. She would have fainted, but constrained herself to go on.

Presently she reached the quarter-deck. Lifting her eyes, she saw a frightful sight. A high division tub was placed on the deck. Propped up on the sand, or bran, which it contained was the armless figure, ghastly and terrible, of a man! It was Dupetit Thouars! He was stone dead! She learned afterwards that he had first lost one arm, then the other, and finally a leg; that he had refused to go below, and that he had ordered his men to bring up the tub filled with sand or bran, to thrust him in there so that he might direct the battle so long as he lived. He had died in that position. There by his side stood an old man, his head thrown back, his eyes shining, his voice high and shrill with excitement. It was her grandfather, directing the battle. "Give it to them, men!" he shouted, and there was so much power in his appeal that it was distinctly heard over all noise of the battle. "We have them beaten! Once more for France! Another broadside! Fire, fire! Steadily! The last shot may tell the tale! Strike, strike, for France!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

How All Should be Prophets

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ISAIAH hears a Voice, the same Voice Moses heard in the burning bush, saying: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Isaiah appears to be standing in the gate of the Temple, and by a vision he is enabled to see within the holy place, and the Holy of Holies. God is speaking to him, and he is trying to hear. He does hear, and he gives to the world the message that was given to him. God had need of a prophet, and to Isaiah came the call: "Thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."

And what sort of a time was it? This is best answered by describing the king then reigning in Jerusalem, Ahaz. "He sacrified and burnt incense to idol gods on the hills, and under every green tree." He also sacrificed his son according to the abominations of the heathen, by burning him with fire. He took the silver and gold which belonged to the Temple of God, and gave it to the heathen king of Assyria. He further despoiled the Temple that he might give a present to the King of Assyria. He had the great altar which stood in front of the Temple removed to the side, and in its place he put an altar furnished after a heathen altar. He insulted God by offering sacrifices upon this altar. He afterward sacrificed unto the Assyrian gods, hoping to get help from them that he could not get from the true and living God whom he had deserted. "Like king, like people," and so the whole kingdom of Judah was given over to idolatry and corruption.

It was for such a time as this that Isaiah was called in the strength of his young manhood. It matters little whether or not he was a grandson of King Joash, as is reputed. His own immediate family was a godly one, for his wife was also a prophetess, and he had two sons of whom it is said: "Each one received a title which preached a sermon every time it was uttered" (see Isa. 7 : 3 and 8 : 37).

Through the vision given Isaiah (see Isa. chap. 6), he was able to see the sins of his times through God's eyes. He was like an arrow held for a moment against the taut string of God's bow, and in that moment he had one request to make, that his lips might be sanctified. His prayer was answered, and his lips were purified as by fire, an angel touching them with a coal from off God's altar. He then goes forth into the streets of Jerusalem to condemn and warn king and people alike, not for a day only, but through sixty years. And while he condemns, he opens a door of hope, even the Messiah, "wounded for our trangressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He likens sin to scarlet which shall, through forgiveness, become as snow or wool. In his very name, Isaiah, meaning "Jehovah's salvation," is the fact expressed that he was the "Prophet of the Gospel." Hear what he says: "Wash you, make you clean. Put away evil. Learn to do well. Seek judgment. Relieve the oppressed. Plead for the widow." And not for the kingdom of Judah alone, but for the whole world and for all times did Isaiah speak. His statesmanlike utterances, showing the "sinful nation's" rottenness by comparing it with Sodom and Gomorrah, to be saved from the same fate by the "remnant" of a few upright citizens, are food for thought in our own land and every land.

Illustration and Application

This national message from one of the greatest of the prophets comes appropriately on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, when American preachers, from the very settlement of this continent, have been accustomed to speak as prophets, not to individuals, but to the whole community. The Bible priest was usually absorbed with the parochial care of his altar, and the atonement to be wrought for the individual worshiper, to right his personal relations with God. But the prophets traveled about, and so felt a responsibility for the whole nation, and sought to right the relation of the government to God, and the social relations of the people to each other in business, and politics, and pleasure. This practical and social side of religion would be getting no more than its scriptural share if preachers and teachers should devote one sermon or lesson to it each month—all the better if a union service. The Thanksgiving week, in any case, should be held fast for messages of Christian patriotism, for that Christianizing of society which Moses, and Isaiah, and Christ present as the full grown Gospel of social justice, of which personal conversion, "the spirit in me," is but the seed (Luke 4: 18-21.)

Isaiah, in a day of great evils in Church and State, found his occasions of thanksgiving not by hiding the dark facts, but in his God-given hope that right would triumph through the faithfulness of the few, and the coming of Christ. No man saw national sins more clearly, and no one condemned them more fearlessly, and yet his book abounds with notes of "joy," because above the throne of the unspeakable, Ahaz and three other bad kings of his time, he saw the "great white throne" of almighty righteousness.

This is not a lesson for preachers only, for the ancient prayer is still timely. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets." In all, except the incidental and exceptional matter of foretelling the future, we all may and should be prophets. The words "seer" and "prophet" mean one who sees God's will and says it. Prophet means not one who foretells, but one who speaks for God, whether of past or future. The true prophet always speaks to the present, whether his argument is drawn from history or from hope.

"COME, NOW, AND LET US REASON TOGETHER"

What are the essential qualities of a prophet that we may all possess.

1. We can all be "seers" of God. This beatitude is offered to us all, not in heaven, but in this world, in the words of Jesus: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The meaning is the same when Jesus says: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." The new heart is a theoscope for seeing God, just as a "musical ear" is the instrument for seeing the riches of music.

The nation's sins—we have almost lost that thought of "the nation as a moral person"—and then the nation suffers the consequences in moral, physical, and political decay, the three well-worn steps to the graveyard of nations; and then instead of national burial, comes awakening, and repentance, and restoration, through God's great mercy. The same steps are seen in individual life. Sin brings sorrow, and if sorrow brings repentance, God forgives, though our sins be "as scarlet," that is, as deeply rooted as the life-blood (v. 18).

But as pure blood from the arteries of a friend are let into the diseased veins of a loved one to save him, so the very life of Christ is poured into our sinful but penitent hearts, and this new spiritual life makes us "seers" of God reconciled in Christ.

You see that old black smoking iron boiler in the street where the laborers are repairing the roadway? The fumes are horrible, sickening, and you hold your nose as you hurry past. Look at what the dirty tank contains! They are ladling it out before you. O, what ugly, thick, black, vile, ill-smelling stuff! It is coal tar. Dirty, sticky, common refuse like this—what can be done with it? It is exactly from this waste product, this viscid, unpromising stuff, that are brought brilliant dyes, celestial creations of colors. Indeed, it is so. In 1825, the oil of benzine was discovered, and from benzine was extracted by skilful chemistry, in 1856, famous "coal tar" or "aniline" colors.

Though your sins be as black and foul, they shall be wool, as white as snow, and through the cleansed windows your soul you shall see God. That was the beginning everything good for Isaiah (see ch. 6: 6-8), and it is the ginning of everything good for us as individuals and natio to see God as Father and King.

LESSONS FOR TO-DAY

1. Sin is the grossest ingratitude.
2. Sin is our deadly enemy.
3. Sin is persistent and hardening.
4. The consequence of sin ought to teach us its true nature
5. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed."
6. Sin indulged paralyzes prayer.
7. Formal worship cannot remove heart-guilt.
8. God demands immediate and complete reformation.
9. God alone can cleanse us from sin.
10. "Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN; PUT AWAY THE EVIL OF YOUR DOINGS"

2. As "seers" of God we shall have no fears. perhaps envy Isaiah's courage, but he gives us his o secret—he "saw God upon a throne high and lifted up."

We cannot say too often that no man who even believes t God sees him can be afraid. Faith displaces fear. It is a gr reproach to religion that so many professing Christians cowards, afraid to lose a dollar, or to lose social or polit favor—denying their Lord, like Peter, whenever a sneer nobody points a finger of scorn at them. This denia often by silence, that gives consent to some attack on Sabbath or some slur on purity or religion.

It is a suggestive fact that two American experiment Messrs. Tene and Ogilvie, have found that certain pois lose their toxic properties by the simple addition of sa though it is not dissolved, and does not act chemically the poison. So the dreaded perils of to-morrow lose t terrors when one has that gritty courage which is collo ally called "sand." "Who made you?" said the teacher t boy. "God." "Of what?" "Sand." Let us hope so, we sadly need boys who have "sand" enough to st against mean and nasty and wicked proposals of their lows. And only God can supply this "sand" of true cour to keep us from slipping back in the fleeting hours on steep upgrades of life.

The French Grace Darling—otherwise Rose Here, fisl woman—was gathering shellfish on the rocks near Pyramide de Kunion, when out of the fog she heard desp ing cries and, looking s ward, perceived a boat cont ing fourteen men, which drifting wildly at the me of the strong currents am dangeraus reefs. The oc pants of the boat, afraid throw themselves into the on account of the swift ti plied their oars with the cc age of despair, and shoutec the top of their voices for sistance. Rose ran down the foot of the cliffs, and w out losing a moment, plun into the boiling surf, dres as she was, and swam to boat. Climbing on board, reassured the sailors as b she could, for she spe little French, and then, tak her place at the rudder, stee the boat with marvelous roitness past dangerous re to Pen-ar-Rock, distant ab two hours. So even the l liest become leaders by kn ing God's way, and daring guide others in it. In Isaia case courage was death pr if the tradition be true t he continued his fearle condemnation of wick kings and people until t fifth monarch to whom spoke, Manasseh, sentenc him to martyrdom, on t pretext—such as wicked m always trump up to co their real motives—that evangelistic teachings were contrary to the law of M ses, in which, as in his words, he was the prototype Christ. When the Russian colonel would inspire his r recruits with love for country, he tells them of the sacrif at Turkeston. The Russian army was small, the Asiatic came swooping down in overwhelming numbers, and t guns were halted a mile behind. Between the little army a the guns lay a deep ditch which the guns could not cro There was no time to go around. Guns now or annihilatic At this juncture a whole company of infantry threw the selves into the ditch, and with their bodies filled it up, a the guns went over at a gallop, and the day was saved. the sacrifice of a company in the ditch the army was r cued. He who sees God, sees in death nothing to fear, b only the vestibule of his King's palace, and so death dc not drive him from duty. In life and death alike, the "see of God escapes the many sorrows of fear.

3. As "seers" of God we shall abound in hope. Wit out ourselves foretelling the future, we borrow streng from it because it is in God's hand. Hope cannot be a sent from any one who feels God present. He will not fi his hope in juggling with figures to make black see white in the signs of the times. He will look straight blackest clouds and sing: "Hope thou in God for I shall y praise him."

*International Sunday School Lesson for November 20, on Isaiah's message to Judah, Isa. 1 : 9-16-20. Golden text: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well," Isa. 1 : 16-17.

Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mothers' Helpers

EW mothers escape the beautiful temptation to be entirely occupied in the adoring care of their babies. Devotion is one thing; absorption is another. Though a mother love her child ever so tenderly, e has not the privilege of being exclusively a mother. She still a wife, a sister, a daughter, a friend of her friends, a usekeeper, and a member of society. In the multiform ›ects and varied interests of her life, she must at least try preserve life's symmetry, not to grow only in a single ection while dwarfed elsewhere.

'Amy was one of the most brilliant girls in college," comined a classmate, who not having married, supposed herf satisfied with spinsterhood and a career. In common ch successful single women, untrammeled by domestic e, she regarded with a certain condescension women who re, as she expressed it, "engulfed in domesticity." "Look Amy now," she proceeded. "She is not anything except omparatively good housekeeper, and a mother to Kathee. Her sphere has narrowed until it is a small circle that s sufficient space in the nursery. She is hardly John's e in these days. The poor fel- drowses over a newspaper in e library or sallies out to some eeting or other, while Amy stays stairs hovering over the baby. ou can't talk to her five minutes fore Katherine is dragged into e conversation, and I never uld have believed it, had I not en the thing, no one visits the use to whom the baby is not hibited."

The type of women whom Amy presents, makes a singularly ort-sighted mistake. The truth that a child needs its mother's rsonal attention less while it is in e nursery than it will later. Not s her supervision, but less her rsonal care. A mother who is a idge in her household, when she ght save herself drudgery, comts a blunder that almost apbaches a crime. For drudgery at wastes energy, vitality and gh spirits, that consumes beauty e a moth, and steals away ength like a thief in the night, ll be productive of no harvest, d its only aftermath will be one regret.

The Selection

The mother's helpers should be ected with extreme care. The rliest requirement of infancy is oding and watching. In South- households, in those ante-bel- n days that some of us remember th peculiar pleasure, there was ways a dear old black mammy o was the personification of love the little ones. She taught them od manners, her own being irreachable, derived from long comnionship with an unconscious itation of the finest models in the rld, Southern gentlewomen. er patience was inexhaustible, r broad bosom was an asylum r childish fears and doubts, her lk-lore and her crooning ditties ade the nursery fireside a dream delicious delight. That the uthern mammy is passing is a use almost for tears; her like will ver be reproduced in the generations that go to school and llege, and have no special reverence for white folks' chilen. And yet, so soft-voiced and deft-handed, so faithful d so kind are colored women when well trained, and so voted are they in the capacity of nurse, that few excel em as mother's helpers.

To entrust to ignorant, stupid and undisciplined hands, ether white or black, one's little children, when one would t give into such keeping one's clothing, one's jewelry, or one's ver and glass, is a curious commentary on relative values. e mother should leave nothing to chance. She should ow that the woman in her nursery understands her du- s, has a love for them, and has also a love for children. obody should be suffered to care either for children or dendent animal pets who has not love for them in her nature.

Trained Attendants

In the children's hospitals, there are young women specly trained to take charge of babies, and of older children ring the nursery period. They are as thoroughly taught d trained in and for their specific work, as are other gradte nurses, although they take only a course that fits them care for children. When a mother can afford to engage ch a nurse, and pay her the wage to which her knowledge titles her, she may safely leave home at times without orry about her little ones. It would, in many cases, be orth while to economise elsewhere, and secure adequate d responsible assistance of this grade in the nursery.

But there are helpers of another social rank who may sometimes be found. Young women of good education and real refinement do not refuse the post of mother's helper, if it be relieved of the stigma of servitude. A nursery governess, is not precisely a nurse-maid. She should be received into the family life, and treated in every particular as if she were a sister or daughter of the house. She must have delegated authority, and the children be required to obey her as implicitly as they obey their mother, and she must be winning, gentle, and loving, so that to obey her will be the children's pleasure.

If such a mother's helper has had kindergarten training she is doubly useful in a family. Mothers themselves are the better for joining a class, and learning something of Froebel's methods. Mother-play moves an old-fashioned New England grandmother to a smile; she fancies it absurd that a baby's mother should take lessons in child-games and child-culture, but the mother's kindergarten tuition is not time thrown away. The mother who is hopefully looking forward to the years that are coming, will belong, so far as she may, to her own period. She will not drop out of every social gayety, nor grow thoughtless about her dress, nor will she cease to be a sympathetic comrade to her husband.

THE CHILDREN'S EVENING HOUR

Tired of study and of play, and with books and toys cast aside, the children gather to listen to one of mother's twilight tales. How wrapt is their attention as they follow the story, sure that it will all come out right, and yet they listen with childish apprehension. Dorothy, Grace and Jane nestle closely together, but John, the only boy, seems to think the nearer he can get to mother the better. Close to mother is always a safe place when day is done.

A woman's life is always many-sided. "Society," said Imogen, "is no comfort to one not sociable." If a woman becomes exclusively domestic, she will inevitably become fearfully dull and commonplace. Her husband, in contact with the world and with men will outgrow her, and, before many years have flown, the very children she has coddled and slaved for, will outgrow her, too.

The little hands and little feet are the mother's dearest concern, but not her only concern. For as she trains them, she must shape and guide with gently moulding touches the little heads and hearts.

The Teachers

Chief among the helpers of the mother, as her children emerge from the nursery, are their teachers. After the kindergarten, which should not be left out, since the little ones taught there are happier than those who miss this delight of childhood, and are also quicker to learn, more receptive, defter of hand, more graceful of foot, and more symmetrical in their development than others, comes in due course the primary school.

One immensely valuable asset of school life for children is the gain they make in the art of living comfortably with their fellows. A child taught with scrupulous care at home, and never allowed to mingle with others of its own age, may be handicapped for life by the lack of this essential to success. All happy living in communities and in the home, is founded on reciprocity. We must give and take. For this reason, a boy is the better American citizen if he spend some early years in the American public school, or in a private school where there is diversity of rank and station, at least to some extent. During the first twelve or thirteen years, co-education is better for children than separate education. And little girls should know the full sweetness of dancing merrily to school, the full satisfaction of rivalry and competition.

Back across the years, we women who went to school in the fifties, look with eyes of tenderly reminiscent affection on our teachers and text-books. Our juniors have a fancy that there was not quite so much in our curriculum as in that offered the pupils of to-day. Never mind. We were drilled in the useful and elegant accomplishment of spelling correctly. We were taught to read aloud, so that our reading was a joy and a solace to old people and invalids, and a pleasure to listeners around the evening lamp. Our English grammar and English literature were subjects of genuine concern, and our hours of parsing and composition-writing were hours of progress and pride. A girl or a boy who analyzed and parsed Pope's *Essay on Man*, Cowper's *Task*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, who studied history under the critical eyes, as some of us did, of men who had studied at Cambridge, Oxford or Heidelberg, might compare very well with the children who attend school in this year of grace. We were able to give a reason for the faith that was in us. We can give a reason still, couched in the terse and succinct phrases of a grammar compiled by scholars, and a rhetoric illuminated by numerous examples, for our ordinary practice, in the use of our flexible and copious English tongue.

The Teacher's Personality

This is a little apart from our theme in hand, but only a little. It does not diverge far. In the school-days referred to, there was, as there still is, home work in the evening for the pupil to do, and memory has its fascinating pictures of long winter evenings when the fire burned on the hearth, and the roasting apples sputtered and hissed on its rosy edges, and fathers and mothers were as interested in algebra, geometry geography and Latin conjugations as the children were.

The high standard of the home exacted from the growing children perfect work to be carried back to school. Children learned their lessons before they went to bed.

Often the teacher was a guest in the house. He or she was much honored. The parents deferred to the teacher's opinions. The children of other homes envied the child whose mother entertained the teacher, and confidences were exchanged as to the charming and friendly manner of the teacher out of school.

It is not improbable that in the view of some children, although they would not so have explained it, teachers had a dual personality. In the schoolroom, of Spartan severity. Out of it, of angelic complaisance. Most fortunate were those pupils who learned, both out and in school, to revere their teachers, and to whom the teachers themselves were more than what they taught.

A mother cannot limit her helpers to those who assist her in washing and dressing her brood, in making their clothes, and in attending to the mere externals of their lives. The helpers, whose department is in the schoolroom, are or should be on a footing of intimacy in the family, and should maintain to it a dignified attitude.

Time was that pedagogy was not an exact science and schoolmasters were clumsy and brutal. The day of injustice and cruelty, has, we hope, had its final setting, and children do not go unwillingly to school. It has ceased to be a place of penance or of exile, and is as much enjoyed by childhood as once it was feared and hated.

The mother has the privilege of visiting the school her children attend, but the privilege should not be abused. Children are sensitive on this point, and dislike to be made unduly conspicuous. If the mother too frequently appear, either for investigation, explanation or complaint, her presence is an unwelcome interruption in the schoolroom, deprecated by children and teachers alike. If she never go, both teachers and children are justified in an impression that she has on her mind affairs of much greater moment than the education of her children.

All things being equal, that mother will receive the best help from her several helpers who chooses them wisely, exacts approximately perfect service, sympathizes with them in their own lives, and sees that her children treat them with amiability and politeness. In the home or in the school, the mother's best helper is the person who has the strongest and most lovable character.

INDIAN STUDENT BIBLE CLASS, MADRAS Y. W. C. A.

MADRAS Y. W. C. A. HOME—AT DINNER

Help for the Women of India

ONE of the most beneficient institutions now working in Southern India for the evangelization of its people is the Young Women's Christian Association of Madras. For some time past, it has been quietly and unostentatiously extending its influence among the young students in the city, and by its branches reaching many outside its sphere in other neighborhoods through Southern India. It is now twenty-six years since the effort to reach the women of India by this means began in Bombay and Poonah. Its advantages were speedily demonstrated, and it has spread from section to section until there are now four central institutions: Calcutta, Bombay, Darjeeling and Madras, with sixty-five branches, all doing active, vigorous work.

The story of the founding of the Calcutta Institution is typical of the others. One Christian lady took a personal interest in young women, whom she invited to her home. They responded gladly, and soon some six hundred learned to know that house as one in which they would be cordially welcomed, and in which Christian influences would be exerted. There were no boarding houses in the city in which they could meet for converse, and they made this lady's home their own. Here was the germ of an Association. Their hostess saw how large and useful the work might become with suitable quarters. In her walks about the city she saw the house of a Rajah standing empty, which was exactly the place needed. With the aid of friends, she hired it, and the Association equipped with its home has proved a blessing to thousands. The Madras Association began in a similar humble fashion. It now numbers six hundred members. It is at present occupying the building of which we give a picture on this page, but the rent is heavy, and the Association needs more central quarters. Premises eminently suitable have been offered to it at a low price, and Miss Hill, its Secretary, is now in America to see if American Christians will help the Association to purchase them. She writes:

RENTED HEADQUARTERS OF THE MADRAS Y. W. C. A.

"The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were so ready to respond to the awful need in India at the time of the late famine, and as a result of their liberal response to the urgent appeal many lives were spared. But do we recognize that there is a much more serious and widespread famine in India to-day than there was then? The prophet Amos pictures it as, 'not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of Jehovah.' Are we going to be less interested or feel the urgency of this greater need less binding upon us? If we felt this need more keen and urgent we would respond to this call to place the Association at Madras in a position to reach the young women of Madras and South India, with a building that would adequately equip them in this work.

"How are the 145,000,000 of women in India to be reached with the Bread of Life? It must be largely by the efforts of the Christian people of the land. What agencies are best adapted to develop the Christian character and draw out the missionary spirit, awakening the desire for active service in winning others to Christ? The Young Women's Christian Association is being used of God along this l... Where will the most promising young women ... found? Surely in the large centres, where the flo... of India's women are gathering for educational adv... tages. The place where the Association in Madras ... been working, and where the property is which ... hope to buy, is in the very centre of the school ... college district. The students of to-day will be ... leaders of to-morrow.

"The government encourages young women to stu... medicine by granting scholarships. When the cou... is completed, the student is bound in return to t... charge of a free government dispensary, at a nomi... salary for a term of years. Several who have b... converted through the Association are now living of... very out-of-the-way districts, where there is no miss... ary work, and are nobly dispensing the Bread of L... with the medicine for bodily ... ments. Members of Associati... that have sprung up in small to... have been organized and carried ... by young women who have mo... with their families to some pl... where there was no religious w... because they missed the Asso... tion meetings and wanted to h... those about them.

"One girl, who was brought ... Christ while boarding in the As... ciation, went home and plead... with her parents and sister to acc... Christ. After a time they saw t... a real change had come over h... and they in turn were led to s... God. She devoted her life to ... service of the Master, and, afte... brief training, went out into the ... trict for mission work. Some ... our brightest witnesses are nur... earning their own way in hospit... or private nursing among forei... ers. Many are teaching schools ... various grades, and letting th... light shine. We encourage vol... teer work. Some who are in their own homes ta... time to visit the government hospitals regularly."

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, Mr. John Wanamal... and others visited the Association during their tours ... India, and bear witness to the value of its work.

THANKFULNESS*

FOR national blessings, for the fruits of the soil, for wealth and opportunities to gain material comforts, there are no people on earth under obligations so great as we are, to tender thanks to the Most High. God has blessed us beyond all other nations. While in other lands there are complaints of hard times and decreasing business, the volume of our national trade is increasing, and abundant harvests have been given us. For these blessings we ought to give thanks to God.

For our social blessings we ought also to render thanks. In spite of gloomy prognostications our free institutions have been preserved, our government by the people and for the people has continued, and we are in no danger of usurpation, or of the attack of a foreign foe. In spite of the blunders of our legislators, in spite of greed and corruption, in spite of selfishness and the schemes of designing men, our Constitution has survived, and we are still the model of other nations and the envy of many. For the preservation of our civil and religious liberty let us thank God.

For our religious privileges, and the proclamation of the Gospel everywhere, we should be grateful. Every man has the right under our flag to worship God according to his own conscience, and need be under no dominion of priest or Pope, unless he chooses. The liberty for which our fathers crossed the seas has been maintained unimpaired.

In personal blessings we all have more reason for thankfulness than we realize. Some there are who are in sorrow. It is hard for them to be thankful. It may be poverty, or sickness, or bereavement. But n all cases there is much in every lot that calls for thankfulness. We are too much in the habit of dwelling on the misery, brooding over the disappointments and trials instead of taking into account the bright side of life. He is the happy man who keeps strong his faith in God and holds firmly to the belief that every trial is sent to develop his character and to make him better fitted for the life to come. In some instances the trouble is the direct result of misdoing. To every man thus afflicted there is an added poignancy, which comes from remorse. Yet let him, too, be thankful that chastening has come to bring him back into light. No man should grieve so utterly as to despair. If it has taught him the lesson of avoiding sin, it has effected its purpose, and God will welcome back his wandering child, who proves his sorrow by an amended life. He, too, may be thankful that God is loving and forgiving and is ready to restore.

The best way of proving our tha... fulness in every case is to make some o... else happy. There are people all arou... us whose lot is hard, let us brighten it ... of our own abundance. It may be lit... we can do, in comparison with the gig... tic need, but the little should be do... Though it be only sympathy, none b... those who need sympathy can tell h... welcome it is. The kindly word, the kin... ly deed, even a kindly greeting, who c... tell how grateful it is to the aching hear... We are travelers together through life, a... if we can lift a burden, or smoothen a wea... span in the road, or cheer a sinking hea... we render a brotherly service which ma... hap counts for more than we realize. "G... thou and do likewise," the Master sa... after telling the story of the Good S... maritan; it was a kindly injunction, ben... ficial to the man who had fallen amo... thieves but still more beneficial to hi... who plays the neighbor's part.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 20: Psalms 138: 1-8.

Disciples in Convention

BY REV. S. T. WILLIS

THE Missionary Convention of the Church of the Disciples, held in St. Louis recently, was one of the most couraging and inspiring ever held in the tory of that church. The meeting occupied en days: two with reports of Women's rk; two by the Foreign Boards; two by Home Boards, and on the Lord's Day re than one hundred pulpits were filled by egates.

he Christian Woman's Board of Missions d two days with reports of the work ried on by them in Jamaica, Mexico, to Rico, India, and almost every State in country. They represent 1,897 auxiliary sionary societies in that many churches increase last year of 267), with a total mbership of 41,210 Christian women, who e $131,398.18 to missions, and who raised ugh more to bring the total up to 5,108.05, an advance of $20,000 upon the ious year.

his board has about three thousand chil-n, whom they support and educate, in the managues and schools. They also have tablished and sustain English Bible chair rk at three State universities (Michigan, rginia and Kansas), and are planning a ilar service for Texas. They have done mething of the sort at a number of other te schools and at Calcutta, India, from e to time. A fruitful service is their work r the colored people of the South, where ly support industrial schools and one min-erial training school. This phase of their rk has branches in four States.

he Young People's Department is very couraging, with 2,692 local organizations ong the children, with a total enrolled mbership of 46,063, who raised last year d gave to missions the sum of $27,127.56. ey also report 1,829 conversions to Christ. onvention Sunday in the Disciples' Mis-sionary Conventions is always a "high day." re than one hundred pulpits in St. Louis re opened to the visiting preachers, and in the afternoon a communion service was held in the mammoth coliseum. Fully eleven thousand people were in attendance. Twelve tors, twenty-four elders, one hundred and forty-four deacons, and a chorus of one thou-sand voices took active, leading parts. The sermon, by Dr. Cary E. Morgan, of Ken-tucky, on "The Significance of the Cross," showed in simple and impressive manner what met at Calvary—light and darkness, love and hatred, virtue and sin, power and weakness, hope and despair. The offering for the superannuated ministers amounted to "twelve quarts of money," it was announced, about $1,000.

he next two days the Foreign Christian Missionary Society was in session, which pre-sented the best year's work in its history of achievements. At a glance it is summed up like this: Fields occupied, 12; missionaries, 11; native helpers and evangelists, 295; whole number of workers, 438; new missionaries sent out last year, 17; receipts for the year, $[illegible],318. There was a gain of twelve and a-half per cent. in the offerings by the churches. Ten thousand Sunday School children gave one dollar each to save the heathen. All the schools gave a total of $56,832.47. The En-deavor Societies also gave reassuring reports of their interest in saving the lost, a gain of thirty-four per cent. in their offerings, and also a gain of two hundred contributing so-cieties.

Another feature of special interest is the growth in the number of "living link churches," fourteen in all, making a total of fifty giving $600 each to support their own missionary on the field. It is interesting, both because of the increased support of mis-sions, and also for the deeper missionary sentiments of the churches at home. But perhaps the most far-reaching of all the work, was the steps taken toward the founding of Bible Colleges, for the ministerial training of natives, both in Japan and India. Such a school has been in existence in China for many years, and has done excellent service. It is believed that Oriental nations will never be won to Christ, until native evangelists are sent among them in large numbers.

The next two days were devoted to home missions. A brief summary of the work shows that 353 home missionaries were sup-ported wholly or in part by this board; that they brought into the church about seventeen thousand souls. For Home Missions, the churches raised $85,755,96; and Home Mis-sionaries planted 165 new churches last year in the United States. One of the vigorous departments of this work is the Church Ex-tension Society, whose fund now employed as loans to needy congregations, amounts to $435,184.72, the increase last year being $53,-188.66. Two hundred and eight churches were assisted to build that many houses of worship, and more than that number will be helped in the coming year.

It was a happy moment and fraught with delightful fellowship, when Dr. Ball, one of the most venerable of the Free Baptist preach-ers, arose in the Convention, and proposed that his people and the Disciples of Christ should be united into one body. The matter was taken under advisement, with the hope that a union might be effected.

The statistical secretary's report was re-plete with food for thought. He showed that 98,000 persons were baptized last year, with a net gain of about 30,000. The total number of Disciples now being 1,223,434; number of churches, 11,162; ministers, 6,631; Bible Schools, 8,626; with an enrollment of 836,971. That the total given for missions was $770,717, and in all benevolences, $551,388; and that the average per membership for all religious purposes was $6.25.

The general outlook for the work was never brighter than at the present time. The next International Convention will be held at San Francisco, in August, 1905.

Disciples' Day at the World's Fair, was appointed by the Fair authorities as Thurs-day, Oct. 20. when a great celebration was held in the Festival Hall. Dr. F. D. Power, of the Garfield Memorial Church, Washing-ton, D. C., delivered the historical address, setting forth the origin, aim and progress of the Disciples.

Russian Troops and the War

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times*, relates this incident:

The Commander-in-Chief of the forces in South Russia, following the usual custom, harangued a large detachment of the men of his division, assembled for despatch to the front from Odessa by military train. The men listened listlessly or sullenly to the usual harangue, until the Commander-in-Chief reached a point in his discourse where he ventured to remind them that their call to arms was an honor, of which they should show their appreciation; that the 'impudent' enemy must be crushed, and Russia's honor again might vindicated, and that, 'Men, I rely upon you to sustain the country's colors unsullied, and to strike for God, for Czar, and for Fatherland.' Here the patience of many of the men gave way. There was a murmur through the ranks, and one of the men shouted, 'Davolno'—'enough.' The men were admittedly in an excited condition, and their temper, it is further admitted by military men here, had not been improved by the refusal of the Governor of Odessa, M. Neidhart, whose life has just been attempted, to allow either the wives, mothers, children, or any other friends to accompany them to the station platform to see them off. Heartrend-ing scenes along the streets and in the vicinity of the strongly-guarded railway station are the result, and the bulk of the men are now entrained by night. Further, large batches of doctors have also received orders to prepare to leave for the front, It is significant, too, that an overwhelming proportion of the medi-cal men drafted for Manchuria from Odessa, Nikolaieff and elsewhere, are Jews."

The Sabbath Congress

CONCERNING the work of the Sabbath Congress, recently held in St. Louis, Rev. Edward Thomson writes:

Perhaps the most important thing done was the organization of an International Fed-eration of all the Sunday reform societies of the continent. Hon John Wanamaker was made honorary president of that federation and myself secretary, with various officers in different parts of this country and of Canada.

An appeal was made to the Insurance So-cieties, asking that scientific investigation be made into the influence of Sunday work in shortening life. An appeal was made to Christian men in charge of Chautauquas, Camp Meetings and other religious organiza-tions, not to run or accept the services of Sun-day trains.

"An appeal was made requesting law abid-ing citizens to join against Sunday amuse-ments and Sunday frivolities, and especially Sunday saloons. A letter was sent to the King of Spain congratulating him on the part he had taken in the suppression of the Sun-day bull fights in that country.

"Our Congress sent a committee to represent our interests at the National Congress of Un-dertakers, and they, by unanimous vote, de-cided to discontinue Sunday funerals, except where necessary reasons would require other-wise. Our body also sent a committee to the National Congress of Druggists, and they took favorable action in regard to the closing of drug stores on Sunday as far as possible, and agreed to confine their Sunday trade strictly to work of necessity and mercy."

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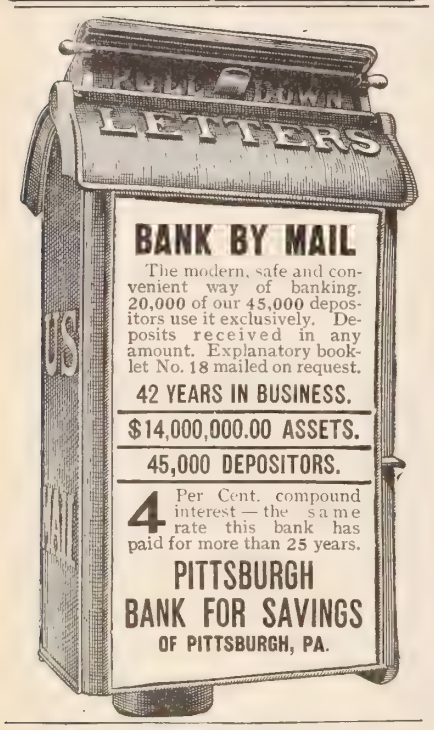

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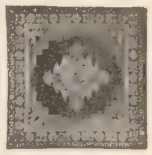

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Questions and Answers

H. B., Archbold, O. Does God lead any one into temptation? If not, why does it say in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead me not into temptation?"

God tempts no man to sin (See Jas. 1:13) The passage quoted from the Lord's Prayer has frequently been a subject of controversy. Some eminent commentators have held that, "bring us not," or "permit us not to be brought (or drawn) into temptation," would be a translation more in the spirit of the original, or, "Let us not be drawn into temptation." Christ himself expressed the same idea when he told his disciples in the garden, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation" (Matt.26:41).

J. R. W., Newark, N. J. Is there any fairly reliable estimate of the present population of the world? I have seen many figures on the subject, but all more or less different.

In 1900 the world's population, according to the most reliable authorities, was 1,503,300,000, distributed over 55,626,691 square miles, or about twenty-six persons to the square mile. Asia leads with 819,556,000. Europe is second with 392,264,000. North America, 98,000,000. Africa has 140,700,000, South America 38,482,000, Australia and Polynesia 6,483,000, and polar lands 91,000. Europe has 104 persons to the square mile, Asia 46.6, North America 13, Africa 13, South America 5, Polynesia 2. Of course, there are many parts of the globe where no census has been taken, and the figures in such cases are estimates.

K. L., Bonham, Tex. Who arranged the books of the Bible in order and settled which were inspired?

There is a tradition that it was done by Ezra, but it does not appear to be trustworthy. In the time of Christ, there were disputes about the canonicity of Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon and Esther. The synod of Jamnia in 90 A.D., finally settled the Old Testament Canon as it now is. The New Testament Canon existed as we have it in 365. This was in the possession of Athanasius, and was quoted by him. It was confirmed by the Councils of Hippo and Carthage.

W. L., Idaho Falls, Idaho. Most of the trout in Yellowstone Lake, are diseased. They have a sore on spine, from which, if broken, a long slender worm can be drawn out, and sometimes they have worms in their gills. We caught about fifty, and all were alike, although seemingly healthy otherwise, but for a yellowish color. Have looked up encyclopedia, *New Natural History*, and *Nature Library*, but find nothing mentioned about this. This seems an unnatural condition, and I don't understand it. It cannot be because of hot springs and geyser water, as there are fine trout in the streams into which these empty, and very little gets into the large lake where these diseased fish are.

The foregoing was submitted to the editor of *Forest and Stream*, New York City (an authority on such matters), and his reply is as follows: "The presence of parasites in the Yellowstone Park fish has long been known. We have printed much about them in the *Forest and Stream*. The parasite is a long, flat-jointed worm, which occurs knotted up sometimes close under the skin, and sometimes in the abdominal cavity. The worm is probably the larva stage of some free insect. The parasite is described by Prof. Leidy under the name of *Debothrium cordicepus*. Although not all the Yellowstone fish are thus afflicted, and the proportion of diseased fish varies from year to year, yet the presence of the parasite causes the fish taken from the lake to be regarded with suspicion. The parasite has been studied with a view to finding a remedy, but this has not yet been accomplished."

Subscriber, Hollidaysburg, Pa. What prophet is referred to in I. Kings, chapter 13, as "the man of God?"

The identity of this prophet cannot be ascertained. It could not have been either Iddo or Ahijah, for both were alive after the events here related.

Jessie M., Leavenworth, Kans. What is the coat of arms of Panama?

A shield surmounted by an eagle in whose beak is a ribbon bearing the motto of the new republic. *Paz, Libertad, Union, Progreso* (Peace, Liberty, Union and Progress). Beneath the shield, on either side, are the implements of war and peace, while in the centre is a landscape along the canal, with trains and harvest fields. Flags drape the shield and the eagle is surmounted by stars.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. How often in the Old Testament do we read of the dead being brought to life? The question comes up in our Sunday School, and I can only find two instances, viz., the widow's son of Sarepta, and the son of the Shunamite. Please say if there are more than five similar cases in the New Testament?

All the miracles of restoration from death to life are these: I. Kings 17:17-24; II. Kings 4:14-37; II. Kings 13:21; Luke 7:11-17; John 11:38-44; Matthew 9:23; Acts 9:40; Acts 20:9-12; Matthew 27:52, 53.

Miss J. B., Washington, D. C., makes a happy and unique suggestion. Some Christians, she thinks, may wish to brighten the loneliest place the world knows of, so she suggests the dwellers on Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. There are now 123 persons there, all descendants of the famous mutineers of the *Bounty*, and they seldom hear from the outside world. Once in a while a steamer stops there. A Christmas reminder would be a precious gift to those lonely islanders.

W. P. D., Atlanta, Ga. What blessing was it that Esau sold to Jacob (Gen. 25:29)? In what did it differ from the blessing Jacob obtained afterwards from his father?

The privileges of the eldest born, included a larger share of the paternal estate, the headship of the family, etc. Esau thought he should die of hunger, and then the rights would be lost to him. He allowed his appetite to govern him, as many do now, who, to gratify some desire of the moment, to enjoy some present pleasure, give up their future welfare. The blessing Jacob gained from his father by deceit, was of wider purport and concerned his standing among the peoples of the world.

Mrs. G. M. Daniel, Lone Oak, Tex. I find an article giving "Sheep Dip" as a cure for chicken mites. No instructions were given as to what "Sheep Dip" is.

Will some reader who understands this, communicate with the writer of the above?

Belmont, N. C. Was Swedenborg insane or an impostor?

Swedenborg was a "mystic," or a spiritual visionary. Distinguished in learning, an accomplished scientist and mathematician, he could have had an eminent career as a statesman or educator, as he had many friends among the Swedish nobility. He preferred to devote himself to theological pursuits. He believed he had a divine call and a "special revelation," and that he had been privileged to visit the spiritual world, and converse with angels and spirits. He declared that Christ would not return to earth again, and that, therefore, he (Swedenborg) had been sent to spread the new doctrine. He taught that there was one God, the Father; that it was Jehovah himself who became incarnate, and that the divine Trinity was wholly comprehended in the person of Christ. He taught that men need complete spiritual regeneration to be saved; that election is the result of man's free choice; and that sanctification (regeneration of the heart) is a progressive work, continuing to eternity. The Swedenborgian view of the person and work of Christ as God is fundamentally at variance with the beliefs of all other Christian churches. Swedenborg did not believe that the Son descended from the Father, nor that the human race had fallen and that Christ came to save them; nor that his suffering and death on the Cross were the redemption of his people. He totally rejected mediation, atonement and propitiation.

A. B. J., Renton, Washington. Is there any record in the Bible to show who the widow was, whose oil Elisha increased?

No, her name or that of her dead husband is not given. Even Josephus, who relates the incident with some detail, does not give her name.

E. G. (a reader), sends us this bright little sentiment:

If fortune, with a smiling face,
Strews roses on our way;
When should we stop to pick them up?
To-day, my friend, to-day.

But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow;
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

Reader, Topeka, Kan. How is it that we read in II. Sam. 21: 19, that Elhanan, a Bethlehemite, slew Goliath? Was it not David who slew him?

The statement in Samuel is an error, due to a transcriber's hurry or negligence. You will find the correct statement in I. Chron. 20: 5, where the same passage is given word for word, except that the man killed is Lahmi, the brother of Goliath. The error is clear, because in Samuel, the termination of the word Goliath shows it to be in the possessive case, indicating that the words, "the brother of," had dropped out.

It is surprising how strong a hold the Peace movement has taken upon the hearts of the people of this land. Every mail brings us letters on the subject, hoping, urging, praying for the world's peace. S. M. B. writes:

The women of America will aid peace. They will not bear sons to be slain in these fearful wars, nor daughters to perpetuate a fratricidal race. The Church is cowardly on this subject. God is keeping account with this nation, and expects great things of us.

We hope very soon to hear of Peace Circles being organized in every town, village and hamlet throughout the land for the purpose of uniting in active, practical effort in behalf of peace.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 973

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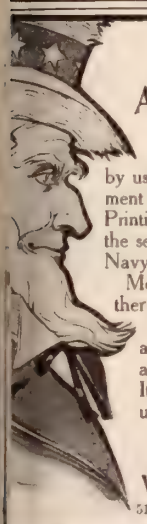

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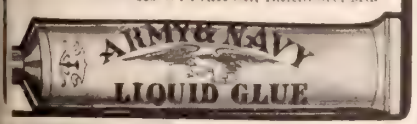

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Rev. Geo. M. D., Parkensburg, W. Va. Your discussion on Oct. 19, regarding Sabbath Observance, has brought to mind a phase of the subject which has not been touched. Some very consecrated Christian people let social correspondence accumulate until the Sabbath, and then use the Day of Rest, when there are not other conflicting duties, to reply to these numerous letters. Is it ever necessary or merciful to write merely social letters on the Lord's Day?

We should regard such Sunday letter-writing as simply work (no matter how pleasant it might be), which could and should be done at another time. There might be occasions when to write a letter becomes an imperative necessity or an act of mercy; but all others would certainly come under the prohibition: "Thou shalt not do any work," etc.

M. J. C., Montpelier, Vt. Where did Cain get his wife?

This has already been answered in THE MAIL-BAG on several occasions. Commentators are all at sea on the subject. Some believe she must have been his sister, and there is an ancient Arab tradition in which she is called *Save*, and another in which her name is given as *Azura*. Epiphanius mentions these traditions. The "Land of Nod," signifies land of flight or exile. The Bible narrative implies that Adam's posterity had already increased considerably in Cain's time (see Gen. 4:14, 15).

J. B., Cottage Grove, Wis. 1. How much in money did the wise men bring to Christ? What were their names? 2. How much in our money did Judas receive for betraying Christ? 3. What is the value of a mite?

1. The amount is not stated. We have had no special revelation. Tradition says their names were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, but there appears to be no ground for it. 2. About eighteen dollars, if the pieces of silver were shekels, as is probable. It was the price to be paid for the accidental killing of a slave. The money was flung down by Judas, and was used by the priests to purchase a burying-place for strangers (See Matt. 27: 2-8). 3. About one-fifth of a cent. The purchasing power of money was greater in those times than now, so that the corresponding value of money was greater.

MISCELLANEOUS

B. F. McFost. You can procure Bunyan's *Holy War* through any publisher or bookseller.

Several Readers. The address of the Anti-Profanity League is Hanson, Mass. Rev. Roland Sawyer is General Secretary.

J. L. Watson, of Sewickley, Ala., desires the address of James M. Watson (his brother), formerly evangelist and Y. M. C. A. worker, and afterwards in the Philippines.

G. M. W., Lawrence, Kan. Our government has already taken steps to bring up the matter for consideration by the Powers at an early date. The time is not opportune for any other action.

W. H. Davis, Buena Vista, Colo., desires to correspond with any reader who is interested in "The Problems of the Poor," a subject which was discussed in THE MAIL-BAG a few months ago.

W. J., Bangor, England. I saw an answer in THE MAIL-BAG as to the length of a Sunday journey. My mother used to say its length was "From the house to the House of God and back."

J. C., Oakdale, Pa. The Muller orphanages, we understand, are still supported as they were during George Muller's lifetime—by prayer and faith, and not by public solicitation. Regular reports are issued.

Inquirer, Canada. Alcoholic medicines are not now considered by the highest authorities to be an advantage, but the reverse. Write to the *Medical Record*, New York, for professional views on the subject.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premiums this year will excel any ever issued by this office up to the present time.

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REV. WM. A. BROWN, M. E. Church, Manila, P. I., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"On behalf of the Methodist missionaries in the Philippines, I send you greetings, and desire to express to you the great privilege we considered it to be the stewards of your bounty. Through the gifts you sent Brother Nicolas Zamora, a member of our Mission, you did a vast amount of good in the Philippines. All the money received was spent in the work of evangelization. We have the hope that this coming year, through the increased giving by you and our other like-minded friends at home, we shall be able to enter in in force and possess the land for Christ.

"There never has been a time when the need is so imperative, nor a time when the harvest is more abundant. From the southern islands come the tidings of great victory. One series of meetings, has resulted in the conversion of many hundreds of people. In Pangasinan, there is one town where 1,500 have expressed the desire to become identified with us. In Pampanga, my own field of labor, there is a town where we have 1,200 members. One *barrio* I know where every family in it but one is connected with the forces of evangelical Christianity. There is another *barrio* where, on July 17, I baptized 144; and on Sept. 2, nearly as many more, and that is but the beginning of an abundant harvest in that section of the work.

"There is one circuit in Manila, where we have seven chapels and nine congregations, and more than 1,200 members. They are now supporting two traveling evangelists in the provinces! Four years ago the men who tried to hold a meeting in that district were stoned. One of the men who stoned that service was afterwards converted and became an evangelist, supported by your readers' gifts. Another man, who was standing in the crowd watching the stoning, is now the interpreter and translator of our Mission. His son was another of the evangelists supported by your bounty. And these men were mightily used in the advancement of the cause of Christ.

"It would be impossible to overestimate the value of the native evangelist to the work of evangelization. Because of their knowledge of the different dialects, and their thorough understanding of native character, they have been remarkably successful. One of our traveling evangelists brought three hundred souls into the Kingdom last year. Another is now traveling a circuit where, last year, there was not a single member; now there are hundreds. As translators and interpreters they have been exceedingly profitable to us in the ministry. And about the greatest need to-day in the Philippines, next to the need of more missionaries, is support for the native traveling evangelists.

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"I wish to thank you and your readers for your great kindness to us. Your special fund was an inestimable blessing, and was the means of carrying on a splendid work. We would be very grateful if you see fit to continue the work through us. Cordially yours,

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The Baltic Fleet Incident

RUSSIA'S Baltic Fleet so long delayed in its projected voyage to the Far East, has given to the world a new and unexpected sensation. On Friday, Oct. 19, the battleship squadron, after emerging from the Danish Straits, steered for the English Channel. About midnight, it sighted the Hull fishing fleet of forty small vessels, near Dogger Bank, in the North Sea. Either in panic, believing the fishing boats or trawlers to be a Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla, or through ignorance, drunkenness, or deliberate intention, the Russian warships opened fire on the defenceless fishermen with shrapnel. Their fusillade is said to have lasted twenty minutes. One of the trawlers — the *Crane* — was sunk, and several of her crew were killed, including her captain. The trawlers *Mino*, *Moulmein*, and *Wren*, were badly damaged, and several of their men wounded. Captain Smith of the *Crane* was decapitated by a shot, and his mate met a like fate. Some of the men had limbs blown off, and others bore ghastly wounds. The *Moulmein* brought eight dead men to Hull, and eighteen wounded were cared for on the mission vessel which accompanied the fishing boats. After the firing, the Russian ships, which had temporarily changed their formation to enable their guns to bear on the trawlers, resumed their course, heedless of the havoc they had inflicted.

When news of the attack on the trawlers became known in England, the whole nation became wild with excitement. There was a loud and universal demand for satisfaction and for the prompt punishment of the perpetrators of the outrage. Specially bitter were the denunciations of Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the Russian vessels. The people of Hull were frantic with indignation over the outrage, and London was hardly less excited. Crowds gathered in the streets calling for vengeance. The newspapers breathed of war, and demanded the immediate mobilization of the Home, the Channel, and the Mediterranean fleets. King Edward sent a message of condolence to the Mayor of Hull, condemning the "unwarrantable action" of the Russian ships.

Lord Lansdowne, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Premier Balfour, were summoned by the King to London. Soon the whole machinery of the British Government was actively engaged in investigating the affair. Count Benckendorff, the Russian Minister, was hooted in the streets of London.

It was a dangerous crisis, and peace and war hung in the balance. The government took steps at once to call Russia to account, and a note of protest was sent to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and the Russian Ambassador in London. This note, it was stated, called for a full explanation.

Then followed a period of impatient waiting for Russia's reply. Count Benckendorff, the Ambassador in London, had already expressed regret in behalf of his country for the unfortunate affair. Sir Charles Hardinge, England's Minister at the Russian capital, visited Count Lamsdorff, the Czar's Foreign Minister, but the latter, though expressing regret over the North Sea incident, had no news from Russian sources. Russia, he declared, would give the fullest satisfaction to the sufferers, if the facts were as reported.

Meanwhile, the excitement in England continued to grow. It was learned that the government had formulated its demands upon Russia, and that it insisted that the Czar's government should (1) apologize for the attack, (2) pay indemnity to the sufferers, (3) punish the officers responsible for the barbarous assault on the fishermen, and (4) give a guarantee for the future security of British shipping against interference by the Baltic fleet. This fourfold demand, which was almost in the nature of an ultimatum, was declared by high Russian officials to be out of the question, as it would be degrading for that government to discuss the punishment of its own officers, and it could not be expected to degrade its fleet. While the controversy was proceeding through diplomatic channels, the Czar himself sent a message through his ambassador to King Edward, to the effect that he had not yet received any report from Admiral Rojestvensky, but he could only assume that the North Sea incident arose from a most regrettable misunderstanding. The Czar wished conveyed to the King and the British government his sincere sorrow at the sad loss of life. He undertook that complete satisfaction would be given the sufferers as soon as the facts were made clear.

This message, while it somewhat mollified public opinion for the moment, by no means satisfied the British government or people. While convinced that the Czar himself had the friendliest feeling toward them, they believed that the Russian bureaucracy, which fully controlled the situation, was thoroughly hostile to England. Accordingly preparations were pushed forward with a view to possible emergencies. The Home, Channel and Mediteranean fleets were ordered to be held in readiness for service. The three British fleets, under the respective commands of Admirals Domville, Beresford and Wilson, include twenty-eight battle-ships, eighteen cruisers and over fifty torpedo destroyers and other craft. It was rumored that Beresford's Mediterranean fleet would block the Baltic fleet off Gibraltar. Colliers, troopships, arsenals, and all the paraphernalia of armament, suddenly became infused with tremendous activity.

It was not until the Russian warships reached Vigo, in Spain, on Oct. 27, that Admiral Rojestvensky sent to his government any report of the North Sea incident. His version was a surprise to everybody, his own government no doubt among the rest. He declared that his ships were approached by two swift vessels, looking like torpedo boats, which he concluded were Japanese. They advanced to attack, and he at once fired upon them. When they retreated among the fishing vessels, the Russian fire ceased. He believed he sank one and damaged the other. If any fishing boat was hit by a stray shot it was accidental. He expressed his regret that any one was injured. He stated further that a warship of unknown nationality was observed near the scene. There were no torpedo boats with the Russian squadron. As proof of his assertion that his fleet was attacked, two of his men were injured. This remarkable report from the admiral involved the whole affair in mystery, and it was even conjectured that the Russians, if attackted at all, had been fired at by their own ships.

At this juncture the outlook was still sufficiently warlike to be disquieting to Europe generally. If England, impatient of securing redress from Russia, should take the matter into her own hands, the first gun would precipitate Germany and possibly France into the arena as allies of the Czar. To France, as the old-time foe of Germany, such an alliance could not be otherwise than distasteful, and Germany, too, had no special wish to be drawn into a general conflict at the present time. These two powers made energetic representations to Great Britain, urging that Russia should not be humiliated in the manner proposed. Emperor William personally employed his influence in the interest of a peaceful settlement. On Oct. 28, the tension was relieved by the welcome news that Great Britain and Russia had agreed to submit the whole dispute to an international Commission under the authority of the Hague tribunal, and that Admiral Rojestvensky and the fleet had been ordered to remain at Vigo pending the inquiry. Russia consented to detach the commander of the squadron and any other officers who may be found by the Commission to have been concerned in the attack on the Hull fishing fleet. Any persons found guilty by the Commision will be tried and adequately punished.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premiums this year will excel any ever issued by this office up to the present time.

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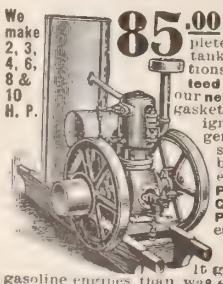

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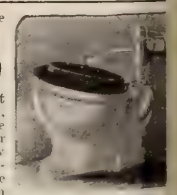

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THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

VERY clever instrument has been devised by Prof. Guiseppe Pino, an Italian ventor, by which the bottom of the ocean n be seen and examined. This new invenon, which is called the hydroscope, is thus scribed in a recent issue of the London here:

"It is constructed of steel, shaped like a ge telescope, pointed downwards instead of

THE HYDROSCOPE IN ACTION

wards. Its complex system of lenses, elve in number, answers to the objective ss of a celestial telescope. Together with e internal mirrors, they produce a very ar picture of the sea-bottom, the rays of ht passing up the tube to a sort of camera-scura house at the top, which floats above e surface, and is capable of holding four ople.

The amount of light under the surface is nsiderably greater than is generally imned. The inventor of the hydroscope s, himself, been able to read a newspaper ng on the sea-bottom at a depth of 360 feet m the surface, by the ordinary daylight netrating the water. The area viewed by e lenses at the bottom of the tube varies acrding to the amount of light. The water at e bottom of the sea is very often clearer an at the surface, as the sediment is capae of sinking in the still water, whereas at e surface, sand and other matter is kept in ution by the constant movement of the ves, the force of which is not felt a very y feet beneath the surface.

A private official trial of the hydroscope s made by the Italian Government a few nths ago in Portofino Harbor, where it ved very satisfactory.

One of the things accomplished by the droscope and the raising apparatus, has en the discovering of an old Spanish galon, one of a numerous fleet sunk in the Bay Vigo, in 1702, and recently brought to the rface by the aid of Pino's invention. Untunately, during the night, the old hulk ved to have so rotted away that it rolled er, broke in pieces, and again sank to the ttom."

Empress Tsi-An's Portrait

ISS KATE CARL, the American painter, who was called in to paint the portrait the Dowager-Empress of China, gives a ry interesting description of her sitter. She ys she found the old lady at times, tempesous, but very gracious to her on the whole d comparatively communicative. She comnded Miss Carl to begin work at 5 o'clock the morning, as she herself liked early risg. She rose at 2 A.M., called her ministers gether at 3, and received their reports at 4. 5 A.M., she was tired enough to sit still d let her portrait be painted.

The Empress is seventy, and her face is ry stern, but when she unbends, she can ok quite youthful and pleasant, if not alost handsome, and she can be a charming stess. She is a picture of vigor, with piercg black eyes, hair dyed jet black, and little nds, whose nails, several inches long, are proted by golden shields like elongated thimes. She is very vain of these hands, which, cording to Chinese notions, are beautiful, d she is equally proud of her long hair, which she parts in front and brushes over her ears Manchu fashion. At the back it is held by a long jade pin, like a paper-cutter, tasselled in crimson and decorated with artificial flowers and golden butterflies. At dinner she eats with gold chopsticks, talks much, and smokes. For her age she is remarkably well preserved, with nothing coarse in her countenance, and nothing to indicate the low origin alleged by her enemies. She is fond of music, and appreciates a musical box when she cannot have a band. Miss Carl says she takes a keen and discerning interest in every European novelty.

A Dying Pastor's Message

REV. DR. FRANKLIN E. MILLER, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Paterson, N. J., died on Sept. 4, 1904, at the General Hospital in that city. Dr. Miller had been ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected. For nearly a score of years he had labored in the city of Paterson, and endeared himself to the people of the old Presbyterian Church. He was born in a small town near Cincinnati, O., in 1843. He graduated from the Miami University in Oxford, O., in 1864. During the Civil War he was commissioned as a major, and assigned to the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, a colored regiment, and served until the close of the war, when he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1868. After a pastorate over several churches in different places, he came to Paterson in 1886. He was greatly beloved by his people, and he left to them a dying message, which ran as follows:

"Tell them I love them; that I appreciate their prayers and sympathy. I have preached many sermons, but I never preached anything but what I firmly believed. It may be God's will to permit me to be with you again, but if not, I am perfectly willing to submit to his pleasure."

Answered Prayers

HELP me, dear Lord, to trust,
Nor ask my way to see;
But simply put my hand in thine,
And closely follow Thee.

Though cares are pressing hard,
And sorrow be my guest,
Still, Saviour, help me to believe,
Whatever is, is best.

And these I hold so dear,—
These precious ones at home.—
Enfold them in thy loving arms
And keep them as thine own.

So may each passing day
In loving deeds be spent,
Strong in the faith that God is God,
And, as his child, content.

Burlington, N. J. ANNA M. WHEELER.

Mrs. G. B., Sidney, O. "I have prayed many times, and God has always answered. I have great faith in prayer."

W. L., Mechanicville, N. Y. "I desire to make public acknowledgment of God's power to answer prayer, which he has done for me."

Reader, Hillsdale, Mich. "My prayers have been answered times without number. Glory to his name! He hears those who call upon him."

Mrs. J. Z., Pa. "I write to ask the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, also your earnest prayers for my dear son, who is sorely tempted, and is going astray."

Mrs. L. W. B., New Albany, Ind. "He has answered my prayers in relieving me from illness, from which I have suffered. I am thankful to acknowledge it to the world."

H. "For a three-fold blessing received in answer to prayer, I render earnest thanks. Dear ones have been brought back to health. He never fails the prayer of faith, in Christ's name."

M. S. G., Otelia, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me, especially his answering earnest prayers. When we are faithful and earnestly seek his guidance, he answers our prayers in the way that is best for us, and helps us to see wherein we ask amiss."

F. R. S. "The writer gratefully acknowledges the 'Divine Blessing.' Almost despairing, the blessing came at man's extremity, God's opportunity. He humbleth man, that he may exalt him. Let our praises be ever new, that we may glorify Him."

A. C. M., St. Paul. "God has given me help in trouble, and in an hour when all was dark I asked for help and my prayers were answered. Oh give us strength to trust and go on in prayer to God for all our needs; he will never leave nor forsake us."

Subscriber, Silver Springs, N. Y. "I truly believe that God hears and answers our prayers. That he either grants or denies our request according to what is best for us. I was in deep trouble. I prayed to the Lord and unexpected help came. I feel sure he heard and answered."

Reader, Batavia, O. "I promised the Lord if he would avert a threatening trouble to myself and dear ones, I would acknowledge it in this way, hoping it may help some one to trust more in earnest prayer if offered according to the Father's will. The answer came quickly, and since then I have had a deeper trust in God's love and care for his children, and an abiding faith in prayer."

E. N. H., Newark, N. Y. "A short time ago I was in great trouble, from which it seemed almost impossible to recover. I took it to God in prayer several times daily for a week, and trusted, and expected relief from Jesus. In a week peace came, and a complete answer to my prayers, which entirely removed my trouble; and 'because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.'"

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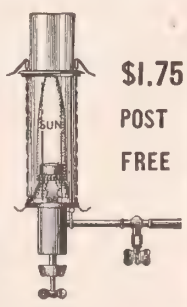

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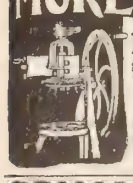

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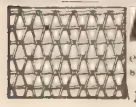

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Japan in History*

DURING her long history Japan invaded and subdued Korea, and several times made war with China, but in every case she fought on the offensive. There was indeed one instance in which she stood in a place of great jeopardy, when her independence was threatened to be blown out as a torch by the tempest. Every student of history is familiar with the story of Genghis Khan, the great leader of the Mongolian hordes that devastated China, Central Asia, India, Persia, Syria, Hungary, Poland and Russia, subduing them, and founding a great Mongolian Empire. The last victim to this terrible pestilence was to have been Japan. Having taken China and Korea, he could not bear to pass by beautiful Japan, and finally his grandson, Kublai Khan, sent an envoy to Japan demanding her surrender. This being refused, he decided upon a great expedition to subdue her. Two expeditions were sent. The first time (1274 A. D.), 900 ships with 33,000 men, embarked for Japan, but before reaching her coast all were destroyed by a great storm at sea. Seven years later (1281 A. D.) another was sent, with 3,500 ships and 130,000 men. On Japan's part there was the most resolute purpose and the most complete military preparedness to fight to the bitter end. But what was this in the face of a terrible foe that had subdued all Asia? If they had ever landed on Japanese soil her fate no doubt would have been sealed. But before war had begun at all, a terrible storm wrecked the great bulk of the enemy's ships, and again they were destroyed. Very similar indeed was this to the destruction of the Spanish Armada that threatened Great Britain. In this way, without striking a blow, the invading army was repulsed; so no matter how much Japan may boast of her military prowess, she well knows that this was not a victory she won for herself, but that it was due to the mighty work of an overruling Providence.

*From *The Mission of Japan and the Russo-Japanese War*. A compact little history of the England of the East, by Rev. Kota Hoshino. Pp. 106, with map and frontispiece; cloth binding; 50 cents. Fukuin Printing Co., Yokohama, Japan, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Prime Selections from the Bible for Children, by Amelia G. Korfhage, New Albany, Ind.

Early Relation and Separation of Baptists and Disciples. By Errett Gates, D.B., Ph.D. Pp. 124. Published by The Christian Century Co., Chicago.

Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. 387 pp. Pocket edition. Cloth bound; 25 cents. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Blind Man, by J. H. Maice. An autobiography of J. H. Maice, who is known as the "Blind Evangelist." Price 25 cts. Published by the United Evangelical Publishing House, Harrisburg, Pa.

A First Century Message to Twentieth Century Christians. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. Addresses based upon the letters to the Seven Churches of Asia contained in the Apocalypse. Pp. 217. Price $1.00. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

From Epicurus to Christ. A study in the Principles of Personality. By William De Witt Hyde. An examination of the characteristics of the teaching of the philosophers of the Epicurean, Stoic, Platonic and Aristotelian schools, and a comparison of them with Christianity. Pp. 285. Price $1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Children of the Forest, by Egerton R. Young. This is an Indian love story and makes interesting reading, including as it does life, love and adventure among the Ojibway Indians. Folk-lore and Indian customs are presented in a fascinating manner, albeit the manners of some of the men and all of the women, are rather more affectionate and gentle than the average reader's conception of "Lo" and his untutored mates. Price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Select Notes. Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1905, by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and Amos R. Wells, M.A. There is no need to describe this volume. For thirty-one years the teachers have gone to this annual for instruction and inspiration. It has given each year the main facts about the lesson, and the latest information about the passage to be considered. Not only commentary and the historical setting of the lesson, but suggestions for its treatment are found there from week to week. This year each lesson is preceded by notes on the Inductive system, which will be found specially helpful. Pp. 373. Price $1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.

That Sweet Story of Old, by Margaret E. Sangster. A "Life of Christ" written for children, including all the facts given in the four Gospels. There is no author better qualified to write a book of this nature than Mrs. Sangster. She tells the story in simple language, which detracts nothing from the sweetness and the power of the most dramatic tale ever told. There is a personal element which permeates the narrative, which brings the author's words home to the reader's heart, whether child or adult. Price $1. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Among recent issues by the American Book Co., New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, publishers of educational works, are Potter's *Grammar School Algebra* (152 pp., 50 cents); Goff & Mayne's *First Principles of Agriculture* (illustrated, 80 cents); Smith & Perry's *Geography of New York* (maps and illustrations, 40 cents); Niver's *School History of England* (maps and illustrations, 90 cents); Walker's *Our Birds and their Nestlings* (illustrated, 60 cents); Ames' *Text-Book of General Physics* (768 pp., illustrated, $3.50); and Spicker's *Greek Prose Composition* (276 pp., $1.30).

Boys of the Street, and How to Win Them, by Charles Stelzle. The author is a lover of boys and does not forget that he was once one himself. In a sympathetic, kindly way, with no cant, he tells how boys may be won from the street. Mr. Stelzle has had exceptional experience among boys, and his suggestions are practical. His idea seems to be that if a boy is given something to do in which he is interested, provide him with a place where he can be instructed and amused and he will no longer be a street "tough." Clubs and classes are recommended, as boys are social creatures. "Save the boys and you anchor the man." Price 50c. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Manassas, a Novel of the War, by Upton Sinclair. A story of the Civil War, tragic and bloody. The pen of a Harriet Beecher Stowe might have written the awful tale of the runaway slave and his dreadful death. The author gives a vivid word picture of the battle of Bull Run, and his realism in describing the horrors of war, the savage butcher into which it turns every man engaged in the fight, certainly must incline the reader to hope that the dove of peace may soon alight and build her nest. Aside from the battle-scenes there is much historical and interesting information as to what led up to the rupture between the North and South, and the consequent bloodshed between brothers of one nation. Price $1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The Phœnix and the Carpet, by E. Nesbitt, illustrated by H. R. Millar. A fascinating story, written by one who loves and understands children. The tale of how the beautiful golden bird came to be hatched in the children's nursery, and the wonderful powers of the wishing carpet, which covered the floor, carries one back to the time when *Alice in Wonderland* was the book of all others to the youthful reader. The story is so well told and the children are such hearty real ones that the repetition of such phrases as "you know jolly well," "being beastly bored," "how ripping," and being "hoarse with gassing" but slightly mar the exquisite stories of the wonderful adventures of these fortunate children—who are very human indeed—and their lovely companion, the golden phœnix. Pp. 257. Price $1.50. Macmillan Company, New York.

Paths of Judgment, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. This is an interest-holding tale, and once begun, the reader will scarcely lay it down until the last chapter is finished. There are four rather vivid personalities—two women and two men. Of this quartette, one man and one woman, seem to have considerable difficulty in determining who they are in love with. One of the men makes love to both of the women, and one of the women does not know which of the two men she really loves. Of course she marries the wrong man, who is loved by the other woman, a selfish, unprincipled creature who makes trouble by telling things. In the tangle that follows, one wishes that some of the other characters, notably the husband and wife, were as sure of their own feelings as this rather venomous woman. A pistol shot clears up things at the end of the story, leaving the reader rather inclined to sympathize with the wrong person. Price $1.50. Published by The Century Co., New York.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Smith, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., celebrated their golden wedding on April 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schaedle, of Brooklyn, who have been life-long subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed the golden mile-stone of their wedding on May 4. Owing to the recent severe illness of Mrs. Schaedle, the event was celebrated very quietly. They were the recipients of several very beautiful gifts.

At their pleasant home near Lathrop, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wolfe recently celebrated their golden wedding. The rooms were artistically decorated with golden flowers, and beautiful gifts attested the love and esteem of their children. Jacob Wolfe was married to Miss Frances Lane, April 6, 1854, near Carthage, Ill. Soon after their marriage they came to California, where they have since resided.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sterner, of Saucona, Pa., were given a very pleasant surprise on June 4, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. While absent from home on a short visit, by previous arrangement, children and grandchildren gathered at the old homestead and trimmed the spacious rooms with flowers and other decorations. At the return of the bride and groom of half a century ago, they were heartily welcomed with loving congratulations. Mrs. Sterner is sixty-nine years of age and her husband ten years her senior. Three of their seven children are still living, also sixteen grandchildren.

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A Famous Traveler Dead

ONE of the most remarkable women of our time passed away, when Isabella Bird Bishop died on October 7. She had visited many strange peoples, and her ready pen had given us bright descriptions of their homes and their lives. Full of energy and an

THE LATE ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP

insatiable love of travel, she had been hindered by a disease that would have kept an ordinary woman at home, an invalid for life. It was strange that a woman afflicted with a painful spinal malady should have had the energy for travel and the indomitable spirit that kept her in continual movement, and sustained her amid circumstances of danger and fatigue. Yet she lived to be seventy-two years of age, and in the later years of her adventurous life her vigor was unabated, and she accomplished the feat which would have taxed the powers of any other woman, of riding a thousand miles through the wildest regions of Morocco. Her long life of adventure is finished; her pen, which has written so much and enchanted so many, is laid aside forever.

She was the daughter of an English clergyman. Her love of exploration developed in early life. In 1852, when she was only twenty years of age, she undertook a journey through the Rocky Mountains, and made her first acquaintance with the reading public by her bright, breezy book, *The Englishwoman in America*. At various times she journeyed to the Sandwich Islands, to the interior of Japan, which she thoroughly explored; to Siberia, China, Persia, Korea, and Kurdistan. Only on two occasions did she have the protection of an escort. Her intrepid spirit knew no fear. With one native servant, she pushed through obstacles from which men shrank, and in the direst peril her coolness and presence of mind availed to save her life. In Western China only was she seriously injured. There stones were thrown at her by mobs, one of which caused concussion of the brain, and another broke one of her arms. In Kurdistan she was robbed of all she had with her, but the robbers allowed her to proceed. In 1881 she became the wife of Dr. John Bishop, but her married happiness was of short duration. In 1886 she lost her husband, and she promptly resumed her travels, as a diversion to her sorrow. As a means of facilitating her passage through uncivilized lands, she studied medicine and surgery. There were occasions when her skill in both stood her in good stead, and gained her the goodwill of the people. She was horrified by the torture the people endured through the superstitions of the native doctors. Wherever it was possible she gave permanent relief. In no less than five instances she succeeded in raising funds for the erection of hospitals, in which enlightened methods of treatment were practiced, and in another instance she built an orphanage for the care of neglected children.

It is gratifying to learn that her visits to mission stations, where she went unheralded, and saw the work being done under circumstances enabling her to form an unprejudiced opinion, made her an enthusiastic advocate of missionary labor. She believed implicitly in the Gospel as the panacea for the miseries of heathenism, and was untiring and unstinted in her praise of the missionary's self-denial and devoted service. In the great Ecumenical Missionary Council in New York in 1900, she bore witness to what she had seen, and told her hearers how earnest and self-sacrificing was the work the missionaries were doing. Of the results of their labors she had the highest opinion, and never wavered in her conviction that eventually the whole world would be brought to acknowledge the supremacy of Christ. Her plea for the millions of women in heathen lands, on whom the horrors of heathenism lie most heavily, will never be forgotten by any one who listened to its intense pathos. She had seen them in the harems and in the zenanas, had lived with them and witnessed the miseries they had to endure; she had seen their degradation and begged her sisters to carry to them the good news of the Gospel.

"I have been a storm or peril-bound guest," she said, "in more than fifty women's houses, including the women's tents of the large nomadic population of Persia. I have seen much of the inmates and have had unveiled for me the mysteries of their secluded lives. They know nothing. They have no ideals. Dress and personal adornment are their sole interests. They are regarded as possessing neither soul nor immortality. With dwarfed and childish intellect, is combined a precocity on a gigantic scale in the evil passions of adults—hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, greed and malignity. We know what Christianity has done for us. We know, and that only in part, what Islam and heathenism have done for our sisters. May God give us sympathetic hearts by which alone we may realize their need."

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And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

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They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

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National Sin

By MRS. M. BAXTER

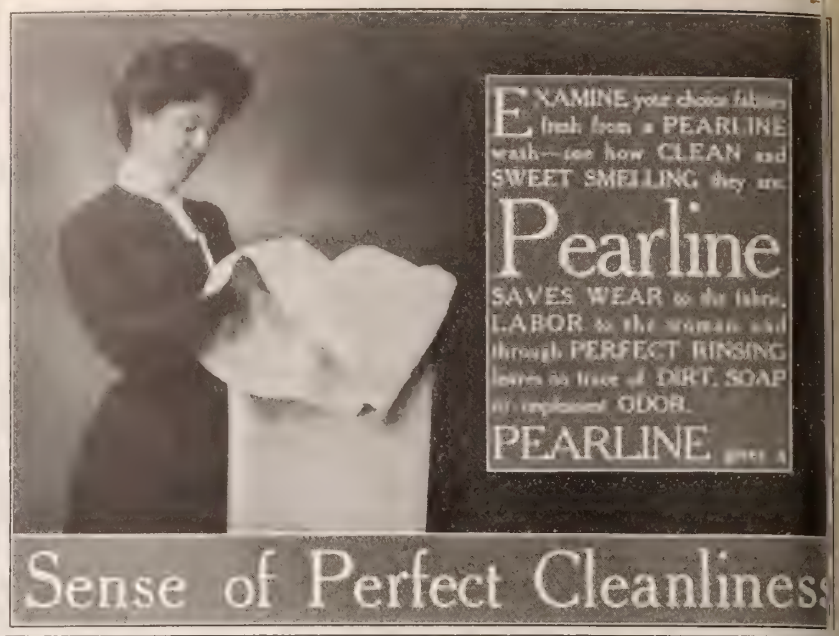
HOW many there are who are saints indeed until they are in prosperity! It is a much easier thing to trust God in days of adversity, when no other help is near, than to have a single eye to him when we are carrying all before us. The only safety for children of God who are in prosperity is to maintain a deeper and more constant communion with God; a more invariable spirit of adoration and thanksgiving than in the days of poverty. Fullness does not harm a man who is self empty, and who sees all he has as being the real property of another. When Uzziah was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction (II. Chron. 26: 16). He took upon him the priestly office which did not belong to him, and went into the temple to burn incense upon the golden altar before the veil. It was sacrilege: and the priests rightly opposed him, and called upon him to go out of the sanctuary. The king was wroth with the priests; his pride was hurt; and while the censer was still in his hand, God smote him; the leprosy broke out upon his forehead, and the king departed to dwell alone: a leper and unclean.

It was at this time that Isaiah, who was a seer, began, as God opened his eyes, to see things from his standpoint, how his people looked in the eyes of a holy God. They neither knew themselves nor their God aright; and in the overwhelming spectacle of the state of Judah and Jerusalem, as God saw it, the prophet cries: "Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know: My people doth not consider." Well, reader, you have seen your own or your neighbor's horse turn instinctively to the familiar stable: do you turn as instinctively, day by day, to your Master and your God?

In II. Kings 17 : 19 grievous charges are brought against Israel: of departure from God, from his Word and law, of following the nations, of idolatry, in all its forms, and of the abominations which are its accompaniment, at the time of the third captivity. And these indictments are followed by the words: "Therefore the Lord was very angry with Israel, and removed them out of his sight: there was none left but the tribe of Judah only. Also Judah kept not the commandments of the Lord their God, but walked in the statutes of Israel, which they had made.

This captivity of Israel took place during the time of Isaiah's prophecy, and he calls Judah and Jerusalem, in the Word of the Lord, a "sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers; children that are corrupters." And what is at the root of it all? "They have forsaken Jehovah, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel into anger, they are gone backward." Let us pause and consider how far this terrible description fits us. A people laden with iniquity is a people which does not humble herself nationally for her national sins. Every national sin which is not nationally repented of becomes like a further load of national debt towards God, which has to be reckoned for sooner or later. It is so with everyone of us individually. "Keep short accounts with God," was D. L. Moody's advice. Isaiah saw Judah in such a condition that it resembled a human body diseased in every part: "From the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it: but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" (v. 6).

Isaiah knew the heart of his God, and asks a pertinent question: "Why should ye be stricken any more?" He sees trouble coming (verses 7-9), but knows that God waits only for his people to repent (Joel 2 : 15-20). Thus he makes a solemn, stirring appeal to do away with unreal worship. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord." Can we answer the question? Is God enriched, or even honored, by a repetition of many words, whether in liturgical services or in meetings for edification?



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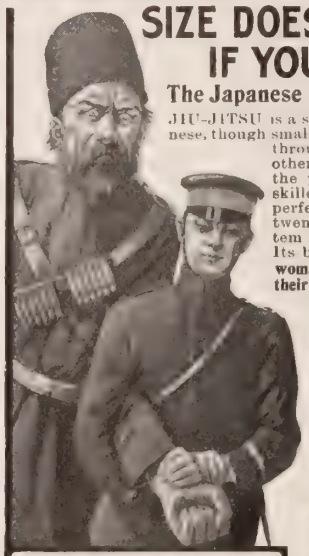

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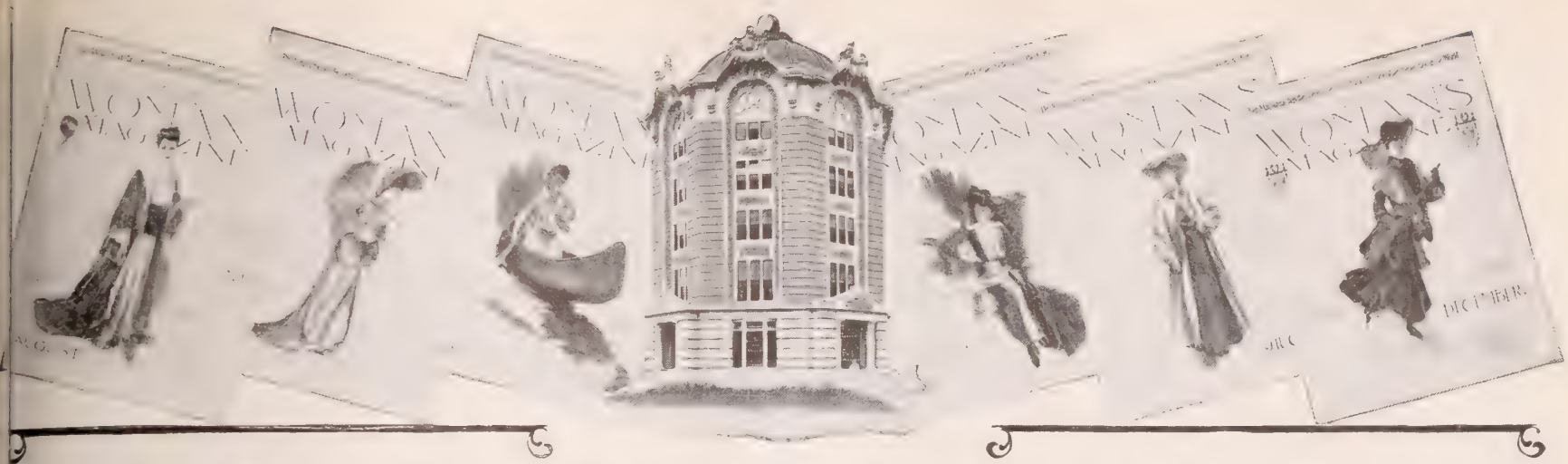

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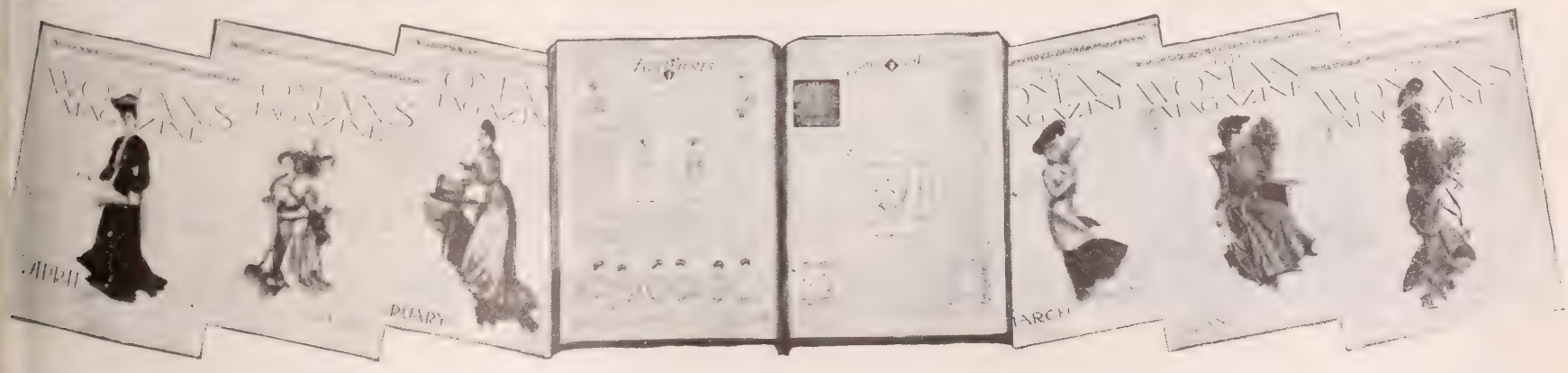

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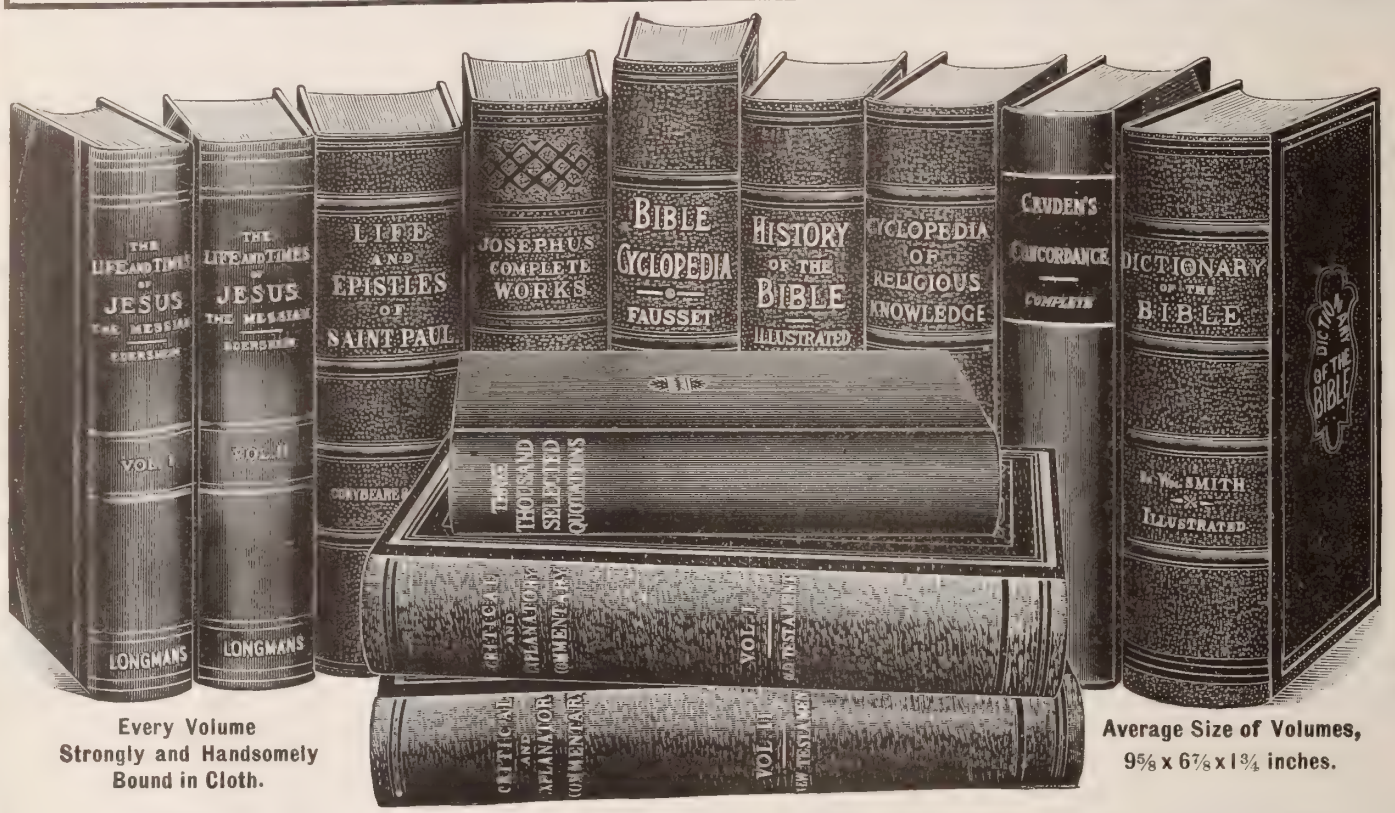

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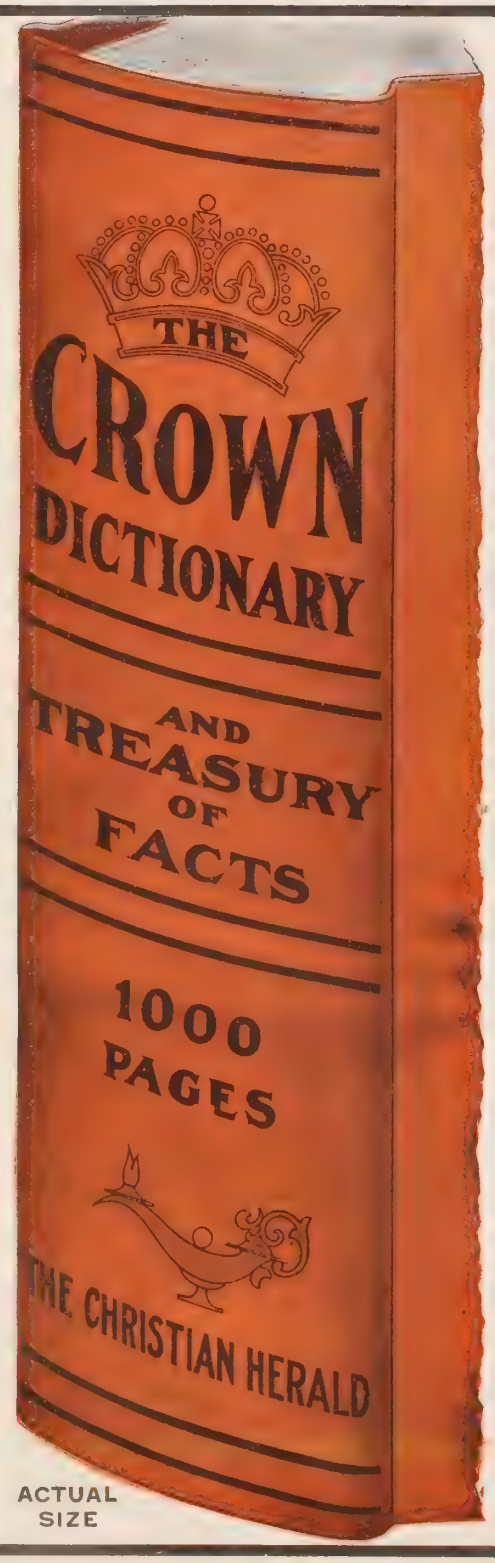

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

HUNTER IN SEALSKIN

A SNOW HOUSE AT NAIN, LABRADOR

A NATIVE HELPER

Moravian Heroism in the Arctic

Readers of this journal will recall previous letters published in these pages concerning the remarkable missionary work conducted by the Moravian Church in Labrador. In the following letter from Pastor Christian Schmitt, the missionary in charge of the Moravian Settlement at Nain, an interesting picture is presented of the beginnings and progress of religious work in that far-off land. The photographs were sent by Pastor Schmitt expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

YOU will have wondered, no doubt, why your kind letter of February 26 was not answered before. Our coast is icebound until the end of June, and only after the middle of July is it possible for any letters to reach us. Your letter and check of $20 were indeed very welcome. The latter will go toward reducing our present mission deficiency. We should be very pleased if friends on your side took a lively interest in our work.

Our Labrador Mission was founded in 1771. The Eskimos at that time were savages and heathen, and the first missionary, Johannes Erhardt, was murdered on an island which he visited in order to preach the Gospel. This happened in the year 1752, and some years afterward others volunteered to take Mr. Erhardt's place, and thus the first mission station, Nain, was founded. Since then the mission has spread north and south, so that at present we have seven fully established mission stations here, with a staff of sixteen missionaries, and through their agency every Eskimo on the Labrador coast has been brought under Gospel influences.

One may ask, What induced the Moravian brotherhood to start missions among the poorest of mankind, in these out-of-the-way Arctic regions? Count Zinzendorf was the instrument destined in God's hand to re-establish and mould the Moravian Church. The poorest and most despised nations were thought of first, and these simple but zealous Moravians were willing to undergo any hardships in order to reach the heathen and bring to them the Gospel of Christ, the friend of all the needy. From Saxony, their home, they worked their way to the coast, in the hope that they might find a ship and a captain who would engage them as common sailors, so as to enable them to cross the ocean. By these means, quite a number of these undaunted Moravians reached the West Indies in 1731, Greenland in 1733, and also Labrador. They were willing even to become slaves for Christ's sake, in order that they might be a blessing to that poor and degraded class of people.

ESKIMO KAYAKS AND THEIR SKILFUL ROWERS

God's blessing was on their work, and soon friends and means were forthcoming, which enabled them to make use of existing facilities. In after years they were enabled to buy and send out their own mission ships. Labrador needed, above all, a mission vessel, as no ship navigated this lonely, unknown, and, for the most part of the year, icebound coast. The mission ship *Harmony* has plied these waters now annually for many years. To some of our Eskimos, it is the only vessel they have ever seen. God has most graciously protected our ship from any serious harm for over fifty years.

Our Eskimo of the present day is much more civilized than his forefathers were a hundred years ago. He still retains the same way of securing a livelihood, namely, by hunting and fishing. The polar bear, the walrus, various kinds of seals, reindeer, black bears, wolves foxes, etc., are secured, and much skill and judgment is exercised by hunters in killing the larger game. It is an incessant and hard life-struggle with the ofttimes severe forces of the elements of wind, ice, snow and waves. Many a brave hunter, far out at sea in his frail *kayak*, harpoon in hand, while hunting the walrus or seal, has found an untimely and watery grave.

The Gospel of Christ and Him crucified has brought to many of these simple homes comfort and happiness, in time of severe trial and bereavement. All the Eskimos in our care can read and write. The whole Bible, printed and published almost free of charge by the noble British and Foreign Bible Society, is greatly valued and continually in use among them.

As our Eskimos have no literature of their own, we have a small press here, which has done good work. Our Labrador newspaper, probably the smallest of its kind, is published monthly, from January till June.

Any friends wishing to know more of our work here and elsewhere, can do so on writing to Paul De Schweinitz, Bethlehem, Pa. (Rev.) CHR. SCHMITT.

Nain, Labrador.

THE MISSION SHIP "HARMONY"

NAIN IN THE BRIEF ARCTIC SUMMER

WHEN WINTER LOCKS THE LAND

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Nominal Christians

TEXT—Matt. 25 : 8

"Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out"

ALL men may be broadly divided into two classes. There are some on the border line, belonging not altogether to the one class or the other, having characteristics of each, but the great mass may be separated into two groups—the workers and the idlers. The one class includes the toilers, the pullers, the diggers, the grinders, the climbers. They are striving to succeed in a noble, honest way. They do not mean to be social parasites. They want a share of the good things of life, but they do not expect to receive them as a gift, but to pay for them by honest work. They hope for promotion, and they strive to merit it by seeking to make themselves worthy of it. They study and toil, to develop themselves, so that when the opportunity comes they will be ready to take advantage of it. Though they may be in obscure positions they do their work well, and when the call comes to go higher, they are prepared by long years of hard work to perform the duties of the higher position.

"Why do you study so hard?" a Yale classmate asked one day of John C. Calhoun, the South Carolina student, who was his roommate. "You are now the leading student in the College. No man can successfully compete with you in any study." "Oh," answered the young man, "I am not working for leadership in a college town. I am working to be a leader in the nation." "What, Calhoun—do you expect to be a great statesman in Washington?" "If I did not expect to go to Congress within six years," answered Calhoun, "I would pack up my books at once, and leave Yale tomorrow. I feel so sure of going to Congress that I begrudge every wasted minute. I must prepare myself by unceasing labor to meet the nation's leaders in the arena of debate." John C. Calhoun, wanted to win success. He did more than that. He wanted to prepare himself by hard work for the time when that success should come, as come it did, and as it nearly always will come, to those who are conscientious in preparatory work.

Drones in the Church

The second class is comprised of men who want to win success by a minimum of labor. They hate drudgery; they hope to succeed by some lucky scheme. These are the men who, going on a foreign tour, expect to learn French or German in five weeks; they hope to marry a rich wife and have an easy time living on the savings of their wife's father; they prepare to conduct the business of their fathers, not by beginning, as he did, at the lowest rung of the ladder, but by taking a six months' course in a business college, or by becoming their father's nominal private secretaries. During their easy apprenticeship they would spend three days out of every week playing golf and at least five nights out of every seven in ball-room, at theatre party, or in club-house dissipations. The little time they play at business is when they are not working at play. These people represent failure. For as an old writer once said: "People who never do any more work than they are paid for, never get paid for any more than they do." These people always want to succeed with a minimum of work.

> Yes, the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
> Are the people who lift and the people who lean,
> Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
> Are always divided in just these two classes;
> And oddly enough, you will find too, I ween,
> There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

Drones there are in the busy beehives of temporal life. Drones there are in the busy beehives of spiritual life. We know them well. They have existed in every age. Men who hope to enter heaven, but are not willing to deny themselves, nor to resist temptation, nor to strive to enter through the strait gate. It was to warn people of the futility of such lives that Christ spoke the parable of the ten virgins. Five of them, he said, were foolish, self-indulgent, and heedless of the obligations of the spiritual life. He is not here denouncing criminals or vicious people. These virgins were nominally Christians, not the murderers and robbers who infested the lonely roads of Palestine, ready to waylay the traveler; not the openly immoral, like the Magdalene or the woman of Samaria; but the people who, as an old commentator has said, make a "profession of the Gospel and act in such a manner as to give real Christians a favorable impression of them and so gain admittance into their midst." He is alluding to Christians in name only, who outwardly appear all right, and yet have not the true inward consecration of heart, and who expect, therefore, to go to heaven upon borrowed spiritual capital.

These spiritual mendicants of my text are, in the first place, the men and women indifferent to the commandments of Jesus Christ, who expect to ultimately reach heaven on account of the consecration of a Christian ancestry. They are not bad men, as the world looks upon bad men. They have been rocked in Christian cradles. They have been reared in Christian nurseries and Christian Sunday Schools. During their boyhood days, they have knelt at Christian altars and sat in Christian pews. But as far as their own lives have been concerned, they have had no Christian experience, and have never openly confessed Jesus Christ as their Saviour. They have never done anything to show their devotion to God as consecrated disciples of Christ. And yet, if you should ask these men to-day if they expected to reach heaven, they would instantly answer, "Of course, of course, of course! The home of my youth was a Christian home. I am a child of the covenant. My father was a good Christian man. My mother prayed over me from the time I was born, until she died. Why should I not go where they are?"

Expectant Heirs

Oh, yes, my friend, you would certainly go to heaven upon the borrowed capital of your father's and mother's lifelong consecration, if they had any power to take you there. But the difficulty is that your father's and mother's spiritual power is limited. From the time you were born, your parents lived entirely for you and your brothers and sisters. Every pleasure and every indulgence they had, they shared with you. If they were given, or ever bought a box of candy, they never ate it alone. They always brought it home and divided it with their children. When your father, by a judicious investment, made an extra amount of money, he at once said to your mother, "Now, mother, let us go off to the seashore with the children, and have some fun together. We all have needed the change for a long time." They did not leave the children at home. They took them all along when they could. They divided their luxuries with you. They divided their pleasures with you. They divided with you their necessaries. You were out riding one cold night. You did not bring along your overcoat, as your mother told you to do. She did not then say, "Now, Harry, just shiver and be cold. Now learn a lesson, that you must take your heavy coat the next time you go out." Oh, no. That was not mother's way. She said: "Come close to me, my boy; I can wrap my shawl about your shoulders. You can draw part of my dress over your little legs." Mother always gave us children half, aye, three-fourths of all she had. She was willing to divide with us everything she could.

But there is one blessing your mother and father have that they cannot divide with their children. They cannot divide with you their oil of spiritual life. They could lead you to the Rock of Calvary, where, in the blood of Jesus, you might see how your sins might be cleansed; but you must yourself seek an interest in his atonement. They could tell you of the Holy Spirit, whose illumination could scatter your spiritual darkness; but the oil of His divine influence you must implore for yourself. They could compel you, as a child, to go and sit in the church pew; but they could not compel you to receive Christ as your Saviour. That is a matter simply between you and Jesus. They could introduce Christ to you as their very best Friend. But they could not force you to make their Friend, Jesus, your friend. He will never become a part of your life unless you yourself open to him the Holy of Holies of your heart to let him in. Neither will Christ receive you as one of his own, unless you truly come to him with the countersign of the cross.

'A Vain Hope'

And yet, many people expect ultimately to reach heaven on account of the borrowed spiritual oil of a consecrated Christian ancestry. "Oh," said a minister's daughter to me some time ago, "I know I am not living as I ought; but I am all right. I have no fear about the future. I have made my husband promise to bury me at the foot of my father's grave. When the archangel's trumpet sounds, and we all come up, I am going to cling to my father's hand. I know Christ will let me in if I am by his side. I know it, because my father was such a good man. I know Christ would not refuse my father anything." She said this half in jest and half in earnest. Many of us have the same hope and say the same things, not half in jest, but in dead earnest. No, my friends, when the Bridegroom cometh on that great day of the resurrection, your father and mother will have no spiritual oil to spare. Then we cannot follow the Divine Bridegroom with our pare[nt]s' spiritual light. We must have our own lighted o[il] to become part of the wedding procession of the redeem[ed], or forever stay out of Christ's banquet hall, envelo[ped] by the impenetrable and crushing darkness of [the] eternal night.

Church-Membership as a Fetish

These five foolish virgins represent another c[lass]. They represent the nominal church members. T[hey] represent the men and women who look upon chu[rch] membership as a kind of fetish. We read that du[ring] the Dark Ages the Catholic devotees used to [buy] "Plenary Indulgences," which would absolve them [for] their future sins, which they were about to commit [in]tentionally. So, some people, who are nominal chu[rch] members, seem to think that they can lie and steal [and] cheat and commit all the forbidden sins of the D[e]logue, if they are only church members in good st[and]ing. They seem to think that the crucial essentia[l] of Christianity is a perfection of creed for the head, [and] not absolute consecration for the heart. They seem to think that they can walk hand in hand with sin, [and] continue to so walk, if they can only repeat this [pre]tence as they go: "I believe in Jesus. I believe [in] Jesus. Yes, I believe in Jesus!" Now, Christ, by [the] parable of my text, says that a mere mental faith [in] him, unaccompanied by a surrender of the heart [and] life, is not faith at all. The faith that saves, is a f[aith] that transforms the life—a faith that takes comp[lete] control of a man. The nominal church members n[ot] have consecration of heart and pure life, as well a[s a] perfect Gospel creed. I believe that Christ's fu[ll] teachings affirm that he is more willing to forgive [the] sins of an out-and-out enemy, who once blaspher[ed] him, but repents of his sin, than he is willing to forg[ive] a Judas, who never denied him publicly, but who [in] private life betrays him with a kiss.

Backsliders Forgiven

How about Peter? Did not Christ gladly forg[ive] him his three denials, when Peter repented after [the] cock crowed? The most powerful pulpit description [of] any Bible scene I ever read or heard, was that de[liv]ered by Joseph Parker of "Peter's Three Denials." [In] the first place, the great preacher described the sc[ene] of Judas, hypocritical Judas, stealthily approach[ing] Christ, and planting a betraying kiss upon the Savio[ur's] cheek. Then came the tramp of the Roman soldi[ers]. Then the lines were formed, as the prisoner is be[ing] marched back to the capital. In olden times, as n[ow], when a man is arrested, the crowds of curiosity se[ek]ers were augmented step by step. Peter, when he s[aw] the multitude, became very much frightened. Inst[ead] of walking side by side with Christ, as he ought [to] have done, he followed afar off. When they approach[ed] the home of Caiaphas, the high priest, Peter came [up] to the house, and sat down by a fire, and began [to] warm himself, as though he had never been with Chr[ist] or seen Christ in his life. While he sat there by [the] fire, a young Jewish maiden came up and eyed h[im] sharply. Then she tapped him upon the shoulder, a[nd] said: "Are you not a friend of Jesus? Thou, also, w[ast] with Jesus of Nazareth." But Peter merely shrugg[ed] his shoulders as he answered: "I know not what th[ou] sayest." Peter then gets up and leaves the room, a[nd] goes out upon the porch. When he has gone o[ut] another Jewish maiden touches him upon the should[er] and says: "This fellow was also with Jesus of Na[z]areth." Then old Joseph Parker shook his leonine he[ad] and let out a growl, as he said, "I do not know the ma[n]." When the people began to crowd about him, Pe[ter] still more vehemently began to protest his ignoran[ce] with oaths and curses. He denied him in the mea[n]est, the most contemptible and cowardly way. Y[et] when Peter repented of his sin, Christ forgave him, a[nd] restored him to his apostleship. Christ is magna[n]imous. He will save the worst sinner, if he comes [to] him in sincere penitence, grieving for his sins and [in] treating pardon; but for the man who confesses h[im] with his lips, but denies him by his life, he has no wo[rd] but, "Woe, woe unto you hypocrites."

The Empty Creed

Not unto every one that calleth, "Lord, Lord, op[en] unto us," shall the banquet hall of Christ be opene[d]. Not unto the nominal church members shall the invi[ta]tion be given to come and sup with the divine Bri[de]groom. What became of these five foolish virgi[ns] who had no oil for their lamps? All the ten virgi[ns] had the same kind of lamps. The creed of man c[an] aptly be symbolized in the lamp which holds the o[il]

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Gospel Progress in South Africa

GOD is continuing to bless our work here. About three years ago we had no native work, and no church was doing anything here for the heathen. The Rev. M. W. Ehnes, who had been bravely holding the fort (although prostrated several times with fever), and myself knelt on the spot where our church now is, and commended the work to God. Ever since that time, he has given the work rich blessing. Hardly a service is held without having conversions.

It is wonderful what a transformation has taken place among the natives, changing the very expression of their faces and causing an improvement in their general appearance, since they have given up their red blanket and washed the red ochre from their bodies.

A GROUP OF NATIVE WOMEN CONVERTS AT UMTALI

Great difficulty is experienced in dealing with the native women. The men do not wish them to go to the church, and, in fact, the chiefs in most kraals will not permit the women to come out and hear the Gospel, so that it is hard to get hold of the women.

The women in the photograph enclosed were a short time ago in heathenism. Now the Gospel has entered into their hearts and the change is indeed marvelous. We find among them splended Christians. One woman walks five miles every Sunday to be at the church. She is praying for her husband, who is still a heathen, and I believe God will soon answer her prayer.

Some of these native Christians would put many church members to shame in Christian America. Our women are true, and they carry the light with them to the various kraals.

God has given us over two hundred conversions, and nearly all of them had never heard about Jesus, the Saviour of the world, before. What a luxury it is, to tell the story to those who have never heard it!

Some of our converts are developing special gifts for Christian service. We give them ample opportunity to visit the various kraals and hold services, sending them out in bands of two or three.

Permit me to thank your readers, who have shown practical sympathy in this work. We would ask for a continuance of their prayers.

REV. R. WODEHOUSE, *Missionary.*
Umtali, Rhodesia, So. Africa.

NOMINAL CHRISTIANS

Continued from Preceding Page

They all believed in the coming of the Bridegroom. They all believed in Jesus Christ. But the oil of consecration, the purity and devotion of life were lacking. If belief in Christ would suffice, Judas himself might have been saved. The belief that has no effect on the life is not faith at all, and can never bring a man into spiritual relation with Christ. Oh, nominal church members, you must have consecration of heart as well as perfection of creed. You must have spiritual oil for your "lamps of faith," else you can never follow the Divine Bridegroom into the banquet hall of the marriage of the Lamb.

Philanthropy Vain

These spiritual mendicants of my text represent another class of spiritual beggars. They are the type of men and women who are not loafers, as we call loafers, or mere hangers-on, as we speak of hangers-on. They represent the so-called moral and upright people, who expect to go to heaven on account of the mere temporal good which they have been able to do some of their fellow-men. They represent the large class of people who expect to bribe their way into the wedding banquet, because they have given to some town a library, or endowed some college professorship, or builded some hospital, or financially helped to support some church or foreign missionary. They do not claim that they have lived for the purpose of honoring Christ and consecrating their lives to his service; but they do say, that on account of the good they have been able to do, Christ will invite them to join the wedding procession on the night that the Bridegroom cometh.

Is this true? Will Christ allow any one to join the wedding procession who comes to him merely with the "lamp of good works" in his hand? Oh, no! For, if we are honest with ourselves, we know "there is none that doeth good—no, not one." We know that many of the acts for which the world praises us, we have done with the most selfish desires and the most corrupt motives. Some of them have been done to win popular applause; some to secure the good opinion of the church and the world: for these we have received our reward, but Christ does not reward them. We know that there is not one of us who would like the thoughts of our brain and the desires of our heart to be read by the most intimate of our friends as an open book. I know some people say they are

Proud of their Past

and of what they have done. John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, when a very old man, exultantly lived over the scenes of his sturdy manhood. Day by day his secretary used to read to him the histories of the military campaigns of which Blenheim and Ramilies and Oudenarde and Malpaquet battlefields were the successful climaxes. When a particularly brilliant move was described, on which the success of the English armies turned as upon a pivot, the old Duke's eyes would flash as he raised himself and said, "Wonderful! Wonderful! That was a masterly movement. How did I ever execute it?" He would glory in and praise his own deeds, even as aged Dean Swift would glory in the works of his youth, when he said, "What genius I must have had when I wrote that!"

But though the Duke of Marlborough gloried in the military strategy of his past life, there is not one of us, from a Gospel standpoint, who can truly glory in the "good works" we have done. Our wasted opportunities are as the sands of the sea. The good deeds we might have done, and which we have left undone, completely overshadow the little good we have been able to do. No, no. No man can light his way to the wedding banquet hall with the empty lamp of "good works." When the Bridegroom cometh, it will then be for us as dark as midnight, unless we prepare our spiritual oil in Christ's own way. "Faith without works is dead." "Work without faith," in the sight of the Divine Bridegroom, is also as black as the tomb. If we find our Gospel mendicants among those who are depending upon their mother's and father's consecration, we also find them among those who would call upon the name of Jesus Christ as a fetish and those who are depending for admission to heaven entirely upon their "good works."

Fatal Procrastination

I think, however, that the majority of spiritual beggars can be found, and always will be found among those who expect some day to consecrate their lives to Jesus Christ, but keep putting off the acceptance week by week and day by day and hour by hour, until suddenly the cry is taken up, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," and they will be called unprepared. I do not believe that all of these foolish virgins deliberately intended to be unprepared for the coming of the Bridegroom. They intended to go and get the oil which is the symbol of the spiritual life. But they kept saying to each other, "Oh, we will go tomorrow," or "We will go next week," or "We will go next month. There is plenty of time; do not worry; we will be prepared when Christ comes." So they fell into spiritual slumber, and they were called unexpectedly.

These Gospel mendicants can find their exact symbols in the financial lives of every man and woman, who live day by day and never provide for the future's rainy day. I go to you and say, "Jones, you ought to look out for your own financial interests and those of your family." You get very indignant. You answer me sharply and say, "I do not know that you have a right to give me such advice. I am looking after myself. I am paying my bills and owe no man anything." "I know it, Jones," I reply. "But you are not saving anything for the future. You are not preparing for future sickness, or old age, or even death. You are living up to every cent of your income. If you should die tomorrow, your family would not have a cent." At once your face becomes earnest. You say, "That is so. I have not a cent laid up for the future. Last week my little girl found a gray hair in my head, and it was a warning for me to prepare for old age." But you go away from me, and your new resolve is soon forgotten. A couple of years later, I read in the newspaper that you were in a railroad wreck. Your leg was crushed and had to be amputated. Or I hear from some one that you are in hard financial straits, on account of a long typhoid sickness. I go to your late home, and find that you have moved. Your house is now a very humble one. After calling a short time, I say, "Well, Jones, how are you getting along financially?" You hesitate a moment. Then you gulp down a big lump in your throat as you answer, "I have not a cent left. My doctors' bills and the loss of my position have swept away everything. Alas, I know now what you meant when you said, 'Jones, lay up for the future.' But I did not think the 'rainy day' would come so soon." That is the figure of my parable. The duty that was always being postponed was

Postponed Too Long

The oil that those foolish virgins should have had was not there when it was needed. While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." That means, when the last call for repentance came, it came suddenly. The Bridegroom always comes suddenly. Then what happened? Why, the five foolish virgins, who in the near future expected to have the spiritual oil prepared, were found without the necessary preparation. Those that were prepared went to the wedding. The door was shut. Those who were not prepared had to stay out. The five foolish virgins became spiritual bankrupts forever. Oh, my friends, are you and I going to make the awful mistake of putting off and putting off and putting off the day necessary for the consecration of our hearts and lives for the coming of the Divine Bridegroom?

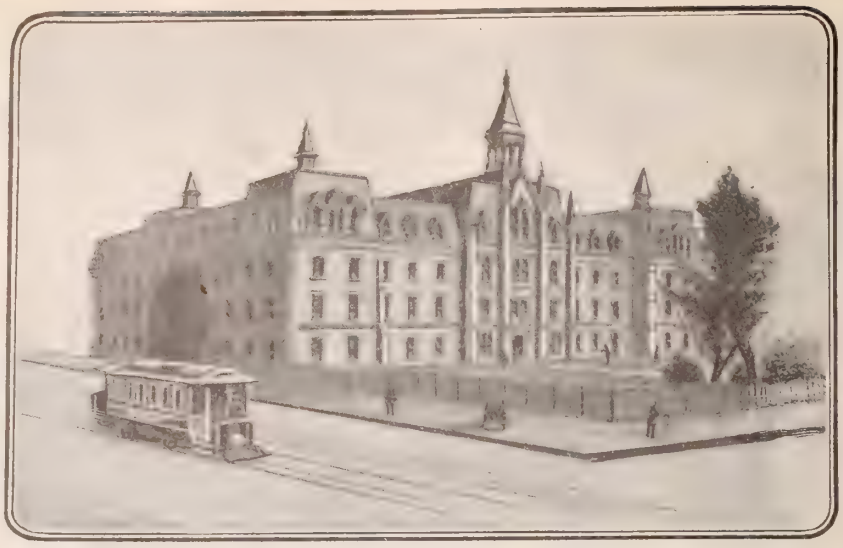
The coming of the Bridegroom may be expected at any moment. The Bible distinctly says so. When Christ comes as the Bridegroom, he will come as unexpectedly as a thief in the night, at a place and at an hour when he is least expected. Rev. Dr. Wallace, late American Consul to Jerusalem, once told me that nearly all the American Christian residents of the Davidic capital were living there in the belief, that when Christ should first appear upon earth, he would be seen standing among the Judæan Hills, and, therefore, they were there

Waiting to Welcome Him

But Christ, when he comes, will appear to us in America, as well as though we were in Europe, or Asia, or Africa. Therefore, like Robert McCheyne, I cry, "Prepare! Prepare! Prepare for the coming of the Redeemer! For the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Will you now prepare for the most momentous cry of the ages—"Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him"? Will you be prepared so that, at his glorious coming, he can greet you, and take you into his banquet house and lift over you the banner of love?

He is faithful that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken:
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait;
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e;
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.



Modern Training for the Blind

IN a part of New York, which not so many years ago would have been designated as up-town, stands a large brick building, quaint and picturesque, with its many gables covered with ivy. A high brick wall encloses the structure, which is approached by a wide flagged walk. On either side is an extensive green, with here and there a large old tree standing like a sentinel on guard. This fine old building, which was built in 1831, more than half a century ago, is well worth a visit by any one inclined to think that the world is not using them just right, and that they have not their share of the blessings of this life. A ring at the entrance brings a sweet-faced lady to the door, and as there is a large window through which a visitor may look as he rings the bell, an opportunity is given to see that the lady is blind. One might not notice her infirmity at first glance, so precise and accurate are her movements; but on the outer wall there is a large graven tablet, which tells that this is the "New York Institution for the Blind." Here, year after year, come sightless little children, to be taught how to become self-supporting, useful members of society. Here, by patient, careful training, the remaining senses are developed to such an astonishing degree, that the faculty of seeing seems almost unnecessary to the gaining of an education, both in literary and manual training lines.

There are nearly 200 pupils in this institution, ranging from the little eight-year-old just commencing, to the young man and woman nearly ready to step out and take a place in the ranks of the busy workers. Who can compute the amount of constant effort, love and patience that are required of the instructors, or the hard work and pathetic endeavors of the afflicted pupils? When a blind girl or boy first starts on the educational road, it is with much faltering and timidity, and this is especially true of very young children; but once get them interested and bring them to a point of comprehension, and progress becomes rapid.

A large case filled with knitted and other handiwork—which compares favorably with any in this line of garments and useful articles made by persons who can see—fills the whole side of one of the girls' class-rooms for manual training. Here they are taught to knit, crochet, and to operate the sewing-machine. The ease with which the girls manipulate the latter is really wonderful. The writer's attention was attracted by a bright-looking girl of fourteen, who sat with a baby's sack of pink and white worsted rapidly growing under her taper fingers. As the bone hook picked up the strands, every stitch fell into its regular place, smooth and even.

"Have you always been blind, Mabel?" was asked.

"No," was the quiet reply. "I could see until I was eight years old. I was coming down the street one day where some boys were snow-balling, and one hit me in the eye and destroyed it. Then, afterward, a girl ran into me when we were playing tag, and her elbow hurt my other eye so badly that I lost it also."

Never a word of complaint; never a hint of dissatisfaction; no reaching out for sympathy. She seemed to feel no need of it. When the writer remarked upon the extreme sensitiveness of her fingers, the young girl smiled and said, "Yes, I'm sure I do not know what we would do without our fingers, and things to do." This girl is as far advanced in her studies as the average child of her age in a seeing school and has also made considerable progress in music.

The first steps in the education of a blind child are in the line of manual training, for when the touch is refined and guided, the education is begun. Three strands of cord are fastened upon a hook against the wall, and the little fingers are initiated into the mysteries of a three-strand braid, then four, five, six and seven strands are given, and when these are mastered, knot-work is commenced, tying knots at points equidistant. Shopping-bags, twine-holders, and various other handy articles are made with knotted cord, and reins are braided or woven—all these by the very little ones. Various mechanical trades are taught the boys, such as chair-caning and mattress-making.

Piano-tuning seems particularly adapted to the blind and the pupils become very expert in this line. Having learned to read and spell, typewriting is an accomplishment easily picked up. The machines used in this school are fitted with a keyboard no different in construction from the ordinary machine. It is easy for the blind pupil to write on a type-writer, but quite another thing when he essays to read what he or another has written. The ordinary typewritten page conveys no more meaning to him than so much blank paper. Just here is where the inventive brain, and large-heartedness of Mr. William B. Wait, principal of the institution, has made itself felt in the invention of a novel type-writer, for the blind. This machine uses the "New York Point" alphabet for the blind, which consists of certain combinations of raised dots, standing for certain letters. Should the operator wish to copy something from a book, printed in either this or the Braille style of raised lettering, he can read with one hand while transcribing with the other. When it is remembered that one copy of the Bible in the type for the blind fills eleven volumes, weighing sixty-four pounds and costing $25, the advantage of this little machine is seen at once, especially if a pupil should wish to copy certain chapters or passages. The American Bible Society supplies the Bible for the blind at about one-third the cost, and the Society for Providing Evangelical Religious Literature for the blind, of Philadelphia, furnishes the International S. S. Lessons free to the blind. This society was founded by Mr. H. L. Hall, superintendent of the Working Home for Blind Men in Philadelphia.

The American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Ky., is under the support of the U. S. Government, and its annual output is distributed free of charge among all the schools for the blind in the country. Looking through the catalogue of this publishing house, one is agreeably surprised at the list of books ranging from the alphabet sheets through an entire educational series—which seems as full and as advanced as any provided for pupils who have their eyesight. It includes standard historical and biographical works, fiction by the best authors, religious books, poetry, and music.

Mr. Wait has also invented another machine, which is of great advantage in stereotyping publications for the blind. The type either in "New York point" or Braille, is large and comparatively clumsy, and a great deal of room is required for storage when matter set up. Mr. Wait's "stereograph" is worked by hand and foot power.

Much attention is paid to the teaching of music in the New York Institution for the Blind, and many of the pupils become excellent musicians. For those who show a decided talent in this direction, everything possible is done to develop the gift. The sensitive ear and extremely delicate touch of the blind students are specially favorable to musical training, and some of the pupils are remarkably skilful at the organ. A large pipe-organ in the chapel gives ample opportunity for practice. Much attention is also given to vocal training. In part singing, the pupils are divided into four groups, according to the range of voices. The words are committed to memory, one verse at a time, and the different parts are rehearsed separately and then in chorus. On the day of the writer's visit, the grand old "Portuguese Hymn" was the musical theme, and when the whole school rendered the magnificent harmony the effect was wonderful.

There are over forty institutions of learning for the sightless in the United States, with an average attendance of nearly five thousand pupils. Many of the children who come to the school almost helpless, so much so as to be in some cases incapable of waiting upon themselves, leave at the expiration of a term of years (if they do not develop in some other line), fully qualified to do the work, including the cooking, of a household; and while of course it is impossible that they may successfully compete with those who can see, handicapped as they are, the blind have made marvelous strides along educational and manual lines.

THEY ARE TAUGHT TO OPERATE THE SEWING-MACHINE

A JAPANESE COLPORTEUR

A GROUP OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS

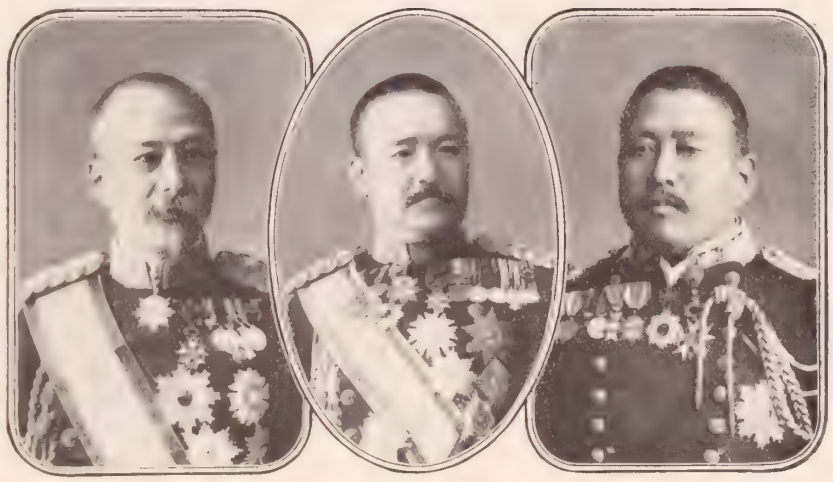
THE BIBLE HOUSE, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

Christianity Gaining in Japan

BY REV. H. LOOMIS, A. B. S.

WHEN the agent of the American Bible Society went to Nagoya, during the war with China, to distribute Scriptures among the soldiers, he called upon Gen. Katsura, the Commander of the garrison, and received from him a cordial welcome, and full permission to prosecute his work. The troops were even assembled for the express purpose of giving to each a copy of some portion of the Scriptures. Since that time Gen. Katsura has become Prime Minister. A few weeks ago, the agent of the American Bible Society called at his official residence in Tokio, and met with a very kind reception. In the most positive manner he affirmed that, in the present war, the question of difference in religion had no place. The government would maintain an attitude of strict impartiality to all. Christianity had been gaining in numbers and influence, and it was his wish that it might continue to do so. The kindly feeling of Americans were greatly appreciated. He was grateful for the work done by the American Bible Society, which had his cordial approval, and he would send at once to both the Army and the Navy Departments information to that effect.

Such an expression of the will of the Government is important at this time, as Japan will hereafter have a controlling influence among the nations of the East.



LT.-GEN. KENTARO KODAMA COUNT TARO KATSURA VICE-ADMIRAL M. SAITO

During the war between Japan and China, Major-General Kodama was the Vice-Minister of War, and much of the success that attended the movements of the Japanese armies was due to his masterly ability and energy. In addition to his military skill, he possesses a broad and liberal spirit that has made him deservedly popular in Japan. By his permission, Christian work throughout the army was then permitted, and the circulation of the Scriptures made possible among the soldiers. After the war with China ended, he was appointed Governor of Formosa, and the duties of that office have been discharged with singular ability. By his wise and generous policy he has overcome much of the prejudice of the people, and thus prepared the way for the further development and welfare of the country. He has now a leading place on the army staff, and the present plans for the prosecution of the war are said to be largely of his originating. Should his life be spared, there is little doubt that he will become one of the leading statesmen of Japan. It is a gratification to know that the future of the country is likely to be largely moulded by men of such a noble type.

Among the young men who have come suddenly to the front in the struggle between Japan and Russia, is Rear-Admiral M. Saito, who for the last five years has been Vice-Minister of the navy. He was for five years attached to the Japanese Legation in Washington, during the days of Presidents Arthur and Cleveland. It is said of him: "Successful in every position, and winning the warmest confidence of his superiors, on his return he was rapidly promoted and honored with an appointment that placed him close to the person of the Emperor."

When called upon by the Agent of the American Bible Society, he kindly offered to send to all the vessels in the navy such Scriptures as should be supplied.

Some years ago, a young Japanese named Kimura, went to America and entered the Bible Training School of Mr. Moody. After completing the course he returned to Japan, and has been doing evangelistic work with much success. It is a new thing in this country,

A TOKIO PASTOR REV. K. KIMURA I KO KANO

and it is to be hoped that many of the pastors and preachers will catch the same spirit.

At a service held in Kyoto, in May last, there was present a young priest named Eko Kano, of the Nichiren Shiu, which is the most bigoted and one of the largest of all the Buddhist sects in Japan. Mr. Kimura preached upon the subject of "The Prodigal Son." The Lord helped his message and eighteen persons accepted Christ. Among them was the priest.

The following night he appeared again, and gave his testimony as to the power and value of the new experience that had come to him. "Many years," he said, "I have longed for peace, but I could not find it in the teachings of Buddha. I do thank God for what I have found, since Christ has pardoned all my sins and accepted me as his child. What a blessed thing this is! I cannot describe it to you. It passes all comprehension by those who have it not. You can never know what it is until your sins have been washed away in the blood of Christ."

He has since come to Tokio and has entered the training school for evangelists. Already ten persons have given their hearts to God as the result of his earnest efforts. Among them is Mr. Kimura's brother, who had long listened unmoved to the Gospel message. Mr. Kano has been taken into the employ of the American Bible Society and is engaged in spreading the Word of God among his people.

At a Conference of missionaries, held at Yokohama in 1872, a committee was appointed to translate the Scriptures, and the work was begun the following year. The translation of the New Testament was completed in 1879, and the whole Bible in 1887. The American Bible Society sent the Rev. L. H. Gulick, D.D., as agent to Japan in 1876. He continued in that position until 1881, when he was relieved by Rev. H. Loomis, who remains as incumbent at the present time.

For a number of years there were three Bible Societies working in the field, with an agent representing each. In 1890, the work was consolidated under a joint committee, and this plan was continued until the beginning of the present year. Owing to the large increase in the work, and the difficulty of superintending the whole field from one agency, it was decided to make a division, and the American Bible Society now occupies the northern, and the two British societies the southern portion of the country. During the time the American Bible Society conducted its work separately (previous to July, 1890), the total circulation was upwards of 600,000 volumes (including portions). During the period of united circulation (from July 1, 1890 to January, 1904), the total circulation was upwards of 1,500,000 copies of the whole Bible or integral parts of the same. Since the beginning of the present year, 32,000 Testaments and portions have been donated to the Japanese soldiers, and largely to the sick and wounded. The opportunity and need are now very great, and already the fruit is being manifest.

Yokohama, Japan. H. LOOMIS.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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A Question of Conscience

ONE of our correspondents asks a question, which, in various forms, has been asked by others. It is whether a man is sure to be right when he obeys his conscience. Our friend is being urged to refrain from taking a course which is painful to him, but which he believes to be his duty. He would gladly yield to the solicitation of his friends if he could be convinced that it was right to do so; but as he naturally says, he is bound to follow the only light he has.

There are many who have been placed in a similar difficulty. A father who has to punish the son whom he loves; an employer who is being urged not to prosecute a dishonest employee; a voter who feels it his duty to vote against his party; a juryman who would willingly agree with the other men in the box to acquit a prisoner of whose guilt he is convinced. In these and many such difficulties, a man asks himself whether he is bound to regard the voice of his conscience as the voice of God.

That the conscience is not always an infallible guide is very evident. The Apostle Paul tells us that before his conversion he "verily thought with himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus." Alva acted according to his conscience when he sent Egmont to the scaffold. Calvin was honest in advocating the burning of Servitus. The Puritans believed themselves to be doing the will of God when they put witches to death. The conscience needs to be educated. Before a man trusts his conscience, he must take care that it is in line with the spirit of Christ; otherwise it may develop into egotism, and the man may believe himself infallible. He must keep himself humble, must seek light by prayer, must make sure that there is no corrupt or vindictive motive influencing him. Above all, he should cultivate the spirit of love and mercy, lest he become harsh and censorious. If after he has examined himself and has sought all the light accessible, then he must obey his conscience humbly as in the sight of God.

Spiritual Riches

IT is related of one of the Popes that he was once showing a distinguished visitor the Vatican treasures. He took him into the palatial chambers adorned with priceless frescoes and filled with other valuable works of art. He showed him the great gardens that surround the vast buildings. At last he showed him the treasure-house, in which are kept the vessels of precious metal, the heaps of glittering jewels and precious stones, with gold and silver that might have purchased a kingdom. "The day has passed," said the pontiff, observing his visitor's eyes fixed upon this great display of wealth, "when the Church needs to say 'silver and gold have I none'." "Yes," was the quiet reply, "and the day has also passed when it could say 'Arise! take up thy bed and walk.'"

In that reply there lies hidden a great truth, yet one which is widely disregarded. In proportion as the Church gains in worldly possessions and acquires power and distinction in material affairs, it inevitably loses in spiritual power. In lowering its standard to win the approbation of the rich and influential, it degrades its great Founder. He taught men that all are children of the Heavenly Father—should the Church teach them that only those within its pale are the elect? He warned men against the allurements of riches—should the Church be obsequious to wealth and contemptuous of poverty? He taught us to love one another—should the Church divide us into classes, and encourage by such division, hatred of each other? He refused wealth and worldly honors and power—should the Church amass riches and clothe itself in worldly distinction and vainglory? Were He to return to earth to-day, where He and his disciples once lived as wanderers, with no revenues save the dole of charity, how would He regard his Church, with its estates, its reversions, its titles and its emoluments reaching into the millions, while the poor in many of its parishes cannot even buy a loaf of bread?

We frequently hear from small and struggling churches that have a hard time, financially speaking. Let them take comfort in the thought that a very rich church may yet be a very poor one; while the struggling congregation and the pastor who shares their lot, and still keeps them steadily and faithfully on the heavenly highway, may be spiritually opulent.

Port Arthur

NOW that the climax of modern barbarism has been reached in the wholesale slaughter which has made Port Arthur a human shambles, the world stands dumb with horror at the result. Scientific murder has scored its greatest triumph. Each side has outstripped its rival in diabolic, man-killing devices. Terrible and revolting has been the struggle, as is attested by the blood-soaked hills around the fortress, strewn with unburied dead, and the ruined city, with its business buildings, hospitals, and dwellings all tumbled in a mass of inextricable confusion.

Glory, fame, heroism, patriotism—what now are all the fine, familiar phrases we are wont to apply to war, in view of those terrible scenes on the Port Arthur hillsides? They are meaningless, and worse than meaningless words. Where all is sacrificed to brutish ferocity; where no quarter is given or asked; where truce flags are disregarded; where all humane feelings are forgotten in the mad haste to destroy life by cannon, bomb, steel, bullet, or mine; where men are mowed down like ripe grain and trampled out of recognition—how can there be either true glory or heroism? It is the brutal lust of battle, run to madness.

Though the end of this merciless and needless war is not yet in sight, a stage has apparently been reached where the civilized world need no longer keep silence. A month ago, even the suggestion of mediation would have been resented as inopportune. It is not so now. The Mikado has publicly expressed his desire for peace, although he cannot take the initiative, and Russia is rapidly undergoing a change of feeling. We believe that if there should ring out from every pulpit in America, a summons to Christians throughout the land to unite in an appeal to our government to take all necessary measures to hasten mediation, such a movement would be productive of the best results. It would stimulate the Christian churches of Europe, and through these, the statesmen and cabinets.

If the Christian Church really has peace at heart and is willing to make sacrifice for it, it might do more toward the preservation of world peace than all other human agencies combined.

Vital Churches

IT was a true note that Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, struck, in his address the other day in New York, in laying the cornerstone of the Memorial Church. He said that a better name for Institutional Churches would be Vital Churches. They are, he said, "churches that get close to the life of the people; that know how to help a man when he gets into difficulties, without making a botch of the matter; that understand how the people live; that are neither side-tables for poor relations, nor mere gloomy praying closets." This is the need of the times. There has been too much of the characteristic that a famous writer called "other worldliness" in our churches. While the main business of the pulpit is to proclaim the Gospel and to prepare men for a future life, it does not fulfil the whole of its mission unless it helps men in their life here.

There are problems in human life in these days that the minister can never learn in his study. He may preach academic sermons of exquisite beauty, yet fail to give his people the help they need. When a business man goes to church, looking for strength to enable him to resist temptation; feeling that the struggles of the week have given him a sordid view of life, and longing to have his faith braced and toned up, he comes away disappointed if he has listened to a discourse on some abtruse doctrine, even though that discourse has been able and eloquent. He feels that the question discussed may be interesting to the theologian, but has little concern for himself. The minister must know the difficulties of his people in order to give them the remedy they need.

Then, too, the Church itself should be adapted to the time, and it was perhaps this that Dr. Van Dyke chiefly intended. The Christian should know that, in a difficulty, his best helper may be found in the Church. Its educational service to his children, its relaxations, its provision for the craving of his nature for relief from business tension—all bring him into closer relations with it. These helps are sanctified and hallowed when they are associated with the Church. Through them all, there should run a constant stream of religion, reminding all who benefit by them, that there is a higher future life, for which this life is a preparation, and that in incorporating the principles of Christ in their daily lives, they are fitting themselves for the heaven that they will enter at the close. Thus Christianity becomes not the antiquated museum of doctrines that it is too often considered, but a real, vital, living force in our workaday world.

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Louis Klopsch

"The Heart of the World"

IS THE TITLE OF THE NEW AND REMARKABLE STORY

By Rev. C. M. Sheldon

The opening chapters of which will appear in Next Week's Issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The famous Topeka Pastor, author of "In His Steps," etc., has presented in this new Serial a Powerful Problem Story, dealing with one of the greatest and noblest questions that could be submitted to human minds. "The Heart of the World" should be read in every American home.

Preparations on the Isthmus

A WORK so gigantic as that of cutting the Isthmus of Panama needs to be undertaken with deliberate forethought. The United States will not make the mistake, which ruined the French Company, of beginning the task before plans are fully matured. Already the preparations are well under way. Foreseeing the sickness which, in the unhealthy climate, is likely to develop among the workers before they are fully acclimated, the hospital at Colon has been enlarged by the addition of a new wing. This is providing for the worst, but efforts are being made to remove the danger of sickness by careful sanitation before the beginning of the work. Our illustration on this page shows the new buildings prepared for workmen who may fall ill. Another illustration shows the car prepared for the use of Chief Engineer Wallace, enabling him to inspect every portion of the canal as the work proceeds. The collection of lumber for the docks has already been begun. A photograph is here given of one million feet, which has been brought to Colon in readiness for the beginning of the work.

INSPECTION CAR FOR THE CHIEF ENGINEER

LUMBER STORED FOR DOCKS ON THE CANAL

U. S. HOSPITAL FOR WORKMEN

SCENES ON THE ROUTE OF THE NEW PANAMA CANAL

As previously announced in this journal, radical changes have been made in the French plans. It has been determined to abandon the plan of M. de Lesseps of making the canal of one level. There are to be five locks, effecting a saving in initial cost of nearly one hundred million dollars and a saving in time of construction of about one half. It is now believed that by the present plans the work may be finished in eight years, at a cost of $144,000,000. The adoption of the lock system was made after the commission had carefully studied the canals in Europe, the Kiel Canal in Germany, the North Sea Canal in Holland, and the Manchester and Liverpool Canal in England. The advantages of the locks were so obvious that the change in the plans was made, though it involved the rejection of more than half the work done by the French Company. About thirty million cubic yards of excavation will become useless under the new plan. The line of the Canal, however, will run about as it was originally planned. It will be nearly fifty miles in length and it will take about eleven hours for a medium sized ship to pass through it. For more than half the distance it avails itself of the valley of the Chagres River. It is proposed to construct a gigantic dam at Bohio, which will create a huge artificial lake thirty-eight square miles in area. The canal will run through the lake for about twelve and a half miles of its length. The point at which the canal leaves the lake, begins the most difficult of all the sections. It is known as the Culebra Cut, and extends from Obispo to Pedro Miguel. Here the level is considerably higher, and it is for this that the locks are necessary. It is nearly eight miles long, and involves an excavation of forty-three million yards and an expenditure of one-third the entire cost of the canal. Only one more lock is needed between that and the end of the canal in Panama Bay. Of the value of the Canal when it is completed there can be no question. It will be appreciated not only by our own citizens, in bringing our eastern and western shores into easier communications, but by every maritime power having dealings with the great nations of the East. In former times, an undertaking so gigantic as that of severing two continents and uniting two oceans would have been regarded as beyond human power.

Who hath cleft a channel for the water flood or a way for the lightning (Job 38: 25 R. V.)

Rats Save Lives

The old superstition that rats deserting a building is an indication of approaching trouble of some kind, has been verified at a mine in Pennsylvania. For some time past, the pillars supporting the roof of the Coalbrook mine near Carbondale, have been giving signs of weakness. They had been robbed from time to time, and had been worn by frequent friction. The miners knew that they were liable to yield, but they continued their work, as men do, when a catastrophe long threatened, fails to occur. On Oct. 27, however, while they were working in the old cutting, some large rats ran past them up the gangway. One of the men noticed them, and believing that some disaster was about to happen, called to his fellow workmen, and the whole company followed the rats out of the mine. They had scarcely reached the outer air, when, with a roar and a rush the roof of the mine fell in. The cutting in which they had been working two minutes before was filled with coal and dust. Had they remained, nothing could have saved them from being crushed. The movement of the rats being an omen of coming catastrophe would be regarded by many as a superstition. The fact, however, that one man believed in it was the means of saving many lives. How many souls might be saved if men would cease to regard the warnings of the Bible as superstitions, and would seek safety through Christ:

Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation (II. Peter 3: 3).

The Compass Affected

Since the wreck of the *Norge* with the loss of six hundred lives in June last, an inquiry has been commenced to ascertain the cause of the disaster. The captain was an exceedingly able man, yet he was twenty-five miles out of his course when the wreck occurred. The position of the Rockall rocks, on which the ship struck, was correctly indicated on his chart, and there was no way of accounting for the disaster. Inquiries have been made of other captains, and a clue to the mystery has been found. A Danish captain reports that during his voyage from the United States to Denmark, he took an observation when twenty degrees west of the Rockall rocks. To his astonishment, he found himself out of his course. He could not understand it, and took another observation at midnight by the Pole star. He then found that he had not been out of his course at noon, as the compass indicated, but the compass itself was wrong. Three other captains have reported that in the same region they had noticed remarkable deviations of the compass, and it is now believed that in that locality there is some unexplained variation of the earth's magnetism, and that this was the cause of the wreck of the *Norge*. If there are in that region influences which cause the needle to vary from its true direction, it is not surprising that ships should be lost there. We know it is so in the spiritual world. Men have often done wrong things, when their conscience has been led astray by wrong motives or by strong temptation.

Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness (Luke 11: 35).

Wholesale Abductions

A man is in prison in Morrisania, N. Y. on the charge of abducting a number of Italian youths during the past year. It appears that there have been coming to the police of that district for some time past complaints from Italian residents of the disappearance of their sons. Search was made for them but they could not be found. A clue to the mystery was found in a letter from one of the missing youths to his parents, from a lumber camp in North Carolina. He said that on the day he left home he had been accosted by a well dressed man who spoke excellent Italian, who induced him to go to New York on the promise that if he went immediately he would have employment at a high rate of wages. When he reached New York he was taken to a saloon and told to wait there, and was allowed to drink at the Italian's expense. He did not know what occurred afterwards until he found himself on a train with other boys going to some destination of which he knew nothing. He had been taken to the lumber camp and compelled to work there under threats. Search was made for the Italian and the man was arrested. It is alleged that he received a bonus for every youth he sent to the camp. If the man is guilty, he deserves severe punishment. How much worse is it to introduce young men, as so many heedlessly do, to places in which they are held captive by sinful habit.

It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than he should cause one of these little ones to stumble (Luke 17: 2 R. V).

BRIEF NOTE

The Week of Prayer for young men, to be observed throughout the world is Nov. 13-19. The topics are: The Royal Invitation to Prayer; The Character of Him who Invites us; The One Way of Access; His Presence—the Divine Temple; Where, When, and for Whom to Pray; In What Spirit to Pray; The Divine Measure of Answer.

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THE TWO CAPTAINS

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Southerners," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Hohenzollern," etc., etc.

Book Six—Nelson

CHAPTER XXXIII—Continued

"YOUR MAJESTY, I FOUGHT FOR FRANCE!"

THE men, manning the quarter-deck guns, crazed with the mad lust of battle in their veins, screamed frantically as they looked at that white, thin, slender old figure, sword in hand, by the side of their dead captain. It was the marquis fighting the ship, and magnificently, desperately, did he fight her! Not a mast was left standing. A few feet above the deck, the jagged ends of the foremast projected. The mainmast had been cut beneath the hounds. The mizzenmast had been carried away clean. The wreck had fallen in a confused, terrible mass to larboard. Its weight had dragged down the larboard side, and lifted the starboard side of *Le Tonnant*, so that her bilge was presented to the enemy. There was no time to cut the wreck away. There were no hands to spare from the guns. One half of her crew had been struck down, and most of them killed.

The girl dragged herself up the ladder, and went to the side of her grandfather, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Louise!" he cried, having forgotten everything in the mad lust of battle, in which the excitement of the contest possessed him, "we have beaten them! Look yonder!"

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked the woman.

"Hurt, no! I tell you we have won! She is silent! Going out of action! Look! Dismasted! Sinking! Hark, those are our guns! We still reply! For France, for France, men! Strike on!" he shouted.

Back of his master, musket in hand, knelt the figure of Brébœuf. Slowly and deliberately as if he were potting chickens, he was aiming at figures seen dimly in the moonlight and in the flash of the guns upon the English ship. She, too, was dismasted and helpless, but the brave Westcott had fought the *Majestic* superbly.

The relative strength of a French 80 and an English 74 was about as ten to seven. And the most that could be said for the achievement of *Le Tonnant*, in spite of the old man's exultation, was that the battle was drawn. The English were not completely silent, either, for a sullen gun from time to time poured its fire into the French ship. From her quarters, too, a sputtering, musketry fire was kept up. It is probable that the English ship might have done more had not Westcott fallen dead upon his own deck, shot by that marksman of marksmen, Brébœuf.

In the excitement of their own fierce battle, no one had paid any attention to *L'Orient*, and it was not until the awful crash of her explosion that the marquis called his men from the guns to extinguish the rain of firebrands that were hurled upon the ship. For fifteen or twenty minutes the crew were furiously busy averting this danger, and putting out ensuing fires, but so soon as it was over the battle was recommenced. Some of the men in each ship had taken advantage of the respite to clear away some of the guns encumbered by the wreckage, and the fight began with renewed fury. The marquis literally forgot his granddaughter, as he continued to direct the men of *Le Tonnant*. Her first lieutenant had been killed and her second wounded, so there was no one to dispute the command with him, had any one been so inclined.

Louise watched him, fascinated, dividing her attention between him and the rest of the warring fleets. She was still wondering where Macartney was. The anxieties, half formed and indefinite, which had been in her heart when the battle began, had cleared, and were definite and coherent, caused by the horror of the ship at her feet. She was filled with terror for the man she loved.

The fire of the *Majestic* and that of *Le Tonnant* became slower and slower. There was not a gun that could bear on either ship after a time. The two ships had been engaged at half pistol-shot distance for nearly three hours. They were both beaten to a standstill. The men unhurt on *Le Tonnant* were so exhausted that it was with difficulty that they could keep from falling prostrate by the guns, among the dead. It was only the voice and example of the indomitable old marquis that kept them up. Finally, at eleven o'clock, that voice was suddenly stopped. A well-aimed musket-shot from the English ship struck the old man full in the breast. He pitched downward by the side of the dead body of Dupetit Thouars in his bran-tub. Louise ran to him, and gathered his head in her arms. Brébœuf threw down his musket, and leaped to her assistance.

"Go, go!" cried the girl, "to the surgeons——"

"Stay!" feebly murmured the marquis, "'tis useless. No surgeon can do for me now."

"Let him be taken below," said Bauduy, the third lieutenant, now the ranking officer of the ship, who had been apprised of the catastrophe by one of the crew.

"Brebœuf threw himself, with outstretched arms, upon the sword-points."

"No, no," said the old man, "an admiral of France dies best on the quarter-deck of his ship."

"Is there nothing to be done?" entreated Louise.

"Nothing," said the marquis feebly, "I have fought my—last—battle. Do I grow deaf—as I die—or is—is—"

"The fire has stopped," answered Bauduy.

"And the English ships?"

"Drifted away from us."

"We have beaten her then?"

"I think so."

"How goes the battle?"

"But badly, I fear."

There was a wild cry from the men forward. Bauduy sprang to the break of the quarter-deck, and peered ahead. A man came running aft.

"There are two other English ships bearing down upon us!" he cried.

"Where?" said Bauduy.

"There they come! We cannot meet them!"

"Don't strike—your flag!" said the vice-admiral.

"Never!" answered Bauduy. "Cut the cable!" shouted, "we'll drift away."

In the darkness, *Le Tonnant* swung down past t rest of the line, past *L'Heureux* and *Le Mercure* wh fortunately for *Le Tonnant*, took the brunt of the fi of the approaching ships with which they were so hotly engaged.

"What does Villeneuve?" asked the marquis faint

"Nothing."

"Curses on him!" cried the old man. "He mig have saved—the day—for France."

There was nothing that could be done for the ma quis. Even Louise could see that. With anguish her heart she made him as comfortable as possib A rolled-up flag pillowed his head. She knelt by l side, and laved his brow. He did not suffer muc The shock of the ball in his breast, at close range, h been terrific. He lay perfectly still, but his mind w as active as ever. From time to tir he asked the girl how the battle we She would have given worlds to ha encouraged him with the news of a v tory, but it was evident at three o'clo in the morning that all was over. *Mercure* and *L'Heureux* had be driven ashore. The three ships not y engaged, *Le Guillaume Tell*, *Le Gé éreux*, and *Le Timoléon* had cut the cables and sought shelter with tw frigates in the extreme southern end the bay. Every other ship in the Frenc fleet, except *Le Tonnant*, had bee taken possession of or destroyed by th English. A silence, broken only by th groans and cries of the wounded on th ships, fell over that Homeric scene battle.

"My child," said the old marquis, die as becomes a sailor—in action. Go forgive me if—at the last—moment—fought against my king! I—I—forgo Those English—I fought them for sixty years. Brave Dupetit Thoua was dead—I took com—mand—again the king! May God forgive me!"

"He will understand, grandfather sobbed Louise, "I understand."

"'Tis a brave death to die—on th winning ship—yet—I would that it ha been—under the old flag. Brébœuf!"

The old man crept wearily toward th marquis, and kissed his hand.

"Faithful Brébœuf! We owe yo much—you will take care of the youn comtesse? You will serve her as yo did her mother—as you served me?"

"So help me God!" gasped the ol servant.

"And Honoré. He—too—fough against—the king. There is left onl you, Louise. You will be faithful, m child? You will tell his Majesty how it was?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, "I will te him everything."

"A Republic," murmured the ma quis; "who would have believed it po sible? Perhaps—they were right. was too—old—to learn—you will b faithful, Louise?"

"Yes."

"What will become of you?" aske the old man tenderly. "If only tha Englishman—you love him?"

"Yes," said Louise gravely.

"That is right. Death in the old heart—love in th young. Poor girl. Pray God he has escaped!"

"There's a boat alongside with a white flag, Lieu tenant Bauduy," said one of the seamen, coming for ward at the moment. "An officer, who says he come from Admiral Nelson."

"Let him come aboard," answered Bauduy, stepping forward to meet him.

"Monsieur," cried a voice, out of the darkness, a the English officer stepped through the gangway, "Ad miral Nelson wishes to know if your ship has struck?"

"It has not, sir!"

"Do you intend to give her up?"

"Why as to that,"—hesitated the young officer.

"Sir," said Macartney, not waiting for his answer "are Vice-Admiral de Vaudémont and his grand daughter on board you by any chance?"

"They are, sir."

"Where are they? Are they——"

"They are yonder."

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"May I go to them? I am Captain Macartney, your ormer prisoner. You remember?"

"You may go."

In an instant Macartney made his way to the little roup on the quarter-deck. With a low cry of joy ouise recognized him.

"You here?" she said. "Alive! Unharmed! Thank od!"

"Who is that?" asked the marquis faintly.

"Captain Macartney," whispered the girl.

"Why comes he here—for what purpose—have we ruck?"

"I came to seek you, to seek your granddaughter," id Macartney, kneeling by his side. "Are you hurt, r? Is it serious?"

"I have fought my last battle, lad. Ask yon Eng-sh ship—if it were a good one."

"'Twas a terrible one, monsieur; but it has killed m."

"'Tis nothing. I wish to go. I have outlived my ge. I am glad you are come, monsieur. You love y granddaughter—I had other views for her—but ie love of an honest sailor is good—you will guard ver her—watch over her—be tender with her?"

"With my life!" answered Macartney.

"I believe you—God bless you both—you will be arried at once. You must find a priest of the old eligion. Brébœuf—Louise—" he cried suddenly, his oice growing astonishingly strong. "Lift me up!"

It was four o'clock in the morning. The dawn al eady laced the east with its pale grayness. The light f breaking day fell upon the face of the old man. He ared across the decks and out to sea as if he were azing upon a vision. To his unresponsive ear at that ioment came the roar of the guns of some far ship, e-opening battle.

"They fight still," he murmured, "we are not beaten -lift me—up—the flag!"

He stopped again. They gathered around him, awe-ruck and silent.

"Grandfather," said the girl, "speak to me!"

But he was speaking to some one not of this earth. "De Suffren" he said, "the English are there! trike hard!"

The blood gushed from his lips, his head sank for-ard on his breast. By a supreme ef-ort he raised it again.

"Your Majesty," he said, struggling ntil he disengaged his hand from rébœuf. Lifting his arm high in the rowing light he cried, "Your Majesty, fought for—France!"

With a low cry, Brébœuf laid the old an gently down upon the deck he had nmortalized by his valor. The wom-n buried her head in her arms, and Macartney, before all, lifted her tender-and clasped her to his breast in his rong and tender arms.

There was silence for a little space, hen an interruption came. The sur-ivors among the crew had gathered aft aring at the Irishman. In the dawn-ng light some of them recognized him. They were overwrought with the strain f battle. They remembered the story f Garron's treachery, and it flashed nto their minds that this man was per-aps responsible for their disaster. He ad told Nelson where they were. He ad brought destruction upon them. Growling and muttering ran through he group of men. Their high officers ere gone, with many of lesser rank. There was no one to control them.

Macartney instantly realized that omething was about to happen. He ad that peculiar feeling for danger which was a part of the equipment of a reat captain. He was unarmed, save or his sword. His boat's crew were at he gangway alongside. He would ummon them. Putting Louise behind im, he stepped forward, only to be met by a rush of men toward him. They clustered around him with such rms as they could seize, threatening nd menacing.

"You're the cause of it!" cried one surly boatswain's mate. "You brought he English upon us with that accursed arrion Garron! Kill him, kill him, nen!"

"On deck, you Vanguards!" shouted Macartney, at the top of his voice, see-ng how serious was the state of affairs. At the same time he whipped out his sword and made a lunge at the nearest nan. The lunge was partially parried, nd the man gave back, but at last the oint of the weapon touched him. With a howl of rage he lifted his own cutlass nd sprang forward.

"Ahoy, Vanguarders! Bear a hand or God's sake!" cried Macartney.

Unless some diversion were made it would be too late. As he called, Lou-se, frantic with terror, threw herself upon his breast. Seeking to do him service she embar-rassed him. He drew her aside with his left arm, and with his right held off the mob. Bur it would have gone hard with him had it not been for Brébœuf. He, too, sprang forward, and as the Frenchmen came rush-ing at the Irishman, he threw himself, with outstretch-ed arms, upon the sword-points, gathering them like von Winkelried, into his mighty breast.

Such was the impetus of the Breton's leap that he fairly carried all before him. The men fell back in a confused heap, cursing and swearing. Before they could recover themselves the heavily armed crew of the cutter had reached the deck, and leaping upon the backs of the mob, silenced them. They made short work in getting to the side of their officer. They were few in numbers compared to the French, and it might have resulted seriously had not the *Theseus* and the *Audacious* at that moment dropped down, one athwart the hawse, the other ranging alongside *Le Tonnant,* demanding her surrender.

There was nothing to do but to obey. The French sailors were held in check by the *Vanguard's* men until a prize crew from the *Theseus* had come aboard and secured them.

Louise and Macartney had instantly turned their attention to Brébœuf. He had been pierced by a dozen blades. As soon as he fell, he had endeavored to drag himself toward the marquis. Macartney stared at him, not understanding his meaning. The woman was quicker.

"He wants to lie there," she said.

With his own hands, assisted by some of his seamen, Macartney lifted the gigantic Breton, and laid him at the feet of the marquis. The old sailor said nothing. Perhaps he had not the power, perhaps he had. He only took the hand of Louise in one of his great paws, lifted it to his lips, touched it tenderly, laid it down, stretched out his right hand, laid it upon the foot of the marquis, smiled at them, and closed his eyes.

Brébœuf was a silent man, and he died as he had lived, with no unnecessary words.

L'ENVOI

THEY buried the marquis, wrapped in the ancient lilied flag of royal France, from the deck of the battered *Le Tonnant,* Nelson rising from his sick bed to do honor to the gallant sailor and gentleman. And as the body gently slipped into the waters of the bay, the shattered ships of the English fleet with half-masted flags, thundered out a vice-admiral's salute. Following him on his last journey were launched the remains of the faithful Brébœuf.

In the cabin of the *Vanguard,* a few days after, Louise and Macartney were married, Admiral Nelson himself giving away the bride. They had found a prisoner on one of the French vessels, a faithful pastor, whom one of the captains of the French liners had brought with him, for he was a man who had stopped following the precepts of the Republic when it abolished God.

Nelson ordered Macartney to *La Mutine* with despatches for England, his own gallantry being especially mentioned in them. With him Sir Robert took his wife and the faithful Aurore. The *Leander,* carrying Captain Berry with duplicate despatches, had preceded *La Mutine,* but had been captured by *Le Généreux,* one of the two ships of the line which, with two frigates under Admiral Villeneuve, had escaped from disaster at Aboukir.

Of thirteen ships-of-the-line and four frigates, the French had lost eleven capital ships and two frigates. It is believed that none of the four ships that escaped would have got away had Nelson not been wounded and thus unfitted for command. They were captured later, anyway, and none of them ever got back to France.

Nelson, although he blamed no one, was greatly disappointed at even the temporary escape of Villeneuve's four ships. As he had said years before, commenting on the satisfaction of an old-fashioned and unambitious commander (Hotham) who had not made the most of a victory, although he congratulated himself upon having done very well as it was:

"Even had ten ships been taken and the eleventh escaped, we being able to get at her, I should never consider it well done!"

"Many men know how to win battles," it has been pithily observed; "few know how to use victories. Nelson could do both.

Of the eleven French liners, five were burned, namely: the ill-fated *L'Orient, Le Timoléon L'Heureux, Le Mercure,* and the unhappy *Le Guerrier;* of the two frigates, one was sunk and one burned. The remaining six ships-of-the-line were patched up and taken to Gibraltar and England.

The number killed, wounded and missing on the French fleet was never accurately determined. Estimates range from 3,500 to 5,000. Of the ships engaged, all the French admirals and captains, but one captain, were killed or wounded. Nor did the English come off scatheless. The *Goliath,* the *Orion,* the *Vanguard,* the *Minotaur,* and above all the *Bellerophon* and the *Minotaur,* were terribly cut up, losing many spars; the last two were completely dismasted, and nearly two hundred men killed or wounded on each ship. The total English loss in men was eight hundred and ninety-five. Not a great price to pay for the most complete victory in the most magnificent battle ever fought on the sea!

On receipt of this glorious news which Macartney delivered to the king on the second of October, he was advanced to the peerage, under the title of Lord Macartney, by his grateful monarch. Nelson was made Baron Nelson of Burnham-Thorpe and the Nile, with a pension of ten thousand pounds, a very inadequate reward for his consummate strategy, brilliant tactics, and magnificent fighting.

The French dream of an empire in the East was shattered to pieces by the thunder of the English guns. Three weeks later a courier toiled up to the headquarters of Bonaparte, then on an expedition to the southward, and told him the crushing, fatal blow.

"This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended," he said to Kleber, preserving his composure and his courage in spite of the death-blow of his hopes. "We must die in this country, or get out of it as great as the ancients!" THE END

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By BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT

Bishop John H. Vincent

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The Christian Herald

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NATIONS RUINED BY DRINK

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

WORLD'S Temperance Sunday will surely have some decisive influence in checking the world's greatest curse, if the two-and-half millions of Sunday School teachers (2,410,818), faithfully present to their twenty-five millions of pupils (25,810,861), the national and personal warnings contained in this lesson, which shows how two divinely favored nations, Israel and Judah, that had first been made captive by drink, were easily carried captive by the Assyrians. This is the usual order in the fall of nations; first cancer, then conquest.

Isaiah, the greatest of the major prophets, a scholar and a statesman, uttered the brave warnings of this lesson to the rulers and people of Israel, which was made up of the ten tribes, which seceded under Jeroboam I. Great prosperity, as usual, had brought to both nations forgetfulness of God, and those destructive vices, intemperance and impurity, ever found with luxury. Similar luxury is developing in the United States and in the British empire, the very symptoms the prophet declared to be the signs of Judah's fall. When Isaiah spoke, the Assyrians were already sweeping like a "scourge of God," upon the upper kingdom, whose sin and fall Isaiah held up as a mirror of Judah's present sin and future fall, which occurred about a hundred years later.

. . .

1. The Wreath of the Reveler, the First Link in Israel's Chain of Captivity. *Woe unto the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty.*

Isaiah here calls the whole kingdom of Israel "Ephraim," after the name of its chief tribe. Samaria, the capital city of Israel, was built on the summit of a verdant, isolated, cone-shaped hill, where the marble palaces, glistening in the sun, seemed from the distance like the crown of silvery olive leaves with which its revelers were crowned at their feasts. Because its people were so given to wine, this "glorious beauty" was to become a lost crown, a "fading flower," which it is to-day, a ruin whose broken marble pillars are an eloquent warning against the vices that blight nations and individuals alike. The word sychar (John 4: 5), is supposed to come from *skikorra*, meaning drunkards, a monument of the shame described in the text. That it was real drunkenness, not a poetic allegory, Amos' testimony shows (Amos 4: 1). "Look," says Isaiah, in substance, "to the ruin which intemperance is bringing our sister state, and behold the same symptoms of approaching national death here in Judah."

The figure of a crown lost through drink, a laurel wreath blighted by dissipation, has a personal as well as a national significance, and recalls many a king, like young Belshazzar, whose doom came as he drank, and many a genius, like Poe and Burns, whose glorious beauty was a fading flower because the blight of appetite was upon his laurels.

A native of Peru has slain an animal for food. He leaves upon the skin some pieces of the raw flesh, and goes with it far up the mountain side upon the rugged Andes. He finds a crevice in the rock, lies down in it and covers himself with the skin, with the raw side exposed. The giant condor, seated on the cliff, or soaring far above the clouds, scents the flesh. He drops upon the pelt and pulls the flesh off with his beak. But the native underneath seizes him by the feet, and wrapping the skin around him, sells him at the nearest port to decorate some city park a thousand miles away. So many a genius, capable of lofty flight, is caught and carried captive through his appetite.

Overcome with Wine. The original word means one smitten, beaten, knocked down with wine, as with a hammer: laid prostrate, unable to rise. It is the fashion to lay such deadly blows of drink mostly on whiskey and the other distilled liquors, but it is wine which carries the bludgeon in this text. It is even worse to-day, when wine not only does its own mischief, but leads its victim on to the thrall of the spirituous liquors. For example, in France, where the people drink on the average more wine than any other people, and the purest wine, for they make it themselves, the wine does not lessen the consumption of stronger drinks, as is shown by a British parliament report, but the people drink more distilled liquor *per capita* than those of any other land, and the worst kind, absinthe, to which their doctors and statesmen alike, attribute, more than to anything else, except impurity, which is largely prompted by drink, the fact that France alone, of all the nations of the civilized world, has a birth rate lower than the death rate.

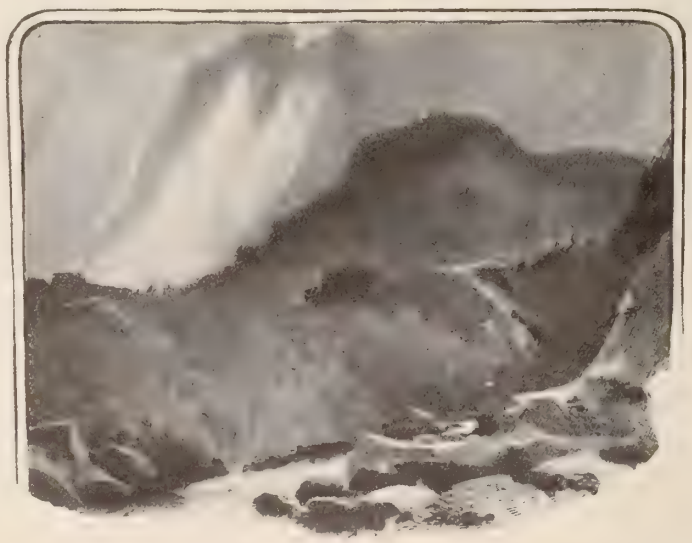
The commission appointed by the German Emperor to investigate the drinking habits of his subjects reported in 1904 the increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquors amounted in cost to $125,000,000 a year. The Emperor is quoted as saying: "This tremendous guzzling must be stopped somehow." It is said that abolition of brandy and beer as part of the German army ration will probably be ordered. These facts with respect to Germany, and similar ones as to France, make sad havoc of the old stock argument about beer and wine being the cure for drunkenness.

"Overcome of wine!" That has been written of many who started in life as confidently as the bright boys and girls in our Sunday schools. Shall it be written of any to whom this lesson comes with timely warning? It cannot be true of any person whose practice is abstinence.

"Overcome of wine!" Shall it be written of you? Shall it be written of our country? Shall we not rather ourselves "overcome" this personal and national foe by total abstinence and prohibition, the only weapon with which it has been overcome anywhere? In this matter the Orient has been wiser than the Occident. Ancient India and Arabia were greatly cursed by drunkenness, but the religious leaders did not make the deadly blunder made by Europe and America for ages, of relying upon "moderation" and "license" as cures for this curse. The leaders in church and state in India said, in the name of religion and government, "Stop the habit, stop the traffic." And the result is, seven hundred millions of Hindus, Buddhists and Mohammedans free from even the hereditary taint of alcohol (a few have been corrupted by white men), refuting utterly the shallow sophistry of the indulgent and lazy, that "all men have an inherent appetite for drink that will be gratified in some way, and so it is useless to fight against it."

THEY SAID WE WILL DRINK NO WINE (JER. 35: 6)

Behold the Lord has a Mighty and Strong One . . . as a Tempest of Mighty Waters Overflowing. This is the prophet's description of the Assyrian army, which was pouring like a resistless, destroying flood, swept on by a tempest of hail, down upon the kingdom of Israel, to cast down its crown—a flood which God would stay, because Israel's sins called for Judgment. This description is not too strong for the curse of drink, which, as a rising flood, is pouring through all the lands, increasing in every country of the world at the dawn of the twentieth Christian century. As in Israel and Judah in the prosperous time of our story, so everywhere increasing intemperance is the dread consequence of "prosperity." The "fat valleys" and the "overcoming of wine" evermore go together. This flood of drink is not a visitation of God, but is due to our self-indulgence and cowardice. We might have shut the flood out of the land by dykes of prohibition, and out of our homes by total abstinence. "Neither abundance of food, nor splendor of scenery, nor religious institutions, were able to preserve the Ephraimites from the effects of the dissoluteness which they courted by the use of the intoxicating wine. The Jews had a tradition that the wine of Pregiatha, and the waters of Diomasit cut off the ten tribes."



"AS A TEMPEST OF HAIL AND A DESTROYING STORM"

The Crown of Pride Shall be Trodden Under Foot. Here again the reveler's crown is pictured, not alone as fa[d]ing but as trampled under foot. How literally all that is bea[u]tiful in life is trampled under foot by drink! Even the ora[n]ge blossoms of a happy bridal are soon trampled on by a drun[k]en husband—alas! with increasing frequency in these days [t]he drunken wife! Love is turned to loathing. The beau[ti]ful boy becomes a bloated tramp, the beautiful girl a drunka[r]d haggard wife. Let us stop this treading of beauty ut[ter]ly foot, and instead tread down the evil custom and stamp [out] the evil traffic. Let us put with Isaiah's "Woe to [the] crown of pride," Solomon's "Who hath woe," and Hab[a]kuk's "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." We [s]hall that when we directly or indirectly authorize another to d[o]

As the First Ripe Fig. The gathering of the figs ta[kes] place about August. Now if any one sees a fig as e[arly] as June, he fixes his eye upon it and hardly touche[s it] with his hand before he swallows it. Like such a da[inty] bit will the luxurious Samaria vanish (Delitsch). E[ven] many a strong man has been thrown down, like a fa[ded] wreath, by wine, his money seized like the "first [ripe] fig" by the liquor dealer! Habit (habet) means "It [has] you."

In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory unto the residue of his people. Here the prop[het] turns to Judah, which is to be the "residue" w[hile] presently Israel is carried captive; but even in Ju[dah] he seems to single out in this verse the few that [are] loyal before turning to the many whose intempera[nce] will bring ruin to the nation. In contrast with [the] reveler's crown, this verse sets the crown of glory t[hat] God gives in his own favor and blessing to those w[ho] keep his wise and powerful laws.

Israel's captivity was perpetual, as we recall in spe[aking] ing sadly of the "lost tribes," while Judah repented [and] was restored. So the many among those who o[nce] enter the captivity of appetite are "lost," while a [few] only are restored, mostly those who have learned [in] their despair that

> The Lion of Judah can break every chain,
> And give us the victory again and again.

But these restored captives are the very ones who [teach] the boys and girls, with the most intensity, "t[hat] prevention is better than cure," that it is easier to p[re]vent than to repent.

. . .

They Also Have Erred Through Wine. Havi[ng] pointed out the sin and punishment for the neighb[or]ing kingdom, Israel, as a faithful preacher and teach[er] Isaiah plainly tells the rulers of Judah that the sa[me] sins are to be found at home, and will bring like re[tri]bution sooner or later. "Israel enslaved to drink w[as] soon be captive to Assyria," he says in substance, "a[nd] so will you if you do not reform." The warning was vain. Judah continued to drink and indulge the oth[er] sins it leads to, especially in a luxurious time, and in hundred years the nation fell. The man who, in beg[in]ning to drink, says gayly, "I could stop, but I won't" taking no warning from the sot beside him who exclai[ms] bitterly, "I would abstain, but I can't!" The greatest err[or] of those who have to do with wine is the error which t[he] French scientists are exposing in a bill-poster campai[gn] against "alcoholism," which means the diseased condition [of] the tippler who may never have been drunk in his life, b[ut] whose bodily cells are all poisoned by a daily indulgence th[at] ignorant people call "moderation," and suppose to be har[m]less. It is gross ignorance to think the only peril in using i[n]toxicants is the danger of getting drunk. A monthly spree [is] less harmful than a daily tipple.

. . .

The Priests and the Prophets Have Erred Throu[gh] Strong Drink. Thank God our American preachers a[re] mostly right as to abstinence at least, though som[e] of them, because moral questions did not recei[ve] due attention in their education, do not s[ee] that prohibition is the only right and effective at[ti]tude for the government to take toward a traf[fic] which is the worst foe of the nation's homes, of i[ts] commerce, of its politics. Gladstone's great word [is] "It is the purpose of law to make it as hard as po[s]sible to do wrong and as easy as possible to d[o] right," exactly defines the aim of all prohibito[ry] laws, and answers the objections, mostly based o[n] the assumption that prohibition does not prohib[it] if it does not annihilate. The only proper test [of] a law is; "Does it make it harder to do wrong [or] No statistics are needed to prove that prohibitio[n] makes it harder to sell drink than any other la[w] for the liquor-dealers have recently organized [a] literary bureau that is paying advertising rates i[n] newspapers for articles written to prove that pro[h]ibition is a failure. They will make some believ[e] that, who have not wit enough to see that if mo[re] liquor could be sold under prohibition, with n[o] license fee to pay, the liquor-dealers would favo[r] and promote prohibition.

They Err in Vision, They Stumble in Judg[e]ment. In this description of the effect of liquo[r] upon brain and soul, we get close to the reason wh[y] railroads and fifty-one per cent. of all America[n] employers forbid their men to drink on duty—many of them requiring total abstinence at a[ll] times. A man who is even slightly under the in[f]luence of liquor is likely to make some error o[f] vision or judgment that may have serious results or by loss of that "higher vision" that relates t[o] character, to get into those vices that are so costl[y] that dishonesty is the logical result. Notwithstanding the fact that more than half of the America[n] business establishments either require abstinence wholly o[f] their employees, or at least while on duty, or discriminate i[n] other ways in favor of the abstainer, the *per capita* American consumption of intoxicants is in 1904 greater than ever almost twenty gallons *per capita*, and the direct cost o[f] $1,400,000,000, with as much more of indirect cost, and th[e] American consumption is less than that of any other whit[e] community except Canada and Australasia. Canada con[-] sumes one-fourth and Australasia three-fourths as much.

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*Lesson for World's Temperance Sunday, November 27, Isa. 28: 1-13. Golden Text Isa. 28: 7. "They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way."

ARE AMERICAN CHILDREN ILL-BRED?

AN English lady who has brought up successfully a large family of sons and daughters, said with emphasis the other day, in conversation with a friend, that American children were very ill-behaved as a rule. S added, "I am not referring to the children of the poor. M observations have been made largely among rich f ilies, where the children had every advantage wealth c ld give, and teachers and governors bestow. For ex- a ple, spending some weeks of midsummer at a fashionable r rt, I came in contact with children of clergymen, profes- s and other highly educated people, and found them in m y cases little savages. At the table they d not scruple to contradict their elders, i rrupt conversation, clamor for the particu- l dainty they wanted, and generally run a ck through all the usual proprieties. A li e girl belonging to my own family was a st at the ill-manners of the children with w m she played, and her astonished face at c ain times was a study. Another child, a stomed to good behavior at home, and b ght up on the excellent plan of implicit o lience, turned to her mother one morning, a quietly announced, "I shall not come a r this when you call me; none of the other c lren run to their mothers as soon as they a called." It was a little declaration of ir pendence, that sprung from a bad exam- p . The little maid was soon told that w tever other mothers allowed made no d erence; when *her* mother called she must c e.

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ot to speak of rudeness among themselves, t lady, who has traveled widely in America a abroad, considers American children e emely uncivil to old people, quite lacking in eference, and much too ready to express th r opinions when older people are present. S thinks the coming generation will inevit- a suffer, because the young people now g ving up will be wanting in good manners, a conspicuous for selfishness and arrogance.

hile we may not altogether agree with o friend, or take the same view that she d s, it is worth while for parents to stop and th k whether there is not a little justice in w t she says.

e mirror of a spectator's mind may be tr r than our own, and we ought not to resent c icism which, though apparently harsh, has in a grain of truth. Undoubtedly in the la r days, there has been a reaction from the a erity of an earlier time, when children w e kept under rigid authority, when they h few privileges, and were often unjustly p shed. It may be that the pendulum has s g a little too far the other way. Generali- z ons are unfair. In walking down a village st t, there may be six homes in which the c ldren are gentle-mannered, amiable and f y obedient, while in the seventh, they may b spoiled by indulgence, ruined by caprice. a very disagreeable in consequence. If p nts could but realize the injustice they do th children by allowing them to become th dread of all they meet instead of the d ght, they would take a little more trouble th they do to train them well.

. . .

outhern children are seldom transgressors in he way of disobedience and incivility. O finds in a Southern household good m ners the rule for the juniors, and mothers s m speak twice, while children rarely put ot ttending to what is said until it pleases th to listen. The explanation of this is th the traditions of discipline still linger in th South, and from the earliest years the sm l people are taught that they are not to b espots, though they may be darlings.

My child," said a mother one day, " is so high spirited th she will not brook control. I am waiting until she has re ned the age of reason, and then I am sure she will see h foolish it is to fly into rages at trifles, and to make everybo uncomfortable." Inquiring of this little girl's teacher, I and that the small termagant was a perfectly well-ordered an well behaved child in the schoolroom. No greater m ake is ever made than to fancy that habits of rudeness ea formed, will be lightly laid aside when children emerge fro babyhood into adolescence. The youth will be what th child was; the mature man and woman are evolutions fro the youth. Why put upon a child the emotional strain th comes from constant yielding to ill-temper and perversit and why expect that reason should succeed unreason be use a few birthdays have been added?

indeed American children are not polite, and if they do no commend themselves to any except blindly adoring pa nts, the parents are the ones to blame.

me of those who read this bit of talk, may have opinions an convictions on this subject. Some may have remedies to opose, or suggestions to make. The Editor of the page wi e very glad to hear personally from both married and single observers, it being a well known fact that old maids and bachelors often have very interesting views to present as to the training of children. Mothers may tell what sort of discipline they use in their families, possibly there are some among us who have no discipline at all. The family of a noted New England author was brought up on a system of perfect liberty. He declared that his children should develop as nature intended, and they did. They were terrors to the neighborhood during childhood, yet, contrary to every ones' expectation, they have turned out to be respectable men and women. What do *you* think? If the subject attracts you, write and express your sentiments freely.

About Losing One's Temper

People are very seldom inordinately proud of a good temper, but a bad temper is something about which the owner is apt to boast. Whether it be the touch-and-go kind that flashes up on any slight provocation, or the slowly smouldering variety, that is not easily kindled and then burns a long time with a sullen flame; in either case it is thought to be the badge of strength of character. People boast of having a family temper, inherited from ancestors who were prone to fight over things great and small, and who were dangerous people to meddle with except in their moods of tranquillity. A man or woman who is habitually self-controlled, always even-tempered, and not quick to show vindictiveness or anger, is supposed to be weak. In reality it is the good-tempered person who is strong, and the ill-tempered who is weak. One should be utterly ashamed of losing temper over a trifle, and equally disconcerted if unable to keep it when facing a great crisis. Unless we can restrain our own passions, keep ourselves from hasty speech, or sombre, sullen looks, and dwell in the sunshine of that Kingdom of Heaven which is enthroned within the calm, unruffled soul, we shall never be able to govern others, or do much good in the world.

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

EVENING PRAYERS

In the sweetest hour of all the day
The little ones come to the mother's knee,
Fold the flower-like hands and pray,
Look up to heaven where the angels be.

Look to the Saviour whose love divine,
Blesses the children who come to him.
The evening falls, the light grows dim,
"Saviour, may each of my babes be thine!"

"DOWN AT THE HEELS"

THE following practical advice is given our girls by a business man, and is worth heeding:

She was a sweet-faced girl. Her head daintily bore a picture hat, her gown was becoming, her complexion perfect, her hands well-gloved, but her shoes were scuffed and run-down at the heel. This oversight spoiled her entire appearance. She may have thought that her gown covered the ill-looking shoe, or she may have started out in the morning with little time to keep her appointment. Nevertheless, this evident carelessness or oversight marred her general appearance, and she was not the pleasing picture which she would have been, had her shoes matched the rest of her costume. Not long since, in a walk from the ferry to the office, remembering this little incident, caused me to observe the footwear of many of the ladies that I met, and I was surprised to see the number that bore a semblance, at least, of carelessness or thoughtlessness. Here a heel was run-down, marring the shape of the shoe, again a toe had been stubbed, and the enamel partially damaged, and then again, although the day was clear, and we had had no rain for forty-eight hours, there were the remnants of the muddy roadway crossed a few days before. Shoe polish is inexpensive, a lambskin shoebrush as well, and both easily obtained, and if a shoe when taken off at night is thoroughly brushed and wiped before it is put away, or if the evening has been wet and the shoes have become soiled, the mud is brushed off and the shoes left to dry overnight and then touched up with the polish in the morning, the wearer will add much to her appearance by this little act of care.

It is not the tight shoe or the small shoe that is most attractive. Either of the above is as ill-looking as a very loose or carelessly chosen foot covering, but a well-fitting shoe with a sensible tread and toe will add to a woman's appearance, even if her gown is not of the latest fashion, but has been carried over from last season, and her hat has not the most expensive plume or is the latest importation from the French flower emporium. If more attention were given to the footgear it would be surprising how much more pleasing the general appearance of our girls would be. A carelessly covered foot mars the beauty of the person. Even when playing tennis or golf it is not necessary to have a loose, rundown, badly-fitting shoe, but a trim, well-shaped and well-fitting foot-covering always best suits the wearer. The reason the fashion of wearing a large bow just above the toe becomes very much exaggerated, is in many instances owing to careless manipulation. It is not an unusual sight to see it poorly tied, with perhaps one end dragging, and thus is marred what otherwise would be a pleasing finish to the toe. A large bow should always be avoided when the shoe is loose or run-down at the heel or not well cared for. In other words, a large bow does not improve, but rather emphasizes a shoe in poor condition or one carelessly looked after and neglected. HENRY TAYLOR GRAY.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JEAN. To make pear butter or apple butter you must give up a whole day, as this sauce requires a long boiling process.

—MYRTLE. Do not take your little girl to stay overnight at a friend's house, except by invitation or previous arrangement.

—MAY. Do not marry a man to reform him. If he will not give up a bad habit for you now, he will not yield to you when you are his wife.

—A SUBSCRIBER. Older residents in a town should first address new-comers. If they fail to do so, speak first yourself; they may be bashful.

—JEAN. By dropping a line to Brentano, Union Square, New York, you may find the book you want, if your local bookstore cannot furnish it.

—MRS. E. E. W. I thoroughly agree with you that intemperance will always wreck the home. I am glad the symposium on the "Iowa Idea" interested you.

—NOVICE. The proper thing to say on being introduced is usually, "I am happy to meet you." When one's health is asked for, "Very well, I thank you," is the ordinary formula.

—ADELE. Thank you for your kind words. Decorate the house with chrysanthemums for the wedding. They will be very ornamental. If the day decided on be too late for this flower, I advise a profuse use of evergreens, and palms, and ferns.

—MOTHER. When the heart is sore from a recent bereavement, it cannot always at once realize that the dear one has gone to infinite happiness above. By and by you will understand as you do not now, that your child is waiting for you in heaven.

OVER AND OVER

Over and over our Master above,
Looks on our work with compassion and love,
Sees our mistakes, and sees how we have tried,
Views our long battle with weakness and pride,
Over and over He pardons our sin,
Open your heart's door, let Jesus come in.

A Temperance Talk to Soldier Boys

AT a recent service in the little church at Fort Hancock, N. J., the Rev. William Sweet delivered a powerful sermon on temperance, which was listened to with marked attention by the audience of soldiers. These services are held under the auspices of the Army and Navy Department of the International Committee, Y. M. C. A. In the course of his address, the speaker said:

Statistics show that of the three million children who are born annually of drunken parents, half a million are born idiots, and three hundred thousand are born deaf, dumb, or blind.

In my college days I played football. One fine day in November there came another team from a distant city to play us. Our team was comparatively light, but was extremely fast; and this other team was heavy, averaging fifteen to twenty pounds heavier to a man. But we were confident, relying on our speed and fine physical condition, and we had heard too, that the members of this other team drank. The game began. In the first half they played well, and when it ended the score stood six to six. The second half started, and from its beginning we had things our own way. We tore great holes in their line and circled their ends for big gains, and before the game ended, two of their heaviest men, weighing over two hundred apiece, were carried off the field exhausted, and we won the game by a decisive score. We won, simply because of our better physical condition and training. They were flabby and without endurance, because of drink.

The next reason why a man is not wise who drinks, is because it injures his mind. Many a young man has thus destroyed his chances of becoming a scholar. It destroys memory and wears out the tissues of the brain.

The third reason why a man is not wise who drinks, is because it destroys his happiness. Happiness is the great end in life, for it men strive with unceasing ardor. But happiness can be built only on virtue, and where drunkenness reigns, virtue is a stranger and God an enemy. A drinking saloon in a community means rags and misery for some of its people, and sixty thousand saloons in the nation mean rags and misery multiplied sixty thousand times. Universal happiness and prosperity cannot exist in the same land with the saloon, any more than peace and safety can exist in a sheepfold when the wolf has entered it. A drunkard not only destroys his own happiness, but the happiness of all those around him. Drink destroys homes, makes criminals out of children and destroys a country's happiness.

Another reason is that it destroys his chances for heaven. "A drunkard cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." A drunkard not only suffers misery here on earth, but he will have eternal misery in the world to come. Why, then, will a man drink? I have never found a man who drank say that liquor brought him anything else but misery. Drink destroys a man's health, it robs him of his mind, it drives happiness from him, it sends him to hell.

But these are only some of the personal reasons why a man should not drink. There are many other reasons we might give against this drink habit. One is it destroys innocent life. Railroad companies recognize this danger, and will not employ a man who drinks. Not long since, on one of the great railroads in this country, a wreck occurred because of a drunken switchman; and I would venture to say a great proportion of the wrecks are caused directly or indirectly by drunken employees. Then drink undermines society. Intoxication goes with every crime; a drunkard is qualified for every vice. A judge once said, "there is scarcely a crime brought before me that is not, directly or indirectly, caused by strong drink."

Let me give to you what different men have said of this habit of drinking and drunkenness. William Penn once said, "All excess is ill, but drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, it dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and mad. He that is drunk is not a man."

There is a Japanese saying that goes something like this: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

John B. Gough has said: "The barroom is a bank; you deposit your money and lose it; your time, and lose it; your character, and lose it; your manly independence, and lose it; your home comfort, and lose it; your self-control, and lose it; your own soul—and lose it."

Whiskey is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a live man, put whiskey in him. Said Franklin, "Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are homes without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners." Gladstone said, "Intoxicating drinks have produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than all those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined." "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the brewer's agent, the tavern and ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbors' scoff, his own shame. In short, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man."

Drink drowns more than the sea, burns up more property than fire, takes more lives than war; it is the prime minister of death.

Death (says an old legend) having occasion to choose a Prime Minister, summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims to the office. Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsy shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; Asthma half strangled himself; Colic pleaded his violence; Plague his sudden destruction, and Consumption his certainty. Then came War, with stern confidence, alluding to his many thousands devoured at a meal. Last came Intemperance, with a face like fire, shouting, "Give way! ye sickly band of pretenders! Am I not your parent? Does not sagacity trace your origin to me? If my operations cease, whence will come your power?" Then the grizly monarch, Death, gave a smile of approval and placed Intemperance at his right hand as his favorite and Prime Minister.

A City Missionary's Work

Mr. S. Foster Grady writes interestingly of his work as city missionary in Trenton, N. J. He preaches every Sunday morning and evening, and attends two Sunday Schools, in each of which he has a class. At four P. M. he conducts a meeting in the hospital or some other institution. Every Thursday afternoon he preaches in the jail, and assists in a service conducted in the "Woman's Wing," by the W. C. T. U. These visits to the jail afford opportunity for conversation with men and women, who spend from one to six months there, and many are influenced for good through the efforts of missionaries and other Christian workers. There are besides these, various services at churches, missions, prayer meetings, etc. Then there is house-to-house visitation, among those in sorrow or distress. The city missionary is never idle. Even when Mr. Grady took a vacation last August, he preached and took part in forty-four religious services in country churches. He would be glad to hear from any one who may be engaged in city missionary, jail or other work similar to his own, as he feels that interchange of thought would be helpful to him.

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The Power of the Hague Tribunal

IN view of the steps recently taken by our government for the purpose of bringing about an early reassembling of the Hague Peace Tribunal (as suggested by the recent Peace Conference), and also in view of the reference to the Hague of the North Sea incident, which threatened to result in war between Russia and England, it is of timely interest to know how authorities on international law regard the power and jurisdiction of the Hague court. Can it do more than merely advise? Is there any way in which its findings and decisions can be made obligatory and effective? This is the immediate and important question now before the world.

In a recent address at Mohonk, Prof. J. B. Moore, a distinguished authority on international law and for many years connected with the State Department in Washington, said:

"The Hague Tribunal is a judicial not a legislative, body. How, then, are we to establish a reign of peace on earth. It seems to me that the first thing that we must do is to establish a system under which the necessary force in human affairs may be applied without nations going to war. We know how it is in our municipal governments, in our own national affairs. We must keep a certain number of policemen in proportion to the population. In doing so we merely recognize, and necessarily recognize, the existence in human nature of an aggressive element. There are good men and bad men; there are just men and unjust men; there are unaggressive and aggressive men; so that we must maintain some police force for the purpose of curbing and keeping in order those who are disposed to violate the rights of others. Now in international affairs we have the same fundamental facts to deal with, the facts of human nature; but we have not yet reached that stage of international organization in which some acknowledged force can be used for the purpose of preventing wrong, and at the same time preventing war.

"At the present day, if two nations go to war, one against the other, one may make a conquest of the other's territory. We may convert a war of defense to a war of aggression in that way, and yet it is perfectly legal, according to the present code of international law. What we must do, is to find some way to apply as between nations a legal system, similar to that which exists in every civilized state. It may be said that that is more or less of a dream; and so it is. Our ancestors, when they were wandering in the forests under their tribal chiefs, I suppose would have treated the feudal organization as a dream; and as the followers of the feudal chief would have treated the modern international state as a dream. It was something that they simply could not conceive of being put into practice.

"There are two ways, as it seems to me, in which some international force might be employed for the purpose of conducting international relations under a system of law. We might have, perhaps, a system under which penalties would be applied to any nation that showed a disposition to do wrong, or actually committed a wrong; all nations might concur in inflicting certain penalties. But there is yet another plan more comprehensive than that, and that is the organization of a sort of international force which should be under the control of an International Council. This International Council would consider the question of justice between nations, determine which was in the right and which was in the wrong, and if the nation which was conceived to be in the wrong were recalcitrant, then, under the orders of the International Council, the international force would be employed for the purpose of restraining the nation that was disposed to inflict an injury.

"Even though nations are not ever day resorting to the Hague Tribunal for the settlement of their differences, yet, its very establishment, a step was taken towards a permanent international tribunal, that may be able almost wholly to prevent wars between nations."

Little Journeys Among the Arabs

CHRISTIANS OF MOAB — REV. A. FORDER — ARAB TYPES

ARCHIBALD FORDER is a missionary traveler and explorer, who has spent many years in Arabia, and whose writings concerning that strange, wild people and their country, are of such interest and importance that Mr. Forder has come to be regarded as authority on the subject. Several years ago he penetrated into the heart of Arabia, alone, where he had many adventures and endured untold hardships. He has done for that untraveled land what Livingstone did for the "unknown continent" of Africa, opening it up to the knowledge of the civilized world, and throwing much light upon its tribes and their customs.

From Mr. Forder's latest book *With the Arabs in Tent and Town*,* we are privileged to make a few interesting extracts:

Writing from Kerak, Moab, he says this stern picture of Arab life:

I must tell you how busy I have been since I returned, and what dreadful things have taken place. Last Wednesday fight took place between some Mujellis and the next tribe the Skour; two brothers, sons of Sheikh Khalil, were cruelly murdered, not killed in fair fighting, but captured and killed in a barbarous manner. These two were our best friends among the Mujellis, so that it is to us a really serious matter. They were fine young men, and much respected by the people. Besides these, two more, sons of Sheikhs, and two others as well, were killed. On Thursday morning the sad news was brought, and at once men, women, and children joined in the wailing, strong men crying like children from grief. Two hours later the bodies arrived loaded on two camels; the sight was one I shall never forget, and the wailing of the women cannot be described. When the bodies were washed, I stood by and saw all the wounds; it was a fearful sight; such butchery I never want to see again.

During these proceedings and the funeral following, a request came that I should at once go out to the tents to see a wounded man, son of one of the Sheikhs, a cruel man. At first I refused, as a boy only was to go with me, and the country is in such a disturbed state, the Skour being bold enough to come into Kerak territory; the Sheikh then said, "Wait until the morning and I will go with you myself." Next morning we started at six o'clock, taking plenty of medicines, etc., with us. After four hours' ride we reached the tents, and I found the poor fellow dreadfully wounded; he had had up spear and sword wounds, and made him comfortable. In the afternoon the head Sheikh, who had lost his two sons, came from the city, accompanied by all the other chiefs; they did all they possibly could to make me comfortable, killed a sheep for me, and kept me well supplied with coffee and milk. I slept with them that night, and the following day returned to the city to get more suitable things. This family of Mujellis, who have been so cruel to us and Mrs. Lethaby, now swear eternal friendship, and really think they would not hurt a hair of our heads. I am glad that I have been used of God for their good; continue to pray for them, especially that they may accept the Saviour.

. . .

I desired to go to Jowf, a large Arab town, the largest and most important in Northern Arabia. The Chief, whose name was Mohammed-el-Bady, sent for the man in charge of the caravan. He soon came, and was told that I wanted to go with them to the Jowf. Would they provide me a camel and let me journey with them? The man at once saw I was a Christian, and gave his answer. "If I took a Christian to the Jowf, I am afraid Johar (the Chief there) would have me killed for doing such a thing," said he, "so I can't do it."

Other men were called in, but all gave nearly the same answer. One said to me, "If ever you want to see the Jowf you must turn Moslem, as no Christian would be allowed to live there many days." This was somewhat discouraging, but the Chief told me to "keep my heart strong" and we would try again in the morning before they started. Then the matter dropped and I introduced the Bible. A man present, being a good reader, took the Book and began to read. I found him the third chapter of John's Gospel, and as he read a verse I would speak on it.

They asked me lots of questions about the religion and customs of the Christians, pitied us because we could only have one wife at a time, and because we had no date palms in our country. Before separating for the night the man that had been reading for us asked me to give him a Bible. I told him he must buy it. He said he could pay for it in dates if I would take payment that way. I agreed, so next morning he brought me some dates and took away his book.

I saw them leave next morning and wondered if ever I should get away. After they had gone, Mohammed, my host, came to me and said, "As no one will take you with them I will go with you to the next place named Ithera, and perhaps from there you can get on to the Jowf." About noon he called one of his servants to bring in a camel and his horse, and we were to make a start.

. . .

At Ithera on the way to Jowf, he had a stirring experience:

A man came, by whose dress I knew must be a stranger. He soon proved it by walking over to me, putting out his hand and shaking mine. Never in my life was a proffered hand more acceptable than that. It spoke in a very assuring way of sympathy, pity, and comfort. He sat down beside me, and then followed this short, but to me instructive, conversation in an undertone:

Stranger.—Who are you and from where do you come?

Answer.—From Jerusalem. I am a Christian, a preacher.

Question.—What do you want here?

Answer.—I am come to see the land, people, towns, villages, and have with me books for sale.

Stranger.—If you value your life you will get out of this as quickly as you can, or the men, who are a bad lot, will kill you.

Question.—What kind of a man is the Chief?

Stranger.—Very kind, and has great influence; makes much of his guests.

Question.—Who are you and what do you do here?

Stranger.—I am a Druze, and have the only shop here. I am allowed to remain here because I pretend to be a Moslem.

With this he got up and went away, and I saw him no more during my short stay there. I then pricked up my ears to hear what the men at the far end of the room were saying. I heard them discussing with the Chief plans for getting rid of me, one man offered to cut my throat whilst I was sleeping that night. But the old Chief said, "I will not have the blood of a Christian on my house and town." Another suggested that the supper that was given me should be poisoned; that would save them killing me, as I should die in my sleep; then I could be buried, and if anyone from my people or Government came looking for me (as they would) my grave could be shown, and, if necessary, my body, but no marks would be seen to show that I had been done away with. To this, however, the Chief objected, and it was suggested that I be driven out into the desert to die of hunger and thirst. It was at last settled that I be left until the morning, and the old Chief said, "Lest any harm come to our beasts by having a Christian with them, he had better spend the night in the gardens under the palms." Then I was called to follow the chief, and he led me out into the gardens.

After many hairbreadth escapes, he reached the Jowf in safety. His story continues:

I came upon Johar, the Chief, holding his daily Court of Inquiry. He was mounted on a dais about three feet high, with his scribe at his side. Before him in a semicircle sat scores of men listening to the various cases presented to him to give judgment about. On seeing me, he beckoned me to him, and asked me to sit by his side. He finished the case he had in hand, and then turned to me, "Did you come over here alone?" "Yes." "Were you not afraid?" "No." "Have you no fear of anyone?" "Yes, I fear God and the devil" (a common saying among them). "Do you not fear me?" "No." "But I could have your head cut off." "Yes, I know you could; but you wouldn't treat a guest thus." "No," he said, "I wouldn't; but I would Khy-khwan (turning to him), if he were not such an old friend of mine, for bringing you down here with him."

Then, calling one of my neglectful attendants, he told him to return with me to the house, have bread made for me, and see that I was never hungry, "and don't let him go out alone," he bawled out as we departed.

. . .

A few days later the crisis came. Chief Johar said:

"You are come into the land of the Moslem, the believers in Mohammed, the prophet of God; here are no Christians, we don't allow them to stay here, we are taught by our religion to kill all such. I must ask you to give up your religion and become as one of us. What do you answer?"

Here was a strait place to be in. With a short, silent prayer to God for words to speak, I replied, "Chief Johar, I would ask you two questions and hear your answers." "Good," he said, "speak." "First, if you were in the land of the Christians, guest with the Queen, and she asked you to become a Christian and give up your own religion, would you do it?" "No, not if she had my head cut off," he replied. "Secondly, which do you think it best to do, to please God or please man?" "To please God," was the ready reply he gave. Then I said, "Johar, I am just like you; I cannot change my religion, not if you cut off two heads if I had them, and I must please God by remaining a Christian. If I repeated 'the witness,' you would all be pleased, but it would only be from here (touching my lips), my heart would still remain Christian, and so by pleasing you I should grieve God by becoming a liar and deceiver. I cannot do what you ask me, it is impossible." He rose and went out much displeased.

Chief Johar then tried him in another way.

I was out in the groves when a man came to call me. I hurried back and found the large guest-room full of men. I was invited to sit by Johar. All were very silent. Then Johar addressed me. "Christian, what I asked you yesterday was a hard thing, and I think there must be things that make it difficult for you to become a Moslem, but I will help you. Are you married?" "Yes."

"Well, listen. If you will become Moslem I will give you four wives instead of one. I will also give you camels, palms and money, so that you can trade and soon become rich. We will give you a house and all you need, if you will become a Moslem as we are."

I thanked him for his kind offer, but told him could not change my religion for all he might offer to give me. He got up quickly and went away to his castle, murmuring "that it was a cursed day when I came among them, and that if I stayed in the Jowf some harm would befall them." That evening he sent Faleh, his son, to me, requesting that I give him the Bible he had seen. So I sent it to him.

. . .

Continuing his narrative, Mr. Forder relates how in spite of many perils he remained in the Jowf many days and disposed of a number of Scriptures in Arabic. The return journey to Jerusalem through the desert was made in safety.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"AARON'S TOMB" ON MOUNT HOR, IN EDOM — A LONELY MISSIONARY GRAVE IN MOAB, EAST OF THE JORDAN — TOMB OF JOHN THE BAPTIST'S HEAD

The Child Widows of India

AMONG the Hindus, marriages occur between infants of the tenderest age as arranged for by their parents. The child lives with her father and mother until she and her husband are of reasonable age. If the husband of these so called child-wives dies in boyhood, the poor girl becomes a widow from her babyhood, and is unwittingly destined for the sad life of a widow.

The child widow is not subjected to the full indignities of widowhood until she attains her twentieth year. From that time her troubles begin. The sacred thread which was tied around her neck on her wedding-day is now broken by the other widows of her family. She ceases to wear a jacket, or jewels, or flowers in her hair. She discontinues the use of turmeric at her bath. The red mark is no longer on her forehead, and, in many cases, her long black tresses are removed. In some classes of Brahmin women, the head is even shaved.

From this time their lives are one continued scene of misery. Restricted to the meanest of household duties, they are treated by their nearest relations with contumely and neglect. She is not to sleep on a bed or mattress, but on a piece of mat or carpet. She must not eat more than once a day, and must keep all the fast days, which are twice or three times every week. In the morning, she hides her face, lest her people might see it before they see each other's. If she is accidentally seen, it is a bad omen, and she is punished and abused the whole day.

Sometimes a servant may be allowed to take rest, but a widow never. She takes no rest in any social function, such as weddings, dinner-parties, etc. If guests are invited to the house, she must not talk with them nor smile. If she is sick, no medicine is administered to her by some kind hand. If she is dying, no one whispers words of comfort or consolation. "Let her die! Let her die! Her husband is dead through the ill-luck she has brought him, now what is the use of her living?" This is what they say. Their very loneliness and bereavement, instead of being occasions for sympathy and endearment, only calls forth harsh and brutal treatment as above described, and many a poor, lone child-widow seeks peace and rest in the grave. Hear her lament, as sung by a sympathetic poet:

Low lies my lord in pain on Ganga's shore,
His very blanket trailing in the tide,
So longs my lord, when he shall breath no more,
Straightway in Ganga to be purified.
Spare him, oh Tama, for thy halls are grim,
Unfit for one so young and gay as he;
Vishnu! By thy preserving power spare him
From actual death—from living death spare me.
"Wah—Hurree! Hurree!" 'Tis the funeral cry!
My lord is dead, and mine a living grave.
Why did not death choose me? Oh Siva why?
At once a widow and at once a slave—
Come, strip the bangles from my hands and feet,
Shave my poor head in witness of my shame;
Give me coarse clothes to wear, coarse food to eat,
Ignore my presence, and forget my name.
Hush me, if ever I should dare to sing;
Scowl, if at feasts I venture to be gay;
Shrink when I'm near, as from some guilty thing,
And cease your talking till I move away.
Oh, for the day departed, when the fire
Which burned the lord, consumed the widow too!
Dear lord of mine, I'd kiss the flaming pyre
When I could burn and be restored to you—
Suttee? The law forbids it! Yet 'twas bliss,
To what we suffer now—alive, yet dead!
Woe to the powers, which, while they save as this,
Left us for outcasts, and for slaves instead.

There are in India, according to the last census (1901), 25,891,936 widows, who suffer more or less as above described. This is one of the blackest shadows cast on Sunny India. That land is waiting for the day when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, and his beams dispel the darkness that now envelops her womanhood. To bring about this result, she must learn to know her needs. Not education, a better government or social reform; these are good in their way, and may follow. She needs to be taught that the God of Heaven loves his children, and he loves them all alike, however much they may differ in character and position. She needs to be taught the way to the Father and to Jesus Christ. She can only be enlightened in these truths by messengers sent from this and other favored lands.

Let us hope that Lord Tennyson's prayer might be soon realized.

O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

(Rev.) H. Stephens.

Russia's Finnish General

GENERAL GRIPPENBERG, the new Russian commander in the Far East, though well advanced in years—being over sixty-seven—is still active, standing erect over six feet in height, lithe in figure, of a determined aspect, and at the same time pleasant and courteous in manner, and of strong religious principles; while he has the reputation of being a keen soldier and a daring leader. By birth a Finn of noble descent, after rising to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Russian army, he was appointed Governor of the department of Viborg, in his native land, which was secured to Peter the Great in 1721 by the treaty of Uystadt. In this position he was one of the first to suffer for his country, when the present Czar, regardless of his oath to maintain the rights and liberties of the Finlanders, determined to merge their nationality into that of Russia, even to the suppression of their language for all official purposes, whether of debate in their legislative assemblies or of pleading in their courts of law. General Grippenberg in his capacity of Governor, refused to carry out an arbitrary order given by the Governor-General of Finland on his own initiative, which was directly contrary to the Finnish Constitution, was summarily dismissed from his post and sent into exile; and had lately been traveling in Italy and Switzerland with his family, pending the permission of the Czar to return to his own home and end his days in peace. The appointment of Grippenberg has been looked upon as a distinct rebuff to Kouropatkin.

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Minneapolis' New Mission

THE work of the Scandinavian Union Mission in Minneapolis, Minn., is a new evidence that spiritual life and brotherly love in the hearts of the Christians to-day are not decreasing. There is a very large number of Scandinavians in Minneapolis and the Mission is greatly needed. Thousands of these foreigners of both sexes, especially young people, are to be found there, connected with no church and enjoying no religious privileges. Many have already been led to Christ through the efforts of this mission.

The Scandinavian Union Mission is supported by the young people of different Scandinavian churches in Minneapolis and ever since its beginning, the work has been spiritually successful. It was incorporated August, 1904, and is now endeavoring to raise funds for a building better adapted for carrying on its work on a basis similar to that of the Union City Mission of the same city. It is planned to have a restaurant, lodging-house and reading-room in connection with the work.

Little Journeys Among the Arabs

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

His subsequent travels in the land of Moab were attended by many dangers. One odd adventure is worth relating. Mr. Forder had dressed the wounds of a chief, who had been attacked by robbers, and the latter were angry at the missionary's act.

One night I had gone to bed and was asleep in my room all alone. About midnight I was roused by a banging at the door. I called to know what was wanted, because it was so unusual to be disturbed in this way. The answer was, "Open the door or we will break it in, quick." Without formalities in walked three men, their faces covered with handkerchiefs, with only their eyes visible. "We are come to kill you." I walked up to them one at a time, pulled the covering off their faces and recognized them, saying, "You are Bedr, you Mo-mood, and you Salamey," three of the cruellest and most bloodthirsty of our tribe. They were rather surprised at my action. I asked them to sit down, stirred up the ashes on the hearth in the middle of the floor, and soon had a fire going. While I was doing this and making some tea, I had an eye to them. They had daggers and revolvers with them, the latter fully charged as they soon showed me. They made me sit down with them and answer questions. "Why do you go to our enemies?" "Where was the man wounded?" "How did you treat him?" "Will he recover?" and such like, all of which I answered. "In the morning," they said, "you will be found dead here, we shall be away from the city before then, and no one will know who killed you." I told them God would know all about it, as he knew everything. At last they said, "If you will give us each ten mejedies (about £2), we will do you no harm." I soon told them I should do nothing of the kind. They lowered the amount, and finding I still refused they began to threaten. I kept firm, and again they held a conference, the result of which was a demand to be shown the pictures (the magic lantern.) They had heard about it and must have a show to themselves. I told them of the trouble to fix up the sheet, etc., but they insisted, so I had to get it out, put up the sheet, and give them an exhibition. They were highly pleased with the pictures, all Scripture subjects, and what I had to say about them, working in all the Gospel I could.

Some of the photographs taken by Mr. Forder are extremely interesting, especially those of the traditional tomb of Aaron, and the grave of the head of the Baptist.

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The Outlook in India*

EVER in the history of missions has the outlook in India been more hopeful than now. Statistics recently compiled give the number ve Christians as 2,664,313, but sta- in this case do not tell the whole A long experience of the Hindu ter has led the missionaries to exercreased care as to the genuineness a hange of heart in the converts. The ns are, even now, feeling the effects mistake made in the early years of nary labor, of accepting too readily fession of converts, who, from ind motives, declared themselves ans. They are now more careful, ere are hundreds—perhaps thou—of converts waiting for admisho will in all probability be soon to the rolls of church membership. s this there are signs of inquiry. are many districts where the people ly and eager to listen to the mission- ile in former years he would have to obtain a hearing from them. is largely due to the noble gener- osity of Christian people during the famines of 1896 and 1900. The people realize that there must be something good in a religion that sent such liberal aid to them in their bitter need. People who were themselves relieved and others who were not in need, but heard of the wonderful benefaction, are asking themselves why it should have been made. They are told that Christianity is a religion of love and they have had proof of the fact.

Besides these signs of hopeful inquiry, there is the important fact that soon there will go out from the orphanages of India thousands of Christians, who have been clothed, fed and educated by the bounty of American Christians. They will permeate the people and preach Christianity by their lives. Much may be expected from their influence. Our readers have taken a prominent part in preparing this army of workers for their task and have a right to rejoice in the prospect. The old superstitions, the old indifference to life, will be contrasted with the purity and intelligence of these young people, and a great harvest of souls may be expected in the near future.

T of the Epworth League for Nov. 27. Matt. Matt. 10: 1-7.

THE GRAVE OF STANLEY, THE EXPLORER

nd has honored the memory of Sir Henry Morton Stanley at Pirbright, by the ti of a memorial stone, which is shown in the illustration. It was Lady Stanley's t the grave of her husband should be marked by some great monolith, formed by a . and not chiseled by the hand of man. A huge stone was found at Dartmoor, h as utilized for the purpose. It is a great, oblong boulder, formed by the ages, akes a characteristic and imposing tombstone. It was erected over his last rest- e and marked with a suitable inscription in commemoration of the great explorer, ourneyings in "Darkest Africa" were the means of opening up to the world the us interior of the unknown Continent and its strange inhabitants.

Missions Hindered by Drink*

ERE has been no spectacle more pathetic than that witnessed a few years ago, of the venerable missionary, Dr. John G. Paton, ning with tears that his work in Hebrides was being undone by lers in intoxicating liquor, who ling the "firewater" to his people. vainly protested against it, and me expressly to beg the Ameri- ple to stop the traffic. He said ief who had embraced Christian- to him and asked him why it mitted. "My people," he com- "commit outrageous crimes when ason is dethroned by the liquor. rking havoc among them. The drink it, do not know what they g and I cannot control them." e know the symptoms only too he effects of the drink which so d the chief are familiar to us and the same difficulty. Wherever d firewater goes it produces the sults.

lia the same results are witness- e Hindu and the Mohammedan point to the drunken white man and say, "That is a specimen of Christianity. Our religion, whatever you may say of it, prevents such degradation." So the good that is being done by Christian missions on the one hand, is being neutralized by the evil that is being done by the liquor-dealers on the other. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop pleaded in the same fashion on behalf of women whom she had seen in her travels demoralized and ruined by the same evil. Thanks to persistent effort on the part of temperance people, the open sale of intoxicants to native races is now forbidden, but the smuggling of it still goes on, and at Sierra Leone and other centres the liquor brought for the use of the white man finds its way into native hands.

The work of the missionary is hard enough at the best; it is a crying shame that it should be made more difficult by the greed of his own people, who by their example and by their direct act introduce among the people whom he is trying to win for Christ, the vices which are destroying his own people. The responsibility of such traders for thus neutralizing the good work is terrible.

of the Christian Endeavor Society for 27 Rom. 14: 13-21.

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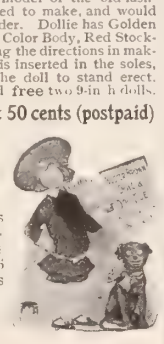

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Questions and Answers

Bennox, Gourie, Can. Will a sin committed in youth be forgiven, if it occurred before conversion? Ought a man to confess it?

The sin you refer to would undoubtedly be forgiven when the young man became a Christian. With his other sins it would be blotted out. The fact that he deplored it as a boyish wickedness and has never returned to it is an evidence of his repentance. It is one of those things of which God says (Ezek. 18: 22), "All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him; in his righteousness that he hath done, he shall live." No useful purpose could be served now in making public confession. If it was a case in which restitution could be made for a wrong done to another it would be different, but in this case, the law would take no cognizance of it, and the confession might lead to mischief to boys who might be led by it to commit the same sin.

J. S. P., Kennard, Pa. Do you consider such disasters as the *Slocum*, the Chicago theatre fire, etc., judgments from God?

No, Christ distinctly taught that we were not to look upon them in that light (see Luke 13: 1-5). We do not understand such calamities, but it is clear that God does not so punish sin. There have been instances, as in a railroad disaster, in which good people have been killed and wicked people have escaped. Christians must not expect immunity from injury and accident, nor must the wicked conclude that because they escape, that God is indifferent to their evil deeds. God expects us to trust in him and wait the time when all these mysteries shall be explained. In the meantime, as in the case of Job, we should be adding cruelty to misery if we hastily assumed that those who suffer most have sinned most grievously. The opposite is often true. God is not settling accounts with men in this life. That will be done at the judgment.

A. R., Elwood, Neb. Did God actually forsake Christ on the Cross? If not, what was the meaning of his cry (Matt. 27: 46)?

We cannot imagine God forsaking Christ. In the agony of that moment Christ seemed to have lost touch with his Father. It often happens with the Christian in intense suffering. Christ was to know by experience the very depth of affliction, that he might be able to comfort all who suffer. We can see by his later words (Luke 23: 46) that before his death he regained his consciousness of his Father's love.

A. C. R. French Camp Calif. 1. Does the expression "I am black but comely" (Solomon's Song 1:5) imply that Solomon was a negro? 2 Who was Elias to whom Christ referred? (Matt 17:11.)

1. The words are those of the Shulamite who was brought by Solomon into his palace. She is replying to the women who were jealous of her. She was a country girl, with probably a dark complexion. The women could not understand why Solomon should care for her. Commentators, who regard the whole book as an allegory, tell us that she represents the church, having no beauty that Christ should love her or redeem her. 2 The context shows that Christ was referring to John the Baptist, who came in the spirit and power of Elijah to summon the nation to repentance.

Now is the time to order Premiums. Mail and express facilities are now at their best. Next month will find them congested with the rush incident to the Holiday trade.

H. C. W., Lebanon, N. Y. I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago, what was called a "Magic Square," by Mr. Chas. Cooper. Mr. Cooper took any number he pleased. Mine differs from that. In a three-square I take from 1 to 9, inclusive; a four-square, 1 to 16, inclusive; and a five-square, 1 to 25, inclusive. The numbers are so arranged that they will give the same sum added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally. Thus (in a three-square):

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

6	1	8	=15
7	5	3	=15
2	9	4	=15
15	15	15	

Mr. H. C. W., has also sent examples of a four-square (1 to 16, inclusive); a five-square (1 to 25, inclusive). We should be glad to hear from any reader, mathematically disposed, who can solve the four-square and five-square problems.

Mrs. J. N., Thamesford, Ont. What is the difference between christening and baptism?

"Christening" refers to the naming of the child, as "he was christened John when he was baptized." The two terms, however, have come to be regarded as practically synonymous.

M. B. H., Scubner, Neb. 1. What is the difference in the number of days in the calendar used in Russia and that used here? 2. Does this difference extend to the days of the week? 3. Do the Jews of Russia have their Sabbath on a Saturday?

1. They are twelve days behind us. Our 12th of January is the 1st of January according to their calendar. 2. No; the days of the week are the same all over. Friday is Friday, and Saturday Saturday; the only difference is in the day of the month on the calendar. 3. Yes, their Sabbath is on Saturday, and is simultaneous with the Jewish Sabbath all over the globe.

J. J. C., New York City, writes:

I was much interested in reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 26, the article on "The Prison Gate Mission." It is a long-felt need, and will appeal to the heart of every Christian worker to support it. The Rev. J. J. Munro I know, and by his earnest, faithful work as Chaplain of the Tombs, many have been helped onward and upward. The undertaking is indeed a great one, and with the assistance of the advisory board it should become a grand success. Thousands of men and women can be helped by this movement.

The promptest and best service is insured by an early renewal of your Subscription.

Reader, Newark, N. Y. 1. In our church I cannot recall a single instance when prayer has been offered publicly at the regular service, for the careless and unbelieving in this community, since last winter. Would it not be wise for the church to set apart one Sunday in each month for this special subject? 2. Do you think it right for ministers of the Gospel to demand large salaries and live in luxury, while poverty and misery and sin are all about?

1. The suggestion is a proper one. Why not speak to your pastor about it? 2. An overpaid minister is so rare that we are almost sceptical regarding your inquiry. Most of them are sadly underpaid and find no little difficulty in collecting their meagre allowance. We imagine that the average man of business who had spent many precious years and much money in preparing himself for his calling, would look blue if he were asked to accept the beggarly allowance which many congregations compel their ministers to exist upon.

W. D., Dubuque, Ia. The trouble, as we gather, was that the French National Military Band—the *Garde Republicain*—consisting of ninety-two performers, while at St. Louis, refused to play the German national anthem on "German Day" at the Fair. The French Government ordered them to return to Paris.

Mrs. Mary E. Winter, 145 Mountain Way, Rutherford, N. J., writes to ask some reader to send her a copy of the poem beginning.

"There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen," &c.

Mrs. D. W., Norwalk, O. 1. Who are the hoboes? 2. Where did the name originate? 3. Could they, through any law, be compelled to become useful citizens?

The hoboes are mostly idle, shiftless, wandering men, who prefer to roam about and live on odd jobs, or even to beg, rather than work. There are no doubt many among them, however, who would work and become steady and self respecting if they had the chance, The name is a Western appellation. Some think it is derived from an Indian word "*hobo - mokko*" (an evil spirit). It is more likely a pure Western localism.

J. C. D., Cleveland, O. Can you tell me who wrote the poem, beginning:

"There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair"?

The writer was Dr. Joseph Addison Alexander, and the hymn was composed by him while he was professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, in 1847.

Inquirer, Bellefonte, Pa. Please tell me who was Peter Parley?

"Peter Parley" was the name under which Charles S. Goodrich wrote for young people, more than half a century ago. He published in Boston a periodical called *Peter Parley's Magazine*.

Schoolboy, Albany, N. Y. What was the first book written by Washington Irving?

He made his bow as an author in 1802, in the *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle*, which were published in the New York *Morning Chronicle*, edited by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. Irving's celebrated *History of New York by Deidrich Knickerbocker* appeared in 1809.

A prompt Renewal brings its own reward.

Charles D. C., Weymouth, Mass. What reason is given for the idea that the planet Mars is inhabited?

In 1892, this planet approached the earth so closely, that from observations made at that time, a theory was developed that it might be inhabited. While not conclusive, this theory seems to have received some degree of confirmation.

Wendell W., Akron, O. Who wrote the *Marseillaise*, and where and when?

The song was written by Rouget de Lisle, an officer in the garrison at Strasburg, in 1792. It is recognized as the national song of the French Republic. The song received its title from having been first sung by the Marseillaise Club, as they entered Paris, on invitation of Madam Roland.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A BISHOP AND THE PRESIDENT

talked over the Philippine question the other day, when Bishop Warren of the Methodist Church gave President Roosevelt his personal impression of what he had seen with his own eyes. The Bishop has just written an article on "Religious Outlook in the Philippines."

HELEN KELLER AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

In the Hall of Congresses the blind and deaf girl told a great audience what had impressed her most at the Fair, and President Francis repeated her words aloud. Would you know what it was? The remarkable scene is described in a vivid pen picture in

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TILL NOON

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When the Doctor takes his own medicine and the grocer eats the food he recommends some confidence comes to the observer.

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

bscriber, Laramie, Wyo. The President can do if he chooses.

B. T., Rutlandt, Vt. The lines do not appear in any collection we know of.

bb, Ind. We do not know whether it has appeared in book form or not.

ader, Mystic, Conn. Write to the American Book Company, New York City.

ader, Goshen, N. Y. Like any other debt, it may expire by limitation, unless renewed or foreclosed.

ader, Union, Me. It is a crime against nature and a sin in any age, and ruinous to both health and morals.

uirer, Holmdel, N. J. As you explain it, the thing is apparently a humbug. There are many of the same kind in vogue these days.

gular Reader, Hancock, N. H. It is gamb[l]ing. For all information on the subject, write to Anthony Comstock, *Times* Building, New York.

uirer. The sermon on "The Wickedness of Wealth" by Tolstoi, which we recently published, was translated from the Russian by the London *Times*.

S. W. E. D., Buffalo, N. Y. There is no difference in creed or doctrine; the only distinction is in title and details of church government. One is as good as the other.

. G., Fostoria, O. Josephus was the leading Jewish historian and is a standard authority today. Write to American Book Company, New York, for the other work.

J. D., Rolling Hill, Va. 1. For publications, write in ink on plain or ruled foolscap, on one side, and send your MS. folded, not rolled. 2. We do not know any companies that are organized to help authors.

. K., Montreal. Canadians are Americans, of course; but it has become customary to apply the term more specifically to those who dwell in the United States. There is no idea of undue discrimination.

C. D., Groton, Mass. Philip Reis showed in 1861 that variations in an electric current, caused by vibrating membrane, could produce the audible vibrations. Reis transmitted musical sounds, and even words, but his apparatus was imperfect, and Alexander Graham Bell perfected that which is so commonly used and known as the Bell telephone.

S. E. M., Canton, O. We cannot decide in such matters, but it certainly would seem to us that masquerade balls and parties are the last things in the world for a Sunday School worker to participate in.

W. H. Littleton, N. H. Professional photography as a means of livelihood for a woman, we should consider as precarious. She would necessarily find many limitations. A few, however, have succeeded in it as a profession.

R. V. G., Pensacola, Fla. 1. Yes, missionaries are needed there. 2. A nation may include many tribes. A tribe is a patriarchal body (large or small), the head of which is some leading family. 3. An able-bodied man might work his way to the Isthmus on some freight steamer.

M. E. S., Perrydale, Ore. 1. Russia had procured a lease of Port Arthur from China. There was, however, an agreement to withdraw wholly from Manchuria and the peninsula at the close of the Boxer troubles, but the promise was never fulfilled. 2. Russia had been preparing for war, and bringing her troops and supplies into Manchuria steadily for months before Japan took the initiative.

Y. Z., New Iberia, La. Your question is not quite clear. The early owners of the land upon which the city of Washington now stands were mostly Scotch and Irish settlers, who had occupied the land for farming and other purposes for a hundred years or more. David Burnes, a tobacco planter, was one of the leading owners, and was about the last to sell out. Others were Samuel Davidson, Notley Young and Daniel Carroll. You will find more details in Wilson's *Washington, the Capital City*, published by Lippincott.

E. N., Minn. 1. We quite agree with you that liquor is a curse to humanity, and that no self-respecting, conscientious person would have anything to do with the sale of it. Tobacco-using in any form is also a vice, though in a lesser degree. 2. War in any form is a resort to barbarism, and should be repugnant to civilized men and especially to Christians. There is no such thing as a "good war," though some wars may be worse than others. In the last analysis, war is simply licensed murder, and a violation of the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill."

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od Manners in Hospitality (Receptions, etc.)
od Manners in Entertaining
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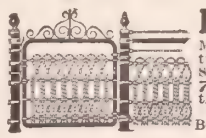

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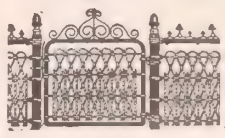

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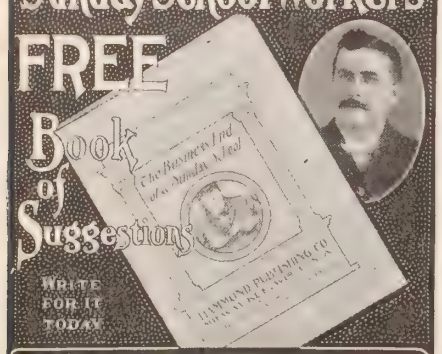

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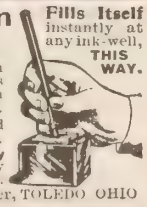

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Pilgrim Day Memories

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

IN sharp contrast to our modern Thanksgiving—day of all the year when good cheer abounds—is the first day of thanks given by the weary, but strong-hearted little band of pilgrims who cast anchor in Provincetown Harbor on November 21st, 1620. On the day the first exploring party landed, they had drawn up and signed a contract, agreeing to submit to such government as they should agree by common consent to make and choose. This agreement, which was signed by every member of the party, seems to have been instigated, not only for convenience in determining authority, but as a sort of safeguard against any trouble which might be made by some of the men who were not members of the Pilgrim body proper. There were a number of sailors and adventurers among them, who were tolerated and allowed to make the voyage because of their value as strong, able-bodied men. These men had indulged in "discontented and mutinous speeches" before landing, and their factious spirit was therefore wisely nipped in the bud by the drawing up and signing of what afterward became known as the "Mayflower Compact."

These precautions having been observed, a party went ashore for wood and fresh water. Those who are familiar with the sandy barrenness of the Cape Cod of to-day, may be surprised that the Pilgrims found lying before their eyes a scene thus described:

"A good harbor and pleasant bay, circled round, except at the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land, compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet wood."

But dreary indeed was everything else that confronted the little group. No friends to welcome them, no inns where they might refresh their weary bodies while holding sweet counsel with each other. Nothing but the cold, bleak New England shore. In speaking of this landing, Bradford says:

"It is recorded in Scripture as a mercie to ye apostle and his shipwraked company yt ye barbarians shewed them no smale kindnes in refreshing them," but the savages that peopled this wild country were readier to fill their visitors sides with arrows.

The joy and thanksgiving of reaching land must have been very much tempered by the fear of wild beasts and wild men, the cruel, fierce storms and deadly cold weather. Sad, indeed, would have been the hearts of these brave, intrepid men and women, could they have foreseen the immediate future, and the awful hardships which awaited them.

But on this day (November 11th, as they dated it in old style), they were moved to thank God for his mercy in preserving their lives and safely landing them. What a pathetic scene it must have been, as they waded through the waves and wet sand of the shore, and struggled through the scrubby underbrush, always on the watch against a sudden attack from hidden human foes or savage beasts! How keenly alert they were to learn what they could of the country in that region, and how they sought for signs to tell them whether it were safe or expedient to settle in that locality, or push still further on!

This first landing of the Pilgrims, this first day of giving thanks, does not occupy as prominent a place in the history of our country as does the later landing. Provincetown is forgotten in Plymouth Rock, and November 21st gives place to December 21st, 1620, now called Forefather's Day, for on that date, the Pilgrims (who had started from their first harbor in a shallop), set foot on the main shore where Plymouth now is.

The difficulty of obtaining water in the Cape Cod region seems to have been the chief reason why the little band did not settle there, for the soil was good for corn; they had found enough for seed, and the fishing promised to be excellent. In view of the shifting qualities of the sand, and the fact that Provincetown and all the region round about has undergone great changes as to shore line, it is well that our brave forefathers preferred to make their final landing on the solid rock at Plymouth. Solid rock makes a better shrine than treacherous sand. Bitter cold, with high winds and snow, marked the Pilgrims brief stay at Provincetown, and in the light of these latter days, where warmth and comfort abound on every hand, one cannot help but question what these people had to be thankful for. A number never recovered from the exposure they underwent during the freezing cold and storms. "The wading at Cape Cod had brought much weakness amongst us, which increased so every day more and more, and after was the cause of many of their deaths," Bradford pathetically states.

It was sixty-six days out from England, when the ocean-tossed travelers cast anchor in the calm and peaceful harbor of what was afterward to be known as Provincetown, and it was here that the devoted strong-souled men and women "fell upon their knees and blessed ye God of heaven, who had brought them over ye vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all ye perils and miseries thereof again to set their feete on ye firme and stable earth, their proper element."

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there
Away from childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her love's deep truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

And this they found, and this is why all we who celebrate in our beloved homegatherings Thanksgiving Day, should remember with an added prayer of thankfulness, the long ago Thanksgiving of our brave Pilgrim fathers and mothers in 1620.

From 'Way Down Georgia

Dear Editor: I was born and reared in Edgefield County, S. C.; followed Longstreet, Jackson, Early, and Lee for four long years; came out of the war an unimportant rebel, married a penniless woman, myself penniless, had twelve children by her; married another penniless one when she died, have six children by her; and now, with all that there is left to me, I find myself to-night sitting by my comfortable fireside at 5 o'clock, ruminating—musing—which I am very prone to do in my sixty-seventh year, down here in wiregrass Georgia. I have never had a dollar given to me, never intentionally defrauded a man of one, never committed a disgraceful act toward my fellow-man, never a sin that I did not repent of. Have had a great deal of happiness in life; have been a poor, humble follower of the Lowly Nazarene since I was twelve years old, or rather conscientiously tried to be; have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD almost since it was published, and have derived more profit and pleasure from it than anything I have ever read, except God's book. Now, for the first time, duty compels me to thank you for it. It may be that these words, even from me, will do you some good as it has done me to write them. I can commend the good, and delight so to do in my old age. I wish I could write like Count Tolstoi, or preach like him. Ought there not to be more lay preaching? His sermon that I have just read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been worth the price of subscription. I believe, yea I know, that God will hear and answer my prayer when I say, May God bless Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I read this over to my boys, and Amon, just twelve years old, said, "You can't find a liquor, or lottery, or Sunday excursion, or other such advertisement in it." God bless you. Your old friend and brother. A. C. S.
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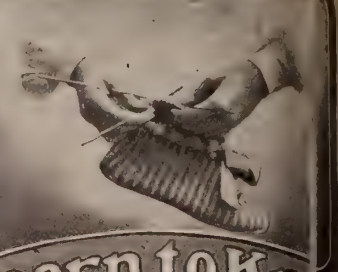

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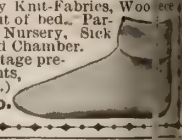

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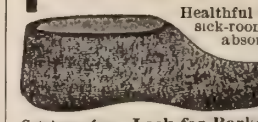

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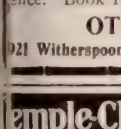

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Thanksgiving of the Homeless

How the Bowery Mission Will Gladden the Hearts of the Eastside Poor

AS the time draws near, when families reunite at the old home, our thoughts go out towards the unfortunates who have no home, or who, through stress of circumstances, are not able to be with their loved ones on this day of all the year which may be fittingly called the "Home Day." Many men and women will eat their Thanksgiving dinner in hotel, restaurant or boarding-house, and many a sigh will go up from hearts yearning for the old home and the dear ones gathered in the family circle.

But what about the wretched poor, those who have not even the semblance of home either in city or country, some of whom came perhaps only a year ago to this great city, hopeful and sure of the employment they had reason to believe awaited them? Discouraged and dismayed at their lack of success, their little store of money dwindling until the last penny has gone, they part with their few valuables one by one for enough to buy a bed in a cheap lodging house, leaving a few cents, perhaps, for something to appease their hunger.

Hungry and cold, the man wanders up and down the streets. Is there any thanksgiving for him? Is there any thanksgiving for the man who a little further down the path of wretchedness staggers out from the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where warmth takes the chill out of his bones and cheap whiskey puts false strength into his chilled and despairing heart?

Is there any Thanksgiving for this man? Perhaps there is a waiting wife and hungry children not far distant, is there any thanksgiving for them? Yes, for on Thanksgiving morning, the old Bowery Mission will be the Mecca to which many a hungry pilgrim will repair. The good news has reached one hundred poor families of the East Side, that a basket packed with substantial food will be given out to those who have been invited to come and receive it. What gladness the dinner baskets will bring to one hundred different families, only the man who has been out of work or the widow with a hungry flock of little ones about her can know. Each of these baskets will contain a six-pound fowl, two large loaves of bread, one pound of coffee, two quarts of potatoes, the same of turnips, one half pound of butter, one pound prunes, one can of condensed milk, one half-pound of tea, and one pound of sugar.

Few there are who cannot spare a little for the poor, many of whom look forward to the day with sinking hearts, and for the still poorer ones whose hearts are hardened against all that is good. A good Thanksgiving dinner may renew life and infuse strength into the fading efforts of some of these men to obtain work; it may be the turning point for many a weary soul, who finds that there are friends to help him, even after he had ceased to look for them. Let us drop something in the way of superfluous luxury from our well-spread tables if necessary. The price of that something, which we would not miss, might pack a basket for a poor family, or furnish dinners to two or three hungry men who will come to the Bowery Mission on Thanksgiving Day, and whom we cannot send away empty-handed. All who desire to aid in this Thanksgiving charity may do so by sending their contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for that purpose.

The Recent Fires at Erzeroum

ERZEROUM, TURKEY, October 11.

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald":

On behalf of the missionaries in Erzeroum, I would ask you to correct a misstatement in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 21, to the effect that the fires which destroyed the girls' school last January, and the boys' school in August, were both the result of Moslem fanaticism. The latter, we think was undoubtedly of accidental origin; the former, in all probability, was due to an outside cause, but we have no reason to believe that Moslem fanaticism was the motive that influenced the incendiary, if such there was.

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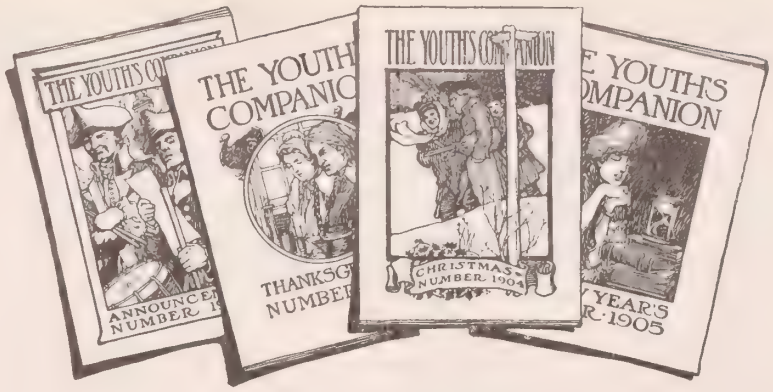

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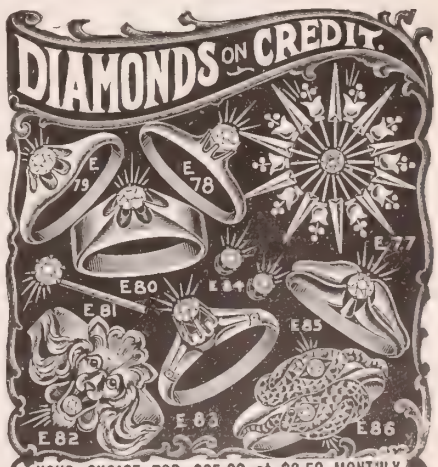

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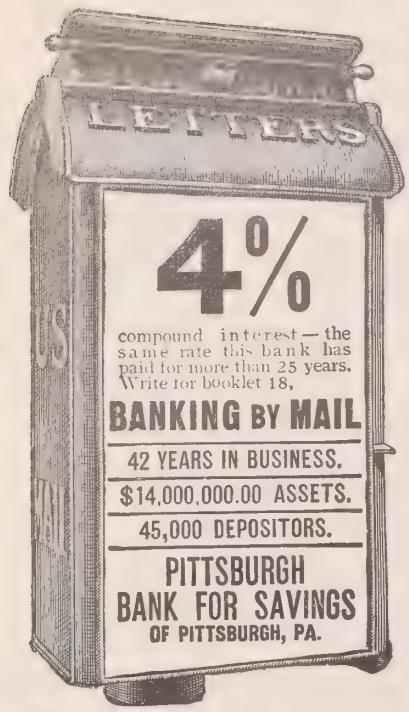

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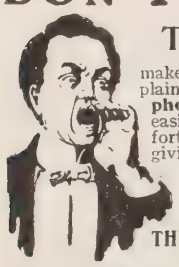

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Dr. Cuyler's Recollections*

Reminiscences of More than Half a Century of an Active Ministry

EIGHTY years of useful, active life! What a treasury of stirring recollections that period covers. How many events, how many memories of eminent workers are included in it. Dr. Cuyler has rendered a welcome service to the public in giving them, in his own words, in his *Recollections of a Long Life.* They are told very modestly, with sparse references to his own services and with genial recognition of those of others. The time will come when this autobiography will need to be supplemented by a volume, telling the story of his life, as New York and Brooklyn have seen it, a life of patient, cheerful devotion to duty, a life of manly service and vigorous work for all good and beneficent enterprises that a Christian pastor could give. Dr. Cuyler writes as an observer, and from his octogenarian watch-tower, he gives us a cheerful and inspiring view of the past and shrewd observations on our present situation. It is a bright, breezy story, by no means the lugubrious monotone over the good old times that we shall see no more, but the ardent, optimistic outlook of a man who has kept abreast of his times and has preserved the freshness of spirit that at eighty years of age takes an intelligent interest in the events of the day.

He was born, he tells us, at Aurora, N. Y., in 1822. It is a strange picture that he gives of the conditions of life in New York State at that time:

There was not a single railway in the whole State. When I went away to school in New Jersey, the tedious journey by the stage coach required three days and two nights, every letter from home cost eighteen cents for postage; and the youngsters pored over Webster's spelling books and Morse's geography by the light of tallow candles, for no gas lamps had been dreamed of, and the wood fires were covered in most houses by nine o'clock on a winter evening.

The boy's early years were clouded by bereavement. His father, a brilliant young lawyer, only twenty-eight years old, died, leaving him to the care of "one of the best mothers that God ever gave to an only son." He was four and a half years old at that time and he went with his mother to a beautiful farm near Aurora, where her father welcomed them to his pleasant home. There was a good library, and plenty of congenial associations for the growing boy. The future stalwart advocate of temperance was early initiated into its principles, for his grandfather, horrified at the prevalence of drunkenness in the early years of the nineteenth century, was one of the first farmers in the neighborhood to banish intoxicants from his premises. The boy signed his temperance pledge when eleven years old, and it is significant that the first public address he ever delivered was at one of Father Mathews' temperance meetings. It will comfort many who are in like circumstances, to read the following admission from a man who has given more than sixty years to the service of Christ:

I cannot name any time, day, or place, when I was converted. It was my faithful mother's steady and constant influence, that led me gradually along, and I grew into a religious life under her potent training, and by the power of the Holy Spirit working through her agency.

After careful training he was sent to Princeton, without having decided on any definite career. His mother cherished the hope that he would become a minister, but there were many inducements for him to follow his father's career, and among others, an offer from his paternal grandfather, to bequeath to him a valuable law library, which his mother delicately declined on his behalf. It was eighteen months after his graduation from Princeton that he attended a prayer service, and there his decision was made. He spoke for a few minutes, and at the end of the meeting several persons came to him and told him that his talk had done them good. On his way home, the thought came to him that if his talk had helped some souls, it might be well if he preached all the time. His good mother's joy, when he told her of his resolve, may be imagined.

The young student returned to Princeton to take his theological course in the Seminary. During the following three years, he says, he made it a rule "to go out as often as possible and address little meetings in the neighboring schoolhouses. On the vexed question of written or extemporized sermons, Dr. Cuyler has this to say:

My own observation and experience has been that no rule is the best rule. Every man must find out by practice which method he can use to the best advantage, and then pursue it. No man ever fails who understands his forte, and no man succeeds who does not. Some men cannot extemporize effectively if they try ever so hard; there are others who, like Gladstone, can think best when they are on their legs and are inspired by an audience. During the first few years of my ministry I wrote out nearly the whole of my sermons. . . . After a time I acquired the habit of writing a portion of the sermon, and turning away from the manuscript to interject thoughts that came in the heat of the moment, and then turn to the manuscript. This was generally the habit of Henry Ward Beecher. After thirty years in the ministry I discarded writing sermons entirely, and adopted the plan of preparing a few heads on a sheet of note paper. . . . I remember once asking Mr. Spurgeon if he wrote his sermon out. His answer was, "I had rather be hanged." His sermons were prepared in a very short time. He said, "If I had a month assigned me for preparing a sermon, I would spend thirty days and twenty-three hours on something else, and in the last hour I would make the sermon; and if I could not do it then I could not do it in a month."

From 1853 to 1860 Dr. Cuyler was pastor of the Market Street Presbyterian Church, New York, and in April of 1860 he began his ministry in the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn which was to continue thirty years. He does not tell us much of those years of faithful ministry. He dwells much on the need of pastoral visitation, and urges all young ministers to practice it for various reasons. Especially with the sick and those in trouble should the pastor be at hand. In this way, he says, "I could tell whether or not the shots from the pulpit were striking; for the gunnery that hits no one is not worth the powder."

The most interesting part of Dr. Cuyler's book, is the account of his association with distinguished men. He knew personally many of the great statesmen of his time, most of the literary celebrities, as well as the most famous preachers here and abroad. Of all these he has good stories to tell. His comments are altogether kindly and appreciative, and it is easy to read between the lines that the acquaintance was mutually agreeable. He knew intimately Horace Greeley, Whittier, Benjamin Harrison, Gough, Finney, Dr. Tyng, Dr. Schaff, Moody and Beecher on this side the Atlantic; and, on the other, Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury. Dean Stanley, Carlyle, Dickens, Wordsworth, Spurgeon, Parker and McLaren. Characteristic stories of all these abound in his volume. We have room for only one, which he heard from the poet Whittier:

Underneath his grave and shy sobriety flowed a most gentle humor. He could tell a good story, and when he was describing the usages of the Quakers in regard to speaking in meeting, he told us that sometimes the voluntary remarks were not quite to the edification of the meeting. It once happened that a certain George C—— grew rather wearisome in his exhortations, and his prudent brethren, after solemn consultation, passed the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting, that George C—— be advised to remain silent, until such time as the Lord shall speak through him more to our satisfaction and profit." A resolution of that kind would not be out of place in some ecclesiastical assemblies I wot of.

The sprightliness, vivacity and shrewd common sense of this volume, show how lightly Dr. Cuyler's eighty years sit upon him. He tells us that his pen is still busy, and he still speaks and preaches occasionally. We may hope that his life will be prolonged to be the comforter and adviser of his host of friends.

**Recollections of a Long Life*: an autobiography by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. Pages 356. Price $1.50. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

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Fixing Responsibility

By MRS. M. BAXTER

WHENEVER a land grievously sins, every individual in that land either increases or lessens the national sin: every man and woman has a share of responsibility for the drinking customs, the many deaths through drink, the immense populations in workhouses, lunatic asylums and prisons which in large part are due to drink. Everyone who, by his or her example, strengthens this national corruption through drink, must some day give account to God for his or her share in the evil and in the loss of life to soul and body caused by this great evil.

"Woe to the crown of Pride, the drunkards of Ephraim." This was the northern country, Israel; at this time hurrying fast to its doom, marked by God for captivity, and already in part taken captive. The utterly low moral tone of the country is manifest in that, with the enemy at the door, instead of humbling themselves before their God, they can be spoken of as "the drunkards of Ephraim!" Like priest, like people: "the watchmen," who are also called "shepherds"—*i.e.*, rulers—are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber" (Isa. 56:10). What a picture. The people will forget their danger in drink; the rulers, when the danger is imminent, instead of crying to their God, who alone can save them, give themselves up to sleep! Ruler and people doing everything to forget or to ignore the certain evil which is upon their heels. And why? Because they know not, they will not know their God, and they have not manliness to face their danger.

And what is at the root of all this? Self-indulgence. What leads a man to become a drunkard? Self-indulgence. What hinders those who are interested in the traffic, from nobly sacrificing themselves for their fellow-creatures and their country's good? Self-indulgence! Self-is heir god, and nothing must stand in the way of their gratification. Ignoble, unworthy, contemptible beings are men and women who have come to this! "Yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds which cannot understand; they all look to their own way, everyone for his gain from every quarter." And these were the rulers of Israel! These were the men who set the example which the people only too truly followed. "Come ye, say they, I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant" (Isa. 56:10-12)! And thus, when the trouble came, it found them wholly demoralized and unprepared.

But again, what a picture this is of the responsible parties in Israel! They were blind. Who blinded them? The god of this world blinds the minds of them that believe not (2 Cor. 4:4); and those who uphold the drink traffic equally with those who are its miserable victims, are blind. Others can see the destruction ahead of them; and they see it not. But God has sent his witnesses "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God" (Acts 26:18). It is that which a man can do who has his eyesight—to be eyes to the blind. God keep us from despising the despicable, seeing we have been redeemed and rescued from sin as great as theirs! "They are all ignorant." The rulers of a people should never be ignorant; yet the rulers of Israel at this time, who mostly came to the throne by the murder of their predecessors, were men who were neither by birth nor education fitted for the position. And, least of all, did they know and understand either their own hearts or the God of Israel.

Then they were dumb dogs; they would not bark. A dog which cannot bark is useless to guard a house. These rulers could not keep the house of Israel, which was committed to them; they were "sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." Dogs which were a nuisance; useless; in the way.

Japan in War-Time

DR. W. C. FORSYTHE, who recently went to Korea as an American medical missionary, writes to his relatives in Osceola, relating some interesting experience. We are privileged to publish these extracts from one of his letters, dated at Kobe, Japan:

Yesterday we went up to Osaka, the great manufacturing city of Japan, about twenty miles up the bay from Kobe. The principal goods made there is cotton cloth. It has only a million people. I can get supplies here at much cheaper rates than in the United States. I think the Japanese drugs are fairly good. I spent several hours at the military hospital. There were about six thousand sick and wounded soldiers there. It is located at the Exposition grounds, where the Japanese National Exposition was held last year, the buildings left standing being used as wards. In one of these, eight hundred sick and wounded were placed, the beds being placed very close together, and yet, on account of the very high ceilings, having plenty of air space. The cots were of wood, and had very comfortable mattresses, with covers of cotton cloth, padded with cotton batting, making a light and yet comfortable covering. The wards were very clean. The Japanese nurses, with their queer caps and blue uniforms, seemed to be very efficient. The doctors were all Japanese. Some, I understand, were educated in Germany. In one of the wards I saw some cases of *beri-beri*, a peculiar disease from which the soldiers are suffering. The officers said they had some two thousand cases of *beri-beri* in the hospital, and were losing one or two cases every day. The troops in Manchuria are suffering from it very much.

Although there were some six thousand patients in the hospital, and patients coming and being discharged regularly, there was very little confusion. In Osaka, another hospital accommodates some three hundred fever cases—men wounded in the head and arms mostly. One poor fellow was wounded in the head and had both arms in slings and bandages. In these hospitals, the grim horrors of the war were brought home. We passed a train-load being brought in from the front, having received the first treatment at the field hospitals. I think the Japanese hospitals will compare very favorably with our own military hospitals. We saw some of the Japanese soldiers on the march. They were an intelligent and vigorous lot of men.

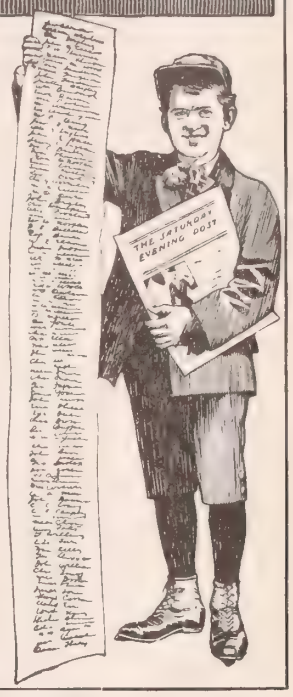
From Osaka I went to Kyoto, the old capital of Japan. Many temples were there. A lantern procession composed of young boys, dressed as soldiers, came down to the station to cheer up the soldiers. They had a very military look, and marched in good time. It looks as if Russia will have a hard time to whip Japan, there is such a vast army coming on to fill up the ranks.

Kobe is quite a large port. We went up on a hill back of the city and got a fine view of the bay. In the groves along the road are many Shinto shrines, all having a peculiar T-shaped entrance. We watched the worshipers for awhile. Young girls would come and pass quickly to the different shrines of marriage, wealth, etc., offering a handful of rice, ringing a little bell, and clapping their hands together twice to wake the god up; then they would bow their heads, say something and pass on to another shrine, and repeat the same performance. One poor woman in great distress of mind and sorrow, passed to nearly every shrine and uttered her prayer with much feeling. The poor woman, however, seemed to get very little comfort from the god, and went away in as great sorrow as she came. It was pathetic to see them bowing down to gods made by men. Sometimes the worshipers would shake a box until a number would come out, and this would correspond to a prayer on a piece of paper.

Mission work is very encouraging in Japan. I talked to a bright young student of the Imperial University of Tokio, who expressed much admiration for America, and said it was his desire to become a Christian. He had been taught by some missionary. Everywhere, people are open to the Gospel, and the truths taught are bearing fruit. Now is the time to seize the great opportunity opened by the war, and use it for the advancement of Christian work. When will the church wake up and do something? The Christian men in the Japanese army and navy have taken a high place. Six Y. M. C. A. secretaries are with the Japanese troops, just as the Y. M. C. A. is with the United States troops. If the churches will only meet the great need and pour workers into Japan right away, there will be a great harvest in the near future.

This Boy won a $25.00 Prize selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

YOU can do the same



THIS is the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THIS $25 is in addition to the regular commission he receives week after week for selling THE POST.

HARRY is a hustler. The long strip of paper he holds in his hand is covered with closely written signatures of people who have instructed him to deliver THE POST for four consecutive weeks.

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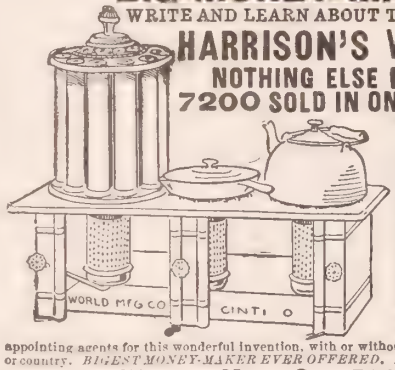

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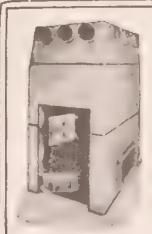

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

"The Heart of the World," by Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D.D., Begins in this Issue

The Fame of Sapolio

has reached far and wide. Everywhere in millions of homes there is a regard for it which cannot be shaken. Sapolio has done much for your home, but now for yourself—have you ever tried that "Dainty Woman's Friend"—HAND SAPOLIO, for toilet and bath? It is a soap that puts the luxurious bathing of millionaires within reach of the masses.

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly horrid imitations of beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin and double the injury.

DELICATE ENOUGH FOR THE BABY. A luxury for everybody. Necessary to every wash-stand. Assists the most elaborate toilet. An exemplification of the luxury of cleanliness. Imparts the vigor and life sensation of a Turkish bath. Energizes the whole body, bringing a glow and exhilaration.

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

THE PERFECT PURITY of HAND SAPOLIO makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. It is truly the "Dainty Woman's Friend." Its use is a fine habit.

Do you want a clear and healthy skin?

"REALLY TRULY," as the children say, there is more good and less harm in HAND SAPOLIO than in any toilet soap on the market. Other soaps chemically dissolve the dirt—HAND SAPOLIO removes it. Other soaps either gloss over the pores of the skin or, by excess of alkali, absorb the healthful secretions which they contain.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness: the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. Use HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out. We can not undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO. It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.

BY A METHOD OF ITS OWN, HAND SAPOLIO cleans the pores, aids the natural changes of the skin, and imparts new vigor and life. Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it! It's a lightning change from office to parlor with HAND SAPOLIO.

The Daintiest Soap Made is Hand Sapolio

—The only soap that makes every pore respond, and energizes the whole body. It is a necessity to every man, woman, and child who would be daintily clean. Keeps you fresh and sweet as a sea breeze; prevents sunburn and roughness. Make the test yourself. Its use is a fine habit—its cost but a trifle.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A CANADIAN INDIAN FAMILY AS THEY USED TO LIVE INDIAN SCHOOL, NORTH CANADA

Canada's Indian Problem

By AUBREY FULLERTON

WITH many new races, bringing each year new missionary problems and responsibilities, Canada has still its first settlers and the necessity of giving them the Gospel. In nada, as in the United States, the red man is a tional ward, cared for, protected, educated, and evanlized by government and church.

There are 108,000 Indians in Canada. They are dely scattered and are found in every province from e ocean to the other, but are most numerous in itish Columbia, the Northwest, and northern Ontario. is no longer necessary to speak of the "poor Indian," these Canadian red men have property valued at re than $24,000,000, and earn ch year an income of $4,000,000. trust fund held by the governnt, being chiefly the proceeds of les of Indian lands, now amounts over $4,000,000, and a portion this, together with an annual nt by Parliament, is set aside their supervision and educan. The rest of the burden falls on the churches.

On the whole, the Canadian Ins are making material progress. ere are still the shiftless wanrers, the dwellers in huts, who nt and trap as of old, defying nger and game laws alike; but majority are settled laborers. the Pacific coast they are fishnen; in the Northwest they are rmers and ranchers; in the eastn provinces they are farmers, sket-makers, and berry-pickers. ey live mostly in reserves, in ich they have their own Indian lages, with neat white houses, a tle church, and sometimes a hool.

To change these sons of the wilrness into farmers and settled rkers was a transformation ined; but the first step to it was free them from their load of paganism. It has been long story. Nominally at least the Canadian Indis are no longer pagans. Of the total 108,000, all t 12,000 have espoused Christianity, and the still gan tribes are confined to the remotest and wildest gions. Of professed converts there are about 65,000, vided almost equally between the Roman Catholic and otestant Churches. Among these are many instances simple faith and sincerity of purpose.

The Gospel that is given to the Indian is a practical e. It means a cleansing of his house as well as of heart, and it is being preached to him not only in urches but in schools. Indeed, what the Indian of e future is to be depends very largely upon the schools, for the churches alone will not save him. There are, in Canada, 224 day schools for Indians, forty-five boarding schools, and twenty-three industrial schools, with an enrollment of 10,000 pupils. Most of these schools are denominational, conducted as a part of the missionary work of the churches, and the results are, on the whole, encouraging.

Most is hoped for from the boarding and industrial schools, some of which have already transformed the life of their communities. They are interesting places. The largest of them have farms in connection, where the Indian boys are trained in the art of making themselves useful; carpenter and blacksmith shops to give them a start in mechanics; and some have small printing shops. The girls are instructed in household affairs, such as cooking, washing, knitting and sewing. A liberal common school education is given both boys and girls, with daily Scripture study and religious instruction. From these schools goes out the leaven that is to reach the real life of the Indian people.

A CELEBRATION IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE

There are discouragements. If it were possible to begin with a new generation, independent of past connections, there would be hope of a speedier transformation; but there is a long-seated prejudice and indifference to overcome at home. This is the problem---to prevent the Indian pupil, after leaving school, from reverting to the ways of his fathers. The young people are quick to learn, but they are also quick to forget Yet year by year some gain is made.

Another disappointment to the people of Canada is that the Indian seems incapable of becoming a citizen. He has grasped the white man's lesson in nearly all but the spirit of citizenship, and in that and in self-dependence he still is lacking. Greatest of all difficulties met with by the Canadian missionaries is the liquor traffic. Still another discouragement is that civilization seems not to be suited to all of the tribes. In the Northwest Territories, the substitution of life in houses for the free, open life of the prairie, together with the other changes in manners and methods of living, has brought about a deplorable prevalence of consumption in several of the local tribes! The Indian population on the whole, however, is gradually increasing.

With all these discouragements, and they are not inconsiderable, Christian work among the Indians of Canada is hopeful and fruitful. The schools are increasing yearly in influence; there is a gradual improvement in sobriety and morality; the Sabbath is receiving better observance than ever before; and, more than all, the Gospel is being heard and understood by an increasing number of young and old. Necessarily, the work is slow; but, compared with a few generations ago, a great and remarkable advance has been made. The light is coming in, and ignorance, superstition and indifference are passing away. The red-man is no longer a savage; he is rather as a child beginning to learn, and the lesson set before him is the simple lesson of faith and love and Christian worship.

What the missionaries think of the work, and how the Indians themselves appreciate it, are both suggested in a recent letter from one of the missionaries in British Columbia: "The future looks bright. We have labored long and . . . . hope to see the fruit. The other day I received a letter from one of my Indian pupils, in which he says: 'May God bless the work in the West Coast, and may the time soon come when they will know the Way, the Truth, and the Life. We thank Him, for He has guided us and helped us with our work. Your friend, Klatsawa George.'" A. F.

A prompt Renewal brings its own reward in the form of prompt and accurate service.

General Booth's Daughter to Lead

ON Christmas Day, 1865, a daughter was born to General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. The Army was then in its infancy, and the proportions which it assumed a few years later were as undreamed of as that the little girl would become the leader of one of its greatest branches. Among the Army's earliest and best recruits were Commander Booth's own children, and he has often been heard to say that he wished there had been eighty instead of eight. The little girl who was born on that Christmas Day was the seventh child, and was named Evangeline, and since her early girlhood she has taken a deep interest in the work of the Salvation Army. Clad in the red-and-blue uniform, this young woman did not hesitate to go into the slums of East London. She was a pretty though fragile creature, and when, in her sweet voice, she sang the songs of her own composition, she touched all hearts and acquired a lasting hold on the affection and confidence of her hearers. So very earnest was she in all that she said and did, that when she sang, her voice appealed to the drear hopelessness of the slum-dwellers more forcibly than any preaching could have done. But the London poor did not always love the Army, and had its own unpleasant ways of expressing its disapproval. Yet, with all her winsome girlishness, Eva Booth never lacked courage. None of the riotous proceedings, either in halls or streets, ever terrorized this young soldier of the Cross. At one time, when a howling missile-throwing mob was unusually threatening, and when she and her little band of devoted followers became the target for vile words and missiles of all descriptions, Eva Booth turned to the leader---a young, bottle-throwing rough, who was doing his best to incite the mob to still greater violence---and appealed to him to protect her. Such tactics surprised the young desperado, and he called off the crowd, and actually escorted the young woman and her terrified companions

MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH
The New Leader of the Salvation Army in the United States

to a place of safety. Not long after, when she fell i the same young ex-rioter brought her a bunch of bla Hamburg grapes, which he had pawned his only coat buy.

After a long and hard apprenticeship at street-singi and speaking, Miss Booth was assigned to a more i portant position, which involved much traveling. Aft recovering from an illness, brought on by too close a plication to work, she was appointed Field Commissione and traveled over the United Kingdom, with a staff assistants, holding meetings in the principal cities a towns. She was very successful in this work.

In 1896, Miss Eva made her first visit to the Unit States. Early in December of the present year s will assume command of the American division of t Salvation Army, taking the place of her brother-in-la Commander Booth-Tucker, who goes to London. F the last eight years Miss Booth has had command the Canadian forces, and so well has she filled the po tion, that her venerable father seems justified in rega ing her as his cleverest child. He certainly has a ve high opinion of his daughter's executive ability, for the time of the Ballington Booth defection she w given temporary command of the Army in the Unit States.

It is the general belief among the rank and file the Salvationists, that under the energetic and lev headed leadership of this devoted woman, the organi tion will experience a great revival of spiritual intere and an increase of prosperity.

Now is the time to order Premiums. Ma and express facilities are now at their bes Next month will find them congested wi the rush incident to the Holiday trade.

The Bowery Mission's 25th Anniversary

NEVER has the old Bowery Mission witnessed a more interesting meeting than that which was held on the evening of Monday, November 7th. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Bowery Mission by Mr. A. G. Ruliffson, who passed away several years ago after a remarkable career of Christian service. Mrs. Ruliffson survived him, and she is still warmly interested in the Mission.

Invitations were sent by Superintendent Hallimond to all the old and new friends of the Mission in New York and vicinity, and to converts within reach, to attend the quarter-century anniversary. Nor were the men of the Bowery forgotten. As a result, when evening came, the large hall was packed to its utmost capacity.

It being the eve of the general election, many of the warmest friends of the Mission were out of town, but letters of cordial sympathy were received from them, including the Revs. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.; D. J. Burrell, D.D.; Josiah Strong, D.D.; C. H. Mead, D.D.; W. T. Elsing; F. H. Jacobs; William James; Rev. S. H. Hadley, of Water Street; Bradford Williams; J. B. Devins, D.D., and others.

On the platform sat Mrs. Bird, who, notwithstanding her arduous work among the men of the Bowery for over a dozen years, looked as bright and strong and hopeful as ever. Beside her sat Mr. H. Edwards Rowland, one of the elders of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, who was present at the first meeting when the Mission was founded, and who for many years acted as its Treasurer; Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, of Philadelphia, an Armenian minister, founder of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, at Tarsus; the Rev. J. J. Munro, chaplain of the Tombs prison; Dr. W. Stewart, Dr. F. E. Caldwell, and many others, were also present.

After some inspiring congregational singing of the hymns "Keep Step With the Master," "Open Wide the Door," "The Solid Rock," and others, a message from Dr. Klopsch, transmitted by telephone, was delivered to the meeting by the Superintendent. The Doctor told how he became interested in the Bowery Mission, some ten years ago. Dr. and Mrs. Talmage, and Dr. and Mrs. Klopsch, had been visiting the Holy Land, and, coming down the Mediterranean, they called at the port of Smyrna, in Asia Minor. On landing there they were met by an English Seamen's missionary, and were asked by him to visit the Mission of which he had charge. They did so, and Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch both spoke to those assembled there. Then the missionary---an ex-sailor ---testified that eight years previously he had been a poor, besotted drunkard. His vessel, lying in New York City, he had strolled along the Bowery, and, drawn by the sound of music, he had entered the Bowery Mission and had been savingly converted. Not long after this, being with his ship at Smyrna, he attended a Gospel meeting there, and was induced by the leaders to consecrate his life as a missionary to sailors.

On coming home to New York, Dr. Klopsch found that the Bowery Mission was just then struggling in deep waters financially. He visited the Mission, assured himself of the splendid work it was doing, and promptly assumed the responsibility for its support. Hence the connection of the CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers with this Quarter-of-a-Century Old Lighthouse.

Superintendent Hallimond read a letter from Mrs. Ruliffson (the widow of the founder), in which she wrote:

"Please accept thanks for the invitation to be present at the quarter-century anniversary of the Mission, so long very near and dear to me. It will not be in my power to attend, but be assured of deep interest and earnest prayer.

"It will be just twenty-five years, Nov. 7, since the first meeting, in a small room in the lower Bowery, dimly lighted with a few lamps. My dear husband was leader on this occasion. The few Christians who were there felt assured of the special presence of the Master. Mr. L. P. Tibbals was one of the earliest and most faithful friends of the new enterprise. He is now in heaven. It was in answer to united prayer, that the building No. 36 Bowery was obtained, though for some time refused, and the work became known as 'The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home,' or 'A Light in a Dark Place,' the second mission in the city to hold services every evening, the first being that of Jerry McAuley in Water Street. Mr. J. W. Childs became an associate leader, and was resident manager of the Home for several years. He was highly esteemed and sincerely lamented. Rev. Mr. Willard, Rev. Sidney G. Law, Chaplain of the Tombs, and many Christian friends were valued helpers, most of whom have been called to the heavenly rest. Fanny J. Crosby, the blind poetess, was present at many anniversaries, and furnished two original hymns for each of these occasions."

Mrs. Ruliffson then went on to record several cases of wonderful conversion which occurred in the early days, including that of Mr. John Parkinson, the sailor's missionary, whom Dr. Klopsch had met in Smyrna. Her letter concluded:

"May the Lord continue to prosper the patrons, workers, and every branch of the work of the Bowery Mission in its witnessing for Christ in our great city."

Mrs. Bird next spoke, giving her recollections of the early days of the Mission, and how, being turned out of her own meeting-place, she was welcomed at the Bowery Mission by Mr. Ruliffson and Mr. Childs. Mr. Edwards Rowland gave an account of the first meeting, and of some wonderful conversions he witnessed in the early days. Rev. H. S. Jenanyan told, how passing through Smyrna many years ago, he visited the Gospel Mission there, and met John Parkinson, the converted sailor. He received from Mr. Parkinson a letter of introduction to the Bowery Mission. He came to New York an entire stranger, with an imperfect knowledge of the language and very lonesome. He was received by Mr. Childs, and lodged for two months in the Bowery Mission, and he gave his first testimony in English from the Mission platform. Under God, he owed nearly everything to the influence of Mr. Ruliffson and the Bowery Mission.

Other addresses were followed by testimonies from converts. There was an abundance of characteristic music, solos by Mrs. Hallimond, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Bryant and Mr. Lawrence, concluding with a touching prayer by Mr. George H. Corfield, of Jersey City.

If the interesting scenes could have be witnessed by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who for the last ten ye have so generously aided the Missio work, their hearts would have been gla dened. During the twenty-five ye that have elapsed since the opening me ing somewhere between 75,000 and 100,0 men have professedly accepted Christ the meetings of the Mission!

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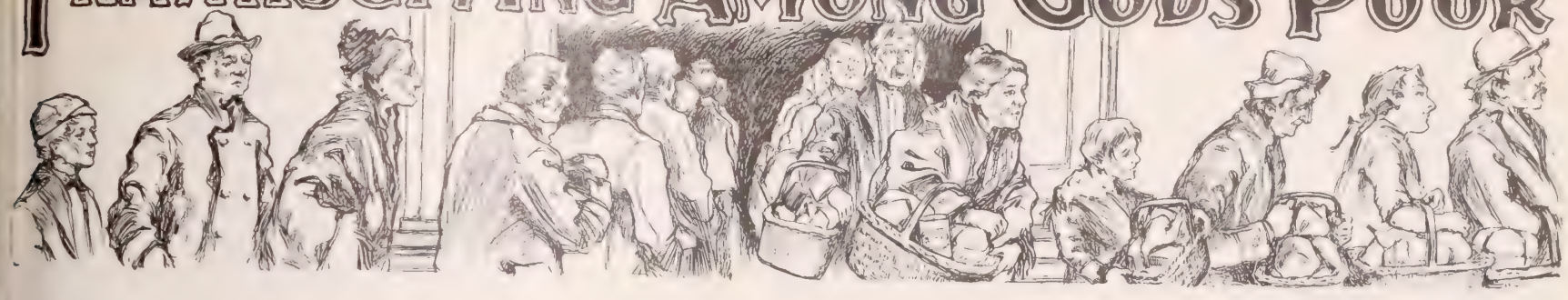
THANKSGIVING AMONG GOD'S POOR



By MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

WHEN Martin Carter went to the hospital with a broken leg, and a wound on his head, which came within one of being fatal, his wife and all the little Carters---there were ;ven of them---were almost inconsolable. Mrs. Carter d often been heard to remark that no matter what d happened, "her man" was always to be depended on, and as he never drank, and was such a strong, ty fellow, there was little danger of the family suffer-; , even if coal was high and provisions dear. t now the mainstay had been literally "knocked t." On his way home from work he had slipped d fallen, and a heavy truck wheel had passed er his leg, and his head, coming in contact th the pavement, had been even more seriously rt.

So week after week had passed, and Martin s still a prisoner in the hospital. Thanks- ing Day was drawing near, the little store money which the prudent couple had man- ed to lay aside for emergencies was gone. e dreaded rent-day, coming with such alarm- frequency, had swallowed most of the savings. takes such a pitifully short time to spend a le hoard, which has been so long in accu- ulating. The last dollar had gone to the ndlord, and a few days before the day of nks, Mrs. Carter counted just fifty-seven nts in her little worn purse. There were a w potatoes in the closet, a little oatmeal, and it was all. Mollie the eldest girl, about four- n, was working for a pittance in a depart- nt store as cash girl, and James, the eldest y earned a few pennies when he could, run- g errands, etc. The other five were too small earn anything, but their appetites were some- ng amazing.

A few days before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Carter thered her little brood around her and said: "Now, children, we cannot have any Thanks- ing dinner; but that is no reason why we uld not give thanks, for we have much to be grateful r. Your father is going to live, so the doctors say. I ve not let any of you know how near death he has en, but I have prayed and prayed to God to spare him us, and the Lord has answered my prayers. The rent paid; the weather is not so very cold; there is a little al left, and almost a half-peck of potatoes in the bas- t, and as much as two pounds of oatmeal in the bucket. you see we cannot help being thankful. I have ty-seven cents in my purse, and that ll buy more potatoes, which will last til Mollie is paid again, and I am ing to look for more washing to do."

But for all her hopeful words, the ther did not succeed in infusing ch cheerfulness into the little group thered about her. The children re willing to give thanks for their ther's recovery, but their healthy ung stomachs were awfully empty, d that is something hard to submit , and be thankful at the same time. ttle Ben, aged eight, the most rebel us of all, blurted out:

"If I was Tommy Donlan, I would and get a Thanksgiving dinner, uff fur the whole family. He don't ind goin' beggin' every day, 'n he ts lots, 'nuff sight better things 'n ters, too."

"Ben," said his mother, "I wish u would not say such things. David, the good Book, says, 'Yet have I t seen the righteous forsaken, nor s seed begging their bread'—so Ben- , boy, don't talk of begging, for ur father has always been a God- aring man, and we can claim God's omise."

After their evening prayer, the mother and her little ones retired, comforted by these wise words, and thanking God for the father's improved condition. How delighted will that family be when they receive the invitation from the Bowery Mission to come and get a basket marked for them containing a bountiful Thanksgiving feast. No time will be lost by the boys as they go for the prize, which will excel their most sanguine expectations in its abundance of good, wholesome food,

GRANDMA'S HEART WILL GLOW AS SHE SITS BY THE BROKEN STOVE

and in the quantity and quality of all the good things contained in the basket.

In searching out the poor and needy to whom this invitation is extended, the workers at the Mission run across many pathetic cases; families so poor that to lift the veil of their poverty would seem almost an insult, for many of the poor families who will be given this dinner are very sensitive, and while grateful for help, and thanking God for friends raised up for them in their emergency, they are not beggars, and are willing to work if they could get it to do.

In looking over the list of names and addresses gathered by the Mission from different localities in the poorer parts of the city, we find such notes as these:

John C. Five in family—man out of work.
Mrs. H. Large family—husband sick with blood-poisoning.
Louis M. Nine in family—in great need of food and clothing.
Mrs. F. A widow—very poor.
Mrs. G. Blind.
Mrs. S. Mother, with three small children.
Mrs. D. Father out of work; eight children.
Mrs. O'H. Nine children; very poor.
Mrs. G. Two children; mother just out of hospital.
Mrs. P. C. Nine children.
Mrs. H. Sick husband and son.
Mrs. H. Two children, sick a long time.

Another family with nine children, very poor, father out on strike, and so on down the long list, which tells, in such a fragmentary way, the tragedy of poverty in a big city. One poor widow, with a little baby in arms, and two other children, a girl and boy, is trying to be as cheerful as possible and keep the home together a while longer. How happy they will be, and what a feast they will have, when Joey and Nellie bring in the good basketfull from the Bowery Mission. How Grandma's heart will glow with gratitude as she sits by the old broken stove at sight of the children's bright faces, as they bring one basket for themselves, and one for the Morton's upstairs. Joey shouts as he comes in, "I got a basket for the Morton's upstairs, mother;" and mother says, "I am so glad for them; they needed a little comfort, poor things, now if ever."

Mr. and Mrs. L., aged 72 and 74, alone in the world, and he has been hurt many times, and laid up for weeks. The last time he broke his leg, and he has been six months unable to do anything. She struggled on alone. Now he is home, but cannot as yet put on his shoes, and she has to provide for him. as well as herself.

Old and poor, she is willing to work, but it is comparatively little that her strength will allow her to do. One's heart grows very tender at sight of such devotion.

The Bowery Mission will be a scene of ceaseless activity from the early breakfast served on Thanksgving morning till late in the evening, when the last cup of steaming coffee is handed out. In the interim the hundred-basket dinners will have been given out, and six hundred boys and more fed. It is a glorious work, and everyone connected with the blessed charity is happy in the doing.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver" and "he gives thrice who gives quickly" are good sayings to carry in one's mind as Thanksgiving Day approaches. We are sure that our appeals will not be in vain for the hearty co-operation of our CHRISTIAN HERALD family to unite with us in providing these dinners, which are so sorely needed on this Thanksgiving Day among God's poor. Our own blessings will be the greater as we remember and help those who cannot help themselves.

Let us make this Thanksgiving one to be remembered as most blessed for the giver, and never-to-be-forgotten by the poor of the crowded East Side who partake of the Bowery Mission hospitality.

An Opportunity Worth Embracing

NO man, especially the Busy Man of these strenuous times, can read the One Hundredth Part of the Literary Treasures that lie neglected upon the Shelves of our Great Libraries. It is therefore necessary to gather the Gems of the World's Literature and to present them to him in a Compact and Concentrated form, so that he may Read, Mark, Learn and Quickly Digest the Sublime Masterpieces of Thought, and in a few hours acquire an Insight into, and a Knowledge of, the Great Authors and their Immortal Works that Years of Study could not Otherwise Afford.

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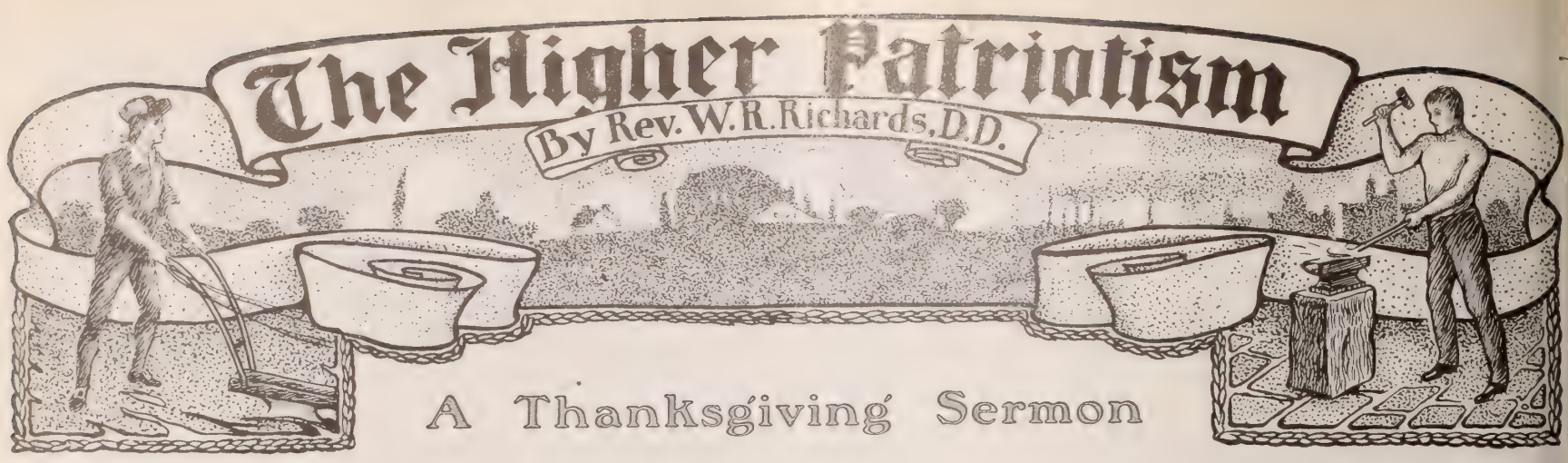
The Higher Patriotism

By Rev. W. R. Richards, D.D.



A Thanksgiving Sermon

THE Lord shall smite Egypt and heal it. The whole nation is spoken of as one person. You will remember how constantly in the Old Testament, families and tribes and nations are thus personified, a whole people in all its changes of fortune through the ages treated as one. As the ancient poets and prophets paint the vast picture of human history, its separate parts are so arranged as to leave most clearly impressed upon the eye not any one of the myriads of short-lived individuals, but these more enduring figures, of more heroic size, Edom, Moab, Tyre, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt. Those are the vast personages whose fateful story the picture shadows forth to us, and always chief among them, Israel.

Yes, the entire nation is made to appear before us as a person; it has a character of its own; a will of its own; there are national virtues; there is national guilt; there must be a national destiny of blessings or of curse.

No doubt this way of interpreting history may be carried to an extreme; everything made of the national personality, nothing of the individual. It had been so among the people of our Lord's day, and earlier, who counted themselves heirs of God's blessing from the mere fact of birth as children of Jacob; and who counted other men the objects of God's wrath from the mere fact of birth in some nation on which he had pronounced his curse. Our Lord and his apostles set themselves to correct this extreme; they lay great emphasis on the facts of individual character and destiny, that is, individual personality. Not whether the man is Jew or Greek or Roman or Egyptian; but what is he himself, this John or Philip or Rufus, in the sight of God.

We find this emphasis laid on individual personality again at the time of the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century, and still more in the English Puritan Reformation in the seventeenth century; and most of all in the political and religious thinking of our Puritan New England on this side of the water. Individual opportunity, individual accountability, individual salvation or perdition, that is the theme.

Identity with National Life

But now again in our day we begin to suspect that this way of thinking has, in its turn, become extreme. The Old Testament conceptions of national character and national destiny have their truth also, which we overlook at our peril. We are reminded especially at this thanksgiving season, that a man in his individual life stands related to the larger national life much as a leaf stands related to the tree that bears it. The leaf has its own marked individuality, separating it in position and fortune from the innumerable other leaves rustling on the branches beside it. And yet its existence as a living thing cannot be separated from that larger organism of whose life it forms a short-lived and insignificant part.

Throw a thousand leaves from as many kinds of trees into a heap, and any one skilled in such study will have no difficulty in separating them, and telling to what tree each of them belonged. Gather thousands of people from all nations at an International Exposition, and any one skilled in the study of racial characteristics will have little difficulty in picking out this man as a Russian, and that as a Frenchman, and that as a Swede, and that as a German, and then a Mongol, and then a Negro; and beyond an Englishman, and distinguished even from him that Englishman of the second or third generation whom we call an American. There are national characteristics of form and color and motion appealing to the eye, characteristics of speech that appeal to the ear; and if you have opportunity for more intimate acquaintance you find these external characteristics the sign of inner distinctions of thought and feeling and faith equally universal and equally stubborn. Through all possible changes of condition the Jew will in some respects think as a Jew, the Roman as a Roman, the Gaul as a Gaul.

A man may try to indulge himself with the notion that he is absolutely independent, complete in himself, self-made, self-centred, a citizen of the world, not of a nation; but a thousand of these subtle differences rise up to contradict and undeceive him. The trunk from which he sprang, and on which he grew to maturity, has left its stamp upon him, and to the end of his life he will be known as belonging to it.

A Study in Patriotism

At this time of national Thanksgiving, we will lay aside our customary individualism for a little while, our smaller private hopes and fears and aspirations, and think of ourselves as a part of this larger personality, to which God has offered so large a place in the history of the world, and whose righteousness or sin, whose enduring blessedness or ruin, must be of such vast concern to the world.

REV. W. R. RICHARDS, D. D.

It is a study in patriotism, and patriotism is not a mere fictitious sentiment; the feeling that the nation is something larger and more precious than the citizen, should become for us a settled conviction. That love of country which we do see often developed in time of war, by which a man really values his country's welfare and safety more highly than his own, is a just and reasonable affection. I suppose that is the habitual mood of any true soldier in time of battle, bred in him by all the traditions and discipline of the camp, that the country is more to him than he is to himself; and so, as a matter of course, he would feel happier to die in the hour of glorious victory, than to live unharmed in the hour of shameful defeat.

The Patriot's Self-Effacement

Now that soldierly self-effacement is the mark at which we must aim, in war or peace, the true mark of patriotism; that a man should habitually, in his own common mood and settled conviction, esteem the whole nation as worth more than himself, or any other private citizen, so that he would naturally be happier in any great national success which involved his private loss, than in a national disaster that involved his private gain. For a true patriot, the currents of national life will be allowed such free course through his veins, that even the small fragment of that national life which he enjoys as a single citizen, is more wrapped up with his own happiness than the whole of that individual life which belongs solely to himself.

You will see this sort of disinterestedness often exemplified in smaller affairs. Why, any college athlete would rather belong to the winning team, though no note was taken of his place in it, than to be praised in all the papers for his individual performance while the team was defeated. But the nation is so much larger than a team or a college, and the totality of its life seems less easily discernible by us, and, except in time of war, there is nothing to mark off its boundaries for us clearly, and so convince us of its living personality.

So it will need more earnest study, and faith, and constant effort to lift ourselves to any level of genuine patriotism. May this national festival encourage us in that effort, so that men in personal adversity may join in thanking God for national prosperity. Would that we could imitate those two greatest of all the children of Israel, who stand out as imperishable examples of an almost impossible devotion to country, Moses, who could pray, "If thou wilt not forgive this people's sin, blot me out of thy book;" and Paul, who could "wish himself accursed from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh."

Our subject has to do with character and destiny. If this Word of God teaches anything plainly it is that really and finally those two words are only different ways of saying the same thing, that character is destiny; but meanwhile, and to our limited view, they often seem to be two quite different things.

National Destiny

Let us think of the destiny first. There is such a thing as a national destiny, of happiness or misfortune, which is something more than the sum total of the present pleasures and pains of the several citizens. To say that a tree is dying is something more than to say that its several leaves are dying. Why, the leaves may not seem to be dying just yet; it may be springtime and the several leaves may seem to be thriving, and yet the force of the tree is spent and it is dying; or, on the other hand, the season may be fall, and the several leaves are withering, and yet the tree has the vitality of a hundred years to come yet stored up within it. A nation might be full of millionaires, or of men accumulating their millions, and yet be trembling on the edge of bankruptcy. A nation might be full of poor men, suffering the extreme of destitution, and yet have within itself the vigor and promise, after these wintry gusts of adversity have blown by, of abundant and permanent wealth.

And our point is, that if a man's view takes in anything beyond the passing day and year, if he cares for the children who will bear his name after him, or even for the peace and honor of his own old age, then this national destiny is of direct concern to him as well as his private destiny. For your own personal comfort merely, you might well prefer to be a withered leaf on a thriving tree, than to be a thriving leaf on a dying tree; you might well prefer to be a Dutch sea-beggar in the days of William the Silent, or a barefoot American patriot at Valley Forge, rather than Apicius with his millions in the decay of the Roman empire, or a wealthy noble of France in the days before the Revolution.

If it should be true that certain business methods in America, or any proposed tariff or currency law, were likely to build up individual fortunes at the expense of the public credit and of the permanent security of trade, then even the holders of those individual fortunes may be losing more than they are gaining, had they wit enough to see it; for it may not be possible to make

Preached in the Brick Church, New York. Text, Isa. 19:22. "And the Lord shall smite Egypt: he shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them."

their private gain large enough to compensate them permanently for their share in the public loss.

You remember old Mordecai's words to Queen Esther when she hesitated for a moment to risk her life by appearing before the king in behalf of her people, when Haman was plotting their destruction. "Think not with thyself," the old man said to her, "that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews." And it seems to me that one saying might entitle this strange book which never names the name of God to its place in the canon of Scripture. This Jewish Queen of Persia must not think that her personal exaltation can separate her destiny from the destiny of her people. It would be better for her to lay down her life in an effort for their salvation than to survive their destruction.

It might be well for us if those words could be carved in the stone over the doors of our Senate Chambers and Houses of Representatives, that any legislator might be, not ashamed only, but afraid to speak or vote for any bill that promised to enrich him or his constituents at the cost of national wealth or honor; if those same words might be carved also over our Exchanges and other places of business, that every banker and tradesman might be continually reminded of his own personal interest in discouraging all such methods of business as will endanger the public wealth and health. "Think not that thou shalt escape in thy palace more than all the people."

Ah, if we had some prophet to pull aside the curtain, and show us what a destiny God is offering to this nation of ours, a share in it offered to each one of us as citizens of this nation, I think many would turn in haste from their various petty selfish schemes of personal aggrandizement, to work for that larger good which is offered them as their share of the larger whole. This Thanksgiving festival should do that for us, all turning our thoughts from personal interests to the higher thought of national welfare.

You can fancy a crowd of people ignorant of the methods of modern navigation, who find themselves on a swift steamship in mid-ocean, drifting, for the fires are out in its furnaces, its machinery is idle; and you see the people conspiring jealously, little groups of them, to make off with the best of the life-boats, or to chop the woodwork of the vessel to pieces for rafts to escape with to the distant shore. But after one or two such groups have succeeded in this selfish separation of themselves from the ship's company some passenger has a spirit of divination given him by which he discovers the purpose of those vast beams and cylinders in the murky abyss of the hold; and now he calls his fellow voyagers about him and explains to them their common interest in the safety and progress of the whole ship, and succeeds in impressing upon them their several responsibilities, each of them for doing something to further that progress; and soon some are hard at work in the coal bins, and others oiling the bearings, and others at the wheel, and others busying themselves with chart and quadrant: and an hour or two later the set of conspirators in the life-boat are left gnashing their teeth in the darkness and peril as the great ship sweeps past them toward her destined port.

"IT MIGHT BE WELL IF THOSE WORDS COULD BE CARVED OVER THE DOORS OF OUR SENATE AND HOUSE"

If this American people would consent to receive from God the spirit of wisdom, I believe each of us would see and know that our personal interest in the national destiny is greater than any interest that we can have in our selfish private destiny, and we should shrink back with shame and alarm from any act of unpatriotic selfishness.

But I am impatient to look for a moment at the other side of our subject, the character side. A national destiny involves a national character. A righteous nation is something more than a haphazard assemblage of righteous people; an unrighteous nation is something more than a haphazard assemblage of unrighteous people. In each case the processes of the total national life have had something to do with the development of that moral health or disease. I am putting this thing strongly on purpose. We do not forget that there is another side to our subject. We do not forget that there may be holy individuals in an unholy state; one righteous man vexing his soul in unrighteous Sodom; but then even Lot's righteous soul seems to have suffered not a little in that wicked city from the prevailing contagion; and he was only an alien, not born and reared there. If the American character should ever become as corrupt as that of Sodom you may expect that the holiest American living among us will show the taint in his own character, and be saved from the common ruin so as by fire.

Character, the national character: we were speaking just now of the national destiny; and how it stirs our hearts to think of that destiny, when we look over this broad and fruitful land of ours; its kindly ocean barriers, to save us from fears of foreign war; its long line of hospitable sea-coast dinted by harbors, and its immense inland seas, large enough to float the whole world's commerce; its forests and mountains and lakes and streams; its illimitable plains, that might feed the populations of the earth; these infinite material resources, and the rich material destiny which they hold alluringly before our eyes—the mere recital of them in the annual proclamation of our rulers has often disposed us towards thankfulness and good cheer.

Oh, but that other opportunity set before our people—will you not uncover your heads with deeper reverence and gratitude as you think that this grander invisible moral opportunity, in this land of equal rights, of sacred memories, of inspiring hopes; where the fruits of all the costly experiments of the world have been poured into our lap, without the embarrassing debts left to other nations in the trying of those experiments. It is not of our doing, not at all an occasion for boasting, rather for humble and wondering gratitude to the great Ruler of all—but what a man he will be if the world is permitted to see him—this typical, ideal American! The world has not seen him yet. When we look at our own faces in the mirror of truth, we confess with shame that we do not see him there. One or two of his forerunners have appeared at critical times in our history, men of the heroic mould, to show God's architectual plan, but I fear the actual every-day American may seem hardly more like that ideal American than the actual every-day Jew of the olden time was like that ideal Son of David, whose picture constitutes the prophecy of Christ.

So the work and the conflict are still mostly ahead of us. The President of Yale University has lately declared it "a great mistake to assume that the problem of to-day is easier than that which confronted our forefathers." They had to secure liberty, we have to preserve it. They had to subdue a wilderness of rocks and trees; but it still remains to subdue another wilderness, to chop our way through the tangled and perilous jungle of the great city; to bring righteous order into all the confusion of national politics and trade, to let the wholesome sunlight of God's justice shine through all the rankest growths of human corruption and wrong. It is as hard a task as our fathers ever knew, harder; but if we have inherited any of their spirit, we shall face it with faith and courage.

That is what we celebrate our great Puritan festival for—to get more of the spirit of the fathers into their children. Pray God that the world may yet see in this Western Continent, not only good men and women, but good Americans; that this new type of virtue may be fairly wrought out here through the progress of the national life to national righteousness.

A NATIVE WEDDING IN INDIA

ALL the arrangements for a native wedding in India are usually made by the barber. He is the chosen matchmaker, and he even arranges that the father of the bride shall pay a certain sum to the boy's father as a dowry.

At the time of the wedding, the boy goes to the girl's house and they make a god of mud and worship it. Then they give presents of money to their caste fellows and presents to friends who are invited to the wedding. When we attended one of these native weddings, the friends showed us the bride and bridegroom, and then they gave us a present of a cocoanut and sweetmeats.

Those who can afford it, have a band playing continuously in connection with the wedding ceremonies. Weddings are very expensive, and families often incur debt from which they never recover.

During the ceremony the bride promises to "worship" the bridegroom all her life. She goes home to her parents' house, until she is about ten or twelve years of age. Girls are often married as early as two years of age. The wife cooks the food for the husband, and after he has been satisfied, she eats what he leaves. Among the high-caste, the wife always has a large covering over her face, so that no one, except her husband and his elder brother can see her.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM AND THE WEDDING GUESTS

In many cases, mere children are spoken for as wives, and often become widows without having lived with their husbands. Then their heads are shaven, all jewelry is taken from them and they are treated with disrespect, because the relatives think that the wife has been the cause of her husband's death.

In one province of India alone there are under two years, 1,574 widows; under three years, 1,651; under four years, 1,576; under five years, 3,861. These widows are never allowed to marry again, and they do the drudgery of the dead husband's family.

But our native orphan Christian wedding is quite different. Two of our girls were married in May, and both of them work side by side. They built a little home, about ten by twelve feet, and seven feet high, made of bamboo and mud. They eat together and have their prayers together, and the husband respects and loves his wife very much.

Nandgaon, India. (REV.) F. P. WILEY.

The Gospel IN THE "Canal Zone"

"THE CHURCH" AT FREEDLES

VALIENTE INDIANS LOADING BANANAS AT PANAMA

THE BRIDGE OF MANY BATTLES

CHRIST'S command to evangelize the world, is as binding on the Christian conscience to-day as when the words first fell warm from his blessed lips. Therefore retrenchment in Gospel effort should be to the Church an unknown quantity and "Advancement" should always be the watchword.

Among other agencies, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has its work here in Central and South America, and is spreading the good news. Many read it every week in places where other religious literature is almost unknown. The conditions of other Continents certainly claim our efforts, but not to the neglect of our own. Central and South America have pressing claims upon Christians, especially upon those of the United States. South America, with its thirty-four millions of people, has only 350 missionaries to tell them the "old, old, story." It is a distressing fact that so few know anything intelligently of the Son of God. The Papal Church has had charge of these people for centuries; but the masses are still held by its soul-enslaving forms. They are a people robbed and spoiled. Will God excuse us for our neglect of their souls?

Previous to 1888, very little had been attempted in Central America. In connection with the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society, it was my privilege to be the pioneer missionary to Costa Rica and other republics. Since that time, representatives of other societies have come in, and shared the work. Something like a beginning has been made to meet the terrible need. While much has been done for the English-speaking people all along the coast, very little has been done for the Spanish-speaking population.

Now that a new republic has been created, and the Canal Zone. has become the property of the United States, an added reason exists why American Christians should rise to their responsibility and give to these people the Gospel of the Grace of God. The construction of the Canal will fix the attention of the world, and draw vast numbers of people there. Up to the present, much of the Christian work done has been paid for by the black men's money, chiefly from Jamaica. Three denominations are at work there---Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians.

Interest has recently been created to influence the churches in other States. The Presbyterian and Southern Baptist Boards are sending men to share in the much-needed work. The Salvation Army will also take part. Our work---which is outside the churches, and yet helpers to all---is entirely missionary and evangelistic in character; preaching the Gospel where others do not go; oftener outdoors than in; when indoors, in cottage, barracks and camp. In the future, we hope to do much Christian work, conducting services in a tent, from place to place.

A recent visit to the Isthmus and other parts of Panama---Bocas del Toro, for instance, a vast centre of banana industry---revealed a condition of deep depravity, showing the pressing necessity for the preached Gospel. "The harvest is great and laborers are few." For this work, our temporal needs are met by Christian business men; but I plead for help f others to join me in this field. Colomb has wonderful possibilities. So long h she been torn with revolution, that o cannot help believing that she is now most ready for the Gospel of Peace.

The Isthmian Zone almost assures peace between C lombia and Panama, and there can never be any serio trouble between Panama and Costa Rica. Thus, t way is open as never before for the preaching of t Gospel in those countries, in English and Spanis Clean literature is needed. Men with clear heads a warm Christian hearts are in demand. Societies a churches and individuals should rise to their privile and sustain good men on the field. Central and Sou America appeal to the Christians of the United State

We return to our work shortly, and shall be glad impart information, and receive prayerful and materi help in giving these people what they so much need the Gospel of Jesus Christ. J. H. SOBEY,

Missionary to Costa Rica, Panama and San Jose.

Missionary Sobey has forwarded some interestin photographs. One shows the little building at Free les, between Colon and Panama, which was used f divine worship. During the revolution, this buildi was filled with the starving, the wounded and the dyin Another photograph shows a bridge near Panama, whi was the scene of many bloody encounters during t revolution, and where hundreds were killed. Many the dead were thrown into the river, where they becan food for alligators. In the third photograph, Valien Indians are seen working on banana cargoes, side b side with West Indians.

A Thanksgiving Melody

THE Lord of the feast spreads a board for His own,
And smiles on the least, as He smiles on the greatest,
The rapture flows down from the heavenly throne,
And the gladdest Thanksgiving is ever the latest.

For sheaves that are bound, and for fields that are shorn,
For plenty that burdens the bin and the byre,
For the glory and beauty of sunset and morn,
For the bright heads that meet round the bright, glowing fire.

For ships cleaving swiftly the ocean's profound,
For the lightning that carries our joy or our sorrow,
For the good will that girdles the wide earth around,
For the love of to-day, and the hope of to-morrow.

We lift up our hearts in an anthem of praise,
We are filled with desire, with bliss, as we're living,
And so, as a nation, we pause 'mid the days,
And offer Jehovah a nation's Thanksgiving. M. E. S.

To make sure of getting the Premium of your choice, you should renew promptly.

An Indispensable Work

Charles Noel Douglas

MR. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS, the compiler of **40,000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts,** writes as follows concerning the scope of this most excellent production:

"In this work, the Independence Day speaker, burning with patriotic ardor, can find numberless gems wherewith to enrich his oratorical flights. Here the enraptured swain and the love-lorn maid may drink at a literary fount of love, that even Cupid himself might envy. In fact, there is scarcely a subject engaging the human mind, or an occasion, religious or secular, that has not been considered, and garnished with a generous setting of appropriate quotations, and embodied in this work. In short, to the orator, the student, the man in the street, and to all lovers of literature, ancient and modern, poetic or prose, this work will be found to fill a long-felt want, and in its scope and general usefulness, to be of inestimable value, and absolutely indispensable."

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The Anti-Profanity League

THE Anti-Profanity League, a move ment which was introduced throug THE CHRISTIAN HERALD three yea ago, now reports a membership of 15,00 about 100 auxiliary societies, nine Stat secretaries, and members in forty States the Union. It has secured the preachin of 250 sermons against swearing; has put lished cards, tracts and sermons; has ci culated some 250,000 pieces of literature i its propaganda, and its correspondence de partment has handled a total of near 10,000 inquiries from those interested in th work. There are several special feature of the crusade that are of interest, such a the securing of the organization and co operation of a kindred movement in Eng land, which has the indorsement of th King; the securing of membership i foreign lands, as Scotland, Ireland, Switzer land, South Africa and Canada; the holding of a public mass meeting in the historic Par Street Church of Boston; the securing o messages of indorsement and good-wi from President Roosevelt and the Arch bishop of Canterbury, and the institutio of a league among the sailors in the Navy

The National Reform Association ha made the suppression of profanity one o the planks of its platform. The Rev. Drs Withrow, Plumb, Pierce, Bates and Cam eron, of Boston, with several well-know laymen, are the officers of the movement The organization is equipped with liter ature, badges and regulations, and fur nishes a practical and easy method of com bating the prevalent habit of profanity

Any one who will write to the Secre tary, Rev. Roland D. Sawyer, Ward Hill Haverhill, Mass., will receive full particu lars of the League.

THE RIDGEWAY'S THANKSGIVING

By MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH

IT was the day before Thanksgiving, and the clouds hung low over the Western plains. Within the roomy loghouse where the Ridgeways lived there was almost summery warmth, however, and the promise of plentiful good cheer. Fragrant odors swept through every apartment, telling the story of pleasant preparation for the festal day, and in the midst of it were Mrs. Ridgeway and her twelve-year-old daughter Katie, busy as bees, humming almost as loudly, and fully as happy.

"We're going to have the usual Thanksgiving cold snap, I guess, mother," said Mr. Ridgeway, bringing in some fresh logs for the big sitting-room fireplace, and piling them on with a lavish hand. "The wind's in the northeast, and is blowing great guns. Dick and Dorothy 'll be froze pretty near stiff by the time they've covered twenty miles. It isn't any fun to ride from Crag's Head a day like this. We must keep the fires going lively. I only hope it isn't going to snow," he continued, gazing anxiously at the threatening sky from the kitchen window.

"Oh, I guess it won't," replied his wife cheerfully. "If it does, it won't be anything but a flurry. It 'most always spits a little snow along about Thanksgiving, but it never amounts to much. That's right, pa; keep up rousing good fires, and I'll have a good dinner for them. Nothing in the world warms a body up like a good hot dinner. You'd better put the spare-ribs in now, maybe, Katie. Dorothy likes them roasted good and brown, and it is none too soon, I guess. And then get to work and peel the potatoes and turnips. I'll finish up these pies and make the doughnuts, and then I'm about done. I don't want anything left over for to-morrow, for I like Thanksgiving to be as much a rest-day as possible; and, besides, I do want to visit every minute with Dorothy. Seems like one whole day and a piece of another is such a stingy little visit for them to make us, and the very first one since they went to Crag's Head. I wish they didn't live so far away, or that Dick could have arranged to stop longer."

"Especially as we've never seen the baby, and he is four whole months old!" exclaimed Katie, in an injured tone.

"You should be thankful to have them to-day and to-morrow," said Mr. Ridgeway, still looking anxiously at the clouded sky. "When a man's business depends upon him he can't leave home to stop long. From what Dick writes, I guess he had lots of trouble getting somebody to take care of the store and post-office while he makes this much of a visit. I do wish it didn't look so much like snow. If it moderates the least bit that's just what is is going to do and no mistake."

"Well, what if it does?" said Mrs. Ridgeway, following her husband to the window and looking out over his shoulder. "Dick and Dorothy are neither sugar nor salt, and a spurt of snow never hurt anybody. Young blood don't mind the cold. Forever! Haven't you and I ridden miles and miles when the mercury was away below zero, and never thought of freezing? It was just the biggest kind of fun. I don't know what is getting the matter with you, pa. You're getting so you just worry about nothing at all. I hope you're not going to grow into a regular old croaker like old Zeke Popps. I never did have any use for that kind of a person."

"Seems to me they'd ought to be here pretty soon anyhow," said Katie. "It's more than half-past twelve."

"Yes, to be sure they had, and doubtless will be in a very few minutes," joined in the mother quickly. "I presume they've got a good team, for Dick won't drive any other, and he makes them get over the ground at a good round pace, too. They ought to make the twenty miles in three hours. If they started right early they should be here now; but it isn't at all likely they got off before nine or half-past. There's always so many little things to 'tend to when a body leaves home for a day or two. I wouldn't put the vegetables on yet awhile, though, Katie. We don't want them overdone or waiting long." And the good woman bustled about energetically, while her husband still kept his post by the window, often stepping to the door to see if the wind had changed.

"It's got around more in the east," he observed after one of these explorations, "and it's beginning to snow, just as I knew it would. It's going to be a bad job, I fear, for the children, though if they got started in good time it don't matter much. The trouble is, if there is anything of a fall of snow, it'll make the wheeling heavy. I hope Dick won't take the river road. It's a good bit shorter, but dangerous, and he isn't very well acquainted with it. I don't think he was ever over it but once, and then I drove the team. It isn't likely he paid much attention to it. I can't help feeling a bit worried, mother."

"AT INTERVALS, KATIE BLEW ON THE OLD TIN HORN A LONG, WINDING BLAST"

"Well, worrying won't do any good," said Mrs. Ridgeway philosophically, stepping around as lively as her weight would permit, and smiling in anticipation of this home-coming of her married daughter and the dear little baby, whom she had never yet seen. She had thought of little else for a month, and she and Katie had worked themselves almost ill over a number of pretty things for this same baby, the first and only one in the family; and now that the time had come, she would not admit the thought that anything was going to happen. It must not, it should not, she could not bear it. In spite of her husband's fearsome worries, they would certainly be along in a few minutes; by one o'clock, surely.

But one o'clock struck, and the hands crept relentlessly on to half-past, and yet there was no sign of the coming guests. The vegetables were bubbling in the kettles, the oven door was ajar that the spare-ribs might cook more slowly, and their delightful, appetizing odor was creeping all through the house. Katie had put a couple of extra boards in the dining-room table, and was spreading it with a host of good things, looking down the road every minute, hoping that she would be able to be the first to announce, "Here they come, mother!" but every time the words were fated to die upon her lips. They did not come.

Two o'clock, and the fire in the kitchen stove was allowed to wane, and the potatoes and turnips drained and set on top. Everything was now ready, but nothing was to be seen of Dick and Dorothy. And it was snowing! Not a little spurt, not just "spitting snow," as Mrs. Ridgeway had hoped, but coming down in a blinding, steady, smothery downfall that covered everything with a white mantle in a few minutes. It was hard to see any distance away now, and Mr. Ridgeway turned from the window and began putting on his fur cap, overcoat and mittens.

"It's going to be a bad storm," he said, "and I guess I'd better be getting the stock into safe quarters. I may as well have the poor beasts as comfortable as possible, in case it keeps on snowing, and I'm greatly afraid it will."

"Oh, I guess not," said Mrs. Ridgeway, determined to resist the fear that already assailed her heart. "It looks a little lighter off toward the west, I think, pa. Maybe it'll clear up pretty soon We'll hope so, anyway. I'd give a good deal, though, if Dorothy and Dick were safe at home with us. Night falls so early now, and the baby is so young and tender. But there's no use in giving way to foolish fears. I'll make a pot of strong ginger-tea for them to drink, as soon as they come, so as to prevent their taking cold."

Three o'clock, and still no sign. The snow was already quite deep, and drifting terribly, full of little icy particles that cut the face, father Ridgeway said. They sat down to the table and tried to eat their dinner, but the tears of disappointment fairly choked the mother, and she was obliged to leave the room. Mr. Ridgeway's eyes were full, too, but he managed to drink his coffee and nibble at a biscuit, leaving Katie to make up all deficiencies. As she was a hearty, growing girl, and extremely hungry, she made a fairly good meal. In the midst of it she tried to suggest a bit of comfort.

"Maybe they never started at all, pa," she said. "Something may have happened. The baby may not have been well, or something." It was all "the baby" with Kate.

"Well, I am sure I hope they did not," sighed the father. "I don't see how they are going to get through if they did." And he rose and walked uneasily about the room.

The storm was now so dense and heavy that it was difficult to discern the front fence, and a little after four o'clock the shadows of night began to fall. "I do wish they would come," said Mr. Ridgeway, for the twentieth time. "If exposed long to a storm like this, it would not be impossible to freeze."

"Now, pa," expostulated the thoroughly agitated mother, "don't go to scaring me to death. Don't you suppose Dick has sense enough to take care of his wife and baby?"

"It isn't exactly a question of sense," replied Mr. Ridgeway, "but one of endurance. But I am really not so much afraid of the cold as of their going astray. The road is covered and the drifts are bad. And it is very difficult for horses to pull a buggy through any depth of snow."

"There never was a better 'Job's Comforter' than you, Pa Ridgeway," said his wife, almost irritably. "If you are so confident of danger, why don't you get to work and do something?"

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Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Thanksgiving

ONCE more the circle of the seasons brings to us the joyous feast of Thanksgiving. As we glance backward over the months, the retrospect reveals abundant cause for gratitude. The mercies have far outweighed all the misfortunes; the year has been full of blessings. In the nation, peace and prosperity; in the fields, a multiplied harvest of cotton, corn, wheat, and all manner of fruits; in most homes, health, happiness and generous friendship. So many have been the tokens of our Heavenly Father's goodness, that the heart overflows with the sense of gratitude, which seeks to find expression at the lips.

At this season, let us not forget those whom prosperity has passed by—the poor and the needy. Let them have a share with ourselves in the general rejoicing. In order that on this day of all days they may not be unmindful of God's goodness, let us see to it that no poor family within our reach, no home where sickness or accident has prostrated the bread-winner, no widow left with her little brood to struggle single-handed with the world, is destitute of a good, substantial Thanksgiving dinner. What you give, let it be given with a liberal hand and a glad heart—

> Even the humblest board may spare
> To poorer poor a kindly share.

As you sit down to your own Thanksgiving dinner, the thought of the sunshine and smiles you have brought into some poor home and the gratitude you have awakened in sad hearts, will prove an excellent sauce to sharpen your appetite.

As in former years, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this Thanksgiving, has arranged, with the aid of its generous-hearted readers, to spread a simple but satisfying feast for the poor of the East Side in New York. First, we are sending a hundred basket-dinners to very poor families, who have been searched out in their dingy tenement homes by the Mission workers, by pastors and by the visits of Christian men and women. Besides these, on Thanksgiving Eve, a turkey dinner will be provided for 600 destitute boys; at daylight on Thanksgiving Day, 1,000 homeless men will get a warm breakfast, and at 7 P. M., 600 of the unemployed and unfortunate will be seated at dinner in the Mission hall. Those of our readers who are co-operating in this special charity, will find their own enjoyment increased and their family reunions rendered more delightful for what they have done toward cheering and comforting the poor and unfortunate at this feast-time of the year.

The Gospels Under Fire.

ONE of our correspondents is deeply concerned about a sermon by a Louisville minister, which he has recently read, dealing with the Gospels from the destructive standpoint, and asks us to say whether the statements made therein are the real opinions of Christian scholars. We rarely deal with matters of this kind, as they are of doubtful practical utility, and have been for many years fully discussed by the critics without benefit to the minds of ordinary Christians; but lest others may be troubled by these doubts, it may be well to examine the assertions made in the sermon.

These are: That Paul has nothing to say about the historic Jesus; that several generations passed before the three synoptic Gospels were compiled and given to the world; that the Gospel according to John was written about 150 A. D., by an unknown writer; and that scholars are agreed that this Gospel has little or no historic value. There are other assertions of a similar character in the sermon, but these are the most definite and most important. It is evident, although the sermon was preached quite recently, that the preacher has not kept up with the discussions of the day, but has accepted theories which modern scholarship has rejected. It is now about thirty years since these theories were advanced, and the tendency of later thought, even among the German scholars, is to reject them.

Taking up the assertions in the order adopted by the preacher, we examine first that about Paul. The character of the Epistles, and the purpose for which they were written, as pastoral letters to the Churches he had founded, would not lead us to expect to find in them references to the historic Jesus. As he had fully preached to them "Jesus and him crucified," there was no need to go over that ground again in his letters. Indeed, the absence of reference to it is a presumption in favor of the belief, that the people were already familiar with the facts, and that what those to whom he wrote needed was to have the significance of the facts pointed out to them. We read that everywhere he went he preached unto them Jesus and the Resurrection, and the Epistles are full of references to these sermons, in which, as he says, he had fully preached the Gospel of Christ. Besides this, in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he enters fully into the facts as to the Resurrection of Jesus, which is precisely the fact that men of the Kentucky preacher's way of thinking are most unwilling to concede. That chapter alone fully disposes of the preacher's assertion that "Paul has nothing to say about the historic Jesus."

The second assertion in order is that "several generations passed before the first three Gospels were compiled." A generation is roughly calculated as thirty-three years, but as the generations overlap, it will be conceded that men who lived to old age, might have given verbal testimony covering a longer period. Polycarp lived to be eighty-six. He was the pupil of the Apostle John, and was born in 69, A. D., about forty years after the Crucifixion. He does not mention the Gospels, but he gives verbally accurate quotations from them, which is presumptive evidence of their being in existence in his day. Papias, who wrote about 130, A. D., when only four generations had passed, and when the immediate successors of the Apostles were still alive, had at least three of the Gospels in his possession, and refers to Matthew and Mark by name, and says that Mark wrote under the superintendence of Peter and that Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Justin Martyr, who was born in 100 A. D., speaks of "The records of the Apostles which are called Gospels." Thus we have testimony that the first three Gospels were in existence at the beginning of the second century, when only three generations had passed, and the quotations show that they are identical with the Gospels now in our hands.

The third assertion relates to the fourth Gospel, and the preacher makes the point that it differs from the other three, both in what it inserts and what it omits. If we regard it as a supplemental life, written by a man who had the other three Gospels before him, both the omissions of the facts they had stated, and the addition of facts that they had failed to record, are perfectly natural. John was the most intimate friend of the Master and could give facts which neither Mark nor Luke would know. The general opinion is that John wrote his Gospel about the year 70 or 80. There is strong evidence for that opinion in the writings of men who lived in the early part of the second century, who quote sayings of our Lord, which are given in the fourth Gospel and no other. That it was not a forgery, but was actually written by John, may be inferred from the fact that it was so recognized by Irenæus, who had an excellent opportunity of knowing the truth, as he was a disciple of Polycarp, who was a friend of John.

So much for the historical evidence which, we submit, fairly answers and disposes of the Louisville pastor's argument.

The Peace Palace

FROM the Hague the news comes that the Committee appointed to select a site for the World's Peace Palace, Andrew Carnegie's gift to the nations, has made its choice. Unless the plan should be changed hereafter, the Peace Palace will be erected in the near future on ground situated between the Benoordenhoutsche Way and the Waasenaarsche Way—a central and convenient location near Holland's capital. Queen Wilhelmina's government will present this beautiful site to the Court of Arbitration, so that none of the building fund need be expended outside of the structure itself. There are several acres of noble grounds.

In the coming generations, when the disputes of the different nations are brought before this great tribunal for adjustment, when the world has clothed itself wi peace as with a garment, and war has become a re of the barbaric past, the writers and orators of th future day will tell, in eloquent words, the story of o long and arduous, and often seemingly hopeless, stru gle for peace. And they will tell of the rearing of t Peace Palace, and how all lands watched it, as it we up stone by stone and pillar by pillar; and it may that the anniversary of its dedication will be celebrat by the peoples of the whole earth, then all civilize with a fervor and spontaneous enthusiasm that sha make all of our present patriotic holidays seem tai and insignificant. For then will the race have realiz the prophetic vision of the inspired poet:

> The parliament of man, the federation of the world!

Meanwhile, and until that "beautiful dream" com true, as come it will, wars and disputations will go o But we who are doing the pioneer work in this wonde ful campaign will not be discouraged. We will go hoping and praying and working with the great end view, and in the full confidence that it will all come o right in God's own good time.

Among the Workers

—MISS HELEN GOULD has just completed a 6,000 mi trip in the West, during which she has visited some twen railroad and city Y. M. C. A.'s, and shaken hands wi over 20,000 railroad men.

—REV. R. ASHLEY CAKE, of Port Republic, N. J the Life-savers' Evangelist, who has been ill for son time past, is now recovered, and will resume his labo among the life-saving stations of the New Jersey coas

—MANO RAMABAI, daughter of Pandita Ramabai, Poona, India, writes: "We have had some beautif showers here lately. Everybody was expecting a famin but in answer to the prayers of his people, God h sent the rain, which has gladdened the hearts of th farmers."

—A MISSIONARY in Kwangsi, South China, writes tha during the recent famine in that province, many to of rice were contributed by the charitable institutio of Canton. A large fund was raised under the leadershi of Sir Henry Blake. A number of British residen aided in the distribution of the rice sent b. THE CHRI TIAN HERALD.

—MISSIONARY JOHN G. PATON, writes from Australia "The work of our New Hebrides mission advances slowl among the 40,000 cannibals yet on the group, who clin to their caste and idolatry. The heathen are involved i a general war, and many persons are being shot, whil about a thousand professed Christian converts keep aloo from it, and live in peace. The heathen have shot number of our Christians, but their relatives and friend do not fight in revenge, but, Quaker-like, weep over th lost, pray for, and do all the good possible for the murderers."

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Louis Klopsch

PROPRIETOR

Russia at Bay

ONE of the combatants in the awful struggle now going on in the Far East, is growing weary of the fight. Doubtless the other Power is weary too, but its pride shrinks from confessing the fact. Japan has made a

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY

direct offer of peace to Russia, but its conciliatory attitude has been disregarded. An offer was also made by Gen. Nogi on the part of Japan to Gen. Stoessel, offering him honorable terms for the surrender of Port Arthur, after it became clear that the fortress must fall. The general pointed out that a continuance of the conflict would involve a useless loss of life, and suggested the advisability of surrender. General Stoessel replied contemptuously, and informed the messenger who brought the offer under cover of the white flag, that if any further offers of the kind were brought he would fire on the messenger. In spite of his threat, another proposition was sent by Japan. It was that non-combatants, women, children, priests and civil servants should leave Port Arthur, and a safe conduct through the Japanese lines was promised them and a free transport to Dalny. This offer, though it would have reduced the number of mouths and so have caused the provisions, of which there is a scarcity in Port Arthur, to last longer, was also rejected. There are also rumors of a dynastic effort to stop the continued sacrifice of life. It is reported that the Queen of England has been in communication with her sister, the dowager Empress of Russia, and through her with the Emperor, pleading with them for a consideration of proposals of peace, and assuring them that the English Government would gladly assist in securing honorable terms. The result of this effort is not yet known.

In the meantime, the slaughter at Port Arthur continues without abatement. The reckless desperation with which the Japanese assail the fortress is matched by the determined and resolute courage of the Russians in its defence. Mines have been dug around the approaches, by the explosion of which whole regiments of the Japanese have been blown up. Barbed wire entanglements have been constructed, and every device known to modern warfare has been employed by the brave defenders; but in spite of all, the grip of the Japanese commander is closing and the Russians are being driven back to the inner forts. Kouropatkin is unable to afford any relief. He is held in check by Gen. Oyama about fifteen miles south of Mukden. Both armies at that point are receiving reinforcements and supplies, in preparation for another great battle, which is expected to take place soon.

Russia's trouble with England is approaching settlement. It is now agreed that the explanation of Admiral Rojestvensky, who was in command of the Russian fleet which fired on the fishing vessels, cannot be substantiated. He claimed that there were Japanese torpedo boats among the trawlers, but it is clearly proved that none could have been there.

THE JAPANESE MESSENGER BEARING THE OFFER OF PEACE TO GEN. STOESSEL

The commission which is to apportion responsibility is to sit in Paris, and will be composed of representatives of Russia, England, France and the United States, with a fifth member to be chosen by the other four. What a pity it is that such a court of arbitration should not be empowered to settle the whole question of the war with Japan, and so the terrible sacrifice of life be stayed! To Russia it would involve a loss of prestige, but it would bring the honor that the wise king said should belong to the lover of peace.

It is an honor for a man to cease from strife (Prov. 20: 3).

Self-Imprisoned

An extraordinary solution of a problem which puzzled the police was found at East New York, N. Y., recently. They had searched in vain for a lady who was missing for four days from her home. She had disappeared unaccountably, and it was feared she had been waylaid and murdered. One day a person living in a flat-house, of which only the upper floors were rented, thought she heard a strange noise as she was going to her rooms on the top-floor. It was so like a groan that she investigated, knowing that there was no one living on the ground floor. She went down to the basement and listened. Again she heard the noise, and found that it proceeded from a closet, the door of which was locked. Rapping on the door, she was answered by a voice within of some one begging to be released. She procured help and the door was broken open. There the woman for whom the police were searching was found, faint and weak. She said she had been there four days and three nights, without food or light. She had been nervous, and believing she was being followed had entered the house and hid herself in the closet, the door of which closed with a spring-lock, which she could not open. She had called and rapped in vain, and had given up hope when she was found. It was fortunate for her that her groan was heard. If she had remained a prisoner much longer she would probably have lost her life. How many there are who lose their souls in a similar way. By some foolish act, they are caught in a snare from which they cannot deliver themselves. Happy are they who call to One whose mission it is to deliver them.

The Lord hath anointed me . . . to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. (Isa. 61:1).

The Election

The sweeping Republican victory has astonished even the Republicans themselves. Not since the famous campaign of 1872 has a candidate succeeded in getting so large a majority in the Electoral College as Mr. Roosevelt. If, as now seems probable, Maryland's vote will be divided, he will have 337 votes against 137 for Judge Parker. The only States that went Democratic were Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, with Maryland still in doubt. Even Missouri went Republican. In New York State, where the vote was expected to be close, the plurality for Roosevelt was 174,434. A singular exception was Massachusetts, where a Democatic Governor was elected. The victory extends to Congress. The next House will comprise 242 Republicans and 144 Democrats. In the present House the majority is only 34. In 1890 the Democrats had a majority of 127. Mr. Roosevelt promptly announced that under no circumstances would he accept another nomination as he regarded the three and a half years he will have served in March next as his first term. For the sake of the whole country we may hope that the admonition of Israel's aged king may be heeded by the statesman to whom the direction of the policy of this great nation is confided for the next four years.

The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God (II. Samuel 23: 3).

Her Life for Her Money

A sad tragedy is reported from Matawan, N. J. On Nov. 10 a fire broke out in a large building at South Keyport. On one of the floors lived a man and his wife. They had early intimation of the fire and both made their escape, but as the building was old and the fire made rapid progress, the basement was full of smoke when they passed through it. The man ran to the fire-alarm box to send in notice of the fire, leaving his wife standing, half-dazed, on the pavement in front of the house. On his return he was astonished at not finding her still there. He then remembered that their savings, amounting to $350, were left behind in one of the bureau drawers. It occurred to him that his wife might have gone back to save the money. In any case he resolved to go in and see if she had returned. Breaking away from the police, he went in, but was driven back by the flames. Not, however, until he had seen his wife lying helpless on the stairs. It was impossible to reach her, as the staircase was already blazing fiercely. It was not until the following day that her charred body was recovered. The burned fragments of the money that she had gone back to save were tightly grasped in her hand. She had lost her life in a vain attempt to save the money. It was a foolish thing to do, but there are some who are doing a thing still more foolish, in running the risk of losing their souls in the struggle to get money.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? (Mark 8: 36).

MRS. M. G. MOISE

Rescue Work in the World's Fair City

By MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE — Founder of the Door of Hope

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE

BY way of a prelude, let me give a brief personal testimony, feeling it but due to many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who so kindly held me before God in their prayers, for months last winter, during a protracted and serious illness. Upon May 20th, at 9.15 P. M., most suddenly, God graciously gave the healing touch. From the first, when stricken down, I found myself unable to pray for aught else than that his highest and best thought in connection with it all should be carried out. When every trace of that spinal difficulty disappeared, the very "joy of the Lord" became even more literally my strength; for, before the close of that same week, I was able to return home and to the work so dear to my heart. To God be all the glory!

. . .

Although numerous efforts were put forth by zealous and faithful workers in St. Louis, before and after the World's Fair was opened, for the rescue of young girls who had for evil purposes been unduly influenced there, little seemingly was accomplished outside of occasional cases being materially aided or returned to their homes. Who can tell though but in the great hereafter many a glad and welcome surprise will await those laborers who, though often weary and discouraged, traversed the streets upon their Christlike mission. The very fearlessness and publicity of this movement, however, excited the anger and malice of the vicious element, they resorting to cunning to further their diabolical traffic, and to conceal the method of transporting girls from various places. Hundreds were conveyed into the city in carriages from distant stations, as was discovered by our private detectives. These victims were sometimes passed off as daughters or sisters by the accompanying agent. Some of the agents adopted the robe of deep mourning as they passed with their victims in charge, and so escaped detection by those whose duty it was to meet any unprotected girl at the trains.

. . .

While all this was going on outside of the grounds, the Door of Hope Society felt justified in setting aside certain amounts to pay the entrance fees of their workers into the Fair itself. In a quiet manner, under the supervision of Mrs. M. G. Moise, president of the St. Louis Door of Hope, No. 61, they worked from day to day upon the grounds, distributing thousands of tracts, and when opportunity offered, entering into personal conversation. Some seriously objected to this method, while others listened patiently and appreciatively. Mrs. Moise was indefatigable and by her example greatly encouraged her assistants. There was an ample field for the workers on that large area of over twelve hundred acres.

While there, my heart ached with the conviction that it seemed like working against great odds; but if the Gospel seed had not been sown at all, greater would have been our condemnation. Day by day, the buildings were canvassed in turn, and for the same purpose the Pike was repeatedly visited. To many invitations were extended to attend the Door of Hope services in the Home.

. . .

The St. Louis Door of Hope was, at times, inadequate to comfortably accommodate all who were willing to come. Frequently as many as eleven girls were obliged to occupy the same room. Still, provision was made as far as possible for every one who appeared needy.

Though sincerely appreciating the courtesy of those in authority toward our work ever since we secured space on the grounds in Educational Hall, we were, nevertheless, totally unprepared and surprised over the contents of an official communication, which informed us that "the silver medal of the St. Louis World's Fair was to be awarded the Door of HopeExhibit."Around this exhibit, from time to time, crowds would gather to examine the contents of our cabinet, whi contained a collection of fine photographs of some the various Doors of Hope opened during the p fourteen years. Besides these photographs, our diff ent branches were also represented—namely, the Stre work, the Monstrosity work, with pictures and fan articles made by these poor, misshapened beings; t Slum work, the Children's work; the Door of Ho Gospel Mission, under the faithful ministry principal of Miss C. Ellis, superintendent, the whole closing wi a Tract Exhibit, giving accounts of some of our conve ed girls.

Over the cabinet hangs the pictures of "Delia," fo merly known as "the Bluebird of Mulberry Bend showing very strikingly the work of grace upon human face, the small likeness being taken thr months after her rescue from a den of sin, and t larger, showing the changed being with the Christ her heart shining forth in her face, a few months pr vious to her death.

. . .

Are the girls on the street worth saving? Delia w only one out of many. Such as she will not, as a rul voluntarily come to us; we must search for them, a any sacrifice, no matter how great, is a paltry conside ation if only here and there one can be snatched "as brand from the burning." How much it will mea later on we cannot begin to estimate; but we know will far exceed our present comprehension. Should n the very thought of being permitted to thus glorify G be incentive sufficient to spur us on into greater activ ties for the Kingdom, as the days go by?

TWO LITTLE DUSKY VISITORS

NOT long ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was pleased at receiving a call from Mrs. Almira S. Steele, and two little colored boys belonging to her Home for Needy Children at Chattanooga, Tenn. These bright-eyed little chaps showed beyond a doubt that Mrs. Steele is doing a remarkable work among the poor and needy black children of the South.

Lemuel and Irving are wonderfully intelligent little fellows, with very sweet voices. They were brought to Mrs. Steele by a foster-grandmother, who said they were children whom no one wanted.

In speaking of these little unfortunates, Mrs Steele says: "I am sorry to say there are numbers of such 'outcasts,' whom nobody wants, thrown out upon this unfriendly world. How my heart aches for them! Surely they are worth raising, and I am so glad God has permitted me to try to be a Christian mother to more than one thousand of them since starting the Home in 1884. The two little boys whom I brought to call at the Bible House, I have had ever since they were learning to walk."

Every morning, in Mrs. Steele's Home, all the household, from the eldest to the youngest, assemble for prayer, and thus the little ones learn early in life what the good Father has done for them.

Lemuel and Irving told an interested group of listeners what God did in the first seven days of the world's history. They repeated the names of Jacob's twelve sons and the ten plagues. Then the little fellows recited the books of the Bible and the commandments, in unison. It was really wonderful how much these boys had learned in a few short years, and if, when they are old, they depart from the right path, it will not be because of insufficient training in their youth.

On her way home, Mrs. Steele stopped and took charge of five other children. She had promised their dying mother that she would bring up the family, and in fulfilment of her promise, Mrs. Steele now has five more helpless members of her numerous household. Th youngest of the family just taken is a girl, two years ol

This good "Mother in Israel" writes: "I am so gla I can be a help and comfort to them."

A larger boy also came with Mrs. Steele, on h recent trip north, and when he sang with Lemuel an Irving, their voices blended very sweetly in sacred an patriotic songs, which they entered into with the spir that seems so natural among the colored race.

MRS. STEELE'S LITTLE PROTEGES

Lemuel and Irving, two little negro orphan outcasts "whom nobody wanted"

UNEQUALED PREMIUM OFFERS

IN the matter of **Premiums,** we are **excelling all our previous records,** both as to quality and quantity. The books this year are **Superb in Workmanship,** and as to contents, they cannot be equaled at **three times the price.**

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"That Little Gal in Ingy"

By ADELINE M. TESKEY

JANE BENDER was a meek little woman, who had very few of what are generally considered advantages in life. She learned to read and write at the country school, and very soon after leaving school she married Jake Bender, and settled down to the life of a farmer's wife.

The husband was a rough fellow, utterly devoid of any polish, and a superficial observer could not but wonder what there was about Jake to commend him to any woman, not to mention the meek, pretty little woman, who had become his wife.

Jane had but one avenue out into the great world beyond her own neighborhood. In her early school days, she had a seatmate and chum, Lavinia Millar; while yet in childhood, her life and that of Lavinia's drifted apart, the latter attended a higher grade school, and eventually went as a missionary to India.

Owing to the fact that this friend of her childhood was there, Jane's heart had thrown out many a strong tendril toward that strange benighted land, and the very first money she could really call her own, money she had earned by taking first prize at a provincial fair for a lamb that she had raised, she sent to Lavinia, to be expended in any way toward the betterment of her own sex, that the latter thought proper.

Lavinia Millar decided to use the money thus sent to her toward the education of a little native child, who was brought to the mission about the same time that Jane's money arrived. And she wrote back to this effect to her old schoolmate, telling her that she had christened the sweet little girl on whom the money was to be expended, Jane Bender.

It made a great stir among her neighbors on the surrounding farms, and in the village, where she carried some of her farm products, when it became known that Jane Bender, as some of them said, had "adopted a little gal in Ingy," and conjectures deep and wide were indulged in as to her reasons for doing so.

"Plenty o' heathen to home," said Peter McKim (Peter was noted for keeping a tight grip on his purse); "why must Jake Bender's wife be sendin' her dollars off after a young un in furrin parts?"

Jane Bender is a-thinkin' she'll hev someone to fall back on in her old age, her own children bein' dead," said Peter's wife in a knowing whisper. "Like enough she'll bring the little Ingy girl out here when the child's large 'nough to travel alone."

"Tut!" said the worldly-wise Peter, "'twould cost more to pay her passage than to hire a girl here."

"But a hired girl ain't like one o' your own, even ef it is on'y an adopted one," returned his unconvinced wife.

"Jane's crazy!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, who lived on the adjoining farm, "spendin' her hard-earned money on a strange child; like enough she'll turn out bad when she is reared and bring Jane's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave!"

"Make to yourselves friends of the mammom of unrighteousness that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations," said the Village Saint, without raising his eyes from the shoe he was binding, "Mrs. Bender is but obeying her Lord's injunction."

But among all the cloud of witnesses which compassed Jane about, none were more profoundly impressed at the way she chose to spend her prize-money than her great burly husband, Jake. His astonishment was beyond expression. She had not asked his advice about its disposal, and he did not know whether he should approve or not, so he remained silent (except for odd conversations he had with himself) and mystified. But when the letter came stating that the little girl in India had been given the name Bender, he completely surrendered.

It was evening when the Benders received the letter containing the marvelous intelligence of their Indian possessions, and Jake and Jane retired, but not to sleep. The little girl in India, or her ghost, wandered over their house all night. She stood by their bedside, rocked the small chair in their room, stepped airily up and down stairs, brushed their faces with her soft hair, clasped her chubby arms around their necks, and, in fact, allowed them only spasmodic naps until dawn came peeping in the window and sent her away.

By this time the birds outdoors were giving each other their morning salute, and Jake rose to feed his horses preparatory to doing his fall ploughing; Jane rose to get breakfast.

The eastern heavens were a pale yellow, and an exquisitely soft purple tint was obscuring the horizon line, when Jake hitched his horses to the plough, and began his long trip.

His tall, lank form leaned over the plough, one suspender over his shoulder and the other encircling his waist; the sleeves of his blue gingham shirt were rolled up to his elbows, revealing a pair of sinewy, sunburnt arms, while his large, brawny, work-hardened hands guided the plough. The exterior was unmistakably common, not to say ugly, but there was something very rare and beautiful at that moment stirring in Jake's inner consciousness. If you were near enough to him, you would have heard him say softly to himself more than once, "Janey, Janey Bender 'way off there in Ingy."

Somehow there seemed to have come suddenly to Jake, a strange spiritual awakening; he looked with a sort of mysterious awe at the pale yellow sky, and the purple mist hanging beneath it. The sky tint was casting a soft golden glow over the field, and there was something about the whole scene which made Jake think of a hymn his mother used to sing,

> Jerusalem! the golden! with milk and honey blest.

He lifted his hat, and drew the part of his arm covered by a shirt sleeve over his forehead to wipe off the drops of perspiration that stood there in big beads.

He drew a long trembling breath, that was almost like a sigh, shook the reins which were around his body, and with a loud, "G'lang Sorrel, g'lang Snow!" he started his horses again.

"LAVINY 'LL BE GOOD TO HER," SAID JANE.

Up and down the long furrows trod Jake all that forenoon, but keeping step with him, controlling his thoughts, smoothing his temper, and softening his speech, was the little girl from "Ingy."

By and by there came reverberating across the acres that intervened between Jake and his home, the long, slow blast of a tin horn.

"Dinner!" he ejaculated, glancing up at the sun; "shortest forenoon I've ever knowed."

Jake unhitched the horses from the plough and started for home. The sun was pleasantly warm on that autumn day even at noon, and the plough horses, impatiently switching their tails and shaking their heads, walked through various swarms of winged insects while preceding their master to the stable; a bird snatched agilely at one of these insects that came in dangerous proximity to his sharp little beak; a small garter snake glided from under Jake's feet off into the longer grass, and a field mouse ran athwart his path, but Jake heeded none of them. While he walked from the field to the stable he saw little Janey grow from childhood to womanhood, have as great an education as Lavinia Millar---and he could imagine nothing greater---come out to this country to make him and Jane a visit. He was just planning their return visit to India when the stable was reached.

When he had given each of the horses a measure of oats he went into the house. He washed his hands in the tin basin at the kitchen sink, drew his fingers through the hair immediately surrounding his brow, and sat down in silence to his dinner. Jane, too, was silent and preoccupied; she also had spent the forenoon with the little girl from India. A pair of small pattering feet had run about after her as she swept and dusted, strained and skimmed the milk, washed dishes, cooked, and took the thousand-and-one steps that fall to the lot of women of her class, and love had done for labor what it has been doing from the beginning of time.

As Jake was helping himself to a third piece of thick apple pie, as a finish to his noon repast, he said suddenly:

"I wonder what they'll give her to eat."

Jane seemed to know intuitively the line in which Jake's mind was running, for she replied promptly:

"Laviny'll be good to her."

"I hear tell they feed on rice mostly out there," added Jake, "an' that's thin livin' to my way o' thinkin'. Better write to Laviny an' tell her to give the little gal 'nough, even ef we hev to pay more for her keeps."

"Laviny'll be good to her," repeated Jane, "she was always generous when we traded apples at school."

Early that afternoon Jake stopped his ploughing to go into the village. He decided to walk, as the horses were tired. He had only gone a quarter of a mile when he met a neighbor.

"Hello" said the neighbor, coming to a standstill in front of Jake, "I hear tell you hev adopted a little gal in furrin parts."

Before he reached the village two more neighbors had asked him about the little girl in India.

"By gum!" said Jake, after the last questioner had left him, "it's mighty nice to own a little gal in Ingy. Neighbors seem to think so too." He straightened his shoulders, stepped faster, and felt for the moment as if he owned the wealth of the Indias. "S'pose ef she was round here now she'd be a-callin' me Pa, same's our own Janey used to do afore she died."

Some tight feeling in his throat made Jake run his fingers around the neck-band of his shirt. With this act a new thought was suggested, and Jake gave it voice.

"I'll be slivered ef I don't think a man who owns a little gal out there in Ingy ought to wear a collar. P'raps Janey'd want her pa to wear a collar. I'll buy a paper one when I get to the village store which will hold out 'till I git home. Jane hes three or four all ironed up an' put 'way to hev ready 'gainst funerals; she wouldn't mind ef I'd put one on every time I came to the village."

When Jake reached the village he turned a corner suddenly, and met the minister, Jane's minister, as he always mentally characterized him, for Jake himself did not belong to any church; nor ever even attended one.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1030

THE ORIENTAL "HIGH PLACE"

Joyous Returning to God

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ISAIAH'S hope in King Hezekiah. The young King Hezekiah had been on the throne only a few weeks and reform was the order of the day. At his command, his father's Assyrian altar had been removed from the Temple court and destroyed, and the great altar of God brought back to its rightful place. In the short space of sixteen days in the first month of his reign, he had caused the Temple to be cleansed of the idolatrous accumulations of the sixteen years which comprised the reign of his father, King Ahaz. He did not even spare the brazen serpent, which Moses had made at the command of God, for it had lost its significance, and had become only another idol. In hot indignation, he called it *nehushtan* (a piece of brass), and he ordered it destroyed. When the great house cleansing was finished at the end of the sixteen days, King Hezekiah had loud trumpets blown to call the people together to worship God, and the doors of the Temple were thrown open. He had also written letters with his own hand, inviting people from all over his kingdom to come. Determined to have the rulers of the city present, he rose early in the morning, and went to their homes to fetch them. The king and Isaiah were at one in all that he had been doing, and he had often sent for him to inquire of the Lord if his plans were right. As they approached the Temple area, they could but be reminded of how it must have looked in the days of King Solomon, so great was the throng of people. And the Levites were there by thousands, with cymbals and psalteries and harps furnishing a choir. As they came within the courts, they saw the vessels of the Temple, the laver, great altar, table of shew-bread, etc., which had been mutilated by King Ahaz, repaired as but they could be in the short space of time, and in their right places. Preparations were already going forward for burnt-offerings upon the altar, in behalf of the sins of the people, asking God's forgiveness. It was a great occasion, which lasted fourteen days; seven of these days were the Feast of the Passover. The people of their own accord remained yet the other seven days. King Hezekiah himself gave a thousand bullocks and ten thousand sheep, and the princes did likewise. It was but the beginning of reforms on the part of King Hezekiah, for in the valley below the Temple was the horrible image of Molech, emitting a fearful odor, from the burned flesh of children, who had been cast into its arms. This was now cooling, ready for the destroying hand of King Hezekiah. And the whole city and the whole land now waiting to be cleansed as he had cleansed the Temple. Old men said: "He will make as righteous a king as his grandfather Jotham, and his great-grandfather Uzziah." Others said: "He is worthy to be mentioned with King David himself." He shows us what can be done by one man when he starts out in the strength of God to do what needs to be done.

And so it was with King Hezekiah, his reign was prolonged fifteen years in answer to his prayer to God, in order that he might complete the work he had begun. He had kept up an uncompromising war against idolatry throughout his entire reign, for as soon as the Temple had been reopened he had gone out into the cities of Judah and broken down images, and cut down groves, and broken down high places, where the sun was worshiped, until they had all been utterly destroyed.

He reigned in all twenty-nine years, and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.

ILLUSTRATION AND APPLICATION

For the Church this lesson means reformation; for the individual, repentance. In each case it calls us to cast out Baal from a temple belonging to God.

1. Reformation—THE CHURCH RECOVERED FROM BAAL. Except for those too young, this is the very lesson from which to teach why Americans do, and all others should, repudiate the union of Church and State, which in every age has brought Baal's altar into the church, and pushed God's altar aside, and has made necessary all the great reformations, and yet exists to-day in every great nation save our own. France will soon join us. Even here, it creeps in, under various disguises. It would seem, at first glance, a good thing that Hezekiah "commanded the priests," inasmuch as he was a good king, and commanded the right thing. But the trouble is that if the king is given this power, the kings that are bad, as well as those that are good, must be at the head of the Church, and as kings are more often bad than good, more harm than good is sure to come, for example, the three kings that preceded Hezekiah—Uzziah, Jotham and Ahaz—were each of them unfitted to be the head of the Church, which might be said of many in our own time. That God did not approve of king lording it over the Church, we see when Uzziah was smitten with leprosy, because he acted as a priest and offered sacrifice. God called Moses to be head of the State, and Aaron to be head of the Church. So when Saul became Israel's first king, Samuel was the independent head of the Church. As Judah's history shows how badly it works to have the government manage the Church, the history of the Roman Catholic Church shows that it is even worse to have the Church lord it over governments. Even in England at this hour, leading Christians are in jail, because they will not pay taxes to support schools controlled by the Church of England, as the government requires, because it is the State Church. And for any government to make appropriations to sectarian institutions, as our national government has done, and may do again, if not restrained by public opinion, and as some of our States are doing to-day, is a disguised form of this ancient wrong. But while the United States Government does not support any one favored Church and appoint its preachers—the two things always go together—we have always recognized the union of Christianity and the State, and God's kingship as our Supreme Ruler, by oaths of office, by chaplaincies, by Thanksgiving Days, and by closing the offices of government on Sundays. On February 29, 1892, the Supreme Court said: "This is a Christian nation." It is an error to say that Sunday laws imply a union of Church and State, for while the "Lord's Day" is a recognition of his lordship over time and occupation, it is not made a rest-day in behalf of any one denomination, nor is any one compelled to worship. Sunday laws have been justified by the Supreme Court so late as 1885, on hygienic and economic grounds. Natural law requires a rest-day once a week, and the day selected under majority rule, is the one that will serve for religion as well as rest.

But Baal's altar crowds God's altar aside in some churches, where the fault cannot be laid on king or pope. Baal worship represents devotion to the world and the flesh. It includes those described by Paul, "whose God is their belly." It includes those also whose devotion is to commercialism more than to any other nobler ism. From such Baalism many of our churches need to be cleansed. And let us first cleanse our own faithfully, yet kindly.

2. The heart-temple restored to God — WHEN THE BURNT-OFFERING BEGAN, THE SONG OF THE LORD BEGAN. No one has any right to work for church reformation, even by criticism, till he has purged his own heart-temple by repentance. It took half a month to clean out the corrupted and neglected Temple. Our heart-temples are as corrupt, but it need not take us so long for Christ is a quick cleaner. If we confess, he will cleanse (I. John 1: 8). For most of us this is the practical part of the lesson. Let us not make the common mistake, represented by the woman of Samaria (John 4), who tried to change the subject from her own sins by asking Christ, Which is the true Church? He pointed to the Baal altar in her own heart, and called her first to repent herself, and then to call her neighbors to repentance.

> The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from thy throne,
> And worship only thee.

It is good for us who think repentance hard, when surrounded by Christian friends, with nothing to give up but what will harm us; nothing worth calling a "sacrifice," to see how real are the sacrifices offered to God by many converted heathen. A Chinaman in China applied for Church membership, but he had fifteen acres of poppies which he sold for making opium, as some in our country sell their hops and grain to the brewer, their grapes to the wine-maker. The Chinaman was told that mission churches could not admit anyone who was connected with the opium traffic, that kills body and soul. The next day he came covered with mud and dirt, but glorious as a battered warrior returning from victory. He had destroyed the whole crop, and held out his hands, saying eagerly, "Now it is all right. I shall be poor, and I have dirty hands, but I have a clean soul." He had made thorough work of cleaning his heart-temple.

The altars of Baal had been fully cast out. Many such incidents show us that the yellow and brown and black men are not one whit behind the whites in moral courage when filled with Christ. Many a dark skin covers a white soul. Alas, many a white skin covers a black soul. What is the idol, the pet sin, that crowds God out of your heart? Cast it out or you shall yourself be an outcast, rejected of God, who will not dwell in a temple where Baal's altar stands. Is it some amusement that you know kindles evil passion? Is it some business custom that you know is wrong? Put it out that God may come in.

Repentance as pictured in this story is, first of all, putting away known sin, Baal's altar, that has taken God's place in your heart, in your affections. Your supreme devotion is to that, rather than God. Second, atonement, the sin offering. We cannot get rid of the guilt of sin, save through the blood of him who died for us. Third, consecration, represented by the whole burnt offering, the giving of all we are and have to God. "When the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began." Repentance should make us glad, not sad, especially when we reach the point of consecration, and put ourselves under God's direction and protection. It is the prodigal no longer hungry and ragged, but clothed and feasting. And so, fourth, repentance is consummated in the thank-offering, the thanksgiving feast of restored fellowship with God. Home again!

An old Welsh preacher, noted for his quaint sermons, was preaching upon Isaiah 45: 22. He said: "The text teaches us, first, that man is the wrong way, his face being where his back, and his back where his face should be. The text calls man to turn. You must understand, friends, that God never takes a man to heaven backwards. You must turn right about face."

Some hundred years ago or more, the German Baron von Stackelberg, who had been traveling through Thessalonica, was seized by Albanian bandits. Most earnestly he begged release, but all in vain. Except you give us 60,000 piastres upon this day week, we will tear your whole body to pieces, shouted their inhuman leader.

Von Stackelberg had but one alternative—without delay to write to his dear friend Haller. Haller answered the letter by coming himself to Albania, with 14,500 piastres, which he had borrowed for the ransom. But the pirates refused to take less than 60,000. "Then take myself," was Haller's noble response, "let me suffer, let my friend go free." So perfectly amazed, so deeply touched were the bandits, that they permitted both the friends to proceed at once to Athens.

"THEN THE PRIESTS AND LEVITES AROSE AND BLESSED THE PEOPLE"

* **International Sunday School Lesson for December 4.** II. Chron. 29: 18-31. Golden Text: I. Sam. 2: 30: "Them that honor me I will honor."

The Story of Scrooby Manor House

AT AUSTERFIELD

Being the First Chapter of New England's History

By AMELIA E. BARR

THE GOOD SHIP "MAYFLOWER"

ONE of the most remarkable facts in the history of mankind is the constant tendency of great men, and of great events, to spring out of the most unlikely places; and though America is but a new thing on the face of the earth, the readers of this article may find in its public records plenty of instances to make good the assertion—that the cradle of its most famous men, and of its most remarkable occurrences, has most frequently been rocked in some obscure place, where no one would have thought of looking for it.

Glancing widely and casually for instances, we are at once struck with the generality of this rule as it regards great religious movements. Without touching the plentiful Biblical examples, we may remember that from the loneliness of the Arabian desert came Mahomet, and his faith and empire; from the arid plains of Picardy, Calvin and Calvinism; from the bare, misty mountains of Scotland, John Knox; from the little inland village of Epworth, Wesley and Methodism; and from the obscure and almost unknown hamlet of Scrooby, the first chapter of the first New England colonies, with its grand promise of religious and civic liberty. Yes, it was at Scrooby in Old England, that New England was born; and we may take this instance as the initial American example, that great men and great events do have a tendency to spring out of the most unlikely places.

Many Americans make a pilgrimage to old Boston, and stand reverently in the wonderful sacred aisles of Saint Botolph's; but few, if any, go a little further to the northwest, and find in a queer, out-of-the-way corner of Yorkshire, right on the border line of Nottinghamshire, a little market town called Bawtry; yet a mile and a half from Bawtry on the Nottinghamshire side, stands Scrooby; and a mile and a half from Bawtry on the Yorkshire side, stands Austerfield; both small villages of thatched cottages inhabited by farm rustics, but both vitally connected with the settlement of New England. For William Brewster came from Scrooby, and William Bradford came from Austerfield, and it was in Scrooby Manor House that Brewster, Bradford, Robinson, Richard Clifton and others, considered and devised the plans of their proposed religious commonwealth in the new land of America.

The settlement of Brewster at Scrooby was one of those "accidents" which are God's part in any affair. Brewster had been associated with Davison, the Secretary of State, but on his loss of office, Brewster received the appointment of postmaster at Scrooby, which was then one of the twenty-six post stations on the Great Northern Road to Scotland. Now a postmaster had, in those days, a very much more important duty to perform than at the present time. He was obliged to maintain a fine stud of horses, in order to supply the mail riders, the government couriers, and also private gentlemen riding post. It was likewise obligatory on him to keep a good inn for the convenience and comfort of travelers. Naturally, spacious premises were needed for such public service, so when William Brewster became postmaster at Scrooby, he leased the Manor House at that place.

It was a handsome house belonging to the Archbishops of York—"a great house standing within a moat —very ample, and all builded of timber, saving the front of the house that is of brick." The ascent was by a long flight of stone steps, and it had a renown, not only as an archiepiscopal residence, but also a dwelling in which royalty had more than once been entertained.

Just about the time that Brewster was made postmaster at Scrooby, Sandys the Archbishop of York—regardless of the claims of the Church—gave the Manor House to his son Sir Samuel Sandys, and from Sir Samuel Sandys, William Brewster leased it. But though on terms of good-will with this episcopal family of Sandys, Brewster was a Puritan of the strictest kind, and a Separatist or Congregationalist in his ideas of church government. He had been educated at Cambridge University, which at that day was "the breeder of Puritans," and so it was in the great hall of Scrooby Manor House that the Congregationalist Church of Scrooby first began to meet. Its pastor was the Rev. John Robinson, who may be called the founder of Congregationalism, a man of whom it is truly said, "he was the most learned, the most polished and modest spirit that ever that sect enjoyed."

The accession of John Robinson soon drew to the fold of the Scrooby Church William Bradford, a youth of great promise, living in the village of Austerfield. His own minister, the godly Richard Clifton, rector of Babworth, had been silenced by the Government for preaching Puritan doctrine; and, burning with indignation, Bradford, in spite of the temporal risk, declared himself a Congregationalist, joined the church at Scrooby, and soon became, through his great abilities and force of charactor, the guide of its members in all temporal matters, so that when they finally reached the shores of New England, he was the natural civil head of the community, and is deservedly honored by all succeeding generations as Gov. William Bradford of New Plymouth.

"SCROOBY CHURCH WAS THE GENERAL GATHERING PLACE"

As it was the gathering place of all the Congregationalists from the surrounding villages, Scrooby Church soon became a large and important body, and its persecution was, therefore, certain and imminent. Bradford and the leading men were preparing for emigration to some part of America, when they suddenly discovered that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were intending their arrest, and that, therefore, fines and imprisonment awaited them. There was no time for American preparations, and they engaged two ships to take them to Holland. The Dutch captains of both ships played them false; one delivered his load of passengers to the civil power, the other sailed away when only half their number had been taken on board, and left a crowd of helpless women and children distracted on the shore. Many were discouraged by these events, but before the end of the year all the stronger spirits—1,608 in number—had found their way to Amsterdam. For eleven years they remained in Holland, under the charge of their pastor, John Robinson, but they were neither happy nor prosperous, and their hearts turned with longing to America—that New World which God had appointed to comfort the woes of the Old.

It was, however, a difficult matter to influence England from Holland, and they had almost despaired of doing so, when, in the fullness of their time of trial, the apparently unlikely incident of Brewster once leasing Scrooby Manor House from the Sandys' family, brought forth the result God had foreseen, but which no man could have predicted. Sir Edwin Sandys became the treasurer—and afterwards governor—of the Virginia Company, and then Brewster found no difficulty in procuring from his old friendly landlord the promise of a free soil on which they might live socially as Englishmen, and not as subjects of the Dutch, yet enjoying the fullest liberty to worship God according to their convictions and desires. So then, in two distinct ways, out of Scrooby came the greatness of America.

Brewster and Bradford went to England to confer with Sandys, obtained from him a tract of land in America, and then one hundred of the bravest spirits sailed on the ship *Mayflower* for the "Land of Promise." Among this number were Brewster, Bradford, Carver and Winslow. Brewster, the founder of the church at Scrooby, was for twenty-four years a leader at Plymouth, and the colony doubtless owed much of its success to his unflagging energy and cheerful optimism. Bradford, at thirty-two years of age, was called to fill the important office left vacant by the death of Governor Carver, and, with the exception of five years, he was the chief magistrate of the colony until the year of his death, in 1657, a period of thirty-seven years.

The Good pastor Robinson remained with the weaker members in Holland "until the way should be opened for them," but before this was plain he died, and was buried in Leyden in the Peter's Church, where there is a beautiful bronze memorial in his honor. And fortunate indeed is that church who can claim as their founder a man so pure and so perfect in every good work as John Robinson, the first minister of the Pilgrim Fathers.

This beginning of the history of the New England colonies was fully written out by Governor Bradford and the MSS. deposited in the Old South Church, in Boston, from which place it disappeared during the War of the Revolution, and though often sought, was not found again until the year 1855, when it was discovered in the Fulham Library, at London, England. How long it had been there and by whom deposited, no one is able to tell us. But it is enough that the precious record is now in the care of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and that, therefore, such an interesting chapter of history is saved for all time; for without this Scrooby chapter, the facts respecting the first New England settlement would have been shrouded in myths and traditions, as is the case with the majority of old Eastern nations.

Come now, and let us picture to ourselves this ancient Manor House at Scrooby, so fairly builded of huge timbers and faced with brick—its two courts, its moat, its great stairway of stone leading to the "very ample entrance." If our imagination is good, we may restore to our comprehension the stables full of fine horses, the stir of the coming posts and couriers, the traveling

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THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D., Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER I

THE Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., Pastor of the Saint Cecilia Metropolitan Church, slowly took up his pen and wrote finis on the last page of a book manuscript. He then pushed his chair away from his desk, and leaned back in it for a moment in silence.

The clock in the church tower struck twelve. When the last stroke had sounded, the minister rose, walked over to the window of his study, which overlooked the small strip of lawn beside the church wall, and stood there a moment.

He then went back to his desk and kneeled in front of it, putting his face on the manuscript as he kneeled; when he finally raised his head his face was wet with tears and his lips still moved in an inaudible prayer.

The Rev. Fredrick Stanton was not yet fifty years old, and he was unmarried. He was handsome, intellectual, and lovable. There was no reason that could be given by any one in the parish of Saint Cecilia why the brilliant preacher of the most aristocratic church in Lenox did not marry one of the fair and rich members of his splendidly dressed congregation. But the fact remained that he did not, and no one had ever dared to ask him for the reason.

Two other qualities which made the Rev. Fredrick Stanton popular and esteemed, were his unquestioned affection for little children, and a habit of sadness which gave not a mournful but interesting cast to features which were classical in repose and intensely modern in action.

The book which he had just finished was his first effort. Whether it be his best or not, an author's first book is an event which brings a particular and peculiar emotion to the heart and mind. He never has the same feeling for another effort. The minister looked at the last page of his manuscript with an affectionate regard. The experience was new to him. The moment was, however, significant for other reasons.

He was about to send this book out to a publisher under an assumed name. The volume represented to him the best ten years of his life. It represented more than that. It stood for his heart's faith, for the real conviction which, during the ten years of its construction, had risen in him into a tremendous passion, that not a man or woman in all his parish dreamed of. To send the book out and withhold its real authorship was crucifixion to him. Yet, as he walked back and forth, he was not at any time in doubt concerning the matter ---he knew what he was purposing to do, and he knew just how he would act.

He had not yet given the manuscript a title. With a deliberate but not a hesitating gesture, he now turned over to the first chapter which lay on the desk, and wrote across the upper part of the first page the following:

"THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST."

After another moment of silent contemplation of the manuscript, he wrote the following letter to the largest publishing house in the United States:

Dear Sirs—I send you by express, book manuscript entitled

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.

Very truly yours,

Lenox, June 1, 1896. MARK BURNS.

He then ran through the chapters again, making a few slight changes. His handwriting was beautifully clear and strong, and the pages were, even to his own eyes, pleasant to look at. He then placed the chapters together again, put his letter on top of the first chapter, wrapped up the manuscript and directed it. The church clock struck the hour of one as he finished. The night was quiet. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton walked over to the window again and looked out. Then he came back to the desk, turned out his light and kneeled at his chair for a long time. If any one had been in the room during that time he would have been astonished to hear from the brilliant, dignified, scholarly pastor of Saint Cecilia a prayer full of broken cries, appeals for pardon, confession for grievous fault, and promises of making full restitution. And he would also have been no less amazed after the prayer ceased to behold the minister rise, with haggard face and apparently unsatisfied heart, and seat himself at his desk once more, resting his head upon it until dawn came in, to find him still at his desk, the habitual sadness of his features marked by an added sternness of line, as the morning looked in upon his unrefreshed spirit.

That same day the manuscript was sent on to the great publishing house. Three days later, a printed form came back stating that the book had been received, and would be examined in due time. Then two months of silence. The Rev. Fredrick from time to time employed on the beautiful grounds surrounding the manse two, and sometimes three, men. "Mark Burns," whose address was the street number of the manse, might have been one of the men.

When the minister opened the next letter to "Mark Burns" he was alone in the manse seated in his study. He had been out calling that afternoon in his parish. His last call was at the beautiful residence of Judge Rodney. Mrs. Rodney and her daughter, Miss Mildred, were at home, and the conversation had at last turned upon the great strike threatened by the mill operatives in South Lenox.

"The men don't know what is good for them." Mrs. Rodney spoke sharply. Mrs. Rodney was a large and handsomely gowned woman, who wore several diamond rings and had limitless confidence in her own opinions of politics, business, andthe church.

Her daughter Mildred was not quite so positive as her mother; but she was a young woman with strong convictions and a natural leaning to the favored classes of society, and especially those classes that assembled within the strictly proper social atmosphere of the Church of Saint Cecilia.

"Of course," Mrs. Rodney continued, "I don't object to fair wages for the working people. But it is simply preposterous that they should demand so much. The recent disturbances in the labor world are due to envy of the upper classes. The mill operatives are becoming unbearable. They are no longer satisfied with comfortable homes. They begin to cry out for luxuries."

"Do you think mill operatives ought not to have any luxuries, mother?" asked Miss Mildred, looking first at her mother, then at the Rev. Fredrick. When Miss Rodney spoke like that, the minister always gave her an inquiring glance, as if in doubt over something serious.

Mrs. Rodney waved her jeweled hand gracefully.

"Of course they are entitled to what they need. But where will their demands cease? Give them what they ask now, and in a year or two they will come back after more. I say it is getting to be preposterous. The working people are demanding as much as——"

"As we do," suggested the Rev. Fredrick, with a faint smile, speaking to the mother but looking at the daughter.

"Of course there must always be classes in society," Mrs. Rodney continued. "The governing classes need certain things in the way of luxuries to minister to their state of development. The lower classes can and should be contented with less. I have always noticed, for instance, that when one of my hired girls begins to get ambitious for better clothes, for finer wall paper on her room, she begins to grow slack with her work, and invariably I have to dismiss her. The working people should be taught to keep their place. That is the reason I say this strike is unwarranted; and I agree with Judge Rodney, that the working people are their own worst enemies when they attempt to claim more than they are capable of assimilating."

"Mother subscribed for *The Ladies' Repository* for our last cook," Miss Mildred spoke, looking out of an amused pair of gray eyes at the minister; "and what do you think the result was?"

"I have no idea," replied the Rev. Fredrick, cautiously.

"The cook came to mother one day and wanted to know who her dressmaker was."

"I should call that a compliment to your mother," replied the Rev. Fredrick, without the hint of a smile on his expressive face.

"It was the height of insolence on the cook's part," Mrs. Rodney said, a little stiffly. "It was another instance, and I have never known them to fail, of the mistake made when we attempt to elevate or encourage the working people. It makes them envious and dissatisfied. Let them know their place and keep it."

There was a little more talk along the same line, and the minister had at last come away after having listened more than he had talked, and bringing away with him, as he always did after meeting Miss Mildred Rodney, a very large interrogation mark in his mind concerning her real attitude towards life in general and his own life in particular.

Back in his study he found his mail on the desk, where his housekeeper had laid it, and he noticed first the letter directed to "Mark Burns."

He opened it at once, and read with growing excitement the following:

MR. MARK BURNS, Lenox:

Dear Sir---I am happy to state in behalf of the house, that your manuscript, *The Christian Socialist*, has been approved by our readers, and we shall be pleased to publish the book at the usual terms of ten per cent royalty. We shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience in regard to the matter, and if you accept our conditions for publication, shall also be pleased to have your suggestions as to cover design or illustrations.

Very cordially yours,

C. B. M., for the firm---

New York.

In his reply to this note, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton wrote, accepting the terms made by the publishers, and enclosed a sketch of a cover design, leaving the matter of possible illustrations with the house. There was a glow of unusal pleasure in the thought that his book had been accepted by the firm. The only trace of disappointment felt at the time was a vague and undefined wonder at the absence of any criticism of the manuscript one way or the other. But he reflected as he penned his reply, that it was a purely business transaction, and the editor could not be expected to make extended remarks of approval on the host of manuscripts received and accepted.

There followed now for several weeks the receipt and correction of proof-sheets of the book, and early in the fall of that year the book itself came out, and one of the keenest delights of his whole life was experienced by him one day in October, when he received from the publishers half a dozen complimentary copies of his first published volume.

The cover design was a striking emblem, representing a gigantic hand squeezing the world, which was pictured as an orange from which ran drops of blood, which a closer examination revealed to the reader to be hearts, with despairing human faces on them, mostly of little children. The artist had put the design in colors of red and white. The vivid appearance of it as the book lay on his desk startled the Rev. Fredrick Stanton, and at first he questioned its good taste so strongly, that he was tempted to write a letter to the publisher, asking that if any further editions should be printed to have the design discontinued and the book issued in plain covers.

But after thinking it over, he decided to wait and let the public judge the matter, if, indeed, the public, in the shape of that uncertain quantity the "kind reader," should care enough about the book to look at the outside of it, to say nothing of actually buying and perusing it.

Within the next two months the Rev. Fredrick received from the New York publishers several newspaper book reviews of *The Christian Socialist*. They sounded to him suspiciously like advertisements sent out by the publisher, and although he was unfamiliar with such matters, he afterwards learned that his suspicions were correct. The book seemed destined to be unnoticed, unhonored and unread by the public, however, spite of the publisher's glowing reviews, and as the holidays

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ew near, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton buried his first-rn in what he thought was an unresurrected state.

What was his intense surprise, therefore, to receive, week before Christmas, a congratulatory letter from e publishers, which ran something like this:

"We are happy so state that the sale of the *Christian cialist* has gone into the third edition, and the demand daily increasing for large orders."

This was, as stated, a week before Christmas. Dur-g the next three weeks the papers began to call atten-on to the new and startling story called *The Christian cialist*. Magazines wrote long literary reviews of it. eligious journals bitterly, and in most cases savagely, iticized it. People talked about the book at social atherings. They discussed it at religious conventions, ey read it on the cars, they took sides for and against teachings, and on all sides asked concerning its au-orship.

Even the conventional parish of Saint Cecilia caught e contagion of the public mania for *The Christian cialist*. It actually read the book through, and even ent so far as to discuss it. On nearly every library ble in the elegant homes of his rich parishioners, the ev. Fredrick Stanton grew daily accustomed to the miliar design of the gigantic hand and e blood-red orange world.

There was practically only one opinion the parish of Saint Cecilia concern-g *The Christian Socialist*, and it was iced emphatically by Mrs. Rodney e afternoon in the latter part of Feb-ary, while the pastor of Saint Cecilia as making a parish call.

"The most dangerous book ever writ-n!" Mrs. Rodney declared, tapping e volume decisively with the tips of r jeweled fingers. It will, to my mind, far towards inflaming the public mind deeds of violence. I should not be rprised if this book led to a bloody volution. I actually saw a copy of it the hands of one of the strikers this ternoon, as I was coming back from uth Lenox in the trolley. He was scussing it in a very excited manner th another man beside him. The au-or is evident----"

At that moment Judge Rodney came to the drawing-room. All the parlors the parish of Saint Cecilia were drawing-rooms."

He greeted the minister cordially and ked inquiringly at his wife.

"I was just saying," Mrs. Rodney ntinued, "that this book is the most ngerous book ever published, and, in y opinion, it will inflame the public nd to deeds of violence."

"Oh! *The Christian Socialist*," Judge dney exclaimed, with an air of inter-t. "A remarkable book, Mr. Stan-n. But I agree with Mrs. Rodney—st dangerous. It attacks the foun-tions of society. Of course you have ad the book. What do you think of ?"

"We have been looking for a sermon the book," Mildred interrupted. Nearly every other minister in Lenox s preached on it."

"You know I seldom preach book re-ews," said the minister with a smile, nd at that moment Judge Rodney was lled out of the room by a messenger, nd the Rev. Fredrick did not answer his question. Mrs. dney, however, repeated it.

"What do you think of the book, Dr. Stanton?"

"I am not a very good judge of such books, Mrs. dney, and do not know that I am capable of giving opinion."

"You are too modest," Mrs. Rodney replied, a trifle arply. If there was one unpardonable sin to her, it s the sin of not having positive opinions. "At heart ou will agree with Judge Rodney and me, that the ok is dangerous in the extreme." She took the min-er's silence for consent, and added: "If I were the ussian government in this country, I would suppress is book by law."

"Therefore, mother, getting it read by more people an are reading it now," said Miss Mildred, carelessly.

"Oh, as to that, I differ. To my mind, the only way deal with heresy, is to stamp it out with a strong nd."

Mrs. Rodney mixed her metaphors as a toper would ix a drink—for her own sake alone, and regardless any one else's taste. After expressing herself thus, e suddenly excused herself to answer some call from a servant, leaving the minister and Miss Mildred alone, together. It was not the first time, and the Rev. Fredrick did not seem to be disturbed over it.

"What do you think of *The Christian Socialist*, Dr. Stanton?" Miss Mildred asked, as her mother went out of the room.

"Is my opinion worth anything?"

"In this case, yes."

"I think the story is interesting."

"That is not an opinion."

"What is it?"

"Merely a statement."

"What do you want me to say?"

"What you believe, of course."

"Does it make any difference whether I answer or not?"

"It is for you to judge," Miss Mildred answered; but there was a flash in her eyes that the Rev. Fredrick could interpret in any one of several ways.

"Well, then, Miss Rodney, I am not prepared to express an opinion on the book."

"You mean you cannot?"

The minister was silent.

"Or you will not?" further persisted Miss Mildred.

"I HAVE BEEN A COWARD IN THE PULPIT," SAID THE REV. FREDRICK STANTON . . . "I AM THE AUTHOR"

The Rev. Fredrick was silent still, yet his silence did not seem discourteous.

"Or you dare not?" Miss Mildred shot the last arrow in her quiver, and it went home.

"It is for you to say," he finally answered, looking at her gravely.

"I do not claim the last word, Dr. Stanton."

She picked up the book from the table where her mother had laid it when she went out, and turned its pages as if the minister were not in the room. He did not break the silence, as if he knew she would speak. Finally she began to read out loud.

"Page 127. 'Janet accepted him as her lover and husband without a single question. Although he had lived a life of conscious cowardice and she knew it, at this crisis in his career she forgot and forgave so utterly that her act was redemptive for him, and he permitted the sacrifice on her part without remonstrance.'"

Miss Mildred Rodney lifted her eyes from the book and looked steadfastly at the minister.

"No woman like Janet Arnold could ever love a coward."

"How do you know?" he asked, unexpectedly.

She seemed confused by the question and did not answer at once. The Rev. Fredrick had never before seen the fair Miss Mildred lose her self-possession.

"A girl like Janet Arnold would not," she repeated weakly.

"But to my mind," the Rev. Fredrick said slowly, "the character of Janet Arnold in the book seems to be taken from your own."

"Do you think so?" Miss Mildred asked, in a low tone.

"I was struck with the resemblance all along."

"But I would not act like that; I could not love a coward."

"But was the man a coward at the last?"

"Once a coward always one."

"Do you want me to argue the matter?"

"No; the story has many faults. Still, shall I confess, it made me cry."

He looked at her in wonder. When had any man ever seen the proud Mildred shed a tear. But as she raised her eyes again, the minister for a moment fancied he could detect an unwonted dimness in their regular cold, clear, gray depths.

"It made you cry?"

"Yes; I wonder who 'Mark Burns' can be. I should like to know him. I would ask him if I resembled Janet Arnold."

When the Rev. Fredrick Stanton reached the manse after his parish calls were over, he found a telegram on his desk. It was from the New York publishers:

"*The Christian Socialist* to-day passed its One Hundred Thousandth sold copy. Congratulations."

He stared at the yellow paper hardly grasping the significant item. Four weeks later another telegram announced:

"Book selling 1,000 copies a day. Unparalleled demand rapidly increasing."

This was the latter part of March. By the first of May *The Christian Socialist* had leaped to the front of all the books of the day, and its sales exceeded three hundred thousand copies, with no indications of any slackening of interest on the part of either the buying or the reading public. The papers still discussed the story, the religious press still bitterly assailed it, the pulpit continued to preach about it, workingmen's organizations passed resolutions upon it, pyramids of it still loomed up in the book stores and on the railroad news-stands, and, contrary to all precedent, the book gained in steady sales as summer advanced, and a congratulatory letter to "Mark Burns" in the latter part of May, announced that all other publications issued by the firm were practically set aside in order to supply the enormous orders that were pouring in from all parts of the country, and from Europe as well.

It was a week after this letter came that a visitor called at the manse one afternoon. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton was out in his parish somewhere, but the well-dressed stranger quietly told the housekeeper that he would wait. He was shown into the minister's study, and sat there evidently deeply interested in everything he saw until the minister entered the room.

The minute he appeared, the visitor rose to greet him with a smile.

"Dr. Stanton?"

"Yes."

"In other words, 'Mark Burns.'"

The Rev. Fredrick was silent, but he observed his visitor intently.

"You will have to pardon this intrusion," said the visitor with another smile. "I am the junior member of the firm of ------, of New York, and I have come to Lenox to see the author of the most remarkable book of the age; you cannot hide your light under that *nom de plume* any longer. The public clamors to know you. Our New York office is besieged with letters from readers asking for photographs and autographs, and from lecture bureau agents asking for engagements. The newspapers are hot on your trail, and it has been nothing less than a miracle that you have not been found out and written up weeks before now. We want your photograph and life history for a new and specially prepared illustrated edition of the book, and I have come on to assist you in working up the material."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"What if I should refuse all that?" asked the Rev. Fredrick slowly.

"Refuse! But, my dear sir, it is impossible! The public must be appeased. It will not be possible to maintain this secrecy any longer."

"Why not? George Eliot was not known as the author of *Adam Bede* for years. It was five years before Charles Egbert Craddock was known to be a woman. The author of *Ecce Deus*, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, did not disclose the fact of the authorship of that book for more than ten years after it was published, and it was discussed by the people in his own church, who never suspected that he was the author."

"But I should think, my dear sir, that you would wish to be known. There never was such a sale of a book in this country. We have been obliged to discontinue every other publication to meet our orders. It is simply unprecedented in the history of the book business."

"Nevertheless, I do not wish to disclose my identity. I have my own reason for not wishing to be known as its author."

The publisher was silent for a moment.

"I doubt if you can maintain the secret. Of course, if that is your firm decision we shall do our utmost to respect it. You need have no fear of that." Then, after a moment of hesitation, he asked: "Is it—do you —that is, is this reason you have for not wishing to be known anything you can give to the firm?"

The Rev. Fredrick Stanton answered slowly. "It is not. The reason is one I have never disclosed."

The visitor bowed and soon after took his leave, promising again solemnly to respect "Mark Burns'" secret. When he had gone away the minister bowed his head upon his desk, and when he raised his head at last the habitual sadness of his face was deepened, and the whole man seemed depressed even at the moment of his highest fame, from which he apparently shrank as from an unwelcome visitor.

Summer faded into autumn and autumn whitened into winter, when the great event transpired which marked church history for Saint Cecilia for all its life to come. The Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., had been chosen from a large number of candidates in the churches as Bishop, to fill the position of one who had been removed by old age from the distinguished office. The ceremony of inducting him into the high place of honor was fitly performed in the magnificent audience-room of Saint Cecilia itself. The congregation assembled was remarkable for its aristocratic appearance, for the fine display of rich garments and the unquestioned high tone of its social standing. The array of distinguished guests and church officials and neighboring clergy, was imposing. The people of Saint Cecilia, while truly grieving over the loss of their scholarly, refined pastor, felt at the same time a natural pride at the honor conferred upon him. Judge and Mrs. Rodney and Miss Mildred sat near the altar rail in their accustomed pew, and when the newly-elected Bishop came out upon the platform to face his brother Bishop and answer to the Bishop's charge, he glanced toward the Rodney pew for a second. Then he fastened his eyes upon the Bishop, a venerable old man, with a clear and resonant voice, who, according to the ritual of the Church, faced the new Bishop and propounded to him the regular questions. As the Rev. Fredrick made his replies, although reading them from the printed manual, he seemed never to lower his eyes, and his face was grave, and Miss Mildred said to herself, unusually pale.

The venerable Bishop finished reading, closed the manual, and then, to the astonishment of the great assembly he did a thing unprecedented in the history of a Bishop's consecration. He proceeded to address the new Bishop in his own words, not outlined in the manual.

"Brother Fredrick Stanton, I feel it to be a part of my duty to-day to add somewhat of counsel to the words of the charge I have in the name of the Church just given to you. There is abroad to-day in the world a new spirit of so-called religious teaching, which is subversive of doctrine and especially dangerous to the Established Church. I refer to the rapidly growing heresy of Christian Socialism so called! I especially refer to that most dangerous and pernicious volume published in the guise of fiction, and called *The Christian Socialist*. Its teachings are a grave and growing menace to wealth and social distinctions, and if carried out they will place the Church in a precarious position, and render it necessary for her to abandon the established order of her system of instruction. As your elder in the Church, I feel moved to deliver to you, my brother, my earnest charge, that as you have thus far in your pulpit ministrations commended yourself to the Church as a wise and conservative leader in matters pertaining to doctrine and social order, you will now, with the added influence and power that have come to you with this high office, raise your voice and wield your pen in defence of th truths handed down from our fathers, and comba with all your intellect and soul the heresy of this da gerous social movement, and in particular the heres of this popular volume, which has taken such strang and fateful hold upon the imagination of the commo people, and in some cases upon the better-informe classes within the Church itself. If it were not to a pear presumptuous even in one who is your elder b many years, I would dare to suggest that it may b possible with your gifts of mind and imagination, yo might be led to combat this most dangerous book the present age with a volume which you might be le to construct. However that may be, my brother, solemnly charge you, will you to the utmost of yo great ability, combat in private and in public the grow ing heresy of Christian Socialism. Do you so promis by the grace of God?"

During this impromptu address, Mrs. Rodney sat breathless listener, together with all the others in th great concourse. At first she had felt like strongl disapproving such a departure from the establishe order of the manual; but after the first two sentenc she leaned forward with a smile of hearty approval o her determined face. The Judge looked pleased. Mi Mildred never withdrew her look from the new Bis op's countenance.

"He is going to faint," she said in a half whisper, the words of the venerable Bishop ceased, and silence unbroken by the new Bishop followed, of suc duration that Miss Mildred Rodney feared her moth would be sharply conscious of a rapid heart-beat clo beside her.

Slowly, very slowly, the Very Rev. Fredrick Sta ton, D.D., newly-elected and now-to-be consecrate Bishop, turned a little towards the congregation:

"I have a statement to make," he said, in a tone low that the people in the back part of the churc asked what he said. But as he turned again and face his venerable colleague, his voice rose in power unt it filled with carrying force the farthest corner of th large room.

"My first statement is this: For twenty-five years have been a coward in the pulpit. My second is this I am the author of *The Christian Socialist*, and i teachings are my heart beliefs."

All over the Church of Saint Cecilia a gasp of astonishment rose.

TO BE CONTINUED

Ex-President Cleveland on Riches

AT the recent laying of the corner-stone of the new Hebrew Technical School for Girls in New York City, Ex-President Grover Cleveland made the principal address. Speaking of the great works that are now accomplished by benevolent men and women, he said:

"It is not altogether a fanciful or pessimistic notion that leads many of our patriotic and sincere citizens to lament the growth among us of materialism. Our people are undoubtedly becoming more and more infected with a feverish desire to accumulate wealth and to succeed in undertakings far removed from philanthropic intentions; but no one can yet say that in the midst of all this there does not remain to us charity for the poor, pity for the sick or wounded, and a helping hand for those who need aid in the improvement of their present conditions and future prospects. We who are here have before us at this moment convincing evidence that these ennobling traits of our national disposition have not been entirely smothered in a heedless rush for riches.

"Thoughtful men must also regretfully concede that, even in the best and highest civilization, movements called charitable and benevolent are sometimes used to cloak self-exploitation and purse-proud vanity, or are set on foot to satisfy the whims and caprice of the restless rich. It is a matter of common observation, too, that projects really benevolent in motive and purpose are frequently so ill-considered and so impractical in their management that they are not only wasteful of money and effort, and fall short of the good they should accomplish, but by their misguided and careless ministrations often extinguish among their beneficiaries all desire and incentive for self-respect and self-effort, and thus recruit the ranks of willing mendicancy.

"Public appropriation and private charity are mindful of men and women in poverty, sickness and distress; orphan girls and boys are compassionately cared for and fed, clothed and sheltered; but it was an inspiration of genuine benevolence which led to the discovery of a different field of humane endeavor, and to the establishment of an agency for good which goes further than to furnish the objects of its care with food and raiment.

"The beneficent undertaking we contemplate grew out of the initiative of a single man, who saw that wealth brings with it obligations of benevolence and charity, and that its best contribution to the happiness of its possessor is the opportunity it affords of doing good. That his efforts have been efficiently seconded by others likewise nobly disposed is proved by an extension of the field of activity and the enlargement of facilities inaugurated to-day.

"Let us go from this place wishing for the new home the perpetual dedication to glorious mission; and, with the nobility of doing good impressed upon us, let us resolve that in a sphere narrow or broad as our lives have been cast, we, too, will do something for humanity."

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What it is to be a Christian

PERMIT me to say a few encouragin words to one of your readers. M friend, to be a Christian is to have the i dwelling of the Holy Spirit within us; t step out of self and into Christ; to los sight of our own insignificance while b holding the majesty of his atonement, h love, his death, his pardon, his resurre tion and intercession.

Religion is a practical, personal, indivi ual matter; therefore, when we enter th house of God, it is to meet him; to fee our souls upon the sustenance of his hol Word; to commune with him; to ris above all worldly considerations and not t consider the moods and tenses of the con gregation of people around us. As lon as our own heart is right, the spiritual con dition of a concourse of people will giv us no uneasiness, knowing as we do that t God we are responsible and not to man and their frivolous or vicious conduct i slighting us, would cause us to despis their religious hypocrisy and to pursue ou own way undisturbed. You couldn please the devil better than by turnin your back on your own church; yo couldn't do yourself spiritually a greate injury than by turning your back on you Creator because there were wolves in th fold. God makes the church, not the peo ple; they make the congregation. As professor of faith in Jesus Christ, you ar as much entitled to a seat in your ow church, and to all the rights and privilege of the band of Christians that worshi there, as your minister who occupies hi pulpit. Remember what our blessed Sav iour said: "I give unto my sheep eterna life; they shall none perish; neither sha any man pluck them out of my hand." I you love Christ, trust him, and serve him you are his, and all the churches in Christ endom cannot harm you, or separate yo from him. If you want Christian advice apply to some elderly Christian.

Boothe, Ark. MRS. A. O. D.

Girls and the Home

A PHRASE, to me repellent, has crept into our common speech, and seems to have rooted itself firmly in colloquial use. The term, bachelor-maid, was coined by somebody who felt the need of a pictorial way to describe the girl who does not care to marry, and who is able to stand on her own feet, support herself, and live in a certain independence of the other sex. If our girls of to-day could appreciate the difference in public opinion that has gradually come to pass in a generation, they would be properly grateful. Time was, and not so long ago either, that a girl's chief dread was that she might not be sought in marriage until she had become *passe*, until people called her an old maid. The condition of an old maid was often one of clinging like a withered leaf to the family tree. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus described it in his little poem: "My aunt; my dear, unmarried aunt."

Everything has changed with the entrance of young women on bread-winning in various callings, and with the development of liberal education for women. No girl need now tremble if she elect to remain single, nor need any girl adopt the objectionable and silly name already alluded to. She is a maiden, not a bachelor, and a bachelor-maid is a misnomer. As well might her unmarried cousin or brother label himself a maid-bachelor, which nobody will ever catch him doing.

. . .

Though a girl support herself and spend the larger part of her daylight in an office, or behind a counter, she never drifts altogether from the home relation, which means more to the daughters of the house than to the sons.

She never loses the love of domesticity. In her own room, there are sure to be feminine fancies, pretty knick-knacks, photographs and souvenir cards. She frames little pictures and hangs them on her wall. She tries to surround herself with color and beauty. She has a tea-table, cups and saucers, and a jar of biscuits for an impromptu meal. This is if she lives alone. No boarding-house robs a girl's own little room, though it be a hall bed-room three pairs back, of its pretty and dainty individuality.

If at home with her parents, the wage-earning girl, whether saleswoman, stenographer, or bookkeeper, slips naturally into the place of the home-helper at evening. If a teacher, or a trained nurse, or a doctor, she does not forget how to beat up a cake, or mend a pair of stockings, or arrange a dinner-table, when she happens to be at home. Woman's mission to comfort, to counsel, to direct, to assist, belongs to the girl, just as much and just as really when she is a business-person as when she is at home, shielded from every rough wind.

The girl does not lose her home-stamp because she goes to business. Far from it. At her desk, or her typewriter, she is still so womanly, that the corner where she sits has a sweet home-i-ness; so that she prevents by her simple presence the utterance of rough words, or profanity, or anything indelicate. Into the business world, unwittingly, she brings the refinement and the peace that ever surround the true woman.

. . .

For this reason, among others, the girl in business needs to keep herself very strictly, during business hours, to whatever is the duty of the hour. She must be absorbed, and impersonal. She is not, in her capacity of a wage-earner, a young lady of leisure, nor the object of attentions from gentlemen, nor has she at that time the privileges of free conversation, of expressing her opinions, and of dictating terms to her little world, which are hers in her home and in society. She is not to receive or look for compliments and concessions. She is a woman earning her salary, and not a princess accepting homage.

The girl at home, on the other hand, occupies a unique and enviable position. Her father defers to her, her mother consults her, her brothers and sisters look up to her with devoted admiration. Every possible indulgence is granted her freely. She is chaperoned when she goes abroad, because she is too precious to be allowed to suffer risk or peril. Also, if very young, she may often be suddenly placed in some situation where it is unfair to her that she should decide a matter, and her mother or an older friend can much better take the responsibility.

. . .

Dear girls, if only you knew it, you are the dearest and most prized treasures of your homes. You have your problems, you are sometimes blue, you are sometimes worried, because you feel that you are misunderstood. But girlhood is a beautiful time, a time of enchantment; and girls are beautiful beings, whom we all love. Write to me if I can help you. Every letter that is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will answer myself, if it comes from a girl who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING PIES

The New England housewife takes pride in her preparations for Thanksgiving, and nothing delights her heart more than the making of those wonderful pumpkin pies. With what care she selects the great golden globes, and, finding one that is just right in color, size and consistency, then how carefully must the other ingredients be selected. The freshest of eggs and milk, beaten and strained, the combination of spices blended, with just a touch of "essence" of lemon and rose. Then the crust, how carefully it must be mixed and manipulated, and there must be no uneven baking. To be sure, there are other kinds of toothsome dainties associated with Thanksgiving, but not one of these quite equals the golden pumpkin pie.

A Wedding in the Clouds

Romantic couples select all sorts of places to be married in. We have known a happy pair to stand in a row-boat while the minister married them from the shore, and to sit in a phæton, while the officiating clergyman was stationed on the side of the road. But Miss Estella Clayton, of Wayne County, Missouri, and Mr. Martin Good, of New York City, have surpassed all others in the lofty altitude chosen for their October wedding, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The two young people, on the top of the great Ferris Wheel, 285 feet above the spectators below, went through the ritual with perfect composure, and did not lose their heads, though the height was bewildering, and the daring somewhat reckless. This mention of the wedding is not given that any one may emulate it, but simply to show the presence of mind of Mr. and Mrs. Good. A little company of friends ventured with them to the dizzy height, and stood beside them on top of the car. After a safe descent the newly-married pair started on a wedding journey.

Echoes of an Elder Day

LOOKING over the pages of Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's superb work, *Two Centuries of Costume in America*, I have been impressed with the rich and sumptuous styles affected by our forefathers.

Men used to wear costly and elegant costumes, far finer than those they now deem fitting. They spared no expense on their raiment, which was of satin, or corded silk, velvet, or the very finest broadcloth, trimmed with gold embroidery, and finished with ruffles of costly lace. The most minute directions were sent across the sea to the London tailors and haberdashers, and nothing was too small for the general, or the governor, to dwell upon with pride and care when ordering a new wardrobe.

Ladies, at one period, wore magnificent headdresses in an Oriental mode, and many of the beautiful matrons whom Gilbert Stuart painted, sat to him with their fair heads adorned with turbans of gauze, mull or silk.

It is amusing to find wigs in vogue about 1804. Every woman under seventy had her hair sheared close to her head, and then covered the clipped scalp-locks with a becoming wig. This fashion succeeded a season of elaborate hairdressing, when the hair was built up in many artificial and uncomfortable ways.

Miss Eliza Southgate, writing to her mother in 1800, asks for one of the new adornments in a very lively letter:

"Now, mamma, what do you think I am going to ask for—a wig. Eleanor has got a new one, just like my hair, and only five dollars. Mrs. Mayo one just like it. I must either cut my hair, or have one. I cannot dress it at all stylish. Mrs. Coffin bought Eleanor's, and says that she will write to Mrs. Sumner to get me one just like it—how much time it will save; in one year we could save it in pins and paper, besides the trouble. At the assembly I was quite ashamed to my head, for nobody has long hair. If you will consent to my having one, do send me over a five-dollar bill by the post, immediately after you receive this."

Girls in 1800 were not very different from girls a century later. They could fancy anything pretty that had the fiat of a new fashion to recommend it.

Fashion revolves from century to century, and from time to time the oldest fashions are revived.

The Rest-Day Congress

A significant feature of the St. Louis Exposition has been its large convocations of Christian workers. The Sunday-Rest Congress was interesting and unique, especially in the earnest spirit manifested by those who long to preserve holy the Sabbath day. Of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff, Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster were elected on the Executive Committee. The Honorary President was the Honorable John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, while the Rev. Dr. William S. Hubbell, of New York, was President.

Avoid Firearms at Home

Except in times of war, firearms are best avoided. On Hallowe'en night, a man in New Jersey, wishing to frighten a crowd of roistering intruders on his lawn, fired a revolver over their heads. The ball deflected and struck a little fellow of fourteen, a neighbor's son, not with the offending parties, and almost instantly killed him. Two families are plunged into the deepest grief, and the sorrow of the accidental slayer will be unending. The moral is, omit pistols from your household furniture.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

TILLIE.—I cannot advise you about your hair. Consult a specialist. Use nothing that is even remotely a dye.

DOROTHY.—Gloves may be cleaned by using naphtha; but it must not be used in a room where there is a fire or a lighted lamp.

MIRIAM.— At a formal dinner the host gives his arm to the lady who is the most honored guest. It is quite proper, however, to go to dinner without any special formality.

M. C.—In England and in most parts of the United States, it is not good form to say "Yes, Ma'am" and "No, Ma'am," when addressing an older person. Very elegant men and women observe this form in the Southern States. They say "Yes, Ma'am," "No, Ma'am," and "Please, Ma'am." With us this manner of speech is reserved for inferiors addressing superiors in station. Children are taught to say "Yes, mother," etc., and to answer other persons with "Yes, Mrs. ——," "No, Mr. ——."

A WOMAN CLERGYMAN

ON 29th September last, the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold was installed as pastor of the Free Christian Church at Leicester, England. Miss von Petzold is the first woman to be ordained in England as pastor of a church. Her call to Leicester aroused the greatest interest in the

PASTOR GERTRUDE VON PETZOLD

community. While it was not an unheard-of thing there that a woman should occupy a pulpit, yet it had never happened that a member of her sex had really taken a position permanently as pastor of a church.

Miss von Petzold is of German parentage. She was born at Thorn, in the year 1876, and is the daughter of a Prussian officer. She received her preparatory education at Stettin. At the age of eighteen she took the teachers' examination. Animated by a desire to receive also an academic degree she went to Scotland, where she spent the next two years in study at St. Andrews. Then she went to Edinburgh, where she took the degree of M. A. Next she turned her attention to theology, and went first to Oxford, after which she attended lectures at the University of Berlin, where, among others, Harnack v. Soden and the philosopher Paulsen were her teachers. After more than three years of theological study Fraulein von Petzold decided to accept the call to the Free Christian Church at Leicester. At her recent installation to the office a large congregation assembled. The installation ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. Whitaker of Cardiff, the predecessor of the new pastor.

Miss von Petzold is a woman of graceful presence and with a fine address. She has an earnestness of manner that easily captures the attention of her audience. There is in the auspicious opening of her work the promise of a most helpful and effective ministry.

Don't hesitate because you fear you may regret your purchase. Buy away, let us send you the Premiums, and if you are not fully pleased, return them, and get your money back. We require no explanation as to the why and wherefore.

OUR GUEST FROM JAPAN

HIS Imperial Highness, Prince Sadanaru Fushimi, has arrived in this country, having reached San Francisco on November 9. He goes to Washington on "a personal mission of friendship," it is said, from the Mikado. As a member of the army, the Prince is debarred from discussing military affairs, and, therefore, declines being interviewed. The former Minister of Japan to Mexico, A. Sato, heads the Imperial suite. He declares the Prince's visit to be one of pure courtesy, as the personal representative of the Emperor to our President, to express the high regard of the Japanese for the United States, and to further the friendship which already exists between the two nations.

Prince Fushimi is not a brother of the Mikado; he is not even a cousin to His Majesty; but the princely house of Fushimi is proud to call this brave soldier their head. At the outbreak of the war with Russia, the Prince went to the front, commanding the first division of the Imperial Guard. His exploits during the Korean campaign were such as to bring him into great prominence, but it was at the storming of Nan-Shan Heights that Fushimi showed himself a warrior of great courage. For hours at a time he was under fire, directing all the movements, which resulted in victory, but at a fearful cost.

Prince Fushimi's physical characteristics would not not mark him as distinctly Japanese, he somewhat resembles the Italian or Roumanian nationality. He has closely-cut, iron-gray hair, and is exceedingly pleasant and courteous in manner. He is a fine horseman, having learned to ride in a French cavalry school. The Prince speaks French and German fluently, but no English. As this very energetic soldier seemed to have a faculty for getting himself and his division into the very hottest places on the battle-field, it was deemed prudent to withdraw him from the front, after he had been slightly wounded.

The Prince, who married a daughter of the noble family of Arisingawa, has three children. The first-born is a young naval officer, serving in Admiral Togo's fleet.

Although there may not be any official importance attaching to Prince Fushimi's

PRINCE SADANARU FUSHIMI

visit to America, yet he will be accorded all the attention due to his rank. There will be a grand reception at the Japanese legation in Washington, and the Prince will be invited to dine at the White House.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION

OUR friends across the border appear to have decided to "let well enough alone." Sir Wilfrid Laurier's majority is increased from fifty-four to seventy-two. The Conservative leader, Mr. Robert L. Borden, not only failed to carry the country for his policy, but failed to retain his own seat. Ontario elected forty Liberals and forty-six Conservatives; Quebec, fifty-five Liberals and ten Conservatives, and Nova Scotia, eighteen Liberals.

There were two issues between the parties. The first, which concerns outsiders, was on the question of preferential tariffs for Great Britain, and the second, affecting Canadians only, was on the Government ownership of railroad. On the first of these issues Sir Wilfrid Laurier was non-committal, and his opponents said he was half-hearted. He pledged himself, however, to hold an inquiry after the election and to formulate a tariff according to its findings. It was generally believed that on principle he objected to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, which he believed would increase the cost of living, without bringing any material advantage to the Government or people of Canada. The essence of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is that Canada should admit British manufactures free, or at a reduced tariff, in return for which Great Britain should impose a duty on foreign imports of food, other than those that came from Canada, thus giving Canada a preference in the British markets. Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not positively reject the scheme, but it is said by his opponents that he gives it but a half-hearted support. The Conservatives, on the other hand, were frankly in favor of a higher tariff.

The second issue refers to the line of railroad which is to connect the eastern with the western coast. The Conservative programme required the money to construct to be raised by the sale of bonds guaranteed by the Government, with the distinct proviso that the Dominion should own the line with its branches and terminals. Sir Wilfred Laurier's plan is for the Government to build the eastern section of the road, which runs from Winipeg to Moncton, New Brunswick. This section to be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific for a term of fifty years, the Company paying nothing for the first seven years, and after that period three per cent. on its cost. This is on condition that the Company construct the western portion of the road from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, the Government guaranteeing three-fourths of the bonds. The Government also agreeing to pay interest on three-fourths of the mountain section of the road for seven years. The Conservative leader, Mr. Borden, contended that this scheme was practically giving a road built by the people over to the Company for an inadequate payment. The issue of the election, in which the rival schemes were exhaustively discussed, appears to indicate that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's plan is approved by the people.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

Miss Mary Reed and the Lepers

THE readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have shown a kindly sympathy for Miss Mary Reed and her devoted work, will be interested in learning that she has recently returned to India, after a period of rest in the Holy Land. The special malady that has set her apart for twelve years to work among the lepers is fortunately still held in check, and her general health has been somewhat restored by change of scene and climate. It is not yet decided when, or whether, she will return to her former post at Chandag Heights, India, but in any case, she will not do so for a few months longer. Meanwhile, her work is being efficiently carried on, and recent reports tell of a number of baptisms among the lepers at her station.

The general work of the Mission is developing rapidly, and is full of encouragement. During the past two years the Mission to Lepers has added sixteen new asylums and homes, and is now entirely responsible for the maintenance of twelve of these institutions, besides giving considerable help to thirty-six others. The gratitude of the lepers for all that is done for them was expressed by one of the inmates of our asylum near Moulmain. When asked if he had any message to send to the friends at home, he said: "What can we say, but that we are grateful? We are well fed, well clothed, well housed—what more could they do for us?"

JOHN JACKSON.

ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP*

HOW important is this question of sincerity in worship, we learn from Christ's own statement, that it is only such who worship in spirit and in truth that God accepts. The Bible abounds in warnings to those whose devotions are merely formal, that their outward observance, if it is not sincere and genuine, is mere mockery. God looks upon the heart and knows how far the expressions of the lips and the bending of the knee represent true devotion. The man whose life is given up to pleasure, or money-making, or worldly pursuits, cannot bring to God the offering of sincere devotion. The expressions of penitence which the heart is unrepentant; of desire for spiritual purity when there is no such desire; of love and reverence for God while the whole life is contrary to his commands, are simply an offence which is worse than neglect of his worship altogether.

True worship does not demand perfection of life, otherwise who could enter into his presence? It does demand humility. The Pharisee whose private life was doubtless better than that of the Publican, was rejected, because his prayer was defective in this quality. The sinful soul may worship in spirit and truth if it approaches God in sorrow, entreating his pardon and his help. Great sinners have been received, as was David, when there was a sincere desire in them for a better life. The sinner is not rejected because of his sin, but because he desires to continue in it. It is the honesty of purpose, the longing for a higher life, which constitute the acceptable worship. God's hand is extended to every one who approaches him seeking help, acknowledging imperfection, and humbly pleading for Divine guidance.

Acceptable worship must include not only sincerity, but truth. It is they who worship in spirit and in truth that God seeks to worship him. The idolater might be very sincere, but mistaken as to the character nature of God. There should be an intelligent apprehension of what God is and of what he requires, and a diligent effort to reach the Godlike in character. The place of worship and the rites of worship are of less importance than these essential qualities.

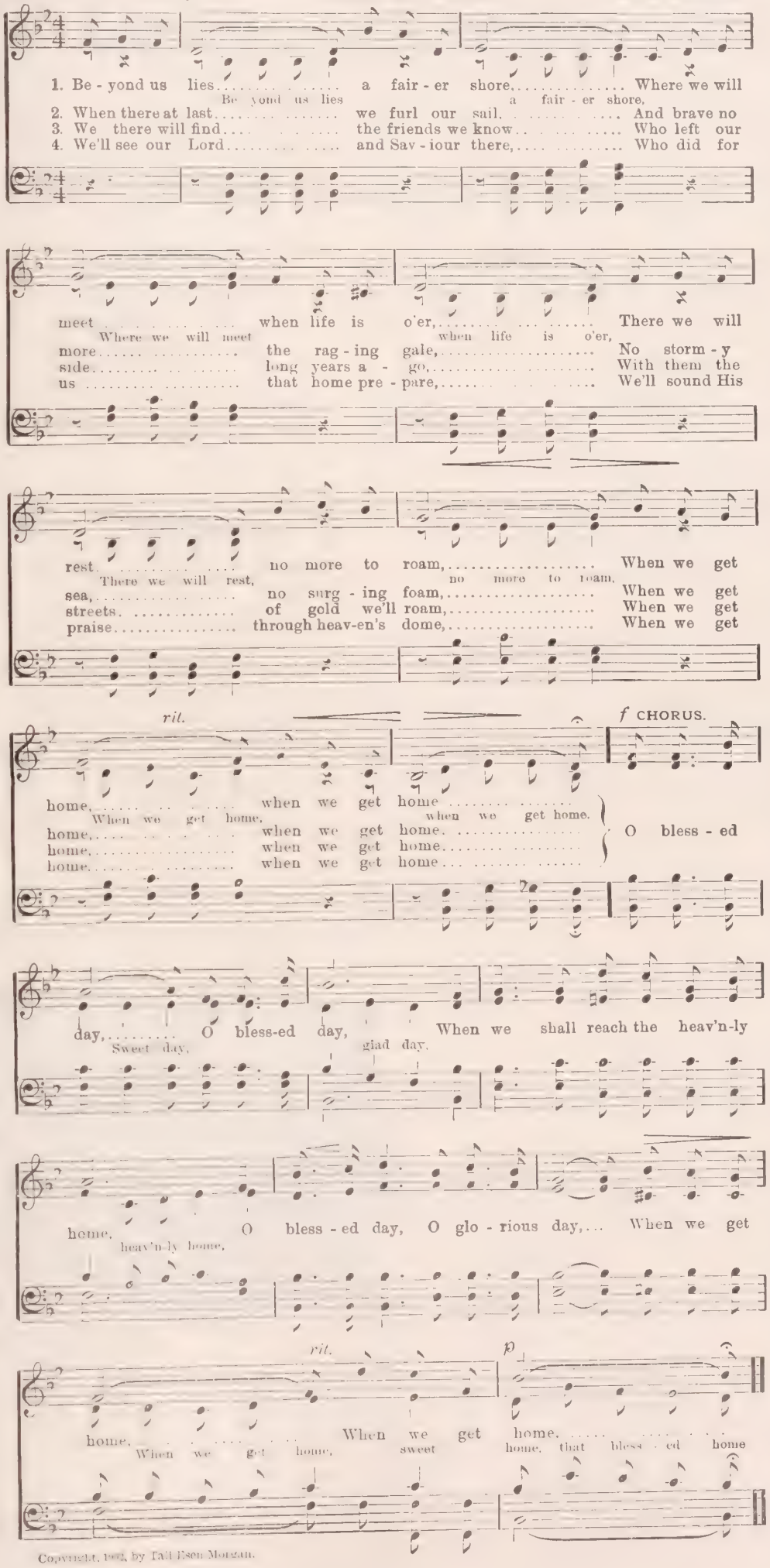
There is in one of the Greek authors a curious legend indicative of the character of worship. It is that at the door of a certain temple there was a mirror in which the worshiper could see the image of the god he came to worship. If such a mirror were placed at the door of our churches, how many of them would reflect the mighty dollar, how many the idol of public opinion, how many the goddess of pride and pleasure!

A pastor, rebuking one of his members for his absence from church, received a reply which revealed that the absentee had appreciated the true nature of worship. "One of my men is ill," he wrote, "and his wife is at home nursing him. He does not belong to our church, but he is a sincere Christian. I found he was grieving because he could not attend service, so I go to see him every Sunday and we pray and read the Bible together. His wife comes in too, and as she can sing, we have a little service of our own, for as we are taught that 'where two or three are gathered in the name of Christ,' we make up the required number. I think I am worshiping God there as much as by going to church."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 4. Ps. 95; John 4:19–24.

WHEN WE GET HOME

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. SOLO OR SOP. IN UNISON TALI ESEN MORGAN



Copyright, 1903, by Tali Esen Morgan.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD

SEVERAL years ago, when ill-health compelled us to spend a few months in Cashmere, we, one day, made a march through a wild part of that fair land. The temperature was mild, and a gentle rain was falling. Scarcely a leaf stirred in the light breeze. Occasionally a bird sent forth a clear, sweet note. Our route brought us, at length, to a mountain torrent, across which stretched a narrow and apparently insecure bridge. A shepherd, with his crook over his shoulder, was a little in advance, leading his flock. When the bridge was reached, the shepherd planted his foot upon it, and the sheep nearest him, bleating piteously, essayed to follow, but started back as the frail crossing trembled under the pressure. The shepherd paused, looked back, and then called his flock to follow, taking at the same time a step or two forward to encourage the timid creatures. On the margin of the stream they stood, evidently much distressed, as the distance between them and the shepherd increased. At length one or two of the bolder ones, with great caution, planted their feet upon the bridge, and when the firm ground had been left behind them, closer and closer they pressed to the side of the shepherd, as if feeling that then and there alone was safety. Other sheep followed the braver leaders, and soon the entire flock had crossed the stream, and up the hill on the opposite side we saw the shepherd climbing, closely followed by his flock, calling as he went.

So, the Good Shepherd, when difficult and dangerous places on life's pathway must be crossed, goes before his people, and if they will keep close to Him they are safe, forever safe.

. . .

Another shepherd had fed his flock in the same pastures until he felt that, for the well-being of the sheep in his care, a change was necessary. Across a stream, on the opposite hills, there was a rich and abundant pasturage. Looking over the well-cropped fields the shepherd resolved to lead his flock to the green pastures on the other side. Going before, he called his sheep, and they followed him to the stream, but could not be induced to go beyond, encourage them as he would. At length he gathered one of the lambs into his bosom, and began to cross the stream. The distracted mother followed the shepherd to the edge of the stream, hesitated a moment, and then stepped down into the water, keeping close to the shepherd, encouraged by his voice, and drawn by the bleating of the lamb he carried tenderly in his arms. The other sheep followed, and soon the entire flock had crossed in safety.

Does not our loving Heavenly Father sometimes call his children, and call in vain, from pastures where their souls are growing lean, to pastures, which, in love and mercy, he has provided for them, and when they still refuse to listen to his voice, he constrains them to follow him, by removing that in which their souls had delighted—cherished possessions, or it may be the nearest and dearest from the home circle. Whatever he does is done in love and to draw us nearer to Him and away from the lean pastures where our souls cannot be nourished.

HELEN H. HOLCOMB.

Jhansi, India.

To make sure of getting the Premium of your choice, you should renew promptly.

Questions and Answers

H. H. S., Detroit, Mich. Who was the Melchizedek mentioned in Gen. 14, to whom Abraham paid tithes?

He is called King of Salem, which, as we learn from the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, was the ancient name of Jerusalem. Among the same tablets are several letters from Ebed-tob, the king of Salem, to the then reigning Pharaoh, asking for help against his enemies. In them are expressions curiously resembling those of Melchizedek. He tells the Pharaoh, for instance, that he was not like other governors, inasmuch as he had not received his crown by inheritance from his father or mother, but it had been conferred upon him by the mighty king. The expression, the mighty king, may refer to the king of the Hittites, but it is more probable that he meant the mighty God. The writer of Hebrews refers to this king as being a Royal Priest, of whom little was known, king of righteousness and king of peace. Christ, he says, was a priest of that kind. The passage is allegorical, tending to show that in believing the tradition of Melchizedek, the Jew showed that he recognized a priesthood before Aaron. Christ was a priest of that kind and he continues ever.

Inquirer, Meriden, Conn. Are the X-rays dangerous to life or health?

Probably not in proper hands, but they are apparently very dangerous when handled by unscientific or careless persons. Mr. Edison's assistant, Dalley, died lately of X-ray injuries, and Mr. Edison himself is said to be a severe sufferer from internal pains, knotted muscles and sinews, and sleeplessness, which he attributes to the cathode ray.

Rev. H. Loomis, agent of the American Bible Society at Yokohama, Japan, writes, to make an appeal for means to support the work of distributing the Gospel among the sick and wounded Japanese soldiers. He says there are now 45,000 sick and wounded in the hospitals, 13,000 at Tokio alone. He is distributing thousands of Testaments and Scripture portions among them, but there is no limit to the work, and help would be most welcome.

J. M. S., Asheville, N. C. 1. Who is the King, and who is the Man mentioned in Isaiah 32:1, 2? 2. Who are the princes mentioned?

1. The chapter is descriptive of the blessings of the expected Messianic reign, and the King referred to is the Messiah. "A man shall be as an hiding-place," leading commentators hold, would be more accurately translated "the man" or "one eminent as a man," *i. e.*, the "Son of Man." 2. The princes who "shall rule in judgment" refer to all in authority under Christ in the coming Messianic Kingdom. The Jewish *Targum* translates "princes" as "the righteous."

W. J. G., Chase, Kan. 1. Why does the Dowager Queen of China reign instead of the Emperor? 2. Why did not Emperor William, the son of the eldest child of Queen Victoria, succeed to the English throne on the death of his grandmother?

1. The Emperor of China is the nominal head of the government. The Dowager governs in his name, and having gained power during his minority, keeps him in subjection. If he chose to assert himself and could win the support of a powerful party, he could depose her from a station she has no right to occupy, now that he is of age. 2. The rule in European countries is for the eldest son to succeed. If he dies without issue the next eldest son and so on until heirs male are exhausted. If the recently born son of the Emperor of Russia survives he will succeed his father, although his sisters are older than he. If the Duke of Kent had left a son he would have succeeded to the English throne, instead of Queen Victoria, though he might have been younger than Victoria.

Geo. S., Toronto, Can. What is the explanation of the picture known as Raphael's *Sistine Madonna?*

It explains itself. It is one of the two greatest pictures of Raffaello Sanzio, the great Italian painter. He painted the Virgin and the Infant Jesus as no other painter had ever done. The *Madonna della Sedia*, which hangs in the famous Pitti Palace at Florence, gives a Roman view of the Holy Family—a happy mother bending over a lovely child, her face expressing affection and serene contentment. The *Madonna di San Sisto* is held by critics to be so beautiful as to be beyond the power of description, the sweet grace and loveliness of the mother, and the solemn, thoughtful, yet childlike expression, of the Infant Saviour, delighting all beholders.

D. D. L., Montrose, Pa. I note the remarks in THE MAIL BAG about the rainbow, a token of a covenant. It appears to me unnecessary for the Lord to change a natural law, in order that the rainbow may be a token of the covenant. I understand from the wording of the text, that the rainbow appeared in the cloud before the flood, precisely as it did afterwards; but God calls earth's attention to the bow as a reminder of the covenant. It was the most suitable object for that purpose, as it appears when the sky is threatening a storm, reminding the people of the flood; but seeing the bow, they are again reminded of the covenant. The fourteenth verse shows that God would continue to set his bow in the cloud, and does not necessarily change the natural import of the thirteenth verse.

"One Who Wants to Know His Will." Should a Christian girl keep company with a man who is not a Christian? Shall I tell him the reason why or shall I say "No," and say nothing of the other matter?

It would be a very doubtful, and, in our opinion, an unwise experiment, to encourage the addresses of one who has nothing in common with your own faith, and even more dangerous if the person is an avowed unbeliever. See II Cor., 6:14. If, in the course of acquaintance, you were made the means of leading him to the light, it would be quite another matter; but unless you had substantial reason for believing in a genuine change, your union to such a one would be at the peril of your own spiritual and material future.

G. J. H. E., Freedom, N. H. What is the meaning of Luke 16:9? What is the "mammon of unrighteousness," and also what is the "everlasting habitations?"

The better reading is "make to yourselves friends out of (or by the help of) the mammon of unrighteousness." It means to turn to your own highest advantage those riches which others shamefully abuse. The "everlasting habitations" are mentioned in contrast with the temporary shelter which the steward in the parable received from those creditors he had befriended.

Mrs. K. S., Los Angeles, Calif. A lady teaching a Sunday School class of young girls, suddenly gave it up. The girls were scattered to other classes, two being together in a new class. They have no fault to find with their new teacher, but they love their first teacher. Is it wrong to pray that they may again have teacher No. 1?

They may do so, but the wiser way would be to content themselves with the new order of things. It does not seem quite fair to the new teacher for her class to begin with a prejudice against her.

Miss H. A., Altoona, Ia. Why is the word seven used in the Bible so many times, and what does it signify more than any other figure?

Seven was considered by the ancients as the "holy" or "perfect" number. There are seven days in Creation, seven spirits before the throne of God, seven days in the week, seven graces, "seven ages" in the life of man, seven phases of the moon, the seventh Sabbatical year, the seven times seven jubilee year, the great feasts lasted seven days, purifications lasted seven days, there were seven trumpets, seven churches in Asia, etc. In Scripture seven is the representative symbolic number, and was so regarded by Hebrews, Persians, Indians, Greeks and Romans. It was the coefficient for the appointment of all sacred periods, and was besides the symbol of completeness.

E. A. Wheaton, Minn. I was converted some years ago, but I see no evidence of my being a Christian. I have no comfort, and I doubt my own standing. I cannot understand myself. What must I do?

We do not know your special difficulty, but think that you are looking within too much. Your help must come from above.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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OUR exquisite and unequaled **Red Letter New Testament**, with **All the Words Uttered by our Lord** printed in **Red**. This fine specimen of Bookmaking is printed in type unusually large for a Testament, bound in **Divinity Circuit, Flexible and Soft, Overlapping Edges, Red under Gold**, and is sent prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at only **$2.00**. Extra copies, **$1.00** each. Furnished **also in the Revised Version** on the same terms.

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(International Silver Company, Successor)
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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

u know you are a sinner. Your letter icates that you are quite convinced of tt. You know that it was sinners that Christ came to save. Why not put your- s in his hands and trust him to save you? I will do it if you wish. Do not expect sudden change such as takes place in sne people. God's methods are not al- ys the same. But, having given your- s into Christ's hands, continue trusting h, and let him work his own will in you. nk much of him, and cease watching urself. Try to submit yourself entirely him, believing that he is able and willing save you. Ask him honestly and sin- cely to save you, and you may be sure he l do it. It is not your feelings that will e you, but his own power.

Jury J., Calumet, Mich. What income, or reve- nue, does the present Czar of Russia receive?

he Czar has no fixed salary, but his an- l income is estimated at $12,000,000. ides receiving such share of the general enue as the Crown may need, the Czar h private estates of more than one mil- li square miles of cultivated land and sts, and gold and other mines in Sibe- r. The same authority places the Em- or of Austria's income at $3,750,000, g of Bavaria $1,412,000, King of ece $200,000, King of Italy $2,858,000, g of Spain $1,400,000, and $500,000 for dendents. There is, of course, no offi- c authority for the estimates quoted.

. R. I find myself unable to enjoy the read- ng of the Bible. Is there any way by which can get the pleasure out of it that other peo- le find?

good way, which has helped many, is ake a single short book like the Epistle the Ephesians and read it through at sitting, trying to get its real meaning. T Bible does not have a fair chance n it is read in fragments of a single ter here and there. If you are earn- v seeking to lead a godly life you will in any of the books of the New Tes- tament help that will make the book pre- cious to you. The Gospels especially will become profoundly interesting, if you study them to get a clear idea of what kind of life it was that Christ lived.

H. C. G., London, Ont. What were the sins of the Jews that led to the Babylonish captivity?

The sins mentioned cover the whole cat- egory of evil doing. They were neglect of the Sabbath, the worship of idols, the disregard of God's ordinances, and the corruption of the rulers. If you read the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah you will find the indictment. A summary is given in a few words in II Chron., 36: 14-17.

R. P. L., San Francisco. Who were the Nico laitanes mentioned in Rev. 2:15?

It is not positively known, but from the context it would appear that they were people who abused Paul's doctrine of Christian liberty, which they turned into license. It is supposed that Jude 4 refers to them. They appear to have attended the heathen rites and shared in the abom- inations there practised. Some suppose them to have been followers of Nicolas of Antioch, but if so, they falsely claimed that he taught such things. It is more probable that the name, if relating to a person at all, has been confused with some other Nicolas.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. H. H., Littleton, N. H. We believe he was a Catholic.

A. B. C., New York. We never heard of the book. Write to Harper's, Scribner's or Revell's for it.

A. W. E., Holden, Vt. A preacher who makes his pulpit a vehicle for partisanship is sadly out of place. He lowers the dignity of his sacred office and destroys his personal influence.

Mrs. H. E. S., Monterey, Mex. Lyte, the author of "Abide with Me," was a minister of the Church of England, and curate of Lower Brixham, Devon- shire. When he felt his end approaching, he was attended by Archdeacon Manning, then of the Church of England, and afterward a Cardinal of Rome.

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM DR. KLOPSCH

I APPEAL TO ALL MY CHRISTIAN HERALD FRIENDS to come to my assistance at this, the busiest and most trying season of the year.

Orders by the thousands will soon pour in daily from every side, and I always endeavor to make the prompt filling of every order a matter of personal interest.

How much this adds to the cares of an exceptionally busy man only they can know who have personally experienced such a phenomenal rush at a time when every moment seemed already mortgaged by other matters of apparently equal urgency.

A family of nearly 250,000 members has many wants, and to gratify and satisfy these wants in an entirely acceptable manner is one of the calls that must be recognized and properly responded to.

To do this is, at best, no easy task, but especially difficult when inexperienced help must necessarily be employed to assist.

If our friends would help us by anticipating their renewals and premium orders by just a few weeks—or even a few days—they would enable us to do the work much more accurately and expeditiously and at the same time relieve me personally of much of the strain.

There are instances when this may be inconvenient or impracticable, and then we would not ask you to share the burden; but, if altogether convenient, please co-operate with me to the extent of sending your renewal as early as possible, and be assured in advance of my sincerest gratitude for any relief you may thus afford me in the direction mentioned above.

BIBLE HOUSE
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November 1, 1904

Yours Klopsch

$150. in Cash

To EVERYONE Who Names the Ten Most Popular Books

UNTIL January 31st next (1905) we shall break the sets of our new Library of the World's Famous Books and sell you any volume or volumes you choose. There are 20 volumes in the set. **Which 10 volumes out of the 20 will prove to be the most popular?**

Everyone who predicts before December 15th which ten books we shall sell before midnight of January 31st in larger numbers than any of the other ten—in other words, who names the ten most popular ones—will receive **$150. in cash. It is not necessary to name the ten in the order in which they sell, simply name the ten that sell more than any of the other ten.**

Everyone who predicts correctly after December 15th and before January 1st, will receive **$100. in cash.**

The date that governs the amount of these prizes will be the date you **mail** your predictions, as shown by the postmark on the envelope.

We believe we shall secure more friends and more publicity for the Library in this way than by spending one hundred thousand dollars in magazine and newspaper advertising.

We plan to add to this Library from time to time, and expect to do a larger annual business with it than has ever been done with any one set of books. So much to explain why we can afford to pay these large prizes, although we do not hope to make any profit on the present sale.

These Are the Twenty Volumes

1. Tale of Two Cities
2. Darwin's Descent of Man
3. First Violin
4. Hypatia
5. Ivanhoe
6. Jane Eyre
7. John Halifax
8. Lorna Doone
9. Darwin's Origin of Species
10. Uncle Tom's Cabin
11. Vanity Fair
12. Tom Brown's School Days
13. Last of the Mohicans
14. Prince of the House of David
15. Robinson Crusoe
16. Romola
17. Irving's Sketch Book
18. Emerson's Essays
19. Thelma
20. Last Days of Pompeii

These twenty volumes represent a wide range of taste, but each one is unquestionably among the leaders of its class. Anyone who is familiar with these twenty books will never lack a subject of conversation in any company. This prize offer will secure many new readers for these standard works, which should be in every home where the English language is read and spoken. **Hon. William T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, writes:**

> DEAR MR. MERRILL:—I am glad you are going to introduce a library of such good books into each family of our land.
> There are books which furnish keys to our experience and which explain to us great historical epochs and the growth of important national ideas—the birth of new convictions which by and by cause revolutions, political, industrial and educational. You have books in your selection that are eminent examples of several types. You will deserve well of your country if you can persuade the people to buy and read such books. Yours truly, WILLIAM T. HARRIS.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, writes:

> "I am much interested in your plan. The only wonder is that it has not been carried out before. Your list seems to me a very good one, and while, of course, I think I could improve it perhaps, I am sure that if you can circulate these books as you propose, it will be a great advantage to us all." Truly yours, EDWARD E. HALE.

The Washington Post, of Washington, D. C., one of the best newspapers in the United States, will decide who are the successful contestants and to what prize each one is entitled.

How the Prizes Will Be Awarded

The entire reputation of our concern, with more than a million dollars capital and eleven years of successful book publishing, is pledged to the fair and square awarding and payment of these prizes. As to our responsibility, look up Merrill & Baker, New York, in Dun or Bradstreet. No one in any way connected with our establishment or with *The Washington Post*, will be allowed to compete. Each prediction will be numbered, dated and registered in a manner that will prevent mistake or fraud. The correctness of the awarding of the prizes will be certified to by Gunn, Richards & Co., the well-known firm of expert accountants and business engineers of 43 Wall Street, New York. And a statement of the result will be published in the leading newspapers. For convenience of the Judge of the contest, and to prevent any possible confusion with the rest of our business, this contest will be conducted entirely from Washington, D. C. **Address all inquiries and predictions to Dept. K., World's Famous Books Contest, care *The Washington Post*, Washington, D. C.**

Use Your Own Brains and Consult Your Friends

Look over the list carefully and make up your mind which ten volumes you would choose for yourself if you could have ten of the twenty, and only ten. If you have average taste in books you won't be far out of the way in naming the ten.

Many learned and bookish people, among them Sir John Lubbock, have published lists of what they considered the world's best hundred books, and some of the magazines have published articles regarding the world's best books. Look up and see how the twenty mentioned here are rated in such lists.

Consult your local book dealer, and find out which ten he thinks will sell the best—which he has sold the most of.

Consult the Librarian of any library to which you have access.

Ask public and high school teachers and professors which ten are the best.

Then make your prediction. The more intelligence you put into making your predictions the greater your prospect of success.

But do this quickly—at once you must determine quickly to secure one of the larger prizes.

Who May Predict. Limit as to Time and Number

The price of each volume is $1.00. Each book is good, honest value for the dollar. For each volume you buy you are entitled to make one prediction—that is, name the ten volumes which you think will prove most popular—will sell better than the other ten. You may buy any number of volumes up to twenty and make as many different predictions as you buy books. But no person will be allowed to make more than twenty predictions.

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Any time within one week after you receive your books (one or more) you may return any or all of them and we will return your money—$1 for each book delivered to us in as good condition as you received it. We wouldn't make this offer if the books were not *all right*, would we? This return privilege applies to books bought by mail before January 15th. Books ordered after January 15th will not be returnable because any withdrawals after that would complicate awarding the prizes.

Those Who Answer Before December 15th Win Most, Skill Being Equal

Even the smallest prize ($100) is worth having for nothing—and it really costs you nothing, because for every dollar you invest you receive full value in books.

Each volume is carefully printed from good, readable type on unusually expensive and handsome laid paper, very wide, with ample margins. There are appropriate full page illustrations, an average of 6 to the volume. The books are considerably larger than the popular novel size and are bound in ribbed silk vellum, handsome and durable, with gilt tops and an ornamental back design stamped in gold. They will be a credit to your library shelves.

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These four stores will sell these books during the contest. Your right to predict will be the same whether you buy by mail from Washington, or at any of these stores. At the stores you can examine the books before buying. These store sales will be counted, of course, in the totals. **You may be sure these stores would not do this unless they were confident that we would do exactly as we promise.**

If you cannot visit one of these stores, send $1.00 for each book you want to Dept. K., THE WORLD'S FAMOUS BOOK CONTEST, *Washington Post*, Washington, D. C., and the books will be sent you and blanks on which to make your predictions. If you want further particulars before ordering, address Dept. K., WORLD'S FAMOUS BOOK CONTEST, *Washington Post*, Washington, D. C.

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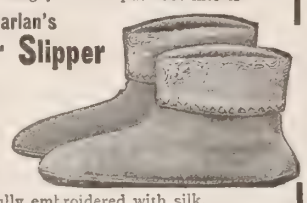

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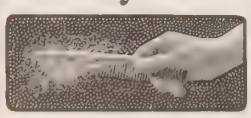

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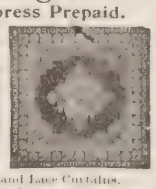

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For a "School of Peace"

BY EDWIN GINN, BOSTON, MASS.

FROM year to year, the peoples of the civilized nations meet in convention to discuss the problems of peace and war. Our peace congresses are exerting a deep influence. Yet the misfortunes of war are pressing upon us more heavily year by year. It would be difficult for any one to picture war in all its phases in stronger language than that used by Sumner in his *True Grandeur of Nations*, or by Channing in his *Discourses on War*, or by Bloch in his economic treatment of the subject. It is not a lack of the knowledge of the horrors of war and the blessings of peace that retards our movement; it is the failure of the people to grapple with the subject in a businesslike way.

There now exists among the civilized nations the most complete military organization the world has ever known, a force almost beyond our ability to comprehend. Eight millions of the ablest-bodied men in the world are withdrawn largely from productive service, and their future, as regards salary and promotion, depends upon the present military *regime*. In addition to this maintenance of vast armies and navies, there is the enormous expense of establishing and equipping fortifications. All this imposes a frightful burden upon the community. To support this force and carry this burden, the industrial world is hard at work, on the farm, in the shop, on the sea, in the counting-house, in all the vocations for the real uplifting of humanity; and after paying the enormous taxes imposed upon them because of these great armaments, there is left to many a pitiful margin for the absolute necessities of life. Mr. Atkinson has computed from government sources that in this country each family of five people pays for the expense of warfare $200 a year—a terrible burden, when we consider that not one family in ten is able to put by, year by year, one-half this amount.

. . .

We need a body of educators, whose sole duty should be to go among teachers, awakening and developing an intelligent and adequate interest in this great subject. This work of education should commence with the school children; it is with them that our greatest hope lies. Tell them of the heroes in every-day life, who are sacrificing their lives in the investigation of the germs of disease and the methods of destroying them; in draining malarial swamps; in saving the shipwrecked; in missionary work among the heathen and in our own land; of brave firemen who, at the risk of their lives, are saving the lives and property of others; of men and women working in the slums of our great cities, and picturing the misery they find there in order to awaken public interest and the public conscience; of the trained and tireless nurses, watching by sick beds night and day; of teachers in overcrowded schoolrooms, whose burden of responsibility and care knows almost no limit. Surely no man upon the battle-field deserves higher encomiums than these unselfish workers.

Again, the clergy need to be awakened in much fuller measure to their duties and responsibilities for existing conditions. Some of the ablest representatives of the pulpit should be enabled to devote their lives to going among their brother ministers and corresponding with them, arousing enthusiam, devotion, and exertion in this great cause. Every Christian minister in the land should be made to feel that if he is not rendering service in this field, he is not doing his duty.

If one-half of the amount now spent for purposes of war were devoted to the upbuilding of society, it would establish a thorough system of graded highways; it would connect all the great river-systems for purposes of commerce, it would irrigate and make fruitful the immense tracts of sandy deserts throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world; it would eliminate the congested sections in our great cities, and in the place of crowded tenement houses, unfit for human beings to live in, provide comfortable homes at moderate cost; it would make possible a careful supervision of all the great mining industries, reducing the fearful loss of life to a minimum; it would build hundreds of floating hospitals for the sick during the summer months; it would found permanent hospitals wherever needed; it would establish a thousand farms and workshops near the great centres of population, where the unfortunates could help themselves; it would establish a paid commission in every country which should give its entire time to the study of the different problems connected with the various industries of the day, and aid in the solution of these most perplexing questions; it would provide schools in every neglected portion of the globe.

. . .

Constant agitation will be imperative for many years to come to educate the people to demand a less expensive and more reasonable method of conducting international relations. No solution of this most difficult problem is possible unless it be undertaken by broad-minded men who are seeking only the highest good for all. If we can ever bring the nations to limit this constantly increasing military force, there will be much more hope for the future; with this terrible burden removed, we can move forward more efficiently and more hopefully.

I wish—and this is really the central thing in my mind—to throw out a hint for the consideration of business men, in regard to the foundation of an organization which might properly be called "A School of Peace." In the first place, in establishing such a school, a board of trustees should be selected from those who have shown distinct originality and executive ability in carrying on large business enterprises. To their hands should be committed the duty of choosing the ablest men in the country who desire to devote their lives to the study of this most important of all questions. They should carefully consider the conditions of the whole world and the relation of all nations to each other, in order to inaugurate a working scheme that shall be just to all. They should be competent to select the most efficient assistants to join with them in the great undertaking. To establish and equip this "School of Peace" on broad and lasting foundations, a large endowment is necessary. Moral influence is good, but if that is our sole reliance, this cause will not be far advanced.

. . .

The whole world has so long depended upon physical force to maintain proper relations among the nations, that a change to an economical, moral and reasonable plan for the settlement of differences must perhaps be slow. We may not expect to perfect the ideal organization in a day or in a year. The great object should be to make a real beginning toward lessening the armaments of the nations. This work cannot be done by one or two men; but we can lay the cornerstone. All great enterprises must have a beginning; and it is in the providence of the All-Wise that no good thought or act shall fail. Some seed may fall in barren places by the wayside; but enough will find fruitful soil and grow, until the earth shall yield its rich harvest of good overcoming evil, when man shall no longer desire to overreach or injure his brother, but all shall join in the prayer and effort for peace on earth and good will to men.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Famous University

A *History of Columbia University* appears opportunely, just before the 150th anniversary of its foundation. The successive changes in the name of this now venerable institution of learning are an epitome of its history. First (1754), King's College; then (1784), Columbia College, and, finally (1896), Columbia University, which includes Columbia College, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Barnard College (for women), Teachers College, College of Pharmacy, and Schools of Law, Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture. A great expansion has taken place within the last fifty years. In 1854, there were but 172 students in attendance; in 1904 no less than 4,709. The library has grown from 15,000 volumes in 1864, to 362,000 in 1904. Undoubtedly these figures suggest an increasing liberality in the policy of the University during the period to which they apply. Fifty years ago—or forty years, for that matter—the authorities of Columbia College showed little desire to enlarge its usefulness by extending its advantages to a larger number of students. A great change came with the administration of the late President Barnard (1864-1889), who, as an educator, looked much further into the future than most men of his day. He, it was, who furnished the impulse, which ultimately transformed the College into a University, embracing all subjects of knowledge, and open to women as well as to men. His must remain one of the greatest names in the history of Columbia. The *History*, etc., covers 462 pages, and even this gives but an outline of the past and present activities of the institution. Obviously a few paragraphs are inadequate for the most general view of the subject. It may be said safely, that no university in the United States or elsewhere is more progressive in its methods, or advanced in its general policy than Columbia, and that no professional schools have a higher reputation than its Schools of Medicine, Law, Mines and Chemistry.

To enumerate all the great names which have adorned the history of Columbia would be a serious task. Among the famous older graduates were Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Robert E. Livingston, DeWitt Clinton, and Hamilton Fish. On the roll of law professors we find the illustrious names of James Kent and Theodore W. Dwight. The Medical School has had such men as John C. Dalton, Valentine Mott, Willard Parker, Alonzo Clark, Edward Delafield, etc. The general faculty boasts the names of Charles Anthon, Henry Drisler, Francis Lieber, Charles Davies, Charles F. Chandler, etc.

At the present time the University has the services of a faculty, whose combined talents and scholarship defy description within the limits of this brief review. Whatever can contribute to thorough education, whether general or professional, is to be found at Columbia, thanks to the liberality of the alumni and the citizens of New York and to the enlightened policy of the trustees. For particulars, the reader must consult the neat, comprehensive, well printed and well illustrated volume (issued by the Columbia University Press, New York, and published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York), in which the history of the University is presented.

G. H. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Doctor Tom, by John Williams Streeter. A capital story of the Southern mountaineers. Pp. 272. Cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Tales from Wonderland, by Rudolph Baumbach, translated and adapted for American children. Pp. 122. Cloth. A. Lovell & Co., New York, publishers.

Until Seventy Times Seven. A story of sin and pardon, of struggle and victory; pure and helpful in tone. Pp. 180. $1. Thos. Whittaker, New York, publisher.

Money, Banking and Finance, by A. S. Bolles, Ph.D., LL.D. A book that should prove of great value to students of finance generally. Cloth binding. Pp. 338. American Book Co., New York Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

Careers for the Coming Men, being practical discussions of the professions and callings open to young Americans, by some twenty men prominent in various fields, including art, medicine, authorship, seamanship, the ministry, etc. Pp. 245. Illustrated. Price $1.50. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

The popular book, *Our Own and Other Worlds*, by Rev. Joseph Hamilton, is having a good sale in the United States, Canada, and Britain. The publishers are Eaton & Mains of New York, William Briggs of Toronto, and the Methodist Publishing House of London, Eng.

Whosoever Shall Offend, by F. Marion Crawford. A strong and delightful story, with the distinctive Roman atmosphere that appears in all of Mr. Crawford's great books. Illustrated by Horace T. Carpenter. 388 pp. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Tom Keenan, Locomotive Engineer, a story of fifty years on the rail. The author is known to railroad men throughout the land. This story of his redemption from the "scrap heap," and of his active, useful life for Christ, should be widely read. Pp. 280. Cloth covers. Price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Preacher's Card Index, for Membership, Reminder and Memorandum. A novel and exceedingly useful and practical aid to the pastor in keeping his personal records of church matters up to date. Far better than bound volumes. Provides for every possible contingency in church work. The full set of Index Cards in a box, with instructions, $2. F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O., publisher.

The Principles and Progress of English Poetry, with representative masterpieces and notes, by Prof. C. M. Gailey and Prof. Clement C. Young. One of the best books on the metrical art that has yet appeared. All the great poets have been drawn from in the selections, and the notes are copious and valuable. Pp. 595. Cloth covers. Price $1.10. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

In a Phantasm of Sleep, or Soul and Sundial, by Nina Picton. This book purports to be the record of "sixteen consecutive dreams," which the author believes to have been sent for a purpose. It reads like an allegory, and is a beautiful and helpful narrative as a whole. Some of the passages have a reminder of Bunyan, Dante, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mrs. Oliphant, in their weird spirituality. Pp. 130. Price $1. The Philosophic Co., 500 Fifth Ave., New York, publishers.

Life of Christ for Little Children, Illustrated from the Old Masters and Illuminated after Parchments of the Fifteenth Century, by Mary Mein Carter. It contains reproductions from the famous canvases of Raphael, Guido, Rein, Murillo, Coreggio, Hofmann, Plockhorst, Rubens, Scheffer, Bourgueereau, Biermann, Dore, and other great painters. The illuminated work on the letter press pages is finely done. The *Life* takes the form of an alphabet, with a verse and a picture for each letter. Cloth covers, $1.25; vellum, $1.75. A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

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DURING the past summer, services have been held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in a tent on the circus grounds, near Broadway and Halsey Street. Three times on Sundays and every evening except Saturday, large numbers have attended and have listened attentively to the preaching of the earnest evangelists who have had charge of the meetings. Many souls have been won and have given evidence that the change in their lives is real and permanent. Several churches in the neighborhood have received accessions of membership through God's blessing on the effort. At the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, the pastor, Dr. Charles T. Baylis, had the pleasure, on October 2, of receiving forty-three new members, thirty-four of whom were accepted on profession of faith and nine by letter from other churches. Dr. Baylis has taken a prominent part in the tent services, and in receiving the new members expressed his sincere thankfulness for the harvest which has been gathered from the summer's sowing on this somewhat unpromising field.

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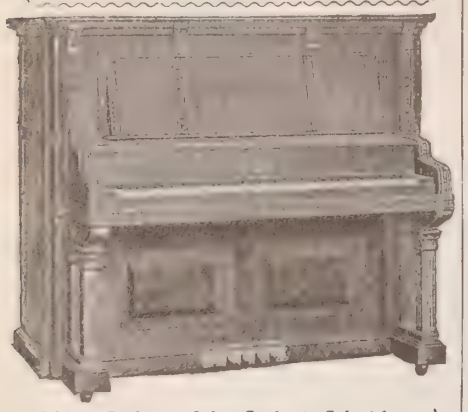

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36th YEAR—ESTABLISHED 1868

"That Little Gal in Ingy"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1017

"Jacob," said the minister, cordially extending his hand, "I have heard all about your wife's interest in the little girl in India."

"An', an', my interest," jealously stammered Jake, looking shamefaced.

"Of course, of course," returned the minister, feeling at the same time no small amount of surprise. "It is a wonderful privilege, my friend," he continued, "the child, no doubt, shall grow up to be a great blessing to her own race. Eternity alone shall be able to reveal the good you may be doing."

As soon as he had parted from the minister, Jake hurried around to the village general store.

When a collar had been selected, and put on, Jake walked out of the store holding his head very high, and feeling his neck very stiff.

"Ef I could meet the minister now," he soliloquised, "I'd be a credit to my country, an'---an' to---Janey."

An electrical storm had been threatening all afternoon, and before Jake reached home it came upon him. The lightning was very sharp, and the rain poured. Jake sought shelter in a small belt of woods, drew a large bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and carefully tied it over his paper collar. While he was waiting there, the lightning struck a tall pine tree not many yards from where he was standing. He looked on the death-smitten tree, and instantly he remembered reading that terrible storms at times prevailed in India. A great fear suddenly possessed him that the little Janey might possibly be caught in one of those storms.

"O God, take keer o' the little Janey out in Ingy!" It seemed somehow to give him a grain of comfort, when he could not have a hand himself in shielding her from danger, to appeal to One whom he was taught in his childhood had a hand in managing the whole universe.

When he reached home he felt reluctant to take off the paper collar, while at the same time he felt half ashamed to leave it on before Jane. Although it was very stiff, and chafed his neck sorely as he stooped and reached while feeding the stock and doing the night chores, somehow it made him think himself of more importance.

When Jake had his work done, and had come in from the barn, he found that Jane, in clearing up the house had somehow mislaid his paper, which he had just brought home from the post-office—at least when he could not find it he blamed her for mislaying it. He was beginning to show much impatience and talk very cross, when suddenly it occurred to him, "Janey'd hate to hear me speak so to her ma." The thought suddenly calmed him, and a few seconds later he found the newspaper behind the large eight-day clock, where he had shoved it himself. He sat down by a lighted tallow dip and began to read aloud the news to her while she sewed buttons on his vest. Among the local items he stumbled upon the following:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bender, of the Ninth Concession, have undertaken the support of a child, said to be a very handsome and promising little girl, in a mission school in India. The Editor wishes them every success in their novel and praiseworthy undertaking."

Jake was beside himself with delight. "Did you ever hear the likes o' that? How did they ever hear about it? Ef that don't beat cucumbers!" he said to Jane, waiting for no replies. "Did you notice they said handsome an' promisin'? that's right! Of course she's handsome an' promisin' or we wouldn't hev anythin' to do with her! Cut out this little piece, Jane, and paste it in beside our weddin' notice."

There was a short silence, then Jake said, hesitatingly, eying a hole in the stovepipe which ran along the ceiling of the room: "Would you mind, Jane, ef I wore one o' them b'iled collars every time I went to the village?"

"No," said Jane, arranging a brown horn button on her needle, feeling conscious that she would be proud of having her husband wear a collar.

That night when Jake and Jane were retiring, Jane kneeled sedately by their bedside and prayed long and earnestly. Jake seemed to know that she was praying for the little girl in India, and for one moment he felt like throwing himself on his knees beside her.

The next morning Jake saw Jane carrying some heavy pails, and in a sort of shamefaced way he went up and took them out of her hands and carried them himself. Jane, with woman's intuitive power, said in her secret heart: "It's the little gal in Ingy is makin' him do this."

When, next morning, he was reharnessing his horses for the plough, one of them crowded over against him. Jake was quick-tempered, and his first impulse, which he obeyed, was to hurl a lot of expletives at the offending horse, and start to pound him over the head with his fists. Suddenly something seemed to arrest him. "Janey'd hate to hear those—those big words," he said to himself. Then he mildly asked his poor bewildered horse to stand over, a request which the horse immediately complied with.

"I'll be slivered," said Jake, "ef I won't quit them words, they ain't fit for the father of a promisin' gal. I'll be sliv— I suppose that's one o' them," he gasped, and he never finished the sentence.

Some weeks after this, Jane received another letter, in which it was stated that the little girl in India had the scarlet fever. The writer did not imagine what consternation her words would produce when she said, "The attack threatens to be very severe." Jake and Jane were filled with the gravest forebodings.

If Janey should die he felt as if he could scarcely stand it. Jane's faith kept her from sinking into the depths of despair which seemed to swamp her husband.

He simply could not endure it alone; sometimes he would talk out his fears to Jane, but more often he would go off into some hidden corner and pray over and over again, "O God take keer o' the little gal in Ingy!" Prayer was fast becoming a habit with Jake, but still he was restless, not having any assurance that Janey would get better.

One day when he and Jane had concluded that the time to expect a letter from India had fully arrived, Jake went into the village. Inquiring in full faith at the post-office, he learned to his dismay that no letter had come. He was now sure that Janey had died, or was dying, and that was the reason Lavinia Millar did not write. He started for home almost overpowered. As soon as he reached there and had told his worst fears to Jane, he went away into the hay-loft; he would have gone to the woods, but the ground by that time was covered with a foot of snow, and falling on his knees on the soft hay up near the rafters, he lifted his hands to heaven and prayed as he had never prayed before. As he prayed a strange peace crept slowly over his stormy heart, and seemed to flood the cobweb-draped hay-loft.

He rose from his knees, and went into the house, wearing an expression of countenance such as Jane had never before seen him wear.

That evening, a neighbor who had been in to the post-office called, and brought them the expected letter from India. It contained the joyful intelligence that Janey had fully recovered.

"I knowed it," said Jake complacently, "afore the letter came." Jane looked at him, and asked no questions.

The twenty-fourth of November had always been in Jake's mind a day of feasting and merry-making, roast turkey and plum-pudding had loomed prominently in the foreground of his conception of that day, but on this twenty-fourth he was up early, brushing the horses and polishing the harness. When he came in to breakfast he said to his wife: "Hurry up, Jane, an' git the dishes washed, we must go in to church to-day." Jane was not surprised; she had been reading Jake's heart better than he knew.

As Jake stood in the quiet village church, the soft winter light falling through the blue glass on his hymn-book, and joined with the congregation in singing one of the old Thanksgiving hymns, he knew, and Jane knew, that he was celebrating his first Thanksgiving Day.

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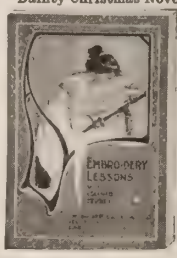

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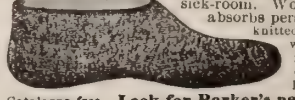

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The Ridgeways' Thanksgiving

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1013

"I intend to," was the quiet answer, s he made preparations to go out the econd time. "Get the lantern ready, Katie, and I'll go and saddle old Dave. I'm dreadfully afraid Dick has attempted he river road."

"I'm real afraid to have you go, pa," aid his wife, melting in an instant. "You may get lost yourself."

"Well, you can't lose me!" exclaimed Katie. "Let me go along, pa. I've got ubber boots, you know, and I just love o wade in the snow. I don't care a single nite for drifts. We'll take old Watch long, too, and he'll be a big help. Put a ottle of that ginger-tea in my cloak ocket, mother; I'll make Dick drink very drop of the dregs for this scare, see f I don't. And mother! wouldn't it be good plan so ring the big dinner-bell nce in a while, so if we should get rattled e'd know how to steer?"

"That child has good sense as well as luck," said her father, admiringly. "I on't know, mother, but it might be well nough to let her go. She can ride old Dave turn about."

"And I'm going to take the old horn e used to use before we got the bell," aid Katie, enthused by her father's com- nendation. "I'll blow it every little hile, mother, to comfort you, and if Dick hould be astray, it may guide him to us."

Mrs. Ridgeway shook her head, but aid no more, and the strong young girl urried on her wraps and got the lantern eady. In a few minutes they were off hrough the blinding storm.

It was hard work keeping right, and rogress was necessarily slow, but they ere well acquainted with the country, nd Watch could not be easily puzzled as o his whereabouts. At intervals, Katie lew on the old tin horn, a long, winding last, and was answered by a sharp peal f the great dinner-bell, that could be eard for half a mile at least.

Just before they reached the road that ranched off and wound along the bank f the river, they heard a team approach- ng slowly. Their hearts leaped with a reat thankfulness, and, involuntarily, the ords "Thank God!" burst from Mr. idgeway's lips. But the next moment gruff voice issuing a command to the oundering horses, told them that Dick nd Dorothy were not the occupants of he vehicle, but neighbor Wilkins, who ved on the farm just beyond them. He ad been to the village of Buddtown and as just returning. Mr. Ridgeway stop- ed him and asked if he had seen any- hing of their missing guests. The nswer made his heart sink. "No, I aven't seen anybody since I left Budd- own; not a livin' soul."

"Then," said Mr. Ridgeway, turning is horse towards the river, "they have ither not left home at all, or they have aken this road. Blow the horn, Katie, nd I'll call out as we go along. Be care- ul how you step, child. Stay, you get n old Dave and father'll walk."

For as much as an hour they plodded arefully on, flashing their lantern here nd there, hoping yet dreading to find the bjects of their search. Every minute the oad became more dangerous, the way ilder and the storm more furious. At ast, Watch bounded forward with a loud, rolonged howl, which broke almost in- tantly into wild barking. Hastening on, hey found him standing on the edge of he embankment and acting as if he were oing to leap over. In a moment he did o, his great feet sending up a shower of now as he plunged downward. Mr. idgeway called loudly, and Katie again lew her horn. A feeble voice answered hem; Dick's voice, faint and tremulous om pain. "Is that you, father! Oh, hank the Lord. I was sure he would end you to look after us."

"Are you all alive?" shouted the father. "Dorothy---the child?"

"Yes, we're alive all right," was the answer, "but hurt some. Dorothy fainted, but she's coming to, and the baby is all right. If you can give us a little help, I guess we can climb up."

"I'm coming straight down to get that baby," said Katie, descending in front of her father, who was carrying the lantern. Fortunately the embankment was not very steep, and it was but a few minutes ere they reached Dorothy, who was clinging desperately to the tree against which she had fallen. The baby had been flung into a soft drift, and being but a bundle of thick shawls was unhurt. Dick had been dragged quite a little distance, and had sprained his arm badly and cut his head against a projecting rock.

"It is God's mercy you are not all dead!" exclaimed Mr. Ridgeway, in a husky tone, as they helped the travelers up the ascent with considerable difficulty, for Dorothy was hurt so badly that she could not step without almost fainting with pain. "How did it happen?"

"The horses got frightened at something," said Dick, "and pitched us over without a minute's warning. Dorothy fell into that tree, but I was dragged nearly to the foot of the embankment. As to the horses, they just rolled over each other and fell into the river. They must both be done for. I don't know where the buggy went to."

"If Dorothy and the child can rest here a bit with Katie and old Watch, we'll go back and see," said Mr. Ridgeway, whose heart was very tender for animals. "I hate to leave the poor critters to suffer. Katie, where is that bottle? Give Dick and Dorothy a pull of it; it'll warm them up. Now, come on, if you can, Dick; it won't take but a few minutes."

Dick, suffering greatly, followed the old man, and together they descended the steep. They found one of the horses dead and the other still struggling in the river. They made an effort to reach him, but even as they did so, he ceased to struggle and sank heavily in the water. The buggy they found torn to fragments, and scattered along in different places were their luggage and various articles they had brought with them. But destructive as the event proved, there was nothing but thankfulness in every heart as they wended their way home, Dorothy on old Dave, Dick walking by her side, Mr. Ridgeway leading the horse, and Katie carrying the baby, which she would yield to no one. All felt what a blessing it was that not only were their lives spared, but they had not perished with cold, and that no bones were broken.

The next day Dorothy lay on the couch like a faded flower, and Dick crept about with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling. The great Thanksgiving feast was spread and they bolstered Dorothy up in the big rocker to help eat it; and as Mr. Ridgeway bowed his head and with broken voice gave thanks, every heart fairly ached with its burden of gratitude.

"Father of love," said he, "we thank thee for this Thanksgiving Day. In thy tender mercy thou hast spared our lives and brought us together again out of great peril. We want to do nothing but praise thee and love thee to the end of our days."

When Dick said "Amen" in that strong, earnest voice of his, the tears raced down every face. Then Mrs. Ridgeway smiled through her tears and said huskily: "One thing is sure: We never had such a thankful Thanksgiving in our lives. Now, let's eat, for the Lord giveth us richly all things to enjoy. Get to work and carve the turkey, pa. Dorothy'll feel a heap better when she gets something good to eat."

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FIVE GENERATIONS

MRS. MARY RUSH FREY, was born at Indian Creek, Fayette County, Pa., January 1, 1810, and was ninety-three years old the first day of 1904. She is living with her daughter, Mrs. Mattie J. Seaver, 581 East Ash Street, Portland, Ore. She is in good health, and able to travel on the cars, having recently visited her daughter, Mrs. Lydia Parker, in Seattle, Wash. She is remarkably active for one of her age, is a great reader, and especially fond of reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which she has been a subscriber for many years. When not reading she is hand-sewing, making all kinds of fancy needle-work, such as sofa pillows, silk quilts, etc. Her work is sought after far and near. She has made eighty-two sofa pillow-covers in the last two years. She was converted in June, 1830, baptized by Rev. James Frey, and became a member of the Turkey Foot Baptist Church, Fayette County, Pa. This was the first Baptist Church organized west of the Allegheny Mountains. She was married November 18, 1830, to James Frey, and came to Rock Island County, Ill., in 1851, with her husband and eight children. Her husband died in 1856, leaving her with a family to bring up, which she did "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and with credit to herself and to them. She has 8 children, 6 of whom are living. Twenty-three grandchildren all living; 32 great-grandchildren, and 1 great-great-grandchild, all of whom are living,—64 in all, 62 of whom are living. Twenty-seven of the 62 are Christians, and she expects that the remainder will become so, as they reach the years of accountability; 23 of the 27 are Baptists and 4 are Methodists. She is now a member of the Second Baptist Church of Portland Ore., and expects to live to see a hundred years. Her son-in-law is Rev. Gilman Parker, of Seattle, Wash.

FIVE GENERATIONS OF A WESTERN FAMILY

I also send a picture of five generations. The centre one is Mrs. Mary R. Frey; right-hand lower one is her son, James Alexander Frey, of Little Rock, Ark.; the right-hand upper corner is Mrs. Abbie Vandeveer, granddaughter; left-hand lower corner, Charles Vandeveer, a great-grandson; left-hand upper corner, John Vandeveer, great-great-grandson; the last three are residents of Olympia, Wash.

TO BANISH OPIUM FROM CHINA

ON Nov. 10, at eleven o'clock, Secretary Hay gave a public hearing to the International Reform Bureau, and to representatives of all the Protestant Evangelical Missionary Societies of the United States, the W. C. T. U. and the Presbyterian Temperance Committee, all of which have petitioned him, in view of the anticipated reopening of international Chinese questions at the close of the present war, to use his diplomatic influence to induce Great Britain to withdraw the treaty provisions by which China has been compelled, since 1858, to legalize the opium traffic.

The hearing was opened by Hon. Chas. Lyman, President of the Reform Bureau, who submitted the Bureau's appeal for this action "in the name of conscience and commerce." Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, reviewed the historic precedents and facts bearing on the case.

These points were amplified by four missionaries from China, viz., Rev. Frank D. Gamewell, Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, Dr. William Ashmore, and Rev. W. L. Beard. Secretary Hay, in his reply, quoted from the Declaration of Independence — "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind"—as expressing the power of international public opinion that would be a great factor in achieving the purpose of the hearing. Numerous petitions and resolutions are coming to Secretary Hay by way of seconding this great proposal.

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A Pioneer Sunday School

RS. T. M. SCHELL, of Rogers, N. D., writes: "Last spring we took a claim ar Hofflund, Williams Co., N. D., and ile we were there had a Sunday School ganized with the aid of our pastor, Rev. r. Polege. The school is on Beaver Creek,

HE BEAVER CREEK SUNDAY SCHOOL

uth of Ray, in the Missouri flats. There e quite a few settlers there, who moved eight or ten years ago with their fami-s, and have lived as ranchers. They ve had a few acres under cultivation. ey have had no Sunday School before s one, and the children and their parents e delighted with the school. They are eping up a good interest in it, and have organ and can sing nicely. There are y schools, and the children come as far five miles to attend.

This is a Methodist Sunday School. Rev. r. Polege preached in this schoolhouse ear before they had the Sunday School, this is one instance where the church nt ahead of the Sunday School. They self-supporting since the first quarter's pplies were furnished, so we feel that d's cause in this place will prosper.

Answered Prayers

Thankful Mother. "I desire to praise God the conversion of a dear daughter, and for ny other blessings received."

.. P., New York. "I prayed for the recovery to ith of a very dear one and my prayer is ver-dly being answered. I praise my heavenly ther for it.'

Reader, Illinois. "I wish to publicly ac-owledge that God has heard and answered my ver. The answer often comes while we are speaking. Read Daniel 9: 20, 21."

I.K., Iowa. "I, too, read with interest the 'An-ered Prayers,' and have often taken new cour-to go to God and ask in faith, believing, and ow he does answer in his own time and way."

Reader, Pennsylvania. "O that every one might ow the comfort of carrying everything to God prayer, for he will indeed answer us if we but st and obey. I hope this may help some one to st him."

Miss R. L., Iowa. "The 'Answered Prayer' col-n is a great blessing and help to me, and ough it I wish to acknowledge God's loving dness to me in answering a special prayer. I ow that he does hear and answer our prayers. t trust him."

Mrs. B. A., Indiana. "My heart is full of thank-ness to-night, and I want to add my testimony t our God does answer prayer. He has an ered mine many times, and only recently he heard and answered immediately when I was in great trouble."

Mary H., Alabama. "I promised the dear Father if he would help me that I would grate-fully acknowledge his kindness. I go to him with everything, and he never fails to help and comfort me. I could not doubt his loving kind-ness if I wanted to."

M. A. "I was deep in trouble, but I took it all to God in prayer, claimed his promise, John 14:14; 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' The answer came, as it has often before when in deep distress. He sustained me and answered, for which I praise his holy name."

Mrs. E. P. M., Ohio. "I read with interest each week the list of answers to prayer. A Christian's faith is strengthened by the many acknowledg-ments therein. I wish to add my testimony to the fidelity of God, when he promised to hear and answer the petitions offered by his children."

Mrs. Alice J., Virginia. "I wish to add my tes-timony to the goodness of God in answering prayer. He has delivered me from many troubles, and now while I am praying for the salvation of a dear one, I feel that he will answer me. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his ben-efits.'"

A Subscriber, Michigan. "Through your col-umns I wish to fulfil my promise to God by ac-knowledging his answers to my prayers. I prayed that he would restore two loved ones to health, and he graciously answered me. I know that God will always answer our prayers, if it is for our best."

E. C. P., Massachusetts. "God in his infinite goodness and mercy has heard and answered many times, and has just recently answered me in the hour of great need, when none could deliver me but he alone. Hoping this may comfort some afflicted one to come to him in faith, for he is ever ready to hear."

Reader, Virginia. "I wish, through THE CHRIS-TIAN HERALD, to say that I know the Lord answers our prayers, if we pray, believing. He has answer-ed my prayers in times of trouble. I committed a sin and repented of it, and I prayed with my whole heart to God to send me a sign of forgive-ness, believing, almost knowing, that what I asked would come to pass, and in due time it did."

Mrs. M. S. B., Illinois. "I wish to add my testi-mony to the faithfulness of God in answering prayer, if we come to him in faith. He has direct-ly answered my prayers many times, and I feel that I could not live without the comfort that I may come to him in all times of need. Will the dear praying friends ask the Lord to deliver us from a great trouble that seems to be coming upon us, for with God all things are possible."

E. A. S., Pennsylvania. "I have noticed your 'Answered Prayers,' and I think they are a great comfort to many people. I promised my dear heavenly Father if he would remove a great bur-den from me I would make public acknowledg-ment of it, and in his infinite love and mercy he did remove it. Thanks be to his holy name, he always hears the cry of his children, if they will only ask and trust him."

A Reader. "I would like to add my testimony to the many that have already appeared in the 'Answered Prayer' column. My life has indeed been a sad one. So full of grief and sorrow, which at times seemed almost more than I could bear. One great and real cause of my sorrow has been removed, and I believe it was in answer to earn-est, fervent prayer. I have received much com-fort and help from reading the 'Answered Prayer' column."

Subscriber, North Carolina. "I have been doing what I thought was praying for twenty years, and I never saw any benefit from it, in fact it was more a form than anything else, and I was just on the verge of giving up everything that pertained to religion and go the other way, when, one day, I saw a copy of your paper containing some 'Answer-ed Prayers.' There were just two or three in that number. The way they were put, somehow, struck me in a tender place, and I was made, by reading these prayers, to stop and consider my own coudition, and to think why God had never answered my prayer. My conclusion was, that I had never prayed in my life. The great flame that was once in me at my conversion, had died away to but just a feeble spark, and somehow, when I made up my mind to take the back track, I couldn't do it willingly, and so I tried from that day to pray and to lead a different life. I prom-ised God that if he would keep me and answer my prayers, after enabling me to try to pray to him aright, I would publicly acknowledge them. Though it was a small thing, he answered my prayer immediately, bless his precious name, and he has answered lots of times since. Now there is a prayer that I have been asking for for years, and he has not answered yet. I want to ask all who may see this in 'Answered Prayers,' to join with me in prayer to God that he may deliver me from this cup, and remove this heavy burden from my heart, which is almost more than I can bear. I have never asked him to remove it more than I have asked him to give me grace to bear it, until it was his holy will to do so."

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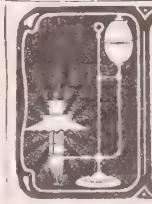

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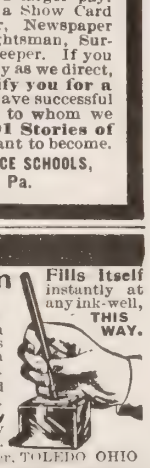
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RUSSIA IN PROPHECY

A NOTABLE prophecy by the Prophet Ezekiel has given considerable trouble to expositors. It describes a crushing judgment which should befall an enemy of Israel. Apparently that disaster which was to cause him to leave five-sixths of his army behind him dead, was to occur in Palestine. He would go forth out of his place with his hordes of many nationalities, against a people dwelling safely, expecting to take a prey. He would say (Ezek. 38: 11) "I will go up to the land of unwalled villages; I will go to them that are at rest, all of them dwelling without walls, and having neither bars nor gates." He was "to come from his place out of the North parts, with many people, all of them riding upon horses, a great company and a mighty army." He was to be overwhelmed with great hailstones, fire and brimstone. God says to him: "I will turn thee back and leave but the sixth part of thee, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord."

Some years ago the author of *Armageddon*, a famous work on prophecy, identified this enemy of Israel whose name Ezekiel calls Gog, Prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal (Ezek. 39: 1, R. V.), with the Czar of Russia. "The land of Magog," he said, after a long and learned argument, "may be demonstratively regarded in this prophecy, as identical with Russia," the original tribes having settled in the region between the Black and Caspian Seas, and spread northward. Further proof is adduced by Dr. Gill, who states that later Greek writers make mention of a country called Rosh, which they describe as "a Scythian nation, occupying a region between the Black Sea and the north of Taurus, a people fierce and wild." He goes on to show that these people having lived contiguously before they left their first settlements in Asia, preserved their relations of amity throughout their various migrations northward, settled in neighboring countries, and became the progenitors of the Russians or Muscovites.

The identity of Russia being thus established, it is interesting to turn to the prophecy of Ezekiel and read what is to happen to the nation that has made itself famous by its persecution of the Jews. It is true that the prophet sees the disaster occurring in the land of Palestine, so there may be a future crushing calamity yet in store for the Muscovites; but it is singular that the present trouble is almost exactly fulfilling the description of the ancient prophet. Professor Fairbairn has culled from the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel the following passages, which he translates:

Behold I am against thee, Gog, Prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal. And I will make thee to turn back, and put hooks into thy jaws, and lead thee forth and all thy host, horses and horsemen. . . . A great multitude. . . . Persia, Ethiopia, and Phut with them. . . . Gomer and all his hordes; the house of Togarmah, in the extreme north, and all his hordes; many nations with thee. . . . After many days thou gettest the command; at the end of the years thou dost come. . . . upon the mountains of Israel. . . . As a tempest wilt thou come, thou and all thy hordes, and many peoples with thee. . . to make a booty, and to carry off prey. . . . Sheba and Dedan and the merchants of Tarshish, and all her young lions shall say to thee, "Art thou come to take spoil?" [The people represented as speaking thus to Gog were on his side rather than with the Covenant people.] Thou comest out of thy place, thou and many nations with thee. . . . And I will judge him and his hordes and the many peoples that are with him.

As a commentary on this, how remarkable is the following account of the races which make up the Russian army, written by the famous newspaper correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales:

"Kouropatkin has now 460,000 men of mixed sorts. But few of these belong to the gray-coated regulars. Possibly no nation has drawn such a mixed lot of men to the colors for centuries as Russia is doing now. I saw grim Tartars from the Crimea; Turcomans from Merv were bound for the same destination; they had their orders to be at Verchneudinsk within a given time, and they went as swiftly as men could go; Circassians from the Caucasus bivouacked on the shores of Lake Baikal with Buriat seal-hunters; thick-set, sturdy fellows from Archangel. Samoyedes, who had flocked from the far frozen valley of the Yenesei, Buriats, men of almost ox-like strength, but of small intelligence; Mongols, from the Trans-Baikal—a mixed and motley crowd. They spoke many tongues, dressed in many garbs, and carried weapons peculiar to their particular provinces.

"All were types of tribes and nations to whom the Czar is lord and ruler. They had come in droves, like rivers that could not be impeded in their course, because the Czar had called, and his voice reaches to the utmost bounds of his vast empire.

"They had come from herding cattle on the wind-swept steppes; they had come fresh from the plough or the threshing-floor; they had come from the gloomy mountain fastnesses where only the hunter goes; they had come from lakes that look like inland seas; from the mines, camps, and the splitters' huts. Their fathers and brothers and sons are coming after them in ceaseless waves—coming to the shambles like bulls that have been herded for the market. A fine, grand race of men, full of courage, honesty, and industry. They are the salt of the land they live in, and, before this disgusting carnival, which fools call glorious war, is over, so many of them will be lying dead—dead before their time.

"One cannot think of the coming holocaust without a shudder of despair and a sigh of unutterable contempt. For, one knows well, none of the vainglorious fools on either side who made this slaughter possible will be found in the fighting ranks."

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Philip Embury Honored

PHILIP EMBURY, who preached the first Methodist sermon in America, lies buried in Woodland Cemetery, at Cambridge, N. Y. The National Association of Local Preachers has erected a monument over his grave.

Philip Embury was born in Ireland, in 1728 or 1729, of German parents. He was converted in 1752, and became a preacher six years later. In 1760, he emigrated to America, but it is not known whether he preached during the first year or two of his life in New York. In 1766, stimulated by the advice of Barbara Heck, a godly Methodist, he organized a class, and began preaching, first in his own house and afterward in a hired room. In 1767, he was conducting services in the famous "Rigging Loft," which became known as the birthplace of Methodism in New York. In 1768, the pioneer Methodist Church was erected on John Street. At that time the city had a population of about 20,000. Embury continued to serve the church gratuitously until the arrival of the first missionaries sent out by John Wesley in 1769, when he surrendered the charge and emigrated to Washington County, where he continued his labors as a local preacher. He died in August, 1775, and was buried nearby, but in 1832 his remains were taken to Ashgrove Churchyard, and interred with appropriate ceremonies. In 1866, the centenary year of Methodism, the remains were again transferred, this time to Woodland Cemetery, Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., where they now lie.

The monument lately erected upon Embury's grave by the National Association of Local Preachers is a beautiful shaft, which stands out prominently among other monuments in that part of the cemetery. It is desired to have the plot and everything in connection with the monument well cared for. At the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers, held in Camden, N.J., Oct. 14-18, that body assumed responsibility for the sum of $300 for the perpetual care of the Embury Monument and lot; and appointed Rev. J. H. Kirkbride, 428 Cartaret Street, Camden, N. J., and William A. Owen, D.D., West 111th Street, New York City, a committee to raise this amount. Contributions for this purpose will be accepted from local preachers and any others interested. Such contributions may be forwarded to either member of the committee named above, and will be promptly acknowledged.

NEW MONUMENT TO PHILIP EMBURY

The Story of Scrooby Manor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1019

ostentation of the powdered and laced ladies and gentlemen of the period; and among them, but not of them, the quiet, handsome figure of William Brewster, doing all his daily business with a singularly grave courtesy, but showing the noblest side of his character when he gathered in the great dining-hall that remarkable group of men and women who formed the first church that the Pilgrims of New Plymouth founded. Nor will it be uninteresting to reflect, that out of this ancient dwelling, the lawful property of the church in Old England, came the first church of New England; and that the home that had sheltered Popish Abbots, and Episcopal Archbishops, was the cradle of all the simple Congregationalist churches of America. Scrooby is a very insignificant village, but truly great men and great events came out of Scrooby!

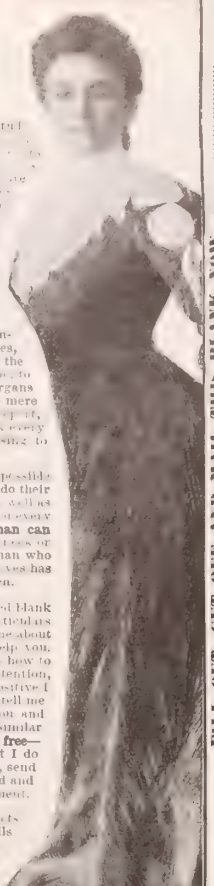
SCROOBY MANOR From an old engraving

ANY WOMAN CAN

HAVE A GOOD FIGURE

CAN BE

Well Wholesome Happy Vivacious WITH A Clear Skin Strong Brain and a Buoyant Step



OVER 10,000 WOMEN ARE STUDYING THEMSELVES You will do [illegible] some special [illegible] this year.—why not [illegible] is a matter of [illegible] and [illegible] is [illegible] and [illegible] a woman without [illegible] a woman [illegible] this year. [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] can rise with them, appreciate their efforts and share their triumphs. I have worked with nearly 10,000 women during the past [illegible] years, studying women individually and collectively, to help them best.

EVERY VITAL ORGAN STRONG In my instructions with you by mail, I completely study your case, directing your exercises, bathing and diet, giving you work to bring the strength to every vital organ, every nerve center, teach you to breathe, to stand and to walk well and the reflex action of the strength of the vital organs of rhythmic movement upon the mind is worth more to women than the mere physical. One woman recently expressed this reflex action to me in her letter, "Miss Cocroft, I used to feel so depressed and now I feel as if I can love every man, woman and child I see. As the car with a feeling that I am rising to my best."

EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE A CLEAR SKIN AND A GOOD FIGURE Unless the body is properly poised it is impossible for the vital organs and nerve centers to do their proper work. From a health standpoint as well as from a standpoint of beauty, it is necessary that every woman to carry herself well and **any woman can have a good figure.** No woman needs to have an undeveloped bust, back or chest, or flat, undeveloped in any particular of her body, and the woman who [illegible] pounds of superfluous flesh every time she moves has my sympathy, for I realize it is not necessary for her to carry this burden.

WRITE ME ABOUT YOURSELF Will you not mark with the letter x on the attached blank the points which interest you and if there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I need, write me about them also and I will tell you frankly whether I can help you. I have worked solely with women for the past thirteen years and I know how to understand as well as help them. As I give every pupil my personal attention, **the number is necessarily limited.** I never take a pupil unless I feel positive I can help her. Write me fully and frankly of your special difficulties, tell me what you want to gain or change and I will tell you what I can do for you and send you letters from women whom I have benefited and received of similar ailments. I will send you, too, my **booklet on how to stand correctly, free**—every woman should have it. My work is not a "Cure All" system, but I do build up the strength of **all** the **vital** organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers, send your blood bounding through your veins as it did when you were a child and give you that dignified bearing which at once bespeaks culture and refinement.

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I wish you could read the letters from my pupils, any one day. I know it would do your heart good as it does mine.

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Open-Air Preaching in Bulgaria

THE Bulgarians have been, as a nation, Christians for over a thousand years, but the preaching of the Gospel was practically unknown among them until the appearance of Protestant missionaries in 1858. Ever since, the Gospel has been regularly preached in the vernacular, in all the Protestant churches. In the national church, its reading is in the Slavic, and preaching is still prohibited. One reason for its prohibition is the superstition which has crept into the orthodox church, as it is falsely called. Christ's words find a literal fulfilment in the Bulgarian national church, that "the light shineth in the darkness and the darkness apprehended it not."

Now and then, there have been intelligent priests who have made attempts to preach the pure Gospel in the vernacular, but they were soon silenced by ecclesiastical authority, as is the case with priest Apostol Geargieff, and ex-Priest Stoyan Lemenoff. Recently, a priests' Congress was convened in Sofia. As reported by the newspapers, one of its objects was to arrange for preaching in every church; but I have good reason to fear, that, even if such a vote was passed by the Congress, it will remain a dead letter.

It is gratifying, however, to know that in spite of the bitter persecution that has at times hindered the Protestants, they have never been wholly silenced. Regular preaching services have been held, even where there are but a few Protestants, and no regularly ordained pastor or preacher. At such places, the older and more experienced Christians have always been ready to take charge of the services.

Lately, open-air preaching services were inaugurated. Although there is a law in the country which compels all such meetings to be held under cover, the need of preaching the Gospel is so appreciated, that none has dared to hinder the efforts in that line.

Sofia has two beautiful public parks or gardens. The larger one, named Prince Baris Garden, in honor of the heir to the Bulgarian throne, is on the outskirts of the city. On Sundays, and on holidays, it is crowded by people of all classes. Formerly, many people took their evening walks in the direction of my church, and many used to drop in at our evening service. It occurred to me, some time ago, in view of decreased attendance, that if they will not come to us in the church, we should go to them. So on Sunday afternoons, accompanied by a number of singers, I now go to Prince Baris's Garden. We station ourselves under some shady trees and begin singing the Gospel hymns, which never fail to attract a crowd. Then I preach a Gospel sermon, or give a temperance talk. Last Sunday's service in the garden was especially profitable.

This new method of work in Bulgaria is being adopted by other pastors, and good results will surely follow. The good seed is being cast abroad, and in due time it will bear its fruit. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are earnestly requested to pray for the open-air preaching in Sofia.

Sofia, Bulgaria. M. N. POPOFF.

Distributing the Scriptures.

The New York Bible Society has just issued its eighteenth report, showing a distribution during the year of 71,426 volumes of Scripture, in thirty different languages, of which 5,055 were Bibles, 11,204 New Testaments, and 55,167 were portions, the latter being usually one of the Gospels. Of the total distribution 42,408 volumes went to the immigrants at Ellis Island, 9,778 volumes were placed among the shipping of New York, 6,297 volumes were taken by the churches, Sunday-schools, missions, and public institutions, 12,943 volumes were placed in the hands of individuals and families through missionaries, canvassers, or at the office of the Society. The Society, which is entirely non-sectarian, is conducted by a Board of Managers representing all denominations. It trusts largely to contributions to enable it to carry on its important work.

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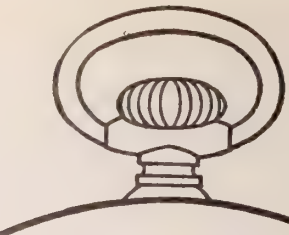

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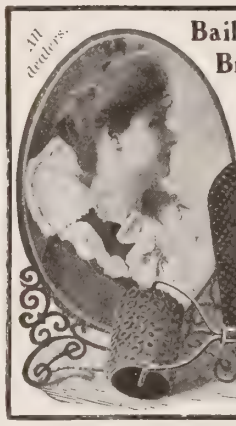

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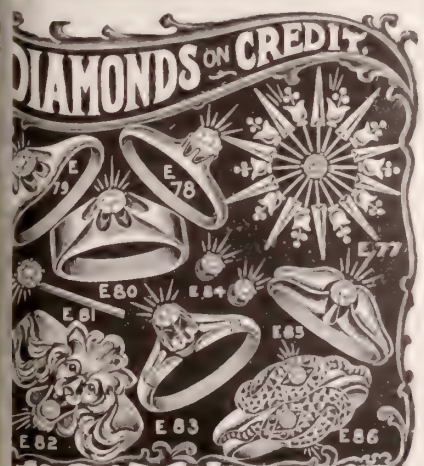

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The Little Armchair

NOBODY sits in the little armchair,
It stands in a corner dim:
But a white-haired mother, gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate;
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of the father's head,
So proud of his little son,
And she hears the words so often said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in her busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam,
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small armchair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Title on the Cross

BY REV. EZRA T. SANFORD

IN letters of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin language, the Title was nailed to the Cross of Jesus. Tissot, in his superb collection of paintings representing the Life of Christ, has made one picture representing the Title. These words, transliterated, are very suggestive of the kings who have borne the titles in the different languages. David and Solomon were called "Melek," but "a greater than Solomon is here." Philip and Alexander were called great by the Greeks, but a greater than Alexander, who sought to conquer the world, is wielding the sceptre of sovereignty from his throne upon the Cross. The early Romans called their rulers by the term "Rex," but Christ is a ruler of all nations.

We say "our king" because he is elected by our race to rule. He is "our kin" because we are sons of God.

We may see, in these strange words, the fruition of the determinate plan of Almighty God. He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Again, here is that language which challenges the attention of thoughtful men in all ages—worthy the sayings of Greek philosophers or Latin poets; but more worthy is the sublime message which language conveys to the human heart. We also see in these words that climax of revelation destined to captivate the people of God for his service. The older revelations had their place in leading up to the coming of Christ. This is a case where Pilate wrote wiser than he knew.

The Plaint of the Pumpkin

O TOMMY, come and take me
From this cold and frosty field,
Your mother well will bake me,
To her tender hand I'd yield.

All my glorious golden yellow,
All my solid ripened heart,
I'd give to any fellow,
Who'd pick me up and start.

And to the kitchen speed him quickly,
Where it's warm and sweet and nice,
Where all the shelves are thickly
Spread with fruit and Ceylon spice.

So, Tommy, come and get me,
I'm tired of this cold spot,
And afraid that you'll forget me,
Then sad will be my lot.

I've happy been in growing
For your mother's pumpkin pie;
Save my seeds for next year's sowing,
Now, Tommy, dear, good-bye.

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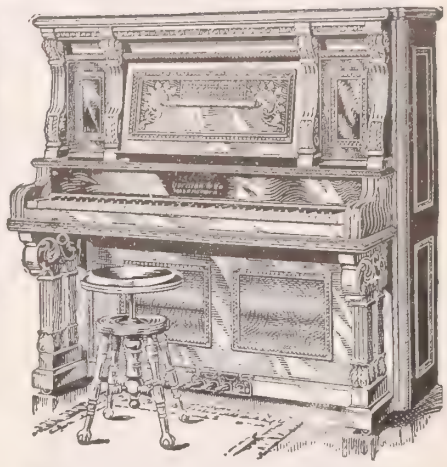

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How an Orphanage Was Founded

THE Genevieve Orphanage is the pet charity of the good people of Shreveport, La., and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Sometime ago an offering of money was refused by the Board of Directors of the Orphanage, because there was no necessity for additional funds, which shows the generous attitude of the Shreveport public towards this beautiful philanthropy.

The orphanage had its beginning in Feb. 1889. One raw, cold evening, Rev. W. S. Penick, Baptist clergyman, was reading in his study, when the door opened, and a little girl in tattered clothes entered, telling him that her widowed mother, and little brother and sister, were hungry and cold. Money was given the child, and after she had left, Dr. Penick began thinking that a home for needy children was badly wanted in Shreveport. The thought had occurred to him before; but now he determined to make the matter a subject of special prayer. Calling upon some of his friends soon after, he asked them to assist him in founding an asylum for poor children, an appeal which met with instant response. One gave $500; several gave $50, $100 and $200, with the result that a cottage of four rooms was procured, in which five little children, including the girl whose presence on that cold evening had led his thoughts to a decision, and her brother and sister. A kind matron was found, and donations of food and other necessaries poured in from every quarter.

Many benevolent persons have taken an interest in the Orphanage since then. Six years ago, a lady well-known for her good deeds in Shreveport, gave $6,000 for the erection of a pretty white cottage. It stands in four acres of ground, in which another friend, a gardener, planted grape vines, an orchard of peach, plum, and fig trees, besides sixteen sycamore trees. A big-hearted butcher furnished a soup bone every day. A generous baker donated bread. Another friend furnished five gallons of oil per month to the Orphanage. Ice was furnished gratuitously, and carfare on the electric line was never collected from the orphans. Books were donated, and money for a small book-room.

The orphanage received its name from the founder's baby daughter who met with an accidental death several months after the opening of the institution. Hundreds of little children have found comfortable homes at the Genevieve Orphanage. The average number of children cared for at one time is thirty.

Thanksgiving is always a happy time at the Orphanage, and at Christmas, Santa Claus comes with his big tree, every bough of which is loaded down with generous gifts. Throughout the year, the children have pleasant outings and picnics. One Jewish lady celebrates her little son's birthday at the Orphanage. Occasionally the children attend birthday parties of their small friends living outside the Institution.

The children have always attended the public school. Recently, a public school building has been conveniently erected on a lot adjoining the Institution. The Orphanage is non-sectarian. The Board of Directors is composed of two members each from the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches, and the Jewish Synagogue. Mr. Isaac Barron, one of the best friends the Orphanage has ever had, is its present manager.

HELEN GRAY.

The "Prison Gate" Mission

Several letters have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commending the work of the "Prison Gate" Mission. H. writes: "I pray God that the 'Prison Gate' Mission may be a great success. I will do anything I can to help it, as I was helped myself in the hour of need, when my only alternative was prison or suicide." J. writes: "Chaplain Munro's work among the prisoners was made the means of my soul's resurrection." These are examples of other letters of a similar tone, from unfortunate men who have been led through shame and suffering to better lives, and who are in a position to appreciate the value of the "Prison Gate" Mission.

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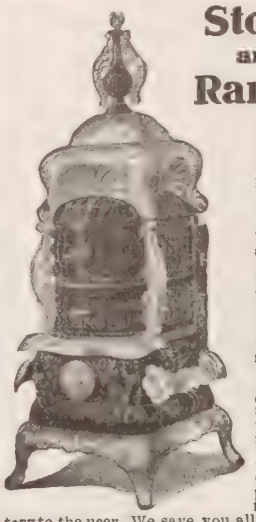
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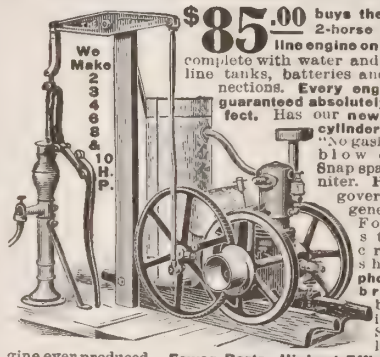
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.
We refer to any bank in Kalamazoo, any Commercial Agency, or to the Editors of this Publication.



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* * * *
These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.
Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, beca such people can talk with their friends without friends having to shout back at them. They can h without straining. It is the straining that puts st a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf pers
* * * *
Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound str hard on the center of the human ear drum, inst of spreading it weakly all over the surface. thus makes the center of the human ear dr vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound str the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerv When we make the drum vibrate ten times as m we make the sound ten times as loud and ten ti as easy to understand.
This is why people who had not in years hear clock strike can now hear that same clock tick a where in the room, while wearing Wilson's Drums.
Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzz noises in the head, raw and running ears, bro ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved overcome (even after Ear Doctors have given up cases), by the use of these comfortable little resters and sound-magnifiers.
A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how t are made, and has printed in it letters from h dreds of people who are using them.
Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegr Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks were Deaf, tell their experience in this free bo They tell how their hearing was brought back them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilso Ear Drums.
Some of these very people may live near y and be well known to you. What they have to say mighty strong proof.
This book has been the means of making 326 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to if you merely write a post card for it today. Do put off getting back your hearing. Write now, wh you think of it. Get the free book of proof.
Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum 1952 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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You can be relieved of deafness, and head noises, too, by using
"THE WAY" EAR DRUMS
Invisible. Comfortable. Safe.
Will fit any ear perfectly, and so constructed that sound vibrations are concentrated and transmitted to the *inner ear*, the vital seat of hearing. New in principle; sure in relief. Let us prove these claims. An acceptable Christmas present to those who suffer from deafness. Write for full particulars, and Treatise on Deafness.
WAY EAR DRUM CO.
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et this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.
These springs do nearly all the hard work, when ce you start them going. And this washing ma- ine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.
There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.
These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in e same direction you revolve the tub.
You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. ien you throw enough water over the clothes to at them.
Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the othes to anchor them, and to press them down.
This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the othes and hold them from turning around when e tub turns.
Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.
You grasp the upright handle on the side of the band, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way und, till it strikes a motor-spring.
This motor-spring throws the tub back till it ikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws back on the first motor-spring.
The machine must have a little help from you, at ery swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball- arings, do practically all the hard work.
You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the sher requires of you. A child can run it easily ll of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move. But the water moves like a mill race through the othes.
The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy ter THROUGH and through the clothes at every ing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every id, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot apy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries ay all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten nutes by the clock.
It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the othes WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any EAR and TEAR from the washboard.
It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking hread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty rpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to enty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be ashed at one time with this "1900" Washer.
A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better an any able washer-woman could do the same othes in TWICE the time, with three times the ear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?
We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on ull month's trial, and we even pay the freight out our own pockets.
No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, security.
You may use the washer four weeks at our ex- nse. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in OUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT urs you send it back to the railway station,— at's all.
But, if, from a month's actual use, you are con- nced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the rk better, and does it twice as easily as it could be ne by hand, you keep the machine.
Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.
Remember that 50 cents is part of what the ma- ine saves you every week on your own, or on a sher-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" asher shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.
You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you n't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.
Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of ese machines every month, if we did not positively NOW they would do all we claim for them? Can u afford to be without a machine that will do your shing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear d tear of the washboard, when you can have that achine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR SELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any ne it overcrowds our factory.
Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and ile you think of it. The postage stamp is all you ik. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: B. F. eber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Com- ny. 334 North Henry St., Binghamton, New York.

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REFORMATION IN JUDAH

By MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW came it that Hezekiah should have been a really good king? First of all, he may have had a pious mother in Abijah, the daughter of "the prophet Zechariah, who had understanding in the visions of God" (II. Chron. 26: 5), not, of course, to be confounded with the Zechariah of the minor prophets, who was contemporary with Zerubabbel and Haggai. Then Hezekiah had the great privilege of having the prophet Isaiah as his friend. Zechariah, his grandfather, probably knew the rising prophet Isaiah, and, no doubt, he used all his influence to bring the young prince, who had such an awful example of sin in his wicked father, under the influence of Isaiah. God had allowed the enemies of Judah to press Ahaz on every side, but far from bowing under the mighty hand of God, he committed sacrilege: took away a portion of the Temple, dealing with it as his private property, and gave it unto the king of Assyria. He also sacrificed to the gods of Assyria, under the mad delusion that because the Assyrians succeeded in war, so should he, if he served their gods. And Ahaz destroyed the vessels of the house of God, shut up the Temple, "made him altars in every corner of Jerusalem," and introduced idolatry into every city of Judah (II. Chron. 28: 16-25).

Into such an atmosphere Hezekiah was born and lived, till he was twenty-five years of age, when his wretched father died. God had prepared him for his vocation as a reformer, and he lost no time. He had not reigned a month before he began to introduce a thorough reformation in Jerusalem, by opening the doors of the Temple and repairing them. He called upon the priests and Levites to come and help him, and insisted on it that they should sanctify themselves in the first place, and then sanctify the house of the God of their fathers; and he, the king, confessed the sins of his people, and publicly declared that all the trouble which had come upon them was due to their sin against God. This is a wonderful pattern for preparing the way for an awakening. Let the teachers and leaders of a people be of one heart to sanctify themselves; to put themselves at God's disposal, and together own that theirs is the blame for all the trouble; and the Spirit of God finds prepared ground on which to work, and many souls will be found ready to turn unto the Lord.

Hezekiah declared to the priests and Levites: "Now, it is in mine heart to make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel, that his fierce wrath may turn away from us." The king had taken to heart the message of Isaiah, and God's message through him: he recognized the picture which the Holy Spirit drew through his prophet (Isa. 1) of Judah and Jerusalem, as he saw them; and in response to the appeal, "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," etc., this young king said in his heart, "I am ready: it is in my heart to make a covenant with the Lord." It was no light thing for this young man to thus bear witness for his God, when all Israel had turned aside and every city in Judah practiced the idolatry which had become the state religion of the country. All public acts at the time must have been accompanied with idolatrous practices; marriage and funerals celebrated and accompanied with the same, and the young king and the prophet stood alone in their witness for the living God.

"The Americanization of the Holy Land"

¶ Nowhere on the earth are more startling and significant changes taking place than in this greatest of all historical localities—changes of intensest interest to every Bible student and reader. The Editor of the

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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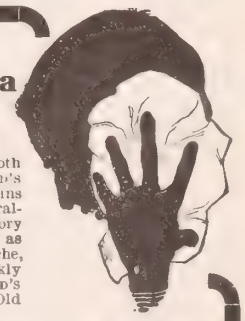

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See Premium Announcements Between Pages 1052 and 1061

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SEE PAGE 1043

REV. CHARLES WAGNER, the Famous Mission Pastor of Paris, Author of "The Simple Life"

Make Money as the Astors Made It

What $5 or $10 a Month Will Do

Deposited With the United Cities Realty Corporation

OF COURSE you have heard of the Astors of New York? You know that they are multi-millionaires. You also probably know that their vast fortunes were made through real estate investments. William Waldorf Astor visited this country a few weeks ago to find that *his holdings had increased in value to the extent of twenty millions of dollars in the last seven years.* The result was that he increased the rents of his various properties so as to bring him one million dollars more annually.

There are not many Astors. Few individuals have the means to do what they have done. Still the vast possibilities have long ago been understood by the ablest financiers in New York City, and the result has been many combinations of rich men to purchase such properties as made the Astors wealthy. Numerous small organizations or syndicates have been formed, and the shares are so closely held by them that they are not obtainable in the open market. A few shares of the stock of one such organization in Brooklyn found their way into the open market not long ago and were immediately snapped up at $131 per share, though the corporation pays only 5 per cent. annually

Now there are millions of people who would be only too glad to have an opportunity to invest in the kind of property these wealthy men buy, but until the organization of the United Cities Realty Corporation they could not do so. This corporation is especially designed to successfully handle the savings of people of moderate means to whom the *safety* of the money they pay in is the prime factor.

Though only two years old the corporation owns a million dollars' worth of property in several of the fastest growing cities of the country, and independent appraisals by experts show a continuous increase in the value of its holdings.

Income-producing real estate in the centers of growing cities is conceded to be the best possible investment. The wisest people in the most conservative cities (such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc.) have placed trust funds in that kind of property. Panics may come and panics may go, but you will invariably find that the best business properties in the most active centers of progressive cities are always occupied. We buy only this class of real estate, and once it is in our possession we manage it so that the highest possible income may be derived.

You can participate in this enterprise for $5 or $10 a month, or as much more as you desire, and though your individual contribution may be small, the aggregate of many such enables us to do precisely what the Astors have done. You will be a partner in holdings as valuable, and the ***first*** earnings go to you as profit. The preferred shares which we offer you are already paying dividends of 6 per cent. per annum, and the earnings of the corporation are over 9 per cent., all earnings in excess of dividends being held for reinvestment. When the earnings become 10 per cent. or 11 per cent., which is extremely probable within a reasonable time, your dividends will be increased. Increased earnings mean increased value, and as you are a part owner of the properties acquired by the United Cities Realty Corporation your share will increase in value in proportion to the whole.

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Just to give you an idea of the sort of properties we buy:—about two weeks ago we closed a deal for the Nicollet Block in Minneapolis. Any resident of Minneapolis will tell you that the Nicollet Block is one of the very best investment properties in that city, and it yields us an income through rentals alone of 11 per cent. above all expenses, and, by the way, we have leased this property for a term of ten years, thus insuring a continuance of this income.

Surely if a man of wide experience and highest personal character came to you and said, "I have a piece of property which I will purchase and manage for you at the lowest possible cost if you will invest $5000, I will charge you no salary, will give you the first 5 per cent. earned, and will divide with you equally any profits above 5 per cent," wouldn't such a proposition strike you as being very fair?

Well, that is exactly the proposition we make. ***You can secure an interest in all properties of the United Cities Realty Corporation for as little as $120, or, as much as you like, on instalments or for cash. Subscriptions for $600 or less can be paid for at $5 a month; between $600 and $1200, $10 a month,*** etc., etc. ***If your purchase amounts to $1200 or more, we will insure your life for the entire amount of your contract in one of the best life insurance companies in America.*** The insurance provides for the delivery of full paid shares to your heirs without further payment should you die before the maturity of your contract. Even if you do not eventually make an investment with us, you at least owe it to yourself and your family to make full inquiry. A postal to the undersigned will bring particulars.

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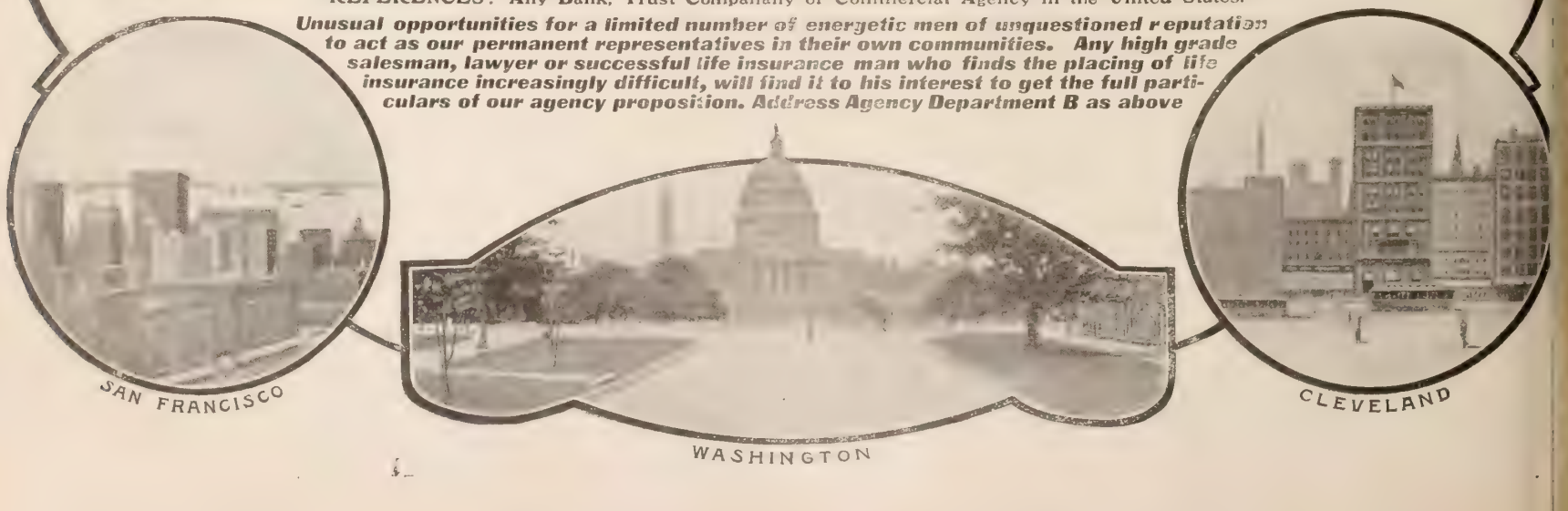


NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A Chat with Pastor Wagner

IT was a day of bright, sparkling sunshine. New York's principal streets were crowded with gay holiday shoppers, and Broadway was almost impassable, owing to the multitude who thronged the sidewalks and streamed in and out of the stores. Women predominated, and all ages and conditions were represented. The brilliant displays in the shop windows drew in a steady stream of buyers.

HIS TALL FORM FILLED THE DOORWAY

It was a scene to remind the thoughtful observer of the "Vanity Fair," pictured by Bunyan. Everybody was intent on fashion and worldly display; dresses, jewels, ornaments of all sorts, gewgaws and trinkets, and a thousand other articles to please the fancy or gratify the love of finery, were there on exhibition. Amid the hum of traffic and the babble of voices, one could hear on the street corner a book vender calling out to the passers-by, "Here's your greatest book of the season! *Simple Life*, only ten cents!"

The *Simple Life* in the midst of Vanity Fair—could contrast be greater?

There is probably no book which has such a vogue just now as this famous little volume of Christian philosophy, by Pastor Charles Wagner, the Mission preacher of Paris, who is visiting this country.

On the same day of the scene above described, Pastor Wagner entered THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House. He came unannounced, his tall, athletic form filling the doorway, and a smile lighting up his ruddy face. The Alsatian is a well-preserved man of fifty-two, broad-shouldered, and with a physique which suggests athletic power. A slight stoop betrays the student. He stood irresolute for a moment.

"Pardon me," he began. "I came to see a gentleman—I quite forget his name—the man who went to India, Finland and Norwegen, to feed those famine people."

This unconventional introduction sufficed, and a moment later Pastor Wagner was ensconced in the biggest and easiest leather chair in the editorial sanctum. Warmly greeted by Dr. Klopsch and associates, he began to talk freely of his American visit and his work at home.

When one remembers that Charles Wagner, with a thousand other matters demanding his attention, mastered English in a year, it is surprising to listen to his conversation in that language. Although he speaks with a strong accent, his vocabulary is excellent and his grammar unexceptionable. The pastor, of course, like every educated Alsatian, speaks both French and German.

"I visited America, not merely to preach and lecture, or because of the kind reception your country has given my books," he said, "but because I desire to know your people; to meet them face to face and talk with them heart to heart. Your countrymen have taken up *The Simple Life* with great enthusiasm," he continued, smiling.

Being asked concerning his work at home, he said: "It is twenty-three years ago since I began the work on which I am now engaged. My purpose was to present to my own people a clearer view of practical religion, which all might understand, and to bring to them a definite comprehension of the purpose for which we are placed in this world."

He felt that he had been specially called to do this work, and to become the advocate among all classes, rich and poor, of the nobler, more spiritual and less worldly manner of living.

"When I first began to preach this plain Gospel in Paris, it was in a small hall. Very few people would come to hear me; the rich were not interested and stayed away; the poor came, but they did not continue. Only the young and a few others were interested, so I preached in the mission largely to the children in those early years.

"Then the older people began to come in crowds, and they urged me to become their pastor; but I said, 'No, you are not serious enough yet. You are still too unsettled and you would not remain. I will preach to the young.' I kept them off for two years, and then they came to me again and urged me very earnestly to become their pastor, and I consented. By this time they came in crowds to listen to the plain doctrine I

"IT IS JUST THE COMMON PEOPLE TO WHOM THIS SIMPLE GOSPEL APPEALS"

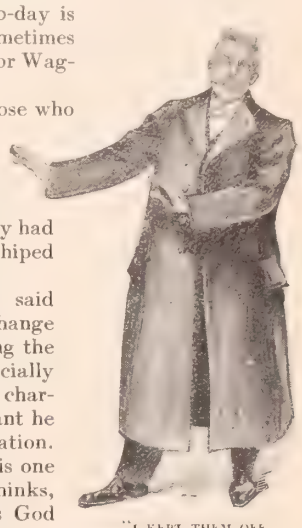
set before them—the doctrine of Jesus Christ, with no dogmatic theology or denominationalism whatsoever.

"And so it continued, and they kept coming in increasing numbers, until we could no longer accommodate them; but it was still distinctly a mission; indeed, my work to-day is rather that of a mission than church. There are among my people two classes: the poor, or working class, and the educated, or student class—not the rich. So it is just the common people, and the educated, but comparatively poor students to whom this gospel of humanity, which reaches the heart, appeals. To the rich, who are engrossed in the pleasures and vanity of the world, it has little attraction.

"It has been a joy to me," he continued, with a fine enthusiasm lighting up his features, "to know that my work has been the means of lifting up thousands, and leading them to better lives. This knowledge brings comfort and satisfaction, that one's efforts have been so honored with blessing."

"There are thousands of Americans in Paris, including many students," Pastor Wagner added, "Dr. Beach is doing a splendid work among them, and is a grand man. He once asked me to speak to them, but at that time I could not do so, being unable to speak in English. I am glad now that I learned the language."

One of his hearers inquired whether it were true that the tendency of France to-day is toward infidelity, as has sometimes been charged. This Pastor Wagner warmly denied.



"I KEPT THEM OFF FOR TWO YEARS"

"I have met some of those who are called atheists," he said, "and have convinced them that they were not atheists, as they thought, but that they had their own ideal, and worshiped an 'unknown God.'"

Pastor Wagner further said that a great spiritual change was now in progress among the people of France, and especially the peasantry. For the character of the French peasant he had a most cordial admiration.

"Ah, the peasant! He is one who is serious and who thinks, and he wishes to live as God would have him. I have lived among them and I know them. They are wonderful people, those peasants of France. You give them work to do, and they work honestly, and the work is good and it remains; and they live in their homes quiet, orderly lives, year after year, those good, honest, true people, and they don't change and run away. You go to the large cities like Paris, and the working people you find there change from place to place, and have no abiding home; they work for you and the work is not enduring and satisfactory; and so they come and go. But you return to the country after ten, or even twenty years and—there you still find the peasant in his own home, contented with his simple surroundings, and living the same quiet existence. He is a serious, well-meaning man, the French peasant."

Pastor Wagner then spoke of the remarkable evangelical work inaugurated by Dr. Robert, on undenominational lines, among the peasants and the working-classes generally in the south and west of France. This work has already produced a great spiritual harvest, and is so widespread that it may be said to have revolutionized a considerable section of the country. It is a work full of promise. Incidentally, Pastor Wagner said some Catholic priests have become converts, with their whole congregations, and are now preaching the Gospel on Protestant lines. There is nothing sensational in Dr. Robert's movement; it is a religious revival of the most conservative kind, yet its results are such as to leave no doubt that they will be permanent. On his return to France, Pastor Wagner will arrange to send a detailed account of this most interesting work to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"MY NEW CHURCH SHALL BE CALLED 'THE HOME OF THE SOUL!'"

"My own people in Paris," he added,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1065

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Faith's Footprints

TEXT—Heb. 11 : 1

"Faith is the evidence of things not seen"

WHAT is evidence? Testimony. Proof. Demonstration. It is a statement of facts made in court by a witness, by which a juror is led to believe something that his eyes have not seen nor his ears heard. It is the alibi by which a man proves that he could not have been on the scene of a crime. It is the proof which a wrongly evicted owner produces of his right and title to an inheritance. It is an argument from admitted and existing facts, to prove the operation of causes remote in time. It is the means by which Truth defends itself against the onslaught of Error, and the weapon with which she overthrows the fortresses of superstition and false doctrine.

Evidence of the unseen has a momentous mission. For the greater number of us it is the only basis we have for our knowledge. If we were to believe in nothing that we have not ourselves seen, we should have to give up our belief in facts and events innumerable. "It is not necessary for me to go and see London before I believe that there exists such a city as London," once wrote a great Bible commentator, in reference to my text. I know that such a place as St. Petersburg exists, although I have not seen it. Why? I am convinced by the testimony of those who have seen it. The "evidence of things not seen" has proved to me that it exists. I have read books written about the city of St. Petersburg. I have seen pictures of the great buildings of that Russian capital; its cathedrals, its royal palaces, its memorial halls on its magnificent boulevards. I have heard my friends, who have traveled among the Muscovites, describe its bridges and its citadels. Why should I then doubt St. Petersburg exists, although my eyes have never seen it?

A Rational Faith

Days before Christopher Columbus landed at San Salvador, he knew he was approaching land. The Genoese Admiral and his fleet had been sailing on, week in and week out. The mutterings of a sailors' mutiny grew louder and louder in the forecastle. At last a delegation waited upon their commander, and practically said: "Columbus, you are sailing away to certain death. We will never find land in this direction. Either you turn ship, and head towards home, or we will pitch you overboard and go home anyway." "Give me just three days longer of a Western course, and then, if unsuccessful, I will turn back," answered the great captain. Within the three days, branches of trees were seen floating past the boats. "There is land," cried Columbus. "Men, see, there is land! By yonder tree-branches, we have the evidence of it." For days and weeks the old North American Indians could follow their foes by the tracks left upon the ground by the enemy. They could tell by those tracks how many men, how many women, how many children, how many horses, and how many wagons and cattle, composed the party ahead. They could unerringly read all these facts by the "evidence of things not seen." In the same way in which the Indian warriors of old followed their enemies by visible signs, we may find the "Footprints of the Man of Galilee;" not only in Palestine, but also in all sacred history. We may prove, by the same process, that Jesus is not a mere vision, and that our Gospel faith is not merely a poetic dream. They are far more than these. Our faith is rational. It is founded upon the conclusive "evidence of things not seen."

First, our faith is rational. Its geographical foundation stones are strong and true, and well anchored. I not only find "The Footprints of the Man of Galilee" visible all through Palestine, but as Doctor Thomson once wrote, I find the Land and the Book are one. I find, by going among the Holy Hills, that Jesus was not a mythical character, living among mythical people in a mythical age. Christ was God; Christ, was also a man. He lived, he breathed, he walked, he slept, he ate among those Hebrew people of the East, as one of themselves. We can find the place of his birth. We can find the places where he passed his boyhood, where he went as a man; where he died; where he was resurrected, and the hill from which he ascended.

The Land and the Book are one. The personality of Jesus Christ, in the first place, has a true, a vitally true, geographical setting. No Bible student ever walked the Judean Hills with eyes truly opened to the divine truth, that he did not have his belief in Jesus Christ irrevocably sealed and infinitely strengthened by the conformation of Eastern customs and geographical facts with the recorded biographies of Christ's life.

A Scholar's Conversion

Henry A. Harper, the author of that marvelous book, entitled, *The Bible and Modern Discoveries*, presses home this statement upon his readers in a powerful way. On one of Dr. Harper's pages I find these words: "A very dear friend of mine, a splendid explorer, a great traveler, was at heart and in secret an unbeliever in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Circumstances compelled him to explore Palestine. To understand the country, he found that he must read the Bible, and reading it in the full blaze of light, which custom and country and modern investigations threw on it, he found that Jesus was indeed his Saviour. He brought the full power of his able mind to bear on all he read and all he saw, and as a result of those geographical studies and the Christ life, in humble adoration he bowed before his God and Redeemer. There was no sudden, no violent change. All had been noiselessly and gradually accomplished. He was convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ by the witnesses of the dust." I might go on and quote scores of testimonies just like Dr. Harper's, in reference to the harmonies of the Christ-life with the geographical facts and the Hebrew customs of the Palestine hills.

Studying to-day the "evidence of the things not seen," in reference to Jesus Christ, is there nothing rational, nothing overwhelming to you in the harmony between the opened leaves of Eastern rocks and the biographies of the Four Gospels? Is there nothing marvelous to you in the fact that there is not a detail in all Christ's earthly life which cannot be verified by the rocks of the Palestine hills and valleys, which are absolutely in accord with one another? The men who wrote the Bible were not historical novelists, like the authors of the *Tower of London*, or of *Kenilworth*, or of *Romola*, or of *The Crisis*. They did not accept historical facts when they wanted to use them for the benefit of their plots, and reject those facts when it did not suit their convenience to use them. They did not put Christ in imaginary places at impossible times, and put fictitious and impossible statements in his mouth. Almost every detail of Christ's earthly life can be verified by geographical position and Eastern custom. That classic book of travels, written by Richard Henry Dana, called *Two Years Before the Mast*, is supposed to contain a perfect geographical account of the early coast of Southern California and its people. But the Bible is a more wonderful guide-book to the Holy Land than Dana's masterpiece could ever be to California. The best guide-book through the Holy Land ever written, is the Bible. In its every detail the Christ-life is found to have a perfect geographical setting. Is there nothing wonderful to you that the Land and the Book, in reference to Christ's life, are one?

Christ's Footprints in Palestine

Jesus was not a mythological character. "Before you can obliterate the story of Jesus Christ from this earth, on which he so sublimely lived, you will have to grind out of sight and forever erase the sacred hills of Palestine," once wrote David Gregg, in a book for which authorship he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. "You will forever have to grind out of sight the sacred hills of Palestine, where Christ was tempted, and where he preached his wonderful sermon, and where he was transfigured, and where he died and where he ascended. God be praised for the Gospel, according to geography! God be praised for the Holy Land with its Jordan and Bethlehem and Hermon and Zion and Calvary and Olivet! These are all indestructible pages of the divine and indestructible book! These are all witnesses that Christ has spoken to men and lived among men and wrought out salvation for man." Christ was a God. Yes, Christ was a man! By the evidence of the pages of rock, I know it!

But we find Christ as the "evidence of things not seen" in another way. By the fulfilment of scripture prophecies, in reference to his birth, his life, his death and his resurrection, we know that the prophecies of his second coming will be fulfilled, as well as was h first coming. We know there will come a time whe upon the white horse of victory, Christ shall ride dov the blue hillsides of heaven. He shall come to put his enemies under his feet. He shall come to claim h own. For then his name shall be written "King kings and Lord of lords." We know by the words his own lips, that as he has gone to heaven for a lit while, to prepare a place for his children, so he w come again and receive them unto himself, that whe he is there they may be also.

The prophetic studies of the Bible are among t most instructive and fascinating of all the Scriptures. B in order to limit our studies, let us confine our thoughi for but a brief moment, to the wonderful birth and l and death of Jesus Christ. No rational man can re the fulfilled prophecies in reference to the birth of Jesi and not declare that his nativity was divine. Wh the wise men came to Jerusalem to find the new-bc King, who was yet to be "King of kings and Lord lords," what answer was given to the Oriental strang by those learned in the Hebrew law? They prompi answered, "In Bethlehem," and gave for their auth ity the words of the prophet Micah, who lived a wrote seven hundred years before Christ was born. Y when the wise men went to Bethlehem, they fou there the infant Christ, as Micah had foretold. Is r this fulfilled prophecy a startling evidence that Je was born a man, yet, that he was the Being wh divine attributes were foreseen by the prophets?

Footprints in Prophecy

If, as a rational man, I want to find the proof th Christ is some day going to return to earth to claim disciples as his own, all that I have got to do is to tu to the prophecies of Isaiah and read, first, the accou of Christ's birth and earthly life. "He was oppresse he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a she before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not mouth." Did not the prophecy of Isaiah, writt eight hundred years before Christ died, come tru Then will not also Isaiah's prophecy come true, whi declares that "there shall come forth a rod out of t stem of Jesse," who shall make the "lion eat straw li an ox and the sucking child play on the hole of t asp?" For then "the glory of the Lord shall cover t earth, even as the waters cover the seas." Oh, brother, if you believe that Christ's birth was a divi fact, then, by the "evidence of things not seen," y should also believe that Christ is coming again to cla his own.

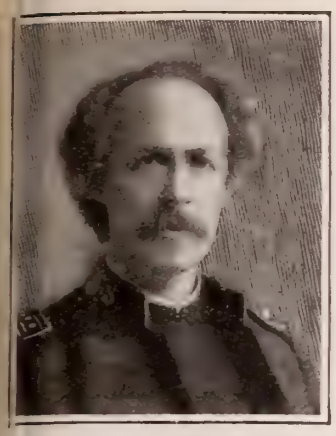
But the divinity of Jesus Christ is found in the tes mony of Christ's contemporaries, as well as in t prophecies of those inspired men who lived hundr of years before Christ was born. It is not only fou in the Gospel biographers of Jesus, who knew Chr personally, but also in the testimony of such migh personalities as that of Paul, who was martyred in Ron about 67 A.D., and Ignatius, who was martyred 100 A.D., and Polycarp, who lived to be nearly nine years old, and was martyred in 155 A.D. These m did not live hundreds of years after Christ was born. direct touch with events, they were able to prove w their own eyes and ears if Christ was a fraud, whether Jesus truly placed the stamp of his divini upon his life's work, by the miracles he wrought.

Inspired his Followers

Explain away the prophecies? Oh, that is impossibl And yet, it would be no less difficult to explain aw the testimonies of the contemporaries of Jesus Chri who declare that Christ was divine. Why? Becau as I read those testimonies, I find, with but one exce tion, or possibly two, they were all sealed with the lif blood of martyrdom. Here is the honor roll: Matth was slain with a sword in Ethiopia; Mark was dragg through the streets of Alexandria, until his brains we dashed out, and the matted hair stuck to the walls a the rocks; Luke's mode of death is not known pos tively, but tradition says he was slain for Christ; Joh the only apostle who died a natural death, was not on exiled, but also cast into a caldron of boiling oil; "Jame the Great," was beheaded in Jerusalem; "James t

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1045

Commander Booth-Tucker's Farewell



COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER

THE great auditorium of the Grand Central Palace in New York was filled to overflowing on the recent occasion of the farewell of the Salvation Army to their beloved Commander Booth-Tucker. All were eager to show their leader how much they loved him, and appreciated the work he has accomplished since

uming the conduct of the affairs of the Army, eight
l a-half years ago. The organization has increased
numbers and financially very nearly threefold dur-
that time, and while many influences have been at
rk to bring this about, the labors of Commander
loth-Tucker and his lamented wife, the Consul, have
n a wonderful power. It will be remembered that
sad and tragic death occurred about a year ago in
Western railroad accident.

In closing a most eloquent and touching farewell ad-
ss, Commander
loth-Tucker said:
'he work done is not
e to me, but to the
n and women around
I would take the
portunity of extend-
my heartfelt thanks
the Churches, who
ve all helped us so
dly and generously;
the Y. M. C. A., the
W. C. A., the W. C.
U., and other organ-
itions of like charac-
; to the business
n of this and other
ies, and to the great
wspapers which have
generously thrown
n their columns to
" The speaker be-
ved Americans led
world in the work
salvation, He as-
bed his own conver-
n to the preaching
an American—"that glorious American, Dwight L. Moody." With sincere thanks and a "God bless you all," the Commander brought his address to a close. The choir of two hundred Salvationists then sung, "Jesus, my Saviour, I will Follow Thee," both words and music composed by Booth-Tucker:

Jesus, my Saviour, I will follow thee,
What though my pathway strewn with thorns may be!
Thou for my ransom shed'st thy precious blood—
Jesus, I'll follow thee through flame and flood!

The refrain was taken up by thousands of voices, and sung again and again:

Jesus, only thee, thee, only thee;
Jesus, my Saviour, I will follow thee.

A message from Gen. Booth was read, and then came a most unique and original number. From the back of the platform came in single file, alternate men and women Soldiers, each carrying a red-white-and-blue shield, upon which were the coats-of-arms of the different States of the Union. As they ascended the platform, each paused before Booth-Tucker, presenting him with a paper, which proved to be a message from the Governor of the State represented by the shield-bearer. These letters were read to the audience by Col. Higgins. All were commendatory of the work and influence of the Army, regret at the departure of the leader, and wishing him God-speed on his journey and a return sometime to this country. The last man in the line carried a beautiful silk flag of our Union, and when, after reading a short, strong message conveying in unmistakable terms the writer's opinion of the work of the Salvation Army, the enthusiasm of the audience broke loose, and cheer after cheer greeted the name of Theodore Roosevelt as it was read.

Next came delegations, or representatives from all the foremost countries of the globe, dressed in the national costume, two men and two women of each nation. They came from the entrance down the broad centre aisle, each carrying a large flag of their country. As they came the band played a national air, and after saluting the Commander, the couples passed off the stage and grouped themselves on the space in front of the platform. Their diversified costumes, gay with many colors, and the different flags, made a most brilliant and pleasing picture. Last of all came the Goddess of Liberty and Uncle Sam, which was the signal for the band to strike up the stirring strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." At the same moment, auditorium and balconies became a perfect sea of flags, made of silk and bunting. The sight was simply overwhelming. Every available wall space was draped with flags and tri-colors, and the waving of the flags in hundreds of hands was electrical. Everybody arose, joining with a will in the strains of the patriotic hymn. This was followed by a farewell song to the well-known "Blue Bell" music.

Now came to many the most touching scene of the whole service. The audience was requested to remain where they were, while the Commander and his family left the hall by way of the central aisle. A most pathetic little procession now made its way toward the door, the Commander with his white-robed babe in his arms, while the great audience sang, "God be with You Till we Meet Again." Many eyes filled at the sight.

A beautiful monument has been erected in Kensico Cemetery, by the officers of the Salvation Army to the memory of Mrs. Booth-Tucker, which was dedicated a few days previous to her husband's departure for England. During the Commander's administration in America the general property advances of the Army have been amazing. At the commencement of his work the property holdings amounted to something in the neighborhood of $650,000; now they are nearing the $2,000,000 mark.

DEDICATING THE MONUMENT TO "THE CONSUL" AT KENSICO CEMETERY

FAITH'S FOOTPRINTS

Continued from Preceding Page

ss" was hurled from the top of the Temple to the
ound, and there beaten to death with a club; Stephen
s stoned to death; Philip was hanged; St. Bartholo-
ew was flayed alive—that means his skin was peeled
from his quivering flesh while he was yet conscious,
bystanders standing about the sufferer at the time
d mocking him; Andrew preached from the cross
ile the people scoffed at his dying agonies; Thomas
s pierced by a lance; Simon Zelotes was killed in
rsia; Mattathias was murdered; Paul, Polycarp,
natius and scores of others, were all, as I said before,
rtyred.

Is it rational to suppose that those men, who lived in
rist's time, who were able to verify his miracles, would
ve been willing to endure hardship and persecution,
d finally to lay down their lives for Christ, if they
ew him to be an impostor? Why, the supposition is
surd! The Christian disciples who lived as contem-
raries of Jesus Christ would never have been willing
come by night and steal his body from the tomb, and
en be willing to be martyred to make good their false
im that Christ had risen from the dead. These men
re not fools, any more than you and I are fools.
efore you explain away the divinity of Jesus Christ,
u must explain away the writings of Paul, of Matthew,
ark, Luke and John, of Polycarp and Ignatius. When
consider "the evidence of things not seen," let us not
it the testimony of these contemporaries of Christ
o proved the sincerity and truth of their record, by
ing rather than deny it.

But not only do we find the "Footprints of the Man Galilee" marked, side by side with the footprints of his disciples, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, but also with his disciples who are living by our side at the present day. And, wonderful to state, Christ's footprints are best revealed when he has been walking with the vilest of modern sinners and outcasts, as they were when he walked by the side of Mary Magdalen, and talked with the woman at the well of Samaria and followed Zaccheus to a despised publican's house, built by the stolen moneys of a Roman tax-collector.

Oh, Christ worked some wonderful miracles when he was upon earth among the publicans and the sinners! But I do not believe a greater example of his power over sin and disease was ever more convincingly manifested than when he alleviated the sufferings of those unhappy maniacs, whom the writers of that time describe as being possessed by devils. That was a vivid picture that Christmas Evans drew of the return to his home of that man whose home was among the tombs, where he dwelt like a wild beast, a misery to himself and a terror to others. No sooner was he delivered by the mighty word of Christ, than he started off to hunt up his wife and children. No sooner did the wife see him coming, than she was struck dumb with fear. Then she cried: "Run, children! Run to the house and bar the doors—your father is coming! Run, or he may kill us!" The family hastened into the house, while the older boy started off to the neighbors for help. They barred and barricaded the windows and the doors of the house. The smaller children began to cry with fear. The older children knew if their father, possessed of a thousand devils, should ever be able to batter down the door of the house he might slay them. But, strange to say, as the trembling wife and children saw the father and husband come nearer, instead of seeing him foaming at the mouth and flashing his eyes and of hearing him rave with his cursing lips, they saw him with a loving smile upon his happy face. He kept calling to his wife: "Mary, open the door. Do not be afraid. It is I, your husband, freed from all my devils. Mary, open! Jesus has saved me! Jesus has saved me!"

That was a wonderful description Christmas Evans drew of the poor maniac who had been possessed with the thousand devils among the Gadarene tombs. But is the scene of that liberated Hebrew returning home any more wonderful than the scenes many of us have witnessed, when we saw the drunkards who have been rescued by Christ from the devils of drink; and the outcasts who have been rescued by Christ, and the seven deviled Marys of this age who have been rescued by Christ, all returning to their homes? Is the scene of the poor Gadarene maniac, rescued by Christ, any more marvelous than the scene of a Gough, or a Woolley, or a Jerry McAuley, who have been exorcised of their thousand devils during our present generation? And if Christ to-day is going down among the lowest of the low to rescue fallen men and women, have we not a right to include among the "evidence of things not seen," these slaves of sin among ourselves who have been rescued by his power? Is it too much to ask of you, who know of these wonderful transformations, to believe in that miracle of Gadara? Have I not the right to claim that you not only accept the miracle, but that you trust the miracle worker, and test in your own persons the "evidence of things not seen."

THE RUSSO-CHINESE BANK AT HARBIN

ON THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY

RAILWAY STATION AT HARBIN

In Kouropatkin's Camp

Our Correspondent's Experiences with the Russians at Moukden and Harbin

By FREDERICK A. NORTH

THE ancient city of Moukden, the present centre of great military operations, is the capital of Manchuria, and is situated on a plain in the southern part of that province, 200 miles north of Port Arthur, and 300 miles south of Harbin. It has a population of 250,000, and is located in the midst of a fertile country, surrounded on all sides by vast fields of millet, which afford a rich supply of food for the people. Moukden is a walled city. There is an outer wall of earthwork, circular in form, surrounding the entire town, and an inner wall of brick, in the form of a square, enclosing only the chief part of the city. The inner wall is entered by eight gates, two on each side.

Some of the things of chief interest to me in and around Moukden were the execution grounds, just west of the city walls, the Chinese prison, the drum tower and huge bell, the tombs of the ancient kings, the imperial palace, the imperial post-office, the Russian post-office, the Russo-Chinese bank, the Manchurian hotel, the Roman Catholic Church, the Russo-Greek Church, the Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland, the railway station, the camps of soldiers, the Red Cross field hospitals, the walls and great gates of the city, and the peculiar customs of the people.

A large portion of my time was spent in the vicinity of the railway station, the headquarters of the army, which is two miles to the west of the city walls. On arriving here from Hsinmintun, as stated in my letter of three weeks ago, two fellow travelers and myself were placed in charge of the police at the railway station, until our passports could be examined and our presence at the seat of war could be thoroughly inquired into by the commandant. Everything was hurry and bustle, seemingly without order or system. Trains were arriving from Harbin, reinforcements were leaving for the battle-field of Liao-Yang, and the wounded were coming in from the front. Russian officers and men were so numerous that I could scarcely find a place to stand or sit, much less to lie down for the night to sleep.

Two of us obtained permission to go out to wash ourselves and buy food, on condition that we would return the next forenoon to receive our passports. There was no danger of our running away without these official documents, for no person can travel in the Russian Empire without his passport. After bathing in a pond of clear water, a mile northwest of the station, where the sand had been dug out for grading the railroad, as night came on we began to cast about for a place to sleep, for we were tired out. There was no room for us at the station, where even the army officers, telegraph operators, postal clerks, and gendarmes were obliged to sleep on the floor, to say nothing of the common soldiers covering the platform and sleeping in every nook. We could not pass the Russian guards at the gates into the city without our papers. Through the twilight we discovered a soldier's box car, on the siding at the sand bank. Into this car we crawled just like two New York up-State tramps. Soon the fleas drove me, half distracted, out of the car, and climbing up the fourteen-foot bank I shook my blanket, spread it out and made my bed on the millet ground, where it was so dark that the heads of the bunches of tall grain looked like Chinese robbers. The sky was overcast, the air as warm as corresponding late August weather in New York. The summer climate of Manchuria is like that of New York, but in winter all of that vast portion lying north of Moukden is as cold as Canada at Montreal, though not with such heavy snow-fall. After calculating on the possibility of being captured by the Hunghoozas, I fell asleep. . . . Next day our passports were returned to us, and again I was asked why I desired to return to America by way of the Trans-Siberian railroad. To this I responded as before, that I wanted to reach New York in October to fill appointments to lecture on the Russo-Japanese War. I was then told that I was perfectly free to go when and where I chose.

Here at the station was the centre of the great military activities about Moukden. Just east of the station, was a double row of one-story stone buildings, which afforded comfortable quarters for the officers of the army.

Photographed by Frederick A. North

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF HARBIN

The whole landscape to the south, was filled with the camps of soldiers. Stretching away beyond the horizon, were vast hosts of Russian cavalry, infantry and artillery. I visited these camps, and saw the soldiers in their tents and on duty. These forces were rapidly increasing every day by the addition of fresh troops from Siberia and European Russia. With special care, I noted the train arrivals for more than a week. On an average, there were twelve trains every twenty-four hours, two-thirds of which were loaded with soldiers; other trains were bringing horses, provisions and the munitions of war, with perhaps, a daily arrival of a Red Cross train. On each of these eight trains, were from three to five hundred soldiers, making a daily arrival at Moukden of 3,000 to 4,000 men. From personal observation, which extended all along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, from Moukden to St. Petersburg, I should judge Russia to have been transporting to the seat of war from 70,000 to 100,000 soldiers per month. The Russian forces under Kouropatkin, in the vicinity of Moukden at the present time, number about 300,000 men, Oyama's forces opposing him being of equal strength. A Russian officer told me that his government would continu to pour troops into Manchuria, stopping nothing shor of 700,000 men, and that the Japanese must ultima ly leave Manchuria, if it took years to accomplis t. Port Arthur would be retaken by the Russians, sh ld it now fall into the hands of the Japanese. Russia declared, has come to Manchuria to stay.

The Russian soldier is plainly equipped, weari a blouse, a nut-brown cap, and high top-boots; he ca ies his blanket, overcoat, knapsack, canteen, and a m a- zine gun, fitted with a pointed bayonet, and holding metallic cartridges. His accoutrement differs somev t from that of the Jap, who wears a coat instead a blouse, and leggings instead of high top-boots, and has a star in the front of his cap, instead of the l s- sian oval cockade. His gun is fitted with a sword b - net, but is of about equal efficiency with that of e Russian. The Russian soldiers, a strong healthy (as of men, in camp or on train, are good natured and h - py, frequently singing and dancing to the music of e accordeon. They do not appear to dread the de y bullets of the Japs, that they may s n be called upon to face. The w le journey by rail from Russia, of fiv or six thousand miles, is a joyous ex - sion of sights and scenes of great i - terest to them.

On the top of the tallest tree c a pine grove, a little southwest of M - den station, and across an expans of a score or more of busy side tra s, was to be seen the banner of the d Cross Society. Here were two ca s of Red Cross field hospitals, one f which was under the control of Rus n Red Cross authorities; the other u der that of the Dutch Reformed Ch h of St. Petersburg. At these cam I was a welcome visitor. Many sick d wounded soldiers were here recei g some of the hospitalities of home, t ir number constantly increasing by f h arrivals from the battle-fields of L - Yang. The Red Cross was fully - pared for active field work, b g equipped with medical and surg l supplies, horses, mules, and ambu - lances, with baggage wagons and c ts for transporting their tents and c p appliances. Wherever the army g s to battle, the camp of the field hospitals follows n its wake, to care for the sick and wounded. Sim r work of the Red Cross Society was observed in c - nection with the Japanese army.

Some of the Red Cross trains are very elega y equipped. The cars are of pure white, with a sir e red cross on the side, and within them is to be fo d every provision for the comfort of unfortunate offi s and soldiers, including a place of public worship, an a spiritual adviser in the person of a priest of the est - lished church. To be sick or wounded in such a pal e would almost seem a luxury. Russia is not sufficie y provided with cars of this description to meet all exigencies of the present war, and so she has in hospital service third-class cars, and even box cars of e same kind as those employed in transporting the re s and file of her soldiery.

Directly to the west of the railway station, and north of the Red Cross camps, were located a long l of huge ovens, in which the Russians baked their la e loaves of rye and barley bread. Close by were stock yards, into which were being gathered gr t

umbers of horses, mules and cattle for the use of the rmy. Northwest of the railway station, and bordering long the side tracks, were numerous storehouses filled nd overflowing with accumulated army supplies. Even arpaulin covers had been brought into requisition for he protection of unhoused goods. Still further to the orthwest of the station were the sand-pits used for

IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF HARBIN

rading the road-bed and the laying of side tracks. ust northeast of the station is a Chinese village, which greatly prospering on account of its extensive trade ith the army.

On Sunday morning, I very clearly heard the soul-nspiring singing of the grand religious service of the Russians in one of the nearby camps, and I proceeded o the spot and united with them. A bishop and his ssistant priest, wearing robes trimmed in purple and old, stood on reed matting before a table spread with lack velvet, on which rested the Holy Bible, the Sacred con, the censer and the great Golden Cross. Every nan, near and far, with uncovered head, crossed him-elf and prayed. No other peoples are so religious as he Russians.

Revs. J. W. Inglis and H. W. Pullar, the Scotch nissionaries stationed at Moukden, told me of their piritual work among the na-ives. All church property vas destroyed during the Boxer uprising in 1900. They pre-erred that the Japanese should ccupy Moukden, and they lso explained the religious, ocial, educational and polit-cal condition of the people. Rev. John Ross, D.D., who ounded the mission thirty ears ago, just before the Rus-o-Japanese War broke out, went on a short visit to Tien-sin, and the Russians have not et consented to his return to Moukden. In the opinion of he missionaries, the Japanese vill soon drive the Russians ntirely out of Manchuria. In his, however, I think they are greatly mistaken. Still, mis-ionaries, as a rule, are the best source of information to be gathered in the countries where they labor.

When it rains, the black, sticky soil becomes a slough of despond. Frequently Chinese carts are stalled in the middle of the muddy street. I have seen whole batteries of heavy cannon stuck in the mud when six or eight horses were hitched to each piece.

Generally the Russians are patient with the Chinese, and treat them well; but occasionally a Chinaman is struck with the fist or butt of a revolver, and severely hurt. Russian policemen arrest the offending officer or soldier, as the case may be; but of several cases that came under my observation, little or no punishment was inflicted, even when the injured Chinaman died.

The Chinese courts often employ the death sentence in the case of murder, robbery and larceny, and executions are witnessed nearly every day, especially on Sunday, just outside the west gate. The big Chinese executioner, with a long, heavy, keen broadsword, severs the head of the kneeling culprit clean from the body with one stroke. In this manner, two, three or more are dispatched so quickly, that the gaping crowd scarcely realize what has been done. Usually the bodies are heedlessly left for devouring dogs and swine.

I met several war correspondents for American and European papers. More liberty is granted correspondents in the Russian lines than is granted them in the Japanese lines.

All letters and postal cards that I mailed, before forwarding were read by Captain Alfred Therimin, the Russian censor. He told me that he detained none of my correspondence.

Baron Hoven, a Russian, speaking good English, who lives in Moukden, requested me to call on him for any information or service I might need.

Such a large number of officers understand German, but no English, that most of my conversation with them was in German.

. . .

My journey from Moukden to Harbin, though a distance of only 300 miles, occupied five days. All trains bound for the seat of war having the right of way, our train was side-tracked more hours than it traveled. The railway stations through Manchuria, together with requisite buildings for operatives, are constructed of stone or brick on substantially the same pattern. At every railway bridge and culvert throughout Manchuria, a guard is stationed to protect it from injury or destruction by Japanese spies, or bands of Chinese brigands, called Hunghoozas. The Japanese have made many desperate efforts to destroy bridges of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and some have been caught in the attempt and executed. At frequent intervals, where guards have been stationed, signal posts have been erected, which, being some twenty feet in height, are wrapped with straw and topped with a can of petroleum. When an enemy approaches, a wire is used to release the oil, which flows down upon and saturates the straw. This, then, is ignited, producing great flames and giving the signal for assistance to military posts for miles along the line.

The regular stations all along the Trans-Siberian Railway were originally built at intervals of from six to ten miles. In order to facilitate the train service for the war, sub-stations between the original ones are now being rapidly established along the whole extent of the road, thus giving it an efficiency approaching a double track line.

Harbin, especially its newer portion, which is on the high ground east of the railway station, unlike other cities of Manchuria, Dalny excepted, is a typical modern Russian city. The older part of Harbin, which is down on the banks of the Sungari River, has a mixed population, consisting of Chinese and of different nationalities of Europe. Besides being the junction of the two branches of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, one extending about 500 miles to Vladivostok, the other some 500 miles to Port Arthur, Harbin is the distributing centre of an important river commerce, carried on by steamers along the Sungari to Khabrovsk, thence by the Amur to the Pacific.

The great eight-span steel bridge across the Sungari at Harbin is truly an important achievement of modern engineering. It is guarded at both ends by detachments of soldiers and no one is allowed to approach it. Even when trains are crossing it, all the doors and windows of the cars are closed, and no one is permitted to stand on the platform—a remark, however, which holds true for all the large railway bridges in Manchuria.

The Russo-Chinese Bank is an important financial institution of Harbin. On account of the great crowd of its customers I was much delayed in transacting a little business there. This is but one of a large number of banks operated by the same corporation and under the same name in Moukden, New Chwang, Peking, Dalny, Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Blagovechtchensk, Stretensk, Chita, Irkutsk, and other important cities.

A WAY STATION, SOUTH OF HARBIN

Harbin is also an important military headquarters. It is the leading centre for hospital service in all Manchuria. Trains are constantly bringing disabled soldiers here from the front. War prices prevail here as elsewhere in Manchuria and Siberia. A large new railway station, splendid office and business blocks, new residences and churches are in process of construction. The location and surroundings, the improvements and business of Harbin, indicate that the city will become metropolitan and influential.

. . .

Space forbids mentioning the many interesting experiences of my journey of more than six thousand miles from Harbin to St. Petersburg. I noticed stupendous improvements being made on the Trans-Siberian railroad ---straightening the track, ballasting the road-bed, putting in new bridges, erecting sub-stations, introducing new and more powerful locomotives, operating the newly completed road around the south end of Lake Baikal, and laying a double track over the Ural Mountains. I saw vast fields of grain and thousands of herds of cattle, horses, mules and sheep grazing upon the ample acres of Siberia and European Russia. Russia's great cities are prosperous, and her country is filled with plenty.

From personal observation in both countries and with both armies, I am satisfied that the resources and wealth of Russia and her ability to carry on war for a long period of time, when compared with the resources of Japan, are immensely in favor of the empire of the Czar.

BURYING THE DEAD AFTER A FIGHT IN THE TRENCHES SOUTH OF MOUKDEN

☆ ☆ ☆

Notes of the War

The Russian Baltic fleet on Nov. 16 passed through the Suez Canal on its way East.

A "deadlock" has occurred between Great Britain and Russia on the North Sea incident. It is said that the Russian Ministry of Marine absolutely repudiates Lord Lansdowne's recent declaration that Russia had consented that the officers responsible for firing on the trawlers should be punished.

The Russian torpedo-boat destroyer, *Raztorophny*, escaped from Port Arthur on Nov. 15 during a blinding snowstorm, and, despite the Japanese naval blockade, succeeded in reaching Chefoo. It is believed her commander brought important dispatches from Gen. Stoessel to the Czar, one version being that the General desired permission to surrender the fortress. Russia denies this.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Value of Trouble

THE life that is breathed into us by God's Spirit has ever to do an up-hill work. It has to grow against the gravitation of sin. It has to exert itself against the weariness of the flesh and the heaviness of the soul, sometimes oppressed by weights that are invisible to human eyes. It has to push up, like Sisyphus, the stone of endeavor to the top of the hill, notwithstanding that it rolls down again and again. But if we are rooted in the Divine love, if we are abiding in Christ, our spiritual life will grow, and in the end will overcome all that opposes and all that oppresses it.

John Spreull, of Glasgow, who for his defense of religious liberty in the times of Claverhouse, was imprisoned on the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, had a singular coat-of-arms. It consisted of a palm tree with two weights hanging from its branches, one on either side, and yet, in spite of the heavy down-dragging force, maintaining its upright position, carrying its graceful crown of foliage up into the serene air. And on the crest was inscribed the motto, *Sub pondere cresco*—"I grow under a weight."

That is the law of the world, and not less of our spiritual life. It is the great mystery of Providence that there should be such a vast amount of painful burden-bearing in the world, and much of it without apparent cause in the character of the sufferers. But if we are really Christians, no trouble, no sorrow of heart, shall destroy us, no weight shall crush us. On the contrary, what a beauty and grace have we often seen the spiritual life take on under the pressure of these "light afflictions which are but for a moment."

It is said that the capital of the Corinthian column, the loveliest of all the styles of architecture, derived its origin from a basket of offerings placed upon a child's grave, and covered with a tile to protect it from the birds. The basket chanced to stand upon the root of an acanthus, a species of thistle, and the plant grew and spread its leaves around it in so graceful a manner that it suggested to a passing artist the form of the Corinthian capital.

Even so the pressure of earth's troubles causes the spiritual life to develop around them its fairest forms, and the thorny sorrow that springs from the grave of some dead love or hope becomes the richest adornment of the soul.

Hopeful Signs in Russia

IF the news from St. Petersburg, that Prince Sviatopolik-Mirsky, the new Minister of the Interior, has succeeded in securing the Czar's personal support for his proposed reforms—particularly with relation to the re-establishment of the *Zemstvos*, or provincial assemblies—should prove to be well founded, it may result in a substantial improvement in the internal affairs of the empire. Prince Mirsky represents that very numerous element among the Russian people, which, while it is intensely patriotic and loyal to Emperor Nicholas and the highest interests of the nation, is relentlessly opposed to the bureaucracy, whose ruinous control has involved Russia in most of its recent troubles, including the war with Japan.

Previous to the appointment of the new Minister, and at a time when the Grand-Ducal influence in St. Petersburg was paramount, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (on October 5) pointed out the urgent necessity of various reforms, as a means of averting internal disorders in Russia, which threatened more serious disaster even than a defeat in the Far East. One of these reforms was the restoration of the authority of the *Zemstvos*. One of the first official acts of the new Minister was to plead with Emperor Nicholas to consent to a Conference of the *Zemstvos*, and this was granted, as the cable dispatches announce, in the face of a storm of opposition by the bureaucrats, who doubtless pictured to the Czar the prospective terrors of a Constitution, and all the evils that would arise from giving the people a voice in public affairs.

Under able leadership, the *Zemstvos* conference will no doubt proceed on conservative lines. Its aim will be to arrange for national co-operation among the provincial governments throughout Russia, with the ultimate prospect of the elective principle being applied in the choice of future assemblages, instead of the representatives being appointed by the Minister of the Interior. This is a decided step in the direction of political progress, and will afford more gratification to the Czar's subjects—the student, merchant, agriculturist, and working classes, as well as the smaller landholders—than any reform conceded by the Crown in recent years, as it will do away with the present oppressive and intolerable method of irresponsible administration, and will permit the people to conduct their own local and provincial affairs. It assures a reasonable measure of local self-government, and release from that petty official tyranny which has been the curse of Russia.

The Lesson of Atlanta

A LESSON for Christians thoughout the country, is contained in the story of the remarkable movement in Atlanta, Ga., told on another page. The origin of the work is traced back to the meetings of a number of believers, which were held informally, but definitely, to pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The need for a revival was distinctly felt, and the plea was presented to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." Prayer was continued until a conviction came into the hearts of these waiting people that the answer was assured. Then the help of the evangelists was sought. The preaching began in appeals to the church members, for a purging and purifying of their own lives and a seeking for the revival of spiritual life in their own souls. This was the method pursued and the blessing came.

What are we to learn from these facts? Is it possible that there is a deeper meaning than we have hitherto realized, in St. Paul's reference to "The Law of the Spirit of Life"? Is there a method by which the blessing of a revival may be obtained? Perhaps we have misapprehended Christ's remark about the Holy Spirit being like "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," and have concluded that there was an element of caprice in spiritual operations. Certain it is that the best efforts to produce an artificial revival, have oftentimes ignominiously failed. Earnest evangelists have labored, committees have been organized, a city has been districted, and no commensurate result has been obtained, Our scientific achievements have been reached by adapting our plans to Nature's laws, which are God's laws. Is it possible that in the spiritual world there may also be a law, which is just as sure and regular in results? It is, at any rate, worth testing.

Is there need for revival in any city? Alas, where is the city in which that need does not exist? How many Christians are there in that city who earnestly desire a revival and have faith in God and prayer? Let them meet together, regardless of denominational differences, to entreat God to revive his work among them. At the same time, let each one look to his own personal life, and see if there is aught in it that is inconsistent with his prayer. Let there be an earnest seeking for more light and a more definite consecration. Who can tell if the answer may not be a blessing beyond conception? "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Letter Missions

CHRISTMAS letter missions are among the sweetest and most delicate expressions of altruism at this season of the year. By means of these missions, letters are sent broadcast to those who are likely to be overlooked and forgotten in the general gladness of Christmas. The forlorn and lonely people shut up in prisons, the chronic invalid chained to a couch or a chair, the sailor ashore far from his loved ones, and any others who are in danger of being omitted and left out are those who receive Christmas letters.

Why should not each of us do a little of this missionary work without sending it through the medium of any organization? Looking over our list of friends and acquaintances, there are surely some who are strand by circumstances or desolate by reason of bereavemer in their homes. To all such, a letter from a friend m come as a pleasant surprise. Once in a while, as sit in the twilight, there comes to our minds a thoug of some acquaintance of whom we have seen little, may be for years. Long ago, this friend moved aw from the place where we lived and made a home el where. We would have said, until we definite remembered, that it was three or four years since t change. It is ten or fifteen years, and in that time h much has occurred to change life for us both! Sit do while the mood lasts, and write a love letter to the o friend, filling it with Christmas joy and good will.

Perhaps there is somebody against whom you ha harbored resentment. Christmas is a time to do aw with feuds and vindictiveness. Send a Christmas lett to the one who offended you, and you will probably met more than half way. So will the Christmas peac dove-like, brood in your heart.

A Spiritual Bond

IT is a well-known fact that on various sea-coasts, t encroachment of the sea upon the land has be prevented by means of plants specially adapted to t purpose. These plants belong mostly to the grass trib though sometimes to the higher orders, and all posse the peculiarity of underground creeping stems, whic rooting themselves at frequent intervals, and sending fresh shoots at every joint, all linked together, are e abled to offer an effectual resistance to the storm. T enormous dykes which the people have constructed Holland, to keep out the inundations of the Germ Ocean, owe their stability to such plants, and it is sa that along the low eastern coast of England, where t sea is continually seeking to encroach upon the shore, large quantity of land has in this way been reclaim from the waters.

It is the social habits of these seaside plants th gives them their wonderful tenacity of life, and so a mirably adapts them for the conditions in which th grow. Each separate plant is weak and fragile; le to itself it would quickly be uprooted and swept aw by the fury of the tide. But when linked and inte laced in the closest fashion with the whole mass similar plant life growing around, it can hold its ow against the strongest forces of the ocean.

What we have to do as Christians in this world is lik the work of the seaside plants. To prevent the e croachments of error, to beat back the waves of evil, resist the storms of temptation, to win new additio to the kingdom of righteousness and peace, this is t work given us to do on earth. And we can do this the high spiritual realm only as the grass by the se side does its task in the lower realm of physical natur through the power of association; by realizing the vit bond by which Christians are members one of another tied together in Christ Jesus, and made, however n merous and widely scattered, one body in the Lord.

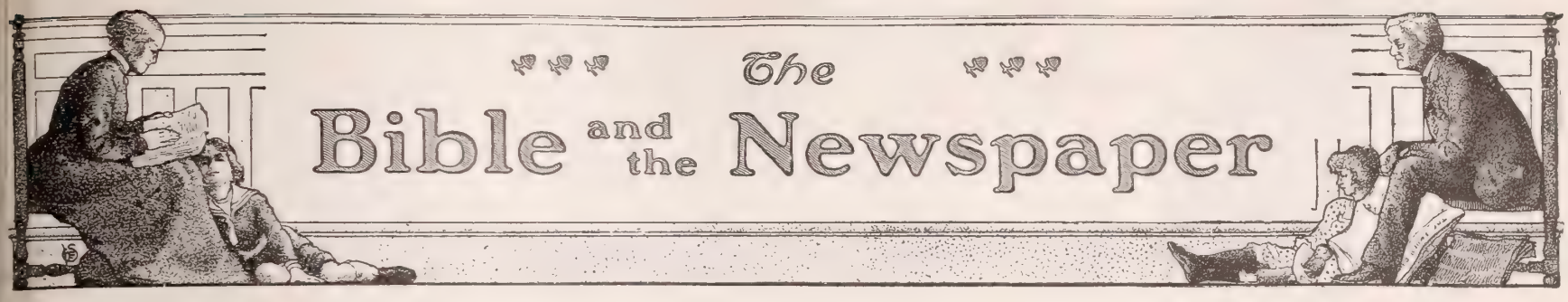
TWO ERRORS CORRECTED

In the colored insert contained in this issue, the stat ment is made that *Family Worship Day by Day*, b Bishop John H. Vincent, weighs 5½ pounds. This is a error. It should read 4½ pounds. In the same insert is stated that *Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts*, compile by Chas. Noel Douglas, "contained 1,900 pages." should read, "Contains 2,000 pages."

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST ROBERT L. LAYFIELD, assisted by Pro Eugene A. Spear, has just closed a successful unio meeting at Ashland, Kan. The Presbyterian and M. E Churches received many members. Evangelist Layfiel and Prof. Spear are now in union meetings at Colc water, Kan.

—EVANGELIST H. D. STEDDON, accompanied by Pro Ross, singer, recently closed a successful two week meeting in Oswego, N. Y. They are now conducting series of meetings in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Syracuse, N. Y.



Thousand-Year-Old Barge

AN interesting relic of bygone days has just been discovered in Norway. At Slagen, on the western side of Christiania Bay, an excavation was being made, when suddenly the laborers removing the sand and debris, came upon a strange raft. Its position showed that it must have been buried there for a long period. Perhaps it was carried ashore by some fierce storm, and became a wreck. Perhaps in those far-distant days the sea rolled over the place which is now dry land. The historians will have to explain how a vessel could be found there. As the vessel was uncovered, the interest in it increased. It was evidently a state barge. Its fine woodwork, its delicate carving, the beauty of its prow, the graceful turning of its rails, all showed that it had been intended for occasions of ceremony. When the sand and debris were all removed, another discovery was made. It clearly had belonged to a woman, for among the rubbish that had accumulated in and around it, there was a beautiful sledge, such as no man would be likely to use. Another indication of feminine ownership was the fact that in no part of it were there any of the weapons that are generally found on ancient ships. The opinion is formed from all the indications, that it is an ancient pleasure barge which some powerful and wealthy Viking monarch provided for his queen. Who she was, and who was the husband who thus proved his devotion to her, and sought to provide for her enjoyment, no one can now tell. The relic is there as the mute evidence of his affection, and of the luxury with which he delighted to surround her. A thousand years have gone by since those fierce old Vikings, who roamed over the northern seas, and, it is believed, penetrated even to the shores of America, lived, and ruled, and fought their battles by land and sea. The record of their valor and their conquests is imperishable, but here is another side of their character. In this luxurious barge, unearthed at this late day, we have evidence of the softer side of their nature, showing the tender affection that lavished on some fair queen all the gentle attention so foreign to the characteristics we have learned to associate with them. It is singular that this relic, that has withstood the passage of time, should not be of the stronger vessels in which they went forth to ravage the shores of their enemies, but should be a memorial of love and kindness.

Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth (I. Cor. 13: 7, 8).

PLEASURE BARGE OF A VIKING'S QUEEN OF ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

Long-Distance Telegram

The novel experience of sending a message around the world to reach Chicago from New York was one of the results of the storm on November 13. The New York manager of the Postal Telegraph Company discovered, on Sunday evening, that the entire service was crippled in the West, South and Northeastern routes. Frantic efforts were made to ascertain the nature and extent of the damage, but messages sent out disappeared in blank space. No communication, even by round-about routes, could reach Chicago. In despair, the manager determined to cable around the world. He sent a message East, which traveled over the 25,000 miles, inquiring what were the telegraphic conditions east of Chicago. In about an hour the desired information came back, that Chicago was in communication as far east as Harrisburg, Pa. The message went by way of London, Gibraltar, Alexandria, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Hong-kong, Guam, Manila, San Francisco and Chicago. Under normal conditions the message might have been sent over its thousand mile journey by hundreds of direct and indirect routes, but on that day it had to pass under three oceans and traverse four continents. Happily for all who are seeking God, the way is always open, and no storm can separate them from his ear.

It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us and bring it unto us; neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us. But the word is very nigh unto thee (Deut. 30: 12-14).

Luminous Bodies

Experiments have been made by Dr. Hooker, an authority on radium, on a new discovery. He says that the human body gives out rays, which differ from the X-rays, but are of the same species. He characterizes them as N-rays. The physician, in a letter to a medical journal, declares that they are of several colors, and that these colors indicate the character of the person. "Rays emanating from a very passionate man," says Dr. Hooker, "have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good, throws off pink rays; an ambitious man emits orange rays; a deep thinker throws off deep blue; an anxious, depressed person, gray; one who leads a low, debased life, muddy brown rays; and a physically or mentally ill person, dark green rays." Dr. Hooker admits that his statement may be received at first, with a smile of incredulity, but he is confident it will sooner or later be accepted as a fact. He further says he has proved that N-rays are not only given off by the human body, but by objects which have been in contact therewith. He obtained this impression from a letter thirty years old, which proved that the rays are radioactive, and retain their power on the paper on which writing is made. This is a startling discovery If the emanations from a man's body leave their impress on the articles he has handled, and the paper on which he writes, so that his character may be known from them, what must be the effect on the men with whom he comes in contact? There may be a more profound meaning than we supposed in the statement of the Apostle:

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself (Rom. 14: 7).

Held in a Quagmire

A mystery, supposed to be supernatural, which had disturbed a Long Island village for three days and nights, has been solved by a tragical discovery. Nightly, soon after sunset, the people of Maspeth, N. Y., heard cries and groans proceeding from a swamp of considerable extent near the village. In the daytime the noises of the village drowned the strange noise, but in the silence of the night people passing near the swamp were frightened by them. Search was made around the edge of the swamp, but no sign of a living person could be seen. It was known to be dangerous to penetrate into the interior, for the gases from it are injurious to health and there are stories of quicksands which would swallow a horse or a cow. One man, however, was so distressed by the groans that he took his dog and made a search. The dog traced the noise to an overhanging tree. The man procured some boards and went to the place. There he found a man with his head and shoulders above ground, holding a branch of the tree. He secured assistance and the man was drawn out. He was so weak from hunger that he could scarcely speak. He said he had tried to cross the swamp in the dark, three days before, but had sunk in the sand. He had held himself up by the branch of the tree since that time. He had been afraid to go to sleep, lest he let go his hold and sink in the sand. He was sent to the hospital, but his exposure had been too much for him, and he died. What misery the man must have endured during the long hours of the three days and nights of his helpless suspension, while the cruel sand was dragging him down to death, and he was holding to the tree! It is like the struggle that some men are making, who, while longing to live a life for God, are dragged down by their slavery to some besetting sin. But unlike this man, they might be delivered if they would cry to Him, who is mighty to save.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins (Matt. 1: 21).

BRIEF NOTES

The Bible Society of New York (not the American Bible Society) distributed last year 71,426 volumes of the Scriptures in thirty languages. Of these 42,408 went to the immigrants on Ellis Island.

It is reported that Dr. Cochrane, the famous medical missionary in Persia, has been murdered. It is believed that the bandits who murdered Rev. B. Labaree recently, mistook him for Dr. Cochrane.

Miss Mary Wilkinson, who has died at Accrington, England, recently, at the age of eighty-four, had for sixty-five years never missed teaching a class on Sundays, with the exception of the Sunday before her death, and was never once late.

Dr. John Paton is paying another visit to Sydney. The work on the New Hebrides, he says, was never more satisfactory than now. The whole Bible has been translated into the native language, and part has been translated into twenty-four other languages and dialects.

The parish of Trinity in New York, with its various branches, has taken a decided attitude on the divorce question. The clergymen of those churches will in future refuse to conduct the marriage service in any case in which one of the parties has a husband or wife still living. Even the innocent party to a divorce suit is barred by this rule. Thus the injured person is punished for being sinned against.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER I—Continued

MRS. RODNEY looked puzzled. "What! What!" she exclaimed loudly. Then, bewildered, she turned to the Judge and Miss Mildred in turn. "What did he say?" she exclaimed in a whisper to the Judge. Judge Rodney did not reply, but continued to listen grimly as Stanton went on.

"For twenty-five years, Brother Lee, and brethren, I have been preaching half a Gospel, hiding in my own heart that which was the vital truth to me. I was born into the established order of a wealthy, favored class of social prominence. I entered the pulpit with this inherited, inborn, and educated habit of mind. As the years of my ministry have gone on I have been irresistibly led, however, to believe that the Gospel fully understood demands a new and different order of social life from that which the Church has all these years been teaching. Ten years ago this conviction had grown so strong in me that I was impelled to write the story called *The Christian Socialist*, and, I repeat it, that book contains my heart beliefs, the vital Gospel truths which I ought to have preached from the pulpit, but which I did not preach because of my cowardice. I knew this Church would reject me and my teachings. I was, I confess it freely, too much in love with the social position I held in Saint Cecilia to be willing to exchange it for the ostracism and the misunderstanding I should henceforth know. But, Brother Lee, brethren, friends, all, do not have any compassion or even contempt for me. To-day, for the first time, I speak as a free man. The teachings in the book I most firmly believe are Gospel truths. I am not and would not be an enemy of human advancement. I love the Church even though I anticipate its necessary action in my own case. To relieve her of any possible embarrassment, I here and now resign my position as one of her ministers, I lay down this high office just conferred, I step voluntarily into the ranks of the people; and if at any time I am called to assume the sacred office of a minister of Christ and give my message through the pulpit, I will gladly do so if I am called by God and my brethren. Meanwhile, I shall privately and publicly espouse the cause as I have declared it in my own book, for it contains my very life. We have already entered upon a history of the race which nothing can set back. The social movement cannot be stopped. The Church is powerless, society is powerless, to stay this last unfolding of the teaching of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount."

He gravely and with great dignity bowed to the venerable Bishop, to the assembled clergy on the platform, and then to the congregation, and turning, he walked with head erect from the platform and into the pastor's room at the side. As the door closed, a wave of astonished whispering swept over the assembly. Bishop Lee, after a moment of stunned embarrassment, turned to the congregation.

"This service is over," he said briefly, and turned to his brethren on the platform. Judge Rodney and wife and daughter rose, and were among the first to pass out in stern and astonished silence.

That evening, the Rev. Fredrick Stanton made his last parish call as pastor of Saint Cecilia. Throughout that afternoon he had been holding conference with several of his brethren in the ministry. There was nothing, however, for him to do but what was inevitable. His brethren conceded that, after a fruitless conference, and withdrew finally.

When the servant took in the Rev. Fredrick Stanton's card to Mrs. Rodney she turned red, then pale, and handed the card to the Judge.

"Tell him we are not at home," she said sharply. The Judge turned a little uneasily in his chair, but said nothing.

The servant went out. Presently he came back and said apologetically: "Dr Stanton wishes to see Miss Rodney."

Miss Mildred sat still, and her mother eyed her sternly.

"Tell Mr. Stanton Miss Mildred is not at home."

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Miss Mildred rose and faced her mother.

"I am going down to see him," she said.

The Judge shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Rodney struck the table with her jeweled fingers.

"I forbid it! You shall not see that man!"

"Nevertheless, mother, I am going, for—for—I——."

"If you disobey me, you know what——." Mrs. Rodney did not finish. Miss Mildred said simply: "If he asks me to marry him, I shall become his wife. Father"—she suddenly turned and kneeled by the Judge—"I love him!" She hid her face on his breast as she used to do when a child, and the Judge kissed her, but did not say anything. Suddenly the proud Mildred rose and walked out of the room before her mother could utter another word.

In the parlor the Rev. Fredrick Stanton turned to face a self-possessed woman, who asked him to be seated, as if, forsooth, he were some indifferent caller.

"I have come," he said abruptly, "to say good-by. Of course I am aware that what has been done to-dav finishes my life here, but it cannot finish my memories of life, and——."

"What are you planning to do, Dr. Stanton, if I may ask?"

"I do not yet know. The platform is free to me. Out in the world the people whom I have loved are calling me with their myriad voices of appeal. But all this is of no interest to you. Will you allow me to say, however, since it will not harm you, I have loved you these years of my cowardice, and I know it has been a noble thing for it has ennobled me. In parting from you I leave the best I have known."

Then Miss Mildred said something that astonished "Mark Burns."

"Did you not say once, Dr. Stanton, that I was like the character of Janet Arnold in *The Christian Socialist?*"

"I did. You sat for that portrait; it was my joy to have your presence with me while writing the story."

"Then do you still think I would do as Janet Arnold did, and forgive and—and forget—her lover's cowardice on account of—on account of——"

The minister had risen, and had come over to where Miss Mildred was sitting.

"Because she loved him so? Oh, Mildred — do you mean—you love——"

"I will do as Janet Arnold did—if there is a place in your Christian Socialism for me."

"The first place of all," said the Rev. Fredrick Stanton, as he kneeled and laid his proud head upon her lap.

"No," she said after a moment, while the happy tears fell over her face—"No, you should not kneel to me. I believe in you wholly. I believe in your heart beliefs. I have grown to believe since I read your book, 'Mark Burns.'"

"Did you suspect the authorship?" he asked, a few moments later.

"I knew it all along," she said laughingly. "I was the only person in the parish of Saint Cecilia that knew. Have I not kept it well? I wanted to be a coward with you."

"But now," he asked, a little troubled, as he gazed into the clear gray eyes: "Now, can you follow me in the stormy life that is inevitable? Can you bear all this —cast in your lot with mine; with the people, and enter the new world we may help to make, as my wife, as my companion, my very self?"

She raised her face to his and let him kiss her for the first time. "Yea," she answered. "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"But you have sacrificed much," she added.

"Nay, my beloved," he answered with a glorified smile, "I have gained far more than a bishopric, sinc I have both thee and a free conscience with which face the wide world."

"But will the world accept your message, Fredrick? she asked after a moment.

"It remains to be seen," he answered slowly. " has been the dream of my soul these ten years now, th the common people were ready for the message of Jes to the social life of men."

"And if the time has not yet come, what then?" sl asked, smiling up at him in boundless faith and love.

"Then let me be true to my message. Woe is m if I preach not this Gospel of a social Christ to men.

"Woe to me also," she whispered. He realized i some degree the crisis for them both. And as he be and kissed her as she looked up at him unquestionin his strength and dauntless of any evil in the future, h prayed his prayer—"Grant, Lord, for both of us th peace, as we face together the needs and sorrows an wants and sins and yearnings and hopes and possibiliti of the great wide world, that needs more than anythin else the daily presence in its social life of Jesus Chri the Carpenter, the Son of God and the Son of man."

CHAPTER II

EXTRACT from the Lenox *Daily Times* the mornin after the scene in Saint Cecilia, where the Re Fredrick Stanton revealed his authorship of th book called *The Christian Socialist*:

"The result of the Rev. Mr. Stanton's action will b watched with the greatest interest. In reality wha he has done is a challenge to the Church in genera There are churches in America, no doubt, where th author of *The Christian Socialist* could remain and teac his doctrines from the pulpit, but Saint Cecilia is nc one of them, and the astonishing charge of Bishop Le at the close of the regular charge to the candidat yesterday, may be taken as the utterance of the cor servative wing of the Church in general. The publi will be more than interested to know what the famou author of *The Christian Socialist* will do now. Th *Times* is frank to say it does not believe at all in th implied teachings of that really remarkable book. T our mind, the Rev. Mr. Stanton has simply stirred u unnecessary trouble by his book, and by the extra ordinary action which he took yesterday. Some of th reforms which he outlined in his story are already prove to be impossible in human experience. Others are ope to very grave question. The world is not prepared fo such radical changes in its social programme. Ther are some mighty pretty theories, Brother Stanton, tha don't work at all when you try to apply them to th kind of humanity that actually exists; until the worl has a different race of beings out of whom to fashio society, do business, and make politics, the schemes o *The Christian Socialist* will be simply visionary an impracticable. We are of the opinion that the Rev Fredrick Stanton has lost a good job and will find i extremely difficult to secure another."

One week later, the Lenox *Times* contained the an nouncement of the marriage of "Miss Mildred Rodney daughter of Judge Royal Rodney, of the District Court to Rev. Fredrick Stanton, D.D., author of *The Christia Socialist*, and late Pastor of Saint Cecilia Church." Th *Times* went on in a column-long "story" to unfold thi latest news.

"This latest phase of the Stanton sensation is in keep ing with the entire astounding affair. The wedding o Dr. Stanton and Miss Rodney was performed at the Rod ney residence, with the family only as witnesses. Judg Rodney is said to be reconciled to the match, but rumo has it that Mrs Rodney was present only as a matter o form and to avoid the comments of society. There is a story going the rounds that she refused to speak to he new son-in-law at the conclusion of the ceremony. Dr Stanton certainly made his wooing short, and is to be congratulated on having won a most thoroughly accom plished and charming wife. When seen by a *Times* reporter this evening he would not state what his future plans would be."

"What do you think of that?" Fredrick Stanton ked his wife. He had been reading the newspaper it loud. She that was once the proud daughter of a oud and exclusive family, looked at her husband out eyes that revealed a nature transformed by a redeem- g love which makes all miracles possible.

"I think about it just as you do," she said with a ile.

"If that is going to be your habit, won't it make atters a little monotonous between us?"

"Do you want me to quarrel with you?"

"Once in a while, 'Janet,' I think it would be advis- le."

"Then I say I shall never do it."

"But you are now."

"Then I say I will never do it again, my love."

"Mildred, do you realize that the newspapers con- der us good for copy from now on?"

"It does not trouble me any."

"Not even if they describe in detail our wall-paper d our eating habits at the table?"

"I shall be too busy to read them. Besides, have u not learned yet, dear man, that I am perfectly sat- fied, and care naught for what all the orld says, knowing you as I do?"

"Thank God," said the minister to mself gently.

There is no doubt in her dear mind,
'Tis heaven born and heaven kind.

"Mildred, I wish your mother liked e better."

"She likes you better than you im- ine. Mother is not implacable. But course she does not understand you. r that matter, she does not understand e.'

"But your father?"

"He has studied these things. I think heart he believes some of your doc- ines. The rest of it is unknown terri- ry, and father is cautiously conserva- ve."

"You are not sorry you married me?"

"I shall be if you ever ask that ques- n again."

"Pardon, dear woman. I have not t become accustomed to the great fact at Mildred Rodney is my wife. I am ill dreaming."

"Is it a pleasant dream?"

"It is heaven for me."

"Please, then, do not wake up."

"When I do, the day-vision will be st as beautiful. Mildred, you are sure, re of all this boundless faith in one or, incomplete human?"

She came up and sat down on the arm f his chair and put her hand on his lips.

"Another word of that, sir, and I go me to my mother. Fredrick, a oman like me gives all, without reserve, hen she gives. I am not perfect, and shall doubtless disappoint your ideals. ut I love you, and believe in you to e last atom of my being. When I ase to do that I shall be dead."

He remembered that passionate out- urst of his wife as long as he lived. It as framed in his memory in golden ttering, where he saw it during many d many a crisis of trying events that passed this man d wife through the furnace of testing, where nothing ut an inexhaustible love for each other could possibly ve made the experiences bearable.

After a moment, she said:

"You are going down to speak to the strikers this ening?"

"Yes, they have invited me to their conference."

"Can I go, too?"

"I don't know," her husband answered hesitatingly. Do you want to go?"

"Certainly I do, if it is allowable for me to come."

"I don't think Harvey will object. But the men may t like it. I understand they are getting to be ugly, d I am seriously apprehensive of real trouble."

"You would rather I wouldn't go?"

"On the whole, yes. It is an unnecessary risk."

"How about yourself, Fredrick?" Mildred spoke proachfully.

"I don't believe there is any danger.'

"But you just said there was."

"I said there was a risk."

"And you don't want me to take it, and you are go- g into it yourself. Is this your boasted woman equal- y before the law?"

"I am a man," he said simply. "Say what you will out woman's rights and all that, you know well enough, Mildred, I have never preached nor believed in my book or elsewhere, in any other vision of woman- hood except that which my own mother enshrined in her own holy of holies. Woman may be entitled to all the legal and political and social rights of man, but the moment she ceases to feel the need of man's strength, and pro- tection, and love as a companion, that moment she loses, what I believe is the divinest thing God gave her."

"Still, while all this is true, my lord, I do not want you to run any unnecessary risks with these strikers. Be careful, won't you, Fredrick? What should I do if anything were to happen to you?"

"Are you so dependent on me then, dear one?"

"You are all to me," she said, and the words sang in his heart as he went down to the place of the meeting that evening, the vision of his wife in all her love- liness rising in his soul into an almost painful ecstacy of feeling.

The Lenox strike had been in progress now for over eight months. The long brick row of mills down by the river were strangely silent. The machinery was rusting, cobwebs were visible over the closed windows.

"WHEN I SHALL CEASE TO DO THAT," SAID MILDRED, "I SHALL BE DEAD."

The cause of the strike was simplicity itself. The mill company had employed five non-union men one day. A committee from the Union had attempted to confer with the president. The spokesman of the committee had made the statement to the superintendent that it was contrary to the rules of the Union that non-union men should work in the mill. The superintendent had cut him short by saying the company had decided to employ any men who could do the work, regardless of the Union. The committee backed out of the office, and in less than an hour five thousand men walked out of the building, seven million dollars worth of capital was tied up, and a loss of several hundred thousand dol- lars a day to employers and employed had been begun, and continued through eight sullen, weary, wasteful, unchristian months.

That was the story of the great Lenox strike down to the evening when Fredrick Stanton had been invited by Bruce Harvey, the President of the Union, to speak at the meeting in the Hall, to the men, who for over half a year had been loafing about the streets and in the saloons of Lenox, doing nothing, earning nothing, all on account of what Stanton believed to be a foolish and useless difference of opinion concerning the best way to advance the cause of Labor's rights.

So far there had not been an act of violence. Harvey had his men well in hand. To-night, as Stanton went up on the platform and met the man there, he could read all sorts of things in his face and manner. The man had force of a certain, well-defined type. He was not educated, yet he knew better than most professors of political economy and sociology in the universities, the history and writings of the entire labor movement. He had saturated himself in the doctrines of Karl Marx, and could quote exactly and copiously from all the Socialistic writers, Blatchford, Hyndman, Jackoby, Kautusky, Tom Mann, Lasalle, Vandervelde, Engles, Simonds, Leibknecht, Ladoff, Bax, and William Morris, to say nothing of writers like Keir Hardie, J. Stitt Wilson, Max Hayes, "Mother" Jones and Ernest Crosby. He had a silent contempt for the preachers of Lenox, and considered the Church as a useless tag to a useless society, and ministers as a parasitic class that existed by sufferance, but could just as well be dispensed with for the good of the masses.

With all this true of him, Harvey had kindly and generous personal qualities that endeared him to the working men. He owed his rise to the place of Pres- ident of the Union, not only to his knowledge of men and the labor movement, but to many acts of human brotherhood so numerous as to make him marked.

The Hall seated over two thousand men. It was a building owned and con- trolled by the Union. To-night it was jammed, aisles and gallery, with a rest- less, noisy mob of nearly three thousand. The street outside was packed with as many more people, and one of the Union leaders was haranguing the crowd there when Harvey introduced Stanton to the men inside.

Stanton came forward, and the men gave him a somewhat boisterous welcome. Most of them had read his book, and while the majority of them had no use for him as a minister, they considered him as an exception, and were ready, so Stanton thought, to give him a respect- ful hearing.

He began by expressing his gratifica- tion at the good order that had prevailed among the men during the progress of the strike, and then went on to make a frank statement concerning his opinions of the strike in general. He quoted three or four well-known labor leaders with telling effect, and the men were quiet, though Harvey, sitting there with his dark eyes sombre, and brows con- tracted, easily detected a mark of rest- less dissent from Stanton. Perhaps Stanton saw it too. If so, he gave no sign, but went on calmly to say just what he believed.

"President Harvey asked me to say what I believed is the remedy for the troubles that exist between Capital and Labor in this country. I'm not going to quote the statements made in the writings of most Socialist authors. You are familiar with them. There is, how- ever, one great factor which I do not find mentioned by any of them, which, to my mind, is the greatest of all. The Great Workman of the ages mentioned it very many times in his talks with the multitude. Indeed, so far as I can discover, he made mention of no other remedy for human troubles of every description. That remedy was not bigger wages, fewer hours, more land, bigger houses, finer clothes, better food, but love to one another. That, according to Christ, is the greatest practical remedy for all the troubles of the world."

There was a profound silence over the hall. Stanton took a step forward. Before he could speak a dozen voices rose.

"This ain't no church," they cried. "We didn't come in here to listen to preaching!" "He's like all the rest o' the preachers!" "Harvey—Harvey!"

Stanton waited quietly until he could be heard. Then he said, coolly: "I'm not here to beg for a respectful audience. If you don't want to listen to me, you don't have to. I am not obliged to speak, and I don't intend to try to fight for a hearing with a crowd of men who have no sense. I can get one elsewhere."

He walked back to his chair and sat down. The crowd in the hall seemed smitten into a confused silence. Then there was a roar of laughter and cries of "Good for you!" "That's the stuff, preacher!" "Bully for you, speaker!" "Go on—go on!" Other voices, however, called out for Harvey. Stanton remained quietly seated. Harvey looked at him half angrily.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Great Revival in Georgia

NEVER in the memory of this generation has such a sight been witnessed in Atlanta, Ga., as on November 2. The whole city gave itself up to prayer and praise. The *Atlanta Constitution* says that the sight was unprecedented. The stores, factories, and offices closed; the Supreme Court of Georgia adjourned; even the saloons and places of amusement united in the movement by shutting their doors. "It was a novel experience," says the *Constitution*, "to walk down Whitehall Street, Atlanta's busiest thoroughfare, and witness on a week day the closed stores, and the street deserted by pedestrians, all on account of a great religious movement in the city. It is a strong influence that will make men turn from pursuing the dollar to the pursuit of their soul's salvation, and surely the better, deeper nature of Atlanta has been touched when her people virtually turn a busy weekday into a Sabbath, and repair, almost as one man, from the scene of their daily toil and striving, to the house of prayer.

"Atlanta is bound to be the better for the present gracious season of spiritual quickening, and the beneficent results will by no means be confined to the church organizations. Such a religious revival not only greatly strengthens the churches in membership and zeal in the divine cause of the Master, but it strengthens the moral tone of the whole community, and results in untold spiritual good to lives that rarely, if ever, come under the direct influence of Gospel effort.

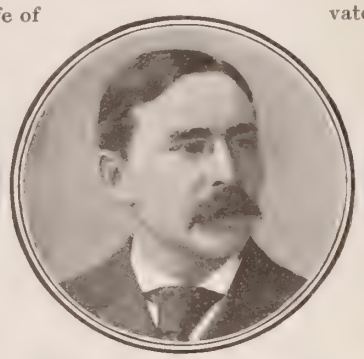
"The attendance at the many meetings being held in various parts of the city, was simply phenomenal. It seems as if all Atlanta turned out to hear the glad tidings, and it is evident that the impression made by the services is universal."

This day of prayer came as the culmination of a series of evangelistic services, which had been conducted for a month previous by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, Rev. Arthur J. Smith, and other evangelists. Some time before they began, a number of Christian business men had quietly met together to pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The little band gradually increased by the addition of lawyers, physicians, and bankers, until it became an assemblage of nearly a thousand. At the head of it, as he is of nearly every Christian work in the State, was ex-Governor Northen. The meetings were held regularly, and the burden of all the prayers was that God would revive his work. The conviction grew that these prayers would be answered, and an invitation was sent to Dr. Chapman to get together a corps of evangelists and come down. A definite promise was made to him, that the ministers of the city would give him loyal and cordial support.

The invitation was accepted. Rev. Daniel S. Toy, Rev. George Stuart, and Rev. Arthur J. Smith, accompanied Dr. Chapman and Messrs. Biederwolf and Walton, and with each a singer for solos. This was on Oct. 2, and at once work was begun simultaneously in five districts of the city. There was a noon service every day in the large First Baptist Church. This was primarily intended for Christian people with the object of quickening spiritual life; but outsiders came in such numbers that the opportunity could not be lost, and direct appeals were made to the unsaved, and there was scarcely a meeting at which there were no conversions. In the evening the meetings were crowded, and the Gospel was preached with intense earnestness and power.

Services were begun for men only. These became so large, that the Grand Opera House was used, and though that building accommodates 3,500 persons, it was thronged to its limits, and from one to two thousand persons were unable to gain admission. The results were marvelous. Men of every class, from the highest to the lowest, were moved. Judges, physicians and merchants have made profession of faith, some of them long prominent in the life of the city. Among workingmen there was the same remarkable interest. Special services were asked for, and held in surface-car barns, in railroad-shops, in factories, and on the streets. Even in the hotels, the impulse was felt. A meeting for prayer was announced in the corridor of one of the largest hotels in the city, and it was thronged before the hour for which it was called. At every meeting there were many inquirers, and many rose to declare themselves on the Lord's side. Besides these public services, in more than a hundred private houses prayer meetings were held daily, to which not only the friends of the hostess, but any one who would come was welcomed. A special work for children was conducted by Rev. C. T. Schaefer, at which fully a thousand children pledged themselves to Christ.

REV. W. E. BIEDERWOLF



REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

REV. ARTHUR J. SMITH

"I do not know of any place in the country," said Dr. Chapman, at the cl ing meeting on Nov. 6, "where the outlo is brighter for a sweeping work of gr than in this Southland. I have been teen years in evangelistic work, and think I ought to say, that never bef have I witnessed a more remarkable ma festation of interest in spiritual thi than I have here. I have never kno ministers to stand by me more loyal and I have never had a more respect and constant attention given to my m sages."

Five thousand cards were signed persons pledging themselves to Christ a indicating the churches with which th intended connecting themselves. Th will be sorted and the pastors notified, that every convert will be looked after.

During the whole month it has been inspiration to witness the enthusiasm Governor Northen, who has gone fr one meeting to another, testifying a encouraging others. He said at the cl ing meeting: "Since these meeting beg I have not given as much as ten hours my personal affairs, but I have ne rendered a service that made me happi I'm tired—sometimes I have been v tired—but God knows I could stand other five weeks, and if at the end of t time I should die, I would thank God t he had given me the opportunity to wo in such a movement."

We most devoutly hope that Dr. Cha man's cheering prediction, uttered wh he was leaving Atlanta, may be fulfill To a friend, to whom he was bidding fa well, he said: "I believe God has be with us with wonderful power. I tr believe that this revival here is but t beginning of great times in religion in t South. And if the South gets on f with a season of religious awakening, it sure to spread rapidly throughout t entire country. What a glorious prosp this is. Surely the time has come in great land for another great fever of ligion to sweep from the Atlantic to t Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to t Gulf. I believe the movement here the beginning of it."

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Please bear in mind that the last day of the year 1904 terminates the above arrangement between THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and **The People, The Land, and The Book.** Therefore, if you would avail yourself of the offer, it would be well to do it at once. **Unless** when ordering you make **particular mention** of **The Scroll of the Law,** it will **not** be sent, as it is a **Special Premium** under this offer.

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Answered Prayers

E. A. M., Defiance, O. "I have been a reader THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a number of years, a have derived much help from it. I, too, am a fi believer in the answering of prayer, and kn that God hears and answers."

Mrs. G. W., Onalaska, Wis. "I called upon t Lord in the day of trouble, and he heard my pr er. I promised God if he would help me I wo confess it. I want to thank him by telling oth that they may be strengthened as I have been."

D. P. K. "At one time I was in great bodily pa and promised, if relief came, I would acknowle that God does hear and answer prayer. Rel came to me, but I have never added my testimo with others, as I ought to have done. God often answered my prayers long before I expect an answer."

Miss T. M., Dexter, Mich. "These promises t God will answer prayer are very precious to Psa. 34: 6; 50: 15; 91: 15; 145: 19; Jer. 29: 12; Ma 7: 78; 21: 22; John 14: 13, 14. I praise God that has answered my prayers; and I know he will c tinue to answer if we *believe* when we ask, a patiently wait for the answer."

Mrs. H. B. S., Bedford City, Va. "I wish to add testimony to 'Answered Prayers.' My only lit boy lay at the point of death. The doctors said would not live through the night. But I pray and worked over him all night, and the dear L answered my prayer and spared my boy. I belie he always answers the prayer of faith."

L. W. D., Norristown, Pa. "I wish in this pu lic way to acknowledge God's goodness and fai fulness to men. All my life, from childhood, have been trusting Him, and in a marvelous w he has kept me, but recently he has given such direct answer I feel I cannot thank him enough, tell it wide enough. He surely cares for, and is terested in everything that concerns his childre

Fred P., Sedalia, Mo. "I desire to add my t timony to the increasing number of answers prayer by a merciful father in heaven. When patient at the hospital for forty-five weeks, havi been on the operating table twice, without a good result, and being informed by the surgeons the necessity of a third operation, which mig terminate my life or make me a cripple for life threw myself on my Saviour's mercy, implored gracious interference, and immediately my woun began to heal, and I am a miracle of his heali power."

Holiday Greeting

From The Christian Herald
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Among the Giant Weeklies of World-wide Circulation, **The Christian Herald** is Conspicuously and Deservedly Prominent, and During **1905** it will Still More Firmly Establish itself in the Honorable and Enviable Place it has held for **27 Years** in the Hearts of the American People.

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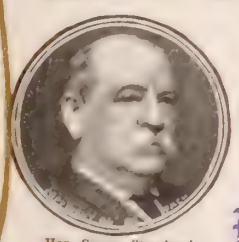

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Hon. Grover Cleveland

Ralph Connor
Author "Black Rock," etc.

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Octave Thanet	Amelia E. Barr
Mary Lowe Dickinson	Irving Bacheller
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Florence Morse Kingsley	Rev. Egerton R. Young, D.D.

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Famous Novelist

Amelia E. Barr
Famous American Novelist

Octave Thanet
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Margaret E. Sangster
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[s] he shall prolong *his* days, and [t] the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: [u] by his knowledge shall [x] my righteous [y] servant [z] justify many; [a] for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 [b] Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, [c] and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was [d] numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and [e] made intercession for the transgressors.

B. C. 712.

s Rom. 6. 9.
t Eph. 1. 5, 9. 2 Thess. 1. 11.
u John 17. 3. 2 Pet. 1. 3.
x 1 John 2. 1.
y ch. 42. 1; 49. 3.
z Rom. 5. 18, 19.
a ver. 4, 5.
b Ps. 2. 8. Phil. 2. 9.
c Col. 2. 15.
d Mark 15. 28. Luke 22. 37.
e Luke 23. 34. Rom. 8. 34. Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24. 1 John 2. 1.

Chapter 54

1 *The prophet, for the comfort of the Gentiles, prophesieth the amplitude of the Church, and certain deliverance out of captivity and preservation.*

[a] SING, O barr
not bear; br
ing, and cry alo
not travail with c
the children of th
children of the
the LORD.

2 [c] Enlarge the p
let them stretch f
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3 For thou shalt
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4 Fear not; for
ashamed: neither
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owhood any more

5 [e] For thy Make
the [f] LORD of hos
thy Redeemer th
ra-el; [g] The God
shall he be calle

6 For the LORD
as a woman for
in spirit, and a w
thou wast refused

7 [i] For a small m
saken thee; but
will I gather thee

8 In a little wr
from thee for a m

9 For this *is as* the waters of [l] Nō'ah unto me: for *as* I have sworn that the waters of Nō'ah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee.

10 For [m] the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; [n] but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the LORD that hath mercy on thee.

11 ¶ O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, *and* not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with [o] fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

12 And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

13 And all thy children *shall be* taught of the LORD; and great *shall be* the peace of thy children.

14 In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee.

15 Behold, they shall surely gather together, but not by me: whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall for thy sake.

16 Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have created the waster to destroy.

17 No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This *is* the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness *is* of me, saith the LORD.

Chapter 55

1 *The prophet, by the mercies of God, calleth to the spiritual feast of the Gospel.*

[p] HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is* not bread? and your labour for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which is* good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

9 For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish *that which* I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

6 And John was [f] clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat [g] locusts and wild honey;

7 And preached, saying, [h] There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8 [i] I indeed have baptized you with water: but he shall baptize you [k] with the Hō'lў Ghōst.

9 [l] And it came to pass in those days, that Jē'ṣus came from Năz'a-rĕth of Găl'i-lee, and was baptized of John in Jôr'dan.

10 [m] And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens

A. D. 26.

f Matt. 3. 4.
g Lev. 11. 22.
h Matt. 3. 11. John 1. 27. Acts 13. 25.
i Acts 1. 5; 11. 16; 19. 4.
k Is. 44. 3. Joel 2. 28. Acts 2. 4; 10. 45; 11. 15, 16. 1 Cor. 12. 13.

A. D. 27.]

l Matt. 3. 13. Luke 3. 21.
m Matt. 3. 16. John 1. 32.

ŭm; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22 [a] And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23 [b] And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let *us* alone; [c] what have we to do with thee, thou Jē'ṣus of Năz'a-rĕth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jē'ṣus [d] rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

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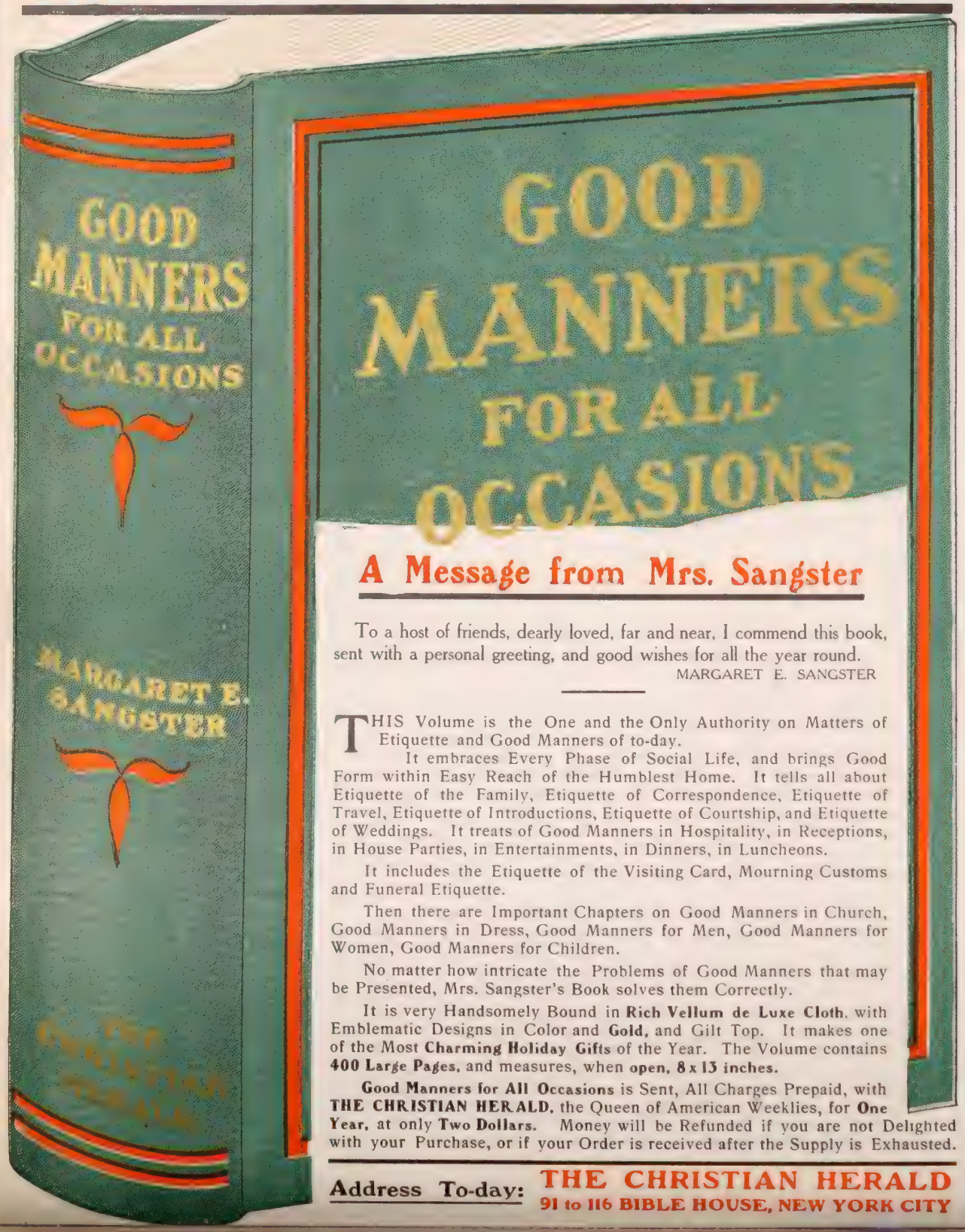

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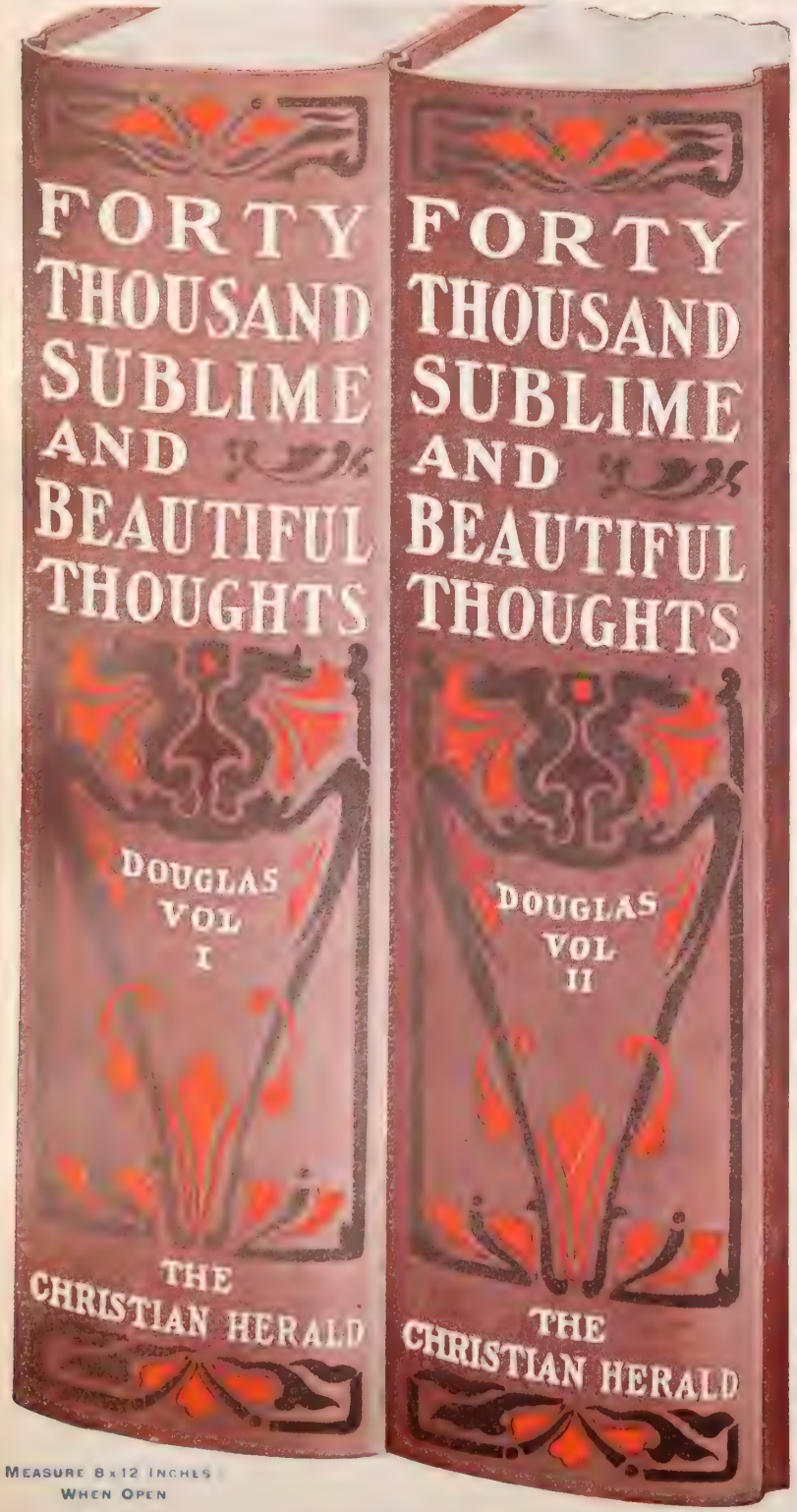

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St. Matthew 16 SPECIMEN PAGE

25 Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me.
26 But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast *it* to dogs.
27 And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.
28 Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great *is* thy fa
even as
daughter
from tha
29 And
thence, a
the sea o
up into
down the
30 And
came un
them *tha*
blind, d
many ot
down at
healed th
31 Insor
titude w
saw the
maimed t
to walk,
and they
of Israel.
32 ¶ Then Jesus called his disciples *unto him*, and said, I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat: and I will not send them away fast-
ing, lest they faint in the way.
33 And his disciples say unto him, Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude?
34 And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes.
35 And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the ground.

SPECIMEN PAGE St. John 5

miracle *that* Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee.

Chapter 5

AFTER this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.
2 ¶ Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep *market* a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.
his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.
10 ¶ The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry *thy* bed.
11 He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.
12 Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed,
s healed
for Jesus
lf away,
in *that*
findeth
and said
hou art
ore, lest
ato thee.
ted, and
was Je-
ade him
did the
sus, and
because
hings on
nswered
worketh
n before
m, Rise,
walk.
the man
took up
16 Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.

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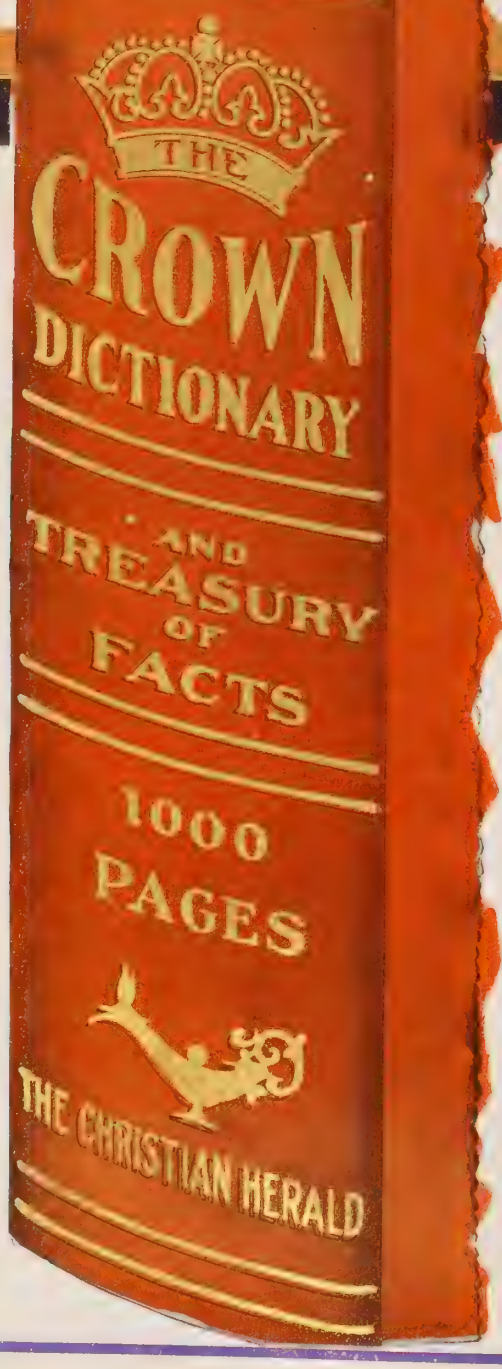

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Among the Villages of India

Phases of Gospel Work in Remote Sections---The Lepers and their Needs

BY MR. AND MRS. F. P. WILEY

MISSION work among the village people in India is very interesting. We do not have farmhouses ıttered along over a large portion of untry as in America, but the farmers all e together in a little round village, and l the land for miles around. Those vilges are usually surrounded by trees, ıich form a sort of protecting wall.

In the rice districts, nearly all the land ound a village is divided into irregular lds, surrounded by a mud wall about o feet high, which keeps the water from nning off after a big rain; for rice grows cely in a few inches of water. One ın, called the *malguzar*, or head-man of e village, usually owns the land and s it out to the villagers, in return for a rtain part of the crop. They are a simple people, and ıen they see you walking into their village, or driving with a bullock cart, they stop and look, and if you e friendly, they will bring you a cot to sit down upon. ıey have no chairs to offer for seats, so they bring a tle wooden bed, usually four or five feet long and two three feet wide, with a top of woven rope. After ıging a few hymns (or *bhajans*), the missionaries talk them about Christianity. Then the meeting closes ith a prayer. The audience changes, as the natives

OXEN TREADING OUT THE GRAIN IN HARVEST-TIME

are open at night during the hot season, and closed throughout the day. The mission house at Gondia, is made of mud and bamboo, with only two rooms, and very low. When we enter a village, we hire any house we can, in order to get an opportunity to preach the Gospel there. One of the photographs shows the style of carts used in India. They have no springs, and the

THE MISSION HOUSE

ave to do their work; but there are usually many who ay to hear it all.

Sometimes we spend a little time calling at the ouses. Our method is to go into a village and hire a ouse large enough for two or three workers to live in. Iaking this our headquarters, we visit all the surrounding villages periodically, as often as we can. As soon s we are able, we buy some land and put up a bunalow where we can live through the year, as a native ouse is not safe for a European to live in during the ot season.

We have opened up such an evangelistic station at hairagarh, twenty-four miles ıland from Raj-Nandgaon, the eadquarters of our work in the entral province of India. We ad two acres of land given us t Khairagarh and we are now uilding a bungalow on it; but ve greatly need a well there. his well will cost about $200, nd we would be glad to accept elp for this purpose from any riends who are interested in our ork.

Our mission bungalow at Raj-Nandgaon, is made of bricks and ıud, the outside being plastered ith lime. It is thirty feet high nd eighty feet long, the buildng being made high on account f the sun. As it is much cooler t night, the windows at the top

MR. AND MRS. F. P. WILEY
Of the Pentecost Mission, Raj-Nandgaon, India

oxen are driven by ropes through their noses, and by twisting their tails and by goading them with a stick. The top covering of the cart is of bamboo. These are the carts we use in our village work.

While we have 250 orphans and do village work, as already described, yet for the past six months we have become specially interested in fifty lepers, who live about two miles from Raj-Nandgaon, the headquarters of our Pentecost Band Mission. Raj-Nandgaon is about half-way between Bombay and Calcutta.

We found these lepers in an awful condition, huddled together in a small house—the men, women and children crowded in one room. Among them are two who cannot walk.

While we were very busy with our other work, we kept thinking of these lepers, and the question came to us, "What would Jesus do?" While we use every precaution, and do not personally touch them, yet we felt that instead of "passing by on the other side," like the Levite, we ought to stop and do what we could to alleviate their suffering, by helping them physically and spiritually. We feel like making a comfortable home for them, and to build houses, so that the men, women and children could be kept separate. Twenty dollars will support a leper patient a whole year. The leper problem can be partially solved by the segregation of the sexes. Among these fifty lepers, there are now four children under a year old. If these children can be taken away from their

IN THE LEPER SETTLEMENT

parents and kept apart, they may never have that dreaded disease. It has been found by experience that untainted children, put in a proper home, never have leprosy.

The Government has kindly given us twenty acres of land. We are now endeavoring to raise $20,000 to put up the following buildings: A house for the men; one for the women; one for the children, with masonry walls surrounding each; also a little church for religious services, and a house for the missionaries to live in. Besides this, there must be a well for our water, as already mentioned. Our address while in the United States is 223 N. New Jersey Street, Indianapolis, Ind., where all communications from interested friends will receive attention.

. . .

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley are now speaking before church audiences and at religious gatherings in this country, with a view to interesting people in their mission work, and especially to secure support for their leper settlement. Any organization wishing to secure their services can do so by writing to either of them at the above address. Their lectures are entertainingly illustrated, and present a phase of missionary effort that deserves to be generously encouraged.

HOW THE MISSIONARIES TRAVEL AMONG THE INDIAN VILLAGES

Rescue Work Among Chinese Girls

VISITORS to the foreign settlement of the City of Shanghai, have often remarked the extraordinary prevalence of vice in that section of the Chinese Empire. Hundreds of native girls from the country round about Canton are literally bought every year and brought to these dens of vice, where they are forced to lead lives of misery and shame. Knowing that this condition of affairs was largely due to the foreign element in Shanghai, the Taotai at one time sent an appeal to the foreign authorities in the settlement, requesting their intervention to control the evil. But the foreigners remained indifferent, claiming that it was a matter for the Chinese themselves to settle. At this hour of the afternoon, the street was crowded.

Thousands of these poor slaves are coming from every province of China into this great mart of Satan, bought or rented or pawned by fathers and brothers and husbands—yes, and even by mothers. But if the great mass of foreigners were indifferent, God was working in other hearts. After the great Conference on Women's Work in China, held in Shanghai, in 1900, a little company of believing women, missionaries, joined prayer and purpose that definite rescue work should be undertaken in Shanghai. This was the nucleus of the Committee which has since been somewhat enlarged, and under whose management a Rescue Home was opened, Nov. 21, 1901, at 2663 Seward Road. A year later, it became formally affiliated with the National Florence Crittenton Association. Three years have passed since the Home was opened, and our fourth year of work will soon be begun. During that time over sixty girls have been in the Home, and over fifty of them have been rescued from lives of sin in Shanghai. The story of even these sixty lives, if it could be written, would form a chapter which mothers' hearts in Christian lands would weep to read.

Nearly all of our girls have been sent to the Home by the native magistrate of the Mixed Court in Shanghai. Through United States Consul Goodnow, the Shanghai Taotai was interested in the work. As these girls are bought and sold, they belong to their owners, and can escape only by running away. There is, however, a Chinese law that a woman cannot be forced to lead an evil life against her will, and this law, with the moral support of the foreign influence at the court, is brought to bear in securing the release of these girls. The price of these girls runs from $100 to $1,000 (Mexican), and it is becoming constantly more difficult for a girl to get away. Many of them are intimidated the false representations of the Home which are curre

The Home occupies two native houses in a crowd Chinese quarter of the settlement. In the two hous are two separate families, one made up of the old girls, whose average age is nineteen, and the other the children under sixteen. Any one looking into t bright, happy faces of the girls in the children's hor would find it hard to believe that they had been train up for lives of sin. Sad beyond telling is the lot these children. No words can picture too darkly t horror of such a child's life. Yet so wonderful is t power of Christian lov that when these litt lives are taken into t care of a Christian hom they very soon chan into wholesome, hap children, thoroughly e joying their natural li of work and play.

The work among t older girls is more dif cult but scarcely le hopeful, for they, to respond surely thou more slowly to the infl ence of Christian teac ing. They spend the mornings in study, lear ing to read the Bible ar receiving such furth teaching as to fit the for the duties of a Chri tian woman's life. The afternoons are given industrial work, sewin embroidery and draw work, the proceeds which help toward the support. The work entirely supported b voluntary contribution most of which, th

A GROUP OF THE RESCUED GIRLS AT THE SHANGHAI MISSION

far, have come from the missionaries and the Chines who have given with great liberality, to a work whos service to their people they regard with sincere appr ciation. CORNELIA BONNER (resident worker).

Shanghai, China.

Feeding the Homeless

BY the time that this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, Thanksgiving Day will have come and gone. Once more the Bowery Mission will have opened its hospitable doors to the unfortunate poor of New York, and for one day in the year, at least, their pangs of hunger will be assuaged by the good things generously given to many a half-starved man and boy. The Thanksgiving Day turkey dinner to 600 destitute boys; the breakfast of hot coffee and rolls given before daylight; the hundred "basket dinners" given to poor families for home cooking, and the dinners to 600 men in the evening, will have been relished and appreciated by the beneficiaries. Those of our readers who have co-operated with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in spreading this feast before the hungry will be doubly happy as they picture the scene, when good Mrs. Bird, Superintendent Hallimond, and Dr. Klopsch, with full hearts and hands, move about among these men and boys, with kindly, encouraging words for all.

As the early breakfast to unemployed men and boys, begun on Thanksgiving morning, will be continued every morning during the cold weather, contributions for that purpose will be welcomed. It does not seem very cold to us, perhaps, to the well-clad and well-nourished, who can hurry through the frosty streets to warm and comfortable homes; but it is bitter indeed, already, to the man who, with scant attire and empty stomach, faces a night in the streets. Anyone interested in these early morning breakfasts can, by sending their address, receive a card giving full information as to this branch of the work of the Bowery Mission, in which all may have a share, for a very small contribution. Address, "Early Breakfast," CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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Simple Philosophy

A VERY common error in a large pe centage of people of the present da is covetousness.

A great many of the Lord's commanc ments and precepts were given for ou special benefit. This is particularly tru of the tenth commandment, "Thou sha not covet."

Most of us, with natural inclination t do right, would not think of wronging an one purposely, much less of deliberatel and continually breaking one of the te commandments, but are we not frequently if not continually, wishing for impossibl things. Do we not occasionally compar our possessions and environments with th more pretentious ones coming constantly under our notice? And have we eve derived any benefit, comfort, or pleasur out of such thoughts?

A wholesome desire to improve one' condition is always legitimate, particularly when accompanied with proper plans fo reaching the desired end; but just what t desire, aim for, and expect to attain, i the all-important question.

One of the most common mistakes is t estimate everything on a money value basis. We brought no money into the world with us, nor can we take any out o it when we die. The greatest blessings that humanity can possibly enjoy are not purchasable with money. One of the best ways to increase happiness is to learn to appreciate the blessings we already have. Many fail to distinguish between the substance and the shadow, and actually lose the former while chasing the latter.

We should not be forever chasing the illusive dollar, but should take a breathing spell occasionally, and get in touch with Nature, and behold some of the priceless gems of the present and the future.

Trenton, N. J. E. C. S.

The Mother's Month of Joy

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CLIMBED the steep stairs of an East-side tenement one gray afternoon and tapped at a door I knew. "Come ," called a soft voice. I entered a room rnished with a stove, a table, some shes and a chair or two. Out of this ened a room, dark, save for the light m the kitchen windows, and just large ough for a bed, a bit of a bureau, and chair. The bed was close against the ll. "This way, please," called the soft ice, and I went into the little room, and od beside the bed.

A young woman lay there, pale, wan, d weak. She pulled down the quilt th a hand that trembled, and showed e with a pride that fairly illuminated r face, the tiny head in the arc of her m. Her eyes were wells of joy.

"See," she said, "the little ear, and e little hand. Did you ever think a by could be so sweet?"

Thus may Mary the Blessed have amed upon her Child of Heaven when e lay on the straw in the Manger, and e cattle gazed in wonder, and the shep-rds knelt in adoration.

"Who takes care of you?" I asked is obscure Mary, child of the people and rn to poverty.

"A neighbor woman looks after us, til John comes back from his work," e said. "We don't want for anything, r need much care, baby and I."

. . .

A friend visiting in a home like this, ean but bare, a home where already the tle heads clustered around the stove—ere is no other fireside in a tenement—d where the cupboard was often empty, d the rent was an increasing source of xiety, said to the mother of the house, Tell me what I can do to help you?"

"Why, nothing, dear lady," was the ughing reply, "unless you'd give me a ttle white frock for the kid that's com-g!"

First-born, or last-born, the baby that pens its eyes in a home of poverty sually finds love ready to pick it up and ake much of it.

Never shall I forget the radiance in the untenance of a homely Scotch woman, ho with her good man and their eight airns had managed to cross the seas, and nd a foothold in the land of promise. he dire need that stared and shouted at ie from every one of the four walls of eir rear-tenement home was appalling, ut the blue-eyed mother did not seem ppressed. "Oh, but the Lord has been ood," she exclaimed, as she held in her rms a mite of an infant, a wee thing born on after the family had landed. "Look t my Annie, American born, to bring us ll good luck, the darling!"

. . .

A few streets off, for luxury and squalor re near neighbors in a cosmopolitan town, ere is a beautiful room, where, waited n by a white-capped nurse, and ministered by the most devoted of medical at-endants, a young mother broods over her ew treasure. She, too, is so happy that ords fail to express her joy. The heir born, the face of the world has changed. An incentive undreamed of has come to he father of the little one in the crib. Ie walks downtown with a pride of own-rship in the child that is his, which is like decoration. Ah,

Home is the Kingdom
And Love is the King,

nd till the baby is fairly in one's arms, s little rose-leaf hands and its little crum-pled feet here to touch, the father does not know what a wealth is his.

Wife by my side
And my baby on knee,

he will sing after a while, and envy no monarch on earth.

The servants move about quietly, the relatives who come to inquire step softly about, and, in the home of plenty, a great peace enfolds the mother and babe during the first month of complete joy.

This month should be consecrated to sleep, to silence, to repose. Baby is not to be exhibited. The mother should not receive visits. When she is strong enough, she may send messages to her kindred and the home people, especially the grandmothers, who are almost as deeply interested as herself, in the newcomer upon our earth, may venture into the quiet chamber; but for baby's sake and hers, the mother's first month of possession, should be a month of retreat.

During the first four weeks, the baby is nothing more than a living, breathing creature of infinite slumbering capacities, but, for the present, dominant and heeding nothing so much as regular care and an abundance of sleep. That the foundation for the baby's growth and good behavior through infantile years is laid during the first month is obvious. Before the faintest quiver of intelligence or individuality is awakened, the little one's training begins.

The mother who loves her baby more than she loves herself, will not hold baby too constantly, nor carry baby when he cries, nor, if she can help it, teach her little one the alphabet of despotism at too early a stage of his existence.

WOMEN LABORERS IN TOKIO

It seems very strange to us to see women doing such hard outdoor work as these Japanese women are engaged in, building the elevated railroad in Tokio. But it may not really be harder on back and shoulders than a long day's work at washing and ironing. And it is very strange to think of elevated railways in the Far East. Rapidly the East is rivaling the West, in its progress in invention and applied science.

"A certain amount of crying," says Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, "is absolutely necessary for a baby if he is to be strong and healthy. Under no circumstances, should he be given 'soothing syrups' to quiet him."

A young mother will soon learn to tell the cry of pain: it is strong, sharp, but not continuous, often accompanied by contractions of the features and drawing up of the legs. The cry of hunger, is a continuous, fretful sound after feeding, or some time before the next meal. If the child is a nursing baby, be sure the supply of milk is plentiful, and have a little examined by the doctor, to see if it is strong enough to suit the baby's needs. A bottle baby who cries from hunger, should have the amount of food made greater and the strength a little increased. The cry of a really sick child is feeble and whining. The cry of temper or indulgence, is loud and strong, accompanied by kicking or stiffening of the bodv. It can be easily told, for when the baby gets what he wants, he at once stops.

. . .

The cry of temper should never be given in to or the mother will regret it later. Baby's training must be begun from the first day. He should not be rocked to sleep, trotted, nor walked the floor with, allowed to suck his thumb or a "pacificator;" all of these habits will soon have to be broken, so why begin them? He needs all the love he can get, but he should be made a happy little blessing, and not a haughty little tyrant.

Fortunate is the mother who is able herself to nurse her child, thus weaving about it silver cords of love during its earliest life. So instant is the babe's response to her moods when she nurses it with her own milk, that if she be angry, she may infuse poison into its veins and make it very ill; that if she be habitually ill-humored she may give its temper a twist that years will hardly disentangle. And if she be sorrowful, her mood will cloud her babe's. "Do not cry over your baby child," said a woman of ninety to a young mother whose tears were dropping on the wee face as she nursed it. "Don't you know that your eyes are the baby's heaven?"

The mother's mood when she nurses her child should be tender, tranquil, and, above all, joyous. So much of the minor key is forever with us, so often in future will

The little feet that such long years
Must wander on through toil and tears,

encounter rough places, that in mother's arms there should be only bliss and calm content. A spiritual atmosphere, full of peace should be the environment of the little one in its infancy. If a nurse must relieve a mother of her most hallowed office she should be chosen, not merely for health, but for character as well.

. . .

Rich laces, heavy insertions, fine embroideries, the garniture of wealth, are not appropriate to a little morsel of humanity, a being yet in embryo. The softest, sheerest linen, the finest wool, and the daintiest stitches befit baby's costume, but elaboration is wholly out of place. Everything baby wears should be easy to launder and adapted to the exigencies of growth.

As children hurt their plants by incessant uprooting that they may see how fast they are growing, so a mother may retard her child's growth by too much fussing. Baby Number One is so inherently a sovereign that he is fussed over and fidgeted about, as his successors are not. The middle child and the youngest child in a large family flourish and develop healthfully, though less maternal vigilance is spent on every breath they draw than is lavished on the eldest-born.

. . .

Blessed is the nursery wherein successive claimants own the little crib and share the mother's love. There is love enough to go round when the heads cluster round the table, and are like a row of little steps, a year or two apart, their parents' greatest wealth.

A Nation's Liberty Lost

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

OBELISK RECORDING ASSYRIA'S VICTORY

THE *dies iræ* had dawned upon the kingdom of Israel. It has been on the way for 254 years since King Jeroboam set up the two calves of gold for the people to worship them, instead of the true and living God. The streets are filled with a foreign foe whose visages are as wicked and fierce as the wild boar. They are all the more fierce, because for nearly three years they have been kept at bay by the strong ramparts of the city. There is a deafening sound of crashing stones as house after house is razed by the invaders, and as the rocks which formed the ramparts are hurled into the valley below. The piercing shrieks of women, and the cries of children punctuate the thunder of destruction. The sky is lurid with flames from fires set by the torches of the Assyrians. And where are the drunkards so faithfully named by God's prophets, Amos, Hosea and Isaiah? The drunkards? Yes. Their wine-cups are overturned, and with red eyes they look about them in dismay. Their weak and staggering limbs refuse to bear them to a place of safety. Their enemies bind them with chains, and lead them away to far distant lands across rivers and deserts and mountains. The women and children are crowded into wagons, or made to walk the weary way, driven along with the herds of sheep and cattle.

Was the disaster known in Jerusalem? Undoubtedly, but no force was then able to go out and cope with the great Sargon and his host of Assyrians. The people of Judah were themselves enfeebled by their vices, and were only just recuperating strength under the combined effort of King Hezekiah and the prophet Isaiah. King Hezekiah had sent letters to the people of Israel, the drunkards of Ephraim, only six years before, urging them to come up to Jerusalem at the time of the reopening of the Temple and the Feast of the Passover. But the letters were left unanswered.

It is the evening of the *dies iræ*. The fires have died out, and sitting among the embers and broken stones, are here and there groups of wretched-looking men and women, some of them idiots, some of them aged, some of them utterly besotted, such as the Assyrians considered not worth taking away, like the lees in the wine-glass. Twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and eighty of the likely citizens, make up the captives that are gone.

"SO WAS ISRAEL CARRIED AWAY OUT OF THEIR OWN LAND TO ASSYRIA"

These who had been left behind had not grit enough to reorganize themselves. They wander about beyond the limits of their ruined city looking for food, and many of them are eaten by lions in search of prey. In fear and distress, they remember God, and petition the King of Assyria that he will send back one of the priests to teach them the laws of God. This the king consents to do. (The copy of the law which this priest carried back with him may be the now famous Samaritan Pentateuch.) The priest dwells in Bethel, "the place of the calf." Such a choice does not bode good for the spiritual development of the Samaritan remnant.

Strange people appear in Samaria, and they make for themselves a kind of dwelling never seen in that part of the world before. The King of Assyria has sent colonies of his people in the room of those he has taken captives. They not only build their homes, but they build temples and set up idols in the forms of cocks, goats, dogs, asses, peacocks, horses, etc. The feeble-minded remnant intermarried with these idolaters, and so arose Samaritans. Can we wonder that the Jews should have "no dealings" with them? Christ, in his mercy, passed them not by, but abode with them ten days to give them the Gospel, and afterwards healed the lepers within their borders. Neither can we forget the "Good Samaritan," whom Christ has given as an example for all people, in all parts of the world, to show what a good neighbor should do.

ILLUSTRATION AND APPLICATION

"Lost." What pathos there is in the word wherever seen or heard! Even "lost articles" are often tragic. Here is a woman bringing home the earnings of a whole season, to live on for another season. She lays down her pocket-book to examine a piece of dress goods, and when she turns to pick it up, it has disappeared. She will suffer unspeakably in body and mind, and the more that it was her own fault. Here is another woman traveling alone without money, who loses her ticket afar from home on a train with only strangers about her; and again self-blame intensifies the anguish. And yet another throws out of the car window, with some bones from her lunch, a ring more precious than gold, the gift of a mother in heaven. Self-reproach once more intensifies the hopeless loss. But how much keener the interest when a man is missing! Has he become insane, or has he been murdered? "A child lost." The cry arouses the sympathy of the whole city; sometimes of the whole country, as in the case of Charlie Ross. Every household thinks, "What if it was our darling?" Far greater the tragedy when a whole nation loses its liberty by conquest! Deepest tragedy of all to the God's eye view, when a person or a nation loses liberty by self-enslavement to sin! That is what Jesus referred to when he said, "The son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." To lose personal character is the supreme loss, excelled only when a nation loses its character, and as a consequence, enters upon captivity, whether abroad or at home. The world, for centuries has sought for the "lost tribes" of this lesson. But it is worth while to find why they lost their liberty, that we may not do the same.

Liberty Achieved. What is liberty? A class of children answer in chorus, "To do as you please." And most of the grown-ups make no dissent to the definition. But what if to do as you please interferes with the liberty of some one else to do as he pleases? A boy pleases to make a great noise, for example, when a sick lady next door would be pleased to have him quiet. One man is pleased to let his hens run wild, but the next neighbor is not pleased to have them scratch up his garden. Manifestly one has no true liberty to displease others, and especially, not to wrong others. Your liberty is fenced about with laws, that protect the rights and liberties of others. There can be no real liberty, except "liberty under law." In the words of Rev. Dr. Oerter, speaking to a meeting of German-Americans, "Liberty is the right to act without interference, within the limits of law." The Founders of America came here for "freedom to worship God." Some others have come later for freedom to do evil. But there can be no liberty to do wrong; only true liberty is liberty to choose among various ways of doing right. Liberty then is an ample space within a smooth circle of law, that protects the rights of others. But that circle of law does not really restrict our liberty if we do not wish to do wrong, any more th our neighbor's fence restricts our liberty when we do r wish to trespass on our neighbor's yard. You can what you please, if you please to do what is right. A so the child's definition is all right, after all, for peo who are all right.

And how can we get right, so that what pleases Go pleases us, and what we permit ourselves will be or what God permits, and what we forbid ourselves will what God forbids? That is the meaning of the bindi and the loosing, and the power of the keys, given not Peter only, but to all the Apostles, and so to us all, we have noted in previous lessons. The key is the sy bol of power to open and close gates, to forbid and p mit entrance, to bind and loose prisoners. The meani is the same as when it is said of Jesus in the first chapt of John's Gospel, "To as many as received him, gave power to become sons of God." He who truly receiv Christ in his heart, loves what Christ loves, and ha what he hates, and so pleases to do what he permits, a does not wish to do what he forbids. He who has will to do ill, is free in his innermost soul. That is tr "personal liberty," and in contrast, what is common called by that name is seen to be personal slavery.

"The law of the spirit of life hath made me free fr the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8:2). This freedom not fully received in conversion, but is slowly achiev as the crown of character, which is a lofty tree wh root is love, whose trunk is law, whose sap is life, who topmost, perfect fruit is spiritual liberty. Talk "achievements"—to achieve such personal liberty is t greatest achievement of which any man by God's help, capable—to "bring into captivity every thought to t obedience that is in Christ," so that not only the wor of our mouths, but the very ima nations and innermost preferenc of our hearts are acceptable in Go sight!

During the first year at Chauta qua, on the night of the feast lights, a very large toy balloon, rising, was caught in the upp branches of a tall tree, and as t multitude watched breathless there seemed to be a battle betwe the invisible force that sought to l the balloon heavenward, and t tree that seemed a giant, draggi it back to earth, the old battle b tween light and darkness, betwe the flesh and the spirit. At la light triumphed, and the balloo untorn, pulled itself free from t last earthly entanglement, and ro into the freedom of the upper a watched eagerly as it moved o until it shone as a heavenly star a picture of him who obeys all la freely, because he loves God wi all his heart, and his neighbor himself.

There is only one greater achiev ment possible in this world, a that is, for a nation to achieve, some good degree, such a charact that it shall forbid itself what Go forbids, and permit itself only wh God permits. The chosen peop coming out of slavery in Egyp with souls as well as bodies scarre with their chains, as their wande ings and murmurings in the exod show so plainly, through the lovin kindness and loving severity of Go achieved at last, in a good degree, a God-pleasing cha acter, seen at its best in Solomon's day, when the "Lan of Promise" was, for the first time, the land possesse and when the nation gathered in unity about the glorio temple.

"Liberty Enlightening the World," which stands a the entrance of New York Harbor, was once worshipe as an idol. An aged woman and her grown son were o their way from Mount Lebanon to the United State When they saw the great statue, nobody told them wh it was, and they thought it must be Christ representin the Christian land, which they were about to ente They dropped upon their knees on the deck of the shi and poured out their loving gratitude for the welcom which the outstretched arm seemed to offer them. It i indeed true that liberty is the gift of Christ, and that th freedom America offers to the foreigner, is the work o Christ operating through the God-fearing men wh founded the nation. The sacred individuality of ever human has come to be appreciated, because Jesus taugh that every man and woman is a son or daughter of Go a brother or sister of Christ, for whom he died, and so brother or sister of the King, sharing his right to rule a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved an helped, not hated or harmed. That is the way civil lib erty follows wherever Christ leads.

* **International Sunday School Lesson for December 11.** Captivity of the Ten Tribes. II. Kings 17: 6-18. Golden Text: "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil." I. Peter 3:12.

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Gen. Lew Wallace's Illness

GEN. LEW WALLACE, the famous author of *Ben Hur*, is dangerously ill. He has been in a serious physical condition for some months past, and his physician holds out little hope of his recovery. For several years the General has been a sufferer from chronic indigestion, and the disease has left him in a state where it is not possible for him to obtain sufficient nourishment from food to keep up his vital forces for any length of time. He is, however, very brave and courageous of spirit, his one desire seeming to be to live long enough to finish his autobiography, upon which he has been at work for some time.

GENERAL "LEW" WALLACE

Although "Lew Wallace," as his friends and the public love to call him, came into special prominence upon the publication of *Ben Hur*, he was a man of affairs long before he became an author, and brought out his famous book. He was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Ind., April 10, 1827. Having studied law, he entered into practice, but left it to serve in the Mexican War. After the war was over, he returned to his profession, locating in Covington and later in Crawfordsville, Ind., where his home now is.

Gen. Wallace's war record shows him to have been a brave soldier. He took part in many different battles, notably that of Shiloh. He organized the defense of Cincinnati, and saved that city from capture by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and later, he intercepted the march of Gen. Jubal A. Early upon Washington. He fought in the battle of Monocacy and saved Washington from capture, July 9, 1864.

In 1878, Gen. Wallace was elected Governor of New Mexico, serving in that capacity until 1881, when he was appointed United States Minister to Turkey. In 1880 appeared *Ben Hur, A Tale of the Christ*. This remarkable book has been widely read, and so vivid and realistic are its pictures of life in the time of our Saviour, that the tale took a strong hold upon the reading public. There is no more touching sentence between the covers of this wonderful book than the two lines of dedication, which tell so much in their simplicity: "To the wife of my youth, who still abides with me." The author has written and published several other books, which have been very favorably received by the public, notably, *The Life of Benjamin Harrison*, *The Boyhood of Christ*, and *The Prince of India*. The amount of research necessary to the writing of this latter work was immense, yet the human interest never flags. There is a fine conjunction of historical and imaginative material in the tale. It has been said that in invention, in the power to make mind impressions, in thrilling interest, *The Prince of India* is not inferior to *Ben Hur*, but the author's fame rests more fully upon the earlier work, and with it his name will always be more closely associated. One of the General's attendant physicians says that he may live for several weeks, although he is receiving no nourishment from food, and is sustained entirely upon mild stimulants. He is gradually wasting away, but is much sustained by his strong will power. It is a pathetic picture, that of this brave old man, striving to keep alive long enough to finish the story of his life, replete as it has been with such stirring scenes and momentous events. It recalls another similar struggle, when the great General, who brought the Civil War to a successful close, fought off unrelenting death in the cottage at Mt. Gregor, in 1885.

General Wallace is now in his seventy-eighth year. Should he be spared to complete his book, it will no doubt prove most instructive and entertaining, and there will be an added interest, in that it was the last work of a rarely gifted Christian.

A Chat With Pastor Wagner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1043

"have lately subscribed 130,000 francs for the erection of a large hall of sufficient size to accommodate the great audiences which now gather at these services. When the building is finished, I intend that it shall be called 'The Home of the Soul!'"

As he said this, he looked up with a smile which had in it a glow of triumph, and his strong Bismarckian face was lighted up with enthusiasm. His idea touched the very climax of the simple philosophy he had been teaching these many years past.

He was greatly interested to learn of the remarkable work of the Bowery Mission among the unfortunate men of New York, and to know of the far-reaching influence of its rescue work. Pastor Wagner will make a personal address at the meeting in the Bowery Mission Hall, on the evening of the date of this issue, and it goes without saying he will speak to a very large and highly appreciative audience.

It is a rare pleasure to listen to this big-hearted, finely educated Christian preacher. Though now become world famous, he is yet as simple as a child. His conversation overflows with tenderness and human feeling, and the dominant desire to help others is evident in all he says. His own career is one of the best exemplifications of the Simple Life—there is no thought of self; it is all for others. His highest wish is to win souls from sin and to bring them back to Christ.

. . .

In addressing a public gathering a few nights ago, Pastor Wagner gave his impressions of America and its people. He said: "The more I look at your life in this country, the more I feel that at the bottom of your national life, at the bottom of your history, at the bottom of your traditions, is a great simplicity. I am only a young American as yet; but I have felt it." He spoke of being struck with the simple reverence we pay to our statesmen—the men who made the nation what it is; of the difference between the militarism of Europe's courts and palaces, and the simplicity of Washington, with its White House unguarded, and its Executive as plain in his surroundings as any other citizen.

"At the bottom of your national life, your history, and your great traditions, there is a noble simplicity. You American people, if you would stay the people you are, ready to teach the young who are coming to you, stay simple, stay true to your magnificent ideals.

"Simplicity," he said, in conclusion, "is not of any time nor of any country. It is not of the exterior; it is from the heart."

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Questions and Answers

H. M. H. Tell me the author of the quotation, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The line occurs in Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man*. It was also used by Burns, in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

P. F., Rialto, Fla. What is the meaning of the expression in the Apostle's Creed, the Holy Catholic Church?

It does not, as you suppose, relate to the Roman Catholic Church, but to the Church universal. The word catholic means universal. It was first used to indicate the difference between Christianity and the Jewish faith, which was restricted to one race. Christianity is for the whole world. It means all those who are really united to Christ by a living faith and whose names are written in heaven, by whatsoever name they are known among men. Pearson, whose work on the Creed is regarded as a standard, says of this clause: "The catholicity of the Church consists in universality, embracing all sorts of persons, of all nations, comprehending all ages, containing all necessary and saving truths, obliging all men to obedience, and planting all graces in the souls of men."

James D., Waterbury, Conn. What tribes of Indians are in Canada?

Canada's Indian tribes include these: In Ontario province, parts of the Six Nations, Wyandots, Chippewas, Minsees, Mississauguas, and others of Algonquin stock. In Quebec, another part of the famous Six Nations, besides Abenakis, Montagnais, Milicetes, Micmacs, and other smaller tribes. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, the Micmacs, and in New Brunswick, a party of the same tribe and a few Milicetes. In Manitoba and the Northwest Territory, the Chippewas, Crees, Blackfeet, and Dakotas. The Athabasca district is peopled by Crees, Assiniboines, Chippewayans and Beavers, while British Columbia and Rupert's Land contain a great number of small Indian tribes.

C. W., Easton, Minn. 1. Who were the Philistines? 2. Is it right to keep Good Friday sacred?

1. Their origin is unknown. It is thought they may have been immigrants from some African district, probably Copts, who settled on the western shores of Palestine, before the time of Abraham. They expelled the Canaanites, and continued to hold the land against Joshua and the Judges. Saul was unable to wrest Philistia from them. David overcame them and kept them in subjection. They were still a nation at the time of the Babylonian captivity. 2. Why not? It is the one date in the history of our Lord of which we are sure. The date of his birth is doubtful, though it was probably about Christmas; but the date of his death is fixed by the Passover celebration. Its place in our calendar varies, but it was fixed by the ancient mode of reckoning. An event so momentous deserves that the day on which it occurred should be kept sacred.

N. O., Central City, Colo. There is a saying sometimes used, as coming from the Bible: "As a tree falleth, so it lieth." If this is in the Bible, I fail to find it.

See Eccles. 11: 3. You should have a Bible with a Concordance or Word Book, to enable you to find such passages.

Arthur Meacham, Minneapolis, writes:

Millions have by God's blessing been saved through the means of Gospel tracts. The great leaders of religious revivals—Latimer, Cranmer, Baxter, Wesley, Whitefield, Charles Simeon, Hannah Moore, and many others, bear witness to the power of tracts. I hope many will systematically distribute tracts, booklets, floral Scripture cards, and the Gospels. These precious messages of salvation will never die. Do this noble work and your joy will be unspeakable.

Reader, Fredonia, Pa. What is the true method of reckoning the tithe for a business man?

It is to tithe the income, that is, to give one-tenth of the income. It would obviously be unjust to give one-tenth of the gross receipts. Thus, if at the end of the month or year, it is found that a certain sum has been received, there should be deducted from that amount the cost of the goods sold, and the cost of conducting business—rent, light, taxes, wages, advertising, etc.—such expenses as are strictly business expenses. The balance is income, the profits of the business, after those expenses are paid. This is what belongs to the man, to pay household expenses, support his family, and to add to his savings. This is his income and it is that which is available for tithing. If he has shares, or bonds, or money out on mortgage, he does not pay tithe on the money so invested, but on the interest or proceeds. His capital and savings would disappear if every year he gave one-tenth of it away.

F. A. G., Iota, La. Is anything known of the history of Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, after the mention of his going to Nazareth (Luke 2: 51) when he returned from Jerusalem?

Nothing is recorded. He is not mentioned by any of the Evangelists after that incident. Christ's words on the Cross (John 19: 26), when he committed his mother to the care of John, would imply that Joseph, who would be her natural protector, was dead.

N. O. S., Evansville, Ind. Great good could be accomplished by securing a fund to be used in printing a book of instruction and advice, to be given every boy and girl in the land, to guide them towards a pure and temperate life, and show them somewhat of the dangers and folly in such things as the saloon, the dance-hall, cards, gambling, tobacco, vulgarity, profanity, etc. The book should be attractively bound and printed. No other single movement would result in as much good.

This is already been done almost universally by the religious press throughout the country. Besides, there is a special series of books for young people known as *The Purity Series*, which deals with this class. These books are ably edited by Rev. Dr. Stall, an eminent authority.

Mrs. C. McLennan, of Chicago (a reader), writes that the name of the prophet referred to in I Kings, Chap. 13, as "The Man of God," is given in chapter 9 of *Josephus' Antiquities* as Jadon. It is nowhere given in the Scriptures.

L. H. S., Battle Creek, Ia. 1. What were the Nobel prizes? 2. Where is the island where Dreyfus was confined?

1. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a famous Swedish inventor, chemist and physicist, left his great fortune of nearly $10,000,000 to found a prize fund yielding $40,000 yearly, which is divided into five equal parts, and awarded as prizes to the persons who during the year have done the best work in (1) physical science, (2) chemistry, (3) physiology or medicine, (4) idealistic literature, and (5) the advancement of universal peace. A number of awards have already been made. 2. Devil's Island is off the coast of French Guiana.

E. P., Oxford, Pa. Does the atonement of Christ avail for sins committed by a Christian after his conversion?

Necessarily, otherwise who could be saved? This doctrine, however, is not to make the believer careless. He must be constantly watchful against sin, and constantly seek Christ's help to lead a holy life. He is saved that he may be delivered from sin, not that he may remain in it. The child who has been forgiven by his father for some serious offence, would be ungrateful if he repeated it on the supposition that his father would continue to forgive him. The Apostle Paul deals with the subject in Rom. 6: 1, 2, and in other passages.

C. M. Edmunds, Sheridan, N. Y., would like some reader to send him the name of the author of the poem beginning:

So little of the Christ in me I find,
So poor my soul, so naked and so blind.
I wonder much, if in his hands will be,
A robe of righteousness for such as me.

L. B. L., Smithfield, Pa. Can all Christians pray in public? Does the Bible require them to do so without regard to ability?

By no means. See I. Cor., 12, 13 and 14th chapters. Each person has his or her own individual gift or ability and is expected to act accordingly. Those who have not cultivated the faculty of speaking in public may have some other quality which is quite as essential to the advancement of the Lord's work, though in a different way. When it comes to making public confession of our spiritual allegiance, however, all should be ready. It needs no eloquence, no sustained speeches to do this. A single word is enough to proclaim one's faith to the world, and this at least is expected of us. See Luke 12: 9.

Inquirer. Yes, the X-Ray machine, for which Dr. Alice Condict appealed and which is to be used among the sick in India mission work, has been sent to India. It should reach the Lodhiana mission station some time this month. Contributions fell short of the amount required for the machine, and any sum you or others may send for that purpose will be applied toward completing the payment.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Cosmopolitan Magazine

FOR 1905

The Seventeenth Year Under the Editorial Control of Mr. John Brisben Walker

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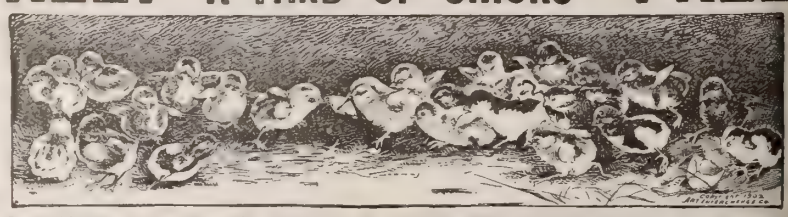

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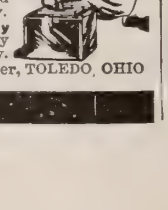

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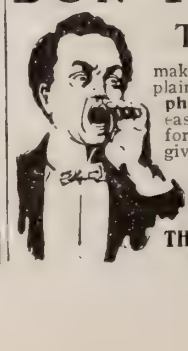

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

uisa, A. M. Do you know of a book written by Louisa M. Alcott, entitled, *Work, or a Christian Experiment?*

It is not in the list of her books. Little, rown & Co., of Boston, publishers of Miss lcott's works, may be able to give you ıe information.

W. K., Orangeville, Ont. 1. Is it right for parents to teach their children to play games? 2. Are there any purely innocent games?

1. Certainly. Children need amusement st as grown folks do, only it must be ited to their years. All over the world, om the beginning of time, childhood has en the period of innocent play, judiciisly mingled with instruction, and every rent tries to make that period a happy ıe for the little folks. 2. There are mes which a wise parent knows will do rm. Among these are all gambling mes, with cards and dice, and such as ad to the development of a rude, brawlg, quarrelsome spirit. But every parent ows of many innocent amusements, hich are just what is needed for juvenile ntertainment.

A. K., Clio, Ala. Is it true that John Bunyan was a missionary Baptist preacher, and that he was put in Bedford Jail for preaching against infant baptism?

Bunyan, in youth, belonged to no reious denomination, and was very dissote. Being converted in 1653, two years ter he joined the Baptists. For preachg Baptist doctrines to his own congregaon at Bedford, he was cast into jail. It as not for preaching against infant bapm that he was imprisoned, but for preachg at all. Bunyan was not an ordained eacher, but a laboring man—a tinker—d certain persons, including college prossors and preachers, who ought to have en more tolerant, opposed him, and inked the law against his irregular minisy, and he was indicted and convicted.

Mrs. J. C. Barney, the well-known Prison angelist, 319 Butler Exchange, Province, R. I., is doing an excellent work in stributing religious literature, tracts, etc., her prison and rescue field. Any reader terested in her mission can communicate th her at above address.

n M., La Porte, Tex. Was Paul describing himself in Rom. 7? Can you account for an apostle being in the condition of doing things that he would not?

He was describing a past experience from hich, as he says in the last verse of the apter, he had emerged victorious. It is intensely dramatic description of the uggle that goes on between the higher d lower nature, and the misery of a man ıo is striving in his own strength to obey e law of God.

Mrs. E. A. F., Fitchburg, Mass. Yes, ıe CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1905 will ntain many articles dealing with the different races of the world.

An Oklahoma reader, Mr. George ooper, Kenton, sends us some very pretty rses in the Scottish dialect. The openg stanzas are these:

r ben in lang canyon yont Kenton I dwell,
Awa' frae earth's tumult for gold and for fame;
a wee wooden shanty I live by mysel',
God's love ever hallows my wee humble hame.

e great howlin' blizzards nae dread to me bring,
They strike my wee hoosie an' shake the hale frame;
ule life's storms blaw hard I creep under His wing,
For I'm safe wi' my Father in my humble hame.

A. B., Winsted, Conn. Are the following statements, recently made by a Christian minister, true? 1. That the Authorized Version of the Bible is full of errors. That we should destroy it and buy the American Revised Version. 2. That the events recorded in the Old Testament occurred hundreds of years before it was written. 3. Do you think such statements judicious?

1. The errors in the Authorized Version, hich were corrected in the Revised, were iefly in grammar and inaccurate translaon. They were numerous, but not vital. ıe revisers made the book much better, t its sense has not been changed. For ample, the command (Ex. 20: 13), "Thou alt not kill," has been changed to, "Thou alt do no murder." The "unicorn" in mb. 23: 22, is changed to "the wild ox." Prov. 25: 11, "apples of gold in picres of silver," becomes "apples of gold baskets of silver." You may characterthese as errors, and so speak of the old rsion as being full of them, but while y are important, they do not affect any al doctrine. The American version is more accurate, but the charm of the old version and its tender associations endear it to the ordinary Bible reader. 2. Yes, it is true that in some instances the events occurred long before they were recorded. The creation and the flood, for example, must have been long before the time of Moses. We do not know when Samuel, Kings and Chronicles were written, but it is probable that at least many passages were set down near the time when the events they describe occurred. 3. No, it is not judicious to state the facts, as you say the preacher did. It conveys a wrong impression, and is liable to discredit the Book. Considering that the translation was made about three hundred years ago, it is astonishing that it was so good and so accurate as it proves to have been.

Mrs. B., Ivory, N. Y. We can see nothing wrong in holding a reception in the church annex. Objections might reasonably be urged against giving a reception and serving refreshments in the church itself, but not in the annex.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. Sarah W., Winsted, Conn. It is a "whiskey sign."

W. W. H., Bunkerhill, Ill. The Prohibition vote for President in 1900 was 208,914.

J. L. D., Greenville, Ala. Lawrence Dunbar's publishers are Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

G. A. P., Milbury, Mass. Pastor Wagner is a native of Alsace, once a French, now a German province.

Mrs. T. W., Sheridan, Mo. Certainly, the grace of God can touch and pardon even the heart of a murderer.

Enquirer. The author of the song, beginning "Old Benton had a daughter fair," is Mrs. L. C. Horton, Sullivan, Mo.

Constant Reader, New Haven, Conn. Your request for prayer has been sent to the Converts' meeting of the Bowery Mission.

James Owen, Covington, Tenn., writes: "Is there any value to a Harrison campaign medal, 1841, 'Hard Cider and Log Cabin'?"

W. F. B., West Salisbury, Vt. There is an unwritten law that the President shall not leave the country during his term of office.

H. S. D., Mich City, Ind. The Bencke tablet was a fitting memorial of one who had devoted ten years to the service of the Mission.

A. B. R., Collyer, Kan. The Jews reckon time from the Creation, and the Mohammedans from the Hegira. How the great majority of actual heathen reckon we do not know.

Mary N., Lynn, Mass. Bella Cook still lives at 492 Second Avenue, New York City. Since September, 1855, she has lain upon her bed in a little upper room, but her life has been filled with good and charitable deeds, and many of God's poor have had occasion to call her blessed. Write to her, by all means.

A. P. E., Dixon, Mo. We do not understand your first question. As you know, Christ was called the son of David, as his pedigree shows that through his mother he was descended from him. Your second question involves no difficulty. The name of Jacob was common. The Jacob of the 15th verse lived 1700 years after the Jacob of the 2d verse.

Mrs. A. E., Highland. 1. We believe the Helps bound in with our Teacher's Bible would suit you admirably. A Bible commentary would be the best of the three books mentioned. 2. Leave all nonessentials aside and cling fast to the simple Gospel, the only thing that is essential. Remember what Paul said concerning interpretations and disputations. 3. The United States cannot interfere, but it can offer its services to mediate in the war, and this it has already practically done.

G. S. R., Columbus, O. The population of the Argentine Republic was estimated in 1900, at 4,659,214. As a whole, this vast country is very thinly inhabited. Tribes of native Indians still roam over the less known districts. More than half the population is European. Many immigrants have come from Southern Europe, Italians having the preponderance. Buenos Ayres has 821,291 inhabitants, about one-fourth of whom are whites, the rest being Indians, Negroes, and mixed breeds. Write to Harper Bros., for information regarding the book you wish.

Verna H., Broad Top, Canada. In response to your request we reproduce Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poem, entitled, "Not They Who Soar":

Not they who soar, but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God,
Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.

'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the paths unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to prod,
'Nor boulders lurking 'neath the clod,
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who've trod,
Not they who soar.

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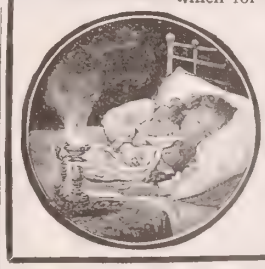

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Mrs. Pryor's Reminiscences

ONE of the most delightful books of the season is *Reminiscences of Peace and War*, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, wife of the famous Southern general, which has just been issued by the publishing house of The Macmillan Company, of New York and London. It is a handsome volume of over 400 pages, finely illustrated, and covers an experience dating from Washington, in the fifties, and embracing a wide range of incident during the exciting days of the Civil War. Mrs. Pryor is a felicitous narrator, and the stories that flow from her pen are intensely interesting besides being valuable from a historical point of view.

One of the chapters in this remarkable book gives us an attractive and quaint picture of social life in Washington during Buchanan's administration. Mrs. Pryor writes:

"We attended Dr. Gurley's church and found that the President also had taken a seat in that church. Our own was near the door, and for many Sundays before I knew him, I was interested in seeing him enter the church and walk briskly up to his pew near the pulpit (while the bell was ringing), buttoned in his broadcloth coat, wearing no overcoat in the coldest weather. Immediately after the benediction he would walk rapidly down the aisle, the congregation standing until he passed. Miss Lane attended St. John's Church, and the President was accompanied only by his secretary, Mr. Buchanan Henry. After I knew him quite well, I always spoke to him when he passed me near the door, and I sometimes ventured, 'A good sermon, Mr. President!' he never failing to reply, 'Too long, Madam, too long.'

"I was leading a very happy domestic life, busy with my little boys and my housekeeping, proud of my self-constituted office as my Congressman's private secretary, much exercised in sending documents, seeds and cuttings (we were introducing tea-culture in Virginia) to his constituents, when I was called to order by our dear old friend, Mr. Dudley Mann, an old politician, diplomat, and 'society man.'

"'Madam, did you come to Washington to live in your own house and write letters to farmers?'

"'What better could I do?'

"'The President does not agree with you. He admires your husband and wonders why you were not at the levee. He has asked me to see that you come to the next one.'

"'I shall be on a committee that night,' said my Congressman hastily—he was usually on a committee when a reception was to the fore.

"'I will take her myself,' said Mr. Mann. 'Now, wear a pretty evening dress of silk or velvet. Can it be lavender? And I will call precisely at nine.'

"I appreciated the honor of Mr. Mann's escort, and, wishing to please him, procured the lavender silk. Our evening gowns were cut straight across the neck, and finished with a bertha of lace. The full skirt was distended over a large hoop. An elaborate headdress of flowers or marabout feathers was *de rigueur* for a levee, which, however, demanded simpler attire than a ball or a dinner. Our white gloves were short, and were finished at the wrist with a fall of lace three or four inches wide, and a band of ribbon and rosette.

"Mr. Mann approved my attire and gave me a very good time. The crowd was great, and the amplitude and length of the ladies' robes filled me with anxiety.

"'Dear Mr. Mann,' I said, 'pray be careful not to tread on the trains.'

"'My child,' he answered, 'I haven't lifted my feet for twenty years!'

"The President detained us for a few courteous words, and we were passed on to Miss Lane, standing, not beside him, but in a group with other ladies. Thence we found our way to the East Room, and a great many ladies and gentlemen were introduced to me, as I stood on the arm of my courtly escort.

"Such a number of cards came to us after this that the housekeeping, the writing, the little boys, the seeds, and the tea-culture in Virginia were likely to suffer.

"The reign of the 'afternoon tea' was not yet—at least not in Washington; but entertainments included morning receptions, evening receptions, dinners, musicales, children's parties, old-fashioned evening parties with music and supper, and splendid balls. So many of these were crowded into a season that we often attended three balls in one evening.

"The first time I dined with the President I made early and elaborate preparation. When the great day arrived, all my paraphernalia, rosetted slippers, gloves, fan, dress, and wrap were duly laid out on my bed and sofa. In the evening I seated myself at a dressing-table and submitted my head to Francois' hands. The evening coiffure was elaborate and troublesome. The hair in front was stiffened with bandoline, and formed into sleek, smooth bandeaux, framing the face. Behind, all the hair was tightly tied, low at the nape of the neck, then divided into two parts, and each woven with many strands into a wide braid. These were curved from ear to ear to form a basket, and within the basket were roses, or pond-lilies, or violets, with long trailing vines floating behind.

"Francois was a very agreeable talker. He had dressed Rachel's hair and was leisurely giving a charming lecture on Rachel's art. Suddenly my husband burst in: 'The carriage is at the door! Hurry, hurry! We've only ten minutes to reach the White House.'

"I literally leaped into my gown, had no time for flowers or jewels, snatched up my gloves, left everything else, and ran! We entered the green room just as Mr. Buchanan Henry was arranging the guests for dinner. Luckily I was low down on his list.

. . .

"Dinners at the White House were much less elaborate in their appointments than were dinners at the homes of the wealthy Cabinet officers and Senators. Mr. Buchanan set an example of Republican simplicity. Few flowers were placed in the drawing rooms. In the centre of the Blue Room there was a divan surrounding a stand of potted plants and surmounted by a small palm. The dinner table was not ornamented with flowers, nor were bouquets at the covers. A long plateau, a mirror edged with a hunting scene (gilt figures in high relief), extended down the middle, and from the centre and at the two ends rose epergnes with small crystal dishes for bonbons and cakes.

"One evening the President said to me, 'Madam, what is this small shrub I find always placed before me?'

"'If the berries were white, Mr. President, it would be *Ardisia alba*.'

"'Ah,' he answered, 'I am all right! My berries are red—I have *Ardisia rufa!* Miss Harriet has the *alba!*'

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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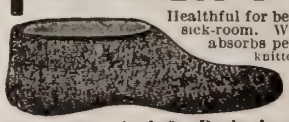

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CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"There were no other floral decorations on the table.

"I once ventured to send the President a Virginia ham, with particular directions for cooking it. It was to be soaked, boiled gently three or four hours, suffered to get cold in its own juices, and then toasted.

"This would seem simple enough, but the executive cook disdained it, perhaps for the reason that it was so simple. The dish, a shapeless, jellylike mass, was placed before the President. He took his knife and fork in hand to honor the dish by carving it himself, looked at it helplessly, and called out: 'Take it away! Take it away! Oh, Miss Harriet! You are a poor housekeeper! Not even a Virginia lady can teach you.'

. . . . .

"A party was once made up for a visit to Mount Vernon, Mr. Augustus Schell, of New York, accompanied Miss Lane. He was a fine-looking fellow and very much in love with her. As they walked along the banks of the Potomac, she picked up a handful of colored pebbles. Mr. Schell requested them of her and put them in his pocket. He took them to Tiffany, had them beautifully polished, set with diamonds, and linked together in a bracelet, and sent them as 'a souvenir of Mount Vernon' to Miss Lane for a Christmas gift.

"She carried them for a week in her pocket, trying to get her own consent to give them up. The more she looked at them the better she liked them. One day the President was in fine spirits. He liked to rally her about Lord Lyons, which she did not fancy overmuch. But this time she humored him, and at last ventured to say, 'Uncle Buchanan, if I have a few pretty pebbles given me, you do not object to my accepting them?'

"'Oh, no, Miss Harriet! Keep your pebbles! Keep your pebbles,' he exclaimed in high good humor.

"'You know,' Miss Lane said, in telling me the story at the time, 'diamonds are pebbles.'"

The *Reminiscences* are bound in cloth covers, top gilt. Price $2. They will doubtless enjoy a deserved popularity with the reading public.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Modern Methods in Sunday School Work, by Rev. George Whitefield Mead, Ph.D. A practical treatise giving suggestions for the primary and every grade, and dealing with all details of Sunday School management, with illustrations of diplomas, certificates, and plans of Biblical study. Pp. 376. Price $1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Ideals of Science and Faith. Essays by various authors, edited by Rev. J. E. Hand. Pp. 333. Price $1.60. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Dux Christus. An Outline Study of Japan. By the Rev. William Elliot Griffis. The author has been a lifelong student of the country and its people. This book appears at a time when the attention of the world is centred upon this island empire. Those who are interested in the progress of the Gospel of Peace in Japan, will do well to read this book, which gives in outline, the changes brought about among these interesting and intelligent people, since the early days of the "Land of the Peaceful Shores." Paper covers. 296 pages. Price 30 cents. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Daily Pathway, by Margaret E. Sangster. All lovers of the writings of Mrs. Sangster will welcome this little volume and linger lovingly over its pages. It is from the heart to the heart, and no one can peruse this book without becoming more humble and gentle in spirit. The author says of the talks, "They touch in simple style and modest intention on some phases of the life of every day as it is lived in the household." The lines, "Taking the year together, my dear,

There isn't more night than day"

make a most appropriate motto for this pleasant little volume. Published by The American Tract Society, New York. Price $1.25.

Railroading with Christ, by Rev. Chas. A. S. Dwight. This is the rather startling title of a story of a brave engineer who lost his life in the discharge of his duty. His dying words, "Tell my little Joe to be a man," became the watchword of his son, who became in turn a Christian engineer. Published by American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

The Gray World, by Evelyn Underhill. Price $1.50. Published by The Century Co., New York.

Love Sonnets of an Office Boy, by S. E. Kiser. Illustrated by J. T. McCutcheon. Published by Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago. Price 50 cents.

The Sign of the Cross in Madagascar, by J. J. Kilpen Fletcher. An interesting account of the spread of the Gospel in the island of Madagascar, a story of the planting of Christianity in this far-away and benighted land. The narrative beginning with the days of Radama, and the arrival of the first missionaries, down to the great emancipation is based upon historical facts, and is as interesting as any work of fiction, while keeping in the realm of realities. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Price $1.00.

Prohibition Cartoons, by Stewart, with text by Henry W. Wilbur. This is a series of remarkably clever drawings, "illustrating the Prohibition idea and issue in picture writing," as the text explains. There are upwards of 20 full-page cartoons, and they constitute, altogether, about as powerful an argument against the liquor traffic as could be gotten together between covers. Each cartoon is a lesson; and the entire gamut of argument—satire, humor, allegory, fable, denunciation, derision—is utilized with force and ability. No finer object-lesson of the blighting influence of "civilization's curse" could be set before the public than this collection, which should be widely distributed as a means of influencing public opinion. Price $1.00. Published by The Defender Publishing Co., 232 W. Fourteenth Street, New York.

Highways and Byways of the South, by Clifton Johnson. A most interesting volume, showing the rural aspects of national life in all the Southern States east of the Mississippi Valley. It is finely and copiously illustrated from photographs by the author. Price $2. 362 pp. Cloth binding. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Crusaders, a Story of the War for the Holy Sepulchre; by Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. This will be read with great interest, especially by young people. It is the story of The Wandering Jew in a new form. Cartaphilus, who for the insult he offered to the Saviour, was bidden by Christ to "Tarry till I come"—(continue to live until the end of time)—tells of many events that took place in the passing centuries, but chiefly about the stirring times of the first, third and eighth Crusades. Illustrated by George N. Morrow, and bound in cloth. Pp. 321. Price $1.75. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer; a collection of spiritual experiences by Wesley, Moody, Gough, Talmage, Finney, Prince, Spurgeon, Cullis, Muller, and many others. This little volume should be in the hands of every Christian; intensely interesting to believer and unbeliever alike. Pp. 319. Cloth covers. Price $1. M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York, publisher.

The same publisher has also issued a series of beautiful silk banners for home decoration or as holiday souvenirs, with mottoes of Christian purpose and effort, and others appropriate to Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving, New Year's, etc. Sent in boxes. 50 cents each.

The Lower Lions on Land and Sea. A delightful and instructive book of travel for juveniles, full of stirring incident. Pp. 266. Illustrated. Cloth binding. Price 60 cents. The Mershon Co., New York, publishers,

A Transplanted Nursery, by Martha Kean. Illustrated. This is the story of an American mother, who decided to spend the summer in Brittany with her little ones, which she did to great advantage and at no more expense than if she and they had remained at home. Pp. 275, cloth cover. Price $1.20. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

American Standard Bookkeeping (High School Edition), by C. C. Curtiss, A. M. Forty years' experience as a teacher is incorporated in this little volume. Pp. 192. Price $1. American Book Co., New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, publishers.

The Model Prayer, a Series of Expositions on "The Lord's Prayer," by Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D. Pp. 184, cloth. Price 80 cents. Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York, publisher.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome, and Other Stories, by John Fox, Jr. Illustrated. Capital stories and well told, each being a little gem of its kind. Pp. 234, cloth covers. Price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Falaise of the Blessed Voice, by Wm. Stearns Davis. A tale of the youth of St. Louis, king of France. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., London and New York.

The River's Children, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. An idyl of the Mississippi, in which is pictured "the life of young and old, grave and gay, merry and tragic"—men and women who live along the great river. Illustrated. 175 pp. Price $1. The Century Co., N. Y., publishers.

Songs of Motherhood, selected by Elizabeth Johnson Huckel. Pp. 111. Price, $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Blind Man, the autobiography of J. H. Maice, known as "The Blind Evangelist," who was once a drunkard and was rescued by the Central Union Mission, Washington. A story of spiritual experience that will interest many. 229 pp. Price, 25 cents. United Evangelical Pub. Co., Harrisburg, Pa., publishers.

Baby's Friends. One of a series of muslin books for very young children. These books are printed on soft cloth in bright colors. There are pictures on every page, which never fail to delight the children. These cloth books are practically indestructible. Published by the Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. Price 50 cents.

A Timely Xmas Announcement

The publishers of *Earl's Housekeeping* are issuing a Christmas Edition of that popular work at 15 cents a copy. No housekeeper should be without this indispensable aid to economy. No mother or father should fail in the duty of providing their daughters with this essential requisite to every young girl's education. Young couples and old couples are equally enjoined to "take time by the forelock." Send for this Manual, and stand ready to open up the year 1905 with an account in the local savings bank. The price of the book is only 15 cents while the edition lasts. Address *Earl's Housekeeping*, 1223 Bible House, New York City.

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The Tolstoi Family

DURING the great famine in Russia in 1892, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief cargo, conveyed on the steamship *Leo*, was being distributed in sixteen different provinces, many Russian ladies assisted in the distribution. Among others

MADAME CATHERINE TOLSTOI

of noble rank and title were the members of Count Tolstoi's family. While the Count himself was busy in the interior provinces, the ladies of his household, mother and daughters, rendered excellent service in the capital, where thousands were supplied daily from the public soup-kitchens. In a recent issue, the London *Sketch*, speaking of the Tolstoi family, says: "English society knows but little of the Russian aristocracy, but one charming subject of the Czar, the Countess Tolstoi, is the wife of Mr. Philip Stanhope, the brother of Earl Stanhope. The Countess often asks her younger relations to stay with her in her delightful London house, and a recent visitor has been Madame Catherine Tolstoi, who has much enjoyed her glimpse of England and the English. The Parliamentary system is a source of great amusement and interest to cultivated Russians; especially do they find much to marvel at in the role the Houses of Parliament are allowed to play in social life."

The Power of Habit*

EVERYONE has had occasion to learn the power of habit. It is one of the mightiest forces of human nature. As every triumph over nature that has been achieved has resulted from placing ourselves in harmony with nature and using her forces for our own purposes, so it is with habit. Realizing its enormous power we may use it for our own benefit; we gain nothing by ignoring or opposing it. Watt, sitting by his mother's fireside, sees the steam lift the lid of the kettle. The nuisance might have set him to devise a new lid, which could not be lifted; but, instead, he takes advantage of the natural force and applies it to human needs. He recognized power, and he knew that power was needed in the world of industry, and he devised a means of harnessing it as the servant of man. So from that simple incident we gained the steam engine. So it is with electricity. We do not understand it, but we know what it will do and what it will not do, and we adapt our machinery to its habits and turn it to account. It is useless to deplore the existence of habit in our own natures; the right course to take is to avail ourselves of its existence and turn it to a high purpose. The habit that leads a man to do evil things may be replaced by the habit that leads him to do good things, so that after a time it is easier for him to do good than to do evil.

The character is always weakest at the point at which it has once given way. The first offence is committed reluctantly, the second is committed without so hard a struggle, and each subsequent wrong is done more and more readily. Thus habits are formed and gain strength until they become like chains that bind us captive. On the other hand, the good thing we do may similarly become habitual, so that almost automatically we come to do the right as a matter of course. Hence the importance at the beginning of life of forming good habits, which become principles of conduct.

Character is neither more nor less than habit. It is what a man habitually does, what he is, that we recognize. We know him as a lazy, indolent, self-indulgent man, or as an alert, energetic, active man. Probably at the beginning, the former had no intention of degenerating, but the habit of postponing action, of deferring a duty, of avoiding the unpleasant, grew upon him, until his whole nature became weak and listless. So it is with habits of thought. A man may contract the habit of looking on the gloomy side of life, of taking a censorious and distrustful view of persons and things, until he becomes a misanthrope, and distrusts every one.

Good habits, too, may become evil by over-indulgence. We praise the careful, provident child, but he may become miserly, as the generous child may become improvident and reckless. The clean, tidy child may become a fop. The power of habit needs to be understood, and to be kept in control lest it becomes a tyranny from which escape is to be had only by a struggle that is hard and painful.

One of the hardest things in life is to break a bad habit. The habit of profanity, for example; the habit of lying, and of other sins. Once acquired, they are committed so easily that to overcome them is like rowing against the stream. Even in this effort, the power of habit comes to the assistance of the victim. It is harder for him to reform than it would have been to avoid the sin at the beginning; but he can form a good habit, which with every victory gains new power. Like cures like, and the persistence which fixed the habit upon him, aids him in shaking it off by persistence in acquiring a good habit.

People are often disappointed in their prayers for release from an evil habit. They expect that God will at once set them free without any effort of their own. There have been cases, especially with the habit of drinking, where he has done this; but, as a rule, no miracle is worked. The victim must work with God for his own deliverance. God will help him, and will give him strength, but he must fight out his battle himself. He must avoid the places and circumstances which tend to develop the habit and the trains of thought which lead to its indulgence, and he may be always sure that the reward to him that overcometh will be his in the end.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 11, Rom. 8. 1-15.

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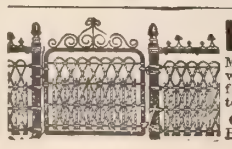

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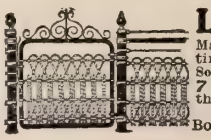

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Send for this Calendar

The Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will mail to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp, a copy of their Art Calendar for 1905. The subject is Carl J. Blenner's famous painting, "Reverie," which is faithfully reproduced by the photo engraving three-color process in all the delicate colors and tints of the original. It is one of the most artistic productions of the Art Preservative, and undoubtedly there will be a great demand for the same. When writing, request the Bank to mail you a copy of their new Banking by Mail booklet No. 18—that is, if you are seeking a safe and profitable investment with a strong, old established bank, for your savings or surplus funds.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading Winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for Winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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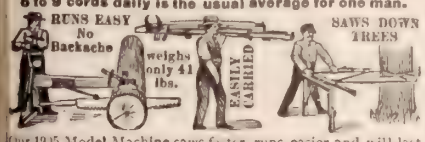

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A Stubborn People

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

MANY warnings had God given to Israel, and to her kings and princes who all followed in the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, and in terrible irony God sends the scathing message: "Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off . . . the calf of Samaria shall be broken in pieces. For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind" (Hos. 8:5-7). The first captivity of Israel was in the time of Pekah, son of Remaliah. It was a great warning to those who remained, but they did not take the warning: they continued in their sins, and God must keep his word, and destroy them.

God had not left them: "They served idols whereof the Lord had said unto them, Ye shall not do this thing." "Yet the Lord testified against Israel and against Judah by all the prophets, and by all the seers, but they hardened their necks, like to the neck of their fathers, that did not believe in the Lord their God." They had full opportunity to repent; they did not sin in ignorance. There was not one generation left without a prophet to warn them, and yet, when the kingdom of Israel as a separate nation came to an end, after two hundred and fifty-four years duration, not one king had arisen who did right in the sight of the Lord, and not one generation had protested against the sins of the royal house. Like king, like people! And this was the people of the Lord—his chosen! But O! the yearning of God's heart over his sinful people! They consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness; now their own doings have beset them about; they are before my face."

God gives his reasons for putting away Israel out of his sight. Not only was it on account of their abominable idolatry: he went to the root of the matter. They rejected his statutes, and his covenant that he had made with their fathers, and his testimonies, which he testified unto them. They alone, of all people of the earth, had the Scriptures—the inspired record of the will of and the works of God—committed to them. They had every advantage over the heathen, and might have fulfilled the noble vocation to which they were called. But the miserable love of approbation, the desire to stand well with everybody, which ruins unnumbered souls to-day, led this people of the Lord to reject these holy statutes, of which Moses had testified "It is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life, and through this thing—the commandments of God—ye shall prolong your days in the land" (Deut. 32:47). It is they who despise the Word of God in these days, and reject his precepts, who fall into all manner of sin and misery. The Word of God is one of the means by which we can get into communication with God. How often, when we open the Word of God reverently, and in a watchful spirit, he himself draws near, and we know we are in his presence!

No wonder that when Israel rejected his statutes and his covenant that he made with their fathers, and his testimonies, which he testified against them, that "they followed vanity, and became vain, and went after the heathen that were round about them." Bible rejectors to this day become vain, and follow after vanity! "And they left all the commandments of the Lord their God, and made them molten images, even two calves, and made a grove, and worshiped all the host of heaven and served Baal." And this was the people whom the Lord had chosen "to be a peculiar treasure unto him above all people" (Ex. 19:5)! Oh, how truly had the silver become dross, the wine mixed with water (Isa. 1:2)!

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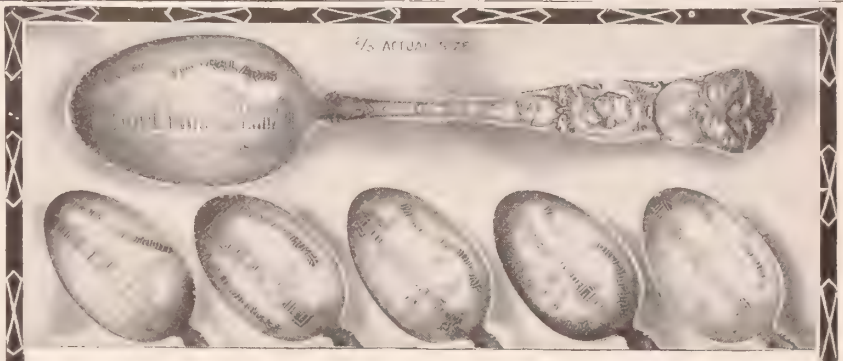

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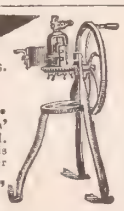

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

DAUGHTER OF AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT THE CHINESE LEGATION

DAUGHTER OF PERUVIAN MINISTER

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Christmas in the Homes of the Diplomats

By WALDON FAWCETT

IN the homes of the foreign officials stationed at Washington, as the representatives of the various governments of the world, each year witnesses probably the oddest and most novel celebrations f Christmas to be found in the length and breadth of ıe land. Uncle Sam's official guests from every land nd clime bring with them to our seat of government ıeir own customs of commemorating the world's most oyous anniversary. It a tribute, however, o the influence of the lepublic that, while linging in some meas-re to these transplant-d ideas, many of them re adopting, in great-r or less degree, the American form of the Christmas celebration.

Two influences are elping to Americanize Christmas in the homes f the diplomats at Washington. For one hing, there is an un-sually large assem-llage of children in the oreign colony at pres-nt. Many of these oung folks attend American schools, and, nspired by the glow-ng tales of Christmas reparations at the lomes of enthusiastic laymates, they are ager to have such ex-mple followed in their wn homes. Another influence is that exerted by the American wives of diplomats. Seven or eight of the ouseholds in the diplomatic circle at Washington are ow presided over by ladies of American birth, and it s, of course, only natural that they should retain their ffection for the Christmas celebrations that were their elight in childhood.

The diplomatic Christmas festivity which possibly pproaches most nearly to the American ideal is that at he German Embassy. In Germany, all the little folks elieve in Santa Claus, and the children of the Teutonic liplomats at Uncle Sam's capital are not permitted to orget the legend of how the Christ-Child goes into every German home on Christmas Eve, and leaves a token of His love. A Bethlehem star crowns the Christmas tree t the German Embassy, and under its branches stands wax figure representing the Saviour in the manger.

Christmas is, in France, a strictly religious festival, ut the French Embassy at Washington, like the German, s now presided over by an American woman; conse-uently the day has been given a new meaning at this institution. Not content with one Christmas tree, Madame Jusserand, the wife of the French Ambassador, has three small Christmas trees, all gaily decorated, set in a row in the large drawing-room, opposite the immense painting portraying the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to General Washington and his French allies. There are no young children at the British Embassy, but the celebration takes the form of a rousing, old-fashioned English Christmas, with tree, plum pudding and all. A yule-log is placed, with due ceremony, in the great open fireplace in the dining-room, and the members of the Embassy family gather before the roaring fire and sing their Christmas carols.

Little Miss Hengelmuller, the only child of the Ambassador from Austria-Hungary and Baroness Hengelmuller, always has a most bountiful Christmas, receiving gifts from dozens of persons outside her own household. There are two Christmases at the Russian Embassy, but the real celebration comes on January 6.

An especially attractive Christmas tree is that at the Cuban Legation, and as a background for the gift-laden pine is a large silken flag—the one-starred emblem of the new Republic. In the homes of the Mexican representatives and other diplomats from our sister republics of Central and South America, a most interesting Christmas observance is followed, namely, the representation of the Nativity. One end of the largest room in the house is devoted to the purpose, and here is set up a representation in miniature of the city of Bethlehem, with its streets, houses and people. Over the whole is a canopy of stars, with the most prominent of all the Star of Bethlehem, shining over a grotto, in which are the tiny figures of the infant Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and the Three Wise Men.

The children from the Pan-American countries spend Christmas Day in visiting the homes of their playfellows in order to compare presents and see the miniature Bethlehems, which are, of course, different in every home.

A truly American Christmas is that at the Chinese Legation. Four of the little folks there—the children of Secretary Kwai and his American wife—were born in this country, and have always known the regulation American Christmas, with a tree and presents; but the two sons and one daughter of the new Chinese Minister had never heard of Christmas until they came here a year or two ago. However, their father, who was educated in this country, is a broad-minded man, and he encourages them to enter into the spirit of the American Christmas, and even helps to decorate the Christmas tree, which is each year erected in the big play-room in the basement of the new Chinese Legation.

CHILDREN OF SENOR QUESADA, CUBAN MINISTER

CHILDREN OF SENOR MERON, ARGENTINE MINISTER

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CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY

The New Song

Sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE finest of pictures is yet to be painted. The most perfect sculpture is yet to be chiseled. The best of poems is yet to be penned. The sweetest and the most inspiring of songs is yet to be composed. We speak of the master-poets, artists, sculptors, and musicians, as though the poetical and artistic deeds of the past could never be excelled. This, however, is not true. Homer, and Virgil, and Scott, and Wordsworth, and Burns, and Tennyson, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Poe, are master-poets to us, merely because their poems excel in beauty of expression, or delicacy of rhythm, or depth of thought, the productions of all other poets who have yet appeared. Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Murillo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Turner, are master-artists to us, merely because no artists have yet appeared who could approach them in perfection of form and glory of color. Beethoven, and Handel, and Bach, and Gluck, and Hayden, and Mozart, and Chopin, and Mendelssohn, and Wagner, are master-musicians to us, because they surpass all other musicians in perfection of harmony and grandeur of conception. No composers before them, and none since, have attained the mastery that they reach in their sublime art. But though these old master-musicians are masters to us, they were not masters to themselves. They struggled continually to give expression to higher and nobler conceptions, that they were never able to write. Even in their minds there were harmonies far better than those that they have given us. Their masterpieces fell far short of their ideals.

David the psalmist was a great musical composer. He always strove to originate new musical themes. If he could not compose new ones, then he wanted to hear what some one else had composed. The first time Mozart heard one of Bach's hymns played, he cried out in ecstacy, "Thank God, I learn something absolutely new." So David, again and again in his Psalms, cries out for something new in musical praise. We not only find the words of my text, "Sing unto the Lord a new song," in the Ninety-sixth Psalm, but we find them in the Ninety-eighth and in the One Hundredth and Forty-ninth, and we also find the same words in the book of Isaiah. The song they longed to hear will yet be sung in the heavenly land. The Seer of Patmos caught the echo of it as he listened to the New Song that no man could learn, but the host that had been redeemed and stood around the throne. What exquisite music it will be, we cannot conceive, but we know the theme that will inspire it. It is the theme of salvation, the incarnation of the Son of God, the coming to earth of that Divine Being whose birth among us we are about to celebrate. Let the same theme inspire our humble strains. Let us even now, as we meditate on that wondrous event, attune our hearts to that glorious harmony.

Our holiday song, in the first place, should be a cheerful song. It should not be sung in a minor key. It should not be a dirge or requiem, a lament, or a "Dead March in Saul." It should not be an antiphony for the matins of the dead. It should be joy on the wing. It should be the chorus of "Laughing Waters." It should be a hosannah, a hallelujah, a pæan, a doxology and a praise. Tears and sobs have no place in the New Song, which we should sing during our coming holiday season. What said David in reference to this new song? Make a sad song unto the Lord? No: In seven distinct places in the Psalms, the great singer of Israel cries, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord." The first great essential of our coming Christmas song should be cheerfulness. We should hear it in every sound that is uttered. We should hear it in the loud notes. We should hear it in the soft notes as well.

Yes, the New Song we sing ought to have the keynote of cheerfulness—that is the first great essential. Why should it not be cheerful? If we believe in God, if we believe in what Christ has done for us, have not we a belief which should uplift every heart into the highest realms of Christian joy?

Our coming holiday song should sing the joy of our salvation. It must do more than that. It should sing about the happiness of some one else. Therefore, our New Song should be a helpful song. Jenny Lind, the great "Swedish Nightingale" regarded her voice, as a gift from God, bestowed that she might help her fellowmen. May we look upon our New Song to be sung to God, as a song to help those who are in physical, mental, or spiritual distress.

Oh, that we, in our coming holiday song, could have the beautiful purpose which "the human thrush," Jenny Lind had in her gentle, consecrated Christian heart! She was always doing some kindness to others. Lablache, the great Italian basso, when he first heard her, said, "Her voice is so true, that each note is like a perfect pearl." Jenny Lind heard what her great Italian contemporary had said. When she met him at their first rehearsal, she smilingly stepped to his side, and took his hat; then placing her lips to its edge, she sang a beautiful French romance. Then she gave him back his hat, saying: "There, Monsieur Lablache, is your hat, filled with my pearls of song." That was a beautiful compliment by one great artist to another. But Jenny Lind did more than sing handfuls of musical pearls into Lablache's hat; she sang thousands of dollars out of the world's pocketbooks. Then she scattered thousands

"THE GREAT ITALIAN MASTER SNATCHED THE SQUEAKY FIDDLE AND BEGAN TO PLAY"

and hundreds of thousands of dollars everywhere. She gave away thirty thousand florins when she made her triumphant musical tour through Germany. She gave to England's poor over $300,000, when this "Queen of Song" sang in the kingdom of her great sister, Queen Victoria. She gave $50,000 to America's poor when she traveled through our States. As Jenny Lind sang to her fellow-men and women a helpful song, so should we make our New Song of the holiday season a helpful song.

Your new holiday song. How is it to be made helpful to your fellow-men! Is it to be made so in a temporal sense? One day, Paganini the greatest violinist of the ages, was walking through the streets of Vienna. He was then at the height of his fame. He had kings and queens and nations bending under the sceptre of his bow. A celebrated musical composer, who was accompanying him, suddenly turned and pointed to a little ragged urchin scraping away on an old squeaky violin, "There, Paganini," said he, "is one of your countrymen." With that, Paganini crossed the street and began to talk with the little beggar. On hearing his tale of sorrow, the great Italian master snatched the squeaky fiddle from the boy's hand and began to play. Never did a public thoroughfare of Vienna hear such sublime music. After the piece was ended, Paganini passed his hat around through the crowd, and then emptied in the boy's pocket the gold and the silver he had collected saying, "There, my lad, take that home to your sick mother and buy her the medicine she needs." During the coming Christmas holidays will our New Song be a helpful one, in a temporal sense, as Paganini's was a blessing to the Vienna street arab? When you buy presents for your father and mother, wife or husband and child, brother and sister and friend, will your New Song inspire you also to buy bread for the hungry and clothing for the naked and medicine for the sick?

When we sing our New Song shall we bring spiritual blessings to others also? The great hosts which shall enter heaven, may be augmented if we sing our New Song as we ought to sing it. As you and I begin to join the redeemed multitudes, are we going with our friends? Shall not our New Song of Gospel love, first be sung by some invalid's bed to bring that sick man to Christ? Shall it not be sung among the spiritual outcasts, who never have bowed the knee at the Cross? Yes, my friends, our New Song should be a cheerful song, on account of our salvation. It should also be a helpful song, which will lead people to surrender their lives to the work of the Divine Master.

"Well," says one, "how can I sing a song of cheerfulness and of Gospel hope for myself or for others, when everything seems to be going wrong in my own life? I feel just as did the writer of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Psalm. Then all was sadness and gloom to him. He seems to see the Jews huddled together in captivity. There he seems to gather them together, as the Jews to-day are gathered at the foot of Mount Moriah, at the "Wailing Place" under the walls of the old Temple. Their captors come to them and cry: "Sing! sing! Sing as you used to sing in Jerusalem!" But they answer, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land." Then you say to me: "This coming Christmas will find me in a strange land. Why," you say, "everything in my life is so different from what it used to be. So many of my loved ones are gone. My daughter was here last Christmas, she is gone now forever. Is it a mother's vacant chair, or a father's, or a wife's, or a husband's? Yes, I have been a good giver to the grave, and that grave has taken the best I have. It is not the time for me to sing; it is the time for sobs. Then I cannot give financially as I used to give. I have had many financial reverses during the past few months. Then I cannot do as I used to do for others. My own health is gradually breaking, How can I sing a New Song?

The great trouble with you is that when trouble comes, instead of throwing yourselves more and more upon the divine strength, you have let go of God's strong hand and only depended on your own strength. After Jenny Lind's name had become famous as a singer, her voice began to fail. "Oh," said she to herself, "if I could only go and see Garcia, I know he would help me." Manuel Garcia was at that time the greatest musical developer of prima-donnas. She left Stockholm and went to Paris. As soon as she entered his studio and sang, Garcia said, "My good girl, you have no voice; or rather I should say you had a voice but you are now on the verge of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out. The only advice I can offer is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time, come to me I will see what I can do for you." That was good advice for Manuel Garcia to give to Jenny Lind, but it is not good advice for a Christian teacher to give you in reference to your learning how to sing the New Song of Christ. What you need is not rest, not retirement, not seclusion; you need to practice your Gospel throat. You need to learn how to sing the New Song by delving deep in the promises of God, and then by singing God's promises in your own life and to the lives of all around you. Sing! Sing! Keep on singing! Sing forth the promises of God! Sing what he has done for others! Sing about what he has done and will continue to do for you!

But lastly, I assert that our New Song for the coming holidays should be a triumphant song, In it we should hear the ring of the coming conquest of the wor

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Text, Psalm 96. 1, "O, sing unto the Lord a new song."

A THANKSGIVING FEAST

By MARY SARGENT HOPKINS

T began the evening before, and lasted until midnight of Thanksgiving Day. Hundreds of men and boys were fed and cheered by the good food and hearty sympathy extended to them on this day of all others, en the wanderer, no matter how callous and hardened may seem, grows homesick and heartsick, as he thinks the time when he had a happy home circle and a loving nily.

As he walks up and down the streets of New York, out work, out of friends, and out at the elbows, is it any nder that he grows more discouraged, as he sees the sk preparaions, the happy marketers and shoppers h joyous faces and well-filled purses, laying in their ck of good things for the annual Thanksgiving. The p-windows and sidewalk displays at the markets are mpting enough to a hungry man at any time; but espe- lly so to the unfortunate, who, by the most thorough rch, cannot find a nickel or even a penny in his various tered and empty pockets.

To six hundred such youths and boys the Bowery ssion opened its hospitable doors on Thanksgiving Eve. eight o'clock P. M. the large dience hall was packed, while the platform every available t was filled with visitors and h the never-weary mission rkers, who at this season have do double duty, and do it will- ly and cheerfully. Out in the chen they had worked for hours king up and packing the box- ners which were to be given to this young army after an r's entertainment.

The meeting was opened by Mr. llimond, the genial superinten- t, who never forgets, in deal- with "Young America" that was once a boy himself, and he not yet entirely gotten over it. won the hearts of the young- rs by telling them that they st keep quiet while the various ertainers were reciting, sing- , etc., but—and here every 's face lighted up and every braced up to do his best— t between each number he ld make just as much noise as wanted to! Was ever such a vilege given before to such a wd?

nd do you suppose they took antage of it? Let one who there and heard assure you t six hundred boys, brought up the nurture and admonition of streets of New York, can make most tremendous noise. Lungs, t and hands united and did their best, and if there nything more shrill than his whistle when a boy his mouth with his fingers, and this is multiplied by hundred, it is yet to be discovered. What a night t was for the boys, and let it be said to their credit t this deafening, ear-splitting racket was indulged in y at the times designated. The raising of a hand by the Superintendent was sufficient for every boy to become quiet.

Let no one think that the little newsboys, boot-blacks and other "gamins" of New York, do not know how to behave themselves when occasion demands.

What a sea of boyish faces confronted the visitors upon the platform. A ragged little army it was, composed of almost every type of boy, from the golden-haired, blue-eyed Irish lad to the ebon-locked, dreamy-eyed descendant of Abraham. All colors and complexions, some with merry faces, others with eyes that seemed backed with unshed tears. Poor little, pale, pinched cheeks, and claw-like fingers told only too plainly of scanty fare and fireless homes. Many of these little ones did not open their dinner boxes, but took them home to share them with mother and the other children who were ill, or too small to come.

When the last boy had gone, the last cup of coffee had disappeared, and the last box had been given out, it was almost time for the preparations for the early breakfast, which begins at one and ends at three A.M., when one thousand homeless and bedless men and boys are fed with hot coffee and rolls. When this was over, after a little respite, the women and children who had received cards of invitation came for the family dinner baskets, each of which was packed with a good substantial Thanksgiving dinner, to be cooked at home. One hundred of these were given out. At eight o'clock P.M., a great crowd again assembled, filling every seat and all the standing room in the Mission. The guests this time were men. Only the good Father knows the tragedies in the lives of these men which had brought them there; and on this delightful occasion it was not seemly to lift the veil or to look behind the pitiful attempts of many of these unfortunates to put aside for the time their trials and sufferings, and enter into the joy of the occasion. This meeting was one of the most blessed that was ever held within those four walls, and many a heart enshrouded in its own darkness must have seen the star of hope arise.

Mrs. Bird gave her "boys" a welcome in her own motherly way. Superintendent Hallimond went down among his "brothers" and offered up a simple, heartfelt prayer to the All-Father before introducing Dr. Louis Klopsch, who was obliged to stand silent for some minutes before the tumult of welcome subsided.

Dr. Klopsch spoke in a most helpful and encouraging vein, and cited many instances where men both good and great had arisen from the most discouraging circumstances and surroundings, to places of trust and honor—men whose names would never be forgotten by a grateful world, which had benefited so much by their work, their warm hearts and keen intellects. The sound common sense of honesty, sobriety and right living, which were possible for all who would place their lives and hearts in the keeping of a loving God, was presented by the speaker in unmistakable terms, and in a way which must have impressed his hearers with his sincerity, and of his knowledge whereof he spoke. This thoroughly practical talk, backed up as it was by the substantial tokens of his care, which awaited these men in the back room, must have been a great uplift to them.

There were many beautiful hymns sung, and solos by a number of men, whose sweet, rich voices gave no hint of the time when they were down among the hungry throng, friendless and discouraged until they found salvation and redemption in the Bowery Mission. Rev. Dr. McPherson spoke very feelingly, and then after a benediction, the men filed singly into the back room, where a similar scene to that of twenty-four hours before was enacted, only that the actors were men; young men and old, stalwart and feeble, men of many types, some of whom had, perhaps, not tasted food before during the day.

DISTRIBUTING BASKET DINNERS AT THE BOWERY MISSION

If the readers who contributed to this Thanksgiving dinner fund could have looked upon that scene, their hearts would have been more than gladdened, that they were having a share in doing so much real good, and in giving so much cheer to a day which otherwise would have been one of sadness and suffering to many homeless men of the Bowery.

THE NEW SONG

Continued from Preceding Page

Christ. In it we should know not only that man, n individual, will be saved, but that there shall come me when nations and peoples of all climes shall wor- our Christ. In our New Song, we want to catch a npse of the power of God. Here and there, tempo- ly, one of God's disciples may seem to be driven k, but after all, the great march of the Christian y is forward. We are all marching on to a Millen- l Day, when Christ, as the leader of the great army Victory, shall have his standards above every land, ing over every nation and over every sea. Our w Song should be a triumphant song.

Would to-day I might convince you of the sureness Christ's conquest over all the nations of the world, vividly as that great dramatic preacher, William wson, brought it before his London hearers, nearly a tury ago. He was a man of most remarkable per- ality. He had an imagination all aglow and on fire. With the power of a mighty word-painter, he was describing the conquest of the world. He portrayed a grand procession marching before Christ, the Prophet, Priest and King, in a coronation pageant. First came the prophets, the priests and the apostles; then the martyrs, row after row, line after line, army after army. Then, after all the redeemed dead had marched past, there came the living. First came the earthly princes and princesses and nobles. Then there marched forth millions upon millions of the human race. Then after he had wheeled into line all generations of all times, and all principalities and powers, the great Methodist preacher suddenly stopped. Then in stentorian tones he commenced to sing that grand old hymn of Edward Perronet:

All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

So powerful was the effect, so overwhelming was the impression of the coming conquest of Christ over the world, that the great audience sprang to its feet and took up the refrain and sang it louder and louder and louder, until the very heavens seemed to shake. Oh, my friends, cannot you feel that our New Song for the coming Christmas holidays should be a triumphant one?

When the musical leader in the old village choir loft, before the organ and the piano had forced their way into the church edifices, wanted to start the hymn, he would strike his tuning-fork and lift it to his ear. For the New Song of the coming Christmas holidays, I would strike the tuning-fork of hope and life and eternal conquest through Christ. May the same angel which sang over the Christmas manger, sing for us to-day over that rifled tomb a New Song of salvation for a dying world, and a conquest for Christ of all peoples in this world.

Bright Children of the Mountains

WITH FEW ADVANTAGES, THEY HAVE WONDERFUL MEMORIES FOR SCRIPTURE LESSONS

15 MILES OVER MOUNTAINS THIS WAY

IN certain parts of the Appalachian range of mountains, also in the Ozarks, there are many homes where the old-fashioned spinning-wheel and hand-looms are still used, the farmers raising their own wool and flax, from which they make homespun garments and all the linen for household use. Coal is found sufficient for family use in the immediate vicinity of some of these homes, only a few feet below the surface and easily obtained. They are far from the railroad, and a considerable portion of the people have never seen a train of cars, or even heard the locomotive whistle. Their material needs are few, beyond what they can obtain from their simple farming, or secure through barter at the nearest cross-roads store. Newspapers and magazines are rarely seen; even Bibles are scarce.

Our American Sunday School Union missionaries are always welcomed. They supply the families with special literature prepared for their use. In this way, the spelling-book and primer are found in many a home, and are much appreciated. The mountain children have good memories. They will repeat not only the Golden Text, but very often the entire Sunday School Lesson. When review Sunday comes, they are ambitious for copies of the New Testament, given as prizes by the missionary, for excellence in repeating the Golden Texts of the entire quarter, and the chief points in the lessons for the three months.

The cabin-homes of these mountain dwellers are made of unhewn logs, and the chimneys of rock and stone. Mud or mortar, with sticks, is used to hold the chimney together and to fill the spaces between the logs, keeping out wind and storms. Mills for grinding corn or wheat are run by water-power with the old-fashioned overshot wheel. Abraham Lincoln, when a lad, often carried grist to the mill on horseback.

In some sections, like West Virginia, the schools are far better and more in number than farther South, and the people are thrifty and intelligent; but even there, in the mountain country, there is abundant room for Christian work, as the people are scattered and are at a distance from the church privileges enjoyed in towns and villages. The following extracts from missionary letters illustrate the character of the work that is being done by the A. S. S. U. in these sections:

"At a schoolhouse on the southern slope of a mountain," writes one missionary, "a big gathering of schools took place last Saturday—a crowd from four settlements filled the shady grove. A week before that, a similar meeting was held at a new chapel in another section. Five schools were represented there. A boy in this place, who works on his mother's garden for part of the vegetables, came to this meeting, toting a basket of green peas six miles. 'Please, sir,' said he, 'I want to buy a Bible for my own self. Would you let me have one for all these yer peas?' 'Gladly will I do so,' was my response. A happier lad could not be seen in that big crowd listening to the addresses."

"One Sunday I met a group of small boys," says another letter, "and I said: 'Boys, do you go to Sunday School?' 'We are not of that kind of stuff,' was the reply. 'When you get to be men, you may wish you had gone to Sunday School.' 'That is too much sugar for a cent,' answered one of the boys. A little later I visited a godless home. A young man about fourteen came in. 'Have you a Bible?' I asked. 'A Bible? No, I ain't got no Bible.' 'Let me sell you one.' 'I don't want it.' 'Do you like to read stories?' 'You bet—if they are good uns.' I told him of Joseph in his country and city life, of David and Goliath. The young man was delighted. 'What's thaten about?' pointing to a red-covered Testament. 'That is a love-story.' And I told him of the love of God. His heart melted. I organized a school in that place."

In a letter recently received from a missionary, the following occurs:

"Having organized a school about twelve miles from this one, I decided to visit them last Sunday morning. The school had opened when I arrived, and I found more than a hundred people in the house and on the grounds, most of them taking an active interest in the work. Two classes attracted my special attention, one a class of twenty-eight boys and girls learning their letters, and the other of twenty-three, just beginning to read a little, using the First Reader, in books published by the American Sunday School Union. These children were sitting on the grass under two big oak trees, and apparently as intent and interested as they well could be. This back-country school now has an enrollment of ninety.

"In March 1899 I organized a school in a country schoolhouse about six miles from this latter place. In one of the classes was a little girl, nine years of age, who took great interest in her lessons. Her teacher said three years after that she had never missed a question. After

THE OLD OVERSHOT MILL-WHEEL

a year or so, she taught the lesson to a very busy mother, whose household consisted of nine children. Last Novem the family moved to the neighborhoo ferred to above, and she was one of first to suggest a Sunday School. In organization she was selected to teach of the advanced classes, though not c fourteen years old. She has commi and recited the four Gospels and a twenty chapters of the Acts of the A tles. She says she intends to commit whole New Testament. I asked work she did at home, and learned she milks two cows morning and ever helps her mother cook the family m washes the dishes, and spins ten to tw 'cuts' on the 'big wheel' daily.

"Most of the mountain children are v out good books and papers or any clothes, but many of them, in fact, mo them, are bright-faced, intelligent chil A nickel puts a testament, a prime First Reader in their possession, and it does delight them."

* * *

Any one desiring further informatio wishing to aid in this work, may ad Mr. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, Amer S. S. Union, 156 Fifth Ave., New Y

THE WORKER AT THE GATE

IN one of his sermons, the Rev. Wm. J. Dawson, the famous London preacher, who is now visiting and speaking in this country, introduces a beautiful allegory, which we reproduce from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. In dream or vision, the preacher is led by a guide through a land of mountains and rocks, crags and ravines. They hear the sound of marching feet, the clang of iron, the stroke of hammers upon a thousand anvils. Beside them walks a strange shape. "He is Labor," said the guide, "and thou goest to the judgment of the workers."

"The man's brow was deeply seamed, and the muscles of his body were like knotted steel; sweat and grime defiled him, and his flesh was scarred; yet there was something noble in his mighty bulk, and the dull patience of his face made me marvel, for marred though the brow was, yet was it majestic. Upon his back were slung the weapons of his toil, and the very hills seemed to know him as their conqueror. For upon such peaks as these this man had moved in weariness and hunger, and in their depths he had cut the path which the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the lion's whelp trodden. With the muscles of his hand he had overturned the mountains and grappled with the stones of darkness, and bound the waterfloods from overflowing. His voice had cried to the live lightning, 'Come,' and it came, and behold it was as some bright and dreadful creature of the forest, tamed to human uses, and lying at his feet with glittering, obedient eyes. The wind had called him brother, and to him had the blind and turbulent ocean been submissive. Time, looking on the works which he had wrought, wondered, and before them the spirit of Havoc had stood still and was dismayed. Yet had this man before whom the depths were stirred, moved among his fellows in coarse raiment and with humble feet, eating frugal bread and dwelling beneath mean roofs of populous poverty, unconsidered and contented, and having no beauty that men should desire him.

"Now, as we went, the way grew ever narrower and the air darker, until at last we came to a place where two monstrous gates of iron towered into the sky, and beside them stood two great angels. And straightway the angels began to talk with the man.

"And one said, 'Who art thou?' And he replied, 'I am a worker.' 'Tell us of thine earthly life,' they said. And the man replied, 'There is nothing to be told. I was but one among a multitude. I rose in the chill of dawn, went out, toiled through many hours, and came back to sleep. The frosts pierced me, the rains smote upon me; yet was there joy in it all, for the work of my hands stood fast. One day of the week I rested, and then I slept from morn till night, for I was weary. One dwelt with me; many-childed, labor-spent was she, and her I loved. The children of my loins grew up, but they were as strange children, for I saw them only for a little on the one day, and then, being bone-weary and heavy of eye, I slept. That was my life,' he said, sadly.

" 'Did'st thou ever look beyond the earth, or hear of what men had written in books of that beyond?'

" 'I had no time. Moreover, I could not read nor write.'

" 'Did'st thou never pray?'

" 'Aye, often. When the ship went down and the black water spued me out; when the bead of fire leapt along the fuse, and the mine thundered in, then I called on God. But I could not pray in churches. The air choked me; and beside I felt no need.'

" 'Hast thou aught of good in thy earthly life?'

" 'I built well—that was good. The trains rush upon the ways I made—the road holds fast. The rivets of the bridge I built are firm, and the floods rage about its base in vain. When the trains roar past my rivets cry to one another, 'Hold fast, brothers, the shock comes,' and something in me feels their jar and ring, and triumphs.'

" 'But didst thou do no good to thy fellow, no act that made thee think of him before thyself?'

" 'As such things happen, I did them. Among men such as I am, other things beside cold and heat are shared.'

" 'Let me see thine hand,' said the angel. But at that word the man thrust his hand behind him, and stood shamefaced. 'Nevertheless, let me see it,' said the angel, speaking very softly.

"The man held out his huge hand, blushing like a child. It was gnarled and knotted like a lump of oak. A great ran across it, and it was broken at wrist.

" 'How came this?' said the angel.

" 'It was nothing.' said the man. of us had to go when the crash came, t'other chap was young and kept mother. I couldn't let him die, not knew it. The best hour I ever knew when I lay there smashed and heard he was safe. But it's not worth tal of—he'd ha' done the same for me.'

"At that word the vast gates of began to move and a strange music b from their hinges as they turned. An hold, beyond them, rose the vision city wonderful to see; for a thou aqueducts and arches hung in midair, dome rose above dome, and parapet a parapet; and against this blue lim things scaffoldings were swung, gleam with many lights, and a forest of p like intertangled spars of crystal; so I knew that this was one of God's that was still being built. And the m eyes shone as he looked, for he had n seen building such as this, and the sion of work cried in his heart. 'Th where I would be,' he said. 'It was to find work down below of late; b see there's plenty of work to be had And I think I see my boys upon t shining scaffolds.'

"And the angel said, 'Pass in; C joy is work, and enter thou into the of thy Lord. The Maker calls thee.'

"And the man, wondering much, p on, and the gates were shut."

Little Tours in Upper Assam

NATIVES WASHING THE MISSIONARIES' HANDS

I REMEMBER writing a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD just as I had begun mission work in the Dibrugarh district here in Upper Assam. About the same time, Rev. O. L. Swanson began his remarkable work here in the Golaghat district. Now, after a pause of some few years, let us look back and see what has been the result: First, the Gospel has been preached in towns and villages, to individuals, to groups, to thousands at a time, by means of pictures, magic lanterns, "wordless books," and in many other ways. Thousands of copies of the written Word, in six or seven different languages, have been sold, until at the present day there is scarcely a market, tea-garden, town or village in all this region where Christ has not been named. This has meant many hardships, much travel, much opposition on the part of European nominal Christians, and much positive outspoken opposition on the part of Mohammedans. It has meant loss and much more to the missionary and his native helpers. The most despised and degraded class of men and women in all upper Assam have "believed our report," not by scores, but by hundreds. Scarcely a week passes without number of these people openly confessing Christ in baptism. Many of these poor, who are looked down upon by the educated Hindu, the bigoted Mohammedan, and some Europeans, have looked up at the Cross, and have become sons and daughters of the King. From a very small beginning in 1898, there is now an ingathering of some 850 souls, and an organization of twenty-four churches; besides the building of chapels, the establishment of schools, and the practical training of native helpers.

Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be interested in the details of an ordinary day's work in the cool or touring season: I may be at a government Rest-House, or in my tent, or at a tea-planter's bungalow. I get up early, call my native helpers for a council, announce the plan for the day, and make all the time-saving arrangements I can. Sunday, at about 10 A.M., we have a meeting of those who have been asking for baptism. We explain to them the requirements. Then we have prayer and a short exhortation. After the noonday meal, we gather at some clear stream or large pond, where usually a large crowd of people assemble to "see the missionary turn the heathen into Christians," as they say. This is often a good opportunity for preaching to heathen, many of whom are "almost persuaded." This done, we read from the New Testament, sing a suitable hymn, and pray. The new Christians walk into the water, one by one, and are baptized, while hymns are sung by those on the bank. Afterward there is a service held for some one of the nearest Christian centres. If there are any weddings, or if the Lord's Supper is to be administered, these come after the service. Wedding certificates are always made out in duplicate, one copy being given to the bride and the other kept for the government. We have a custom of shaking hands with one another, saying as we do so, "Yesu sohai" (that is, "Jesus helps"), at the end of the service; then the meeting breaks up, and the people go away very quietly and contentedly to their homes.

If there is a market which we can reach before the people leave, we take a roll of Sunday School pictures, tracts, Gospels, etc., and go to a convenient place and begin another service, by holding up our pictures and singing hymns. We soon gain the attention of the people. Sometimes there are thousands present, and they press around us until we scarcely have room to move about. Market preaching in Assam always calls for the use of two or more languages. Usually the missionary begins the preaching; then, one after another, the native preachers speak for a few minutes at a time. If the missionary sees any new Christians standing in the crowd, he may ask them to speak.

BAPTIST MISSIONARIES IN UPPER ASSAM

After a few hours spent in preaching and in answering questions, we sell as many books as we can. It is wonderful how much of this kind of work one can do, and not know that he is tired until he sits down in his tent. A cup of tea and some rest till dark; then, if the manager of the nearest tea-garden has no objections, the worker takes his magic lantern into the coolie lines—having previously given notice—and prepares for an outdoor talk on the Life of Christ. Generally a very large crowd of all classes assembles and listens. An appeal to the audience to forsake idols and false religions, and to believe in Christ, will often lead some to decide then and there. Others treat the subject with reverence, but go no further, and yet others thank us for our kindness, but treat the whole affair as a sort of a show and pass on with a hardened heart.

It may now be nine or ten o'clock. Perhaps, after a mile or two or more to walk, we have dinner, and retire for the night, certain that God's Word will not return unto Him void.

Other classes besides the coolies are giving heed to the Gospel. One meets with a large number amongst the educated, who are "almost ready," but it is the "common people who hear him gladly."

Our people, now numbering about 1,775 Christians in Upper Assam, are organized into an association, which meets by delegation annually, and has a profitable time. This year, a Bible School has been started at Nowgong, for the training of native helpers. A native ministry is one of our greatest needs at the present time.

There are many signs that the enlightenment which comes through education, as well as the direct influences of the Gospel, is weakening the faith of thousands in the efficacy of idol-worship and other false religious works. We are laboring in confidence that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God.

Golaghat Station, A.B.M.U. JOSEPH PAUL.

THESE NATIVE TEACHERS PREACH THE GOSPEL IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES

Training Girls in the Orient

WITH every passing year, the American College for Girls in Constantinople has more applications from graduates of the American mission schools in Bulgaria and Turkey than it can accept. Students of these schools having sufficient ambition, ability and perseverance to complete the high school course, are in many ways the best prepared young women of the country, for a college education.

Many of them begin immediately to teach in native or American schools, and soon find their need of further study. But as they are generally poor, and as they often agree to teach at very small salaries in the school that has educated them, they have no means for paying college fees.

The American College for Girls is organized on the basis of receiving pay for its students, and is not in a position to receive these students, who would be the best material it could take. A small scholarship fund enables the college to offer aid to a student or two, from each of the four leading nationalities represented in the school. This year, as usual, the demand has come for scholarships for students from the interior of Turkey and Bulgaria, who, after leaving the college, are longing for a better education to enable them to teach their own people. Sometimes a good student waits several years before the scholarship fund or a benevolent friend of education in the East makes it possible for her to enter. More often she gives up the attempt to get the money.

A BULGARIAN GIRL STUDENT IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

There are few ways in which one hundred and fifty dollars could be put to better use than by giving a year's education at the American College to a student who has had some little experience of the American education in the East, and who is in a position to appreciate deeply and to profit richly by a course that has been planned carefully to meet the moral, intellectual and religious needs of the women of the East.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who is interested in the work, and who would welcome an opportunity to educate an Oriental girl, may address Dr. Mary M. Patrick, Principal, American College for Girls, Constantinople, Turkey, British Post-Office, who will gladly give all necessary information.

How Porto Rico Keeps Christmas

THE real Christmas Day in Porto Rico is January 6th, Twelfth-Day, Epiphany or Three Kings' Day, at least in so far as that part of it which pertains to the exchanging of gifts and remembrances is concerned. The day looked forward to by children of all Christian countries during the year, comes twelve days late in Porto Rico. The native children of this beautiful green little garden-island of Uncle Sam, have no story of Santa Claus, but their mothers tell them one which makes them just as happy. On the morning of Three Kings' Day, all the good little boys and girls get up with the sun, to find the presents which were left in the night, not by a snow-covered Santa Claus, but by the Three Wise Men from the East.

The Porto Rico mother, the night before Three Kings' Day, tells the children of the visit of the Magi, and its significance. "And when the Three Wise Men got down from their donkeys and went inside the house," she narrates, "and saw the dear little Child, they fell on their knees and worshiped him, and left heaps and heaps of *dulces* (sweets), and toys, and everything which only the Wise Men know how to select for children. Ever since, on this same night, every year (says the legend), those same Wise Men travel over this island, and whenever they come to a house where a good child lives, they leave a present and pass on.

"Now, let me see if the breakfast for their mules is all right," she adds, as she steps out on the balcony, where there is a small box (or maybe a pair of shoes, or an old hat) filled with fresh-pulled grass. It has been placed there early in the evening by the children, under instructions from their parents or the servants, who, hundreds of times during the year, have told the story of Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, who travel so far on *vispera*, or the night before Three Kings' Day. "The three mules," they have been told, "will be very tired and hungry after carrying *los tres santos reyes* (the Three Wise Kings) so far, and you must fix some grass for them to eat. If you are a good little boy all the year the mules will stop and eat all the grass and the Kings will put an *aguinaldo* (present) in the box in place of the grass." The Porto Rico legend certainly is poetical. Its simplicity adds a certain degree of realism to the narrative, and it certainly appeals to the infant mind as impressively, or more so, as the story of Santa Claus, which has no Bible foundation in truth. When a Porto Rican youngster is fretful and "bad," its mother doesn't say, "If you don't be good Santa Claus will forget you." She says: "The mules of the Three Kings will be angry and won't stop at our house, and Melchior, the black king, will get you."

On January 5th, every child in San Juan gathers its box full of grass to leave on the balcony. The city is so compactly built that grass grows only in a very few places. There are two small plots on the *Marina*, near where the steamers land, and also at *Plaza Colon*, and these places are soon bare, the hundreds of children having plucked every blade.

A few years ago, the American Protestant Mission in the island delighted their young converts by exhibiting real Christmas trees, and even with a school inspector disguised as Santa Claus. The Christmas tree continues to be a favorite feature at the Protestant churches, and although the Three Kings are better liked, no objection is made, as Santa Claus comes on December 25th, while the Kings arrive January 6th. Those children who have Santa too, are doubly fortunate, but the vast majority of the island's children know nothing of the jolly fat Saint from the icy north.

December 25th, here, as everywhere, is observed as the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour, with appropriate church services, and the cusomary family reunion at dinner. The native Christmas dinner among the better classes consists of *pavo* (turkey), and the usual array of vegetables; but in the great majority

NATIVES SINGING THE SONGS OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

of cases, particularly in country towns and plantations, the dinner table is graced by a whole roasted young pig. The pig is fattened from the day of his birth until the morning of the day on which he is eaten. He is then killed, and dressed, and stuffed with meats and spices. A pole ten or twelve feet long is run through the carcass lengthwise. Meantime a wood fire has been built, and a forked stick driven into the ground near the fire.

PREPARING THE FEAST OF ROAST-PIG

One end of the pole upon which the spice-stuffed pig is spitted, is rested on the Y-shaped stick. The pig is suspended over the fire, and the native cook holds the other end of the pole. He continuously turns the pig until the meat is cooked. New spices and flavoring blends are added frequently. The process takes about two hours. Then the pole is removed, and the *lechon asada* is put on a big platter, and smothered with a dozen sorts of queer vegetables.

More alms are distributed between Christmas and Twelfth Day than at any other time. Each hour of the day one meets *parrandas*, or parties of both sexes, young and old, who travel from street to street and house to house singing hymns and verses praising Jesus, Mary and the Three Kings. The verses are set to music, which seems to be partly Indian, partly Moro-Spanish, with a strain of the Oriental. The singers play an accompaniment on *tiples* and *cuatros*, or native guitars and *guitarros*. They accept offerings of money, clothing, or food and drink. One meets a *parranda* composed of a small boy and girl of seven or eight years, quaintly singing little verses with thin, pipy voices, and strumming on miniature guitars

The three Saint-Kings
Travel on horseback,
One red,
One black and one bay.

The three Saint-Kings,
Blessed be God!
They go and come again,
But we do not.

Then they will hold out their dirty little hands, and look up at you with sad, black eyes, and a plaintive *aguinaldo, senor* (present, sir), that is irresistible. Some of the verses, in fact most of them, are nonsense, especially when given in English literally. Some are direct appeals to one's vanity. Don Juan and his wife may be awakened at daylight with a song sung by a dozen untrained voices to the accompaniment of *tiples* and *guichas*, the latter being hollowed gourds, roughened, which are scraped in time, producing a swish-like, rasping sound.

The honorable Juan
And his beautiful wife,
He is a pink
And she is a rose!

As the festive season draws near a close, on January 5th, or *vispera*, there is a grand rush of townsfolk from the country. It is quite impossible on the 5th to get a horse in San Juan. One meets on the roads, entire families in canvas-covered ox-carts and in vehicles of every description, bound for the plantations, where the yearly reunion takes place. One of the chief dishes eaten in the way of a *dulce* (in the country districts at this time is *pastilea*, fried cake made of banana flour and stuffed with choice bits of pork, raisins, onions, olives, and garlic, among other things. A sort of corn flour cake, called *arepas*, is another delicacy; it is made in various curious shapes, wrapped in heavy banana leaves and baked on top of the stone charcoal stove. *Alfajores* are another cake of a similar sort. There is also no end of *dulces* of cocoa, oranges, and other fruits.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the fact remains that the Porto Ricans are a happy, contented people, and that they thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the Christmas festival, which, instead of lasting twenty-four hours, is continued for half that number of days.

San Juan, P. R. SIDNEY S. McKEE

ANSWERED PRAYERS

W. D. S., New York. "I want to testify to God's goodness in answering many prayers. My faith has been strengthened by reading the 'Answered Prayer' column."

W. E., Louisiana. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers. He restored my husband from sickness, and by his help we have made an abundant crop. Praise the Lord."

A. A. P., Brooklyn. "I wish to add my name to the list of those who believe in answers to prayers. So many times have my prayers been answered, that I ought to publicly acknowledge my faith in God, that others may be led to trust him."

K. C., La Junita, Colo. "I wish to testify that the Lord has many times given me a direct and speedy answer to my prayers. Recently, when my loved ones were in great distress, from which no human help could save, the Lord heard our prayers."

W. C., New Jersey. "Our Heavenly Father is indeed a prayer-answering God. Although I am just a young girl, I can testify to that, for he has answered many of my prayers. I have never been sorry I gave myself to Him while I was still very young."

A Subscriber. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God to me for many years in answering prayers, and also for present blessings. I find a great comfort in going to God with my troubles and perplexities. He surely is a comfort in every time of need."

A Loving Christian Friend. "As my heart trusted and waited, the answer to my prayer came. I can truly say I believe in Christ and prayer, and that without Christ's daily help and guidance this earth would not be beautiful to me, 'Whom having not seen I love.'"

Jennie O. B., Vermont. "I wish to add my testimony in regard to answered prayer. I prayed earnestly. Very soon the answer came. Our Heavenly Father surely hears our prayers and is ever ready to help us in time of need. I have received many answers to prayer."

Mrs. E. H., Deckerville, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge God's loving mercy in answering my prayer for a friend who was seriously ill. I promised God if he would spare his life, according to his will, I would publicly acknowledge it. Praise his holy name, he has heard and answered my prayer."

Lillian N., Illinois. "God hears and does answer prayer, when we go to him in faith. He delivered me out of a terrible trouble and filled me with joy when it seemed there could be no more happiness for me. I promised to acknowledge it, and I wish others to trust God in all troubles and to know he answers prayer."

Mrs. F. W. B., Raymond, Minn. "I was in very great trouble, and I prayed to my kind, Heavenly Father, and was given faith to the claim, the promise in John 15: 7, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' And my Lord did most wonderfully fulfil his promise."

D. J. C., Marietta, Kans. "Our prayers are never unanswered if we ask in faith. The answer may not come just in the way we expect, but it is always in the best way. During a recent illness, I prayed for health and strength to care for my sick baby. The Lord has graciously restored us both to health, praise his name."

Mrs. M. A., Iowa. "I, too, thank God for his love in answering prayer. Many times, and in two instances of late, but at present a dark cloud of sorrow is over me, and waves beat high, yet my trust is in Him, who has all power in heaven and earth. He has ever been my refuge. Great things are wrought by prayer. Pray for me."

C. C. H., Vermont. "I must add my testimony to the many who believe in God as a prayer-hearing and answering God. 'They shall call on my name, and I will hear them,' is a sure promise. In times of trial and sorrow, in distress and physical weakness, He has heard and answered, comforted and healed. Blessed be his holy name."

H. B., Philadelphia. "That the faith of some else may be strengthened, I want to testify to God's willingness to answer prayer. The cloud hung heavily over me, the burden seemed more than I could bear; I rolled the burden upon him, and in a marvelous way the threatened evil was averted. Truly 'God is greater than our fears'

Acknowledgments of answered prayers have also been received from S. L. C., Branchville, N. J.; Mrs. M. G. H., Canada; a Mother, Eureka Springs, Ark.; Mrs. S. V. P., Olive Hill, Ky.; R. J. A., Skenda, Mo.; E. S. P., Marietta, Kan.; a Girl of Thirteen, Nebraska; Mrs. V. R., Oakland, Cal.; Flora M. S., Camden, Me.; W. H., Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. M. Cormack.

CHRISTMAS ON THE CONGO

ON THE PIAZZA OF THE MISSIONARY'S HOME

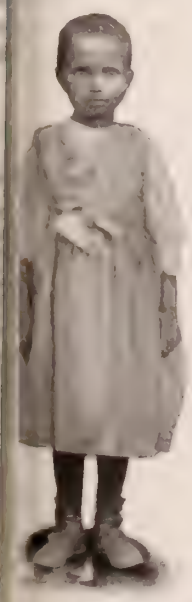
WE had been at Luebo, in the heart of the Congo Free State, Africa, less than a year. We were ten thousand miles f n home, in the heart of heathendom; t people had not the slightest idea of (l; they were dirty, degraded, wicked.]ir only desire was for something to e a place to sleep, and a small piece of h to wear. They had no love for one ther, they fought and killed, and ed their wars with a cannibal feast. word, "love," was unknown in their abulary. The children appealed to nore as animals than as human. What e, then, had Christmas in their minds? lowever, the matter was talked over, the objections met, and the decision hed that Santa Claus should be invit- to come! Word was sent to him to e at home his fur coat and big mit- , and to don, in place of them, a te duck suit and a white helmet.

Ve had on our station about two hun- d natives, men, women and children, were working for us, and we confined dinner to them, hoping it would prove object-lesson to the hoards of untu- d savages that swarmed in the sur- nding woods.

lessengers were sent to the country search of wild boars; others to buy ava; still others for chickens, peanuts, bananas, palm- sweet potatoes and palm-nuts. These, of course, we l for.

arly on the morning of Christmas Day, the prepara- is were begun. The boars were killed and cut up into es and placed into clay pots—of which there were quantity made by the Baka uya people near us—and boiled r open fires. The cassava was le up into puddings, native ion, each about as large as a n's head, and resembling, in ure, unbaked bread or dough; taste, putty mixed with oil. h pudding was dipped in the len-colored palm-oil before wing. There being no conveni- es for roasting the chickens, y also were boiled and divided portions. Ears of green corn, et and succulent, were roasted heir natural coverings; the pea- s were pounded fine in the big ive mortars, and then mixed h palm-oil and plenty of wild pepper, and moulded into es.

he people seated, pots of sa- y meat were placed in the tre of each group; around the s in grand display were placed corn, peanuts, sweet potatoes l palm-oil. No tablecloth ked the ground, no knives nor ks nor spoons lent themselves to decoration, but there was plen- of food, and restless, hungry ple. We had told them that no was to eat until all were served, l until a blessing was asked. last the supreme moment came. th hands uplifted one of the sionaries, in broken African dialect, invoked the ssing, and then the signal was given. But the mis- sionaries were not prepared for what was to follow. No sooner had the signal passed than, with a yell that would have put a Comanche Indian to shame, every native made a dive for a pot of meat—a pack of famished dogs let loose in a kennel with one bone could not have created more havoc. In a moment, clay pots were smashed, peanuts were scattered, potatoes were ground into the dirt, faces were scratched, hands were cut, clothing was torn off, and the hearts of the missionaries were almost broken. Men and women and children fought for pieces of meat, and pandemonium reigned. Never were peace and quiet and anticipated joy so suddenly destroyed. Words were useless; threats lost in the air. We were forced to gather ourselves together and leave the scene.



LITTLE NATIVE PLAYER

We stayed. The years rolled on. Ten of them, years filled with hopes and fears, trials and disappointments,—and hard work also. And now another Christmas day is drawing near. Not all of the first little band of missionaries are present; some have passed away to be forever with the Christ in whose honor the feast is celebrated. The same sun is shining, the same perfume scents the air. But how changed is all the rest! In the centre of the compound, on the very spot where the first Christmas was held, stands a church. The night before Christmas, after all the black eyes had closed in slumber, lights could have been seen inside the sacred walls, strange forms passing from house to church, as the missionaries helped old Santa Claus bring in his bundles.

PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS FEAST IN CONGO-LAND

Early Christmas morning, all was life again,but orderly, peaceful life. At ten o'clock, the church bell tolled out its joyous sound, and from the various paths leading from the homes of the people, came men, women and children, dressed in gay calicoes and white muslins. Very orderly they enter the church; very quietly and with becoming decorum they seat themselves on the rude but serviceable benches, politely reserving the first row for the visiting traders, who had been invited. The platform was still empty, save that space where the portable organ stood, and around this were gathered a few natives, while on the organ-stool sat a little native girl, only eight years old, her hands ready to touch the keys. The music you would have recognized, but the words were in the native tongue. Then a missionary offers prayer, while each head bends in true devotion. A programme is then worked out—a chorus, sung by the whole school, opens the entertainment. Songs and recitations, with a well-executed drill by some boys dressed as soldiers, follows. The instrumental solo on the harmonium by the little girl of eight is particularly appreciated. But the most interesting part of the programme to most of the audience is headed: "Good Things From Santa Claus." At a given signal, a big palm tree, laden with presents and decked with ornaments and as beautiful as any in the home-land, is disclosed. Everyone keeps his seat until his name is called, and what funny names,—Kapinga, Malindola, Kacunga, Katali, Mudimba, Ngoya, etc., etc. — and then each marches quietly up to the tree to get his present and with the same dignity quietly resumes his seat. Toys and candies, dolls and gingerbread? Oh, no. Bags of peanuts, cowrie shells, beads, bells, brass wire and mouth organs. Each also gets a big tin spoon and a small paper of salt, common table-salt!

And yet this is prized as highly by each one as any gift. Think of unwrapping your gifts on Christmas day and finding a tablespoonful of salt as a present! Some of the more favored ones get a yard or two of bright calico, and all are happy. Prayer closes the entertainment, and all join reverently in the Lord's Prayer as follows:

Tatuetu, udi kulu, muexa nengila! Bukilinge buebi bua kulua. Bualu buebi budi bu malabu buina budi mudiulu. Utufi bidia bia lelu. Utufi lusa lua mabenzi etu buina tetu mutuditu fa lusa lua mabenzi a bantu banga. Katulexi nxila idi miteya. Tupandixa tetu kudi ndoka. Bualu bua bukilinge buebi ne ngula webi budi kudi wewe kua matuka monso cindilela. Amen.

When the exercises in the church are ended, races are run and the greased pole climbed. The people enter into this with just as much gusto as do the dear boys and girls at Mont-Lawn.

And how was this change wrought? you ask. Well, it means a tale of ten long years of weariness and trial. Then, too, sickness and death came to the little band. The deadly African fever lurked in every corner of each home. Soon the band of missionaries was reduced from six to two. For a time my wife and I were left alone in the heart of Africa. Insects swarmed in vast numbers; flying roaches, as large as humming-birds, held nightly carnival in the houses; the white ants entered our dwellings to eat up all the woodwork, as well as the clothing. Once in a while, a python, ten to fifteen feet long, would draw its mighty body, like a few lengths of animated stove-pipe, over our mission grounds.

Discouraged by the lack of interest on the part of the natives, wearied out by their fights with ignorance and superstition and filthiness, the missionaries were about to give up, and indeed the home committee thought seriously of withdrawing from the field, when one Sunday morning, six natives were baptized into the church.

In front of the pulpit stood the little table, with the chalice and plates, the wine and the bread, covered with the whitest of linen. Around the table gathered the six natives, who less than a year before had been heathens of the heathen—unkempt, dirty, cruel, and wicked; fighting with each other,and partaking of human flesh at their feasts, but who now were clothed and in their right minds, and with a glow on their dusky faces wonderful to behold. Surely they had been "brought up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and their feet set upon a rock."

And so the church grew, and when the Christmas day came, there was a church of over two thousand members —earnest, true Christian men and women.

(Missionary) D. W. C. SNYDER.

SOME CONGO HEATHEN COSTUMES

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Spirit of Christmas

IN reading the story of the first Christmas morning, one is struck with the extreme simplicity of the narrative. The most important event in the whole world's history had occurred, yet how quietly. The Son of God had been clothed with humanity, and had come into the world because "God so loved the world." The beginning of such a stupendous plan of salvation would seem worthy of all glory and pomp which the earth could afford; a palace for the birth-place of the Child, purple and fine linen for his robing, and a jeweled cradle for his bed. All the softness and beauty which riches could buy and mother-love suggest, would seem appropriate surroundings for this most precious Babe, whose birth was the incarnate hope of the world.

In this day of many-sided luxury, when so many people are losing sight of everything else in the wild scramble for wealth and the power it brings, it is good to go back to that story, so simply and sweetly told, of the first Christmas. There was no room at the inn, and all the place that the sweet young mother could find was in a stable, and the first cradle for her Glorious Son was a manger. But the mother knew—and there was no murmuring in her heart as she looked about her in that humble place, although it lacked even the commonest comforts and requisites of such a time.

Christmas is the season of all the year when we should be happy. Are we fretting because we are too poor to give our children the gifts we desire to give? Two thousand years ago another mother had not even a comfortable bed in which to lay her first-born, or one dainty garment in which to clothe his body, and she did not complain. She was content to gather her Son to her heart, though she had no gift but her precious mother-love.

Christmas has come to be regarded almost entirely as a day for feasting and for the exchange of gifts. This is well; gladness and joy should ring a peal in every heart; but that is no reason why he or she that hath should be loaded down and encumbered with useless gifts just because it is a Christmas custom. Exchanges of simple tokens of the love that should be a part of the day, are assuredly appropriate; but while we are spending perhaps more money than we are justified in doing in remembering our loved ones, let us not forget those who are in want of the humblest necessaries of life. If we are bemoaning our inability to give as we would wish, let us remember that little family group gathered on that first Christmas in the stable at Bethlehem. Then let our thoughts go out to those to whom the world has not been over kind, and let the generous deed follow the thought. There are none too poor to give a pleasant, loving word, and none so rich as to afford to despise it, or be indifferent to it on this day of days. Let us cherish the true Christmas spirit, and, while giving and receiving all sweet and precious gifts, let us remember with grateful, reverent hearts, that first Christmas gift so freely bestowed, that pearl of great price, whose setting was the bare manger in Bethlehem's stable.

The Workers and the Idlers

IN the beautiful allegory of "The Worker at the Gate," which we publish in another column, there is a truth which may convey a widely different meaning to different people. To the weary and heavy-laden; to those who are bowed down with toil, and who have long since ceased to live for themselves; and especially to those whose lives seem to be spent in the treadmill of laborious daily effort, this allegory brings a measure of sweet consolation and cheer. It tells them that no honest labor is in vain; that the great Father himself is a ceaseless worker, and by His own example, and through the life of His Son on earth, has honored all true work. Christ was a carpenter. On all labor, whether in the field, the workshop, the store, the study, the office, the factory, the mine, or upon the deep sea, the Divine blessing rests, for labor is worship.

To the indolent, the devotee of pleasure, the rich, who plan out for themselves lives of ease and idleness, the allegory cannot have this gracious interpretation. Its beautiful language must read to them as a rebuke. Aimless and purposeless are such lives, for they contribute nothing to the sum of human knowledge and happiness. It is folly to envy them; they should rather excite pity. If this world is a training school for the next, which is to be one of the highest and noblest activities of which man's spiritual nature is capable, surely he who shirks his task and wastes his time in the pursuit of ephemeral things here, will find occasion for bitter regret. If he has labored neither with hand nor brain; if he has contributed nothing to human knowledge or happiness; if he has had no glimpses of the ideal manhood and of the Divine purpose in our existence here, but has simply lived for pleasure and self-gratification while others were working with all their might for the world's betterment, he has missed the mark irretrievably.

An Atheist Temple

FROM an announcement recently made in connection with a public entertainment, we learn that a project is on foot to erect a new temple in New York, to accommodate a class for whom no provision at present exists. The statement occasions some surprise, for it was supposed that every form of belief and many varieties of unbelief were represented among New York's numerous fanes. Like ancient Athens, the city has altars of every kind, and more than one that might appropriately bear the inscription that Paul read on that altar in the old Greek metropolis, "To the Unknown God." Irreligion, however, does not appear to be satisfied with an altar that boasts its ignorance of God, but desires one in which the existence of God is openly denied. No such building, it is said, has yet been opened, and it is this which it is now proposed to erect.

We cannot believe that such a temple is needed. Unhappily there are among the citizens many who live as if there was no God. They ignore him in their lives, they break his commandments, and they are never found among his worshipers, but even they do not go to the extreme of denying his existence. In time of peril, or of sudden calamity they call upon him for help, and in their last moments they appeal to him for mercy. In these days scientists of the most advanced type are acknowledging that their theories do not account for the material world. Others, and these are the great masters, declare that their study of science leads them back to the old faith, and that only the fool, or the man whose studies are shallow and superficial, denies that there is a God. It is not long since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published letters from men of eminence in the Cabinet, the Senate, on the bench, in the army and the navy and in all the professions, men of undoubted ability in every walk of life, avowing themselves believers in the truths of religion. The days of open and avowed infidelity have passed; the theories of Hume and Tom Paine are ridiculed, and the highest intelligence in the world is found now among the ranks of believers. It is a step backward, an admission of ignorance, to call for the erection of a temple devoted to the negation of religion.

Singularly enough, we learn from the man who makes the announcement of the project in the press, and who is an acknowledged leader in the movement, that the demand for the temple originated with the Russian Hebrew refugees who came to this country some years ago, in the beginning of the immigration. He says, "They brought the seed." That fact partly explains the movement. That they have become infidels is possible; they do not know better, and we should pity them, and hope that in a new environment they will learn the folly and wickedness of their attitude. But we cannot believe that American Hebrews have accepted them as leaders. They, of all men, cannot be atheists. Their history is an incontrovertible evidence of God's existence and his faithfulness. That they have, as their leader says, found "their religion an empty shell," we can well believe. But it cannot be filled by a further negation. Its logical tendency is toward the Christ who fulfils the prophecies of their own prophets, and in whom the highest hopes of their race find their fruition.

CHRISTMAS at the Bowery Missio

SINCE Thanksgiving Day, when 1,200 substan dinners were served to a like number of hung homeless, friendless and luckless men and boys, 100 impoverished families were supplied with generou filled baskets, the early morning breakfasts to 1, shivering, unfortunate men, to whom this break of t dreary all-night tramp out in the cold and snow and sl is a perfect godsend, have been kept up daily.

The hospitable doors of the Mission are thrown o promptly at one hour after midnight. The lines t stretch for over a city block one way, and again as in the other direction, begin to move as soon as the f completed hour of the new day is told from the chu steeples in the neighborhood, and within a very minutes the hall is filled with men and boys, keenly joying the warmth, light and comfort for a little wh as they drink their steaming hot coffee and eat the r fresh from the baker, immediately thereafter resum their tedious, wearisome tramp for the balance of night, in order to make room for those following behi

While the breakfasts continue nightly without int mission, great preparations are being made to prov good cheer on Christmas Day for at least 1,500 men a boys, many of whom last year took their Christm dinner at the old homestead, surrounded by father a mother and friends and kindred dear; for nearly all young men on the Bowery hail from country hom which they but recently left, full of bright hope, to ma their fortune in the great metropolis.

But now they are stranded and reduced in means such an extent that even a postage stamp is too grea luxury to be indulged in, and hence the old folks home will receive no tidings from the boy, for whom, all probability, a chair will be placed at the table, hopes that, somehow or other, he will find his way ba to the family fireside in time to share the blessi wherewith God has blessed them.*

And while these boys are with us, some, oh so hon sick, we must look after them. Christmas must not passed by them in dreary loneliness, out in the cold, truly in many cases the misfortune that has befallen th is no fault of theirs. They did not know when they star from their homes that there were thousands of workl men in New York. To give them a lift just during t holiday season may prove, and often has proved, t turning-point in many a career. And so we invite th to spend Christmas at the Bowery Mission, where a st stantial dinner and a pleasant entertainment will be p vided, and where they will hear messages of good ch and encouragement from the lips of our beloved Super tendent Hallimond, dear Mother Bird and the writer.

If God shall lay it upon the hearts of any of our st scribers, whom He has prospered and blessed, to aid us this great work, or in providing for Mrs. Bird's Chri mas tree for one thousand East Side children of the po who, but for this entertainment would go without dc toys, gloves, warm stockings, or some other useful tri that would contribute to the pleasure and comfort the little ones, they may send their contributions to T CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and in columns they will find early acknowledgment of ea and every gift.

Please do your best for the Bowery Mission, the m worthy charity I know of, a haven of rest to many a pc country lad, and a lighthouse to many an unfortuna mariner on the dark and boisterous sea of life.

Louis Klopsch

*Realizing the intense distress which prolonged and unaccou able silence must bring to the hearts of loved ones at home, t Bowery Mission will hereafter provide, free, all the facilities correspondence, and forward, at its own expense, any letters whi destitute men and boys may wish to mail to friends at a distan

Any who may desire to return home will be encouraged a assisted, and ambitious ones anxious to stay and win out in t unequal struggle, will be helped, as far as we are able to fi suitable employment.

Great Britain in Africa

MORE important and more interesting than was at first supposed, is the territory known as Northern Nigeria, which now is under the British protectorate. It covers an area of 500-00 square miles, and has an estimated population of wenty millions. Sir Frederick Lugard, who has taken prominent part in organizing its government, gives a lowing account of its resources, which appears in the *National Geographic Magazine*. Cotton has been grown here for many generations. Tanned goat skins have een largely exported, and the country is rich in minerals an extent undreamed of. Rubber, palm kernels, ivory, um, and wood oils are already among the exports. A ilway through the country would largely increase the cal products, which are now wasted for lack of facilities f transportation. Hitherto, the hief industry has been slave raid-g, from which the chiefs and the ing have derived their revenues. No district in Africa," says Sir rederick Lugard, "has suffered a similar degree from this odi-us traffic. Every dry season, gular armies took the field, and rge sections of the country were lmost entirely depopulated. uined towns met the eye in every irection. The currency of the ountry was almost exclusively aves. All that is now a thing of e past." Since the British con-ol began, two years ago, the ave raids have entirely ceased. he country has been divided in-sixteen provinces, over each of hich an agent has been placed, ho is held responsible for the ppression of the raids. He is ssisted by two political officers, nd a police officer, who has under im a force of fifty native con-ables. They are expected not nly to prevent slave-raids, but to e that economic resources and ade are developed. Kano, the pital, is an extensive city, with some pretensions to arch-ecture. The houses are not of the beehive shape com-on in savage Africa, but have flat roofs, which are made re-proof. A space of thirty-three acres is kept for the ing, whose palace is an imposing structure. He ruled ith unlimited despotism. One of the pools of the city was place of execution, and there, at the arbitrary command f the king, men were beheaded. Punishment for minor ffences was inflicted at another pool. It consisted in the ss of limbs. The common prison was a horrible place. was usual to keeps two hundred prisoners there, ut it is so small that there is not standing room for them. he officer in charge said that many were crushed to death the night, and their dead bodies were hauled away in e morning. There was one decaying, putrid corpse ill lying there, when the British Commissioner visited e prison. The British Government are governing rough the native king and chiefs. The strange thing , that now the revenue from the slave trade is cut off, nd other arbitrary methods of raising money are opped, the king has a larger income than before, owing the better and more orderly administration. The eople also are thankful for the change, for now life and roperty are safe.

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice: but when e wicked bear rule the people mourn (Prov. 29: 2).

VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE KING AT KANO

KANO, THE CAPITAL OF NORTHERN NIGERIA

Reform in Russia

The augury of a new era in Russia, which was re-ognized in the appointment of Prince Sviatspolk-Mirsky s Minister of the Interior, in succession to the hated on Plehve, appears to be justified. He has taken ep of a most momentous character. It is to allow the rdinary people of Russia to express their opinions of the ind of reform they desire to see in the government of e Empire. To us this seems a very elementary thing, ut in Russia it produces astonishment. The people ere have hitherto been expected to leave all questions f government to the Czar and the heads of departments, nd to suffer in silence. They have had no voice what-ver in the government. Now a tentative change has een made. There are throughout the Empire a species f local councils, called Zemstvos, which have control of chools, sanitation, and matters of local concern. Their power is extremely limited, but they are the nearest approach there is to representation of the people. They had no opportunity for united action, and needed to be crowned by a national legislature, which should do for the whole Empire what the Zemstvos did for the provinces and minor districts. Such a step, however, would have been deemed revolutionary, and would have been sternly suppressed as treason. Now, however, about a hundred representatives of the Zemstvos have held a conference in St. Petersburg. It does not appear that the conference had the sanction of the government, but it is very certain that it would not have been held if it had not been assured by the Minister of the Interior that it would not be molested by the police. The conference has been in session for four days, and has framed a memorial to the Czar, urging the necessity for representative institutions. Formerly, such an act would have brought the signers under the operation of the law which condemns to penal servitude any persons agitating for a change in the form of government. But not only has the memorial been received by Prince Mirsky and presented to the Czar, but that monarch has given audience to a deputation of four members of the conference, in order that they might explain to him more fully the purport of the memorial. It is stated, with some show of authority, that the memorial practically demands in guarded and respectful terms, that a Parliament or Congress elected by the people shall be summoned for legislative purposes. The proposal, it is believed, would be favorably considered by the Czar, but would strike horror into the hearts of the governors and aristocrats who now practically govern the country. So powerful are they, that the Czar may fear to oppose them. It is believed that the known intention of his grandfather, Alexander II, to grant such a concession was the cause of his assassination. It is suspected that it was the aristocrats and not the Nihilists who planned his death. Whether Nicholas II. will have the courage to grant the concession, in the face of their opposition, remains to be seen. It is a good sign that he has consented to listen to the deputation from the conference. It is the opinion of men who know Russia thoroughly that it would be a wise thing to make the concession, and that if refused a revolution may break out. The Czar, therefore, is between two fires. On the one hand, if he yields, he incurs the enmity of the aristocrats; and on the other, if he refuses this measure of reform, he faces the danger of revolution. The folly of the aristocrats in resisting the granting of a constitution is like the folly of the princes whom God's ancient prophet reproved:

Let it suffice you, O princes of Israel; remove violence and spoil, and execute judgment and justice, take away your exactions from my people (Ezek. 45: 9).

The War

News comes from the Japanese headquarters at Port Arthur that an order has been received by Gen. Nogi from the Emperor, directing that a general attack be made on the fortifications, and that the citadel be captured at any cost. This is probably due to the near approach of the Baltic fleet, which will undoubtedly make a supreme effort to relieve the garrison. Stories come from the besieged fortress indicating that provisions and ammunition are both becoming scarce. It is obvious that it will be Japan's policy to storm the forts before help can come. That the slaughter will be terrific is foreseen. Gen. Stoessel is determined to resist to the last, and will make a desperate defence. His undaunted spirit is shown by the fact that although wounded and confined to his bed in the hospital, he still retained his command, and directed from his bed the movements of the heroic garrison. Whatever the issue may be, his name will live in history as the one great general on the Russian side that the war has produced. While position after position has been abandoned by other generals, he has held fast his post and has stubbornly refused to yield. In the north there was no change in the relative position of the armies. Both are receiving reinforcements and supplies in preparation for a decisive battle. Gen. Kouropatkin is unable to proceed South and Gen. Kuroki has made, up to the close of last week, no further effort to drive him back from Moukden. It is probable, however, that the inaction will end shortly and a decisive battle will take place. Both there and at Port Arthur the conflict will be such as Isaiah graphically described.

The battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood (Isa. 9: 5).

Messages to a Balloon

An attempt was made at the World's Fair, at St. Louis, on Nov. 11, to communicate by wireless telegraphy with a balloon. The balloon used contained 6,000 cubic feet of gas, and had a carrying capacity of 500 pounds. After it had been released it rose rapidly to a height of 1,200 feet, and afterwards to 1,400. When at that height, twenty messages were sent from the station of the wireless system in the Exhibition, and were duly received and recorded. The experiment was considered a success from every standpoint. So satisfactory were the results that it is probable that additional experiments will be made in the near future, when the balloon will be equipped with both receiving and sending instruments. This is said to be the first successful experiment yet made on this side the Atlantic to use the wireless system between the earth and the clouds. If the infidels, who a hundred years ago ridiculed Christians for believing that their prayers were heard in heaven, had been told that, by simple human means, messages would be sent into the clouds in this generation, they would have been as incredulous as they were about prayer.

It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do (Job 11: 8)?

BRIEF NOTES

The Sunday School lesson for December 18 will appear in our issue next week.

A member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia was offered an order for goods from his factory to be used by the Navy Department. But he declined it, on the ground that it was not consistent with his principles to sell goods to the War or Navy Departments.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER II—Continued

"WHY don't you go on?" he said to Stanton. "The men will listen to you now."

"They don't have to listen to me," Stanton said slowly.

"Fools!" Harvey exploded. Then he got up with a bound, and in one stride was leaning over the footlights. His long arm shot out with rough and vicious gesture, and every man in the hall felt as if something had struck him in the face.

"Hain't you got sense enough yet," he roared, "to know that it's the men that don't believe like we do that can sometimes teach us the most? I don't believe half the stuff Dr. Stanton preaches, but I've got sense enough to keep still while he's talking, and then tell him so when he's got done. And what difference does it make to him anyhow if you don't listen, the man that's got a hearing through the press and the platform a million times bigger'n this; what's the sense of trying to howl him down! Dr. Stanton is my guest. I invited him in here with the consent of the Platform Committee, and by thunder if you don't treat him civilly you can go to kingdom come for a new chairman!"

He stopped suddenly and walked back to his chair. The crowd cheered good-naturedly. Cries of "Stanton!" "Stanton!" went up all over the hall. He nodded in response to Harvey's questioning look and rose and went forward. There was vigorous applause which ceased the minute he began. In that hush Stanton thought he could hear through the open windows an unusually loud roar from the crowd outside. Several faces in the hall turned toward the windows, and at the back of the hall a number of men went out. But it was quiet enough inside, as Stanton said:

"As I was remarking, according to Christ, the most practical remedy for all the troubles of the world is love, and that is the one remedy that you social labor leaders have the least to say about. Take, for example, the programme of the Social Democrats of Berlin, just announced. It is a declaration of remedial measures for the good of the people, and it demands the following:

"'1. One vote for every adult, man and woman; a holiday to be election day; payment of members.

"'2. The government to be responsible to parliament; local self-government; referendum.

"'3. Introduction of the militia system.

"'4. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

"'5. Equality of man and woman before the law.

"'6. Disestablishment of the Churches.

"'7. Undenominational schools, with compulsory attendance and gratuitous tuition.

"'8. Gratuitousness of legal proceedings.

"'9. Gratuitous medical attendance and burial.

"'10. Progressive income tax and succession duty.'

"This is not the whole platform, but it embraces the main things contended for. Now, of course, I believe in all these things. They seem reasonable to me, and no more than the working men ought to have. But I think that both employer and employed need, more than anything else, to have a mutual brotherly love for each other. 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' is a profound economic statement. If the laboring masses succeed by the ballot or by legislation in getting these things for the physical life, but do not get love to man and love to God, it will profit them nothing. All true progress towards an ideal social condition is based on a deeply religious foundation. That is what all your socialist leaders have left out. They clamor for the bread, but it is bread alone. And when you get it, it will not satisfy you, because a man cannot live by bread alone."

It is doubtful if ten men in the hall understood Stanton. He was conscious of that, but was going on, when a roar of voices outside rose so fierce and sudden that hundreds of men sprung to their feet all over the house.

"Scabs! Down at the mills! Company smuggling 'em in past the guards!"

The cry brought every man to his feet. Harvey flung himself to the front of the platform, and his voice roared over the heads of the men, "No force! No violence! Don't be fools!" He might as well have talked into a cyclone to still it. The mob surged towards the exits of the hall yelling, "Kill the scabs!" "Hang em!" "Kill 'em!" Men fought for their lives against the mad rush of those in front to gain the large doors at the rear. Harvey jumped over the footlights, right on the heads of the frenzied, howling mass in front of him, and struck out savagely right and left, as if in swimming, cursing, and threatening, and pleading all in one breath. The men cursed him in return and fought for the exits.

Stanton's next recollection is of a breathless moment, when he found himself face to face with Harvey out doors in front of the hall; the force of the surrounding mob having swept them both out and down the stairs, as if lifted on the torrent of some bursting reservoir. Stanton's immediate thought had been the same as Harvey's. But it is one thing to train men to keep away from a mob; it is another thing to tame a mob after it has once broken loose. It is not impossible to accomplish the first task; it is practically useless to attempt the second.

Stanton looked his interrogation at Harvey. The President of the Union had lost his hat, his collar was missing, and one sleeve of his coat was torn clean off. He was perfectly self-possessed, and answered Stanton's silent query, by saying, "The game's up! They won't listen to reason. Cold lead's the only thing now. And I hope every fool in the Union will catch his dose."

Then a fierce current of different nationalities, composed of half-drunken, howling, swearing, fighting strikers, poured in between Harvey and Stanton, and the next vivid recollection of the events of that night that Stanton had was of seeing a negro surrounded by the mob. This was down by the mills. The negro was tall, burly, and was fighting for his life. His clothes hung about him in rags, blood streamed over his face, ashen-hued and sickly through its black pigment, while the screaming, frenzied mob plucked at him, and struck him with fists and clubs and stones. He was still on his feet when Stanton reached him. He mistook Stanton for an enemy, and struck him a tremendous blow on the face. Stanton reeled, but recovered, flinging his arms about the man, and in doing so received a dozen stunning blows on the head and body. He felt faint and knew that consciousness was going. The next instant he fell, bearing down with him the negro, and as they went down, he was aware of a discharge of guns that roared over and through the mob with grim certainty. Then he felt the trampling rush of many feet striking his prostrate body, and after that he knew nothing more, until he came to himself, to find his wife kneeling over him, wiping the blood from his face, and calling him by name.

"Fredrick! Fredrick! This is terrible! There, dear! Does that feel better?"

He was in great pain, but he smiled at her, and managed to let her know that he was not shot or fatally hurt. Men were still running about, and several dark forms were on the ground. The negro lay partly under Stanton. Some one came running up hastily and got down by Stanton. It was Harvey, stained with blood and breathless, but raging over the fool mob.

"Oh Mrs. Stanton! I'm Harvey, I'll get Dr. Stanton home. You're not shot? You went down just in time. That was a brave deed, and I'll never forget it. I saw the whole thing."

He called for help. The soldiers carried Stanton and the negro over to the office of the mill company. After some delay the doctors succeeded in getting an ambulance.

"What'll we do with him?" asked Harvey of the doctor, pointing to the negro, who was still unconscious.

Stanton heard him.

"Bring him up to the house with me," Stanton whispered.

So the man was sent along in the ambulance with him, and Mrs. Stanton, with the help of a neighbor's wife, nursed and tended both patients until morning, which brought with it the relief of the doctor's assurance that neither Stanton nor his unexpected guest were in any danger.

The Lenox *Times* summed up the whole affair next morning. "Six killed, twenty-four seriously wounded. The soldiers fired only after everything else had been done to disperse the mob. Bruce Harvey is emphatic in his denunciation of the men who led off in the attack on the scab workmen. Most of them were negroes, brought up here last night by the company, wh hoped to get them inside while the strikers were hol ing the meeting uptown. The guards had grown car less, and it was all through an accident that the d sign of the company was discovered. As usual, b whiskey figured in the affair to a large extent. Tl first trouble started from the saloon on B street. O of the negroes, who was badly beaten, was rescued Dr. Stanton, and is now at his house. Mrs. Stant was uneasy over her husband, and hearing the noise the mob, ventured down near the mill, and was one the first to be present just after the fatal volley w fired. We are happy to state that Dr. Stanton is n dangerously hurt. The whole awful affair is a logic outcome of the strike, which is to be deplored fro every point of view. It is useless to argue with mob, but the responsibility for this loss of life res with the Union. Public sentiment which has partl at least, been with them, is now wholly with the m company. Let the law deal quickly and severely wit the guilty."

Within a week Stanton had recovered from the i juries sufficient to sit up. The negro was in the ne room, and still in bed, unable to move except wit great difficulty. He had suffered from a blow whic had crippled his back.

Stanton hobbled into the room one evening, and s down by the man.

"Well, brother, how are you getting on now?" h said, cheerily.

The man looked at Stanton somewhat vacantly first, and then his face cleared up as he said, painfully

"I'm feeling pretty bad, Dr. Stanton. But I don know what would have become of me if you hadn brought me here. I'm awfully sorry I struck you th night. I didn't know."

Stanton put his hand up to his own face and felt c the scar on his cheek.

"You hit hard. But I threw you all right."

"Mrs. Stanton tells me you saved my life. I won forget it."

The man raised a grateful face towards Stanto and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

After a while Stanton said simply:

"Tell me your story. Mrs. Stanton has given me little of it."

"Not much to tell, Dr. Stanton. I was working i the stamp mill at Harlan. When the strike bega there, I was thrown out. My brother was killed dur ing the trouble at Ball's mill. He was a scab, toc Then I came up here with the crowd. The Leno mill agent got me to come on promise of big pay an protection. I need the work. My wife and three chil dren are at Harlan now."

"Why didn't you join the Union?"

"Would you join an organization that killed you own brother, and then threatened to kill you becaus you wanted work?"

Stanton looked at the man and was silent. Hi mind was going over the field of action covered by th history of trades-unions, and all the good and bac commingled that the organizations had been so fa productive of.

"Besides that, Dr. Stanton, in one of the shops a Harlan where I worked for six months as a helper the Union would not admit a black man. Am I t blame for being black? All I ask is a fair chance t work for my family. Then I am called a scab an they try to kill me. Is that right?"

Stanton did not reply. What answer was there to cry like that? After a little more talk with the ma he went back to his room. In three weeks the negr was well enough to get up and leave the house. H was simply one human life that drifted into the cur rent of the lives of Fredrick Stanton and his wif Mildred, one out of hundreds that rapidly became strange and vivid part of their history, now that th world had become their parish instead of Saint Cecilia How diminutive and contracted that little parish o the Metropolitan Church seemed to both of them now. And yet Fredrick Stanton still loved the Church, and it was within range of possibility for him to go back into the ministry.

He was beginning to feel perfectly strong again, and was looking over a large mail, which contained many invitations to lecture, and talking over the matter with his wife, when Bruce Harvey called.

After inquiries as to his recovery, and the whereabouts of the negro scab, Harvey said gloomily, "Matters look bad for us, Mr. Stanton. Since that night

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we've steadily lost ground. To-day the company started up the lower mill with two hundred non-union men, and there was no resistance. It looks as if we were going to lose everything, after all."

"You have lost public sympathy. Violence is expensive. Besides, your cause was not just, to begin with. The public will never really endorse a strike that began like this one. Of course, you have a perfect right to strike. But you have no right to force all men into your Union, or dictate to them."

"Why don't they join the Union then!" burst out Harvey, with one of his fits of sudden rage. "Why don't they see what is good for them and help organize one solid compact of labor! The scab is an enemy of the workingman's best interests. He is like a traitor in the republic. And while I did my best, as you know, to prevent violence or force, I cannot help feeling bitter toward the men who refuse to join with us in a common fight against the unjust exactions of Capital!"

"Of course I don't agree with your point of view of the whole question, Mr. Harvey. I think the Labor Unions and the Socialistic Parties, and the other organizations that are antagonistic to Capital, are ignoring the one greatest thing in the world that can bring any real remedy to bear. You heard me state it the other night. I don't need to repeat it."

Harvey was silent, his large, heavy face showed gloomy and doubtful.

"Mr. Stanton, I've read your book several times, and I've admired it. There is a good deal in it to admire. And I'm frank to say I admire you and the course you have taken. But there are some things you don't know. Pardon me for saying it. You have never been through the mill yourself. You have studied these questions and mastered them in one way. But the real reason for the struggle between Capital and Labor; the real reason why the world, right now, is moving rapidly toward Socialistic ideas, has not been really grasped by you. If you will come with me to-night, and spend three or four hours with me right here in Lenox, I think I can show you why it is that the struggle of Labor is so bitter; why it is that we have made blunders and mistakes like the one the other night; why it is that your doctrine of Love, as you call it, won't work."

"I'm ready to go," said Stanton, eagerly. One of his best traits was an unaffected willingness to be taught any truth. It was with a certain eager anticipation of something worth while, that he accepted Harvey's challenge. For it seemed to him almost like that.

"You will not get my husband into any more mobs, will you, Mr. Harvey?" asked Mildred, as the two men went out.

"I'll promise that, Mrs. Stanton," Harvey answered with a grave smile. "We are going down by the mill first, but there is no danger now."

Stanton kissed his wife good-bye, and went out with Harvey, anticipating curiously the man's purpose. But neither of them will ever know how much that night's experience had to do with the shaping of many important events in the life of each one of them.

"THE MAN WHO SAT IN ITS CENTRE, DIRECTING ITS TENTACLES, WAS LIKE A HUMAN SPIDER"

CHAPTER III

ON the way down to the mills, Harvey was silent. When they reached the long row of tenements where the will operatives lived, he hesitated a moment, then went on past them to the first mill, where the work was being resumed by the non-union men.

The foreman, who knew Harvey, at first bluntly told him he could not enter. But after a few words he stepped aside and let Harvey and Stanton in, following them in the round they slowly made through the casting-room, where the men were at work.

The night shift was being initiated into its duties by small gangs of men familiar with the details. Stanton had been through the Lenox mills several times, and knew quite thoroughly the different processes, but the sight of them always fascinated him, and he never lost his wonder over the human ingenuity which fashioned the machinery and controlled its movements.

There was one huge contrivance in particular, which always seemed like a monster possessing actual intelligence. It moved on a steel track high over the billows of gas and smoke that filled the building, and it had a number of steel arms that rose and fell, that elongated and shot out, grasping immense pieces of white, hot metal, and dropping them wherever the god of the machine directed. The men called it the "Octopus," and it had more than a score of human victims to its grim credit, who had carelessly or incautiously disobeyed the mechanical clock-like exactness of its reach. The man who sat up in its centre, directing its tentacles, was like a human spider. He worked his levers and shouted his replies to orders from beneath in an uncanny bellow, that always seemed to Stanton like the voice of the machine itself.

As they went the round, dodging the glowing sparks, stepping out of the way of bars of white steel, that swept over mysterious tracks on cars that vanished with their loads into furnaces that shot from their incandescent openings, dazzling, great spears of light, that stabbed the toilers with unearthly heat, and made their grimy figures take on for the while the appearance of demons in some underground smithy of Vulcan. Stanton wondered, as he had wondered before, if it all paid, really paid, this pain that civilization exacted as the penalty for being civilized, and having railroads, and steel bridges, and things. And these were his brothers, at least his Christian faith taught him that; but looking at them there swarming under the tentacles of the "Octopus," it was not easy to believe that they were any more than parts of the forge, which could easily be replaced at so much a day when burned out, as they were, on the average, every twelve years. "Let us be civilized or die," he had heard Harvey say once. And he added, immediately, "and die—same thing."

Coming out into the night air was like stepping into a cold-storage room, yet it was a warm summer evening. Harvey looked at his watch, thoughtfully.

"Let's walk down past the 'Row,'" he said briefly.

The "Row" was the mill tenement district. It was over four blocks long, and as ugly and uninviting as red brick and uniform dimensions could make it. Stanton had also seen this numbers of times. It was no better, no worse, than hundreds or thousands of such rows of houses all over the world, where Labor eats and sleeps and calls it home. There were the same unfailing number of steps bordered by squares of trampled sod or bare dirt; the same dreary displays of litter on sidewalk or in gutter; the same corresponding rows of saloons on the opposite side of the street, where Labor drowned its cares and spent its last cent; in the daytime, the same squalid, dirty groups of children and pathetic and apathetic women, foreground and background for the "Row." The higher-priced laborers lived in better houses and their wives and daughters were smartly dressed, and there was a "grading up" that argued well or ill for the future as it meant more civilization or more caste spirit; but the Lenox mill "Row" that Harvey and Stanton walked slowly past, was typical of the rank and file of average labor in Lenox, and could be duplicated over and over again in any large factory or mill centre in the world.

All this time Harvey had not said anything, and Stanton had not asked any questions. Coming to the end of the tenements, the President of the Union said, "It's ten o'clock. Shall we go up on the avenue?"

"Wherever you say. I'm learning of you to-night," said Stanton briefly.

Fifteen minutes' walk brought the two into the better residence portion of Lenox. Ten minutes more and they were in the fashionable district where the churches were congregated.

"All the churches at one end of the town and the saloons at the other," said Harvey with a sneer. They were going by the front of Saint Cecilia, and Stanton was thinking of the same fact. He looked down the beautiful elm-shaded street, and counted six church towers of as many different denominations. The massive, expensive church buildings were all closed and dark. The saloons down by the "Row" had all been wide open and brilliantly lighted. It was only a little after ten o'clock, and the saloons would be open until one or two, and some of them all night. There was a Lenox saloon ordinance compelling them to close at midnight, but it had never been enforced. The attempt to enforce it had never been made, but the brewers of Lenox would have considered it a blow at their "personal liberty" if the authorities had moved against them. The liquor business is so constitutionally and habitually and persistently lawless that it has come to regard its own habits as the only lawful ones, and is naturally pained and indignant to have an officious mayor or policeman do his sworn duty. Meanwhile, it coins money day and night, and Sundays, while the big stone churches in the big cities, as a rule, do as Lenox does, open up twice a week for well-dressed people, who are, for the most part self-satisfied, and pass by on the other side. Were these dirty common mill men, these strikers, these rioting, drunken mobs, any relation to Saint Cecilia's elegantly refined and perfumed congregation? Only a part of the Brotherhood, Saint Cecilia. But your Christianity has not meant that to you, in spite of your distinguished wealth and culture. When you have come to the place of this fallen neighbor, you have promptly and religiously passed by on the other side. Will it be any more than your just deserts, if, in the making up of the rewards in the last Great Day, the Judge of all the earth shall say to you, oh, beautifully dressed Saint Cecilia, 'Depart from me! I never knew you'?"

In between the churches, handsome residences with wide lawns and lovely foliage. In front of one of the largest of these houses, Harvey stopped and said, "Wait here a minute!"

The house was whitely dazzling, with lights at every window. Elegantly dressed people were going and coming. Carriages and automobiles were crowding up to the curb in numbers, to receive or discharge their owners. Strains of music came from the open windows of the ball-room. The vision gained from the street of the whole affair, was that of lavish and indifferent display of excessive wealth, which did not know what to do with itself, except eat, drink, dress, gamble, and amuse itself generally.

Harvey touched Stanton's arm, and the two walked along slowly.

He then began to talk in a low tone, quite dispassionately. There was not a trace of bitterness or even anger, that Stanton could detect in him. It revealed a new and unexpected characteristic of the man, and gave Stanton one more reason for Harvey's popularity with the Union.

"You know, I suppose, that was Harwood's house. He is one of the largest owners of the upper mill. The earning capacity of that mill, according to the company's own statement, two years ago, was seven million. The net earnings, you understand, for dividends. Harwood is one out of twenty other men in Lenox who control the upper mill. It is strictly a trust, a monopoly of the most absolute character. You see how Harwood lives. The house is a palace. You see how his friends live. There's one of their houses."

They were then passing a magnificent residence, in front of which was a splendidly wrought iron gate and fence bounding a beautiful lawn. "Wrightam lives there—he's another millionaire, whose money comes out of the labor of Lenox lower mill. His family all go to Newport in the summer. His boys drink and gamble and his girls smoke cigarettes, and from what everybody says the old man and his wife are not on speaking terms half of the time; but the main thing is money with him and her. Now Mr. Stanton—" Harvey turned his head a little more towards Stanton—"I said you did not understand the real reason for the socialistic movement, or the trade-unions movement. Your book is clever. I don't deny that, and you have shrewdly and truly hit on some real causes of popular social discontent."

TO BE CONTINUED

Why Jesus Came as a Child

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE life of Jesus did not really begin on that first Christmas day in Bethlehem. His cousin, John the Baptist, who was six months older, once said of Jesus: "He was before me." Jesus said of himself: "Before Abraham was, I am." At another time, looking up to heaven, Jesus prayed: "Father, glorify me with the glory that I had with Thee before the world was." That is the first volume in the life of Jesus, his life with God "before the world was." Let us make or think of a frame for a picture of the life of Christ, and put yellow rays of glory in the upper left hand corner to picture that first volume of Christ's life. The second volume is about Jesus as the world's Creator. In the first chapter of John we are told of him who was afterward "made flesh and dwelt among us." "All things were made by him." The same thing is said in Colossians and Hebrews. The "Apostle's Creed," to be truly apostolic, should be changed in one word to say: "I believe in God, the Father, Maker of heaven and earth, through Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." It was by him God made the worlds. No wonder Jesus loved the flowers, and stilled the stormy sea and the demoniac soul, for he made them all. We will put into the lower part of our picture a green hill to represent the world, mineral and vegetable creations, and on it white sheep, to represent animal life, and brown shepherds, to represent God's highest creation of men. We will put a star into the picture to remind us he made other worlds besides ours. The third volume in the life of Jesus is made up of the thirty-three visits he made to the world in the Old Testament times, his appearances to Abraham, Moses, and others, that are called "theophanies," that is, visible manifestations of God. "No man hath seen God [the Father] at any time; the only begotten son who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath revealed him." That verse proves that when God is spoken of as seen, it must be the Son. Those short visits of the Jehovah-Jesus, the Lord of angels, who is often called "the angel of Jehovah," were revelations of God's love and justice. We will here put into our picture a white-robed manly figure on the hill-top, with angels all about him as his army in the air.

STAR OF THE NATIVITY

See! We have already pictured the beginning of the fourth and greatest volume of the life of Jesus, his human life on earth, for here are the shepherds and the angels proclaiming the Christ-child.

Let us pause for a little to recall that the prophets—Isaiah most of all—foretold all the life of Christ on earth hundreds of years before he came. We might make quite a complete life of Jesus from the words of Isaiah, written seven hundred years before the first Christmas. Let us turn to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Red Letter Bible, and from the red and starred verses arrange

THE LIFE OF JESUS IN ISAIAH

Isaiah proclaims Jesus as one descended from Jacob, from Jesse, from David (2: 3; 11: 1; 22: 22). Thus he pictures his birth: "A virgin shall conceive, and shall bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel" (7: 14). "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful" (9: 6). And thus Isaiah pictures Christ's spiritual baptism: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek" (11: 2; 61: 1, 2). And here is Isaiah's beautiful picture of Christ's miracles: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing" (35: 5, 6; 42: 7). We can almost see Jesus blessing little children as we read Isaiah's words: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." His wisdom and gentleness as a teacher and a friend of sinners is pictured in the words: "The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench" (42: 3; 61: 2; 11:3-5; 52: 13; 55: 5, 6; 49: 8-10). His words of severe but loving warning Isaiah thus describes: "Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff" (41: 15, 16; 40: 10). Here is Isaiah's Gethsemane: "I have trodden the wine press alone" (Isa. 63: 1, 3, 8, 9.) Isaiah's crucifixion is greatest of all his pictures: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities" (8: 14; 52: 14: 15; 53: 5). Isaiah also pictures the final world-wide triumph of the Crucified: "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end" (9: 7; 2: 2-14; 11: 10).

Isaiah told the Jews that Jesus would come to be both a sovereign and a sufferer. They thought he must mean that there would be two Messiahs, for they could not understand how a king could die for his people. Messiah in Hebrew, and the equivalent word in Greek, Christ, both mean anointed, that is, one anointed with oil to be a king. Christ's kingly coming was to bring "light" to those in the "darkness" of oppression.

At last, to the shepherds of Bethlehem, watching their flocks by night—a company of the lowliest people—came the "glad tidings," brought by angels, that the long-expected visit of God to man, in human form, was about to begin (Luke 2: 8-20). Among the angels was One who said to the trembling shepherds: "Fear not, for there is born unto you this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Ye shall find him swaddled like any other child, but in a cradle lowlier than the lowest, a cattle trough in yonder stable."

The next event in the life of Jesus, after the adoration of the Shepherds, occurred eight days after his birth, when he was called Jesus, meaning Saviour (Luke 2: 21). Because New Year's is eight days after Christmas, it is sometimes called "The Lord's Name Day." It ought to be a saving day to many every year. Next in order was the presentation in the temple, when Simeon and Anna recognized Jesus as the promised One, perhaps through seeing the angel light in his face (Luke 2: 22-39). Not until after all these events did the wise men arrive from far-off Persia. Jesus was no longer cradled in the manger, but they found him in a "house" where Joseph and Mary were living. These magi, bending from their dusty camels as they entered Jerusalem, had asked the traders and politicians wont to gather there the startling question, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" No wonder wicked King Herod was troubled when he heard of their question. His order to kill all the children of Bethlehem of two years and under, shows that the magi must have seen the star that proclaimed his birth at least a year before. Because of Herod's hate, hardly had the magi's adoration ceased before the infant Jesus was hurried away to Egypt to save his life, whence he came back in early childhood to grow up as a Nazarene, a carpenter boy, passing from childhood's play into boyhood's study and toil. Such is the story of the child life of Jesus, all of which may fitly be recalled on Christmas Day.

"THEY CAME WITH HASTE, AND FOUND MARY AND JOSEPH AND THE BABE"

ILLUSTRATION AND APPLICATION

How should Christmas be observed? Should it be as the devil would wish us to spend it, or as Jesus would have us spend it? To be wicked on Christmas day is the very worst profanity. To take God's name in vain is bad enough. To profane God's Sabbath is worse. But to make Christmas the time for wicked dissipations is as great a sacrilege as when the young king Belshazzar took God's sacramental cups to pass wine to the drunken men and women at his table that night when God wrote his sentence of death in fire on the palace wall. It is sinful also to fill the Christmas season with selfishness, thinking more of what we shall receive than of what we shall give, more of eating than of praising God.

How would Jesus have us spend Christmas? Of course he would have us in spirit spend it as nearly like the way he spent that first Christmas as is possible. He who was

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST"

rich, the millionaire of stars, "for our sakes became poor." He came down from his home in glory to lift up the lowly. We, too, in some lesser ways, can illustrate *noblesse oblige*. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." The best way to thank him is to pass on his gifts.

When Mark Guy Pearse was a boy, he was at school in Germany, though his home was in Cornwall. In those days it was necessary to take train to Bristol, and to travel thence by boat. When he had paid his passage-money on the boat, all his money was gone. However he thought he needed no more, and ate his meals and enjoyed the breezes with a light heart. But when the voyage was nearly ended, the steward presented a bill for some extra food. "I haven't any money," replied the boy. "You should not have ordered the things," answered the steward. "What is your name?" "Mark Guy Pearse." The steward shut his pocket-book with a snap. "Why, I know your father. When I was a boy and my mother a widow, your father gave me five shillings. All he made me promise was that if I found someone else in distress, I would pass it on." The steward put Mark into a boat, paid the bill, and gave the boy five shillings for himself. When Mark Guy Pearse grew up, he stood one day by a ticket-office, and saw a boy crying. "What's the matter, my lad?" said he kindly. "I've not enough money for my fare, and my friends are expecting me," sobbed the boy. "Here's the money," said the minister. "Now, come in with me, and I will tell you a story." He told the boy of what has just been told. "I'm passing on what was given to me; what will you do?" "I'll pass it on," said the boy. Let this motto mean more than passing on material gifts. If you have received God's "unspeakable gift," "pass it on," the blessing of pardon and peace that Jesus brings to every heart he enters.

Let us make this Christmas lesson the inauguration of a revival among the children. The angel did not say, as the old version of the Bible mistranslated it: "Good-will to men," as if all men, bad and good, were pleasing to God, and entitled to the Christmas "peace." What the angel said was: "On earth peace among men, in whom he is well pleased." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

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[The lesson for December 18, "Review of the Quarter," will appear next week.]

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*International Sunday School Lessor for December 25. The Prince of Peace. Isaiah 9: 1-7. Golden Text: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Isaiah 9. 6.

When the Ship Comes In

By Margaret E. Sangster

BLOWN hither by favoring winds, or battered by adverse gales, it makes little difference, if only the ship comes safe to land, bringing her passengers home, and depositing her cargo with its consignees. The important thing is not so much that the ship has had either rough weather or a smooth voyage, but that she has reached her destination. Always there are light hearts and glad voices when the ship returns. Often there are tears when she sails away, for partings are hard, and meetings are joyful. Long and dreary may be the nights of watching, but they are soon forgotten in the rosy dawn, when up the harbor her sails are spread, her flag is flying, and the ship comes gallantly home.

Some of us have had ships at sea for a great while. They have tarried many days, many weeks, perhaps many years, and we've almost lost heart, thinking we shall never see them more. In the meantime, if discreet and thrifty, we have worked steadily on just as if we owned nothing in ships that were out of sight. The little craft that we manage close in shore must always be our main dependence. There is a good deal of peril, and waste, and the pain of hope deferred, in counting too much on our faraway ships. People of sanguine temperament are given to mortgaging the future, drawing recklessly on investments that are vanishing quantities, and spending with a lavish hand gold, that for all they know, may be lying at the bottom of the ocean. Until the ship has actually made its wharf, don't publish your balance sheet.

Some of the ships that start forth with fairest hopes are never seen again. Some drift into wrong courses, and some are wrecked on stormy coasts. We cannot reckon very much on the ships that delay beyond their appointed time. To drop metaphor, it is the part of prudence to let each day tell for the best that it can, in work, in study, in aspiration, not sitting down and supinely waiting for some good fortune that is expected, but which may never be ours. For example, the man who takes a house bigger and more costly than he can afford, because he has the prospect of a large legacy from the estate of a kinsman, who may change his will a dozen times before he dies, is foolishly investing in a ship that may never come in. All sorts of complications and mortifications will be his portion while he is waiting for the good luck that may be, after all, a broken reed. A woman one day appeared at the house of a friend, arrayed in velvet and costly furs. The friend controlled her surprise at the magnificent raiment conspicuously out of character with the position of the wearer, but the latter airily explained: 'We haven't very much ready money, but I have an account at several shops, and these things won't have to be paid for till the season is nearly over. By that time, John's ship will have come in. You know he is going to make a pile of money on that Western land of his."

The pile of money was not made. The ship did not come in, and a good deal of suffering was undergone by the couple who had so unwisely allowed themselves to become embarrassed, by buying what they could not afford.

A husband, proud of his wife's beauty, and hating to deny her any request, sometimes breaks down, and dies in the middle of his days, through carrying too much weight; the man is bowed under burdens he should never have borne, and worn out with the strain of corroding anxiety.

Other days there are when the ship comes in, days which have no such shadow of gloom. Deep is the gloom when the ship arrives too late, and everything is spent before it comes. It does not then bring very much satisfaction.

There are little ships that come to harbor bringing nothing but radiant gladness. The day when the baby is born is one such day of joy.

Some of the sweetest love poems that have been written when the baby's ship has come safe in, have sprung from the thankful hearts of fathers. Mothers have no monopoly of tenderness when babies are concerned. And men write as fondly as women of home and childhood and love.

Mr. George W. Cable wrote a lovely little verse called "The Last Arrival." If it happens that you have not read it, you will be sure to like it, as it is quoted for you here:

There came to port last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft:
Without an inch of rigging on,
I looked, and looked, and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself within my room,
My daughter, oh, my daughter.

And George MacDonald, writing when the same sort of ship came in, said:

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.
How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Whenever a deserved recognition comes to a man or woman, in any sphere of service, it is in effect the coming in of a ship that has been waited for. The prizes of life earned by brave endeavor are white-winged ships that bring delight.

We are, by the way, of being much too serious and grave, in the conduct of our days, and we do not allow ourselves to be as merry as we ought. After childhood, very few of us in this strenuous time of ours, know how to play. We feel that we must always be tense, keyed up and ready for action. When our ships come in, do not let us be so sober that we cannot enjoy them. Every such arrival should give us a chance to have a household reunion, or a festival, or wholesome gayety and mirth.

As we grow older, we especially need to remember that this is a good world to live in, full of good people who love us, and that our business here is to be happy ourselves, and make others happy. Away with the spirit of the pessimist, who sees no blue in the sky, because a shower is passing, who hears the sobbing of the wind, but not the joyous symphony of the breezes that float from shores of balm. Though there are losses, there are gains; though sorrow enters, joy stays longest, and it's a good world, whether our ships come in or not.

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SANTA CLAUS MAKING UP HIS LISTS

The good old Santa of legend and song, who comes down the chimney at Christmastide,
Is making his lists many pages long, in the heavy book, so thick and wide.
He looks at the record the children have made, and picks out the best—so the story goes,
Then sorts out the gifts of every grade; who'll get the finest? Only Santa knows.

A Humble Life

Not long ago an old man died in New Jersey. He had lived three years longer than the century, and until he was ninety-seven, when he was retired on a pension, he had been a switchman on the Erie Railroad. He was said to be the best switchman in the employ of the company. His habit of total abstinence had been formed in youth, and he proudly showed the pledge he had signed when Father Matthew preached temperance in Ireland. The good man had no disease. He died as a tree might die—of old age. One word that he said to his friends is worth repeating: "I never tried to climb. I tried to do my whole duty in the humble station to which God was pleased to call me." All honor to his memory!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

MARY. I have never believed very much in judging character by handwriting. To some extent our teachers and the system we learn affect our writing. Penmanship should be legible and neat.

—CHARITY W. A girl not engaged should not permit a man to kiss her. This is the privilege of betrothed lovers and near kinsmen, and of nobody else.

—SARA L. The home of F. Marion Crawford is in Italy, and most of his books have an Italian background and Italian characters. They throw a sidelight on modern Italy.

—MRS. R. S. You can probably find out what you wish to know about your patriotic ancestry by an examination of the historical records of your own State, or of the State from which they came. If not convenient to do this in person, get some friend to do it for you.

—ISABELLE. Girls of fourteen who wish to give an evening party, and to have it pleasant, should invite the girls they know and a few of the girls' brothers. Have an even number of boys and girls. If you want a good deal of fun, I advise having a candy-pull, or else an advertisement party, with simple refreshments afterward. You pin pictures from familiar advertisements on a sheet without any text to tell what they are. Then have prizes for those who make the best guesses and for those who make the worst.

"Uncle Sam's Santa Claus"

THERE is a woman who, for upward of a quarter of a century, has held one of the most responsible positions in the government service at Washington, and who enjoys perhaps the oddest nickname ever applied to an American citizen. Her real name is Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, but to most of her friends, and to thousands of people who never saw her, she is known as "Uncle Sam's Santa Claus," or "Mrs. Santa Claus." Mrs. Collins, who is one of the experts in the Dead Letter Office, has acquired her unique title by reason of the fact that she is in charge of the division of the office to which come all the letters sent through the mails, which cannot be delivered because of unintelligible addresses. Thousands of "Santa Claus letters," written and mailed each year by children in all parts of the country, are sent to Mrs. Collins.

MRS. COLLINS, THE DEAD-LETTER EXPERT

Many readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that at each holiday season more than 20,000 letters, in childish handwriting, are dropped into the letter-boxes and post-offices of the United States, addressed to Santa Claus, "North Pole," "Iceland," "Snowland," or "In Heaven." These letters, one and all, tell what the juvenile correspondents would like to receive for Christmas, and sometimes Santa Claus is thanked for past favors. This avalanche of missives comes to Mrs. Collins, and usually she finds it necessary to greatly increase her force of assistants in order to handle the accumulation. There are often very pathetic appeals in the letters, and occasionally Mrs. Collins is enabled to bring great happiness to desolate homes, by bringing such worthy cases to the attention of persons of means, who are glad of the opportunity to do good at the joyous Christmas season.

The President on "The Simple Life"

INTRODUCING Pastor Charles Wagner of Paris, the author of *The Simple Life*, to a Washington audience a few days ago, President Roosevelt, speaking of the possibilities of doing good that lay within our reach, told the following remarkable incident:

"A few weeks ago, when I was walking back from church one Sunday, I noticed a great fire, and found that it was Downey's livery stable—you recollect it, three or four weeks ago, when the livery stable burned. Through a train of circumstances that I need not mention, my attention was particularly called to the case, and I looked into it. I had long known of the very admirable work done with singular modesty and self-effacement by Mr. Downey in trying to give homes to the homeless and to be himself a friend of those in peculiar sense friendless in this community, and I now by accident found out what had happened in connection with this particular incident.

"It appears that last spring Mr. Downey started to build a new livery stable. His stable is next door to a colored Baptist Church. Mr. Downey is a white man and a Catholic, and these neighbors of his are colored men and Baptists, and their kinship was simply the kinship of that broad humanity that should underlie all our feelings toward one another. Mr. Downey started to build his stable, and naturally wanted to have it as big a stable as possible, and to build it right up to the limits of his land. That would bring the wall close up against the back of the colored Baptist church, cutting out the light and air.

"The preacher called upon him and told him that they would like to purchase a strip six feet broad of the ground of Mr. Downey, upon which he was intending to build, as it would be a great inconvenience to them to lose the light and air; that they were aware that it was asking a good deal of him to cramp the building out of which he intended to make his livelihood, but that they hoped he would do it because of their need.

"After a good deal of thought Mr. Downey came to the conclusion that he ought to grant the request, and so he notified them that he would change his plans, make a somewhat smaller building and sell them the six feet of land in the strip adjoining their church. After a little while the preacher came around with the trustees of his church, and said that they very much appreciated Mr. Downey's courtesy and were sorry they had bothered him as they had, because, on looking into the affairs of the church, they found that as they were already in debt they did not feel warranted in incurring any further financial obligations, and so they had to withdraw their request. They thanked him for his kindly purpose and said goodby.

"But Mr. Downey found he could not get to sleep that night until finally he made up his mind that as they could not buy it, he would give it to them anyway, which he did. But, unfortunately, we know that the tower of Siloam often falls upon the just and the unjust alike, and Mr. Downey's livery stable caught fire and burned down. It was Sunday morning, and the Baptist Church was in session next door to him; and the clergyman stopped and said: 'Now, you women, stay here and pray, and, you men, go straight out and help our benefactor, Mr. Downey.' And go out they did, and got his horses all out, so that none of them were burned, although he suffered otherwise a total loss.

"Now I call that a practical application of Mr. Wagner's teachings. Here in Washington we have a right to be proud of a citizen like Mr. Downey; and if only we can develop enough such citizens, we shall turn out just the kind of community that does not need to, but will always be glad to study the Simple Life."

An Old Brooklyn Church

Saint Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church of Brooklyn, is planning a distinctly novel celebration for the Sunday before Christmas. The Old Home Week idea, so popular in New England, is to be utilized, and all former parishioners of this famous old church — of whom there are many thousand scattered over the whole United States—are to be especially invited to return and worship together to commemorate the seventieth birthday of their first church home. This parish was established seventy years ago. After outgrowing three buildings, the church in 1863 erected its present large and handsome structure at Classon and Willoughby Avenues. Since 1835 eight rectors have served the parish, they being successively the Reverends Joseph Hunter, John F. Messinger, and John Alden Spooner; the Reverend Doctors Thomas F. Gunon, John W. Shackleford, Daniel V. M. Johnson, W. W. Bellinger, and the present rector, the Rev. Dr. James Clarence Jones.

Exercise great care in the selection of the soap you use for a shampoo. Soap containing free alkali will destroy the lustre and life of the hair, injure the scalp and oftentimes is the direct cause of dandruff and loss of hair. The Ivory Soap is made of vegetable oil, contains no alkali and is soothing and healing to the scalp.

IT FLOATS.

German Missionary Martyrs

ON August 13th, in the Catholic Mission station of St. Paul in the Baining Mountains, on the Island of Neupommern (one of the Bismarck Archipelago group, in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of New Guinea), Fathers Matthaus Rascher, of Sambach, Bavaria, and Heinrich Rutten, of Tilburg, Holland; lay-brothers, Kornelius Schellekens, Eduard Plasschaert and Alois Bley; and Sisters Katharina Atsch, Katharina Holler, Anna Schmidt, Elizabeth Rasch and Wilhelmina Balka, were murdered by natives. At eight o'clock in the morning, Pastor Rascher and Sister Anna were shot, and shortly after the remaining brothers and sisters were killed with hatchets and knives.

THE MISSION STATION OF ST. PAUL, WHERE THE MASSACRE OCCURRED

In 1897, the Mission had the stations Vunamarita and Rapandu, on the northern coast of the Gazelle Peninsula; two years later, Pastor Rascher established the station St. Paul, two hours inland from Vunamarita, in the midst of a tropical woods. St. Paul had two schools and two orphanages for the native children. One of the missionaries started a saw-mill, and they cultivated the land in this magnificent tropical region. On the 26th of August, the consecration of the newly-built church was to take place. Pastor Rascher eagerly interested himself in the station, which certainly prospered under his direction. He was the first who got out a grammar of the Baining language, which till then was practically unknown to foreigners. His sudden death cut short his labors on a dictionary and on his writings about the customs of the people. Pastor Rutten had only worked at St. Paul's for a short time. The five women had implicitly trusted the inhabitants, and, with great privation, carried on the work of training their scholars and orphans.

What caused the Bainingers to kill the missionaries is not clear. Perhaps a wrong interpretation of their customs had a great deal to do with it. The murder was committed by three slaves and the natives of the neighboring mission station to St. Paul. The three murderers had had mission training, had been baptized, and had lived for seven years with Pastor Rascher. After the crime, the murderers and their accomplices went to Nacharunep, a station 200 metres higher up, several hours distant, and murdered Pastor Rutten. They also robbed the mission station of Brother Matthias Folger at Marienhohe. Three attacks were made at the station Vunamarita, but they were repulsed by the missionaries with the assistance of the colonists. It was difficult to capture and punish the murderers, because the country has so many high mountains and canons. Through the thick native woods, there is no path or road which leads to the native dwellings. Their miserable huts are mostly on the tops of high mountain peaks, or in the thick forests.

On August 14th, news of the murder was brought to Herbertshohe, and the police of that place immediately went to the scene of the murder, and coming in contact with the natives, fifteen of the latter were killed. Berlin received official news of this from the German Governor of New Guinea by way of Sydney, on October 22. The guilty ones were punished, and the murderers were executed. Although there is peace there now, there may be a new insurrection of the natives at any time.

A Christmas Gift to India

THE X-Ray machine, for which Dr. Alice B. Condict appealed to our readers in behalf of the sufferers from cancer and leprosy in India, is now on the way to Bombay, where it will doubtless arrive during the present month. It will come to the hospital workers at Ludhiana as a most welcome Christmas gift from the readers of this journal. These contributions have been received:

reviously ackn'ed.	$173 62	Donnan, Louis	5 00	Neville, Mrs S E.	1 00
ldrich, Mrs Alice.	1 00	Dunseith, L M	1 00	Neville, Miss S N.	1 00
llis, Maria N.	1 00	Graves, Newell	2 00	Nibecker, Mrs E.	5 00
ailey, Mrs M A.	1 00	Hall, A Grace	1 00	Nowland, W	1 00
all, Laura	50	Heron, Robert	2 00	O'Hair, Lillian	25
arthell, Mrs R E.	1 50	Herson, Mrs T.	26	Packer, A C	2 00
ond, C W	1 00	Hotaling, Mrs G.	1 00	Parmley, J M.	5 00
urgh, P S	1 00	Howell, Mrs M E	1 00	Peifer, Larie.	1 00
ampbell, Vera	50	Hubbs, Leonora	1 00	Shappee, Dr and Mrs W A	1 00
ampbell, Walter	50	Johnson, C W	5 00	Shepherd, Mr and Mrs Thomas	2 00
assity, Mrs M A C	1 00	Kibbe, Mrs J R.	1 00	Sherman, Cecelia	1 00
hamberlain, Mrs C J	1 00	Lane, Mrs J H.	1 00	Skinner, Mrs C E.	2 00
lark, Mrs M H.	1 10	Merrill, Mrs H E.	25 00	Smith, Sadie	5 00
oates, C I	1 00	Moate, Kate and Jessie	2 00	Snysel, Mrs Susan	10 00
onn, Miss Myra	1 00	Moody, Corrie	1 00	Stewart, Mrs M R	1 00
overt, Miss N	2 00	Moon, James H	1 00	Stonebraker, Mrs J A	1 00
ey, Mrs W H	1 00	Muzzy, Mrs L	1 00	Thompson, Ira and I M	1 00
onda, R L	3 00	Neville, Miss N M	1 00	Tjaden, C N	1 00
				Tyson, Mrs Hattie	10 00
				Vierow, Victor	4 10
				Wells, Miss D M	1 00
				West, Mrs L	3 00
				Wilson, E	5 00
				Wolfe, Mrs S E.	2 00
				Mrs M E B.	1 00
				M H C	50
				Mrs M I W	1 00
				I L H	1 00
				H	1 00
				E T	4 00
				I	1 00
				——	3 00
				——	50
				——	25
				Friend	1 00
				Friend	25
				Friend	10 00
				A Friend	15 00
				A Friend	1 00
				An Iowa Friend	50
				I H N	1 00
				In His Name.	5 00
				A Reader	1 00
				Constant Reader	5 00
				A Subscriber	1 00
				A Sympathizer	1 00
				Unnamed	10 00
				Brother Tom.	5 00
				King's Daughters	1 00
				Total	$388 33

There is still due a sum of about $85. Contributions to complete the purchase will be welcomed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Next time you find you have eaten rather too heartily, or have been eating the wrong things, try just a dish of "FORCE" with cream and nothing else for the next meal or two, and see how it straightens you out inside.

Notice, too, how it clears your head for problems that call for close figuring.

I have made a lot of friends by getting them to try that experiment.

Sunny Jim

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"I Swear to You I Am Innocent!" Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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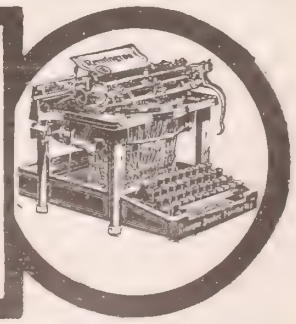

Easy Wash-day Rule.

Fels-Naptha; soak well; rub little; rinse; hang out.

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THE spirit of Christmas is to be found in the home that is kept clean, sunshiny and wholesome, without the drudgery of hard work.

Many a heart-sick person is only work-sick. When you lighten labor, you lighten the heart.

Borax makes housework easy simply because it makes the water SOFT, as Nature intended it should be for washing and cleaning things.

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What article can you buy at the same cost that will contribute as much genuine lasting pleasure and comfort to the recipient as a BISSELL Sweeper? It will be a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more and will gratify mother, wife, sister or friend during all this time as no other article at a similar cost possibly can. Remember, the name

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Assets, . . $1,700,000
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1131 Broadway, New York.

Questions and Answers

M. S. C., Medford, Mass. Can you give me some information regarding the origin of mistletoe being used at Christmastime for decoration, and what started the custom of kissing under the "mistletoe bough"?

The mistletoe was deemed sacred by the Druids, who were the priests of the Celts of Gaul and Britain, and its use at Christmas can be traced back to these ancient times when it was supposed to possess miraculous powers. Kissing under the mistletoe comes from a Scandinavian mythological tale: A wicked spirit, Leoki, hated Balder, the favorite of the gods, and making an arrow of mistletoe, gave it to Hader, the blind god of darkness, to test. He shot the arrow, and killed Balder, who was restored to life, and the mistletoe given to the goddess of love to keep. Everyone passing under it received a kiss, as a proof that it was an emblem of love, and not of death.

Reader, Marysville, Pa. Yes, a State can enact State Prohibition by popular vote. The total vote for Swallow for President was over 300,000, the total in 1902 being 269,000.

Annie S. B., Bordentown, N. J. What is meant by Yule-tide and Yule-log?

Yule is an ancient name for the festival of Christmas, when it was celebrated with rites borrowed from the old sun-worship. The Yule-log was a large log of wood placed on the fire. In olden times, it was the custom in England, when the usual devotions were over on Christmas Eve, to light large candles and throw a huge log on the hearth fire, called the Yule-log or Christmas Block.

S. S, Patchogue, N. Y. Please explain what the "Kabbala" means?

The Kabbala (or Cabbala) is the oral law of the Jews, handed down from father to son by word of mouth. Some of the rabbins are credited with the saying that the angel Raziel instructed Adam in the oral law, the angel Japhiel instructed Shem, and the angel Zedekiel instructed Abraham; that Moses was divinely instructed, and that from his time it has been transmitted orally.

Mrs. M., Mount Joy, Pa. "The sermon in this week's (Nov. 9) CHRISTIAN HERALD, 'The Submissive Life,' by Rev. John Timothy Stone, in its useful lessons and its heartfelt utterances, is heartily appreciated. I really never before understood what a submissive life meant. I feel and know that the good this sermon will do will never end, but be a perfect chain, helping persons to become happy, faithful Christians, telling them of the rest in Heaven—prepared for the faithful and true."

A. C. R., Los Angeles, Calif. Is the Gospel preached to all nations as a witness, and is Tibet not the last place to be preached to?

With the exception of Tibet, some few sections of Central Asia, and some parts of interior Africa, the Gospel, it is believed, has now been preached to the whole world.

M. J. D., Mobile, Ala. Why is it claimed that the apple is the foremost of all the fruits of the earth?

We have never heard of such a claim, but it is probably based on the fact that the apple is so prominent in legend and tradition, as the "Golden Apple of Discord," when Paris gave judgment that led to a great war; the golden apples of Hippomenes, by the use of which he outran Atalanta and won her as a wife; the sweet-bitter apples of Istkahar; the apple of perpetual youth held by Idun (in Scandinavian mythology); the beautiful apples of Sodom, like ashes to the taste; Prince Ahmed's apple, that could cure any disease; the "Apples of Paradise," etc.

J. H., New York, writes:

I have often wondered why the members of the different churches should be so sadly neglectful in one almost imperative duty as a Christian people. The one moment spent in a whole-souled, hearty handshake and one kind word of welcome will repay threefold for the loss of time. It is far more important that you make welcome the stranger, than to while away your time in being pleasant, gracious and chatty with fellow-members. I have attended many different churches, and have never seen this one element so sadly neglected as in New York City. If you would have your church grow and flourish, if you would fill the vacant pews, if you would win souls to Christ and add more jewels to the crown laid up for you in heaven, give the stranger a warm, fervent handshake and make him welcome in the house of God.

Reader, Waco, Tex. The hunting up of heirs to estates in England, Spain and elsewhere, is an industry that has been carried on very profitably by a certain class of shrewd and unscrupulous speculators. Don't pay out your money, and don't deal with anybody in such a matter, unless you act under the advice of a good, reputable lawyer.

Student, Rahway. Is the story of William Tell, true, or must we regard it as a myth, as some assert?

The same story, identical in every detail, is found in the ancient Scandinavian legend of Egil, whom King Nidung commanded to perform the same feat that is attributed to Tell.

Reader, Lexington, Ky. We do not know how the law regulates these matters in your State. According to the New York Penal Code, "the killing of a human being, unless excusable or justifiable, is murder." As to the degrees of murder, manslaughter, etc., you can only be accurately informed by one fully conversant with the law and the practice in your local courts.

Subscriber, Rochford, S. Dak. If a person commits a sin deliberately after he is converted, knowing it to be a sin, can he hope for forgiveness? Does not the warning in Heb. 10: 26 exclude him?

If a man after the commission of a sin, becomes sincerely penitent and pleads with God to forgive him for Christ's sake, we believe that he will be forgiven. We are assured (I. John 1: 7), that "the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin." The passage you refer to, simply declares that there is no further sacrifice. He must rely on the one already made. It is that to which he must appeal. If he rejects that, he must be lost. There remains nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. Of the same tenor, is a more pertinent passage Heb. 6: 4-6, which intimates that a man who thus sins does not often seek forgiveness. He becomes hardened and indifferent. But the truth remains that if, like Peter, he repents, he will be forgiven.

The "magic square" proposition of H. C. W., Lebanon, N. Y., has called forth a number of solutions of the four-square and five-square problems. We give a few of these below. M. J. E., Scranton, Pa., sends these solutions:

1	15	14	4		14	1	18	5	22
12	6	7	9		21	13	0	17	9
8	10	11	5		8	20	12	4	16
13	3	2	16		15	7	24	11	3
					2	19	6	23	10

F. J. S., McCransboro, Ill., sends this solution of the five-square:

9	2	25	18	11
3	21	19	12	10
22	20	13	6	4
16	14	7	5	23
15	8	1	24	17

D. C. B., Minden, Neb., sends this of the five-square:

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

F. L. S., Mitchell, Ont., Can., sends these solutions:

8	1	13	12		17	24	1	8	15
10	15	3	6		23	5	7	14	16
11	14	2	7		4	6	13	20	22
5	4	16	9		10	12	19	21	3
					11	18	25	2	9

Interesting and correct solutions have also been received from H. L. C., Chicago; S. P., Olathe, Kan.; Mrs. W. W. T., Deadwood, S. D.; C. M. C., East New Market, Md.; M. P. B., Hollis, N. H.

Mr. H. L. Crosly writes: "I have an old book in which these squares are all printed and described as belonging to the ancient Egyptians. They were engraved on metal plates and dedicated to the planets. The wearers imagined the square would, upon occasion, befriend the person carrying it. The following are some of the planets and squares dedicated to them:

To Saturn	9	places or cells, the side being	3,	and the number in each row	15.
To Jupiter	16	squares, side	4,	each row	34
To Mars	25	,,	5,	,, ,,	65
To the Sun	36	,,	6,	,, ,,	111
To Venus	49	,,	7,	,, ,,	175
To Mercury	64	,,	8,	,, ,,	260
To the Moon	81	,,	9,	,, ,,	369

Finally, they attributed to imperfect matter the square with 4 divisions having 2 for its side, and to God, the square of only one cell, the side of which is also an unit, which, multiplied by itself, undergoes no change.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Art Pillow Covers 23 x 23 inches

Garland

Shepherdess

Done in Oil Colors on durable material.

12 Designs in all: Shepherdess and Garland (as shown), Tired Reapers, St. Bernard, Indian Tepee, M'selle, Old Story, Carmencita, Canoeist, Poker, Courtship, Indian Head.

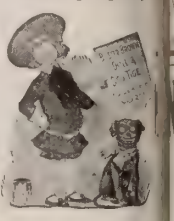
Price 35 cents each (postpaid). Any four for $1.00

Life Size Doll

"Life Size Doll"—"That's advertised" that the baby's clothes will fit. No clothes to make. If mamma can donate one of Baby's outgrown changes, that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton, to her heart's desire, the life size doll will live in that child's memory, long after childhood's days have passed away. Every little girl loves a doll, more so a big doll. Imagine how proud and delighted she would be if you gave her a real "life size doll" 2½ ft. high, that can wear real clothes, whose head won't break, eyes fall in, or suffer any of the mishaps that Dollie is apt to encounter. This doll is an exact reproduction of a hand-painted French creation, done on extra heavy Sateen, that will not tear, in oil colors that will not crock. The workmanship is perfect, the color effects the very finest. The doll is intended to be stuffed with cotton or other suitable material. It is this century's model of the old-fashioned "Rag Doll" that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder. Dollie has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up, if a piece of heavy cardboard is inserted in the soles, a perfect shoe is formed, enabling the doll to stand erect. With every "Life Size Doll" we send free two 9-inch dolls.

The "Life Size Doll" retails at 50 cents (postpaid)

Buster Brown and Tige



This pair of mischief makers are worshipped by the small children. Taken from Mr. Outcault's original drawing. Buster is 16 inches high, while Tige stands 11 inches.

Retails at 25 cents the pair (Postpaid)

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Almost as wide as he is long. Comical face, bald head and big specs. Just as Mr. Schultz draws him in the Funny Papers. He loves children and they love him.
20 inches high.

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Cat, Kittens and Ball

Mamma Cat and the Two Kittens who lost their Mittens, together with a bright colored ball, make an entertaining set. Large cat, 14 inches. Kittens, 9 inches.

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These Cloth Toys are easy to make up and are indestructible. Sold the entire year. If you are unable to obtain these novelties at your dealers we will send any of them postpaid on receipt of price.

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New Wrinkle is the favorite confection for parties, entertainments, social gatherings, and in homes where a pure, healthful candy is desired by young and old.

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If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and address together with 4c. in stamps and we will send you a generous sample,

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The unpleasant part of wash-day is boiling or scalding the wash. That is a sloppy way to clean things.

With Fels-Naptha soap and cold or lukewarm water you are finished in half the time and the clothes are purified and brightened.

Simple directions on each wrapper.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Inquirer, Humbird, Wis. 1. What do modern theologians think of Milton's *Paradise Lost*? Should it be read as teaching great truths or as a masterpiece of literature? 2. How do you explain the deity of Christ? Was he the only God that ever existed?

1. It was not inspired, other than as every poet is inspired with the spirit of poetry. Its statements are in no sense authoritative. Milton was of a highly imaginative temperament. His work gives his view of the events described in Genesis, putting in dramatic form and amplifying the narrative. Like Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar and Richard III., he puts into the mouth of his characters such sentiments as they might be supposed to express. 2. We have only the statements of the Bible to guide us. He himself spoke of his Father in heaven and prayed to him, which proves the existence of the Father. He came as the Revealer of God, and was the express image of his person. "In him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily." John tells us that "the Word became flesh," and when he was about to ascend he said: "I ascend to my Father and to my God." God is a spirit, incomprehensible to human understanding, but Jesus, coming in human form, filled with the spirit of God, revealed him to the world.

Inquirer, Memphis, Tenn. Wood alcohol is a virulent narcotic poison, which acts with great rapidity upon the lungs and heart. Sometimes a single large dose is suddenly fatal, although the victim usually lingers for hours or days in agony. It first destroys the lining membrane of the stomach, then attacks the kidneys and then the heart and lungs, which is followed by collapse.

W. S., Ft. Lacomy, Phila. In Philadelphia, we rather closely observe the Sunday law; but the small storekeepers and the working classes are striving to have the laws repealed, some of the workers saying we rob them of their liberty. Now I contend, that if the law is repealed, the first thing to be done by the foreign element will be to keep open store, and the next thing will be that employers will make the workmen work seven days a week, thereby taking away their liberty.

Apart from all other considerations, it is a sad piece of folly for the workers or any class to attempt to do away with Sabbath observance, because, if they succeeded, they would simply be forging fetters to bind themselves more closely to toil—toil without cessation and with no increase in emolument. The "rest-day," is in itself a beneficent and necessary institution. Divine wisdom, in instituting the Sabbath as a day of rest, in which no work, except such as was of necessity or of mercy, was to be done, recognized the need of a respite from physical toil. It is the day of the higher intellectual and spiritual activities, when man's better nature is strengthened and refreshed, and his wearied body reinvigorated. A nation with no Sabbath, would be one of low ideals and no religion, and its decline would be only a matter of time.

S. S., Memphis, Tenn. Where did the phrase "the almighty dollar" originate?

Washington Irving first made use of the expression in his sketch of *A Creole Village*, written in 1837.

Sarah E. R., Farmingdale, Ill. I have seen a pamphlet, purporting to be a copy of a letter written by Pontius Pilate to Cæsar at Rome, giving a history of three years' ministry, trial, death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Is it really believed to have been written by Pontius Pilate?

You have probably seen a portion of one of the "spurious Gospels," as a number of unauthentic writings were called which circulated during the early days of the Church. One of these is called the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, or *Acts of Pilate*, and contains what you have described. One chapter (the 27th), says that Pilate himself wrote all the story from the relation of Nicodemus. The book was held in esteem in the Middle Ages, although it was among those that were rejected by the great church councils before the close of the fourth century and is still regarded as uncanonical by the Christian Church.

Zenas B., Columbus, O. Please give some little account of the beginning of the Epworth League. How, where, and when it was formed?

The Epworth League is a society of young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was formed in Cleveland, O., in May, 1889, by the union of five societies connected with the Methodist Church. The motto of the society is "Look Up—Lift Up." Its object is the promotion of intelligent and loyal piety in the young members and friends of the church. A pledge is required of the members of the league to help others, and to endeavor to attain the highest New Testament standard of experience and life. The league has grown rapidly, and has branches in many foreign countries. It has an aggregate membership of 1,100,000.

Anna M., Charles City, Ia. Can you tell me something of the author of the song entitled "Ben Bolt"?

The author of this popular ballad was Thomas Dunn English, who was born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1819. He was a graduate of a medical college, also studied law, and was also admitted to the bar. From 1844 to 1859 he was engaged in journalism in New York. He was a member of the State Assembly in 1863-64, and of Congress in 1891-1895. Mr. English died April 1st, 1902.

H. H. A., Abilene, Tex. Did Mary grasp Christ's feet, as stated in Matthew 28: 9, or was she restrained, as stated in John 20: 17? Why, in the latter case, did Christ prohibit her touching him?

The statement in John seems to be incomplete. Mary, being addressed by name, probably threw herself at Christ's feet, though John does not say so. Christ's words, "Touch me not," seem to imply that she did touch him, or was about to do so. The prohibition has occasioned much discussion. The most probable explanation of it is, that Christ wished Mary to understand that the old terms of familiar friendship were changed. The passage through death and the grave had made physical contact painful to him. He would be all and more than all to his followers that he had been, but henceforth he was to be worshiped. He was still on earth, he had not yet ascended, but he had begun his resurrection life and was no longer on the plane of human familiarity.

E. P., Oxford, Pa. Does the Bible teach that baptism and church membership are essential to salvation?

They are commands, and as such the Christian should obey them. We can imagine circumstances in which it might be impossible to obey them, as in cases of conversion during a serious illness, or in a country far away from a church, or where sudden death ensues before obedience can be rendered. We do not for a moment believe that in any case of the kind, a man would be rejected for not having joined a church or been baptized. But so simple and plain a duty ought not to be neglected by any one who desires to please Christ, when it can be performed. He ought not to ask whether he will be punished for disobeying. It should be his delight to do any duty required of him.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. L. S., Saline, N. Dak. We regret that any one should have written to you in bad temper and censoriously.

Ernest N., Minnesota. These are matters for the individual conscience. If you feel that it is wrong, then you should certainly avoid it.

L. M. There are many traditions regarding the ass. Some of them foolish enough. Mohammedans hold that the prophet went to heaven on an ass, to learn the divine will.

F. H., Hancock, N. H. Pool rooms are simply gambling dens, where silly people make wagers on horse races and events of that sort. Those who know, declare that practically all the chances are against the victim.

Ella R., Muscatine. The first national Thanksgiving in England was held on September 8, 1588, to express the nation's gratitude over the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The first general American Thanksgiving was in 1784, in honor of the declaration of peace. In 1863 President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving.

Emma, Meriden, Conn. Japan averages 1,400 earthquakes yearly (according to the *National Geographic Magazine*), but of these, less than fifty are perceptible and only a few dangerous to life or property. In twenty-nine years there have been fifteen violent earthquakes there, the greatest being that of 1891, in which 7,000 persons perished, 17,000 were injured, and 20,000 buildings were destroyed.

Old Subscriber, E. E. A few weeks ago you published the hymn "Higher Ground." Some one inquired where the hymn could be obtained. It is to be found in a little book *Songs of Praise and Salvation*, sold by the Christian Witness Co., 151 Washington Street, Chicago, and 36 Bromfield Street, Boston. These sacred songs were used the two last years at Beulah Camp Meeting, held every summer at a delightful spot on the St. John River, about twenty miles from the city of St. John, N. B.

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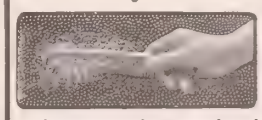

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A Consecrated Boulder

HALF-WAY up a rocky ledge that shelters the village of Bethel, Conn., from the piercing east winds, is a singular-looking boulder that is reached only by going through the village cemetery. The few trees and bushes that have managed to strike root and live there, completely encircle the rock, making it an inviting retreat on a hot summer day. It was for years the resort of gamblers, who found it an ideal spot in which to carry on their evil practices unmolested.

A PRAYER AND-PRAISE SERVICE AT THE BOULDER

The story of the hard-earned wages that changed hands there, bringing unearned luxuries to some families, want to others, and increasing prosperity to the village rum-seller, will never be fully told; but there are families who can still trace years of misery to the orgies that were carried about that secluded boulder. But the scene has changed. Men still gather there, but not to gamble. One by one, they rise and tell what God has done for them, how He has taken away the desire for drink and cards. Then they sing the praises of God, until their voices can be heard a mile away. The village people hear the strains of some familiar hymn wafted across the cemetery, and wives and daughters, resting on the piazzas at close of day, often join in, with tears in their eyes.

What has brought about this marvelous change? One woman, with a Gospel message, found her way there. A few heard her at first; but the message spoken with such clearness and simplicity soon won hearers. The gamblers' rock near the cemetery was soon deserted, and the faces that had once been bent over the cards scattered over its surface, were now uplifted to the earnest speaker, who reproved, entreated and exhorted from the village churches. The conviction her words awakened was not permitted to die out. One by one, the gamblers were won to Christ.

It was afterwards suggested that they return to the rock and consecrate it to God, and this was done. Many others joined their ranks. The rum-sellers hoped the tide would once more turn their way, but their hope was vain. Bethel is now a "no-license" town, as the indirect but natural sequence of this revival. H. K.

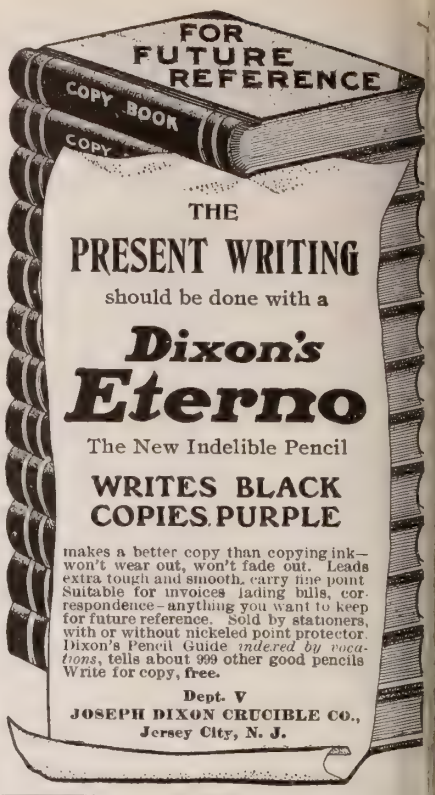
A Mother's Prayer Answered

JOHN H. was born in Central New York, more than forty years ago. He came of respectable and well-to-do parents. His father had served all through the Civil War, and had returned at its close with an honorable record; but his health was so shattered, that when he reached the old farm in the summer of 1865, he was only a shadow of his former self.

When John was only nine years old, his mother, who was his earliest and truest friend, passed to the better land. Before she breathed her last, she called her boy to her bedside, and lovingly committed him to God in prayer, yearning over him only as a mother could in the fervency of her love. She prayed that God in his covenant mercy might make him his child, and that they would meet in heaven at last. Her last words were, "John, promise me that you will meet mother in the city of the great King."

John was cared for by an aunt till he came to manhood. After leaving school, he went into business, and soon afterwards went West. He prospered, but became reckless and wild. After a time, he participated in the scenes of revelry and drunkenness, which were too common on the frontier in those days; but wherever he went, or however dark were his pleasures, he never could forget the scene at his mother's death-bed, nor the promise he had solemnly made. Often he awoke at night and felt that obligation resting upon him, and yet it remained unfulfilled. He went on for many years living a wild and checkered life. He imbibed infidel views, and became dissipated in his habits. A few years ago he became addicted to strong drink. It fastened itself upon him to such an extent that his future prospects were blasted. He tried various cures, but all to no purpose—human cure could not reach his case. Sin had dominated his life too long to be driven out by a nostrum. When he saw there was no help for him, he became melancholy and left home unknown to his friends, determined to take his own life. He visited Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, and finally came to New York. It was a cold, blustering day in December when he came. He went to a small hotel in the lower part of the city, where he hired a room. He had been drinking for three months, but now he thought the end was at hand. He pledged a diamond ring, which gave him ready money with which to purchase a deadly weapon and a bottle of whiskey. All day long he contemplated self-destruction, but every time he laid his hand on the pistol, something within said, "John, you're not ready yet." The landlord's suspicions were aroused, and he had him arrested. Next morning I saw him in prison and conversed with him. He looked the picture of despair; his eyes were like balls of fire, his hair stood upright, and his clothes were dirty and soiled. I said to him, "My friend, give your heart to God. He is your only help." He replied, "It is too late for me!" "But it is not too late for God," I replied. Then we knelt and prayed. It was the cry of the penitent, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He broke down and wept. That moment was the turning-point of his life. Next day I went to the magistrate and procured his discharge. I then took him to a home in the city, where he stayed some days. He got a position, and united with a church. He afterwards took a class in the Sunday School. I saw him a few days ago. He is still going on in the Christian life. His conversion was due to a Christian mother's prayers.

JOHN JOSIAH MUNRO.
Chaplain, N. Y. Tombs.



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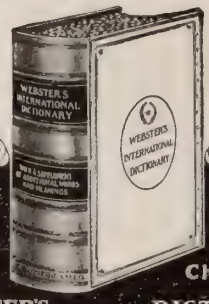

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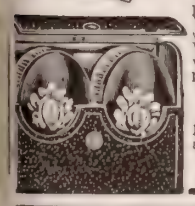

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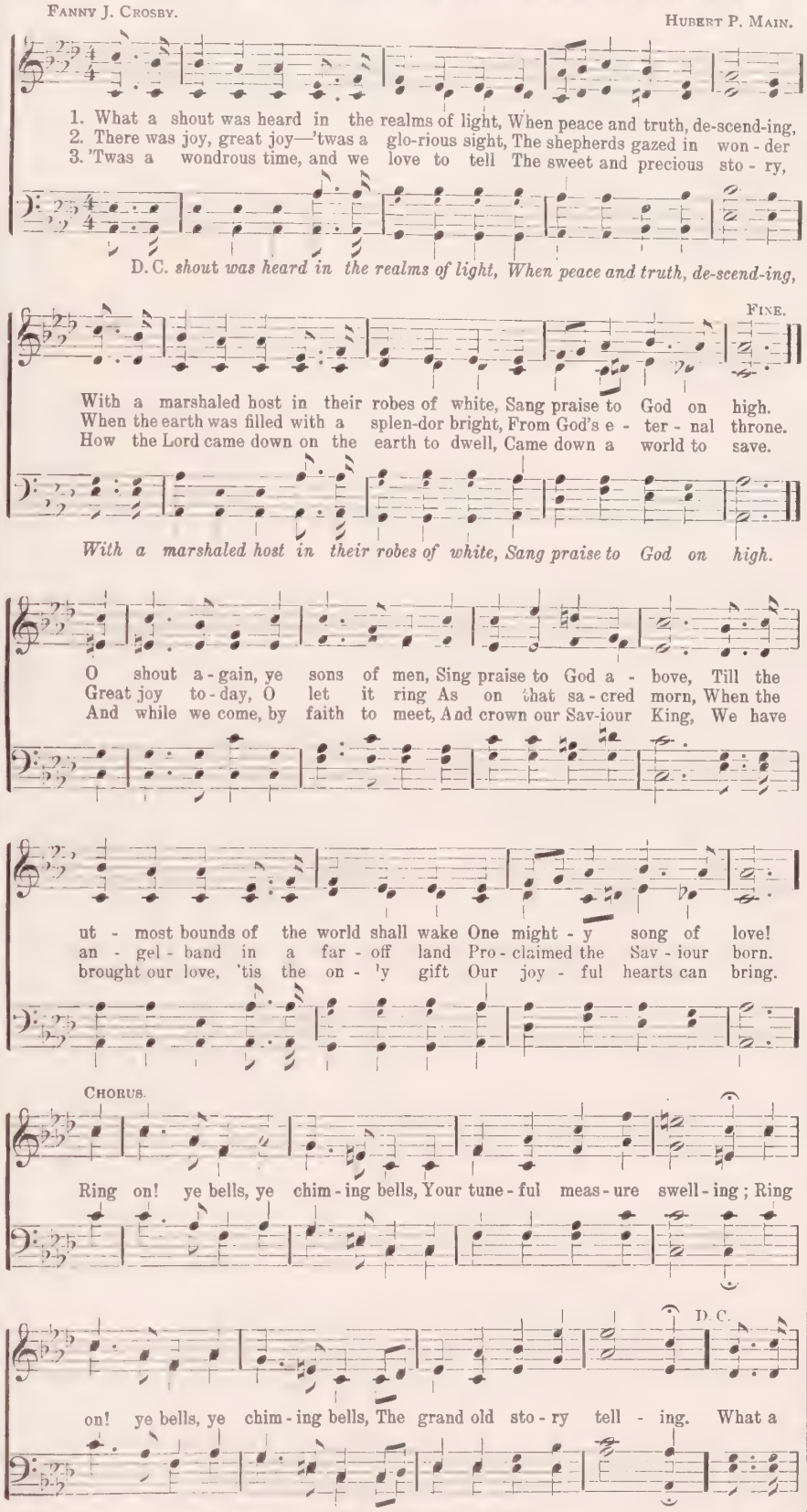

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WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS:

Concerning What Follows Trust in Christ

Ephesians 1 : 13
Ephesians 4 : 30
John 7 : 39
John 14 : 16, 17, 26
John 3 : 3, 5, 8
Acts 2 : 38
II. Corinthians 1 : 22
Romans 5 : 5
Romans 8 : 16
I. John 3 : 24
I. John 4 : 13
Matthew 3 : 11

D F E

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EVER the light of the soul is hope,
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No matter what betide:
Starring the heavenly realms of thought,
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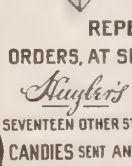

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Intervention in the Russo-Japanese War

ACCORDING to a recent letter published by a leading military expert, there should be no intervention between Russia and Japan: we should all stand meekly aside, and give the Russians "fair play." It is none of our business—and this scientific expert in military butchery, refers to our own position during the Spanish-American controversy, when foreign powers might have intervened, and indicates that we would have resented such interference most vigorously.

It is no doubt presumption, on the part of an obscure thinker, to question the conclusions of an eminent military authority; but this is not the barbaric age—this is not even a military age—this is not the tenth century, but the twentieth. There are thousands of people waking up now-a-days to the fact that their cherished creeds and conclusions, even their avocations, are obsolete. The world moves, and the traditions and superstitions of yesterday are dispelled by the progressive light of to-day. Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon lived and revelled in a carnival of blood, and the people of their day applauded, and successive generations deified them; but the acclamations are growing fainter and weaker as the years roll by, because a revolution has occurred in public sentiment. Education, and 1,900 years of Christianity, with its "forgive your enemy," and "love thy brother as thyself," have worked a miraculous change upon the spectators, and they no longer relish nor applaud a sickening carnage. The cheer has turned to a hiss, and the pompous, vainglorious, gold-mounted military puppet,has been replaced by a cultured, high-minded, enlightened, Christian gentleman, known as a humanitarian; who says that God created all mankind, black, brown, white and yellow; that rank, distinction, or difference is but the accident of birth; that human life is a sacred possession, and that he who destroys it wantonly should be execrated, while the highest mission vouchsafed unto man is to save life, and to improve it.

No wonder Gen. Gold Lace wants "fair play"—he is being gradually relegated to the back of the stage. His ghastly implements are no longer popular with the better element of mankind, the "still small voice" has silenced the cannon's roar, the Hague Tribunal threatens his very professional existence, and each day brings added proof that he is more and more like Othello, with his occupation gone. This is not an age of destruction, but of creation. Life is revered and precious. It is God-given, and sacred, and not something to be ruthlessly sacrificed to uphold the selfish personal ambitions of a self-elected minority.

A few leaders, members of the aristocracy or nobility, disagree, and anon ten thousand men pour out their heart's blood, after which the dispute is settled. Often there is no principle involved; there is no universal benefit derived, only the few reap the reward for which thousands have died. It is the act of a child—the supremest folly.

Why cannot the settlement precede the sacrifice? The Hague Tribunal makes such a result possible; but until mankind evolutes a little farther, there must be an "Army of Enforcement," made up from all the nations of the earth, which would probably never be called upon to strike a single blow. After a few years even this could be dispensed with. Again, what sane man would compare the Russo-Japanese conflict to our own war with Spain? The world knows that our war with Spain was an act of humanity; that it freed a struggling people; ended a war that had been waging bitterly for years; concluded centuries of oppression, injustice and suffering, and gave universal happiness to millions.

Every one knows that Russia is waging a war of conquest, aggression, and extermination; that a majority of her own people are bitterly opposed to the contest, and that tens of thousands of loyal husbands and loving fathers are laying down their lives to uphold the "prestige" of a semi-barbaric nobility, that for generations has been condemning innocent men to Siberian torture for speaking the truth. The common people have no grievance, yet they are made to think the "fatherland" assailed, and that they must shed their blood, if need be, in its defense.

And so, if not in the name of the Jap or the Russ, in the name of the spectators and of Christ and his humanity this conflict should be terminated immediately, before another drop of blood is spilled. The armies now in line of battle have already contended for a week with the loss of 60,000 men, and without material advantage to either combatant.

Shall this awful carnage be repeated—as it doubtless will be—when the United Powers could, by simply crying "Hands off!" stop the war without a blow? No innocent man should be forced to lay down his life for the "prestige" of an ancient, semi-barbaric and depraved nobility, the most of whom take precious good care to remain a long distance from the firing-line. War is rarely justified, and only when some grand, beneficent principle is involved. It must be something better than national pride or party hatred.

And even the cattle, grazing upon the plain, put an end to conflicts between their fellows. Who has not noticed this time and again?

Is, then, animal instinct superior to human judgment, that is highly developed and wears brass buttons?

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O precious Book divine!
And to my heart, how lovely
Is every page of thine.
I had a faint idea,
Before I walked apace,
That mother's Bible was a thing
All sacred to the race.

More comely are thy pages,
With all their corners turned,
Than all the gilded edges,
With clasps of gold confirmed;
No disrespect did stain thee,
Nor cold neglect o'erlook;
The household's noblest treasure,
Was this old sacred book.

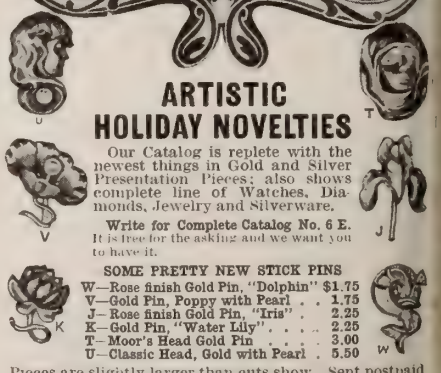
Thy pages in the morning,
And also every night,
My father read, and worshiped
In this, our altar-light.
But ah! death came one evening,
My parents dear he took,
Just I alone remaining,
With this old sacred Book.

I well remember mother,
When under trials sore;
And how she drew her comforts,
And strength from thee of yore;
When tossed with grief and anguish,
She always found a nook,
Where peace supreme was flowing
From this, her sacred Book.

Ah! Is there any mortal,
In guise of sacred line,
Who would withhold forever,
This Holy Book of mine?
O never dare to part us,
My soul you thus o'erlook;
My heart is bound forever
To this old sacred Book.

She gave me this, when dying;
How sweet her last request,
"Tie this now on thy bosom,
And wear upon thy breast"!
The stake I'll gladly cherish,
I'd die in seas of flame;
Before I would forsake thee,
Thou Holy Book of fame.

Kendrick's Jewelry Catalog
1904 1905



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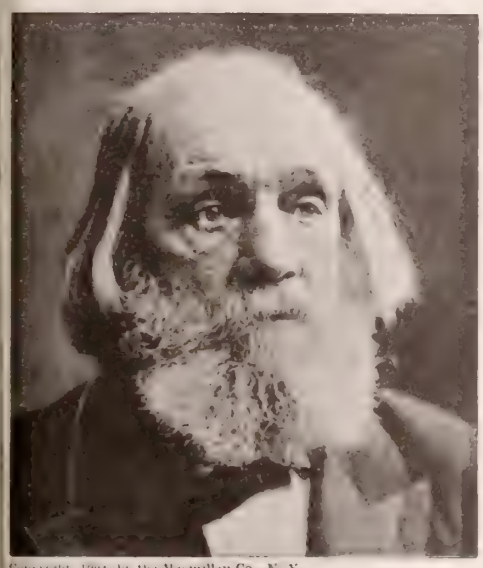
Dr. Hale's Reminiscences

AMID the multitude of books issued this season, it is pleasant and refreshing to find one so wholly different from all the others as the *Memories of a Hundred Years*, by Edward Everett Hale, just issued by the Macmillan Company. Dr. Hale's vivid literary style, his inexhaustible store of anecdote, his reminiscences of men and women whose careers are interwoven with the story of our nation's literary, social and political development, all combine to make this book one of unusual attractiveness to the student as well as to the general reader. The *Memories* (really two volumes in one) cover a wide range; and the reader finds himself, under Dr. Hale's entertaining guidance, in touch with many of those who have "made history"—statesmen, orators, historians,



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

abolitionists, warriors, journalists, and the like. Some of the glimpses afforded of the social life of those comparatively early days is delightful. On the other hand, Dr. Hale's stories of Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Edward Everett, Bancroft, Hildreth and Prescott, the three historians, Washington Irving, Wm. Ellery Channing, Sumner, Lincoln, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and a host of others, are sure to be widely quoted and remembered.

We are privileged to reproduce a few extracts from the *Memories*, which will interest all readers.

. . .

The daughter of a Massachusetts Senator told me that in her younger life she went with her father to one of the regulation dinners at the White House. General Jackson himself took her out to the dinner-table. There was some talk about the light of the table, and the General said to her, "The chanticleer does not burn well." She was so determined that she should not misunderstand him that she pretended not to hear him, and asked him what he said. To which his distinct reply was, "The chanticleer does not burn well."

. . .

When I was in college, the Josiah Quincy of that generation, the man who was born just before the Revolutionary Josiah Quincy died, told me something about the cereal food of Massachusetts in his boyhood. I knew perfectly well that his family was in as comfortable circumstances as any family in New England. He said that until his manhood, white bread, the bread made from wheat flour, was, so to speak, a luxury on his mother's table. I remember he said it was served as nice cake might be served in the average New England family of the time when we were speaking. His mother would have her loaf of white bread in the house, but it would be used, not as the substantial bread of the family, but as a sort of extra luxury at the table. The family food was "rye 'n' Injun," as we Yankees say, by which we mean the bread which is sold at restaurants as Boston brown bread.

. . .

My father has been called, rightly enough, I think, the founder of the railroad system in New England. When I was a child, he made with his own hand a model of a railway, which stood in our parlor, that he might explain to visitors what he was talking about when he spoke of a rail or a flange or an inclined plane. As a child, I understood as well as I understand now the look of pity on people's faces as they left the room, thinking how sad it was that a man of as much sense as he should give himself up to such delusion. He forced the Legislature of Massachusetts to the formation of an Internal Improvement Commission, and, as a member of that Commission, he wrote its reports after the first. In earlier reports of the Internal Improvement Board, he had followed up in detail the success of Stephenson and of steam power in England. But I cannot but notice, that in their first report to their own stockholders the Worcester Railroad Directors do not even allude to steam power. It seems as if they would not introduce at a business meeting a subject which was still a matter of discussion; but the next report takes steam power almost for granted. And it was as early as 1828 that locomotive engines had been used in New Jersey, in Maryland, and in South Carolina.

. . .

Edward Everett said to me one day in the spring of 1846 that it was already long enough, since his return from Europe, for him to satisfy himself that the stately oration of twenty years before was for America a thing of the past. He advised me as a young man to accustom myself to speak without a manuscript, to accept the more colloquial habit, which I think he would have called the "habit of the stump." After this time he prepared some of his own most elaborate written addresses; but I doubt if he ever carried the manuscript into the assembly where he was to speak. In an interview in his own beautiful library, when we were both fifteen years older, he said to me that in preparing an address he then never put on paper any bit of narrative. If you know what you are describing, you can tell it with most spirit if you are not in the least fettered. I might add that, with a memory like his, you might be sure to make no mistake as to the facts. But for a matter of persuasion, of logic, or argument in any form, he thought that this should be prepared in advance, with all the caution which is implied in the use of pen, ink, and paper. Thus, in his own address on George Washington, he did not write down the narrative of Braddock's defeat until he wrote it down for the printed edition. It was a new story to every audience. But the philippic against Marlborough, and the conclusion of the address, were, to the last letter, considered in advance. And though he never took the paper upon the stage, these were the same to every audience.

. . .

The poet Lowell had left college for a few months when he went into Boston, on the 9th of November, 1838, "to look out for a place in business." I think I never pass the rather grotesque Parthenon front of our old Court House in Boston without thinking of that walk of Lowell's, as he came through Cambridge Street into Court Street. Observe that at ten o'clock on that 9th of November he meant to go into mercantile life. "I was induced, *en passant*, to step into the United States District Court, where there was a case pending in which Daniel Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue in my profession (of the law) and study as well as I could!" This was what happened to Lowell when he was nineteen years old. I may as well say here that he studied law seriously and to such purpose that when it came to be his turn to be a diplomatist in Spain and in England he knew perfectly well what he was about, and had no superior in his business. I tell that story be-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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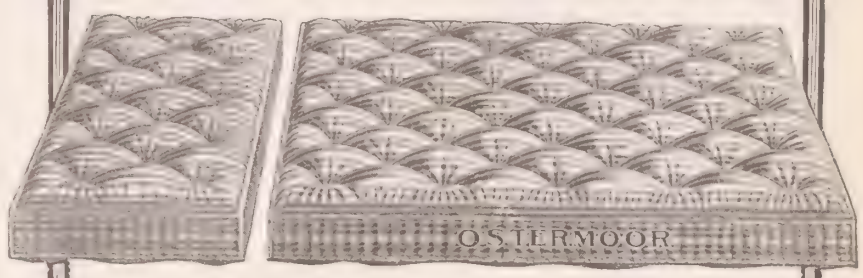

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Dr. Hale's Reminiscences

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

cause it shows the sort of impression which Mr. Webster made on all intelligent people.

There is a good anecdote which is perfectly well authenticated, that when he was delivering one of his great addresses, Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, my little friend, I suppose in order that he might remember hearing his father on a critical occasion. In the course of the address, Mr. Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say"—so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear voice he replied from the gallery, "No, Pa!"

. . .

It was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor in the latter years of his life. I should say that a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat now have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whiskey, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time I was four years old to the time I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor—certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess.

. . .

In 1859 I made my first visit to Niagara, and, by way of picking up a dropped stitch, I went round by New York and the Hudson and stopped at Tarrytown, provided with the letter of introduction, now eighteen years old, and with another one given me by Edward Everett. Washington Irving was cordiality itself in his welcome of me and of a young friend who was my fellow-traveler. He showed us the places of historical interest around his beautiful Sunnyside, and, best of all, he talked with the greatest freedom of his work in history. I pleased him by telling him with how much pleasure I was reading aloud at home the closing volume of his "Life of Washington," and I said that he had the power, which few people have, of giving to diplomacy and matters of state the interest which is supposed to belong to adventure and to battle. This pleased him, and I remember he said that "rub-a-dub and roro-toro" were more apt to catch the ear than more quiet discussions of the Cabinet and of the Senate.

. . .

I have been amused and half provoked to find in some of the machine-made biographies of Motley, that his "History of the Dutch Republic," one of the world's standard histories to-day, was written as if by accident. It is told as if he drank his cup of coffee in the morning, and said, "What would you do to-day?" and somebody asked, "Why not write a history of the Dutch Republic?" and he said, "I think I will." The truth is, that he had been studying it for years; and when Prescott approached that subject, in the series of his histories, Motley explained to him how much time and effort he had given to it, and placed himself and his material wholly at Prescott's disposal. Holmes told me with the greatest pleasure once that Motley told him that two lines of Holmes's had been to him an inspiration and a direction. Motley had been living with his wife and his little children in one place and another in the Netherlands, so that he might read these time-stained manuscripts in crabbed Dutch, in preparation for his history. You might say that nobody in the world cared for it. His old friends even wondered why he exiled himself. Dutch! Why should a man like Motley bother himself about Dutch! There and thus came the moments of depression and discouragement. Holmes said that Motley told him that once when he was all worn out in his work, these two lines braced him up and helped him through,

> Stick to your aim: the mongrel's hold will slip,
> But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.

. . .

Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell were kindness itself to young authors. No one would believe me if I told how much time Holmes gave, day in and day out, to answer personally the requests of young people who submitted to him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes' hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

. . .

The *Memories* is a handsome volume of over 700 pages, interestingly illustrated (some of the engravings and letters being very rare), substantially bound in cloth, top gilt; price $2.50. The Macmillan Company, New York and London, Publishers.

BOOK RECEIVED

How to deal with Doubts and Doubters, by H. Clay Trumbull. Actual experiences with troubled souls. A simple talk on some of the difficulties that keep young people from Christ. Pp. 131. Price 75 cents. Published by The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, 3 West 29th Street, New York.

Gospel Settlement Work

A DEMONSTRATION of class and club work of the Gospel Settlement at 211 Clinton Street, New York, was held at Clinton Hall, on the evening of November 22, 1904. This exhibition was an object lesson of the good work accomplished along educational lines by the workers in this settlement, which was founded by Mrs. Sarah J. Bird a few years ago. The neighborhood is one of the most congested of the crowded East Side, and the children who compose the various classes are almost entirely of Jewish blood. There is a Mothers' Club connected with the Settlement, and good work is being done in it. The Kitchen Garden includes much that is valuable in the home when its teachings are put into practical use.

The exhibition was most interesting, the music and recitations showed painstaking instruction on the part of the teachers, and in many instances exceptional talent among the pupils.

Dr. Klopsch addressed the meeting, saying that he felt quite at home, as he recognized a number of the children as having been at Mont-Lawn during the past summer. He said: "If love begets love, I wonder how much love, sympathy and kindly sentiment and good neighborly feeling is stirred up in these young hearts, month by month, and year after year by the loving influence of Mrs. Bird, Miss Irwin and the workers of the Gospel Settlement."

Dr. Klopsch told the story of the minister who had his study up in the steeple of his church, and whom the Lord called. When the minister asked, "Who's calling?" the answer came, "Come down." Then in reply to the inquiry, "Where art thou, Lord?" the Lord answered, "I am down here amongst my people."

Then came an account of Mrs. Bird's visiting Dr. Klopsch, and telling him that she intended to give up her home in the country and to come to live amongst the people of the East Side of the city. And after expressing his warm admiration of the efforts of Mrs. Bird, Miss Irwin, Mrs. Innes, and others, Dr. Klopsch closed by saying:

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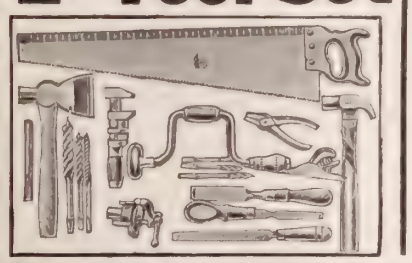

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As a Christmas gift, it is hard to imagine anything more beautiful, interesting or appropriate than this artistic work. Not the least of its attractions is that while it is itself a veritable masterpiece of art in picture, reproduction and book-making, its price is reasonable and its terms of sale convenient. Details may be had by writing to Siegel Cooper Company, New York.

Travels in the Orient

Mrs. John P. Newman, the widow of the late Bishop Newman, was a delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention to Jerusalem in 1904. Mrs. Newman writes most entertainingly of the trip. The description of Christmas festivities at Bethlehem forms a very interesting chapter. "A Day in Bethany" includes a rather exciting experience with the persistent, ragged, and dirty little beggars, boys and girls, who fought and yelled over the coins given them, until the author acknowledges frankly that she lost her Christian temper, as she called to mind the story of bears and Elijah, so saucy and altogether unlovely were these small children. The little booklet is printed upon excellent paper, and would make a very appropriate Christmas remembrance. For sale at Methodist Book Room, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. **Price 25 cents.**

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"Now, I have shown you," said Miss Nonesuch to Mrs. Briggs, where our fine Louisiana sugar cane is grown and refined and placed in special barrels for shipment to the None Such Factories. You have seen that only the best sugar is good enough for us, and we use 70 barrels daily.

"In the warehouses of the big factories in Syracuse you will find thousands of barrels of this sugar.

"We will also show you all the other things that go into None Such Mince Meat — show you that they are equal to the foods that go to the tables of the most fastidious people in the country—and that everything is kept as clean as the finest kitchen in the land.

"We will show you just how all the ingredients are mixed by machinery in a manner that keeps them just as they ought to be, so that when you get a package of None Such Mince Meat you do not find what seems to be a lot of hash, but a mince meat that will really and truly make pies 'like mother used to make.'"

"And all the grocers *keep* it, don't they?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"No," replied Miss Nonesuch, "they *sell* it." Last year they sold enough to make 24,000,000 pies."

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We handle everything in musical goods and will gladly send our interesting catalogue to any person who can possibly use a musical instrument of any kind. Ask for Musical Instrument Catalogue.

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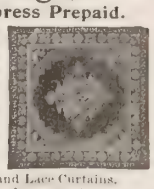

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We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's. Louisiana. Mo.

Faith of Childhood

"NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I pray, thee, Lord, my soul to keep;"
Was my childhood's early prayer,
Taught by mother's love and care,
Many years since then have fled,
Mother slumbers with the dead.
Yet, methinks, I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of other days,
Oh! could the little hymns of praise,
Oh! could the simple, joyous trust,
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife.
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray, with childlike faith once more,
The prayer my mother taught of yore:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

23 Years' Work in Tuskegee

DURING the twenty-three years that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has been in existence, counting those who have finished the full course, together with the much larger number of those who have taken a partial course, but who have remained long enough to get into the spirit and methods of the Institution, we have sent out quite 6,000 men and women who are doing effective work, mainly in the South, as teachers both in the class-room and of the industries, as mechanics, and in domestic work. Practically all of our graduates are in demand even before they graduate, and a large proportion of our men and women are employed by Southern white people at an average daily wage that is nearly three times as great as that paid to the average ignorant, untrained colored man or woman. At the present time there are 1,243 students enrolled. The Institution has proven its right to exist and its claims upon the public.

Just now there are three urgent needs which I think the public would like to know about and assist us in meeting: 1st. The annual cost of operating the Institution is $160,000. Of this amount, we can depend upon $69,933 from assured sources, leaving $90,067 to be raised through the gifts of friends. 2d. Increase of our endowment fund from its present figures, $1,030,553.28, to at least $3,000,000. 3d. $65,000 with which to build a new dining-hall—$19,000 of this amount now being in hand. No need of the school is more urgent than this one. The students will make the bricks and do most of the work on the building, so that the money would not only provide the building, but would give students the chance to earn money and learn a trade.

We shall be glad of money towards one or all of these purposes. The smallest sum will be gratefully received. Money sent to the school for these objects will enable the principal to spend a larger proportion of his time and strength on the school grounds and in the South, where his services are much needed.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, *Principal.*
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

All the Difference

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a younger one. The young one took off his apron and started for the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I'se gwan to do."

"Go and get no drink. I used to do de same thing when I was young. When I wuz fus married dah wuz a gin-mill next de shop wha I wucked, an' I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah an' half I eahned. Well, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood come in but de man what kep' de likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he said.

"He got it an' went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

"'What do you want?' said the butchah.

"'Gib me ten cents wuf of libber,' wuz my re mark.

"It wuz all I could pay for. Now you go an' get yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells you de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de ba' eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years, and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—*Foxboro Reporter.*

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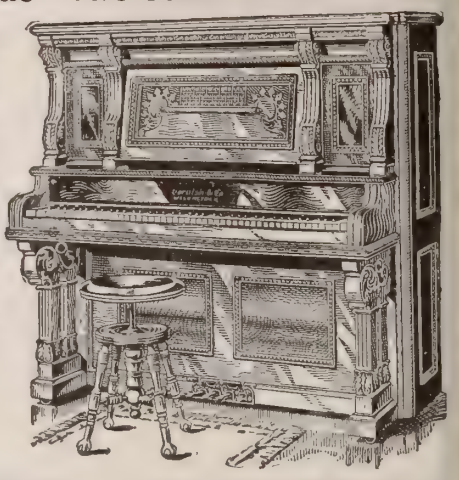

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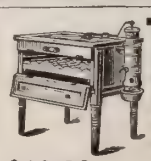

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AGAINST THE CANTEEN

A VIGOROUS protest against the restoration of the canteen to the Army posts, is made in a letter to the *Army and Navy Journal* by Inspector-General Noel Gaines of Kentucky. It is elicited by a report from Inspector-General Burton to the Secretary of War, in which he claims that "the canteen is a moral benefit to the Army, and its withdrawal leads to sickness and the commission of military offenses, desertion and other crimes, as well as impaired discipline, by driving the men to resort to low dives and groggeries that have sprung up like mushrooms around military reservations" since the canteens have been closed. Gen. Burton added that this opinion was the almost unanimous sentiment of the Army.

It is not surprising that an opinion so extraordinary as this should have drawn forth an indignant protest from some officer who knows the facts. Human nature in the Army is like human nature in civil life. As we well know, by sad experience, no one ever yet derived moral benefit from intoxicating liquor. It is contended by some physiologists, but denied by others, that physical benefit may come in some rare cases from their use, but this, so far as we know, is the first time that it has been claimed that a moral benefit has resulted from them. There is nothing moral about the traffic, and we have yet to learn how what is so productive of immorality in civil life can change its character in military life. The restoration of the canteen can never be granted on moral grounds, and the sooner its advocates cease to use an argument so utterly indefensible, the better. The question may be one of bad and worse. The soldier, deprived of the canteen may resort to the dive, which on many grounds is worse than the canteen; but they are degrees of vileness, and we must not characterize the canteen as good, when it is only a little less vile than its brother evil. Both are bad, and the dive is worse than the canteen.

Inspector-General Gaines places himself on unassailable ground when he contends that while the advocates of temperance are teaching the soldier that "the Kingdom of God planted in their hearts is the way to kill all desire for drink and all other evil, it is not right for our Government to be acting the part of the tempter, tempting them by handing out liquor to the very people being preached to. And when the people of a state or nation, or a goodly number thereof, have this Kingdom of God planted in their hearts, all officers chosen to administer the affairs of government will be men who have received from God the New Covenant, then of a certainty that government will not be the tempter to the people who give it existence."

Unhappily we have not yet reached so high an ideal in our system of government, either in civil or military life, but there is a lower ideal which ought to influence every officer. It is the testimony of Gen. Kitchener, of Gen. Roberts, and other officers of experience, that the soldier's efficiency is impaired by the use of intoxicating liquors, and that he is a better man and a more capable soldier when he abstains from them. He can bear the fatigue of a long march and endure the hardships of his life better without the liquor than with it. This is a consideration which ought to weigh with officers who know nothing of the New Covenant, but are concerned for the efficiency of our Army. The moral effect on the men may be put out of the discussion altogether. We know that is bad, and we are surprised that Gen. Gaines has not given us any testimony of the effects, with which he must be familiar.

The question really turns on whether it is right in principle, or wise, to recognize the soldier's desire for intoxicating drink and provide for it, lest he gratify it in a more objectionable way. The true way of dealing with the evil is not to gratify his desire, but to teach him that abstinence is the better course, that liquor taken even in the canteen injures and demoralizes him. The Government ought not, by act or deed, to make itself a party to his undoing. It should steadily set its face against the drinking habit in the Army, as a menace to its efficiency, and not endorse it by paltering with its indulgence.

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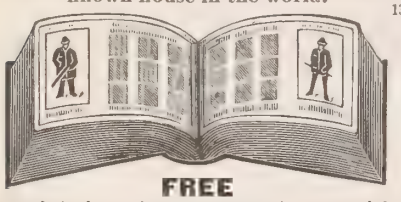

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We have successfully treated thousands that have failed elsewhere. The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

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RENOUNCES the Catholic Faith

MISS MARY GWENDOLIN CALDWELL, who, several years ago, excited attention by giving one-third of her large fortune to the Catholic Church, to found the Catholic University of Washington, has formally renounced Romanism and become Protestant. Her story is a remarkable one, and it conveys a lesson which those who are disposed to lend an ear to the proselyting methods of the Romish Church may well heed.

Miss Caldwell was born in Kentucky, her father Wm. S. Caldwell, being a wealthy contractor. Before his death, he became a convert to the Catholic faith, and his two little daughters, Mary and Lena, were taken in charge by a Catholic relative and placed in a convent school near New York City, where they were educated and reared as Catholics. Miss Mary and her sister, after their graduation, traveled in Europe, and, on returning to the United States, prepared to take an active part in the gay life of society. In 1887 Miss Mary became engaged to Prince Joachim Napoleon Murat, grandson of Murat, the King of Naples, and of Caroline, sister of Napoleon I. Suddenly, at the last moment, because the titled suitor demanded half of the lady's fortune to be settled upon him, the match was abandoned, and the bride gave her costly trousseau to the Catholic Church "for vestments." In 1892, she was united in marriage to the Marquis de Moustiers-Merinville.

It now seems that the lady, with maturer judgment and wider experience, has become convinced of the unwisdom of the step by which her father, leaving the Protestant faith of his ancestors, allowed himself and his children to be swept into the fold of Rome. Mr. Caldwell was a wealthy man and his children would be rich after his death. Flattered and praised by crafty advisers, they were easily persuaded to what followed. When Miss Mary Gwendolin came of age, and turned over $300,000 to the Church of Rome to build a University, the Pope sent her the "Order of the Rose" (a very great honor), and also a medal studded with diamonds, and specially made for the purpose. She gave to the church eighty-eight acres of land on the outskirts of Washington, erected three of the largest buildings and provided for the maintenance of the institution for several years. Her sister gave a sum of money to build a chapel for the university.

For some time past, the Marquise Merinville has been an invalid, traveling abroad. A few days ago a letter was received, in which she is quoted as saying:

"Yes, it is true that I have left the Roman Catholic Church. Since I have been living in Europe, my eyes have been opened *to what that Church really is, and to its anything but sanctity.* But the trouble goes much further back than this. Being naturally religious, my imagination was early caught by the idea of doing something to lift the Church from the lowly position which it occupied in America, so I thought of a university, or higher school, where its clergy could be educated, and, if possible, refined. In this I was greatly influenced by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, who represented it as one of the greatest works of the day. When I was twenty-one, I turned over to them one-third of my fortune for that purpose. But for years I *have been trying to rid myself of the subtle yet overwhelming influence of a church which pretends not only to the privilege of being the only true church, but of being alone able to open the gates of heaven to a sorrowful, sinful world.*

"At last, my honest Protestant blood has asserted itself, and I now forever repudiate and cast off 'The Yoke of Rome.'"

This renunciation of Rome by one who formerly stood so high in the church's favor, is most significant.

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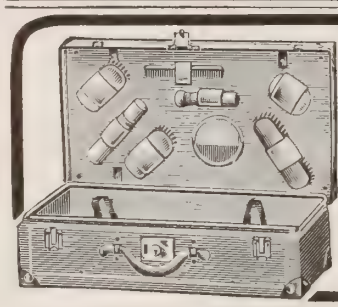

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Those who follow the Fels-Naptha directions need no hot water, get through the wash in half the time, have purified, bright clothes and do not get all tired out.

Get a bar from your grocer, follow the easy directions, and you will be a friend of Fels-Naptha.

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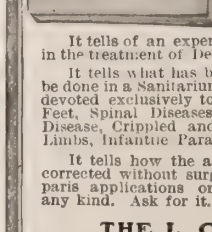

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It tells how the above conditions can be corrected without surgical operations, plaster paris applications or painful treatment of any kind. Ask for it.

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Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.

These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send you our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: B. F. Bieber General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 340 North Henry St., Binghamton, New York

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Elisha's Ministry

By MRS. M. BAXTER

THE ministry of Elisha was signally one of mercy and blessing. No sooner had he returned from the sight of an open heaven—when the chariot of Israel and the horsemen therof appeared to him, and Elijah was caught up by a whirlwind into heaven—than he was made God's instrument in healing the nauseous waters of the city of Jericho. Later on he acted as God's instrument to succor a poor widow, as Elijah had been in his day; both of them such a type of Him who came as the express image of his Father, "the God of the widow;" and he was like Elijah, as God's instrument in raising the dead; again a type of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. In his dealings with the noble Syrian leper, he again reminds us of Him who, when on earth, could cleanse the leprosy, after He had healed the poisoned porridge and multiplied the loaves, in all foreshadowing the coming Messiah.

This prophet, in danger of his life from the Syrians, was in perfect calm, knowing that he was under the protection of God's invisible hosts; and in danger of his life from the king of Israel, sitting calmly in his house and prophesying that on the morrow the sore famine in the besieged city of Samaria would be at an end; and how, through the four lepers, the Word of God, through him, was fulfilled. But Elisha's ministry was not yet ended. Ahab had died the death of the wicked, to await his sentence at the great white throne, his son Ahaziah had gone to join him, and Elisha had outlived them both. He was a man whose tender consideration was most marked all through his career. When the woman of Shunem had built him his little quiet chamber on the wall of her house, he had called Gehazi to give him counsel what could be done for her. He had nothing to give in kind, but he knew how to fall back on God's resources; and the birth of her son was God's reward and the prophet's thanksgiving to this hospitable woman.

The next ministry of the prophet was in Syria. Benhadad the king was sick at Damascus. God had commanded Elijah to anoint Hazael to be king over Syria, but the time did not come before Elijah's translation, and it devolved upon Elisha. Undoubtedly now God had told him things were ripe. There seems to have been nothing else which called him to Syria at this time. "It was told Benhadad that the man of God was come to the city. And he sent Hazael to the prophet, saying, Take a present in thine hand, and go, meet the man of God, and inquire of the Lord by him, saying, Shall I recover of this disease?" Elisha's answer was a strange one, "Go, and say unto him, Thou mayest certainly recover; howbeit the Lord hath showed me that he shall surely die. And he settled his countenance steadfastly till he (Hazael) was ashamed." The man of God had read his thoughts of murder; God had not hid from Elisha what he would do. "And the man of God wept." Hazael inquired why he wept, and then Elisha told him what God had revealed to him of the horrors of war, which his people, the Lord's people, should suffer at his (Hazael's) hands. Hazael did not know his own heart. "What," he said, "is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Elisha knew that the iniquity of Israel was fast coming to the full, and that Hazael was to be one of the scourgers in God's hand of judgment upon them, and he answered, "The Lord hath showed me that thou shalt be king over Syria." And the unhappy man went to his master with the message which he had altered thus: "He told me that thou shouldest (not mayest) certainly recover." But on the morrow, taking advantage of the king's state of weakness, he smothered him with a thick cloth, and reigned in his stead. This ministry of Elisha must have been the most difficult. Oh, how he must have learned to leave to God the responsibility of all which he had commanded. It must have been a sore thing for Elisha when he grew old and looked back on his life's ministry, which had helped so many, to see that on the whole iniquity did not decrease, but continued to increase, among the people of the Lord. Oh, how many prophets, oh, how many witnesses of the Lord in every age have had the same sickening at heart! In every age "the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John 51:9).

There's no white soap like FAIRY Soap. It contains nothing but the purest ingredients and has advantages which no other soap possesses—such as its handy oval shape, the individual carton in which it is packed and its own peculiar merits.

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are neater in appearance than ordinary glasses; but the greatest difference is in the comfort they give and the way they help the sight.

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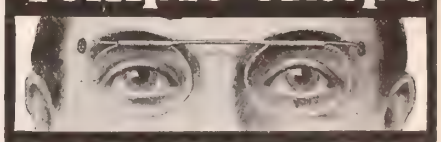

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both steel and cast-iron; new patterns, large square ovens, guaranteed fire backs. Shipped blacked and polished ready for use. If not satisfactory in every way, send it back and we refund every cent paid us. We are actual **manufacturers,** not simply jobbers—the only manufacturers of stoves in the world selling exclusively to the user direct. Send postal for approval offer and catalogue No. 103.

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Conditions of Salvation*

PEOPLE who have the idea that Christianity consists in accepting Christ, as a Saviour from future punishment, should be disabused of the idea, by Christ's own statement of his requirements. Mere intellectual assent to the truths of the Gospel is not the faith that saves. When Paul assured the Philippian jailer that if he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ he would be saved, he did not mean that believing that Jesus had lived, and had died on the cross, and risen again, would save him. There are thousands in our day, who have no doubt of those facts, and yet are not saved. It is quite true that men are saved by faith, but it is a faith that transforms character that saves. It does not imply good works. A man might exercise that faith in the last hour of his life, when death would preclude him from the performance of good works. The quality of his faith is the one essential consideration. That it will produce good works is certain, if it is genuine faith, but it is faith, not works, that saves. The works are only an indication that his faith is genuine.

The demand for faith is not a new thing in the world; it is required in many relations. A boy entering school desiring to become a scholar, trusts his teacher. He places himself in his teacher's hands, to be guided in his studies. If he sets up his own opinions in opposition to those of his teacher, and has his own ideas of the kind of education that is best for him, or of what his habits in the school should be, the teacher can do little for him. He must drop his opposition and obey. A patient who is anxious to recover from some critical disease, must follow his physician's directions. A prisoner on trial places his case in his lawyer's hands and proceeds under his advice. If he does not trust the lawyer, he is a client for whom little can be done. There is no mystery about such matters. Every one understands what faith means in our ordinary relations. It is simply the confidence that we place in the power of another to help us.

When a man becomes conscious that his soul is in danger of being lost; when he realizes that he has been disobeying God and has been living in opposition to him, and longs to be set right, Christ invites him to place his case in his hands, and assures him that if he does so sincerely and unreservedly, he will undertake that he shall be not only forgiven for past offences, but be delivered from the power of sin. The conditions are fair and reasonable. He must submit himself to Christ's will and place implicit confidence in him. That is the act of faith which is indispensable. When the sinner is brought to that point, he becomes a Christ's man, or a Christian. His whole attitude is changed and from that time forward he is a new man. He turns his back on sin and the world and steadfastly works with Christ for his own development. It is not required of him before coming to Christ that he be good. On the contrary, he comes to be made good. The worst cases are accepted. None are so bad that Christ will reject them.

Then there are rules to be followed by those who have thus become Christians. As Christ has shown his love by dying for them, they must love one another. They must keep his commandments as he kept the commandments of his Father. In short, they must follow his example. And they must bear fruit. Their lives must be such as will attract others to his kingdom, and they must strive to serve Christ and seek to save others as they have been saved. To all these Christ promises the help of the Holy Spirit. They are not left to fight the battle with their own nature and with temptation in their own strength. They are expected to struggle, and are warned that their path will not be an easy one; but they are assured that they will receive strength as it is needed, and that if they trust in Christ victory is certain. With all this he promises that he will be with them in all their struggles, and will love them with an everlasting love, and in the end will receive them to himself.

*The New Testament Standard of life and experience. Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 18. Matt. 6:10; John 15: 10-16.

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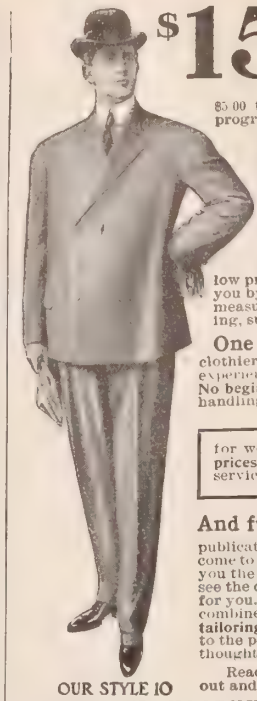

$5.00 SUITS. How others can advertise made to measure suits as low as $5.00 to $10.00; what their scheme is and why the American Woolen Mills Co., the most progressive tailors in the United States, can undersell every other concern in fine made to measure tailoring for men is all fully explained in our wonderfully interesting book of cloth samples, entitled, "$15.00 Tailoring for Fine Dressers." **Our $15.00 Suits and Overcoats** are made to measure by the only system in the world that insures a perfect fit in every instance for customers ordering at a distance. **Our $15.00 Suits** are intended for good dressers, professional and business men who have been in the habit of ordering suits to measure at $25.00 to $50.00. Our $15.00 suits are not approached in variety of style, quality of materials, trimmings, workmanship, style, shape or fit by any tailor anywhere even at three times our $15.00 price.

Cut this ad. out and send to us and if we have a local representative in your town or vicinity, we will ask him to show you our immense line of samples of 400 styles and show you our astonishingly low price proposition and guarantee offer. If we have no representative there we will send you by return mail free, postpaid, a handsome book of cloth samples, fashions, tape measure, special price offerings, all our inducements and special offers on extra fine tailoring, such as is unknown to other wholesale tailoring houses.

One good representative wanted in every town, city and community where we are not already represented. Live merchant clothier, or one with tailoring experience preferred, but will accept any live, hustling outside experienced man who can prove to us he can sell goods and can give satisfactory references **No beginners or inexperienced men accepted.** We prefer such men as are now successfully handling some line of tailoring and would like a much better connection.

WE DOUBLE YOUR BUSINESS AND PROFITS IMMEDIATELY

for we give you a bigger, handsomer and better line than any other house and make prices lower than any other house. We make quicker shipments, do better work, better service and insure fit such as no other house can.

And further, we sell your goods for you, for this and similar announcement will appear from time to time in all publications of large circulation. Dozens, if not hundreds or even thousands of responses will come to us from your town or vicinity, and every inquiry will be referred to you. We find you the customer (at our expense), we write the customer to call on you and we write you to see the customer, we bring customer and representative together, we build up your business for you. Our line is worth more to you than all other tailors to the trade lines in America combined. **If you are now selling, or can satisfy us you can sell $1,000.00 or more a year in tailoring,** then write to us, and if we are not represented in your town, we will open your eyes to the possibilities by mailing you a proposition no other wholesale tailoring house has ever thought of offering.

Reader, don't buy a suit or overcoat anywhere, at any price, until after you cut this ad out and mail to us and get all we will send to you free by return mail, postpaid. Address

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Guaranteed to stop the "night cough" in **CONSUMPTION** and **BRONCHITIS**; and to relieve the worst cases of **ASTHMA**, by cumulative effect, in from three to six weeks.

INSOMNIA and **NERVOUS TROUBLES** rapidly and completely relieved; **HAY FEVER** and **CATARRH** entirely eradicated from the system by the **SOMNOLA MEDICATED PILLOW.** Endorsed by physicians generally as the most natural and effective remedy known to medical science.

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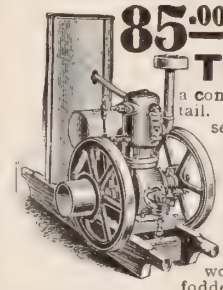

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a complete engine in every detail. Mounted on wood base; self-contained; easily moved; always ready for work; can be run anywhere by any one. Will pump more water than ten men at one tenth the cost. **In one hour** it will grind 15 bushels of feed, saw one to two cords of wood, or cut 2 to 4 tons of fodder; do other work in proportion **at a cost of one gallon of gasoline for each horse power per day.**

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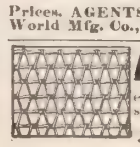

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Relieved Through the Feet

Thousands Are Being Relieved at Home Every Month by This New Discovery, Which Is Sent to Everybody to

TRY FREE—PAY WHEN SATISFIED.

The son of S. J. Pearce, health officer of New Westminster, B. C., had rheumatism so badly that he couldn't walk alone. Magic Foot Drafts relieved him in a week.

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H. C. Van Valkenburg, Providence, R. I., writes: "I don't believe any person ever had muscular rheumatism as bad as I have had it and recovered so quickly, for which I thank your Magic Foot Drafts."

Letters from the above and many thousands of other relieved patients are on file in our offices, where anyone can see them.

We want the name and address of every sufferer from rheumatism. Write us to-day. Return mail will bring you—free to try—a pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan discovery which is relieving all kinds of rheumatism, chronic or acute. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from the Drafts, send us one dollar. If not, keep your money. **You decide.**

The Drafts are worn on the feet because the largest pores are there; but they relieve rheumatism in every part of the body—to stay relieved—because they absorb the acid impurities from the blood through these pores, and reach the entire nervous system through the extremely sensitive nerve centers of the feet. Don't suffer needlessly, but send your name to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 10 Majestic Bldg., Jackson Mich. The Drafts, together with our splendid new free book on rheumatism, will come by return mail. Send no money—only your name. Write to-day.

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PEARS' SOAP

IS TO THE TENDER SKIN

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1904

VOL. 27—No. 50. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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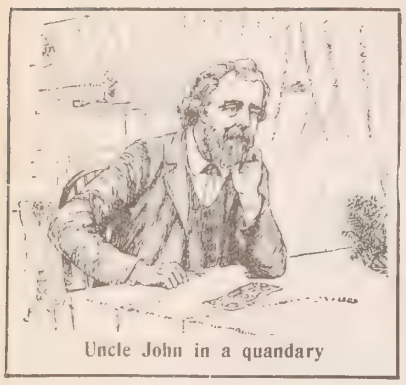
SEE PAGE 1111

Pastor Wagner's Midnight Visit to the Bowery Mission, New York

How Uncle John Did It



Uncle John in a quandary

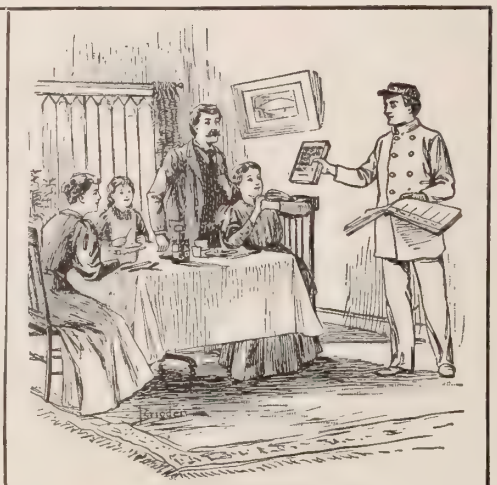
An Ideal Christmas Story

UNCLE JOHN had Five Friends. Christmas was Coming on at a Great Pace, and these Five Dear Friends Must be Remembered. Now, Uncle John had Only $5.00—one Ragged, Weather-stained, Crumpled $5.00 Bill—and Uncle John Owed $2.00. Uncle John was in a Quandary. How can a $5.00 Bill, with a First Mortgage of $2.00 Against it, be Expended so as to Gladden Five Waiting, Expectant Hearts?

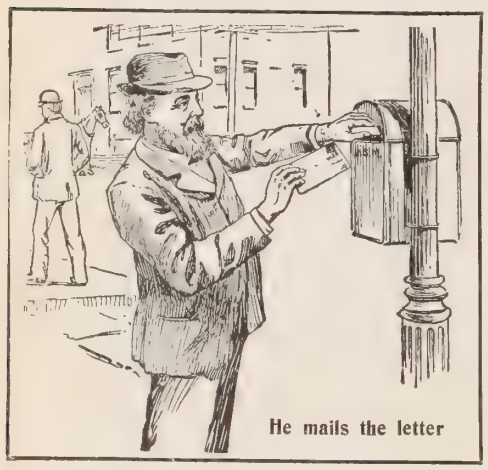
Oh, what a lovely Calendar!

One Day Uncle John Received One of those Beautifully Illustrated Circulars for which **The Christian Herald** is Internationally Famous, from which he Learned that he could get (**1**) a Year's Subscription to **The Christian Herald,** the Best All-around Weekly Family Magazine in the World; (**2**) a **Beauty Calendar,** Measuring 300 Square Inches, and printed in 15 Colors and Gold; (**3**) a **Red Letter New Testament,** Beautifully Bound in Soft, Flexible American Levant Leather, Lined to Edge, with Every Word Uttered by Our Lord Printed in Red; (**4**) his Choice of an **Annual Subscription to Any One** of Ten One-Dollar **Magazines** Specially **Suitable for Men,** and (**5**) his Choice of **Any One** of Three One-Dollar **Magazines Specially Adapted for Women,** Making **FIVE PRESENTS FOR ONLY** $3.00, each Delivered to a Separate Address, if so Desired—All Charges Prepaid—and **Money Refunded if Not Satisfied!**

He reads the announcement



A gladsome surprise to all



He mails the letter

Uncle John fairly Jumped with Joy. In Less Time than it Takes to Write this Story, he had Hastened to the Post-office; had Exchanged his Old, Crumpled and Weather-stained Five-dollar Bill for a Three-dollar Money-Order, and Two Dollars in Cash with which to Pay his Debt. He Immediately Mailed the Money-Order to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, Together with a Letter giving a Detailed List of Premiums Chosen and Mailing Instructions for each, All Signed with His Name and Address. Uncle John was Particularly Careful to Write Opposite Each Article of his Choice the Name and Address to which he Wished it Sent.

He Hesitated Awhile in Making his Choice of the Books, Wavering Between the **Red Letter Testament, "The Crown Dictionary"** and **"Good Manners for All Occasions,"** but Finally Decided that his Niece, who was an Invalid under the Physician's Care, would Prefer the Red Letter New Testament, Beautifully Bound in Soft, Flexible Leather, with Red-under-Gold Edges, and with All the Words of Christ Printed in Red.

After Depositing this Letter, Carefully Directed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, Uncle John Went Home a Happy Man; for, Though his Means were Limited, he had Seized the **Best Opportunity Ever Offered** to Gladden the Hearts of his Five Friends—and All at the Expense of Only $3.00! MORAL: **Go thou and do likewise.**

The very Book I have longed for—a Red Letter New Testament

Within a Very Few Days after Uncle John had Sent in His Order, All the Various Premiums Selected by Him reached their Respective Addresses, in each case Gladdening the Heart and Home of its Recipient.

I am sure dear Uncle John sent it

They all enjoy The Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A Talk with Japan's Premier

AN AMERICAN'S INTERVIEW WITH COUNT KATSURA AND MARQUIS ITO---THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE TOUR

IF I was enthusiastic before my trip to the Far East, I return still more so," said Mr. Wm. B. Millar, Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., in speaking of his recent journey to the Philippines, China and Japan, in the interests of the Army and Navy branch of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Millar is greatly encouraged at the progress made by the Association work abroad, and this feeling prompted the remark quoted above. "A wonderful work is now in progress in Manila," continued Mr. Millar. "This point is the headquarters for the Y. M. C. A. army work in the islands. There is a splendid field for missionary labor among the natives, who are not inclined to think our religion any better than their own, unless the example of the American is good; but they take very kindly to the Y. M. C. A. movement for their advantage and betterment."

Mr. Millar is of the opinion that if religious societies would send as many well-equipped and hustling missionaries as the educational societies have sent teachers, and be willing to spend as much money, these islanders would respond gloriously to Christian influences.

Our American "soldier boys," too, have been greatly benefited by the establishment of the Y. M. C. A. in the Philippines.

The traveler met with many distinguished people in China and Japan. One of these, Mr. Wu, is a native Chinese, and Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., a remarkably intelligent and finely educated man, and an earnest Christian.

"This field," said Mr. Millar, "is a hard one for the Christian worker, and he meets with many discouragements; but upon the whole, the outlook is bright, for when a Chinaman accepts the Christian faith he makes an excellent missionary among his own people.

"What was the most interesting incident of my trip? Well, that is hard to say among so many. Japan, without doubt, is the most charming country, and our visit to the Holy Temple, where the Emperor retires once a year for meditation and prayer, was one of the places in which I was greatly interested. Here the Mikado must keep awake for twenty-four consecutive hours, and if by any chance he should nod, he is awakened by watchful attendants, who never relax their vigilance. What would happen if these faithful ones should doze during the long vigil is not stated.

"An amusing and interesting incident was taking the picture of the sacred plough at the Temple of Agriculture in Peking, China. I think but for the presence of Dr. Davis, of the Methodist Mission, we might have gotten into trouble for thus sacrilegiously possessing ourselves of that picture. The natives who guarded it looked upon the operation with a horror only equalled by their amazement at our daring. With this plough, the Emperor turns the first furrow in the spring, woe betide any planter bold enough to precede this ceremony with any farming operations on his own account; his harvest will not only be a failure, but other direful things, too dreadful to think of, will follow such an act of impious disloyalty to his Majesty, the Emperor."

PUBLIC DECORATIONS AT A PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION IN TOKIO

Mr. Millar was granted interviews with Marquis Ito and Count Katsura, the Prime Minister of Japan. He was treated with the greatest courtesy by both of these high dignitaries. Marquis Ito expressed the keenest interest in the work of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., as naturally anything that will be of advantage to their army is looked upon with gratitude, for the Jap is first and foremost a patriot, only regretting, like Nathan Hale, that he has but one life to give to his country.

The genial Secretary gave an interesting account of how the news of victory was received in Tokio, the grand decorations and illuminations in the streets in honor of the event; how processions marched up and down, and crowds turned out with great enthusiasm. Hundreds of school children would line up at the stations to cheer the trainloads of soldiers who were starting for the front.

"The Japanese seem to be born patriots," said Mr. Millar. "It is certainly nothing which they acquire, and nothing could exceed their determination that victory must be theirs, no matter how many lives it might cost.

"Perhaps my most important meeting was with Count Katsura. Talking with the Prime Minister was accomplished under some difficulties, as there were two interpreters, one to whom I spoke, who translated my remarks to the Count, who, in turn, gave his reply to another native, who interpreted it to me. You may be sure I was pretty busy during that interview, first watching the Count, to see how my remarks struck him, then waiting for his reply by way of interpreter number two. After presentation and greetings had been exchanged, the Count said diplomatically:

"'Japan as a nation has always appreciated the friendship which America has so constantly manifested in the past, and more especially since the outbreak of hostilities with a neighboring Power, the nation as a whole, from his Majesty the Emperor to the people at large, have been deeply touched by the renewed evidences of the sympathy of the American people with Japan in her struggle.'

CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE

THE "SACRED PLOUGH," IN THE TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE, PEKING, CHINA

SOLDIERS' BIBLE CLASS, MANILA, P. I.

MR. WU AND MR. WM. B. MILLAR, IN A GARDEN IN SHANGHAI

"Whether my reply was equally diplomatic, was not owing to lack of desire on my part, at least. It must have pleased the Count, however, for he continued:

"'When you return, I hope you will inform the people in America whom you meet, that in this contest Japan has the assurance of a clear conscience. We believe that it is now clearly recognized by the world at large that Japan's aim in the Orient is merely to extend, by peaceful means, the benefits of modern civilization. She has no ulterior designs of selfish aggrandizement. She desires only peace and progress. Unfortunately this purpose has run counter to the aggressive designs of Russia, and the earnest and patient effort on the part of Japan to reconcile the policies of the two countries unhappily ended in failure. As the last resort, and against our will, we have been forced to take up arms in self-defence; and now, having appealed to arms, we shall not lay them down until the object of the war has been accomplished.'"

Again Mr. Millar's reply "seemed to meet approval," and the Prime Minister followed with some observations as to the true spirit and purpose of Japan. His country, while diplomatic negotiations were pending, was in danger of being misunderstood by Western nations. Russia, he said, would spare no effort to foster such a misunderstanding, especially on religious grounds. The Count gladdened the Secretary's heart by saying:

"In the efforts to establish a correct understanding abroad of Japan's true position in such matters we have been greatly assisted by the Christian community here, both Japanese and foreign. Ten years ago, when I was in command of a division during the Japan-China war, I was impressed with the fact that one of the important problems was how the men might be assisted in spending their leisure profitably, and the need of some plan or effort that would help solve this problem. I have heard somewhere before, and have been much interested in your account this morning, of the work done in that direction by your organization in the armies and navies of America and Europe, and of the plans already on foot to begin a similar work among the soldiers of Japan. The result of the experiment about to be made will be watched with deep interest."

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT MANILA

A draft of this notable interview was subsequently submitted to Count Katsura, and the assurance was received from him, that it met with his entire satisfaction, and he expressed his desire that Mr. Millar give it publicity in America as a message to the American people.

More than three per cent. of the Japanese army officers are Christians. Those resident in Tokio have organized a club which meets not only for social intercourse and mutual spiritual improvement, but the members are deeply interested in the spread of Christianity among the soldiers. The work of the Y. M. C. A. has taken a tremendous hold upon the "little brown men."

* * *

In recognition of the Association's services, President Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, says, "Every encouragement should be given to our soldiers and sailors, to live up to the high ideal of their calling, and I take genuine pleasure in extending to those who have so generously interested themselves in this noble effort, my hearty congratulations and my best wishes for the continued success of the great work."

Our readers are already more or less familiar with the work done by the Army and Navy Branch, in the various places where our soldiers are stationed, and where the sailors, when on land, are offered good clean amusements, and are assisted in various ways to shun the pitfalls plentiful in all cities when Jack comes ashore with his pay burning holes in his pocket. The number of letters written by the "Jackies" in the various writing rooms of the Association's buildings, indicate that many hearts are being gladdened with news from the boy in the navy.

PORT ARTHUR'S DESPERATION

WHAT life in besieged Port Arthur means (says a writer in the London *Sphere*) may be judged from the stories told in the last letters smuggled out of the fortress by Chinese junks. A letter from Major Zelenowsky, quoted in the Siberian papers, says: "The terrors of the siege are not quite so much physical as mental. You get used to the falling shells, the midnight explosions, the perpetually repeated 'Dmitri's killed' or 'Ivan's killed,' and the knowledge that you yourself will soon be killed too. But you never get used to the terrible mental oppression which reigns in the town. Everyone goes about with a scared white face, with the unasked question trembling on his lips, 'Is there any chance?' And you in turn answer him by your looks, but without words.

A JAPANESE HERO BEARING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN OFF THE FIELD

"Death here takes half-a-dozen forms. You may be shot or bayoneted in the trenches; you may die of disease; you may blow your brains out through mere tedium, as did poor Gesperi; you may drop dead on the ground and have a verdict of 'died of mental strain,' as has already happened to two artillery officers; you may spend your nights fighting without sleep, and then fall asleep and not awake. This happened to several men in our battalion."

A letter received in Moscow from an infantryman named Lubavin gives a grimmer picture: "This fortress will never be taken, for if it were we are all as good as dead; the Japanese will spare no one. They spare no one in the trenches, and we in turn slay without mercy. Our men begin to look like brutes, but I have never dreamed of anything more fiendish than the expression of the enemy as they are driven back from our earthworks. They look like devils out of hell, and we all expect to be roasted alive if Port Arthur falls. For that reason it won't fall."

The *News of the Manchurian Army* publishes a letter from Lieutenant Krasnitsky describing the Japanese attack on August 22: "The Japanese had no chance from the beginning. They poured up the steep slopes of Panlung in thick masses without making any proper preparations, and were simply swept off the face of the earth. On our left after they retired, three living men were left among the barbed wires, and these kept shouting war cries while they were picked off by one of our soldiers to the music of loud laughter. . . . The ravine below streamed with blood, and in one place corpses lay so thick that a dam was formed. The men in our advanced trenches were driven out or bayoneted, but before the Japanese had got a yard further they were all shot down. . . . The night attack and the ensuing sortie were ghastly affairs, and the men's boasts when they returned still more ghastly. One man showed a bayonet bent into two, and affirmed that he had stabbed a Japanese with it, bent it into a hook against an earthwork, and retired dragging the Japanese body a hundred yards over the ground."

"I am sending this by a Chinese junk, which on Thursday got in here filled with rice," writes Sergeant Poliakoff. "It may be my last, for every man in our company was killed or wounded yesterday. Last night the Japanese surprised our advanced trench and captured two machine guns, but as they were clearing off they were caught by the electric flashlight and cut to pieces by fire from the Ehrlung fort. Not a single man escaped. . . . The most bloody fighting had taken place in the trench. Our men refused to yield, and were all butchered, the Japanese stabbing the wounded bodies again and again. . . . Many of the enemy fell into wolf pits and were impaled on stakes, and next morning our men grinned down at them, crying, 'Ah, Master Jap-Fox, are you happy down there?' . . . We have got to a stage at which we all laugh at blood and murder, and no man would shed a tear over the death of his own father."

* * *

In the first week of December the Japanese succeeded in capturing several more forts, including one known as 203-Metre Hill, which commands the harbor of Port Arthur. It was reported that this victory cost General Nogi 15,000 men. From 203-Metre Hill, the Japanese guns can sweep the harbor, and either destroy the Russian vessels or drive them outside, to fall a prey to Togo's warships. General Stoessel has fortified Golden Hill and Liao-Thie Hill, and has no thought of surrender. As soon as the Japanese heavy cannon are mounted on the newly-occupied eminence, the situation may change very materially. In any event, Port Arthur's struggle cannot last much longer.

The Russian Baltic fleet is slowly making its way eastward. A Japanese naval squadron is said to have been despatched from Sasebo to intercept and give it battle.

The Finest and the Best

Your paper is really the very finest illustrated, and the best. H. N. SLATER.
Crane Lake, Assa., N. W. T., Can.

THIS IS A REAL HOME CHURCH

HOW PASTOR FOX IS REDEEMING AN EAST-SIDE PARISH IN NEW YORK

WASH-DAY IN THE TENEMENTS

THE PASTOR AND MRS. FOX

A CROWDED LIVING-ROOM

IT is now more than twelve years since the Rev. Ernest L. Fox introduced the "settlement" idea and methods, to the people of his district, on the East Side of New York. There was at this time but a remnant of a church worshiping in the little old building in East Eleventh Street. In beginning his work of upbuilding, Mr. Fox, carried on evangelistic services in the form of open-air meetings followed by a Gospel service inside the church. Faithfully he worked with his little band of helpers, but after months of most exhausting efforts, the few who were induced to come to the inside meetings could not be held to steady attendance, and the converts needed an unusual amount of training and seemed helpless to change the conditions about them.

People of twenty-five nationalities lived in this crowded district, in poor, unhealthy homes, and there must be found some way to reach them. The pastor made up his mind that through Gospel meetings alone this section of the city could never be redeemed. As he and his helpers lived in the church building, they became real neighbors to the people whose condition appealed so strongly to them. So by many little acts of disinterested kindness the work began. The distribution of flowers, excursion tickets, and neighborly visits to the homes, proved the small end of the entering wedge to the hearts of these neglected people.

It was the idea of helping them in their homes, which induced Mr. Fox to call the church the "People's Home Church." He began the formation of clubs, classes, and boys' brigades. Then something encouraging happened, and it was an epoch-making day when the New York City Church Extension Society bought the tenement house adjoining the church and fitted both buildings for settlement work. As a result of this extension, the work went on most encouragingly and the tenement residents were gathered in in great numbers. Here the young people found a gymnasium and bath, a library and reading-room, kindergarten circles for the little ones, and a day nursery for the babies, while different clubs and classes appealed to the older members of the families.

The Federation of Churches and Christian organizations in New York, to which the Peoples' Home Church belongs, is doing much to redeem the city through co-operative effort. Definite localities are assigned to each church, which is to engage in those lines of work looking toward the bettering of individuals and families and the uplift of social life in the community. Four blocks have been assigned to the Peoples' Home Church, and the locality is such that unusual difficulties are encountered. There are usually from sixteen to thirty families in each tenement, crowded into small apartments. Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells of a room which contained five families, one in each corner, and one in the middle, who lived amicably until one family took in boarders. This was a fact, although it seems incredible to one unacquainted with tenement-house conditions in some parts of New York. Pastor Fox tells of one of his parishioners who said she had to put her head out of the window when she wanted to meditate or pray. Under such conditions one might naturally infer that the spread of the Gospel would be slow; but while there is much to discourage, or even to appal a less stout heart than that of Pastor Fox, there is also much cause for rejoicing in the results of good, conscientious work. While evils without number are to be fought—low vitality, resultant sickness, loss of work, and pauperism, and last, but by no means least, the saloon evil — they can all be fought and vanquished by the weapons God puts in the hearts and hands of such hopeful, optimistic workers as those who have wrought so much good in this particular parish.

When the Kindergartener takes the little ones into her charmed circle, a beginning is made for a better and healthier life. It is no hard task for the teacher, as she enters the home as a friend of the little ones, to make friends with the mother, and thus a beginning is made towards a better home life—"A little child shall lead them," and the step to the church is soon made. When the Kindergarten is supplemented with the day nursery, the blessing is double-fold. The gymnasium, too, proves a great feeder for the Bible School, as when the bodies of the children are developed with healthy exercise, devoid of the contamination found in the streets, their minds reach out and become more receptive of good teaching. Through the Home Maker's Club, the home life is bettered by the mothers, and the Men's Club, where a "free forum" is maintained, also becomes a helpful factor. Then there are classes for sewing, cooking, sloyd, carpentry, clay modeling and basketry. English is also taught to the Italians. Entertainments are frequently given in the auditorium, which are always well attended. Church and Charity visits are by no means neglected in this busy Settlement, and anyone in the neighborhood seems to feel at perfect liberty to call for help of all kinds from the pastor and his staff. In one day, Mr. Fox was called upon to get some legal advice, to attend to the case of an epileptic orphan, to aid a neighbor in getting a place in the new city baths, to get naturalization papers for a Greek, get bail for a boy who had been arrested, keep a widow with eight children from being evicted and set on the sidewalk, and to restrain a crowd of boys from setting upon the Jewish landlord who was going to put her out—a pretty full schedule even for a busy man.

The Bible School is supplemented with midweek classes for the most elementary religious training, and at stated times all work which interferes, is suspended, and a week of special Gospel services is held, with good results.

Speaking of the change which has come over the neighborhood, Mr. Fox says, "They have come to regard us with favor. We have taken off the wire screens which once covered our windows. Some have availed themselves of the home idea to such an extent that they come in regularly to our family prayers at 6:30 P.M., while others spend their leisure time at the Settlement, which is becoming increasingly a centre of neighborly help and guidance. Both our Bible School and church membership have more than trebled. We have not spiritually redeemed the parish, but we have hitched our wagon to that idea, as our star, and, thank God, we are traveling in the right direction."

A KINDERGARTEN CIRCLE

Family Worship Day by Day

Bishop John H. Vincent

BISHOP VINCENT'S GREAT WORK

THIS magnificent Volume contains **480 Very Large Pages**, consisting of a **Scripture Lesson**, a **Hymn**, and a helpful **Prayer** for **Every Day in the Year**, and **Special Services** for **Special Occasions.**

☆ ☆ ☆

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The Word for the XXth-Century

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.*

WHAT is the word for the twentieth century? "All ye are brethren." It is a word from the first century. Is it out of date? Two thousand years is a long time for a sermon to last; yet people have been talking about Christ's sermon that long. What Jesus said in the street of an Oriental city that dim day of long ago has made a stir in the world.

Imagine the scene. Hostile currents of factional strife, bubble, and fret, and froth at his feet. The Sadducees were there. The Sadducees were good haters. The Pharisees were there, bigoted and exclusive, and whose creed was to hate the Sadducees. The common people were there, suspicious of the upper classes; and the privileged classes were there, looking with contempt on the peasantry. Amid all stood the Man of Peace, the Apostle of Fraternity, the God of Brotherhood, the Saviour of estranged humanity, saying to these rabid, intolerant factions: "All ye are brethren."

No wonder they thought him dangerous. He was. He was the enemy of the old order, the order that stood for division. No wonder they were afraid of him and treated him as a revolutionist. There was no more startling and revolutionary doctrine for the times that heard it than this preached by Christ. The Jews called outsiders "Gentiles." It was a term of reproach. They pronounced "foreigner" with a sneer. God's elect were a close corporation; but here comes this radical iconoclast, boldly assailing the very foundations of society and openly proclaiming the rank heresy that all men are brethren.

An Imperial Message

They crucified Christ, but they could not crucify his message. How it has soared and shone; how it has commanded and became imperial. How its influence has hovered like a benediction over the camp of strife, stilling tumults, blending antagonisms, and leading enemies to love one another. "All ye are brethren." It is sweeter than angel's song. Musical with the melodies of heaven, it has sung itself into the heart and hope of the race. That word of the first century stirs the twentieth. It is not out of date. It is still worth considering. The standard it lifts is the hope and beacon of the modern world.

What is the word for the twentieth century? War is not. Battleships are building. Every few weeks a new man-of-war is launched, but not always under the most favorable auspices. Even the most strenuous advocates of a larger navy, base their plea on "the moral effect," rather than on a prediction of actual fighting to be done. The third battle of Bull Run has been fought and lost; but the spectacle was merely a holiday outing for our soldier boys, and not a sign that the nation is champing the war bit. Arms are not a symbol of the highest civilization, nor war the road of progress. Whoever preaches that it is, gives the lie to the noblest instincts of the race. A peace congress is more civilized than a war camp. Diplomacy has its advantages over butchery, and fraternity is preferable to barbarism. War is not the word for the twentieth century.

Competition is not. The theory that competition is the life of trade, is an exploded heresy. It is very often the death of trade, and the extermination of the tradesman. It is saner to make it to the interest of your business rival to go with you, than against you. It is a wiser procedure to make it to his advantage to maintain the market, rather than break it. The shrewd employer makes his employees his friends. He binds them to the business with the bonds of a common interest. Co-operation is a better business proposition than competition. The best brains and the most sagacious commercial enterprises of the day are at work on trade and industrial combinations. Competition is not the word for the twentieth century.

Exclusiveness Doomed

Exclusiveness is not. The trend is toward representative government and democratic institutions. We are not making privileged classes nowadays. That folly has been cured. We are not proceeding on the theory that the many were created for the special advantage and exceptional rights of the few. Caste is unpopular. The only peerage worth seeking is that of character and service. Pre-eminence is not a thing which separates one from his fellows; but rather binds him to them, and makes him their servant. Good-will is better than caste. Exclusiveness is not the word for the twentieth century.

The word for the modern world must be taken from the life of Christ. "All ye are brethren." A man prominent in public life said recently, "Together is the word for the twentieth century." He was merely paraphrasing Christ's declaration, made 1900 years ago, on the streets of Jerusalem. The word for the incoming century is not a word to separate, but to unite; it is not a barrier, but a bond; it is not to keep us apart, but to help us to get together.

This is the teaching of Christianity, and it is remarkable how it confronts us, from whatever direction we make our approach. The unity of the race proclaims it. Christianity teaches that the human race is one family of one origin, of one blood, of one life. Science tried to explode the Mosaic doctrine of the unity of the race, but struck its head against the granite wall of facts, and lost consciousness. The best scholarship today is lined upon the side of racial unity. People may regard the Genesis account of the origin of man as poetical, pictorial, or literal; but they cannot set aside its truth. God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the earth. It was a way the Creator had of saying, "All ye are brethren."

The Universal Religion

The universality of Christ's mission makes the same announcement. Christ comes to all, for all, and through

REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.

all. He is no hermit, but the true cosmopolitan Christ. He is not to be monopolized in any way, by any class, for any cause. He is for all ages and classes and causes, a world-Redeemer, whose invitation is "Whosoever will may come," and whose announcement is that all men are brethren.

This is Christ's teaching, not in a solitary declaration, but in well-nigh all that he said and did. It is the summing up in a word of his entire message and mission. He came to reveal to men that God is their Father. Because the conception of God the Father had been lost, the family had been broken up. Christ's way for men to find each other is first to find God their common Father. Because God is our Father, all we are brethren.

It is likewise the teaching of the church. The brotherhood idea is at the very basis of church organization. The church is an *ecclesia*, an assembly, a coming together. It is not founded on religious caste, it is not a mutual admiration society composed of a few select and congenial spirits of the community. Its effort is not how to keep out, but how to get in. The church is a get-together club. It should practice the open door.

These "dearly beloveds" who scutinize closely the social and financial credentials of all who apply for church membership, and who are disposed to exclude any who may come from what they are pleased to designate "certain classes," would do well to get converted over again. They do not represent the Saviour of the world. The church is not a tribunal of judgment, but a brotherhood of sympathy and helpfulness. In the very structure of the church, Christ is saying, "All ye are brethren."

Perhaps this is enough to show that any type of Christianity which discredits my text is spurious. A minister said to me, "I should think you would have a hard time proving that all men are brethren." I replied, "I do not try to prove it. Christ said it, and I accept it and proclaim it."

The Trend of the Time

It is becoming increasingly the doctrine of modern life. What are they saying in the commercial world? They are saying, "We must get together," and they are doing it. Trusts are just a way of trying to get together. When people try to get together, they are not always cured of selfishness, and so a trust may turn out to be a way of staying apart. It may be an iron hand to monopolize trade. Then a trust becomes a curse. Instead of being called a trust, it should be called a distrust. But the movement in the business world is toward unification. Self-interest demands it. Trade is saying; "Together is the word for the twentieth century."

What are they saying in the industrial world? They are saying, "We must get together." Labor unions are just a way of trying to get together. When people try to get together, whether in the ranks of capital or labor, they are not always cured of selfishness, and so a union may turn out to be a way of staying apart. It may be an iron hand to strike capital. Then a union becomes a curse. Instead of calling it a union, it should be called a disunion. But the movements in the industrial world are toward co-operation. Organized labor has come to stay. Let it be careful, however, to keep out caste, and see to it that unionism does not stand for a new method of creating a privileged class. It must protect labor, rather than certain laborers. Then all who labor are brothers. There is a wider sense in which capital and labor are saying to each other, "We must get together." After all, their cause is one, and what affects either is of mutual concern.

The Voice of the Hague

What are they saying in circles of government? They are saying, "We must get together." We must have another Peace Congress. The war in the East is too horrible to be repeated. The diplomacy of civilized nations should make impossible the recurrence of such colossal butchery. And so amid the carnage of battle and the awful massacres of the world's worst war, the President of the United States of America is calling an International Peace Congress. Let us hail it with acclaim, and rejoice that we can say as a nation to the nations of the world: "All ye are brethren;" and proclaim to all peoples the triumphant message of the Prince of Peace.

What are they saying in invention and discovery, in exploration and adventure? They are saying, "We must get together." The facilities for travel and the methods of communication have made the race one people. A man now has his daily paper published on shipboard in mid-ocean. Wireless telegraphy has conquered the ocean barriers. Space has been annihilated, distance wiped out, and the ends of the earth brought together.

What are they saying in philanthropy? They are saying, "We must get together." The privileged life and the deprived life must touch in the brotherhood of the common life. The democracy of our political life must be applied to the conditions of our social life. What are they saying in the circles of the churches? They are saying, "We must get together." Divisions are hurtful. Competition is costly. Rivalry is unChristian. Wherever possible, denominational lines should disappear, and the unity of the spirit find expression in the union of the followers of Christ. Thus all along the line Christ's message runs, and leaps, and electrifies.

Christ Pervading Life

Thank God it is so! We are learning to love one another, to feel for each other, to be more charitable, to practice more sincerely the Golden Rule. The world is growing better. It is getting together. There is not complete fraternity, to be sure. Hate still stirs up strife, but the spirit of the Christ is in the world, and the era of reconciliation draws nearer.

It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the worl' o'er
Shall brithers be and a' that.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1118

* Preached in the North Reformed Church, at Newark, N. J. Text: Matt. 23: 8, "All ye are brethren."

Pastor Wagner at the Bowery Mission

THE great majority of our men who heard Charles Wagner the other night, had been seated in the hall for over five hours, waiting for him, as, owing to his numerous engagements, we were unable to announce the exact hour at which he would speak. He had expressed a desire to see our famous "Bread Line," which begins to form a little after midnight, waiting for the opening of the doors at one o'clock, A.M., we, therefore, announced a meeting which would begin at 12 o'clock. Subsequently it was found that he would arrive earlier in the evening, but too late to speak at our ordinary night meeting. Thus it came to pass that on Monday evening, November 28, we held our longest evening meeting on record.

But the men were very patient. A few of the worn-out ones fell asleep, and for once we did not disturb them. The night was a bitterly cold one, so that we could only open the doors and windows for ventilating purposes at short intervals, and, in consequence, the atmosphere was conducive to sleep; but the majority kept bravely awake. The time was pleasantly spent in singing our stirring hymns to the accompaniment of both organ and piano, in testimonies, and in occasional exhortations thrown in by the Superintendent and the regular leader of the evening, Mr. Simon Trenwith, our financial secretary.

At about 11.30, when the hall was so full that scarcely another man could be squeezed through the doorway, and the bread line had already began to form, there rolled up a carriage, and from it emerged Dr. Klopsch, energetic and happy looking, quickly followed by Pastor Wagner, Dr. Koenig, and M. DeBrunoff.

It is needless to say that our Bowery crowd scanned most eagerly the face of the famous Paris pastor, when once he had become seated on the platform. A few moments more, and the great audience was on its feet, singing as lustily as though it were just beginning its Sunday morning service the hymn that has become so popular with them, "Keep Step with the Master." Then, after a few words of introduction from the Superintendent, the author of *The Simple Life* stood with compressed lips, grasping the brass rail in front of him, face to face with what he afterwards described as the most remarkable audience he had ever addressed. A tear glistened in his eye as he began, and his deep, rich voice trembled with unwonted emotion. He had been eagerly scanning the faces of the men, and now that the time had come for him to speak to them, it seemed as though any language, much less one that he had only mastered within recent months, would utterly fail to convey the wealth of profound sympathy that had suddenly surged into his heart for these suffering brethren of his. But the words came at last, and wonderful words they were. There was no cant, no insincerity, no patronage in this man, who could say, as, surely, they had never heard any one else say so strikingly before, "I give my love to you. I greet you my brethren—I sympathize with you. I am of the people; I always will be of the people, as I always will be a boy. Tell me what it is that makes you look so sad?" There was something in this that reminded these poor battered and beaten men, of what they had heard so many times of One, who, nineteen hundred years ago, was so gladly heard of the common people.

Charles Wagner did not need to be told that these men had sinned. The marks of the beast were upon them. The badges of servitude to the evil one were prominent on every hand. But the one great fact that seemed to burn itself into his very innermost consciousness was that they were suffering, they were down, they were away from home. Call them back! Tell them that God loves them!

Oh, how pathetic were the words, "I am here as your friend. Would that I could press the hand of each one of you. Would that I could press the heart. We need each other—you and I. We have to love each other."

When Pastor Wagner finished, the audience broke into song again:

Wonderful words, Beautiful words,
Beautiful words of Life,

and as this appropriate chorus still lingered in the ears of all, Dr. Klopsch rose, and in appropriate terms thanked the great simple-minded, loving-hearted teacher for the message he had brought.

Then came the first instalment of the breakfast, for it was now close on one o'clock. No sooner did the mission workers commence distributing the rolls and coffee than Mr. Wagner made his way down into the midst of the motley crowd. Eager hands were stretched out to him, which he just as eagerly gripped in his big, strong, kindly grasp.

"Any of you men who are Frenchmen, or of French extraction, kindly raise your hands," said the Superintendent. About twenty hands went up. With a beaming smile the Paris pastor shouted out a greeting in French, and off he started as though he would like to shake hands with them all at once.

"Now you who are Germans raise your hands," and, as promptly as before, and with equal heartiness, came a greeting from Mr. Wagner in the home tongue of the Teuton, to the many who had responded to the appeal.

Mr. Wagner was about to don his overcoat and hat for the purpose of visiting the "Bread Line" outside, when a message was conveyed to him through Mrs. Bird, that there were several disappointed Frenchmen in one corner of the hall that he had not visited. In a moment he was among them again. To his great surprise he found that one in this group had formerly been a school teacher and a neighbor of his in his beloved Alsace.

THE CROWD IN THE MISSION HALL LISTENING TO PASTOR WAGNER

Guided by Dr. Klopsch, Mr. Wagner and his friends then proceeded through the Mission kitchen to the basement hall, where, by the time they arrived, the great throng of shrivering, hungry men were streaming in in one unbroken line. There was little opportunity here for personal intercourse with the men, for it is always a scene of bustling activity, so, after a brief survey of the pathetic scene, Pastor Wagner, greatly moved, ascended to the upper hall again, saying, as he did so, "A strange sight! A strange night! A strange city!"

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Superintendent.*

Pastor Wagner's Address

Pastor Wagner, in the early hours of the evening on which he visited the Bowery Mission, had been the honored guest of the rich and fashionable. He had been entertained at dinner at the Union League Club. When he left the brilliantly lighted parlors of the uptown club and was whirled down to the Mission, the sudden transformation from a scene of wealth and luxury to one of almost indescribable misery must have impressed him deeply. His address is given in full below:

"I come to you with rough English, but not with a rough heart. I see some of you when I come in were sleeping, as if tired from a long journey. I came here to see you men. I would like to know how you got here. Whatever caused you to leave your fatherlands? I like more to read the faces of men than anything in the world, even more than I like books. Faces are like books: some are sad faces; some of your faces are dark, some are light. When I look at you, I see a page in every face, and in some faces a whole book. How sad, how sad the stories I read there! Tell me what it is makes the page I read so sad. I would have you tell me your story. Come, my good fellow, tell me how you have come here. Tell me your yesterday, your to-day, and your possible to-morrow. I will say to each one of you, I am like you, one of the people—a man who is your friend. I came from the people, I understand the people, and I understand you boys. As I look at you here, I know that some have come here out from the darkness this cold night, here in the warm room, in the room where the people pray for you. You have come here, and you feel that you are not alone. You came from the dark night—came from a long way; but you have come into more than light—you have come into love. No one shall go away hungry. No man is forgotten here, whether hungry or thirsty. Would I could press the hand and press the heart of each one of you. We need each other, and we have to love each other.

"I sympathize with you. You come here out of the rough winter, the bitter darkness of night, my brothers, and I welcome you. I have addressed many meetings in America, but I have attended none like this. If I could only know the several ways you have all come to reach here, your life journeys ending here to-night, I would be the best-informed man in the world, because to know would be a revelation.

"There is nothing more interesting to me than the poor, homeless man—the man without a bed interests me far more than the man with two beds. The man who has no bed, is in his way the richer, because he knows of the world. It is ever the same old sad story, the story of the lost sheep, of the poor bird, which has fallen far from its Father's nest. The stray sheep is ever the most interesting of the flock—the best beloved.

"I am glad you have come here to this place, here where you are told of the good in men's souls by people who bring you love, and the glorious message of Him who came into this sad world to tell us of the Father.

"The poorest among you is worth more than the entire universe. I am going home to Paris, and I will tell them all I have seen in America, but what I have seen to-night I shall never forget. I greet you, my brothers. I share with you in the spirit, even as I breathe with you the air of this room. If I could, I would break the Bread of Life with all of you. I hope I shall never forget this hour. Never more did I feel the calling of the Man who brought the Gospel to the world.

"I am of the people, as I said, and I will always be a boy. Let me tell you a story: When I was a boy about fourteen years old, I was living in Alsace, and, till then, had always been in a lovely little country town. Suddenly, one day, they said to me, 'Now the time is come for you to go to Paris, to the schools.' They put me on the train, and then they said: 'To-morrow, in the early morning, when they call out Paris, you will go out of the train.' Like a boy, I went to see the world, as many of you, my brothers, have gone to see the world. When I started, I was full of hope, and expected to see many wonderful things I had read of in the beautiful books. I expected to see green lawns, more beautiful than any in my little village. When I came to Paris and saw that famous city, I was astonished! It seemed to me it was always night in Paris. Studying in my room, I got homesick. I tried to study, but my heart was not with the book; it was in the little town of Alsace. Suddenly I heard a lark singing in a cage. Such birds are found here in America, and I wonder whether any of you have heard the lark sing—the lark, with its beautiful, and powerful voice. Closing my eyes, I felt that I was again in Alsace, and I heard the lark singing in the trees of my beautiful, native town. The singing of the lark is a delightful sound to the peasant, as he stands in the fields behind the plough. It cheers him, and seems to lift him above the earth. Now, right here, if you listen, you may hear the song of the lark, when you are in sorrow, in grief, in distress, and you can find courage. Here you can hark to the song which will open to you the door of a new land; a song which will make the poor rich, and which will lead the pilgrim to the fatherland—the song of Him who sang 'Come unto Me and I will give you peace.' I wish I could be the lark for you; I wish I could sing for you, and lead you to a better—a higher life. God is speaking to you. In my voice may you hear his."

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Pastor Wagner's Message

PASTOR WAGNER has come and gone. During his brief stay with us he touched the two extremes of American life. He mounted the gilded heights of society; he was the guest of millionaires, statesmen, and philanthropists; he enjoyed the exalted privilege of explaining to the President and the leading men of the nation, the philosophy of the "Simple Life." And he sat down with the lowly, and gave words of cordial cheer and encouragement to the despised and the outcast.

On one of the last nights of his sojourn he was the honored guest of the richest club in America. From its table, glittering with silver, and groaning under its luxuries, and from the charming eloquence of a company of distinguished entertainers, he turned away at midnight to plunge into the lowest social deep on this continent—the Bowery Mission.

What a sudden transformation was this, from the brilliantly-lighted banquet hall, to a place which the world of wealth and fashion would shudder to enter. Hundreds of the sons of hopeless poverty and misfortune sat patiently waiting to greet him, and to hear his message. Was it astonishing that, when the Mission Pastor of Paris confronted that eager, haggard crowd, and saw the "Bread Line" in grim formation, he should have cried out in wonder and dismay: "A strange sight! A strange city!" With all their poverty and suffering, neither London nor Paris ever beheld anything more terrible in its realism than this spectacle of the Bowery "Bread Line" on a winter midnight.

Could the message that was brought by this latter-day Apostle of Christian simplicity to those hungry outcasts, be the same that he gave to the full-fed rich, whom he left but an hour before? The same—yet not all the same. Words of consolation, that fell like sweet balm on the broken hearts of the poor, might sound very different to the ears of the rich. We know there are some who have derided the "Simple Life" philosophy as a "fad," and have predicted its early demise; and there are others who reject it as pure idealism, and hence unattainable. But to the heart that will open to receive it, the teaching is full of Christ's own blessed Gospel. Its best test is its direct appeal to the humble; to many of the rich it is, as was the Gospel to the Greeks in Paul's day—foolishness.

We hear that it has been proposed in certain quarters to build a great temple for Pastor Wagner in Paris, in some central and no doubt fashionable section. Far better let him build his Church "down among the people," as he originally intended. Anything that might happen to take him out of his true orbit as a spiritual teacher to the masses would be a misfortune. His highest mission is to the workers, the plain people, the simple souls, who have the fewest privileges, and who stand most in need of spiritual help and consolation. Such a message as he delivered, in utterances broken by strong emotion, to the men of the Bowery on that memorable night, was worth more than a hundred sermons from a fashionable pulpit.

Personal Confession

MANY are ready to join in general confessions that do not mean anything nor commit them to any obligation to live a new life. "We have all erred and strayed from the way." "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." "Human nature is weak." "To err is human," etc., etc. All these pious commonplaces may be very well as general statements in a public service; but, to make good character, the confession which we make to our Heavenly Father must become more personal and definite than that. The most humble reference to the general imperfections of human life, and the faultiness of the world at large, will never take the place of the frank admission, "I have sinned." And there must be no evasion, no looking around for some convenient place to lay the blame. Who can tell how the story of the Garden of Eden would have ended if, instead of excusing himself by blaming others, Adam had fallen in penitence before the Almighty, crying: "I have sinned, O God!"

The only honest, healthy, manly basis for the beginning of right life is frank and unreserved confession of our faults before God.

Christ the Keystone

THERE is an old tradition, cherished in certain quarters, that the temple builders in the absence of Hiram Abif, the architect, threw away the keystone which he had designed and cut. They threw it away because of its peculiar shape; it was neither oblong nor square; nor would it fit anywhere in the wall. Finally its need was felt, its proper place was found, and it was raised to the top of the arch.

So Christ as the Divine Lord and Saviour, may be rejected, but he will be exalted at last. Every rejection but adds lustre to his glory. He is ever found again and put back in his own place at the top of the arch. He has no other place; he fits nowhere else. He is not one fine square stone along with others—Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet. He is the center of history. Previous history comes up to him on one side and subsequent history on the other, like two sides of the arch. He locks the arch. Without him the arch of history falls to confusion. In his place as the keystone he is the solution of all problems. Put him anywhere else, and not only is all history, but Christ himself, is forever an unsolved problem.

When Will Wars Cease?

RAPID and surprising is the development of the Peace movement. Even the most ordinary observer must be impressed with the importance of the events now in conjunction. Russia and Japan both heartily sick of the war and manœuvering diplomatically for its honorable termination; the leading European Powers assenting to the proposed reconvention of the Hague International Court; our own Government with some seven arbitration treaties with foreign Powers, some concluded, others in process of favorable negotiation; the whole Western Hemisphere, from Baffin Bay to Cape Horn, at peace—such are the general conditions that appear on the surface.

But the real story of the progress of peace does not lie open to the superficial gaze. It must be sought in the hearts of the millions of Europe and our own land, who are weary of war and its cruel, useless sacrifice of human life, and who chafe under the heavy burdens it imposes upon industry. They have come rightly to the conclusion that war is the world's worst sin, and that it can only be conquered by the resolute and united opposition of those who are most vitally affected, since they are the greatest sufferers: the "common people." Not to the kings and the nobilities, to whom the masses are but as pawns in a game of chess, nor the military leaders whose trade is war, nor those traders and speculators to whom the defeat of armies or the rise or fall of a nation's credit are like phases in the stock market, does war bring the heaviest woe and suffering, but to the industrious multitudes, who are not only compelled to do the fighting, but to bear the brunt of the cost. To them, the cessation of wars would mean the ushering in of a section of the millennium. Their education during the last twenty years has taught them something of their true position and their undeveloped power. They have been led not only to pray for peace and to hope for it, but to work for it with a resolute purpose that must sooner or later make it come to pass. With the world's productive classes once firmly united against all wars of conquest and aggression, the "great game of kings" would soon cease to be a factor in human affairs.

In the countries of Europe, as well as in our own land, this peace propaganda is spreading. There are indications that, within a few years, it will attain a marvelous growth. In lands of more advanced intelligence, the "peace test" will be applied to public men in every grade of official service. Every town, village and hamlet will have its Peace Circle. Churches will fall into line with the new movement, and a great Peace wave will rise throughout Christendom which will sweep away all obstructionists.

Okakura-Kakuzo, an eminent Japanese scholar and traveler, who has been greatly honored by the Mikado for his learning and his labors in the interest of national education, has lately written a book, in which he voices the absorbing problem that is agitating Japan to-day. "When will wars cease?" he asks. "In the West . . . aggressive nations have no conscience, and all chivalry is forgotten in the persecution of weaker races. He who has not the courage to defend himself, is bound to be enslaved. What mean those strange combinations which Europe displays—the hospitals and the torpedo, the Christian missionary and imperialism, the maintenance of vast armaments as a guarantee of peace? . . . Europe has taught us war; when shall she learn the blessings of peace?"

This rebuke by the distinguished Oriental scholar applies to all the Western nations alike. Selfish, indefensible aggression is at the root of almost all wars. Let us thank God, at this Christmas season, that the Gospel of human brotherhood, taught by Jesus Christ, is accomplishing its work, and that the horizon is even now aglow with the dawn of a brighter day of world-wide good-will.

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Among the Workers

—MR. AND MRS. WICKS, of Waycross, Ga., traveling evangelists, lately held a series of successful revival meetings at Beaumont, Tex., and several other places.

—COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., has a stirring revival, which is being conducted by Evangelist Williams. Several hundreds have confessed Christ.

—CROSSLEY AND HUNTER, the Canadian evangelists, witnessed a great union revival in Collingwood last month. Eight hundred men, women and youth enlisted during the services, and now bands of new converts are going out to other places contiguous, and so the good work is extended.

—A YOUNG EVANGELIST, F. A. Enslow, of Kewanee, Ill., has been holding crowded revival services at Kearney, Neb., for three weeks. He afterward went to Elm Creek, Neb., for two weeks, thence he goes to South Omaha to help Dr. Tindall, of the M. E. Church there. His ministry has been very successful and many have openly confessed Christ.

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Given Under my Hand and Seal at the Bible House, New York City, this 19th day of November, 1904.

Louis Klopsch

PROPRIETOR

BRITISH TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON

DURING the recent visit to this country of the band of the British Grenadiers, the crack regiment of which King Edward is Honorary Colonel, a formal welcome was tendered them at Philadelphia. While they were in the city, there was a scene that deserves to live in history, in view of the strange changes that time has brought in the relations of the two nations. In the square outside Independence Hall, the very centre of the movement which separated this country from British control, this famous military organization lined up in all the glory of their military equipment. There, under the shadow of the statue of George Washington, they gave a grand concert, in which the British national airs, and those of this country, were rendered with thrilling effect. An audience of invited guests listened entranced to the brilliant execution of the celebrated band, and heartily applauded the performance. It is not the first time that such music by a military band has been heard in the same historic place. There are men still living whose grandfathers have told them of the thrilling times when the old walls echoed those strains. But then this regiment was accounted an abhorred enemy, and its presence would have been regarded as an outrage. But now the old enmity has been buried, and the friendly visit of the representatives of the historic enemy's army was cordially welcomed, and the visitors were cordially honored by the descendants of the men who had been prominent in the old-time conflict. If the valiant hero whose statue adorns the square could have witnessed the scene, how rejoiced his heart would have been at these proofs of peace and amity.

The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim (Isa. 11: 13).

A Hawaiian's Self-Sacrifice

A visitor to Hawaii recently paid a visit to the Leper Home on Molokai Island. There he heard a pathetic story, and the heroine of it was pointed out to him. She was a girl of wonderful beauty, and as yet shows no traces of the disease. One day she presented herself to the health board, and, showing a white patch on her shoulder, asked to be sent to Molokai. The doctors examined her, and though the white patch had all the appearance of leprosy, there was an absence of other symptoms which puzzled them. They questioned the girl, who ultimately broke down and confessed that she was trying to deceive them. She said that she had been married a few months previously to a man whom she loved dearly. He had since made the discovery that he was a leper. He had written her a letter of farewell and had gone to the island. She had pleaded to be allowed to see him, but had been refused. She could not bear to be separated from him, and had appealed to a native doctor who had given her a liniment, which produced the white patch resembling leprosy. She begged to go to the island to wait on her husband, and declared that if she was refused she would get the infection and become a leper, in order to be eligible. The doctors, believing that she would keep her threat, or would go crazy if they refused, allowed her to go to the island, warning her that she could never return. She gladly gave the required pledge, and went cheerfully to the leper settlement. How her husband must appreciate the love that could make such a sacrifice for him. It would be the basest ingratitude on his part, if he treated her as some men treat Christ, who for love of us voluntarily came to earth and lived and died the sinless among sinners to save them.

Him who knew no sin, he made to be sin on our behalf that we might become the righteousness of God in him. (II. Cor. 5:21).

Sunk By His Gold

During the recent voyage of the Hamburg-American Liner *Bluecher* to this country, there was a distressing case of suicide. A Dane, who was a passenger, was returning from a visit to his native land. He was sixty-three years of age, and had been here for many years. He was much depressed in spirits, and he told some of the passengers that his journey had been disappointing. His old friends were all dead or scattered, and there had been no one in his native town whom he knew or knew him. There were other reasons for his depression that he only vaguely hinted at. As the steamer approached this side, he grew more and more gloomy. One day he was noticed standing near the rail, and the Captain watched him. After a few moments, he mounted the rail and plunged into the ocean. The Captain threw a life belt to the spot where he fell and ordered the vessel stopped, that search might be made for him. It was unavailing, for he never rose to the surface. A passenger, with whom he talked, said that his sudden disappearance was caused by the weight of a belt he wore, in which he carried a quantity of gold. But for that he might have been saved. Of how many who have lost their souls might a like thing be said. They might have been saved if it had not been for their money.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction (I. Timothy 6: 9).

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS' BAND BEFORE INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

Setting Up a Pillar

Two of the pillars which surround the choir of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, were set in place last week. There are eight of the pillars, and two sections to each. The lower sections are six feet in diameter and thirty-six feet in length. They weigh ninety tons. The upper sections are eighteen by six feet and weigh forty tons. These are the last of the pillars, and there was a company of interested spectators to witness the ceremony of putting them in place. The official part of the task was performed by Dr. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, and Rev. John P. Peters, the rector of St. Michael's, who are trustees of the Cathedral. When all was ready the superintendent of the works gave the word to start the engines, and the ninety-ton pillar was raised from the ground and swung slowly into place. There was not a hitch in the work, and within three and a-half minutes from the start the great stone hung suspended over the pier which was to support it, ready to be lowered as soon as the ceremony of laying the mortar had taken place. That duty was deftly done by the two clergymen and the stone was lowered into position. It is thus that men erect their temples, but the great building which God is preparing is made of living stones, prepared and placed by his own hand.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out (Rev. 3: 12).

A Radium Clock

Another use has been found for radium, in the production of a clock that will go without being wound up for two thousand years. At a recent meeting of scientists, one of these clocks, of which radium is the motive power, was exhibited. In this clock a small piece of gold-leaf is electrified by means of a very small quantity of radium salt. It bends away from the metal substance and keeps on moving under this influence, until it touches the side of the vessel. At the moment of contact it loses its electrical charge, upon which it springs back and is electrified again. The repetition of this process over and over again is the whole secret, and the inventor considers it might be expected to go on, barring accidents, for a couple of thousand years. Asked if such an instrument could be made a reliable timekeeper, he answered: "Yes, so far as the principle is concerned. You have the energy, and unless the thing stuck at some time or other, it would go on and on, as long as the radium kept its power, which is practically indefinite." He was asked if this did not solve the problem of perpetual motion, but he said it did not, as even radium eventually exhausted itself, though it lasts so long a time. Nothing in this world is perpetual.

They shall perish, but thou remainest: they shall be changed, but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail (Heb. 1: 11, 12).

BRIEF NOTES

The *Des Moines News* says that a prominent liquor dealer in that city, recently sent a donation to the First United Presbyterian Church. After deliberation, it was returned to him, with the information that the Church was not in harmony with the business by which the money was earned, and, as a result, would have to decline the gift and all others of a similar nature.

Rev. William Parsons, who has been working for many years as a Baptist missionary among the Telugas of India, has been impressed by the miserable condition of the lepers, of whom there are 700,000 in India. He has determined to devote his life to them. He has come to this country in the hope of obtaining funds to go and labor among them. His address is care of Rev. R. E. Williams, Parsons, Lucerne County, Pa.

The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, in its review of the year, gives these facts: The associations have grown from 1,736 to 1,815; the membership from 350,455 to 373,502. Employed officers have increased 164; buildings increased to 475, adding 38, at a cost of over $2,000,000; the association raised and expended $3,856,328, an increase of $320,322 over last year. There are now 206 Railway Associations, with an aggregate membership of over 70,000.

Good Value for the Money

Very many thanks for the beautiful Calendar I received this morning. I thought last year's was beautiful, but this year's surpasses it. I do not know how you can give such beautiful presents with such a good paper, that is worth a great deal more than the subscription price asked.

HATTIE COATH.

Baltimore.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER III—Continued

"THE one greatest of all reasons," continued Harvey, "why the world to-day is moving with such swiftness towards Socialism is what you have seen to-night. On the one hand, a condition of physical labor, which, in one way or another, is attended with pain, danger, and excessive duration, at unfair compensation, and on the other hand, a condition of idle luxury on the part of those who profit unjustly by the fruits of physical toil. The 'Row' down by the mills, and Harwood's or Wrightam's house are the visible sign of the injustice. The things we saw in the furnace-rooms, and the things we saw in the ball-room are what make labor unions and socialistic parties. Does any wonder that men like those in the furnace-rooms, who are actually with their hands making the stuff that brings such enormous profit—does any wonder that they cannot be made to see that persons like Harwood and Wrightam are entitled to such an unjust proportion of the profits of the business in which they never engage with any physical pain? They tell us wages are high. But how high are they compared with the increase of dividends in the Lenox mills during the last five years? If wages had been increased in proportion to dividends, the men in the furnace-rooms would be getting five times what they get now. But granting that wages are high, so is everything else that a man has to live on. Everything is in a combine—meat, ice, coal, lumber, steel, oil, the common necessaries of life. Harwood is one of the directors of the coal trust. Last winter the coal that average labor in the Lenox mills buys cost $2,50 a ton. This year it has gone up to $2,75, and the Trust says it is necessary on account of the increase of wages paid to the miners. Yet, I noticed the people who control the oil and coal trusts never suffer from increases in wages. They don't have any fewer automobiles or receptions or trips to Europe or summer residences or purple and fine linen. They smile to themselves, and let the people, the dear, deluded people, pay the extra wages. And then to ease their consciences, one or two of them, after putting up coal twenty-five cents a ton or oil two cents a gallon, benevolently contribute an additional amount of the people's money to some college university or missionary society, and get the credit for being great Christian philanthropists. The universities are a good thing, perhaps; but if the truth were told, over the doorway of every new building ought to be inscribed the words, 'This building was erected by the money paid by the common people to meet a rise of two cents per gallon on oil, or twenty-five cents a ton on coal, or seven per cent share on railroad stock,' as the case might be. This might be a good way to build expensive colleges or endow missionary societies and no one would grumble, whereas, now the magnates get the credit and the people pay the freight. Mr. Stanton, there was a time when the average workingman did not know these plain facts. He is beginning to know them now. There was a time when he accepted his little share of living out of the products his toil made possible. To-day he is beginning to ask for more, because he believes it is just that he receive more. The tenement and the palace, the day's wage compared with the luxury, the sight of the unequal and unjust division of the fruit of labor, is what is leading thousands, yes, millions, into the socialistic movement. And when you tell the mill workers of Lenox to love such men as Harwood and Wrightam, men who have no sense of the Brotherhood, men who have all their lives selfishly lived the hog, whose sons and daughters have no aim in existence except to amuse themselves; when you ask the workingmen of Lenox to love these other men you ask an impossibility. They cannot love them. Ask Harwood and Wrightam to love the operatives in the mills and see what they say to you."

"I'm willing to ask them," said Stanton interrupting.

"I should like to be present when you do."

"Will you go with me?"

"Mr. Harwood wouldn't let me into his house. He regards me as a wild beast."

"That is because you have antagonized him with the Union."

"But he does not understand, he nor his kind, that there may be a law of collective ethics higher than a law of individual ethics. Wrightam and his kind say no man has a right to say whom the directors of Lenox mills shall employ. 'It is a free country and every corporation has a right to employ anyone it pleases, and any man has a right to work for whom he pleases, without joining a Union.' That sounds ethically and morally right. But I say there may be such a thing as a collective ethical law that is higher and more binding than this much quoted individual ethics. Here is what my friend Raymond said in his great speech last week before the Teachers Assembly at Manchester:

"'Free contract in the individualistic sense has not existed in the industrial world for a generation. Free contract is impossible between the individual laborer and the superintendent of a corporation. The superintendent makes the terms, the laborer accepts or starves. The freedom of the individual laborer resembles that of a cat in a tub on a lake. The cat does not have to stay in the tub, it is free to jump into the lake. All that the laborer has gained for a hundred years has been won by the trade-unions. That workmen in many trades now enjoy a fair wage and more reasonable hours of service, is due to the struggle and suffering of countless men, women, and children, loyal to the principle of Unionism. Shall we now permit men who refuse the social obligations of their age—industrial freebooters, who would enjoy the fruits won by their fellow-craftsmen without obedience to the protective demands of the Union—to take the bread from the mouths of our wives and children? Shall we let these selfish, social, and industrial traitors disorganize our trade, and render possible at the first breath of an industrial panic, a return to the miserable wage and long hours of a generation ago? Slowly have we won an advance in the standard of wages that makes possible better food, better wages, better clothes and more schooling for us and our families? Shall this personal and communal gain be lost for the sake of maintaining ancient individual rights which the world has outgrown, and the unrestrained exercise of which would pauperize our families and injure the whole commonwealth, including the industrial freebooter himself?'*

"But I might as well whistle to the wind to stop it as to try to make Mr. Harwood understand the position of the Union in regard to non-union labor. And I don't suppose you believe in my position either."

"Frankly, Brother Harvey, I do not. And I still believe in my proposition that practically all the trouble between Capital and Labor is caused by an absence of love between man and man. Economically it does not pay to hate any one. The Harwoods and the Wrightams of society are apparently not worth loving. In reality, very few people do love them. Outside of his most immediate relations, I suppose no one is so little loved as the average millionaire. And in many cases their own family relatives are little to be envied if the record of the divorce courts is good evidence of unhappiness. What I don't see, Brother Harvey, is the reason for you and your companions in the trade-unions wishing to get more money, which, so far as history shows, means more misery. You don't suppose for a moment, do you, that either Harwood or Wrightam are happy men?"

"That is not the question. It is a question of right, of justice. The men of the Union say it is unjust that a man who actually works with his body for eight or ten hours a day in a difficult, dangerous position, should receive only three or four dollars a day, while the man who controls the monopoly, but never does any physical labor, gets ten or a hundred times as much. Why should the actual labor, which shortens a man's life in some parts of the mill by one-half—why should that receive for its share of the valuable product the smallest compensation? You say the brain labor necessary to direct the big business is worth more, and is entitled to more and far higher pay. As an economic statement that has always been accepted by the world as a matter beyond dispute. I suppose I should be called a fool for expressing any other view. But I do not believe in that generally accepted statement. I think the men who do the hard, dangerous, life-destroying work, ought to receive at least equal compensation with the men who organize and direct the work with their brains. In other words, I believe economically that the physical labor is worth just as much to the world as the mental labor, that the two go hand in hand, and there ought to be no distinction made between them when it comes to payment for service. A good many men believe just as I do. But the trade-unions don't go that far, generally, of course. But is it any wonder if we make a few mistakes like the other night, when, after seeing a prospect of winning our case with the company, the non-union men come in and kick it all over? The whole history of trade-unions shows that for a hundred years we have been, on the whole, making a manly protest for human rights; as Raymond says, it is true, all that the laborers have gained for a hundred years has been won by the trade-unions. To have our purposes misunderstood, to have men like Harwood or Wrightam, fight us as if we were enemies of society, is maddening; but the most disheartening of all, is the fact that workingmen themselves do not stand with us, but get in the way of their own interests, and make it harder for us to justify our position with the public."

They walked along some way in silence, and Harvey finally said quietly, as he had talked all along, "I didn't mean to say so much." When Stanton reached the door of his house the two men shook hands silently. As Harvey turned to go home he stopped.

"Are you actually going to see Harwood? Give him my love if you do!"

"I'll see him and Wrightam, too."

"You're a braver man than I gave you credit for, Mr. Stanton," Harvey replied, this time without a sneer, as he said good-night again and walked away.

Stanton talked over the evening's experience with his wife. When he spoke of his determination to see the two mill owners, Mildred asked doubtfully, "Do you think it will do any good?"

"I don't know. Wrightam is a member of Dr. Rowen's church. Harwood, as you know, has for years been a member of Saint Cecilia. Why should they not listen to the Gospel of Love?"

"They have not been in the habit of hearing it," said Mildred, and immediately exclaimed, "Pardon me, Fredrick!"

"It is true, dear," Stanton answered sadly. "How much of this Gospel did I preach during my pastorate in Saint Cecilia? I owe Harwood a message now to make amends for my neglect so many years."

"How will he take it?"

"I don't know. Harwood is a remarkable man in many ways."

"God be with you, Fredrick, as you go to him," his wife said softly.

"Amen!" exclaimed Stanton.

He had made his statement about going to see the mill owners, not lightly; but without realizing to the full, all that the interview might mean to himself as well as to the men. Now that he talked it over to his wife, he began to realize with a curious thrill of genuine excitement what might possibly come of it.

John B. Wrightam sat in his "den" the next evening smoking a pipe, as the servant brought in Dr. Stanton's card. The mill owner and trust promoter went out into the hall to meet his caller, and with a show of cordiality invited him into his private room.

"Have a cigar, doctor?" said Wrightam, proffering a boxful.

"Thank you, Mr. Wrightam, I don't smoke."

"You miss a good thing. I'm so dead nervous I have to use a pipe."

He took it up, put it in his mouth, and eyed Stanton through the smoke curiously.

"I came to see you on a matter which concerns the mills, the men especially, Mr. Wrightam."

"Ah!" Wrightam took his pipe out of his mouth, and held it up, looking at the bowl through his heavy, half-closed lids.

"You're specially interested in the men, Dr. Stanton? Believe you were talking to them the night of the riot. Well?"

"Mr. Wrightam, what do you think of these men, not as forces in the economic world, but as human beings? I tried to say to them that night that I believed the one thing they all lacked was love for others. I have not come here to preach to you, but I do feel that the whole trouble between you as a representative of the capitalistic class is caused by an absence of love on both sides. The whole fact of a brotherhood is completely ignored. Mr. Wrightam, as man to man, have you ever tried to love these men as brothers of yours?"

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*Editorial signed "R. R.," *The Commons*, Chicago, August, 1903.

John B. Wrightam took his pipe out of his mouth, and his face turned very red as he stared at Stanton. The silence in the "den" grew oppressive. At last the mill man burst into a short laugh.

"Love them! You don't mean it, Dr. Stanton! Love those men? Well, I take it that's asking a trifle too much of John B. Wrightam! It isn't a proposition I ever entertained."

"But is it asking too much to entertain such a proposition? You are a professed Christian, Mr. Wrightam, and a member of a church. What does your church teach? What does your Christianity require if not just this, that you love these men and seek to do them all the good you can?"

Again John B. Wrightam's face grew red, and he regarded his caller with astonished irritation.

"I don't feel called on, Dr. Stanton, to pour out my affection on a lot of rioting, drinking lawbreakers. Ask me to love a mob like the one we had the other night? Well, I guess not. Love isn't what they need. Whip some sense into them. Arrest about a thousand and put them in jail for thirty days for breaking the laws and inciting the mob spirit. That's what they need! Talk about justice! What right have these men for love from me? They would dictate to us through that rascal Harvey and say what men we shall employ in the mills. But they are losing this strike. The mills are going again. And Harvey and his lawbreakers will learn they can't dictate to the Lenox Mill Company, not while John B. Wrightam is on deck!"

Stanton listened, and his blood boiled. If he had been guided by his wife's quiet spirit, he might not have said what he now did. But his vivid consciousness of the masterful, hypocritical pose of the man, swept all other considerations out of his mind.

He rose to his feet and faced the magnate like one of the old prophets. Wrightam's sullen, heavy face lowered in impotent anger, as he had to listen.

"John Wrightam, who are you to talk about the lawlessness of Labor, you, who have for years been one of the directors of as lawless an organization of Capital, as ever broke the statutes of this State? You know better than I do, how repeatedly you and your associates have used the influence of your great wealth to ignore the laws specially directed against your combine. You know better than any one except God, who will bring you to account if the State fails to do so, how many weak and helpless competitors you have crushed out; how many legislators you have bribed; how much money you have spent to corrupt courts and cover up the record of your company's crime before the law! And do you talk to me about the lawlessness of these workmen, who are guilty, and for whom I am not pleading any excuse, but whose act is not to be compared for one moment in enormity with that of the continued lawlessness of Capital throughout this Republic. Where Labor has broken the laws and ignored the statutes once, Capital has done it ten times; and, shielded by its wealth and influence, it pretends to grow indignant at the actions of Labor. Verily, if the Lord of all the earth were here to-day, He would say to you and your kind: 'Ye hypocrites, first cast out the beam out of your own eye, and then you shall see clearly to cast out the mote out of your brother's eye.' God judge you, John Wrightam, if you do not acknowledge your sin against these men, and against society. He will teach you one of these days how hard it is for rich men to get into the Kingdom of God."

And having said this, Fredrick Stanton walked out of the house, feeling that his errand had been a total failure; but not without a sense of righteous indignation that did not include very much feeling of regret that he had spoken his mind freely to a man, who, in the church which he attended, never heard a word of plain preaching on the subject of lying, bribery, or lawlessness in high places.

He was talking it all over with his wife the next evening. She had expressed her complete confidence in his action, and he had been wondering with her whether it would be a case of pearls before swine to go and see Harwood, when the bell rang, and Stanton went to the door. To his undisguised astonishment, Harwood himself stood on the porch.

Stanton asked him in at once, and noted as he did so the man's pale, troubled face.

"I would like to see you alone, Dr. Stanton, if I may," he said, after he had returned Mrs. Stanton's greeting.

Stanton led the way into his study, and shutting the door motioned the mill owner into an easy chair. Harwood sank into it and put his hands over his face. Stanton waited silently and eyed his unexpected visitor with interested wonder, for the man was, as he had said to Mildred, very remarkable in many ways.

"My wife left me, Dr. Stanton, yesterday. She is not coming back. The quarrel between us is irreconcilable, I do not think—I do—not—think she ever really loved me. She was attracted by my wealth, as I was attracted by her beauty. We have lived a dog's life. It is a case of incompatibility, you understand. My oldest girl, Leona, will stay with her mother. The boys are in the military school at Poughkeepsie. My youngest daughter will go to France with my sister. This separation will probably get into the papers in time, but no one knows about it now but her and you and myself. Dr. Stanton, you were a faithful pastor to me while you were at Saint Cecilia. You may have thought yourself a coward during that pastorate, but your sermons contained many beautiful and helpful things to me, and your prayers often helped me. I don't know a man of my acquaintance who is of any use to me now. It would be worse than mockery for me to go to a man like Wrightam, for example. He and the others do not know anything but money. My God!" The man got up and walked across the room, then came back and sat down again. "Can you give me any comfort? I am forty-eight years old. That was the birthday party celebrating the event night before last, Dr. Stanton. My sister, who I think loves me a little, got it up. She is ignorant of the hell in which my wife and I have lived for twenty years. But I can't go to her. You are the only man I know who is likely to give me any peace of mind. I felt as if I must go to some one, or I was in danger of suicide. You see my affections were bound up in my wife. To have her leave me——"

He put his hands over his face again, and Stanton eyed him in wonder. Harwood had been the proudest man in Saint Cecilia. Tall, handsome, a university man, with fine literary tastes, unscrupulous to a certain degree in the market-place, kind and affectionate in his family relations, the sight of him sitting there humbled with this deep trouble, touched Stanton profoundly.

What was there to do but go to God with him.

Stanton got down by him, put his hand on his shoulder, and prayed. When the prayer ceased Harwood was sobbing. That nearly broke Stanton down, but he rejoiced over it. He knew Harwood would not think of suicide now.

"Thank you," he said after a while. Then there was a long pause.

"STANTON ROSE AND FACED THE MAGNATE, LIKE ONE OF THE OLD PROPHETS"

"I don't want you to think I'm converted or anything of that sort, Dr. Stanton. I know I've been a church member all these years, but that hasn't meant anything. I know, too, that I've wasted God's opportunity with my money and all that. But this trouble has made me feel the uselessness of money and social power, and all that, to give happiness. Do you know, nothing in all my experience touched me like your action that day when you announced your authorship and stepped out of the bishopric? I was on the point then of getting up in the church and commending your act and siding with you. I've been on the point a dozen times of coming to you since, to have a talk with you over the whole social question. I'm not an aristocrat either by birth or training. But circumstances seemed to force me into the class of Wrightam against my convictions. I found I could make money easy according to modern methods of captaining industry. All the time I have made a study of social questions. My sympathies, so far as my intellectual consent is concerned, are all with Labor. Something I saw of Bishop Potter's recently stirred me to blood heat. It was like this:

"'In the country in which you and I live, what we call civilization has undergone what is not less than a gigantic revolution. The huge aggregations of capital which have practically taken from the hands of the individual, the independent disposition of his labor, and have introduced into his existence paralyzing uncertainty as to both his comforts and his future, and gradually widening the breaches that separate classes from classes, and the competitions that, while they cheapen the necessaries of life, increase the elements of perplexity and uncertainty as to how great multitudes may obtain them. All these are features of our modern civilization, full of danger.'"

"That is from a recent address by Bishop Potter, on 'Wealth and Commonwealth,' at New Haven, Conn.," said Stanton, his mind in a state of wonder at Harwood's disclosures.

"If Harvey had said it, the Lenox *Times* would have called him a dangerous inciter of class hatred," said Harwood. "Well, Dr. Stanton, somehow I feel as if my salvation lay in this social whirlpool somewhere. My home is destroyed. The incentive for the acquisition of money is gone. Something in me must have satisfaction. My social sins have been many. Not vices, but failure to be true to my own convictions, to my deepest understanding of justice. Have you got a copy of Herbert Spencer?" He went over to the book-shelves, and Stanton pointed out the set of Spencer's works. Harwood took down a volume, turned to a passage, and read aloud.

"'The system under which we at present live, fosters dishonesty and lying. It prompts adulterations of countless kinds. It is answerable for the cheap imitations which, eventually, in many cases, thrust the genuine article out of the market. It leads to the use of short weights and false measures. It introduces bribery, which vitiates most trading relations, from those of the manufacturer and buyer down to those of the shopkeeper and servant. It encourages deception to such an extent, that an assistant who cannot tell a falsehood with a good face is blamed; and often it gives the conscientious trader, the choice between adopting the malpractices of his competitors, or greatly injuring his creditors by bankruptcy. Moreover, the extensive frauds, common throughout the commercial world, and daily exposed in law courts and newspapers, are largely due to the pressure under which competition places the higher industrial classes; and are otherwise due to that lavish expenditure, which, as implying success in the commercial struggle, brings dishonor. With these minor evils must be joined the major one, that the distribution achieved by the system gives to those who regulate and superintend, a share of the total produce which bears too large a ratio to the share it gives to the actual workers.'

"Now it's the last sentence that appeals to me. All my life, so far, I have been conscious of violating my convictions, in the matter of justice to the men who have helped to create the wealth. And the question with me now is, how to get my mind into the right relation with my convictions. I've got to do something or I'll go mad."

Stanton did not know what to say to this. But he did know what to give in the way of spiritual healing. When Harwood went away, he gave Stanton every assurance that he was helped so far as that went, but he was not any nearer a decision as to his own future.

TO BE CONTINUED

Answered Prayers

A Subscriber, New Castle, Pa. "I desire to make an acknowledgment of direct answer to prayer for employment."

Anna E. H., Nebraska. "I wish to acknowledge that the Lord has heard my prayer. I was sick and I prayed to the Lord and he wonderfully helped me."

J. E. L. W., Illinois. "I take great pleasure in reading the columns of Answered Prayers. I wish to add my own acknowledgment of God's goodness in answering my petitions. I feel my prayers were directly answered."

L. A. E., New York. "He whom I love best on earth has been ill for some time. I have prayed believingly to the Great Physician, and it was 'His Will' to restore my dear one to health and strength. Let us not forget to pray."

A Mother. "I want to add my testimony to the list of Answered Prayers, for the help and encouragement of others. I also want to ask all who have had prayers answered, to join me in earnest prayer for the conversion of a son."

E. O. F., New York. "I have been helped and strengthened through reading Answered Prayers. I prayed for a special blessing, that has been granted, and my heart is filled with joy and gratitude to Him, the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

Mrs. W. H. W., Fairoaks, Calif. "I was in great trouble and distress. I took my trouble to the Lord, and promised him if he would answer and relieve me, I would acknowledge it before men. He did, and I bless his holy name."

Mrs. L. H. O. "I had a burden to bear, so I asked the Lord to roll it away. He did, and I am so thankful that I want to acknowledge it to the world. I am praying for other things which I know I will receive sometime, somehow and somewhere."

F. A. E., Greenfield, N. H. "I am a firm believer in the power of prayer. God has blessed me many times, and recently my heart has been especially burdened, and I prayed most earnestly for an answer, but all was dark, but light has come and I feel sure that my prayer is answered."

A Reader. "As the Lord has helped me, as he has helped hundreds of others, I thought it might do some other poor soul good that is out of Christ. I was out of work all summer and prayed for work, and at last my prayer was answered. And I know he will help others as he has helped me."

A Reader. "I want to add my testimony in regard to answered prayer, hoping the faith of others may be strengthened thereby. Great trouble threatened. I made it a matter of prayer, promising if it was answered, I would acknowledge it. It was answered in an unexpected but welcome way."

Mrs. G. P. J., Massachusetts. "I promised the Lord that if he spared my daughter after a very critical operation, when all hope seemed lost, I would make this acknowledgment of it. He has answered my prayer, and other prayers that were offered for her recovery, and I want to thank Him and praise his holy name. The Lord hears and answers our prayers if we will only trust him."

Canadian. "I promised God that if he would restore to health a friend, who was so ill, that her death was hourly expected, I would acknowledge his goodness in the Answered Prayers column. He granted my petition, and also gave renewed health to myself. I have had many special answers to prayer. He always answers, even though he may not always grant the asked for boon."

H. P. A. P., Iowa. "My whole life is marked by milestones that are answers to prayer. For seven years I prayed that my Heavenly Father would save my husband. And when the call came to the palace of the King, an abundant entrance was given. If answers to prayer were stated more definitely, there would be more souls saved, and still more glory given to Him who answers the humble cry of his little ones."

Mrs. L. B. C., Stanford, Ky. "I want to add my testimony to the great host of those who believe in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I was in great trouble, and the dear Lord sent deliverance. I was sick, and the dear Lord sent healing. 'If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us, and if he heareth us, we know we have the petition we ask of Him.' May the Lord bless the testimonies to the good and encouragement of all who read."

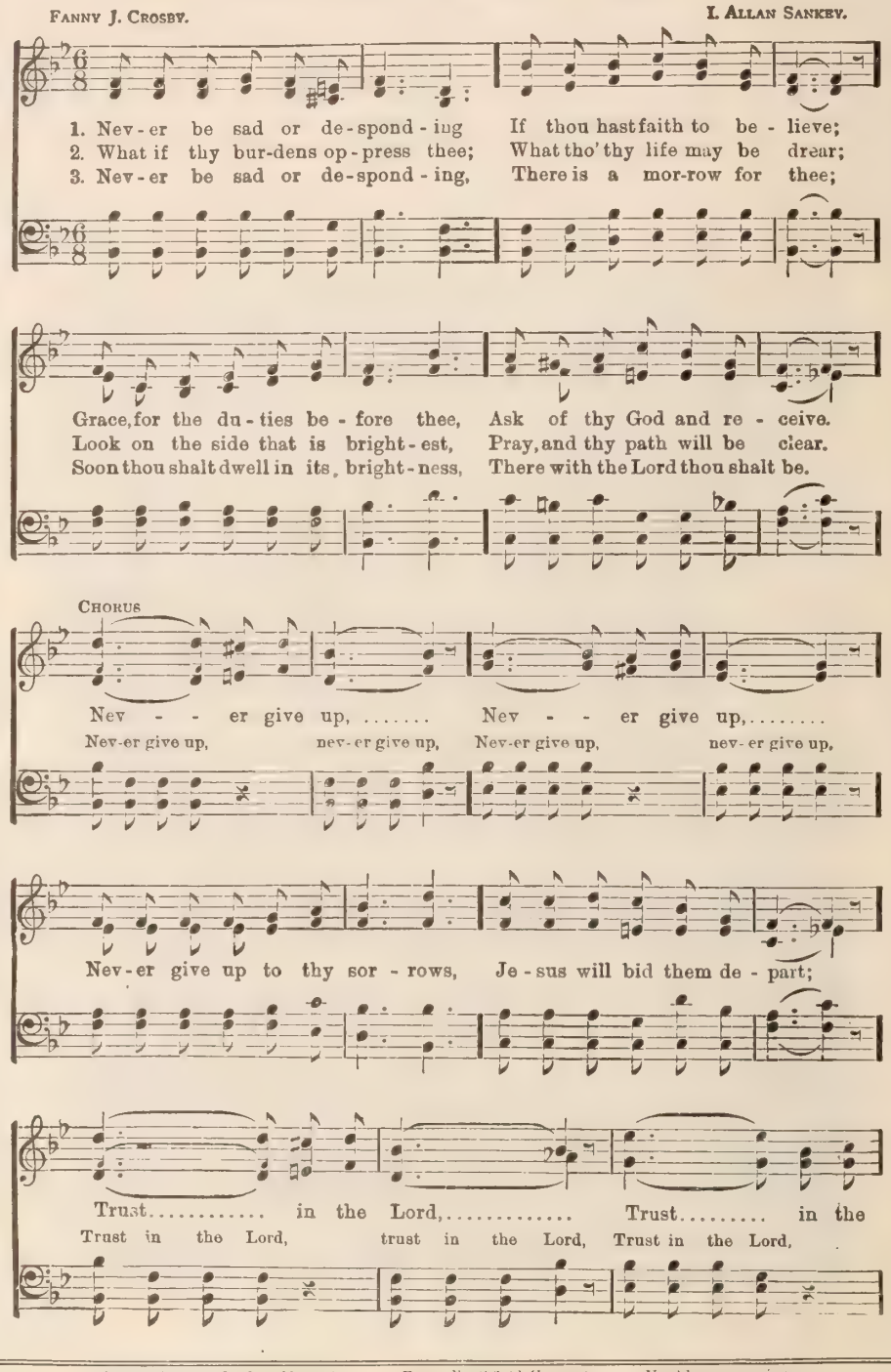
Better than Last Year

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt this morning of the beautiful Calendar for 1905. Please accept my sincere and hearty thanks for the same. In attractivness it exceeds the one of 1904, which was very beautiful, and which still hangs near my desk. MISS L. BUTLER.

New York.

Never Give Up

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.



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GOOD MANNERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

By Margaret E. Sangster

This Volume is the One and the Only Authority on matters of Etiquette and Good Manners of to-day. It embraces Every Phase of Social Life, and brings Good Form within easy reach of the Humblest Home. It tells all about Etiquette of the Family, Etiquette of Correspondence, Etiquette of Travel, Etiquette of Introductions, Etiquette of Courtship and Etiquette of Weddings. It treats of Good Manners in Hospitality, in Receptions, in House Parties, in Entertainments, in Dinners, in Luncheons. It includes the Etiquette of the Visiting Card, Mourning Customs and Funeral Etiquette.

Then there are Important Chapters on Good Manners in Church, Good Manners in Dress, Good Manners for Men, Good Manners for Women, Good Manners for Children. No matter how intricate the Problems of Good Manners that may be presented, Mrs. Sangster's book solves them correctly.

It is very Handsomely Bound in Rich Vellum de Luxe Cloth, with Emblematic Designs in Color and Gold and Gilt Top. It makes one of the Most Charming Holiday Gifts of the Year. The Volume contains 400 Large Pages, and measures, when open, 8 x 13 Inches.

Good Manners for All Occasions is Sent, All Charges Prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Queen of American Weeklies, for One Year, at only Two Dollars. Money will be Refunded if you are not Delighted with your Purchase, or if your Order is received too late. Extra copies $1.00.

Called Higher

Mrs. Sylvia A. Niles was born at Sherburne, N. Y., April 30, 1820, and died at Indianapolis, Ind., October 8, 1904. At the age of twelve she gave her heart to God and continued in the faith until the day of her death, being at the time a member of the M. E. Church at Elwood, Ind.

Entered into rest on Sunday, Oct. 9, James J. Worrall, in the eighty-third year of his age. Another interested reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been called home. Unable as he was to hear a sermon from the pulpit, he delighted to read in his quiet home the sermons printed from week to week in this valuable paper.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Green died at Larkin, Mo., on Oct. 26, 1904, aged sixty-seven years, five months and nine days. Mrs. Green united with the Baptist Church of Stewartsville, Mo., in 1867, and at the time of her death was a member of the Larkin Baptist Church. She had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. Lucy C. Clark, wife of Howard G. Clark, of Black River, and daughter of Wm. L. and Eliza C. Brown, of Lorraine, Jefferson County, N. Y.; born July 16 1876, and died October 7, 1904. She was a member of the First Baptist Church of Black River, N.Y. Joined the church when seventeen years of age. She said all she could to lead others to Christ and loved to read her Bible and meet with the children of God.

Mr. J. N. McGibbon, of Baltimore, who recently died, was one of the earliest patrons of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which he read with pleasure to the end of his life. He was a Christian gentleman of the old school, of high integrity, fine business qualities, honored by family and friends, and has left a character of spotless beauty.

On Sunday evening, September 18, 1904, at her home in Dinwiddie County, near Petersburg, Va., Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Watson Wells was called to her reward. She was widely known and greatly beloved in her community for her charitableness, being ever ready to lend a helping hand. She was one of the pioneer members of Market Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Petersburg, Va., in which she took great interest. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which was a great help to her in speeding her on in her work.

God saw fit to remove to a better home Mr. Addison S. Hayes, of Hensonville, N. Y., on the morning of July 4, 1904. He died suddenly of heart failure, but he was prepared to meet his God. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having lost his right arm at Gettysburg. Mr. Hayes has for several years been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He loved to do the will of God. He was an elder of the Presbyterian Church.

Mary Jane Preston, widow of the late Rev. Edwin T. Preston, of Baxter, Ia., departed this life on June 2, 1904. She was born on June 15, 1825, in the then pioneer town of Ann Arbor, Mich. She had the honor of being the first white child born there. Mrs. Preston came of good Quaker stock, as did her venerable husband; and through life they retained the good qualities of that sect, always standing for righteousness, temperance and integrity in the individual and nation. Her family of six sons and two daughters are left to revere the memory of a true Christian mother.

Rachel Humphrey Allyn, M.D., was born in Charleston, Vt., April 25, 1810, and died in the same town, July 11, 1903, aged ninety-three years. Her father, Abner Allyn, came from Rehoboth, Mass., to Vermont, in 1796, and, in 1803, with wife and infant son, settled in this town. Seven years later, Rachel was born. She was early sent abroad for greater educational advantages, and comparatively few years of her long life were spent in her native town. Hers was an active life. She was for several years teacher of public schools in Vermont. About the year 1837 she went to Lowell, Mass. For several years she followed nursing in Lowell and Boston, then studied medicine, graduating an M.D. from a Boston college, and made the practice of medicine in Lowell her life work. She was early identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave and worked much for its prosperity.

A Marvel of Perfection

The *Crown Dictionary* came to hand yesterday. I have been examining it carefully, and have come to the conclusion that it is the most serviceable dictionary we have, and we have many: including *Webster's Unabridged, National Pictorial, Academic*, etc. The *Crown Dictionary* is a marvel of beauty and perfection for the first edition . . . . We admire your phonetic method of indicating the pronunciation of the words defined, also the broad-faced type of the words. It is a wonder to us that you can afford such a marvelous work for the additional sum of fifty cents to the regular subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This dictionary now stands at the left of the five volumes of the *Crown Encyclopedia*, making six beautiful volumes, amounting to more than 4,000 pages, at a cost of about $2.00! For these beautiful and highly useful premiums you will please accept my thanks. Respectfully yours,

Montrose, Pa. MRS D. D. LATHROP.

DRAWING WATER FROM THE WELL

MISS YODER AND HER ORPHANS

THE FIRST BUFFALO COW

On My India Buffalo Farm

BY ALICE L. YODER

AFTER eight years' service in India, I lately returned to the United States on a brief furlough. I now take this opportunity of telling the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who helped us bear the burden of the famine and orphanage work, how their efforts and sacrifices were blessed to the helpless people of that far-away land. As the "mission mother" of two hundred native girls and widows, I have, with my own hands, distributed corn, bags, and blankets, sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to those who came for help from villages, towns, and the surrounding country. For miles around our station at Khamgaon, in Berar, India, could be seen the name of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the bags, worn afterward by the natives as a covering, thus serving a threefold purpose—first, bringing the food; second, serving as clothing; and last, being a witness to all, for even though the natives could not read the name, yet they felt that the love of the people of America was manifested in caring for their great need. Besides our orphanage work, we cared for two hundred and fifty children until the end of the famine. When the relief camps closed, these returned with their relatives to their own villages.

MISS ALICE L. YODER

All this extra labor entailed by the famine and the subsequent visitation of plague, broke down the strength of the workers, and made it necessary for me, among others, to take a furlough. Very reluctantly did I leave my dear brown girls, whom I had nursed and brought through so much trouble—some of them since they were mere babies—and without whom my life, even here in America, seems incomplete. At time I have been homesick to get back to them again.

I have been asked frequently since coming here, "What do your girls do for a livelihood?"

In the first place, there is no mill, no factory, no store, no ordinary source of employment available to them. A number of my girls are now old enough for service of some kind. It is evident that all cannot be teachers, nor even Christian workers, so I let them fill the places for which they are fitted by nature and training, and in which they will be most useful and contented.

As scarcely any meat is used by the natives of India, we need a great deal of oil, which is made out of a vegetable seed. Our girls press this oil, using a blindfolded bullock as the motive power for the rude press or machine. This industry has proved a great boon to our work. In one of our rooms you could find other hands busy with sewing on garments for the rest. We also teach them European sewing, which will serve them well wherever they may go in the future.

Then, a number of girls take great delight in weaving. I procured two fly-shuttle looms some time ago; but the work lately has been at a standstill, because no one there is able to teach the girls. Since coming to America, I have found a competent weaver who goes with me to India, where she will take charge of that department of the work. We expect that this industry will not only employ the girls while in the school, but that even after they leave the Orphanage, they can work at it as their trade. It will give our young native Christians an opportunity to support themselves.

Those who are markedly intelligent, and who desire an education, we encourage to go on, because we have much need of Christian teachers and Bible-women. From these we expect our future help in evangelizing.

Last, but not least of our industrial features, is our buffalo farm, which we started with one buffalo on September 1, 1898. In a little while we were so glad to have the rich, sweet milk, that we named the buffalo *Muckti*, meaning that she had been a gift of material salvation to us in this line. Later we were fortunate in getting a few more buffaloes, and soon we had six. God has blessed our farm-yard, like that of Jacob, so that now we have twenty-four buffaloes, large and small. The girls have all the care of these, as well as of all the dairy product. As buffaloes are peculiar animals, the milking requires skill, and is quite an art. While one girl is milking, another feeds and pets the animal. Then comes the process of boiling the milk to bring out the cream, which is afterward made into butter in our crude churns. The butter is next clarified, the product being called *ghee*. We have a market for this *ghee* all over the country. Even the Brahmins and Mohammedans buy from us. Milk and buttermilk mean much to the health of our Orphanage children.

We have only a few cows beside the buffaloes, and these ordinarily produce very little milk in India. I keep them for the nursery where our smallest brown children are. They are brought up on goat's milk. We have a number of goats which are tended by the smaller girls. It generally takes four girls to milk; one holds the horns, another the hind legs; the third the vessel for the milk, while the fourth does the milking.

We praise God for blessing our work thus far, and we believe there is yet a still greater future for it. As the farming implements of India are very crude, I am taking out with me, in addition to the two American ploughs I have already introduced, a windmill to pump water, and a pair of bullocks. I also take with me a few cultivators, a small drill, a subsoil plough, harrow, forks, rakes and hoes. A business firm in Kansas has given me a fine Dairy Cream Separator. Now as God has given us this, I believe he will give us all the rest that is needed.

I bought one field of twenty-two acres where we raise cotton and fodder. Adjoining this field there is excellent soil, of which we need fifty or sixty acres. We need a large plot for a garden, as the children live mostly on vegetables, and that will make it necessary to dig a well, for in India we cannot have gardens without irrigation. But our Father, who has promised never to fail us nor leave us, knows our needs and will supply them.

GOATS THAT FURNISH MILK FOR THE BABIES OF THE MISSION

The Red Letter Testament

Our exquisite and unequalled **Red Letter New Testament**, with all the words uttered by our Lord printed in Red. This fine specimen of bookmaking is printed in type unusually large for a Testament, bound in Divinity Circuit, flexible and soft, overlapping edges, red under gold, and is sent prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at only $2.00. Extra copies $1.00 each. Furnished also in the Revised Version on the same terms.

Furnished also in the German language at the same price.

ONLY A VERY FEW SETS LEFT

For an Intelligent Family, there is no Christmas Present in the world preferable to a full set of **The Crown Encyclopedia.** Whether intended for your Own Home, your Parents, your married Son or Daughter, your Pastor, or Sunday School Teacher, **The Crown Encyclopedia** will give Greater Satisfaction to the Giver, as well as to the Fortunate Recipient, than any other Set of Books or Article. If you wish to make a very Rich Present, Send $1.00 Extra for Fine Half-Leather Binding. Money Refunded if you are not Delighted. This great Work, **The Crown Encyclopedia**, consisting of Five Volumes, Containing 3,000 Pages, 500 Illustrations and 96 Colored Maps, all Superbly Bound in Vellum de Luxe Cloth and genuine Gold Stamp, together with **The Christian Herald** (the Queen of American Weeklies) for One Year, and Our **Beauty Calendar—All for Only $3.00.** We Prepay Charges.

Our Beauty Drop-Leaf Calendar

For 1905, in 15 Colors and Gold

Measures over 300 Square Inches, and has Four Flaps, which drop to an aggregate length of Thirty Inches. It makes unquestionably the Most Attractive Wall Decoration of the Day.

Birds, Babes and Blossoms, form a Delightful Combination of Beauty, Youth and Nature. If it does not prove a Charming Surprise we will instantly Refund Your money. This Calendar goes Free, Postpaid, with every CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription.

"The Christ of the Andes"

ON the summit of the Andes, at the boundary between Chili and Argentine, is a gigantic monument or statue. It is known as "The Christ of the Andes." It has been made of the metal from many bronze cannon, that were melted up for the purpose. For nearly a century, bor-

THE GREAT STATUE ON THE ANDES

der wars and insurrections have wasted the South American States.

Recently, as has already been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the leading men of Chili and Argentine began to realize the folly and wickedness of this continual strife, and they came together at a conference and decided that peace and amity should prevail hereafter. A solemn compact of peace was entered into and the nations interested gave their approval.

The great statue stands at an elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea level. It is twenty-six feet in height. It rests on a granite pedestal, symbolizing the world, upon which is an inscription reading, "These mountains shall crumble to dust ere Argentine and Chili break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to keep."

A Bowery Mission Funeral

(From the New York Sun.)

Henry McCluskey, an old man who died in the Bowery Mission last Sunday night (Nov. 27), while service was being held, was buried from the Mission yesterday.* It is said that he attended every meeting held there for the last five years. On Sunday night the place was so crowded that he had to sit on the stairs leading to the second floor. During the singing of a hymn he fell from the stairs and was found to be dead. McCluskey was a distinguished looking old man. Long before the service began the benches were filled with men. A couple of Salvation Army lassies sat on the platform. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, or "Mother" Bird, as she is called, who leads many of the Bowery meetings, explained that the funeral would be simple.

"We might have bought him flowers," she said, "but it would have been a mockery. Just these few violets will do."

"If you could only see with a clearer vision," said the Rev. Stephen Merritt, after the congregation had sung, "you would find that our dead brother is now at rest in Abraham's bosom. I hope that I will see you all again in a better land. You will all be there, for no black sheep will remain among you. You will be washed whiter than snow."

One of the Mission workers sang, "And when I Think of the Home Land my Eyes are Filled with Tears." One of the undertaker's assistants sprinkled Mother Bird's violets upon the casket, and after the congregation had filed past, it was carried away.

*The poor old man, who was destitute, was buried by the Mission.

An Exquisite Gift Book

JOHN BUNYAN'S **Pilgrim's Progress,** is indeed Immortal! It is one of the few books Published that were Not Born to Die. **The Christian Herald** in Issuing it Anew, and in this Elaborate Form, has Rendered a Never-to-be-forgotten Service to the Generation of this age. The Delight of the Plain and Humble People, **Pilgrim's Progress** Fascinates the Most Cultured and Gifted Minds. It attracts grown People and Children alike. Everybody likes it; Everybody is charmed with it. Once read, it is never forgotten, and its influence for Good Never Dies out. **Pilgrim's Progress** is the Most Beautiful Allegory of Human Life ever Written. It is a Triumphant Work, and not one of Gloom and Sadness. Merry, and full of Sunshine and Good Cheer, it warms the Heart and Cheers the Soul. A Nobler Masterpiece was Never Penned by Mortal Man.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, in his Eloquent Introduction to this Superb Edition, says: "If this edition of **Pilgrim's Progress** shall go into the homes of America to be read there, it will not be possible to measure the results on the next generation."

☆ ☆ ☆

This Unequaled Red Line Holiday Presentation Edition of **Pilgrim's Progress,** is Exquisitely Illustrated, and superbly printed on 428 Large Pages. It is very Handsomely Bound in Rich Vellum de Luxe, with Emblematic Designs in Color and Gold. It makes one of the Most Charming Holiday Gifts of the Year. The volume measures, when open, **9 x 15 Inches,** and weighs nearly **3 Pounds.** It is sent, All Charges Prepaid, with **The Christian Herald,** the Queen of American Weeklies, for One Year, Including Calendar, at only **Two Dollars.** Please bear in mind that your Money will be Refunded if you are not delighted with your Purchase, or if your order is received after the supply is Exhausted.

Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree

CHRISTMAS is coming, and that is the one day of the year when the children of the East Side take full possession of the Bowery Mission, for they have learned by long experience that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always has a big Christmas tree. I think, myself, there is no tree like it in the world. Last year our tree was over twenty-five feet high, and we always get the largest one in the market.

It has been a problem with us how to deal with the great crowd of excited children who, in former years, have gathered in front of our Mission so early on Christmas morning, sometimes hindering the traffic of the street. So great has been this crowd (the police estimated that last year it was 5,000) that our Superintendent, Mr. Hallimond, has felt that it endangered life; so this year Dr. Klopsch has planned to have two kinds of tickets, one red and one blue, with a different hour marked on each kind. The children holding these tickets will receive their presents in the morning or the afternoon, as the ticket specifies. In this way, it is hoped we can control the great mass of children who throng the street.

Even now as I leave my home in the Settlement, I am honored by quite a following of neglected little folks, who pursue me with a vigor it is impossible to escape, each one eagerly inquiring, "When shall I come to the Christmas tree?" Their faith has been strengthened by the never-failing supply which comes from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and they are always told that it is Christ's friends who send their presents. One young girl, who is now a great help in our Settlement, and who for five years has been to our tree, has just told me it has helped to make her a better girl, and her eyes glistened at the thought of another happy Christmas in the Bowery Mission.

. . .

We find that nothing pleases the little girls like a baby doll. The spirit of motherhood seems to be inborn with them, and it is pathetic to hear even the little boys pleading for a doll for the baby sisters, losing all selfish thought of their own present, that the little ones at home may be made happy.

It is with deepest gratitude to God that he has put it into the hearts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to brighten so many sad little lives on Christmas day, and our past experience has taught us that we need have no anxiety for this year.

SARAH J. BIRD.

A Superb Book for the Home Circle

ONE of the Most charmingly Romantic, Inspiring, and Instructive Books of Travel ever Published, is Mr. Harry Steele Morrison's Work, **"How I Worked My Way Around the World,"** with an introduction by Russell Sage. Mr. Morrison, when only Sixteen Years of Age, Undertook to Circle the Globe. Of Money he Had but Little—but, Determined to live up to his Ambition, he Engaged as a Pantry Boy on One of the great Transatlantic Steamers, Crossed the Sea, and Traveled Over 50,000 Miles, Literally Working his Way Around the World.

☆ ☆ ☆

His Dauntless Pluck Secured for him Audiences with Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria, King Leopold, Pope Leo XIII., Paul Krueger, and Other Notabilities, and finally Landed him, a first-cabin Passenger, back in the Country of his Birth, Rich in Experience and in financial results.

He is now only twenty-three, a student at Princeton University, and in this, His Latest Book, he Tells the Complete Story of His Travels from Inception to Finish. It is full of Anecdote and Adventure and Finely Illustrated. Many a Winter Evening may be very Delightfully Spent in its Perusal.

"How I Worked My Way Around the World" is Superbly Printed, Beautifully Illustrated, and Exceptionally Well Bound in Rich Vellum de Luxe; with Emblematic and very Ornamental Decoration.

☆ ☆ ☆

It Contains 408 Large Pages, set from New Type in the most Modern Typographical Style, and Measures, when Open, 9 x 15 inches.

It is Sent, All Charges Prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Queen of American Weeklies, for One Year, Calendar Included, at only Two Dollars. Please bear in mind that your Money will be Refunded if you are not Delighted with your Purchase, or if your Order is received after the Supply is Exhausted.

The Word for the XXth Century

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1110

Let us frown on the forces of distrust and disunion. Let us dissipate prejudice by dispelling ignorance. Whatever causes strife is a dead hand stretched out of a coffined past to strangle love and prevent progress, The things that will be most valuable in the twentieth century will be those that contribute to the get together idea. We shall have no use for Chinese walls of separation, for sectarianism, for sectionalism, or for individualism that arrays a man against society. The men who will be most valuable will be apostles of peace, evangelists of fraternity, diplomatists whose strenuosity has been toned by the Sermon on the Mount, statesmen who sit at the feet of Jesus, leaders not of a sect or faction, but leaders of men, in whose blood beats the race kin.

If so, is it likely that the twentieth century can get along without Christ? Christianity was never in such demand. It is the transforming force of the world. The personality of the Man of Galilee pervades life. His sweet influence heals the wounds of hate, his blessed teaching dispels avarice, the songs of his advent angels are heard above the hoarse blast of war trumpets. If together be the word for the twentieth century, then the matchless and inspiring leader for the twentieth century must be none other than Jesus, the Son of Man.

Men of high degree and men of low degree, men of privilege and men of needs, men of creeds and men of deeds, men of this land and men of other lands, men of the white race and the black race and the yellow race, men of faith and men of doubt, strong men and weak men, good men and bad men, men of the church and men of the world, get together, for all ye are brethren!

Golden Weddings

The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Rev David L. Mitchel and Miss Emily Walker, was celebrated at the residence of Mr. A. F. Godat, in New Orleans, on Nov. 22, 1904.

The old couple, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, were radiant in their happiness, and their mood was reflected by all present on this joyous occasion.

Dr. Mitchell is one of the best known Methodist Episcopal clergyman in the South. He was ordained a minister of the Gospel in 1869, and for thirty-five years has waged the battle for the Cross. From 1878 to 1882 he was General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and during the awful scourge of 1878 did noble work as Chief of the Association's Relief Committee.

For several years after his work with the Young Men's Christian Association he was religious editor on the *Times-Democrat*, and later was the publisher of the *Christian Advocate*.

Rev. Mitchel retired a number of years ago, and, with his faithful life partner, went to lead a quiet and calm life in Biloxi, Miss. He and Mrs. Mitchel are still residents of the thriving Gulf coast town, and came over to the city as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Godat to celebrate their golden wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Jackman celebrated their golden wedding at their home near Leynden, Wash., on Oct. 25, 1904. There were over seventy-five guests present. The house was prettily decorated with autumn leaves. The couple were the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

On July 6, 1904, at Lakewood, O., the Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Parmiter celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Four children and nine grandchildren were among the company. Many beautiful gifts were presented to the bride and groom of fifty years.

Vesper Hymn

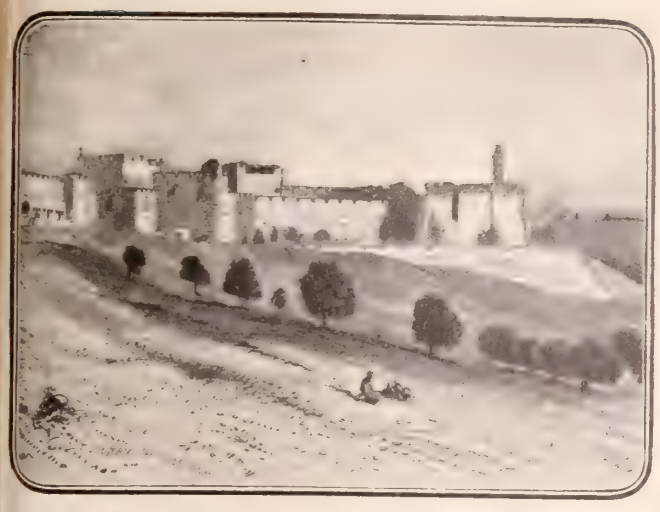
BY VICTOR HUGO

GOOD NIGHT! Good night!
Far from us day wings its flight;
But like a celestial ray,
God's love is with us alway;
It guards and keeps us all aright;
Good night! Good night!

Till to-morrow! Though who knows
What the morning may disclose?
Eyelids soon will close be drawn;
Shall we see again the dawn?
Vain, perchance, the wish we borrow
From to-morrow for to-morrow.

Translated by CHARLES LEONARD-STUART.
New York City.

THE OLD TOWER AT THE JAFFA GATE



GALLERY NEAR THE WALL

THE VIEW FROM MT. OF OLIVES

The Old Walls of Jerusalem

By THEODORE F. WRIGHT, Ph.D., OF CAMBRIDGE

STANDING to-day on nearly the same lines, on the west north and east, which they occupied centuries ago, the walls, once white, have grown yellow and gray and roughened; but we can see at once stones seven feet high and thirty long, and having the "Jewish bevel" or squared edge, while the central part of the face was not smoothed, and left "quarry-face."

After many destructions followed by terrible massacres, the present walls were built by the Sultan Suliman, in or about the year 1542, and he did not try to restore the wall which ran around the brow of Zion on the south, but on the other sides he followed the same, or nearly the same lines. As we look carefully, we can see what was standing when he went to work, and where he began to mend, using smaller blocks and taking anything that came to hand, bases of pillars as well as house blocks.

It has been found by excavation that he sometimes built a few feet away from the old line; and this is easily explained, for the old line was a mass of ruin at some points, and at such places he would not try to move the whole mass, but would start again nearby and pile the old stones on a new base.

The wall is nearly level on top, and therefore it must be built up much higher in some places than in others. It will be seen that it has a turreted top to protect its defenders, and the inside view will show that this turreted portion is much thinner than the rest, so that people could walk near the top of the wall. That can be done to-day by going up at one of the gates; but care must be taken not to offend householders, as most of the house-roofs are lower than the wall. It was a wall to be proud of, and so we find the Jews rejoicing over their beautiful city, and saying, "Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within thy palaces." Ps. 122:7. And in their prayer they said, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem." Ps. 51:18.

The wall was strengthened at corners and at certain distances along its straight lines by what the Bible calls "towers," and so we read, "Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof." Ps. 48:12.

The principal gates were near the middle of the sides, and there were some others, as we see from the account given by Nehemiah. A gate is more than an opening through the wall. It has a right turn within it, so that it may be better defended. In a crowded city like Jerusalem, with very narrow streets, people who wished to meet others to trade or parley went to the gates. There, for instance, Absalom sat and spoke to those who came from the country and won their hearts to him from his father David; and there prophets took their stand to speak to the people.

It was apparently in Solomon's time that the present line of walls, west north and east, was built, and the eastern wall was then very high, rising as it did from the slopes of Moriah and supporting the courtyard of the temple. The wall now shows huge stones near the ground, evidently of the original work; but we know well the whole wall at the southeast angle, because a shaft was sunk by the Exploration Fund a little way from the wall, and galleries were run to it, until at last the shaft was eighty feet down, and then the engineers were as low as the base of the wall. There, on one of the lower stones, was the red paint still bright, and it showed the marks of Hiram's masons, their personal marks as is supposed, and not a date or record.

ANCIENT TOWER ON ROCK PLATFORM NEAR THE ENGLISH CEMETERY, JERUSALEM

It was as long ago as 1838 that Dr. Edward Robinson, in tracing the wall round the temple court, found certain stones which were built in to form the beginning of an arch. This was at the back of the temple, where Solomon built a special wall and had a passage over to the other hill, Zion. When the engineers were working here they calculated the arch, and found the other end underground on the side of the valley.

At one point, on the east, they also got under the wall, and found a great column, perhaps of Solomon's porch or colonnade, which had slipped down as far as it could go. On the bottom of this, they again saw mason's marks.

I have said that the south wall does not follow its old line. It is now nearly straight and goes across Zion, but formerly it swept around its front, making a perfect defence, so that the Jebusites jeered at David when he came to capture it. This old wall, however, has been completely uncovered recently by the American, Dr. F. J. Bliss, and he found towers and gates as on the other sides. He had to go down some feet to find the wall, and then to dig deeply to uncover it, but at one point he found a noble tower by a gate which led out toward Bethlehem, and which had been used so long that it had three thresholds, one above another.

This gate, which is probably the one which Nehemiah called the "Valley Gate," was toward the west. When he got along, eastward, to the turning point, he found a large gate which was probably what Nehemiah called the "Fountain Gate," for it led down to the well from which, in the summer, the people still drink. This gate had a paved street coming to it from inside the city, and, part of the way, it was so steep that it was cut in stairs, "the stairs that went down from the city of David" (Nehemiah 3:15). The Bible is always a correct guide to the explorer, as it is in the way of life— to the explorer, and to every one —"a light to the feet and a guide to the path" (Psalms 119:105).

When the fact is seen that the present walls of Jerusalem have no military strength, except against an attack of footmen, and when we find that the houses now extend beyond the wall on the west and north, we may fear lest this mass of building material may be used, as the pyramid stones were used to build Cairo; but here comes in fortunately the conservatism of the Moslem, who prefers old things to new, and we of America will join with him in this, and will always "take pleasure in her stones" Psalm 102:14. T. F. WRIGHT.

[The foregoing article from Dr. Wright's able pen, is of special interest and timeliness, in view of the exploration and excavation work now going on in different parts of the Holy Land, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund].

THE REMNANT OF "ROBINSON'S ARCH"

THE CITY WITHIN THE WALLS

Questions & Answers

Subscriber. Are the two Bibles given as premiums with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the International Teachers' Bible, in long primer type, with helps and maps, leather lined, thumb indexed, authorized version, and the International Teachers' Bible same as above, but without leather lining or thumb index? I would like the Bibles to send as Christmas presents.

Yes, both the Bibles you describe are given as premiums, the first with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year for $3, and the second with the paper for one year for $2.

G. W. G. Gerardstown, W. Va. I noticed sometime ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that Mr. D. L. Moody was not a member of any church I mean any particular denomination. The Encyclopedia says he united with the Congregational Church in Boston in 1850. It is generally understood that he was a member of the Congregationalists. Did he withdraw later?

We believe he continued a member of the Congregational church to the close of his life. Probably the statements you mention related to his work which was not identified with any denomination, but was on broad Christian lines. All the denominations profited by it.

Mrs. G. H., Sag Harbor, N. Y. Will you, through THE MAIL-BAG, tell me of the flora of Japan, and oblige?

The flora of Japan (enumerated by Franchet) contains 2,743 species. It is similar as a whole to that of the neighboring Asiatic continent and to the flora of North America. Wallace's *Island Life* gives a whole chapter to the subject. There are forty specimens of mammals, twenty-six of which are peculiar, and 165 specimens of land birds, of which only sixteen are peculiar. (Read Temminck & Schlegel's *Fauna Japonica*, which is one of the best authorities on the subject). The animals (besides the usual domestic ones), are the bear, deer, antelope, boar, fox, monkey and badger. Sheep do not thrive there. Wild birds include the cormorant, goose, swan, mallard, widgeon, teal, bittern, heron, "paddy bird," and mandarin duck. Blakiston and Pryor have enumerated 325 species of birds.

E. J. C., Veedersburgh, Ind. Why do the so called Christian Church people object to the name Campbellite? As I understand, Alexander Campbell was the founder of the church.

He was the founder of the church known as the "Disciples of Christ," or "The Church of Christ." The latter is the proper name by which the organization is known. It has been in existence since 1827, and is now a numerous and progressive body, with several colleges of high standing and many schools.

Ignorance, Greenfield, Mass. Is there a Bureau or Agency in Washington, for the purpose of examining inventions, and directing the sale thereof? I read somewhere, that the woman who invented the paper bag with a square bottom, took her invention to Washington, and upon showing its merits was offered $20,000 for it at once.

We have sent this question to the Editor of *The American Inventor*, who replies as follows: "The U. S. Government maintains an Examining Corps in the Patent Office, for the purpose of examining inventions with reference to priority, and deciding whether the Government is warranted in issuing a patent to the inventor, but the Patent Office, of course, does not undertake to direct the sale of an invention, either before or after patent. We have in the past examined numerous alleged patent selling agencies, and found that fully eighty per cent. thereof, do nothing further for the inventor after receiving the first payment, which they extract from the inventor on the ground that the amount called for is needed for the purpose of meeting small expenses. We do not know of such an agency or bureau in Washington. There are many of them scattered throughout the different cities and towns of the United States, but we would not recommend any that call for an advance payment, unless the inventor could be personally present and take part in the negotiations leading to the probable sale of the invention. A firm of patent lawyers, associated with our Company, do a large business in the line of soliciting patents, but do not undertake the sale of an invention. We have found from our experience that the inventor is usually the best salesman for his invention."

Maggie B., Beloit. Please give the origin and meaning of the expression, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

It is said that on Dec. 17, 1540, the Abbey Church of St. Peter, London, was promoted to be a cathedral, and ten years later it was joined to the diocese of London, and its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. Hence the proverb, which became current about 1570.

Reader, W. Chesterfield, N. H. When I renew my subscription, for how much can I have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year, the *Crown Dictionary* and *Good Manners for All Occasions*? I have already written you to save me a *Crown Dictionary* (which I want very much) and my daughter asked me to get the other book for her. I got the *Crown Encyclopedia* for her last Christmas.

You can have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and *Crown Dictionary* for $2, and *Good Manners* for $1, making altogether $3, for the paper and the two books.

Ella D., Baltimore, Md. Why did Wagner, the Paris pastor, name his philosophy "The Simple Life?" What does it mean?"

Pastor Wagner, at the wedding of a domestic servant, made a little address before the wedding guests. It was in the nature of kindly advice to the bride and groom, and was a simple homily. A Paris publisher heard of it, and asked Mr. Wagner to write a book along the lines of his address. The publisher suggested the title, *The Simple Life*, as the address was really on that subject. The pastor explains that "Simplicity is a state of mind," and that the vanities of fashion, pleasure, extravagance and dissipation, and the mere possession of wealth, can never bring happiness. The Simple Life consists in placing reasonable limits to our desires and ambitions, in being respectful of others, thrifty, modest, loving, tender, true to our own better selves, and ever mindful of the fact that the Divine Father is over all, cares for and loves us all, and will provide all we really need.

Sympathy, New York. No; there would seem to be no cessation of the Turkish persecutions in Armenia. According to a tabulated statement in *Armenia* (a monthly magazine, published in Boston), since February last, 2,809 men, 2,193 women, and 2,769 children have been killed in Sassoun and Moush alone; 49 churches have been destroyed, 2,263 other buildings burned, and vast numbers of oxen, cows and sheep carried off and thousands of families have been rendered homeless. There have been also nearly a hundred recorded murders on the plains of Moush, and doubtless many more unrecorded.

Louis S., New Virginia, Ia. There are no statistics available to show, on a wide scale, whether fire or water is the more destructive. If you confine your investigation to a few years, the probability is that fire would be found to have the larger number of victims.

The promptest and best service is insured by an early renewal of your Subscription.

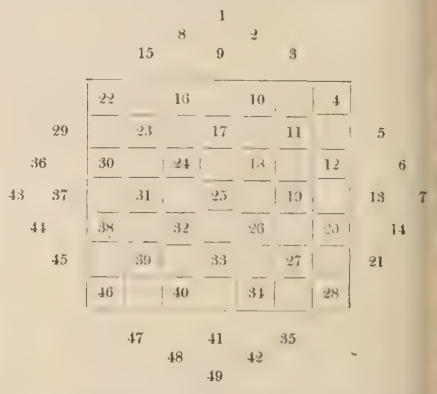
Peace Lover, Cincinnati, O. Yes, the peace movement is making undoubted progress. Our government is now negotiating arbitration treaties with Great Britain, Spain, Austria, Mexico, Belgium, Italy, Holland and Portugal, and the governments of France and Russia have intimated their willingness to consider similar treaties. Practically all the South American countries are bound to peace. Never, in the world's history, has the outlook been so favorable.

Mrs. M. A., Corvallis, Oregon. 1. What are the "New Thought" principles, and are its followers considered orthodox? 2. Did the author of *Trilby* ever give the world the key to that remarkable story? 3. In the story of *The Virginian*, the writer mentions an adventure of his in the Yellowstone Park, near Pitchstone Canon, which he says is elsewhere chronicled. I have read *Len McLean* and *Red Men and White* and saw no account of the adventure. Has the author any other book containing the anecdote?

1. Write to Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, New York, and ask her for information. 2. We never heard of a key to *Trilby*. 3. Why not write to the author? A letter addressed to his publishers would undoubtedly reach him.

Interest in the magic square problem continues. E. M., Auburn, N. Y., writes:

For a magic square of 49 numbers, make a square containing 7 rows, with 7 squares in a row. Arrange the 49 numbers as shown in the accompanying diagram. It will be seen that there are 24 empty squares. Place the numbers above the magic square in the spaces in the lower part, so that they shall stand in the same positions relatively with each other that they now hold. Thus: 1 will be below 25; 2, below 26; 3, below 27; 8, below 32; 9, below 33; and 15, below 39. The numbers below the magic square are to be placed in the upper vacant spaces, those on the right in the spaces to the left of the centre, and those on the left-hand in the spaces to the right of the centre, thus filling all the spaces. It will now be found that the rows horizontally, perpendicularly or diagonally, will add 175. Other arrangements may be made, but none, I think, so easily understood.



MISCELLANEOUS

Olivia C., Cainsville, Mo. No; he is an Episcopalian.

Mrs. H. A. R., Richmond Hill, Me. We have published no new hymnal recently.

H. A. L., Oshkosh, Wis. We are printing articles frequently on the mountaineers of the South.

L. L., Reading, Pa. Write to your district Congressman or to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., about seeds for experimental planting.

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Charles Noel Douglas

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Our Household Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Cheery Outlook

THERE are people who never seem to enjoy the comfort of a cheery outlook, their chronic habit being to look on the dark side. On investigation, it is often found that these people are temperamentally mournful, that they have inherited from somebody in the past an inability to be hopeful, or that they have some organic trouble which weighs them down. The fact is, that both philosophy and religion justify us in maintaining good cheer on the road, and in expecting pleasant things rather than the reverse as we progress. Unless obstinately morose or dyspeptic, we ought to be cheerful on principle.

All life is a journey. In early childhood there is little struggle and little sadness, the troubles of that period being soon forgotten, and the cares of the time weighing very lightly on those whose raiment is provided, and whose food is daily spread by parental hands. Sometimes on the faces of children among the very poor, the shadow comes too soon, and the little ones know what it means to battle with want; but, generally speaking, children are care-free, and flit about like the birds, finding it natural greatly to enjoy the present moment.

Once we have passed the golden atmosphere of childhood, it is much harder to keep on hoping when the days are full of hardships, exactions and disappointments. Still it is a good plan to count our mercies. We may not have all the money our neighbor has, but, on the other hand, we may not have his peculiar solicitudes. Who is so thankful as he ought to be for uninterrupted health; for the shelter of the roof, which, though humble, is independent, to have the loyal love of kindred and friends and feel sure of their steadfastness?

Too often we take for granted these abounding mercies of our God, which are literally new every morning and fresh every evening. The great sorrows of life occur seldom. The constant stream of joy is the rule. There are more bright days than dark in most lives, and God is always bringing back the day, and the darkest moment is the one before the dawn.

Precautions against Fire

Now that the cold season is upon us and fires are burning in every house, we need to take more than ordinary care that our dwellings and places of business are guarded against fire. The safety of the flues should not be left to accident. From time to time chimneys and pipes should be thoroughly investigated, and the householder should be assured that there is no danger in these quarters to be dreaded. Every winter witnesses a great number of disastrous fires, involving sometimes terrible loss of life as well as devastation of property. Many of these fires would have been prevented by the most ordinary care. People are amazingly careless in their use of matches. A careless workman may throw down a match which he supposes to be extinguished. But it smoulders away, sets fire to shavings or the paper in the waste-basket, and the result may be a conflagration which destroys a large portion of the city, throwing multitudes of people out of work and making many families homeless. More than half the household fires that take place are due to this one cause: the heedlessness with which matches are thrown down anywhere when they are still lighted. To say the least, burnt matches are tokens of shockingly bad housekeeping, and are very destructive adjuncts to a tidy room. Some receptacle should be provided in every apartment, into which they can immediately be thrown. Matches should not be kept in paper boxes, even on shelves in closets. They are far safer if kept in tin boxes or safes. A mouse before now, prowling about in a closet, has set fire to things in the kitchen pantry by means of friction matches. Just a little mouse, a tiny match, and no end of woe. It goes without saying that children should never be allowed to play with fire: a thing that every child passionately desires to do, and no wonder! There is real joy in striking a match and lighting dry papers and leaves, and seeing them flame up before one's eyes. It is a joy akin to that of creation, but it is a perilous joy and must be forbidden to little children. It is far kinder to make a child afraid of fire, if there is no other way to cure him of the habit of playing with it, than to suffer him to indulge in a pastime which may be his death. To let the little hand suffer from a slight burn is trying to the mother's heart, but it is a passing pang and may save a greater one.

In the use of cleansing agents, such as naphtha and gasoline, precautions should be taken against their use in a room where there is lighted gas or a lamp or stove. These agents are very volatile, and in an instant a room or a woman's hair and dress may be in a blaze, if she thoughtlessly undertakes to cleanse anything in this way where there is a kindled fire. Lamps should be filled in the daytime and in the morning; never at night.

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JAPANESE GIRLS IN A KYOTO GARDEN

The dainty little maidens of Japan are very winsome. They are taught to be gracious in manner, and they are very graceful in their pretty national costume. A Japanese lady loses much of her peculiar beauty when she adopts the dress of Western womanhood.

Convalescence

Convalescence after an illness, is not a period that can be hurried. Sometimes the improvement made by a patient is so slow that it is marked by weeks, rather than by days. A week shows a gain. Twenty-four hours shows none that can be seen. But if the tide has turned towards health, it will continue to set steadily forward, unless there ensues what doctors most dread, a relapse. This must be guarded against with the utmost care, and by the exercise of much judgment. Few visitors should be received by a convalescent, and the diet and times for rest should be watched by a trained nurse, while the doctor is obeyed implicitly as when the illness was at its worst.

A Spelling Match

FROM time to time somebody writes asking what to do to make an evening pass pleasantly. No more agreeable way of spending an evening can be found than to have an old-fashioned spelling match. The spellers may be chosen in pairs, a boy and a girl, or a gentleman and lady on each side as opponents. The person who gives out the words must be a good speller. A list of words must be selected beforehand, and while such words as tax the memory and make recourse to the dictionary necessary may be included, it is well to remember that a great many people spell common words far from correctly. Our duty to our mother-tongue is sadly flawed when we do not spell words in ordinary use with exactness and nicety.

In her excellent book, *Correct Writing and Speaking*, Miss Mary A. Jordan, Professor of English Literature at Smith College, has some excellent things to say on this subject. She thinks we cannot give too much attention to accuracy in spelling. English spelling is not phonetic, and we cannot spell by sound. A spelling match would certainly give as much pleasure as a donkey party or a peanut spearing contest, or any other game in which prizes were offered, both to the most successful winner, and the greatest loser. A prize should be offered in a spelling match, and after it was over a few refreshments might follow, the simpler the better, to make the evening festive.

Quoting from Miss Jordan, some of my readers may be interested to hear what so brilliant an educator has to say about this very ordinary matter.

"Spelling, in the last resort, is a form of observational science. It is no more arbitrary, no more inconsistent, no more variable, than is the vocabulary and nomenclature of any science. As a field for training in the essentials of observation, nothing could be better suited to the purpose than the printed pages naturally coming in the way of the student in the grades. But the teaching is badly done. It lacks in significance, accuracy, and suggestion. Probably not ten out of a hundred teachers of the children in primary grades know appreciably more about a book as a mechanical contrivance, or the printed page as a result of combined art and science, than do the children. The same thing is true in regard to the sound value of the letters, and the varied histories they have undergone. It is considered hard work to teach children their letters and the so-called first principles of reading, but most of them fail to learn the principles, and so practice the art stumblingly and falteringly all their days.

"If the print is the all-powerful factor in spelling, why are the children given so little practice in studying forms of print? On the contrary, the brighter the pupil, generally the earlier he forms the habit of reading what he thinks he sees, of following with part of his attention the carelessly seen forms on the page, and of trusting to his 'sense' of the meaning. The habit once acquired can with difficulty be gotten rid of. It extends absolutely to all parts of the printed word. They drop out of sight and out of mind together, and the effort to recall them is a definite obstacle to thought or its expression. Then grows up the device of the cautious. They limit their thinking to what they can say, not in words of one syllable, but in words they know how to spell. The influence upon their unwritten, unspoken thinking is lamentable. The unmelodious, uncharacteristic style of much student English has its main source in the habit of safe spelling. Phrases have come to be taken for granted by the mind behind the eyes, and the resultant is a curiously automatic process, and a poor apology for alert, appetitive reading. There is a very practical sense in which reading is coming to be a lost art through the curiously irresponsible way in which the student does his spelling, and the extent to which the printer has removed penalty from the sphere of the careless reader's experience."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

- INQUIRER. In arranging meals for a convalescent, let them be surprises if possible. It is not a good plan to ask an invalid what she would like to eat.

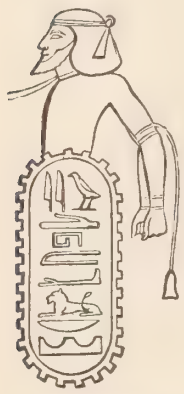
The Bible and the Monuments

SUNDAY SCHOOL REVIEW BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

IN what country did the events of the last six months' lessons occur? In Palestine, the "Holy Land," first called Canaan, divided at the time of these lessons into the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. What period do these lessons cover? From 975 B.C. to 712 B.C. Who were the chief personages in these lessons? Kings of Israel? Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Jehu, Jeroboam II., Hoshea. Kings of Judah? Rehoboam, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Joash, Uzziah, Ahaz, Hezekiah. Prophets? Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah. What bad queen? Jezebel. What great general? Naaman. The stories of all these are but positive and negative illustrations of the key text of Kings and Chronicles "So long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper." The most profitable use of this lesson will be to show how the truth of these Bible stories has been confirmed by inscribed stones, recently dug up in ancient cities.

MONUMENT OF SHISHAK

It was the custom in ancient Oriental lands to give what was called the "double." Our modern "note," in a way, is to be compared with it, and yet there is a difference. The "double," so to speak, was the note torn in two, one part to be retained by the creditor, the other to be given to the debtor. Probably from this custom came the word "indenture," now in use. When the debt was paid, the creditor passed over his section of the paper, and so the debtor received the "double," which exactly fitted into the piece already in his possession, and made it whole. We may use this custom as an illustration, and say that the recently excavated stones, obelisks, and sculptures are the "double" of certain historical parts of the Bible. They corroborate and make whole its statements.



JEWISH CAPTIVE

We propose now to examine these monuments in connection with a review of the lessons for the last six months. On the side of the great temple in Karnak, in Egypt, are to be seen representations cut in stone of the Egyptian king Shishak, bringing back his Palestine captives, and among them is an inscription reading "Kingdom of Judah." In II. Chron., chapter 12, we may read the whole story of how this King Shishak came against Jerusalem with twelve hundred chariots and three score thousand horsemen, and took away the treasures of the king's house, and the house of the Lord, even the shields of gold which King Solomon had made. King Rehoboam and his people were captives in the sense that they were made subservient to Shishak, and had to pay tribute, the price of an ignominious peace. Among the inscriptions at Karnak are the names of twelve walled cities which Shishak besieged and took before reaching Jerusalem. King Asa is also mentioned on this temple.

THE MOABITE STONE

The Moabite stone was discovered at Dibon, in Moab, east of the Dead Sea, in 1868. It is of black basalt, three feet, eight-and-a-half inches high, two feet three-and-a-half inches wide, one foot one inch and a fraction thick. It has thirty-four lines of Hebrew Phœnician writing, in which Mesa, the King of Moab, tells of his encounters with Omri, King of Israel, mentioning him as living in the time of King Asa, of Judah. It is said there is scarcely a line on this stone which has not its link either with the history, the geography, or the language of the Bible, and not only in this way corroborating our previous knowledge, but adding to it, and so explaining, or illustrating, many points which had hitherto been perplexing and obscure. It is now in the Louvre in Paris. It is the "double" of the account to be found in II. Kings, chapter 3.

We glance now at the stone monument of Shalmaneser, erected by himself, for his grand palace at Nineveh. He also had made a black marble obelisk, one side of which is given in a picture herewith. It is seven feet high, and twenty-two inches wide. The inscriptions are sharply cut and well defined. Shalmaneser is represented as receiving the tribute of conquered nations, who lay at his feet offerings of gold, silver, copper in bars and cubes, goblets, shawls, and the tusks of elephants. They also bring camels, monkeys, antelopes, elephants and rhinoceroses. Among these nations are the Jews. Their features are said to be unmistakable. On the wings of two gigantic winged bulls, and on the black obelisk are inscribed records of Shalmaneser's campaigns, in which Ahab and Jehu, Kings of Israel, are mentioned. Both the black obelisk and the bulls are now in the British Museum. These monuments are the "doubles" of the records to be found in part in I. Kings 19: 9-18; II. Kings 8: 7-12. Prof. Hillprecht has said: "Until the present day, the black obelisk has remained one of the choicest historical monuments ever rescued from the mounds of Assyria."

Sargon was the successor of Shalmaneser. The campaign which was begun by Shalmaneser against the kingdom of Israel, was not completed before his death, but was consummated by Sargon in 721 B.C., when the captivity of the ten tribes was accomplished by him. The inscriptions on the Nineveh marbles contain the "double' of the Bible account to be found in II. Kings 17: 1-18.

The Sunday School pilgrims on the *Grosser Kurfurst* saw in the museum at Constantinople, in March, 1904, the richly carved sarcophagus of this same Sargon, and gazed upon his skeleton enclosed in a glass case close at hand. These had been brought to light only within the past ten years. The Taylor cylinder found at Nineveh in the year 1830, is the "double" for the records concerning King Hezekiah and his subjugation by the great Sennacherib, son of Sargon. These events are, however, a part of the lesson study for the year 1905, as we only began the life of Hezekiah in the latter part of the present year. The Taylor cylinder is now in the British Museum.

In the *Saturday Review* we find a summary by Captain Conder, who has spent the best part of his life in excavating, telling what we should know from the monuments

PROCESSION OF JEWS BEARING TRIBUTE

concerning the Hebrews, had the Bible never been written at all:

1. The Hebrews were a people of common stock, with the Semitic inhabitants of Mesopotamia, but separating from them at an early historic period.

2. They worshiped Jehovah at least as early as 900 B.C., probably much earlier.

3. They possessed the art of monumental writing, and an alphabet of common origin with that of Phœnicia and Moab, some centuries before 700 B.C., and possibly as early as 1500 B.C.

4. They were pastoral agriculturists, craftsmen and traders. They possessed horses and chariots, flocks and herds, fenced cities and villages.

The Hebrew monarchs were attended by slaves and musicians, made use of ivory thrones, and had treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, precious woods, and other articles of foreign origin. They defied at times even the Assyrian kings, and allied themselves with Egyptians and Babylonians.

6. The Hebrews had a non-Assyrian calendar, and thus probably some knowledge of astronomy.

7. It is probable that Hebrew literature was preserved on records written on papyrus and leather, but the knowledge of writing seems to have been confined to the scribes, and it was not extensively employed for sepulchral or other monumental purposes.

8. In civilization, there is every reason to suppose the Hebrews equalled their immediate neighbors, the Phœnicians, although, perhaps, not attaining to the condition of the Egyptians.

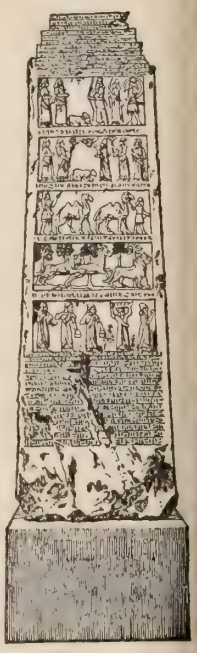
9. They buried their dead in rocky tombs without embalming, and there is no monumental evidence that they expected any resurrection of the mortal body so buried.

10. Their art seems rather to have approached that of the early Babylonian age, their buildings being adorned with metals and woods, while there is no evidence of the general cultivation of sculpture among them.

MONUMENT OF SHALMANESER

The value of these results, as Captain Conder points out, lies chiefly in their refutation of the destructive school. It should be noted that these conclusions are in perfect accord with the picture of Hebrew Society which may be drawn from the Books of Kings.

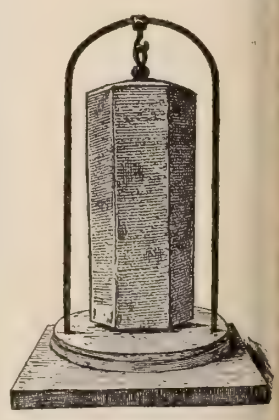
Professor Hilprecht adds to his history of exploration the following summary: "How much the interpretation of the Old Testament books have profited by these epoch-making discoveries, has not yet been realized. Being written in a language closely akin to Assyrian, and compiled by men brought up in the same atmosphere and surroundings, they frequently describe the very institutions, customs and deeds so vividly portrayed on the alabaster slabs of Nineveh. But it was not only through analogy and comparison that so many obscure words and passages in the Scriptures received fresh light and often an entirely new meaning — sometimes the very same persons and events mentioned in the historical and prophetical books of the Bible were depicted on those monuments, or recorded in their accompanying inscriptions."



SHALMANESER'S OBELISK

Thus, as the Psalmist predicted, Truth has sprung out of the earth (Ps. 85: 11). From these long-buried monuments come evidences to answer the sceptics who have disputed the accuracy of the historical narratives of the Bible. They show that the events recorded there are confirmed by the Assyrian records, chiselled by command of the same kings whose very existence had been doubted. While men were disputing about them, these monuments were lying beneath sand and rubbish, their inscriptions preserved from decay, waiting the work of the excavator. In these late days, when they are most needed, they have been brought to light to confute the opponents of the Word of God. These inscriptions have not yet all been deciphered, but the work goes on steadily, and the discovery of others is anticipated. Who knows how long it may be before other inscriptions are found, confirming facts which are still matters of historical dispute.

The writer of the second book of Chronicles gives a summary of the crimes for which the judgment of God fell on his chosen people. He says (II. Chron. 36: 14): "The chief of the priests and the people transgressed very much after all the abominations of the heathen; and polluted the house of the Lord which he had hallowed in Jerusalem. And the Lord God of their fathers, sent to them, by his messengers . . . but they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, till there was no remedy." An awful indictment which ought to be read by every Christian nation. It shows the patience and long-suffering of God, but it implies that when there is no remedy, he strikes, and strikes hard.



THE TAYLOR CYLINDER

*International Sunday School Lesson for December 18. Golden Text for Quarter: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Luke 4: 8

MOLLY CAMERON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"PAW," said Molly's mother, "Molly wants to go over the mountain to that Asheville school."

Paw was sitting by the open fire, his pipe in his mouth. He was a big, raw-boned mountaineer, grave and silent. There were seven sons and one daughter in the family. The daughter, Molly, was the pride of her father's heart and the light of his eyes.

"I reckon we'll have to let her go, if she's set on it, Maw," was all that he said, but he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with the slow, unhurried gait of the mountaineer, went out and up the road a piece. He did not need to put on his hat. It was never off his head except when he went to church, and that was seldom, there being no regular church services in the part of the mountains where the Camerons lived. Once in five or six weeks a preacher came round, and there would be a service, when the lean, gaunt men, and the thin, tired women would walk for miles, or ride on horseback to attend, their children often coming with them. These occasional services were the only gleams of culture that broke the monotony of the isolated life led by the people of Cameron's Creek.

The cabin of Aleck Cameron clung to the side of the mountain like a nest; the color of the woods and hills seemed to be absorbed in its walls of rough-hewn logs. Inside it was comfortable and warm. From its doors one looked into a wide sea of mountains, lifting their rugged shoulders everywhere, and shutting in the little hamlets and clearings as if within a fortress.

Aleck Cameron, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, with the high cheek-bones of his Scottish forefathers, came of the strong stock that, across the sea, bred poets and philosophers. Little learning had been his portion, but he was fond of reading, and the few books he owned had been read many times. Molly inherited his tastes. He had always felt that she would be a scholar if she had the chance, and yet he somehow resented her wish to go away from him, and attend school.

She was hurrying home, a slim girl in a blue cotton frock that fell in straight folds to her ankles. Her dark hair was hidden under a sun-bonnet, and a little gray shawl was crossed over her breast. Molly was very pretty. Her mother had once been pretty, though in her sallow face only the large, soft eyes retained any trace of beauty. Hard work, and a diet of bacon, hot bread, and strong coffee, make havoc of women's looks, in the mountains.

"So, honey," said her father, as the girl came tripping up to him, and slipped her little brown hand within his, "Maw says you hanker after schooling. That's because you talked to that preacher's wife so long last Sunday. Would you go and leave us, daughter? I reckon you'd be mighty homesick, and want to come back."

"Yes, paw. I'd be mighty homesick, but I'd stay. It wasn't the lady altogether, Paw. I've been a-wanting, an' a-wanting, an' *a-wanting* a chance this long time, an' I'm getting old, Paw. I've got to hurry if I'm not goin' to be too late."

"How old are you, honey?"

"Sixteen," said Molly Cameron. She said it as if she had been sixty. At sixteen girls often feel that they have attained a most mature age, especially girls who live in old-fashioned country neighborhoods, where their friends of eighteen and twenty are mostly married.

"Only, Paw, I do hate to ask you to spend the money. But after I've graduated, I'll work hard and pay you every cent. See if I won't."

"Shucks!" said the mountaineer. "I don't want you to worry over the money, daughter. If Maw can have you ready by day after to-morrow, I'll take you to the school, honey. I'm pretty sure you'll have grit enough to stick, once your thar."

What Molly Cameron suffered from shyness, and strangeness and longing, nobody knows except those who, like her, have found themselves in an environment utterly different from the accustomed one, and in a situation where everything has seemed unreal. Molly's ways were uncouth. She had not been trained to use a tooth-brush, or to eat with her fork. She was not prepared to enter the lowest grade, but she could read and write, and the keys of all knowledge were therefore in her hand. Before long she had discovered the teacher she wanted to be like, and Miss Eliot became the model whom she copied, imitating almost unconsciously her gestures, her dainty neatness, and the refined enunciation and clear tones of her low, sweet voice.

At faculty meeting, when Molly Cameron had been in the school nine months, some one asked which of the three hundred pupils had made most progress since entering.

"Molly Cameron," was the answer, unhesitatingly given. "She has waked up. She is going to be brilliant; she is thorough; she has splendid capacity." Miss Eliot spoke positively.

"Yes, and she is growing very like you," another teacher remarked teasingly.

Virginia Eliot blushed. She was rather sensitive about the habit the girls had of adopting all her little ways. But the president, who was wise and experienced, set her mind at rest with a wave of his courtly hand. He was a true gentleman of the old school, and a born educator.

"Nothing is so fine in education as personality," he said. "We can do nothing so good for our girls as to impress ourselves upon them. But it is a great responsibility."

Gradually Molly's very appearance changed. She had no money for the little accessories of dress that girls prize, but clean turn-overs and cuffs cost a mere trifle, and a ribbon for the hair that is smoothly combed, may be managed, if a girl has initiative. There were opportunities to earn a little if the girls chose, and Molly was quick to avail herself of these. She helped in the kitchen, overtime. Part of her school work was there, but she gave hours for which she was paid a little. She was a very proud girl when she wrote home to her father that she had earned enough to buy her clothes for the next year.

She was walking across the campus one afternoon, near the end of the summer term, thinking happily that in a few days she would go home for vacation, and see them all again, when a telegram was put in her hand. Alarmed, her hands trembling so that she could hardly open it, she tore the envelope apart.

"Come," it said. "Mother died last night."

Miss Eliot went with her to the terminal of the railway, where a neighbor was waiting with a covered wagon and a team. There she left her. Molly had not shed a tear. The dry-eyed misery in her face touched her teacher's heart. She could not comfort her. As they parted, she said, "Molly, you must be brave. You will have the rest to comfort, my dear."

"I ought not to have left Maw. If I had staid she might be alive now." It was the old, old plaint, as old as earth itself, that love and bereavement are always making.

There was no returning to school next year. Instead, Molly tried her best to fill her mother's empty place, but it was not easy. The mother had pervaded the home, as mothers do. Her simple housewifery had absorbed her life, and no one had dreamed how it had exhausted her. When Molly had the cooking, scrubbing, sewing, washing, and all to do for the boys and her father, she found that it taxed her whole young strength to get through it. She began to grow round-shouldered and heavy-eyed. The slowly moving months dragged along. She was poring over a Latin Grammar by the light of a pine knot, one afternoon in the gathering dusk, when her father, more taciturn now than ever, came in and looked at her.

"Honey," he said. "You can pack your trunk and go to school next year, and finish."

"But no, father. I can't be spared." Yet he saw the flash, not from the fire, that illumined her face.

"Yes, you can, Molly. I'm goin' to be married."

Now she turned pale, and her face took on a resentful expression.

"I've not forgot your mother. I never shall. But you need your own life. I need a housekeeper. Martha Steele will make me a good wife, and she'll take care of the boys. You go back to school, honey."

It was a long speech for Aleck Cameron. He added to it after a moment, "Your mother had a gold watch, honey, and a black silk dress, and a little white shawl. She would have wanted you to have them. I'll put them in your trunk myself. When you are through school, you can be a lady and teach if you like, and you can help me educate the boys. Teddy is a smart little chap." Teddy was the youngest.

Several years later, a traveler passing through the Cameron Creek region saw a little church, its white spire pointing heavenward, and near it a small schoolhouse, with thrifty plants and bright vines around its door.

The hamlet that focussed most of its activity around the blacksmith's shop and the store, had an air of clean prosperity formerly lacking. A definite tidiness had taken the place of dirt and disorder. The saloon had vanished.

"Seems to me," said the stranger, "there's an improvement here. You've been forging ahead."

"Right you are," said the blacksmith. "That little girl of Aleck Cameron's, when she came home from school went straight to work. She persuaded us to build the school. Then she started a Sunday School and a singing service in the school. On top o' that she begged us to build a church. We did. We've got a minister now, an' he preaches every Sunday. Molly Cameron, with the Lord's help," here the old fellow took off his hat, "has, to put it mildly, transmogrified this community. Yes, sir, she has."

Molly Cameron, a tall, gentle girl, was pointed out to the stranger later. He looked at her, noted the firm mouth, the womanly brow, the tender, lustrous eyes, and knew that she and others like her were quietly revolutionizing the land of their birth.

"God bless her," he said. "God help her," and rode out of the mountains. From his far-away home later, he sent an organ for Molly Cameron's Church.

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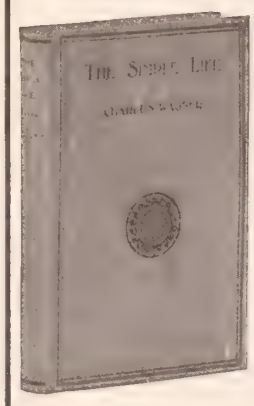
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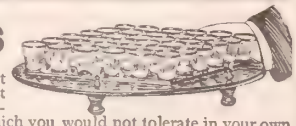
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Yule-Tide in the Hills

THE sunshine floods the hills with liquid gold,
Spring's leaping pulses throb through sod and tree,
With happy promise tender buds unfold,
And brimming rills go laughing to the sea.

Rare traceries of mingled fern and flower
Rim crystal pools that catch the sky's blue glow,
And dark madronas hang their glossy bowers
With torches that sway softly to and fro.

Gray walled and dusk the canyons wind away,
'Twixt sunbright hill slopes, freshly washed and green,
Unchallenged in their deeps the shadows play,
And over them the fragrant laurels lean.

The holly glows against embowered walls,
From oaken limbs hangs mistletoe, pearl-starred,
And here and there, like faithful seneschals,
Gray-beard sequoias keep their watch and ward.

JEANNETTE CAMPBELL, *in Sunset Magazine.*

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Mrs. Barr's Latest Book

IN *The Belle of Bowling Green*, by Amelia E. Barr, we have a story of a century ago. The tale concerns the fine old families who lived in the neighborhood of Bowling Green when that historic spot was the abode of New York's most aristocratic citizens. There are two beautiful young girls who occupy the centre of the stage, while this comedy of old-time life is being played; but some of the other characters are equally interesting, notably that of Grandmother Bloommaert, with her quaint phraseology, and sharp to-the-point sayings.

When Judge Gerardus Bloommaert built himself a handsome dwelling, he desired no fairer site for it than the Bowling Green, for had not Bloommaert's lived for more than a century in the old Beaver Path, and in Bloommaert's Valley, or Broad Street. In this lofty, roomy house of red brick, we find Sapphira, the Judge's only daughter, a charming young woman of eighteen years.

We are told that the young gentlemen of New York found the road which led past the stately dwelling very often the path of their desires, for there was always a chance that a fleeting glance of the lovely Sapphira might be caught at one of the windows. Sapphira was a charming combination of her Dutch and French ancestry, for her mother Carlita, was of the latter race, and a strain of noble blood was in her veins.

Annette, Sapphira's cousin, lived with her grandmother, the imperious, stately, and somewhat sharp-tongued Madame Bloommaert. The author gives a delightful description of this lady's home on lower Nassau Street, which was as Dutch as herself in character, A large garden surrounded the house, over whose wide casements a sweet-briar climbed, while the veranda was a perfect bower of trailing vines. Annette was a rather selfish, volatile sort of girl, beautiful, of course, and as she did not seem to have a particularly overweening regard for anyone except herself, and did not hesitate to stretch the truth a bit at times, if it was to advantage to do so, one may be pardoned the wish that these lovely maidens' names could have been exchanged, and thus have been more in keeping with their individualities. There were five brave young men, who were helping to make history as well as love, two were Sapphira's brothers and another her honest young lover, Leonard Murray by name. The Judge, Sapphira's father, does not favor the young man; but in spite of this, and the fact that the beautiful Annette developed a decided disposition to annex young Murray to her train of admirers, the young man won his way with Sapphira.

Our national misunderstanding with England, which culminated in the war of 1812, was brewing at this time, and so, between preparations for war, which seemed to rather accelerate love making among the young people, all hands were kept pretty busy.

In the fourth chapter Mr. Achille St. Ange is introduced, and proves a most charming addition to the company. This young man had the "air and manner of a prince;" "his slight, agile figure had the erect carriage of one born to command, and his general appearance and aspect were suggestively haughty." "His hair was intensely black and soft, and lay in straight locks on his brow; his eyes, equally dark, were full of sombre fire; his skin had the pallor of the hot land from which he came." The capture of the frivolous Annette by such a young Apollo as this was but a question of a very short time. Still, this did not prevent Annette, the frivolous, from making trouble for Sapphira, and this, added to the fact that young Murray was making arrangements to study law under Aaron Burr, was a combination anything but favorable for the course of true love. Judge Bloommaert and all the other good Dutch citizens had a very poor opinion of Mr. Burr, after the Hamilton affair, and they were not at all reticent about expressing the same. There was another young man also who insisted upon making trouble for Murray, who at last forced him into a duel, much to the discomfiture of the bad young man, before the meeting, and his utter rout at the time. We, of this budding twentieth century, need not think we are having all the strenuous times to ourselves.

All these good people of Bowling Green were kept moving rapidly, and the author gives us a charming picture of the domestic and social life of the period of which she writes, when silver was heavy and solid, and beautiful brocades and laces were cherished with such care, that they were worthy to descend to even the third and fourth generation. The last chapter, "Afterward," brings the story up-to-date, in an unexpected manner, thus finishing the tale in a highly satisfactory way.

Here's to the homes that are past!
Here's to the men that have been!
Here's to the heart of New York
That beats on the Bowling Green.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF HIRAM COLLEGE

History of Hiram College, by F. M. Green, A.M., LL.D. The story of the inception and founding of the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, has been traced in detail by the author, who has been intimately associated with the college since its early years. The work is of great value as a history, and the personal reminiscences are interesting, especially so are the chapters dealing with the period of James A. Garfield's connection with the institution. At one time when the future President of the United States was a student at Hiram, a lecture was delivered at the college by a man named Treat. This man had read a few infidel books, and was audacious enough to give voice to his disbelief in Christianity, and then challenged anyone in the audience to answer him. He made a most venomous attack on the Bible, saying that the translations were not reliable; that the Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, had been translated by designing and dishonest priests, etc. Up rose young Garfield, and said he would like to ask the speaker one question, viz.: "Would the lecturer be so kind as to tell the audience what was the present participle of the verb *to be* in Greek, or, in other words, the greek word to correspond with the English word *being*?" Treat could not answer because he did not know. Then Mr. Garfield turned to the audience and asked what they thought of a man traveling over the country criticising the work of the world's great scholars, when he did not know the first thing the schoolboy learned in his Greek grammar. This man sought to overthrow the Christian's faith and dethrone the Christian's God, while passing himself under false colors, pretending to knowledge he did not possess. Mr. Garfield then gave an impassioned eulogy upon the Bible, as the creed of the mightiest nations, the accepted moral guide of the grandest men in history, and the only light in the darkened world, leading to eternal life and peace. The audience was electrified at his power and eloquence, and the infidel was silenced. Published by The O. S. Hubbel Printing Company, Cleveland, O. Price $1.50.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Railroading with Christ, by Rev. Chas. A. S. Dwight. This is the rather startling title of a story of a brave engineer who lost his life in the discharge of his duty. His dying words, "Tell my little Joe to be a man," became the watchword of his son, who became in turn a Christian engineer. Published by American Tract Society, 150 Nassau

The Wandering Twins: A Story of Labrador, by Mary Bourchier Sanford, is a tale in which young people will delight. The adventures of Ulrica and Ivan the twins, who went to Labrador in search of their father, is charmingly and sympathetically told, while the readiness with which the brother and sister adapted themselves to the strange life which they found in this far northern country, runs like a bright thread through the whole narrative. The fisher folk, the cottage on the crag, the cave in the fiord, the hut in the valley, are skilfully blended in the picture of life in Labrador. Of course the twins did not find their father at first, else there would have been no adventures with the Indians, no "Loup Garon," no thrilling experiences when adrift on the ice. It would not be fair to tell the story of the joyful reunion at last. To know how it all came about, read the adventures of the "Wandering Twins," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

More than Pleased

I have just received the Crown Dictionary, and am more than pleased, as I am with all the premiums that come with my CHRISTIAN HERALD. I trust that you will be richly rewarded for your thoughtfulness and generosity in giving us such valuable premiums. THOS. I. MARSHALL.
Germantown, Phila., Pa.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD*

HOW much better than he knew, did Isaiah write! In his mind it was deliverance from the yoke of Assyria that was the blessing hoped for. But the inspiring voice given to him led him to write of a deliverer greater than he could conceive. As Peter expresses it (I. Peter 1 : 10, 11), the ancient prophet must have wondered "what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in him did signify." The people for whom he wrote, and their descendants, were just as much in the dark. They, too, only looked for a deliverer who should drive out the oppressor and make Israel once more an independent nation. If Christ would have done this, he would have been welcomed. If he had come as a teacher, he would have been welcomed; but a teacher who claimed to be the long-expected Messiah, yet who would not fight, nor set up a standard of rebellion against Rome, was rejected in disgust as an impostor.

How much greater Christ proved, than the people conceived him! The deliverance of the little nation would have been an infinitesimal task, compared with the mission which he came to accomplish. If he had succeeded in emancipating his people, his name might have gone down to history as a great general, like the Maccabees, or like Garibaldi, but the great outside world would have derived no benefit from his coming. It was something far wider that he had to do. The world enslaved by sin, hopeless of attaining freedom from its galling chains, knowing nothing of the glorious freedom of the sons of God, was to be shown the possibility of becoming free in soul and of fulfilling the destiny that God designed for the race. It was as the world's Messiah that Christ came. He came as the helper to men in far-off regions, and in far distant times, who were each struggling to become good, and in bewilderment groping after the way. He came to extend a mighty hand to the buffeted sinner in every land and time who felt the powerlessness of his struggle and was losing hope of ever succeeding in his own strength. The encouragement of a brother, the love of a Saviour who had sacrificed his life to save, Christ brought to him, and the poor, weak mortal took new heart, relying on divine strength. "To him that overcometh," he said, "I will give power." The celestial forces, then, were on the side of every man who would make the fight. This was a new message, a light in a dark place, that is growing brighter still, from day to day.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Dec. 25. Isa. 9 : 2-7.

THE WAYSIDE MISSION HOSPITAL, COUNCIL CITY, ALASKA

SEVERAL years ago, Dr. Alexander de Soto founded a Wayside Mission and Hospital in Seattle, Wash. On leaving that city for Alaska, he settled at Council City, some seventy-five miles distant from Nome, where he founded a new Wayside Hospital for the benefit of the mining community. He also established a Mission there, which for several years past has done excellent work in a community which till then had been sadly deficient in religious privileges.

Since the opening of the Wayside Hospital at Council, it has been of the greatest service to the miners. It is conducted by an efficient hospital staff of physicians and trained nurses, and the general equipment is excellent. Dr. de Soto personally looks after the interest of the hospital he founded and has been its principal support. At the time the photograph was taken, it was midwinter in Alaska, with bitterly cold, dry weather, and Council was shut off from the rest of the world by snow.

AN OFFERING TO CHRIST*

THAT Christ appreciates personal service and personal love is evident from the care he took that the act of the woman, in breaking the alabaster box and pouring the ointment over him, should be one of the very few incidents related by each of the four evangelists. Evidently he wished that act, for some reason, to be so kept in the history of his life, that it could not be overlooked. Though he was so humble, so accessible, he held tenaciously to his own royal dignity and asserted his claim to homage. Throwing over the woman the mantle of his protection, he accepted her tribute and declared that she had done a good work. Though the value of the ointment was equivalent to fifty-four dollars of our money, which in those times meant a year's wages for an ordinary laborer, he would not have it pronounced waste, when it was used upon him at one time. It was an expression of love, the act of one who thought nothing too good for her Lord, and it was accepted graciously, for the sake of the affection that it proved and symbolized.

It is these acts of personal service, this indication of personal love that he still values. He is the centre of Christianity. Those who would make him a mere teacher and Christianity a mere system of ethics must inevitably fail. He is a King demanding personal allegiance. The cup of water given to one because he belongs to Christ, is not to lose its reward. Those who feed the hungry and visit the sick are blessed because in their service they are serving Him. He longs for personal loyalty. "Follow me" is his injunction still. The charity that helps the poor out of mere pity is enhanced a hundred-fold when it is an expression of love for Him. The gift may be small and poor, but its value is not measured by its worth in money, but by the love which it expresses. The self-denial of an act is appreciated when it is a sacrifice to Him. The man who gives up an evening's pleasure that he may spend it by the side of some Christian invalid; the woman who out of her slender store carries some gift to a Christian in need, if the act is prompted by the desire to please Christ, is taken account of and will be rewarded. The motive counts. And truly the desire is not unreasonable. He did so much for us, he loved us with such an intense love, that personal response is craved and longed for. None are so poor that they cannot show their gratitude, but it is more than gratitude that He asks. It is the love of the heart. The love that will bear everything, do anything that will show its existence, that He yearns for.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Dec. 25. Mark 14: 3-9.

A Quaker's Testimonial

Oh the knowledge and instruction and the gratification we get reading thy beautiful paper! I would not do without it.

Buckfield, Me. JOSEPH B. DUMON.

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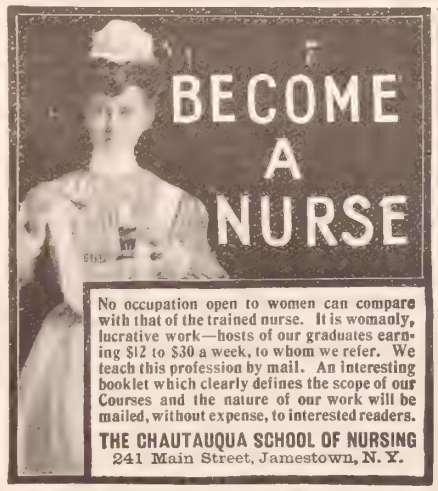

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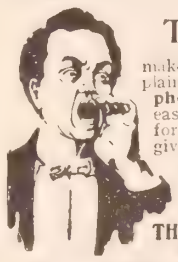

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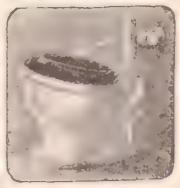

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Gospel Triumphs in Brazil

THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION CHURCH AT SAO PAULO

SINCE our last letter, acknowledging financial help so kindly sent us by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we have been led, by God's providence, to change our headquarters from Sao Paulo, where we worked four years, to the beautiful, cheerful city of Porto Alegre, in the extreme south of Brazil. The work in Sao Paulo being strong and well organized, we were impelled to enter a new and very needy field.

Since the day of our arrival we have been conscious of God's peculiar blessing. Even in our purchases of household goods, we met with people who listened eagerly to our talk about Christ, and who promptly appeared at our first meeting. Thus we found our congregation in the shops and in the course of our house-to-house visiting. One of the best known business men in Porto Alegre, manager of a large furniture factory, sold us some of his wares. We took occasion to invite him to come to the meetings. He became a constant attendant. He obeyed the call to repent, and to believe the Gospel, has forsaken his sins, and has been the means, in God's hands, of bringing many persons here, whose hearts were likewise prepared to hear and obey the Gospel. This gentleman's wife was very averse to his coming, and she positively refused to attend, being deep-dyed in Romanism, through years of education in nunneries. Seeing her husband, however, so wonderfully transformed, and always eager to attend the meetings, she felt curious to see what the attraction was, and so, she came, full of prejudice. She went home a converted woman, desiring and professing to walk in the light of the Gospel. Her sister, too, has come over on the Lord's side. A young man, a friend of theirs, who was so hopelessly depraved that even his Popish confessors refused him further absolution, has been converted by the power of Jesus, and is now a good, clean, godly man.

. . .

We met a very poor, destitute family of father, mother, and two little children of ten and twelve. The man had been sick for eleven years. He had not been able to work, and the poor woman, single-handed, had struggled all those years to support the family. Hunger and want were members of that wretched, dark, damp, dirty household. The Gospel light streamed in, and was welcomed, and the parents turned to Christ, and found in him a great and mighty Friend. He has saved them from their sins, and now the man's health is returning. He is well enough now to work. Better days are in store for that house.

Our meetings are attended by many educated and respectable people, who, although Catholics, are quick to recognize and to appreciate the truth.

After three weeks' work, we already have sixteen who have confessed Christ, and promise to turn out well. Our preaching has been almost entirely on repentance. Extraordinary interest is manifested, and also much opposition. Recently, the students determined to make an attack, and break up our meeting. A number came, looking for trouble, and several men who sympathized with us, hearing of the threatened attack, came armed with revolvers, as we afterward learned. We felt the trouble in the air, and prayed about it, asking God to help us. That night the

MR. AND MRS. YOUNG AND SON

students came in, but made no disturbance. The simple Gospel fastened deep conviction on them. They afterward apologized for the harm they had intended to do, and said they were convinced that we were preaching God's truth, even if it is not to their taste. The priests work secretly against us, but, thank God, the same people keep coming night after night.

Rio Grande do Sul is the most progressive and most prosperous State in Brazil. The numerous German colonists have made it what it is, in agricultural enterprise and manufactures. Porto Alegre is the capital, with about 100,000 souls. It is a delightful city, even though undrained and poorly supplied with water. The people are more genial and pleasing and hospitable than any we have met in Brazil. We have been splendidly received here by rich and poor, high and low; in fact, we have entered the most inviting and promising door that God has yet opened to us.

Our other eleven stations are doing well, and all the work is going forward in blessing. We are hoping soon to send out missionaries to the unevangelized Indian tribes of Central Brazil. Some of our brethren are desirous of giving their lives to this labor of love, and we are looking to God for selected men amongst our native converts, and for a supply of men, which will enable us to send the Gospel to the primitive Indians of interior Brazil.

What little experience these poor Indians have had of the white man has been unmixedly bad. From the white folks they have received fire-water, immorality, cruelty and barbarous ill-treatment. It is high time they were ministered to.

The enclosed group was taken just before our departure, and represents a large part of the church, although many do not appear there.

REGINALD I. YOUNG,
KATE H. YOUNG.
Porto Alegre, Brazil.

Little Sam's Thanksgiving

LITTLE SAM, aged 4½, had been playing in the yard. His hands were cold. He felt the chill of the evening. A lady called him into her warm kitchen. He spread his little hands over the stove in a most enjoyable way. She placed before him a bowl of milk and bread, and said to him, "Sam, you must thank God for this nice fire. He has made it ready here to warm you; and see, he has given you biscuit, and such nice milk." The lady had forgotten the corn bread she had crumbled in the milk. Sam drew in a long breath, and, looking up, said, "Thankee for de Lord, de fire, de biscuit, and de chorn bread."

He then ran merrily to his mother's house and said, "My mar, look at my new pants, and thankee for de Lord."

His thanksgiving was so hearty and unique that I thought you would enjoy it.

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The Story in Brief

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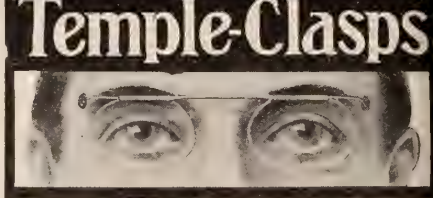

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The Prince of Peace

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE promise of the Lord Jesus as the Prince of Peace was given to the Jews; but the promise of the seed of the woman which should bruise the head of the serpent was given to man before the nation of Israel had any existence. And as the kingdom of God is within every one who is born of the Spirit, Jesus, as the Prince of Peace, rules in our hearts, bringing with him "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4: 7; cf. Col. 3: 15).

Isaiah declared, "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him." And then God gives him a vision of the Saviour. He has seen what the sin of the world will come to before the earth is cleansed by judgment; now he shall see God's great remedy. And now the prophet takes up and continues his word about the great light, "the light of the world" (John 8: 12): "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father (or Father of Eternity), the Prince of Peace." Wonderful in birth, for he was born of a virgin; wonderful in word, for never man spake like this man; wonderful in power, for elements, sickness, devils, death, bowed vanquished before him, and owned their Master in that lowly Man of Galilee; wonderful in Spirit; his majesty is described in Ps. 44: 4 as "truth, meekness, righteousness;" it was majesty of a new order, for he conquered by submitting, and convinced by silence. He the "Wonderful."

As Counsellor, he who from everlasting was the Father's Counsellor has become to Israel, when she will receive him, and to his Church, the true, ever-present, ever-ready Counsellor, who guides his own, step by step, each day as they listen to him. He never puts them forth into the day without going before them (John 10: 4), both as the loving Sympathizer, Man amongst men, and also as the Mighty God, to whom all things are possible. As Father of Eternity, he is the life of every soul who believes on him, and has eternal life. "In him was life," and in him, as he dwells in us, is life, for our whole being, as we continue by faith and obedience to abide in him.

It is especially said of him in Isa. 9: 7: "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth, even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will do this thing." Solomon, prophesying of his reign, says (Ps. 72: 3-7), "The mountains shall bring peace unto the people. . . In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." When the Lord reigns, then peace shall reign: "He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa. 2: 4). After the horrible loss of life in the Russo-Japanese war, how it makes us draw a long breath of relief to know that a time is coming when God's sore judgment of war shall be at an end! When he reigns, he shall "speak peace to the heathen." Then "the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever" (Isa. 32: 17). Then the administration of justice will not be the unsatisfactory thing it sometimes is now: "I have made thy inspection peace, and thine exactors righteousness."

Many are afraid to trust him. They fear they will suffer; other people will think them peculiar, and they will become disliked because their life will be a reflection on those who do not live so near to God. Of course! How can it be otherwise? If we really live near to our Lord, we share with him his peace and his suffering. "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him" (Rom. 8: 17). The world will treat us as it has treated Him. "The world knoweth us not, because it knoweth him not."

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A Practical Belief in Peace

A few days ago a Philadelphia firm of leather manufacturers received a letter from a naval contractor, asking for prices of their goods to be used on warships. The firm, whose members are old-fashioned Quakers, answered as follows:

Replying to thy inquiry for price on belt for the navy department, we would say that as members of the Society of Friends we are advocates of peace, and feel that it is more consistent with our principles not to attempt to make money by selling it to the war and navy departments. We are naturally glad to do business, and would say that this is purely a question of principle with us.

This is a fine object-lesson to army and navy contractors and others, who make money out of international quarrels and become rich through wars and similar misfortunes. It is also a capital illustration of peace theories being reduced to actual practice and carried into the affairs of every-day life.

Death of Bishop Baldwin

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. Baldwin, the Bishop of Huron, Canada. Rev. Maurice Scollard Baldwin was born at Toronto in 1836. He was Curate of St. Thomas, Port Dover (1860-64), and incumbent of St. Paul, Port Dover (1864-66). In the following year he became rector of the Cathedral, and was promoted to the office of dean in 1882. In the same year he was elected Bishop. The Bishop had taken an earnest and useful part in the development of church work in the Province of Canada during the last forty years.

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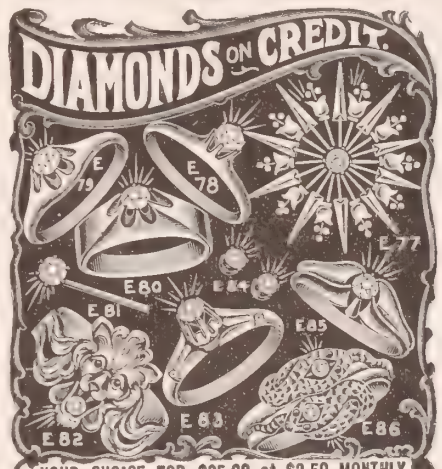

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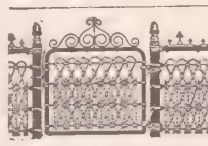

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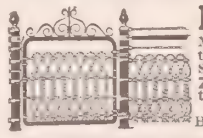

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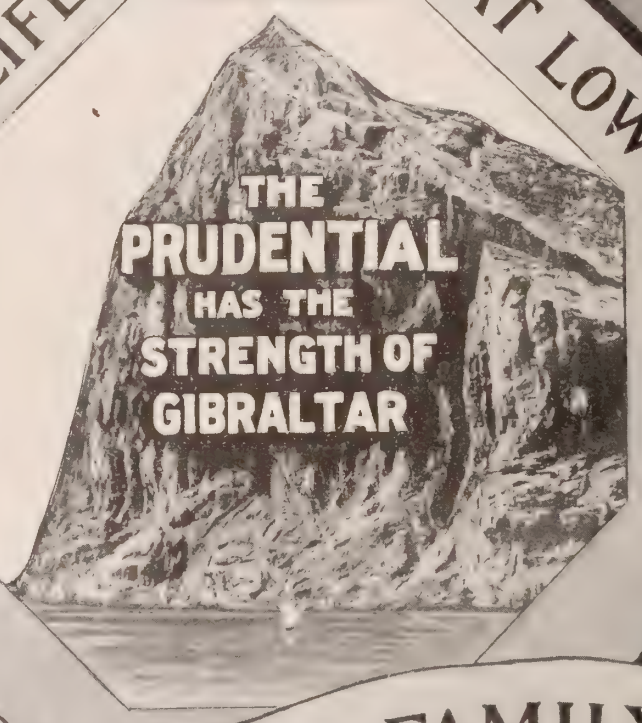

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

A MOSQUE AT TOPHANI — THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE — THE BEAUTIFUL MOSQUE OF OUT

THE PALACES OF THE BOSPHORUS

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN, IF THE BLACK SEA FLEET FORCED THE DARDANELLES

WILL Russia's Black Sea fleet attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles, and to run the gauntlet of the Turkish forts and guns, or will the Sultan, while professing opposition, secretly consent to its passage? This is the question that is again being discussed in Europe's capitals, since the destruction of the Port Arthur Squadron. It would not surprise any of those statesmen who are most familiar with the intricacies of Russo-Turkish diplomacy, to find, some morning, that the Czar's long-embargoed warships had swept past the Sultan's batteries, and was on its way to the Far East. There are many who will recall the passage of the Dardanelles by a portion of the British Mediterranean Squadron, some twenty-five years ago, when no Turkish gun sought to halt them. It is true, the land batteries may have been considerably strengthened and modernized since then; but there is hardly a doubt that if the Russian Admiral should be ordered to make the attempt, the Bosphorus forts would be powerless to prevent his passage. The Dardanelles fortifications, however, are powerful and modern, and difficult to overcome.

A section of the Russian press which is believed to have close connection with "influential personages," agitates the forcible abrogation of the treaties which closed the Dardanelles to warships in 1841. They argue that no attempt would be made to prevent the passage of the Russian ships, and that, though Great Britain might object, no force would be employed. It is said that the Dowager Czarina strongly approves of moving the fleet to the Far East at any cost, and she voices the opinions of a large court party.

On the other hand, there are Russians who argue that if Russia is allowed to send out war ships, other countries can send in theirs, and that this would bring even greater injury to Russia in the future, than could be compensated for by any benefit derived at present by letting out a fleet, which is more or less antiquated and inefficient. The Black Sea fleet includes at present, one first-class battleship; seven battleships of the second-rate in fighting power, and three of such limited radius of action that they cannot be sent very far away from opportunities for coaling. There is also a lack of cruisers; four are being built, two being in a stage nearing completion. Still there are enough vessels to make a gallant fight, should Russia determine to run the gauntlet of Turkish fortifications along the Bosphorus, and should Turkey oppose the passage in earnest, such a conflict would result as Europe has seldom witnessed.

Many splendid palaces and other noble specimens of architecture line both shores of this most picturesque and beautiful waterway. From the "Golden Horn" to the Black Sea, the Bosphorus is like a garland, woven by the hand of beauty, where each blossom seems brighter than the last.

The beautiful strait dividing Europe and Asia could not spare a rock, a tree, a tower, palace or mosque, without sustaining a distinct loss in its majestic loveliness. On either shore of the Golden Horn are castles, standing on the nearest point of approach between the two coasts which, in some instances, as the traveler approaches, seem to close the channel; but as he slips onward in the rapidly moving *caique*, one beautiful curve is succeeded by another and another, while mirrored in the waters of the Bosphorus are groves, hamlets, palaces, and magnificent turreted mosques. Here and there are solid outlines of rock, diversified by glens and inlets, beautiful in their fresh and vivid green. Valleys studded with trees whose branches hang over the swiftly-moving current, cypress and pine mingling their dark and solemn foliage with the ever-shifting tints of brighter leafage. Beautiful mansions, backed by lofty hills, extend for about twelve miles on either shore, palaces and *kiosques* of the court occupying the finest sites, their bright facades and fanciful parapets glittering in the sun. The "Kiosque of the Sun" is perched on the top of a rock, on the Asiatic coast; it is Grecian in outline, and standing in strong relief against the blue of the sky, this imperial structure well merits the praise that is implied in its name.

VIEW OF THE "GOLDEN HORN" FROM GALATA

Constantinople is a city of seven hills, with intervening valleys. The main streets of the present day follow the lines of the old city of Constantine. The Golden Horn, thus named for its fancied resemblance to a stag's horn, is a peculiar harbor, dividing the promontories on which the Ottoman capital lies. This inlet curls up in a course of a little more than four miles, to the foot of the hills, which, joining the heights on either side, seem to create a vast amphitheatre.

Two bridges span the Golden Horn, and unite Galata and Pera with Stamboul (the ancient name of Constantinople). Galata and Pera are chiefly inhabited by Christians, native and foreign. Pera, is a Greek word, meaning "the region over the water," and formerly this name embraced that part of the town now called Galata.

The mosques of Constantinople many of them retain the materials as well as occupy the sites of the ancient Christian churches. The Imperial Mosques stand on high ground, and with harmonious contrast of dome and minaret, present a pleasing picture. The hills may be counted, as the lordly structures follow in stately order, and the different monuments to the Moslem prophets seem to repeat the form fixed upon the first hill. On high festivals, these soaring minarets beam with festoons of light, shining out like beacons over the waters. The star and crescent have superseded the Cross as a religious emblem. Even in beautiful St. Sophia, the first stone of which was laid in the year 532; 10,000 workmen were said to have been engaged under the direction of 100 master-builders in the erection of this noble church. In 1453, it was profaned, and converted into a Mohammedan mosque.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1133

The American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

MYRIAD BOOKS

TEXT—Eccles. 12 : 12 :

"Of making many books there is no end"

WENDELL PHILLIPS for many years went up and down the land deliveriug a lecture entitled, "The Lost Arts." That lecture was, in most respects, a glorification of the past. If, however, we should halo the present and deliver a new lecture entitled, "The Found Arts," almost without exception, most of us would catalogue the art of book-making as among the greatest of all modern accomplishments. In our egotistic self-complacency, many of us have long supposed that the ancients knew but little about books. We look upon the great English and American, and French and German, and Russian libraries as modern developments which would be just as incomprehensible to our ancestors, if they should suddenly come to life, as would be the telephone, or the telegraph, or the electric car, or the modern steam-engine. Thus, when some of us to-day hear the words of my text, we are amazed. We say to each other, "What did King Solomon mean when he said, 'Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh.' Were there many books in King Solomon's time? Or was he, in prophetic vision, hearing the bangings and the crashings of the modern twentieth century printing press?"

Ancient Authors

No. King Solomon was not hearing the bangings and crashings of the modern printing press. He was listening, however, to the scratchings of the scribes' pens. The book-makers were then very busy everywhere. They must have been busy at that time. Homer, the greatest of all poets, both living and dead, certainly lived and wrote not more than a few years after Solomon died. Thucydides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Herodotus and Solon, whose writings are placed among the classics of the ages, wrote their thoughts only a few hundred years after King Solomon lived. Five hundred years before Solomon was born, the Lord said to Moses, "Write this for a memorial in a book." That Moses was well qualified for the task we have abundant proof. Long before his day men had written books, cumbrous productions in baked clay that as a boy in Egypt he had laboriously conned. The practice of writing books was continued, and the ancient authors had become so prolific that the author of Ecclesiastes felt as most of us do in trying to dig our way out from amid the avalanche of the literature of the present day. "Of making many books there is no end," the wisest of all men cried three thousand years ago. "Of making many books there is no end," we cry, in the beginning of this twentieth century.

Myriads of books surround us. The Congressional Library alone has over 2,000,000 of them. The new library building has accommodations for 2,500,000 more, making in all, space for 4,500,000 books. Books, books, books, books, books everywhere! Books in different forms as newspapers. Books as magazines. Books recording the histories of nations. Books as biographies. Books in fictitious story or in novel form. Books in rhythmic metre, or as poetry. Books in sermonic and theological dissertation. Books as essays. There are millions and millions of them—good books and bad books. Now comes the practical question: What shall we do with these books? They come to us to assist or retard, to re-enforce or to enervate us in the struggle of life. How shall we use them? How shall we decide which are helpful and which are injurious?

Choice of Books

A man's library, in the first place, should be like the sanctuary of his heart, into which he admits only his best friends. It should have room for only a very few and a carefully chosen collection of books. These should be read and re-read, and read again. Like our dearest friends, they should enter into the very warp and woof of our being. They should not be mere personalities, with whom we have only a speaking acquaintance. They should not be those half-strangers to whom we have to oe reintroduced every time we meet them away from our homes. They should become integral parts of our mental, moral and spiritual being. We should be so sure of their wisdom that we can accept them as our guides, to inspire us to right thinking, right speaking and right acting. Rare indeed are such books! When they have been found, they should be treasured as more precious than gold; but let us not expect to find many of them.

"A library to have only room for a few books? What do you mean by that assertion?" some one says. "Why, I always thought the more books a man reads, the better he is educated, taking for granted, of course, that the books he reads are good books. My parents educated me along these lines. When I was growing up, my mother used to give me ten cents for every book I would read. The result was I could read a whole book through in a couple of days. Thus, in my time, I have read all of the popular novelists. In the same way, by my rapidity of reading, I am able to some extent to keep abreast of the literature of this day. Oh no, you are wrong. The more books a man reads, the more he knows. The less a man reads, the less he will know. 'Reading,' said Lord Bacon, 'makes a full man.'"

A Surfeit of Reading

Am I wrong? I believe to-day, that one of the curses of this age is too much reading and too little thinking. Men and women cram themselves with a lot of mentally undigested literature in the same way that many people become gourmands at a dining-table. It is not the amount of food you put into your stomach that makes you a strong man. It is the amount of food you digest. We should think a man very silly who said, "I want to make myself a physical giant. I am, therefore, going to eat enough food for ten men. At breakfast, I will have the cook bring to me three pounds of beafsteak and a dozen eggs and a half a bushel of mashed potatoes, and I sit there and try to eat them all. When dinner comes around, I will try to eat a whole leg of mutton, and when supper comes, a great big roast of beef." What would happen? His digestive organs would revolt. His body would be racked with pain. Perhaps peritonitis would set in, and death would be the result of his folly.

Now, as some gourmands abuse their stomachs with too much eating, so some gourmands for mental food abuse their brains with too much reading. They stuff their minds with whole piles of indigestible literary food. They read and they read and they read. They keep on reading, and never think or care about what they are reading. They read until at last their brains absolutely refuse to do any independent thinking. Their brains become like a great sponge, filled with water, sodden and heavy and inactive, of no earthly use to anybody, or anything. What you ought to do is not to see how many books you can skim through, but how many books you can master.

Master Your Books

"Look out," says the old adage, "for the man who is master of one book." Look out, say I, for the master of a few great books. Too much reading truly becomes a weariness to the flesh. Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his sermons, quotes the invective which Lucian, in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, makes against those men whose pride is in a large library, which they never properly read, and therefore cannot profit by. "Such a man is like a pilot, who has never learned the art of navigation, or a cripple who wears embroidered slippers and cannot stand upright in them. Why do you buy so many books? You have no hair, and you purchase a comb: You are blind, and you must need buy a fine mirror. You are deaf, and you will have the best musical instruments." But the foolishness of buying a library of books for the shelf so that you can look upon their handsome bindings, is not to be compared in its evil effects to the sin against the brain by too much promiscuous reading. I protest against the "cramming" processes we have in our public schools. I protest against the "cramming" processes we have in our colleges. I protest against the lightning rapidity with which men and women gallop through their books in an evening's reading. Buy fewer books. Master those books. Read them over and over again, and make them integral parts of yourselves. The discordant voices around the Tower of Babel could not have been more helpless to do good than are the babbling tongues of many books, which have been hastily read. Better, far better, master a few great books, than have a mere speaking acquaintance with a thousand different books.

Myriads of books are coming forth with outstretched hands claiming our welcome. We can only afford to take a few to our hearts. How important, therefore, it is for us not to invite into our sanctuary a bad book. How important it is for us not to let our children read any bad books. And, above all, how important it is not to have any bad books at all upon our library shelves or our sitting-room table. But though all of us are very careful never to have a bottle of arsenic or strychnine or laudanum or carbolic acid in our medicine closet unless it is conspicuously and clearly labeled "poison," yet many will allow the most deadly of all mental moral and spiritual poisons to come into our homes, in the shape of a bad book, unlabeled with any danger signal. We will suffer the evil virus of that poisonous book, not only to be inoculated into our own hearts, but also into the hearts of our loved ones.

How many men have been ruined for time and eternity by the influence of one bad book! Am I describing the experience of any of you, when I imagine a scene of demoniac siege and conquest? For many years Satan was trying to batter down the doors of your father's Christian home. Again and again he had charged upon that carefully guarded stronghold to capture your heart, but again and again he had failed. Satan would come up to that front door and he would hear the family singing at evening and morning prayers, and he could not get in. He tried to entice you away from the strait path of virtue, but your Christian parents had surrounded you with so many pious influences, that he could not break them down.

Bad Books in the Home

At last Satan became completely discouraged. He called a council of war of all his fiends, to plan for your destruction. Plot after plot was gone over and pushed aside as useless. But just as the Satanic demons were about to scatter in utter dismay, an arch-fiend spoke up and said, "Let me try a flank movement on that home. Instead of sending any more of our stalwart emissaries of flesh and blood to that Christian household, let me write a bad book and slip it in through the crack of the open door into that young man's hands. In that bad book I will open that young man's eyes to the pleasures of sin. I will excite all his evil passions. Before that young man's eyes, I will halo sin in as fascinating language as Lord Byron ever did in his autobiography of Don Juan. In that book, through a garden of fragrant roses, I will lead that young man up to the very gates of hell. I will make him think he is approaching the gates of heaven. Then, just at the right moment, we will give him a shove and push him into the flames of the bottomless pit." "Aha!" cried the demons, exultingly. "Aha! we will capture that young man through the influence of a bad book." Oh, man, am I going beyond the truth when I state that your eyes were first opened to the sins of this world through the influence of a bad book? And am I going beyond my right when I state that one of the reasons, and the chief one, that you are not what you ought to be in Christian character, is because every little while you allow yourself to revel in scenes of wickedness and riot conjured up by the imagination of some licentious author? There you associate with characters of that writer's creation, so vile, that you would shrink from contact with them if you were introduced to them in the flesh; but you are fascinated by the glamor with which they are clothed in his pages.

Books that Corrupt Boys

But the fiendish heart of a bad book is not satisfied with slaying one member of a family. Like the fatal coils of the serpent of a Laocoon, it would crush out the life of a father and the lives of his children also. Oh man, your spiritual life may be poisoned by bad books. Have you ever stopped to think that your children's spiritual lives may be in the process of being poisoned by the same deadly fangs? What is your boy doing in the next room? "He is reading," is your answer. What is he reading? Where did he get that book? "Oh," you answer, "I do not know, I let my boy select his own literature to read. I believe he said he borrowed that book from one of his companions." Do you not know what your boy is reading? After your own awful experience, many years

THE PALACES OF THE BOSPHORUS

Continued from page 1131

Should the Russian fleet attempt to leave the Black Sea without the consent of Turkey, it might succeed in passing the fortifications at the northern entrance of the Bosphorus; it might even continue its way down to the Golden Horn, but there would not be much hope of passing this point unscathed, and the consequences that would follow a return fire from the ships, might mean devastation and ruin to many of the most ancient, stately and beautiful structures ever reared by the hand of man.

The Palace Tcheragen, built upon the very edge of the waters of the Bosphorus, is a magnificent building of Italian marble. The present Sultan, Abdul Hamed, does not spend much of his time here, but lives the most of the year in another palace, about a mile back from the water. This home of splendour is called Yeldez Palace; it is set upon a hill, and all that magnificence can lend, is employed in the making of this home of Oriental pomp and brilliancy. In the Palace Tcheragen, Sultan Murad, brother of the present ruler, was imprisoned for twenty-five years, after a brief reign of three months. He was adjudged insane, and confined in a part of the palace from which he never emerged alive. In the illustration entitled, "View of the Golden Horn From Galata," can be seen, to the left, a tall, white tower. This is a very high minaret, built upon one of the seven hills. It is called Yangen Keoshki (meaning Tower of Fire). Here, high up near the top of the minaret, a never-ending watch is kept night and day; tireless eyes scan the city with powerful glasses, which sweep from the Black Sea on the north, to the Sea of Marmora on the south. If any sign of a conflagration is discovered, huge lanterns are hung from the outstretched arms of the tower, and simultaneously with this signal, other watchmen set in motion down in the Tophani (meaning place of guns) or arsenal, an alarm of seven guns, which arouse the firemen. Fires, however, are not of frequent occurrence, and, as most of the buildings being low, are easily controlled.

THE MAGNIFICENT TCHERAGEN PALACE, ON THE BOSPHORUS

The most magnificent religious edifice in Constantinople is the Mosque of Solyman, called by the Turks, Suleimanie. This temple was erected by "Solyman the Magnificent," and the windows of painted glass, said to be unequalled in the world, were wrested by him from the Persians. As the light comes through these windows in beautifully blended rays on the marble walls, the effect is strikingly impressive. There are rare relics from a pagan temple, in the shape of four porphyry columns, at the angles of the building. These pillars are most exquisite in symmetry and finish, and are the boast of Suleimanie. Hanging arches of Arabian architecture relieve the base of the dome, and the cornice of the platform on which the muezzin performs his prostrations, is finely chiselled to represent a wreath of lotus leaves. The pulpit has the form of a gigantic blossom of the arum, and being wrought of fine white marble, it resembles a gigantic petrified flower. The entrance gates are thickly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the marble floor is strewn with the richest of carpets. But there is another feature connected with Suleimanie which is of peculiar interest and more worthy of record than any description of its magnificence.

A richly wrought gallery is heaped with chests, of all sizes and descriptions, from the rude trunk of cypress wood, the treasure box of some petty trader, to the iron-clamped strong box of some exiled noble, or wealthy merchant.

Hieroglyphics, known only to the owner, mark these boxes, piled almost to the roof, they having been previously described and registered by the authorities, and here intact they will remain, whatever time may elapse or changes come, until the proper owners claim their own.

It is said that there is an immense amount of gold, silver, jewels and rich fabrics hidden in these various receptacles, and that some of these chests have occupied their places in the gallery for a century or more.

The trust is sacred and respected, and men of any nation or creed are free to deposit their property within these sacred walls, secure of its restoration when claimed.

MYRIAD BOOKS

Continued from Preceding Page

ago, in reading a bad book, from the evil effects of which I hope you may have recovered, are you going to let your boy continne to read that book? Would, you if you could prevent it, allow your boy to go with evil companions? Would you knowingly allow him, at his tender age, to wander down into the vile haunts and look upon the immoral cesspools of our great cities? You are doing something as bad as that. Oh father, you are allowing an unprincipled author to show your boy sin in its most attractive form. Can you not see there is something wrong in your boy's book? Look at his glassy eye and flushed cheek and labored breathing. There are seeds of infamy being sown now in that young man's heart, which, if not stamped out at once, may grow up into a harvest of tares, which Satan and his demoniac hirelings alone will gather. Oh, God help us to come to the firm, Christian decision of never intentionally reading a bad book, nor of allowing a bad book to be placed in the hands of our loved ones.

I do not mean by this that the books we admit to our hearts and homes must be limited to distinctively religious books. We must read for instruction and for entertainment. Because a book is not distinctly a religious book, that is no reason why, necessarily it should be debarred from coming to our reading chairs. Some books we should select because they are books of travel. Some because they are the biographies of men and women who were the great leaders and makers of the world's history. The higher the mountain peak upon which you stand, the wider the range of your horizon. We should select some books because they teach us the geographical and geological, or astronomical, or atmospheric, or biological construction of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms, whether these studies be inside of the world, or above the world, or upon the surface of the world. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, the sea and all that in them is." It is our duty to learn as much as possible about God's creations, if we can do so without curtailing the work for which God created us. But though we should select books of travel and of fiction, if the right kind of fiction, we should also select certain books as life-time companions, because first and last and intrinsically, they were written to teach us the duties of the spiritual life. We should read them, because they were written to teach us how to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

"Limit my reading to books written for spiritual edification." Says some one: "That is unreasonable. You would not turn the home sitting-room at night into the class-room of a theological professor. You would not tell the whole human race to study theology as if they were young men studying for the ministry. Why should a layman read such books as Cotton Mather's *Essay on Doing Good*, or Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, or Thomas A. Kempis' *Meditations*, or Richard Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest?* The only rest I could get from reading such books as those would be to go sound asleep over them. I might, perhaps, stay awake for a little while in reading some of the light religious books, like Elizabeth Stewart Phelps' *Gates Ajar*, or Elizabeth Payson's *Stepping Heavenward*; but it would not be for long. No, I never did like religious books. When I read, I read for fun and for mental improvement. You must not expect laymen, and especially young people, to read the same books as do the ministers."

Not expect laymen to read the same kind of literature as ministers? No. But I would have laymen use common sense in their selections of books. I would have them treat the brain in reference to its mental food, on the same principle as we would treat the physical body. You restrict your stomach to one kind of diet long enough, and you will starve your physical body to death, no matter what kind of food you may take. "What did your husband die of?" I asked a lady some time ago. "From starvation," she answered. "He had an incurable disease, but that disease did not directly kill him. We could only feed him on beefsteak and toast. We bought him the very best steak in the market, but beefsteak has not all the ingredients in it to support life, and so he gradually starved and passed away." Are you going to restrict your mind and soul to only one kind of mental food? If you are a broker, is the full extent of your reading to be found in perusing the columns of stock markets in the morning newspapers? If you are a lawyer, are you only going to read about the forensic giants of the past, who won their memorable victories at the bar, or spend most of your time in studying your new cases? If you are a tired mother, when night comes and all the children are in bed, are you going to simply while away your evening hours reading a novel and crying over some princess who never lived? With what books are you feeding your soul? I am not talking about the Bible now! What other books are you reading that are deepening and widening your intellectual and spiritual life? Are you reading any such books at all?

But if it is necessary for us to read spiritual books for mental food, how much more necessary is it, that we, as Christian students, should read and love that greatest of all books which God has given to us to be our guide. We have read how the great masters of literature loved their books. Doctor Geikie tells us that "when Henry Thomas Buckle, the distinguished historian was dying, his last words on earth were, 'My poor books! my poor books!'" When Leibnitz died, he died with one of his precious books in his hand. When death came to call Robert Southey, he found him an old, white-haired man, kissing and stroking the books he was too weak to open, and too blind to read. Cicero's greatest desire on earth was expressed in the words: "Oh, take all that I have, but leave me my books." Could there be a better picture than that which Cunningham Geikie drew, of the love which these masters in literature bore their books? Should that love be greater than the love Christians ought to bear the Book of books, which God gave to us to show us the way of life? If spiritual books are essential for our mental food, should we not feed upon this Book which is wholly divine?

I want you to class books among the best of friends and the worst of enemies. As Loyola, the wounded soldier of Fortune, became Loyola, the soldier of Christ, by reading *The Lives of the Saints*, so I want the good books to lift you and purify you and make you a Gospel messenger among men. As bad books are the worst enemies of mankind, I want to enlist your help in fighting them at every step. "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one," spake the dying author of a pernicious book. "Oh, that I could destroy that book." I want you to fight these evil books wherever you go. I want you to see that your library shelves are cleared of the "lepers." I want you to see that your children never are allowed to touch a bad book. And furthermore, I want you, by the help of God, to scatter forth the copies of that one Book, which shall yet trample over all evil books, because it is the "Sword of the Spirit," which shall never fail.

May God teach us one and all, to pillow our heads upon the promises and live as Christ would have us live, because we love the "Old Book."

If thou art merry, here are airs;
If melancholy, here are prayers;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit;
If hungry, here is food divine,
If thirsty, nectar, heavenly wine.

Read then; but first thyself prepare;
To read with zeal and mark with care;
And when thou readest what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it;
So twice each precept shall be,
First in the Book and next in thee.

The American Farmer in Cuba

A FARM SCENE IN CUBA

IN the picturesque station of Cristina, Havana, are gathered together a motley array of passengers, waiting for the train of the Ferro-Carril-Del-Oeste (Western Railway), which leaves every morning at seven for Pinar del Rio. Whites, negroes, mulattoes, Chinamen, and a goodly sprinkling of Americans. There are first and second-class cars—about the only difference being that the former have cane seats, and the latter wooden benches—but as the cost is about half for second class, many Americans starting out to "farm it" in Cuba, and not being oversupplied with funds, wisely determine to economize from the start, and take the cheaper car.

Leaving Havana and its suburbs behind, we pass many pine-apple plantations, and a few sugar estates, with their avenues of stately palms, and handsome residences showing through the foliage, interspersed with fields of grazing cattle; but upon entering the Province of Pinar del Rio the scene changes. This is called "The Garden of Cuba," and truly it deserves the name. Now we pass through fields of waving sugar-cane, the tall chimneys of the sugar-houses looming up among them, until at last we enter upon the *vueltaabajo*, the tobacco district. Here we see the *vegas* of rich tobacco, fresh and green, growing often under groves of banana trees, with the *bohio* (hut) of the farmer in the midst.

Artemisa at last! The promised land of the American settling in Cuba. Only two hours from Havana, and land of all kinds, suitable for every purpose. Would you raise tobacco, or vegetables and fruits? there is the rich red or black soil; if you desire pasturage, like the "Merrie hills of England," those fields are waving far and wide. A peculiarity often met with in Cuban soil, is to encounter two totally distinct classes of soil in close juxtaposition.

Here is Luis from the *Potrero* to meet us, mounted on a bicycle (much in use down there on account of the good roads), also a wagon, mule and driver, to carry us to the farm—some miles from the station—as well as an ox-cart to take our furniture, which we have brought with us, even to the family cat; and pussy enjoys as much as we, the ride along the beautiful *Calzada* or king's highway, as smooth as a floor. Here and there is an *Obras-Publicas*, or Public Works of the Government, where are manufactured all the tools and materials necessary for making and repairing the roads, bridges, etc. Here lives the overseer, who has charge of all the peons or road-makers, each of whom has also his neat little house at certain distances, has full charge of, and constantly works at his share of the road.

We are at last at our new home, the building of which one of our party has been overseeing for several weeks in advance of us. It is only a four-room frame structure, with piazza, lifted above the ground on stilts, as it were. This piazza we shall enclose with the cloth mosquito netting we have brought with us, and hope by so doing, those pests and flies will leave us alone, but alas! the flea, as well as a small gnat, is at times more troublesome than the mosquitoes. However, if you come to a tropical country, inconveniences should be met with a cheerful, even stoical spirit. The unplastered walls we paper with some pretty pieces we have in our trunks, and with all the home photographs and pictures we are even elegant. We have brought a small cook-stove, and with plenty of wood on the place, our supply of fuel is assured. These *parelejo* trees, by the way, make the finest kind of charcoal (the fuel of the island), it being burned exclusively in the cities in a table-like arrangement, fitted with pots underneath for burning the charcoal, with a smoke-hood overhead. In the country *bohios*, they construct a box upon a table, fill it with sand, and over this suspend a couple of iron rods, and underneath on the sand make a fire of wood. The Dutch oven is generally used for baking. The fires of the charcoal-burners are to be seen at night in all directions, as well as the flames from the burning grass, as the pasturage, when it becomes dry, has to be renewed in this manner. Before the war, this province was filled with peaceful cattle, grazing "on a thousand hills," but the war devastated all this, and it will take a number of years before they can be replaced. Meanwhile the profits of cattle-raising are reasonably assured.

OUR "LIVING HOUSE" ON THE AMERICAN FARM IN CUBA

While waiting for our cattle to increase, we shall engage in several side ventures. We have started a grove of young banana trees, which will not only produce a profitable crop, but at the same time give us a necessary shade around the house. This province was almost devastated of fruits also during the war, and they are quite scarce. Several American fruit companies have been formed which will soon remedy this defect. Planting the *posturas*, or young seedlings, for the *vegas* of

A NATIVE FARMER'S HUT

tobacco is a profitable business, and only requir about two months' work, beginning early in Septembe Tomatoes are being largely shipped from Havana the cold winter months, when they bring high price as well as egg-plants. Both of these we tested on th farm, and found they grew readily, and gave good stock plants with fine fruit. All this largely in the nature experimenting. Another year we shall put in a win mill, and be prepared to overcome obstacles.

With New York clamoring for fresh fruits and veg tables all winter, Florida, with its frequent frosts an discouragements unable to supply the demand—and sa what you will of the beautiful fruits of California, whic are tasteless—there is no reason why an American star ing out to "farm it" in Cuba, should not make a suc cess of it; but—and here is a large but—he should hav sufficient capital to subsist for one or pos sibly two years without returns, as he wi find that his profits (if any) must go bac on the land, and he may meet with dis couragements and trials, which, if manfull met and stubbornly resisted, will give suc cess in the end.

Near by the farm is a beautiful lake se amongst the hills with lofty palms in th background, and on its banks a fine ol deserted mansion, desecrated and destroy ed during the reign of terror. Here ru rampant weeds, where once pattered merr little feet, while lizards and all creepin things seem to be the only inhabitants o this roofless ruin. Standing here, an looking down upon the peaceful valley an lake below, one muses upon the fate o the unhappy beings, driven from this earth ly paradise to become reconcentradoes, al their worldly goods destroyed, and thei wealth in cattle confiscated. Sad are th tales the people tell of those awful times Cuba, as by fire purified, is arising out of her dust an ashes---nay, has arisen---and is stretching forth hand across the sea to welcome the new interloper, who come not as of old with fire and sword, to desolate and mak waste, but equipped with the plough and harrow, to til the soil, to set Esau free from his bondage, and to mak beautiful the waste and ravages of war; yea, to "mak the wilderness blossom forth as a rose!" All hail to th American Farmer in Cuba! ELLA GODINEZ.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

F. O., Athens, Tex. "I am sure we should, for faltering ones, acknowledge God's answers to our prayers. He has answered many direct for me."

A Friend. "I know, from personal experience, that God will answer our prayers, if only we have faith, and I wish to add my testimony to those of many others who can tell of his great goodness. I wish I could make others feel and understand what He is to me."

M. A., West Virginia. "God has heard and answered my prayers, and in many ways. 'Because He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.'"

Mary A. M. "I feel that I must acknowledge the goodness and mercy of the dear Lord for helping me out of what seemed a great trouble. I could not rest day or night on account of it. Then I prayed to the Lord, and He has delivered me. He says in his Word, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' I want to tell the readers of your good paper that I have proved his words, and they are truth."

M. W. W., California. "The Bible says, 'The Lord's ears are open to the cries of his children.' I firmly believe what our Lord says. I was in great bodily affliction. I cried unto the Lord for relief, and he sent a total stranger to me with a specific, which relieved me almost instantly. I. Peter 3: 12, says, 'The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers.' He does hear and answer prayer."

M. A. M., Colo. "'Answered Prayers' have been a great help to me. I promised my dear Father, if he would remove a great burden from my heart that I would acknowledge it to the whole world. In his infinite love he has removed that burden, now my heart is full of praise to him.

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled."

C. M. S., Vermont. "I have been trusting in the Lord forty years and more, and have taken numerous trials to him, and he has answered in his own good time and way, for which I praise his holy name. I am still trusting him to help me through a great trial, believing that he knows what is for the best good of his children, and will help all those that believe and trust his promises."

Mrs. B. K. "Lately we have had a very remarkable answer to prayer. We thought our little son would lose his eyesight, and we prayed night and day for the dear Lord to spare the sight of one eye if he couldn't have both (for the one we are certain was gone), but thanks be to God in his wonderful mercy he spared the sight of one entirely, and we think the other also. Have faith, dear friends, for the dear Lord answered a prayer that seemed almost impossible to us. He will answer others. We will praise him as long as we live."

M. K. F. "I was in trouble and did not see any way out. I took it to the Lord in prayer, and blessed be his Holy Name, the next day he answered in his own way, which is always best. Every time that I go to God with anything, however small it may seem, he answers and brings peace and joy to my heart. I will ever trust him."

L. G. M., New York. "I promised God if he would let me live through an operation I would publish it. He let me live and my health is much benefited. I have had many answers to prayers."

E. W. L., Ohio. "Please print in your list of 'Answered Prayers,' my grateful acknowledgment to God for his loving kindness in wonderful answers to my petitions. Our loving Father never forgets those who put their trust in Him. The way may seem dark, but the light will shine soon er or later. 'His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, nor his arm shortened that it cannot save.'"

M. T., Que. "I do believe that God answers prayer. About a year ago a trouble threatened us. I took it to God in prayer promising him that if he would answer, I would acknowledge it. He heard and answered, and may he forgive me for delaying so long in acknowledging it."

One of the Least. "I have always found great peace and comfort and spiritual strength in prayer, and I have received many gracious answers. A friend in whose spiritual welfare I was deeply interested, became offended at a reproof I gave. I prayed that the Holy Spirit might at once reveal to the offended person his own error and remove all resentment. Two days later I received a letter beginning, 'Powerfully moved by the Holy Spirit I send this,' and after confession and apology, explanation followed that his heart was melted, and he realized that the Spirit was moving him to write to me as he at once did. The letter was written and posted within two hours after the prayer was uttered. 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear' (Isa. 65: 24). Blessed be his name."

A Whole City Under Gospel Fire

THE value of the Simultaneous Meeting idea in evangelistic work has again been demonstrated in a notable campaign at Binghamton, N. Y. This is a city of 45,000 inhabitants. For nearly three weeks Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and nine co-workers labored in five different sections of the city in simultaneous services, arranged to reach all classes and conditions of people. Dr. Chapman, assisted by Mr. Fred Butler as soloist, and Mr. Harper G. Smyth as chorus-leader, was in the western section of the city, where nine churches were united.

In the central, or downtown district, three large churches were united under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Henry Ostrom, assisted by Mr. John P. Hillis as soloist and song leader. Dr. Ostrom's preaching fairly captivated the masses, and he showed himself resourceful in evangelistic methods.

A GROUP OF THE WORKERS IN THE "SIMULTANEOUS MOVEMENT" AT BINGHAMTON

In the north section of the city, four churches were joined in the campaign, directed by Rev. Dr. R. A. Walton, with Mr. O. F. Pugh in charge of the music. On the south side, four churches were led by Rev. Dr. D. S. Toy, with Mr. Frank Dickson as song leader. At the east end, three churches had services in charge of Rev. C. T. Schaeffer, the Children's Evangelist, for the first week, and Rev. Dr. L. M. S. Haynes, assisted by Prof. W. S. Weeden, during the remainder of the campaign. Rev. Mr. Schaeffer held two series of Children's Meetings during the course of the campaign. Noon meetings were held each day in the Court-room of the Court House; and on the last day of the series, a Day of Prayer was observed, with service beginning at 9 A.M., and lasting almost continuously. In the afternoon, nearly all the places of business in the city, including saloons and barber-shops, closed their doors to give every one an opportunity to join in the worship.

The preaching of Dr. Chapman and his co-workers has been searching, practical, unemotional, and withal intensely earnest. On one Sunday afternoon, Dr. Chapman spoke "to men only" in the Opera House. The building was packed. More than one hundred cards went into the hands of the pastors. On the following Sunday, Dr. Ostrom spoke in the same place, before what was probably the largest non-church going audience of this remarkable Gospel campaign.

The ministers of the city were united to a rare degree in this work. Rev. Dr. Addison W. Hayes was chairman of the local committee, and Rev. Dr. Edwin Forrest Hallenbeck was its secretary, with Rev. Dr. John McVey as Chairman of the Finance Committee.

The campaign was planned long months before its opening. Perhaps no one service of the campaign was more far-reaching in its effects than the noon-day meeting in the Court House. Business men, professional men, as well as others from humble walks of life, crowded the place day after day, to listen to stirring messages from Dr. Chapman, Dr. Ostrom, Dr. Walton, or Dr. Toy. For two days a Bible Conference was held, attended by many ministers from surrounding towns. In addition to the work of Dr. Chapman and Dr. Ostrom in this Conference, Rev. Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin of Brooklyn was a special speaker at each session. Many shops and factories were visited by the evangelists at the noon hour, with very telling results.

While the figures have not been officially stated, it is generally understood that upwards of 2,000 cards were signed during the meetings. J. R. C.

Binghamton, N. Y.

REV. HENRY OSTROM

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

DR. WOELFKIN

Delighted with the Encyclopedia

You invited me to express my mind in words about the Crown Encyclopedia and Dictionary, which I received Monday of this week. When I received the Encyclopedia my husband said he would not take $25 for it, so you see how much he prized it. The boy in my class who would give the best history of Joseph in his own language should have a present. I sent for the Encyclopedia. I had to give it to my husband and satisfy the boy with something else; but the boy was at my house Thankgiving, and he was reading my books, when his father missed him at family worship. I think the most of them, for the price, of any books I ever had; they are all much better than I expected. LYDIA B. FOX.

Wattsburg, Pa.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

RINGING, swinging, light as air,
Sweet songs of long-lost years.
Swaying, playing everywhere,
In time with falling tears.

Throbbing, sobbing, sweet refrain,
We list to catch the tone.
Lowly, slowly, floats the strain,
A wavering, trembling moan.

Sighing, dying, Life is past.
Silent, dark-winged Death,
Kneeling, stealing, quick and fast,
The music's ebbing breath.

Tolling, rolling, on our hearts,
The stone that shuts the tomb.
Fearing, hearing, naught that starts,
A hope to break the gloom.

Till loudly, proudly, rings the sound,
From Bethlehem's plains afar,
While lightly, brightly, all around,
Love shines from Bethlehem's star.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

It is Rightly Named

Many thanks for the most beautiful Calendar that I ever saw, just received. Truly, it is rightly named the Beauty Calendar. It is a charming surprise. I have many CHRISTIAN HERALD Premiums, and appreciate them and prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very highly. May God bless its editors and proprietor.

Farmington, Me. MRS. J. T. SCHILLING.

A Great Canadian Divine Dead

ON December 1 there passed away in Toronto, the Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., of Knox College, one of Canada's greatest divines. Born in Scotland, December 26, 1830, Dr. Caven came to Canada when seventeen years of age, and soon after entered upon the study of theology. In 1852 he was ordained, and became minister at St. Mary's, Ontario, where he continued for fourteen years, when he was called to be a professor in Knox College, Toronto, and to the principalship seven or eight years later. During his thirty-eight years' service at the college more than six hundred students have passed through his hands. The influence which this great and good man left on these young men can never be measured. The devotion of the graduates to their honored teacher has long been proverbial. Cautious, wise, sympathetic, as well as scholarly and inspiring, he left an impress never to be removed.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL CAVEN

Outside of college halls Dr. Caven's influence was equally marked. The part which he took in the union of the different Presbyterian bodies received fitting recognition in his Moderatorship of the First General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. The high office of Moderator of Pan-Presbyterian Council was also his at the last meeting of that international body, so that no minister of the church throughout the world has been more honored by his brethren than Dr. Caven. Many other high offices have also been in his keeping. At the time of his death he was President of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance, and his last public platform appearance, a few days before his death, was in the city of Guelph, in the interest of that organization and the Canadian Sabbath. "A Lost Plea," also only a few days' old, came from his pen through the Toronto *Globe* for the abolition of the barroom. In all good works he will be missed, and in none more keenly than in the present movement for the union of Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists, in which he was a guiding spirit.

IMMANUEL

GOD with us! Proclaim the story,
Kneeling at the Manger-Shrine;
On our low estate, his Glory
Sheds a lustre all divine.

Little did the great world heed Him
On that morning when He came;
Only simple hearts that need Him
Yet are swift to own his name.

First of all in adoration,
Of the little Holy Child,
Born to bring our earth Salvation,
Bent his mother, fair and mild.

'Twas a virgin mother bore Him,
Chosen of all maids, was she;
In the meekest faith before Him
Bent her sweet humanity.

Child of Heaven! Through waiting ages
Hearts devout had yearned for him:
Shepherd folk and Eastern sages
Knelt within the stable dim.

Flamed the radiant Star above him;
Sang the angels, loud and clear;
So we sing to-day, who love him:
Christ hath brought Salvation here:

God with us! Proclaim the story;
Worship we the Babe divine,
Bow before Immanuel's glory—
Worship at the Manger-Shrine!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The Sad Side of Life

AN acknowledged authority on sociological questions, Mr. Robert Hunter, whose experience in Settlement work has brought him much into contact with the poor in our great cities, has lately given to the world some startling figures. He asserts that ten millions of men, women and children in the United States, are at the present moment in actual want, and suffering from the lack of sufficient food and clothing. He also declares that New York has the largest proportion of poor of any great city in the world, and that fifty thousand children go daily to school hungry.

These are appalling figures. If they were simply the deductions of a student of sociological conditions, however slimly supported, they would still be sufficiently startling; but there are correlative facts at hand that are strongly in line with Mr. Hunter's assertions. Mr. Wm. C. York, Superintendent of the Municipal Lodging-House (a city benevolence), has declared that the Metropolis this winter is facing a problem with regard to the unemployed, such as has never been known in past years. "There are at least forty per cent more idle men in the city this year," he says, "than at the same time a year ago." He adds that the present month "will break all previous records." So overwhelmed is the Department of Public Charities and Corrections with applications from men out of work, that it finds itself utterly unable to cope with the situation. These applications run into the tens of thousands. It may interest some to know that ninety per cent. of these sufferers are men; but it should not be forgotten that a very large proportion of them have wives and children, who stay at home (if they still have a home), while the husband and father goes to the front to fight the grim battle with hunger, in their behalf. Who can tell of the pitiful tragedies that are the issue of that hopeless and unequal conflict?

It is useless to speculate concerning the causes that have brought about this condition of affairs. Whether it be unrestricted immigration from abroad, as many of the men themselves declare, or an abnormal influx from the rural districts to the city, is of less moment now than the immediate problem of how to deal with these multitudes of unemployed. It is doubtless true that thousands of them have been attracted hither from the country by false expectations of getting work at good wages. Any plan by which these men could be returned to their homes would be a welcome boon to themselves, and would greatly assist in relieving the situation besides. Many of them have given up other work to come here, and now they are stranded and penniless. They would joyfully welcome any reasonable offer of employment out of the city. We believe they would render good and faithful service. They are honest toilers—not loafers or criminals. They are not broken down by dissipation and evil companions. Their present condition is not their fault but their misfortune.

If any employer of labor in a nearby State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, or Connecticut, or in the State of New York outside of the city, who is in need of help, will write to the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau, 55 Bowery, he will learn how he may engage, free of all fees and cost of transportation, strong, able-bodied, respectable men, who will render good service for living wages. Let our readers and their friends think over this opportunity and give the experiment a trial. By so doing, they will not only be helping themselves, but rendering a great service to those who stand in most urgent need of help at the present time.

Domestic Service an Honorable Occupation

FAR be it from any sensible woman in this enlightened day to regard domestic service as anything but honorable. The foolish people who consider themselves lowered by it are to be found chiefly among girls and young women, who deliberately choose harder work and longer hours elsewhere because they fancy there is a stigma upon household labor. Our blessed Saviour put the greatest honor upon lowly service, when he said: "I am among you as he that serveth." In reality, no class of wage-earners to-day is half so independent as the wage-earners in the home, and no others are so generously paid for their work. The wages of cooks and housemaids are much larger than the salaries of women-clerks and dressmakers, and as board and lodging is included, they have every opportunity to make a good provision for their old age, and in fact, if the savings' banks should tell their story, it would be seen that many of the largest depositors are domestic servants. At present there is an increasing tendency on the part of employers to multiply the privileges of their maids, and to relax rules that have perhaps been too stringent, in regard to their going out when their work is done. Improvement all round is the order of the day,

Goals for 1905

CHRISTIANS seeking a good motto for the new year may be commended to the topic the Christiar Endeavor Society has chosen for the week beginning January 1. It is that thrilling passage in the epistle to the Philippians (3: 12-16), in which Paul takes his readers into his confidence, and tells them his own estimate of his position, and the aim of his life. The passage is worth analysis, coming as it did from an aged man who had been a strenuous worker for Christ.

It is remarkable that a man who had so unbounded a dependence on divine grace and so clear an idea of all that God could do for those who were trusting in Him, should have laid so much emphasis on human effort. His language is positively tense with the struggle he is making. It ought to teach us the necessity for earnest and unintermitting striving. We ask God to help us in our endeavor to reach higher attainment, and we do right, for without his aid we can do nothing; but we sometimes forget that there is a work that we also have to do. We must co-operate in our own development. As the boy at school must himself study, otherwise the best teachers can do nothing for him, so the Christian must not expect to become perfect without effort of his own. He must be vigilant over his faults; watchful against temptation; forever striving to become more like Christ. To a man thus minded God gives more grace and more strength to enable him to reach the goal. To the man who sits down at the foot of the mountain and prays to be raised to the summit, there comes no answer; but he who, having prayed for help, sets out to climb, finds strength given to him that is not his own.

Another lesson that we may learn from the passage, is the folly of relying on past experience. Some people are continually recalling the time of their conversion, and drawing comfort, or the reverse, from the anxieties and joys that they had when they were inquiring their way to Christ. All that the apostle puts away from him. He is so intent on attaining perfection, that he does not revert to the commencement of his Christian life. Conversion is the beginning, when a man is turned around and his face set in a new direction. It is not a certificate with which a man is to be content without further progress.

We ought never to be satisfied with our attainments. If the apostle was not content, surely we ought always to be reaching after something higher. They who study the life of Christ, who try to obey his commandments, always realize their own shortcoming, and lament the imperfection of their own life. To be free from sin in thought, in word and in deed, is but the negative side of life, and yet how difficult that is. To be making attainments on the positive side, learning meekness, gentleness, Christlikeness is far higher. The Christian's career is an absorbing business, one that may well engross a man's highest and most strenuous effort. And it pays. There is no earthly object that compares with it—neither wealth nor fame nor power —because it is work for eternity.

Gospel Measure Value

I received Good Manners to-day, also Calendar. I am more than delighted with them, and do not see how you can give so much for so little.

Ogdensburg, N. Y. MRS. THOS. MITCHELL.

Christian Socialism

A GOOD many good people are disturbed at the sound of the word "Socialism," confounding it in many instances with un-Christian theories of government. I have had many letters from intelligent people asking if "socialism" and "anarchy" were not the same thing, confounding the word not only with "anarchy," but with "communism," and other words which were the direct opposite of socialism.

The definition given to "socialism" by the *Century Dictionary* is: "Any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in great part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action, would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community." John Stuart Mill says: "Socialism by no means excludes private ownership of articles of consumption."

The term "Christian Socialism" has been used for many years, especially in England, by Charles Kingsley, Frederick D. Maurice, Thomas Hughes and others. There need be no fear concerning the use of the word "Socialism," when the word "Christian" is put in front of it. In the story, "The Heart of the World," which is appearing in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I define what I understand is the meaning of the term, "Christian Socialism," by means of the lecture given by Fredrick Stanton, in which he goes into detail concerning the use of the term and its meaning. In this brief article, I do not think it is necessary to attempt to anticipate the explanation which will be given in the story itself, but, in brief, as I understand it, the term "Christian Socialism" would mean **the application of the teachings of Jesus to the commercial and mercantile life of the world,** so that the life of communities and nations would be based upon a genuine brotherhood. The difficulty of explaining what this would mean in detail in a brief article like this, is apparent to anyone, and I would ask the readers of the story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to be patient enough to let the story itself unfold the meaning of the term.

It is my profound conviction that Christian people, who are desirous of seeing the Kingdom of God established in the every-day life of men, need have no fear concerning the logic of Christian teaching, as applied to the commerce of men. If love rules in the heart of men in business, as it should, the details which are necessary in the making of a nation will take care of themselves. No theory of human government is good for anything in the long run, which excludes this one necessary element of love of man to man, and on the love of men to men and men to God rests the entire structure of what I understand to be "Christian Socialism." CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Topeka, Kan.

Among the Workers

—THERE CLOSED recently in the Methodist Church at Dereham Centre, Ont., a most successful revival. The services were conducted by the Misses Hall, evangelists, and the pastor, Rev. J. H. Harnwell.

Fanny Crosby Well

Fanny Crosby denies her connection with any book, purporting to be published and sold with a view to raising money enough to purchase for her a house. She writes that she is in her usual health, and has a comfortable home. Inquiries concerning Fanny Crosby may be addressed to her staunch friends, Biglow and Main, 135 Fifth Avenue, New York City, with whom, for forty years, she has sustained, uninterruptedly, most pleasant business relations.

Most Beautiful of All

I just received the Calendar this evening before I got home. It is splendid: it is beautiful. I could not wait until to-morrow to acknowledge its receipt. It is the most beautiful Calendar I have ever seen. May God bless you in your good work. JANE MACKINTOSH.

Providence, R. I.

The President's Message

UNDER the circumstances evolved by the recent election, by which the Republican Party secured a working majority in both Houses of Congress, the President's Message was anticipated with keen interest, as it was realized that it would embody the national policy of the ensuing four years. While the House was opposed to the Presidential policy it might thwart his wishes, but with both branches agreeing with him in general principles, it was realized that his recommendations would have a fair prospect of being accepted and embodied in legislation. The Message consequently has more than ordinary claims on public interest.

Mr. Roosevelt's first word is a caution against wastefulness and extravagance. While recognizing the need of spending more money as the nation develops, and gratefully acknowledging the continuance of prosperity which enables us to spend it, he warns Congress against the temptation, always present when there is a large surplus, to carelessness and the relaxation of careful scrutiny in appropriations. He then proceeds to discuss the question of capital and labor. He says: "More important than any legislation is the gradual growth of a feeling of responsibility and forbearance among capitalists and wage-earners alike." He believes in organized labor, and thinks that all encouragement should be given to the Unions, "as long as they are conducted with a decent regard to the rights of others;" but he would oppose wrong-doing by a Union as resolutely as he would wrong-doing by a corporation. He recommends that the Labor Bureau should investigate and report on the conditions of labor in the various States, not only in the matter of wages, but as to the hours and the conditions of labor among women and children, and to the effect of immigration on the labor market. As to the Trusts, the President believes them to be necessary, but contends that the power to deal with them should rest with Congress, not with the various States. He advocates an extension of the work already begun for the reclamation of the arid lands of the West. The present law "has been found to be remarkably complete and effective, and so broad in its provisions that a wide range of undertakings has been possible under it. At the same time, economy is guaranteed by the fact that the funds must ultimately be returned to be used over again." An important recommendation is that made by the President that an appropriation be made for a commission to study the industrial and commercial conditions of Oriental lands, especially of China, in the interest of the extension of American trade.

On our foreign policy, the President maintains the attitude so sharply criticised during the recent campaign that it is the duty of America to be ready to exercise international police power on this side of the globe. "Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power." He therefore earnestly recommends "that there be no halt in the work of upbuilding the American Navy." There are also duties in regard to other nations, which, as a great Power, we must fulfil. "In taking," he says, "such steps as we have taken in regard to Cuba, Venezuela, and Panama, and in endeavoring to circumscribe the theatre of war in the Far East, and to secure the open door in China, we have acted in our own interest as well as in the interest of humanity at large. There are, however, cases in which, while our own interests are not greatly involved, strong appeal is made to our sympathies." Such cases where it is inevitable that our opinion should be emphatically expressed are those of the massacre of the Jews at Kishineff and the cruelty and oppression of which the Armenians have been the victims.

As to the fiercely debated question of the Filipinos, the President expresses the hope that "in the end they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands. This end is not yet in sight, and it may be indefinitely postponed if our people are foolish enough to turn the attention of the Filipinos away from the problems of achieving moral and material prosperity, of working for a stable, orderly, and just government, and toward foolish and dangerous intrigues for a complete independence for which they are as yet totally unfit."

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the vexed questions of the Tariff and the Race Problem, the President maintains a judicious silence, doubtless hoping that the various sections of his own party may find a basis for agreement.

The President has evidently made a close study of social and political conditions, and while all may not agree in the recommendations he makes, the Christian patriot will pray that he may be endowed with divine wisdom, and helped to fulfil the Scriptural ideal of the ruler of a great nation:

That which is altogether just shalt thou follow (Deut. 16:20).

Fraudulent Funds

A method of fraudulent gain has been exposed in several Western States recently. Agents have been established in several large cities to whom quantities of Mexican dollars have been sent. These look so much like the American coin, that inexperienced employees in stores are often deceived. The agent goes to a store during the busiest part of the day and professing to be in a hurry makes a small purchase. He gives a Mexican dollar in payment and receives his change. The dollar is worth less than fifty cents, so that even deducting the value of the goods purchased, a large profit is made. Thus the more money the agent spends, the more he has. Unhappily his gain is another's loss. It is not in his case, as it is with the man whose example the Bible commends, as having the same result. The gain of the philanthropist is gain, coming from the hands of God.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth (Prov. 11:24).

The War

Japan's capture of the position known as 203-Meter Hill, has given her an advantage which she has promptly turned to account. A continuous fire has been kept up on the Russian fleet in the harbor of Port Arthur, which has resulted in the sinking of the battleship *Poltava*, and the *Retvizan*, and the burning of the *Peresviet*, the *Pallada*, and the *Pobieda*. The *Sevastopol*, though screened by a hill, was hit several times and badly injured. Several gunboats have also been damaged. These, practically compose the entire Russian fleet in those waters. Besides this, the fire of the Japanese from the commanding position, prevents the Russians communicating with Liaotishan, from which promontory they were removing guns and munitions to Port Arthur. The Russians have made desperate efforts to recapture the hill. The slaughter on both sides was terrific, but the Japanese could not be driven out. Since those attempts, the Russian fire has slackened, and it is believed that their ammunition is getting low. There seems now to be a disposition on the part of the Japanese to make no assault on the city, but to attempt to starve the garrison out. A rumor now current, but not yet confirmed, is that the Czar has ordered the recall of the Baltic fleet, believing that if it approaches Port Arthur, it, too, will be destroyed by the Japanese. The Grand Dukes are said to have been opposed to this order, but the Czar took the matter into his own hands. The armies near Moukden have remained passive during the week, but a decisive battle appears to be imminent. The destruction of life has been horrible and there is still no sign of either combatant being exhausted. Both nations are learning that the warning of the ancient prophet was true:

Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war (Isa. 3: 25).

BRIEF NOTES

There are now fifteen Christian Endeavor Societies in Finland, delegates from which had a fine convention at Helsingfors.

Mr. D. Gardiner, of South India, told recently of a priest of high caste and lordly position, who gave up his money and position and became a coolie, to work among the lowest people. He is now one of their best evangelists.

The following is the list of topics for the coming Week of Prayer, as suggested by the Evangelical Alliance for the United States: *Sunday*, January 1, 1905. The World wide Conditions of True Worship. *Monday*—The Kingdom of God on Earth. *Tuesday*—The Visible Church of Christ. *Wednesday*,—All Peoples and Nations. *Thursday*—Missions, Home and Foreign. *Friday*—The Family and the School. *Saturday*—Our Own Country. *Sunday*, January 8—Sermons. The Reign of the Prince of Peace.

The Handsomest of All

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of the lovely Calendar you so kindly sent as a present with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is the handsomest I have ever seen. Accept my sincere thanks. Sincerely yours,

Norristown, Pa. MRS. A. ROGERS.

A DAY'S DISCOVERY

By IRVING BACHELLER, AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN," "VERGILIUS," Etc.

MY LIFE had been full of work and worry. On leaving college I had planned to do many things that I had never done. I was to travel, I was to read and study, I was to wish and have—indeed, what was I not to do and what had I done? Nothing but drudgery, which had prospered so as to beggar me of my best hopes. The hurry and hazard of business life had never given me so much even as a day off. It had been hard on my wife, and from the first I felt sorry for her. We had no children, and in our little flat my wife insisted that a servant would be in the way. I was detained at my office frequently until neither my wife nor my dinner were at their best. I often ate with suppressed emotion those days, while she sat beside me in tears, and I could never quite understand her grieving when I had no fault to find myself.

"A LOUD CRY CAME UP THRO' THE SHAFT"

Early or late, I had no heart for reading or going after pleasure when I got home.

Somehow the weight of the whole day seemed to fall on me of a sudden when I sat under my own roof. Generally I lay on the sofa, with my pipe and paper, while my wife put away the dishes. That done, we talked languidly about the events of the day, and were in bed by half after nine

I loved books, and bought them freely as I prospered. "I may have a spell of sickness sometime," I used to say, "and then possibly I can read them."

I kept well, however, and busy in a steady round of toil. Other people had malaria and leisure now and then, as I read in the papers, and I regarded them with a kind of envy. Our home was in a little suburban town. We had been married about ten years, when I came home one summer evening with extraordinary news.

"Hello, Pete," said I—that is the name I called her at home—"I've got news."

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"A vacation," I answered. "No more business for a while. Now I hope we'll have a little comfort together. I want you to join that reading club you spoke of and go and see your friends. I'll look after the flat a while myself. I can stand it for a couple of weeks, anyhow."

We sat that evening, and made plans for the near future. Next morning my wife went to town. She was to call on some of her friends and leave her measure for a new gown and do a lot of delayed shopping. I sat alone reading for a long time after she went away. There was a deadly stillness in the flat, but somehow I couldn't keep my mind to the book. I had read ten chapters, when I discovered myself groping in the gloomy labyrinths of an Egyptian tomb. How I got there was a mystery to me. I looked back through a dozen pages; it was all new. I had gone as far as the hundredth page with nothing more in my mind than I had had to start with. I had been thinking over the details of my business ever since I opened the book. Suddenly a sharp blast on the whistle of the dumb-waiter brought me to my feet. The noisy vehicle came rumbling up presently, and I took off a lot of string beans and peas and green corn and potatoes and beefsteak and butter, and a pair of ducks, and tossed them all into the refrigerator. Evidently my wife had stopped on her way and left orders for dinner.

She had told me where I would find everything I needed for luncheon. It was eleven o'clock, and, to relieve my loneliness, I went out for a long walk. I had no sooner opened the kitchen door on my return than the whistle spat at me as if I had been a dog and it a cat, and no love between us. I opened the door of the dumb-waiter, wondering why people call them dumb. That one was a perfect well of sarcasm, profanity, and servants' gossip expressed in varying languages and dialects. A woman's voice came ringing up the shaft.

"Did you take them ducks off the dumb-waiter?" it demanded.

"Guess I did," I answered. "Thought they belonged here. Hold on a minute, I'll send them down."

I rushed to the refrigerator for the ducks, and as I did so, the outline of a dialogue that was very loud and heavy on one side came echoing up the shaft. To my horror, I discovered that in tossing the ducks into the ice chamber, I had upset a bottle of ketchup and a bowl of molasses. One of them looked like a chunk of rusty iron. I gave him a bath under the hot water faucet and rubbed him dry with a Turkish towel. Then I thrust them both into a paper sack and hurled them into the dumb-waiter.

"Madame, forgive me," said I; "here they are," and then I began to pull frantically at the rope.

"That'll do," they shouted presently.

I stopped, puffing with the violence of my effort. Then a loud cry came up at me through the shaft, and the sound of angry voices.

"Please, sor," the woman called again.

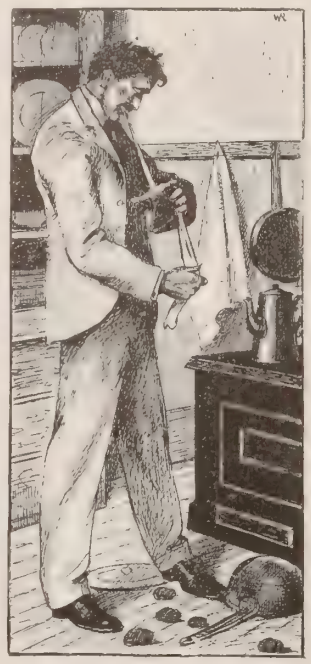
"What is it, Madame?" I answered, my head in the gloom of the shaft.

"The Mrs. would like to know what ye put on thim ducks.

"Ketchup and molasses," I answered. "I'm sorry. It was an accident."

"'Pon my word!" I heard her say then. "He's filled one o' thim wid molasses."

There came a sharp answer, and then the unfortunate ducks were flung back into the dumb-waiter.



"I SCALDED MY HAND WITH HOT STEAM"

"The Mrs. says ye can take the ducks an' welcome," and before I could make any answer, the door of the shaft came to with a bang, and that stratum of light in the depths below me, turned to darkness. It would have given me pleasure to buy another pair of ducks for the good woman, but she had not given me a chance to make the offer. I would have gone and rang her door-bell in an effort to make amend, but I had no idea where to find her. I ate my luncheon presently, and went to our bedroom and sat in an easy chair by the window, with my pipe. The hum of insects and the noises of the street came up to me, increasing my loneliness. I looked about the room. There were things in it I had never seen before; silken covered bottles with ribbons tied to them; a paper-holder delicately embroidered; photographs of myself in little golden frames, and others, reminding me of times and faces well nigh forgotten; a hundred trifles that, one by one, had gone unnoticed into the building of my home and happiness. I opened a bureau drawer full of plush-covered boxes, and silken belts and ribbons, and the smell of violets. In one of the boxes there were a lot of old beads and bracelets, a discarded neck-chain, and many trinkets—the delight of some far distant day. In another box there was an old photograph of me—a callow looking youth—and a bundle of letters. I untied them, and sat down comfortably to look them over. I had written a lot of high-sounding rubbish in those letters; I had made many promises; I had painted many pictures of what the future was to bring us. It had all been very different—a life full of drudgery for both, and for her it must have been as a desert. I thought of the days innumerable, and full of loneliness that she had spent in that gloomy flat; of the sneering volubility of the dumb-waiter. I put away the letters and entered the sitting room. It was two o'clock, and I took a book from its shelf and lay down upon the sofa in a vain pursuit of knowledge. This time I would set my ears on guard and read aloud. I remember when I had finished, there was in my consciousness, about this impression of what I had read:

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time that is within the memory of men still living. I wonder why she flung those ducks back into the dumb-waiter?

And so it went. My tongue was reading Macaulay. My mind was dwelling on the ducks. Soon I discovered myself wandering in imagination up and down stairs trying to find their owner, with an apology already framed. I threw the book aside and fell asleep. When I awoke it was near five o'clock. The flat was dark and silent as a tomb. My wife would be coming shortly and I thought I would get the dinner started. So I strung the beans and pared the potatoes and got a fire going. The pots were boiling merrily in a short time, and then I spread the table, and got out some of our best china. It occurred to me, suddenly, that a few flowers would improve the looks of the table, and so I hurried away and bought a fine display of roses and ferns. On my return, a strong odor greeted me at the door. The water had boiled out of one of the pots and the beans had touched bottom. The potatoes were also crumbling on the verge of dissolution. I made things move so quickly then that I scalded my hand with hot steam. I lost my temper for a moment and flung the empty potato kettle into the air. It left its black footprint on the wall and came down with a mighty crash, and as it rolled back to me, I kicked it across the room with a remark which had better be omitted. Then I heard the door of the dumb-waiter open just below me.

"Ye'd better break a hole in the ceiling an' done with it," somebody shouted.

I began to cool down a bit shortly, and swathed my hand in a wet cloth, and fixed the beans and potatoes and put them away in the oven. They looked all right, and I began to broil the beefsteak with a feeling of remorse. When it lay on the platter at last with a golden crown of butter on it and a sprinkle of pepper over all, I grew hungry at the sight. "Now," I thought, "the quicker she comes the better."

The table looked superb in its fresh cover of snowy linen, with delicate sprays of fern surrounding the centrepiece of roses. Little groups of china, decorated in gold and blue, added the glow of luxury.

"There'll be one surprised woman when she does come," I said to myself, sitting down to cool off.

I looked at the clock. It was half after six, and she was long overdue. What could have happened to her? It had been very hot in the sun—perhaps she had been overcome and taken to some hospital. The gloomy day grew dusk, and there was something in that silence like the stealthy footfall of disaster. I sat a long time listening, hoping, fearing, imagining all manner of evil. I went into the dark kitchen after a while and, lighting a match, peered into the oven. The fire had gone down; the beans had settled and turned black; the potatoes had a cold and sickly look; the steak had shrunk into a leathery patch at the bottom of the platter. I went back to my chair in the dining-room, utterly sick at heart.

"If she doesn't come in half an hour, I shall send out an alarm," I said to myself, and then a ring at the bell brought me to my feet. I opened the door, and there stood my wife.

"Poor thing," said she, "what has happened to you?"

"Madam," said I, with growing indignation, "I should like to know what has happened to you."

"Goodness!" said she, in that same kindly and provoking tone, "make a light and then I'll tell you."

"It's a fine time to be getting home," I said, with suppressed emotion, as I lighted a match; "where have you been?"

"Been to the club," she answered.

"Been to the club!" I repeated, with irony.

"Yes; been to the club," she went on, stepping into the bedroom and laying off her things. "I stayed longer than I intended and missed my train."

"POOR THING!" SAID SHE, "WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

Unconsciously she used the same tone of voice with which I had answered her on similar occasions, and, oddly enough, it was about the same story I had told her a score of times. While I was lighting the gas in the dining-room, I thought how suddenly that feeling of romantic tenderness had gone out of my heart.

"Come here," said she presently, "I want you to look in the glass."

I had already seen it in the mantel mirror—that face of mine, black with soot and stern with emotion.

She came in before I could answer and saw the dinner table, and shortly we both went and washed our faces.

My dinner was cold and went with a bad relish, but she fell to with a smiling face and a stout heart and a word of praise for everything, just as I had done always.

I felt like talking after dinner. It was a great relief to have somebody to talk to after that long and lonely day.

"Tell me what you have been doing?" I said.

My wife sat gaping, her head leaning on her hand, a far-off look in her eyes. She had not heard me.

"What did you say?" she inquired.

"Oh, come," I said, "wake up. Let's have a good long talk. A wife is no comfort to a man when she sits and gazes at him with nothing to say."

"I'm too tired"—that was her answer—"I've to get up early and go and meet a friend of mine over in Brooklyn to-morrow morning. I must get through with the work and go to bed."

"When am I going to have a word with you—that's what I'd like to know?" I said.

"Oh, by'n by," she answered. "Maybe I'll get malaria one of these days."

I began to grow thoughtful then, and got up and helped her clear the table, and went into the kitchen and wiped the dishes for her.

"How nice it is," said she, "just as I am able to go out a bit that you can turn your hand to such things."

"Not much," I answered; "I don't propose to be your servant or to let you be mine. We'll hire a girl and I'll manage to get home earlier, and we'll think less of money and more of happiness."

And that is what came of it.

NEW PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS

Special Notice

As some of our Subscribers may have Mislaid our previous Premium Announcements, we furnish below an Outline Description for their Guidance in making Selections Best adapted to their individual requirements.

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THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER III—Continued

ONE week later, the *Times* printed an item to the effect that Harwood had gone abroad. Stanton gave the matter no more thought, except to wonder a little that the mill owner had not been to see him, or tell him of his plans. But he was very busy preparing for his fall and winter lectures, and for the next few days Harwood was largely out of mind.

Two days before going out on his first lecture engagement, Stanton went down to the lower mill to get some facts concerning machinery, and its effects on the lives of the men. The mills had resumed work with both union and non-union men, and the strike was about over. It had been a part failure, but the Union had gained some minor advantages, and was biding its time for the next move.

Stanton came to the casting-room, and was standing close by the "Octopus," fascinated as always, whenever he watched it, when one of the workmen ran up to attach a chain to one of the derrick arms. As he finished the work and lifted up his body, Stanton had a new view of him. Through the grime and smoke and swirling gas wreaths of the place, he recognized in one startling moment, the face of Harwood. Harwood in the same moment saw that he was recognized, and as the foreman happened to be on the other side of the casting moulds, he stepped close up to Stanton and spoke to him hurriedly.

CHAPTER IV

"I DON'T need to tell you why I am here, Mr. Stanton. And I expect you to respect my secret. The foreman knows me. But since I shaved my beard, I don't think even Harvey would recognize me. The men in the mill did not know my face, and I am working here mostly with new men anyway. I'm a 'scab.'" He spoke the word with a grim smile. "I'll work out my salvation here—or, somewhere, Stanton. I have not been so happy for years. I'm at least one of the masses here. And the work keeps me from thinking of her."

He did not even try to shake Stanton's outstretched hand, but turned and caught up the steel bar he had dropped. Stanton watched him a moment, and then went on his way, leaving the once proud mill owner a part of the wrestling forces of human stress and struggle, under the ominous frown of the grim machine which knew no remorse or regret. But the image of the man trying to work out his salvation in the way he had chosen, haunted Stanton as he rose to speak to a great audience on the first night of his lecture engagement outside of Lenox.

Stanton faced his first audience away from home since his resignation from Saint Cecilia, with a feeling of trepidation. He knew that very many, if not all, in the great crowd, had come to see him out of curiosity. That placed a handicap on his message to start with. However, he began his lecture on "What are the Rights of Mankind?" by quoting Abraham Lincoln, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." Using this as a broad text for his unfolding of the main thought, he went on to give certain definitions; first of all, the definition of the word Socialism, as given by the best and latest dictionaries. "Any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or, in great part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action, would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor, and would make land and capital as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community." *(Century Dictionary.)*

He also quoted John Stuart Mill's definition: "Socialism is the joint ownership by all members of the community of the instrument and means of production; which carries with it, the consequence that the division of the produce among the body of owners must be a public act, performed according to rules laid down by the community. Socialism by no means excludes private ownership of articles of consumption." *(Century Dictionary.)*

After dwelling on the fact that these definitions did not need to scare anyone, Stanton went on with a number of short paragraphic sentences to declare on what the rights of man were based, and to show, that no matter what other kinds of Socialism might lead up to, Christian Socialism could not, by any possibility, mean anything except the realization of a genuine brotherhood.

"The rights of man are coincident with his duties. His rights are not selfish prerogatives, they are mutual concessions.

"The Christian Brotherhood is an impossibility, unless in the heart exists a love of God, together with a love of man. In other words, a social betterment of the race is impossible, unless it has a deep, true religious basis. To leave out the religious element, is to leave out one of the absolute necessities of any social progress.

"I need hardly say that I repudiate with the deepest horror, the teaching of such men as William Morris on the marriage relation, when he says, 'marriage under existing conditions is absurd; the family about which so much twaddle is talked, is hateful.' Or Fourier, 'Monogamy and private prosperity are the main characteristics of civilization. The individual family is the unit of all faulty societies divided by opposing interests!'

"Such statements are from the pit. I need hardly say that men like Charles Kingsley, Fredrick Maurice, Thomas Hughes, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, together with women like Miss Willard, who believe profoundly in a Christian Brotherhood, have no other view of marriage and the family, than the view of Christ and the New Testament. Whatever touches the integrity of the family touches the foundation of society. The increase of divorces, the wicked facility with which men and women sever the sacred tie, the loose and sneering conception of this relation, which is entertained especially by men and women of no other aim in life except to amuse themselves; all this is far away from the plan of a Christian Brotherhood as hell from heaven. Over 25,000 divorces were granted in the United States last year for incompatibility of temper! Think of the enormity of such a tearing down of the cornerstone of the Republic! If incompatibility of temper were a just cause for divorce, how many marriages would stand the test? It is probably true, that during the first few years of married life, even among professed Christian people, the majority of husbands and wives discover certain weaknesses and faults in each other. It is also probably true, that a majority of married people find in certain directions that their tastes differ, and their opinions and habits often cross one another. What then shall be done? On account of this incompatibility of temper, shall this sacred compact—the most sacred known to human life—be carelessly, passionately, or cruelly broken, or shall it be the aim of the man and wife, who have grown to realize, even with pain, these differences between them, to emphasize the points on which they are in accord, to mutually overlook and minimize these differences, to respect each other, even while they differ; to live together as friends, even when they discover that neither one of them is an angel. The marriage relation is of such tremendous importance in its bearing on the whole social structure, that I have no hesitation in saying, that it is infinitely better for a husband and wife to live together quietly, without complaint and without reproach, even if each realized fully that the ideal love they thought they once had for each other is totally gone, than to separate on account of that fact, or even because each thought they might be happier with someone else. I believe among the heroes and heroines, among the saints of this world, have been many and many a married couple, who lived all their lives true to the married relation in spite of incompatibility, and very many more married people, who, at first discovery of these differences, supposed their married happiness was lost, who, as the years went by, recovered it, and grew to love each other more and more truly, because they determined each one not to wreck the greatest relation in life through a weak or wicked yielding to a selfish personal disappointment. The only safe marriages are those of genuine Christian people, who have a deeply religious principle in life, and realize that it is only through mutual sacrifice, mutual forgiveness, mutual charity, and forbearance, the marriage relation can be sustained in its fullest happiness and power. I repeat, the Christian Brotherhood cannot exist on any other basis except that of the sacredness of the family life. Any Socialism which contemplates a free society, which in any way throws contempt on this relation, which anticipates anything different from the Christian family, in its one husband for one wife until death do part, such Socialism has no more right to be entitled to the name of Christian, than hell has any right to be bounded with the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem."

As he finished this sentence, Stanton was aware of a commotion in different parts of the hall. Several men and women, their faces inflamed with passion, rose and began to go out. In the rear of the hall, a large man, with a voice like the roar of some wild animal, stood up on a seat and waved his arms excitedly, asking Stanton some question about marriage.

Stanton stood quiet a moment and then sat down. On the platform with him that night were several ministers, pastors of the local churches of different denominations. They watched him curiously to see what he would do in the face of this new turn of affairs.

The man on the seat shouted out his something with a bellow that filled the building. The audience was variously affected by what had happened. There were hisses and applause. Some stood up to see the man who was making the disturbance. Others shouted to Stanton, "Go on! Go on! He's a crank!" Stanton sat like an image. Not a muscle quivered, not a sign of movement was visible. The man on the seat bellowed until he was hoarse. The audience began to hiss at him more and more, and Stanton kept his seat, absolutely unmoved.

Finally, the man, with one more yell, sat down suddenly, as if he had been assisted by someone nearby, and almost instantly the audience quieted down, until not a whisper was audible. Stanton deliberately rose, and in a low tone, said good-naturedly, "If the brother back there will kindly remain for a few moments after the lecture is over, I shall be pleased to answer his questions, if I am able. But I do not consider it fair to the audience to introduce that feature into the lecture itself."

The man tried to shout something, but the audience yelled at him to quit, and he subsided. Stanton went on and finished the lecture, and at the close, invited any who wished, to remain for a conference of question and answer.

While those who did not accept his invitation were going out, Stanton was touched and deeply helped by the warm sympathy of the ministers who had been on the platform. They came up around him and expressed their feelings cordially.

"I never understood your views until to-night, Brother Stanton," said the Methodist minister. "I want to congratulate you on your Christian soundness. I expected something altogether different. Your views on the marriage question ought to be preached from every pulpit in America."

The Congregational minister shook his hand hard.

"I'm with you, Brother Stanton, on what you said at the close of your lecture, on the factor of love as the only foundation on which to build up a structure of social progress. I have read all the current books and articles on social reconstruction, and I am sick at heart over their omissions of the greatest factor of all, the one thing Christ emphasized most. The Lord bless you, Brother Stanton, as you bring this message to the people."

The Baptist, Christian, and Presbyterian ministers, were also hearty in their words of encouragement, and Stanton, whose heart was in love with the Church, in spite of Saint Cecilia, felt a strange and almost overwhelming desire to weep at the evidence of their Christian fellowship.

To his surprise, fully half the audience had remained to the conference. He asked the people to get together in the middle of the hall, and as soon as they were quiet, he called for the man who wanted to ask questions about marriage.

Someone down near the door laughed.

"That was Stollwitz. He works in the roller mills. His wife came after him just at the close of the meeting, and he followed her out as meek as a lamb."

"Can you take me to his house to-morrow, friend, or tell me where to find him?" asked Stanton. A workingman down near the platform said he knew, and gave Stanton the address.

The conference went on for an hour. A majority of the audience was workingmen. They put such questions as these:

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"Do you believe in trade-unions?"

"Is marriage oftener a failure with the rich than with the poor?"

"You said the Sabbath was being desecrated more and more by the working people of America. How about those big corporations like railroads, cement, and oil works, and large mills that run every day in the week, and make it impossible for thousands of working people to have one day of rest in seven?"

"Wouldn't the churches get nearer the workers if they abolished pew-rents, and paid their preachers no more than average labor is paid?"

"If one reason the workingmen spend so much money for beer, is the wretched condition of the average tenement, bad cooking, and so forth, how about the men who own the tenements, some of whom are church members?"

"Isn't it a fact, that most of the divorces you spoke of were among well-to-do people, not among the poor or average workers?"

"To what extent did Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and Fredrick Maurice believe in Socialism?"

"Do you think the negro is entitled to all the rights of a citizen?"

"Last January, February and March, of 1902, 300 employees were killed, and 2,834 injured in railroad accidents in this country. During those three months 1,650 trains were in collision, and 1,181 trains were derailed. Adding the accidents sustained by railroad employees in shops, due to machinery, there was a total, during the three months, of 827 killed, and 11,481 injured. Do you think it is fair to suppose that most of these fatalities were caused by carelessness on the part of the men at work? It is a fact that more men are killed by machinery every year in America, than were killed during the entire Boer War. Who is most to blame for it?"

"If the scab insists on his right to work anywhere, and for any wages he pleases, without joining any Union, even, if in doing so, he robs my wife and children of bread, am I to love him? Is it not asking too much of human nature to do that?"

This is sufficient to give some idea of the kind of questions that poured in on Stanton for an hour. The people were, for the most part, good-natured, and evidently wanted to get honest answers to fair queries. When Stanton finally asked them to join him in a prayer at the close, there was a respectful quiet. Several men came up to shake hands, even at that late hour. One of them, a modest, quiet-appearing man, about Stanton's own age, gave his name as Colfax.

"Are you the Colfax who has organized those new grocery stores in this part of the State?" Stanton asked, with great interest.

"I expect I am. Would be glad to see you and get more light," Colfax said modestly. "Can't you come around in the morning?"

"Yes. I go on to Camden to-morrow evening. Shall I come in the forenoon?"

Colfax nodded, and gave Stanton his card. The next morning, Stanton found himself in Colfax's little store, and as it was early, the two were almost alone for a short while.

"I've heard of your plan, Mr. Colfax. I'm interested. Tell me about it?"

"I don't claim anything great or original in my business." Colfax answered modestly. "My father was a very rich man, as perhaps you know. But I couldn't see that his money gave him any comfort. The year before he died, during the great panic of '57, he lost everything, and I began life as a poor boy. I clerked it in a grocery store for ten years, and saved up enough in that time to start on my own account. The first rule I made for myself was this: I never want to get rich in business. I've added to that rule the following, which for the last eight years have worked out well:

"'Business for the day closes promptly at six o'clock.

"'All employees are paid in full at the close of each day.

"'All transactions are cash, and no books are kept.

"'All goods are sold at cost after $2.50 profits for the day has been made.

"'There is no delivery service.

"'Premises personally guarded against fire, to save the amount of insurance premium.

"'No liquors, cigars, or tobacco are carried in stock.

"'To the poor, all goods are sold at cost at all times.'

[St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, June 14, 1903.]

"You may be interested, Mr. Stanton, in the following results. I have now fifteen stores, the daily profits of which are $2.50; annual profits, 313 working days, are $782.50. Annual profits of all the stores are $11,731.50. These profits are distributed partly in helping the poor; partly in opening new stores. That's about all."

"But I hear you are having some trouble with the trade-unions. How is that?"

Colfax smiled slightly.

"It's true. They began to boycott me a month ago, because my clerks were not members of the Union. At first I lost considerable trade. Then people heard of it, and began to rush me so that I couldn't wait on customers, and I made a new rule." He pointed to a card over the counter, which read, "Help yourself, and leave the money at the desk." "You see every article in the store is marked in plain figures, its selling price. I think I have lost a very little by this method, through the dishonesty of a few people; but it doesn't begin to compare with the losses the average grocer sustains every day through careless extravagance and lack of saving habits. The store will be crowded all day to-day. But I'll have to move out on account of the owner of the building. The Union threatens to boycott him, and he claims he can't stand the pressure. I'm not able to buy, and shall move."

"Will your clerks join the Union to avoid trouble?"

"I don't think so," Colfax answered quietly. "Two of them have already been attacked by members of the Union on the street. It isn't likely they will join an organization that employs such methods. I can't urge them to do so, just to save me. Besides, I don't believe in that sort of way of doing business. For the last five years I've sold goods to the members of the trade-unions in this city at cost. They now turn against me with a boycott, because my clerks do not belong to the Union. I don't hate them, you understand, Mr. Stanton. But my convictions are such that I shall continue to do business on the same plan, and hire my clerks anywhere from the most honest, reliable men I can find. I don't claim, either, that my plan of doing business will bring in the millennium. But I do know that I am a far happier man than my father was with his great wealth, and also hope that a good many other people are made happier by my methods. How the matter between the Unions and myself will come out, I don't know. Time will settle that. But I am a great believer in human progress, and I believe the members of the Unions will, in time, use other methods to gain their ends."

Stanton left him, impressed with the man's modest sincerity, and musing over his statement about being happier than his father. "Truly, it is a great fact, he said to himself, as he went down towards the roller mills, near which Stollwitz lived, "that as Jesus said, 'A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things that he possesses.' 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' If what we are after is happiness, how foolishly we stumble and strive after it, learning nothing, apparently, from the mistakes and troubles of those who have made history in vain for us."

It was his keen sense of justice that sent him down into the neighborhood of the roller mills, to find this workman who had disturbed his meeting. What was one poor laborer more or less? Yet, Stanton groping his way toward a deeper sympathy and quicker apprehension in all things that belong to the life of man, was rapidly growing more charitable in his judgments of all sorts and conditions of men.

He found the number of Stollwitz's house, and knocked at the door, not expecting to see the man himself, for he had been told that he worked on the night shift, and would probably be asleep. But, to his surprise, the man himself opened the door, and stood in the narrow passage-way staring at him.

"I'm Mr. Stanton, the man who was trying to talk last night, while you were trying to do the same thing," said Stanton, with a smile. "I came down here to find out what it was you wanted to ask, as you didn't stay to the after-meeting."

The man stared so long and hard, that Stanton was in great doubt as to his sanity. But suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter, and putting out a hand that looked, for size and shape, like a sugar-cured ham, he said, in a voice that a vegetable vender would have considered worth half the season's profits:

"Mister Stanton! Come in, sir! I'm honored and delighted!" He dragged Stanton through a narrow hall, into a small, but astonishingly neat room, at one end of which a small woman was frying something on a stove.

"Kathrine, Dr. Stanton—the author of *The Christian Socialist*."

Kathrine wiped her hands on her apron, and shook hands shyly, but without any other mark of embarrassment. Stollwitz pointed to a chair, and seemed to be profoundly pleased. He laughed and made great noises that were like a mingling of foreign languages, and an attempt to swallow something out of a pitcher. At last, Stanton noting the preparations for a meal that were going on, said:

"Mr. Stollwitz, I did not mean to interrupt your breakfast, but——"

"Interrupt! My friend, that breakfast will not be interrupted. Sit up with us. Kathrine, are you ready? Shall I open the door?"

His wife nodded, as she set some dishes down on the table, and Stollwitz went to a door at the other end, unlocked it and opened it, and there poured out into the room, as if released from pressure behind, five children, whose names the big mechanic gave to Stanton, as the owners of them gravely went up to their chairs and stood by them. "Children, this is Dr. Fredrick Stanton, who has honored us extremely by his visit. Gertrude, Luther, Hans, William, Katherine. Now then, Luther, you may ask the grace this morning."

All the family stood up around the table, and the boy, a yellow-haired youth of some twelve years, said, in a simple tone:

> For all the blessings of the night,
> For all the mercies of the light,
> Father, we thank Thee for them all.
> Be with us till the shadows fall. Amen.

"Amen!" echoed every member of the family. And before he knew it, Stanton was seated with the rest, astonished to find himself, instead of in the presence of one of the sullen, blatant specimens of foreign life he had expected to meet, in the heart of a devout Christian family.

"Now that grace was nicely said, my lad," said Stollwitz, whose big voice made the tinware rattle; "What would you think, sir, I was with Herr Stauber's family some time ago, and one of his boys, just home from college, asked the grace, and he said, 'O Lord, have mercy on these victuals!' but Stauber never seemed to guess anything wrong with that. And his table is not any too well provided for at any time."

Stanton began to think he should never get around to the question Stollwitz had tried to ask the night before. The novelty of the situation appealed to him, and he thoroughly enjoyed every minute, although he had already had one breakfast at the hotel.

"We are late," Mrs. Stollwitz said in a pause, during which her husband had laughed again in the same mixed manner as before. "But my husband goes on to work at midnight, and does his eight hours of work. He was unusually late about getting back this morning."

"We are having trouble at the mills, yes," said Stollwitz, with sudden gravity. "Between the Union and the non-union men. Ach! Why cannot men live like brethren? I try to preach it. They laugh. Very few does anything more!"

He put up a fist on the table that was as big as a loaf of brown bread, and the smallest child, Katherine, regarded it with big-eyed awe.

TO BE CONTINUED

"SUDDENLY HE BURST INTO A ROAR OF LAUGHTER AND PUT OUT A HAND"

Christmas Eve in a Lumber Camp

By RALPH CONNOR, in "Black Rock"

IT was due to a mysterious dispensation of Providence, and a good deal to Leslie Graeme, that I found myself in the heart of the Selkirks for my Christmas Eve as the year 1882 was dying. It had been my plan to spend my Christmas far away in Toronto, with such Bohemian and boon companions as could be found in that cosmopolitan and kindly city. But Leslie Graeme changed all that, for, discovering me in the village of Black Rock, with my traps all packed, waiting for the stage to start for the Landing, thirty miles away, he bore down upon me with resistless force, and I found myself recovering from my surprise only after we had gone in his lumber sleigh some six miles on our way to his camp up in the mountains.

The camp stood in a little clearing, and consisted of a group of three long, low shanties with smaller shacks near them, all built of heavy, unhewn logs, with door and window in each. The grub camp, with cook-shed attached, stood in the middle of the clearing; at a little distance was the sleeping-camp, with the office built against it, and about a hundred yards away on the other side of the clearing stood the stables, and near them the smiddy. The mountains rose grandly on every side, throwing up their great peaks into the sky. The clearing in which the camp stood was hewn out of a dense pine forest, that filled the valley and climbed half way up the mountain-sides, and then frayed out in scattered and stunted trees.

It was one of those wonderful Canadian winter days, bright. and with a touch of sharpness in the air that did not chill, but warmed the blood like draughts of wine. The men were up in the woods, and the shrill scream of the blue jay flashing across the open, the impudent chatter of the red squirrel from the top of the grub camp, and the pert chirp of the whisky-jack, hopping about on the rubbish-heap, with the long, lone cry of the wolf far down the valley, only made the silence felt the more.

As I stood drinking in with all my soul the glorious beauty and the silence of mountain and forest, with the Christmas feeling stealing into me, Graeme came out from his office, and, catching sight of me, called out, "Glorious Christmas weather, old chap!" And then, coming nearer, "Must you go to-morrow?"

"I fear so," I replied, knowing well that the Christmas feeling was on him, too.

"I wish I were going with you," he said quietly.

I turned eagerly to persuade him, but at the look of suffering in his face the words died at my lips, for we both were thinking of the awful night of horror when all his bright, brilliant life crashed down about him in black ruin and shame. I could only throw my arm over his shoulder and stand silent beside him. A sudden jingle of bells roused him, and, giving himself a little shake, he exclaimed, "There are the boys coming home."

Soon the camp was filled with men talking, laughing, chaffing, like light-hearted boys.

"They are a little wild to-night," said Graeme; "and to-morrow they'll paint Black Rock red."

Before many minutes had gone, the last teamster was "washed up," and all were standing about waiting impatiently for the cook's signal—the supper to-night was to be "something of a feed"—when the sound of bells drew their attention to a light sleigh drawn by a buckskin broncho coming down the hillside at a great pace.

"The preacher, I'll bet, by his driving," said one of the men.

"Bedad, and it's him has the foine nose for turkey!" said Blaney, a good-natured, jovial Irishman.

"Yes, or for pay-day, more like," said Keefe, a black-browed, villainous fellow-countryman of Blaney's, and, strange to say, his great friend.

Big Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian Highlander from Glengarry, rose up in wrath. "Bill Keefe," said he, with deliberate emphasis, "you'll just keep your dirty tongue off the minister; and as for your pay, it's little he sees of it, or any one else, except Mike Slavin, when you're too dry to wait for some one to treat you, or perhaps Father Ryan, when the fear of hell-fire is on you."

The men stood amazed at Sandy's sudden anger and length of speech.

"Bon; dat's good for you, my bully boy," said Baptiste, a wiry little French-Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and devoted admirer ever since the day when the big Scotsman, under great provocation, had knocked him clean off the dump into the river and then jumped in for him.

It was not till afterward I learned the cause of Sandy's sudden wrath, which urged him to such unwonted length of speech. It was not simply that the Presbyterian blood carried with it reverence for the minister and contempt for Papists and Fenians, but that he had a vivid remembrance of how, only a month ago, the minister had got him out of Mike Slavin's saloon and out of the clutches of Keefe and Slavin and their gang of blood-suckers.

Keefe started up with a curse. Baptiste sprang to Sandy's side, slapped him on the back, and called out, "You keel him, I'll hit (eat) him up, me."

It looked as if there might be a fight, when a harsh voice said in a low, savage tone, 'Stop your row, you fools; settle it, if you want to, somewhere else." I turned, and was amazed to see old man Nelson, who was very seldom moved to speech.

There was a look of scorn on his hard, iron-gray face, and of such settled fierceness as made me quite believe the tales I had heard of his deadly fights in the mines at the coast. Before any reply could be made, the minister drove up and called out in a cheery voice, "Merry Christmas, boys! Hello, Sandy! Comment ca va, Baptiste? How do you do, Mr. Graeme?"

"First rate. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Connor, sometime medical student, now artist, hunter, and tramp at large, but not a bad sort."

"A man to be envied," said the minister, smiling. "I am glad to know any friend of Mr. Graeme's."

I liked Mr. Craig from the first. He had good eyes that looked straight out at you, a clean-cut, strong face well set on his shoulders, and altogether an upstanding, manly bearing.

Then the cook came out and beat a tattoo on the bottom of a dish-pan. Baptiste answered with a yell; but though keenly hungry, no man would demean himself to do other than walk with apparent reluctance to his place at the table. At the further end of the camp was a big fireplace, and from the door to the fireplace extended the long board tables, covered with platters of turkey not too scientifically carved, dishes of potatoes, bowls of apple sauce, plates of butter, pies, and smaller dishes distributed at regular intervals. Two lanterns hanging from the roof, and a row of candles stuck into the wall on either side by means of slit sticks, cast a dim, weird light over the scene.

There was a moment's silence, and at a nod from Graeme Mr. Craig rose and said, "I don't know how you feel about it, men, but to me this looks good enough to be thankful for."

"Fire ahead, sir," called out a voice quite respectfully, and the minister bent his head and said:

"For Christ the Lord who came to save us, for all the love and goodness we have known, and for these thy gifts to us this Christmas night, our Father, make us thankful. Amen."

"Bon, dat's fuss rate," said Baptiste. "Seems lak dat's make me hit (eat) more better for sure," and then no word was spoken for a quarter of an hour. The occasion was far too solemn and moments too precious for anything so empty as words.

. . .

After the voices had ceased, Mr. Craig drew from his pocket his little Bible, and said:

"Men, with Mr. Graeme's permission, I want to read you something this Christmas Eve. You will all have heard it before, but you will like it none the less for that."

His voice was soft, but clear and penetrating, as he read the eternal story of the angels and the shepherds and the Babe. And as he read, a slight motion of the hand or a glance of an eye made us see, as he was seeing, that whole radiant drama. The wonder, the timid joy, the tenderness, the mystery of it all, were borne in upon us with overpowering effect. He closed the book, and in the same low, clear voice went on to tell us how, in his home, years ago, he used to stand on Christmas Eve listening in thrilling delight to his mother telling him the story, and how she used to make him see the shepherds and hear the sheep bleating near by, and how the sudden burst of glory used to make his heart jump.

"But one Christmas Eve," he went on, in a lower, sweeter tone, "there was no one to tell me the story, and I grew to forget it, and went away to college, and learned to think that it was only a child's tale and was not for men. Then bad days came to me and worse, and I began to lose my grip of myself, of life, of hope, of goodness, till one black Christmas, in the slums of a far-away city, when I had given up all, and the devil's arms were about me, I heard the story again. And as I listened, with a bitter ache in my heart, for I had put it all behind me, I suddenly found myself peeking under the shepherds' arms with a child's wonder at the Baby in the straw. Then it came over me like great waves, that his name was Jesus, because it was he that should save men from their sins. Save! Save! The waves kept beating upon my ears, and before I knew, I had called out, 'Oh! can He save me?' It was in a little mission meeting on one of the side streets, and they seemed to be used to that sort of thing there, for no one was surprised; and a young fellow leaned across the aisle to me and said, 'Why! you just bet He can!' His surprise that I should doubt, his bright face and confident tone, gave me hope that perhaps it might be so. I held to that hope with all my soul, and"—stretching up his arms, and with a quick glow in his face and a little break in his voice, "He hasn't failed me yet; not once"

The minister went on. "I didn't mean to tell you this, men, it all came over me with a rush; but it is true, every word, and not a word will I take back. And, what's more, I can tell you this, what He did for me He can do for any man, and it doesn't make any difference what's behind him, and"—leaning slightly forward, and with a little thrill of pathos vibrating in his voice—"O boys, why don't you give him a chance at you? Without Him you'll never be the men you want to be, and you'll never get the better of that that's keeping some of you now from going back home. You know you'll never go back till you're the men you want to be." Then, lifting up his face and throwing back his head, he said, as if to himself, "Jesus! He shall save his people from their sins," and then, "Let us pray."

After the prayer, Mr. Craig invited the men to a Christmas dinner next day in Black Rock. "And because you are an independent lot, we'll charge you half a dollar for dinner and the evening show." Then leaving a bundle of magazines and illustrated papers on the table—a godsend to the men—he said good-bye and went out.

. . .

A man stepped out from the shadow. It was old man Nelson. He came straight to the sleigh, and, ignoring my presence completely, said:

"Mr. Craig, are you dead sure of this? Will it work?"

"Do you mean," said Craig, taking him up promptly, "can Jesus Christ save you from your sins and make a man of you?"

The old man nodded, keeping his hungry eyes on the other's face.

"Well, here's his message to you: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'"

"To me? To me?" said the old man eagerly.

"Listen; this, too, is his Word: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' That's for you, for here you are, coming."

"You don't know me, Mr. Craig. I left my baby fifteen years ago because—"

"Stop!" said the minister. "Don't tell me, at least not to-night; perhaps never. Tell Him who knows it all now, and who never betrays a secret. Have it out with Him. Don't be afraid to trust Him."

Nelson looked at him, with his face quivering, and said in a husky voice, "If this is no good, it's hell for me."

"If it is no good," replied Craig, almost sternly, "it's hell for all of us."

The old man straightened himself up, looked up at the stars, then back at Mr. Craig, then at me, and, drawing a deep breath said, "I'll try Him."

Before we took the next turn, I looked back and saw what brought a lump into my throat. It was old man Nelson on his knees in the snow, with his hands spread upward to the stars. And then the trees hid him from my sight.

By permission of Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York, Chicago and Toronto—"Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkirks," is the author's greatest novel. Cloth binding, illustrated. Price $1.25.

The Benke Memorial Service

ON Tuesday evening, December 6th, the Bowery Mission hall was filled with the friends of Victor H. Benke, who had met in memory of the dead organist, and to witness the unveiling of the bronze tablet commemorating his work and life among the men of the Bowery. The exercises opened with the hymn, "I will sing of Thy redemption," sung by the congregation. Mr. T. J. Bryant then sang "The Vacant Chair." After prayer, by Rev. Dr. McPherson of Jane Street M. E. Church, the congregation again joined in singing another hymn of Mr. Benke's composition. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird spoke very feelingly of "her boy," as she always loves to call him, and was followed by Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D., who, in an inspiring speech, paid an earnest tribute to the memory of Mr. Benke.

Addresses followed by Rev. S. H. Hadley and others. Miss Grace Hildebrand and Mrs. Broadbent lent their finely cultivated voices, each singing a solo, the former rendering another Benke composition, "Just for To-day," and the latter, Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Mrs. Hallimond, the ever-helpful wife of the superintendent, sang "I'm Holding On," and Mr. J. T. Hunt, of the Bowery Mission Quartette, "Just As I Am," both compositions of the man in whose memory the meeting was held. Dr. Klopsch then, in a few well-chosen and appropriate words, unveiled the tablet.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET

The funds for this tablet were contributed by friends of Mr. Benke, many of them belonging to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. All the money in excess of the cost of the tablet was to be given to the widow. Deducting the cost of the tablet—$125.00—this sum will amount to about $350.00, which will greatly assist the young widow in caring for the little daughter, whom the death of the organist left fatherless.

A STALLED CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SNOW began falling just after midday. The sky was leaden, the day dark, with low, hanging clouds and gusts of piercing wind. Though the cars were steam-heated, they were cold, and about four o'clock they were dark. Outside, the great flakes fell steadily, and the engine forged ahead through a gathering storm that promised to be a blizzard.

It was a long passenger train, with one Pullman and a string of day coaches. The conductor came through at five, and the only lady in the Pullman asked him anxiously if they were on time, and if he thought they would reach Blenheim by ten o'clock?

He shook his head. "We're in an awful blizzard, Miss, and the drifts are deep. Looks to me as if we might be stalled a day or two on the road. I presume they'll have the snow-ploughs out soon as the storm stops. Don't be down-hearted. You won't starve. We're not out of provisions."

"But, conductor, this is the day before Christmas!"

"Just so! I'd like to see my wife and the kids on Christmas, but I don't reckon on it. We've a lot of youngsters aboard this train. I'm afraid it won't be much of a Christmas for them, poor things!"

He went on, and the young lady settled back in her seat with a sigh of disappointment. Seventy-five miles from home, no more than that, and she had not seen home and father and mother and the other dear ones in six long months. She was a traveling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, and accustomed to delays and vicissitudes of the road; but seldom had she so set her whole heart on arriving promptly at a given destination, as on this particular occasion. The last college she had visited was in a small village, on the line which connected with her own home town, and it had been the farthest western point in her itinerary. As she turned her face eastward, she had been as happy as a bird faring home to its nest. Friends at the college, weather-wise in the tokens of the region, had urged her to stay over a day, but she had been resolute in her determination to have a home Christmas, and had started, her heart singing its undernote of joy with every mile, until, after a threatening morning and a gray afternoon, the night had settled into this blizzard.

. . .

She was the single lady passenger in the Pullman. Her companions in the car were three men, two young and one old. The latter, who had been regarding her with interest, came and stood beside her seat.

"I think I am not mistaken," he said; "you are Miss Mary Reynolds, of Blenheim, Judge Reynolds' daughter?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I am your father's old classmate, Michael Saunders, and am on my way to his house. You may like to read his letter, and then, if you will allow me, I'll sit down by you and tell you how I happened to be running up from Pasadena in the teeth of such a tempest as this which has pounced upon us. I was not sure of you, or I would have spoken sooner. When you were talking with the conductor just now, there were vibrations in your voice that made me think of your mother. We boys were all in love with her, but Dick Reynolds carried off the prize. Your father speaks of you as taking this route home for the holidays."

A little cheered by finding a friend, with whose name she was familiar, although she had never met him before, Mary Reynolds spent the evening more pleasantly than she had anticipated. They had supper, with a cup of steaming coffee, and she went to bed, as the conductor assured her she might as well do, sleeping soundly till morning.

She awoke to behold a world of white and glistening splendor. Everywhere a world of deep, pure, sparkling snow. Far-off the mountain peaks ice-capped and glorious. The train was standing still, hemmed in by drifts on every side. It was a beautiful, white, cold Christmas, and they might have been on the earth alone, for all trace of other inhabitants. The wind had ceased, the sun had come forth in the clear sky.

"Conductor," said Mary Reynolds, with a good morning that was tranquil, though not gay, "I wish you a Merry Christmas. Do you think we'll get on in an hour or two?"

"There is no telling," he answered. "I fear we'll have to spend our Christmas where we are."

"There are children aboard?"

"Lots of 'em, and their mothers are as blue as they are. We've hardly rations to go round them all, you see, and their lunch baskets are pretty nigh used up. After awhile, if we're stalled all day, the farmers from yonder will get in with their sleds, and bring us bread and meat. But it's a blue Christmas for the children."

"Mr. Saunders," said Miss Reynolds, "don't you feel as if this is an opportunity to do a little missionary work?"

"Whatever you propose," was the ready reply. "Where you lead, I'll follow."

"Well, here we are, and we can't help ourselves. Providence has placed us here on Christmas Day. And close by us, are enough little people for a small Sunday School, and they are going to miss their Christmas altogether; to have no presents, no dinner, and no fun. Now I propose to brighten the day for them, if I can."

"May we help?" diffidently came from one of the young fellows across the aisle. "I've my banjo with me."

"And I can sing," added his companion.

"Four of us," Miss Reynolds cheerily said, "ought to be able to entertain the little wayfarers. Do you suppose the conductor will let us have them in here?"

"I don't fancy he'll object very strenuously, but I'll ask him," said Mr. Saunders. "I'll propitiate the porter first. He'll be the one to object if any one does. Now, shall we make a tour of the train?"

The tired mothers and fathers, and the cross and fretful children on the train were lounging in every sort of uncomfortable posture in the seats of the day coaches. Children were crying and quarreling.

One wee bit of a girlie, golden-haired, with eyes hidden by long-fringed lashes, lay curled up in a corner of the seat nearest the door. She was sound asleep. On her frock was a tag. She was traveling all by herself.

"Poor baby!" said the conductor. "She has gotten into life's hurly-burly too soon. That little one was shipped from New York to San Francisco, by somebody who wanted to get rid of her. At Frisco there was nobody to receive her, and the Express people are sending her back."

Miss Reynolds bent over the little sleeper. Five years old, perhaps, her name on the tag, Elsie Dane, prettily dressed, yet a waif that some one had thrust out on the cold charity of the world. The lady, with a tender hand, adjusted the shawl that covered the child, and took a look over the car. Then she signaled to one of the gentlemen who had entered it with her, and immediately he struck up a merry jig on his banjo. The tumpa-tumpta-tum of the banjo may not be the heart-stirring beat of the drum, nor the sweet-thrilling note of the fife, but it has a rollicking melody that goes straight to the souls of children and common folk who like a tune. Everybody understands the banjo; this performer played it blithely.

. . .

At once the car felt the bracing effect of the ringing melody. The children quit their fretting, their crossness quelled by the music, the mothers brightened up, the fathers and big boys threw back their heads, straightened their neckties and looked more cheerful. Then the little procession of men went through the train, and presently returned, bringing with them all the children they could gather. They followed the banjo player as the children in Browning's ballad followed the pied piper of Hamelin, but to no such calamitous end. For when they were all assembled in the same car, a young lady with a voice as sweet as an angel's, said:

"Children, this is Christmas! Merry Christmas to you, one and all! We're going to have some fun in our car, and we invite you in. Eat what breakfast you can, and then come. I've got candy and popcorn!"

So she had. Not very much, but enough to go round the little crowd.

Mr. Saunders picked up golden-haired Elsie, and carried her into the parlor car in his arms.

The Christmas music never sounded sweeter than when Mary Reynolds sang Martin Luther's hymn:

Give heed my heart, lift up thine eyes,
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest, ancient cradle song.

When she stopped, the children clamored for more, but she asked her friend to play again on the banjo, and then Mr. Saunders came to the front and taught them a carol. By this time the whole train had caught the spirit of Christmas, and far out over the new-fallen snow rang the triumphant chorals.

The conductor came in after awhile with a bag of peanuts, which were received with acclamation. Then, as the children ate them, he drew Miss Reynolds aside.

"I do not think it would be wrong for you to read the letter that was sent, as it happened, with this little girl, whom I am carrying back to go into an asylum. The man to whom it was addressed handed it back to me. He said there was some mistake; he had children enough of his own, and knew nothing about this party.

Mary Reynolds opened the letter. The child was now awake, an exquisite little being with great brown eyes, and a skin like satin. As she saw the writing, she suppressed an exclamation. The hand was familiar, though weak and scrawling.

DEAR BROTHER: This letter will not be sent you till I am dead. I am now in the hospital, and the doctors say I cannot last more than another day. Take care of my Elsie. She is alone in the world.
MILDRED DANE.

"I knew Mildred Dane at college," said Mary Reynolds. "This is her child. She was Mildred Rutherford, and this letter, addressed by the nurse or doctor, is to Mr. Samuel Rutherford. It got to the wrong person. Until we can find the right one, I will assume the charge of Elsie. I remember to have heard that Mr. Dane died somewhere abroad. I suppose the poor mother was penniless. She was an orphan herself. I am sure she would like me to have Elsie."

"But the Express Company?"

"Their duty ended when they delivered the parcel," said the conductor. "I am carrying her back. You can make inquiries at the other end when you reach Blenheim. I'll take the responsibility of giving her to you for the present."

. . .

There was some demur about the propriety of this, but Mr. Saunders added his word, and Mary Reynolds, drawing the little one close, said: "Now, baby, for awhile you shall belong to me—my little Christmas Child!"

Noon was drawing near. The weather was cold, but growing milder. Over the snow came farmers with eggs, butter, bread, meat, cold chicken, pumpkin and mince pies, and the hungry passengers bought out all they offered. It was a rather jolly Christmas after all. Everybody talked to everybody else. One man performed some sleight-of-hand tricks. Another told stories. The people visited back and forth in the cars, and the children frolicked in the deep snow. In the late afternoon they had a regular singing service, and just as their voices trailed off into silence the snow-ploughs came, and there was a shout that the way was clear.

Late on Christmas night Mary Reynolds reached her father's house, carrying with her little Elsie. The stalled Christmas lives in the memory of both, for Elsie's uncle was never found, and Elsie Dane, blossoming into rare loveliness, is still to Mary Reynolds her Christmas Child.

In Perfect Condition

The Crown Dictionary was received in perfect condition and I am very much pleased with it. It contains a great deal of valuable information. W. R. ENGARD.
Philadelphia, Pa.

BEFORE THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

FOR six months we are to follow the life of Christ in weekly lessons and daily readings. Surely this is the greatest of all studies! More important than the study of minerals, and vegetables, and animals, is the study of man, God's last and greatest creation; and in Jesus Christ we study man at his best, and also God, the most important study of all.

How many lives of Christ have we in the Bible? Those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—yes; but there are two more evangels that give the "good news" of the human life of God, from the manger to the resurrection. Can you think what they are? Really, the first Gospel is that of Isaiah and other prophets, that from the very day of the fall of man, promised that a woman's son, "born," and yet "from everlasting," should become the bruised Conquerer of sin (Gen. 3:15; Isa. 9:6; Mic. 5:2). Quite a complete life of Christ can be made from the prophecies and symbols in which his earthly life and work are described in advance. Then the second Gospel in order of time is that of Paul, some of whose epistles were the first portions of the New Testament to be written. Even the infidels admit that Romans, First and Second Corinthians and Galatians, were written within thirty years after the crucifixion, while men who saw it were alive. It would be interesting to gather all that Paul says of Jesus Christ in those epistles, like Mosaic stones, and arrange them in an orderly life of Christ, in which will be found all that is of highest importance, with a fuller interpretation of the cross and the resurrection, than is given even by John, who wrote the last and fullest life of Christ.

Why was it necessary to have more than one biography of Christ, and how does John's Gospel differ from all the others? Four or five witnesses, telling the same story independently, and yet corroborating each other, are certainly better than one from the standpoint of evidence. Greenleaf, the chief authority among lawyers, examines the evidence given by these men, as to the words and deeds of Christ, and finds it such as would prove any case in a court of justice, and all the stronger for the variety of statement, which sometimes seems to be contradiction, but on closer inspection proves to be only such a unity in variety, as must be found among independent and truthful witnesses. This variety also makes the story of Jesus interesting and impressive to readers as varied as the writers, whose human peculiarities were utilized to that end by the inspiring Spirit of God, who held them back from error, but left them large liberty to tell the story to human ears with human tongues.

Matthew wrote more especially for the Jews. Mark writes as the secretary of Peter, especially for the Romans. Luke writes as Paul's secretary, for all Gentiles. John's story is fuller and deeper, partly because the mother of Jesus lived with him and told him things, especially about the first year of Christ's ministry, that his other biographers did not know; and partly because he wrote later, when the divine meanings of Christ's words and deeds were better understood. The most striking difference between John's Gospel, and those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, is that they begin the life of Jesus in Bethlehem, while John begins it in heaven.

1. Christ's Heavenly Name. *In the beginning was the Word.* Who or what is meant by "the Word"? It is fitting to note on this "Lord's name day" (Luke 2:21), that "The Word" was one of the many names of Jesus (v.14). As a word expresses thought and love and will, Jesus Christ expresses in a human life the thought and love and will of God in regard to man. "The Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us." As in the wilderness God dwelt among the tents of his people, in a tent of similar outward appearance, but all glorious within, so the shekinah light that shepherds and magi saw, was hidden in a babe swaddled like other children, in a working-boy and working-man, as coarsely clad as the lowliest. "The Word" as a name of Jesus, reminds us of a like name in the Old Testament "Wisdom," that seems to be used as a name of Jesus before he was manifested in the flesh. "St. Sophia," meaning "The Holy Wisdom," is the name of what was once a Christian Church, now a Mohammedan mosque in Constantinople. In it a picture of Christ that was painted over by Mohammedans, is coming to view. Also there is a motto: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth," a beautiful parallel to John's words: "And the life was the light of men."

> When he marked out the foundations of the earth,
> Then I was by him, as a Master Workman,
> And I was daily his delight,
> Rejoicing always before him. (Read Prov. 30:4; 8:22-30).

As in a palace in Rome, the masterpiece of Guido Reni, painted on the lofty ceiling, where it can be seen only by bending the neck in a painful posture, is brought down for prolonged study by a mirror that fully reproduces its wonderful beauty of color and figure, so the "Holy Wisdom" that was in heaven with God in unapproachable glory, has been brought near to us in "the Word made flesh to dwell among us."

* * *

2. Christ's Heavenly Life. *And the Word was with God, and the Word was God, the same was in the beginning with God.* We can never truly appreciate the meaning of Christmas, unless we think of it, not as the usual lowly beginning of a great man, but, as the unparalleled condescension of the great God. It is appropriate that, right after Christmas, we should go back, step by step, to the preceding heavenly chapters of Christ's life. (Read John 1:15; 8:58; 17:5-24; 1:18; Psa. 2:7; Heb. 1:5; II. Sam. 7:14; Heb. 2:5; Psa. 89:26-27; Psa. 97:7; Heb. 1:6; Heb. 1:8-9; Mic. 5:2; Eph. 4:10; John 6:38; Isa. 9:6). Tell me all about it says a child, "How could it be that Jesus was old before he was born in Bethlehem?" The mother takes the little hand in hers, and says: "Before you came to us, you dear, you did not live anywhere. God thought about you and so you grew. And then he thought about us, and sent you to live with us. But it was not that way with Jesus. He had been living in Heaven, longer than anybody can know, before the Heavenly Father sent him to be a little baby in the home of Mary. He had even been the helper of his Father in making the world in which we live. How wise and how strong was Jesus then! After a long while he saw that the people in this world had grown to be very wicked, and he said: 'I would like to help them to be good.' He wanted to teach even the very little ones, so he came as a little baby, and during all the time he was growing up, he showed us how we ought to live, 'going about doing good' day by day. And that was not all: he prayed that we might be forgiven all the naughty things we do, and even died upon the cross that we might be forgiven and go to heaven."

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

* * *

3. Christ the Creator. *All things were made through him.* Science shows mind in nature, manifested in design, order, and progress. The Bible declares that mind to be the mind of Christ. "The world was made by him, and the world knew him not." Nor does the world yet know Christ as its Creator, though he is proclaimed to be such twice in this chapter, twice in Hebrews, and yet again in Colossians. (Read John 1:3, 10; Heb. 1:2, 10-12; Col. 1:16, 17) Manifestly if the Apostles' Creed is to be truly apostolic, in the light of these verses, we must change one word and say: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, through Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." Here it is fitting to repeat what Dr. Talmage once said of Christ as the Creator: "I see now why he could open the eyes of the blind, he made the optic nerve. I see now why it was so easy for him to cure the maniac, he first created the intellect. I see now why it was so easy for him to hush the tempest, he sunk Gennesaret. I see now why it was so easy for him to swing fishes into Simon's net, he made the fish."

* * *

4. Christ's Old Testament Visits. *In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness apprehended it not.* Between Creation and the first Christmas, the Son of God, the Jehovah-Jesus, prepared the way for his long visit of thirty-three years, by thirty-three short visits in an angel form, that were like morning stars before the rising of the sun. Let us find them all, but we will read one of them now. (Read Gen. 32:24-30; compare John 1:18) That the Son of God, the Jehovah-Jesus, even before he was made flesh, appeared in the form of man, gives deep significance to the divine words in Gen. 1:26: "Let us make mankind in our image, and according to our figure." The glorified spiritual body which Christ resumed after the resurrection, which could pass through closed doors, was, perhaps, the image of God in which we are made, the same spiritual image that appeared in the thirty-three theophanies.

* * *

5. "He Came Down from Heaven." *He came unto his own and they received him not.* Other men say, "I was born," but Jesus said, "I came down from heaven." Having looked into his heavenly life, we are prepared to appreciate Paul's ladder, more wonderful than Jacob's, the steps of condescension and ascension of him, "who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God, a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." (Read Philip. 2:5-11).

Now we are ready for the first of the two great practical lessons of John's prelude, condescension for the uplift of others. How all we have seen of Christ's heavenly life helps us to understand and emulate those words about Christ, "Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor." As he came from heaven to Bethlehem, let us rejoice to turn from glory or ease, to the service of truth and humanity.

It is said that on one occasion, Napoleon, standing before his troops, asked for one hundred men to lead a forlorn hope. He frankly told them that every man would doubtless be killed the moment the enemy opened fire. Who would dare to respond to this call and die for his Emperor? Lifting his voice, Napoleon said, "One hundred men forward! Step out of the ranks!" It is said that the whole regiment as one man, instantly sprang forward. Shall we be less responsive when Christ calls on us, not to die for him but to live for others, and himself leads the way? Let us get a motto from Peter's prompt response, when Christ bade him lower his nets after fruitless fishing:

> "AT THY WORD I WILL"
>
> Lord, I know a work is waiting
> For each ransomed son of Thine,
> Lo, I come in faith beseeching,
> Show me mine.
>
> Wheresoever Thou dost need me
> Let Thy Spirit's guidance show,
> And with loving, swift obedience
> I will go.

6. "Children of God" Ourselves. *As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God.* Here is the second practical lesson of this chapter. Our own sonship, which, in order of time, must precede Christian service, taught by Christ's coming down to earth. He came down to lift us up. He became a Son of man that we might be "children of God." The purpose of his incarnation is our conversion. Angels proclaim him "worthy" to be God's Son, but the only way we can be God's children, having forfeited our sonship by sin, is by "grace," that is through unmerited mercy, as he "gives us the right to be children of God." This divine sonship comes not by "blue blood" nor strong will, nor favoring physique, but only through the transforming power of God (v.13). His life is both the life and the light of men.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 1. Christ the Life and Light of men, John 1:1-18. Golden Text: "In him was life: and the life was the light of men." John 1:4. It is suggested that on Monday part marked "1" be studied, using readings for home worship; on Tuesday "2," etc.

Simply Delighted

I received your premium, Good Manners, also the Calendar. I am very much delighted with both.

Thompsonville, Conn. H. R. COOPER.

SLAVERY IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

THE Rev. John G. Paton, the veteran missionary to the New Hebrides, sends us this interesting letter:

Let me heartily thank you and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the $59 so kindly sent me for the work of our New Hebrides Mission. The Lord reward and bless them.

Our mission work proceeds prosperously on every island we occupy. From North Santo, where Rev. J. Robert McKenzie began his work nine years ago among the nude savages, without knowing a word of their language, he writes: "Though a few years ago the lives of many of our Christian converts were taken by the persecution of the heathen, yet by God's blessing on our Christian teaching, and the visit and display of power, and humane, kindly advice of the commander of a British man-of-war, our church work prospers. At our last half-yearly communion, 107 candidates presented themselves for examination for baptism and church membership, and after being carefully examined, 69 adults and 14 children were baptized. They with those baptized in Queensland were admitted to full church communion, when 260 sat at the Lord's table. Some of the others were delayed till they would be more perfectly instructed in Christian doctrines, and a few were rejected, whose conduct belied their profession.

REV. JOHN G. PATON AND WORKERS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION

"Since we landed here nine years ago, God has led us to see 1,300 heathen renounce idolatry and become Christians, and we have sent out eleven couples to help other missionaries as native teachers. Thirty miles along the coast-line now all profess to be Christians, and their home work is self-supporting. In two districts where the heathen burned down the school and teacher's house, and at his death determined to have done with Christ's teaching, they have now again applied for a teacher to be placed among them, and two villages, with a population of about fifty each, have united under a Christian chief."

So God prospers his own blessed work by our missionaries on many of our islands. But the natives generally are much excited, especially the heathen, over the inter-island kavako labor traffic, by white men, chiefly French, purchasing and kidnaping natives to take them from their own islands to sell them at so much per head to French and English traders and planters on other islands, and the natives have shot several white seamen (collectors of the laborers) in revenge. They have no protection, and no redress when they complain—wives being taken away by force from their husbands, or boys and girls taken away from their parents, to work as slaves at the mercy of their purchasers. Surely we, or any community of civilized white men in the protection of their wives and children, would also do all possible to drive off such desperadoes, yet if they kill one, usually many are shot down in revenge.

JOHN G. PATON.

The Armenian Massacres

AUTHENTIC news of the recent massacres of Armenians has now been received. Dr. Norton, American Consul at Harpoot, writes as follows as to Sassoun, after having passed through that ill-fated province back from Bitlis to Harpoot:

"The condition is most serious. . . . The survivors of the recent massacre number nearly 10,000. They saved little but their lives. Nearly every house in the regions was completely plundered and then burned. Worst of all, their flocks and herds, practically their only source of food and raiment, as well as income, were completely swept away. The unfortunate people, after receiving, for a short period, an allowance from the government of one cent per capita and per diem for subsistence, now are without food as winter approaches them. The diseases usually following upon fright, exposure, exhaustion and insufficient food, are rapidly becoming epidemic, especially among children.

"The helplessness of this mountain folk in their need is heightened by the enforcement of administrative measures which prevent the people from leaving their ruined villages and seeking assistance or work in more favored localities. Their case is one appealing most strongly to the sympathies of the benevolent. Unless aid is rendered promptly, few may be left to receive it. The region is bare and desolate. Clothing, blankets and food must be brought from outside before the approaches to the mountains are blocked by snow.

"Several thousand destitute villagers upon the great Moush plain, adjoining the Sassoun mountains, are in sore straits."

"CURRENT LITERATURE" BARGAIN

LAST summer, quite a number of Subscribers to **The Christian Herald** availed themselves of an Exceptional Opportunity for getting **Current Literature** at a Great Bargain, presented at that time with a view to making Permanent Subscribers of them. All these Subscriptions will **expire with the December Number,** and therefore **renewals** are now in order.

☆ ☆ ☆

After numerous Conferences, the Management of **Current Literature** now permits us to make the following Extraordinarily Advantageous offer to the readers of **The Christian Herald.**

During the Month of December, and **POSITIVELY ENDING WITH DECEMBER 31st,** the last day of the year, we will Accept Subscriptions to **Current Literature, Price $3.00,** and **The Christian Herald, Price $1.50** (Together worth $4.50) **for ONLY $3.00.**

Remember that you get Both Papers—**Current Literature** every month, worth $3.00; **The Christian Herald** every week, worth $1.50, and **Our Superb Calendar—ALL FOR $3.00.** The order must be sent to **The Christian Herald,** Bible House, New York.

We are confident that very Many of our Subscribers will Avail Themselves of this Exceptional Opportunity to either Continue, or to Introduce, **Current Literature** into their homes.

A Burma Boy's Composition

THE following composition was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. H. B. Benninghoff, a teacher in the A. B. M. High School at Mandalay, Burma. It was written by one of the native boys of the School. It tells its own story, and indicates the position of many who have accepted the Gospel, but who do not "deny themselves and follow Me." The paper was the result of a request by Mr. Benninghoff that the boy would take for the subject of his composition some simple incident in his experience.

Mr. Benninghoff says: "I send you the paper just as it came into my hands. The boy has been a number of years in our school. May we not pray that he will fully yield to his first thought and opinion, and that the Spirit of Power may possess his soul?"

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK

On Sunday morning I went to Sunday School. I was taught the curse of strong drink by our professor. Before he taught us, he asked, "What was the lessons for to-day?" We answered, "The Curse of Strong drink." Then he wrote on the blackboard the Subject Strong drink. After he wrote it, he read the bible Proverbs 20: 1.

It was said "Wine is mocker, Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. He asked us, "how did wine deceive drunkard?" No one could answer at once, so that he wrote four points which persuaded us, namely colour, taste, effect & association. He explained us how each of them persuaded us. He gave example of a drunkard. We were very glad to hear it and we thanked him very much. It was a good lesson for us. I was asked many times by my friends to take a glass of wine, but I refused to take it. I never took even a swallow up to-day. I made up my mind that I would never take wine. Oh how afraid I am, I prayed "May God keep away from drunkard, lead me not into temptation and make me to follow thy way." MG. BA SEE.

THE GOSPEL AMONG SOLDIER-PRISONERS

FROM an historic and military standpoint, Alcatraz Island is one of the most famous spots on the Pacific Coast. This little island, covering less than ten acres, occupies a very conspicuous place in the magnificent bay of San Francisco, Calif. A great many years ago the island passed into the possession of the United States, when great fortifications were erected, and also a general supply station.

Later, a large military prison was erected, where all the military offenders on the Pacific Coast are kept confined serving out terms. It is one of the greatest military prisons in the United States, and as the island is composed almost entirely of stone, it is generally designated as "The Rock," a very appropriate name.

Here are confined from 300 to 400 military transgressors—men serving out terms varying from one year to life. Of course, the prisoners are coming and going all the time. Some of these prisoners are desperate, hardened criminals, but the greater number by far are not naturally vicious—only weak under temptation.

Very vigorous prison discipline is constantly maintained by the officers in charge: but, as far as it is possible, every moral and religious influence is brought to bear on these unfortunate offenders. The purpose of the government officials is to make the prison a reformatory institution, as far as practicable. It is gratifying to chronicle that these excellent moral and religious efforts are bearing good fruit, and the influences are reaching the hearts, consciences and souls of even many sin-hardened prisoners.

Every opportunity and encouragement is afforded the men to reform. For years religious services have been held on Sundays in the prison chapel, ministers of various church denominations of San Francisco alternating in conducting the meetings. Bible readings, preaching, prayer and singing are held. The prisoners are given the warm hand of Christian fellowship, and earnestly encouraged along the pathway of reform.

THE ISLAND MILITARY PRISON AT FORT ALCATRAZ

One of the religious organizations of San Francisco that has zealously supplemented these reformatory efforts, is the Salvation Army, and many good seeds of Truth have been sown.

Visits are occasionally made by the several chaplains of the army and navy, to Alcatraz; also by many ladies of San Francisco, who are prominently associated with religious and temperance work. Besides these agencies, much religious, temperance, and pure, wholesome, moral literature is distributed among the prisoners, in the way of tracts, papers and books.

The action of the government is certainly worthy of the highest Christian commendation, in thus giving every encouragement to efforts that are working along the lines of reformation among the soldier-prisoners of Alcatraz Island.

The good work, long in active progress, will still be continued. J. M. B.

San Francisco, Calif.

Adele's Christmas Letters

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITHS

ALL day the Salvation Army lassie had stood on the corner of Market and Spruce Streets, supporting patiently the white banner on which, in black letters, was printed the appeal:

"Our Christmas dinner for the poor. Please help us to help others."

All day the crowds of Christmas shoppers which thronged the busy streets, had surged past in a continuous, uninterrupted stream, many of them carelessly dropping a coin in the box which the good woman held out for the purpose; others giving the pale, sweet, patient face a curious glance, multitudes sweeping by without even so much as that; and the few pausing to give with a blessing, and receiving one in return.

Crossing the crowded street, a richly dressed lady, and a little girl of possibly twelve years of age, approached the corner where the patient philanthropist stood. The banner caught the eye of the little girl at once. A sweeping glance took in the whole, and a tender light fell on her beautiful face as she touched her mother's arm.

"Mamma," said she, softly, "do you see? The Salvation Army want help in giving their Christmas dinner to the poor. Won't you give something?"

The lady gave a hurried, annoyed glance at the supporter of the banner, and said, rather irritably: "Why, no, Adele. I have no money to waste on such nonsense. Come along. Don't loiter and get mixed in with the crowd."

"But, mamma," urged the child earnestly, "it is not nonsense; it is beautiful. Isn't it the really right way to keep Christmas—to remember the poor? You know what Christ said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, ye have done it unto me.' Please give something, mamma. I cannot bear to have you pass by and give nothing." And the beautiful eyes, wet with unshed tears, were raised pleadingly to her mother's face.

"You absurd child!" laughed the careless mother, pulling her dress loose from her little daughter's clasp; "quoting Scripture on the street! If you are so very benevolently inclined, give a penny yourself." And again the light laugh, which was almost a sneer, grated on the child's sensitive ear.

But she was too greatly in earnest to give up her point, and the crowd being so dense as to impede their progress, she seized the opportunity to make one more plea.

"Why, mamma," she said, the tears in her voice as well as her eyes, "I haven't even a penny; you know I haven't. You wouldn't let me bring any money because you said you couldn't attend to my Christmas shopping to-day; so I left my purse at home. If you will give the lady a quarter, mamma, I'll pay you just as soon as I get home; I will, indeed."

"A quarter! Are you crazy, Adele?" said the mother, now out of all patience. "Once for all, I have no quarter to throw away. If the Salvation Army undertakes to do these things, they must get through with them as best they can. I presume they make money at it or they wouldn't do it; there generally is money at the bottom of these schemes. They certainly get a great deal more than the dinner will cost. Now, don't stop again; here is a break in the crowd; push through and stop at LaMonts'." And putting her little girl in front of her, she thrust her forward until they entered the large department store she was seeking.

Adele was crying; she could not help it; but she did not want her mother, or anyone else, in fact, to witness her emotion, and she hastily pulled her large hat with its drooping plumes, further over her face, and wiped away the tears as fast as they appeared. Happily, her mother was soon so occupied with her purchases, that the child was wholly unnoticed, and she wandered back to the big entrance doors, and finally stepped outside. There was a fascination to her not to be resisted, in the Salvation Army lassie and the big white banner. She looked longingly toward the corner of Market and Spruce Streets. Yes, there she was, still standing, her sweet face radiating a heavenly light, smiling at occasional donors, such a smile—a Christmas blessing in itself!

"She looks exactly as if she were standing up for Jesus," thought Adele, gazing at her raptly. "And she is. She really is! Oh, how cold her poor feet must be, in spite of that piece of carpet she is standing on. I do wish I had some money to give her. I'd like to give her every cent of my five dollars, instead of buying foolish little presents with it for folks that don't know what to do with them after they get them. I paid a dollar and a half for a vase for Aunt Nell, just last Christmas, and she had so many she stuck it away, and finally gave it to her washwoman to pay for the washing. It made me mad; I do hate such things. Mamma, and papa, and Aunt Nell, and Uncle Bob, don't need a single thing, and I know they won't care for what I buy them. Oh, of course, they'll make a big fuss; but they have so many pretty things now, it is just a waste to try to get them anything, and a worry beside. I have a notion to—yes, I will, I will!" And she ran down the big stone steps and made her way to where the Salvation lassie still stood.

"Please, ma'am," she said, lifting her sweet face earnestly, "will you be here to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," was the reply, "for several to-morrows; either I or some one of the company."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said the little girl, threading her way back through the crowd which was now thinning fast, and re-entering the store. Her mother was still busy and had not missed her. She found her way to the stationery counter and began to examine the dainty boxes of pretty paper and envelopes.

"Would you like to purchase something?" asked the pleasant saleslady.

"Not to-day, thank you," said Adele; "I am not prepared. I may come in again to-morrow." Then her mother called her and she hastened away.

That evening, she was resting on the arm of her father's chair with her arm about his neck, while her mother told the story of her purchases. "Someway," Mrs. Esmond was saying, "I never feel satisfied with my Christmas shopping. There is so much to buy, and I almost always get what I do not want after all."

"Is that the way with you, little daughter?" asked Mr. Esmond, fondly smoothing the bright hair resting on his shoulder.

"It has been," said the child, thoughtfully, "but I do not want it to be so this year, papa. I should like to make some really good Christmas presents and not give silly things. Might I do just as I like with my money, papa, and not tell anybody how I am spending it? Would you be willing to trust me to get my presents all by myself this time, mamma, and not ask a single question? I have thought of something to give my friends this year a little different, but I do not want anyone to know, please."

"Isn't she the most absurd child?" said Mrs. Esmond. "Such ridiculous fancies as she has in her head."

"Isn't she the most precious child?" said her father, kissing her and drawing her closer to him. "Why, to be sure, darling, do just as you please with your money. It is your own; no one may presume to say how you shall spend it. We will agree to respect your pretty little secret."

Permission thus obtained, Adele set off the next morning for LaMonts' big store. There she purchased the very handsomest box of stationery she could find, and then, going to the corner of Market and Spruce Streets, she dropped the balance of her money into the box for the poor. The Salvation Army lassie flashed upon her a smile like one of the sunbeams of heaven, and said in a voice that thrilled her heart: "The Lord bless you, my dear little girl."

"It is you who ought to have a blessing," softly replied Adele, speeding away with a light heart.

All the rest of the time up to Christmas Eve she was busy as a bee in her own snug little room. She wrote as many as a dozen Christmas letters, and beautiful letters they were—beautifully written and beautifully composed, with the sweetness of her fresh, young, loving heart entwined in every one, giving them the very fragrance of the hidden Christ-life within. She was exceedingly skilful with her pen, and some of them contained dainty little scrolls, and birds, and even little children's smiling faces in gold-colored ink. In others there were Christmas verses, selected with the greatest care and written in her very best style, while still others contained beautiful Christmas cards. She was longest in the preparation of the letters for her papa and mamma, writing and re-writing them several times; and, Christmas morning, when she carried them to the breakfast table and placed them by their plates, she kissed each one softly. They were very much alike, and we will take the liberty of reading Mrs. Esmond's:

"*My Dearest Mamma:* Will you be surprised and disappointed at receiving only a letter for your Christmas present from your dear little Adele? Please be patient, dearest mamma, and I will explain. There are two reasons why I make this kind of a gift: First, because it is the very best I have to offer, for indeed, dear mamma, it is filled full of the love that is in my heart for you, and money, you know, cannot buy that. Everything I could think of getting for you seemed so poor and foolish. I knew you would care little or nothing for it, and that any regard you might have for it would only be because of the love that prompted the gift; but the letter, dearest mamma, you can always keep, and if ever I should go away from you, you can read it over sometimes, and it will seem almost as if I am still with you; for my heart is with you, dearest mamma, and always will be.

"The other reason is, that I feel that my money ought to be given to Jesus, not only because it is his very own birthday, and he ought to be remembered in every way a great deal more than anybody, but he has said so much about the poor being his especial care, and how he wants those who profess to love him to remember them and do all they can for them, and then he knows just how to take the money and bless it and make it a blessing. Just like he once took the loaves and the fishes, dearest mamma, and fed a whole multitude with them. Indeed, dear mamma, try as hard as I might, I could not help seeing that lovely Christ-like Salvation Army lady holding up the banner with 'Please help us to help others' on it; it seemed almost as if it was Jesus himself standing there so patiently, and asking me to help feed the poor. And I could not help it, dearest mamma, indeed, I could not; I had to give my money to Him, and so I did.

"And now, darling mamma, I do wish you the dearest, sweetest and merriest Christmas you ever had in all your life! And I do ask that whenever you think of me, you will pray God to make me more like the Christ-child every day and every year. Always your own little girl,

"ADELE ESMOND."

The effect of these letters can be better imagined than described. Mr. Esmond rose from his place at table, and coming round to his little daughter, clasped her tightly in his arms, saying, huskily, that her gift was the most beautiful one he had ever received. As for Mrs. Esmond, she could not command her feelings, but excused herself and left the room in tears. Later in the day Mr. Esmond proposed that they all go to the big banqueting hall where the Salvation Army were to give the dinner, and watch the poor partake of their Christmas feast; and as they stood and looked at the more than four hundred guests come marching in, received as royally as if they were clothed in purple and fine linen, saw their famished faces glow with gratitude and love, and heard them join in the grand old doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," their hearts had never been so stirred. It was with a wild throb of joy that Adele saw her mother touch her father's arm and whisper to him, and in response he took out his check-book, filled out a check, and placed it in the Captain's hand. The child's soft hand crept into her mother's.

"Mamma," she whispered, as they turned to leave the hall, "It has been the loveliest Christmas I ever knew. It seems just as if Christ was everywhere."

Mrs. Esmond pressed the little hand convulsively. Well she knew that it was because Christ, the "hope of eternal glory," was the "Hidden Man" of her child's heart.

To Help the Deserving Poor

THE New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has issued an appeal for aid for the deserving poor at the Christmas season. It says:

In New York tenements are hundreds of sick and crippled and the unbefriended, who are unable to go out upon the streets, into churches and clubs for their share of Christmas cheer. Christmas must come to them. Have you ever thought how happy a special shoe, cork-soled, would make a lame girl? Or how pleased a poor old man of eighty years would be with a pair of eye-glasses? Or what a warm dressing-gown would mean to a consumptive man compelled to live on the sixth floor, rear, in a New York tenement? Did Santa Claus ever do anything more beautiful than pay a grocery bill of $10, to enable an overworked widow trying to support four children, to start the new year free? The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor knows intimately the needs of nearly two thousand families, who owe their distress to accident, to death, to causes beyond their own control. A few special needs are mentioned, in the hope that among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be found some generous Santa Claus.

For a widow's family, a high chair and crib for the baby, a substantial dinner, two suits of clothes for the little boys.

For a family of little girls, material for school dresses, brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, warm coats and caps.

For an elderly woman living alone, who loves flowers, a growing plant.

For a grandmother over eighty years old, house slippers and knitted shawl.

Sweaters for two delicate little boys.

A go-cart for a tired mother of two heavy babies.

A rolling chair for an invalid mother who cannot walk.

For a mother and baby who have been ill, outside clothing.

Rent for a widow and three young children, to prevent the mother from overworking and breaking down.

For a family of children just recovering from scarlet fever, new school dresses, a tree, games, books and toys.

For a young girl and her grandmother, both ill, a cot, two comfortables, a supply of milk and fresh eggs for several weeks and some Christmas stories.

For three children whose father died last summer, coats, mittens and hats, and some simple mechanical toys.

Gifts will be acknowledged through this paper and by personal notes from Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

Better than Last Year

The Crown Dictionary is especially acceptable to elderly eyes, for clearness of type, for size, and for convenience of handling. As regards the Calendar, though that of last year was handsome, I like this year's much better.

Plainfield, N.J. MISS I. D. GREENLEAF.

To Make Cheerless Homes Happy

BY MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

AS the Christmas season approaches, it becomes the ever-brightening centre of joyous expectation to the little ones in our happy homes, to whom Christ's birthday is the very height of festivity, bringing home reunions, joyous parties, pleasures and gifts. Yet to many throughout our country, it holds forth not only no promise of good things to be looked forward to, but appears an even darker and drearier day than most, because of the contrast in their poor homes to the preparations seen on every hand.

The Volunteers will in many cities dine the hungry in their halls, send baskets of food to the poor tenements, and plan treats for the children, but this special fund for which I appeal is to meet the need that can only be reached in a more

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

personal manner. In the Volunteer Prison League Department we are in touch with hundreds of those whose husbands and fathers have come under our influence in prison. Through these men we have been introduced to their families, and they turn to us in their hour of dire need as personal friends. We strive as far as possible to take Christmas into each home, and yet to make the Christmas help such as will last for many a day afterwards. We find in many instances that the mother, by her toil, can only just keep the rent paid and provide a meagre supply of food for her little ones. Were it not for the help we give in clothing these children, they would in many instances be unable to go to school. Our Christmas gifts are not intended only to gladden the day, but to practically lift the burden that shadows the morrow. We have lists made out from our books, which enable us to know the age, sex, and, as far as possible, the size of each child. We give to these little ones warm, serviceable clothing, two pair of stockings, and often shoes. Some article of clothing is added for the mother. We provide groceries, a chicken or turkey, and money for fuel and vegetables. From our friends we have received dolls and toys to pass on to these little ones, and we also fill the Santa Claus stockings with good things.

Last year I went myself through the downtown tenement district on the wagon to distribute the parcels to many of these families. I saw not only the dire need and poverty, but the heart-touching gratitude and appreciation of these brave, struggling women. One call was at an attic in a rear tenement. Up, up, up, we climbed with the narrow winding of the crooked stairs, to be met on the last flight by a tiny, ragged boy. He was so small and forlorn that one might have expected a woebegone face to peep from the tangled hair; but the black eyes shone radiantly, and his little mouth was smiling rapturously, for he was welcoming Santa Claus. The mother welcomed me in the tiny room under the eaves. It was hardly bigger than a prison cell. Under a chair in the corner, amid some kindling wood and rubbish, sat the baby, clothed in one thin little garment. There was no bed that I could see as I sat on the only seat near the stove, that seemed to fill the narrow space. I found on inquiry that it was folded up against the wall; and had it not been tucked away, the mother and children would have had no room to move around. When first found by us, this woman was living in a damp cellar, and the youngest child was then a tiny babe. They were starving. Their condition was certainly better this year, and that could be said of almost all the families whom we had previously helped, but the Christmas gifts were sorely needed.

Another family that we went to seek we failed to find, for on that Christmas eve they had been dispossessed, and it was not until some days afterwards that we could trace them and give them their Christmas gifts. Early this summer the father came home, and we found for him a position. He has done well and worked steadily ever since, and this Christmas, with his wife and little girls, he is settled in a comfortable home, and will be able to insure for them a happy day.

Whatever the world may feel concerning the men in prison, for whom I work, all with any pity or compassion must entertain the deepest sympathy for these innocent sufferers.

May I appeal to your readers to help me with gifts of money, clothing, groceries or toys? Anything and everything will be acceptable. All such donations should be addressed to Mrs. Ballington Booth, Volunteers of America, 38 Cooper Square, New York City. At this, of all seasons, may it not be truly said by the One whose birthday we commemorate, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?"

Famine Feared in Russia

A cable dispatch to the New York *Sun*, states that the terrible strain imposed by the war on the internal resources of Russia, has brought central Russia into hunger's grip. Desperate bread riots are reported in more than a hundred districts, and the peasantry are dying of starvation by scores. If the strain continues much longer they will die by thousands. There is piteous distress even in Moscow. Black bread has risen twenty per cent in price. Rioting is feared, and the troops are kept on the alert. The price of bread has trebled at Tver and quintupled at Uglitch. The unceasing demands of the government and the corruption of the tax collectors are driving the people to madness. Many have been killed and wounded by the soldiers in suppressing organized food riots.

Christmas Voices

CHRISTMAS-BELLS are ringing,
High in steeples swinging,
Gloriously singing
Of the New-born King;
Of the world's salvation,
Of the new creation,
Which the Christ doth bring.

Whilst thus bells are chiming,
And glad echoes timing
Music, joy and rhyming,
Angels come to earth.
Christmas-carols singing,
Christ to men are bringing
Heralds of his birth.

Angels' songs, united
Here with undivided,
Harmony-benighted
Earthly chimes of love,
Make the hearts of creatures,
Make their human features
More like God's above.

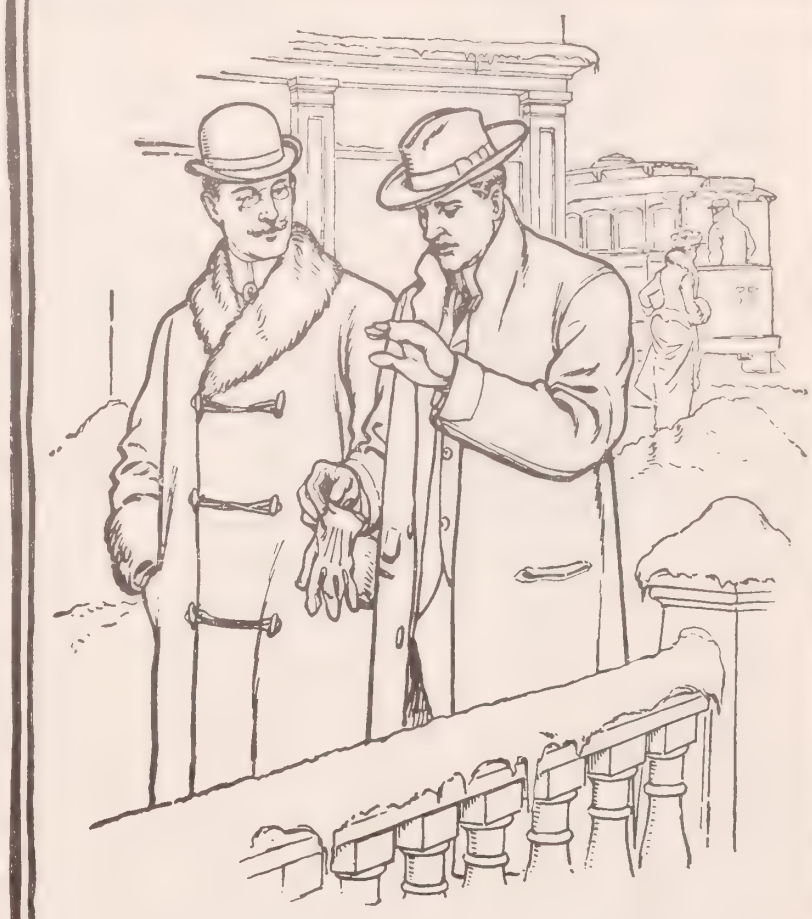
Christmas-chimes forever!
God and man can sever,
Earth nor Hades never!
God is love—is love!
Christmas-bells be swinging,
Men and children singing,
Carol it angels above!

Ellenville, N. Y. (Rev). G. A. Neeff.

Should be in Every Household

Family Worship is an excellent work and just what should be in every household. The Calendar is one of the prettiest you have ever designed, for which accept thanks.

New York. Mrs. S. Raymond.



WHITE: Just as soon as cold weather sets in, my hands roughen and crack. I buy the best and most expensive soap my druggist has, but the result is just the same—sore hands every winter.

BROWN: I had just the same experience until I read one of the Ivory Soap advertisements about too much alkali in some soaps, which draws the natural oil from the skin, and leaves it dry and liable to crack, so I sent out and got a cake of Ivory Soap, and since then my hands have been soft and smooth the year round.

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Society's New Confection

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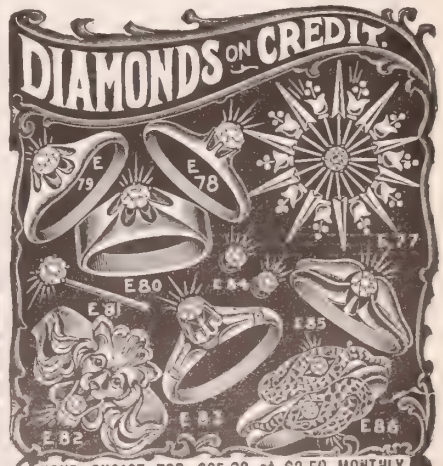

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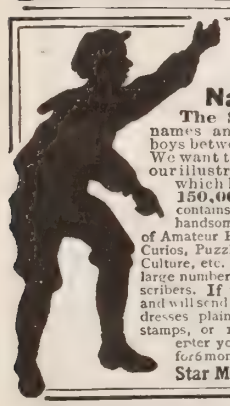

BOYS'

Names Wanted

The Star Monthly wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our illustrated magazine for boys, which has a circulation of over **150,000** each issue. Every issue contains Fascinating Boy Stories, handsome illustrations, departments of Amateur Photography, Stamps, Coins, Curios, Puzzles, Jokes, Games, Physical Culture, etc. and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. **If you are not a subscriber,** and will send us FIVE boys' names and addresses plainly written, and five 2-cent stamps, or 10 cent in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for 6 months in advance. Address

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Questions and Answers

Reader, Brockville, Ont., Can. No doubt many individuals are praying daily that the awful war in the East may soon end, but would it be inconsistent if the whole Christian Church of this continent fixed a day, or series of days, for special pleading in this behalf? Some may say this war will result in much good some day for the cause of Christ. This may all be true; but surely there is a better way. God is not pleased with the awful butchery that is now going on. Through your paper you can influence others to take the matter up, and arrange for special days of prayer. God will not turn a deaf ear to the millions of his children if in one accord.

We should be pleased to hear the views of our readers on this suggestion. As the Church is largely to blame for encouraging war, and praising military prowess, it would he a welcome sign to see it turn toward peace. True Christians everywhere would suffer wrong, rather than resort to violence, but what is to be expected when we hear warlike sentiments proclaimed from the pulpit, and when the slaughter of men is invested with "glory," when it ought to be everywhere deplored.

Benoni F. H., Moran, Kans. Please inform me where the name, Ben-oni is found in the Bible?

See Gen. 35:18. It was the name given by Rachel to her second son. The word means "Son of my sorrow."

J. A. F., Anamosa, Ia. If Christ had descended from the cross when he was challenged to do so, what would have been the effect on the world? Would the miracle have convinced them?

That he did not do so, is sufficient for us. What might have been the effect is not worth consideration. Doubtless those who challenged him would not have been convinced under any circumstances. Their request was intended as a taunt. As in the temptation in the wilderness, Christ would not work a miracle in his own behalf. In the hour of his passion he was submissive, otherwise at any moment of his trial and suffering, he might have delivered himself. He became, as it was predicted he would, obedient unto death.

R. D., Cedar Falls, Iowa, writes:

In your Nov. 23d issue you notice "A wedding in the Clouds." Why not give a short history of the couple that were married about Nov. 1, 1865, in a balloon at the foot of Central Park? I saw the bridal car, and was up in the balloon one thousand feet the day before. The balloon was owned by Prof. Lowe, who had been with us in the army a long time with his balloon.

H. S., Wilmington, Del. I was brought up under the old regime, that nothing was too good for one's guest, and that he or she take precedence of all the household. A new style insists that the hostess should be served first. Is this really the correct custom?

At a formal dinner or banquet, the guest of honor is seated at the right of the host or hostess, and as the guests are helped down the line in order as they come, it naturally falls to the lot of the guest of honor to be served first. At an informal home dinner, ladies are served first. It is the custom in some houses to serve the lady of the house first, but there are no hard and fast rules governing this, and one is never very far out of the way in treating a guest with every courtesy, which kind hospitality suggests.

W. H. A., Washington, D. C. 1. Is it a fact that the Vedas, or ancient writing of India, contain an account of Creation, fall of man, flood, laws of sacrifices, laws of purification, unclean animals, etc.? 2. Is the following named book reliable, *The Unknown Life of Christ*, from an ancient manuscript, recently discovered (1894) in a Buddhist monastery, by Nicholas Notovitch?

1. Hinduism, in its sacred books, presents two views as to the Creation. The *Naiyayikas* advocate the atomic theory of the universe, and recognize the work of a personal Creator, called *Is-wara*, who made all things and gave to man a soul (*Jiva*). The *Sankhyas* repudiate the idea of a personal Creator and hold that the atoms themselves were capable of forming a universe. These are only two of the many subtle forms assumed by Hindu belief. Prof. Manilal N. d'Vivedi, before the World's Congress of Religions, stated that Hinduism holds God to be formless and all-pervading, not personal; that creation is a question of evolution; that every being is by nature immortal, but that personal immortality or the immortality of the soul is unimaginable; that the only revelation of God is in his works; that original sin, the fall, etc., are only terms of relative experience, and that every one can work out his own salvation. The ancient writings of India contain very little that would furnish a basis of comparison with Christianity or even with Judaism. 2. The book or MS. by Notovitch, said to have been discovered in a Tibetan monastery in Lhassa is rejected by eminent scholars. It was so stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago.

E. P. Oxford, Pa. Is not faith in Christ all that is necessary to salvation? Are not baptism, good works, mere accessories?

A good tree is known by its fruits. If a man declares that he has faith in Christ, and yet does not obey him, we doubt whether his faith is genuine. Faith saves—that is true, but no man can really be trusting in Christ, and yet be living in sin. Such faith would be idle. The real faith is eager for service, is so full of love and gratitude, that it strives to do all that Christ requires, seeks holiness and delights to obey him in all things. A faith that does not affect character and conduct is spurious.

Mrs E. P., Tampico, Mex., writes:

I noticed one of your correspondents inquires about the practice of pouring oil upon the troubled waters. I am indebted to Mr. T. J. Hunt of Rutledge, Pa., for the information, which he kindly gave me eleven years ago. The practice was first mentioned by the younger Pliny as one of the customs of the Greek sailors. Dioscorides, a medical writer living before Christ, promulgated the theory that if castor oil were hung on a tree near a tempest, the tempest would subside. In English literature, the venerable Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History mentions it. In more modern times, Benjamin Franklin advanced the theory in an address before the Philosophical Society. Jules Verne also refers to the subject in one or more of his books.

H. E. M., Georgetown, S. C. 1. Was circumcision ever practised by Gentiles? 2. On what is the doctrine of Infant Baptism founded? 3. Why was John the Baptist so called? 4. Why did Jesus come to the River Jordan to be baptized?

1. Yes; by the Arabs, and they still keep up the practice. 2. On the principle of dedication. The parents dedicate their child to Christ, but Baptists contend that is not the true principle of the ordinance. 3. Because of the practice not unknown to the Jews, but never applied so generally as John applied it. 4. His own explanation was doubtless true, that it became him to fulfil all righteousness. In other words, taking his place under the law, a public renunciation of sin.

L. D. McC., Paterson, N. J. Who wrote the poem which begins:

"Farewell, proud world. I'm going home?"

It was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1824, before he took up his residence in Concord.

D. W. C., Champion, Pa. Did Jeroboam intentionally lead his people into idolatry?

His primary object in setting up the calves was to prevent his people going to Jerusalem to worship. He thought if they went there, they would give up their allegiance to him. He provided them with an object of worship nearer home, and so led his people into idolatry.

C. C., Cavalier, N. Dak. The crops in our State have fallen short this year. In many instances, if the debts and expenses were paid, there would not be a dollar margin. Should a person who conscientiously practices tithing omit this year his usual offering?

This is one of the difficulties of the tithing system, a survival of the legal system of the Jewish dispensation. In establishing the system, the law was that the increase alone should be tithed (see Deut. 14: 28). If there has been no increase, no tithe is due. The Christian, however, who is not under the law, may find the means for a voluntary offering, but under the circumstances you mention it ought to be small. Just debts or unavoidable expenses ought to be paid first. We have no right to offer to God money that belongs to our creditors.

T. M. G., Lamb, Va. Why did Christ forbid giving that which was holy to the dogs (Matt. 7: 6)?

The Gospel was not to be pressed on men who definitely rejected it. There are men so wedded to their sins, so incapable of realizing the beauty of a holy life, that it is wasted effort to preach to them. They are like dogs, who cannot comprehend a higher life.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Good Cheer for a Whole Year

The beautiful Calendar has been received. I take the first opportunity to thank you for it. Children, birds and flowers. What can be prettier than those bright faces. It will be good cheer the year through. MRS. JOHN LEWIS.

St. Paul Park, Minn.

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Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

S. H., Palmyra, Tenn. Where can I procure the book which has the poem, "The Peri and the Angel," in it?

The poem on "The Peri at the Gate of Paradise" is by Moore, and will be found in any edition of his works.

F. A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Our courts would not recognize the validity of any Papal annulment of a marriage. They would deal with it as with a civil contract. The parties should consult a lawyer.

Emma C. C., Gibbsboro, N. J. Will you kindly tell me the author of the beautiful poem beginning,

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned?

The author is Mrs. May Riley Smith.

L., Conington, Pa. 1. If the death of Christ was necessary, why were Pilate and the Jews to blame? 2. What is meant by the petition in the Lord's prayer, Lead us not into temptation? Does God lead his people into temptation? 3. Why did the man in the Gospels ask Christ to help his unbelief? 4. Why does the Old Testament say nothing about a future life?

1. They were not coerced. They were free agents. Every act of theirs proved that had they been so disposed they could have released Jesus. They could not escape responsibility by any such plea. 2. God never tempts any man (see James 1: 13). A better rendering would be, "Abandon us not in temptation." The word is used in the sense of trial or testing. Peter experienced the need of such a prayer when, after having boastfully declared that though all men should deny Christ, yet would not he, he denied him thrice. 3. He tried to believe, yet could not wholly. In his deficiency he begged Christ to help. He begged him to enable him to believe. 4. It does, inferentially. Balaam prayed that he might die the death of the righteous, which implied an after life. David expects to rejoin his dead child. In Psalm 17 he says he will be satisfied when he awakes in God's likeness. Asaph, in Psalm 73, hopes that after death God will receive him to glory. Isaiah says (26: 19). "Thy dead men shall live." Job expects that without his flesh he will see God (Job 19: 25). Daniel believed that "the multitude of them that sleep shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and contempt" (Daniel 12: 2, 3).

C. M. J., Cedar Rapids, Ia., writes:

Would answer Louisa A. M.'s question by saying, *Work, or Christie's Experiment*, was written I think, soon after *Little Women* was published, but it was not so popular as Miss Olcott's other works, hence not so well known.

I. L. D., Lewiston, N. Y. 1. How old was Jesus when he was crucified? 2. Will the world be destroyed by fire? 3. How were the nations originally organized?

1. From the somewhat indefinite statements in the Gospels it is inferred that he was about thirty-three years and four month old. 2. So Peter says (See II. Peter 3: 10). Some have thought that he means it will he purified by fire and become the habitation of the redeemed. 3. By companies of the original nations immigrating and settling in unoccupied or newly discovered lands.

MISCELLANEOUS

Martin S., Bozeman, Mont. Joseph Smith was an impostor, of course.

J. E. W. Write to D. M. Stearns, 167 W. Shelton Avenue, Germantown, Pa.

A. L. L., Claremont, N. H. It is pronounced in three syllables, the middle syllable short.

Old Subscriber, Los Angeles, Calif. Write to Chief of U. S. Survey, Washington, D. C.

S. O. B., Wahpeton, N. Dak., and Geo. W., Ethel, Wash. Exact number of votes not obtainable.

Interested Reader. See THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Sept. 14, for an account of the construction of the New York Subway.

E. B. G., Santa Cruz, Calif. He should pay the debt in obedience to the laws of the State, since it was a debt legally contracted.

Reader, Anniston, Mo. Subjects stated would occupy too much space for MAIL-BAG discussion. Most of them are treated in the encyclopedias.

Mrs. Hall, 603 E. Mansfield Street, Bucyrus, O., can use tracts, old magazines, and good religious literature for distribution in a needy district.

T. J., N. Y. City. If your conscience tells you that it is wrong to do so, or if you are in doubt, then stop it. There is no specific Scripture on the subject.

Ella W., Parnassus, Pa. 1. There is no such thing as a witch. The old superstition in New England, which led to the witch-burnings, was founded on ignorance. 2. To "bewitch" a person, in the ordinary sense, is to fascinate or charm them to such an extent that they will readily comply with demands, which, under other circumstances, would not be granted.

J. P. H., Hawks Park, Fla. 1. A Hebrew born here, or duly naturalized, is a citizen of course. 2. If a native of the soil, there is no legal or constitutional barrier to his reaching the highest office. 3. We believe that, though in this land all people enjoy the fullest freedom of worship, yet the land is Christian as a whole, and the people would choose no other than a Christian as President.

A Very Beautiful Book

The Family Worship Day by Day the Year Round, is a very beautiful book, and I am very much pleased with it. The Calendar is also very beautiful.

Phila., Pa. MISS M. E. PENNYPACKER.

THE "PRISON-GATE MISSION"

THE Prison-Gate Mission has established its headquarters at No. 192 Elm Street, New York City, a short distance from the Tombs Prison, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Criminal Courts. At a recent meeting of the founders of the Mission, an organization was effected as follows: Rev. John B. Devins, Editor N. Y. *Observer*, Chairman; Rev. John J. Munro, Superintendent; Andrew A. Knowles, Esq., of the Mechanics' National Bank of New York, Treasurer.

On the Board of Managers are Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the well-known author and philanthropist; Mr. John Willis Baer, Dr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. Henry D. Dickson, of the New York Y. M. C. A., and Geo. H. Sandison, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The object of the Prison-Gate Mission, is to aid men who have just been released from prison, and to encourage them in the effort to lead honest and industrious lives; to help them to shun drunkenness and criminal companions; to find them employment, and to induce Christian employers of labor, and others who are in sympathy with this work of rescue and restoration, to co-operate by providing work for the men, wherever possible. It is hoped that in this way, many generous-hearted employers may be found who will be willing, each in his own way as opportunity offers, to take up as his cross or personal work for the Master, the case of some poor outcast from society, and try to lead him to a better life.

It is estimated that fully one-half of all the inmates of our prisons are offenders who, after their first crime, have tried to find honest work, but have failed, and were drawn back into sinful courses because there was no one to extend help or encouragement at the crisis, and none to influence them to keep up the struggle for an honest life. This is the sore want which the Prison-Gate Mission will fill. Missions organized for the same purpose, have been successfully in operation in Great Britain, France and Switzerland for years past, and are accomplishing a noble rescue and reformatory work in those countries, restoring thousands of human derelicts to the ranks of decent society, and effecting a considerable saving to the State by reducing the ranks of the criminals.

The aims and purposes of the Prison-Gate Mission of New York have been very warmly commended in letters written by Hon. Geo. McClellan, Mayor of New York City, Hon. Wm. McAdoo, Police Commissioner, Hon. Chas. H. Knox, Judge Jas. A. Blanchard, Supreme Court; Hon. Alex. E. Orr, of the Produce Exchange; Judge Chester B. McLaughlin, of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division; Supt. Brockway, of Elmira Prison; Judge M. T. McMahon, Court of General Sessions; Justice John B. Mayo, City Court, and others of high standing in the community.

It is hoped that all who are interested in this greatly needed and eminently charitable work, will actively assist in the effort to influence those unfortunates to leave the paths of sin, and begin the struggle toward a better life. Contributions in aid of the work may be forwarded to Mr. Knowles, the treasurer, and will be acknowledged. All letters from persons interested in the work of the Prison-Gate Mission, if addressed to Chaplain J. J. Munro, General Secretary, 192 Elm Street, New York, will receive attention.

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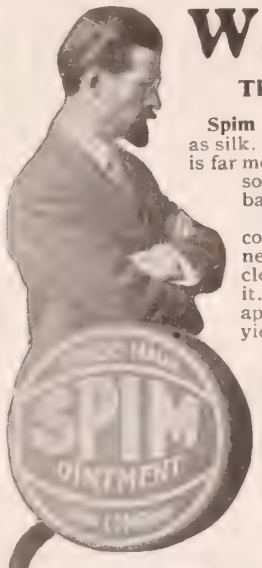

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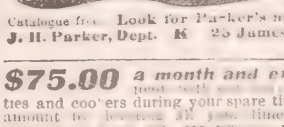

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A Tale by Ralph Connor

The Prospector; a Tale of the Crow's Nest Country, by Ralph Connor, author of *The Sky Pilot*, *Black Rock*, etc. The story deals with the days when the mining country was peopled but sparsely and by the usual motley crowd of prospectors, cowboys, and fortune hunters. Into this wild, free-and-easy country, Ralph Connor introduces an Eastern college graduate—an athlete and a "man's man" always. He sacrifices home and friends and mother at the altar of stern duty, but never does he lose a spark of his sterling manhood. He introduces to these Westerners a necessary muscular Christianity in defense of the weak or upholding the right. Pp. 401. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Santa Claus Myth

Is there a Santa Claus? by Jacob A. Riis. A dainty volume, prettily illustrated, written in answer to a boy's question. Mr. Riis answers the question by saying: "Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas, and ever so many years ago when the dear Child was born after whom we name Christmas . . . That spirit came into the world to soften the hearts of men and make them love one another. Therefore, that is the mark of the spirit to this day." Pp. 29. Price 75 cents. Published by The Macmillian Company, New York.

The Progress of China

New Forces and Old in China, by Rev. Arthur W. Brown. A comprehensive book, dealing with the railway system of China; the rapid development of American trade; Japan's plan to arouse, organize and lead China; the "yellow peril" alarm; the missionary responsibility; the stupendous proportions of the economic revolution in China, etc. Pp. 382. Maps and illustrations. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Ellen, or the Whisperings of an Old Pine, by Joseph Battell. American Publishing Co., Middlebury, Vt.

Evangelism, by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Pp. 99. Price 50 cents. Published at The Bookstore, East Northfield, Mass.

Tolstoy's Letter on the War Between Russia and Japan, reprinted from the London *Times*. 60 pages, pamphlet form. 10 cents. Hammersmark Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Maltbie Davenport Babcock, a reminiscent sketch and memorial by Rev. Chas. E. Robinson. Pp. 160. Cloth, with portrait. Price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Seeking the Kingdom, a study by Ernest Everett Day. Includes chapters on The First Christians; The Supreme Teacher; Sin; Salvation; The Way of the Cross, etc. Pp. 210. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

In this Present World, a series of twenty bright, pithy, sermons, by George Hodges Dean, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Pp. 223. Price $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House House, New York.

The Life of the Christian, by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Includes chapters on Its Nature; Its Sustenance; Its Expression; Its Consciousness; Its Testing; Its Value. Pp. 114. Price 50 cents. Published at the Bookstore, East Northfield, Mass.

The Modern Age, by Philip Van Ness Myers. A history of the world in the briefest and most concise form, from the discovery of America to the present time. Illustrated with numerous maps. Pp. 650. Price $1.10. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom, by Harlan P. Beach, M.A., F.R.G.S. This book is one of the Forward Mission Study Courses, edited by Amos R. Wells and S. Earl Taylor. Published by United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago. Price, bound in cloth, 50 cents; in paper, 35 cents.

Baby Bible Stories, by Gertrude Smith, is a dainty little book attractively bound in red and white. It contains stories of the little boys of the Bible, told in simple language to little Robbie by his mother. There are thirty-three illustrations. Published by the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

Sunday School Training, by H. M. Hammill, D.D., Superintendent of Teacher-training work in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Chairman of the Educational Committee of the International Sunday School Convention. Pp. 106. Price 50 cents. Published by the *Sunday School Times* Company, Philadelphia.

With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple, by Susie Carson Rijnhart, M. D. A narrative of four years' residence on the Tibetan Border and of a journey into the far interior. A timely work full of interest, giving an eye-witness' description of a little-known people. Pp. 400. Price $1.50. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

For People who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter into the world; by Adair Welcker. A decidedly entertaining and original work "setting forth (as the author explains), the most transcendent of the principles of human nature and essential democracy." Pp. 107. Paper covers. Published by the author at 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A NOTABLE CALENDAR

The 250-Year Calendar, for every year between 1762 and 2012, is probably the most remarkable and comprehensive calendar ever published, and will prove of very general interest, besides affording much amusement in answering all questions domestic, national and historic. The student, scholar, doctor, lawyer, clergyman, will also find it valuable in their work. It is very simple, and is so ingeniously and cleverly arranged that by turning the wheel on the back of the calendar, any year that may be desired will appear through an opening at the top, giving the calendar for that year together with the date for Easter Sunday. This useful and ornamental calendar ought to be very popular. Size 13¼ by 10¼ inches; price 25 cents; published by W. H. McIntyre, 221 Pearsall Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

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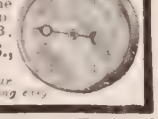

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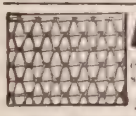

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Life and Light

By MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR Lord Jesus Christ is introduced to us in the Gospel of Matthew by a genealogy, as befits him who was born King of the Jews: in Mark, by his work in helping the suffering and needy as the Servant and Sacrifice; in Luke, by his family surroundings, according to his presentation as Son of Man in that Gospel. But John, who sets him forth as Son of God, introduces him as the eternal Son. "The beginning of the creation of God" (Rev. 3, R.V.), the First-born of all creation (Col. 1: 15, R. V.). "The Lord possessed me as the Beginning of his way; the first of his works of old. I was poured out from everlasting from the beginning, or ever the earth was" (Prov. 8: 22, 23, R. V. marg.). And thus the Man who was given to see into the future in his Revelation, further than any other, was also given to see farther into past eternity than any other. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." In the vain attempts made in these days to prove that the Word of God is not reliable, simply because the finite can not comprehend the Infinite, men are seeking to do away with all that is miraculous in the Word of God, and to reduce it to the level of a man-made book, which can be mastered by human intellect.

To do this honestly, the Gospel of John must go, for it is full of the Godhead of Christ, from beginning to end. Professor Newell says, after remarking how, in the Gospel of John, we are shown the essential Deity of Christ, that we are not only asked to see and hear him, as in the three other Gospels, we are in St. John commanded to believe. The word believe, or its equivalent, occurs nearly a hundred times in John's brief book. In John 20: 30, 31, the object of this Gospel is definitely stated by the Spirit: "Many other signs, therefore, did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book, but these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life through his name."

It is not enough to assent to his Jewish Messiahship, as Matthew sets it forth; nor to admire, and even strive to imitate, his life of service, as Mark portrays it, nor to call him the perfect Man, according to Luke. We must accept at heart his Deity, and we must accept him as the Sent One to us,—the Christ of God. I must risk my eternity in his hands, I must rest on the work he has done, and on himself as the Doer of it."

"All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." We are reminded of that magnificent description of the creation in Prov. 8: 27-30, where Christ is the speaker: "When he established the heavens, I was there: when he set a circle upon the face of the deep: when he made firm the skies above: when the fountains of the deep became strong: when he gave to the sea its bound, that the waters should not transgress his commandment: when he marked out the foundations of the earth, then I was by him, as a Master Workman." The apostle Paul tells us that in him "were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers; all things have been created through him and unto him, and he is before all things, and in him all things consist" (Col. 1: 16, 17, R.V.). And this is confirmed by Heb. 1: 3, where it is stated that he upholds all things by the Word of his power.

This, then, is he on whom we are asked, yes, commanded, to believe, that he is the Christ, the Son of God, and our own personal Saviour, who, "when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. 1: 3). He asks of us a personal, individual faith, without which no Bible knowledge, nor any other knowledge can save us from "the wrath to come." We have seen that in him all things consist, or "hold together," and now we learn that in him was life. Sin brought death into the world. There is no antidote to death but life, and our beloved Lord came amongst us, and now represents us as our fellow-Man at the right hand of God, as "the Resurrection and the Life" (John 11: 25).

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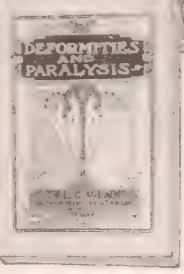

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15 Antioch
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19 I love to tell the story
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22 Almost Persuaded
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25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
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31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
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35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
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40 Dennis
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43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
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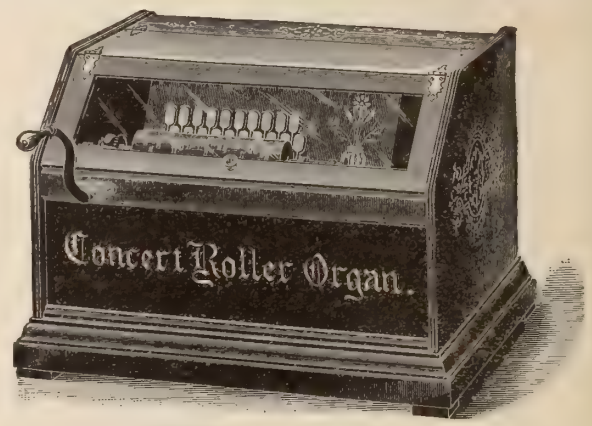
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
53 Brownell
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come



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The Christian Herald Book Department, Bible House, New York City

NEW YORK DECEMBER 28, 1904

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

MOTHER AND CHILDREN IN A CANNING FACTORY

THREE LITTLE CHILD SLAVES

LIKE GANGS OF TINY SLAVES, THEY STAND AND [illegible]

THE LITTLE SLAVES OF TOIL

A MOVEMENT TO COUNTERACT THE EVILS OF CHILD LABOR IN NEW YORK

MANY thousands of New York children of tender years are engaged illegally in various forms of labor at the present time. They are robbed of their childhood, stunted in growth, deprived of educational opportunities and ruined in health and, too often, in morals also.

The New York Child Labor Committee, represented by Mr. Mornay Williams, Dr. Ernest J. Lederle and Mr. Robert Hunter, had a hearing before the Governor-elect, for the purpose of protesting against the re-appointment of the present Labor Commissioner, on the ground that his inefficiency was such as almost to render useless the present laws for the protection of children. They presented photographs of children five, six and seven years of age working in the factories of the State. The chairman of the delegation said that there were hundreds of children under the legal age working in all portions of the State, and the Bureau of Labor was making very little effort to enforce the law. In 1902, children were found employed in violation of the law in 2,607 factories, but only five firms employing these children illegally were prosecuted.

A special inquiry was made by the Child-Labor Committee into conditions prevailing in one of the important industries up-State. In one factory a child of four years was found at work; in another, a child of five; in another, one of six, who worked until nine in the evening. In one factory alone, the man in charge of the shed estimated the children under fourteen to number three hundred all working in violation of law. In the busy season they worked until two and three o'clock in the morning. The Chairman of the Committee said he and his associates were surprised to find these evils in New York State, and it had begun to believe that the conditions were little better than those said to exist in the South. They urged upon the Governor-elect the importance of the enforcement of the laws. The trades-unions are, without exception, in favor of the abolition of child labor.

Reports made to the Child Labor Committee by its special agents, contain some startling revelations. In a factory at Syracuse, N. Y., the assistant foreman said that "wee little ones" (and he made a motion with his hand to about the height of his knee), had been at work, and said with glee that their little hands were just right. They very seldom saw an inspector. At another factory, elsewhere, mothers and children sat in long rows at work. A few were Italians, but most were Americans of good village or farm stock. One woman said she and her children worked from 9. A.M., to 9 P.M., daily, except Saturday. Another group included a mother and her children, whose ages were as follows: "Elsie Pearl, four years' old; Earl, three years' old in February." The woman said: "I am so sorry Will isn't here.

BABY TOILERS IN A NEW YORK STATE FACTORY

He is seven, but he gets tired. I left him home sick."

At another factory, the foreman said, in answer to a question about the length of time the children worked: "Yes, they stay as long as their mothers, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. It is all the same. Fine lot, aren't they? That little one of three, there, can't do much to count. Inspectors? Yes, they're awful strict. Well, they have been twice, but they dassen't say nothing about this place. They dassen't say a word."

In still another factory there were found ten boys under fourteen, working in a packing room. One little lad of five years said: "I work in the factory. Ain't doing nothin' much to-day. Made fifty cents yesterday." Another boy of this group was aged six.

At another place there were a number of small girls not over eleven or twelve years' old. They go to the factory at seven o'clock in the morning. One boy of twelve had worked for three years in the factory. He can scarcely write his name, and is unable to read or to do simple sums. This year only three boys out of ten of his playmates have gone back to school, and it is the same with the girls. This boy's story is a typical one.

At still another place the visitors found three boys and three girls hardly over twelve years' old, but the foreman said that during the summer they employed children seven and eight years' old, with their parents. He said, "Of course they must have their children with them in order to keep the law." The hours are from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night, as a rule, but the factory runs till twelve, and is sometimes open until three A.M. It also was in operation two Sundays this summer. Ten hours is the usual period of work, but variations up to fifteen are quite frequent. Wages vary from five cents for the small boys, to seven cents for the women and girls.

Chairman Hunter, of the Child Labor Committee, writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning these little slaves of toil, says:

"We have got our laws, but they are not enforced. These laws are, as you know, as vital to the welfare of the State as are the tenement-house laws. They protect the workers in their homes and the workers in the factories. Both the labor laws and the tenement-house laws are sanitary ones, aiming in all cases, I believe, to protect the health, the life and limbs of people employed in all industries. It is lamentable that this work should be considered unimportant, and that any person who may happen to be a successful politician is considered fit to do this important service for the community. The efforts of our Committee are now bent toward the one end of obtaining a person fully equipped and capable to bring to this work ability, fearlessness, energy and honest purpose."

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

A NEW SERMON BY DR. ROBERT STUART MAC ARTHUR

Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York. Text: Luke 2: 14, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Or, New Version, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

IN Norway, especially in the vicinity of the North Cape, when the long night of winter is nearing its close, many of the people, dressed in holiday attire, stand on the tops of mountains awaiting the first glimpse of the returning sun. The moment it is seen, embracing one another, they exclaim: "Behold the sun!" From mountain top to mountain top the cry goes over parts of the country: "Behold the sun! Behold the sun!" Jesus Christ is the Sun of Righteousness. Noble hearts and longing souls who waited for the "Consolation of Israel," greeted his advent with songs of joy. We thus have the "Benedictus" of Zacharias, the "Magnificat" of Mary, the "Nunc Dimittis" of Simeon, and the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the angels. The very air was tremulous with song when Christ was born. These devout souls were waiting for the Sun of Righteousness, who was rising with healing in his wings.

Beautiful is the title which Zacharias gives to the Christ—the Day-spring. The Apostle Peter called him the Day-star, and the Apostle John writes of him as the Bright and Morning-star. The word Day-spring is literally the rising, as of the sun, the dawn of a new and heavenly day. The Magi said: "We have seen his star in the East." Most appropriate is the word Day-spring in this connection. In Palestine there is no twilight, no gloaming. The sun suddenly drops below the horizon in the evening, and the darkness almost immediately falls, and in the morning the sun rises with equal suddenness, and the earth is flooded with its supernal splendor. The birth of Christ was the coming of the Day-spring, the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon a world long in darkness and sorrow.

The Angelic Choir

Amid the many voices that greeted the advent of the Christ, were the songs of celestial choirs. Once in Scripture, God is represented as singing. The passage in which this representation is given is most instructive and beautiful. The Lord God is represented as rejoicing over his people with joy, as resting in his love, and as expressing that joy and love with singing. This is a marvelous description of God. Think what the Church would give for the words and score of that divine song! Next to that desire is the longing to know the score of the anthem chanted by the celestial choir when Christ was born. My text gives us the substance of the wonderful anthem which the angels sang. Heaven and earth seemed to join hands and to touch hearts on that glorious occasion.

These inhabitants of heaven seemed to be ever near the earth while Christ sojourned among men. They ministered to him while in the wilderness of temptation; they strengthened him in the agony of Gethsemane; they sat at the head and the foot of the place when he lay in the sepulchre; and it was most fitting that they should announce his advent with songs of celestial joy.

The eyes of the shepherds might well have been dazzled by the outstreaming glory of the Lord which wrapped them about as a mantle of light. The sublime solo soon gave place to the triumphant chorus. It seemed as if the heavens were filled with attendant angels who only awaited the signal to burst forth in heavenly music. In the olden time, when the sacrifice was laid on the altar, the blast of silver trumpets sounded out clear and strong; so when he came, who was true Sacrifice, and when the angel soloist had ended his song, a multitude of the heavenly host chanted again the blessed message of the first herald-angel. This anthem in its heavenward aspects was "glory," and in its earthward significance it was "peace."

It has sometimes been said that this was the first, as it was the last, time that angelic voices were heard by mortal ears. But, strictly speaking, this is the second time that voices from heaven fell upon human ears. In Isaiah's rapt vision, heaven was opened and the glory of the Lord was seen. Then the trembling posts of the temple almost broke down as the glory of Jehovah filled the courts. The same glory now floods the plains of Bethlehem. Then an angelic hymn announced the coming of the kingdom; now another angelic hymn proclaims that the heavenly King has come. As has been well said by Edersheim, "Then it had been the *Tris-Haggion* of prophetic anticipation; now that of evangelic fulfilment."

Heaven's Gala Days

Nothing could be more fitting than that the angels who stood around the throne of the heavenly King should follow him to the earth when he came on his message of mercy. The angels have had two gala days in their unique and glorious experience; the first was when the foundations of creation were laid with shouts of joy, the sons of God singing together; the second was when the foundations of the new heaven and the new earth were laid, the angels chanting the event with loftier songs than had ever before been heard, even in heaven's glorious temple. The very air seemed sacred since it bore so sweet a message from heaven; the earth itself seems consecrated since the coming of its Lord and Creator. We may well believe that angels from a sinless heaven never performed a more welcome service than when they made the plains of Bethlehem echo with their songs of joy when the Christ was born.

DR. ROBERT STUART MAC ARTHUR

Angels are presented to us as bending reverently forward and gazing intently, as if listening earnestly to the mysteries of God concerning the coming of Christ. Possessed by a holy curiosity, they are trying to discover the secrets of human redemption. It was therefore fitting that these lofty intelligences, at the supreme moment of God's sublimest disclosure of eternal love, should break forth into matchless music over the cradle of the infant Redeemer. Poetry and music have often exhausted themselves in preparing and chanting cradle songs. Mothers have found their highest joy in crooning these songs over mere earthly cradles and human babes. It was fitting, therefore, that the Divine-human Babe should have an angel choir to chant his cradle song, and it was further fitting that that song should be an anthem radiant with glory to God and beautiful with peace toward men.

The Angelic Doxology

This sublime anthem recognizes God as the author of human salvation. The gift of the Messiah redounds to the praise of God. All his works manifest his glory, but the gift of his Son for the redemption of man calls for praise to God in the highest places, and in the loftiest strains. The advent of Christ was a new manifestation of God's eternal love to sinful men. It is no wonder, therefore, that this song, "Gloria in Excelsis," should have been so honored in the service of the Church for so many generations. A single expression employed in this song, and coming to us along the ages, through the Latin Vulgate Version, has given us the title by which the angelic song is known. Probably the chant, as we now have it, originated in the Greek Church about the year 300. It is one of the noblest compositions the Church has ever produced. It fittingly prolongs the echoes of the celestial choir which announced the birth of the Messiah King.

The birth of Christ inaugurated a new era in human history; it was really the birth of a new race. The incarnation is the basal fact in Christianity. The Evangelist John distinctly affirms that the Word was God, and also that the Word became flesh. The incarnation of Christ was the entrance of Deity into humanity, in a fuller and diviner sense than ever before. The real meaning of the incarnation is the actual entrance of God into humanity by a supernatural birth. To deny the supernatural birth is to deny the real significance of the incarnation itself.

The Increasing Shechinah

God made himself known in creation, in providence and in revelation; but the incarnation was the sublimest manifestation of God the world had ever before known. God's revelation of himself is evermore progressive; he reveals himself as men are able to understand, and even to endure, the revelation. The glory of the Lord that shone about the shepherds was the miraculous effulgence which the rabbins called the Shechinah. This miraculous light was a lambent flame in the bush which burned but was not consumed; it went before Israel in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; it flooded the temple of Solomon with an unendurable brightness; it was the glory which the shepherds saw at Bethlehem; it was the radiant cloud which enfolded the ascending Lord, and it will be the canopy over the great white throne on which he will sit to judge the world. Well might this effulgent brightness appear in glad homage to the incarnation. There has thus been in the glory of the Shechinah ever an increasing light, for Christ is the true pillar of cloud to guide his Church through the world to her triumph and glory in heaven.

There has ever been a progressive revelation of Christ in his person. He was the Shiloh in Genesis; the I Am in Exodus; and the Star and Sceptre in Numbers. In Deuteronomy he is our Rock; in Joshua, he is the Captain of the Lord's Host; and in Job, he is the Redeemer. In Isaiah, he is the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace. In Jeremiah, he is the Lord Our Righteousness; in Daniel, he is the Messiah; in Zechariah, he is the Branch; and in Haggai, he is the Desire of All Nations. In Malachi, he is the Messenger of the Covenant and the Sun of Righteousness.

Progressive Manifestations

There is a progression also in his incarnations. It was he who appeared to Moses in the burning bush; it was he who appeared to Joshua as the captain of the Lord's Host; it was he who appeared to Gideon as he was threshing corn, and who saluted him with the words, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." There were thus many temporary incarnations before the one great incarnation in the manger-cradle at Bethlehem.

The incarnation of Deity was dimly hinted in many legends in heathen mythology. Parts of these mythologies were unconscious prophecies of great Christian truths. Heathenism was feeling after God, if haply it might find him. Philosophy was seeking after Deity, but, in its loftiest reach it simply built an altar to "the unknown God." The human mind must have God in human form. God as the uncreated and the invisible, and not also as the incarnate, must remain incomprehensible, except to a few devout worshipers. But Deity incarnate, enfleshed, embodied in human form, dwelling among men, rejoicing in their joy, weeping

with their sorrow, cradled with their babies — Deity thus united to humanity, men can understand, admire, trust and adore. The incarnation of Deity is thus an absolute necessity of our poor human nature. To worship God as Father, and Christ as Brother, we must see the Divine in human form. The greatest of all marvels is that Christ should come from the bosom of the Father to the cradle in Bethlehem.

The incarnation is the sublimest revelation of eternal love. In his marvelous description of the mind of Christ, in the second chapter of Philippians, the Apostle Paul represents Christ as not grasping and holding his conscious equality with God, but as emptying himself, and taking the form of a servant. This was the first great step in the downward plunge. After the incarnation, Gethsemane with its cup, and Calvary with its cross, were inevitable. God's eternal, limitless, and unspeakable love gave the world its crowning manifestation when his only begotten and well-beloved Son became the child of Mary, and thus tented in human flesh. The human soul constantly cries out with Philip, "Show us the Father." We must see God in human form, in order that the longing of our hearts and the logical demands of our minds may be satisfied. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, his words to Philip fall upon our ears and hearts as God's sweetest benediction, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

A Significant Relation

It ought to be remembered that this angelic doxology, "Glory to God in the highest," is not a prayer, but an ascription of praise. The angels did not pray "Glory be to God;" but the angels joyfully exclaimed "Glory is to God." This was no time to be praying to God to manifest his glory, when the earth was radiant with the sublimest manifestation of that glory which it had ever known. It was a time when even blind men might see and deaf men might hear. There is a blessed connection between the three stanzas of this divine anthem; there is a close relation between peace on earth, good-will to men, on the one side, and the highest glory to God on the other side. The angels are declaring that the rebellious race of man is to be subdued; that this belligerent world is not forever to flaunt its defiant flag against heaven's King. We have here a sweet implication, if not a direct assurance, that lost men shall be redeemed, manifold sin be controlled, and that Satan shall be destroyed by the personal Christ. Thus the anthem may well fill heaven's lofty dome with its doxology, "Glory to God in the highest."

If we follow the Revised Version, the dominant thought of the angelic host is that peace will come to men of good-will. This may mean to men of good-will toward one another, or toward God, or with whom God is well pleased. It is difficult to decide which is the true reading. Our common reading, moreover, is greatly to be preferred. It gives the more simple and natural meaning of the word translated, "good-will," and it is very much more in harmony with the doxology found in the first part of the verse. This is

A Sweet and Heavenly Benediction

The presence of God embodied in human flesh was designed to produce peace between men and their fellowmen; between the opposing elements in men's own hearts, and between men and God. Christ is the Prince of Peace. God was now in Christ reconciling the world to himself. When men are at peace with God, they will be at peace with one another. It is a striking fact that when Jesus was born the world experienced a profound peace. The sound of war was not heard throughout the boundaries of Rome's mighty empire. Beautifully has Milton, in his *Ode to the Nativity*, said:

> Nor war, or battle's sound
> Was heard the world around
> The idle spear and shield were high up hung!
> The hooked chariot stood
> Unstained with hostile blood!
> The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
> And kings sat still with awful eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

By order of the Emperor Augustus, the gates of the temple of Janus were closed, for only the third time in seven centuries. A bright prospect was opening for the human race. Long delayed is the fulfilment of the prophecy that swords shall become ploughshares and spears pruning-hooks. But the day will surely come when this blessed result shall be secured.

Two nations are now engaged in awful war, and the effusion of blood makes the heart sick and the spirit faint. But war's horrors are hastening the days of universal peace. The day will assuredly come when all international difficulties will be settled by international arbitration. The last few months have witnessed the signing of a greater number of treaties of arbitration than were ever before made in as many years. America has the honor of leading the nations in this blessed mission of peace and good-will toward all men. Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt have done more to secure this result than was done by all preceding Presidents of the United States. Secretary Hay, the foremost diplomatist in the world, beautifully blends American patriotism with the teaching of the Golden Rule, in negotiating treaties and in preserving peace with many nations. He has lifted diplomacy to a higher level than it ever before reached in the history of the race; he has more nearly realized the meaning of this celestial anthem in human affairs, than was ever before known since the birth of the Prince of Peace.

We need still higher standards of diplomacy, patriotism, heroism and religion. We are pressing toward the realization of these higher standards. Already the Eastern sky is radiant with the crimson and gold of at least one element of millennial blessing—the preservation of peace, the abolition of war, and the universality of arbitration.

By the manner in which he entered into the world, Christ dignified the estate of childhood. He hallowed the cradles of the world. He made babyhood beautiful and divine. As he hallowed the grave by making it his temporary resting-place, so he has made the cradle radiant by having lain therein.

Glorified Poverty

He has also glorified motherhood throughout the world. He has put a crown of honor on every mother's brow. He has also glorified poverty. He was the only child ever born into this world who had his choice as to how he should come. He might have come, as did the first Adam, a full grown man; he chose to come a helpless babe. He might have come in all the pomp and pageantry of earthly kings, he chose to come in lowly poverty.

His cradle teaches us also, wherein consists true greatness. When he lay in that cradle, mighty Cæsar was on his throne. Where now are Cæsar and his throne? At Cæsar's name nations trembled; but that name and power and throne have perished. The empire of Jesus endures—it is the empire of undying love, and it will never perish. His name shall endure longer than the sun. All kings shall fall down and serve him. The empire of love triumphs over the empire of power.

O, men and women, submit now to the sceptre of his love; kneel at his cradle and give him the gold, the frankincense, and the myrrh of sincere devotion. Then rise to have peace in your heart, in your home, and in the social circles in which you move. At this glad Christmas-tide, let us settle all private and personal grudges and hates; let us forgive and forget; let us restore all sad estrangements: let us pray for peace in our own hearts and throughout the world. O, blessed Child of the Manger, and Ancient of Days! O, Son of Mary and Son of God, be born in our hearts to-day! Then shall we with a new experience and an unspeakable joy join our voices with those of the celestial choir in chanting the glorious anthem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

OUR LITTLE ORPHANS IN CHINA

AFTER the recent succession of famines in China, not only in Shansi and Shensi provinces, but in the country to the south and westward of Canton, it was found that the widespread mortality among adults, in the agricultural districts especially, had left a great many little orphan children totally destitute. To care for these little ones, and, if possible, to bring a limited number of them under missionary influence and training, as was done with the famine orphans of India, was repeatedly urged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by friends both at home and abroad. After due consideration, it was decided to communicate with the missionaries, and some of the letters received show that the project is one which, in many parts of China, would be very warmly welcomed.

TYPICAL CHINESE CHILDREN

The first of these native Chinese orphans to be adopted under this plan were destitute children of Shensi province. This is the province where the memorable relief work was conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several years ago, when the great famine was decimating the population there and in the adjoining province of Shansi. Pastor W. Haggvist, a Lutheran missionary at Hsian, Shensi, in the following letter, sends the intelligence of their adoption. He writes:

"I send herewith a list of the native orphan children we have taken up to be cared for, trained and educated for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S generous patrons. On this list there are thirty-six. Last winter we had a large number of children on our lists, which we hoped to be able to adopt, but your final answer regarding the support did not reach us before April. Last spring the poor children nearly all went out into the country, where they can find a little to do in the summer, getting food enough to keep alive. Now, as the cold winter weather sets in, the poor little children are coming into the cities in great numbers. Those whose names I am sending you we have had from July 1st. A few more from two of our stations have not reached me yet. We are making the necessary arrangements to receive them. I hope to send you an addition to this list in a short time, and also a few details regarding the children themselves. We trust you will remember both us and the children in your prayers. W. HAGGVIST."

The list of children is given below:

Yen teh ua, Ma Ih Sa, Ni Iong, Ts'ao Shao ri, Li lan mei, Liu an, Ts'in king, Ts'in puh, Ts'in cheo, An ting, Li kiu, Li chen lien, Ni ai lien, Chin tsong Siang, Kao in ua, Li Chong huan, Ts'in liu hsi, Yang ai ho, Yang meng neng, Liu ken chong, Chen nen king, Huang kin kii, Ren tsai neng, Chang tong cheng, Li chen hsing, Chu uan chong, Song t'ien pao, P'ang li chi, Hu Rui chi, Liu ki tsai, Liu ki pao, Ko kii ua, Yu an ua, Chang ien ming, Lu tien neng, Lu ai lien.

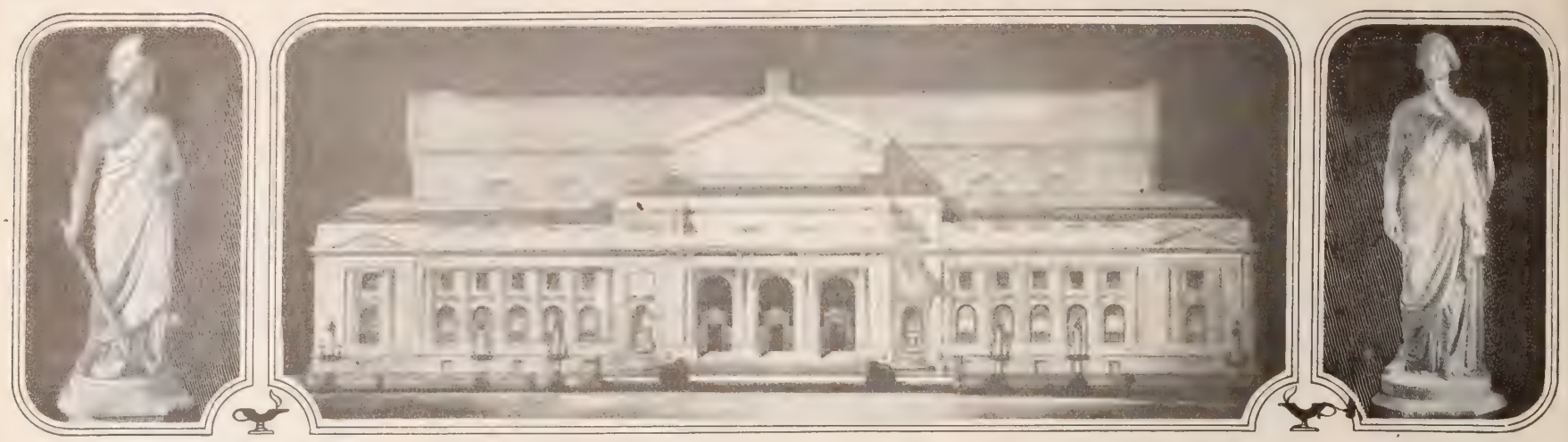
Other lists, from various missionaries in China, will be published as received. The work will be inter-denominational. All the children will receive Christian training, and will be taught useful industries, so that they may be equipped for the battle of life. Where special talent is developed, an effort will be made to have the young protege trained with a view to ultimately becoming an evangelist, preacher or teacher to his own people. In the present condition of China, when the ancient empire is on the eve of great changes, which may transform its character and give it a new and important place among the nations, it is of the utmost importance that the doctrines of Christianity should be disseminated with zeal and vigor. That there is no better way of evangelizing a nation than by dealing with the children, has already been demonstrated by missionary experience in many lands, and especially in India. Under Divine blessing, let us hope that the work among the Chinese children may lead to substantial spiritual results.

Better than Last Year

The Crown Dictionary is especially acceptable to elderly eyes, for clearness of type, for size, and for convenience of handling. As regards the Calendar, though that of last year was handsome, I like this year's much better.

Plainfield, N.J. MISS I. D. GREENLEAF.

Our Great Metropolitan Libraries



"TRUTH" THE GREAT NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, NOW IN PROCESS OF ERECTION "SILENCE"

IT has been said that "Of the making of books there is no end," and in view of the many buildings devoted to books which are springing up all over the land, we might say with equal truth that of the founding of libraries there seems to be no end—at least the end is not yet in sight.

It may be interesting to the general reader to take a close range, though necessarily limited view of some of the oldest and best known institutions devoted to the housing, care, and distribution of books. In speaking of the great public libraries of New York—with their vast accumulations of all the best books on science, exploration, biography, the classics, art, travel, poetry, sociology, philosophy, and fiction—one naturally turns to the Astor, as one of the oldest established and best known. It is situated on Lafayette Place, a street at the present time entirely given over to business, but at the period of its erection many of New York's richest and most aristocratic families dwelt in the immediate vicinity, within a stone's-throw of what is now considered an antiquated building, where room can hardly be found for its hundreds and thousands of volumes. It was in 1854, just fifty years ago, that the Astor Library was built. Its founder was John Jacob Astor, of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, Germany; a man who previous to his coming to this country and becoming one of the richest men of his time in the United States, had headed many benefactions abroad. Washington Irving was the first president of the board of trustees of the new library, the original cost of which was $400,000, which, before the present day of colossal fortunes and immense benefactions, was considered a most munificent gift. In 1859 an extension was built, which, with the ground, cost $550,000, being the gift of Wm. B. Astor. In 1881 a third hall was added by J. J. Astor, grandson of the founder. This addition also included a new central entrance, broad vestibule and a trustee's room. In the vestibule are twenty classic busts, the gift of Mrs. Delano, a sister of Mr. Astor. There are a great number of rare books in this old building, many of them of almost priceless value. Among them is one of the few copies of Wyckliffe's translation of the New Testament, closely resembling black letter, enriched with illuminated capitals, and dated 1390. There is an Ethiopic MS. on vellum, which was the service book of an Abyssinian convent in Jerusalem. There are also two richly-illuminated Persian MSS. on vellum, once belonging to the library of a Mogul, emperor of Delhi. Also there is to be seen the splendid Salisbury Missal, written with wonderful skill, and profusely emblazoned with burnished gold. One special treasure is the second Bible printed on vellum, dated 1462, which cost $9,000.

One MS., in golden letters on purple vellum, is over 1,200 years old. The visitor may also view a rare collection of paintings, costing more than $75,000, the gift of William W. Astor.

THE "LADIES' CORNER" IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK

On the shelves of the New York Public Library, which is a consolidation of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden foundations, there are 629,506 volumes and 240,337 pamphlets. During the year ending June, 1904, 128,872 readers consulted 524,097 volumes. There are twenty-two branches, containing 384,399 volumes, circulated among 3,291,374 readers. The Tilden Trust, incorporated in 1887, was created by the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, which gave his entire residuary estate to trustees, to establish and maintain a free library and reading room.

The Lenox Library was founded by James Lenox, who gave land on Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, large funds, a valuable collection of Bibles, manuscripts and Americana. Miss Henrietta Lenox subsequently gave large endowments, as did Mrs. R. L. Stuart and others. The Americana which Mr. Lenox left to his trustees have been greatly enriched by subsequent purchases for students of history. It was an enormous task getting the three collections together. The consolidation was formed in May, 1895, and at the present writing, a magnificent building is being erected on Fifth Avenue, at Forty-second Street, which will be large enough to hold the different collections now housed in the old Astor Library in Lafayette Place, and at the old Lenox building in Fifth Ave. When completed, the New York Public Library building will hold one of the greatest collections in the world, and will be commensurate at least with the wealth, population and intellectual standing of one of the greatest cities in the world. It will stand in Bryant Park, occupying the site of the old reservoir, and fronting on Fifth Avenue. On the first floor will be the main exhibition room. On the second will be the rooms of the directors and trustees, and lecture and reading-rooms. The top floor will contain the Stuart collection. It is estimated that the building which is now in process of construction will cost nearly $3,000,000.

This consolidation of the various collections and funds of the three foundations makes a beginning of what ought to become one of the greatest libraries of the world. The British Museum, *Bibliotheque Nationale* in Paris, and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, are at present the largest libraries in the world. The Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., has about 1,000,000 volumes. It was founded in 1800, with a fund of $5,000.

The Mercantile Library Association of New York, has a very interesting history. On November 3, 1820, the following notice was posted upon the bulletin board of the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS' CLERKS AND APPRENTICES

Those young gentlemen who are disposed to form a Mercantile Library and evening reading room, are desired to attend a meeting for that purpose at the Tontine Coffee House, on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock, when a plan of a library and association will be presented for their consideration. The young men of South Street, Front, Water, Pearl, Maiden Lane, and Broadway, are particularly desired to attend. (Signed), WM. WOOD.

The meeting was held, and the Association was started. A constitution was adopted, which placed the control of the library in the hands of the merchants' clerks; they alone were permitted to vote and hold office, although all persons of good character could become members. The beginning was a very small one, the library being opened on the 12th of Feb. 1821, at 49 Fulton Street. There were but 150 members, who met in a small room, where the books, about 700 in number, were kept. Most of these had been donated. In one year these had increased to 1,000. In 1828, so great was the interest in the Association, and so rapidly had the number of books increased, that a separate organization was formed for the purpose of building a suitable structure for the use of the library. This was called the Clinton Hall Association, and in one year $33,500 was raised. The new building was erected on the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets (now the site of Temple Court), and was dedicated under the name of Clinton Hall. Twenty years afterward, the site being considered too far downtown, and the library having outgrown its accommodations, the Astor Place Opera House was purchased. At the time of removal in 1854, the library possessed 43,000 volumes. For thirty-six years this building was used, every available spot being filled with books; but in 1890 it was vacated, and the handsome building now occupied by the Association, was put up on the old site in the square bounded by Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Astor Place, and Eighth Street. It is seven stories high, and, occupying a square, it is lighted on all sides, and in addition has a skylight two-thirds as large as the roof space. The circulating department is on the seventh floor, also the catalogue department, work-room, directors' room, and librarian's office.

The storage room for books is considered one of the finest, if not the best room for the purpose, in the country. The height from the floor to skylight is twenty-five feet. The full storage capacity is 475,000 volumes. At present it has a book-stack two tiers high, each tier being seven feet in height, and so arranged that a third tier can be added when required. The stairway and flooring of each stack are made of iron. The cards of the catalogue are contained in two cases of polished oak, each case having thirty-three drawers. The plan is in three divisions. The first contains the author and title—cards arranged alphabetically; the second division consists of the subject—entries arranged alphabetically by subjects and classes; the third is entirely fiction, arranged under the name of the author and the title of the book, in one alphabet. There are also tables arranged for the consulting of printed catalogues, and order blanks are within easy reach. On the sixth floor is the reading-room and the department for reference and study. Everything is arranged for the comfort and convenience of the reader and student. The floor is covered with cork carpet, rendering footsteps noiseless; the armchairs are made of oak and upholstered in leather. A compartment in the centre of the room holds 600 newspapers and magazines. Each compartment has the name, in gold letters, of the periodical it contains.

The late Dr. Deems, of the "Church of the Strangers," in New York, had a very warm place in his heart for the Mercantile Library. Directly after the close of the Civil

War, the good doctor came to New York from Baltimore. In telling the story, he said: "My servants were free, my house was burned, my land was taxed, my library had been captured. In the language of an old Georgia friend: 'The Lord had taken away pretty nearly all my circumstances,' and I had removed to New York. I was commencing life afresh. A publishing house solicited me to write a book on 'Jesus the Christ.' I had no library, and I told them so. 'But, there is the Mercantile Library,' they said. 'Yes,' I replied; but I have not the money to pay the fees, and besides, I might want a hundred books at once' 'Let us go and see the librarian,' said the representative of the publishing house." The upshot of the matter was that an alcove was fitted up for Dr. Deems; every book he wanted was promptly at his disposal, and everything was done to facilitate his work, as the librarian desired to increase the Christological department, which at that time was not large. For three years, the Rev. Doctor spent his mornings in this library; at the end of that time, *The Light of Nations* was produced, of which 400,000 copies were sold.

Columbia University, in the upper part of the city, has a fine library building, the gift of former President Low, which cost over one million dollars. There are about 300,000 bound volumes and many pamphlets in this library.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, NEW YORK CITY

In the public libraries may be found students of both sexes, who find here the text-books and books of reference, which would otherwise, in many cases, be beyond their reach. In the women's cozy corners are grouped many feminine types, from the sedate middle-aged, quietly-dressed woman, looking up data for a more or less scientific or sociological article on which she may be engaged, to the hustling, quick-motioned and quick-brained newspaper writer, who is digging up the past achievements of some man very much in the public eye. Silence reigns in all the rooms and alcoves. Visitors may use pencil in making notes or extracts from books, but pens, ink, knives and scissors are forbidden. Strict watch is kept for book mutilators and print thieves. The attendants and those who stand at the distributing counters, converse in low tones, stepping quietly from one place to another as occasion demands; and though the great noisy city is all about—the rumble of traffic, the clang of bells, and all the nondescript tumult inseparable from the restless life of the metropolis, never penetrates the thick walls of the library buildings. Here one can study or read at leisure, sure of no interruption. Many widely-known authors here spend days and weeks getting ideas for their stories. Some of the librarians have served at their posts during a whole generation, and they are personally known to and appreciated by the home book-lovers.

A most interesting institution is that of the free library and reading-room connected with the Cooper Institute, which was founded in New York City by Peter Cooper in 1857. It provides a free reading-room and library for the working classes. All current newspapers and magazines are on file in the reading-room, and many of the unemployed in search of a situation, haunt the room daily to look over the "Wanted" advertisements. The room at times harbors many strange characters, and they present interesting studies of human nature. These readers of papers and magazines sometimes take great pains to write at length their approval or the reverse of the articles they read, filling all the surrounding margins with their opinions, which are often curious, and as interesting as the original article.

INTERIOR OF ASTOR READING ROOM

EXTERIOR OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY

READING-ROOM, COOPER UNION LIBRARY

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For 1905, in 15 Colors and Gold

Measures over 300 Square Inches, and has Four Flaps, which drop to an aggregate length of Thirty Inches. It makes unquestionably the Most Attractive Wall Decoration of the Day.

Birds, Babes and Blossoms form a Delightful Combination of Beauty, Youth and Nature. If it does not prove a Charming Surprise we will instantly Refund Your Money. This Calendar goes Free, Postpaid, with every CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription.

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Next in order comes our exquisite and unequaled **Red Letter New Testament,** with All the Words spoken by our Lord printed in Red. This fine specimen of Bookmaking is printed in type unusually large for a Testament, bound in Divinity Circuit, Flexible and Soft, Overlapping Edges, Red under Gold, and is sent prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at only $2.00. Extra copies $1.00 each.

Furnished also in the Revised Version on the same terms.

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MR. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS, the compiler of **40,000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts,** writes as follows concerning the Scope of this most excellent production:

"In this work, the Independence Day Speaker, burning with patriotic ardor, can find numberless gems wherewith to enrich his oratorical flights. Here the enraptured swain and the love-lorn maid, may drink at a literary fount of love, that even Cupid himself might envy. In fact, there is scarcely a subject engaging the human mind, or an occasion, religious or secular, that has not been considered, and garnished with a generous setting of appropriate quotations, and embodied in this work. In short, to the orator, the student, the man in the street, and to all lovers of literature, ancient and modern, poetic or prose, this work will be found to fill a long-felt want, and in its scope, and general usefulness, to be of inestimable value, and absolutely indispensable."

Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts, consisting of Two Substantial Volumes of 1,000 pages each. The set attractively Bound in Cloth, is sent, All Charges Prepaid, with **The Christian Herald,** the Queen of American Weeklies, for One Whole Year, **Calendar Included,** together, for **Only $3.00.** Act To-day—To-day is better than To-morrow—for To-morrow may be too late.

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This New Work is Designed to Meet the Wants of that Large and Increasing Class of the Community who wish to have a Dictionary that Defines Words Intelligently, without going into Greek, Latin, Arabic, and other Foreign Roots and Details.

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HENRIK IBSEN AND HIS WORK

CABLE dispatches a few days ago brought the intelligence that Henrik Ibsen, the Scandinavian Shakespeare, and one of the noblest European literary personalities of the last half century, had been stricken with paralysis. Later news stated that he was recovering.

The great novelist and dramatist was born at Skien, Norway, on March 20, 1828, his parents being Knud Ibsen, a merchant of that place, and Maria Cornelia Altenburg, his wife. He was of mixed Danish, Scotch and German ancestry. As a child he was moody and thoughtful, reading much and poring over old books while other children were at play. He was full of strange notions, and dabbled in amateur magic and stage scenes cut out of pasteboard, with figures in dramatic attitudes. At school, he learned the common branches, with a little Latin and a smattering of theology. He was, however, a devoted student of the Bible. On leaving Skien, he was apprenticed to a pharmacist in Grimstad, where he lived six years.

It was while he lived at Grimstad that Ibsen first began to give evidence of that remarkable genius which, in later life, brought him into world-wide prominence. Here he became an observant student of human nature, and began to lay plans for his future career. Here also, his first literary efforts saw the light. He wrote poems and sonnets, and some patriotic verses that appealed to the Norwegian and Swedish heart, and laid the foundations of his first serious work, *Catalina*, which he based on the story found in Sallust and Cicero. It was printed in Christiania at the expense of a friend of Ibsen. The little volume contained twenty-six poems, the first written when Ibsen was nineteen years old.

HENRIK IBSEN

From a photograph presented by his son, Cabinet Minister Sigurd Ibsen, to the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, during the latter's visit to Norway in 1903.

In 1850 he went to Christiania to study medicine, but it had already become clear to himself that literature was to be his life-work. He spent much of his leisure time and all of his holidays in writing, and it was in those student days that his powers of dramatization first began to be apparent. He studied the old traditions and legends of his country, utilizing here and there such material as was suited to his themes. His dramatic poem, *The Warrior's Tomb* (the story of a Norse Viking who was converted to Christianity), won him recognition in the literary circles of the capital. He gave up his medical studies altogether, and with two other young writers began the publication of a weekly paper called *The Man*, which, being too revolutionary for the political tendencies of the time, was short-lived. While it flourished, however, he was a copious contributor of poems, prose sketches and little dramas, few, if any, of which appear in any collection of his later works.

From 1856 to 1894, Ibsen's versatile genius produced in rapid succession a series of lyric and dramatic works which won him fame and comparative affluence. Recognition came slowly, however, and the Norwegian poet was appreciated by the world of letters only after years of struggle. In 1864 he left Norway, and lived thereafter abroad for a long time, chiefly in Rome, Dresden, and Munich. In 1864, the Norwegian Parliament granted him a pension. His principal works are: *The Banquet at Solhaug* (1856), *Lady Inger at Ostrat* (1857), *The Warriors in Helgeland* (1858), *The Rival Kings* (1864), *Brand* (1866), *Peer Gynt* (1867), *Emperor and Galilean* (1873), *The Pillars of Society* (1875), *A Doll's House* (1878), *Ghosts*, and *An Enemy of the People* (1882), *The Wild Duck* (1884), *Rosmersholm* (1886), *The Lady from the Sea* (1888), *The Master Builder* (1892). His later works aroused a storm of controversy, but as people began to know his writings better, they recognized a true genius, and accepted him as one who, though a strong and uncompromising realist, is always guided by a high moral purpose. *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* are esteemed the ablest of his works.

Like many other great writers, Ibsen has been charged with finding much of his inspiration in the works of earlier authors. He adapted, transformed and glorified whatever he borrowed, and made it serve the highest and best purposes. His philosophy is always pure and helpful, and the strong moral of his work is clear in every page. His theme is always a high one, and if he ever strikes the lower chords of human nature, it is to make the contrast with the higher all the stronger. Pride, vacillation, unregulated passion, ambition, immorality (personal or inherited), vanity, jealousy, covetousness, intellectual and moral slothfulness, and other human weaknesses are pilloried in Ibsen's writings and their results unsparingly exposed, while all the better qualities of our natures, strengthened and developed by high spiritual purpose, are held up for imitation.

New Missionaries for India

SIX missionaries, representing the Christian and Missionary Alliance, sailed from New York for India, on Dec. 6. They will proceed to Bombay, where they will be assigned to duty at the various stations in the interior. A considerable part of the first two years will be devoted to learning the language, after which the new workers will be able to take up their full share of teaching, visiting, and evangelistic labor.

The six ladies who, after several years of special training, have now entered the foreign mission field and consecrated their lives to the spread of the Gospel among the natives of India, are: Misses Lucy Holmes, Daisy Milham, Martha Barr, Elsie Leonard, Alice Maud White, and Agnes Fraser. Miss Alice Yoder, the well-known missionary of Khamgaon, Berar (the story of whose spiritual and industrial work on a missionary farm in India was lately published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), goes with the party as chaperon. Miss Milham will probably go to Khamgaon, where she will have charge of the weaving industry, and Miss Barr will also be assigned to the same station. Miss Fraser does not appear in the photograph, as she was not in New York when it was taken.

MISS YODER (1) AND HER MISSIONARY CHARGES

No Dancing, No Wine

Have just received book Good Manners, and I especially noticed it had omitted etiquette for dancing and using wine at the table, for which I value this book all the more. I do certainly admire this book very much. V. E. NELSON.

Oakland, Neb.

A Beauty Indeed

I received the Calendar to-day, and it is very handsome—a beauty, indeed, and no mistake. It is very useful and highly ornamental. I thank you very heartily for the gift. Mrs. R. DOWNING.

Palatine, Ill.

Morning and Evening

THE husk of the darkness slips away;
Out of the dusk blooms the flower of day.
And the sweetest thing in the world to me
Is the chatter of children full of glee,
The patter of feet on the nursery floor,
The rap of elves at my chamber door;
All the little ones wide awake,
I face the world for the children's sake.

In the gathering dusk the day-flower shuts;
Wearily plodding in year-long ruts
I seek my home; as I turn the key,
The chatter of children welcomes me.
Never was music half so sweet
As the merry rush of the little feet;
I hear the sound of a blithe uproar
As I turn the key in my dear home door;
With hurry and flurry the little band
Fall on me, storm me, seize my hand,
And then the soft warm cloak of the dusk
Wraps the day in a circling husk.
The stars come out, the day is done,
Sleep gathers my babies, every one,
And what do I care for the world's hard fight,
I am safe with my own till the morning light.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Family Worship for Every Day in the Year

By Bishop John H. Vincent

This large and representative volume, containing 480 pages, eight by eleven inches, embellished with 210 illustrations, and beautifully bound in blue art vellum cloth, with emblematic cover design in delicate ivory and ruby, comprises a systematic course of reading of Scripture passages, an appropriate hymn, and an eloquent prayer for Every Day in the Year, especially adapted for the Home Circle.

Thousands of inquiries are received annually at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for a book containing prayers for public and private use, and here is a volume that meets this requirement for every day in the year, and a Special Service for such Special Occasions as New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter, Whitsunday, Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, Days of Affliction, and Days of Rejoicing.

In addition to all this, it furnishes Memory Texts for every day in the year, Church Steps that develop into a gradual unfolding of all Scriptural Truth, and Home Lessons that meet the requirements of families distant from Sunday School advantages.

And finally, there are contained in this book blank pages for Records and Autographs, that will make this precious volume a work of beauty and a joy forever.

Remember that this book contains 480 large pages, Sixty Pieces of Music, 210 Illustrations, and a Home Service for Every Day in the Year. It is an unusually Large Book, and from cover to cover it is brimful of just what tens of thousands of families have longed for, but have never before been able to secure.

Family Worship for Every Day in the Year weighs over four pounds, Measures when open 10 x 16 inches, and is sent, all charges prepaid, together with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year (Calendar included), for only $3.00, a bargain worthy the attention of all the good people the whole country over.

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How Uncle Sam will Greet 1905

BY WALDON FAWCETT

THE United States Government sends out to all the nations of the globe, from the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, a very novel New Year's greeting, in the form of an electrical time-signal, which announces the advent of the dawning year. This impulse of the magic current, starting from Uncle Sam's unique time-factory, will not only set right or correct more than 70,000 clocks in all parts of the United States, which are connected with it by means of the network of telegraph lines covering our land, but, continuing on its lightning journey around the world, will proclaim the arrival of the American New Year to all the peoples of the earth. The Republic's ingenious greeting to humanity will speed over 1,180,000 miles of telegraph wires and cables, and, incredible as it may seem, a period of only ten seconds is required for the tidings to encircle the globe.

The method of determining accurately, even to the hundredth of a second, the correct time for making this significant announcement, is in itself most interesting. By means of a telescope known as a "transit instrument," an observer watches the movement of the stars, and by their aid corrects a big clock which stands close at hand.

Opposite this large timepiece are two smaller clocks, which, automatically, send out the time-signal. They cost $700 each, and two are provided, so that there will be no hitch in the proceedings should one break down or meet with accident.

At 11.30 o'clock on the last night of the year, the "transmitting clock" is corrected to the thousandth of a second, from the large clock which, as has just been explained, has, in turn, been corrected from the stars. At about three minutes before midnight, the clock which is to give the signal is switched into the telegraph circuit, and all business ceases on the 350,000 miles of telegraph wire, which stretch up and down, around and across the Republic.

In order to warn the telegraph operators all over the country that the long-awaited signal is coming, it is preceded by warnings sent out from the Observatory. As the hour approaches, the seconds are "clicked off" by the telegraph instruments all over the country. There is, however, an omission of the signal for the twenty-ninth second in order to indicate to the watchers the approach of the half-minute, and then, after the fifty-fifth second has been heralded, five seconds are skipped to warn all listeners that the supreme signal is about to be sounded. Finally, in the last one-hundredth of the fifty-ninth minute of the last hour of the year, the electric circuit is closed, and all over the country bells ring, whistles blow and cannon roar. This signal, to be sure, is not given absolutely simultaneously in all the cities under the Stars and Stripes, but it is approximately so, as may be appreciated when it is explained that only one-fifth of a second is required to flash the signal from Washington to San Francisco.

Since there are in the United States several different legal times in different sections of the country, and as the New Year signal is sent out from the national capital at midnight, Eastern time, it goes without saying that it is somewhat premature in those States and Territories which do not border on the Atlantic seaboard. In order that all Uncle Sam's citizens may be shown the same courtesy, the New Year signal is repeated at what, according to the big clocks at Washington, are 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock and 3 o'clock A.M., respectively, for the benefit of the Central, Mountain and Pacific "Time Belts" of the country, thus giving to each division of our broad land its announcement at exactly midnight.

However, the signal which is flashed around the world is that which goes out from Washington at midnight, and in many a foreign clime time-balls drop and flags are dipped, not because it there ushers in the first day of the new year—for it is already broad daylight on the other side of the globe—but simply as a compliment to the New World nation, which devised this pretty plan for saluting sister Powers at the beginning of a new year.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

WITH the destruction of the Russian fleet by the Japanese, the war in the Far East has entered upon a new stage. After a week's bombardment by the heavy calibre Japanese artillery mounted on 203-Metre Hill, the warships *Pallada*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet* and *Retvizan* were sunk in the harbor, only their funnels and upper works now being visible. The *Sevastopol*, which sought to escape the bombardment by going out to sea, fell a victim to Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats, and was destroyed together with a Russian transport. No statement has been made concerning the loss of life in these attacks, but it was probably slight, as the heavy guns on the Russian warships had all been dismounted and taken to strengthen the land fortifications, and the crews had doubtless accompanied them.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ENTRENCHING ON THE SNOWY BANKS OF SHA RIVER

Eight thousand fresh Japanese troops, with siege guns and quick-firers, have been landed to reinforce Gen. Nogo's army, which is now attacking three of the strongest fortifications at Port Arthur, still held by the Russians. What the condition of Gen. Stoessel's garrison now is can only be conjectured. These plucky defenders succeeded, after the destruction of the fleet, in sending a sailboat to Chefoo, with messengers to communicate with St. Petersburg. Blockade-runners are supplying the fortress with food and ammunition.

Admiral Togo is now preparing for the reception of the Russian Baltic fleet. He will leave a small naval force to guard the entrance to Port Arthur, and with the rest of his warships, strengthened by the addition of others that have lately been repaired at the Sasebo Navy Yard, he will hold himself in readiness to meet the Russian vessels, which are proceeding slowly, Admiral Voelkersahm's squadron by way of the Red Sea, and that of Admiral Rosjestvensky by way of the Cape of Good Hope. It is believed that the two divisions of the Czar's fleet may have a rendezvous at Tamatave, in Madagascar, where they will join forces. There is a rumor that the Czar will send a third squadron of seven battleships, five cruisers and forty torpedo boats from the Baltic, and this, if true, may operate to delay the fleet many weeks. It is scarcely likely that the Japanese will go far from their home waters to seek out the Russian ships. But if the Black Sea fleet should suddenly force the Dardanelles and attempt to join Admiral Voelkersahm's warships, Admiral Togo would probably be despatched to intercept the squadron in detail.

There has, meanwhile, arisen in Russia, a great outcry against the war, resulting in riots at St. Petersburg and several other cities, where the police and troops were engaged in suppressing student demonstrations. These troubles seem to be increasing. Some of the regiments ordered to the Far East have become mutinous, and are causing serious disturbances. All of these troubles, the Grand Dukes and the war party declare, are attributable to the liberal policy of Prince Mirsky, the new Minister of the Interior, and they predict a revolution unless he be removed.

Inactivity marks the military situation on the Sha River. With the exception of occasional unimportant skirmishes, no fighting has occurred between the forces of Gen. Kouropatkin and the Japanese for several weeks. Both sides are strongly entrenched. There is considerable snow and ice, and the weather is bitterly cold.

THE TURKISH HOUSEWIFE

Housewives of Broussa

BY HARRIET G. POWERS

HOW interesting it would be to know how the Cassandras and Antigones and other dames of Hannibal's quaint old city of Broussa, kept house! What did they have for breakfast? And how were their kitchens furnished? But though this knowledge is beyond our ken, we may learn approximately, through observing how the Marigos (Marys) and Eftigs (Fannies) of the present day in Broussa manage their homes.

The kitchen there, as elsewhere, is the foundation of family life. The dining-room may be desirable, but the kitchen is indispensable. Vesta's "sacred fire" still holds together the family and the State.

A WATER-CARRIER

In Bithynia (of which Broussa is the ancient capital, 150 miles southeast of Constantinople), one must have the kitchen on the lowest floor, so as to be near the fountain in the yard, for Broussa is plentifully supplied with good water. The kitchen must have a stone or cement floor, so that it can be cleansed readily by vigorous application of water and the broom. To protect the feet from cold and damp, the Broussa housewives wear "clogs." A clog may be described as a sandal on two heels (one under the ball of the foot) and a strap passing just above the toes. It may raise one an inch from the floor or more, according to the fancy of the wearer.

One side of the kitchen is nearly taken up with a fireplace, measuring five or six feet across (if the family is small) and about three feet deep. Several feet higher than the floor a stone shelf is built, with pot-holes of stone and plaster, all very crude and rough. A fire is built in each of these pot-holes separately, as needed, to save fuel. Under the shelf are set the ash-pan and kettles. This *ojak* arrangement is in one sense an improvement on the stove system, as all odors go up the chimney. The saucepans are of copper, tinned within and without, and when fresh look like burnished silver. They are round and of varying sizes. The cover rises half as high as the saucepan itself, crowned by a little saucer, which serves for a handle to lift by. These *tenjerehs* (saucepans), will last a generation. A round tray is placed on a stool and serves for picking over rice, preparing vegetables or as a dining-table. Sometimes the *tenjereh*, is set on iron bars laid over the pot-hole, but generally on a trivet. When in haste, the cook can increase the draft by using a sheet-iron funnel, flaring at the bottom, which quickly transforms the black charcoal into a mass of hot, glowing coals.

Every kitchen has a *mangal*, or brazier, which is either a square, round or oblong iron pan, mounted on iron legs, and containing several inches of ashes on which the charcoal is burned. It holds the fire a long time, and is specially useful for cooking anything that requires a slow, steady heat. There is a handle at either end, astride of one of which sets a pair of sheet-iron tongs.

When the housewife washes her dishes in the stone or cement sink, soap is never used. Bran is much better, both for the plates and for the cook's hands.

Coffee is roasted on a frying pan, and sugar is pounded in a brass mortar. Spits are utilized for roasting *kebabs* or toothsome morsels of meat. Besides these, the resourceful Turkish housekeeper has several funnels for emptying liquids, wooden spoons and ladles, large, odd-looking knives of native make, copper water-pails, and rush-bottomed chairs and stools. With these her Bithynian kitchen stands complete.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF BROUSSA AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

It Beats All Others

I received the Beauty Calendar, and am much pleased with it. I think it is the most beautiful of the four calendars I have thus far received of you.

Chambersburg, Pa. EMMA J. GOLDEN.

The President in the Pulpit

FOR several years past, President Roosevelt has been a member of Grace Reformed Church, at the corner of Fifteenth and O Streets, Washington. It is a chapel of the German Reformed denomination, the tenets of which are practically identical with those of the Dutch Reformed denomination, to which the President belonged before he came to Washington.

The pastor of Grace Church, Rev. John M. Schick, was lately requested by the President to arrange a time when the latter could meet the members of the congregation on some week-day evening. He told Dr. Schick that he greatly enjoyed being a member of the little church, which is one of the simplest and most unpretentious in Washington, and that he desired to have a friendly talk with his fellow-members. On the evening of Thursday, Dec. 15, the opportunity came. The President went to the church at eight o'clock and remained half an hour. After the pastor had spoken, Mr. Roosevelt went to the pulpit and made a brief address to the members. He said:

"Dr. Schick, and my friends and neighbors and fellow-members of this church: As the doctor has said, I first asked for the privilege, and the doctor kindly arranged that it should take place. I wanted to have the chance of saying to you how very greatly I have enjoyed meeting and worshiping with you Sunday after Sunday, and how I have appreciated the companionship with you. When I was still Governor, after I had been elected Vice-President, the doctor wrote that this was the only Reformed Church in Washington, and that he thought he could claim me as a parishioner. It has meant a great deal to me to be able to come here Sunday after Sunday, and to be with you, and especially for the very reason touched upon by the doctor in the few words which we have just listened to—for the sense of brotherhood.

"I think that any man who takes an interest in this great country of ours must realize that the one all-important necessity of our social, industrial and political life is the necessity of the realization of what brotherhood means. We cannot develop our civilization at all unless we develop it upon the basis of each recognizing in his fellow-man his brother, whose interest he must have at heart. No scheme of legislation, no kind of administration of the Government will atone, or can atone for the lack of the fundamental quality of each being in every deed his brother's keeper. I do not mean to talk about every seventh day, but to feel it in the intervening six days, to feel it on the part of the employer with his employees, on the part of the employee with the employer.

GRACE REFORMED CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Three-fourths, probably nine-tenths, of the labor troubles, that sometimes assume so ominous a form, would vanish if you could interest the people on each side to approach the matter in the spirit of each striving to care for his fellows as he cares for himself. I do not mean for a moment to neglect his own interests. I want a man to take care of himself; for if he does not, somebody else will have to take care of him. I want him to remember that, in addition to taking care of himself, he has got to try to do his duty by others. If he will approach his fellow-men in the spirit which makes the use of the word brother a genuine term, instead of a term of hypocrisy, the difficulty of dealing with the great questions that arise will be minimized, if not done away with.

"I hope to see the steady growth of the Christian spirit in this country, not merely among our congregations, among the members in their dealings with one another, but among the members of our congregations in their dealings with all mankind, in their dealings with their fellows, with the men and women around about them; and in no way can we so spread the power and influence of our church, in no way can we so effectively bear testimony to it, in no way can we so help in its growth, as by showing that we have been, according to our abilities, doers of the Word as well as hearers, not hearers only."

Interesting and Valuable

The beautiful book, Good Manners for All Occasions, came to me all right. It is indeed very interesting and valuable in any family, rich or poor, and the author, Mrs. Sangster, is a lovely lady. God bless her labors of love, is the prayer of my heart. I like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much. The Calendar also is very nice.

Cedar Falls, Iowa. MRS. J. B. ELLIOTT.

Worth Double the Price

Your Calendar and Family Worship received. The Calendar is a beauty, and the book, Family Worship, is all right. I prize it very highly, and would not let it go for twice its cost. Your paper is also so good, I can't find words good enough for its praise. I like to keep in touch with the advancement of Christ's cause.

Ithaca, N. Y. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

THE FIRST FOOT

A New Year's Story

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE little dressmaker was tired. She had finished and sent home the last stitch of the year's work. Everybody had hurried her, as people do, all wanting their gowns in time for the New Year's reception at the pastor's house, and all making more fuss than usual, because this reception was also to be a wedding occasion. Nan Gilchrist was to be married. From her babyhood, Nan had been the darling of the parish, and now that on her twenty-second birthday, New Year's Day, too, she was to be a bride, and, what was more, the bride of a very rich suitor, whose father had been a boy in Little Windham, the excitement in the parish reached the highest pitch.

Little Windham women did a great deal of their own sewing, and Miss Rivers as a rule, took charge only of the cutting and fitting, and acted as general adviser about the styles and trimmings. But this had been an exceptional season. The crops had been better than in seven years, and Little Windham's purse had been plethoric. People had money to spend. Miss Rivers had engaged several young girls to help her, and her business had been booming. She was tired, but who minds being tired when everything has gone well, when there are no especial worries, and the outlook for the future is radiant?

Miss Rivers had been particularly pleased because Nan Gilchrist had insisted on having her dresses, even to her wedding-gown and the pretty going-away gown, all made in her home town, by her home dressmaker.

"When I am married, Tom may give me what he likes," she said to her mother; "but my trousseau shall be what my father can afford, and I'm not going to be so fine that the rest of you must be pinched for the next twelve months. I should be ashamed if I were selfish, now when I am so happy."

"You never breathed a selfish breath in your whole life, Nan," said her little mother, kissing the girl's fair brow.

The clock struck eight, and Miss Rivers began to think of going to bed. She heard the young people laughing and chatting as they went up the street. They were going to keep watch-night in the old church. Years ago, Miss Rivers had kept watch-night too, but that was when she was a girl, and Jasper Vance had watched the old year out and the new year in, at her side. A foolish quarrel had separated them. Jasper had gone West and never come back, and a report had been brought that he was married and settled. Emily Rivers had long since ceased to grieve, but at anniversary times, since her mother's death, she had been very lonely; yet, though she had been asked more than once, she had never felt like saying yes to any lover's plea. The last one to urge her to change her condition had been Deacon Binns, wealthy, close-fisted, and the father of six children. Nothing in her had responded to his rather tepid middle-aged wooing, and she smiled as she reflected on the cheerfulness with which the Deacon had accepted his dismissal. There were several spinsters of his acquaintance who were willing to become Mrs. Lemuel Binns, and the Deacon was well aware of it and looked about at his leisure.

The door opened and in ran the bride of to-morrow. Nan Gilchrist was tall and slender, with blue eyes and golden hair.

"I want you to know that I am perfectly delighted with everything you have made for me, Miss Emily," she said, "and I want to be sure that you'll come round early in the morning to pin on my veil."

"In the morning, dearie? You are not to be married until three o'clock."

"Ah, but I want to be sure everything will be exactly right, so I'll try on my whole outfit in the morning. How soon can you come, Miss Emily?"

"I'll come as soon as I have wished a happy New Year to whosoever is my first foot over the sill," said Miss Rivers.

"Well, I hope your first foot will bring you good luck, dear friend," answered Nan gaily. "I must fly. I stole away. Tom will be waiting."

Tom was waiting at Miss Rivers' door, and he tucked Nan's little hand within his arm, and they went to the church together just for an hour of prayer and a hymn. But they sat in the last pew, hand in hand, and in the shadow of the organ-loft where nobody saw them. Soon they slipped out and went home, and Tom bade Nan good-night, and turned his steps to the little country inn, where he was stopping. As he crossed the office, he observed a gray-haired stranger talking with the clerk. Tom Vance thought he knew everybody in Little Windham, and he wondered who the newcomer might be. He heard the clerk say:

"Yes, sir, she lives in the same old place, three streets to the left, around the corner. She lives all alone now. Are you a friend of hers?"

"A very old friend," was the answer. "Call me early, won't you?" He went upstairs to his room, and Tom sauntered over to the desk and examined the register.

"Jasper Vance, from Idaho, and daughter!" he read. Then he blew a low whistle and a smile spread over his face. He had spent the summers of his boyhood here in Little Windham, and he knew most of the old stories. As a prospective bridegroom his heart was brimful of sentiment, and he thought happily that maybe there was to be a happy New Year for somebody besides Nan and himself.

"Miss Rivers will have a New Year's call, or I'm out of my reckoning," he said, as he laid his head on the pillow.

Tom wakened early. A man does not need to be called twice on his wedding day. He stepped to the window and looked out on the beautiful and sparkling winter's morning. Snow, hard packed and crisp, lay on the ground. The sun came up in a golden sky, the East shining and resplendent.

Early as it was, his neighbor in the next room was astir too. He had company in his room, and Tom heard a child's voice and a child's silvery laughter. Before long, the door opened and closed, and the two went out and took their way down the silent street.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE BEST WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!"

The man was broad-shouldered and strong. Presently he caught up the little six-year-old girl—a fairy figure wrapped in a coat of snowy fur—and went on with great strides, carrying her.

"In a hurry, it seems!" said Tom to himself, getting into his own heavy overcoat and taking the road in his turn. He followed the two, for he was going their way. He wanted to be the first caller at the parsonage. They evidently meant to be the first callers somewhere.

They stopped, sure enough, at the little dressmaker's. Tom did not loiter, nor spy, but as he crossed the street at Miss Rivers' corner, he naturally glanced in the direction of her house. He saw her door opened, and the little girl ran over the threshold first; then the man stepped in after, and the door was closed.

Nobody can see through a heavy oaken door. But if Tom could have seen, he would have been pleased and thrilled with a fellow-feeling of sympathy. For, as Emily Rivers stood there, Jasper Vance, hat in hand, said: "Jessie, wish the lady what I told you!"

And the child's sweet voice had responded: "A Happy New Year, the happiest of all, to the best woman in the whole wide world!"

Emily Rivers bent and kissed the child. Then the child's father folded them both ia his arms.

"Jasper!" said Emily Rivers. "Jasper!"

"Jasper, my dear, and nobody else, who has come across a continent to be forgiven, and to lay all he has at your feet."

Later Emily heard the story of Jasper's life since he had left Little Windham, of his marriage with an orphan girl, the daughter of his dead partner, and of his wife's death five years before this time, since when his little Jessie had known no care and attendance but his, and that of other men with rough hands and kind hearts.

There were two weddings in the parsonage that New Year's Day. One was that of Nan Gilchrist and Tom Vance, a bride and groom most beautiful in the glory of their youth. An hour after they had plighted their troth, and when the friends had spoken their congratulations, a hush suddenly fell on the throng, as a stalwart man, bronzed and gray-headed, but still in his prime, stepped from the group near the bridal party, and a little woman, in a gown of Quaker gray, was seen at his side. The second wedding was that of Jasper Vance and Emily Rivers, and the clergyman's fee for the second ceremony was paid in broad gold pieces, and was larger than that which was given him for the first.

Little Windham went home after the double reception, to begin for itself another very happy New Year.

A Sunday School in the Mountains

A correspondent writing from Chelan, Wash., tells a most interesting story of a little Sunday School in that town. It is held in an unfinished schoolhouse, built by the settlers, or rather begun by them, for it is still uncompleted. The building is made of rough lumber, and the floor is only 24x32 feet. Here, Sunday after Sunday, gathers a little band of earnest women, who bring their children, some walking many miles to be present. When the men are all out at the "Big Bend" harvest fields, the women are never absent from the Sunday School.

One woman, who lives two and a-half miles from the schoolhouse, cheerfully climbed over a mountain road every Sunday morning, carrying her youngest child in her arms. When there was preaching in the afternoon, she would go home for dinner and come back again, making ten miles over this toilsome road during the July heat. Sometimes, when their gentle old horse was not too tired, four of the children might be seen riding to Sunday School on his back, while the father and mother walked beside the patient animal.

The writer expresses a fervent wish that there were more such devoted Christians in the neighborhood. It is but a newly-settled locality, and five years ago, she, with her husband and four children, were the only white people living upon this mountain bench. The family came in August, and the next April they helped in organizing the first Sunday School in the region. Since that time they have encountered many trials and discouragements, but are yet hopeful of an abundant harvest in God's own good time. A Methodist minister, Rev. A. Y. Scag, preached in the little place three times last summer. The School is under the care of the Congregational Society, Rev. S. Greene of Seattle, State Superintendent, who often sends letters of counsel and cheer.

Our Editorial Forum

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Congress and Mormonism

IT is evident, from the character of the testimony which is now being presented before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, that the Reed Smoot investigation has not lost any of its vitality in consequence of the long adjournment. Some of the testifying witnesses come from the very citadel of Mormonism, and the relentless exposure of the fraud, hypocrisy, immorality, and blasphemy of that iniquitous system, goes on in a manner that must make the leaders of the "Saints" quake with apprehension for the result. It is shown, beyond all dispute, that the principal men in the Mormon Church connive at, and personally participate in the most shameless violations of the laws, and that the manifesto prohibiting polygamy is little more than a dead letter.

It should be remembered that Senator Smoot is part and parcel of this shameless system, the existence of which is a foul blot on American civilization. He is one of the recognized heads of the Mormon Church, and is therefore equally accountable with the other leaders for its wrong-doings. If anything is to result from the present investigation, it must come largely from the Senate's recognition of the power of public opinion. In every State of the Union, Christian men and women, and the numerous church organizations, should continue the battle without cessation, and by petition and letter, urge the Senate to such action as will be a powerful rebuke to the dangerous Mormon ambition, which aims at securing a foothold in our national government. The Brigham H. Roberts' case in the House of Representatives was an excellent precedent. Smoot, though not personally a polygamist, is a far more representative Mormon than Roberts was, and his exclusion would place the Senate on record as having a proper respect for its own dignity, and for the overwhelming sentiment everywhere expressed by the American people against further tolerance of Mormon lawlessness. It is difficult to understand, in view of the startling character of the evidence—all of it confirmatory of the very worst charges that have been made against the Mormon system—how the Senate could hesitate, when the time for a decision arrives.

But there is something more than Smoot to be considered. Facts brought out during the present investigation—in which the case of Smoot has sunk to the proportions of a mere incident—have revealed the gigantic ambitions of the Mormon Church, in a way that must challenge the most serious attention of all who love this Republic, and who desire the perpetuity of its pure and noble institutions. It is unquestionable that the Mormon hierarchy constitutes a great and growing menace to our country. It is the duty of Congress to take action to put a permanent check to the growth of Mormonism as a political power.

How this is to be accomplished, and what legislation is necessary to bring the Mormon States into line with the rest of the Union, must engage the attention of Congress, and the sooner the better. In order that our readers and the country generally, may clearly grasp the situation and arrive at an intelligent conclusion, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has invited the most eminent living authority on constitutional law, the Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds, ex-United States Senator, and author of the Anti-Polygamy Act of 1882, to review the entire question at issue, and set forth before the American people, the steps necessary to be taken toward destroying the evil. Mr. Edmunds' contribution, which illuminates the whole subject, will appear in the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If his wise advice be followed, the baleful Mormon question will vanish like a hideous dream, and our land will be rid of the foul incubus that has afflicted it for half a century.

The Evil Child-Labor System

ANY one who reads the pitiful story of child labor (we might almost feel justified in saying "child slavery") in New York, which we publish on another page, will inevitably be drawn to the conclusion that the famous assumption of the founders of this Republic that "all are born free and equal," needs revision to meet the anomalous conditions of these later times. Not only in the factories of the Empire State, but in the mills of New Jersey and Massachusetts, in the coal breakers of Pennsylvania, and in the manufacturing States of the South, many thousands of tender little children are put to work almost as soon as they can lisp their letters. These pitiful little creatures hardly come into the world before they are deprived of that which ought to be the birthright of every child, the right to a free and joyous childhood, denied all opportunities of education, and doomed to toil from the very day their baby fingers can tie a thread or grasp a spool. Stunted in limb and brain, they pass through life more or less incapable of appreciating what it means.

These sad little tragedies are skilfully hidden, as far as possible, from the eye of a sympathetic public. Few men or women can resist the love of children, and were the fate of these enslaved innocents unconcealed, it would arouse a storm of indignant protest. The State Committee on Child Labor has thrown the electric light of publicity on this shameless violation of law in New York State, and has demanded of the Governor that the statutory provisions for child-labor be rigidly enforced. This demand will be universally supported.

A few years ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thoroughly exposed the child-labor systems of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and later we had the satisfaction of knowing that remedial legislation had been adopted. In New York the law is existent, though inoperative through official neglect. It must be enforced in every city, town, and village of the State.

We bespeak for the Child Labor Committee the support of all who read this appeal. The State of New York should see to it that no official is permitted to stand between it and its duty in this matter. Any one who obstructs a reform so greatly needed, should be superseded without delay.

A Wasted Life

THE life story of a man who died in New York a few days ago, deserves more than a passing notice, because he attained a position which many are vainly striving to reach. Thirty years ago he came into possession of a fortune of about a million dollars. He at once proceeded to enjoy it after his own ideas. Like the Preacher in Jerusalem, "Whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them and withheld not his heart from any joy." Without living a reckless or riotous life, he gave himself to pleasure. The income that came from his property was increased by judicious investments, and when it did not suffice to cover his expenses he drew upon his capital. He simply enjoyed life. Not being married, he consulted his own inclinations and went from one capital to another, to find new forms of pleasure. After thirty years his fortune was entirely dissipated, and when he died last week, he left barely sufficient to cover his funeral expenses.

It would have been interesting to learn what was his own verdict on such a life, when he came to the end. Here was a man, with abundant means at his disposal, taking up the old problem that the ancient Hebrew teacher attempted to solve thousands of years ago. He went out to seek happiness by the old and hackneyed path of sensual gratification. We do not believe he found it. The conditions of our time have not so changed that men can find it in that way, any more than they could in bygone times. The constitution of man has not changed. He is still body, soul and spirit, and men have proved in every age, by painful experience, that the gratification of the senses is of the most evanescent kind, and speedily produces satiety. To voluntarily devote the life to pleasure is to become a mere animal. The body, pampered and indulged, sinks into the grave, and the spirit starved and attenuated, has lost its proper growth and development. Even on the lowest ground of the best that can be made of the present life, the plan of seeking happiness through pleasure is a failure. Not so can man be happy. The highest pleasures are spiritual pleasures, and they are the most enduring.

Comparing such a life with that of the humblest and poorest Christian worker, the result is poor beyond expression. God has so constituted human nature that only by reaching up toward him can one attain true manhood. He who, whatever the circumstances of his lot, strives to become God-like, has pleasures that the world can never give, nor take away. By striving to help others, by laboring for the world's betterment, by alleviating the sorrows and burdens of those around him, so can a man enjoy true happiness. To such a man, there is more joy in the blessing that comes upon him from saving "him that is ready to perish," than the mere worldling ever experiences. Real happiness, even in this life, comes from usefulness; and at the close, there is the prospect of divine satisfaction, the joy of being in that presence where there are pleasures forever more.

Good-Bye, Old Year!

THE division of time into months and years is purely arbitrary; time itself flowing on and on forever in an unending stream, until it is merged in eternity. Yet these divisions are very convenient. How should we keep the records of our lives, how mark the progress of nations, if we had no dates of years and centuries? Good-bye, old year! Nineteen hundred and four, like all its predecessors, has been eventful in world history, has had its chronicle of births and deaths, of loss and gain, of hurricane and flood, of invention and discovery, and, on the whole, has most creditably borne itself, and compares most favorably with the years that have gone before. Good-bye, old year!

The future historian will devote much time and space to that part of the year's panorama which is concerned with the mighty struggle in the Far East. If ever there was a conflict of Titans, this is one. If ever there has been a contest in which most people felt strongly that the balance of right was more on one side than the other, this is one. The heroic and long protracted defence of Port Arthur, has been equalled by the magnificent and well-nigh invincible valor of the attacking forces. The heroism and patriotism of the Japanese, has never been surpassed at any period, or by any people. The world has stood aghast at the wholesale destruction of human life, and at the fearful devastation of property. Whatever be the issue, for years and years to come, both of the warring nations will suffer terribly in their material resources, and be burdened financially with tremendous debts.

As for the heart-history of this fearful war, who shall write it? Who shall count the widows and the orphans, the aged people bereft of sons, and the wounded who must go halt and maimed for the rest of their lives?

As our own General Sherman said, "War is cruel, and you cannot refine it."

Would that in some day of the future, its dire necessity might cease, and peaceful arbitration take its place. But that day is not yet. Nations and men will still fight for the supremacy, and an open port, or a country rich in gold and copper, or any other great material resource, will, as now, be a cause for war. Good-bye, Old Year, and all hail, New Year!

"The King is dead. Long live the King." None of us can predict with any certainty what the New Year will bring us, but we all hope for great things in nineteen hundred and five, May it be a year of blessing to us all? It surely will be this, if we take whatever comes in simple faith, from the good hand of our God. Years come, and years go, but heaven's light is forever over us all, and they are the happiest and most content who live always just one day at a time.

If our hearts were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word.
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

A Treasure

I take pleasure in saying to you that our copy of Family Worship arrived in good shape, and I am delighted with it. I consider it a treasure; it more than meets my expectations. Please accept my thanks.

Plymouth, Ind. D. L. DICKINSON.

Peril of a Famous Church

CABLE messages from Italy report that one of the most famous historic edifices in Europe, that of St. Mark's Church in Venice, is threatened with collapse. When the Campanile fell on July 14, 1902, architects were appointed to examine the foundations of other ancient buildings. Among them, St. Mark's Church, of which the Campanile was a part, was to be carefully examined. It was feared that the causes which had led to the destruction of the famous bell-tower, might have affected the foundations of the church. The report now rendered by the architects proves that the fear was justified. It sets forth that the condition of the Basilica is most alarming. The whole building shows weakness. The foundations are bending and cracking, the walls are sinking, and the ceilings of two of the vaults threaten to give way. If they fall it may cause most of the Basilica to collapse. The architects recommend the immediate erection of scaffolding and a restoration of the whole building, including the foundations.

St. Mark's, as every reader of Ruskin knows, is a building of exquisite beauty. It stands alone among the edifices of the world in respect of its unequalled richness of material and decoration; and also from the fact that it has been constructed with the spoils of countless other buildings, and therefore forms a museum of sculpture of the most varied kind. It was erected in 1071, replacing a more ancient church on the same site, which was built in 813 and was destroyed by fire in 976. Its walls were of brick, but they were faced inside and outside with precious colored marbles and porphyries and by glass mosaics on gold grounds. Plain white marble was used only for sculpture and then thickly covered with gold. The various marbles are arranged in broad, upright bands, alternating so that one color enhances the effect of that next to it. From time to time additions were made to it until now it is a miracle of matchless splendor.

The present peril is believed to be due to a shifting of the strata of clay and sand on which Venice is built. This has left the brick foundations exposed and the bricks have decayed. It may be hoped that the neglect which led to the fall of the Campanile, after similar conditions were discovered, will not be repeated in the case of St. Mark's, the loss of which would be deplored by the whole world. Happily, no such catastrophe can ever befall the true Church of Christ. Whatever may happen to the superstructure which men have erected on the one Foundation, there can be no possibility of that Foundation ever decaying, for it is Christ himself.

If any man build on this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; the day shall declare it (I. Cor. 3: 12, 13).

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, VENICE, NOW THREATENED WITH COLLAPSE

Fadeless Flowers

The wonders of floriculture already achieved by the famous florist, Luther Burbank of San Francisco, have reached their culmination, if a telegram from that city is substantiated, in a new discovery. It is of a flower whose blossoms never fade. The fragrant flowers are of a crimson shade, sometimes approaching white. They are produced in large, graceful clusters, which, when cut, will retain their form and color permanently. The full-grown plants are about one foot high, and the same across. Although the stem of the flower may dry up, the blossoms will not fade. Mr. Burbank has a cluster of these blossoms in his library, which have remained there unchanged for a year. The report says that he evolved the plant by crossing and recrossing upon a hardy annual which grows in Western Australia. It will now, he believes, grow in any light, sandy loam, blooming early in the season, and continuing to bloom for a long time. If this claim proves true, the metaphor of the prophet will have to be revised, with the new flower as an exception, but hitherto the life of the flower has been the symbol of a fact which still remains true.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever (Isa. 40: 8).

Minute Real Estate

A sale of a strip of land in New York caused some amusement in the real-estate market last week. The owner has held it for over twenty years. It lies between Seventy-second Street and Seventy-third Street and is only two inches in width and ninety-four feet in depth. It came into his possession through an error in surveying. He has held it, hoping that at some time it would become valuable to the owner of the property on one side or the other. At last, he put it on the market to ascertain what it would bring. Immediately there were a number of bidders. It was finally bought by a real estate agent, who promptly sold it to another purchaser at a profit of $120. What he will do with it was not disclosed. It is difficult to understand what value so small a strip can have to anyone, but it is said that the possession even of so minute a portion of New York was coveted by many. It is much to be wished that they were as eager to obtain title to a possession in the heavenly city, which is freely offered to them and which can never be taken away.

Now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city (Heb. 11: 16).

Cracks in the Moon

A new discovery in our satellite is announced by Prof. Perrine of the Lick Observatory. It is in the nature of a crack in the moon's crust, or of a dry river bed, only a few hundred feet in width, extending through the centre of the valley, which is known to astronomers as "the valley of the Alps." It is eighty miles in length, extending lengthwise over the face of the moon. It can be seen only under good atmospheric conditions and when the sun is shining upon it at the proper angle. Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, who is a well-known authority on all questions relating to the moon, says, "The crack is caused by a contraction of the crust of the moon," and he has himself observed similar cracks or fissures in several other portions of the moon's surface, though never in the high latitudes near the poles. Though we are accustomed to regard the moon as a dead world and no evidences of life have been observed upon it, it is evident that there are natural forces at work upon it which in their action are akin to earthquakes. These natural forces are only another name for the Creator's power, which is still manifest even in this extinct world.

Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there (Ps. 139: 7, 8).

Diamonds in the Gutter

The detectives attached to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, were summoned hurriedly to one of the boxes a few evenings ago. A lady had just missed from her neck an ornament, thickly studded with diamonds, which, she said, was worth a fabulous sum. She believed that in some inexplicable way she had been robbed of it. The detectives advised her to make a search of the box, and of the carriage in which she had driven to the opera. They did not believe that it could have been stolen from her. A thorough search was made of the box while the carriage was sent for, but in neither place was the ornament found. The lady then entered her carriage, and was driven home to see if she could have left it there. But it could not be found. She was about to drive to the police station when, to her surprise and intense joy, she saw her lost jewels glistening in the gutter in front of her own home. The ornament must have dropped from her neck as she entered her carriage to go to the opera, and have lain there undisturbed for more than an hour. Many people must have passed the place without seeing it. The owner who knew of its loss, her eyes sharpened by her appreciation of its value, was quick to catch sight of it. It is so with human jewels that fall by the wayside. Men pass them by unheeding, but He who knows their value richly rewards any who find and restore them.

Let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins (James 5: 20).

BRIEF NOTES

The Empress of China is building for herself a magnificent tomb, which it is estimated will cost four million dollars.

The marriage of the German Crown Prince has been fixed for March 22d next, which will be the hundred-and-eighth anniversary of the birth of his great-grandfather, Emperor William I.

Stonewall Jackson Christian, grandson of Stonewall Jackson, the great Confederate leader, who was a devout Christian, has been appointed by President Roosevelt a Cadet at West Point.

The births in France last year were 25,000 fewer than in 1902, when they were 12,000 fewer than in the previous year. While the population in France is steadily declining, that in Germany is increasing by a million a year.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is now making his fourth tour of the State of Nebraska. In almost every town Christians are found who date their conversion from his former visits. He remains three days in a town, visits the public school, and invites all to attend his meetings. Many have been brought to Christ during this tour.

Beautiful and Useful Premiums

I want to add my word of praise for the beautiful and useful premiums. You seem to know just what things to offer that give pleasure and profit to every subscriber's household. Have just received 40,000 Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts. I don't know when I enjoyed anything as much as I have the first evening with this book, and look forward to many more.

N. Y. City. PH. H. HOFFMAN.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"BUT the question. What did you want to ask, brother?" said Stanton. "Pardon me, but I think I owe you an apology. I thought you were one of these men who try to break up a meeting with useless arguments. I know now, that you are not that kind." He smiled at the family circle, and with that smile he caught the affections, forever, of the entire simple, deep-hearted household of Franz Stollwitz.

"Well, Dr. Stanton, all I wanted to ask was——" He broke down with his big laugh, as if it had an explosive quality in it that had the properties of dynamite, and exerted its force in all directions equally. "All I wanted to ask was if you were married yourself, and knew what you were talking about from actual knowledge. Would that have broken up the meeting?"

"I'm afraid it would," said Stanton laughing, while Mrs. Stollwitz eyed her big husband reproachfully.

"Well, when the crowd yelled sit down, and called me crank, that raised one crop of dander on me, and I tried to make my question heard, but the people around me were fools, and then I forgot my English, and talked German, so you did not understand. When I get excited, sometimes, I forget all English. Then I need a— what you call 'em—an interrupter. Then Katrina pulled my coat, and I went away."

"She was a good interrupter," said Stanton with a twinkle.

"Yah," said Franz gravely, "Katrina knows when it is good to keep still. But how about that, Dr. Stanton? Be you one married man?"

"Indeed I am, friend, and very happily so. I have her picture here, and I am willing to have you judge if she is not the sweetest-faced woman in the world."

He took out the little case with its photograph, that he had told Mildred he should always carry with him on his lecture trips, and it was passed from hand to hand, provoking exclamations of delight. Stollwitz nodded gravely.

"Ach! You have a right to make a few remarks on the question of marriage. She is one handsome woman. She is of the Lord, my friend."

"Thank you," said Stanton, deeply touched. All through that simple meal it seemed to him that he had been drawing near something elementally simple, and at the same time fundamental. It struck him that Stollwitz and his family might be of the stuff that epics are woven out of, and that these yellow-haired, grave-eyed children might lay claim, sometime, to richer heritage for blessing than the sons and daughters of the upper circles, where simplicity and elemental virtues have been choked and killed by the artificial customs of society.

When he rose to go away, Stollwitz pulled a book out of a little shelf behind the door.

"We read your book aloud, Dr. Stanton, Katrina and I. It helped us. I would have stayed last night to tell you so, but the troubles at the mill made it needful for me to go to my place earlier. That is what Katrina came to call me about. God bless you! Come and see us again."

He shook hands heartily with all the members of the family, and when he came to baby Katherine, he kissed her, while the tears came into the eyes of big Stollwitz and his wife. They watched him until he turned the corner by the mill, and he went his way thanking God for the little chapter that had become a part of the book of his own life.

His engagements took him away from Lenox for nearly two weeks, and when he returned one evening, he came home with a varied experience that he anticipated telling to his wife. On the whole, the people had received him kindly, and he had some reason to believe that his message had met with a response from the people. There had been some opposition. At one or two places, people in the audience, angered at his plain statements, had gone out of the meeting, and others had let him feel their opposition by means of letters or speech. But for the most part, the signs of a growing promise for the growing Brotherhood, seemed bright to him, and he rejoiced with a glow of hope in the good report he was able to make to his wife.

The minute he got out of the train at Lenox, he was aware of some very unusual disturbance in the

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town. The air was charged with high excitement. Looking over into the great public square near the passenger depot, he was thrilled at the sight of a dense mob gathered about a negro, who was standing on a great pile of wood, which seemed to be composed of railroad ties, pieces of sidewalk, broken drygoods boxes and barrels.

At the foot of this pile, an insane mob surged like demons, striking at the negro's figure with clubs, axes, bars from piping torn from the little depot flower-garden plot. Other men were pouring something on the wood at the negro's feet.

"What is it?" Stanton asked of no one in particular. The horror of a deep inhuman act struck him with a chill of intense numbing pain. He had a sudden nausea, and his temples throbbed heavily.

"They are going to burn him alive, and serve him right," the station-master said, with an oath.

"They shall not do it if there is a God in heaven!"

Stanton leaped off the platform edge and ran across the flower-plot towards the scene. As he ran, he sobbed to himself, "It is Christian America! Oh God, for Christ's sake, forbid it. They know not what they do!'

CHAPTER V

THE next moment Stanton had fought his way into the mob and was pleading with it, not knowing what he said, only pouring out a passionate torrent of words, entreating, threatening, commanding. He was astonished to note in the crowd some of the most prominent business and professional men in Lenox, swept off their feet by the frenzy of the mob spirit. One of these men roughly shoved Stanton aside as he flung an armful of wood down on the awful pile rising around the negro, who was chained to a street-car rail.

"He murdered a white man and woman down on the Wood road behind the mills, Dr. Stanton."

"I didn't do it! I am not guilty!" shrieked the poor wretch, writhing in the chain that had been wound around his body. And as Stanton gazed on him, he recognized the negro who had fought for life the night of the riot between the union and the non-union men.

"Let the courts do their work! Don't murder an innocent man!" shouted Stanton. His voice was like a child's in the midst of the yelling demons in that hell-possessed square. Someone flung a lighted newspaper on the oil-soaked wood. It blazed up at once, and the negro screamed in a cry so frightful, that for a moment those nearest his figure fell back.

Stanton flung himself on the blaze, and with feet and hands scattered the pieces of wood, crying aloud as he did so, calling on the men to let the law take its course. The next moment he was caught and flung back. Several strong arms held him, while the mob threw the fagots around the wretch and set them afire again. As the blaze curled up around his feet a pistol shot rang out, then a second and a third. The negro's head dropped, his body sank down, an inert mass held up by the chain, and the flames and smoke rolled around him, for a moment hiding the fearful object from sight.

That was all Stanton remembered, mercifully for him, until he came to himself, to find that he was lying on the grass-plot of the railroad flower-park with Harvey bending over him. Afterwards he learned that Harvey had dragged him out of the crowd in a fainting condition and perhaps saved his life.

Harvey was kneeling between Stanton and the smouldering heap of nameless horror in the square. The mob was fighting to get up to that awful heap to secure souvenirs of the evening.

"Surely, God will take vengeance on the people for this night's dreadful deed," groaned Stanton feebly.

"If there is a God," replied Harvey roughly. "I have my doubts about it. But you've done your duty."

"It has not availed anything," Stanton exclaimed faintly. "But I believe in a God if you don't, Harvey, and I know he will visit this city with punishment for this outrage."

"The man and women were killed by someone down on the Wood road, and the negro was found near the scene under suspicious circumstances. Someone had to be sacrificed to the desire for vengeance."

"I believe he was innocent," groaned Stanton. "His guiltless blood will cry out against us from the ground. And think of the eyes that have been ruined by the sight of this horror. How can they ever behold anything pure or holy again."

"Come on home, Stanton. You can't do anything more here. Are you fit to walk?" Harvey helped him to his feet and went home with him, Stanton, all the way, hanging his head in shame for Lenox, and when Mildred greeted him he broke down under the strain as she put her arms about him and mingled her grief with his over the awful event.

To the credit of the Lenox *Times* next day, it denounced the action of the mob in a vigorous editorial, and called attention to the fact, that if the after-facts should prove the victim to be innocent, he would be the nineteenth negro to be lynched within six months within the United States, eleven of whom were innocent of the crime attributed to them. "Even supposing this man to be guilty," the editorial continued, "the mob spirit is the mark of barbarism. It is, however, becoming alarmingly common. There is no doubt the courts are largely to blame for it. The law's delays have been notorious. Especially is it true that justice has often been defeated, and guilty men permitted to go free when the accused has been a person of wealth or influence. This fact is, no doubt, responsible to a large degree for the presence of the mob in American life to-day. The people have grown to have a deep distrust of the regular court proceedings. The remedy for lynch law is an incorruptible court which acts promptly, not depriving any man of a fair opportunity to prove his innocence, but without permitting delays on technical points of law, and upon convictions, at once meting out punishment in keeping with the crime."

Stanton rested quietly at home during the day, heartsore over the disgrace and shame that had fallen on the town. After supper Harvey called, with news of serious nature.

"It's as you said, Dr. Stanton. The negro was innocent. The guilty man was found late this afternoon by Sheriff Johns, who was absent last night in Anson county. If he had been here the mob would not have been possible, I believe. You know Johns. He's the best sheriff we ever had. The minute news came of the murder on the Wood road, he started out. He got a clue that took him over into Anson county. Sheriff Raines joined him, and the man was brought to bay in a barn. He confessed his guilt, but shot himself dead before he could be caught. That's the story that all the town is talking over to-night. If it's true——"

"If it's true," Stanton exclaimed, as he walked up and down in front of Harvey, "this town is guilty of a fearful crime before God. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"The Lord is the only one who will repay," muttered Harvey.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Mildred in horror at Harvey's inference, "That this negro's murder will go unpunished in the courts? Why, father is Judge of the District Court. Do you mean——?"

"Your father is the soul of honor, Mrs. Stanton," said Harvey quietly. "He is the fairest judge in some ways that ever sat on the bench. And yet, you will pardon me for saying it, he has repeatedly, in the course of his long service in the District Court, permitted laws delayed on technicalities, where he might and should lawfully have ruled for a swifter and surer justice. Besides, in this case, the judge is powerless if the County Attorney does not bring action. And if anyone supposes that County Attorney Paley will ever bring any against the mob——"

He left his sentence unfinished with a contempt that was deeper than words could make it, and Stanton gravely eyed him and his wife, conscious that Harvey spoke the truth.

"Does anyone wonder," said Harvey gloomily, "that some of us want to see a different order of society in the world from the one we've got now? Will you say, Stanton, that under the present monopolistic, plutocratic rule the people get justice in any large quantity? The men around poor Bill Warren last night, some of them were among the best known men in Lenox. You see if any of them are ever arrested for this crime. Yet if some poor striker breaks a law, he's jacked up without any delay and punished to the limit. J. B. Wrightam breaks a dozen laws of the State

every day of his life, and no one interferes. That's because he's a millionaire. He drives his automobile through the streets of Lenox twice as fast as the ordinance says is lawful, but who ever heard of his being arrested? If I were to drive a horse a fraction beyond the speed allowed, you know I would hear from it quick enough. It is just such facts that makes Socialists. And the lawless rich will have themselves to blame one of these days if they wake up some fine morning to a new order of things, in which they shall be obliged to obey the laws or suffer the consequences."

"It will never be along the track of compulsion or hatred, Brother Harvey."

"I don't care along what track it comes, so long as it gets here," Harvey replied, as he got up to go. "But you mark my prophecy. Not a man that helped murder Bill Warren will ever suffer for it from Lenox justice."

" 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord," murmured Stanton sadly, as Harvey went out. "The world is in the hands of a just God. If not now inevitably, sometime, every evil deed of selfish men shall receive its just punishment."

"I'd like to see some of it handed out now," said Harvey with his grim smile. "I'm tired of waiting for eternity to even things up."

"God has waited longer than you have!" replied Stanton, a little sternly. Harvey stared and seemed about to answer, but finally went away without speaking.

Next morning the Lenox *Times* had a full story of Sheriff Johns, and his attempted capture of the real criminal. There was no doubt that the mob had murdered an innocent man. The *Times* called for action on the part of Paley, the County Attorney, and vigorously declared that the town and county were disgraced unless something was done. It spoke in high praise of Dr. Stanton's conduct, and urged its readers to denounce mob rule, and stand together for law and order.

The following Sunday, several pulpits in Lenox spoke out plainly, and called on the courts and authorities to take action against the mob. Stanton himself, by invitation from one of the ministers, preached that Sunday on the all absorbing topic. Never had he been so effective. A vast audience crowded the church.

It was deeply moved by his eloquent appeal for a social righteousness. Apparently his words carried deep conviction. Hundreds stayed after the service to thank him for his message, and assure him of their hearty belief in the truth of what he had so forcibly stated.

"HE CAME TO HIMSELF ON THE GRASS PLOT, WITH HARVEY BENDING OVER HIM"

Yet it is simply matter of plain history of this case in Lenox, in the year of our Lord 1903, and in so-called Christian America, nothing was ever done really to bring the murderers of Bill Warren, the negro, to trial. The County Attorney went through the form of arresting a few people, but the cases were finally dismissed for lack of evidence; and even in the face of an indignation meeting called by Stanton and a few public-spirited men, the farce of justice was fully played out by the County Attorney, and not one man of the hundreds guilty of that awful crime was ever punished by the laws of man. This is matter of history which is not denied. And the place of it is not Turkey or Macedonia, with its heathen and unchristian atrocities, but Christian America, with its churches, schools, colleges, and culture, inheriting its wealth of Pilgrim and Puritan conviction. Is it true, think you, young and thoughtful citizens of the United States, that the age of deep convictions has gone, and that we are living in an age of selfish greed and political graft, so intense that one man like this County Attorney of Lenox County, a man devoid of patriotic sense and of reverence for law, drawing his pay as the main thing in his office, practically stands a thing of colossal insult to the State to thwart the majesty of justice, and with cowardly wickedness pour contempt and shame on the principles for which the framers of the Declaration of Independence pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor?

Whatever you may think about it, the facts remain grim and unchanged. Let every lover of his country, and every believer in the law and its enforcement, note the facts on his knees, holding up his hands before God in prayer, that a new generation may arise with a righteous zeal for a Christian Republic in reality as well as in name.

How much this event contributed to deepen Stanton's convictions in the line of his belief in social revolution, it would be difficult to say. Undoubtedly it intensified his feelings and added to his passionate desire for a new patriotism. This found expression in his next public address in Chicago. He was called there by the Municipal League, and the Auditorium was packed to hear him. It was a representative audience, composed of Labor, Capital, professional and business men, all interested in his theme, most of them drawn by curiosity to see the author of *The Christian Socialist;* some hostile to him, others indifferent, but all, for the time being, more or less roused by the occasion.

Stanton began by stating the subject of the evening's address:

"I have been asked," he said, "to outline the programme of Christian Socialism. It is useless for me to make even a beginning toward what I want to say, unless the first principles on which a proposed social order rest are plainly understood.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, therefore, that I do not attempt to bring into this discussion any other economic theories than those which have been so plainly stated in the Bible, and especially in the New Testament. A good many people are frightened at the sound of the very word Socialism. But I wish to announce in this talk to-night, that according to my view, and that of hundreds and thousands of far better Christians than myself, the term Christian Socialism is nothing but a term which means, that if the plain teachings of the Son of God were obeyed in human society, the world would begin to enjoy a peace, a strength, a prosperity, a brotherhood, such as it does not now know. If this is true, as I firmly believe it is, then the statements I am about to make are simply and forever based on the teachings of Jesus, and are not any new or striking or original contribution to the Social Problem, only the direct application of divine laws to human needs, as old as creation, but made clear and specific by Him who came on purpose to give men life abundantly.

"The programme of Christian Socialism, therefore, may be stated under the following heads:

"1. Before anything like a Christian Social order among men is possible, men must be Christian.

"It is not enough that they be merely good men, that is, men who are moral or who never commit crime. They must be men who are filled with the spirit of Christ, intelligent, well-poised, self-sacrificing, loving their enemies, ready to forgive wrongs, strong to endure, patient, calm, making it the business of their lives to seek first the Kingdom of God. There is no real hope of establishing the Christian Social order with any other human material.

"2. If this proposition is true, it follows, that making laws or trying to establish legislative rules to govern society, will not, in itself, be enough to bring about an ideal social order among men. Men themselves need first of all to be right before they will live right. This does not ignore the fact that surroundings or environment have their influence in shaping men's moral or religious conditions. But merely to attempt to improve men's physical conditions and ignore their spiritual needs, as if all had been done when the body has been well-clothed, fed, and housed, is to ignore the fact that men in all the centuries who have had the best environment, but whose hearts have been sinful, are among the most unhappy and sinful men in the world's history. Having money, living in a big house, eating rich food, being educated, all this does not mean happiness or power. If what the world of labor is after to-day is more money, more food, better houses, more things, as if these things would bring happiness, then it will miss the mark, and even if by a legislative revolution it should gain all these things but still remain unchanged in the heart, the world will be no better off than it is now. In fact, if all the people who are now living in tenements, all the people who are working at hard labor, all the people who are poor and in debt and worn out with the struggle for existence, should be able to exchange their condition with the rich, go into their houses, have their money to spend, and be released from the conditions which they now regard as bitter, the world would not be any better off, unless the people who benefited by the physical change were also changed at heart. The good house, the fine clothes, the money, the surroundings, would not in themselves necessarily make any of these people any happier, any more useful, or more of value to society. It would be bread, but it would be bread alone. And 'man shall not live by bread alone.' Out of the heart proceed all the evil things of the world. The rich are as miserable as the poor if their hearts are not right with God. Christian Socialism simply repeats the command of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things—that is, the physical things you need — shall be added unto you.' The Socialism which says, 'seek first better wages; seek first more money; seek first how to get the better of your enemies; seek first trade-unionism; seek first how to down Capitalism or how to enact laws against human selfishness,' this Socialism, no matter what else it may be, is not Christian. There is only one first for the Christian, and that is the Kingdom of God.

"3. This does not mean that Christian Socialism has no definite aim or purpose in the matter of changing unjust or unhappy physical conditions of society. Any man who really is seeking first God's Kingdom, will do all in his power to make the physical life as comfortable and happy as he can. Because the Christian makes his first object in life the building up of the Kingdom of God, is the best possible reason why he is the one kind of a man in the whole world to help successfully to establish a just and happy social condition. Christian Socialism, therefore, believes in the following practical measures.

"4. Christian Socialism believes in the common ownership or control of all the world's great necessities. This includes such common physical needs as transportation, local and general; oil, coal, food, water, light, telegraph, telephone, express and postal conveniences. Such common necessities as ice, bread, milk, medicine, etc., could easily be furnished all the people at cost, under an intelligent, loving, social order which was really Christian. I was present in the London Common Council one day, when Lord Carrington rose and made a statement concerning the cost of gas to the poor of London, as furnished by the London Gas and Coke Company, an absolutely monopolistic concern. The company charged the poor of London nine pence more per thousand feet of gas than they charged him, Lord Carrington. Lord Carrington afterwards declared his abhorrence of any such injustice, and prophesied a final socializing of such a common necessity. The difference in price was on account of the difference in quantity of gas consumed."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GREAT FORERUNNER

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

AS this is the only lesson on John the Baptist in these six months about Jesus, we may well recall the whole life of the man behind the witnessing here described. Indeed the most important thing about any witnessing is the character of the witness. The lips must be backed up by the life. John was twice declared to be "great." It makes a difference who gives that witness. Who did? First, the angel that promised this child to his parents (Luke 1: 15), said, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord," and later, when John had fulfilled the angel's promise, Jesus proclaimed him "great" (Matt. 11: 11). That settles it. The most reasonable thing any mortal can do is to accept the word of Christ as final, and use his own imperfect reason only on the questions of which the perfect Reasoner has not spoken. But in what was John truly great?

1.—Because He Fulfilled God's Plan. Isaiah and Malachi foretold the coming of John the Baptist as a second Elijah, careless of comforts but full of courage, a herald of Christ, who should go before him crying, "Prepare the way of the Lord" (Isa. 40: 3, 4; Mal. 4: 5). And when the time had almost come the angel Gabriel told the aged woman who thought her home was never to be gladdened with a child, that she was to give the world this promised forerunner of Jesus: "Thou shalt have joy and gladness and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink no wine or strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Spirit. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn unto the Lord their God. And he shall go before his face in the spirit and power of Elijah, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to walk in the wisdom of the just; to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for him" (Luke 1: 14-17).

His mother and father and the child himself all helped God to the utmost to fulfil that wonderful promise. But do not forget that every child's life is a plan of God, and that a part of that "plan" is that you should be good and do good. Can we all be great as well as good? Yes; by linking our names with Christ as John did, they shall become immortally glorious in his reflected light, in heaven if not on earth. If John the Baptist had not been the humble servant of Jesus we should none of us know that such a man ever lived. Even on earth those whose honors abide, are the good who were also "good for something." Who knows the names of the richest men of John's time? Even the public officers of that day are not generally known to the people of to-day, except those whose names were linked with Christ as friends or enemies. Can you name any rulers of that age except the Herods and Pilates and others who were some way related to Christ? It is the good that are honorably remembered by God and man.

* * *

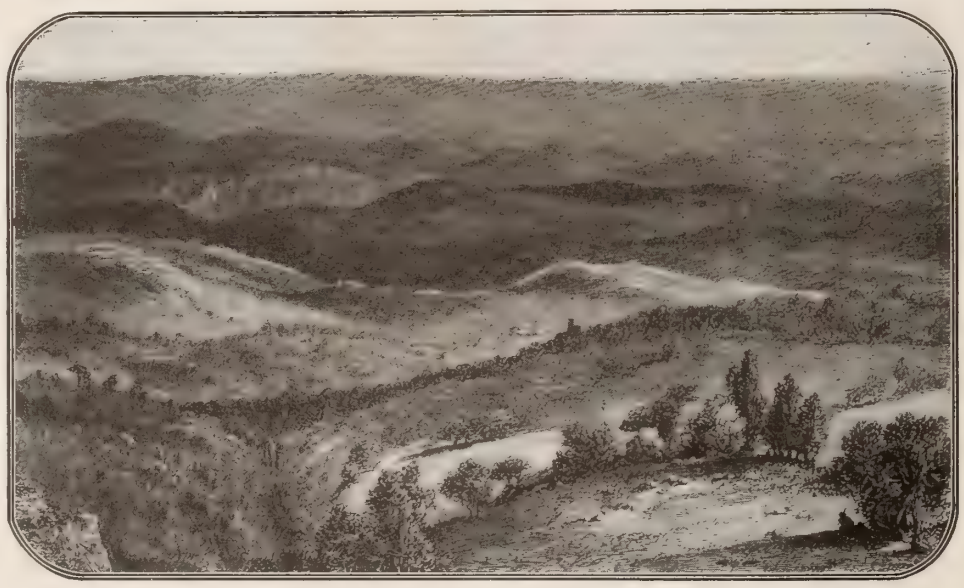
2. Because he was filled with the right spirit. What a long delusion lies in the name "spirit," as applied to that which comes into human nature not to strengthen but to weaken! Of thirty-two young men examined in a recent year in New York City for cadetships, only nine were physically sound. Does any one suppose the other twenty-three were rejected because they abstained, as John the Baptist did? John was an abstainer all his life. There were "Nazarites" who took the pledge only for a limited period, but he "pledged perpetual hate to all that can intoxicate." He did not stop, as some temperance people do, with barring out the wrong "spirit"—he also admitted the right Spirit. And let neither parents nor children overlook the fact that he was born of the Spirit, as was Jeremiah also (Jer. 1: 9), at the very beginning of his life. He was a Christian from the cradle, as every child might be if parents were prayerful and faithful. The first choice between right and wrong may be a right one, as surely as the second one may be, or the hundredth. And until a wrong choice is made, the child of prayer is surely the child of God.

* * *

3. His was also a fearless "voice" against sin and for salvation by the Cross. John, having been foretold by two prophets, and Gabriel, the prince of angels, and being descended on both sides from Aaron, the brother of Moses, and belonging not only to God's chosen people, but also to the Levites, the highest in rank of them all, might naturally have been proud of his blood and station. And his superior morality and spirituality might have added to his self-esteem. But when his moral and spiritual childhood had ripened into young manhood, and he had entered on his appointed work as a preacher of righteousness, though great popularity as a preacher to unprecedented crowds of rich and poor again offered

IN THOSE DAYS CAME JOHN THE BAPTIST, PREACHING

occasion for self-regard, he replied to those who thought he must be the Messiah: "I am only the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (vv. 1: 19-23). That saying is characteristic of John's whole life, and of all who in the Bible speak and write for God. They all stand as Joseph before Pharaoh, saying: "It is not in me; God shall give you an answer of peace." See II Sam. 23: 2; Isa. 1: 10 (repeated twenty times); Jer. 1: 4; Ezek. 1:3; 3: 10, 11 (repeated sixty times); Dan. 9 : 2; 10 : 9; Hos. 1: 1; Joel 1: 1, etc.



THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA, THE SCENE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST'S PREACHING

In the second section of the lesson, the humility of John the Baptist comes out in deeper lines, when being asked about his baptism of repentance (vv. 25-28), he answered that a greater baptism of the Spirit would be given them by the Master whom he heralded, of whom he was not worthy to loose the sandals as his lowliest servant. Not worthy to be his servant, and yet he dared to call himself "the friend of the Bridegroom," is another unconscious picture of his self-forgetfulness. When the crowds John the Baptist had gathered left him to hear Jesus, and the jealous friends of the former complained, John answered, comparing himself to the bridegroom's friend, that goes before him to arrange all things with the bride's family: "He that hath the Bride, the Church, is the Bridegroom, Christ, and I who am only the friend of the Bridegroom, delight to get away into the shadow and rejoice greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice, talking with his happy Bride. He must increase and I must decrease" (John 3: 25-30). Why does not some great artist picture this wonderful conception, the masterpiece of humility? Few men ever became great enough to retire so early, and so cheerfully from the front of the stage when the good of the cause required it. It is such humble men, who are willing to be forgotten, that the world will not forget. And even

> Though they may forget the singer,
> They will not forget the song.

To be a "voice" for God that shall be heard, whether we are "heard of" or not, let that be our Christian ambition. A certain man used to pray now and then in prayer-meeting, but in so low a voice that no one could tell what he said. The pastor thought it was because he had a feeble voice, until one day he stepped into his store and heard his orders to his clerk ring out all through the store: "John, bring up that fifty pounds of flour!" "Alas!" said his pastor, "he can only whisper for God, but in business he has a mighty voice."

> Lord, speak to me—that I may speak
> In living echoes of thy tone!
> As thou hast sought, so let me seek
> Thy erring children, lost and lone.
>
> Oh, fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
> Until my very heart o'erflow
> In kindling thought and glowing word
> Thy love to tell, thy praise to show!

One day at sea, the writer was pondering the saying of Christ that of those born before him none was greater than John the Baptist. He did not seem so great as that, then. But after spending that whole day reading all that is said about him by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and beholding three great Bible pictures of him as Hero, Faithful Witness and Friend of the Bridegroom, the words of Christ seemed none too strong.

John the Hero. Let us then look upon the Bible picture of John the Baptist as a hero, second to none that has lived. Behold him standing before a multitude of excitable Jews, easily roused to passion; plainly—almost personally—pointing out their sins and urging them to repentance. Still more: See him when the Pharisees of his audience congratulate themselves that his denunciations of sin are not for such righteous men as themselves, looking them equally in the eye and inquiring: "O generation of vipers (they expected rather this greeting: "O models of righteousness"), who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" And then, as he sees their inward confidence in their ancestors' piety instead of their own, he adds, pointing to the smooth pebbles at his feet: "Say not ye, we have Abraham to our Father, for I say unto you God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the ax is laid unto the roots of the trees: therefore every tree that beareth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," as if he had said: "The dispensation has come when leaves of profession and form will not suffice. There will be a looking at the root, the heart itself and among the branches for fruit. The new Gardener will say of every tree that has nothing but leaves: 'Cut it down! Why cumbereth it the ground?'"

It has been said that the symbol of John, as suggested by this last passage, should be an ax. Bravely did he swing the gleaming ax in the forest of hypocrisy, corruption and indifference, "making straight in the desert a highway for our God."

But the picture of his grandest courage would present him calm and bold in the presence of one who wore a crown and the tinselry of royalty, declaring, in spite of dungeon and death before him, the lust and wickedness, and treason to God's law that this Herod had shown in marrying his brother Philip's wife. While the word Herod has become almost the synonym of hatred as we say, "it outherods Herod." the world would fain write on the old castle of Machærus, to which John's fidelity condemned him, the inscription, "The Palace of Heroism."

*Lesson for Jan. 8. "The Witness of John the Baptist to Jesus." John 1: 19-34. Golden Text: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29. Home Readings (giving consecutive life of Christ from all four Gospels): *Sunday*, Jan. 8—John 1: 19-51. *Monday*—John 2: 1-11. *Tuesday*—John 2: 12-25. *Wednesday*—John 3: 1-21. *Thursday*—John 3: 22-36; Luke 3: 19, 20; Mark 6: 17-20; Matt. 14: 5. *Friday*—John 4: 1-42. *Saturday*—John 4: 43-54.

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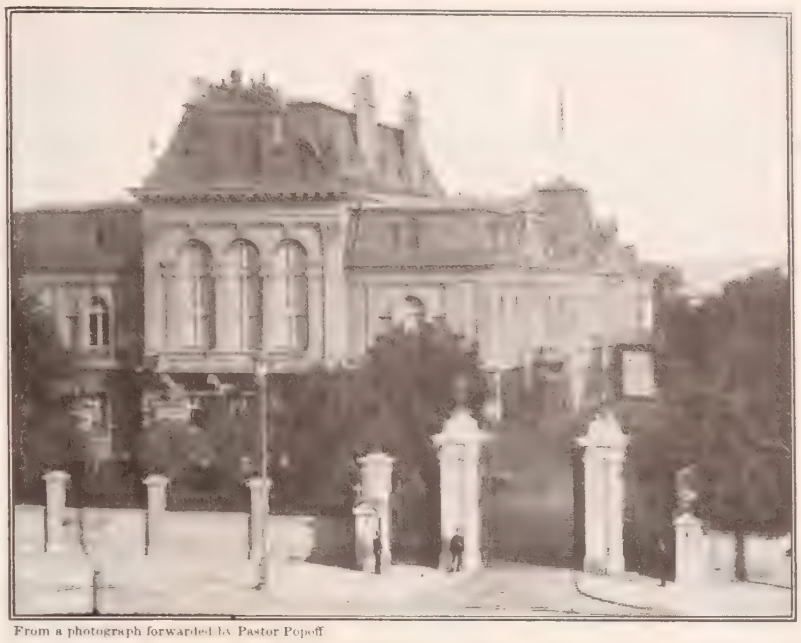
EVANGELICAL WORK IN BULGARIA

SOFIA, the capital of Bulgaria, is a fast-growing city. From a dirty provincial Turkish town of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants, its population has grown to eighty thousand, and the city is entirely Europeanized since the liberation of Bulgaria, when it was selected capital of the principality. The stranger visiting Sofia can see here and there remnants of the old city. The old, low and tumble-down buildings are replaced by commodious dwellings and business houses. Crooked and narrow lanes have given way to straight, well macadamized streets. The abundant supply of excellent water from Mt. Vitosha, the sewerage system, the electric lights and the trolleys remind the Western visitor that Bulgaria is in Europe, and that the Bulgarians are not altogether Orientals.

* * *

Just before the Russo-Turkish War in 1877, Protestant work was begun in this city by the Bulgarian Evangelical Society, which opened a Bible depot, and its agent was required, in addition to his other duties, to conduct evangelical services. Previous to this, the city had been visited by missionaries, colporteurs and transient preachers, but no Protestant community had as yet been organized. The agent of the Bulgarian Evangelical Society soon gathered a small congregation of ten to fifteen members, who met for regular service in a small tailor shop. There was a front window, but they dared not open it on account of the disturbing elements that might break up the service. The number of inquirers after the truth steadily increased. An old house was purchased, affording a more commodious place for worship. Later, this house was taken by the city for improvement purposes, and a more central site was purchased, and a new church building erected. The work has rapidly grown since then. For a number of years its entire support came from the Bulgarian Evangelical Society. Then the community began to raise part of the pastor's salary, the balance being given by the American Mission in Samokov. When Pastor Popoff took up the pastorate of this church thirteen years ago, he found a congregation of some one hundred and forty. Now the average attendance at our morning and evening services is about three hundred. The membership is more than doubled. The Sofia church has become practically self-supporting.



From a photograph forwarded by Pastor Popoff

PRINCE FERDINAND'S PALACE IN SOFIA

A large number of those that attend the services are non-Protestant. Frequently Government officials, military officers, soldiers and others come to hear the preaching of the Gospel. Many come from provincial towns, who are in Sofia on business.

* * *

By means of its Sunday School, its Temperance Society, its Y. M. C. A., its Ladies' Aid Society and similar organizations, it is leavening with Gospel truth not only the population of the capital, but the entire nation. It is the only evangelical church in Sofia where the Gospel is preached in the vernacular.

The building is greatly out of repair. It will require an outlay of from $2,000 to $3,000, and the members have already started a subscription for the purpose. Any one who is interested in the work can address M. N. Popoff, Ulitza Solun 18, Sofia, Bulgaria.

Answered Prayers

BELIEVE IN GOD

O H, doubting child,
Dear one, weighed down with care,
Be reconciled:
For Jesus answers prayer.

When sorrows come,
And when temptation's near,
Go thou and pray:
Through prayer comes Christ's good cheer.

Fear not life's woes,
God is a Father kind;
How tenderly
He leadeth home the blind.

If 'tis not now,
But in the coming years,
Faint not, believe;
God wipes away your tears.

Sometime 'twill come,
The answer longed for most,
Be brave, dear child,
Stand firmly at your post.

Bluff Point, N. Y. MAPLE LOUISE DANN.

Reader, Boonville. "I beg to acknowledge the beautiful way God has answered my many prayers."

C. A. B., Connecticut. "In great mental distress I called upon the Lord for relief, and my prayer was answered."

Mrs. W. P., Vt. "I want to acknowledge the goodness of God to me in answering many prayers. He gives us more than we ask."

Mrs. S. M. "I have several times of late been in a great trouble and anxiety. I prayed earnestly; the Lord heard and answered."

T. F., Marshall Co., Miss. "I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it. He answered it and many others. I will always trust him."

Reader, Nevada. "I wish to tell of God's goodness to me. He has answered my prayer. He will never forsake those who trust in him, and who are faithful to the end."

S. E. L., Connecticut. "God's promise, 'I will never fail thee nor forsake thee,' is sure if we trust Him. I wish to acknowledge his loving kindness in answering special prayer many times."

Reader, Wisconsin. "I wish to add my testimony to the many of 'Answered Prayers.' A great affliction came to me and lasted all summer. I prayed earnestly and my prayers were heard, and I believe many more will be."

Mrs. R. T., New York. "I wish to testify to God's goodness to me and my family. I promised the Lord, if my prayers were answered, I would acknowledge it to the world. I have had many answers to prayer. I praise his holy name for his mercy and goodness to me."

A Constant Reader, Fall River, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge to the world, God's great mercy and kindness in the speedy answer to my prayer. I do not know what we would do without him when we are in need of comfort and strength, or at any time, for he is always near and ready to help."

Miss S. F., N. Y. "I must make a public acknowledgment of my faith in prayer. This week I have had two special prayers answered—one which relieved my father and mother of great anxiety and trouble, and one which gave me a position. The dear Saviour has been my refuge many, many times in time of trouble. Praise the dear Lord!"

It is a Beauty

The Beauty Calendar received, and I thank you very much. I do think you have rightly named it, for it is a beauty.

Respectfully yours,

Lebanon, N. H. MRS. A. C. SMITH.

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Please bear in mind that the last day of the year 1904 terminates the above arrangement between THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and **The People, The Land, and The Book.** Therefore, if you would avail yourself of the offer, it would be well to do it at once. **Unless** when ordering you make **particular mention** of **The Scroll of the Law,** it will **not** be sent, as it is a **Special Premium** under this offer.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. L. M., Auburn, N. Y. Do you think that a person who has been deserted, has a right to remarry?

If a divorce has been obtained from the courts, we believe that the person deserted, having clear proof that the partner who has gone away has violated the marriage vows, has the right to remarry. It would be an odious injustice for an innocent person to be punished for the wrong-doing of another. The marriage is dissolved by the act of the deserting partner, and it sets the other partner free. Matt. 5: 32 shows that Christ recognized that cause as justifying divorce.

A. H., North Carolina. A farm is owned equally by a man and his wife, and the deed is signed by both. The wife desired to sell her share of her land, but she cannot, for the husband will not consent. The husband rents the farm and collects the rent, and will not pay the wife her portion of her rent. If his wife sues for her share of her rent, will the law of North Carolina, where she lives, allow her the rent?

Such a matter between husband and wife ought to be adjusted amicably without going into court. Any good local or county lawyer or justice will advise concerning the rights of each under the law of the State. Neither can legally deprive the other of a proper share of the estate or its revenues, and either party withholding such share from the other would probably be compelled to make restitution with interest, of the full amount so withheld.

Inquirer, Charlotte, N. C. What is the meaning of the gold, silver, hay, stubble, etc., which are to be tested by fire (I. Cor. 3: 12, 15)?

They are the work and the teaching that men give and do believing that they are serving Christ. There are some men who act unwisely and injudiciously in the pulpit and in ordinary life. They mean well, but being proud, or conceited and ignorant, make mistakes, or act from wrong motives. Their work will perish, but the men themselves will be saved.

W. B., Elena, Miss. 1. Who does the nobleman represent in the Parable of the Pounds (Luke 19:12-27? 2. Why does he give the pound to a man who has already ten pounds? 3. Was he justified in slaying his servants who would not have him to reign over them?

1. Christ himself. An incident of the kind had occurred in Judæa, just before that time. Archelaus had g o n e to Rome to receive the appointment as successor to Herod, and the Jews sent a deputation to follow him and oppose him. So Christ's hearers would understand his allusion. 2. Because the man with ten pounds had proved his capacity and industry. God blesses the man who avails himself of his opportunities. It is so in this world. An employer does not give general increase of salary or promotion; but the man who serves him best and is already receiving the highest salary gets advantages. 3. It was what an Oriental monarch would do. The enemies of Christ who reject him deserve, and must expect, punishment.

Old subscriber writes:

A number have asked, why was Missionary Ridge so named? In 1817 a courageous little band of missionaries was sent out by the American Board of Missions to a rambling, low-lying mountainous tract of land southeast of Chattanooga (and on the line between Georgia and Tennessee) to carry the Gospel to the Cherokees. Through the dishonesty of a contractor, no buildings were erected for shelter, and they were thus compelled to camp in the open, and as the winter was cold, they suffered many hardships. They began building rude shelters, and a saw mill. Many Indians were converted. In 1819 the place was visited by President Monroe, who praised the work of the missionaries and called the place "God's own spot." For nearly twenty years the good work went on, until the removal of the tribe to lands further west.

W. B. W., Helena, Ark. Should the following quotation read: "'Tis a wise father that knows his child," or "'Tis a wise child that knows his father"?

The quotation is from *The Merchant of Venice* (Shakespeare), and reads: "It is a wise father that knows his own child."

G. W. C., Horton, Kans. How can we harmonize the contradictory statements of Kings and Chronicles about the ages of the monarchs?

They are due to the fact that the Hebrews used letters for figures. There are several pairs of letters closely resembling one another. In the days when the volumes were copied by hand, it was easy to mistake one of the letters for the other of the pair. Thus the Hebrew letter corresponding to our R was so like the one corresponding to our D, and the one corresponding to our Y was so like W, that the one might easily be mistaken for the other. Usually the date in the Kings is the correct one.

Subscriber. Please give the correct pronunciation of these words. (1) "Elkanah," and (2) "Carnegie."

(1) *El-ka-nah*, with accent on second syllable. It is a Hebrew word, meaning, "whom God has gotten." (2) *Car-ne-gie*, with accent on first syllable. This is the mode of pronunciation in the United States. In Scotland the accent is usually placed on the second syllable.

S. M., Cobleskill, N. Y. Can you refer me to any book concerning the last of the Pharaohs?

Rawlinson's *History of Egypt* and Prof. Hilprecht's recent book on explorations in Egypt are the best authorities, especially the work first mentioned. You can get it through Scribner's, New York.

S. F., Boston, Mass. Will you please give me the names of the seven phases of the moon, and the seven ages of man.

Moon's phases: new, full, crescent (or decrescent), half, gibbous (more than half), rising (half-hidden), white (or day-moon). Seven ages: see Shakespeare's "All the World's a Stage," in *As You Like It*.

C. H. P., Laurelsprings, N. C. Was the Book of Revelation written by the same John who wrote the Gospel and the Epistles that bear his name?

The question has been long disputed by scholars. Dionysius in A. D. 240, was one of the earliest to express a doubt. It was attributed to John Mark, the companion of Paul and Barnabas and the author of the Gospel of Mark; to John the Presbyter, to Cerinthus, and others. The majority of German scholars agree with Luther in denying that Revelation was written by the apostle. On the other hand, there is internal evidence of John's authorship. His description of himself is in the manner of John. The apostle was the only man of prominence of that name who was banished to Patmos. The addresses to the seven churches of Asia show a knowledge of them consistent with the fact that the apostle was their overseer. On the whole, there seems good reason to believe that it was written by the Apostle John. The differences in the style of the Gospel and the Revelation, which are very marked, doubtless first gave rise to the doubt of the apostolic authorship. These are accounted for by the age of the author and by his perturbation of mind under the excitement of the visions.

P. A., Harman, W. Va. How long was Thomas Gray in composing his *Elegy on a Country Churchyard?*

It was possibly the outcome of years of thought, but the actual work of composition was accomplished, at intervals, in a few months. His *Ode to Eton College* appeared in 1747, and the *Elegy* two years afterward.

T. E. C., Ishpeming, Mich. What is the meaning of (Rom. 1: 17) the just living by faith?

The apostle is quoting Habakkuk 2: 4, in which the prophet points out that even in the approaching calamities, the righteous people would be supported by their confidence in God. The apostle, quoting the passage in Romans, shows that faith is not a new principle of life, as it was prominent in the Old Testament. Beyond the fact of faith being the channel by which men enter into life, it persists all through the Christian's career. If the Christian lost his faith, his means of maintaining his spiritual life would be cut off. There are many Christians so worried and harassed that they would succumb if they were not sustained by their faith in Him who is invisible.

C. E., Waterloo, N. H. Examine the leading weekly papers for the weeks before New Year's, and you will believe, as I do, that the newspapers help sell more whiskey than all the saloon-keepers.

A sweeping statement, but unquestionably true of many localities, during the holiday weeks. There are many publications, too, otherwise of a high class, and very far above the ordinary secular paper, that come to us with these advertisements of all sorts of intoxicants prominently displayed in their columns. Apart from the moral question, there is here a point of law which our temperance friends might test, as to the right of venders to sell liquor in any or all States indiscriminately by such means.

W. C. S., Clinton, Ont., Canada. Is there a book published giving the history of the Pilgrim Fathers and their landing place in the United States. I walked on the rocks the Pilgrim Fathers last set their feet upon, on leaving Plymouth, England, it being my birthplace?

Any good American history or history of the State of Massachusetts will give the facts you want. Write to American Book Company, New York.

A WINTER SCENE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The famous "Loop" in the Selkirk Mountains, showing the scenic effect of the snowy peaks and passes. The Selkirk range is about 175 miles long and 80 miles broad, and lies to the west of the Rocky Mountains, and extends through Southeastern British Columbia. The perpetual snow-line is at an elevation of about 7,000 feet. Great glaciers are formed by the abundant rain and snowfall. Railroad building through such a region was a very difficult task.

MISCELLANEOUS

Edna T., Mishawaka, Ind. The poem you mention appeared in this journal several years ago.

H. P. S., West Rupert, Vt. We cannot trace the quotation, which we fear you have given inaccurately.

G. H. T., New York. The famous hymn, "The Dying Christian to His Soul," was written by Alexander Pope.

Clara S., Cleveland, O. The "matrimonial advertisement" you inclose, is no doubt, like most other advertisements of the kind, a humbug.

Subscriber, Fresno, Calif. Although Nahash is held by some commentators to be the name of Jesse's wife (David's mother), others doubt this. Her name is nowhere given in a manner so direct as to remove this doubt.

Miss Mattie Perry, founder and conductor of the Marion, N. C., Training Institute, gratefully acknowledges receipt of gifts from friends of the work, who learned of it through this journal. This is the best year the Institute has ever known

The Smoot Inquiry Resumed

NEW WITNESSES DISCLOSE MORE OF THE SECRETS OF THE INIQUITOUS MORMON CHURCH

WHEN the investigation of the Reed Smoot case was recently resumed before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, some startling testimony was introduced. The mysteries of the Endowment House were uncovered by one who swore that he had been through these peculiar ceremonies at least twenty times.

J. S. Wallis, the witness in question, joined the Mormons in London in 1851, and went to Utah in 1890. The Aaronic and Melchizedec priesthoods, he explained, were bound by many obligations and oaths. The penalty for violation of secrecy is to have the throat cut from ear to ear, and the tongue torn out by the roots. The second penalty is to have the breast cut open and heart and vitals torn therefrom. The first Melchizedec oath was scarcely less awful; it ran thus:

"We and each of us solemnly covenant and promise that we will pray and never cease to pray Almighty God to avenge the blood of the prophets upon this nation, and that we will teach the same to our children and our children's children, even unto the third and fourth generation."

Wallis recited this in solemn and dramatic tones, but rather spoiled the effect by acknowledging to Judge Worthington, that when he took the Endowment vows he "thought it was a kind of vaudeville performance."

"I never believed very much in the celestial marriage business," he said. "I stood up as a proxy in four marriages of living women to dead men. Before the marriage it is necessary to take the Endowment vows, and I guess I've been through the temple twenty times within the past five years. The ceremonies are always the same, and require about two hours."

One of the witnesses examined was Mrs. Margaret Geddes, a Scotchwoman. She is about forty years old. She was converted to the Mormon faith in her native city, and went to Utah twenty years ago, where she became the plural wife of William Geddes, in Logan, Utah. As her husband had another wife in Oregon, she did not live with him very long. Mrs. Geddes broke down and cried several times as she was giving her testimony. The effort was made to prove that Mrs. Geddes is now a plural wife, and that she contracted her latest marriage since the manifesto making polygamous marriages illegal was issued.

Apostle Abraham Cannon's plural wife or rather widow, told her story. She is now Mrs. Fred Ellis. She was Cannon's cousin, and married him in 1879, he at that time having two other wives. Some time in 1896, Mr. Cannon, being at that time one of the Twelve Apostles, decided to marry Lillian Hamlin. He confided this resolve to the witness about six weeks before the marriage, giving as his reason for taking a fourth wife, that she was to have married his dead brother, so he wanted to marry her. The witness continued:

"I told him he couldn't marry her lawfully, and he said he would marry her outside of the United States. The evening he left for California he told me he was going to marry her 'for time,' and she would be his brother David's wife for eternity. I told him if he married her, there being a law against such marriages, my conscience would not allow me to live with him, as the marriage to her would not be acknowledged by the Church. He told me that she was going with him to California, and that President Smith was going, too. He returned July 2, and was very ill, and died in two or three weeks."

Mrs. Ellis learned of the marriage about two weeks after it had taken place. Shortly afterward her husband died, and Mrs. Ellis gave it as her opinion that this fourth marriage was the cause of Mr. Cannon's death. He was worried and conscience-stricken.

August Lundstrom, an ex-Mormon Church official and missionary, also testified. He left the Church because he could not accept the dictates of the Church leaders as the revelation of God, and binding upon his conscience. He had been through the Endowment ceremony six times. He lost faith in the Mormon religion when new revelations were made and innovations introduced. He could not believe, he said, in the leaders of the Church as "living oracles," nor that their words were revelations from God.

This witness created much laughter by some of his answers. When asked by Senator Burrows whether he believed in the manifesto, he answered that he did not; that "it seemed to him as if God had changed his mind, or that Woodruff (the Mormon President), had made a mistake, or else there was a mistake in the first revelation." The witness admitted that he had been a polygamist, but "only to a certain extent." He married one wife, and was sealed to another in the temple; but as this second woman was "dead when he was sealed to her, he did not seem to think that it ought to count."

John T. Nicholson, chief recorder of the temple at Salt Lake City, proved an unwilling witness, and did what he could to obstruct the investigation.

Other testimony of the same character was elicited. It is probable that the Committee will adjourn over the Christmas holidays.

The New Birth

NEW life naturally begins in a new birth. Evangelists sometimes represent the beginning of the Christian life as so simple and trivial a matter, that the hearers conceive that it consists in only raising the hand and subscribing their names to a card. Evidently that was not Christ's idea of the momentous change. It is so radical, as we learn from the conversation with Nicodemus, that it involves a complete change of nature. The person who is born again, parts with his former life and begins a new life, with changed principles, changed motives and changed aspirations. The world is new to him and he to the world. The change is not necessarily sudden or violent. It may be a process covering a long period, as in the case of one who has been from infancy under Christian nurture. Gradually the principles of the new life may have taken possession of the soul, and almost insensibly, the passage may have been made from the old to the new. But in the case of one who has been absorbed in worldly thoughts, pleasures and pursuits, the change is sure to be clearly defined and definite.

It is a turning to God of the whole nature. Before it occurs, the objects of life are centred in the world. How to make money; how to enjoy the world's pleasures; how to get on in life, occupy the first place in the thoughts and endeavors. Afterward, they take a subordinate place if they continue at all. The first place is taken by the desire for spiritual development; by complete submission to the will of God, by sincere effort to fulfil all his requirements. Not only is conduct changed, but the very thoughts and affections are altered. Sin becomes distasteful. Things that were once pleasant and enjoyable lose their charm, and higher and purer pleasures take their place. It is no longer necessary to ask whether this or that course of conduct is forbidden, the person has not longer any desire for doubtful indulgences. He is so earnestly and sincerely concerned for higher attainments that he willingly sacrifices in the pursuit, anything that may prove a hindrance.

How can such a radical change proceed from faith? Faith is a more potent force than is generally supposed. From the human side it may involve complete change of conduct. We can imagine a person suffering from critical illness. The patient is urged to discard the medical attendant under whose treatment he has been placed and place himself under the care of another physician. The change may be fraught with the issue of life or death. If he has faith in the new physician, he places his life in his hands. In such a case faith is a crucial question. In the matter of the soul there is even more at stake, though people do not realize the fact. To one really anxious for his soul's salvation, it is risking a great deal, to cease all effort and give himself wholly into Christ's keeping. When he is convinced of Christ's power and love, he yields to him and henceforth he becomes a new man. On the divine side, Christ accepts the trust and his work begins. The transaction is momentous and complete. That is justification, and it stands at the entrance to the Christian life.

The work that Christ does in him, and for him, is wonderful. It is as Paul says: "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The new birth is a surrender to a power that is limitless. All things become possible to him that believeth. The young Christian is conscious of new life. Augustine, meeting an acquaintance that he had before his conversion, who reproached him for passing without a greeting, with the words, "It is I, August," was answered by the saint: "It is not I, August has passed away. I am a Christian." The old life with all its connections and associations was gone forever, and Christ had given the new life which was to continue throughout eternity. What he can do for one who gives himself wholly into his hands, to be made over and renewed, passes understanding. It is learned only by experience. It is indeed regeneration—a new birth.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 8. John 3: 1-8.

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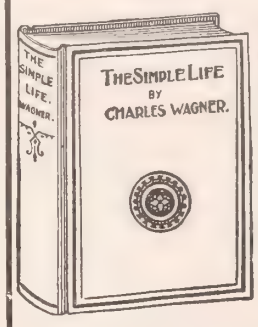

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NEW BOOKS

Literary Backgrounds

Backgrounds of Literature, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. A delightful series of studies of the social and literary lives and home surroundings of Wordsworth, Emerson, Washington Irving, Goethe, Blackmore, Whitman, Scott and Hawthorne. These sketches are extremely interesting and informing, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by a wide circle of readers. The book is handsomely illustrated by original drawings and photographs. Pp. 328. Cloth binding; top gilt. Price $2. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

A Convert's Experiences

What Jesus is Doing, by J. F. Shorey. The author was a convert of Moody and Sankey and a helper in their work. The book is full of interesting experiences, and contains the testimonies of forty rescued and converted drunkards, men and women from London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and New York. In his preface, Mr. Shorey says: "My own life and the lives of all who have thus lovingly testified here, have been with deep humiliation put into this book, hoping to encourage other fallen men and women to seek the same freedom we have found." Published by Arthur Holness, 13-14 Paternoster Row, London, E. C.

American Women

The Women of America, by Elizabeth McCracken. The subject is presented as the pioneer woman, the club-woman, the Southerner, the Suffragist, the College girl, the Literary woman, the Philanthropist, the Teacher, the Farmer, etc. A most interesting and timely book. Pp. 397. Cloth, top gilt. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Owen Kildare's New Book

The Good of the Wicked and *The Party Sketches*, by Owen Kildare. A series of characteristic and perfectly natural portraitures, depicting the life of the Bowery and the great Eastside of New York. Like all that has come from this writer's pen, these sketches by Kildare are rough gems and well worth reading. Pp. 148. Cloth covers. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Perennial Revival, a plea for evangelism, by Rev. W. B. Riley. Pp. 323. Cloth. Price $1.25. Winona Publishing Co., Chicago.

A $10,000,000 License, by Rev. O. M. Owen, the drink problem treated from a new point of view. Pp. 59. Cloth covers. Price 35 cents. Published by the author at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Commercial Law, by D. Curtis Gano and Samuel C. Williams. A compact, comprehensive and practical manual. Pp. 399. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The Abbess of Vlaye, by Stanley J. Weyman, (illustrated), a romantic story of love and adventure. Pp. 423. Cloth binding. Price $1.50. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Comedies and Legends for Marionettes, by Georgiana Goddard King. A scheme of pretty entertainments for boys and girls, (illustrated). Pp. 203. Cloth covers. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Ginn & Company, publishers, New York, Chicago and Boston, have just issued *School Civics*, by Frank D. Boynton, Superintendent of Schools, Ithaca, N. Y. 410 pp. Cloth covers. *Elements of Botany*, by Joseph Y. Bergen, A.M. Finely illustrated. 282 pp. Cloth.

Safe Methods, or How to do Business, by E. T. Roe. A manual of facts and forms of business, law, and correspondence; with tables, ready reckoner, etc. Pp. 480. Cloth binding. Hertel, Jenkins & Co., Atlanta, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Homophonic Vocabulary in Ten Languages, containing over 2,000 words having a like sound and signification in these languages; a valuable aid to students. By Charles B. Waite, A.M. 162 pages. Cloth covers. Price $2. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Awakening of Japan, by Okakura-Kakuzo. A timely and remarkable book, which conveys much valuable information concerning the events that have led to the development of the Asiatic island empire. 225 pp. Cloth covers. Price $1.20. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Men Who Made the Nation: an outline of U. S. History from 1760 to 1865, by E. Erle Sparks, copiously illustrated with many reproductions of contemporary prints, sketches, and facsimiles. Pp. 415. Cloth covers. Price $1. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Dr. Barnardo, the Foster-Father of "Nobody's Children," by Rev. John Herridge Batt, with introduction by the Duke of Argyll. The story of Dr. Barnardo's wonderful work is here most attractively told. Pp. 196. With portrait and 19 illustrations. Cloth covers. Price 1s. 6d. S. W. Partridge & Co., London, publishers.

The Quest of John Chapman, by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis. An interesting story by the famous Plymouth Church pastor. Chapman was the original "Johnny Appleseed," who planted orchards in the West during pioneer days. Pp. 349. Cloth; top gilt. Price $1.50 The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

A Manual of Personal Hygiene, edited by Walter A. Pyle, explains how to live properly on a physiologic basis, contains contributions from many eminent specialists (illustrated). Valuable to the student or in the home. Pp. 441. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. W. B. Saunders & Co., New York, Philadelphia and London, publishers.

Zamberlinda, the Wise Witch, by Eva Katharine Gibson. A delightful fairy tale, the scenes of which are laid in the Northwest. No more entertaining book for the little folks could be imagined than this pretty little volume, which is illustrated by Mabel Tibbitts. Pp. 256; cloth binding. Robert Smith Printing Co., Lansing, Mich. and Chicago, Ill., publishers.

As no copy of the first edition of *Bacon's Essays* is known to be in this country, those who are interested in first editions will be glad to know that a facsimile reprint of this rare edition, published in 1597, will be made from the copy in the British Museum, by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, and published in a limited edition in one volume as near the size of the original work as is possible.

The Church in Thy House. By the Rev. B. Whillock. This is a little book, showing the character and duties of household religion. The twelve chapters deal with different phases of family life and the duties of parents toward their children, showing that the heads of families are not consistent Christians when they allow the family altar to be neglected. Published by B. R. Acornly & Co., Fall River, Mass.

The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago, has issued the following: *Christ's Boys and Girls*, by Hermon D. Jenkins, D.D. Price 25 cents. *Elisha, the Man of God*, by R. Clarence Dodds, D.D. Price $1.25. *Scientific Faith*, by Howard Agnew Johnston, Ph.D., D.D. Price $1.50. *Bible Study Popularized*, by Rev. Frank T. Lee. Price $1.25. *The Key to the Kingdom*, by Rev. Charles E. Bradt, Ph.D. Price 50 cents. *The Holy Spirit, our Teacher in Prayer*, by R. A. Walton, D.D. Price 50 cts. *The Brook in the Pasture*, by Rev. John H. Elliott, D.D. Price 25 cents.

Geographic Influence in American History, by Albert P. Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A. In this book Professor Brigham has presented vividly and clearly those physiographic features of America which have been important in the unfolding of our industrial and national life. The book will be found particularly interesting and valuable to students and teachers of geography, and with its large number of rare and attractive photographs, it will appeal to the general reader. List price $1.25; mailing price $1.40. Grim & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago, publishers.

The American Book Co., of New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, has just issued the following educational books: *A Brief German Course*, by C. F. Kayser and E. Monteser. 363 pp. *Exercises in Algebra*, by E. R. Robbins and F. H. Somerville. 173 pp. *School Chemistry*, a text-book for High Schools and Academies, by E. M. Avery. 423 pp. *Four American Indians* (King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Osceola), a book for young Americans, by E. L. Whitney and Frances M. Perry, 240 pp. (Illustrated). *Five Little Strangers, and How They Came to Live in America*, by Julia A. Schwartz. (Illustrated for juveniles). 176 pp. *Essay on Addison*, by T. B. Macaulay, edited by C. F. McClumpha, with frontispiece. 184 pp., and *La Vido es Sueno*, by D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, with notes and vocabulary by William Wister Comfort. 180 pp.

The Bold Pilgrim

GOOD morning, brother traveler,
Pray tell to me your name,
And where it is you are going,
Likewise from whence you came?

My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound;
I am from yonder wilderness
And the Enchanted Ground.

Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright?
Likewise that covering on your breast,
So dazzling to my sight?

What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you firmly stand,
Likewise that shining instrument,
You bear in your right hand?

'Tis glorious Hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield.
This sword I've drawn to fight with sin,
Until I win the field.

My feet are shod with Gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand,
To fight for right until I die,
But I'll win fair Canaan's land!

You'd better stay with me, young knight,
And give your journey o'er,
Your captain he's quite out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.

My name it is Apollyon,
This land belongs to me;
And for your arms and pilgrim's dress
I'll give it all to thee.

Mistaken, sir, the pilgrim said,
Your offer I disdain;
A glistening crown of glory
I shortly shall obtain.

If I but hold out faithfully
To my dear Lord's command,
I shortly shall be heir with him,
To Canaan's glorious land.

The trees of life and heavenly fruit,
Behold how thick they stand,
Blow, gentle gale, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

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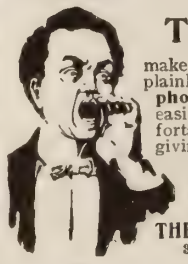
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How Canary Birds Help a Mission

MRS. ANNA B. HYDE

IN these days of widespread Christian activities, many varied ways are utilized by good men and women to further the spread of the Gospel and in the interest of humanitarian work. One of the most singular yet devised was brought to the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lately by Mr. T. F. Crane, of Newark, N. J.

In that city resides Mrs. A. H. Hyde, who for a number of years was a local missionary worker, but is now a partial invalid. Her heart, however, was so strongly attached to the work that she felt that she must still be doing some service for the Master, no matter how insignificant. Being a great lover of canary birds, she begun last spring the raising and training of canaries, deciding to devote the proceeds of her unique venture to missionary purposes. Soon her little home was crowded with feathered singers, and she was soon assured that she would have no difficulty in marketing them to advantage.

Mrs. Hyde devotes the money obtained through these sales to the support of medical missionary work among the lepers near Jerusalem.

Speaking of Mrs. Hyde's canaries, Mr. Crane says: "Only one bird has died since she began. She has made a very careful study of her pets, and it is exceedingly instructive and entertaining to hear her describe the home life of these sweet little singers. Surely her example should stimulate others to good works. Her home at Coe's Place, near Marshall street, Newark, N. J., is so ancient that one can not learn the date of its construction, but I judge it is not far removed from Revolutionary times."

WHERE THE CANARIES ARE TRAINED

Always Interesting

I have been reading my book, Good Manners for All Occasions, and am very much pleased with it. Mrs. Sangster's writings are always interesting and her advice so wholesome. The Calendar is very beautiful, and I thank you many, many times for it. Miss H. C. NEW.
Hudson, N. Y.

Training Armenian Orphans

MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK, the well-known American missionary at Oorfa, has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the first report issued of the industrial experiment at the Oorfa Mission. This Mission is now known as the American Home. She writes:

We have fifty-three boys in our Home; of these, thirty-eight work in our different workshops. Their health is exceedingly good, considering that the thermometer is from 100 to 106 in the shade for four hours a day during July and August, but our boys sleep out in the open air. Their spiritual attitude is very good. This is shown in their prayers and in the way they learn passages of Scripture.

We have now five shops, two of these for carpentering and cabinet-making, and one each for iron work, soft red leather work, and boot and shoe making. The class of tools used are of a very low standard, and we wish as soon as possible to replace them by good tools from abroad. The greatest need in our carpenter shop is a circular or band saw and turning lathe (one that would turn wood or iron), and a boring machine for iron work.

One set of small boys work in the carpenter shop, and another in the iron shop. These work only part of the day. Our older boys work in the middle of the day, being better able to stand the heat. We have three assistants to a native cabinet maker. The latter is able to get many orders.

Since beginning my work here on April 20th, our manufacturing output has included chairs, kindergarten chairs, sofa cradles, clothes-boxes, rush seated stools, small tables, folding writing desks, besides draught-board boxes, small clothes boxes, lamp stands, large tables, etc. Besides the above, we had much work fitting out the Girls' Industrial, Girls' Orphanage, Boys' Home, Blind School, and Boys' Industrial, which I think shows very well for the willingness of our boys to work. All our work has been sold or ordered.

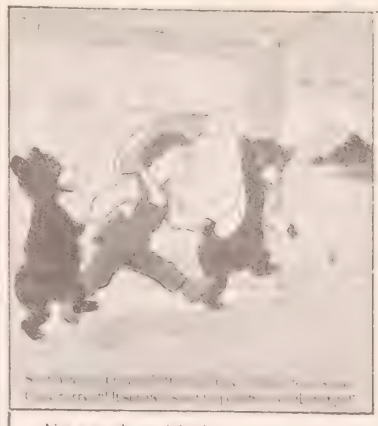
We have much to thank God for, in his dealings with us all, in the beginning of our Industrial work, and desire your prayers and your active co-operation, so far as it is possible, for our future.

To this report, which is signed by Manager G. T. Gracey, Miss Shattuck adds that any contributions for the Manual Training Department sent to her personally will receive prompt acknowledgment.

Miss Shattuck tells this touching incident: "One of our boys — a fine fellow — was called to the heavenly home just a month ago. He met the call joyfully, saying in reply to an inquiry: 'Why should I fear? My Jesus is with me.' His earnest, and exceedingly faithful Christian influence remains for all who knew him. It was not in vain that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers carried the support of this young lad for years. He was the very first to be taken into the orphanages from Adayaman, in 1896. He is the first of our boys who has died."

Worth Five Dollars

I received Good Manners for All Occasions yesterday morning. It is fine, better than I expected it would be, and I would not take five dollars for it if I could not get another copy. ALEX. ELLIS.
Firth, Neb.



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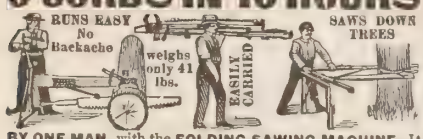

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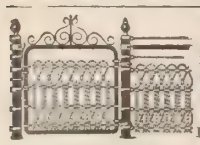

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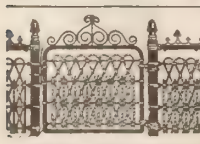

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Building the Rest Home at Chefoo

FROM a letter just received from Rev. J. A. Stooke we get the good news that a beginning has been made on the building of the Missionary Rest Home at Chefoo, China. As one section of the new structure is to be named as the gift of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in recognition of their contributions, the news is welcome, as it will be a memorial on the other side of the world of the generous interest they take in every good work.

Our friends in China are evidently proceeding in faith, for the funds for finishing the building and furnishing it are not yet in hand. They hope that before the hot weather and the rainy season come on, the edifice will be completed, as that is the dreaded unhealthy period when it is most needed. The present contract includes seventeen single and double bedrooms, with dining and sitting-room, each twenty-four feet in length. There is to be a veranda around it seven feet wide. This will enable the convalescents to sit out of doors and enjoy the health-giving breezes of the beautiful bay. The walls are now up as far as the veranda level, and the door-frames are in place.

It is hoped that the building will be much larger than this, and provision is made for adding new sections as funds are received, for the demand is sure to far exceed the accommodation so far provided. The Missionary Societies of the various denominations have always, unhappily, missionaries whose health is in need of such a refuge. Their condition is not sufficiently serious to justify abandoning the work and returning to America. That painful necessity is sure to come, eventually, if they continue their labors in the unhealthy climate while their strength is depleted; but when the new Rest Home is furnished, a few weeks' stay there will restore them and send them back to the scene of their labors with renovated powers.

To finish the building, even in this contracted form, $2,800 are still needed, but the funds have hitherto been supplied so liberally, that Dr. Hunter Corbett, and the committee of which he is chairman, felt that it was better to go forward, as every day's delay imperilled the completion of the work before the time when it will be needed. As all the denominations will share in the advantages offered, the requisite amount ought soon to be in the hands of the treasurer, and a beginning be made for a larger contract. The benefits of the Home are so obvious that they should appeal to every one. The missionary in that far-away land is the representative of the Church of Christ. It was to the whole Church that Christ gave his command to preach the Gospel in every land. All of us cannot go, but the missionary who does go, has a right to expect that those who stay at home should hold up his hands, and make such provision for his health as he would have enjoyed if he had remained at home.

Besides this, the proposed Rest Home is a measure of economy. It obviates the need of prolonged periods of rest and of the expenditure of money for the passage to America, to say nothing of the pain of a long illness and the risk of life. Every one knows that a brief intermission of labor at the critical time may avert a serious illness, and it is for this that the Rest Home is being built. We most cordially endorse the appeal of the committee to our readers. Those who have not already contributed and are intending to do so, would confer a favor by sending their contributions speedily to this office, and we will forward them to the committee in China. Thus there will be no need to suspend the building operations, and the Home will be ready to receive the first relay of debilitated missionaries early in the new year.

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The Gideon's President

AT the recent Convention of the National Gideon Brotherhood—the Commercial Travelers' Association organized several years ago—Mr. John H. Nicholson, of Janesville, Wis., was elected President. Mr. Nicholson is a young business man of exceptional ability, an excellent speaker, and a thorough Christian, fully consecrated to the Lord's work. He took full charge of the religious service at the close of the Convention.

JOHN H. NICHOLSON

In his salutatory, the new President says:

"The object and aim of the Gideon Association of America is to love and be loved, and do all we can to bring others into this great environment of God's love, each one to do his part in the sweet spirit of love for all that is good and true, and the building up of one of the most noble movements in America. Let each one pray for the other, and the combination and union of all hearts daily in prayer to God, cannot possibly fail to bring about the desired results. We are now a great power in the field, and each Gideon has his influence, and can, if he will, do something every day to advance the work."

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The Children's King

RING out, ring out, sweet Christmas bell,
Set all the echoes ringing;
Proclaim the message angels tell,
Good news from heaven bringing.

Hark to the wondrous song they sing,
Amid unearthly splendor;
The birthday of the children's King,
Whose love is true and tender.

Oh, blessed is the children's King!
May it be our endeavor
To love and serve Him day by day,
And praise his name forever.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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Secretary Millar's Tour

In our issue of Dec. 14, Mr. Wm. B. Millar, secretary of Army and Navy branch of Y.M.C.A., in speaking of his tour in China and Japan, referred to the custom of the emperor retiring once a year for meditation and prayer. It was the Emperor of China to whom Mr. Millar referred, and not to the Mikado of Japan.

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The Home for Invalid Children

The Home for Invalid Children, at Verbank, N. Y., is in urgent need of funds for its work. Thirty little ones, some entirely helpless, are in the Home, and food and coal must be provided. With the severity of the winter, expenses are correspondingly heavy. Any reader sending a little Christmas cheer, will greatly lighten the load of the workers in this Home and make glad the hearts of the children. Florence Mahin is the superintendent.

Seven Sutherland Sisters

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WILL not grow hair on a billiard-ball; but where there exists a particle of life in a hair root, they will surely bring forth a strong, healthy hair. For nearly a quarter of a century they have been performing this noble work with increasing success.

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JOHN'S WITNESS

By MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Gospel of John is the Gospel of witness that Jesus is the Son of God; the word "witness" in the Greek occurs in it thirty-six times, and nine times in connection with John the Baptist. We see him bearing witness of Christ as the Light, of the new birth, of the Transfiguration, and of the priority of Christ in regard to himself, that he was the Only-begotten of the Father, and he who declared him.

This witness of John aroused attention. He became a popular man. The city of Jerusalem was stirred when the people heard of the ascetic preacher in the desert, who told of the imminence of the promised Messiah, and of his coming kingdom. Multitudes went out into the desert to hear him. This stirred up the teachers of the people, who "sent priests and Levites to ask him, Who art thou?" And this man who had been so much used to stir the multitudes, had not a word to speak about himself. He never said, "I am the son of the priest Zacharias." I am was not in his vocabulary. He had sent him to whom he bore witness, and his thoughts and vision were filled with him. "I am not the Christ." "I am not." If we would be true followers of Christ our spirit will declare to a self-centered generation. "I am not." "I am crucified with Christ" (Gal. 2 : 20); "I deny myself" (Matt. 16:24).

But this commission of inquiry was not satisfied. And yet, instead of asking, "Who, then, is the Christ to whom thou bearest witness?" they again inquired about John, whom all men recognized as a prophet, the first for about 390 years! "What then?" they ask. "Art thou Elias?" referring, no doubt, to the prophecy of Malachi, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" (Mal. 4:5, 6).

But again John answered as before, "I am not." "Art thou that prophet?" referring to the promise of the prophet whom the Lord would raise up like unto Moses (Deut. 18 : 5). And he answered, "No." Regarding himself, all was in the negative.

The questioners were puzzled. They were accustomed to men who made the most of themselves and valued themselves to the disadvantage of others. Here was a man whose word swayed the multitudes, whom everybody recognized to be a prophet, but who was utterly devoid of self-consciousness and self-assertion, who was evidently lost in, and absorbed by, his message. He was an unusual man in a world where "all seek their own" (Phil. 2: 21). John had deeply appropriated the spirit of Him to whom he bore witness. He had an advantage over the twelve apostles, in that he was filled with the Spirit of God from his mother's womb (Luke 1 : 15), whereas they were only thus filled on the day of Pentecost. Had he been among them, he would not have taken part in the strife which of them should be the greatest; he saw greatness only in One—He to whom he bore witness. No education, no teaching, can make a man like John the Baptist; it was God the Holy Ghost in him who made him what he was.

Thus when his interrogaters pursued their inquiries, and urged him to answer, "Who art thou! that we may give an answer unto them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?" he only said of himself what the Scripture had said of him (Isa. 40:3)? "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias." Oh, that we had learned to say of ourselves only what Scripture says of us! John's questioners were Pharisees, the ritualists of that day, and they saw things from the ritualist point of view. They did not ask John how he came by the unusual spirit which he manifested. They had no eyes for this. They did not ask him about his communion with God, or ask whether he had authority from heaven for his ministry. They fixed on the outward sign: "Why baptizest thou, then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?" John at once turns from the ritual observance to the deep reality. "I baptize with water; but there standeth One among you, whom ye know not; he it is, who, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." And St. Matthew tells us that he added, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire"—the baptism of the Spirit into the body of Christ (I. Cor. 12 : 13; John 1 : 17–27).

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We have just completed a New Edition of the **Red Letter Bible**, the Only Bible of its kind in the world. As many of our readers already know, this exceptional Bible, of which over 125,000 have been printed in less than three years, is the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, Printed in Black, with the following notable exceptions:

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MY Saviour, Lord of all,
I heard thy loving call,
Thy call for me.
What wilt Thou have me do,
All, all life's journey through?
I consecrate anew
My all to Thee.

"Go, take my bread and feed
My brethren—those in need—
Nor let one die.
I am with you alway,"
I heard thy dear voice say.
"Thy word I shall obey,"
Was my reply.

Hence I shall leave those near,
My parents, brethren dear,
And sail away.
Some day I hope to meet,
Some day I hope to greet
All, at the Master's feet,
To stay for aye.

Worcester, Pa. REV. GEO. K. MESCHTER.

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